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Ménage Àmour

MINDING MISTRESS

Cooper McKenzie



MINDING MISTRESS

Club Esotera 3

Cooper McKenzie

MENAGE AMOUR



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Regarding Ebook Piracy

Dear Readers,

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Please respect my hard work and creativity and do not pirate my ebooks.

With deep gratitude,

Cooper McKenzie

DEDICATION

For our military worldwide – thanks for your service. And for those who serve at home in ways no one may ever know or understand.

MINDING MISTRESS

Club Esotera 3

COOPER MCKENZIE

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Chapter 1

Antony Ryan read the paper for the umpteenth time and sighed as he lifted his half-empty glass of sweet tea to his lips. The paper held his orders for a six-month tour to keep the waters around Kuwait free from terrorists, crazies, and drunken boaters. The last time he'd received such a paper he'd spent a year tooling around and around an island just off the coast of Kuwait on the military version of a luxury speedboat. Got a great tan and was bored out of his skull by the time he returned home again.

But that was before, when he was single and looking for excitement. Now, he didn't want to leave. He wanted to stay in New Bern. Working as a clerk in the Coast Guard recruitment office wasn't a glamorous job, but it allowed him to go home to Mistress each night. What was he going to do without her for six months?

"Have you told her yet?" Gentry Michaels asked.

Gentry had been his best friend since high school. Though they took separate paths afterward, they'd stayed in close contact. Since Antony had been stationed back in New Bern where they'd grown up, the two men made it a point to get together every Friday afternoon for a pitcher of sweet tea and a basket of chili cheese fries with ranch dressing on the side. Then Antony would go home to his Mistress and

Gentry to wherever Gentry went. Antony suspected he would return home to another night of cop show reruns and a bottle of lube to jack off while he dreamed of finding a mistress of his own.

Gentry knew of his life with Mistress. Though he never said anything, Antony thought Gentry envied his ability to embrace his submissive side. Gentry had been there when Antony met Mistress a year and a half before.

One Friday afternoon, Antony stopped by to pick him up for their Friday tea and fries. Gentry had been doing some carpentry work at Club Esoteria, the BDSM club Jenna co-owned with her cousin. Gentry had been contracted to build several pieces of specialized equipment Taurus wanted to expand the “toys” Esoteria offered its clients to play on.

Antony had entered through the club’s backdoor as instructed and found himself face to face with a beautiful brunette wearing a short, tight black leather skirt and a gold velvet corset. The moment he saw her, he went hard. Harder than he’d been since his senior year in high school when Colleen Denning ordered him to fuck her long, hard, and deep.

His cheeks had burned as Jenna’s gaze dropped to watch the front of his jeans tent out with his erection. She smiled with interest.

“Call me if you dare,” she’d purred, tucking a business card into the waistband of his jeans.

Antony swallowed and nodded, but said nothing else. He couldn’t. He was in shock.

After bringing himself off several times that evening, he finally fell asleep. The next morning he had to come twice more before he could leave for work. He held off calling until lunchtime, but by the time the sun went down, he found himself kneeling before her, naked and begging for her to tell him what to do. He’d returned to the club the next night and the next and the next. By the end of the month, he had moved out of the boarding house he could barely afford and into her luxurious apartment just upstairs from the club. Except for the

three weeks he'd gone away for training and an occasional weekend Coast Guard exercise, they'd spent every night together.

"She knows they're coming. I just didn't expect to have to leave so soon. I hope I have time to work it out."

"Work what out?"

"Work out who is going to take my place while I'm gone." Antony folded the orders and put them in the back pocket of his jeans.

"You're going to find someone to be with your woman while you're away?" Disbelief rang in Gentry's voice.

Antony looked at his friend. "Jenna's not military. Sure she's a Domme, but for all her strengths, she is one of the most fragile people I know. She needs someone here to take care of her. It's not just about the sex, it's...never mind. You wouldn't understand."

"You love her."

"Of course I love her, but more than that, I respect her. She's not like any other woman I've ever met. I need to know someone is going to be there to take care of her in case..." He trailed off, not able to voice the possibility that he might not come back in the end of the six months.

"So how are you going to find a guy who's willing to play sex slave and nursemaid on a temporary basis to a Domme who owns a kink club? I guess you could put a notice in the paper. Or maybe on Craig's List. Of course you'll have to wade through a thousand and one crazies," Gentry offered with a chuckle.

"I have someone in mind. It's a matter of convincing him that he would love life as a full-time submissive. Being part of a triad would be an interesting twist to his otherwise nonexistent sex life." He stared into his iced tea instead of looking across the table at his friend.

He'd spent the time since learning the orders were coming trying to think of someone to take his place in Jenna's life. He'd sorted through the subs he knew from the club as well as his friends, both military and civilian. His choice always came back to one man.

The only man he loved enough to share his bed and his woman

with. He wasn't sure if Gentry would feel the same way, but Antony had to try. He had to move fast if he wanted this to work. He only had three weeks before he was to deploy. Three weeks to train Gentry to be what Mistress needed. Three weeks to get Mistress to take his best friend on as her new slave. Three weeks to make sure the two people he loved most in this world would be happy together, both with and without him.

"So who is the paragon of virtue you're going to share your woman with?" Gentry asked as he raised his glass.

After looking around the bar to make sure no one was too close to overhear his words, Antony waited until his friend swallowed before murmuring, "The only man I love enough to share Mistress with is you."

He watched Gentry choke even though his mouth was empty. His eyes grew impossibly wide. He opened his mouth but didn't make a sound before closing it again. He tried again but still could not speak. Finally, after swallowing twice, he croaked, "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Gentry, you're a born submissive. Think about it. You like strong women. You like being told what to do and how to do it. You like serving your woman and being the caregiver in the relationship. Right?"

* * * *

Gentry listened and found himself nodding in agreement. Even as his cheeks reddened, his cock grew hard as steel. Antony had just described him to a T. He liked taking care of women, making them happy and serving them. He preferred to be told what to do, in the bedroom as well as out of it. Which may have been why he had such trouble finding a date.

He thought back over his past sexual encounters. Not relationships since none had lasted more than a few weeks. Each woman had

broken up with him after telling him they wanted more from a man. They wanted their partner to be big, strong, and dominant. They wanted a man to take control of all aspects of the relationship.

At a couple of inches over six feet and wide as a door, Gentry had the big and strong down, but he, too, wanted someone to tell him what to do.

Could he be submissive as Antony was saying?

Damn skippy, his brain squealed in excitement.

As soon as he realized Antony spoke the truth, the anxiety that always gripped him when thinking about dating, sex, and women rolled away.

"I never thought of it that way, but I do like all those things you talked about. I just never met a woman who can appreciate those traits in a man," he admitted softly, dropping his eye to his half-empty beer.

Antony grinned. "I know a place where women would line up to spend an evening with you. Women who would tell you exactly what to do and how to do it. Women who would be happy to spank you, flog you, or play with your bits until you shoot so hard you pass out."

Gentry groaned as the front of his boxers grew damp from cock drool. What Antony suggested made him so horny. He glanced down at his lap. The wet had not penetrated his jeans yet, but it was only a matter of time. He would not be able to get out of the booth and walk to the parking lot without shooting off.

He looked at his friend, his cheeks burning hot, and his eyes wide with near panic. "I don't know if I can move."

Antony nodded as he passed him several paper napkins. "Turn your back to the room. Jerk off into the napkins. Then we'll go to Esoteria and give you a taste of what your love life's been missing."

Gentry stared at the man, heat rushing into his cheeks. "How did you know?" he asked softly as he shifted on the bench and faced the wall.

Antony smiled a gentle expression that reassured him. "I've been there. So hard you can't move without making a mess in your pants."

His voice grew harsher when he said, "Now get to it."

Gentry's eyes widened even more as the need to come pulsed hard through his cock. He'd never been into guys, but Antony ordering him around added another layer to his need to come.

Unzipping his slacks, he carefully pulled his hard, slimy cock free. He wrapped a napkin around the top half of his cock before looking at Antony again. "Do I have to?"

Antony nodded.

Closing his eyes, Gentry wrapped his hand around the base of his cock. It only took three strokes from base to tip and back again before the pressure built up just behind his scrotum tightened and pushed up through his balls to the shaft of his cock. He closed his eyes, gritted his teeth, and focused on not screaming, groaning, or making any other sounds of extreme pleasure as stream after stream of pearly white seed shot from the head of his cock.

Once the orgasm eased its tight hold on his guts, he cleaned up, then tucked his cock away. Turning back, he sighed with relief as his knees wobbled under the table. If he felt this good after jerking off at the thought of a woman taking charge, what would he feel like if it happened in actuality? His cock twitched and surprised him as it began to grow hard again without first getting completely soft.

He couldn't look at his best friend, so he stared into his half-empty tea glass. "Do you think Jenna will like me?"

Chapter 2

Jenna Carter stepped out of the elevator with a sigh. The club had yet to open for the evening and already she was exhausted. Something had to be done. When she and Taurus opened this club, it had been fun, a challenge, and a giant joke. She'd agreed to handle the administrative end if he managed the club proper.

If only she'd known what she was getting herself into. As much as she loved Esoteria and providing a safe place for those in the BDSM lifestyle to play their kink games, she hated her job. She'd thought more and more about hiring a manager to deal with all the shit she hated, but that would defeat the purpose of owning half of a sex club.

Opening the door to her apartment, she took a deep breath and tried to relax. She refused to bring her crappy day home and spoil the short time she had with Antony before she had to return downstairs.

"Pet, I'm home," she called as she kicked off her stiletto heels.

Stepping into the living room, she found Antony kneeling in his usual spot, halfway across the living room. As expected, he was naked with his legs spread wide and hands resting palms up on his thighs, his head lowered respectfully. His tall, muscular body looked so good. His deep brown skin, that had more to do with his mother's Greek ancestry than it did spending time in the sun, highlighted every muscle and made her pussy clench just looking at him.

Surprising her even more was to find he was not alone. A man knelt next to him with his head hung so low she could not see his face. His kneeling form wasn't quite as perfect as Antony's, but he was pleasing to the eye. Where her slave was dark and dreamy, this man was a pale golden god. His shoulders were broader and his upper

body more muscular. Unlike Antony who waxed regularly, his groin was covered in honey-gold hair two shades darker than the golden curls on his head.

“Antony? Did I know we were having company?” she asked as she slowly crossed to where the two men waited.

“No, Mistress. It was a last minute decision.” Antony lifted his head to look at her with teal-colored eyes that always sent a shiver of lust through her. The color was so unexpected with his bronzed skin and onyx black hair.

She fought the urge to sit down on his lap, slide onto his long, thick cock, and ride until all her cares disappeared. Instead, she quirked one eyebrow higher than the other. “Why?”

“I got my orders today,” he whispered in a voice choked with emotion. “Six months in Kuwait.”

Jenna nodded though her stomach clenched. “We knew this was coming. When do you leave?”

Antony blinked before saying, “Three weeks.”

Jenna gasped and took a step back, the pain that shot through her heart and her cunt nearly doubling her over. Closing her eyes, she took several slow, deep breaths. She had to stay in control. That was everything, especially with pet watching.

“Three weeks.”

“Yes, Mistress. I’m sorry. I wish...”

Jenna took another deep breath. “No. Wishing for different won’t do any good. We knew this was going to happen. Do you want me to uncollar you before you go?” She looked to the gold and silver ring band that encircled his right ring finger. Inscribed inside the band were the words “Slave OWL by J.” She wore a matching band on the same finger though hers had no inscription.

She was surprised when Antony leaned forward and wrapped his arms around her legs. He buried his head into her thighs even as he shook his head. “No, Mistress. Please don’t release me. I am your slave, your mate, your Antony. The only thing that will take me away

from you is death.”

“Shh, pet. It’s all right. I won’t release you,” she murmured as she brushed her fingers through his military-short black hair. “Now, who is this guest you’ve brought home with you?”

“He’s a submissive I thought could take care of you in my absence. Just in case...”

“You brought a replacement sub? A substitute? Do you think so little of yourself to believe that just anyone could replace my pet?” Jenna stepped back, forcing Antony to release her.

“No, Mistress, I would never dare presume such a thing.” Antony dropped back to his heels, his head lowered so she could no longer see his face. “We’ve talked a few times about adding a third. I thought in the next few weeks, we could try it. That way, when I’m gone, you don’t *have* to be alone.”

* * * *

Jenna froze as she considered her slave/mate’s gift. The thought of another man in their bed, at her beck and call, always had turned her on. “Is he willing to submit to a woman? In all ways?”

She turned her attention to the man, surprised to see his head still lowered. His cock was hard, rivaling Antony’s in length, but his shaft was thicker. He was also uncircumcised where Antony was beautifully cut.

“He’s very submissive. I topped him earlier.”

“In what way?”

Jenna was surprised when her pussy clenched, then overflowed with her juices. That was not something that happened very often, mainly because she didn’t allow herself to relax enough to feel horny. But Antony’s idea of bringing another man into their lives was a very interesting proposal.

“He became aroused at the pub. I told him to jerk off, and he did so without question. But he is a novice and needs training. If he takes

some time off his job, I could work with him before I leave. I don't want you to be alone while I'm gone, Mistress. It will be too stressful for both of us. If Gentry is here with you, I wouldn't worry so much."

"Gentry?" Jenna smiled. "You brought Gentry home to be our third?" Her eyes went back to the blonde curls. Yes, now she recognized them, though usually they were shorter and more controlled with product.

"Yes, Mistress."

Sidestepping, Jenna laced her fingers through Gentry's golden curls. "Look at me," she ordered softly.

She found herself looking into the sky-blue eyes of Antony's best friend, the man she always likened to an angel. Blond, blue-eyed with perfectly symmetrical features. He was the exact opposite of her darkly rugged Antony.

"Gentry, is this true? Do you want to be a sex slave?"

* * * *

Not sure how to answer, Gentry turned to look at Antony. Jenna's fingers pulled at his hair, but the pain seemed to add another layer to the lust that had been building since they'd left the restaurant. A sexual hunger like he'd never felt before knotted the base of his stomach and thrummed through his balls. He had to swallow to keep from drooling as Jenna's scent of woman and arousal wrapped around him, pulling him into whatever sexual web she was weaving.

Antony met her gaze and gave him a slight nod. "Answer her."

Turning back at Jenna, Gentry swallowed again. "I've always known there was something missing in my relationships. When Antony told me I needed a strong woman, one I could take care of and who would call the shots, I got so horny I couldn't move without coming in my jeans," he answered honestly, knowing that Jenna deserved the truth. "I don't know much about domination and submission or masters and slaves. All I know is that I like it a lot

when a woman tells me what to do.”

“A babe in the woods. That will be your name while you are with us. Babe. You will call me Lady or Lady J. We take the term Mistress very serious in this house. It is a term of love, not just a title. Do you understand?”

Gentry nodded. “I’m babe, and you’re Lady. What should I call Antony?”

“You will call him Antony. We’ll discuss the future at a later time. Do you both understand?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Antony said. “Thank you for your indulgence.”

“Yes, Lady,” Gentry answered, though he really didn’t.

“Very good. What is this?” She picked up the folded paper in front of Gentry.

“My test results. I tested clean last month. I thought you’d want to see it.”

Jenna nodded. “Very smart, babe. You are very right. Antony has shown you ours?”

“Yes, Lady.”

“Very good. Now what’s for dinner? It smells delicious.” Gentry trembled with excitement as Jenna ran her fingers through his curls once more before walking away.

Chapter 3

Dinner was delicious, and Gentry slowly relaxed over the chicken and rice dish that Antony had thrown together. She could tell he wasn't used to being naked. He might lounge around in boxers or shorts, but he was conservative enough not to walk around stark naked, especially in front of others. Then to do the simple act of sharing a meal and getting to know a woman known for her kinky business side, the man's brain was probably stewing in sex juice. By the end of the meal, his answers were down to single syllables, usually only in response to a direct question.

He needed relief, and so did she. She'd tested her limits of self-control, now it was time to test his. She wanted to touch this blue-eyed angel and see how he would respond to her orders, even if just for an evening. Finally she stood with the short silk robe she'd changed into swishing against her legs.

"Come with me, babe. Pet, load the dishwasher, and take care of the leftovers, but don't worry about the rest. Then you may join us." Jenna took Gentry by the hand and led him out of the kitchen.

"Yes, Mistress."

Gentry didn't respond but didn't fight her, either. But his free hand did drop to try and conceal his rock-hard cock. Once in the bedroom, Jenna released the hand she held and it, too, dropped to cover his groin.

"Hands by your sides." Jenna ordered as she crossed to the bed and pulled the covers off and carried them to an empty corner. "Have you ever been tied up before?"

"No." Gentry sounded shocked, though out of the corner of her

eye, she saw a flicker of interest as he thought about it.

She looked at him with one eyebrow cocked. He met her gaze evenly.

“Babe, I expect you to answer properly and in more than one word sentences.”

He nodded. “No, Lady, no one has ever tied me up.”

“Good boy. Have any of your women spanked you?” “One did, Lady.”

“And did you like it?” He was telling the truth, but she found she learned more from what wasn’t being said than the actual words spoken. Instead of looking in his face, she saw his cock twitch.

“Yes, Lady. She spanked me, and I came right away.”

“Have you ever been with a man?” Jenna opened the black lacquered armoire in the corner and pulled out padded leather wrist and ankle cuffs.

“No, Lady. I’ve never been into guys.”

“Would you be willing to try?”

Gentry shrugged, but she could see he was thinking about it. Maybe in the future, after he joined their little family. For tonight she would keep things simple.

Jenna nodded. “How about pain? Do you like pain?”

“No, Lady. I don’t deal real well with pain,” he admitted softly, his head dropping. “I tend to pass out if I hurt too badly.”

“How bad is too bad? Hold out your hands.” She laid the ankle cuffs on the bed.

He obeyed at once, extending his wrists and holding them steady while she wrapped the cuffs around them. “I slammed my thumb with a hammer and passed out. When my head hit the floor, I gave myself a concussion. Had to spend two days in the hospital because there wasn’t anyone at home to take care of me.”

“Good, babe. Very good. So you like spanking but a lot of pain and you’ll pass out?”

“Yes, Lady.”

Jenna nodded as she dropped her robe to the floor without further comment and smiled when she heard a low groan from the man watching her every move.

* * * *

Gentry wondered if it was possible to die from a hard-on.

Even though he'd jerked off at the restaurant, he was so hard his cock hurt. He wasn't sure how much longer he'd be able to hold off his impending climax. It wouldn't take much to send him over the edge, maybe a touch of her small hands with their burgundy nails. A stroke. A kiss of her lips to the head of his cock.

Trying to focus on the conversation did little to distract him from the painful state of his erection. When Lady dropped her robe as if it was nothing, he groaned as his balls tightened so much he thought they were trying to crawl up into his body.

She was beautiful. He'd known that before without seeing her naked. Now he wondered if she'd ever thought of doing a centerfold spread for a men's magazine because she had the body for it. She was a tiny thing, only five and a half feet or so, but every inch was packed with dynamite. Her breasts stood full and proud with coral-colored nipples. Muscular without being grossly ripped, her belly lay flat, her hips flared just right, and her legs were long and curvy. A man could easily die between those legs.

Once again, Gentry found himself afraid to move for fear of shooting off as she crossed the room to a dresser where Antony had laid a pile of white washcloths earlier. She picked up one from the stack, then walked back to stand just in front of him.

"Do you need to come, babe? Are you feeling so horny that any touch to your cock would set you off?" She murmured as she eased closer and closer, but never close enough to touch him.

"Yes, Lady," Gentry panted, wishing he had the backbone to push this woman to her knees and thrust his cock between her full, luscious

lips.

“How do you want to come?” she purred as she raised both hands to his face. She brushed her fingertips from his temple down the side of his face to his jaw, then back again.

“Lady?”

“Do you want to stroke yourself off? Do you want me to stroke you off? Do you want me to suck you off? How do you want to get off?”

“But, I thought...” Gentry began but couldn’t finish the statement. He didn’t know what he thought. His brain was shorting out, all thoughts centered on his cock and her lips.

He colored further when his Lady began to laugh. “Sweet babe, this isn’t about torturing you. Yes, I’m dominant and need to be in charge, but I hate seeing anyone in pain like you so obviously are. Tonight is about seeing how compatible we are. It’s a test, for all of us,” she murmured as her hands drifted to his shoulders. “I’m not going to deny you sex, but you need to come. Now, tell me how you want to get off?”

Gentry dropped his gaze to her lips. “In your mouth, please, Lady.”

“That wasn’t so hard, now was it?” She smiled her approval as she gracefully knelt before him. “Spread your legs shoulder-width apart, babe.”

Gentry started when Antony walked in and sat down on the bed. He shifted his legs wider as Lady ran her hands up the outsides of his thighs from kneecaps to hip joints, drawing his attention back where it needed to be, on her.

“Put your cock in my mouth, sweet babe. Hold off as long as you can, but you are free to come whenever you need to,” she murmured as her palms brushed his skin, around his hips to his ass.

Gentry grabbed his cock and aimed for her open mouth. He groaned as her tongue slipped out and wet her lips in preparation. He fought the urge to thrust deep. He pulled back the foreskin so his now

purple head appeared, then placed just that much between her lips. He shivered when her lips closed around him and the tip of her tongue swirled over the head. Then the heat of her mouth was gone.

“Hands on my shoulders, babe, and don’t move them.” The thread of power was back in her purring voice.

His hands moved to her shoulders, and he tried not to hold on too tight. For a moment, he was afraid he might do real damage to the tiny woman who had taken such total control of his body.

Once his hands were in place, her mouth was back, welcoming him into her warm wetness. Again she took in just the head, swirling her tongue around the crown before poking at his slit. His cock throbbed in time with his heartbeat as she took him deeper and deeper, not stopping until her nose was pressed into the fur of his groin.

The feel was so incredible he had to clench his jaw to keep from howling. She backed off until only the head was inside before moving forward again. This time when she took him deep, she smacked his left ass cheek sharply.

The added stimulation sent him flying into his climax. He threw his head back and screamed as his hips thrust forward with each stream of seed that exploded from him.

Once he finished shooting, she held his softening length gently. She swabbed his skin with her tongue, cleaning his seed away before she pulled back and slowly released him. After kissing the head of his cock, she pulled his hands from her shoulders and stood.

“Come here, sweet babe.” She took his hand and helped him crawl onto the bed.

She lay down next to him and cradled him so his cheek rested against her. It wasn’t until then that Gentry realized tears ran down his cheeks. Wrapping his arms around her middle, he clung to her, his crying growing in intensity as the beauty of what she’d done for him shattered the protective walls he’d built around his heart.

Chapter 4

Jenna couldn't help but smile as Gentry cried. His mind was fucked up, but that would change. She would see that he relaxed his guard, first with her and Antony and then with others as he learned that being a submissive man was an acceptable choice. Like most men, he'd been trained since the cradle to be strong and silent and not allow the woman in his life to be the dominant one.

She held his head with one hand and rubbed her other up and down his spine. She murmured her pleasure at his emotional release, assured him that crying was all right and that she was so proud that he'd found his pleasure.

She didn't stop when Antony covered them with the soft blanket they used for aftercare. She didn't stop when Gentry's trembling stopped. She just held him and touched him and helped him grow accustomed to her. When he took a long, shuddering breath and tried to pull away, she held him. "Shh, babe. Relax. Rest. You are such a good boy. Just rest, and know that if you want a place in this house, you are more than welcome."

Jenna frowned when she heard the phone ring in the living room. When Antony motioned, she nodded that he could leave them and answer it. A moment later, he returned with the portable phone held to his chest. "It's Taurus," he said softly.

Gentry shifted off her chest but didn't roll out of the bed and take off as she half expected. Had one climax been enough to show him that being under her charge would be a good thing? Or was he having second thoughts and trying to figure how to get the hell out without losing Antony's friendship?

“Babe? Are you all right?”

He met her gaze after wiping the tears from his face. “Um, well, I’m not sure how to answer that question,” he finally whispered.

“Does anything hurt?”

“No, Lady.”

“Can you feel your legs?” Antony snarked as he crossed the room.

“Umm, yeah, I guess so.” Gentry sat up and dropped his gaze to his lap. “I just...I never thought...Wow.”

“Antony! What the hell’s going on up there?” came clearly from the phone.

Jenna held out her hand. When Antony handed her the phone, she held it to her ear. “Taurus, leave us the hell alone. As you did not so long ago, I’m taking the night off. Deal with it,” she spoke harshly before hanging up the phone and handing it to Antony.

“He’ll be up here in a minute and a half,” Antony said with a grin.

“No, he values his balls too much,” Jenna replied before turning her attention back to Gentry. “Wow is good. Or is it? Babe, look at me. Talk to us. Communication is vital to any relationship but especially to a Domme/sub relationship.” She cupped one hand under his chin and lifted his head so she could see his face. “Are you sorry for what happened?”

“No, Lady, not sorry. Confused and hoping that I don’t mess things up between you and Antony or me and Antony. I could never be sorry. That was the best orgasm I’ve *ever* had.”

Jenna smiled as his entire face and upper chest glowed red. “I’m glad you enjoyed it. That was a free one. The next one you’ll have to work for. Antony, are you going to join us this evening?”

“Yes, Mistress. As soon as I put the phone in the freezer.”

“Just don’t forget to get it out this time,” Jenna called after him as he disappeared out of the bedroom again. “Next time that happens, you’ll get twenty-five with the crop.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Now, sweet babe of mine, let’s back up a few steps in our

getting acquainted process, shall we?”

“Lady?”

“Stop stressing and kiss me, you big stud muffin.” Sliding her hand from his chin to behind his neck, she pulled so his lips met hers.

* * * *

Antony returned just in time to see Gentry relax into the kiss.

This can work, he thought as he crawled onto the bed and settled between Jenna’s legs. He ran his hands up her thighs in silent inquiry.

She spread them wider, exposing her waxed cunt to his hungry gaze. He didn’t move until she released her hold on Gentry’s head and reached out to him. He took her hand, kissed the palm, and then moved forward. With just the tip of his tongue, he licked from her puckered anal star to the top of her clit before getting serious.

Her wide open and wet entrance surprised him. In all the time they’d been together, she’d never been this turned on so early in their play. It usually took a lot more to knock down the protective walls she kept around herself. Would this threesome work? Or would he return from Iraq to find he had been replaced?

The worry skittered through his thoughts for only a moment before he brushed it away. There would be no worries of the future. Not here. Not now. For tonight there would only be orgasms and relaxation and happy sex.

Pointing his tongue, Antony traced a circle around her knot of nerves, then down around the edge of her juicy opening, then back up again. Her hips followed him when he pulled back momentarily to lick her juices from around his mouth before returning for more.

Looking up her body, he saw that Gentry was playing with a nipple with one hand while abrading the other with the fur of his chest. Their lips remained locked together. He couldn’t see Mistress’s hand, but from the shifting of his best friend’s hips, knew it was wrapped around his cock.

He licked and nibbled as he watched the action going on at the head of the bed. His own hips began to rock back and forth, rubbing his cock against the sheet. Only a few passes and he was rubbing in his own wet trail, the thought of which added another layer to his arousal.

When a small, feminine hand brushed over the back of his head to his shoulder to push him away, he ignored her. Sometimes a slave had to be bad. Especially when his Mistress was this close to her peak.

Sliding two fingers into her open channel, he took her clit between his lips. Before he could suck her to an orgasm, she grabbed his hair and pulled. Hard.

“No, pet. Not yet. When I come, I want your cock in my mouth and babe fucking me. Right now I need a moment to catch my breath.”

With a disappointed sigh he lifted his head and pulled his fingers from her core. He crawled up the bed to lie beside the woman he loved. “I was hoping you’d come on my tongue and then on babe’s cock, too,” he murmured as he leaned in to lick at her lips.

His words earned him a shove away from her before he could touch her.

“Get the paddle,” she ordered, glaring at him. “My pet is in need of a reminder that I am in charge in this relationship. I decide when I will come and how, not you.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Antony dropped his head and went to the armoire. He pulled the leather-covered paddle out and carried it back to the bed. Kneeling at the foot of the bed, he held it up.

“Only ten for such behavior, though it should be twenty-five. But I have plans for your weekend, and you need to be able to move.” Mistress climbed from the bed and accepted the paddle. “Get over the edge of the bed and count them off.”

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you for being so lenient with this pushy slave.” Antony moved into position with his ass up, his cock down against the side of the bed, and his arms stretched over his head across

the bed.

Smack. "One, thank you, Mistress."

Smack. "Two, thank you, Mistress."

Smack. "Three, thank you, Mistress."

As the punishment continued, Antony heard her give instruction to Gentry.

"Trying to top from the bottom is not acceptable in this house, babe. Even if you think it might be a good thing, I make the decisions. Always."

* * * *

Gentry watched the punishment with interest. Under Mistress's gentle hand, his cock had grown hard again, but watching her as she turned Antony's ass bright red had his cock shrinking and his balls pulling tight to his body as if to crawl inside him for protection.

When he looked at Antony, the other man was smiling. He looked at peace.

When she finished and he'd thanked her for the last stroke, Antony pushed from the bed and slid to the floor, wincing as he knelt before his Mistress with his head bowed.

Gentry noted Antony's cock stood tall and proud, his juices glistening as they trailed down his shaft.

"Apologize."

"I'm sorry, Mistress, for overstepping my boundaries."

"Forgiven. Put the paddle away and bring the lotion."

"Yes, Mistress."

Standing easily, he returned the paddle to the armoire, then disappeared into the bathroom. A moment later, he returned with a bottle. He offered the bottle to Mistress, and when she waved her free hand, he crawled onto the bed and lay on his stomach.

"Babe, I know you're not into guys, but I want you to help me tend to pet. Though you may never have sex, you need to learn how to

care for one another.”

“Yes, Lady.”

He moved to kneel on the bed beside his friend. Looking at Antony, he admired the bronzed skin and its contrast with the bright red skin across his ass. It only took a few minutes to rub the cool lotion in, but it was enough for Gentry’s cock to once again grow long and hard and ready for whatever was to come.

“All right, babe, that’s enough. Much more and he’ll be coming into the sheets instead of my mouth.” Mistress pinched Antony’s hip.

He didn’t flinch, but did push up on all fours, then knelt, though Gentry saw he was careful about settling his ass down too hard on his heels.

“On your back, babe, catty-corner across the bed. I want to ride that beautiful cock of yours.”

“Yes, Lady.”

Gentry moved into position and caught his breath as she swung a leg across his hips and moved so her cunt was situated just over his balls. She shifted and arched her back, and he felt her bare, wet, open channel brush over his ball sac, then up the length of his cock. He groaned as his eyes closed in response to the intense lust that shot through him.

His eyes opened again when she backed off and stroked him. Her soft skin and firm grip shot him from simple need to clenching his jaw to hold back his climax.

“Lady, I’m close,” he whispered, his voice hoarse and deeper than he could ever remember as she rolled a condom down over his length.

“Hold it, babe. You aren’t allowed to come this time until I say. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Lady,” Gentry panted.

He gritted his teeth so tight his jaw hurt and tried to think of something unsexy. Mountains, fat men, how much money he would lose if he took the next three weeks off as Antony suggested. But the sight of this woman lifting her body up and fitting his cock at her

entrance blew everything from his thoughts.

He closed his eyes and held his breath as she slowly slid down over his length. He could feel her heat, her wet, grasping muscles on every inch of him by the time she fully settled over him.

“Good boy,” she purred as she leaned over his chest to kiss his chin. “Hold on just a bit longer. Pet, kneel here so I can suck your cock.”

Gentry watched his friend move into place with one knee beside his shoulder. He wondered how this was going to work for a moment. Then Mistress leaned forward, and as she rose from his cock, her mouth opened, and she descended over Antony’s. Then she moved back down on him while sliding up Antony’s until only his head remained between her lips.

Though he tried to follow orders and lay still, his body overruled his mind. Bending his legs, he began to rock up, meeting her down stroke as she began to move faster and faster. Then the ability to think left him and instinct took over. His hands took hold of her hips, and he began to thrust fast and hard into the hot glove of her cunt.

“Too close,” he panted as his strokes grew shorter and faster. “Gonna blow.”

“Do it, babe. You, too, pet. Come now!”

Lady slammed down on him as she kept Antony’s cock in her mouth while screaming out her own climax.

Gentry managed to hold his eyes open as he came, watching as Antony pulsed his cock into their woman’s mouth while holding her shoulders for balance. When he finished coming, the darkly handsome slave pulled from his mistress’s mouth and stretched out on the bed next to Gentry, hissing as his ass came into contact with the mattress.

Then Gentry turned, looking up at Lady.

She swallowed and licked her lips before smiling down at him. Settling her cunt fully over him, she lay down across his body. She kissed his sweaty chest before laying her head down and relaxing completely. She patted his chest before reaching out and petting

Antony, as well. “Rest, boys. We’ll go downstairs in a little bit.”

His eyes heavy, Gentry smiled at the relaxed tone in her voice. With a deep breath, he allowed himself to let go. His thoughts drifted and circled on the possibility of life as the second sex slave of this beautiful woman.

Chapter 5

Two hours later, Gentry followed Antony out of the apartment, feeling as scared as the first time he tried to ask a girl out on a date. Lady had already gone downstairs dressed in a black leather corset dress that molded to every inch of her curvaceous body, leaving little to the imagination.

“Are you sure this is *all* I’m supposed to wear?” he asked, looking down at the brown leather pants that Antony had loaned him.

Antony was similarly dressed, except his leathers were black with a double row of studs down the outside of each leg from waistband to hem. He also wore wrist cuffs and the collar Mistress put on him before she’d left, locking it with a tiny silver lock.

“Yes. That’s all you’ll need. Subs don’t wear shoes in the club, and with that chest, Mistress may never allow you to wear a shirt again. Just relax and be happy your ass isn’t being tortured by leather rubbing against it.”

When the elevator doors opened, Antony pulled Gentry after him. “I can probably answer any questions you have tonight. If not, we’ll ask Mistress. She wants you to wander around the club and check things out. If you get overwhelmed, let me know. We can come back upstairs and have a beer.”

Gentry nodded again. His cock twitched, fighting for space to inflate. “What if I need to...you know?” he waved his hand over the bulge that was already growing in his leathers. He was amazed. He’d come twice in the past few hours, yet his cock wanted to stand up and play some more.

“Tell Mistress.” Antony led the way out of the elevator into the

private foyer. He stopped at the door to the side of the small room. A leather leash was draped over the doorknob. "Hmm, I guess this is for you. Give me your left hand."

Gentry held out his arm and watched as Antony looped the end of the leash around his left wrist. He snugged it up enough that it wouldn't fall off if he dropped his hand, but not so much that the circulation would be restricted. Slipping the handle around his own wrist, Antony opened the door, and they entered the club.

"Why?" Gentry asked as they walked past the restrooms toward the club.

"You're not collared, and Mistress doesn't want anyone to think you're available," Antony explained. "Welcome to Club Esoteria."

Gentry looked around, and his eyes grew wider and wider until he thought they would pop out of their sockets. It was still early in the evening, but already there were cries of pain and screams of pleasure filling the air. The heavy scent of arousal surrounded them.

"Oh, shit," he breathed as he saw a big, hairy Dom flog a naked woman half his size. A jerk on his wrist and his attention moved on. He followed Antony across the club's main floor to the large bar in the center of the room.

Jenna sat on a stool talking to the bartender. When they reached her, Antony knelt on the floor and assumed the slave position. Gentry continued looking around, awed by the sights, until his friend jerked on his wrist again. Then he also knelt and tried to remember everything Antony had told him about positioning himself to be pleasing to their Domme. Then they waited.

"Jenna, where did Antony pick up such a pretty sub?" Another Domme approached and stopped just behind Gentry.

Gentry tensed as the woman touched his shoulder, her fingernails digging into his skin. They had not talked about whether or not she would share him with others. Would Lady expect him to perform for this stranger?

"Pet brought him home this evening."

“Will you be showing him off later? I’d love to see what he’s packing. Maybe we could arrange a play date.”

Gentry’s cheeks began to burn as the two women talked about him like he wasn’t there. When the leather loop around his wrist tightened in warning, he closed his eyes and took several deep breaths before he jumped up and said something insulting.

“He’s so new to the lifestyle I wouldn’t want to insult you with such a trade, Meg.”

A few minutes later, Meg and her slave drifted away again. Gentry kept his eyes closed and focused on slow, deep breaths and not the niggling urge to stand up and run before someone else came along.

When he felt Lady’s fingers in his hair, he opened his eyes and lifted his gaze to hers. “Stand up, babe.”

He stood and fought to remain still as she brushed her hand down the front of his chest. His cock throbbed in his leathers, and pressure began to build in his balls. The other woman touching him had no effect on him, but Lady’s hand on his chest added to his building lust. Like his friend, he was ready to give his heart to the tiny brunette after only a few minutes in her presence.

“Lady?” he asked when she didn’t say anything further. He lifted his eyes from her lap to her face and found himself looking into an amused pair of Coke-bottle-green eyes.

“That’s better. Unless I tell you differently, you will look me in the eyes when we talk. It may be difficult at first, but do not look away. Keep your focus on my face.”

“Yes, Lady.” Gentry said, dropping his gaze to her lips, then lifting them again to her eyes. She was so pretty it wouldn’t be hard to keep looking at her.

He started when her hand traced its way down his chest to the waistband of his pants. “You’re hard again,” she commented absently as her fingers brushed over the bulge pushing at the front of his leathers.

“Yes, Lady.”

“Would you like relief?” She laid her hand flat against the leather and molded her fingers around his distended cock.

“Yes, Lady,” he whispered, his voice hoarse with need.

“Taurus, I need a glass.”

“Shot, highball, or mug?” Taurus, her cousin, business partner and the bartender asked without sounding surprised.

“Hmm,” Lady considered for a moment. She looked from his eyes to his groin and back again. “Better make it a mug. Babe seems to be working through a lot of pent up frustration.”

Almost before she finished speaking, the requested beer mug was placed on the bar in front of her.

“Open your leathers, babe.” The thread of power was back in her tone.

Gentry’s heart caught as he looked from Lady to the beer mug and back again. When she raised one eyebrow, his hands moved as if they belonged to someone else. Which was true, if he gave it any thought. They no longer belonged to him, but to her. In seconds he had the front of his leathers open.

“Good boy. Pull out your cock and balls.”

Lady’s purr of approval sent a shiver through Gentry. Again his hands did as ordered while his brain took a few extra seconds to process the fact he stood in a room full of strangers with his privates exposed to anyone who bothered to look. His eyes looked away and he noted that, except for the bartender, no one paid him any attention.

“Eyes on me, babe.” Lady’s voice hardened once again.

His eyes returned to hers. In a second, he lost himself in their green heat.

“That’s right, babe. Don’t worry about anybody else, just me. Just your Lady.”

“Yes, Lady,” Gentry responded as she pushed the open leathers down under his balls, putting his entire package on display.

Dropping his gaze down his body, he found the red-purple head of

his uncut cock peeking through the foreskin around it. As he watched, another drop of pre-cum oozed from his slit at the top. He jerked when Lady took his right hand in hers. She squirted a small amount of lube into his palm.

“Babe, you’re going to jerk off and come into this mug. Do you understand?”

Gentry felt his eyes widen once again. He swallowed hard before whispering, “Yes, Lady.”

Without further prompting, he wrapped his right hand around his cock and began stroking.

In less than a minute, pressure built up just behind his scrotum, then began to push forward. “Gonna shoot, Lady,” he groaned.

“Into the mug. Every drop.” Lady handed him the glass.

He had just enough time to shove the head of his cock into the mug’s wide opening. Once he was certain of placement, he closed his eyes and felt each blast of pearly white seed pulse from the eye of his cock. Though he tried not to scream in ecstasy, he couldn’t help the groan that started at his toes and rolled up through his body and out his mouth.

He kept slowly stroking until his cock grew too sensitive to touch. Opening his eyes he looked into gray-green eyes once again, searching for approval. She smiled and nodded as she patted his cheek. “Very good, babe. Now, every time you feel that pressure build up again, tell Antony. He will bring you back here and you will jerk off into the mug. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Lady.”

“Very good. Now look around and enjoy yourself. Just be sure to save some of that energy for later. I’ll be in my office for a while. Pet, you are in charge of keeping you both out of trouble.”

Antony stood and helped Jenna from her seat. “Yes, Mistress.”

After she walked away, her hips swaying and looking every inch the Domme she was, Gentry turned to Antony. “So what now?”

“Now we do as Mistress ordered. We’ll walk around, check things

out, and stay out of trouble,” Antony said with a smirk.

The bartender laughed as he wrapped a piece of white tape around the mug that contained Gentry’s fluids. Picking up a pen he wrote on the tape. “Never gonna happen.”

“Where’s mouse at tonight, Sir? She could join us and help,” Antony snarked as he checked Gentry’s wrist to make sure the leash wasn’t too tight.

“She had to do an evening with her mother. She’ll be here later.” The bartender frowned. “But I’m not sure I want her associating with the likes of you. I don’t want you corrupting her.”

“Yes, Master T.” Antony bowed low with a grin that said he wasn’t listening. “I guess I’ll just have to corrupt her when we’re away from the club then.”

The bartender growled as he put two bottles of water on the bar. “Take these and get away from me before I ask Jenna for permission to put you in the stocks and offer your ass to the club.”

Gentry watched as his friend paled. “Oh, God. No, please. We’ll be good.” Turning, he grabbed Gentry’s arm and hustled him away from the bar and the laughing bartender.

* * * *

By the time Antony led Gentry from the club at closing time, Gentry knew his life would never be the same. He wanted this. He wanted to be a part of this. He felt better than he had in months, and it wasn’t the fact that he had came five times since entering the building.

Antony was right. He did need a strong woman to take him in hand. Lady was also correct in her assessment that he had a lot of pent-up frustrations. Watching the scenes and the interplay between the dominants and submissives, he found everyone in the room seemed content and at peace in whatever role they played. He felt a similar contentment flutter in him every time Lady ordered him to

take one act or another. Contented peace was something he'd never felt before.

He'd found his place in the world and never wanted to return to the reality of his life. He just had to figure out how to get Lady to take him on as her second slave/mate.

"So what happens now?" Gentry asked once they entered the apartment.

Antony looked over his shoulder at him. He knew he looked like hell. Part of it came from being awake nearly twenty-four hours. But there was more to it than physical exhaustion. His emotions had been exhausted, as well.

Before Antony could answer, Jenna stepped out of the bedroom. She'd changed into a black silk robe decorated with white orchids. "Now, sweet babe, we are going to take a quick shower and then sleep."

She crossed the room and removed the leash from Gentry's wrist. Then she removed Antony's collar. "I'm very proud of you for wearing this leash all evening. And pet, you behaved yourself admirably, though I understand Taurus had to threaten your ass."

"He said if I corrupted his mouse he would ask your permission to do what Dane did to Merlin on his birthday." Antony fell to his knees and then bent to lay his forehead on the floor. "Please, Mistress, please don't let him put my ass out there for the club to beat on."

"Shh, Antony. No one beats your beautiful ass but me. Now let's go to bed. Tomorrow will be soon enough to discuss the future."

Chapter 6

Gentry drifted awake, feeling relaxed and loose and completely disconnected. Without opening his eyes, he deduced the bed he lay in was not his own. His bed was a cheap bargain from a discount outlet. The mattress was hard, and he slept a groove into the middle of it like a hot dog in a bun. It also gave him a backache if he slept more than six hours. Taking inventory of his body, he knew he'd slept a hell of a lot longer than that. The bed he now lay upon felt like heaven.

Opening his eyes, he stared across what had to be the biggest, emptiest bed in New Bern. He blinked, then rolled onto his back and sat up. Looking around, the events that brought him to this beautiful room flooded back. Antony. Lady. Club Esoteria.

Rolling out of the bed, he padded into the bathroom and used the facilities. After splashing water on his face, he wet his hair before raking his finger through the curls, trying to bring order to their chaos. Using his finger and some toothpaste to brush his teeth, he decided he had done everything possible to make himself presentable.

It was time to face the music.

Wishing he knew where Antony had hidden his clothes, Gentry stepped out of the bedroom. That's when he smelled fresh coffee and something sweet and sugary. Dropping his hands to cover his crotch, he followed his nose down the hall to the kitchen.

He paused in the doorway. He wasn't sure if he should move forward or go back to bed and hide under the covers until he figured out what the hell he was still doing here.

"Good morning, Gentry. Mugs are on the shelf over the coffeemaker." Antony passed by with what looked like a pan of his

favorite cinnamon rolls from Baker's Square. He was wearing a pair of black boxers with bright red hearts all over them.

"Morning. Baker's Square sticky buns?"

"Yep. We only do this on special occasions, and Mistress decided today was a very special occasion."

"Really?" Gentry asked as he crossed to the coffeemaker. He grabbed the first cup on the shelf and poured it full of the black, fragrant brew of the gods. Real, fresh brewed coffee and not instant crap from a jar.

"Yes, really." Jenna entered the room and took the cup from his hand as he lifted it to his lips. "Thank you, sweet Gentry."

Looking at the mug, Gentry chuckled instead of grabbing the mug back. "Cute mug."

"Thanks. Antony had several made for me." Jenna sipped the coffee, then patted his bare ass. "A friend saw the one in my office and wanted one for herself. We now carry the line of mugs in the club's gift shop. Antony, please get Gentry a pair of boxers to wear. He's looking rather uncomfortable this morning."

The black mug had white lettering spelling out "I AM DOMME."

Gentry pulled out a white mug and checked the outside before filling it. This one had the Club Esoteria logo on the side. Taking a big sip, he sighed. "Mmm, good."

Antony returned and handed him a pair of bright blue boxers with yellow happy faces all over them. "These should fit you okay."

"Thanks," Gentry said, immediately pulling them on. Though his erection still tented the front of the shorts, he felt a little less exposed

"Come sit down, Gentry. The food is getting cold."

Gentry joined Antony and Jenna at the table, sitting on an empty chair with a towel draped across the seat. In addition to the rolls, there was a bowl of fruit, another of scrambled eggs, and a plate of crispy bacon.

Not sure of the protocol for a morning-after of this kind, Gentry set his coffee next to his plate and folded his hands together in his lap.

“Don’t be shy, Gentry. Dig in. You’ve got to be starving.” Antony passed him the plate of bacon after placing several strips on his own plate.

Gentry accepted the plate, his eyes going to Jenna as he did so.

Jenna saw his expression and smiled. “Relax, Gentry. When we’re not playing, I may ask for a little more than common respect, but not mindless obedience. While some Dom/sub relationships go to those lengths, we don’t.”

Gentry nodded and turned his attention to the food. Antony was right, he was starving.

After they’d consumed every scrap of food on the table, Antony began to clear the table. When Gentry rose to help, Jenna stopped him. “Let Antony deal with that. But you could bring over the coffee.”

“What kind of coffee is this? It’s delicious.” Gentry retrieved the coffee pot and topped off everyone’s mugs.

“It is called Esoteria. The New Bern Roasting Company makes a special blend for the club. The owner describes it as a cinnamon, spicy chocolate treat sure to bring a smile to anyone’s lips,” Jenna answered with a smile.

By the time Gentry returned the pot to the coffeemaker, Antony finished loading the dishwasher. He didn’t seem too worried about the pots in the sink as he picked up his coffee. “Shall we move this to the living room or the bedroom?” he asked the room at large, though his eyes were on Jenna.

“The bedroom, I think. My appetite for food has been appeased. Now I’m hungry for a taste of all this beautiful maleness I have at my disposal.” Jenna took Gentry’s free hand and looked up at him. “Babe, do you have any obligations you need to fulfill this weekend?”

“I was just going to clean my apartment and watch TV,” he admitted softly, “and maybe do some job searching online.”

“Would you like to spend the weekend here? We can play and talk and finish relieving you of any stress you might have.”

Though his cock was at full attention and begging him to say yes, his head fought the idea. "Could we talk some? I know it's strange for a man to turn down sex, but..."

"You need some downtime. That's fine, Gentry. We're here to make you happy, not just use you for our pleasure. And talking is a good thing in any relationship, though it's more vital to a Domme/sub couple, or in this case, triad," Jenna said. "Though the bed would be much more comfortable, even if we didn't do anything else."

Gentry thought about it for a half second before turning toward the bedroom. "Yes, that bed is real comfortable."

"And once we're done talking, it's also very convenient to all of Mistress's toys," Antony pointed out as he joined them.

"Leave your shorts on, pet. We're here to talk, not to tease."

Once they were curled up together on the bed, Jenna opened up the tricky subject. "The only way to do this is to jump right in. Don't be afraid of hurting our feelings, Gentry. You need to do what is right for you, not what you think we might want. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what it is you do want?" Antony asked softly.

Gentry stared at his hands as he clenched them tightly into fists, then spread the fingers apart as far as they would go. "I used to think I did. I wanted a job that brought in enough money so I could save for my future. I wanted to meet a woman and fall in love. I wanted to take care of her for the rest of our lives. If we had kids, that would be great, but it wouldn't be a deal breaker or anything. I just wanted to be happy."

"And now?" Jenna laid a hand on his forearm.

"Now I'm not sure what the hell I want. Last night was eye opening to say the least. I never knew there were so many different kinks." He knew he sounded like an innocent schoolboy, but he'd seen things last night he wanted to try and others he knew he never wanted to experience.

Closing his eyes, he inwardly shuddered as the scene of a gay

Dom dripping purple candle wax on his partner's cock and balls replayed in his mind. Despite the sub screaming and jerking at his bonds, the Dom did not stop. Not until he'd completely encased the bound man's entire groin area in wax. Then he made the other man give him a blow job before he released him.

"Master William was particularly fierce with Tommy last night," he heard Antony murmur.

"How could he do that? And to another man?" Gentry opened his eyes and looked at the woman beside him. "It was as if he didn't care that he was hurting him."

"No, sweetie, it wasn't that at all. William loves Tommy more than life itself. They've been together for a dozen years now. Every once in a while, Tommy needs to feel the release that comes with that kind of pain. He loves it, actually. If he didn't, he would have called his safe word, and William would have stopped immediately," Jenna explained carefully.

"Some subs are pain sluts. They get off on severe pain. My cousin, Sloan, is part of a triad like this, only with two men, one Dom, one sub. The sub, Merlin, is so in control in his job that he has a hard time letting go enough to express sadness. He needs to feel severe pain so he can break through that control and cry. Dane doesn't like it but will do anything to make his man happy, so occasionally when Merlin really needs it, he will let loose on him. Or as he did a few weeks ago, he put Merlin in one of the stations at the bar. Anyone who wanted was allowed to give him five birthday smacks. Merlin couldn't sit down for days, but he had a good, long cry."

"So it wasn't just one man torturing another last night?"

"Oh, there was torture involved," Antony snarked.

"Hush, pet, you're scaring him. Yes, with some couples or triads, there is torture involved, but it is always one the participants have discussed thoroughly and agreed upon. A dominant's job is to take the submissive under their command to the edge of their comfort zone and then push them just a little bit further to expand those boundaries.

With William and Tommy, if things had gotten too far beyond his comfort zone, Tommy could have called his safe word. But knowing Tommy, he would have been happy if William had encased his entire body in wax.”

Gentry shook his head before meeting Jenna’s green gaze. “I’m not sure I understand that kind of sex.”

Jenna’s smile comforted him. “It’s not for us to approve or even comprehend. We just have to tolerate it. That’s why Taurus and I started Club Esoteria in the first place. We’d heard about too many submissives who’d been hurt because the dominants they were dealing with had taken things too far. There was no one to watch over them, no one to teach the Doms the proper ways to have safe, sane, consensual, kinky sex. That’s another thing Esoteria does. We offer training classes. I’m sure that during every scene you watched, at least one DM stayed close by keeping an eye on things.”

Antony nodded. “There were two.”

“DM?” Gentry asked.

“A dungeon monitor or DM is there to make sure things don’t get out of hand. Most are volunteers, though we have a few paid security on staff, as well. They mostly guard the parking lot and the front door. They don’t usually roam the club, but there have been times...”

Jenna trailed off. After blinking, she took a deep breath and looked at Gentry. “So you don’t think you’d like your cock covered in candle wax. Did you see anything you thought you would like to try?”

Gentry’s gaze dropped to the bed, and he felt his face heat up. “There was a man tied to the St. Andrew’s cross getting a blowjob.”

“Mistress Meg was blowing her boy toy while playing with his asshole.” Antony filled in the gaps when Gentry fell silent.

“Has anyone ever played with your asshole before, babe?” Jenna’s hand moved from his arm across to the middle of his chest.

Chapter 7

When Gentry shook his head without meeting her eyes, she began to stroke circles across his sculpted belly, moving lower and lower. She pushed under the waistband of his boxers and was greeted by his hard cock.

“Would you like to feel a cock in you? Would you like Antony to fuck your ass?”

Gentry frowned as his head moved from side to side in emphatic denial.

“How about if Antony gave you a blow job?”

Gentry paused before shaking his head. “I’m not into guys,” he whispered.

“That’s fine. Maybe someday you’ll want to experiment. So how about my finger? Would you like me to push a finger in and stroke it over your prostate while I suck your beautiful cock?”

His head remained still, but his cock jerked under her hand.

“Babe, you have to give me words. Communication is key.”

It took a few seconds before Gentry opened his mouth. “Yes, Lady. I think I’d like to try that.”

“What’s your safe word?”

Gentry blinked. “‘Red.’ My safe word is ‘red.’”

“And when do you call ‘red’?” Jenna asked as she wrapped her hand around his shaft and slowly stroked his length.

“If I hurt too much to continue or if I’m really, really scared.”

“And what happens when you call ‘red’?”

“Everything stops.”

“Very good, babe. Do you trust me?”

“Yes, Lady.”

“And do you trust Antony?”

“Yes, Lady.”

“Good boy.” She pulled his foreskin back. Brushing the pad of her thumb over the tip of his cock, she smeared his juices around the head. “Pet, get wrist and ankle cuffs and tie our babe down.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Jenna leaned forward and kissed Gentry. She forced her tongue past his lips and teeth in a mating of mouths that consumed them both. She continued touching and kissing, distracting him as Antony cuffed his ankles to hidden chains connected to the bed frame. This spread Gentry’s legs wide. Then he moved up and bound Gentry’s arms to the headboard.

When Jenna broke the kiss and moved away, her gaze caught on the boxers. “Damn. Okay, boys, here’s how it is. Even if I allow you to wear clothes in the rest of the house, this bed is now and forever more a clothing-free zone.” Reaching for the waist band of Gentry’s boxers, she pulled them down as far as she could without the elastic pinching his legs too much.

“Yes, Mistress,” Antony said as he stripped off his boxers.

“Yes, Lady.” Gentry panted.

As Jenna moved to kneel next to Gentry’s hip, Antony dropped a bottle of lube on the bed between Gentry’s outstretched thighs. “You might need this.”

“Thank you, pet.”

Jenna took a moment to lube up her fingers before focusing her attention on Gentry. “Such a pretty cock,” she murmured just before licking the long, thick, uncut shaft.

* * * *

Gentry shifted on the bed, testing his bounds. He could only move his hands and feet a few inches in any direction. That knowledge sent

a shiver of excitement through him at the same time his stomach clenched with fear. Though he had trusted Antony for years, he'd never been in a situation like this where his life might depend on the actions of others. His thoughts whirled, and his muscles tensed as he fought an internal battle of whether to call "red" or wait and see where things led. He could always call "red" later if he felt fear.

Then a hot, wet mouth engulfed his cock, and his thinking shorted out. Without the ability to debate with himself, all he could do was experience. Feel Lady's hair brush against his skin. Feel each pulsation of blood through his cock as she took him to the root. Feel the cool air against his hot, wet flesh when she backed off again.

He barely heard Lady when she pulled completely off his cock, "Babe, you will not come until I say so. Do you understand?"

He couldn't find the brain cells to answer, until she reached high on his inner thigh and pinched him. "Babe! Answer me."

Swallowing, he opened his eyes. "Pardon?"

"You will not come until I say you can. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Lady." He managed to groan as she stroked a hand up and down his cock. He had no idea how he would hold on. The pressure in his balls was already building, and he didn't know how much more he could take.

When a cool, wet finger touched the skin behind his balls, the need to shoot relaxed as he remembered the rest of what Lady was about to do to him. When the finger dropped down to circle his back hole, Gentry tensed. The chains holding him to the bed rattled as he jerked on them, trying to move away from that finger. Was this really what he wanted?

Lady took his cock all the way in her mouth and swallowed. The massaging pulled his focus from the invasion of his asshole back to where it belonged, on Lady and all she was doing to him.

He grunted a protest when she pulled off his cock again though the finger continued to circle his puckered star. "Relax, babe. We'll take this slow and easy. I'm not going to hurt you."

Then her mouth opened over him, and the finger stopped circling and brushed directly against his opening. Gentry's eyes closed, and his head fell back as he tried to relax at the same time he tried to maintain control and not come. But the pressure in his balls was so intense, especially when Lady's free hand began to play with them.

"Lady, gonna." His words turned to a groan when her mouth released him, and the hand that had been fondling his sac gripped the base of his cock in a tight fist.

"Not yet, babe. You've got to earn it," Lady murmured as she lapped pre-cum from the head of his cock.

Gentry tried to puzzle out what he had to do and what he was earning. Problem was his brain was so fogged with lust he could not think.

The finger circling his hole slowed but continued moving. Cold lube traced down from just beneath his sac to his pucker. With one hand on his cock and one finger tracing around his back hole, he couldn't be bothered to question as to how the lube got there. A moment later, the finger stopped circling and pushed through his back hole before he recognized the action.

Every muscle in his body went rigid at the intrusion. The immediate need to shoot backed way, way down.

"Shh, babe. It's just my finger," he heard Lady murmur just before his cock was once again wrapped in her mouth.

It took a nearly minute, but Gentry did relax.

Lady began to slide her finger in and out as she bobbed up and down on his hard-as-granite erection. His breath caught when her finger returned with a friend. His muscles protested and clamped down again, but the twinge of pain only added to the building pleasure of the new experience.

He held off for as long as he could, trying to think unsexy thoughts, cold thoughts, any thoughts except how close he was to exploding. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer. "Red, red, red," he cried as tears sprung to his eyes.

Instantly Lady's fingers froze in his ass as she pulled off his cock. "Babe? What's wrong? Are you hurting?"

Gentry shook his head and blinked rapidly, trying to stop the tears that began to roll from his eyes. "Too close," he panted. "Need a second or gonna shoot."

"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry. I should have known. It's okay to come now. Or do you *want* me to stop?" Gentry didn't see Lady's smile but heard it in her tone.

"Don't. Stop." Gentry opened his eyes just in time to see Lady lower her head back to his cock and pick up where she'd left off.

It took a moment for her words of permission to penetrate the thick lust haze in his brain. *He could come.*

As his brain made sense of the words, Lady pressed on a spot deep inside his ass, and his thoughts shattered as his body went from so close he could taste it to shooting for the moon. "Shit!" He cried as the pressure in his balls exploded out the top of his cock.

Lady swallowed on him repeatedly, drinking down his release while massaging even more of his seed from him. When he shifted with sensitivity, she eased her fingers from his back hole and slowly released his cock, kissing the crown before letting go completely.

At the same time, Antony released his restraints, so he was able to return Lady's embrace once she lay across his chest. Gentry panted, so relaxed he wasn't sure he'd be able to move even if someone set the bed on fire.

He could barely open his eyes when Lady cupped his cheek with her hand. "So, sweet babe, did you enjoy your first finger fucking?"

"Mmm," was all he could manage as he nuzzled his cheek against her palm.

"Do you think you'll be able to get it up and come one more time?" She leaned closer and kissed his jaw, his cheeks, and his nose before centering on his lips.

"I think if I do, it will kill me," he admitted softly. "I'm sorry."

"Shh, nothing to be sorry about. You've shown incredible

stamina.” Lady rearranged herself so that she lay beside him on the bed.

He rolled onto his side as she wiggled a finger at Antony. “Fuck me, pet. Make me howl like babe just did.”

As Antony joined them, Lady snuggled closer to Gentry. “Hold me while pet has a little fun,” she murmured.

Gentry cradled her against his chest. He wrapped his arms around her and began to play with her tits as Antony began to play. It wasn’t long before the focused attention of the two men had her screaming with orgasm, as well. Antony’s cries followed a heartbeat later.

Then the trio collapsed together like a pile of puppies and slept.

Chapter 8

That night at the club, Jenna again allowed her boys to roam, with Gentry once again leashed to Antony. She couldn't wait to see her collar around his neck, but it had to be his choice. He had to ask her to take him under command, not just accept and agree to her decisions. Otherwise, his heart wouldn't be engaged, and he wouldn't be fully committed to their family.

"How's he dealing?" Taurus asked as he set a glass of ginger ale on the bar in front of her.

Jenna nodded but kept her thoughts to herself. She didn't want to share that it was going to hurt, and hurt bad, if Gentry decided he didn't want to join their family. Like Taurus had with his mouse, she had known Friday evening that Antony was right and Gentry would be the only man who could comfort her during Antony's deployment. She hated to admit it, but Antony was correct in his assumption that she needed someone to take care of her. She might be Domme, but she was also a woman.

"How far did you push him?"

"Far enough to know that if *he* chooses, we could have quite the little family." Jenna stood. "I'm going to my office for a while. Keep an eye on them, okay?"

* * * *

"Can we sit for a few minutes?" Gentry asked after watching an intense bondage and teasing demonstration where the woman begged for release for nearly ten minutes before the Dom gave the word.

“Sure. Come on.” Antony led him across the room to an alcove where several female subs sat together. “Mind if we join you ladies?”

“Only if you introduce us to your friend, Antony,” a voluptuous redhead wearing a bright orange teddy said. The thin collar around her neck said she was spoken for, but Gentry didn’t see a Dom nearby watching over her.

“I’m surprised to see you here, Whitney. I figured Taurus would have you chained to the bar so he could keep you safe from the immoral influences of others,” Antony said as he settled at the other end of the couch from the redhead. He pointed Gentry into the chair beside him.

“He would if he could figure out how to keep the other Doms from touching me. But it’s early and I’m sure he’s working on something,” she said with a smile. “It doesn’t matter. Everyone knows who I belong to and that Taurus is insanely possessive. So when did Jenna allow you to pick up a slave? Is it even possible for a slave to have a slave?”

“I guess it’s possible. Merlin seems to be doing all right by Sloan.” Antony shrugged. “This is Gentry. He’s not my slave. I’m just keeping him safe and answering questions for Mistress. We’re test driving a two slaves/one mistress triad this weekend. Gentry, this is Whitney Elliott. She belongs to Master Taurus.”

Gentry nodded a greeting though he watched as Taurus emerged from behind the bar and stalked in their direction. “Uh, Antony? He doesn’t look happy.”

Before Antony could answer, Taurus arrived. He handed a bottle of water to Whitney. “Drink this, mouse. You’re going to need the fluids for later.” Then he turned to Antony, bent forward, and got nose to nose with the sub. “Do. Not. Corrupt. My. Sub.”

Antony swallowed. “Yes, Sir.”

Then he turned to Gentry with emerald fire shooting from his eyes. “That goes for you, too.”

Gentry nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

“Good. Glad we understand each other.” Turning to Whitney, he leaned down and kissed her long and hard while his fingers plucked at her nipples. “Be a good girl and don’t listen to anything that one says.” He cocked his head in Antony’s direction. “I have a break coming up in a half hour or so.”

“Yes, Master,” Whitney murmured, her speech fuzzy with lust.

Once Taurus stalked away again, Gentry turned to Antony. “What would he do to us if we corrupted her?”

Antony shivered. “I don’t even want to think about it.”

“You’re scared of Master?” Whitney teased. “He’s a pussycat compared to some of the Doms here,” she observed.

“Not if you live across the hall from him and he’s related to your Mistress, he’s not. I pushed him too far one night about a year ago. Mistress allowed him to tie me to the St. Andrew’s cross at the end of the bar. He then had the uncollared subs come one at a time and play with me until I came using either their mouths or their hands. By the time he released me, I couldn’t walk. He had to carry me upstairs. Mistress was not at all happy that I couldn’t get hard for three days. Since then, all he has to do is look hard in my direction, and my cock goes soft.”

“Oh,” Whitney said before turning her attention to Gentry. “So what do you do when you’re not following Antony around?”

“I’m a carpenter.”

After talk of careers and the club, the conversation turned to the submissive lifestyle. The women willingly answered Gentry’s questions about being submissive. When a large, dark-haired Dom joined them, everyone fell silent and dropped their eyes to the floor. The Dom ignored the others and stopped in front of Gentry and Antony.

“You, Gentry?”

Gentry nodded.

“Words, sub.”

Gentry glanced at Antony who silently mouthed “Sir” and nodded

that he should answer.

“Yes, Sir, I’m Gentry.”

“I understand you made some of the furniture here in the club?”

“Yes, Sir, some of it.”

“Would you be interested in some commission work? I’m putting together a dungeon and have very specific needs.”

Gentry’s eyes widened. “I could try, Sir. I’d need an idea of what you’re looking for, but I’d be happy to try.”

The Dom nodded. “Good enough. I’ll be in touch with Mistress Jenna.” With that, he spun on his heel and walked away.

Gentry turned to Antony. “What kind of specific needs?”

“In this lifestyle, you never can tell,” Antony said, turning thoughtful. “You know, this could open up a whole new career for you.”

“Huh? Why do you think that?”

“There aren’t that many craftsmen out there who build custom BDSM furniture. With a few satisfied customers, you could have more work than you could handle. But that’s something to think about later.” Antony pushed from his seat and knelt as Jenna joined them.

Gentry followed, assuming the slave position that felt easier to get into and hold every time he did it.

“Did Master James find you, babe?”

“Yes, Lady.”

“And what did you tell him?”

“I told him I could try.”

“Good boy.” Mistress adjusted his position so he sat a little straighter before running her fingers through the curls she’d made him leave wild and untamed after their shower earlier. “How would you two feel about a vanilla night out?”

“As you wish, Mistress.”

“Whatever you want, Lady.”

“Good. I’m feeling like a movie and pizza.”

Antony stood easily, and Gentry shadowed his every move, not

wanting to be a disappointment to Lady. Antony handed his leash over to Lady and then stepped back. Lady slipped her hand through the loop before reaching out and taking Gentry's hand. He looked at her, knowing he probably looked stupid as he just stood there, but he didn't know what else he was supposed to do.

When he didn't move, she looked over her shoulder. Taking a step closer, she looked up at him. "It's all right, Gentry. As soon as we go upstairs, we're going vanilla. Do you know what that means?"

Gentry shook his head.

"Vanilla means we're going to go out to see a movie and have pizza and beer afterwards. No babe or pet, no Mistress or Lady. We'll relax and talk and enjoy each other's company," Jenna explained.

"Can I ask questions?"

"Absolutely. No matter how bizarre or strange or uncomfortable, I encourage questions. But we need to hurry and get some clothes on you two, or we'll miss the dancing popcorn box."

"Yes, Lady." Gentry grinned and followed easily as she headed toward the back entrance where Antony waited for them.

* * * *

"I guess I should be going?" Gentry asked Sunday morning as he carefully wiped the kitchen table while Antony finished loading breakfast dishes into the dishwasher. His statement emerged in question form as he glanced toward Jenna.

She sat at the table drinking coffee while reading the Raleigh newspaper and watching their naked asses with the smile of a satisfied woman. She wore another silk robe, this one honey gold with navy and maroon swirling embroidery.

"Is that a question or an announcement, babe?" she asked as she laid the paper aside.

He noticed the name change and saw that their vanilla evening was over, and it was back to Dom/sub names. He still had a hard time

differentiating the shifts, but Antony assured him it would come quickly, along with a lot of other things he didn't understand. But only if he decided this life was what he wanted and was willing to commit to it.

That was the real question, wasn't it?

Gentry thought about it a moment before shrugging. "I'm not sure. I've been here since Friday, and it's been great, but I need to go home, do laundry, and get ready for work tomorrow."

* * * *

Jenna laid the paper aside and studied the man before her. Like her beautiful Antony, he was well built, great in bed, and in less than forty-eight hours had transformed into a nearly perfect submissive candidate. Though timid about some of the things they'd done, he'd used his safe word only once, and that had been more her fault than his for pushing him too hard for too long.

She'd thought since Friday night about Antony's suggestion that Gentry join their family so she wouldn't be alone when he deployed. Ultimately, the decision had to be Gentry's, but she was willing to do whatever she could to influence him.

"Let's go into the other room and talk." She stood and held out her hand. "Pet, finish in here."

"Yes, Mistress," Antony responded with a grin that told her he was onboard with whatever she and Gentry decided.

Chapter 9

Instead of leading him to the living room, she turned toward the bedroom. Gentry followed easily, though he wasn't sure he'd be able to get it up again. He'd come so often since meeting Antony at the restaurant Friday evening he wasn't sure he'd be getting hard for a few days, at least.

Just inside the doorway, Jenna dropped his hand and walked into the closet. Still not sure of what she was doing, he stopped and waited. A moment later, she returned with a pile of neatly folded clothes. Since Antony had been loaning him appropriate clothes all weekend, it took him a second for him to recognize the pile as the clothes he'd worn on Friday.

The worn white jeans and the T-shirt that had faded from navy to a nondescript purple-blue-gray color were his work clothes, but in Jenna's hands, with the expensive silk robe backdrop, they looked like rags. A feeling of sadness, of not being good enough for this place, this woman, or this situation, washed through him.

Jenna laid the clothes on the bed before turning to look at him. "Get dressed and then come to the living room."

He nodded as she passed him on her way out of the room. Once she was gone, he didn't move. He couldn't. He didn't want to get dressed and return to his life. He wanted to stay here with her and Antony. He wanted to learn what he needed to in order to make Lady purr her "good boy" praises to him on a regular basis.

He'd been off balance all weekend but knew in his gut that this was where he needed to be.

His misery growing with each second, Gentry pulled on the T-

shirt and jeans. The clothes felt funny, restrictive after growing accustomed to walking around naked or in Antony's boxers. With a sigh, he left the bedroom and joined Jenna in the living room. She stood at the far end of the sofa, at ease and as in command as she had all weekend. And as if she had switched into Domme mode, her expression was blank as she looked him over.

"Sit down, Gentry. We need to talk about a few things before you leave." She motioned to the other end of the couch.

Gentry sat at the opposite end of the sofa, feeling uncomfortable and strangely depressed. He sat with his feet together on the floor and his hands folded in his lap. He bit his lip and focused on keeping his breathing deep and even.

"This has been an intense weekend for you, hasn't it?" Jenna asked as she closed the distance and sat down next to him.

"Yes, Lady."

"Right now you need to call me Jenna. We're not in a scene nor am I feeling very dominant." Jenna laid her hand over where his fingers were knotted together in his lap. "We are just Jenna and Gentry, talking about the possibility of a future."

Gentry nodded and swallowed, trying to push down the lump that filled his throat.

"How does it feel to wear your clothes again?"

"Strange. I wasn't too sure Friday night, but it didn't take long to get used to being naked," Gentry murmured as he stared at his knees, his cheeks burning.

"How do you feel about me, Gentry?"

Lifting his head, Gentry looked at the woman beside him. Though her face was expressionless, her eyes were anything but. He saw heat and hunger and something else. Fear maybe? But what would she be afraid of?

Then it hit him. She didn't want him to go.

That knowledge gave him courage. "I'm falling in love with you. But we've only been together a day and a half, and as you said, they

have been intense hours. Will this feeling change if I go home? I hope not, but I have a job to go to in the morning, as unfulfilling as it may be.”

“You don’t like your job?”

“It’s a job.” he shrugged, dropping his gaze. “It pays the bills and keeps a roof over my head.”

Truth was, he hated the construction business. He preferred making furniture though even Antony didn’t know about that side of his life. The furniture he made in his spare time filled a rental storage unit because he had a hard time selling it. When he heard of a need, he often donated a table and chairs or whatever might be useful to various charities. Though he preferred to sell his work, he had trouble finding an outlet for his modern twists on traditionally designed furniture.

“What would you rather be doing?”

“I like making furniture. I’m good at it, too. I just don’t have the promotional or marketing skills to build it into a profitable business.”

Jenna nodded. “Something we can work on together. I know you need some time to think, but Antony is right, you do need training before he leaves. But you need to understand something. Life here is usually more vanilla than we’ve lived this weekend. Sure we run around the house naked and there is sex and orders, rewards and punishments, but this weekend was a crash course in the D/s lifestyle.”

Gentry nodded. “I probably came off as a complete idiot this weekend, just standing around and waiting for you to tell me what to do.”

“No, sweetie, you didn’t. You were innocent and trusting and willing to learn.” Jenna leaned in and kissed him gently. “If you really want to leave, you may, but I wish you would stay. I think you will make an excellent submissive and would be honored if you would place your trust in me to see to your training, both before Antony leaves and while he’s gone.”

“What happens then?”

“When?”

“What happens when Antony comes back? Will you kick me to the street then?”

“No way!” Antony broke in as he joined them. He wore a pair of black boxers with multicolored paw prints on them. He sat down on the coffee table in front of them. “Buddy, this is not a temporary fix. We want you to join our family permanently.”

Gentry looked to Jenna for confirmation.

She smiled. “That’s right, Gentry. If you agree to join our family, it’s forever or until *you* decide you don’t want to be here with us any longer. Maybe it would be best if you did go home.” She held up her hand when both men opened their mouths. “If you want to come back, you are always welcome. Right now you need to decompress. You need to go back to your life and look around before deciding to give it up for us. When you are ready, you can return. If you wish to continue your training, you will call me Mistress at that time. ”

Leaning forward, she kissed him. The long, passion-filled kiss made his cock surge to attention. When she finally released him, she ran her hand down his chest and patted his erection. “If you decide to come back, arrange to take the next month off so we can begin your training.” She stood and walked toward the bedroom. “Oh, and Gentry?”

“Yes?”

“I love you, too.”

Her words sank into him and filled the hollow place next to his heart that he’d always known the right woman would occupy.

Before he could respond, she disappeared into the bedroom and closed the door behind her.

“Come on, I’ll walk you out,” Antony said.

As he stepped out the backdoor of the club a few minutes later, Gentry blinked in the bright sunlight. He drove home on auto-pilot. His thoughts remained centered on the previous day and a half he’d

spent in a life so very different than his own. A life he had enjoyed. A life he now wanted for his own.

Though he had no thoughts sexually toward Antony, he had enjoyed sharing Jenna with the man. She was a tiger, and he loved the way she took command of them both in bed as well as out.

By the time Gentry walked into his one-bedroom apartment, he'd made his decision. He tilted the mini-blinds on all the windows so the neighbors wouldn't be shocked. He turned on the television for noise, then stripped. He tossed them into the almost full combination washer-dryer machine in the kitchen and started the load. This was, after all, why he'd come home, to return to his life and deal with his weekend chores.

Once that was taken care of, he went looking for his cell phone. He'd forgotten to take it with him to work on Friday, as he did about half the time. He found it on the coffee table under Friday's paper, right where he'd left it. When he tried to turn it on, he discovered the battery had died. He plugged it in, powered it, and checked for messages. He wasn't surprised when there were none. No one ever called him.

Sitting on the couch, he ran his hands over his body, feeling his skin, reveling in the fact that he could sit there naked and did not feel weird about it. Until now, he'd never been comfortable with his body or being naked. He had Jenna and Antony to thank for that, as well as for so many other things he'd learned about himself.

Gentry sat and thought through the weekend. He ran through all he'd seen and all he'd experienced. He considered how he felt, both the good and the bad. Gentry knew where his future lay by the time the dryer clicked off.

* * * *

Jenna found herself growling as she stalked across the apartment to the front door. Whoever was on the other side was going to pay

dearly for interrupting her Sunday afternoon. To her, Sundays were sacred even if she had not been inside a church for services since her high school graduation.

Antony had strict orders to keep everyone away from her on Sundays. But Antony had left a few minutes before to pick up the Chinese food they'd decided on for dinner. She had to deal with this herself. Which meant someone was going to be hurt.

She thought she'd finally broken Taurus of popping over unannounced. What could he possibly want now?

"No, Taurus, we don't want to come over and eat, so stop bothering us," she snarked as she flung open the door. She was surprised that Taurus was not standing there. No one was. It wasn't until she dropped her eyes that she found the intrusion on her Sunday afternoon peace and quiet. "What the hell? What are you doing here? And where are your clothes?"

Chapter 10

“I’m here to beg Mistress to take an unworthy submissive under her control. I made a mistake this morning. I never should have left. Please, Mistress, please let me come home.”

Gentry bowed his head even lower, fearful of rejection. He’d met Antony in the foyer downstairs, and it was his best friend’s suggestion for him to make his appeal in this fashion.

As the seconds stretched out, Gentry began to worry. Had he blown his chances by leaving? Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath, then released it on a sigh. He would get through this. He’d just have to call his boss and apologize for calling him a tight-fisted prick with no heart or imagination. It would take some groveling, but he could get his job back. If not, there were always other jobs for carpenters. Since he hadn’t told his apartment manager he’d moved out, that was no problem. He’d just move back in again.

“Look at me, Gentry.” Jenna’s tone was soft and controlled but missing the thread of power it held when she was in Domme mode.

He blinked several times before lifting his gaze to hers.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, Mistress. I knew it as I drove away but fought the feeling. By the time I finished the laundry, I knew for certain my place is here, with you and Antony. I love you, Mistress. Please don’t send me away.” He knew he was begging but couldn’t stop himself.

“Stand up.”

Gentry moved easily, though his muscles were sore from packing and moving everything he owned after all the sex they’d shared over the past forty-eight hours. As soon as he was on his feet, he found

himself holding an armful of quivering woman.

“I was going to give you until tomorrow night to think. Then we were coming for you to demand you return. Antony even started working on a speech. What about your job?”

“Um, well, about that. I don’t have one. I called my boss and asked for a month off, but he refused. So I quit.” Gentry bent his knees so he could wrap his forearms under her ass. He straightened, lifting her easily into his arms. “I thought, if it was okay with you, I could try my hand at making custom sex furniture. Once we finished my training, that is.”

His fear dissipated like early morning dew in the sun when Mistress smiled in approval. “I think that’s a wonderful idea. Where are your clothes?”

She wrapped her arms and legs around him, then shifted higher, her clit riding up his steel-hard shaft. With a shift of her hips, the head of his cock eased inside her entrance. They both sighed as he lowered her until she held him fully within her warm, wet cunt. After kicking the front door closed, he carried her farther into the apartment. He walked slowly across the living room, each step moving her on his cock. That combined with her relaxing and contracting around his shaft made it hard to answer her question.

“In the elevator. Antony said he’d bring them in when he got back. Where did he go, anyway?”

“Chinese food. Go to the bedroom.”

“Whatever you wish, Mistress. Whatever will make you happy.”

Once inside the bedroom, Gentry stopped. “Where?” he panted.

“Anywhere I can get you. For now, sit on the bed. We need to talk.”

Gentry moved to the bed and sat, fighting back the groan that built from having this woman wrapped around him. Once they were both comfortable, his hands went to her hips.

Mistress shook her head and held herself firmly in position, their pelvis bones pressed together. “No, babe. We’re talking now, not

fucking.”

Gentry sighed. “Yes, Mistress.” He turned his head to look across the room, hoping she wouldn’t see his disappointment.

“Eyes on me, babe,” she said softly as she caressed his cheek with her palm.

His eyes went to hers, and he saw love, joy, and fear in her Coke-bottle-green eyes. She was scared? Of what?

“Mistress?” He ran a hand up her spine and wrapped his fingers around the back of her neck.

“This is a special moment, but I need to tell you some things. First of all, while I will collar you, it will not be a locked collar. Not yet. We’re taking this slow and easy, in baby steps. Later, when we *both* feel there is sufficient trust between us, then, and only then, will the collar be locked in place.”

Gentry nodded his understanding and remained silent.

“These next few weeks will be a learning period for all of us. You’ve never been a slave before. I’ve never had two men at my disposal before. Antony has never had to share my attentions. It will take patience and communication on all our parts for this to work.”

Gentry nodded again. “Communication is key,” he whispered.

“Yes, it is. That being said, I want you to know that I am truly honored. To put yourself under my control is a beautiful gift. I welcome you into my house, my bed, and my heart,” she smiled, “but if I ever find you messing around with anyone else without permission, it’s over. You’ll be on the street in whatever you are, or more likely are not, wearing. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress, I understand. And thank you. I’ll try not to disappoint you.”

Jenna leaned in and licked up his face from chin to the tip of his nose, which she then kissed. “Oh, you’ll mess up on occasion, but that’s what training is for. All I hope is that you try hard and learn from your mistakes.”

Gentry grinned. “I can do that. I’ve always been a fast learner.”

“Good. Now fuck me, babe.” Her voice grew stronger, and the joy shifted to a look of sexual power that sent a shivery thrill through Gentry.

“Do you wish to ride me, Mistress?”

“No, I wish for you to fuck me however *you* wish.”

“Mistress?”

“Consider this a reward for coming to your senses and returning home where you belong. If you’d made me come after you, I would be imposing punishment and not a reward.”

Gentry nodded.

Lifting her off of his now throbbing cock he pointed to the head of the bed. “On your back, limbs spread,” he said, his voice hoarse. When she turned to crawl up the bed, he smacked her left ass cheek.

She glanced over her shoulder, one eyebrow cocked higher than the other. “Don’t push it, babe. You don’t want to earn yourself a punishment instead, do you?”

Gentry froze. “No, Mistress. I’m sorry.”

“Just remember. I give punishment, I don’t take it.” She settled on the bed and gracefully spread her arms and legs.

“Absolutely, Mistress.”

Gentry crawled up between her legs, kissing the shapely limbs as he went. First one ankle, then the opposite calf, back and forth. He worked his way to her thighs where he began to trace circles with his tongue.

Mistress moaned in appreciation as he closed in on her wet, hot apex. “Oh, yeah,” she breathed as his tongue brushed over her open, wet entrance, then higher between her puffy lips to cover her clit.

Gentry took his time playing. Though this was his reward, his pleasure came from making sure Mistress was fully engaged and happy. He continued playing until her entire body began to quiver. Though a few hours before he’d thought he would not be able to get hard for days, his cock throbbed in time with his sped up heartbeat. All at once they were both too close to the edge.

Needing a minute to regain control, he shifted higher and laid his cheek on her belly. Her skin felt so soft against his. He thought she murmured a protest but could not discern her words. When he was able to continue without fear of shooting off in the next five seconds, he lifted his head. Glancing up, he found her eyes closed and her fingers clenched in the comforter at her sides.

Moving higher, he kissed his way up her body. When he reached her breasts, he paused to savor the generous mounds of flesh. Licking and nibbling at one nipple, he rolled the other stiff tip between finger and thumb.

“Babe,” she breathed, sounding just a bit desperate.

“Mistress,” he murmured as he shifted even farther up over her until the head of his cock brushed her entrance.

“In me. Now.” The thread of steel was missing. In its place was a need so deep he couldn’t help himself.

With one sharp forward thrust of his hips, he slid into her fully. Then he froze and lifted his head to look down at this woman who filled his heart with joy.

“You okay?” he whispered, brushing his thumbs around the outer edges of her ears.

“I’d be so much better if you would stop screwing around and fuck me,” she said with an expression that contradicted her almost whiney tone.

Gentry grinned at her, sliding out halfway before sliding deep again. “But I don’t know when I’ll get this chance again, and I really don’t want to rush it.”

“Oh, God, I’ve created a monster, and he’s not even trained yet.” Mistress groaned as her hands came up to cover his ass, her fingers clenching just enough, the nails pressed into his flesh.

Gentry groaned at the nip of pain in his ass and slowly began to move. He pulled out until only the head was left inside, then slowly eased back again. Blood was pounding in his head, his chest, and his cock, but he refused to be rushed. He had a plan, and he wished

Antony would hurry the hell up and get back.

Just then, he heard the rustle of plastic from the other room. Continuing his slow thrusting, Gentry lifted his head to call over his shoulder. “Antony, get your ass in here.”

“What’s up?” Antony appeared in the doorway wearing only boxers.

“Mistress is giving me a reward, and I thought I’d share it with my best friend.” Gentry wrapped his arms around Jenna’s and held tight as he rolled them so she now sprawled across his chest. “Lube up.”

“Ooh, Mistress sandwich.” Antony dropped his boxers and crossed to the nightstand.

Chapter 11

Jenna glanced from Gentry to Antony, then back again. She froze as an old, forgotten memory reared its ugly head.

It had been ten years since the last time she'd been in such a similar situation. A decade since two men had fucked her at the same time, making her the filling in their sex sandwich. Difference was, at that time, she had not been in charge. She had been their victim.

She'd been young and drunk and wild. The frat brothers had moved fast, whisking her from a party in the basement up to their third-floor room. Before she could fight them off, they claimed her together. The pain from sex without proper preparation cut the drunken haze and overrode any pleasure she might have found with them.

Though traumatized by their actions, she never told anyone about that night. She did learn the most important lesson of her life—to stay in control. From that point on, she'd remained in charge, dominating any man she shared herself with. That night had changed her, and until this moment, she had always, always, *always* been in control of everyone's actions.

Because of that, she rarely got off easily. Not until months after Antony entered into her life and pledged himself to her pleasure had she relaxed enough to orgasm. Now, with their little family expanding even further, Jenna wondered for a brief moment what it would be like to be taken by these two men who were here for her pleasure. Could she allow them to do this?

“Mistress?”

Jenna looked at the man beneath her. As Antony crawled across

the bed to join them, she took a deep breath and relaxed. "It's all right, babe."

"You're scared," he observed with a look of concern.

"I've only done this one time before," she admitted softly. "A long, long time ago. It's wasn't much fun."

Antony settled in next to them so he could see her face as well. "We don't have to do this, Mistress. You can just ride Gentry, if that's what you would prefer. This is, after all, his reward."

Jenna smiled down at both men. They were so dear, so caring. All at once she realized she *needed* this. She needed to put this fear behind her.

"No, sweet pet. This is a good thing. We're always talking about expanding boundaries. I think it's time I pushed my own limits a little."

"Are you sure, Mistress?" Gentry asked before lifting his head and brushing his lips along her jaw line.

Jenna's breath caught as his warm touch shot through her. Her entire body clenched in response. "Yes, babe, I'm sure. Just take it..."

"Slow and easy," the two men finished.

"Stretch me, Antony. Take your time," Jenna said as she pulled her legs up so her knees were close to Gentry's armpits. This opened her fully to what was about to come.

"Yes, Mistress," Antony said. He sat up and moved behind her.

A moment later a cold, lube-slicked finger pressed for entrance against her puckered rose. She tightened for a moment. Though she'd taken Antony in her ass before, this was different.

Her mind wandered from what Antony was doing when Gentry ran both hands down her spine before wrapping them around her hips. He slowly rocked beneath her, sliding his cock in and out of her cunt just enough so that Antony could press his finger deep. Lifting his head, Gentry latched on to a nipple and kept her in the here and now instead of allowing memories of that other threesome to overwhelm her.

To her amazement, her body responded to the loving care the two submissives showered over her. By the time Antony had her sufficiently prepared, her fear had disappeared and urgent hunger filled her.

“Now, pet. Need you in now,” she panted as she arched her back to meet each slow, easy thrust of his fingers.

She didn’t fight when Gentry pulled her down to lay against his broad, muscular chest. Instead, she met his lips in a kiss so hot she thought her hair would catch fire. She felt Antony’s fingers leave her, then felt the blunt head of his cock press for entrance.

Lifting from Gentry’s kiss, she sucked in a breath and tried to relax everything south of her chin. Another breath and Antony eased forward, fast yet gentle as he breached her.

Three groans cut through the otherwise silent room as Antony pressed deep. When she relaxed around him, he pulled out until only the head remained inside her. Pushing forward again, he slid in until his cock was fully seated and his pelvis brushed against her ass cheeks.

She tightened both cunt and ass and grinned at the deep groans she elicited from her men.

Antony kissed the back of one shoulder and then the other. “You okay, Mistress?”

Jenna panted to hold back the orgasm that threatened to avalanche over her without permission. “I’m fine, but you won’t be if somebody doesn’t start moving.”

“As you wish, Mistress,” the men answered as one.

Antony began a slow in-and-out rhythm. Gentry’s fingers on her hips tightened just enough to help move her back and forth between them. Their motion remained slow and easy until Jenna reached back and popped Antony’s hip with the flat of her hand.

“Faster. Harder. Need to come.” She growled. The steel in her voice was strong and hard. Though she was the middle of this sexwich, she was still very much in charge.

“Yes, Mistress.” The men responded as their hips began to piston faster and harder with each thrust.

It wasn’t long before the orgasm that had been threatening struck hard. Jenna screamed, her entire body tightening as she came harder than she could ever remember before. She heard her cries echoed in tandem as both men shoved home and held deep, their seed pulsing into her body. For once, Jenna didn’t care about the men under her care. Closing her eyes, she allowed a satisfied darkness to engulf her.

When she opened her eyes again, she was surprised to find they were still connected, still one being with three heartbeats. Somehow the men had shifted them so they lay on their sides on the bed instead of a dog-pile on top of Gentry.

“Mistress?” Gentry brushed hair from her face as she began to shake.

“I’m fine,” she whispered though her body belied her words.

“So, I’m forgiven for running away?” Gentry grinned as both his and Antony’s hands soothed her skin.

“Yes, you are definitely forgiven for running away. Just don’t ever do it again, or your homecoming won’t be so pleasurable.” She smiled at him before leaning up for a kiss. Then she turned and kissed Antony, as well. “Do you think the food’s still hot?”

* * * *

“Tonight we’re going to do something a little different,” Jenna announced three weeks later as she walked around the two slaves kneeling in the middle of the crowded club. “Instead of keeping our business private, I’ve set up a challenge for you two before the club. A little flogging and fucking to show off how much babe has learned in the last few weeks, as well as how well two slaves can work together before pet leaves us tomorrow.”

“If that is your wish, Mistress,” Antony said softly. Gentry heard the excitement in the other man’s voice.

His own body heated up, and he was glad she'd allowed them to wear black bikini underwear, which did not restrict like the leathers did. Problem was the bikinis also did little to hide their erections. He wore his black training collar and a pair of padded leather wrist cuffs. His cuffs matched the pair Antony wore with his locked collar.

Gentry had come to envy the man his locked collar. He understood that he was still on probation, and until Mistress felt he'd earned a lock of his own, his collar would remain unsecured.

"Babe?"

"Anything you wish, Mistress."

As one, the men stood and followed their woman toward the stage where two trapeze bars hung from the ceiling. Two subs stood nearby awaiting orders.

Jenna nodded toward them. "Lower the bars. Slaves, face one another."

Gentry turned to face Antony as ordered. He was smiling in anticipation. Gentry felt his own grin grow in response. Though he still wasn't too sure about the pain aspects of the lifestyle, he had come to enjoy a good flogging.

He waited quietly while she hooked Antony up, murmuring low in his ear and running her hands over his torso once his arms were raised over his head. Then she turned her attention to him. "I know you will do me proud, sweet babe."

"I'll try, Mistress." He didn't fight when she connected one cuff and then the other to the ends of the bars, spreading his arms wide. Then the bar was raised so his arms went over his head and he was pulled to his toes.

"Down just a touch. I want him flat footed but unable to move."

A moment later, the bar lowered until he was able to stand comfortably but was still stretched long.

Lady moved to stand so they could both see her. He felt movement on his other side and a glance in that direction showed Taurus had joined them on the stage, as well. He held a flogger in one

hand. "I'm going to warm you up, babe, while Master T works on pet. When I think you're ready, you will fuck me, babe, in my cunt, pet in my ass. You will not come until I say so. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Gentry murmured, focusing on her Coke-bottle-green eyes and not the crowd gathered just beyond the velvet rope that separated them from the rest of the room. But his eyes kept straying and his breath hitched in fear. All those people watching? Could he really do this?

She saw his fear. "Bring me a blindfold," she ordered.

"Babe, I know it is scary to perform for the first time before a crowd. You've demonstrated sensory deprivation is a big turn-on for you, so close your eyes and relax. Allow yourself to fly. I will always take good care of you." She stretched up and kissed him, her velvet-covered breasts brushing against his chest. A moment later, darkness descended as someone tied a black silk scarf around his head.

"What's your word, babe?"

"Red, Mistress."

"Pet?"

"Red, Mistress."

"Very good, boys. Now relax and enjoy."

Gentry took a deep breath and, despite being bound, found himself relaxing into the swishing strokes of the flogger. The strokes covered his back from shoulders to knees, heating him up, making him hunger.

He heard Antony's breathing grow rougher as he also climbed the mountain called lust. He felt the other man's breath wash over his neck and shoulders. He found himself wishing he was brave enough to lean forward to kiss his friend, but he still wasn't into guys.

He jumped when his right hand was released from the bar. As he lowered it, he felt Jenna's hot, sexy body brush against him. Then the blindfold was taken away. Blinking several times, he looked from Antony, who looked as heated up as he felt, to the woman standing between them.

“Before we move forward, there’s something missing. Babe, when I found you kneeling at the door, naked and asking for a home, I wanted to do this. But you needed, we both needed, time to make sure this would work. In the past three weeks, I have seen you display courage and love and caring like I’ve seen in only one other man. I love you, Gentry Michaels, my sweet babe. Will you wear my lock on your collar? Will you submit to my wishes with love in all things?”

Gentry felt his eyes go wide when she lifted her hand and showed him the little silver lock in the shape of a heart. It matched the one on Antony’s collar.

With a grin, he nodded. “I love you, Mistress. My life is yours. It would be my honor to devote my life to yours.”

After snapping the lock into place on his collar, Jenna lifted his right hand. “A collar is an accepted symbol here in this place, but the outside world does not always understand our ways. I give you this ring as a token of the love and caring you will find as long as we are a family.” She slid a ring onto his finger, then kissed it as if to seal it into place. “I love you, my sweet babe.”

Instead of finishing the scene, Jenna motioned and both men’s bars were lowered. “Come along, sweethearts, I find I don’t want to play here anymore. Let’s go upstairs and make a sandwich.” After releasing them, she took Gentry by the left hand and Antony by the right and led them across the club to their private entrance.

“Yes, Mistress.

“As you wish, Mistress. Always as you wish.”

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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