



Holiday Fantasy

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Dedication: I'd like to thank the *SASSE Sheets* readers for being involved in every contest, rushing out to buy every novel and story. For always emailing me with encouragement, you all don't know how that lifts my day. Special thanks to Alesha for being my muse this holiday.

Chapter One

“Molasses reindeer, Santa cap sugar cookies and rum ball snowmen.” Alesha assessed her two trays of cookies as she hip bumped her car door closed and then maintained a cautious stride up to Kristy’s front door. At the door, she maneuvered the trays so she could knock on the door. Standing there she began to hum the tune to the *Twelve Days of Christmas*. She hoped there would be enough people at the party to sing it in parts. It was her favorite holiday game, discovering which group could sing it the loudest.

Just a week ago, Kristy, her best friend since college, and her husband Shane had been at her house for her traditional Christmas get together. The party had gone great until Ronnie, her ex from seven months ago, had shown up with his new leggy and beautiful wife. Proving Ronnie had most likely cheated on her while they were together. She had slunk off into her own kitchen and hidden away from the crowd of twenty plus people crammed into her apartment feeling ashamed and miserable. Ronnie had told her she was a bore in bed and she had no spirit of adventure. He said that having sex with her had been like having cereal for breakfast every morning for a year.

Kristy found her in the kitchen moping and brooding over Ronnie’s wife and the memory of his hurtful words. Kristy had said she needed to find herself and her being with Ronnie had only pushed her deeper into a shell and that it was time she met someone new who could help her grow in a new direction. Then Kristy had stared at her for a long moment and pulled out a black and red card from her purse. Kristy insisted Alesha come to her house for a holiday munch. Alesha didn’t mention it to her friend, but she had been slightly offended that Kristy had been planning a get together and had not invited her until the last minute. They had shared so many things over the years and Alesha had considered them to be close. Pushing the thought aside, Alesha convinced herself that the people coming were all probably friends of Shane’s and that is why Kristy had not invited her.

When no one answered her second knock, Alesha frowned. The street and driveway were full of cars. Why wasn’t someone answering the door? Then she recalled her best friend had given instructions on the holiday party invitation stating to use the side door to the lower level of the house. Pivoting in her emerald green three inch heels that matched her green sweater with Rudolph on the front, including a flashing red nose, she headed around the side of the house. The wind was wiping hard under her skirt. She wished she had heeded the weatherman’s prediction of snow for Christmas and had put on her holiday red pants inside of the cheery red skirt. The green tights weren’t adding any insulation around her legs either.

It was one of her favorite holiday outfits. People always commented on how festive she appeared. She liked to call it her silly sexy look. The sweater had been with her since she was in college and it had made an annual appearance for the last seven years since graduation.

She rounded the corner towards the walkway that led to the side door.

Thump. Alesha swore by the impact she had run into a wall.

There was a deep grunt.

“Ah!” Alesha cried out as her two aluminum trays buckled and she heard the crunch of cookies being demolished as she came in contact with the hard frame.

“Shit!” Someone grabbed her.

When she stepped back, Alesha realized it wasn’t a wall at all. Glancing up to see the face of the person responsible for the sound of her specialty cookies littering the ground and her rum balls rolling into the grass, she froze. Even in the subdued street lamp and the light from the porch behind her, she would have recognized this man. If it wasn’t for his hold on her, her legs would have buckled from shock.

“Are you alright, darlin’?” he asked, with a smooth southern drawl that was as intoxicating as aged whiskey. The voice was more refined than it had been when she was a freshman in high school and he was a senior.

“Joshua Clemson.” Six-foot of sexy lean muscle with brown hair and hazel eyes the color of early Fall leaves, brown with hints of green speckles. Gone was his big t-shirt and ratty jeans he always wore. Now, he stood before her in a button down black shirt and a mouth-watering pair of black jeans that hugged his hips and thighs. She quickly glanced away before she could see how well the material fit around a specific section of his lower anatomy.

“Do I know you?” A single eyebrow rose slowly.

Her gaze studied his face. He probably was stumped, trying to figure out who she was, since the last time he’d seen her, she had longer hair and thick glasses. The same style she’d worn since the seventh grade up until two years ago, she’d upgraded and got *Lasik* surgery. “I’m Alesha Crenshaw, Brad and Brian’s little--”

“Little sister. Lesh, well, I’ll be damn. Never expected you at the munch.” Excitement registered in his hazel eyes and his voice.

“A munch. A quaint name, isn’t it, for a holiday party? This is my first Christmas party at Kristy’s, if that what’s you mean. I assume most of the people here are Shane’s business associates.” Alesha was still a little salty about the late invite. “But, usually I give them.”

Josh’s gaze performed a slow assessment of her body, pausing at her sweater and she noticed a small smile lifted one side of his mouth, then returned back to her eyes. For the first time, she wished she hadn’t worn the silly holiday sweater.

“I didn’t know you were in the scene.”

“Scene?” That was a weird way to describe holiday festivities. She shrugged. “Yea, I love Christmas, believe it or not, I start decorating the morning after Halloween.”

Mirth lit his eyes. “I believe it.” He glanced around, looking down the line of cars.

She followed his gaze. Was he expecting someone? With her luck, it was probably a date.

“Are you here alone?” he asked, looking back at her.

Heat flooded her cheeks. She didn’t know why she felt embarrassed by the question. Maybe because the teenage girl that was still inside of her crushing on Josh, hoped that when he finally saw her all grown-up she would appear sophisticated with a successful man by her side. Not the pathetic, dateless, geeky loser she had been in school. “Yes, I am.” She lifted her chin up a notch, trying to exhibit confidence.

“Where’s your Dom.”

“My what?” She frowned. She couldn’t even begin to figure out what he had meant to say.

“Never mind.” He graced her with another lopsided grin. He started to lean in towards her for a hug and she stepped back.

“Wait my cookies.” She looked down at the crumpled tin and the few broken treats that hadn’t managed to escape to the sidewalk. Disgusted at the mess, she shook her head. “I guess it really doesn’t matter now.” Now, she’d missed an opportunity to feel Josh’s arms around her.

“Ah, shucks, you need me to run to the store and pick up a few packs. I don’t think it matters, there are plenty of things to eat inside.”

She was almost offended with the thought of someone even considering replacing her cookies with a store bought brand. “Umm, no, that’s okay.” She tried not to allow herself to be sad that the people at the party wouldn’t be able to taste her cookies.

“You sure?” There went that sexy eyebrow lift again.

Man, between that look and his voice, it was hard for her to concentrate on anything else. Staring into one of the faces that had been a constant sight in her girlish erotic fantasy, she nodded.

“I was headed out to my car to get something real quick. If you don’t mind waiting for a moment, I’d love to escort you inside. You really shouldn’t go in alone.”

Frowning, she stared up at him. “Why shouldn’t I go in alone? I’ve been to Kristy’s home a million times. I think it’s pretty safe,” she guffawed.

“Humor me.” He stepped closer to her. “Don’t move, Alesha.” He spoke in a low, commanding tone.

From his close proximity to her she could smell the robust musk of his skin that made her think about laying out naked in the woods with a blazing campfire and Josh's body wrapped around hers. She wasn't sure if it was that image or the way Josh spoke to her that made her feet stick to the ground below her, but she didn't move, couldn't move as she watched him walk away.

What are you doing, Alesha? You're a grown woman, no man can tell you what to do. When Ronnie had tried that shit, you told him off. That was another thing he didn't like about you, he said you're too mouthy and independent. No matter what argument her mind gave her on why she shouldn't be standing there waiting for Josh as he swaggered to his black pick-up and pulled out a bag from the extended cab, she stayed put.

It had been something in his direct gaze and his voice that had touched something deep inside of her. It heated her core, caused her nipples to tighten and made her want to obey him.

Taking a deep breath she told herself to get it together as he headed back towards her. It was wishful thinking. That's all. All those years of unrequited lust and admiration catching up with her. Josh was one of two men that were untouchable for her -- off limits. They were her brothers' friends.

Alesha still recalled the one night when she was sixteen and her brothers had come home for Christmas and all their friends who were on winter break from colleges too, came over. All the guys were piled into the family den eating up everything in sight. She had gone into the kitchen for some eggnog with her latest murder mystery book when she overheard Josh say that she was developing a killer body. Mike had echoed his thoughts. Her breath had gotten caught in her lungs.

Josh and Mike had thought she was hot. Her brother Brian had ruined everything by announcing to his friends that if anyone even looked at her or dared touch he would drive a stake through their cock. Brad had chimed in that he'd pour hundred-proof vodka on it and set it on fire after the staking.

That had ended the discussion. Brad began a conversation on the sweetness of bagging college girl ass and that was that. None of the guys there even glanced in her direction all holiday.

"You ready to head in?" He held a small black bag at his side.

She wondered what was inside of it. It didn't look Christmassy at all. Pushing the thought away, she told herself that was Josh's business. She nodded her head.

"I need you to say yes, darlin'." There was that tone again, deep, commanding.

Licking her lips, she responded, "Yes."

Smiling, he placed a hand at the small of her back and guided her around the side of the house.

What was it about him, now? She'd always been attracted to him, but there was an intensity that surrounded him that was really turning her on. Everything about him was the same, yet different. If someone would have asked her an hour ago if she liked domineering men, she would have told them no. None of her last boyfriends were dominant, especially not Ronnie. Then why was she reacting so strongly to Josh? *I know him. That's it, plain and simple.*

In the large below level den, Josh led her to the table laden with food. She straightened out one of her platters and combined the few cookie stragglers together and set it down.

"I'll be right back." Josh whispered to her.

She gave him a reassuring smile. "I'll be fine." This was her best friend's house's she didn't need a bodyguard. She laughed to herself. Josh was acting like someone would drag her into a room and chain her up and have their wicked way with her. Yea, right. The best she could hope for was maybe "accidentally" stepping under mistletoe and having Josh kiss her.

Putting the empty tray into the trashcan beside the table, she brushed the crumbs off her sweater and decided to locate Kristy. Turning she gazed, around the wide room which held about twenty or so people, most were dressed in leather or black, and none of them wore festive holiday apparel as she did. Damn it! For the second time that night she wished she had rethought her sweater. She lifted her chin showing self-assurance instead of the nervousness she felt. She admitted silently to herself that she was glad she hadn't walked into the party alone.

“Hey, Ursus.” Josh stepped over to his friend and business partner. Mike was standing there speaking with Cleric a twenty-seven year veteran in the BDSM community. The Dom had been given the name because his style and expertise with the wipe were famous and it was said he could make any sub reach subspace and believe they’d seen God. “How you doing, Cleric?”

“I’m well, Mustang.” Cleric signaled to Girl to come over to him, from her place with other subs standing by the backdoor talking. Just like a good sub, she watched him as she appeared relaxed among the others. Quickly, she excused herself and rushed to his side in a green leather mini dress and white collar. Instantly, Girl noticed Cleric’s cup was empty and she took it from him, kissing the back of his hand. Cleric responded by stroking the side of her face and smiling at her and seeing her Dom was pleased Girl departed. “So, I hear you have a new play toy.”

“I do.” Josh confirmed, holding up the small black bag that he carried his on the go toys in. The exchange between Cleric and Girl made Josh yearn to have another sub of his own. His last sub had wanted him to collar her and begin to work on a family. She was an older woman of thirty-eight with no children. They’d been together for two years. Lani was a successful business woman and only played in the evening to relieve her from the demands of running a company. He’d never made promises to her and in some ways their relationship fell second to her job. That among other reasons was why he never collared her, he wanted a full-time sub who would cater to his needs any time of day and night, in play and sexually. It was selfish, but he always resented having to be scheduled into Lani’s time. “I got it, Cleric, but I need to talk to Mike for a moment, then I’ll be back to show it to you.”

“Can’t wait.” Cleric crossed the room to the seating area and claimed a vacant seat with no worries that Girl would find him. Girl was well trained.

“What’s up?” Mike said, sipping from his red plastic cup of punch.

“You’ll never guess who’s here?”

“I’m sure whoever it is, it has to be good, because you made Cleric wait before you whipped out your new toy.” Mike chuckled.

“In some ways this might be better.” Josh thought about Alesha and how she looked now all grown up. He’d always thought she was pretty even behind her thick glasses, but had never lusted over her the way he did the instant he saw her outside, in dim light. Something about her called to the Dom in him. If the opportunity ever arose for him to bend Alesha over his spanking bench and use his new toy on her, the experience would place him near heaven. Her high round ass begged to be played with, in various ways.

“Better?” Mike stared at him. “Now, I really want to know.”

“Alesha Crenshaw.” Josh folded his arms over his chest, still clutching the handle of his bag, and waited.

First one of Mike’s eyebrows went up, then the other one. “Brad and Brian’s Alesha Crenshaw?”

Josh nodded.

“Here?” Mike’s voice dropped to a near whisper, as if it were sacrilege to say her name out loud.

Chuckling to himself that was exactly how Josh felt also. It was how their twin friends made every male friend of theirs in a fifty mile radius feel when it came to their little sister. If you spoke of Alesha or even looked at her for longer than it took to say the word ‘hi’, it was castration or death. However, she was a grown woman now without her brother’s hovering like pit bulls waiting to attack, standing guard beside her.

“Yea, here and vanilla as my favorite ice cream,” Josh added.

Mike stepped beside him and turned so that he could see most of the room, which Mike had his back too while talking to Cleric. Scanning each face, Josh knew the exact moment, Mike spotted her on the other side of the room standing by the table looking like a cat in the water, way out of her element. The comedic holiday sweater could not detract from her overall loveliness. Alesha’s once thick light brown hair was now shorter with an array of curls brushing the top of her delicate shoulders. Her face was that of an angel, with big dark brown eyes, long sexy lashes and a full mouth

that made a man want to kiss it. She always had a slender frame, and it hadn't changed over the years. The bright red mini skirt showed off her long legs encased in green tights and green heels that appeared both silly and erotic.

"Oh, shit, she's beautiful." Mike's words came out reverently.

For a moment, Josh frowned. It wasn't that Mike thought Alesha attractive that bothered him. Any red-blooded male could see that. It was the way Mike said.

"Look at her lines, Josh. Standing proud even though you know she's got to be uncomfortable. Man, to see her hooked to my St. Andrew's cross, bare with all the beautiful virgin bronze flesh just wait--"

"I get it," Josh barked out the words more forceful than he intended.

That brought Mike's gaze back to him. "Hm, it appears, I may not be the only one with thoughts of Alesha in a session."

Shaking his head, Josh kept silent. Out of the eighteen years he and Mike had been friends and the nine years they'd been roommates and business partners they'd never wanted the same woman or sub. Tonight could be interesting, Josh thought as he crossed the room beside Mike heading to Alesha.

Chapter Two

People in the room were eyeing her from head to toe, making her hope for Josh's swift return. Alesha was beginning to feel extremely uncomfortable standing. A few faces in the room looked familiar, but she didn't want to stare at anyone or make eye contact for too long, she wasn't even sure why.

"Ali." Kristy called out.

Following Kristy's voice, Alesha looked to the side and saw her friend seated on the floor against her husband's leg. Alesha considered the position endearing as she scanned the furniture around the room and saw several other pairs in the room seated in similar arrangements. There was a man on the floor next to a woman, another woman beside a man and even a man with his head on the lap of another man who was stroking his hair.

Returning her gaze to Kristy, she noticed how Kristy glanced up at Shane and he reached down, caressed her cheek and nodded. Alesha watched Kristy take her husband's hand, kiss the back of it and then she stood and crossed the room in a tan jersey dress and her bare feet.

She had seen Kristy walk many times before, but this time there was some hidden meaning Alesha couldn't quite grasp. Happy to see her best friend, Alesha rushed to Kristy and hugged her.

"I'm glad you could make it." Kristy kissed her on the cheek and stepped back.

Leaning in, Alesha whispered, "Why didn't you warn me not to wear my sweater? Everyone here looks like they just came from a Goth concert or a biker bar, maybe?" Alesha was frowning. She really didn't know how to describe the people. Besides the way some people were dressed, a few wore thick chokers or wide leather bracelets, there was energy in the room, a vibe.

Taking her hand, Kristy drew her attention back to her, smiling Kristy said, "Girl, don't worry about it. I always loved your sweater."

Staring at the small groups of people talking and eating, Alesha said, "You might, but I'm sure Shane's business associates probably think I'm a dork."

Kristy tilted her head and assessed her for a moment. "Alesha, these people aren't business associates. I didn't know how to tell you this, but Shane and I are into B--"

"Ursus, look what Santa Claus delivered." Josh's voice broke in, interrupting Kristy's words, as he returned.

Excited Alesha turned.

"Well, if it isn't beginning to look like Christmas." Another face from her past stepped up to her and Kristy beside Josh. "Alesha."

"Michael Raymond." Mr. Off-limit-man number two. At six-two and broad shouldered with hair as blond as sunshine and eyes as clear blue as tropical waters, Mike was gorgeous. Mike used to play defensive end on their high school football team and in college as well. If Josh made her feel wild and uninhibited, Michael or Mike as he liked to be called, made her want to curl up in his lap and be protected. He was the epitome of a gentle bear, even though his bulk was all crafted into lean muscle and not as heavy as most football linemen.

"It's good to see you, Alesha." Mike stepped towards her and swallowed her up in a hug. "You look great."

She encircled his wide shoulders with her arms. If Josh's voice was as intoxicating as whiskey then Mike's was as deep and smooth as honey. Hearing Mike's voice in her ear caused the heat Josh had made coil low in her belly to ignite and spread like a fire through her body. Her nipples tightened and pressed against her lacy bra. "It's good to see you, too."

Mike let her go and took a step back. She wished she could have stayed in his arms. He smelled so good, a refreshing sporty scent that made her giddy and lightheaded.

Turning to Kristy, Mike smiled his sexy dimple showing. "Hello, Belle, I appreciate you and your Master inviting us all here for the annual holiday munch."

"It always proves a great time," Josh added.

“Dom Mustang. Dom Ursus. You’re both welcome. Master Bête has a demonstration planned shortly. We hope everyone will enjoy.” Kristy inclined her head as if bowing.

Alesha assessed her best friend as Kristy stood beside her. Once Josh and Mike had come, Kristy had immediately pulled her hands behind her back and stood silent until they spoke to her. That was not Kristy at all. Alesha knew her best friend as a vibrant chatterbox. Shifting her gaze between the three people she barely knew anymore, Alesha pondered the little tidbits of information she’d heard. What was up with the Master and Dom titles? Why did Josh and Mike call Kristy, Belle?

To say she was confused about this whole Christmas Party was an understatement. Alesha didn’t want to seem stupid so she listened to the dialogue between them and tried to figure out if all of this was some kind of joke.

“Not much doubt in that,” Josh drawled.

Mike declared, “We always do.”

Kristy, or Belle, glanced over to her husband who still sat in the mist of the seated group. Alesha followed her friend’s gaze and noticed Shane or Master Bête fix his eyes on his wife and nodded, then turn back to the people around him. After taking two semesters of French in school Alesha only recalled single words and a term or two. One thing she did remember was that *bête* meant beast. Understanding the cute nicknames of Belle and the Beast, referring to Kristy and Shane would have normally caused Alesha to giggle, if she didn’t feel so strange and out of sorts.

“Excuse me. I must return to Master, it will soon be time for the demonstration.” Kristy faced Alesha again. “Alesha, I apologize, I know this is all a bit much for you right now. Please keep an open mind. We will talk later.” Kristy took hold of her hands and stared earnestly into her eyes. “Promise you will not leave before we can speak.”

Alesha didn’t want to promise that. She wanted to grab her cookies and haul-tail out the door. But, she had never been a coward. So, instead she gave Kristy a small smile, trying to show her friend that she was okay. “I will not leave, but please don’t make me wait long.” She wanted to beg Kristy to tell her now, what was going on, but with Josh and Mike still standing staring at them, Alesha wanted to seem brave and strong.

“I won’t,” Kristy agreed. Kristy kissed her on the cheek, nodded to the two men and walked off to her husband.

“What do you know about BDSM, Alesha?” Mike’s voice pulled her gaze away from Kristy who had crossed the room swiftly and was currently kissing her husband’s hand and kneeling before him as she stared up adoringly into his face while he spoke to her.

“I’ve heard the term used before. I’m not sure what it means.” She answered honestly, looking from one handsome face to the next. The two of them were a delight to gaze upon. In the times they had frequented her home as a teenager, she’d never stood this close to them. The affect was causing the heat already simmering in her body to pulse. She’d heard women talk about a man making her thighs ache and now she understood it. Josh and Mike together were causing her sex to tingle and throb to the point she was feeling the sensation in her inner thighs. She wanted to squeeze them together or wiggle her hips to intensify the effect, but she restrained herself. Gracious, she wished she was standing outside in the crisp, cool air right now. Her mouth was dry, swallowing she licked her lips and tried to focus on the conversation at hand. Thinking for a moment, she added, “I went to a toy party once and the consultant gave out a prize of a little whip key chain, I remember one of the ladies attending asked if they had a BDSM book because she wanted to try some things with her husband. They didn’t and the discussion dropped.”

“Is that all, darlin’?” Josh asked.

She was about to nod when a memory resurfaced and she stopped. “No. I had dragged Kristy with me, because I didn’t want to go alone.” Alesha looked in Kristy direction, but she was no longer in front of her husband.

“What happened, Alesha,” Mike urged.

Turning back, she continued, "After the demonstration was complete, Kristy pulled the woman who'd asked about the book to the side and was speaking quietly with her." Alesha shrugged, now that she'd said it out loud it seem insignificant. Kristy could've been talking to the woman about anything. However, something about the conversation and being here at her best friend's home where everything seemed different and strange made her thoughts scatter. A giggling thought was trying to connect something.

Josh and Mike exchanged looks between each other then Josh stepped to her. His height made her have to tilt her head to stare into his face, he was three inches taller. He cupped her cheeks and said, "Alesha there's a lot you need to know about BDSM. However, the basics will do for now." His thumb caressed her cheek and her heart rate kicked up. "I have to speak to someone before the exhibition begins. Dom Ursus will fill you in. After Master Bête finishes, we'll talk. I'm sure you will have a lot of questions."

Alesha started to nod her head and confirm his words, when she noticed the subtle lift of his eyebrow. Without him saying a word, she somehow understood and recalled his words outside. "Yes, Josh."

Placing his bag on the floor, Josh stepped closer to her, she could feel the heat from his body even though they weren't touching and his gaze became more intense. "Here I'm referred to as Dom Mustang," he drawled slow, low and deep. "Say it," he demanded.

She licked her lips, feeling nervous and unsure. "Dom Mustang."

Neither of them moved, his thumb drew a line from her cheek to her full lips and traced them, making her tingle. A sound came from him that sounded like a growl, but she pushed that thought aside, there was no way on earth she was affecting Joshua Clemson sexually. He may have thought she was becoming pretty once, but she wasn't a fool, pretty wasn't sexy.

Moving away, he picked up his bag. Patting Mike on the shoulder, he said, "Take care of our girl while I'm gone, Dom Ursus."

"You got it," Mike replied.

Our girl. Hearing Josh say those two words made the hair on the back of her neck stand up and a tangled-leg erotic image play in her mind--a scene with her sandwiched between Mike and Josh.

As Josh moved away, the intensity of heat infusing her body only decreased a small amount, being in Mike's presence kept it simmering. Alesha noticed a man on his knees carrying a plate to an extremely tall Hispanic woman who was standing in black leather pants and a red and white striped corset talking to two men standing beside her. The man on the floor stared straight ahead as the woman reached down and stroked the man's red hair then reached into the plate for a hors d'oeuvre, selected one and ate it, never looking down at the kneeling man.

"Why doesn't he just get up? Is he doing it to be funny?" Alesha continued to stare.

Mike stepped to the side, cutting off her view with his broad shoulders and never turned to look at the couple and drawing her attention to his face. "His Mistress or Domme probably prefers service in such a fashion."

"That woman is using him as a lapdog or a servant," Alesha huffed. "Well, that seems kinda mean."

"Does it?" Mike challenged. "Look at his face, Alesha." He shifted his stance.

Following Mike's words, she stared at the man again. The man's head was still bowed and his eyes were closed, his features were relaxed almost serene. The guy kneeling expression shocked her. "He looks at peace." She hadn't meant to say the words aloud.

"A Dom or Domme in her case and a sub's relationship is built on respect and trust. Tango, which is the subs name, has to have a heart, will or a desire to serve in such a manner as well as Mistress Consuela must want to be served. It's not one sided."

"It's mutual." Watching the woman continued to rub the man's head in between taking pieces of food, Alesha felt drawn to them. Her mind was playing tricks on her, for a moment, she could see herself not as the statuesque woman, but as the person kneeling. Inhaling a quick breath, she glanced at Mike attempting to remove the image. However, the vision didn't go away, it became a flash of her

and Mike in the role. "Do you think he's weak, Mike? He's a man, kneeling to a woman. It goes against everything society says about what makes a man."

Blue eyes captured hers. "No, I don't. Being a sub is not for the weak, it's for the strong. It takes strength of heart and mind to give over your body, services and care to a Master."

Captured in his sight, and hearing his reassuring words, she glanced back at the couple then allowed her gaze to travel the room. She viewed the different ways men and women were interacting with each other. The room had a relaxed atmosphere for the most part. People in both positions seemed to be enjoying themselves.

"Tell me, Alesha." Mike stepped back in front of her, blocking her view once again. "How did you end up at a gathering you know nothing about?"

"I keep asking myself the same thing." It was true. Standing there, seeing all the people around her, getting a glimpse of a side of Kristy's life that she never knew existed made Alesha wonder why now. Why had Kristy, who she'd known for so many years, chosen to show her this now? "Kristy could've left this and her life in the dark and I would've never been the wiser." Shaking her head, Alesha glanced down at her hands, entwined so tight they were becoming red. "Hell, I've been a fool up until this point."

Reaching out, he cupped her chin and forced her to look up at him. "You're not a fool. I'm sure that's not how Belle sees you."

She liked the warmth of his hand on her face. It amazed her that such strength could offer such a gentle touch. "That's nice of you to say."

He lowered his hand. "I'm not being nice." Mike smiled and stared at her. Unlike Josh who normally smiled only on one side, both corners of Mike's lips lifted when he smiled, no matter how small the smile and the dimple in his cheek showed.

Feeling heat flood her face as he gazed at her, she asked, "What got you into all of this? Were you doing this in high school?"

"Good God, no," he guffawed. "I wouldn't suggest any kid in high school try this. They don't know enough about themselves or the world to fully understand what they are doing. I got into this later in college. I was out one night driving on the outskirts of the city and actual saw one of my grad professors that I always admired. He was dressed in leather pants going to the coffee shop I knew closed at night. I called his name. He stopped and when I got out of my car and started talking to him, he saw something in me I suppose, because he invited me to go with him. Months later, I brought Josh when Josh asked where I was going every Thursday night. The coffee shop, Strong Blends, was a dungeon after hours and still is. I'm now a DM there. So is Dom Mustang."

"A DM?" She frowned.

"Dungeon Master. A DM plays a large part in making sure people are safe and no one is being used against their will. Consensual acts only."

"Oh," she said, the word barely slipping passed her lips. All of this information was a bit overwhelming. It flabbergasted her that there was a darker world that was going on around her and she had been so oblivious to it.

"Don't worry. It's a lot to understand, but if you're interested we can talk more about it all later."

She shrugged. "I'm not sure if I'm interested. Or will be interested ever."

Stepping closer to her, he whispered in her ear. "I'll challenge that, Alesha, because even as foreign as this all seems, you have yet to run out of here in terror." The heat of his breath caressed her ear. "Curiosity if nothing else has piqued your interest."

Could he be right? She pondered as Mike moved back again.

"Tell me about your life? Who did little Alesha turn out to be?" He asked as he cupped her elbow and guided her to a table and got her a glass of punch.

"Nothing, big," she said. "I have a master's in graphic design. I do some very basic computer interior design for my company. Nothing like I'm capable of doing, they leave that to the top dogs. But, hey, it's a job, maybe in the next five years I'll move up." She doubted it. Low scale designers like

her, came and went over the years. The only people that stayed at the company for years and took advantage of the great retirement plan were the execs. If she ever found a better job, she'd be out of there.

"That's a shame." He drank the red juice.

She sipped her drink and was amazed the punch wasn't spiked. Most parties she went to, especially holiday ones kept the alcohol flowing freely.

Mike must have noticed her frown. "A lot of BDSM affairs are alcohol free or minimal alcohol. It's easier to keep things on a sane level."

The word sane seemed a bit strange to her in this context since the whole culture seemed to be a bit on the insanity side.

"So, are you with anyone? Would he mind you discovering more about the lifestyle?"

Taking a heavy gulp of her punch, Alesha tried to stall the conversation. Forcing down a large amount of liquid, she lowered her cup and cleared her throat. "No." her voice came out husky, sultry. "There's no one who would be concerned."

"Do I sense a recent break-up?" Intense blue eyes caressed her face. "Are you still in love with him?"

"Honestly, I'm not sure if I ever truly loved him. It seemed like the natural course of things. You know finish college, get a job, have a boyfriend. We weren't compatible in a lot of ways and he's married now. End of story." Alesha would never admit it to Mike, Josh or even Kristy, but even though she didn't want Ronnie back, it was nice to have someone to care for her, even a little.

"Everyone gather around." Master Bête's voice rose above the crowd.

"Shall we?" Mike asked and took their cups and trashed them before he led her toward the back of the large room where Master Bête was standing.

She and Mike moved closer with everyone else. Alesha could feel her heart rate speeding up, she was anxious to see what all the hype at this munch was about. People were gathering around, most of them were standing but several had people kneeling beside them. She didn't want to get too close to the action and was perfectly happy to stand in the background and observe.

"Let's get you a better view." Mike cupped her elbow again and steered her through the group and off to the side where she was standing a bit closer.

Now, Alesha was three feet away from Kristy who was kneeling beside a long padded table, Shane stood before it in black leather pants and no shirt. Alesha wasn't disturbed to see Shane shirtless; they had vacationed on the beach often over the years. However, the nude white woman on the table was a shocker. *What in the world?*

Chapter Three

Stunned, Alesha stared at the woman on the table. She knew her. It was Monica Lancing from the accounting department at her job. Monica was in this lifestyle too? Alesha had always known Monica as a conservative, gorgeous and quiet woman. Her co-worker was kind, but normally kept to herself. Why was she naked?

Was this some kind of sex party Kristy has invited me to? Are she and Shane swingers? Oh, goodness, please don't let Shane have sex with that woman on the table. There was no doubt in Alesha's mind that if the three of them were about to have sex for the masses, she was high-tailing it out the door, fast. A Christmas orgy was not her idea of a holiday party.

"Good evening once again everyone. I trust you are enjoying yourselves and mingling with some old and new faces in the community." He paused as people agreed with him, smiling and answering yes. "The great thing about a munch is it gives some of the newbie's a chance to ask questions from the more experienced Dom's and subs about the lifestyle. It's also a non-threatening place for vanilla people to get a birds-eye view without feeling like someone is going to jump out of a dark corner and restrain and flog them."

The crowd murmured and laughed. Alesha noticed a man in black slacks and a black t-shirt grin at a man beside him in khakis and a navy blue button down shirt. By the man in khakis wide smile, Alesha knew she was not the only green person in the room. She didn't know what the term vanilla meant, but by Shane's explanation it described her. She could also understand more about the function of a munch and maybe why Kristy had invited her here. It was meant for people to learn. Boy, had she learned some things already.

"Tonight, I want to exhibit the violet wand."

There was a rush of excitement that flowed through many members of the crowd. A black woman kneeling close to Alesha, next to another short black woman who was standing, actually visually shivered with joy.

Shane continued, "Those of you, who have used it and seen it in action, can assist me with answering questions later. I will show you a few examples on Belle, but Delilah has agreed to allow a more intense demonstration." Shane walked over to a rolling cart where a black case was open on top of it and a power cord was running from it.

Monica was Delilah. What else would she discover this night, Alesha pondered.

Glancing passed Shane; Alesha stared at Josh directly across the area from her. He winked at her and gave her one of his signature lopsided smiles. The look made her giddy and flushed at the same time.

"The beauty of the violet wand is that it can be used on one sub or as many as you want at the same time because it works away from the skin not in contact with it." Shane's words pulled her back to him. "So, unlike most instruments you have to have cleaned prior to using on another sub or multiple for a play party. This one, if it touches the skin the sensation stops completely."

Pulling out a black wand before him with a long cable dangling at the end, Shane attached a large light bulb to it as he said, "For those who do not know, this is a universal globe. This is best used for your subs that may be new to electric play."

Electric play? Alesha's body tensed.

"It can be an intense pleasure." Mike's heat caressed her as he pressed himself to her back. "Making your nerves come alive," he said.

Shane pushed a button on the wand and the glass bulb on top of it began to crackle and glow purple. Moving closer to Delilah's bare form, he started at her toes then moved up slowly. Alesha kept waiting for the woman to jump away or scream. It was electricity for goodness sake. However, the woman smiled, but remained still.

"It's a light sensation." Shane's hand glided up Delilah's thigh to her belly. "It's dispersed through the wide bulb."

Walking away from the table, Shane walked around the circle and dragged the bulb on a few people's arms. When he moved toward her, Mike pressed his lips to her ear. "Hold your arm out, Alesha."

Gazing across the room she noticed, Josh's hazel eyes locked on hers, as if he were willing her to obey Mike's words even though she was certain Josh could not hear the whisper.

The part of her that was scared of all this, wanted her to tell Mike no and leave. But, she didn't know if it was her inquisitiveness, the other part of her that wanted to stay. Stay and discover more about this secret life of her friend or the connection she was feeling with Josh and Mike that kept her feet rooted to the floor.

Shane was in front of her now, waiting, challenging her.

Giving in, Alesha allowed Mike to pull the sleeve of her sweater back as she lifted her arm towards Shane. Squeezing her other hand in a tight fist she prepared herself for the jolt, the pain, but none came. As Shane slid the instrument from the inside of her wrist along her forearm and ended at the bend of her arm. She felt a sharp sensation the tiny needles danced along her skin, but no pain. She could only imagine how Delilah must have felt experiencing it over other areas of her body.

For the first time that night, Alesha desired to be on display and having the wand caress her skin. Not necessarily before a group but privately with Josh or Mike was enough to cause the tingling to move up her arm and rush along her body.

Crossing the space to Kristy where she was still kneeling, Shane continued, "Now, with the wider bulbs it can be used with other play as well to deepen the experience for the sub. Belle stand, please."

"Yes, Master Bete." Responding promptly, Kristy rose from the floor.

Alesha could now see that her friend had changed and was now only wearing a man's white button down dress shirt, Kristy's legs were bare beneath the hem.

"Shirt," Shane ordered.

Everyone in the room watched as Kristy didn't hesitate in unbuttoning the shirt and allowing it to fall to the bend of her arms, revealing her small breasts, torso and the thick silver necklace Shane had given her six months after their marriage for Kristy's birthday. With Kristy bare, the necklace tight against her friend's throat seemed to stand out, like a collar. Kristy had always been an exhibitionist, not shy when it came to being in their apartment in college, but this was altogether different. However, Kristy stood there confident and comfortable before the group.

"I put the nipple clamps on her before we started, so they are ready to come off." Shane directed everyone's attention to the clips on his wife's breasts and pulled them off.

Kristy showed a reaction to the removal by rolling in her lower lip and biting it.

"Now, as we know, the blood rushing through the nipple makes them sensitive at this point." Leaning towards his wife, Shane waved the universal globe over her nipples causing Kristy to hiss and close her eyes.

Alesha, knowing the feel of the electricity on the skin, would've expected Kristy to hunch her shoulders, in an attempt to shy away from the pain, but that wasn't the case. She watched as Kristy pushed her shoulders back, an act that lifted her breast toward the device.

Her own nipple's tightened, as Alesha stood there and wondered what the experience was like. Feeling the heat of a gaze on her, Alesha met Josh's stare at his eyes lowered to her breast and then returned to her face. In that one look, her breath became lodged in her lungs, she knew Josh had the same vision she did.

"Breathe, Alesha." Mike's hands slipped along her back making her body come alive as he rested them on her hips.

Inhaling deeply, she tried to get her mind together. She felt trapped and safe at the same time, with Mike at her back and Josh's gaze holding her from across the room. In all of her life, she'd never wanted anything as much as she wanted the two of them.

Shane went on with his instructions as he switched out one bulb to something he called a rake. He used it on Delilah's arms, legs and belly and talked to the crowd about the concentrated electricity in

each time. Delilah was now moaning on the table and arching her body to the tool as if chasing the powerful energy. When he changed it to something he referred to as a curvy-Y and guided it under Delilah's breast, the woman began to tremble.

"Some subs may not enjoy the curvy-Y because it is intense. However, Delilah likes a more extreme play. So, even if it may appear as if it may be too much for her, she is enjoying it. The slim probe attachment is more her style. I've had sessions with her many times in the past. Although tonight I have no plans of pushing Delilah to her limits, this is solely an exhibition."

Alesha glanced at Kristy to see if it bothered her friend to see Shane playing with another woman, but Kristy stood by calmly, her face relaxed and joyful as she watched her husband.

"Roll over and avail yourself to me, Delilah." Shane instructed as he moved back to the case swapped the Y for something that looked to Alesha like a black and orange pompom.

"A mylar flogger." Shane held it up for everyone to see. "For all who enjoy flogging, you will love the splendor of adding the mylar flogger to your collection." This time when Shane worked the room, he handed it mostly to the Dom's.

"It feels like a lighter flogger in your hands, but heavy enough in weight and designed to perform in the same fashion, with the same technique." Shane worked through the room.

To Alesha, the flogger looked like a larger and live version of the novelty keychain the hostess at the toy party had called a whip. The hostess must have been ignorant of BDSM as well.

Delilah now had her back to the audience bent forward with her bare ass pointed toward the onlookers. Shane stepped to the side of Delilah's hips then he pulled his arm back and swung. The flogger made a swishing, static crackling and smacking sound as it came in contact with the volunteer's bare bottom.

Alesha couldn't help flexing and squeezing her butt cheeks at the sound of the impact.

"I can feel you clenching your body, Alesha. Does this make you wonder? Desire? Do the thoughts turn you on?" Mike's hands flexed on her hips.

You make me desire.

She didn't want to answer. Alesha would have preferred to keep her thoughts to herself. One thing she was learning quickly was that, in this so called lifestyle, there were very few secrets. "Yes."

Brushing her hair away from the back of her neck, Mike demanded, "Yes, what."

She knew what he wanted. In the hours she had been at the munch, she'd heard how people were responding. "Yes, Dom Ursus."

The low growl that came up from his chest and out of his mouth, Alesha could feel along her back.

After seven or eight lashes, Shane turned to the crowd. By that time, Delilah's pale skin was beginning to blush and she had her chest so low on the table that her pale ass was held high as if she were begging for more. "If you have already flogged or spanked your sub and their skin has been warmed up thoroughly, the contact will be more fiery, powerful and erotic for the submissive."

When Shane stopped completely and moved back to his case, Delilah's whimper of disappointment was loud as she dropped her head on the padded top. "Branding is a more extreme and often permanent form of violet wand plan. Next Tuesday evening Cleric and I will be having an instruction class for it, so make sure you sign up to attend on the NCBDSM style website." Walking over to his wife, Shane turned Kristy around to face the audience. He swept her long blond hair to the side and revealed a brownish-red raised area marking on Kristy between her shoulder blades. "This is a day old. It is not permanent and will fade in the next two weeks."

Alesha made out the words M. Bête, Shane's name including the circumflex diacritic over the first E.

After Shane thanked everyone for their attention, the group dispersed, some went to Shane and others talked in little clusters about the instrument.

Josh headed directly to them. "Did you enjoy what you saw, darlin'?"

“It was informative.” Informative? It had been a lot more than that. She couldn’t put the experience into other words except to say it was a turn on, a shocking turn on. Now, having both Josh and Mike standing over her on the heels of the demonstration she was overwhelmed.

They were *too* overwhelming. Their presence dominated her and she thrived in their attention. Desiring Josh was one thing. Lusting after Mike another, but lusting and desiring both of them was insane. She needed a reprieve, an escape. Glancing to the side, she spotted Kristy talking to a woman with a wide silver collar on her neck, different in design compared to Kristy’s. Alesha’s best friend owed her a conversation. “I’m sorry, I have to talk to Kristy...I mean Belle.” Flustered she darted away from them, before either of them tried to stop her.

“Excuse, me.” Alesha barely got out as she rushed to her friend and the other woman. “Can you talk, now?”

“Copper this is Alesha a friend of mine.” Kristy made the introductions.

Alesha greeted and shook the woman’s hand as she gave Kristy the eye that she urgently needed to speak with her.

Giggling, Copper must have caught the silent message, also, and said, “We can discuss this on Tuesday, Belle.”

Normally, Alesha would have felt bad being rude to someone, but at the moment she was so outside of what had been normal in her life, she didn’t chastise herself.

“Thanks,” Kristy responded as Copper walked away and pulled Alesha to the side. “What’s up?”

She didn’t miss Kristy’s quick check to make sure Shane didn’t need her, before they moved away for privacy. “What’s up?” Alesha whispered. “Kristy--”

“Please call me, Belle, tonight.”

“Fine. Belle, I want to know why did you invite me here? I mean, if you kept this a secret, why let me in on it now?”

“Do you remember when I broke up with Todd after college?” Kristy asked.

“Of course, I do. Our parents sent us to Miami for graduation and you were miserable. Didn’t want to do anything, but sit on the beach and stare at the ocean.” Alesha didn’t understand why they were taking a trip down memory lane. Kristy had Shane now and they always appeared very happy.

“Well, Todd and I weren’t good for each other. I needed something from him that he couldn’t give me. Hell, I don’t know if he couldn’t give it to me then, because I didn’t even know what it was. I just felt lost. Unsure of myself. When I met Master Bête and found out about his lifestyle I was hesitant. However, the first time he took me to a dungeon event and commanded me to go into the bathroom and remove all of my clothes and come back out only wearing the cuffs he gave me. I did it. I came out and he was standing there.” She glanced over at her husband, her voice becoming soft and gentle as if she were lost in the memory. “He had so much pride in his eyes. He took my hand and walked around the room with me and something inside me clicked. I didn’t feel ashamed or insecure about my body with so many people around.” Kristy’s gaze met hers. “I felt protected and confident.”

Speechless. Alesha didn’t know what to say to her friend. She remembered after Kristy had met Shane that her friend had changed for the better.

“Alesha, I started to see the same thing happening to you this year.” Kristy reached out and touched her arm.

“I didn’t hide myself,” she declared. Alesha folded her arms under her breast.

“You’re right.” Kristy laughed. “You didn’t hide on the outside. Instead, you hid in the crowd, Miss Socialite. How many parties have you held this year?”

“You know I like throwing parties,” Alesha gritted out.

It was Kristy’s turn to fold her arms over her chest. “You’re a black woman who threw a St. Patrick’s Day party with all the trimmings like you were expecting the Boston Celtics to arrive.”

Okay, maybe that one had been over the top. She admitted to herself. Alesha sighed. “So, this is your way of telling me stop having functions? A bit extreme don’t you think, *Belle*?”

Uncrossing her arms, Kristy took hold of Alesha's shoulders. "This is my way of helping you find yourself."

Alesha shrugged, because she could. Since neither Josh nor Mike were around to scold her none verbal gesture. "What if I'm not like you? What if nothing *clicks* in me?" Alesha whispered. Part of her was afraid that even with Josh and Mike and this new lifestyle that it wouldn't make a difference for her. Because without Kristy saying it, Alesha knew that she had needed something to fill her life long before Ronnie came and went.

"So, now what? Am I standing around and waiting for some Dominant to come to me and then say, show me your magic violet wand? Then let him have his way?"

"No." Kristy shook her head. "A lot of times it's instinctive. You selecting the person is just as important as them selecting you. If you don't feel a connection to the person you probably won't be able to trust them."

"Okay. I can understand that." That was one pink elephant down. Now how to discuss the other elephant, Alesha wondered.

"I saw you with Dom Ursus during the demo. Is he the one you want to experience this with?" Kristy tilted her head and glanced passed her.

Alesha didn't have to turn around to know her friend was looking at Josh and Mike.

"Or is it Dom Mustang who escorted you in? I know they are both from your past."

Oh, God, how did she tell her friend about the freakish thought she was having. Kristy may be in the lifestyle, but she was in it with one man. Not two. Instead, Alesha said, "I don't know how to choose."

"I need to get back to Master Bete." Kristy hugged her. "You will know who to pick. Remember, this was only to introduce you." Pulling back, she looked at her. "You don't have to select either. BDSM isn't about force."

Lifting her eyebrows, Alesha stared at her friend.

"Well, it is, but you get what I mean."

Smiling, she pecked Kristy on the cheek. "I do."

"Consider them."

Chapter Four

"You want Alesha." Mike didn't want to mince words. He was having strong feeling towards Alesha and he wanted her submitting to him and more. What the *more* entailed he wasn't sure, but one thing he realized tonight was that even away from her, he felt connected to her. He'd always thought she was pretty when she was younger, but he'd never being struck with the lust and imagination regarding her in all types of scenes as he was having this night. Before she was off limits and that was fine, she was easy to put aside. However, that was not the case now. He believed she was feeling something on her end, the way she had shivered and sighed before him during the demo. Especially the way she had fled as soon as she could.

He hadn't been looking for anyone. After Destiny left him months back to care for her parents he had kept his distance from submissives except during scenes at Strong Blends. It had been time for him and Destiny to end. He'd only been prolonging it, hoping she'd change her mind. He wanted a deeper commitment, someone he could collar.

Mike's gaze shifted from where the woman in question stood off to the side privately talking to Belle, to Josh.

"Yes. I saw how you were watching her during the exhibition, you want her, too," Josh charged.

"I've never told you a lie, my friend." Mike glanced around the room. The house was filled with available subs newbie and experienced and he and Josh had to desire the same woman. Shit. What were the chances? "We've known each other too long for deception. More importantly, I think she's interested in learning about the lifestyle."

Shaking his head, Josh contended, "Brad and Brian would flay us alive if they knew."

"True, but Alesha has blossomed into a beautiful, intelligent and sensual woman. She's not a child anymore."

"A butterfly." Josh added, staring at Alesha once again.

Butterfly, a perfect name for Alesha. Mike wanted her to be his butterfly. He wanted to take her through the paces and watch her accept the submissive he saw inside of her and watch her come into her own confidence. There was sadness in her gaze, a loneliness that drew his heart strings. Staring from Alesha to Mike he tried to figure out how he'd deal with it if Josh was the one to become her Dom. "What do we do, now? How do we decide?"

"I don't know." Josh groaned in frustration. "Hell, she may not want either one of us."

"Hello, Dom Mustang. Dom Ursus." A sultry voice grabbed both of their attention.

He and Josh turned away from Alesha and Kristy to Delilah who stood beside them, her hands behind her back with her head bowed, but her eyes looked up at them. She was now dressed in a flowing skirt and blouse.

"Delilah, I'm sure everyone appreciated you volunteering your assistance with the demo," Mike said. Delilah was an attractive, petite and chesty woman who enjoyed the scene. She was a free sub who he'd conducted several sessions with before at Strong Blends.

"Thank you, Master Ursus. It was a nice warm up," she replied demurely.

A warm up? Mike knew what Delilah meant, because every Dom that frequented their circle knew Delilah was a pain slut. She enjoyed long sessions or extreme play.

"Well, it was only meant to be an exhibition, not a full play session. More would be saved for an appropriate time," Josh reminded her.

Delilah stepped closer to them. "I would willingly submit myself to either, Dom." Her blue eyes looked from him to Josh.

As much as Mike was revved up to play with a sub tonight after the showing, Delilah wasn't the one.

Josh angled his head to the side and studied Delilah. Mike didn't know if his friend was considering the woman's offer. If Josh claimed Delilah that would leave the field open for him with Alesha.

Lowering herself to the floor, Delilah kneeled and continued to speak. "Dom Ursus and Dom Mustang, I desire to feel the bite tonight." Reaching up, she took their hands and kissed the back of Josh's hand first then his.

~YH~

"I need an experienced Dom and I know you both--"

"Are taken." Alesha stared down at the woman's submissive posture. Kristy had told her to consider either Mike or Josh and Alesha still didn't know what she was going to do about them. However, when she was headed back to them and noticed Delilah, a.k.a Monica offering herself to either man. *My men* were the words echoing in Alesha's head.

Delilah head snapped up. Alesha noticed the submissive act was erased by the venomous stare Delilah gave her. The look was one of detection, Delilah recognized her.

"Forgive me, Alesha. It was not my intention to usurp time on someone else's Dom." Delilah still held both the men's hands. "Who were you referring to? Which Dom is yours? I will settle happily for the other."

Oh, shit. This was the moment. She had to choose. Alesha glanced at Josh and his handsome cowboy appeal and then over at Mike and his burly temptation, her gentle bear.

"Be sure about this, Alesha." Mike's voice was calm and patient.

"We're big boys, we can take it." Josh's words were confident. However, Alesha noted the passionate and hopeful look in his hazel eyes.

"Which man?" Delilah questioned, again.

Directing her gaze at the other woman, Alesha raised her chin and plunged ahead. "Both are mine."

The surprise look on Delilah's face was priceless as Alesha noticed her co-workers mouth drop open wide at the declaration.

Mike looked at Josh then to her and said, "You better be certain, Alesha."

She glanced from one man to another and never felt more comfortable in her decision even though she wasn't completely clear what she was asking for or getting herself into. Kristy had told her to trust her intuitions and Alesha's instinct was dancing a jig inside of her over both men. "I'm very sure."

Josh helped the submissive woman to her feet. "Delilah, go find Dom Dunstan, earlier he'd mentioned that he needed a sub who enjoyed a forceful play. You two may suit."

"Thank you, Dom Mustang." A dejected Delilah released both of the men's hands then turned and walked away.

Alesha knew she was being a bit greedy where Josh and Mike were concerned. However, if both men were going to walk back into her life she refused to let either man go. This was the most zealous thing she'd ever done in her life, but she wouldn't regret it. She was feeling a little smug and couldn't hold back the smile on her face.

Josh turned away from Delilah's lovely body and looked directly at her. "Kneel," he commanded.

It was her turn to be stunned.

Mike crowded her and lowered his voice so only the three of them could hear him. "Don't make him ask again, Butterfly."

Lowering herself to the ground, Alesha felt cold chills race along her skin and heat lick her core at their mutual dominance. She never kneeled before any man, now she was on her knees before two.

"Don't take your eyes off of us, Butterfly." Josh instructed.

"Remain silent," Mike added.

Alesha knew they didn't even have to order her to do either thing, because in her shocked state she couldn't pull her gaze away from them or speak. In a matter of seconds she'd gone from smug, to shocked, to turned on and renamed, Butterfly.

"If we go through with this, we can't go back." Mike said to Josh.

"I know," Josh replied. "How far do you want to take this?"

They spoke to each other like she wasn't there. Neither of them ever looked down at her or asked her what she wanted, they were already taking control.

"She may have been ignorant in terms of the lifestyle when she came in here. Not anymore." Mike determined.

"If she wants to learn, I want to teach her, Ursus." Josh ran his hand through his thick brown shoulder length hair and a single lock fell back onto his brow.

"So, do I, Mustang."

Alesha felt as if she were watching a tennis match.

"We've been in the lifestyle, but separate. Can we handle guiding and caring for a sub together?" Josh drawled.

"For tonight?" Mike questioned.

"We'll start there," Josh affirmed.

Mike's blue gaze captured hers. "Butterfly, we are willing to train you and allow you to experience the lifestyle, are you willing to submit?"

"To listen to us and trust that we won't hurt you?" Josh looked at her. "Agree to come home with us?"

The impact of two pair of eyes staring at her, made her heart flutter and her nipples tighten beneath her sweater. "Yes."

"Yes, what?" Mike demanded.

Swallowing, she added, "Yes I'm willing to submit to both, Dom Ursus and Dom Mustang."

"Good." Josh held his hand out to her palm up.

Since he didn't offer her the back of his hand to kiss it, she slipped her hand into his callused one and allowed him to assist her to her feet.

~YH~

"Welcome to our home."

Thirty-five minutes later, Alesha found herself in her passenger seat and Josh behind the wheel of her car with Mike driving Josh's truck behind them. Shortly after her agreement, the men whisked her away from the holiday munch. They pulled up before a large colonial style home. The expansive grey brick and blue siding house was secluded from its neighbors and curtained behind it by a thick grove of trees.

"How did you two end up living together?" During the drive Josh had told her about how he'd ended up a part of the BDSM community. Filling in a few more details from what Mike had already told her. She also learned that both men hadn't had a sub for a while and they'd always kept their own. She was their exception.

Josh turned off the car. "We were working so many long hours together flipping homes. We'd end up crashing on the couch at one another's apartment. Then we were renovating this house for an older couple who hoped to sell it. They were getting too old for the upkeep and their children lived in Florida and Atlanta and didn't want to move back to North Carolina. It was about to be foreclosed so Mike and I loved it and bought it on a short sale. It was large enough for each of us to have a side of the house and build the office downstairs. So, we got to save all the way around."

"It's lovely." She spoke to his silhouette in the darkened interior.

"You haven't seen nothin', yet." His sexy drawl caused her to tremble.

"Can a sub request things?" She gazed across the seat at him. In the lights surrounding the property, most of his face was in shadow.

"Of course, darlin'. However, it's the Dom that chooses when the request can be honored. What is it that you want?"

She licked her lips, her mouth felt dry all of a sudden. "For you to kiss me."

"There's no reason I can't fulfill that now." Leaning over to her, Josh set his firm lips on hers.

Angling his head, the kiss started out light, just a brushing against each other. Then Josh licked the seam of her lips. She gasped, feeling a tingling sensation chase his tongue across her lips. Taking

advantage of her open mouth, he pressed closer. Entering her mouth he caressed her tongue with his. Circling inside, he dipped deeper forcing her mouth wider and making her suck his tongue. Wrapping her lips around him, she drew on him, suckling his agile member. He buried a hand in her hair and fisted it tight holding her in place. Her scalp burned where he grasped it. She loved it. Moaning her body began to tremble as she gave herself over to his consuming kiss. She'd never been kissed with such passion. He demanded and she gave. Pulling his mouth back he nipped her bottom lip, then soothed it with a lick, then did it again. She didn't want the kiss to end.

Hearing a door close in the distance, she remembered Mike and wondered about his kiss. She realized she was clutching Josh's shirt in her hands.

Placing a kiss gently on the corner of her mouth, he released her hair. Their breathing was loud and ragged in the car. They parted as Mike strutted around the car to her side.

Mike opened her door. "One good turn, deserves another, Butterfly."

Alesha allowed Mike to assist her from the car as she stepped forward and slipped into the circle of his strong arms. For a big, buff man, he was surprisingly tender. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her against his frame. First he kissed her nose, then his lips caressed her cheek and progressed to her chin. Those small grazes from his lips intensified the fire Josh had ignited. He licked her lip then glided in and stroked the sensitive flesh inside her top lip.

She shivered against him and he held her tighter. Fusing his mouth to hers, he kissed her and coaxed her tongue into his mouth. Their tongues dueled and twirled between them. The kiss wasn't overpowering like Josh's, but it was no less fervent. She was so turned on from both mouths she pressed her hips against Mike, needing a more intimate contact. She could feel his erection against her belly and was relieved to know that he was just as aroused.

Gripping her hips, he set her away from him. "Let's get in the house."

Feeling off balance and unable to think straight, she glanced from Mike to Josh, who was sitting patiently on the hood of her car holding his mystery bag and she said, "Okay."

Grateful, that neither corrected her as they led her up the stone stairs and into the house. The interior of the lower level was modern and looked like an office of a model home. The foyer was a reception area with a large computer desk and chair. A holiday wreath hung on the front of the desk. Glancing to her left she saw a conference room with framed floor plans covering the wall and to her right was a spacious kitchen and dining room combination.

"Wow. You all do great work." Alesha continued looking around.

"Oh, just wait 'til we show you upstairs." Josh guided her forward passed the stairs to a room at the back of the house decorated in shades from cream to dark brown with a large bay window that gave a beautiful view of the backyard. A large Christmas tree was decorated and in the corner with a few presents below it. Her own tree at her apartment was slim so that it could fit in the living room, dining room combo.

"Let's sit and talk, first," Mike directed.

She took a seat on the couch beside Mike while Josh perched on the edge of a chaise.

"There are a few things any Dom would want to know from their sub or even one they're only playing with for a night." Mike leaned back and crossed his leg.

"That's correct," Josh added. "The questions are helpful so that both the Dom and the sub can have a fulfilling experience together."

"What are those things?" she asked.

"Have you ever been physically or sexually assaulted?" Mike began.

Wow, let's jump right in there. "No."

"Any injures? Tender or sore spots on your entire body?" Mike inquired.

"No," she answered.

"You said you went to a toy party before. Do you pleasure yourself with sexual toys? What do you own?"

She stared into gorgeous brown eyes and could not believe Josh had asked that question. Swallowing she thought of her nightstand and the personal devices she had inside. "A waterproof vibrator." Inhaling, she took a deep breath and blurted out, "Pleasure panties." Oh, hell, had she really just confessed that to these two men?

Neither Josh nor Mike batted an eyelash as her admission.

"Do the panties insert both vaginally and anally?"

"Yes." she mumbled answering Josh's question. Her face felt flaming hot.

"When do you wear them?" Mike's blue eyes caressed her face.

Fidgeting with the edge of her sweater, she said, "When I'm cleaning my house on Saturday." She never told her ex, but she enjoyed postponing her orgasm.

"Why?" Josh prompted.

A bead of sweat ran between her breasts. "I like to see how many chores I can get done before I come."

"Why, Butterfly?" Mike demanded.

"Because my orgasm is harder and more pleasurable the longer I wait."

"Thank you." Mike reached over and took her hand.

"Are you on the pill?" Josh inquired.

"Yes." She pushed her hair behind her ear.

"When was the last time you were tested?" Josh continued.

Good gracious, was nothing sacred. "Seven months ago when I found out my ex-boyfriend was cheating. Then three months after that to be sure. He was the last guy I had sex with. I'm clean." She'd kept herself off the market or hiding as Kristy called it. Looking from left to right, she asked, "Am I allowed the same information?"

"We have to be tested every six months to keep our membership at Strong Blends. Lani was the last woman I was with sexually. I'm good," Josh volunteered.

"Destiny was it for me and I've tested clean since then," Mike confirmed.

She was glad that was out of the way.

"What's your most erotic fantasy?" Josh rested his forearms on his knees and leaned forward.

Talking about STD's was easier than talking about her fantasy especially with her two dreams before her. Before tonight, she would have said to be with a man and feel pleased and complete. However, in the last three hours she'd thought more than once about being with Josh and Mike at the same time.

She must have taken too long to respond because Mike spoke to her.

"Butterfly, answer Dom Mustang."

She glanced at Mike then to Josh. "A ménage." That was it. It was all out now. She braced herself for them to call her a freak or a slut.

They didn't.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of, darlin'. We all have fantasies and dark desires. If they can't be understood in our community, then who will understand?" Josh reached out and cupped her knee and squeezed.

She gave him a small smile of thanks.

"Before we get started we need you to know the ground rules." Mike still holding her hand, caressed the back with his thumb.

"Those are?" She glanced down at their hands, one tan the other brown, then up to Mike's face.

"From here on out tonight, you will call me Dom Ursus and Josh, Dom Mustang."

"Dom Ursus and Dom Mustang," she confirmed.

"Tonight, if something hurts to the point you can't take it anymore, if you're afraid you need to talk to us. Let us know how you're doing." Josh's fingers made slow circles on her thigh.

"We're going to push you a little tonight and we need you to listen to us and trust us," Mike added. "Do you understand?"

“Yes, Dom Ursus.”

“There are safe words and levels.” Josh’s fingers rotated around the back of her knee.

“Green if you’re doing okay.” Mike’s hand traveled up her arm. “Yellow if you need a moment to get yourself together.”

Alesha’s breathing began to increase. Being with Josh and Mike in the privacy of their home was making her ache in places. Her nipples felt so tight she wanted to lift her hands and squeeze her breasts or better yet, have one of them squeeze them.

Mike continued, “Red if--”

“Purple if you need to stop. Red turns me on,” Josh drawled low and deep as he gave her a lopsided grin.

Mike flashed a dimple as he smiled and shook his head at Josh’s words. Drifting his hand back down to her hand, he asked, “Are you all right with what we said?”

She stared into his sexy blue eyes. “Green Dom Ursus.”

“Then let’s head to the playroom,” Josh announced as he stood.

Chapter Five

"If we continue beyond this night, you will already be naked when you enter this room, but for now you may undress behind that screen and place your clothes neatly on the chair located back there. Josh and I will be back." Mike directed as they entered the room at the top of the stairs. The door had been locked and he'd opened it with a pass code.

"Yes, Dom Ursus." Alesha replied.

"Make sure you remove everything, Butterfly." Josh instructed as he dropped the bag against the wall directly inside the room.

"Yes, Dom Mustang."

The men turned and strolled out. Alesha faced the room. It normally would have been called a bonus room. However, instead of a large TV and video games, the room was decorated in leather and wood furniture. There were structures that she could not begin to figure out their use or purpose. The walls were covered with hooks and bolts where floggers, whips, ropes and various paddles hung. In one corner there was a large wooden X and another corner had a narrow padded bench. Against one wall was an open-faced cabinet with various sex toys inside it and bottles of oils and lubrication. There were four drawers below the shelf. She shuddered in part fear and part excitement of what the night would bring.

Seeing the black three panel woven fiber screen in one corner, she hurried behind it, not wanting them to catch her still clothed in the middle of the room. Behind it was a white cushioned wooden armchair. Taking a deep breath, she grabbed her sweater at the hem and hauled it up her torso and over her head. Instantly, the coolness of the room caressed her skin. She folded the holiday sweater and placed it in the chair.

Her skirt was unzipped and hit the floor next. Then she stepped out of her emerald green sparkly heels and wiggled out of her tights. The garments joined the sweater in the chair. Now dressed in her panties and bra, she was tempted to leave them on and strut out from behind the screen. She didn't feel nude in the red satin panties and matching bra. In her mind, she could convince herself it was a swimsuit.

"Darlin, you have five seconds to come from behind that screen or I'm coming to get you," Josh called out.

Damn. Not wanting him to come behind the screen and undress her like a child, she removed the bra and the panties as quick as she could, so she wouldn't have time to change her mind.

Clenching her fist against her stomach to suppress the fluttering inside, she exited the small privacy area. Nude there was no way to disguise her imperfections. She knew they'd see a black woman with medium-size breasts, wide hips and a round ass and thighs.

"Hot damn. If I'd have guessed for a moment what you were hidin' under that sweater and skirt, I'd have dragged you away from the munch when I saw you outside."

She blushed at Josh's words.

"That's Josh's way of saying you have a gorgeous body." Mike smiled as his gaze caressed her from her red painted toes to her face and heat raced along her spine taking some of the chill out of the air.

Both men stood before her in lounge pants, Mike's gray and blue striped and Josh's black. The delicious part about them both as they stood there formidable in their individual strength was they were shirtless. Josh's physic was lean, but cut like the sleek muscles of a stallion while Mike's broad shoulders and wide chest covered with blond hair reminded her of a strong bear. These two men standing before her made her nervous and excited as she stared at the visual strength.

"We want you on your knees, Butterfly," Josh commanded.

Neither of them moved as they watched her lower herself to the thick gray carpet.

"Knees apart. Wider." Josh called out as she complied by barely parting her legs. He circled her form. "Eyes forward. Hands clasped behind your back."

Finding a spot on the wall in front of her, Alesha tried to focus on the area instead of wondering what the men were doing. "Is this--"

"You will remain silent unless Mustang or I give you permission to speak." Mike instructed, cutting her off. She could still see him standing in the same place out of her peripheral vision.

She bit down on the inside of her lip to keep herself quiet. *Can I do this?* It was a little late to back out. She wasn't a quitter. In her life she'd always completed things she started. She had to admit that nothing was as adventurous as this. Still she would see it through.

"This is your submissive pose. If you are told to assume it, this is it. Do you understand?" Josh asked.

"Yes, Dom Mustang."

She heard Josh walk away. A drawer opened up behind her. She assumed he'd gone to the open-faced cabinet. Moments later, Josh stood before her. He squatted and held something in front of her.

"These are nipple clamps. If you remember when we were at the munch Dom Bête had taken them off Belle."

She did remember, she also recalled Kristy's response when they had come off and how her friend had cried out and moaned when the violet wand touched her nipples.

"I will clip them on you." He reached out and tweaked one of her nipples and began to circle it.

His touch felt too good. She didn't realize her eyes were closing until Josh spoke.

"Keep your eyes open. I want you to relax and focus." He pinched her erect tip.

Shocked at the slight discomfort and the heat that raced to her sex, she pulled back.

"Tensing is not your friend, Butterfly, when it comes to play. I need you to relax." Circling her tip again, he waited. He began on the second tip.

Alesha knew what to expect and it made it easier to remain still. When he clipped the clamps to both her nipples at the same time she cried out.

"Breathe." Mike was now behind her whispering in her ear. "Accept the pain and focus."

She did focus on the sound of Mike's gentle baritone and the light touch of Josh's fingers under the curve of her breast.

"What's the color, Butterfly?" Josh asked.

"Green, Dom Mustang," she replied.

"Good." Josh stood and held his hand out.

Understanding what he wanted, she moved one hand from behind her back and took hold his. Josh helped her to her feet. When she was standing he let her go.

Mike took her other hand, swallowed it in his larger one and pulled her along behind him. "This is a bench. It can be used for different purposes; spanking, flogging, anal play and several other things." Turning her loose, he moved away from her to the wall where different things were hanging up from pegs and hooks.

She watched him make his selection.

When he returned, he said, "This is a flogger."

In Mike's hand was a flogger with a pink and black handle and cotton candy colored pink straps hanging from it. Alesha couldn't help but smile at the delicate colored object in his big hand.

"What can I say, I know the ladies like pink," Mike commented.

Glancing up at his face she saw his sexy dimple flash as he grinned.

"This is a suede flogger," Mike began. "These are called tails." He held up the bottom and stroked his thumb over the strings. "The tails can be made from various things. This one will be louder than the sting you will feel."

He allowed her to touch the tails as he spoke. Mike guided her to the bench and helped her kneel on the pads. She lay across the leather cushion top as Josh situated her breasts to dangle on the side. Mike buckled cuffs around her ankles to the lower bench on the sides and Josh locked her wrists to the same board.

Surprisingly, she was comfortable with the exception of the fact her ass was high in the air and her sex on display.

Mike touched her back. He stroked her from nape to her ass and commented on the satin texture of her skin.

“Look at how pretty she is, Mustang.”

Josh moved from in front of her view and walked around the back of her. “Her pussy is already glistening. Smooth and wet. Just like I like it,” he declared.

With limited movement from the restraints, Alesha barely managed to glance over her shoulder. She watched them admiring her sex and she was pleased to hear their compliments. By the erection Josh sported when he returned to the front of her, she knew she wasn’t the only one stimulated.

“We’ve barely begun. Oh, yeah, she’s going to be fun to play with.” Mike patted her ass. Then he caressed her back and ass with the tails of the flogger several times then stepped back.

“Look at me, Butterfly,” Josh commanded.

When she focused on him, he reached down and removed the clamps on her nipples. Her mind went directly to the hot pain of the blood rushing into her nipples. She was already crying out when the first smack of the flogger struck her ass.

Thwack.

Alesha pulled against the restraints. She was flooded with sensations. She didn’t know which she wanted to focus on the sting of her ass or the ache of her nipples.

“Breathe,” Josh whispered in her ear.

His southern drawl pulled her mind from her body. At that moment through the discomfort and pain of each whack from Mike and Josh’s intoxicating voice in her ear everything in her world felt right. Something inside of her clicked.

Another smack landed on her ass as Josh flicked her sensitive tips. One cheek began to burn when Mike started to work on the other side. Josh re-clipped the clamps so many times while Mike continued to flog her, she lost track. The only thing she could do was inhale and exhale and keep herself relaxed.

After about ten or so slaps on her ass, Mike asked her how she was doing and she’d wanted to scream purple, but she told him yellow and they paused. Sweat was running along her back, arms and legs as she lay there and breathed deeply. Her ass was throbbing and the same pulse beat in her nipples and her pussy. If anyone would have asked her if she could be aroused by pain, she would have given a resounding no. But she couldn’t deny the fact she wanted to beg someone to touch her sex and let her come.

Josh grazed her cheeks with the back of his knuckles. When she opened her eyes his hazel gaze searched her face. Leaning in he began to kiss her. Giving her the same mind-boggling kiss he’d captivated her with in the car.

While Josh took command of her mouth, she thought she was hallucinating when she began to feel a tongue slipping along her sex. When the tongue circled her clit she moaned in Josh’s mouth and knew it was no figment of her imagination, Mike was pleasuring her orally at one end while Josh teased the other.

“She’s like a delicious blend of oranges and honey; juicy, syrupy sweet and savory.” Mike’s lips brushed her sex as he spoke.

Josh never let up on his kiss as Mike turned her body inside out. When she arched her body against Mike’s ardent mouth, he pressed his hand on her tender ass keeping her still.

The orgasm rocketed through her body. She cried out into Josh’s mouth. He didn’t move away from her until there was only tiny shivers coursing through her body. Mike stepped away from her too.

“She’s nice and warm for you, Mustang,” Mike said as he gave her rear-end a light pat.

When she opened her eyes, Mike was now kneeling before her.

“See how good you taste.” He leaned in and kissed her.

Turned on by her own taste on his lips, she dipped her tongue into his mouth. He drew her tongue into his mouth allowing her to enjoy all of her flavor combined with his.

Ending the kiss, Mike stood up and took a step back. She allowed her gaze to rest on his erection, thick and hard it pressed against the fabric of his pants.

“This is my new toy, Butterfly.” Josh stood to her side.

Looking away from Mike’s hardness, she saw a long black leather object in his hand. It reminded her of a wide belt without the buckle; instead it had bright red flat handles. She knew now what was in the small black bag he’d gotten from his car at the munch. Before her eyes he opened and closed it. It snapped together and appeared to be drawn by a magnet or something.

He moved out of her line of vision. She began to brace herself for the impact, but before she could focus her mind on what was to come, Mike began to undo the drawstrings of his pants. All of her attention zone in on what he was doing. Her heart started to race with excitement and her palms began to sweat. She wished she wasn’t restrained, because she wanted to reach out and pull his dick out herself.

When he moved the waistband out and down passed his erection. She couldn’t help licking her lips at the view of his long, thick cock before her.

“You want to taste, Butterfly?” His words taunted her.

Lifting her gaze from his sex, up his chest and to his blue eyes she answered honestly. “Yes, Dom Ursus, I want to feel your cock along my tongue and know how you taste.”

She noticed his body shudder at her words. It thrilled her to know she could affect this strong man without even touching him. She felt powerful.

Stepping forward, he brushed the bulbous head of his cock along her lips. She felt the wetness of the pre-cum coat her. Sticking her tongue out, she licked the tip and tasted his heady flavor.

“Open up wide,” he commanded.

When she complied, he pressed his length into her mouth. He was large and she didn’t fool herself that she would have been able to take all of him in, even with her deep throat skills. She was happy when he didn’t attempt to force his cock all the way in her mouth.

“Suck,” he ordered.

Closing her mouth around him, she began to draw on his dick. That’s when she was stunned by the strike across her ass.

Smack.

In her enthusiasm, she had forgotten about Josh having his new toy in his hand behind her. Her cry was muffled by the thick cock in her mouth.

“Keep sucking, Butterfly,” Mike pulled out, then pressed back in between her lips.

Locking her jaw around Mike, she deliberate put all of her angst into sucking him off. She couldn’t stop the repeated lashes Josh gave her ass and the back of her thighs, but she could administer some torture of her own to Mike.

The two of them continued to ply her body with multiple sensations. If there was such a thing as erotic insanity, she had arrived there. Her ass was on fire, even with the pleasure of having Mike fucking her mouth.

Mike’s girth stifled her screams as he groaned and trembled above her. When his body began to quiver like a tightly drawn string she thought he would release in her mouth, but he pulled away from her. The lashes from Josh stopped as well.

Behind her, Josh stroked the slit of her pussy with the broad tip of his cock. She looked over her shoulder trying to see him. She wanted to see his dick, but her ass was blocking her view. His hand was pressed at the center of her back, she gazed up at his face and the fierce look of his haze eyes stole her breath.

Keeping his focus on her face, he pressed forward. She didn’t look away as his hard sex entered her body. He didn’t feel as thick as Mike, but it took him several times of pulling out and working his long length inside of her. At one point she believed she couldn’t take another inch of him inside her. He

began to fondle her clit. She relaxed around his shaft as he pulled back then slammed into her to the hilt. She screamed at the depth and the sting caused by the impact against her thighs and ass.

She'd never been with a man that stroked her as deep as Josh. Sliding his hand up her spine he held her shoulder and grabbed her hip with his other hand. Holding her in place, he thrust in and out of her pussy. Regardless of the pulsing heat of her ass, she loved every moment of him inside of her. She wanted all he had to give her.

It didn't take her long before her walls were clamping around his hardness and she was coming and bucking her restrained body against him and the bench. Josh slipped his slick rod from her body and she could feel the warm heat of his cum over her throbbing ass. The sensation of his pleasure running along her tender skin made her body shudder with aftershocks.

Settling all of her weight on her bench, she enjoyed the tremors dancing through her body as Josh and Mike cleaned her with a wet cloth, unlocked her and caressed her flaming skin with a soft fur. They inquired about her level and if she wanted to stop. She told them she was a pleased yellow. She had enjoyed the sound of both of their husky laughter.

Mike lifted her from the bench and curled her body against his chest. She relaxed in his arms with her head on his shoulder.

"You did really well, Butterfly. Mustang and I are both proud of you." Mike carried her out of the playroom.

"Thank you, Dom Ursus," she meant her words. They had pushed her, but had given her a level of pleasure she'd never experienced prior to this night.

He strutted down the hall in his long strides. She could see Josh following her with his prideful swagger that always gave her chills to watch. Catching her staring at him, Josh gave her a lopsided smile.

"This is Ursus' room, he has a king size bed. We figured it would accommodate us all better."

She glanced around briefly as Mike sat her down in the center of the bed. His room was decorated in dark wood furniture with an emerald and tan comforter pulled down to the foot of his bed.

Mike urged her to her back. Splaying her thighs wide as he moved to the side of her as Josh buried his face between her legs. Josh used his thumbs to pull her swollen labia apart.

"All that cream waiting for me." He lowered his head and licked her.

Mike lifted her hands over her head. He held them firm in one of his hands as he bowed his over her breasts and circled her tight tips with his tongue.

They pleased her with their mouths until her orgasm began to build again. Mike palmed one breast after another and suckled her. Josh swirled around her clit and stroked along her slit with his tongue and dipped into her center. She was bucking and twisting on the mattress, whimpering and begging.

Teasing her, they continued to bring her to the edge of an orgasm then pulled away. When her body calmed they would beginning again.

"Please. Please." She called out.

Josh moved away from her as Mike removed his pants and stretched out beside her. Mike rolled her body until she was on her side. Raising her top leg, he pulled it over his thigh and angled his hips so he could work his thick cock into her. Buried deep inside of her sex, his length wasn't as long as Josh's but he was wider and caressed her walls in a different manner.

Grinding his hips against her tender ass, he fused them together. Reaching up she cupped his head, sinking her hands in his short blond hair. Kissing her shoulder and circling her stomach with an arm, Mike shifted their position until he was on his back and she was stretched out facing up on top of him. Her legs dropped wide on the side of his thighs.

Licking the side of her neck, he lowered his hands and palmed her hips, holding her still as he rocked his thick cock in and out of her sex.

Josh was not idle. He used his mouth to toy with her beasts. From the position, they were pushed high and available for his mouth. When Josh's hand slid down the curve of her stomach to her sex,

she began to whimper. He fingered her clit, matching the rhythm of Mike's thrust in and out of her pussy.

Moving, Josh knelt beside her and pulled his shaft from his pants. Rolling her head away from Mike's to Josh's hard cock hovering by her face, she used her tongue to circle the tip. He sighed and encouraged her. She stroked her tongue down the veined side and felt him shiver. Opening her mouth she allowed him to slip between her lips. His musky taste was different than Mike's, more spicy and wild. He pressed forward and she bobbed her head up, meeting his plunge and took him deep in her mouth. Relaxing her throat she received him further.

"Fuck," he growled. He pulled away and returned slowly allowing her to perform the trick again.

This time when she took him in she swallowed around his steel length. Josh shuddered and with gentle enthusiasm he began a slow pace of fucking her mouth while Mike pumped into her sex.

Lightning bolts shot through her body in the name of an orgasm. She shook and quaked as her men pleased her. Mike's rough groan rumbled against her back before it left his lips as he came deep inside of her. Josh was seconds behind him flooding her mouth with his creamy essence. Delighted, she consumed every drop.

Josh pulled out and sat on the side of the bed. Her heart pounded forcefully in her chest as she and Mike stayed motionless breathing in large gulps of air.

Rising first, Josh walked away. She could hear him moving around somewhere then the shower water started. Soon, Josh returned and helped her up from Mike and the bed. Holding her hand he led her to the large bathroom.

Steam was already forming over the top of the shower. When Josh opened the glass door she was happy to see that the shower was huge enough for the three of them and possibly two other people.

The men kissed her and bathed her body, but kept their touches light. After they were all clean, then dried Josh scooped her up in his arms and carried her from the bathroom back to the bed. Josh lay beside her and Mike got in on the other side of her, pulling the cover up over them.

Chapter Six

The next morning, Alesha awakened with the feeling of someone sucking her breast and someone fondling her sex. Moaning she looked down and saw Mike's head in the pre-dawn light over her chest. Looking to the side, Josh's sexy smile greeted her. The blanket had been disregarded and she followed the line of Josh's arm and realized it was his hand between her thighs.

Thank, goodness, it hadn't been a dream. No erotic fantasy of her mind, all the things that had happened last night with Josh and Mike had been true.

"Good morning, Dom Mustang and Dom Ursus," she greeted them, her voice husky from an exhausted sleep.

Josh kissed her lips. "Mornin', darli'" came his gruff drawl.

Mike pulled away from her nipple, allowing it to pop out of his mouth. "Butterfly, how are you feeling this morning?"

"I'm green, very green, Master Ursus," she whispered and her eyes closed as Josh's finger pressed into her sex. Mike returned to her breast and she came fast.

Moving up beside her, Mike pulled her to him and began kissing her. She was aware of the bed shifting as Josh fumbled around. The sound of a drawer closing and she soon began feeling Josh's hand caress her ass.

Continuing to kiss her, Mike held her along his warm body, a contrast to the cool touch of Josh's hand stroking down the crease of her ass.

Understanding what Josh was doing as he caressed her puckered hole, she tensed.

"Relax, Butterfly." Josh kissed along her shoulders and down her spine as his fingers persisted in petting her.

Feeling Mike's tongue slip into her mouth, it made it easier for her to settle down against her bear of a man. The vibrating panties had made her no stranger to anal play. On her own she had discovered she was turned on by it, however, Josh's finger had become more insistent. She didn't believe he was only doing it to tease her. A second finger entered her body, stretching her and proved her surmise correct. Her body tightened around the fervent digit.

Helping her, Mike lowered his hand from her breast and slipped it between her thighs, rubbing her clit. Enjoying the contact, she gave into the insistent pleasure. Parting her legs she rotated her hips against their hands, eager to experience the building orgasm.

Both hands moved away from her, denying her the completion she sought.

"On your knees, Butterfly," Josh commanded.

She moved to the center of the bed and rolled up onto her knees. Mike shifted so that he was leaning back against the pillows with his cock before her face. Understanding what he wanted, she rested on her elbows over Mike's erection. Circling Mike's crown, she could feel Josh insinuating himself between her thighs and forcing her knees wide on the mattress.

More cool gel was poured over her ass and it ran from her ass to her clit. Josh slide his cock over her heated sex, grinding his hard length against her and coating himself in the slick liquid combined with her erotic juices.

Taking hold of Mike's wide dick, she stroked it up and down and enjoyed the sound of his pleasure. She lowered her head and took him in her mouth.

The tip of Josh's dick pressed against her furrowed opening. Breathing deep, she sucked on Mike as she mentally forced her body to remain relaxed. Josh pushed inside of her body at slow steady increments, only to pull out and enter again a little further.

"Shit, your ass is so tight," Josh called out above her.

Her ass was tender from the night's session under Josh's hands, but the burn along her rear canal was causing sparks of wicked heat and pleasure to course through her body. The carnal invasion was both agonizing and delicious at the same time.

"Push back against him," Mike growled as he dug his hands in her hair and massaged her scalp.

Obeying, she felt her walls open up and take Josh in deeper. Moaning, she suckled more of Mike's length.

Mike groaned and clutched her hair.

Pulling back until only his tip was inside, Josh reached around her hips and stroked her clit. She cried out and bucked back as Josh plunged forward and seated his cock all the way in her ass.

Trembling at the nefarious invasion, Alesha removed her mouth from Mike's thick dick and pressed her forehead against his chest. "Yellow," she panted and gripped the sheets beneath her hands.

Josh stilled and massaged her hips and back as Mike ran his fingers through her hair, caressing her. Both of her men continued to whisper encouragements to her. Telling her how well she did last night and how proud they were of her.

Those endearing words helped to reduce the tension in her body. Josh remained immobile as she tested the new sex act by pulling up then impaling herself on his slick cock. The pain ebbed away and became an intense pleasure.

Two more times and she began to gyrate her hips and moan. Josh trembled and groaned behind her.

"How are you?" Mike asked.

"Gree--," she whimpered and her words broke as Josh thrust into her.

"Then you have some sucking to do." Cupping the back of her head, Mike guided her mouth back to his cock.

Taking Mike back in her mouth, she savored his taste as she sucked him and Josh fucked her deep and steady. The room became filled with cries and grunts from them all as Josh pounded continual inside of her and she stroked and sucked as much of Mike's girth as she could.

Her body taunt with desire, she needed to come bad as her orgasm danced right at the edge of her senses just slightly out of reach. When Josh smacked her with his open palm on her ass the climax erupted inside of her like two trains colliding. She shook and bucked between her two men and pumped her mouth urgently over Mike causing him to come next with a roar. He quivered below her unloading his savory cum in her mouth as she barely remembered to swallow. Josh was the last to complete as he squeezed her hips and held her against him and spilled his pleasure deep into her body.

After a while, Josh pulled out and collapsed on the bed. Without Josh's hold, Alesha's legs refused to support her. She crumbled on top of Mike's reposed body and drifted into an exhausted sleep.

~YH~

Josh stepped out of his shower and grabbed the towel. Once he and Mike had realized their beautiful bronze sub had fallen asleep immediately after they had sex, he and his friend moved her to a more comfortable spot and covered her with the blanket.

Now, running the towel briskly over his head, he moved into his room and pulled jeans, underwear and a t-shirt out of his drawer. He and Mike had agreed to meet in the kitchen to talk after they showered.

As he dressed, his mind drifted to the gorgeous and receptive black woman in Mike's bed. Last night had been amazing. Alesha had received the flogger and strap as if she were born into the lifestyle. He wanted to conduct so many different sessions with her and watch her blossom. Even though he and Mike had never shared a sub, they had made it work. His only concern was Alesha, what if she had enjoyed it as an adventurous experience, but didn't want it to happen again. That thought shook him to the core as he left his room and headed down the stairs.

~YH~

"I want her to stay." Mike said as soon as Josh walked into the kitchen. Pouring his friend a cup of coffee, Mike passed the mug to Josh.

"So, do I," Josh declared. Walking to the refrigerator he grabbed the cream and went to the table.

Mike brought the small sugar canister as he crossed the tile floor and sat at the table. "How do we make it work?"

"I assume you're not referring to the logistics of being her Dom's." Josh elevated the level of his coffee as he added creamer to his cup.

Dumping sugar in his own coffee as he preferred it black and sweet like Alesha, Mike said, "No, everything went well last night. Even though if she stays for the long haul we can work out a schedule of who plays with her when, so she doesn't think she has to serve both of us every night or we can play it by ear."

"I like the last one." Josh scooped several spoonfuls of sugar into his coffee. Mike knew his friend had a roaring sweet tooth. "As a sub she'll have to learn our individual needs." He paused and tasted his coffee. "I think she can do it."

Nodding, Mike agreed. "I had another idea last night. You know she's a graphic designer?"

"We touched on it, when we were driving in the car. She hates her job and doesn't feel as if she's using all her talents to the fullest." Josh added one more scoop of sugar.

"Same thing she said to me." Mike drank his own coffee. "This year our business has grown with so many people not selling and looking into expansion and renovating their own homes."

"Yea, it's been hard since Destiny left and we don't have a secretary anymore." Josh lifted his mug and drank liberally from it.

Destiny had started as their secretary and had become his sub because her curiosity got the better of her about the digital coded secured room at the top of the stairs. "I don't want another secretary. I'd like to keep the business in the family, if you know what I mean. If Alesha stays and agrees she could work from here. She could upload the floor plans and add the graphics and help with the visual."

"True. Without that skill we've been working kind of old school and running behind our competitors."

They continued to discuss the best way to run through all the options with Alesha when the doorbell rang.

"You expectin' someone?" Josh frowned glancing toward the front room.

"Nope." Mike rose and headed to the foyer passed the reception desk with Josh on his heels.

Leaning down, Mike peered through the peephole to see the person was on the porch. "Shit," he barked low as he spied not one but two unexpected visitors.

"Who is it?" Josh leaned his hip against the desk.

Glancing at him, Mike shook his head. There was no way he could not open the door. "The rapture has arrived in the form of twins."

"Twins?" Josh called out, confused until he saw the two men standing on the porch framed by the door trim when Mike opened it.

"Mike, my man." Brian shouted as he stood beside his twin brother, Brad, on the stoop.

Mike groaned and stared at his two friends, Alesha's older twin brothers. Two identical black men, both bald and sporting matching goatees smiled at him.

"What brings you two here?" Mike questioned, gripping the doorknob tight in his hand sending up a silent request that Alesha would stay asleep.

"Seeing our boys." Brad walked into the house first, patting Mike on the shoulder. "Josh, what's up, cowboy?"

In shock, Josh moved off the desk and accepted the manly embrace from Brad.

Accepting Brian's hand and the hug and pat on the shoulder blade, Mike knew if they didn't get them out of the house soon all hell would break loose.

Stepping back, Brian crossed to Josh and greeted him. "We decide to swing by for a visit on our way from Baltimore headed to the Florida."

"The annual Christmas cruise," Brad added.

"I forgot." It was a week before Christmas and for the last four years the twins had taken a singles cruise around the Caribbean. "You guys can't stay long I'm sure. Needing to cover the ten hours left to Florida," Mike said.

"We got time for a good breakfast," Brian confirmed. "Josh knows I can't resist his Western-style omelets."

"I can eat about a pound of bacon." Brad rubbed his stomach and began to head towards the kitchen.

Brian started in the same direction then stopped. The smarter of the twins, Brian looked from Josh to Mike, assessing them. "We aren't interrupting playtime you guys have planned with some subs or anything, are we?"

The twins weren't in the lifestyle, but they knew all about his and Josh's fetishes. Brad and Brian had been supportive and hadn't changed their friendship over the years. Normally, that thought would warm Mike, however, knowing who was presently curled up in his bed. The woman he and Josh had spent the night flogging and fucking, he just wanted a hole to open up in the floor and swallow him and Josh.

"Bry, you know Destiny left months ago and Lani..." Brad's words drifted away as he glanced at Josh. "Well, no need to bring up hurts."

"True," Brian agreed.

Mike hated lying to his friends and keeping secrets. Besides he cared deeply for Alesha and if he and Josh were going to offer her the opportunity to take this to the next level than there would be no hiding, this conversation would happen eventually. They might as well get it out of the way.

Josh must have been thinking the same thing, because he spoke first. "Look, Brian and Brad, Mike and I really need to talk to you about something."

Brian frowned. "Something serious?"

"Anything wrong?" Brad asked.

Crossing to stand beside Josh, trying to show a solid front, Mike began, "Not necessarily serious. However, it is important. It concerns Ale--"

"Good morning, Dom Ursus and Dom Mustang," Alesha called out to them as she started down the steps.

Mike groaned.

"Oh, Lord," Josh murmured.

He and Josh turned to look at the beautiful black woman coming down the stairs dressed in one of Mike's large t-shirts, fresh from the shower evident by the top clinging to her damp body.

Her face was flushed and her lips were swollen from passionate attention from the night and morning. The radiant smile she wore told him, she had not spotted her brothers yet.

It didn't matter because the twins saw her and everything exploded.

"You son's of bitches!" Brad roared, the hot tempered one of the twins, and rushed to Josh. "You guys been beating..."

"And screwing our sister. I'll kick your ass, mother-fuckers." Brian moved to Mike.

"Ohmygod!" Alesha screamed. "Brian and Brad, no!"

Mike could hear footsteps rushing behind him, but he couldn't concentrate on that, not as pain was erupting in his jaw. Brian had leashed a solid right to his face before he could deflect it. Normally, he could hold his own in a fight and most men couldn't get a swing in on him, but Brian was a protective brother and Mike's honor wouldn't allow him to fight back.

Beside him Josh grunted as Brad punched him in the gut.

"What the hell are you doing?" Alesha yelled at her brothers. "Leave them alone."

"Stay out of this, Lesh." Brad said as he grabbed Josh and wrestled with him.

Brain throw another punch, Mike dodged that one. He could understand the twins being angry and looking out for their sister, but Mike wasn't going to let a man keep hitting him.

“Don’t you tell me to stay out of it.” Her arms were flailing in the air. “I’m a grown ass woman and don’t you dare tell me how to live my life.”

Angry, Brian faced her. “You don’t know what you’re getting into.”

Slapping her hands on her hips, she said, “After last night, I have a pretty good idea.”

The men scuffled around her.

“If you both don’t stop I will never speak to you again as long as I live. Which means no more Christmas cookies either.”

If his jaw wasn’t throbbing, Mike would have found the expression on Brad’s face comical as he held Josh in a headlock and Brad gave his sister a puppy dog face. “Ah, Lesh, we’re just trying to defend your reputation.”

“You’re our baby sister.” Brian shoved Mike.

“Enough! If we can’t talk like adults then you all have to leave,” she said.

“Not your house. You can’t put us out.” Brad replied smug in the fact he believed he was one up on his sister.

“If she wants it to be her home, it is,” Josh announced, breaking away from Brad’s hold, his brown hair wild.

That got the twins full attention and Alesha’s.

“What?” Her gaze shifted from Josh to Mike, then back.

Mike stepped to her. “Look, Alesha, Josh and I didn’t plan to discuss this with you like this.” He gestured to her brothers. “Last night wasn’t play.”

“It felt real to Mike and me. We hope it did to you, too.” Josh crossed to her.

Noticing the tears welling up in Alesha’s eyes, Mike’s heart ached. “We care a lot about you.”

“Both of us listened to what you said about your job as well and we want to offer you a position here as an equal partner.” Josh reached up and caressed her cheek.

Taking hold of her hand, Mike squeezed it, then faced her brothers. “We didn’t plan what happened last night, Brad and Brian. But it happened and neither Josh nor I regret it.”

“You can’t force her to fill you all’s needs,” Brad growled.

“Whether you all care or not, Alesha is a natural sub,” Josh informed the twins.

“What choice does, Alesha have in this? She maybe a natural as you call it. But what if she wants another Dom?” Brian questioned, his heated gaze riveted on him and Josh.

“We will continue to train her while she works with us. After that she can decide if this is the life she wants.” Josh stared at her and Mike could see his friends heart revealed in his gaze.

“If she wants us.” Mike released her hand and hoped she could see how much he and Josh cared for her.

All four of the men stood silent, waiting for Alesha who had stood that staring at Josh and Mike, her face appearing frozen in time.

“Alesha?” Brian questioned.

“Are you two serious?” More water filled her gaze making pretty brown eyes shimmer.

“Serious about training you?” Josh asked.

“Or serious about wanting you as our sub?” Mike clarified.

“Both.” Tears spilled down her cheeks and her voice quivered.

“Yes, Butterfly,” Mike confirmed.

“Definitely, darlin’,” Josh echoed.

“You two have been my fantasy for so long.” She laid a hand on both their chests over their hearts. “Then last night you both became a reality that changed my life.”

Mike placed his hand over Alesha’s and watched as Josh did the same.

“So, will you allow us to train you?” Mike asked.

“Let us be your Doms?” Josh inquired.

“Yes, Dom Mustang. Absolutely, Dom Ursus.” Alesha moved into their arms and embraced both of them as her brothers looked on.

~Epilogue~

"We are gathered together here in the sight of these witnesses, to affirm this sub's existence and total submission to Master Mustang and Master Ursus." Dom Cleric began.

A bell sounded and Alesha walked out of one of the side rooms of Strong Blends. Friends that she had come to know over the year at the dungeon and in the community were gathered around, even her brothers had driven down to witness the ceremony. She headed towards the two men she loved and she knew who loved her. Mike and Josh stood beside each other before Cleric with Stan on one side of them and Kristy next to him with tears already in her eyes.

This year had been full of happiness and discovery for her and her men, mostly her. There hadn't been one day out of the year that she regretted her decision to stay with her cowboy and bear. Stepping before Josh and Mike, she smiled and clutched a handful of her floor-length green silk shift so she could lower herself to the floor before them.

"Master Mustang and Master Ursus are willing to accept this sub as our property." Josh and Mike stepped towards Alesha flanking her on both sides each with a hand on her shoulders.

"This means Master Mustang and Master Ursus's collar is the instrument of their ownership and control. As such, once Master Mustang and Master Ursus have put the collar on their sub; it may not be removed except by Master Mustang and Master Ursus. It is not for Butterfly to decide when and where the collar shall be worn," Cleric declared. "Master Mustang and Master Ursus's sub shall serve her Masters at their pleasure and as they see fit. This is done with full and willing consent of the sub." Cleric continued, "Butterfly will now recite her vows to Master Mustang and Master Ursus."

"I humbly offer myself to be collared. To accept both of your guidance and trust you to lead me along my journey though life. It is my desire to belong to my Doms and to follow you where ever you choose to take me. I kneel as a sign of my submission to both of you and acceptance of the symbol of your ownership. I will wear my collar proudly for all of my days, Sir and Boss." Alesha said, using the names she used for them during work hours and when customers were around.

"May I have the collar, please." Cleric received the collar from Kristy. Holding up the inch width black leather collar with three gold circles linked in a line that dangled from it, Cleric said, "This collar is a symbol of ownership, of commitment to submission, of willingness to please and of love." Speaking to Josh and Mike he directed, "Master Mustang and Master Ursus please put the collar on your sub."

Mike took the collar from Cleric. He held one end and Josh took hold of the other. "This collar is a symbol of our love. It will show as a reminder of our respect, honor and commitment to you and our dominance over your life." They placed it around her neck. "You will belong to us Butterfly from this day on and we do all within our power to protect you as you are our companion in life and willingly submit to us." They snapped the collar together.

"I now pronounce you Masters and sub."

Josh and Mike held out their hands and waited for her to slip hers into their callused palms, one big and one just as strong. They pulled her to her feet.

"You now belong to us," said Josh and Mike together.

"I now belong to you, Master Ursus and Master Mustang." Alesha lifted both their hands, pressing them together; she kissed the back of them.

~Happy Holidays~

Yvette loves romance and writing it is one of her greatest and guiltiest pleasures. She enjoys creating happily ever after stories with lots of HEAT. The hotter the better! Life is busy, it would be great to have a chance to sit down and enjoy a long read. Since that is often not the case, she brings you Short and Sexy, Sensual Erotica. Just long enough to help you meet the *need*. She was talking about your reading need...where's your mind? As an erotic romance author, she tries to show that every woman no matter color, age, shape or size deserves a high level of passion in their life. Whether you like to see them spanked, tangled in a ménage or simply falling in love, she's got it. So, if you like diversity and a good read, check out one of her books. Then send her a few words through e-mail about it so you all can chat. She runs a newsletter group where she posts contests, excerpts, blurbs, covers and news about where she is and what she's doing.

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