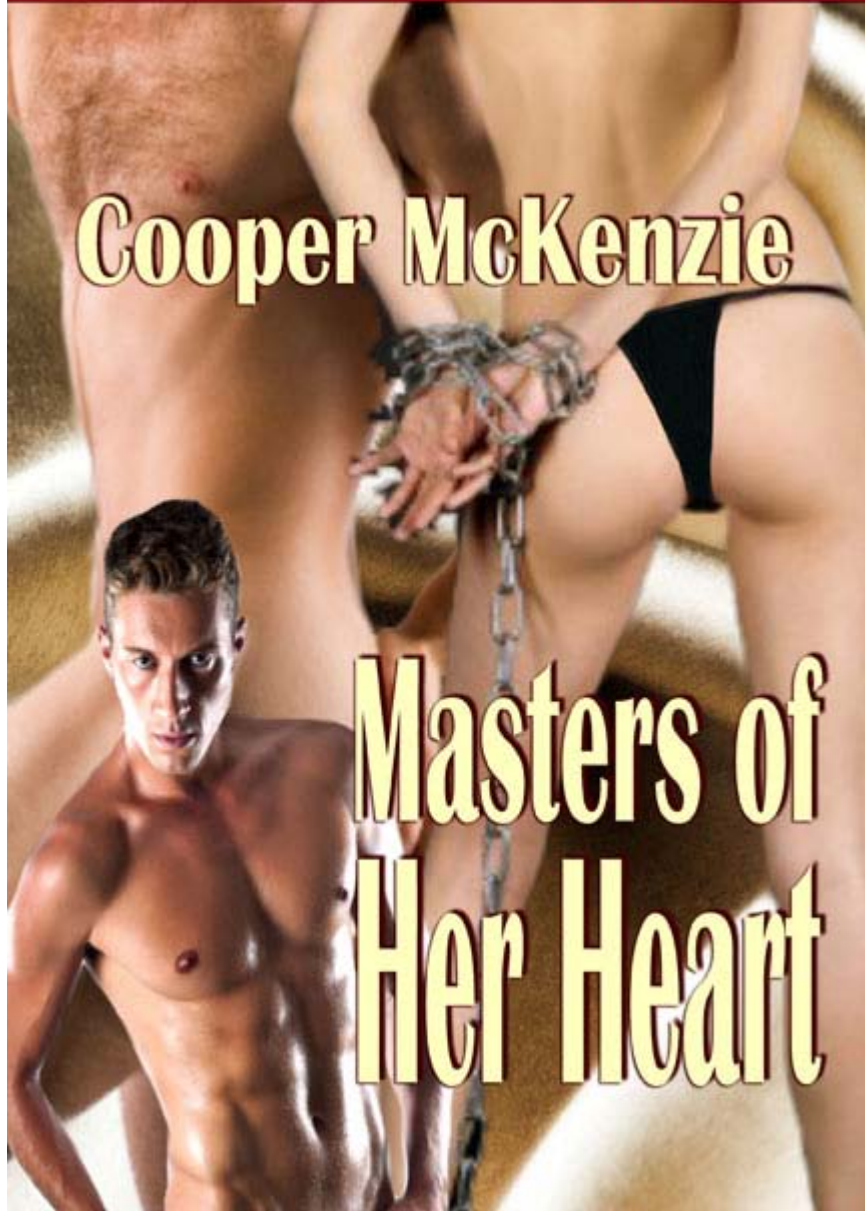


Siren Publishing

Ménage Àmour

Cooper McKenzie

Masters of
Her Heart



Club Esoteria 4

Masters of Her Heart

Megan Phillips is a woman in love with the unattainable: her neighbors, Jack and Quinn, men who are totally devoted to one another. Because she can't have them, she spends her time at Esoteria, trying to find a man who will take control with love.

Jack and Quinn are a couple, but they're on the lookout for a woman to join their family. Both know Megan is that woman but don't know how to ask her about it.

When Megan is hurt during a scene, Jack and Quinn reveal the truth of their relationship and lay down the law. If she is going to be submissive to anyone, it will be them. Though they know little of BDSM and what Megan needs as a submissive, they love her and only want what's best for her.

Can they be what she needs? When the Dom who hurt Megan causes trouble, can they protect their woman from him?

Genre: BDSM, Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre

Length: 25,576 words

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MENAGE AMOUR



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Letter from Cooper McKenzie

Regarding E-book Piracy

Dear Readers,

I love writing my books and interacting with you, my readers. I love imagining and creating the worlds and characters and situations found in my books. Writing is also my job and I work hard at it. I get upset when my books are pirated. This means that someone has stolen my work.

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Please respect my hard work and creativity and please do not pirate my e-books.

With deep gratitude,

Cooper McKenzie

DEDICATION

To the man with the 'stache – thanks for pushing all the right buttons.

MASTERS OF HER HEART

Club Esoteria 4

COOPER MCKENZIE

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Chapter 1

What the hell had she gotten herself into? Megan Phillips asked herself as she strained at the bonds around her waist and knees that held her to the stripper pole. Her arms stretched high above her head with handcuffs clipped to a chain. She knew from past experience that her fair skin would be showing bruises from the ropes as well as from the flogger, paddle, crop, and whip the Dom had used, for the next few days as a reminder of this evening's bad choice.

He didn't stop at the previously agreed-upon ten strokes, which jolted Megan from her thoughts. Pain was an element of this lifestyle that she normally preferred to live without, but tonight she had hoped to use the physical pain to counteract the emotional pain of being downsized. Too bad it wasn't working.

After two more strokes, she did something she'd never done before at Club Esoteria. "Red," she said through gritted teeth.

The fire raging through her lower back, ass, and thighs would be with her for a while, but she knew she'd be back. She was a submissive woman on the hunt for someone she was beginning to think didn't exist. A Master who would love to take control but who didn't get off on extreme pain or humiliation. She knew of two such men but also understood they were off limits to her.

The visiting Dom she'd agreed to scene with, never hesitated in the back and forth action of his whip despite her calling the club safe word. In fact, he upped both the pace and the intensity of the lashes. It was as if he thought she begged for more and not a cessation to the scene.

After two more lashes, one of which drew blood, she turned her head to the right, hoping to get the attention of one of the dungeon monitors.

"Red!" she cried louder, hoping someone would step in.

The arousal Megan had felt at the beginning of their encounter, when he'd described tying her up and flogging her before fucking her, dissipated like river fog under a morning sun. Instead of the floating feeling she normally felt when deep in a scene, all she felt was pain.

"Stop, please stop. Red! Red! Red!" She screamed as she felt the burn of blood roll down one ass cheek. Her back felt like white-hot fire as the whip came down even harder and faster.

"Hey, she's calling red. You need to stop." Looking out of the corner of her eye, Megan saw that Antony, the slave/mate of one of Club Esoteria's owners, had stepped in.

"Red! Red! Red!" she continued to scream though her voice grew weaker. She continued yanking at her bonds but remained securely tied where she was.

"Get the hell away. No sub tells me what to do," the Dom said, growling at Antony.

She heard the whistle of the whip as it cut through the air, but it didn't strike her. Instead, Antony cried out in pain.

"Red. Red. Red." Her cries became fainter as she waited for the Dom to turn his attention back to her.

Hot tears traced down her face as blood trickled down her leg. When had she started crying? She never cried. For a single out-of-body moment, she wondered if the pain had taken over her entire being or if something else caused the tears.

"What the hell are you doing?" Another voice, deeper and heavily

laced with the power that marked a dominant alpha male, joined in. “She’s called red. That means *everything* stops.”

Moments later, several sets of hands untied her and half-carried her to a wooden bench while others held the man in place as Jenna approached. But none of that made a lasting impression on Megan. It was like she was watching a television commercial she’d seen a thousand times before.

All she knew was a large, gentle man held her whose scent of cherry pipe tobacco reminded her of her grandfather.

“Drink this.” The man held a bottle of water to her lips.

Megan obeyed automatically, swallowing greedily. The roaring in her ears made it impossible to make out the words he murmured to her, so she gave up trying. He held her easily, as if he had a lot of practice giving aftercare to stupid women who got themselves into trouble trying to find something as elusive as a unicorn horn. He stroked her hair back from her face and rubbed her arms and shoulders as if trying to reassure her that everything would be all right.

But she knew differently. Nothing would ever be the same.

* * * *

“When was the last time you talked to Megan?” Quinn Harmon stared out the window as he rinsed the remnants of milk out of his favorite mug before putting it in the sink. Turning, he leaned against the counter as he looked at his partner, lover, and best friend. As usual when hanging around the house, Jack Foster wore only a pair of loose-fitting boxers. These were deep green and matched his eyes as he looked up from folding clothes.

“A couple of days. Thursday, I think. Why?”

“She didn’t go to work this morning.” Quinn looked back out the window at the yellow and white guest house Megan rented. The bungalow sat across the long expanse of grass. It actually faced the

next street over though it was still a part of the property Jack had inherited from his grandmother. “And she didn’t take her garbage to the street last night.”

Jack looked at the clock on the stove. “Maybe she’s running late?”

Quinn rolled his eyes and turned back. “Have you ever known Megan Phillips to be late for anything?”

“Shit, something’s wrong. You want to go, or shall I?”

“I’ll go. I’m dressed, and you need to finish that.” Quinn still had on his tan and brown Sheriff’s Department uniform. He patted his pockets to confirm his cell phone and keys were still with him. On his way out the back door, he snagged the ring holding a single key that hung from the rack. Megan had given it to them six months before, after she’d locked herself out for the third time in as many days.

“Hold up, I’m coming with you,” Jack said as he grabbed a pair of shorts and a black Foster’s Place T-shirt from the top of the pile of clean clothes.

Quinn didn’t wait, but Jack caught up with him before he had crossed their back deck. One thing about Jack, he could get dressed and undressed faster than anyone he knew. He’d never been sure if it was the man’s general aversion to clothes or because he was fast at everything, except when it came to sex. Then he could make moves so slow Quinn’s teeth ached by the time he came.

“Grass needs cutting,” Jack observed as they marched across the lawn. Though four inches short and a good twenty pounds lighter, he easily kept up due to the long, muscular legs that Quinn loved having wrapped around his back.

“I’ll cut if you’ll weed eat.”

“Think if we do hers, Megan will make us cookies again? The last ones she made were incredible.”

Quinn shrugged. “Let’s see if she’s okay before you go begging for cookies, okay? Besides, you know all you have to do is mention wanting them and you’ll have enough cookies to give one to every customer who visits the restaurant for the next week.”

When they reached Megan's back door, Quinn knocked three times loudly enough to be heard in every corner of the tiny bungalow. Just because he was off duty didn't mean he wasn't still a cop. After counting to twenty in his head, he knocked again. When she still didn't answer, he reached for the knob, frowning when it turned under his hand.

"Oh, shit," Jack muttered behind him. "Megan never leaves her doors unlocked."

Wishing he'd brought his revolver with him instead of locking it in the trunk of his SUV at the end of a shift, Quinn pushed the door inward. "Megan? You home, honey?" he called as he entered the kitchen.

Looking over his shoulder, he met the deep jade eyes of the man he'd loved since the moment they'd met eight years before. "Stay here while I check it out."

Jack pushed him through the doorway and followed him so closely their clothes brushed. "Yeah, right. Like that's gonna happen."

Once in the kitchen, Quinn's concern increased even more. There were dirty dishes in the sink, a pot caked with something cheesy on the stove, and several open soda cans sitting on the counter. Megan never left the kitchen looking like this. The messiest he'd ever seen it was when she had left clean dishes drying in the dish-drainer a couple of months earlier when she'd had the flu.

"Megan?" Quinn called as he led the way through the kitchen to the combination of dining room and living room.

More empty cans and dishes, a pile of used tissues, a variety of notepads, and a handful of pens cluttered the coffee table. The beautiful quilt Megan had once shyly admitted making was balled up on one end of the couch instead of in its usual place lying across the back of it.

"Megan? You're scaring us. Where the hell are you?" Jack bellowed loudly enough for the neighbors to hear as he headed down the hall, poking his head into each room as he went.

Her office was pristine, except for several piles of papers stacked on the floor against one wall. Her computer was on, showing the screensaver of a puppy playing with a ball.

In her bedroom, the bed was unmade. The covers were tossed back, as if she'd just crawled out. The clothes hamper overflowed. Another pile of used tissues littered the top of the nightstand.

Yeah, something bad had happened. But why hadn't she called them? Finally he turned to the bathroom at the end of the hall. The only room where the door was closed.

* * * *

After two full days of wallowing in her physical and emotional misery, Megan used sheer force of will to climb off the couch and into a hot shower. When she heard someone call her name, she turned off the water. As she reached for the bath sheet lying on the counter next to the sink, the bathroom door flew open. She screamed as she tried to cover her nakedness. Panic made her clumsy, and she fumbled for several long, heart-stopping seconds.

"Megan!" Jack's deep voice reached her through her panic. "Sugar, are you okay?"

"Jack? What the hell are you doing here? Get out!" she screamed.

Just because Jack was gay and completely in love with his partner didn't mean she wanted him to see her naked. Especially not today.

Once the oversized towel covered her from armpits to knees, she tucked the end in securely. "Go wait in the living room. I'll be out as soon as I get dressed. Better yet, go home and I'll call you later."

Turning back, she found him leaning against one side of the door frame, arms and ankles crossed, frowning and unusually serious for the man who thought life was a joke. As usual, he looked like he'd just rolled out of bed, but that wouldn't stop him turning heads, male and female.

Though he kept his dirty-blond hair short to control the curl,

unless he tamed it with styling products, it defied any control. When Jack had a day off, he didn't tame anything. At this moment, his jaw was covered with two days of scruff though his mustache was full and thick, reminding her of several older movie actors who were as well known for their facial hair as for their acting abilities.

He was six feet tall, long and lean with a runner's physique. She'd always been amazed at that since he never worked out and always seemed to be cooking or eating something. Maybe that's what made him such a good chef and restaurant owner. Dropping her gaze, she was surprised to see he'd come over not wearing the socks he *always* wore.

"Megan, what the hell happened? Who did this to you?"

"Jack, get out here," Quinn ordered from down the hall.

Jack frowned at her before stepping back into the hall. "But Quinn, she's been crying. And she's got bruises."

"Crying? Bruises? What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything."

Megan climbed out of the tub and tried to slip past Jack to her bedroom. If she hid in her room long enough, maybe Jack and Quinn would get bored and go home. She did not want to have to explain herself. She wanted to go back to the couch, turn on the classic movie channel, and return to feeling sorry for herself.

But she wasn't quick enough. Just as she pushed the door closed, a large hand stopped it, then eased it open again. Megan had to step out of the way or end up squashed between the door and the wall as the two men bullied their way into her bedroom.

Megan backed across the bedroom. How had she gotten into such a mess? All she'd wanted was to be alone to mourn the end of her explorations at Club Esoteria. Losing her job just added another layer to the sadness, bringing up a lifetime of disappointments. She was having a hard time keeping the black hole of depression that followed her around from sucking her in.

Jack looked concerned while Quinn's expression turned stony as

he examined the pale ivory skin visible above the towel as they stalked her across the room. When her back hit the wall, she stopped with a gasp as her body reminded her that the back half of her body was even more bruised than the front. In two heartbeats, they closed in and surrounded her.

Jack took her hands in his. He traced the twin lines of purple and blue bruises that circled her arm just above her wrist. “Cuffs?” he asked, looking to his partner.

Quinn nodded silently, the muscles in his jaw clenching rhythmically.

Dropping her chin to her chest, Megan sagged against the wall, the weight of failure crushing her.

All she’d wanted was to relax for one evening, to get past the horror of losing her job and the worry of how she was going to survive. Instead of an evening of submissive fun, she’d almost ended up in the emergency room. Thankfully, she’d convinced the doctor present, as well as Taurus Green, the other club owner, that she would be fine. Now she just had to convince these two.

Problem was, in the year she’d rented the guest house from them, she had never been able to tell a convincing lie to them. They read her as easily as a neon sign on a dark night.

Megan stared through the space between their shoulders at the print of an abstract painting across the room. She couldn’t look at the two men who had their lives so well put together. They had successful and fulfilling careers. They had one other to share the good times with as well as the bad times. They were living the life she wanted but couldn’t seem to achieve.

She didn’t have enough fight in her to resist when Quinn cupped callused fingers under her jaw. He gently lifted her head until she was forced to look into his dark, chocolate-brown eyes.

Like his partner, Quinn was gorgeous enough to model professionally if he wanted. A few inches taller and built more powerfully, with broader shoulders and thicker muscles than Jack, he

was just as breathtaking. His dark brown hair was buzz cut for convenience's sake, and he was clean shaven. Though he had already worn his uniform for more than a dozen hours, he still looked fresh and un-rumpled. How did he do that?

She knew from seeing the men work in the yard without their shirts that while Jack was smooth chested, Quinn's was covered by a triangle of dark fur. She wondered whether it was soft and silky or stiff and bristly but so far had not asked if she could feel him up to find out.

"Who do we have to kill?"

Chapter 2

The rumble of Quinn's gravel-rough bass voice wrapped around her like a blanket. For a moment she wished these two men could look at her with a small bit of the love they had when they looked at each other. She'd dreamt about them, about being their woman, their submissive, but knew that would never happen.

Since Friday, the vision of kneeling before them came to her every time she closed her eyes. She could no longer go to Club Esoteria to meet the men who temporarily eased her need to be dominated. Not that the club wouldn't welcome her back, but she knew that Friday night's horror would be forever locked in her memories. She didn't enjoy pain, but as long as the man dominated her, she didn't care what he did to her. Until Friday night, that is. Now she wasn't sure she'd be able to relax enough to allow anyone to take control.

Would she ever be able to trust again?

The two men surprised her when, as if by silent agreement, they edged closer. They didn't stop until their muscular chests and six-pack abs rubbed against her arms and shoulders. She tensed but couldn't pull back. She had nowhere to go. Besides, their warmth felt good.

Megan's eyes grew wide as she breathed in their combined scents of sweat and soap and male pheromones. Her lust meter pinged off the chart as her nipples stiffened against the rough cotton bath sheet. Her juices flowed, dampening her lower lips.

How could her body react to anyone, especially a pair of gay men who were committed only to each other? Was she really that sexually

deprived? Or just that crazy?

Exhaling slowly, she forced the corners of her lips to turn up in what she hoped was a passable imitation of a smile. It felt awkward and probably looked ridiculous, but she had to convince them to go away so she could get back to her pity party.

“No one is killing anybody. I’ve had a rough couple of days. Nothing for you guys to worry about.”

Quinn’s expression darkened even further as he bent until they were eye to eye. “You are full of shit.”

Before she could argue, he grabbed the free edge of her towel and yanked.

“Holy hell,” Jack murmured as the towel pooled around her feet, exposing every inch of her to their curious eyes.

“It’s not as bad as it looks,” she offered.

Neither man responded. Quinn’s jaw twitched as he clenched it a little tighter. Jack took a half step back so he could see every inch of her. Once he reached her toes, he turned her to face the wall.

“Son of a bitch,” Quinn swore through gritted teeth.

She knew they were looking at the multitude of lash marks that crisscrossed her back from her shoulders to her knees. Except for the couple that had broken the skin, the bruises looked a lot worse than they now felt.

“You went *there* again, didn’t you?” Jack gently brushed his fingers down the center of her back to her waist.

Megan hesitated. They wouldn’t be happy with her answer. They never were happy when she visited Club Esoteria. It wasn’t that they disapproved of her kinky side. They just wanted to protect her. That was one of the big reasons she had not told them. The reason behind Friday night’s visit was something else she had not shared with them, either.

“Answer Jack, honey.” Quinn’s voice was a soft growl in her ear as he drew a line across the top of her left shoulder then up the side of her neck. When he reached her earlobe, he pinched it between

forefinger and thumb and gently tugged it. "I'd hate to have to spank you for disobedience when you're already hurting."

"You wouldn't." She tried to turn and look at him, but the fingers holding her earlobe tightened to a painful level, keeping her still.

"Are you sure about that? Are you absolutely certain I won't drag you over to the bed, toss you over my lap, and paddle your sweet, naked ass?"

He traced a line back down the side of her neck then down her chest to her breast. When he reached her nipple, he took it between finger and thumb. Just that simple touch sent an electrical pulse straight to her cunt.

"But...but you're gay!" she blurted, then softly moaned as he twisted her erect nipple.

Both men froze.

Then Jack leaned in, and the warmth of his breath brushed against the side of her neck. "Now where the hell did you get an idea like that?" he asked before taking her earlobe between his lips to nibble on. More shivers worked their way down her spine.

Megan sighed and tried to fight the lust building deep in her pelvis. "When we first met, you introduced yourselves as partners. Neither of you has ever dated a woman. What was I supposed to think?"

"Truth is, honey, we are bisexual. While we love and are committed to one another, we have also been looking for one woman we could fall in love with who could love us. Both of us. Together," Quinn answered in his usual blunt and straightforward manner.

"Both of you? Together?"

"Uh huh. And we've been thinking that woman is you, Megan," Jack whispered, his palm coming up to cover her unattended breast. "Just think, two men to take care of your every want, need, and desire. To comfort you and protect you. To spank you when you need it and fuck you until you can't move."

Megan closed her eyes for a moment as their gentle touches and

soft words drove her arousal to a fever pitch. “But...” she said though she had no words to finish whatever thought her brain was trying, but failing, to formulate. She couldn’t think of anything beyond her body’s growing demand for release.

“But what, honey?” Quinn asked as he dropped a line of kisses on the top of her shoulder. The fingers playing with her nipple abandoned it to trail further down her body.

“Um, uh, I don’t know.” She shivered as his fingers combed through the hair covering her mound. Never before had she found herself so close to orgasm so fast. “Can’t think. Need...”

“Need what, sugar?” Jack asked. “Need to come?”

“Uh huh.”

Taking Quinn’s wrist, she tried to tunnel his fingers through her folds. She was close enough that a couple of strokes over her clit would catapult her into the orgasm swirling just out of reach.

Instead of cooperating, both men pulled away.

“Please,” she moaned as she turned to face them.

“Lie on the bed face up with your ass at the edge. Feet on the floor and legs spread wide,” Quinn directed. His voice sounded even darker and more powerful than usual.

Megan moved quickly to do as he ordered. She hissed as she lay back, her back and butt still tender despite what she’d told them just a moment before. Once in position, she held her breath, hoping, praying that they would show mercy and give her the relief her body craved.

“Arms over your head,” Jack said. His voice, which normally sparkled with laughter, sounded flat.

Megan immediately complied, her breath coming faster as her lower body tightened further in preparation for what was coming. Her juices overflowed her cunt as she waited.

The two men approached and stood on either side of her legs. They didn’t touch her for the longest time. She watched as they looked down at her, taking in every inch before focusing on the area between her thighs.

“Isn’t that a pretty sight?” Jack asked as he traced a circle over her right knee.

“Yes, very pretty,” Quinn agreed. “You want tits or clit?”

“Mmmm, hard decision. Can’t I have both?”

“Later. Right now she needs a serious orgasm, not playful teasing.”

“Megan, is that true? Do you need to come?” The bed shifted as Jack leaned on it to look down into her face.

Megan heard a whining sound fill the otherwise silent room. She didn’t realize it came from her until Jack patted her hip as he straightened. “Shhh, baby. It will be all right.”

“It’s okay, honey. We’ll take care of you.” Quinn’s words soothed her as a warm hand settled on the inside of her left knee.

Another hand touched on her right knee, and she knew without looking it belonged to Jack. Her breath caught as the hands moved up her thighs in tandem, caressing and heating the skin along the way. They moved just fast enough to notch up her anticipation, but slow enough to tease. By the time they came together at her apex, she was panting.

“Open your eyes, sugar,” Jack ordered, his voice sounding strained. “I want to see those pretty brown eyes.”

When she didn’t respond at once, both hands disappeared. With a groan of denial, Megan forced her eyelids up.

“Good girl.” Jack traced the line where inner thigh joined body. “Look at that beautiful pussy,” he said, his tone worshipful.

Megan froze at the endearment. That was what *he* called her. He’d said she was his girl.

“Megan? What’s wrong, girl?” Jack asked, sounding worried.

Megan blinked to keep her tears at bay as memories of Friday night swamped her. “Please,” she whispered, “please don’t call me girl. That’s what Dom called me Friday as he was whipping me.”

“All right, not girl. How about babydoll? Is that better?”

Megan nodded. “Yes, thank you.”

“Okay, babydoll it is. Now back to the question. Doesn’t our babydoll have a beautiful pussy?”

“Uh huh.” Quinn sounded more than a little distracted and aroused. “Tits or clit, Jack?”

Jack remained silent for a few seconds. “I’ve got a better idea. You want clit or cunt?”

“Cunt.”

“Sounds good to me. Just save me some of that sweet-smelling nectar. Megan, babydoll, play with your tits. Show us how you like them touched.”

Without thinking about anything except finding relief, Megan brought her hands to her chest, sighing as her palms covered her breasts and began to massage them. She moaned when two fingers entered her open, dripping center and then once more when the tip of one finger circled her knotted clit.

Her panting breathing grew ragged as Quinn’s fingers began to slide in and out of her. It stopped completely when he added a third. The muscles low in her pelvis grew tighter and tighter, like a spring being wound beyond its limits.

Her hands lifted from her tits, and she took her nipples between thumb and index finger as Quinn had moments earlier. The only difference was she rolled the peaks like a rich man would a fine cigar.

When Jack pinched her clit between two fingers, her orgasm exploded, and she screamed. Her belly muscles contracted so hard that her head and shoulders came off the mattress. She convulsed through one orgasm then rolled into a second one as the men continued their manipulations.

She thought she heard them speaking softly though she couldn’t make sense of their words. As she floated on the most powerful orgasm she’d ever experienced, she felt something inside her shift, as if they had removed a splinter from her soul, allowing a healing to begin. This was what she had needed since Friday night. Hell, this was what she had needed for the last ten years.

“Megan, are you all right? Did we hurt you?” she thought she heard Jack ask.

He helped her to sit up before he and Quinn sat down on either side of her, cuddling her between them.

“You didn’t hurt me. It felt soooo good,” she said, panting.

“Then why are you crying?” Quinn asked as he gently combed wet hair from her face.

“Am I?” She was surprised to find her fingers wet after wiping them over her face. With a shrug she relaxed into their arms, allowing them to pet her as she regained her composure. “I don’t know.”

“That one was free,” Quinn said once she’d settled. “From now on you’ll have to work for your orgasms.”

“And you will not come again unless one of us is with you,” Jack added.

“And no going back to the club unless one or both of us is with you,” they said in unison.

“From here on out, if you’re going to be submissive to anyone, it’s going to be us and only us,” Jack explained. “Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Megan nodded as their aura of masculine power enveloped her.

“Yes, what?” Quinn demanded.

“Yes, Sirs,” she answered automatically.

“You have ten minutes to get dressed and do something with your hair. Then we want to know what the hell’s going on,” Quinn said as he stood.

Jack hugged her gently before pushing to his feet as well. She had to put her hands out behind her to keep from falling over. “And no panties,” he said with a mischievous grin.

“What do you mean what’s going on?” she asked, looking at Quinn.

“Something happened to send you to the club. Something bad. I want to know what it was.”

Megan nodded and dropped her gaze to the floor. She didn't move again until she heard Quinn's boots walk down the hall. Lifting her head, she found herself alone.

Once they were gone, she finished drying off. She picked up a sports bra but decided it was too much trouble to try to wiggle into, especially since she was going without panties. She paused, looking from dresser to closet. Shorts? Jeans? Would they be impressed if she wore a dress?

Grabbing the denim jumper that hung from a hook on the back of the door, she pulled it over her head with only a slight wince. The dress was too big, but she wore it anyway. It was the last thing her mother had sewn for her before she had died of an undiagnosed aneurysm. It wasn't sexy, but every time she wore it, she felt loved.

Chapter 3

“Are you sure we can do this?” Jack asked softly once they were in the living room.

“What are you worried about? We’ve taken women together before.” Quinn asked as he picked up the quilt and folded it in half before arranging it on the back of the couch where it belonged. “We’ve talked more than a few times about asking Megan to join our family. Don’t you want to share her? Or don’t you want her at all?”

Jack turned to the coffee table. He began stacking dishes and crushing cans. “That’s not what I mean. Can we do the Dom-sub thing she needs? I don’t know anything about it, except what Megan has told us. I can’t beat on her. Looking at those bruises all over her turned my stomach.”

Quinn paused and stared down the hall. “Something went wrong Friday night. Megan’s submissive, but she’s not into pain. She’s looking for someone to love and take care of. Someone who can love her enough to take control and be in charge. I think we’re just the men for the job.”

“Huh?”

“I’ll explain it to you later. For now just follow my lead. We have to be strong and authoritative while still being gentle and loving. Think you can do that?” Quinn straightened the papers and books on the coffee table while Jack carried the dirty dishes and other trash to the kitchen.

“I guess so. I’ve been following your lead for so long it’s become second nature,” Jack said with a chuckle.

“And have I ever led you wrong?”

“Well, there was that time in Greece...” Jack left the rest unsaid, though both instantly recalled the second-degree ass sunburns they’d suffered from visiting a nude beach and forgetting to bring suntan lotion.

As Jack ran water into the sink, his lover stepped up behind him. “I made up for that, didn’t I?”

Quinn leaned in and kissed his cheek. At the same time he pressed his erection in the valley between Jack’s ass cheeks. Hearing a hair dryer, he felt comfortable they wouldn’t be interrupted for a few minutes.

“Oh, yeah, you’ve made up for it many times over,” Jack moaned as he arched his back to deepen the contact. “God, that feels good. Fuck me.”

“Now?” Quinn confirmed as he looked around for something he could use as lube. He saw the butter dish on the counter and reached for it.

“Uh huh. Right now.”

“Drop your shorts and assume the position,” Quinn said as his own cock throbbed with near-painful need.

After pulling out one of the condoms he always carried, he worked the fastenings of his pants as fast as he could before shoving them to his knees. After donning the latex sheath, he used a scoop of the room temperature butter to prepare himself. Then he turned his attention to the man he loved more than anything else in the world.

Shorts and boxers around one ankle on the floor, Jack was bent over the counter, back arched and legs spread wide.

“Mmmm, looks like someone needs a cavity search,” Quinn mused as he applied more of the makeshift lube to Jack’s puckered hole before sliding two fingers in. He moved slowly, carefully, twisting his digits as he pushed deep.

“Hurry,” Jack breathed as he pushed back.

Quinn pulled his fingers out and quickly replaced them with his hard-as-steel shaft, sliding full length into his lover on the first thrust.

“Shhh, no noise. We don’t want to freak Megan out.”

Once his hips were firmly nestled against Jack’s ass, he fought to hold himself still to give Jack a moment to adjust. But his lover had other ideas.

“Fuck me, damn you. Hard and fast.” Jack grunted as he tried to move under him.

Quinn pulled back and began a fast in and out motion. He held onto Jack’s shoulder with one hand while the other reached around to wrap around his hard, thick cock.

He could feel his orgasm pressing at the base of his spine. He leaned forward and kissed the center of the smooth, muscular back underneath him. “Soon,” he whispered. “Real soon.”

“Oh, yeah. Give. It. To. Me. Now.” Jack panted as his hips flashed back and forth between Quinn’s cock and his hand.

That was all the encouragement Quinn needed. With a groan, he thrust twice more before his balls clenched, sending his seed shooting out of the end of his cock. At the same moment, Jack’s cock contracted in his hand as the man growled softly with his release.

He kept them pressed together for a long moment as they recovered. Once he thought he could stand on his own, he planted another kiss between Jack’s shoulder blades. “Get cleaned up and dressed,” he whispered, easing his cock from Jack, when he realized Megan had turned the hair dryer off and the house was strangely silent.

* * * *

“I forgot to take out the trash,” Megan stated as a way of announcing her arrival before stepping into the kitchen several moments later. The house was so small she’d heard their grunts and groans even over the noise of the hair dryer.

She found Jack wiping down the front of the cabinets. He had also, apparently, washed the dishes.

“When was the last time you ate something that didn’t come out of a can?” Jack asked as he tossed the dishtowel on top of the washing machine.

Megan shrugged, not sure she knew the answer. She didn’t like to cook. She liked to bake. But one could not live on cookies and pastries alone, so she usually ate fast food or frozen dinners. Since she hadn’t left the house since coming home from the club just before dawn Saturday morning, she had been subsisting on soda and whatever else she found in the kitchen. Admittedly, that hadn’t been much since she also had not made her routine Saturday morning grocery run.

“Go sit down, and I’ll fix you something,” Jack said, drying his hands before tucking a clean dishtowel into the waist of his loose-fitting shorts as an apron.

“Okay, maybe not,” he said a moment later after looking first in the nearly empty refrigerator, then in the equally bare freezer. “Get your shoes and whatever you’re going to need.”

“Huh?”

“Shoes, notebooks, computer, whatever you’ll need for today.”

“Why?”

* * * *

Just then, Quinn walked in the back door carrying her empty trash can. “Isn’t a sub supposed to do what she is told without question? To trust her Doms know what’s best for her?” Quinn crossed the room, stopping just inches from her. He cupped a hand under her chin, forcing her head up until she met his dark brown eyes. Though he didn’t know much more about the Dominate/submissive lifestyle than Jack did, he understood that much.

“Yes, but...”

“Yes, what?”

He realized she needed them to take charge immediately. Their

announcement of their bisexual status and that they were looking for a triad relationship had thrown her off balance. He would call the club later and find out what happened Friday night, and while he was at it, he would research exactly what being a Dom meant. For now, they had a woman in need of some serious TLC.

“Yes, Sir,” she answered meekly.

“Good girl, babydoll. Go gather up what you’ll need. Make sure the front door is locked and you have your keys.” Quinn leaned over and brushed a kiss on her forehead before releasing her.

Megan nodded and turned away. “How long will I be staying?” she asked as she headed down the hall.

“At least until tomorrow, so pack a change of clothes as well. After that, we’ll see how you’re feeling,” Quinn replied. Once she’d left the room, he turned to Jack. “You okay with this? You’ll be in charge for a while because I’ve got to get some sleep,” he said after a wide yawn. Exhaustion had settled over him with his orgasm, weighing him down like a lead overcoat.

Jack nodded. “I think I can keep her occupied for a while. If nothing else, she can make cookies and fold clothes.”

Quinn yawned again. “She can make cookies. You fold the clothes.”

When Megan returned to the kitchen, she carried her computer case over one shoulder and an oversized tote bag on the other. “Are you sure this is okay?” she asked, sounding like a lost little girl in need of guidance.

“Of course it is, honey,” Quinn assured her as he took the bags from her. “Besides, Jack wants you to teach him the secret to your famous chocolate chip cookies.”

He watched as she regained her footing enough to shake her head with a smile. “Jack, I’ve told you before that recipe is a secret. If I tell you, then it won’t be a secret anymore.”

Jack squinched his face, then sighed. “Then will you please make me some? I’m addicted to them, and you haven’t made any in a

while.”

Quinn made a disgusted noise as Megan giggled for the first time that day. “Yes, Jack, I’ll be happy to make you cookies. All you had to do was ask.”

Jack nodded. “Thanks, sugar. Is there anything special you need? Our kitchen is stocked, but...”

“Give me a minute to get what I need.” She turned to a cabinet Jack had not yet gone through.

“Can I help?” he asked as a knock sounded at the front door.

“Yes, you can go answer the door.” Quinn stepped in before Megan could respond. “She doesn’t want you to know what’s in the cookies, so back the fuck off.”

“I just wanted to help,” Jack muttered as he headed to the living room.

“Sorry about that. Sometimes I swear he’s only ten years old,” Quinn apologized.

“You’re the same way when I make my killer brownies,” Megan teased.

“To be honest, I’m that way about anything you bake. I’m just not quite as obvious about it,” he admitted with a shrug. “Comes from never having learned to cook. I appreciate any homemade goodies I can get. And Jack can’t bake a frozen pie without ruining it.”

“That’s surprising since he’s such a successful chef,” Megan said as she turned to the cabinet. Pulling out a plastic bag, she began measuring and dumping dry ingredients into it. Once she’d finished that, she filled a wicker market basket with everything else she needed to make the cookies Jack was so fond of as well as the ingredients for a batch of killer brownies for Quinn. Then she covered the basket with a clean dishtowel.

“Someone really likes you,” Jack said a moment before the cloying scent of roses reached her.

Turning, Megan found herself staring at the biggest vase of flowers she’d ever seen. There had to be two dozen roses in a cut

glass vase.

“Who are they from?” she asked as she slowly approached.

Jack set the vase on the dining room table and pulled out the card nestled among the stems.

“I look forward to our next, more private session. Love, Dom.” He read the card then looked at her. “Who’s Dom?”

Megan felt the blood drain to her feet. “Oh, God, how did he find me?”

She swayed as her knees went weak, but before they gave way, Quinn wrapped his arms around her.

“Who’s Dom?” Quinn asked, his voice now gentle and concerned.

“The man from Friday night. He never gave his name, just said for me to call him Sir. Even the man with him called him Dom,” Megan explained softly as she began to shake.

“Who delivered them?” Quinn asked, looking at Jack.

“Don’t know. They were gone by the time I got to the door, and there’s no florist name on the card or envelope.”

“How did he find out where I lived?” Megan asked in a small, scared voice.

Quinn frowned. “I don’t know, but after I get a couple of hours sleep, we’ll figure it all out, okay, honey?”

Megan bit her lip as she nodded.

“What do you want me to do with these?” Jack pointed to the flowers.

“Trash them, and the sooner, the better,” Megan said without a moment’s hesitation.

Jack nodded as he grabbed the vase and headed out the back door. As soon as he was outside, Megan reached under the sink and grabbed a can of air freshener and sprayed the room.

“Don’t like roses?” Quinn asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Hate them. Wildflowers are more to my taste,” she said, putting the can away before picking up the market basket. “I’m ready when you are.”

Quinn leaned against the counter, his arms crossed over his broad chest. He looked sleepy and pensive. “I know we’ve bulldozed you into this, but are you okay coming home with us? With us taking control like this?” he asked without shifting a muscle. “To be honest, Jack and I don’t know anything about being Masters or Doms or whatever the correct title is.”

“If you’d like, I can call a couple of people who can explain the lifestyle to you.” She dropped her eyes to the floor. “Master Dane would be a good person to talk to. Or Master Taurus, who owns the club. He teaches classes.”

“That’s a good idea. Thank you for offering.” Quinn straightened and turned to the door. “For now we’ll play it by ear. Just remember the rules we’ve laid down so far, and we’ll be fine.”

Chapter 4

He had just enough time to jog across the yard and climb into his big, silver pickup truck with the mirrored glass before the front door opened. He frowned as he watched a man pick up his flowers and carry them inside. Who the hell was he? Megan had said Friday night that she was single and un-collared but looking for a Master.

Megan. Sweet little Megan. Just thinking her name made his cock stiffen and throb. Reaching down, he unzipped his jeans and pulled out his erection. He had tried to come several times since Friday night's interruption but had yet to find the trigger for the elusive orgasm that had been taunting him since leaving his lovely sub behind.

And she was his. She was the first woman in a long time to turn him on. Her crying and begging and pretty pale skin turned fiery red had aroused him like nothing had in a long, long time.

Wrapping one hand around his cock, he thought back to Friday night at the club with his beautifully compliant Megan. As he ran through the memories in his mind, the pressure built in his balls. He felt his climax swell and sent up a deviant prayer that this time he would find the relief he so desperately needed. Relief he had been denied for years.

When a movement across Megan's yard caught his attention, his hand slowed, and the pressure in his balls began to drop. The man who'd carried the flowers into the house came around the side of the house, still carrying his gift to Megan. He watched as the stranger, wearing a black T-shirt and tan shorts, strolled straight to the large, black garbage can sitting at the side of the road. Lifting the lid, the

man dropped the roses and vase into the can before closing the lid and walking back the way he'd come. He acted as if the roses meant nothing.

The arousal that had been so promising faded, his cock shriveling like an old, withered carrot. The frustration he'd felt for so long returned full force, causing his jaw to clench and anger to flare.

"Such disrespect is a punishable offense," he muttered to himself. "Megan, my sweet submissive, you will pay for that, as well as for denying me release twice now. It will not happen again."

* * * *

"Quiz time," Quinn said as they walked across the yard between her house and theirs. "What are your rules?"

"No orgasms without you or Jack present, and no going to the club unless one or both of you is with me," Megan replied easily.

"Good girl," Quinn said before yawning widely once again as they entered the back door into the eat-in kitchen that extended across the back of the big, square house. "I've got to hit the sheets. Once Jack's fed you, come crawl in with me."

"Not until after she makes my cookies," Jack stated as he rushed in the back door.

"After you make Jack's cookies, come take a nap. Just remember there are no clothes allowed in our bed." He brushed a kiss on her lips before walking out of the kitchen and heading upstairs.

"I'll add that to my list of rules," Megan said as she swatted the hand reaching around her into the basket. "Jack, keep your fingers out of my basket."

She jumped with a squeak of pain when Jack smacked her left ass cheek. Then he pulled the back of her dress up to her waist and slid his hand between her legs to cup her mound. "I'll put my fingers in your *basket* if I want to," he said, pulling his hand back to ease two fingers into her wet, open entrance.

Megan stopped breathing as the fingers slid in as far as they would go, then slowly twisted left and right several times. She grabbed hold of the counter for balance when her knees went weak as instant arousal swamped her. A moment later she whined a protest when the fingers pulled from her just as abruptly.

“Go sit down,” Jack said before putting his fingers into his mouth and sucking her juices from them. “Mmmm, delicious.”

Four hours later, Megan hesitated at the large landing at the top of the stairs. In all the dozens of times she’d been inside the house, she’d never made it to the second floor.

“Bathroom’s in there.” Jack nodded to her right as he carried a stack of clothes. “That’s Quinn’s room.” He indicated the closed door on the left side of the wall in front of her. “And this is my room.” He walked through the open doorway next to it.

Megan stayed where she was until he returned and pointed to the fourth doorway. “That room doesn’t have a purpose. At least, not yet,” he said with a grin and a wink.

She nodded but didn’t reply and didn’t move. She couldn’t. She didn’t know what she was supposed to be doing and didn’t want to do anything that might upset either man. She’d already overstepped her bounds by helping Jack fold the mountain of clothes while the cookies baked.

“Hang your dress on a hook in the bathroom, and go wake Quinn up. He tries not to sleep more than four hours after his last night shift. Makes the transition back to days a little easier,” Jack said as he started back down the stairs for another load of clean clothes.

“How do I wake him?” Megan asked tentatively.

“Waving that plate under his nose should do it. Or you could give him a blowjob. I know I’d love to wake up one morning with your lips wrapped around my cock. Be creative. Do what feels right. Enjoy yourself,” Jack offered with a bright smile. “I’ll be there after I finish putting the laundry away. Then we can really have some fun.”

Megan nodded and stepped into the bathroom. It was bigger than

her living room. Obviously, whoever had renovated the historic home had decided four bedrooms was too many and turned one into the most luxurious bathroom she'd ever seen. The far corner of the room held an oversized garden tub. Next to it was a huge walk-in shower big enough to hold a party in.

The third corner was hidden from view by an eight-foot-tall bookcase built into a partition that extended about three feet from the side wall. Since the ceiling was eleven feet, the top shelf displayed several pieces of pretty pottery. The other shelves held towels and wicker baskets for storage. Peeking around the wall, Megan found the toilet. Next to that was a long counter with three sinks and a long mirror above.

Looking at her reflection, Megan took a deep breath for courage. "Stop stalling and go wake Quinn up."

After putting down the plate of goodies she'd brought upstairs with her, she pulled her dress over her head. She hung it from one of the half dozen hooks on the wall beside the shower. Picking up the plate again she padded across the landing to the closed door. She thought for a second about knocking but decided she would rather wake Quinn in a more pleasurable and creative way.

Pushing the door open, she found the room totally dark. The light from the landing fell across the largest bed she'd ever seen. Quinn was sprawled across the middle of the bed with only a sheet covering him to his hips. His breathing was slow and rhythmic. Just looking at him sent heat fluttering through her to gather between her legs.

Megan took another deep breath and sighed as the masculine scent that was all Quinn filled her lungs. She stepped around the bed and set the plate on the nightstand. Then she turned her attention to the sleeping man.

Feeling mischievous, she went to the foot of the bed and slowly pulled the sheet down until it joined the blanket lying on the floor. Then she paused a moment to admire the bounty of maleness laid out before her. Long, muscular, and tanned with the triangle of fur on his

chest, which narrowed to a thin line that continued down to the patch around his half-hard cock and balls.

Licking her lips in anticipation, Megan eased onto the bed, then crawled up the mattress until she was crouched with her lips just inches from his beautiful shaft. She froze when he shifted, spreading his legs wider and rubbing one palm up and down his belly.

She waited until he stilled before breathing again. Then she leaned down and gently kissed the base of his shaft. When his only reaction was a twitch and a growing of his cock, she used the tip of her tongue to trace the thick vein up his impressive length to the glans.

“Mmmm,” he moaned as his legs spread even farther and his hand came down to rub a line from hipbone to balls.

Feeling braver by the second, Megan shifted her weight and freed one hand. She wrapped her fingers around his cock and slowly, carefully lifted it to stand perpendicular to his belly.

She swirled her tongue around the head, savoring the salty-sweet drop of fluid that emerged from his slit.

“Again,” he breathed in a sleepy, gravelly rumble. “Do it again.”

Megan repeated the licking swirl, then parted her lips and took the large head into her mouth. She slid about halfway down his cock, which had now become long, thick, and hard. When the head hit the back of her throat, she swallowed twice before pulling back until only the head remained between her lips.

She repeated the dip, swallow, and retreat until Quinn groaned and threaded his fingers through her hair to control her movements.

Instead of allowing him to guide her movements, she pulled off his cock and looked up his body to a pair of sleepy, chocolate-brown eyes. “Jack says it is time to wake up,” she whispered with a grin. Shifting so she balanced only on her legs, she put his cock back into her mouth and then ran both hands down the insides of his thighs before slowly gliding them back up again.

“Okay, I’m up. Now what are you going to do about it?” Quinn ground out as she dropped back down over his cock.

“What would you like me to do?” she mumbled around his shaft with a smile and a wink.

* * * *

Jack walked in just in time to answer her question. “I think you should climb up and ride our cowboy.”

After setting Quinn’s clean and neatly folded clothes on his dresser, Jack pushed his boxers to the floor and stepped out of them. Seeing her bob up and down on the cock he’d loved in the same way sent blood straight to his groin.

He smiled when Quinn looked at him. “Condom,” he groaned as Jack approached the side of the bed.

Meeting his lover’s eyes through the shadows, Jack couldn’t fight the surge of lust that made his cock throb with anticipation. He nodded and sidetracked to the nightstand. After turning the lamp on low, he grabbed several condoms from their supply in the top drawer. Keeping one, he tossed the rest on the bed so they would be easily accessible.

After freeing the one in his hand from its packaging, he climbed onto the bed and approached the couple

“Hurry, Jack,” Quinn panted as he released his hold on the back of Megan’s head and grabbed the sheet underneath him. “She’s too damn good at this.”

“Megan, sugar, sit up,” Jack ordered gently as he ran a hand down her spine before patting one ass cheek.

The whining noise she made as she released the cock in her mouth made his cock pulse with the need to feel her mouth on him.

As soon as she was out of the way, he rolled the latex sheath over his partner’s cock. “She’s good, eh?” he asked when Quinn hissed at his touch.

“God, yes. Almost as good as you. Another few seconds, and I would have been a goner.”

Jack chuckled as Megan grunted her dissatisfaction with the comparison.

“Guess I’ll have to work harder next time,” she murmured as she ran her hands up and down Quinn’s thighs, causing the muscles to clench and him to suck in another breath.

Jack decided not to get into that since he couldn’t wait to feel her lips wrapped around his own hard, aching length. “Okay, sugar, climb on and ride our stud.” He reached out and tweaked her closest nipple.

* * * *

“Sounds like fun.” Megan moved into position, straddling Quinn’s hips.

As Quinn held his cock up, she eased down over it with a sigh. She closed her eyes as he filled her in a way she’d never experienced before. It was as if he was filling a hole in her soul, as well in her body. Her only regret was that he wore a condom, though she understood the need. If things went well between them, maybe someday she would feel him skin-on-skin inside her.

Settling down over him fully, she found herself grow weak from the excitement. Leaning forward, she placed her hands on his chest to keep her balance.

“Ooooh, silky,” she purred as she spread her fingers and tested the fur on his chest. She looked up when Quinn made a strangled sound and found him looking tense and ready to throw her down onto the bed and take her by force. Her insides shivered at the thought that she could hold that kind of power over any man.

Shifting her hands a little, she found his nipples and gently scratched her fingernails across the top of them in the way that always turned her fire way high. Quinn’s breath stopped, proving that he liked it just as much.

Looking in his eyes, she smiled and asked, “Like that, do you?”

“Oh, God, yes. Ride me, babydoll, before I have to spank you for

being such a tease,” he managed to say as he lifted his hands to pluck at her nipples.

His touch sent hot bolts of need through her. She began to move in a slow, easy, up and down motion. She tightened the muscles of her core as she rose until just the head of his cock remained inside her. Then she relaxed her internal muscles as she lowered down over him again. She tried to stay focused on what she was doing to him, playing with his nipples and riding his cock, so she wouldn't lose herself in her own growing need.

When Jack brushed his cock against her cheek, she turned to look at it and gasped. Though she'd seen more than a few erect cocks in the months since joining Esoteria, none of them were as beautiful as his.

As long as Quinn's, it looked thicker, with pale skin from balls to glans. The head was only marginally bigger than the shaft and shaped in a way that reminded her of a Valentine card she'd once received when she was in elementary school. It had been a barely-there pink, and where the point was supposed to be sharp, it was instead gently rounded.

Pausing in her ride, Megan lifted her closest hand to trace the beautiful length, admiring the almost marbled look to the skin caused by the veins running just below it.

“Beautiful,” she breathed, watching as it twitched in response to her warm breath wafting over it.

“Suck it, sugar,” Jack ground out as his hands came to rest on her shoulders. He held her like he thought she might try to escape.

Parting her lips, she licked at the slit, tasting the drop of his essence waiting there. Then, as she'd done with Quinn, she swirled her tongue around the head, caressing the sensitive flesh, before taking it deeper into her mouth.

“Don't forget about me, honey,” Quinn said, growling as he bent his knees and brought his legs up behind her. This gave him the leverage he needed to start thrusting up as he guided her hips down

over him.

She began to ride again as she sucked on Jack. In fewer minutes than she wanted, the control she'd tried to maintain slipped from her grasp. Humping up and down on Quinn faster and harder, she closed her lips around Jack and increased the suction. She wanted, needed, craved giving these two men this pleasure. By the panting moans and muttered words she heard, they seemed to be enjoying what she had to offer.

"Too close," she heard one mutter, to which the other responded, "Me, too. Do something. We've got to take her with us."

Two masculine fingers slid over her labia, parted the lips, and then pressed on the clit between them. Four more fingers took possession of her nipples. They rolled the stiffened tips between them. With that added stimulation, Megan couldn't hold back any longer. She gasped silently as she flew over her peak.

As she did, both men cried out their releases, as well. She held Jack's cock deep in her mouth as she swallowed his tangy fluid at the same time she felt Quinn's thick length pulse deep inside her cunt.

Though gasping for breath, she refused to release Jack's length until he stroked her jaw. "Open up, sugar. I need to sit before I fall down."

She released her hold. As soon as he withdrew, her muscles went liquid and she melted onto Quinn's chest. She couldn't move and wasn't even sure some of her body parts were still attached, but she felt so good and relaxed she didn't care. That was until Quinn rolled her so they lay side by side and eased his cock from her. She gave a disgruntled sound and reached for him, but he was already off the bed and out of reach.

"Shhh, babydoll. I'll be right back," he said softly.

"Come here, sugar." Jack nestled up behind her and pulled her to lie against him.

"Okay." She sighed as she relaxed into the hazy pink fog that surrounded her. She felt Quinn return to bed and snuggle close in

front of her but was too sated and sleepy to do more than pucker her lips in request for a kiss.

She heard him chuckle just before his lips covered hers for a brief moment. Then he brushed stray hairs back from her face. “Sleep, honey. We’ll be right here.”

“Okay,” she murmured as sleep swept her under.

Chapter 5

“So what the hell are we supposed to be asking?” Jack inquired several hours later as Quinn pulled his pickup truck into the parking area behind the Club Esoteria building.

Though Quinn had already relayed his earlier conversation with Taurus Green, one of the owners of the club, Jack was still curious. Yes, he wanted to keep Megan from getting hurt. Both he and Quinn had strong alpha male tendencies, even if people did see his job as restaurateur and chef as less than masculine.

Those people had never been in his kitchen during a dinner rush. His staff was loyal and loved him, but they also knew they were in *his* house, and they would abide by his rules or find themselves in the parking lot behind the building having a little talk with the boss. Jack had had more than one man break down in tears and only a handful of women who had not sobbed uncontrollably as he explained in no uncertain terms that they had messed up and that would not be tolerated in his domain.

Funny thing was that not one of them had quit after his little pep talk. Instead, they sucked it up, went back to work, and became the stellar employees he’d seen when he’d hired them. Quinn sometimes teased him that his staff had become such a well-oiled machine that one day they were going to either all quit or take over Foster’s Place and kick him to the street.

Quinn sighed noisily as he pulled in between a deluxe SUV and a cute little sports car. “I’ve told you several times already, I don’t know. I think if we explain our concerns about Megan, they can teach us what we need to know to be what she needs.”

“Okay, but I’m still not gonna beat on her. She’s too precious,” Jack said as he climbed out and followed Quinn toward the club’s back entrance.

“Hello, are you gentlemen Quinn and Jack?” A man pushed out of the building carrying a good-sized cooler that had a wicker picnic basket resting on top of it.

“Yes,” they answered together.

The other man nodded then started across the parking lot. “If you’ll follow me, Master Taurus thought you’d be more comfortable meeting in the garden.”

“Can I help you with that?” Jack offered as the man led them to a large, walled-off area.

“No, Sir, but if you could open the gate I’d appreciate it. I made sure it didn’t lock when I came out a few minutes ago. I’m Antony, by the way. I belong to Mistress Jenna,” he explained as Jack pulled open the gate.

As soon as they were inside the fence, Jack stopped to look around and was amazed by the sight. The wooden fence was barely seen due to bushes and tall flowers and climbing trellises. There were stone walkways, which led between beds filled with more flowers and bushes and an herb garden Jack would kill to have in his own backyard. In the center of the garden was a gazebo where Antony and Quinn were headed.

“Jack, keep up,” Quinn called when he stopped to admire the Gerbera daisies.

“Yeah, I’m coming.” He picked up his pace and caught up as the other men climbed the steps to the gazebo.

Three men were already present in the large wooden structure. They stopped talking and stood as Quinn, Antony, and Jack joined them.

Antony made the introductions.

Taurus Green had short, curly auburn hair and emerald green eyes. He was tall and wide and muscular, even under the pale green

Oxford shirt he wore with blue jeans and battered sneakers.

Dane Bennett was big all over, towering six and a half feet tall. His black hair was cut military short, and his slate-gray eyes were flinty with suspicion. He wore a polo with black jeans and boots. He had one arm draped around the shoulders of the third man.

Merlin Gates was smaller than his partner but no less muscular. His curly blond hair was long and unruly, and his friendly eyes were so dark brown they reminded Jack of a dark chocolate sauce he'd recently added to the menu as a garnish for fresh fruit desserts.

"Would you like a beer?" Taurus offered as they settled into chairs set around a glass-top table on one side of the gazebo. The other side held a smaller table where Antony and Merlin became busy with the picnic basket.

"Sure," Jack agreed easily. If he was going to talk Megan and sex with these men, he was going to need a little liquid courage.

* * * *

"I'll take one," Quinn agreed, wondering if the evening would challenge his one-drink-when-away-from-home rule.

"Don't worry, Quinn. Club Esoteria has a strict two alcoholic drink limit," Taurus said as Antony opened the cooler to reveal a variety of canned and bottled beers as well as water and soft drinks.

Quinn nodded. "Good to know. Is that why there have been no problems requiring police intervention?"

Since setting the appointment, Quinn had done some quick research and found that the police had only been called to the club once, and that was because the guards had refused to allow someone inside, not because of trouble inside the club.

"That may be part of it, but we also have no trouble because our guests don't necessarily want the publicity of being arrested here. And trouble would also bring the wrath of Jenna down on their heads," Antony explained as he handed beers around.

“But that’s not why you two are here, is it?” Merlin pointed out. “You’re here about Megan and Friday night.”

As Quinn nodded he saw, out of the corner of his eye, Jack do the same. Then he heard Jack say, “What the hell happened?”

“Megan put her trust in the wrong man,” Antony said as he and Merlin set several platters and bowls of food on the table. “She was in a strange mood when she came in and agreed to scene with a guest Dom whom no one except his sponsor knew. The man lost control, and when Megan called red, he did not stop. Is she all right? She has not answered my calls since then.”

“She’s battered and bruised but claims she’ll be all right,” Quinn answered, sounding skeptical. “I’ll have her call you tomorrow.”

“Thank you, Sir,” Antony said, his tone differential and appreciative.

Taurus and Dane listened to the exchange with expressions of concern and understanding as the plates, forks, and napkins were passed around. The two men serving stepped back and waited. Dane nodded, and Merlin sat in the empty chair next to him. Taurus waved a hand, and Antony settled in the last empty seat.

“There’s something you need to understand about Megan,” Taurus said once the food had been passed and plates filled.

“Ya think?” Jack snarked.

Before Quinn could speak, Taurus’ expression went blank. “Yes, I do. Now, if you’ll allow me to continue?”

He waited without moving a muscle until Jack huffed. “Sorry.”

“Megan thinks of herself as a submissive, but she’s not. She’s one of the strongest people I know,” Taurus said.

“Hey, being submissive is not for wimps, right, Merlin?” Antony broke in, earning a frown from both Taurus and Dane.

“Can’t you do something about him?” Dane asked.

“I’ll talk to Jenna about him. Later. For now, Jack and Quinn need to understand Megan.” Taurus tossed a dark look in Antony’s direction.

The submissive swallowed hard and dropped his head to stare at his plate. "I apologize," he said softly.

"So if Megan isn't submissive, what is she?" Quinn asked, curious as to the truth about the woman who held his heart though she didn't realize it.

"She's a caregiver, a nurturer, but also insecure and in need of acceptance and approval. She needs someone to take care of but also someone who is strong enough in themselves to help her overcome the abuse she suffered as a child."

"Abuse? What abuse? She never said anything about being abused." Jack leaned forward, his dinner forgotten.

"Antony, you may explain," Taurus ordered before pushing to his feet and retrieving another round of beers.

Antony finished chewing and then chased the food down with several swallows of water before he looked their way. "One evening when Megan first started coming to the club, she and I were talking, and she told me a little about her childhood. Her father was never there, always working or studying or busy with his own life, expecting her mother to raise the children. He never approved of what she did, whether it was make the honor roll at school or learn to dance or sew or write a story. Megan felt that nothing she did ever pleased him."

Quinn nodded, even though he couldn't understand how any parent could do that to a child. His own parents had always backed him a hundred percent. While they had never asked about his relationship with Jack, they also didn't ban him from the house when he brought the man to family gatherings.

"So now she's looking for that approval? But what does that have to do with being tied up and beat on?" Jack asked.

Antony nodded. "She thinks that by giving herself over to the care of the Doms here, she'll find what she's looking for. Problem is, a Dom approving of her at the club lasts only until she drives home. Then she's alone, and the clock starts again on how long she can go

before she's back, looking for someone to tell her she's a good girl, that they are pleased with her." Antony paused to let that sink in.

"And now that she's been downsized, she's got to be feeling even less desirable. She doesn't see her writing as anything more than a hobby because even though her erotic e-books are selling, there's no one telling her she's doing a good job. I know it sounds screwed up, but that's her thinking. She once told me that she felt like she could disappear tomorrow and no one would care."

Quinn was processing when Jack pushed out of his chair and began pacing. "I'd care. So what do we do?"

"Talk to her. Find out what she really wants you to be in her life, friends or lovers or Masters. The secret to any relationship, Master-slave, Dom-sub, or just a vanilla marriage, is communication. There can be no secrets. If you're going to have a polyamorous family, she must not be able to play one of you against the other. If decisions are to be made, all three of you have to sit down and make them, together," Dane said. Beside him, Merlin nodded in agreement.

"And if she still wants to come to the club? How do we handle that?" Quinn asked with a knot in his stomach.

"Have her bring you as her guests Friday night. Wander around. Watch, listen, check things out," Taurus said. "If you decide you want to learn more, I'll be starting a new class for Doms in a couple of weeks that you could take. And if you have questions, feel free to call."

Quinn nodded and turned to look at Jack, who looked as stressed as he'd ever seen the man. "Jack?"

His partner shook his head. "I'll be okay, but I think our baby deserves the spanking we talked about yesterday for not telling us about her job."

"That's another thing about being Dom. Don't ever threaten something unless you are fully prepared to back it up. You need to set reasonable rules and limitations for the family, not one set for one and another for the other," Merlin said in a quiet voice.

* * * *

When Jack climbed into Quinn's truck an hour later, he felt better than when they'd arrived. "So, what are we going to do?"

"First, we're going to do a little shopping before we go home. Then we'll talk to Megan and make sure this is really what she wants to do. Then we'll lay down the house rules before we spank her for not telling us about her job situation."

"And then?"

"And then she will apologize by giving us both blowjobs, and we'll have great make up sex." Quinn turned to grin at him.

Jack nodded. "Okay, sounds like a plan to me. So what will the rules be?"

Chapter 6

The longer Jack and Quinn were gone, the more nervous Megan grew. When she found herself reaching for yet another cookie, she decided it was time to practice the submissive discipline as several of the Masters at Club Esoteria had suggested.

Her back still hurt, but she thought herself healed enough to greet her Masters as a submissive should. Smiling at the knowledge she would either get fucked or spanked when they got home, Megan headed upstairs to make her preparations.

After hanging her clothes on a hook in the bathroom, she retrieved a large towel from one of the shelves. She pulled a notebook and pen from her computer bag and then returned to the foyer. She laid the towel out like a rug on the hardwood floor, then sat down on it. Picking up the notebook, she read the last pages she'd written before continuing on with her latest story. Writing erotic romance had been a godsend, allowing her to daydream about what she wanted in her life, but she had yet to submit anything for fear of finding that her writing wasn't good enough.

She was lost in the creative process when headlights flashed across the windows. They were home. Scribbling to finish the sentence she was working on, she then clipped the pen into the notebook and tossed it away. Taking a deep breath, she shifted into a kneeling slave position, straightened her back, and dropped her chin so she stared at the floor two feet in front of her knees.

Though curious, she tried not to move a muscle when the door opened and then closed again. She heard the crackling sounds of a plastic shopping bag but nothing else for nearly a minute.

“Look, Quinn. Our woman is waiting for us to come home,” Jack said as he circled her.

Quinn didn’t respond. He crossed the foyer to stand in front of her, then reached down and cupped her chin in one hand. “Look at me, baby,” he said as he lifted her face.

She looked up and met his deep brown eyes. “Yes, Sir?”

“Are you sure you want to do this? Submit yourself to us? Do as we say? Take care of us and let us take care of you?”

Megan’s heart raced, and she nodded. “Yes, Sir,” she murmured without hesitation.

“If this is truly what you want, then we need to talk. Go get your jumper on and come to the kitchen,” Jack said from over Quinn’s shoulder.

“Yes, Sir.”

Megan rose, wincing when her muscles protested the movement. Once on her feet, she turned toward the staircase.

“Where are you going?” Quinn asked before she began her ascent.

“My clothes are upstairs,” she said.

“What are they...nevermind. Don’t worry about them. You might as well get used to being naked,” Jack said, holding a hand. “Come here, sugar.”

Megan turned and crossed to him, fighting down the urge to cover herself. Though she’d often been naked at Club Esoteria, she didn’t normally walk around without clothes, even in the privacy of her own house.

Once she laid her hand in Jack’s, he threaded their fingers together, then turned and headed to the kitchen. Quinn followed behind, and she could feel him looking at her. The heat from his gaze touched her back and ass and thighs like the stroke of his skin.

“Did you eat dinner?” Quinn asked.

“I had a couple cookies,” she responded, mindful to keep her voice in the soft tone most Masters preferred.

The slap on her left ass cheek caught her by surprise, and she

yelped as she jumped into the air. “What was that for?” she asked over her shoulder as she reached back with her free hand to rub where she could feel a handprint blazing against her fair skin.

“You will take care of yourself, whether or not we are home. Which means eating at mealtimes. A couple of cookies is not a proper dinner.” Jack released her hand and pointed to the dining table.

As she passed in front of him, he swatted her right cheek, eliciting the same response.

“But...I didn’t want...I didn’t know...You’re right, I’m sorry.” She tried to argue but knew he was right. She had to take care of herself because there wasn’t anyone else to do it, even if these two claimed to want the job.

“Stop,” Quinn said before she could sit down.

He settled in a chair, then he pulled her onto his lap. “The chairs are cold,” he explained as one arm wrapped around her back and side so his hand cupped a breast and the other landed in her lap, his thumb just inches from her wet clit.

“Uh, thank you, Sir,” she said, trying to relax, but finding it difficult. Something had changed in the few hours since they’d left the house. Not sure how to continue, she focused on Jack at the counter across the room, creating something as only Jack could.

“Did you have a good meeting with Master Taurus and Master Dane?” she asked when she could not stand the silence any longer.

“Yes, it was very enlightening,” Quinn said as his hand began to slide up and down her thigh. The movement was slow and gentle as he stroked from mid-thigh high enough that his thumb brushed against the puffy damp lips of her sex. “Seems you forgot to tell us about your job being downsized. Want to tell us now? Or after I spank you?”

“Antony.” She sighed. Jenna’s slave-mate was the only one who knew the real reason she had visited the club Friday night.

“Yes, Antony. Why you didn’t you tell us, honey?” Quinn’s thumb pushed between the folds to barely brush her clit.

“Was it a secret?” Jack joined them at the table. He carried the cookie jar in one hand and a plate with Megan’s sandwich in the other.

“No, not a secret, exactly. I was embarrassed,” Megan admitted softly as Jack set the plate in front of her.

“Embarrassed? Why?” Jack asked as he retrieved the milk jug and three glasses.

“I failed. Again. And I don’t know what I’m going to do now. The books are selling, but not enough to live on.” Megan tried to keep her misery hidden, but a single tear rolled down her cheek. “You guys have your lives so together, and I’m a fuckup. I don’t want to move home, but I only have enough money put away for a couple of months, and most of that is retirement money. I went to the club hoping to...oh, hell, I can’t explain it. And now I’m laying this on you.”

Quinn hugged her. “You went to the club looking for someone to tell you that you’re not a fuckup,” he said, shifting her on his lap so his cock pressed into her hip, “when all you had to do was come us.”

“Yeah, we could have told you that without the bruises and pain. Losing your job was not your fault, honey. You were just the one who got the shaft, but you *are not* bad, do you understand me?” Jack said, reaching over the table and taking her hand.

Megan nodded, though she remained doubtful. He picked up half the sandwich and handed it to her. “Now eat your sandwich. You’re going to need your energy.”

* * * *

By the time Megan finished eating, Jack was hard as a rock and uncomfortable just from watching. Though he hadn’t agreed to whips and chains, he looked forward to the spanking, but more than that, he couldn’t wait for the makeup sex afterwards.

Once she was finished, Quinn released her. “Rinse your dishes,

then go up to my room and lay on the bed, ass at the edge,” he said.

“Yes, Sir,” Megan answered in a soft voice that did nothing to cool Jack’s aroused state.

Neither man spoke as she dealt with her plate and glass. Both men watched her curvy, naked form as she padded from the room. Jack waited a full minute after he watched her turn and start up the stairs before looking across the table at his partner. “Was she wet?”

“Yes. Hot and wet and squirmy. Which makes me believe we need to rethink the makeup sex.” Quinn got a gleam in his eye that made Jack nervous.

“There is no way I’ll be able to fall asleep with this chunk of wood between my legs begging for relief.”

“Don’t worry, lover. You and I will be fully relaxed, but our babydoll is going to be sorry she kept secrets.”

After returning the kitchen to its normal pristine condition, Quinn grabbed Jack for a hug and a deep, tonsil-probing kiss. “Stay strong, and she’ll be ours by dawn,” he said when he finally broke the kiss.

Jack’s brain was so fogged with love and lust for this man as well as for the woman waiting upstairs all he could do was grunt in response. He smoothed his hands down Quinn’s back to cup his ass. Then he pulled the man’s hips even closer so his cock rubbed against Quinn’s. Both men groaned and held tighter as they humped against one another.

Finally, Quinn jerked away and took Jack’s hand. “Come on, Megan’s waiting.”

* * * *

Megan paused in the doorway to Quinn’s room only a few seconds before flipping on the lights. A quick glance around the room showed that the curtains were drawn. It wasn’t that she minded if the neighbors saw her naked, but seeing Quinn and Jack punish her might shock the hell out of them.

Leaning over the bed, she positioned herself as Quinn directed. She hissed when her erect nipples barely touched the comfort. Instead of lying down, she stopped to play a bit. Slowly shimmying her shoulders, she dragged the tips across the fabric. That touch sent ribbons of heat straight to her cunt, adding to her arousal.

Getting close to an orgasm, Megan forced herself to stop playing. As much as she wanted to come, she was not allowed to without Quinn or Jack present. But her body had different ideas. Her ass began to arch up and down, pumping her hips against the mattress. But her mound was too far from the corner for the movement to be effective. Crossing her legs added to the pressure against her clit, and as she continued pumping her ass up and down, she felt the muscles of her sex begin to tighten.

Reaching down with her right hand, she knew it would take only a few strokes on her clit to throw her over the top of the mountain. Her fingers circled her clit quickly, the knot of arousal tightening even further between her legs. Two more seconds, and she felt it grab hold of her. A sharp slap on her left ass cheek jolted her, and she cried out as she came.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing, babydoll? Playing with our toy without permission?” Quinn bent over the bed and frowned at her. “And coming without us? Get your hands over your head.” His voice was a deep growl that demanded immediate response.

Caught up in her orgasm, Megan couldn’t stop. Her finger continued rubbing her clit, prolonging the rush of feeling. Another sharp smack, this time on her right cheek, was just as ineffective as her orgasm continued to roll through her.

“Damn, that was hot,” Jack said from the other side of her, “but our babydoll seems to have forgotten a few things.”

With Quinn staring hard into her eyes, Megan fought to keep them open. All she wanted to do was curl up and savor the delicious languor washing through her.

“Guess we’ll just have to remind her and make sure she doesn’t

forget them this time,” Quinn replied, still looking at her. “Unless she’s changed her mind, that is. Have you decided you don’t want to be ours, Megan? Our submissive, our slave, our woman? If so, we’ll stop, and you can go home right now.”

Chapter 7

Quinn thought he felt his heart stop beating as he waited for Megan's answer. The last thing he wanted was to let her go. What he really wanted to do was to strip and, along with Jack, fuck her until none of them could move. But he would do as she wanted. After their talk earlier with Taurus and Dane, he knew a Master always maintained control, no matter what the situation. Right now his sweet Megan needed discipline, not loving, but only if she wanted to stay with them.

Looking into her eyes with their relaxed, heavy lids, his heart squeezed at what was coming, but it was necessary. Especially if she wanted to be their submissive.

"Well, babydoll?"

Megan blinked and seemed to rouse from the orgasmic stupor she'd put herself in. She swallowed and then licked her lips before whispering, "I want to stay. I want to be yours. Yours and Jack's."

"You will be our woman? Submit yourself to our will? Do as we say at all times in all matters?" Jack leaned over the other side of the bed and brushed a hand over her hair before leaning down and kissing her cheek.

Quinn watched as Megan closed her eyes. The few seconds they were closed felt like a lifetime. When she opened them, they sparkled with unshed tears.

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, babydoll, we're very sure," Jack said.

Quinn nodded his agreement.

Megan nodded as her luscious lips turned up in a small smile.

“Yes, I want to stay and be your woman.”

“Good, babydoll,” Quinn said, leaning in and kissing the corner of her mouth. “Your first act as our woman is to put your arms over your head and not move while we spank you. You will receive ten swats, five for keeping secrets and five for getting yourself off. Then we have a little something for you.”

* * * *

Megan didn’t hesitate as she stretched her arms over her head and grabbed the comforter. She’d barely gotten into position before the spanking began. Closing her eyes, she fought down her body’s urge to move away from the punishment.

She gasped as the swats started, alternating between her right and left ass cheek. They came so hard and fast the instant, red-hot, fiery pain stole her focus so she could not keep track of the number of strikes. All she could tell was that the men were spanking her together, one on each globe.

It took a second to realize when they’d finished, but the feel of something cool shocked her right before warm hands began rubbing over the abused flesh, massaging and caressing. Her breath caught when someone kissed her right ass cheek just before biting softly.

“Jack,” she breathed without opening her eyes.

She jumped when a swat landed in the center of her ass, affecting both sides at once. “When we are alone, you will call us Master.” Quinn’s voice was soft and low and dark. The timbre of it sent a thrill through her, reawakening her earlier sated need.

“Yes, Master Quinn,” she responded immediately.

“Now lay very still,” Jack ordered gently.

Megan had a hard time following his command as two hands spread her globes, fully exposing her puckered hole to their view. When a wet finger circled the opening, she began to pant, fighting the urge to pull away. Though she had enough experience that some

might call her slut, no one had ever taken her there before.

“Take a deep breath, babydoll, and relax. We’re going to put a plug in your pretty ass to start stretching you so that soon we’ll be able to take you at the same time.” Quinn’s low, dark voice did little to help her relax. It did add fuel to the fire of arousal that was burning low in her belly. That need helped her to take the deep breath. As she did, she tried not to shift under the cool fingertip that was tracing circles around her back door.

“Again, deep breath,” Quinn murmured, his breath caressing her ear.

This time as she inhaled the finger centered itself, then pushed deep, causing Megan to gasp at the uncomfortable feeling. The muscles clenched tight around the finger, causing her to moan as it twisted from side to side before fucking in and out several times.

“Damn, she’s tight. Get the other plug. This one’s too big to start her with,” Jack said as the finger continued exploring her anus.

She heard Quinn’s movements as well as the two conferring softly, but she was so caught up in the sensations radiating out from her ass that nothing else mattered.

“Okay, Megan, another deep breath,” Jack said.

Before she finished filling her lungs, he pulled his finger out and replaced it with a plug that felt even thicker than his finger. The plug also held firm against her muscles as she tightened around it, fighting its intrusion into her body.

The plug slid in and out several times before Jack finally pushed it in until the wide, flat base settled against her body. Megan clenched around the shaft and felt the uncomfortable feeling abate, replaced by a sensation of pleasurable fullness. Shifting, she stroked her breasts against the comforter and sighed as the fire in her belly grew hotter and spread.

“Up, babydoll. And no coming without permission.” Quinn patted her ass as the two men moved away from the bed.

Megan pushed up, her breath catching every time the plug shifted

in her ass. Once she was on her feet, she wobbled for a few seconds before finding her balance. Turning, she found Jack had left the room. When she heard water running in the bathroom, she realized he was probably washing his hands.

She looked at Quinn, who appeared uncomfortable. “Master? Are you all right?” she couldn’t help but ask.

“No, babydoll, I’m not. Undress me,” he said in a strained voice.

Megan nodded and set about the task without question. Of course he hurt. His jeans were tight, and from the look of the bulge behind his zipper, his cock was hard. Starting at the top, she worked Quinn’s shirt up and over his head.

Kneeling before him, she dealt with his shoes and socks. She quickly undid his belt, then the buttons of his jeans. Taking a deep breath that filled her lungs with the scent of aroused male, she slowly, carefully lowered the zipper over his erection. Reaching up, she eased both boxers and jeans over his cock and down his legs and helped him to step free of the material.

Looking up, she found herself staring at the eye of Quinn’s cock. As she watched, a drop of pearly-white fluid appeared. Unable to stop herself, she leaned up and licked it away. Before she could take him farther into her mouth, he stepped back out of reach.

“My turn,” Jack said from behind her.

Megan gracefully rose and undressed Jack, but he moved away before she could lick his pre-cum-soaked head when she’d finished.

“On the bed, babydoll. Lay on your back with your head here,” Quinn ordered, patting a spot near the foot of the bed.

* * * *

Jack watched as their woman crawled onto the bed and positioned herself as instructed. *God, she looks so good spread out like a banquet.* He thought he knew what Quinn was planning, but his partner surprised him by pulling him to the doorway and handing him

a condom.

“I want you to fuck me,” Quinn whispered, “while our beautiful babydoll sucks me off.”

“Are you sure?”

He watched as Quinn nodded with a mischievous grin. “Oh, yeah, I’m sure. Then, we’ll flip-flop. But Megan will not be coming again tonight. She’s had hers. All she can do is taste and watch.”

Jack nodded. For a man who didn’t know anything about BDSM, Quinn seemed to have picked up on the punishment and reward system damn fast. “I just hope she doesn’t leave when we don’t let her get off.”

“She won’t. She also won’t get herself off without us again, either,” Quinn stated, sounding absolutely certain.

Jack quickly sheathed his cock and then followed Quinn back to the bed where their woman waited.

“Babydoll, while we’re having fun, you may use your hands and mouth on us, but you will not touch yourself. You will not come unless you want to be spanked again. Do you understand?”

Quinn’s voice was low and hard and so sexy that Jack felt a quiver run up his spine. They needed to get the show on the road before he blew his load without any further stimulation.

“Yes, Master Quinn. I understand.”

Without another word, Quinn climbed onto the bed and positioned himself with his knees near the edge and his ass stuck out.

“God, I love this bed,” Jack stated as he spread lube over the condom, then greased Quinn’s hole.

As soon as everything was properly slicked up, he pulled his fingers from Quinn’s body. In a heartbeat he lined his throbbing cock up with Quinn’s pucker.

“Here I come, lover,” he said, running one hand up the center of his man’s back while the other guided the cock into Quinn’s waiting hole.

He maintained control long enough to get the head past the tight

rings of muscle. Then control abandoned him and he shoved in the rest of his cock hard and fast, hoping to hold his orgasm off long enough to give his partner the pleasure he deserved.

Jack felt a soft finger brush over the skin of his balls at the same time Quinn asked, "In a hurry?"

"Needed to get in you before I exploded." He panted, holding himself and giving Quinn a moment to adjust to the sudden invasion.

* * * *

Quinn was barely holding onto his own control and understood the pressure his lover was feeling. "Suck me, sweetheart," he said to Megan.

He looked down between their bodies to meet Megan's shining brown eyes. She smiled, winked, and then licked her lips, causing him to groan. Opening her mouth, she took half his cock inside. Closing her lips around him, she began to hum.

"Shit," he cried as the vibrations raced up his cock. "Move, Jack, or you're going to miss the party."

He sighed as Jack pulled back until only the head of his cock was left in. Then he thrust deep again and began a hard, fast pace. With Jack thrusting in and out of his ass, his cock slid in and out of Megan's mouth. The dual stimulation carried him quickly to his peak, and he cried out with his release.

He felt Jack push deep once, twice, and on the third time, hold deep as he cried out with his completion. Quinn felt the added heat as Jack's cum filled the latex between them. At the same time, he felt Megan lick his spent shaft clean before once again holding it gently in her mouth.

He took several deep breaths as Jack pulled out. Pushing himself sideways, he collapsed onto the mattress, feeling weak as a newborn. Jack disappeared into the bathroom again, then returned with a wet cloth, which he used to clean him up with.

“How can you move?” he asked gently as Jack turned and tossed the cloth into the laundry basket. He could barely hold his eyes open, and every muscle in his body felt like jelly.

“Sheer force of will,” he answered with a grin and a wink. Leaning over the bed, Jack kissed him and then turned to Megan. “Sleep, sugar. We’ll be right here. And no bad dreams tonight.”

Quinn thought he agreed as he rolled onto his side and reached for Megan, who had turned around. Snuggling the woman’s back against his front, he draped his arm around her waist and kissed her hair. “Night, honey. You were fantastic.”

Chapter 8

Early Wednesday morning, Megan woke leaning against Quinn as he played with her tits while Jack snuggled between her legs and lapped at her creaming cunt. When she began to moan and tilt her hips for better contact, he crawled up and fucked her until they both screamed with their climax. Then Jack held her while Quinn took his turn. By the time Jack carried her into the shower, all she wanted to do was go back to sleep.

Instead, she saw both men off to work, still naked while the men were dressed in the uniforms required by their careers. Jack planned to spend the morning doing paperwork at the pub before opening for lunch. Quinn was scheduled to spend the morning in court.

“I want you to write two thousand words on that new story you told me about, baby girl,” Quinn said before giving her one last hug and long, deep kiss. He released releasing her with a gentle pat to her butt, which shifted the plug they’d put in her ass during their shower.

“And I want you to submit that story you read us last night to the publisher we found.” Jack took his place and said his own goodbyes.

“Yes, Masters,” Megan said with a relaxed, happy grin. “Should I stay here or go back to my house while you’re gone?”

“Whichever you prefer. Just make sure you have your cell with you and turned on. Never can tell when one or both of your Masters might decide to make an obscene phone call to check up on our babydoll,” Quinn said with a wink. “I should be home about one, but I’ll call if things change so you can get dressed. We’ll go to the pub for lunch.”

“Yes, Master. Cell phone on and be ready for lunch at the pub at

one,” Megan promised as the two walked out the front door.

Standing beside the glass front door, she watched as the two men drove away.

Carrying her laptop to the kitchen, Megan sat down, yelping as bare ass met cold wood. She wiggled for a minute until the seat warmed up before booting her computer. Opening her word processing program, she opened a new file and set it up as she did all her writing files. Then she sat with fingers on keys and waited for the words to come.

Except they didn’t come. Being in their house without her men present felt wrong. With them around, she didn’t mind running around naked, but right now it very naughty.

Finally, she couldn’t take it any longer. She needed to write and had to go home to do it. There she might be able to relax enough to focus. Saving the pitiful few words she’d written, she wrote Quinn a note table telling him where she was and left it on the kitchen table. She went upstairs, pulled on her jumper, then grabbed her purse and key ring, which now held a key to the guys’ house. After checking to make sure her cell phone was on, she clipped it into the side pocket of her jumper. It rested against her left hip, the weight comforting as she gathered her computer and headed out the back door to her house.

Three steps out the door, someone grabbed her from behind, and she felt a sharp prick in her arm. “You’re mine, girl. All mine to do with as *I* please.” The dark, menacing voice was the last thing she heard as the world slipped away.

* * * *

Quinn pulled out his cell phone as soon as he stepped out of the courthouse just after noon. After checking the calls he’d missed, none of them from Megan, he called her. When her voice mail answered, he frowned as he waited for the beep at the end of the message.

“Babydoll, where are you? Call me back ASAP.”

As he hung up, his gut knotted painfully. It was his intuition screaming at him that something was wrong. Hanging up, he called Jack.

Jack answered on the second ring. "Hey, lover, you're out of court early. When will you guys be here for lunch?" Quinn could tell from the background noise that he was in the kitchen, no doubt up-to-his-eyeballs busy.

"Have you talked to Megan this morning?" Quinn asked as he headed to his SUV parked at the far side of the public parking lot.

"No. It got crazy here about ten seconds after I walked in, and I haven't had a chance. Why?"

"I just called her cell, and she didn't answer." Quinn juggled phone and briefcase in one hand as he pulled his keys out of his pants pocket with the other.

"What's your gut saying?"

"Something's wrong. I'm headed home now." Quinn heard the tension in his tone and knew Jack would, as well. Over the years, his partner had learned to trust that his gut instincts were rarely ever wrong.

"Do you want me to come home?"

"No, stay there. I'll call when I know what's going on. It may be something as simple as she was in the bathroom. After all, she doesn't have a pocket to put the phone in." Quinn tried to make light of the situation as he pulled out of the parking lot and raced through a yellow light in his rush to get home.

"All right, but somebody better call me in the next twenty minutes, or else," Jack threatened.

"Don't worry. I'll call. Better yet, how about I have Megan call while I spank her ass red for worrying us?"

"Mmmm, sounds like fun," Jack said then screamed, "no, Hector, not that one, the red stock pot. Shit, I've got to go. Talk to you soon. Love you."

"Love you, too," Quinn returned, though there was only silence in

his ear.

Hanging up, he slid the phone into his shirt pocket as he pulled into the driveway. Climbing from the SUV, he looked up and down the street. Nothing looked out of the ordinary to his well-trained eye.

As he approached the front door, he debated how many swats Megan deserved for this transgression. In the shower her ass had still been a pretty pink from the spanking the night before. Thankfully, most of her bruises from Friday had faded.

“Ten,” he decided as he unlocked the front door. “Megan, honey? Where are you?” he called as he stepped into the foyer.

She didn’t pop out of the kitchen or come racing down the stairs as expected. The only sound was the refrigerator clicking on.

His gut now cramping in a way that had him taking shallow breaths to keep from throwing up, Quinn pulled his weapon. Holding it at his side, he quickly went upstairs and swept through each room before returning to the foyer. He walked through each room, looking for anything out of the ordinary. He didn’t see anything until he reached the kitchen and found the note on the table.

As soon as he read it, he grabbed the key off the nail and walked out. He jogged across the yard, noting her car was still in the driveway and there didn’t seem to be anything wrong to the visual eye. At the back door of Megan’s house, he didn’t hesitate before letting himself in. It only took a minute to check each room and assure himself that Megan was not where she said she’d be. In fact, there was no sign that she’d been here since the day before, when he’d come over with her to retrieve some file or other for a story she was working on.

“So, where the hell is she?” he asked as he locked her door and headed back to the main house. As he climbed the steps of the deck, he saw something. The stack of chairs they used for parties was out of place, and two of the flower pots had been knocked over. “What the fuck happened?”

Reaching for his phone, he knew it was time to call Jack and

break the news to his partner and best friend that the woman they loved was missing. But first, he would try Megan's cell again.

The phone rang twice before connecting.

"Megan? Honey?"

"She's my girl, my slave. Mine, not yours," a harsh voice growled before hanging up.

"Shit." Quinn swore as he raced inside and up the stairs.

He needed to talk to Taurus. The club owner was the only one who could help him. But first he needed to get out of his uniform and into something that wouldn't connect him with his job just in case he ended up killing the man who'd kidnapped *his* woman.

* * * *

Megan heard the raspy voice of a monster enter her dreams. "Wake up, girl. It's time to play."

A heartbeat later, she woke but was unsure what had been the stimulus—the pain in her face or her right breast, or the screams that seemed to echo in her brain. It took a moment before she realized she was the one screaming. Opening her eyes, she immediately slammed them shut again as pain shafted through her brain, as well.

"Good, you're awake. We need to talk about your behavior of the past few days. You've been a very, very naughty girl and have to be punished," the voice grated before she felt him move away.

It took a moment for her brain to emerge from the mist of whatever drug he'd given her. The man had slapped her face and squeezed her tit to wake her. Now that she'd responded, he'd moved away. The pain slowly subsided, but she knew he'd left bruises behind.

Her eyes still closed against the bright light, she tried to figure out what had happened. Jack and Quinn had gone to work, and she was supposed to be writing. How had she ended up here, wherever here was?

Opening her eyes again, she blinked several times until she became accustomed to the bright light shining in her face. She looked around, but could only make out dark walls with slivers of light every few inches. A barn or shed, maybe? Looking down, she found herself naked. It took a moment to realize the denim jumper she'd been wearing lay at her feet in shreds.

A glance to the left made her dizzy but showed that she was tied wrist and ankle to two upright posts. Wiggling her fingers and toes then making fists showed that the restraints were tight but not enough to cut off the circulation to her extremities. Finally, she turned her attention to the man who approached carrying a flogger. He was wearing a black leather mask that disguised his face from his hairline to his upper lip, but there was something about him...

Blinking, she frowned as her brain sluggishly processed the voice, the features, the ice-cold black eyes that stared at her through oversized holes in the leather. She knew him from the club. He was a Dom. He was...oh, shit.

He was Dom.

The man she'd hooked up with Friday night who had ignored the pre-arranged boundaries before losing control when she called red to stop the scene.

The one who'd sent her flowers Monday morning.

The one who had scared the living shit out of her and cured her of her need to be submissive with strangers.

It took only a minute to realize that unless Quinn and Jack had some clue as to where she was or what had happened, she was royally fucked.

"You've been a very bad girl. Going off with those two men and staying with them. And running around without any clothes on. You should be ashamed of yourself." He strutted around her, brushing the flogger against her thighs, her back, her belly as he did so. Not hard, but not soft, either—enough to let her know that he meant business but that this was just the beginning of what would no doubt be a long,

painful process.

“But don’t worry, dear girl, after your punishment you will suck my dick, and all will be forgiven. But first you must be cleansed of those men. They touched you. I saw them. Once we get you clean, we’ll start your punishment. And then you will suck me until I fill your mouth with my semen, which you will swallow to show your submission.”

Her stomach clenched at the thought, but she bit the inside of her cheek to keep from saying anything. She would not, could not, give him the satisfaction of her submission. She already had two masters, and this man was not either of them.

Oh, please, Master Quinn, Master Jack, please, please, please find me fast.

She tried to remember all the things she’d learned from television and from Quinn about escaping from crazy bad men. She needed a plan. She had to be prepared in case he fucked up and gave her a chance to escape. Of course, without clothes and not knowing where they were, she wasn’t going to be much good. Her only thread of hope was to get free and call Quinn on her cell phone. Maybe then he would be able to find her.

Looking at the man before her, she narrowed her eyes. “You are not my Master. Quinn and Jack are my Masters. They own my heart. They own my body. They own my soul. There’s nothing left over for you. Let me go now, and maybe they’ll let you live.”

She barely felt the backhanded slap that knocked her into unconsciousness.

Chapter 9

Jack checked his watch every two minutes, anxiety making him even more demanding than usual. Finally William, his right hand in the kitchen, took him by the arm and dragged him into his office. The man pushed him in his chair. “Stay there until whatever it is that’s going on is finished. You’re distracting all of us, and we don’t need the distractions during the lunch hour rush. Are you fighting with Quinn?”

Jack nodded. “No fight, just a woman who isn’t answering her phone.”

When he didn’t elaborate further, William shrugged his shoulders before walking out, making sure to close the office door securely.

As soon as he was alone, Jack pulled out his phone and called Quinn, who answered on the first ring. “Hey, baby.”

“It’s been twenty-two minutes. You didn’t call me back. What’s going on?” Jack asked, his own gut churning with building nerves.

“Sorry about that, Jack. I’ve been busy. Something’s happened. Megan’s gone.” Quinn’s voice sounded soft and hesitant and reassuring all at once. Just like the time when he’d broken the news of the death of Jack’s mother.

“What do you mean Megan’s gone? Where did she go?”

“I don’t know. She’s missing, and there seems to have been a fight or something on the back deck.”

“Quinn, do you think that guy from the club took her?” Jack didn’t wipe the tears that welled up and fell at the news.

“I don’t know. I’m going to see Taurus and then track the guy down. Don’t worry, baby, I *will* bring her home to us. Now go back to

work and I'll call you in a bit, okay?"

Jack pushed from his chair and headed for the door. "Fuck that. I'll meet you at the club. Bring me some clothes."

As he passed through the kitchen with Quinn still blustering in his ear, he found William and said loud enough for everyone in the kitchen to hear. "You're in charge. I've got an emergency to take care of."

The other man nodded without missing a beat in dressing the plates in front of him. "Sure thing, Jack. Hope it's not anything bad."

He nodded to the rest of the kitchen staff, each one nodded, indicating they would follow William's lead. Once he was satisfied, Jack turned and ran from the kitchen. His babydoll was in trouble, and nothing would keep him from getting to her. He'd let Quinn take the lead on retribution against the asshole who thought he could steal their woman, but he would demand the opportunity to give the fucker one swift kick in the balls.

Eight minutes later, he pulled into the back parking lot at Club Esoteria just as Quinn was getting out of his SUV.

"How many laws did you break?" Quinn asked as Jack climbed out of his car and stripped off his shirt.

"You don't want to know," he answered. "Where are my clothes?"

Quinn sighed as he took Jack's shirt and handed him the black long-sleeved T-shirt, then the black jeans. Thankfully, he didn't argue about Jack changing in the parking lot even though he'd gone commando. As soon as he'd pulled up the jeans, Jack turned and headed toward the club, still working the zipper and button.

Taurus was standing just outside the back door, waiting for them. "You do realize you could get in trouble for indecent exposure, don't you?"

Jack shrugged. "I'm not shy, and we're in a hurry. What do you have on this asshole?"

Just then, a battered gray pickup entered the parking lot.

“Not as much as I’d like. Seems the man didn’t feel it necessary to fill out a guest card. But he can help.” Taurus looked to the man who climbed from the truck and approached. “Zac, thanks for coming. We’ve got a problem, and only you can help with the solution.”

* * * *

When Megan regained consciousness, she was surprised to find herself alone. Her arms and wrists hurt from holding her weight when she was unconscious, and she had to pee. Other than the pain on the right side of her face, which felt swollen and tight, she didn’t feel like Dom had done any further damage to her.

She looked around with interest, trying to figure out where she was. Looking up, she saw the building was more than two stories tall and open all the way to the roof. A tobacco barn. She was in a tobacco barn somewhere. But there were thousands of tobacco barns in eastern North Carolina. Most of them were falling down from neglect and disrepair, but this one seemed in good shape.

So, that didn’t help her a hell of a lot.

Trying to think of what the heroines in her favorite television shows would do, she listened. Problem was she didn’t hear anything. No sounds of cars or trucks or water running, so she wasn’t near a road or a river. Looking around the walls, she saw the windows had been covered with material that blocked her view out but allowed light to come in. She saw a bed in one corner and a mattress on the floor in another. There was also a table with a collection of whips, canes, and other implements of the lifestyle on it. She couldn’t tell how long she’d been unconscious, but her stomach cramping and rumbling made her think it was early afternoon.

She wished she could figure out how to escape before her captor returned.

She jumped when the door to her left slammed open with a loud squeal and Dom stepped through the doorway.

“Oh, good, you’re awake,” he said as he kicked the door closed then crossed to the table with a paper bag of food. “I couldn’t go to the house, so I hit the Quik Mart down at the crossroads. Here.” He approached with a half a sandwich in one hand and a bottle of soda in the other. “Eat this. Have to make sure my girl is well taken care of.”

While she tried to fight, he pushed the cold bottle against her nipple, causing her to gasp. He shoved the sandwich in and held it there until she took a bite. He continued feeding her until the sandwich was gone and she’d drunk more than half the soda.

“Master, I need to pee.” She forced herself to use the soft tone she always used at the club.

“Hmmm, yes, I bet you do. Just a moment,” he said, looking around the room. “Ah, here you go.”

He brought a five-gallon bucket and set it between her outstretched legs. “All right, girl, pee.”

Closing her eyes, Megan tried not to think of the pain she was already feeling. Instead, she focused on emptying her bladder. It took nearly a minute, but finally she peed.

When she finished, Dom picked it up and carried the bucket outside. “Good girl,” he said when he returned. “Now it’s time to play.”

He crossed to the table and picked up several things. When he came toward her, Megan saw he also had a handful of clothespins. “You can scream all you want out here, and no one will bother us,” he said as he opened the first clothespin and clipped it to the flesh of her tit an inch above her areola. “I can’t wait to hear you cry. It makes me so damn hard.”

* * * *

“Dom kidnapped that girl from Friday night?” Zac asked for the third time, still sounding like he didn’t believe it.

“Yes, he took her from my house,” Jack said, his last nerve

stretched to the breaking point.

He was about to start slapping the other man around. Maybe that would help him focus so he could give them the answers they needed to find Megan and get her back.

“Take a breath, Jack, and calm down.” Quinn wrapped an arm around his shoulder and gave him a squeeze. “Now, Zac, let’s back up a few steps. What is this guy’s name?”

Zac nodded and swallowed. “Dominic Williams, Junior. Everyone has always called him Dom. His folks own a farm down toward Pollocksville about a mile off Highway 17.”

Jack trembled with rage. “Do you think that’s where he could have taken her?”

Zac looked thoughtful for a long moment before nodding. “Probably. We took girls there before. He’s fixed one of the old tobacco barns at the back of the property up and called it his playhouse.”

“Can you take us there?” Quinn asked.

When the other man nodded, Jack felt himself relax marginally. “Okay, let’s go,” he said, pulling from his lover and heading across the parking lot.

The four men climbed into Quinn’s SUV and headed out. No one spoke. Quinn ignored speed limit signs and drove like he was in a NASCAR race. His heart was pounding, and he was sweating much like he had on his first drug bust.

When they crossed the county line, he pulled out his cell phone and made a call. He didn’t slow down one bit, even though they were now on a two-lane road.

“Isaac? It’s Quinn Harmon. I’m fine, thanks. I’ve got a situation and need some back up. Uh huh. My girl was kidnapped. Yeah, thanks. North of Pollocksville. She’s being held at the Dominic Williams farm off 17. Yeah. Uh-huh. Okay. Thanks, man. I owe you one.” He hung up and laid his phone on the center console.

“Well?” Jack leaned between the front bucket seats.

“He’ll meet us there. He said he’s had run-ins before with this guy and we needed to be careful.”

“You need to turn right at the next cross,” Zac said, speaking for the first time since they’d gotten into the car.

Quinn slowed down marginally and made the turn then followed Zac’s directions to the unpaved road that ran the perimeter of the Williams’ farm. They passed several modern tobacco drying setups as well as two old barns.

“That one,” Zac pointed. “That’s Dom’s truck.”

The tobacco barn he pointed out was beside the road but sitting in the center of a small pine forest with a heavy undergrowth of bushes and vines. Quinn could only see one way, which made things trickier but also kept the asshole Dom trapped.

As Quinn parked the SUV about twenty feet from the barn, a scream cut the silence.

“Shit, he’s hurting her,” Jack cried.

“Stop, Jack. Give me a minute, okay?” Quinn said. “Zac, keep him there, okay?”

The younger man nodded and grabbed Jack’s arm as Quinn and Taurus climbed out.

Quinn glanced at the other man. “Where the hell do you think you’re going?”

“With you. I’m armed and won’t cause problems, but this happened because I allowed Megan to continue coming to the club when I knew it was wrong. She’d already found her Masters but kept coming in anyway.”

“Huh?” Quinn looked at the other man, wondering what the hell he was talking about.

“You and Jack, idiot. Antony told me she’s talked about no one except the two of you since she started coming to the club. She played with the other Doms because she wanted to taste the lifestyle, wanted to experiment. She also told him that since you two were gay, there was no way she would ever win either of you. It’s good to know she

was wrong.”

Before Quinn could comment, another scream emanated from the barn, returning his attention to the task at hand.

“Okay, thanks for the help. Try to work your way around to the back of the barn. These things usually have another door. I’ll go in the front.”

“Oh, take these. You might need them.” Taurus pulled a pair of what looked like surgical scissors out of his back pocket and held them out.

Quinn took them and looked at them. “Uh, thanks?”

“He’ll have her tied up,” Taurus said as another scream split the silence.

Nodding, Quinn slid the scissors into his pocket and pulled out his gun. As Taurus took off through the bushes, he worked his way toward the door as quickly as he dared, his heart bleeding for his woman who was suffering the abuse.

Chapter 10

When Dom began lecturing her, Megan turned her thoughts inward and focused on Quinn and Jack. They had to be looking for her by now. She'd been standing here for hours and had no idea how long she'd been unconscious before then. When he began to flog her, she concentrated on breathing and keeping a straight face. She refused to show any emotion during what felt like an endless flogging. The crop he used next to apply twenty-five lashes to her ass hurt more, but she bit her lip bloody to keep from reacting. Then he picked up the cane.

"You will scream for me. You will cry for me. You will apologize for dissing me like you did by fucking those other men. Two of them," he screamed as he whipped the cane back and forth through the air, making whistling sounds each time. "You're mine, girl. Mine to play with. Mine to fuck. Mine to discipline."

The first blow caused her to scream as a line of fire burned its way across her lower back.

"That's right, girl. Scream. Scream loud. No one can hear you out here. No one will bother us as we finish these ten lashes. That was one. Now say, 'Thank you, Master.'"

Megan opened her eyes and glared at him but said nothing.

"Very well, we'll just keep this up until you do."

The next strike was lower and parallel to the first, just where her back and ass came together. She screamed again but did not speak. By the third lash, all she could think of was finding a way out of the ropes so she could kill this man.

"Dominic Williams, drop the cane and step away from the

woman.”

Megan recognized the deep, dark, strong voice even through the haze of pain that encompassed her entire body. Quinn had found her. He’d come to get her. Dropping her head, she sagged in her bonds as darkness threatened to swallow her whole.

“What the fuck? Who the hell are you? You’re interrupting me and my girl. That’s not allowed in *my* house.”

“You’re not her Master. You’re a kidnapper, and I’m placing you under arrest.”

Megan barely heard the scuffle that ensued but thought she heard others enter the barn. But her head was too heavy to raise to see exactly what was going on.

“Megan, babydoll. We’re here. We’ve got you,” she heard Jack say in a watery voice right before the blackness descended.

* * * *

“She’s passed out,” Jack said after gently lifting her head.

“Here, cut her down.” Quinn tossed him the scissors. “Zac, there’s a blanket and first aid kit in my trunk, could you please get it?”

“Sure. God, Taurus, I’m so sorry about all of this. I didn’t know he was this crazy.” Zac stopped on the way out as Taurus entered the room.

“Get the supplies. Hopefully you’ve learned a valuable lesson from all this,” Taurus said, looking around the room without expression. It was the face that Zac knew meant he was in full Master mode.

He joined Jack just as the man was beginning to cut at Megan’s bonds. “Ankles first,” he instructed. “Better yet, let me cut her down, and you hold her. I’m not sure she’d appreciate my touching her right now.”

Jack looked from the man to the unconscious woman, who was black and blue all over her body and bleeding from several places on

her back. "I'm not sure she'd want any of us to be touching her."

Jack stepped in front of her as Taurus quickly cut through the ropes. Jack easily took her weight, wrapping his arms around her to keep her upright without placing too much pressure anywhere.

He buried his face in her hair and began to cry. "I'm so sorry, sugar. So sorry," he whispered.

He was so caught up in his misery that he didn't see Taurus walk away and Quinn join him until he spoke. "Come on, Jack. Let's get her outside so we can see how bad it is."

Jack nodded and let the other man carefully position their woman so he could pick her up. Megan groaned and frowned as he lifted her with an arm around her back and one under her knees.

"Shhh, babydoll. It's okay. We've got you. You're safe," Jack said as he gently stroked his fingers down her arm.

"Master?" Megan groaned.

"Yes, honey. We're both here. We're going to take you to the hospital," Quinn said as he stepped out into the sunlight and carried her to the SUV.

Zac had the trunk open. When he saw the threesome, he spread the blanket out, then turned to give them privacy. He back to the barn to give Taurus a hand watching the now-battered Dominic.

Quinn quickly cleaned and dressed the wounds, then stripped off his shirt and wrapped their woman in it before wrapping the blanket around her as well. Jack helped where he could, mostly by opening packaging and handing him what he needed. Though she floated in and out of consciousness, he got Megan to take several over-the-counter painkillers as well.

As they finished, another large SUV pulled in and parked.

The man who emerged approached Quinn. "Find her okay?"

"Yeah. Scumbag's inside."

"Anything left to prosecute?"

"Yeah," Quinn said as he sat on the tailgate and eased Megan into his arms. Jack sat down next to him and took Megan's legs across his

lap. They cuddled and stroked and murmured assurances to the woman that this would never, ever happen again.

“Okay, babydoll, it’s time to wake up. I need to see those beautiful brown eyes of yours,” Quinn murmured.

“Quinn?”

“Yes, honey, I’m here.”

“Is Jack here, too?”

“Why don’t you open your eyes and see for yourself?” Jack said as he ran a finger down her cheek.

* * * *

Megan heard their voices, felt them touching her and was surprised that the pain had seemed to lessen. “Am I safe?”

“Yes, sugar, you’re safe. That asshole won’t ever hurt you again,” Quinn reassured her, his chest rumbling under her cheek.

Still not sure, Megan finally opened her eyes and looked around. She still didn’t recognize where she was, but as long as her men were with her, she didn’t care if they were on the moon. “Can we go home now?”

“First we’re going to the hospital to have you checked out. Then we’ll go home.”

“No. No hospital. Please.” Megan squirmed, then gasped as her body let her know that she needed to stay very, very still.

“Babydoll,” Quinn barked, which caused her to freeze. “You are going to the hospital to be checked out. We have to record the extent of your injuries for the court. You don’t want him to get away with this, do you?”

“No, but I don’t want to go to the hospital,” she whispered.

“We had that same problem with her Friday night. She refused to go the hospital,” Taurus said as he came around the back of the SUV. “Why don’t I drive while you two sit in the back with your woman.”

Megan couldn’t fight the four men as they settled her in the

backseat between Jack and Quinn for the ride back to New Bern to the emergency room. She refused to be examined without Quinn and Jack present. Even then, she retreated inside herself as the doctor and nurses examined her and took pictures of every inch of her body using Quinn's camera.

Only when Jack helped her dress in a set of borrowed scrubs to go home after her wounds were checked and cleaned and a few stitches taken did she emerge from her emotional cocoon.

She looked at Jack and sniffed back tears. "Would it be okay if I stayed with you guys tonight?" she asked as a single tear ran down her left cheek.

She blinked to hold back other tears as Jack stared at her with an expression she couldn't decipher. She dropped her gaze when he didn't answer but continued to stare at her. "If you don't want me anymore, that's okay, too."

She tried to turn away, but Jack wouldn't let her go. "Look at me, babydoll," he said, his voice low and laced with steel. She'd never heard such a tone from him before.

Raising her eyes, she gasped at the heat and anger she saw in his. "Jack?"

"If you weren't hurting and covered with bruises, I'd turn you over this exam table and spank your ass for thinking such a thing. Of course you're coming home with us. You are *our* woman, *our* babydoll, the love of *our* lives." Jack's voice grew even more intense. "And I don't want to hear another word about you going somewhere else. Ever."

He moved even closer, not stopping until they stood nose to nose. "Do you understand?"

Megan blinked and smiled. "Yes, Master. I understand. I love you, too." Then she closed the last inches between their lips and kissed him. When they finally broke apart, she looked over Jack's shoulder and saw Quinn standing in the doorway. She winked and grinned at him. "I love you both."

“Good to know. Can we go home now?”

Chapter 11

Megan had had enough. It had been sixteen days since she'd been kidnapped, and she was sick and tired of the kid glove treatment. The bruises had faded after a week. The stitches had come out the week before, and still her Quinn and Jack refused to do more than cuddle with her. Not that they hadn't been attentive and moved their relationship forward, but Megan was horny and needed more than just hugs and kisses.

They had moved her in, setting up the third bedroom as her bedroom and office to give her a place of her own. They had even bought her a five-drawer cabinet so she didn't have to keep files in stacks on the floor.

They'd rearranged their work schedules so she was never home alone, which made her feel guilty that she was disrupting their lives. But they never complained. She'd read them her favorite stories and at their command submitted the best to publishers. She'd already received one acceptance, and they were positive the others would also be published.

Life would have been perfect, except they refused her every request for sex. She'd even hinted that she'd like to see them love one another, but they ignored those as well.

She had finally had enough. If her men wouldn't give her what she needed voluntarily, then she'd just blackmail them into it. She was horny and in need of some serious loving that only they could give her.

It had been only the second day the men had left her home alone, so she'd taken advantage of the time. She'd spent the afternoon

pampering herself, determined to have a male-induced orgasm before midnight. Though she would prefer her men be the ones to inspire it, at this point any man would do, as long as he focused on getting her off and relieving the stress that had been building over the past two weeks.

Since she'd made dinner, the men were busy cleaning up when she slipped down the stairs and out the front door. She'd stripped off the clothes she'd been wearing over the barely-there teddy she'd often worn to the club, then put on her calf-length trench coat. She carried her stiletto heels with her as she slipped down the stairs.

After taping the note she'd written to the front door, she walked out, climbed into her car, and drove away with a mischievous grin. She figured she would have maybe fifteen minutes to arrange things with Taurus before her Masters would arrive looking for her.

She was wrong. She only had ten. She barely had time to convince Taurus to help her convince her men that she loved them before they stormed into the nearly empty club room.

"What the hell do you think you're doing here?" Quinn asked. "Especially dressed like that?"

She looked down at the silk and lace teddy that barely covered her bits and pieces then lifted her gaze to his. "What's wrong with what I'm wearing?"

She watched him swallow and take a deep breath before sighing. His shoulder slumped as if he couldn't or wouldn't fight with her. "Not a thing, honey. But why are you here? Why are you dressed like that?"

"I'm here to find someone, a man or two who wants to play," she answered honestly.

Though they were the only men she would accept in that role, they didn't need to know that yet. She loved them, but they had to see that she needed more than the pale vanilla life they'd been living the past two weeks.

"What's the game, sugar?" Jack asked from her other side.

Megan looked at him and smiled. "Masters and the slave girl."

Turning on her stool, she watched as the two men shared a look then turned their attention to her. "Are you sure that's what you want? To be our slave girl? Because there is no way you're going to play with anyone but us," Jack said, looking unusually solemn but with a twinkle in his eye as if he knew something she didn't.

"Yes, Master Jack. I'm sure. I want to be your slave girl. I want to be your woman. I want to be only yours." Megan nodded and looked from one to the other. "I want you both. I love you both. I don't want anyone except you."

She watched the men look at one another before Quinn nodded. "If that's true, then you will strip here and go upstairs to this room," the key he dangled in front of her was to one of the private rooms on the second floor, "and wait for us with the door open."

She wanted to question how he'd gotten the key but held her tongue. It wasn't a slave's place to question her Masters but to follow commands and live her life to please them. Pushing from the chair, she reached for the spaghetti straps holding the teddy up. Pulling them down her arms, she shimmied out of the scrap of fabric.

With a smile she handed the teddy to Jack then took the key from Quinn. "I love you," she said before heading to the staircase in the corner. As she walked away, she felt eyes following her every move and added a little more swing to her hips.

She knew her Masters had seen the butt plug nestled between her ass cheeks when she heard their groans.

* * * *

"That's one helluva woman you've got there," Taurus said as he set a bottle of beer in front of each man.

"Yeah, she is," Jack said. "Too bad we still don't know what we're doing when it comes to this Master-slave thing."

"The three of you will figure it out over time. For now you're

going to drink your beer before going upstairs and proving to your woman that you love her. From the plug in her ass, I'd say she's more than ready for anything you have for her."

"You're right, Taurus," Quinn said, turning away from the bar. "Hang on to the beers. We'll be back for them."

"Yeah, later," Jack said.

He headed to the stairs in the corner as fast as his long legs could carry him without breaking into a run. He thought he heard Taurus say something about condoms and lube, but his mind was already focused on their woman.

At the top of the stairs he stopped and waited for Quinn to catch up.

* * * *

As soon as Megan stepped into the room she knew she needed to prepare a few things. She knew that once the men joined her, all thoughts would be on sex and nothing else. Going into the dresser she retrieved two sample-size bottles of lube and a handful of condoms, which she placed on the corner of the bed. Then she went into the bathroom and laid out a pile of washcloths on the counter and several bath towels on the shelf just outside the shower for later.

Returning to the main room, she knelt halfway between the door and the bed and assumed the slave position. Taking a deep breath to keep her raging excitement under some kind of control, she waited like the good slave she was for her Masters, wishing they'd hurry up because she was about to explode just from having her ass full of imitation cock.

As soon as she made the wish, Jack appeared in the doorway, followed a step later by Quinn. Megan dropped her eyes immediately, but not before seeing their aroused expressions and their erections tenting the fronts of their jeans.

She heard the door close then the two men stripping off their

clothes. Neither man spoke, but she knew it was only a matter of time before their attention would be focused solely on her.

That knowledge had her clenching both pussy and ass muscles. She couldn't help the moan that escaped. She didn't move a muscle when four bare feet came into her line of vision. She couldn't. All at once she was uncertain, even though she knew what was about to happen.

"Look at us, babydoll," Jack said.

Tilting her head back, she met his gaze, then Quinn's. They looked hungry. They looked aroused. They looked at her with smiles.

"You know you broke the rules, don't you?" Quinn asked.

"Yes, Master."

"What rule did you break?" he continued.

"I came here without you."

"Yes, you did. But you broke another rule. You didn't tell us what you needed. You didn't tell us that you wanted us," Jack said. "From here on out, if you need something, want something or think we're not paying you enough attention, you need to tell us. We're men. We're not always the sharpest tools in the shed. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master, I understand."

She was surprised when the two men sighed at the same time and looked relaxed.

"Good girl. Now come over to the bed," Quinn said before the two men walked away.

By the time Megan rose and turned, they were sitting on the bed side by side. She stopped a foot away and watched as each man played with the other's cock. Jack reached over and grabbed two condoms and the bottle of lube with his free hand.

"Prepare us, babydoll. We're going to take you together. Quinn in your beautiful pussy while I break in that sweet cherry of an ass."

Megan shivered at the thought of both men in her at once. With a smile she opened the condoms and sheathed both men, eliciting gasps and small groans as her fingers smoothed the latex down the shafts.

“Come here, honey,” Quinn said as he shifted back farther on the bed. “Sit on me.”

Megan climbed up and straddled his lap, both of them sighing as she settled down over him. She slid up and down several times before he grabbed her hips and held her tight to his lap.

“That’s enough,” he groaned.

He wrapped one arm around her shoulders and pulled her down with him as he lay back on the bed. She felt Jack’s fingers tracing down between her ass cheeks and over the plug then farther down, where she and Quinn were joined.

“Beautiful,” he whispered. “Now, babydoll, I want you to try and relax as much as you can.”

He eased the plug out of her ass, causing her to sigh at the emptiness left behind. But that feeling lasted only a moment as he pushed the head of his cock in.

“Take a deep breath, sugar,” he said, his voice strained.

Quinn ran his hands up and down her spine. She tried to do as he asked, but it was difficult. As he pushed in as far as he could, all she wanted was to moan. Once he was seated, he stopped moving as her muscles clenched around him.

“Shit, that feels good,” he mumbled, leaning over her until his chest brushed against her back.

“Move. Oh, please, somebody move,” Megan begged as her arousal skyrocketed.

It was another moment that lasted forever before the men began to gently alternate their strokes, one sliding in as the other withdrew. The feeling of the two men in her short-circuited her mind so that all Megan could do was feel. Feel Jack’s hands play with her nipples. Feel Quinn’s hands rubbing up and down her sides then taking hold of her hips. Feel herself spiraling out of control until all she could do was scream as her orgasm exploded over her.

As she came, her muscles clamped down on the men, squeezing them tight and triggering their orgasms, as well. With that, she flew

over the edge again, this time somehow even more intense than the last. She screamed again until darkness pulled her under.

When she woke, the men were lying with her between them on the bed. She realized it had been a few minutes because they'd already dealt with the condoms and cleaned up. Both men were up on an elbow leaning over her, wearing identical worried expressions.

"Wow," she whispered, looking from one to the other.

"Wow, indeed," Quinn said before leaning down and brushing a kiss over her lips.

"Are you okay, sugar?" Jack did the same once Quinn leaned back.

"I don't know. I can't feel anything south of my chin," she said with a relaxed smile. "How are you?"

"Oh, we're just fine. But we're not the ones who passed out," Jack said with a cocky grin.

"Oh, okay." Megan smiled back. "So, what's next?"

"Now we're going home and doing some serious talking about the future," Quinn said as the two men sat up, then pulled her up with them.

Her body was so relaxed they had to move in and hold her between them to keep her from flopping back down on the mattress.

"But first, we're going to put this on our babydoll." Quinn held up what looked like a thick, silver collar.

"What is it?" Megan asked as Jack lifted her hair up and Quinn fastened it around her neck.

"This is your collar. The one that tells the world that you belong to us," Jack said, kissing the top of her shoulder.

"Really?" Megan lifted her hand and felt the collar. It lay just at the base of her throat. She felt a charm hanging from the front that felt like a heart. She thought she felt writing on both sides. "What's this?"

"It's a heart. It says 'babydoll' on the front," Jack said, turning her face to give her a long, deep kiss.

"And the back?"

“The back says ‘ours.’” Quinn turned her to kiss her as well. “We are your Masters, and we are keeping you forever.”

Megan smiled as they cuddled her between them. The feeling of not being enough was gone and she knew that no matter what else happened, these two men would be with her, supporting her, pushing her, loving her.

“Yes, you are my Masters, and I am yours forever.”

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

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