

# Ménage

By Carolyn Faulkner

---

©1999

By CFaulkner / BacksideOfLove.com

---

This work is copyrighted under U.S. law.

NO duplication of any kind, including  
(but not limited to)  
electronic, digital or manual duplication,  
is permitted, except for personal use,  
without expressed, written consent of the  
author (CarolynFaulkner@BacksideOfLove.com)

Violations of this copyright can be traced digitally,  
and will be pursued vigorously.

---

This work of fiction depicts *Adoring Discipline*, which entails one adult giving another the authority to punish them physically. Neither the author, nor BacksideOfLove.com, depicts, condones, or tolerates the inclusion of involuntary physical abuse in any activity depicted here. *Adoring Discipline* is a healthy, often therapeutic part of intimate adult relationships for those fulfilled by it.

For more information on *Adoring Discipline*, please visit  
<http://BacksideOfLove.com>



## Part Une

“C’mere and sit on my lap, bare-bottom girl.”

Finally, I heard those low, soft words from behind me that set me free. My hands unclenched from atop my head, and I drew a sharp breath from the pain in my shoulders as I dropped my arms to my sides on the way to that welcoming embrace.

Brian always smelled wonderful to me – except when he was sweaty from a run. Settling myself comfortably on my side with my aforementioned bare butt snuggled against the rough denim of his jeans and my forehead tucked against the side of his neck, I inhaled deeply, smelling layers of leather from his vest, sunshine, and fabric softener flavored with my – and his – favorite cologne. Two large, well-muscled arms closed around me, holding me tightly but pleasantly. I marveled, not for the first time, at how comfortable it was to be held against him like this, considering his iron hard 6’4” frame seemed at first glance given more to professional wrestling than succor.

My eyes were pressed tightly closed against the warm flesh of his neck and I sighed deeply as he delved a large paw into my hair, brushing it gently away from my face. Even the steady ka-

thump-ka-thump-ka-thump of his heartbeat seemed tailor made to reassure me.

Warm, soft lips pressed a light kiss just below my jaw line, and I felt the rumble of his low growl as I heard the words. “You know why you were sent to the corner, now, don’t you?”

Not particularly anxious to respond, especially when I know I’m wrong, I squirmed within the safety of his arms, finally nodding slowly. He waited a moment, and I knew what he was listening for. “I’m sorry, Brian. I didn’t mean to be bratty like that.”

A broad, strong hand rubbed just the right spot of tension out of my back. “I know, Honey. That’s what corner time was made for – bratty little girls.”

An indelicate snort came from across the room, behind Sunday’s sports page. “No, that’s what a session over your lap is made for, Brian. You’re too easy on her.”

As if in response, my vulnerable posterior was immediately covered by Brian’s palm. I stayed carefully still, waiting. Andrew was much more of a disciplinarian than Brian was. Together, they struck a nice balance. Had I sassed Andrew, I would have spent 30 minutes in the corner with my hands on my head and a well-blistered bottom to cry about, I had absolutely no doubt about it. Despite the differences in their size – Andrew was of a more average height and build – they both wielded either hand or implement with wicked expertise against my two nether cheeks.

Brian’s silence was a matter of concern, as if he were mulling over Andrew’s contention that he was too lenient with me. I began to resign myself to the idea of a thorough spanking when I heard, “I think you have a point, Drew.”

Thick fingers contracted on my tender flesh, and I held my breath, expecting any second to be told to assume the position, face down over his lap. “Gabrielle, go make a mark in The Book.”

I did as I was told quickly, glad for the reprieve although it was simply a delay of the inevitable. Next week’s Friday session with the two of them was going to be a bad one if it was only Sunday and I’d already earned 20 strokes. Andrew caught me on my way back from the office, where my beautiful leather bound punishment book was kept in the desk the two of them shared. He pulled me against him, saying, “You’ve been out of sorts today, Love. Feeling ok?” I nodded. “It must be PMS, then.” Drew patted my bottom and ducked when I swung a playful smack at him. It amazed me – the two of them knew my body better than I did. “Is that one of the new dresses we bought?”

Of the two, Drew paid more attention to my physical appearance than Brian did. He had surprised me when we were first dating by actually ENJOYING a shopping trip, and making helpful, constructive comments about what I looked good in. Made me wonder seriously if he was gay, except that he couldn’t color coordinate separates if his life depended on it.

With his encouragement, I tried on fashions I would never have given a second look – like the deep maroon velour swing dress I was in. It was scoop necked, revealing a healthy amount of my burgeoning cleavage, and draped elegantly from there to not quite mid- thigh. If I had my hands over my head, as I had a few minutes ago, my bare butt was pretty much hanging out.

“Turn around,” Drew commanded, and I obeyed instantly. He squatted down and lifted the flowing skirt to my waist. “Your bottom looks fairly well healed, but I want you to continue to take the extra vitamin C.”

“Yes, Sir.” Last week’s punishment had been considerable, and, although he never let it deter him from the administration of a

thorough spanking, Drew always worried about the bruises it sometimes created. He stood up and turned me, letting his hand run over my hip to cover my shaved mound possessively, then slowly stroke up to a ripe, bare nipple.

“I heard you ask Brian for permission to get up in the middle of the night last night. Couldn’t you sleep?” Brian had denied that permission, and had assisted me to sleep by wringing several exhausting orgasms from me; his mouth planted firmly where Brian’s hand had roamed seconds ago.

“No, I couldn’t.”

“Then you need to take a nap today, don’t you?” Of the two, Brian was also the control freak. He knew that I hated to sleep during the day, that I was afraid I’d miss the opportunity to do something exciting with either or both of them, and that I felt we didn’t spend enough time together as it was. Plus the fact that being put to bed for a nap made me feel babyish. He knew all these things but they didn’t phase him. “Dinner tonight is pizza – of course,” one of our many traditions is Sunday night pizza: no fuss, no muss before the workweek “so you can nap from one to five. Come get me at 12:55 and I’ll put you to bed.”

I wanted desperately to sigh exasperatedly, but I didn’t want to push it.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Brian, she’s going to nap from one to five. Please don’t disturb her,” Drew announced, turning away from me with a quick kiss to wander over to the computer. Brian was now buried in the sports page.

“Good idea. She was up till all hours last night.”

It was Sunday, and, within reason, I could do whatever I wanted until the dreaded naptime. I read on the couch like a lump, getting absolutely nothing accomplished of any merit. It felt good. The magazine section of the Sunday paper had an article on polyamory, and until I read it, I never knew there was a technical term for our little “arrangement”. What we had, we got by fate. Accident, even. Luck. And damn good luck for me.

Drew and Brian had been friends forever. When Drew and I began to date, and I naturally saw Brian from time to time. Eventually, we became a friendly threesome – we all had a lot of the same interests and had a lot of fun together. Drew and I moved in together and lived as a couple for a while.

When Brian’s lease was up, Drew asked if I’d mind him moving in for a while, until he could find another place. I had no objections, although I worried some because Brian and I were just beginning to explore the idea of him disciplining me, and I didn’t think I wanted anyone else witnessing that. I figured we’d put it on the back burner until we were by ourselves again. Things settled into a natural routine.

I work at home, and ended up doing most of the typically “female” things – cooking, etc. Both men were – and still are – extremely appreciative of my cooking talents, and for clean, folded laundry. Cleaning talents have never – and will never – be my forte. Andrew tends to excel and be more concerned about general cleanliness, so he evolved into the vacuuming/dusting expert, and Brian naturally gravitated to more outdoor duties, lawn mowing, etc. The three of us together make an excellent, complimentary team.

The ménage idea was something the two of them cooked up all by themselves one weekend when I was visiting a friend out of state. I came home and they both looked at me with a horribly expectant, hopeful expression, and I knew something was up right

there.

“We want to talk to you,” Drew stated, grabbing my hand and dragging me into the den. The two of them sat on either end of the sofa, and I sat in a recliner to one side. I figured that Brian had found someone else, and was maybe going to ask if she could move in with us. Or maybe he was moving out. I never expected what happened next. Drew’s next few words made my jaw drop as I blushed furiously.

“Remember how before Brian came we were talking about me spanking you?”

“DREW!!” I couldn’t believe he was saying this in front of Brian.

He cut through the hysterics I was going to have. “I told him. We’ve talked about it this weekend. We both want to discipline you.”

I gulped, mouth agape. “Huh?”

Brian grinned. “A bit much to deal with all at once, huh?”

Rarely at a loss for words, I sputtered. “C- wha – how - ?” I stopped trying to be coherent, and turned to Drew. “Are you crazy?”

“No, I’m a realist. I’ve seen how he looks at you. He’s my best friend. I love both of you.”

My eyebrow shot up at this. “And you two . . . “

“Are never likely to have a physical relationship,” Brian supplied. “We’re hetero, and we both want you. I could probably try to steal you away from him, but then we’d all end up miserable. I love the idea of spanking you.”



It's something no other woman I've been with has been into, but it's something I've always been aroused by."

I was floored. I sat back and rocked in my recliner, not saying anything. "Look. We know this is a lot to take in. It's not like there's some kind of time line here. And we're not forcing you into anything. If this sounds like something appealing to you, then we'll go with it. You're the one who would be submissive to two masters – you know how I hate that word, but for lack of a better one. I know you think I'm a sex fiend, and Brian is probably a little moreso."

Drew was a highly sexed man. If the average American couple was having sex 4 times a month, then we were packing a lot of months into our weeks. It was not unusual for us to have sex twice a day – morning and evening. If either of us had been away on travel, Drew would often wake me up by bringing me off then we would make love for an hour or so in the middle of the night. Between the two of them, I would probably barely be able to walk! I was still quiet – quite frankly, I had one foot halfway out the door. Brian seemed to sense that. "Drew, why don't you give me a minute alone with Gabby."

He leaned forward, hesitating. "Are you ok?" he asked, and I knew he was genuinely concerned.

I nodded, and he left, closing the French doors behind him. Nervously, I cleared my throat and fiddled with my hands, finally clenching them over my stomach.

Brian moved to the nearer end of the couch but didn't try to crowd me. "Why don't we cut to the chase, hmmm?"

I blinked.

"Doesn't the idea of having 2 men in bed with you, both trying their best to bring you off, sound the least bit exciting?"

I couldn't help it. I bit. "Now that's a man's argument, right there." I got up from my chair and paced to the bow window, staring out at nothing.

"It's every man's fantasy to have multiple women in bed. Frankly, it's never been my fantasy to deal with more than one man at a time."

Brian followed me, keeping a careful distance. "I doubt you'll have any problem handling the two of us. I don't mean to make you even more uncomfortable, but it's not like this house is soundproof."

He let that sink in, and I blushed from the roots of my red hair to the frosted pink tips of my toenails.

"And Drew and I did some talking this weekend . . ."

"I'll kill him."

"Don't blame him. We were pretty drunk when we started talking. But we sobered up when we realized how perfect this arrangement would be for the three of us."

I snorted.

"You've always wanted to buy a house. We – the three of us – with our pooled resources, we could buy a gorgeous house. There'd always be someone around –

I know how you hate to be alone when Drew's traveling."

"I have that now, with you living with us."

Brian caught my arm. "I can't live here anymore without wanting to hear you moan for me like you do for him."

I jerked my arm away. “Don’t touch me, Brian. I can’t handle it.”

“Why?” he pressed. “Do you find my touch distasteful? Am I ugly to you?”

“No, I never said that.”

He drew a deep breath. “Have you ever thought about being with me?”

“No,” I told the lie with a completely straight face. “But you’ve obviously been doing some thinking about me.”

“Yeah, I have,” he admitted baldly. “I don’t think I’ve ever been so jealous in my life. What you and Drew have sexually is something anyone would envy.” “Jesus, has he ever got a freaking big mouth.”

Brian grinned. “He never said a thing to me until this weekend about your sex life, Honey. But dammit, sometimes that man can barely walk in the morning. And, like I said, this house isn’t soundproof by any means.”

“Lovely.” I curled up in my favorite chair, comforting myself.

His big face, with its neatly trimmed goatee, appeared directly in front of me as he squatted down. “I told Drew while we were drinking that I was going to move out. That’s how this whole thing got started. He asked why, and I told him it was because I loved and wanted you, but I didn’t want to hurt either of you. This is what we came up with to keep us together. It’s your decision, because – especially if we get into a discipline situation – you are going to be center stage. We are both firmly heterosexual, so don’t worry any on that score. And we would both be completely faithful to you.

All of our attention would be on you, and you would be subject to those attentions. If you decide to go along with this, I think we need some time to get used to each other before we get into a discipline scene, but I do love the idea of tanning your bottom when you get bratty, which you do frequently.” A big, meaty hand patted my knee in a kindly fashion. “Let us know what you decide.”

It took a long time for me to decide. Several months. I know both men were pretty on edge about it, and I know I was doing my level best each time Drew and I made love to be completely quiet, which he, of course, took as a challenge to make me cry out. My relationship with Brian, which had had almost brotherly overtones at first, had taken a different turn. Every look he sent me was sexually charged. He would deliberately place himself in my way, so I had to brush against him to get by. He began kissing me hello and goodbye like Andrew did – at first mere pecks on the cheek, then more serious kisses, testing the waters – oh, God, I had a hard time with the idea, but when he held me against him, I couldn’t help but respond. I could see how it affected him when Drew and I went into our room together and he went to his lonely bed.

That was how I let it begin – I felt so sorry for Brian being alone at night that I let him sleep on the other side of me one night – with the firm understanding that I this was not an invitation to have sex with me, at least not at this point. I think the sigh of relief was audible between the two men. I loved sleeping with them from that first night. It was like having two organic furnaces – one on either side of me. For someone who lives in a cold climate who is always cold, it was a dream come true. I woke up that first morning on my side, sandwiched firmly between the two of them, Drew against my back and Brian’s back against my cheek.

We all slept together from that point on, but the physical side was very gradual, and I was thankful that Brian set a very slow

pace. It was several more months before, while Drew was away on travel, Brian and I made love for the first time. It was fantastic. I have been very selective in my sexual partners – although I'm extremely responsive once I get there, I tend to be a sexually reticent person in general. But these two I have lucked out on. We just gelled nicely.

The discipline/submission elements that have now become firmly entrenched in our relationship were entered into gradually, and with my complete cooperation. I am a spoiled brat, admittedly. I like to have my own way, and I can be irresponsible about my health and money, particularly. I have always felt a distinct lack of discipline in my life – which the two of them were more than eager to provide. To me there were two advantages to it – rules and a certain amount of structure helped me keep an even keel emotionally. Brian and Drew set down specific rules for my behavior, and breaking those rules results in a spanking, or corner time, or early bedtime, etc. The second advantage was that all three of us found the disciplinary element almost unbearably exciting.

At first, my spankings were much less disciplinary than they were a prelude to exhausting sexual marathons. As we settled more into it, they got stricter, which was what I preferred. I wanted a punishment spanking to be a punishment spanking, not some pretend swats and then a roll in the hay. Each of them took this idea to heart in their own way.

Drew is the type of person who takes his responsibilities very seriously, and this was no exception. His spankings became very purposeful and almost frighteningly thorough. He is a no-nonsense disciplinarian and can be very creative, coming up with punishments that are not always spankings but manage to teach me a lesson anyway.

Brian is very comfortable with being a father figure to me, and fathers naturally discipline their daughters. He is really no less

strict with me than Drew, but his approach is different. He thinks of me as “daddy’s little girl”, and there are some aspects of that that I am more comfortable with and some less.

Both of them tend to baby me, and even spoil me in some ways. Christmas and my birthday are times when I am showered with presents. If I am seriously ill or hurt, I have two worried people dancing attendance on me. They are both very physical – in sexual and non-sexual ways. It’s very rare for me not to be touching or touched by someone almost all the time. Their favorite rule is that I must be accessible to either of them at any time, and thus, unless I’m going out, I may never wear underwear of any kind. And, of course, unless I am sick or have another very good reason, I am never allowed to deny them access to any part of my body. As a result of this rule, almost every room or piece of furniture in the house has been “christened”, including the dining room table.

“Gabby.”

“Gabby.”

I jerked awake, as if out of a dream.

“I’ve been calling you for a half an hour,” Drew was not known for his patience. He tapped his foot. “It’s time to tuck you into bed for your nap, but you were supposed to find me, weren’t you?”

I knew that tone. I was in for it. “Yes, Sir.”

Andrew pushed my legs off the couch and reached to his left, opening the top drawer of the end table to take out the wooden paddle that was always there, ready for use on me for any little indiscretion. In consideration for my comfort, he put a throw pillow over his lap, then carefully positioned me over it. I was not going to be very comfortable regardless of the pillow in a few

minutes. I felt the cool air touch my bottom as he bunched the pretty red velvet at my waist, then began to spank me with a solid, inexorable rhythm. That solid oak paddled had holes in it designed to increase the sting, and, believe me, they worked!! It was Andrew's implement of choice and he wielded it with terrible accuracy. I was bawling from the fifth stroke on, barely registering Brian's tsk tsk as he came in and sat in his favorite chair. "Someone's been a naughty girl, I see." He went on reading his paper while my bottom was tanned thoroughly.

"When I tell you –“ \*SNAP\*SMACK\*SWAT\* “- to come and get me –“

STING\*SLAP\*WHAP\* “- at a certain time –“  
\*SPANK\*SMACK\*SWAT\* “- I mean then, not when you get around to it! Do –“ \*SMACK\* “- you –“ \*SLAP\* “- understand –“ \*STING\* “- me?” He didn't give me time to reply - not that I could have really, I was crying much too hard – just kept right on paddling until his arm got tired, I guess.

Finally, I felt him lean over and put away the paddle, but he kept me in place for a moment, with his big hand over my poor swollen bottom. "Now, young lady, you're going to march into your bedroom and get into your pajamas. But don't bother pulling the bottoms up past your knees, because I'm going to come in there in a minute and give you a good hand spanking for sassing Brian. I'm getting sick and tired of your bratty attitude and neither one of us will take any more of it."

He helped me up as I tried to choke back fresh sobs at the idea that he was going to hand-spank my tender butt in a few minutes. "Go. And you'd better be in position when I get in there, or I'll get my belt."

"In position" meant lying on my tummy with my pajama bottoms at my knees, on top of the covers. I just made it when I heard him turn the doorknob. He wasn't giving my nates much of a

chance to cool down. I was still hiccupping irregularly. Drew bent and gave my bottom a cursory inspection, then began spanking me. He blistered me from the top of my butt, down both legs, concentrating most of the smacks right at the crease where my bottom met my thighs. I was literally wailing before he was through.

As I slowly came to my senses, he offered me a cool glass of water then slipped my pajama bottoms off entirely, leaving my mottled and swollen butt exposed beneath the short top. He pulled a sheet over me, put a sleeping mask on me and kissed my cheek again. “I hope you’ve learned your lesson, Sweetie.”

“Yes, Sir,” I snuffled, knowing I wouldn’t have any trouble getting to sleep after crying so exhaustively from my punishment.

“That’s my girl. Sleep. I’ll come and get you when you can get up.”

I was asleep before he left the room.



## Part Deux

C RRRRRAAAACKKK!!  
"YEOOOOWWWOHHHHTHAATTTHU  
RRRRTSSSSSS!"

SMMMAAAACCKKK!!

"AHHHHHHOWWWNOOOOOOPLEEEEEASSE!"

CRACK!!

SMACK!!

CRACK!!

SMACK!!

Their rhythm was as dependable as a metronome. And as painful as if someone had set fire to my butt - and they were trying their best to do just that. It was just my luck that Drew was right handed, but Brian was ambidextrous, leaning toward left-handedness. So, at this point, there was one on either side of me, swinging away at my poor defenseless bottom.

I knew it was going to be a bad Friday night session. It ended up that I'd earned 50 strokes from the "implement du jour" -

the solid oak paddle with holes - after a joint hand spanking from the top of my cheeks to just above the back of my knees that was de rigueur for a weekly punishment. It was hard for me to remember at a time like this that they used barely touch me at all at first. They'd come a loooooong way. Now I was routinely crying before they'd picked up whatever it was they were going to use on me - strap, tawse, paddle, belt, switch, cane, etc. Hand spankings that used to be just warm ups were now a true and sound part of the punishment. They are still the only time I am spoken to - as each of them lecture me like a naughty little girl about my transgressions and tell me how sorry I am going to be for being bad.

Besides the 50 strokes that were now being applied with vigor and enthusiasm as I wailed like a banshee, Drew had announced that I would also be receiving 12 strokes of the cane on top of my well-paddled derriere, before I was allowed to stand in the corner for the required half hour. I was absolutely miserable well before they'd hit even the halfway point, with no possible hope of any reprieve, or of even moving to dodge the blows. They were much too creative for that.

Regular, normal misbehavior during the week was usually dealt with immediately over someone's - or both of their - lap. But they decided early on that a weekly punishment was quite suitable to my needs, and decided that Friday nights were a good idea. First, it was a punishment in itself that I was never allowed to go out on a Friday night with my friends, or even Brian or Drew. I had to cook dinner for them, but was always going to be put to bed without mine, and extremely early - like almost right after I was disciplined, which happened at six p.m. sharp.

Then Brian bought a new weight bench, and began fiddling with his old one, modifying it into a spanking bench that kept me entirely immobile. It was slanted slightly downward and raised at the end, specifically to raise my end to the perfect spankable height. My wrists were bound, my waist was bound, straps held my

knees and ankles firmly in place. As required, my long hair was in a bun at the back of my neck so that when I began to pant and scream, I wouldn't breathe in and choke on my own hair. Pajama tops but no bottoms, completely exposed from the waist down to whatever punishment they deemed necessary to correct my behavior.

This was my current position, on the receiving end of the unerring disciplinary efforts of one good-sized man and one man with muscles on his muscles. I was close to senseless with the unending pain, but nothing broke their rhythm until, precisely at 25 strokes, Brian bent down to check that my bonds were secure. I couldn't say anything - I did have a safe word, which I would never use unless it were an emergency because I was crying so hard, but I knew he was listening to my breathing.

One of the early sessions scared them to death because I cried myself into an asthma attack. I've always found it interesting that the two of them beat my butt on a very regular basis without so much as a by-your-leave, but the mention of the fact that they missed the signs of an impending attack during a session was enough to make both of them look sheepish with guilt.

I noticed that since then, they stop midway, ostensibly to check that I'm still secure. I don't think they've ever gone easy on me because of it; I don't think that would even enter their minds. And since the two of them have been taking care of me - Brian making sure with the care of a professional pharmacist that I take a maintenance dose of asthma medication morning and evening and Drew insisting that I take about 62 different vitamins - I exaggerate, it only seems like 62. It's probably more like 10 or 12.

CRACK!!

SMACK!!

Without a word of comfort or a little pat of encouragement, the horror has begun again. I didn't get a chance to catch my breath before howling again with each meeting of soft, hot flesh with hard, unforgiving oak. By the 35th stroke, I'm sure I can stand no more, and fairly scream it to let them know that I am going to die if they continue to 50, but they know that this is not easy for me. It's not meant to be, and they pay no attention to my screams and cries, my begging for them to stop or promises of better behavior. They've found a way to guarantee my better behavior, and, unfortunately for me, it works, so they're going to stick with it.

When it finally, finally ends I get very little reprieve before the air whistles with the sound of the cane just before it slices across the very peak of my bottom cheeks. I cannot even scream with the pain until I have endured almost 3 strokes. They fall with the same undeniable rhythm that the others did, but there is a bit more time between strokes for me to absorb the full, painful effect before receiving another stripe across my butt. The first six are given traditionally, with the sixth falling across the first five, raising a pattern of weals that will take a long time to fade away. The last six are all given as close as possible on or around the sweet spot just as the butt becomes the thigh, where I will be most often reminded of my misdeeds when I sit down a day or two from now.

Drew put the implements away, then the two of them release me, helping me up as carefully and caringly as they'd just reddened my bottom. I am still senseless with the pain, but I know enough not to touch my bottom. As much as I want to try to soothe the ache away, I know from experience that if I do that, I will have to endure a repeat performance on an already blistered and swollen butt. I am guided to the corner near the television, which I am not allowed to watch on Friday nights, but where they can easily keep an eye on me and my behavior.

For the first long moments I cannot even see the pretty wallpaper I picked out with such joy a year ago though its barely

inches from my eyes. The pain is all consuming, and I am still snuffing and hiccupping tears, jerking with each uneasy breath. Even the simple act of breathing seems to hurt my bottom. The air chafes me unbearably. I am miserable. Just miserable. My feet seem to move agitatedly of their own accord. Brian's gruff, low voice from behind me.

"I see a very naughty girl fidgeting in the corner. Do you want me to come over there and give you something to fidget about, young lady?"

Fresh sobs clog my throat, but I know he expects an answer. "N-no, S-sir."

"Then stand still, or I'll get my belt out."

"Y-es - Sir," I barely got out, tears coursing down my cheeks as I tried to stay still when what I wanted to do in the worst way was the "spanked little girl dance" - hopping around, clutching my poor abused seat. Somehow that seemed to help. Standing still was terribly, terribly hard.

After what seemed like years, they both came to put me to bed on my tummy in the middle of the big king sized bed. Sometimes, I was bound, even blindfolded for the night. Occasionally, Drew liked to insert a butt plug for me to wear until they came to bed. Tonight, they tucked me in like a precious child. I was still hiccupping sobs, and fell into an exhausted sleep very soon after they each kissed my cheek and patted my bottom none too gently.

As usual, I woke when they entered the room and sat up drowsily. "Lie back down, Sweetheart," Drew shushed me with a kiss on the lips and I did as I was told while they stripped and got ready for bed.

"Are you warm? Cold?" Brian asked, standing at the thermostat.

"Cold," I answered.

Brian rolled his eyes. "Why do I even bother to ask?" and bumped the heat up a little in consideration of me - ensuring that he would roast overnight.

"Do you need anything, Angel? Glass of water?" He was already on his way to get me some ice water, knowing that all that crying would dehydrate me. When we were finally settled under the covers with the lights out and I was comfortably ensconced between two walls of chest hair and muscle, they each lay a hand on the small of my back and began to rub gently.

"Are you all right? No breathing problems?"

Those two questions were always asked by one or the other of them, and I nodded that I was fine, as I always did. Brian's hand found its way into my hair, as it always did. "You were a very naughty girl this week and your punishment was a reflection of that." I hung my head, knowing he spoke the truth. "I know I was a brat. I'm sorry."

"Close to that time of the month," Brian stated with certainty. They kept much closer track of my cycle than I ever did.

"That's no excuse. I hope you learned your lesson, young lady," Drew said sternly, although his hand continued to travel softly up my spine.

"Yes, Sir. I'm sure I did." Tears came unbidden into my eyes again.

He held out his arms and gathered me close against him, hugging me and rocking slowly. I bawled out the pain, the fear, the helplessness of my position as I received my punishment, the sobs

quieter but more emotionally wrenching and cleansing. Somehow - it always happened without me even noticing it - I ended up in Brian's bear hug as he kissed the top of my head and just held me. Neither of them ever shushed me or told me I was crying to long or too hard. They just let me get it all out, somehow knowing intuitively that it helped me come to terms both with my bad behavior and the inevitability of my punishment.

When my crying had ceased and I was simply a huddled blob on Brian's chest, they settled me between them on my tummy to sleep. Each of them bestowed a warm, wet, sloppy, noisy kiss to my cheek to make me laugh. "I love you" was exchanged all around, and I fell asleep again - loved, cuddled, and punished.

## Part Trois

**H**is deep, soft growl came as expected. "Over my knee, angel-girl. Right now."

There was no use in trying to delay the inevitable or even glancing in Andrew's direction. Neither of them ever interfered when the other had decided to discipline me. And it wasn't like Brian didn't have just cause.

I had wanted to go out with my friends last night. It was one of my best friend's birthdays and there was a group of us taking her out.

Of course, I had to ask permission, but, as I had been generally well behaved that weekend, they agreed, with Brian's stipulation that I take his big 4-wheel drive truck, because the weathermen were predicting snow and my light little sports car didn't handle well at all in snow. I was told to be in no later than ten, and I couldn't get them to extend it any later because they didn't want me driving a half hour home in a foot of snow, regardless of what vehicle I was taking. Pouting and whining was just going to get my seat warmed, so I settled for ten before they started backing it up to 9 p.m. or even earlier, or retracted their



permission entirely and packed me off to bed with a thoroughly blistered butt.

I hated driving Brian's truck - it seemed about five times the size of my little "wrap-around" car, just like Brian some times seemed 5 times my size, especially when I was bottom up over his big lap getting a new set of red cheeks for some offense or other. And I never knew where anything was - none of the knobs seemed conveniently placed. I felt like I was driving a freaking tank. Next time I borrow this truck, I'm going to bring a booster seat, I thought, barely peering over the dashboard at the road.

The evening was fantastic - the group of women I went out with had known each other for years and we were like the 5 Musketeers. I laughed until I wheezed and the smile muscles in my face hurt. Since I was driving, I was not allowed to drink, besides, I would need all my faculties for the drive home. It had just started flurrying as I pulled into the Outback parking lot, and when I came out several hours later, there was 5-6 inches of the white stuff on the ground. I grumbled all the way to the truck - about having to leave the party early to make a blasted curfew and about the blasted snow that made me have to leave that much earlier to make it home.

I had a sudden, unusual stroke of genius after starting the truck to let it warm some, and used the cell phone to call home. Andrew answered, immediately alert to some sort of problem. "Are you ok? I knew we should have kept you home safe with us."

"Drew, you worry to much! I just called to say I'm on my way home."

"You drive slowly, young lady. Do you read me?"

"Yes, Drew," somewhat exasperatedly.

I knew giving him any kind of attitude would never fly with Andrew. "You had better watch your tone of voice, darlin'," he warned softly into the receiver, and I literally straightened in my seat.

"Yes, Sir," I said in a much meeker tone.

"That's better. Brian's been watching the weather and the local radio station is saying it's very slick. Don't worry about curfew, just take your time and go slow."

"I will."

"Call if you have any trouble at all."

"I will."

"Love you, baby. Be careful, now."

"Love you, too. I'll go slow." I ended the call and drove very slowly home. It was extremely slick - the roads didn't look like DPW had touched them with sand, salt or plow. I even made it with a few minutes to spare before my curfew, shutting off the engine and grabbing my purse to hurriedly slide out of the truck and make a mad dash into the house. Both men met me at the door with huge bear hugs.

"Man, are we glad you're finally home," Brian sighed, lifting me right off the floor with a hug fit to

my ribs.

Drew's hug was just as enthusiastic. When he finally pulled away, he touched the tip of my upturned nose with the tip of his index finger. "No more going out for you if snow's predicted. Our nerves can't take it."

"Jeez, guys, then I'll be shut in all winter!" I whined, not really worried about Drew's commandment. With any luck, he'd forget about it by the next time. Brian helped me out of my coat and I began to yawn, wandering toward the bedroom slowly. I yelped when Drew snuck up behind me, pulling me back hard against him with his palms gently covering my breasts. "Why, honey, you know we two horny bastards would just as soon keep you barefoot and pregnant - " I turned in his arms with a grin and quirked an eyebrow at him. He repented with a big smile, and said, "Well, barefoot and bare-bottomed, then."

I wiggled away from him to throw back over my shoulder; "Don't you do that already?"

"Not nearly enough," Brian chimed in as the two big lugs watched me walk away from them - a favorite pastime - down the hall toward our bedroom, goofy grins plastered on each of their faces.

"Another country heard from that's not on the map," I called, my voice muffled as I pulled my slinky black turtleneck over my head and wiggled out of my skirt and hose. Completely nude, I walked into the bathroom the three of us shared to find the huge garden tub already fill with hot water and bubbles, the lights down, scented candles lit, and soft music playing. I was just going to go out and thank them, when they came in through separate doors.

"Thank you, guys," I kissed each of them on the cheek, and they helped me into the just- slightly-hotter-than-comfortable water.

They each took a seat on a corner of the tub. "We had ulterior motives," Brian confessed, wiggling his eyebrows exaggeratedly at me to make me laugh. "I know your ulterior motives, Honeys. You want to watch."

Like two eager little boys with unlimited access to a candy store, each of them nodded their head vigorously, laughing.

It was a fantastic evening of pampering and love and sex. Worrying about me made them extremely appreciative of what we had, and they were both adept at expressing their appreciation in a multitude of ways - not all of them sexual. I fell asleep last night absolutely exhausted and sated, surrounded, protected, and bound by two large walls of muscular, masculine flesh. Each maintained a hand on me, as if I would somehow disappear in the night. Brian slept behind me, and always cupped my left breast in his hand firmly, even in his sleep. Andrew slept in front of me, one arm behind him, his palm under my ribcage. I think if they could have thought of a way to tie me to them, that would still allow easy movement, they would have.

Unfortunately, neither the amazing sex last night nor the wonderful morning sex would save me from a trip over Brian's lap. We had had

fast together, as usual, then I kissed Brian goodbye at the door, turning back to start the

fast dishes while Drew got ready to leave. I knew I was in deep trouble when Brian came back into the house, stomping fresh snow off his boots. When he was angry, he kept his head low, his chin tucked into his chest, like a fighter, and his already sexy, low voice got noticeably lower and softer. He wasn't the type to yell and make a scene. Sometimes I almost wished he would. But he didn't. Instead, he took his frustrations out on my poor defenseless bottom.

"Gabrielle Brianna Avery, you were the last one to use my truck, weren't you?"

Oh, crap, he used my whole name!! He never used my whole name unless he was really pissed. What had I done to his

precious truck? He treated that thing like a newborn baby. But I just drove it home. What could I have done?

"Y-yes?"

He was acting very casual as he used the toe of one foot to pry the boot off the other foot. I came to realize that whatever I'd done was going to prevent him from getting to work - at least for a while. When he'd divested himself of his boots, he walked no further than the couch - never looking away from me.

His coat was next. "And when you parked it, did you forget to do something?" I was thinking furiously. Set the parking brake? No. He didn't usually do that. Turn off the radio? I definitely did that. I'd run down his battery by not doing that once before and he'd warned me I did that again etc, etc, etc,. "Not that I can think of, Brian."

"How about something simple - like turning off the freaking lights!"

"Oops." I was in such a hurry to get into the house and show them that I was okay, that I must've completely forgotten to turn them off. And they weren't the kind that turned themselves off, either, dammit.

He sighed heavily, running a paw through his short dark hair aggravatedly. "Yeah, 'oops'. The battery is deader than a doornail, little girl, and you've made me late for work." The ultimate sin. Brian couldn't stand anyone being late for anything, especially himself. He sank down onto the couch and patted his leg. "Over my knee, angel-girl. Right now."

I had half a mind to run, but knew that Andrew had heard everything from the office and he would tackle me first and deliver me to Brian on a platter, then contribute to my punishment because I hadn't taken it like a good girl. "Don't even think about

disobeying me, Gabrielle, I am not in the mood for it." unbelievably, the voice had gotten softer, and even more dangerous-sounding. "Your little butt is mine. I suggest you sashay it over here immediately before I start counting."

I had started toward him slowly, but when he mentioned counting, I hastened my step. Counting for children usually gave them time to do it the adult's way. Counting in my situation meant "tens of strokes"; ON TOP of whatever I was already going to get. I hastily assume the position I hated - bottoms up over a dominant male lap, submissive and ready to receive my punishment. Brian lifted the hem of my short, silky robe to expose me completely, then easily captured both of my wrists at the small of my back, giving me no avenue of escape.

Usually, I can expect a lecture before, during, and even after from Brian. He takes his fatherly attitude toward me very seriously. But I guess effectively killing his truck and making him late for work didn't make him inclined toward talking to me. He simply began to spank with that broad, callused palm of his, and he'd learned early how to give a very effective, thorough, truly painful spanking.

SMACKSMACKSMACKSMACKSMACK. He delivered the first 10 strokes in rapid succession to alternate cheeks, then began to go down the backs of my thighs. Each well placed SLAP stung unbearably, because his hand was so big that he always hit parts of the area he'd just spanked with the last stroke. It was like getting twosies, unintentionally. I was crying from the moment he started, and moaning by the time he had slowed the pace some and settled into a lethal rhythm, concentrating most of the strokes on my sweet spot.

SPANK

SLAP

SNAP

SWAT

\*CRACK\*

Over and over and over. I kicked my feet; I pulled at the hand that held my wrists. Nothing stopped that wicked hand from turning my poor defenseless bottom a ripe tomato red.

Drew wandered through, briefcase in hand, bent and kissed my wet cheek - still Brian continued. "You missed a spot," he commented, then left. When he stopped, I know it was not because of anything I did or said or cried or screamed. It was not because of my moans or uncontrollable sobs or even that my bottom had blistered or swollen or become that painful shade of "punishment red." He stopped because he felt that I had learned my lesson. And I could tell he was still angry with me, because he didn't offer me any comfort. Instead, he led me to the corner, placing my hands on top of my head, and went outside, all without a word. I knew he'd be back, because he hadn't even shrugged into his coat, but I have never felt so bereft.

I would gladly have endured an identical spanking if he had just hugged me once. One of the best parts of being in a "domestic discipline" relationship for me was the firm knowledge that no matter what I did or how naughty I was, I would be given a firm, fair punishment and then be forgiven. I was expected to learn from my mistakes, and repetition of the same error earned extra punishment. So I did learn. I expected to have to pay the price of misbehavior with my bottom, but I also expected to be given absolution afterwards in the form of physical and psychological comforting.

That time in the corner was the worst punishment I'd ever been given, bar none.

Over my quiet sobs, I heard the truck engine start, and knew he must've used my car to jump it. I heard the storm door and front door open, then close, and I could feel those chocolate brown eyes on my back. All of a sudden, he swung me up in his arms and carried me into the den to sit in his favorite huge, overstuffed chair with me comfortably ensconced on his lap. His brawny arms closed carefully around me, and I pressed my cheek against the soft hairs on his chest.

"I-I'm sorry I l-left the l-lights on in y-your tr -" I was surprised at how small my voice sounded, but not that I couldn't complete the apology for the tears suddenly choking my throat. I was really working myself up over this. "Shhhh. Shh-shhh-shhh, baby-girl." He caressed my face and held me tenderly while I cried, using one foot to soothingly rock the chair.

"A-a-and I'm s-s-sorry I-I mmade you la-"

"I know you are, Honey. It's ok," he interrupted. "Be quiet now, Love, and let me rock you."

Being rocked in someone's arms was one of my most favorite things. It was almost always what Brian did after punishing me. I settled down almost immediately and let go of my fears more and more with each passing moment, safe and warm within the confines of his embrace.

"You know, sweetie, that if I didn't love you to distraction I wouldn't bother to paddle your bottom so routinely or so thoroughly, don't you?" he whispered, kissing the top of my head.

I sniffed; almost wishing he didn't love me quite so much. "I know, Brian." "Good girl." His hand rubbed leisurely up and down my back. "I'm going to have to get a new battery for that truck, I'm afraid. And the cost of it is going to come out of your allowance."



I winced. My allowance was small as it is. "How much does a battery cost for a tank?"

I could feel the grin spread over his face from where his cheek rested atop my head. "The heavy duty one I'm going to put in is anywhere from \$75-\$100." "Yes, Sir." I wouldn't be seeing my allowance for some time.

A large, rough palm covered my bare breast, and he began to tweak the hardened nipple just enough to drive me crazy. "Do you have any idea how sexy you look when I'm spanking your pretty little bottom?"

"'Sexy' is not really what I'm worried about while you're waling on me, I hate to tell you, Buddy," I said wryly, drawing a quick breath as he pinched his index finger and thumb tightly on my nipple.

"Oh, but you are. Your butt quivers with each smack, you kick your feet as if you were trying to dance away the pain before the next spank falls. I love every aspect of giving you a licking, little one, especially this," his mouth claimed mine aggressively.

I knew he was going to be that much later for work.

---

End

**Ménage**

©1999

Carolyn Faulkner / BacksideOfLove.com

---

## Backside of Love: the *Intimacy of Authority*

<http://BacksideOfLove.com>

Dearest reader:

Are you... *there* yet? ☺

If the sorts of loving, unyielding attentions that make up these characters' days is the stuff of fantasies you thought you could never share, then please join Carolyn and UB (her husband) at their *Backside of Love* community.

There we explore the profound sorts of romance which include the giving of *authority* to your trusted Other, structure and *consequences* for behavioral control, and sexual *intimacy* winding through it all.

Come over and join our community forum, library and magazine devoted to the common threads which weave through lifestyles like BDSM or D/s, Domestic Discipline, and Intimate Ageplay: trusted *authority*, firm-but-loving *punishment*, and the *sexual* intimacy that those things spark.

Which label you put on your needs isn't the point: It's finding the absolute most fulfillment possible from exploring these *Intimacy of Authority* themes.

--Carolyn and UB

---

If your interest is piqued, then please be sure to ask about Carolyn's other classic works in this genre:

**Jake Ryan's Woman**

**Blood From A Stone**

**Embraced**

**Love Will Find A Way**

**Priceless Love I**

*...and over 70 other adventures!*