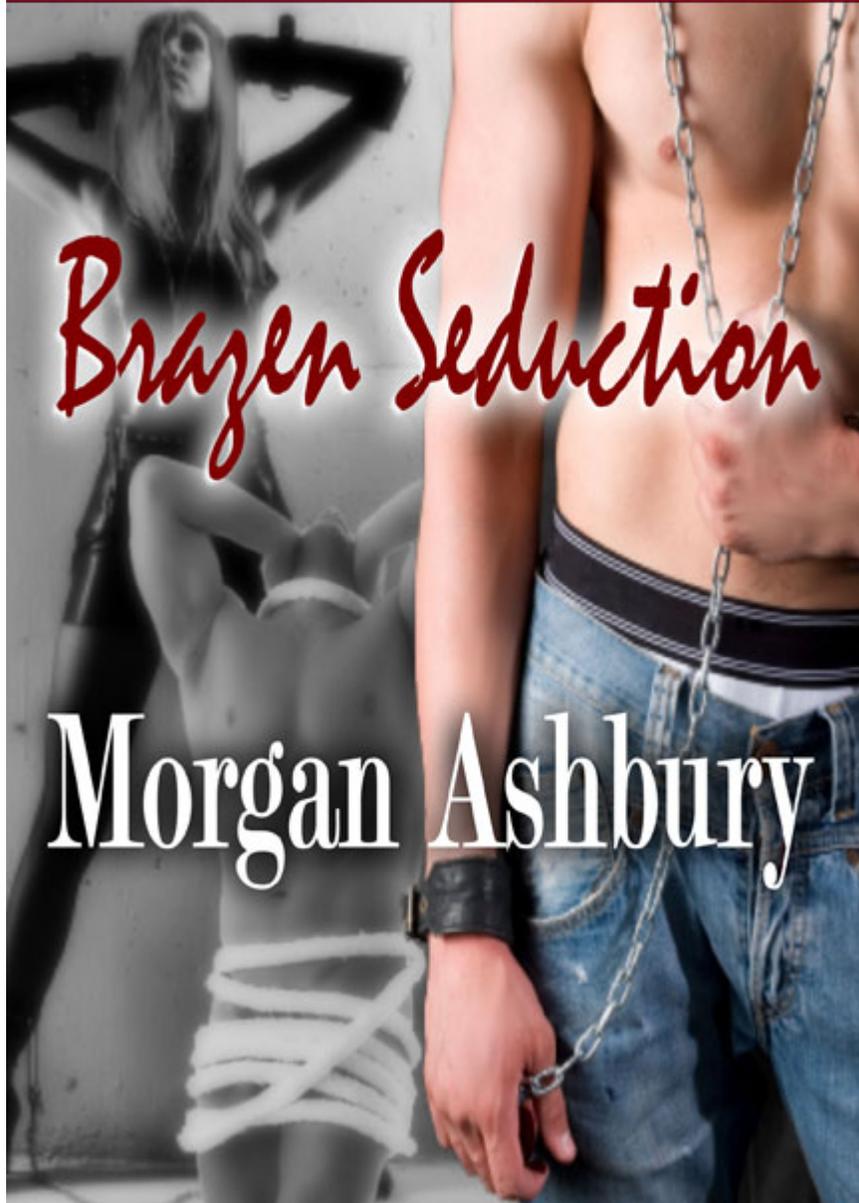


Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

*Brazen Seduction*

Morgan Ashbury



# **BRAZEN SEDUCTION**

**Morgan Ashbury**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



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## **DEDICATION**

This one's for the other girls of the Four Girl Challenge. You know who you are. Do you know I couldn't do without every single one of you?

# BRAZEN SEDUCTION

MORGAN ASHBURY

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## Chapter 1

Molly Durant had a plan.

She was about to put it into action, and the resulting excitement sped her heart and slicked her sex.

As she turned and looked at herself in the full length mirror, Molly experienced a fleeting sense of unreality. The sensation left as quickly as it came.

She inhaled deeply and then shook her head. Her naturally curly red hair, shoulder length and, for this occasion, completely unrestrained, created a halo effect around her face. The fluorescent lights in the ceiling added to that halo mystique by painting silver on the tips of the wild strands.

Molly laughed, her nerves dissipating.

*Me with a halo? Not likely.*

She felt excited in a positive way, and despite that the evening *could* get her into a lot of trouble if things didn't go according to her plan, no fear dwelled in her heart or her mind.

From beyond the closed door, the heavy beat of rock music pulsed into the air. Molly didn't let herself think about how many patrons would be crowded into the trendy and always busy night spot, Reckless Abandon, tonight. She didn't let herself think of anything but the reason she was there, shut away in a small dressing room, alone.

Tonight would be the most important night of her life. Her plan would work out, just the way she dreamt it would for so very long.

She focused her attention back on her costume for the evening. The black leather merry widow cost a small fortune, coming as it did via special order from overseas.

Zippered from the top at the very edge of her breasts all the way down to just above her pussy in the front, it featured slits held together with laces at the top of her thighs. The back of the garment displayed corset-like lacing as well, with one notable difference. Where a corset's laces could be pulled together as tightly as possible so that the edges of the fabric would meet, this garment's lacings displayed a wide band of Molly's flesh all the way down to her hips. All of the tightening for the garment happened in the front, with the zipper. She'd had to lie down on the floor to get that sucker all the way up.

The crotch, leather lined with cotton, just barely covered her slit in front, and tapered to a thong-like thin strip in back. The merry widow fit so well, anyone who looked would know immediately that she'd shaved more than just the standard bikini line. Four garters, one front and back on each leg, ensured her lace-topped sheer black stockings stayed up.

She'd ordered her regular size and, as she'd hoped, the merry widow fit very snugly. Almost, but not quite, too snugly. She let her gaze rest on the white mounds pushed above the top of the leather. Her breasts, described fondly by some under normal circumstances as "generous", encased in the black leather moved into the category of "downright magnanimous." The waist of the merry widow pinched in, and the entire effect looked hot.

Her shoes, four inch stilettos, also black, made her feel tall and powerful. She saved such killer heels for special occasions, and really, could anything be more special than tonight? The added height increased her confidence, showcased her legs, which she personally

thought of as her second best asset, and made her naked except for the strip of her thong ass stick out just that much more.

The only accessory she felt her outfit lacked was a collar. But as Marcus Jones reminded her, she could not provide that collar for herself. Such an accessory would have to come courtesy of Richard Grant, the man she hoped would become her master.

*If he claimed her as his sub.*

*He has to bid on me and win me. My future happiness depends on it.*

Molly met her own gaze in the mirror. She'd come up with a lot of what her family affectionately called "harebrained" schemes in her life to date. What happened tonight, some day in the future, would either be referred to as her crowning achievement or her own personal flaming Waterloo. It all depended on the outcome.

Two taps on the door pulled Molly out of her thoughts. "Come in."

Marcus stepped into the room, closing the door softly behind him. His gaze immediately fastened on her outfit. Molly fought down the tiny spurt of embarrassment she felt gathering within her. The looks she would get in a few minutes when she stood before the assembled members of the club would be a hell of a lot more intrusive, bordering on lurid, than the one Marcus gave her now.

When he used his index finger in a circular motion, she dutifully turned around to show him the back of her outfit.

"Richard will choke when he sees you. For that matter, so will Alan. You're sure you want to do this?"

"I've never been more certain of anything in my entire life."

It came as no surprise to her Marcus would ask that. A more caring and nurturing man she'd never met. If he didn't know her desperation and understand the longing in her heart, he would never have agreed to help her. She knew that. And because those two traits were so predominant in him, she expected the question he asked next.

"What are you going to do if someone else wins you, Molly?"

“I’ve thought about that. I know I have a bit of a reputation for leaping before I look, at times. A curse, I’ve been told, of my red hair. But I did consider that possibility.” How could she not, really? She paused and knew embarrassment showed on her face. Sharing personal information didn’t come easily, neither did she do so often. But Marcus had gone out on a limb for her, and he deserved her complete honesty. “The thing is, when I read those books you gave me about the D/s lifestyle, I got turned on. *Really* turned on. Of course, I’m here for one reason and one reason only. But if I fail to get Richard to notice and move on me, then I really have nothing to lose, exploring this side of my nature—a side I didn’t even fully understand existed until recently.”

The door opened again, no knock this time. But then, this man would never seek permission to do any damn thing he wanted to do. Especially here in Reckless Abandon.

He owned the place.

“My God. Richard and Alan are both going to choke when they see you.”

Molly grinned. “That’s what Marcus said.”

Jordan Fitzpatrick shot the other man a look Molly couldn’t read. “Turn around.” A command, not a request, as the Dom in Jordan came to the fore.

Molly complied. A shiver raced down her spine when she felt the heat of Jordan’s body come close to her.

“Are you ready for what will happen in the next few minutes? Are you prepared to obey whoever becomes your master? To willingly submit to whatever you are commanded to do?”

Molly shivered again, the menace in Jordan’s voice touching a chord deep inside her, a part of her newly awakened in these last few weeks as she’d studied and learned and yearned. She would show him by her words that she understood completely.

“Yes, Master Jordan.”

Jordan grunted as he stepped back. “Face me.”

When she met his gaze, he shook his head slowly. “Richard has always thought of you as a child. He may have my head for this—and I don’t even want to *think* about what Michael would say if he knew.”

Molly wanted to grin, but listened to her feminine instincts and didn’t. Jordan became a fast friend of Richard and her brother, Michael, many years before when he’d relocated here from Los Angeles. She put Jordan in a difficult position by asking Marcus for help. She wouldn’t make light of that now.

Then, ten years ago, Michael moved to Wyoming after marrying Janice—but not before he’d given Richard the task of watching over his baby sister. Molly didn’t want Richard to watch over her nearly as much as she wanted him to lay on top her. And in her.

Jordan smiled, transforming him from the stern and commanding Dom into the man she’d known since she’d been a kid.

“If I weren’t so much in love with Chastity and Marcus, I never could have been talked into this.” He let the smile leave his face, and his gaze bored into hers.

“Last chance, Molly. Are you *absolutely* certain you want to do this? That you want to take this chance? It’s all right to back down, honey. No one but us—well, and Chastity, of course—will ever know. And none of us will think less of you for it.”

Molly turned back to her reflection, her eyes seeing more than just the image the mirror threw back at her. In that moment, she saw the years of pining for Richard Grant, years stretching back to as far as she could remember. She saw herself trying to convince herself what she felt was nothing more than a school-girl crush, even going so far as to give her virginity to a boy in college in her bid to rid herself of this infatuation for her brother’s best friend.

The past and the future opened themselves to her sight, and she knew if she didn’t follow through, if she didn’t at least try this...this brazen seduction...then she’d never have a chance at what she wanted with all her heart.

She turned back to Jordan. “Yes, Master Jordan, I’m very certain.”

“Very well. Marcus, summon Jonathan.”

“Yes, Master.” Marcus left the room quietly.

“Eyes down,” Jordan commanded, his tone harsh. Molly complied.

*A sub never looks a master in the eyes unless commanded to do so.*

From the corridor, just outside this private dressing room, she heard the clank of metal. Seconds later a behemoth of a man filled the doorway. Bare chested, his well defined abs and pecs had been oiled to gleam in the lights of the club. Wearing a cowl mask that covered his head and upper face, he entered the room, carrying what appeared to be a set of chains with manacles attached in one hand and a riding crop in the other. Marcus returned and stood next to Jordan—his lover, his master.

“Unclaimed subs aren’t allowed to wander at will,” Jordan said, his tone that of the master. “And it will add to your appeal to be presented in chains.” Jordan looked at his watch. “The auction begins in ten minutes.”

Molly wondered why the masked man—Jonathan—stood still as stone, not so much as a toe moving. Why didn’t he move? Then Molly found out.

Jordan took one step closer to her. “Molly Durant, do you surrender yourself here and now, to become a willing submissive, bound to obey whichever master pays the highest price for you? To be held by us here and now until that master steps forward? Look me in the eye and answer me.”

His words shocked her because although she’d read about the lifestyle, although she’d made her decision, for the first time she stood on the threshold of commitment. She understood that she could say no, and that would be that. Get back into her street clothes, leave, and

no one would know. Certainly Jordan and Marcus wouldn't think less of her. All this, she knew.

Or she could say yes.

Molly licked suddenly dry lips and worked to ignore the shiver that slid from her shoulders to her finger tips.

"Yes, Master Jordan. I do."

"Jonathan, chain this sub and take her to the holding room." He gave her one more direct stare. "You might think it all begins in ten minutes, when the auction starts. But your new life begins right here, right now. Jonathan is your keeper. Obey him as you would any master."

With a final half smile and nod, he and Marcus left the room. Alone with Jonathan she felt more than a little miffed that her nerves chose that moment to stir to life.

"Arms above your head."

Jonathan's voice sounded nearly bored. In complying, Molly wondered if her nipples, just covered by the leather, would spring free. Fortunately, they stayed covered. Jonathan secured a chain around her waist. Attached to this chain hung four others. At the end of each chain a manacle dangled.

"Hands in front, wrists close together."

He enclosed her wrists in one set of manacles, then knelt to do the same to her ankles with the others.

Molly felt her face burn when instead of rising to his feet right away, he stayed eye-level with her mons. He blew a stream of air against her pussy. She felt her labia twitch with arousal. Shock held her in place. Here, then, lay proof that what she'd told Marcus had been nothing but the truth. In chains, a masked Dom before her, she'd turned wet with arousal.

Jonathan smirked. "Too bad the auction starts so soon. It would please me to inspect the goods." Then he reached out and ran a single finger lightly over her leather covered crotch.

Outrage flared and then died.

*I agreed to this.* How many times did her mother chide her for not being willing to pay the piper?

*Good news, Ma, I'm facing the consequences of my actions.*

No, probably not a good idea to tell her mother about this moment.

Molly remained silent and still, waiting.

Jonathan got to his feet. He ran the riding crop back and forth a couple of times across the top of her breasts, not pushing it below the leather, just brushing the flesh that remained visible to the world. "Yes, too bad. I think I would have enjoyed making a thorough inspection."

He reached behind to the back of his belt, and Molly heard another clinking sound. When he brought his hand forward, she saw he held a simple collar and leash, items she didn't notice until now.

Once he fastened them in place, he nodded. "Show time. A master is about to claim you. I'll envy him the rest of his evening. Now, eyes down. Watch your feet and don't trip."

Jonathan turned and led her out of the room. The blare of the music hit her, a wall of sound that seemed to breathe all around her. She felt the heat of the bodies, the fullness of the main lounge. Dozens of feet, mostly male, moved through her line of sight as she followed Jonathan on a path that took her through the heart of the crowd.

Murmurs of appreciation followed her, and Molly swallowed hard. She did her best to try and look up sneakily, raising her eyes but not her head, and wondered if she'd taken a wrong turn into a Halloween party. Collars and leashes, certainly, and leather and lace abounded. The ubiquitous French maid vied with the pig-tailed school girl for most worn disguise. One man dressed as a Pilgrim, one as a cowboy. Sudden movement in her peripheral vision caught her attention.

He stood tall, but that could have been the illusion of his mask, all orange leather, long and narrow, pointed chin and what appeared to be

flames shooting off his head. *Yes, the mask looked like a demon made of flames.* Robes of deep chocolate velvet covered his body and he stared at her with singular attention. The sight of him made her forget to keep her head down. Drawn to his eyes, the only feature of his face visible, Molly felt a shiver course down her spine. She could have sworn his eyes burned black with tiny red dots for pupils. *Satan's eyes.* She looked away to her right and spotted the long mahogany bar that ran the length of one wall and a man leaning against it. As she turned her gaze to him he came to rigid attention. Black hair gleaming in the club lighting, tension radiating from every pore, he stared at her with an expression she couldn't read.

Molly averted her eyes and followed Jonathan. Her heart pounded heavily as they skirted the stage and entered a side door.

She didn't have to wonder any longer if Richard had come to his club tonight or not. He had, he'd seen her, and now there could be no going back.

Molly's nerves came alive as if hit with an electric current as she wondered what would happen next.

## Chapter 2

*There's something in the air tonight.*

Richard Grant leaned against the bar, his back to the bartender, his attention on the room and the sea of bodies that flowed and ebbed more or less to the music. Richard thought the sound, heavy on beat, light on lyrics, could have been connected to human history, that sense of ages past that lived within every psyche. A primal, feral sound.

Scrape off enough layers and one came down to the basic animal. His thirty-six years of life had proven this to Richard beyond any doubt. He didn't consider himself, however, a cynical man.

He found the animal inside him cause for celebration, not shame or, worse, penitence.

He allowed himself the pleasure of a smile as he contemplated his own personal nature. He considered himself a hedonist of the first order. He performed the necessary minutiae of life, fulfilling the obligations of a responsible member of society and a business owner. But once those chores had been completed, he turned all his attention to the pursuit of pleasure. Unabashedly, enthusiastically, and with no holds barred.

“Good crowd.”

Richard turned to the blond man standing beside him. Looking at Alan gave him pleasure. Not so much because he was handsome—truthfully, Richard had met and bedded more handsome men. The attraction he felt for Alan had nothing to do with physical beauty. There existed a beauty inside Alan, a kind of shining faith in life that

endured and held fast in the face of enormous personal tragedy, a beauty simple, steadfast, and pure.

“It is a good crowd,” Richard agreed. “Jordan must be smiling.”

Alan chuckled. He moved just an inch or so closer to Richard so that their bodies touched. “In case you haven’t noticed, he’s been smiling a lot lately. Ever since that party they threw where he, Marcus, and Chastity pledged themselves to each other, mates for life.”

“I have noticed. Jordan is a lucky man. As a matter of fact,” Richard turned so that he could hold his lover’s gaze, “seeing how happy the three of them are together has inspired me to thinking, lately. I know we talked about it when we first got together, and I know we’ve both enjoyed ourselves the couple of times we’ve entertained female guests. How would you feel about adding a woman to our relationship on a permanent basis?”

“She’d have to be a sub.”

The speed with which Alan answered told Richard he’d been giving the matter likely as much thought as he. “Because?”

Alan lowered his gaze and pressed himself even closer to him. The scent, part cologne and part just Alan, surrounded Richard. He felt his cock begin to stir and knew when they got home tonight he would immerse himself in his lover.

Almost shyly, Alan lightly kissed Richard’s ear. “Because I want only your hand on the paddle when I need to be spanked, only your hand gripping my hair when you command me to worship your cock.”

“And if it pleases me to have someone else administer your discipline?” Richard heard the edge in his question, recognizing that the part of him that loved being master asserted itself.

“Then I will obey you without question or hesitation, of course, Master.”

Damn, Richard really loved this man.

“Good. And on this, I can set your mind at ease. I thought of taking on a female sub.”

“Is that why we’re here tonight? For the auction?”

He heard the note of disbelief in Alan’s voice. When Richard raised his eyebrow and looked at him, the other man shrugged. “You always refer to these kinds of events as D/s light. I would have thought that you’d canvass the members you knew if you decided to look for a new sub.”

“You know me well,” Richard said. That Alan did know him so well, paid attention to him, to his thinking and his ideas, pleased Richard immensely.

There wasn’t anything about Alan, in fact, that Richard didn’t like. If it not for the fact that he liked pussy as much as he liked cock, Richard figured he could be quite content keeping things to just the two of them.

He turned his attention back to Alan. “We’re here tonight because Jordan called and wanted me here.”

“Do you think he has a problem?” Alan asked.

“We’re about to find out. There they are now.”

“Chastity isn’t with them,” Alan said quietly.

It would be just a minute before Jordan and Marcus joined them. Richard turned to Alan. “I want what they have. The kind of family they have. You?”

“Yes. I want that kind of family very much. A forever kind of family.”

Alan didn’t often show his vulnerabilities, but Richard knew them all. He liked being a Dom. He liked the mix of sex and power. But he liked being the one who took *care* of Alan, in ways subtly different from the way Alan took care of him.

“Yes,” Richard said now. “A forever kind of family.”

He turned his attention to the man approaching them.

He’d first met Jordan Fitzpatrick more than a dozen years before, not long after Jordan arrived from the West Coast. The three of them—him and Jordan and Michael Durant—hit it off almost immediately. In those days, Richard had just started exploring his bi-

sexuality, and he thought maybe he and Jordan saw that side of the other then, that common thread. He didn't act on that feeling because he liked Jordan and wanted that man in the role of friend only.

Richard nearly smiled. If he'd made a pass at Jordan, it would have freaked Michael out. But Richard didn't know for certain that Jordan was involved in the lifestyle until just a few years ago, when the man opened Reckless Abandon.

"Richard, Alan," Jordan greeted as he approached. Marcus also nodded, then turned his attention to the bartender. He ordered two club sodas with lime. Richard did smile then. The owner of Reckless Abandon habitually ordered the same drink he and Alan did whenever they came here.

What with all the concern over drinking and driving, and given the activities he and Alan partook of from time to time, he believed it best, all around, to leave the consumption of alcohol for evenings at home and the occasional dinner out.

"You need to know she was pretty determined on this course," Jordan said quickly, quietly. "So I said yes and called you. I figured, between us, we could control the situation and her."

"She? What situat—" Richard stopped mid-sentence as a woman came into the room. Instant lust turned him numb. He watched the glorious redhead being led before them all by collar and leash, paraded in for the benefit of the patrons.

*Another sub for the auction, but this one is the jewel of the lot.*

Her eyes downcast, her wrists and ankles shackled as befitted an unclaimed sub, the woman dripped sex. His eyes drank her in, bodacious breasts, luscious legs, and an ass he wanted to paddle, bite, *and* fuck. His cock hardened. The sound of an indrawn hiss beside him meant Alan saw her as well. He shot a sly glance down, pleased his lover sprouted an erection in reaction to her. Putting his glance back on the redhead he tried to get a good look at her face.

*Come on, sweetheart, show a little spunk. Look up. Look at me.*

She must have heard his urgent summons, for in the next instant she raised her head, then locked her gaze on his. Richard's back straightened and he took one step forward as recognition blasted through him.

"What the fuck?"

He thought he said that softly, but Marcus's snort told him he'd been loud enough. Molly's eyes widened. Then she redirected her gaze to the ground. In another few seconds, she disappeared from sight.

Richard wanted to punch something, or someone. He turned to Jordan, ready to do violence.

"What did you want me to do? She begged me to help her. Was I supposed to say no and let her try to find a partner in the lifestyle on the street?"

"Jesus Christ, Jordan, she's just a kid!"

"I beg your pardon? Molly is twenty-five years old. And I hate to break this to you because I know that your self-preservation instincts have shoved her in the box marked 'child,' but that woman is no child. Besides, she very likely has indulged in sex before."

Richard opened his mouth to protest, then shut it again.

What the hell was he going to do? Everything Jordan just said hit the mark, damn it. He'd been keeping an eye on Molly since she was a kid.

Truths he'd hidden from himself began to surface. His better angel struggled to hold back the tide of those thoughts, while the little devil that lived inside him felt like a dieter who'd just discovered zero-calorie whipped cream.

*Oh God. Molly covered in chocolate and whipped cream. He could just imagine...*

He shook his head, suddenly aware that his companions, all three of them, silently watched him, waiting.

"What the hell do you expect me to do?" he asked Jordan.

Jordan stepped closer. “Do I have to spell it out for you? Bid on her. Win her. Then train her to your tastes.”

Richard ran a frustrated hand through his hair. “Michael will fucking *kill* me.”

“Michael is in Wyoming, if you’ll recall. And I believe he realizes Molly isn’t a teenager anymore. I doubt very much he’s even aware you’ve kept yourself as her pseudo big-brother all this time.”

The music faded to silence and the lights came up just a little. Excited chatter rippled through the assembled crowd. Richard cast his eye over the sea of bodies. Some people wore costumes, some came dressed in business casual, and some even wore blue jeans.

Reckless Abandon packed in an eclectic mix of people. Some of them played at various renditions of BDSM. Some took the lifestyle a lot more seriously. He knew that he and Alan likely ranged in the middle between the players and the very serious. One thing all the patrons had in common, they all belonged to this private club, which meant Jordan had vetted every one.

Of course, no system could be foolproof. For all Richard knew, there might be a deviant bastard right there with them tonight, disguised as a regular member.

But Jordan was right. If Molly wanted to explore this lifestyle, better she came here than some out-of-town biker bar.

*And better she have me as her master than any other man.*

Over the loudspeaker, a cultured female voice began to speak. “Ladies and gentlemen, our charity auction is about to get underway.”

“All right.” Richard said.

“You’re going to buy her?”

Richard heard the thread of excitement in Alan’s voice. He shot his sub a glare. “What choice do I have? I’ll buy her, and then maybe I’ll put her in a cab and send her home.”

“I never knew you possessed this stubborn streak,” Jordan said.

“Fuck you.”

In hindsight, Richard supposed it wasn't such a good idea to say something like that to as powerful a man as Jordan Fitzpatrick.

The Dom in Fitzpatrick may have raised one eyebrow at his rudeness, but the rest of him, the man who had been one of his best friends for the last decade, just laughed and clapped a commiserating hand on his shoulder.

\* \* \* \*

“Number ten, step forward.”

*Finally!* Molly thought the moment would never arrive. Her rotten luck saw her given the last number for the night. Nine other subs went before her, six men and three women. But from the moment she came out on stage, she'd been aware of Richard.

He didn't leave his post by the bar, but neither did he take his eyes off her. Alan, on his left, stood quietly. She understood the nature of their relationship now that she'd done some reading and studying. Alan didn't seem overt in his submissiveness. But then, she didn't know how much of their roles they shared with the world. She'd been taking covert looks at the crowd during the auctioning of the other subs. She saw couples—both same sex and mixed gender—who seemed to enjoy showing off the D/s dynamic with leashes and collars. And she saw couples like Richard and Alan, and Jordan and Marcus whose behavior appeared much more subtle.

Richard left the bar and slowly made his way toward the stage. She couldn't read his expression. She quickly cast her glance down, as she'd been told to remain until directed otherwise.

“Number ten, turn around slowly, three hundred and sixty degrees.”

Molly did as the faceless female voice commanded her to do. She made her movements slow so that each quarter turn provided ample opportunity for the club's patrons—Richard—to look their fill.

“Number ten, turn your back to the audience, spread your legs, and bend over.”

Molly felt her face heat. She cursed her vanity for having chosen such a blatantly sexy garment in the first place. She didn't know how much the audience could see because she simply never checked herself in the mirror at this angle. She suspected they were getting an eyeful of pussy.

“Number ten, stand straight and face the audience. Raise your head and focus your gaze on the bar. Master Jordan has decreed that the bidding on number ten shall begin at one thousand dollars.”

*One thousand dollars?*

Molly should have been used to this process by now, as she listened to the bidding back and forth for all nine of her predecessors. It felt a hell of a lot different when she knew the patrons would be bidding on her.

“One thousand dollars.”

That was not Richard's voice. Though difficult, she managed a small glance to her right. The lights thwarted her, and all she got was an impression of a tall man wearing some kind of strange mask. Then the image of black eyes, Satan's eyes, returned, and she knew who'd just bid on her.

“Master Bacchus has opened. Any others?”

“One thousand, one hundred.”

Thank God. That was Richard. She tried to read his mood from his voice. It might have been an easier proposition if he put some inflection into his words.

“One thousand, five hundred.”

“Two thousand.”

“Two thousand five hundred.”

“Three thousand dollars.”

“Five thousand dollars.”

Oh dear. It seemed that someone really wanted her, and she very much feared that someone was not Richard. Her heart thudded in her chest and sweat slicked her breasts.

*Shit.* She didn't like the odds of her top staying up if she sweated too much.

"Master Bacchus has bid five thousand dollars. Master Richard?"

The crowd fell silent, the bidding for her having eclipsed all others tonight. She began to shake, because something about the man, Bacchus, frightened her, though she couldn't say what, and because it looked like he might win.

It seemed odd to her he'd call himself Bacchus. Every depiction she'd ever seen of the minor god showed a plump, jovial man with a face wreathed in pleasure.

Nothing about this Bacchus spoke of pleasure.

Molly didn't want to become the sub of a man whose face she couldn't even see, a man who set her inner alarms off. She let her glance slide to him once more, and nearly jumped when she realized he'd been waiting for her to do that, and met her gaze steadily with two eyes as black as tar.

Molly swallowed hard and turned her gaze back to the bar. It felt as if long minutes passed since the emcee asked Richard whether he would care to bid over five thousand dollars.

*Oh, my God, that's a lot of money. What if he isn't prepared to go any higher? What if...*

"Fifty thousand dollars."

The crowd gasped and then began to applaud. Not caring if she broke the rules or not, she let her gaze meet Richard's.

She'd never seen quite that look on him before. What did it mean? What was he thinking?

"Master Bacchus?"

Molly held her breath and mentally crossed her fingers.

"Sadly, I must decline to continue."

“Going once, going twice...sold to Master Richard for the generous sum of fifty thousand dollars. Master Richard, the AIDS orphans’ charity thanks you. Number ten, go to your new master.”

Molly felt so relieved Richard bought her, she could barely move. Taking the stairs on her left, she kept her eyes downcast as she made her way to where he stood, waiting. She reached him at the same time as the masked man.

“Congratulations, Richard.”

“Thank you, Bacchus.”

“Perhaps if you tire of her, you’ll be kind enough to remember me?”

Richard didn’t answer, he just nodded his head. Bacchus raked Molly with a gaze that felt as malevolent as it did intrusive. Then he turned and headed toward the bar.

“I have a good mind to put you in a cab and send you to your mother.” Richard’s words sounded terse.

Defiant, Molly met his gaze for the first time. Before he realized who she was, she saw heat in his expression, and she could have sworn she saw it again, just after the emcee announced he won her. She had to believe he wanted her. She had to hold on to that faith with both hands as she took the biggest gamble—the biggest *bluff*—of her life.

“I *will* be a sub. The only question is, who will I belong to? You? Or that gentleman in the lovely orange mask?”

Richard’s eyes widened, and then a coldness entered his expression that froze her right to the bone.

“Oh, you’ll be mine, all right. In fact, as of a few moments ago, you *are* mine. You challenged me just now, and for that you deserve to be punished. How fortunate we have the perfect place to do just that upstairs.” He reached out and took her arm in his hand. Turning, he looked at Alan who hurried over to join them.

“Run ahead and inform Mistress Bev that I have need of her paddle and her stocks.”

Molly caught the gleam in Alan's eyes. His smile widened when he said, "Yes, Master."

Richard began to pull her through the crowd, and Molly realized that he wasn't just cold, but coldly furious.

"We'll see just how serious you are about this lifestyle once I redden your ass."

## Chapter 3

*She should belong to me.*

Bacchus wanted to march back over to the man and his new sub and simply claim her—right of first sight—as he *had* seen her first. But he couldn't. Not here, and not now.

*Not yet.*

Bacchus watched intently as Richard Grant pulled his prize toward the staircase. The look on the man's face spoke volumes. She'd already done something to raise her master's ire. The redhead's ass would match her hair in a few moments.

Bacchus approved. Too many here simply played a game, donned a role they thought chic and only wore it while here. This club made for an expensive escape from the work-a-day world, where young bucks could come and live in a fantasy realm for an evening.

Bacchus had no patience for them. They didn't understand. *This* was the real world, and all the rest, the fantasy.

From what he'd observed, Grant wasn't one of those weaklings. All knew he lived with his submissive, Alan, and that his home featured many accoutrements that would make any master proud. Bacchus had never been there, never been invited to one of Grant's private parties, but he heard the man even possessed a basement with a cage and a rack.

Thoughts of what he could do with the redhead in such an environment made him hard.

*When I have a woman on her knees, my marks on her flesh freshly red, and her mouth opened to worship my cock, yes, that is reality.*

It took no effort to see the redhead on her knees before him. She would be anxious to worship him, eager to offer her cunt or her ass for his pleasure by the time he finished training her.

He would train her so well she would race to don her shackles when he commanded her, so that he could give her fresh welts with his leather.

He had no doubt in his mind that the woman had been destined to be *his* property. There could be no other explanation for her appearance here tonight. He closed his eyes, envisioned it all perfectly. Everything he knew, all he'd experienced brought him to this place and this time, for *this* woman.

He very nearly laughed out loud.

Before the auction, the emcee announced that the submissives being offered for sale had never known a master's leash or strap.

Let the redheaded witch get her first taste of her future from Grant, then. He didn't have nearly as much interest in being her first owner as in being her last.

Excitement began to build in him, and he looked around the club, his eyes open for a possible temporary substitute.

None here suited his requirements, but he knew of another place where he might find what he sought. He might even procure a redhead to practice on.

All cats are gray in the dark. If he blindfolded her, shone a spotlight on her hair, it would be easy to believe he strapped and fucked one instead of the other.

Yes, he'd sate himself for now. And he would watch and wait. He would wait for his chance to take the redhead.

But he wouldn't wait too long.

\* \* \* \*

Richard didn't allow himself to think as he pulled Molly up the stairs to the school room. She thought she wanted him and this lifestyle? Then let her get an overdose of it, here and now.

He wouldn't play games. He'd punish her for daring to challenge him, and he'd punish her for daring to come here, dressed like a wet dream, making him face how much he wanted her, how much he'd always wanted her.

*God, I want to just bend her over the railing and fuck her brains out.*

Mike's baby sister. No, he couldn't fuck her. It didn't matter that Jordan thought he could, that Jordan believed her old enough.

*Stop thinking. Do what you have to and be done with it.*

One solid paddling would be enough to change her mind.

*And if it didn't?*

Richard thought his heart beat faster than ever before in his entire life. His eyes fairly crossed with lust.

"Slow down," Molly ordered when she nearly tripped on the top step.

"Shut up. Speak only when spoken to." The Master in him took over and tonight that beast seemed more powerful than usual. Yet despite his words, he did slow his pace slightly to allow for Molly's shorter stride.

And then they stood in the open door of the play area at Reckless Abandon known as the School Room. Most evenings, only one woman presided at the head of the class, a Domitrix whose reputation spread beyond this club—and this city, for that matter.

From the corner of his eye he could see Molly gawking at the room and its occupants. He didn't look at her but made eye contact with the woman standing straight and statuesque at the front of the room.

"Mistress Bev, please excuse me for interrupting your class."

"Not at all, Master Richard. Alan has relayed your request, and I am delighted to accommodate you." She then looked at the dozen or

so “students” sitting at the desks in the room. “It will be good for the class to see what can happen to a slave who is churlish.”

Richard didn’t waste another moment. He pulled Molly, wide-eyed but not resisting, to the front of the room.

Her gasp when she saw and recognized the device he led her to sounded like sweet music to his ears.

Alan rushed ahead of them and raised the top bar, opening the device. Too late, Richard realized the apparatus rested in its lowest position. It wouldn’t do to take a moment and adjust it to Molly’s waist-height. Speed and shock were his immediate goals. But with the stocks this low he was going to get another eyeful of her pussy. That wouldn’t help his will power at all. *Brazen it out.*

“I think you’re going to look very good in these stocks.” Richard said. “Head here, wrists here. *Now.*”

Molly quickly did as he told her, not speaking despite the rebellious expression on her face. Alan immediately set the top bar back in place, locking the device.

Richard took a step back to retrieve one of the paddles and allowed his eyes to take in the magnificent ass waiting for him.

*Oh, God.*

Her thong, swallowed by the lips of her pussy, added to her allure. Nothing had been left to his imagination, save the entrance to her cunt.

Blindly, he reached out, his fingers closing around the handle of the first paddle his hand touched. The business end was rectangular, about eight inches long and two inches wide and covered in bright red leather.

He grasped it firmly, testing its weight. Then he bent down to whisper in Molly’s ear.

“You thought you knew what this was all about, little girl, but I can guarantee you that despite whatever reading or research you’ve done, you don’t know anything. You are, however, about to find out.”

Richard straightened and let his gaze meet Alan's. That man's eyes glittered with sexual excitement, and Richard very much feared they matched his own, perfectly. He nodded to Mistress Bev.

"You have my permission to cry," he said, loud enough for all to hear.

Richard pulled his arm back, then brought it forward in a smooth, full motion. The resulting *thwack* echoed in the now silent room.

"Ahh!"

Molly's sharp cry of shock was the exact sound he hoped for. The tiny moan that followed was not.

*Thwack.*

He made the second smack a bit harder than the first. He meant business, meant to let the little vixen know she had no right coming here, no right tempting him.

"Ohh." That did not sound like a cry of pain.

*Thwack. Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.*

She whimpered now, finally, but Richard didn't know whether that sound meant pain or arousal.

Six solid blows, enough to get his message across. He swallowed convulsively, aware that his cock had hardened. Alan's had, too. This was *not* what he'd planned on when he brought Molly up these stairs.

He stepped back, and his gaze landed on that tempting cunt, now gleaming wet. The woman was at least as horny as he and Alan. As if to underscore this discovery, she flexed her muscles and her damn pussy winked at him, a siren's call.

*Oh, God.*

Molly may have been the one who'd just been spanked, but he was the one who'd been brought to his knees.

"Slave, your duty is to obey immediately and without question, and to speak only when given permission. Do you understand? You may answer me."

Molly inhaled a shaky breath. "Yes, Master."

"Good."

He stepped back and nodded to Alan.

While his partner released the stocks, Richard's eyes strayed to the door. Jordan, with Marcus at his side, stood where they'd obviously watched the entire exchange. He knew his expression reflected the turmoil he felt. Jordan responded with a raised eyebrow. The expression on Marcus's face looked pitying.

Fine. He deserved pity. He was about to fuck the woman he'd cast firmly in the role of honorary baby sister for the last ten years, even though she'd been an adult most of that time. He felt as if he just signed his own death warrant. Michael would surely murder him when he found out.

\* \* \* \*

Molly wouldn't have believed it if shivers of hot, needy arousal didn't just course through her body.

Being spanked turned her on like nothing else she'd ever experienced. In fact, as she followed Richard down the stairs toward the exit, Molly had to wonder. If he'd paddled her just a bit more, would she have come right then and there in front of everyone?

"Alan, bring the car around. Get the mat and the chains out of the trunk and put them in the back seat."

"Yes, Master."

Molly thought Alan seemed a lot more excited than Richard did about the evening's events. Then he said, "Look at me." She immediately obeyed. *Oh, my.*

His eyes glittered hot, the light of arousal so strong, the look he sent her so searing, she wondered how her skin didn't hiss and crackle and go up in flames.

"You've done it. You win. I'm still not certain you have any real idea what you've let yourself in for."

She wasn't either, but no way in hell she'd let Richard know that. What she did notice, what she chose to react to, was the trace of self-disgust she intuited from his words and his expression.

"I want this. I want whatever it is you want to give me. You turn me on, and so does Alan. You're the only ones who ever really *have* turned me on. I came here tonight for this reason, eyes wide open, with no second thoughts. The only thing I don't want is for you to send me away."

She didn't know if he believed her or not. She let her gaze wander down his body, admired the girth of the erection that tented his trousers.

"God forgive me, I'm not going to send you away. Whether or not you run away, eventually, remains to be seen. Your safe word—"

"I don't need a safe word."

"You'll have one, or this ends here and now."

She'd better find her footing with him, and fast. She dared not declare ignorance. That might be just the lever he'd need to shove her right out of his life. So instead of what she wanted to say, that she trusted him completely and would take anything and everything he gave her, she cast her eyes down and said, "Yes, Master."

"Your safe word is 'Michael.' That ought to work for both of us." He looked at his watch. Then he reached out and, using one finger, lifted her face so that her gaze met his.

"It's only eleven o'clock on the Friday night of a long weekend. You probably wore a different outfit here? Something proper and decent for the street?"

"Yes, Master. It's in one of the change rooms."

"Well, Jordan is going to have to send it to you because we're not going to go and get it. Since you'll be spending most of the next seventy-two hours naked, there's no point, is there?"

Molly felt moisture pulse from her pussy and wondered if it would be enough juice to run down her leg.

He took her arm and led her to the door. The bouncer on duty nodded to Richard but didn't look at her at all.

"Your car is out front, sir."

"Thank you, Jonathan," Richard said. "Have a good night."

"Thank you. You too, sir."

Molly wondered if that had really been a smirk on Jonathan's face even as she felt her cheeks flame. Without his cowl mask she could see the bouncer was blond haired, blue eyed and looked younger than she.

She guessed the mask he'd worn when he led her to auction increased the size of his balls.

The door to the outside swung open on its own, the result, she guessed, of the bouncer pushing a button.

By the curb directly in front of the building, a silver BMW sedan with tinted windows awaited, engine running. Alan stood next to the back passenger-side door.

"I'll drive," Richard said and led Molly around to the driver's side. He opened the back door of the vehicle, then released her arm.

"Get in and sit on that mat in the middle."

The scent of rich leather—fast becoming her favorite material—surrounded her. The seat felt plush under her. She felt grateful for the soft piece of chenille Richard told Alan to set in place. Her naked ass still smarted from her spanking and wouldn't have been comfortable on the bare leather.

In the next instant, she gasped. Both men reached in, took hold of a wrist a piece, and secured a handcuff in place. The handcuffs connected to chains attached to the panic handles above the back doors on both sides of the vehicle.

Then Richard knelt on the seat and combed his fingers through her hair to hold her in place as he fused his mouth to hers.

Hot, carnal, his kiss flooded her with his taste. No flavor ever zapped her senses or fired her blood like his flavor did. His tongue swept her mouth, his lips sucked, and all she could do, all she *wanted*

to do was open herself and offer him everything. She felt captured and enraptured as her belly quivered and arousal flowed through her.

When he reached and took hold of her zipper, a tiny voice inside her cheered. He yanked it down, all the way down with one solid pull. He cupped her right breast, palmed it, rubbed his thumb over her nipple, and she moaned into his mouth.

He pinched her nipple and she whimpered, arching her back to offer him more.

“Damn it to hell,” he said.

Molly blinked. He’d pulled back even though she wasn’t done tasting him yet.

The sensual haze lasted just another few seconds. Richard raised his gaze to Alan. “Now,” he said.

The men reached in and stripped her merry widow from her body, lifting her, pulling it down, in a motion so smooth it felt practiced. Before she could gather a sentence together in her head, each man reached down, took one ankle apiece, and, raising it, slipped a cold steel restraint into place. Then, as an added measure, Richard ran his hand over her cunt, letting one finger dip in to test her moisture.

Molly moaned and clenched her inner muscles in a bid to capture that finger even as he withdrew it. She was naked, spread-eagle in the back of a car in the middle of one of the busiest cities in the world with her body screaming “fuck me”. She needed Richard’s cock more than she needed her next breath. The men backed out and the doors on either side of her slammed shut. Then the front doors opened and they got into the car. Richard slid behind the wheel. Alan took up the passenger seat.

Richard adjusted his rear-view mirror and flashed a smile that shouted pure devil. Without taking his gaze from hers, he sucked his finger into his mouth.

Molly shivered and it had nothing to do with being cold.

“Comfortable, darling?” Richard asked.

“Not really,” she answered honestly.

“Well, it’s not that long a drive home. To *my* home. And to keep you entertained along the way, Alan and I are going to tell you all the delicious things we’re going to do to and with you for the next few days.”

“She has a very pretty pussy,” Alan said.

“Yes, and a tasty one, too.” Richard agreed. Then he met her gaze in the mirror once more. “I hope you got a good night’s sleep last night, Molly. Because you won’t get much sleep tonight. Now, anything you’d like to say?”

Did he just toss her a challenge? Did he think she would cry uncle, say that stupid safe word, burst into tears?

She was a tougher woman than that.

The two men she hungered after for so long now looked at her naked body, promising to do all manner of delicious things to her. Did she have something to say?

“Hurry,” she whispered, “hurry so we can get started. Only please don’t get pulled over.”

## Chapter 4

Molly felt the heat of his gaze and met it unflinchingly in the rearview mirror. She thought of being so close to having what she'd dreamed of having for so long.

And then she saw it, a look that told her he finally understood just how badly she wanted him, how much she wanted them both.

"Does being chained up like that turn you on?" he asked.

Did it? Molly certainly felt horny. It occurred to her that if she hated what he'd done to her, she wouldn't be.

"I think it does."

Richard chuckled. "Maybe you'll like it more when I strap you down in my basement and play with you. A little slap and tickle, among other things. Would you like it if I blindfolded you? If, while you're blindfolded, Alan and I both played with you? Touched you? Tasted you? Fucked you?"

"Mmm." His words acted like a teasing caress against her nerve endings, making her all hot and tingly inside.

She caught Alan's subtle movement, followed by Richard's nod. He turned around in the front seat so he could look at her.

"I love to be tied up. I like ropes, and I love it when Richard ties them tight. I love the feeling of being completely at his mercy." Then he let his gaze wander down to her pussy. "I haven't fucked a woman for a while. The first time I met you, Molly, I wanted to fuck you."

She wanted to smile when Alan slid a sly, sideways glance Richard's way.

"You never told me that," Richard said.

"Because I knew you wouldn't like it. *Then.*"

Molly recognized the street they'd turned onto. Richard's brownstone stood two blocks down.

She wondered how he planned to get her into the house.

"What's the matter?" Richard asked, one eyebrow raised. She thought she saw his lip turn up at the corner. She read a bit of merriment in his eyes and realized something about him she'd not known before. The man obviously loved to tease.

"Oh, nothing, really. I just wondered. How am I going to get inside your house?"

"Well, I planned to unchain you first."

"I'd appreciate that."

"Do you think I've damaged your legs, keeping them spread and raised like that for the last few minutes?"

"No, I don't think so. They're not even sore." Molly reacted to his widening smile by giving him hers in return.

"Well then, I guess you're going to walk through the front entrance, once the door is unlocked and open."

"But I'm naked!"

"In that case, may I suggest you walk very quickly?"

Molly had never seen that light-hearted, fun-filled smile before but she liked it. She liked it a lot.

Until she found out he wasn't joking.

\* \* \* \*

"It's nearly summer," Richard said as he took Molly's hand and led her up the stairs toward the master bedroom. "You can't be that cold."

"You try running, in the middle of the night, barefoot up to your neck, across a street and up a set of concrete steps."

The tone in Molly's voice told Alan she wasn't vexed at all. He smiled. He always enjoyed Richard's playful side.

Richard laughed. "At least I sent Alan ahead to open the door."

“I wonder if any of your neighbors saw me.” Molly said.

“It’s after midnight,” Alan said. “If they did, they’ll think they were dreaming.” He watched Richard, watched the way the excitement lit his eyes, because he’d finally given himself permission to do what he’d secretly longed to do for a long time. He’d given himself permission to have Molly.

Alan knew since the moment he met her that Molly would be the one for them. Richard tried hard to keep the woman in the box labeled “best friend’s baby sister,” but he knew the first time he saw them together that the man wanted her.

For that matter, Alan wanted her on first sight, too.

At the moment, she seemed a bit off balance. Everyone who lived a variation of the lifestyle he and Richard lived did things differently. There existed within the lifestyle a measure of individuality, much as could be found in the way different people practiced their religion or politics, in the way they approached their jobs or, hell, even wore a scarf.

To Alan’s way of thinking, the right way was the way that worked best for you.

He looked at Richard and said, “Molly’s confused.”

Richard nodded. “I know.”

Alan nearly laughed. He could see Molly wanted to say something about being spoken about when she stood right there. He guessed it was a measure of her need and desire that she kept her mouth shut. It wasn’t hard to figure out that she feared saying the wrong thing and sparking Richard’s temper.

*Very astute of her.*

His lover would never hurt her or any woman. His lover would never hurt him. But he *might* show her the door. Richard did have a fierce temper.

They walked through the large bedroom into the bathroom beyond. Alan appreciated Molly’s gasp of pleasure as she took in the enormous room.

The master bath was a hedonist's paradise. Decorated in black and gold marble, it sparkled in the soft lighting recessed into the ceiling. Alan recalled the first time he'd stepped into this room. He thought he'd died and gone to heaven. He'd never seen such a large shower. Equipped with two shower heads on each end—two above the head and two aimed just below waist level—one could be pelted with water at varying speeds and intensities or covered in a fine mist, depending upon the setting. When Richard and he showered together they didn't take up all the space. Thoughts of the three of them showering together got him hotter than he already was looking at Molly's totally naked, totally fabulous body.

The regular tub easily accommodated two people and being situated next to the shower meant one could soak in a hot bath and then rinse off under an abundance of rain.

As if that weren't luxury enough, Richard installed a spa. Alan could see this feature held Molly's attention above all else. They'd never tested the theory, but Richard said the manufacturer claimed it could hold six comfortably.

Richard spun on his heel and faced them. Though Molly now stood between them, it was Alan's eyes his master sought.

"Alan, strip and then undress me."

"Yes, Master."

Alan didn't need a lot of direction. He knew how to please Richard. Sometimes his master surprised him, and he felt blessed because of it. But mostly, he relied on his instincts and on his love for Richard to guide him.

His master's bidding on Molly had been just such a surprise. Jumping the dollar value all the way to fifty thousand told Alan just how very much Richard wanted to keep this glorious redhead out of the hands of Bacchus and all to himself.

Alan peeled the clothes from his body, taking the time to fold them and set them on the dressing table just inside the bathroom door.

Naked but for his collar, he walked over to his master.

He liked that both Richard and Molly stared at his cock. He was hard and ready and wanted nothing more than to give and receive pleasure with them both.

They'd shared a woman before, he and his master, but this time it felt different.

Alan approached Richard, eager for the mutual pleasuring to begin.

"From behind," Richard said.

Alan stood behind Richard and slipped his arms around him. His hands caressed on their way to open the buttons of Richard's shirt. Beginning at the top he unfastened every one.

"I don't want you to be confused, Molly, so if you have any questions, ask away," Richard said softly. "Alan lives here with me. So will you—when you've earned that right. I take great pride in and pleasure from my position as Master of this household."

Alan reached around and opened the buttons on Richard's cuffs. Then, very gently, he peeled the shirt from his body. Unable to resist, Alan placed a couple of gentle kisses on Richard's naked shoulders.

The hitch in his master's breathing shot a zing of arousal through Alan, straight at his cock. Words couldn't express how gratified he felt knowing he could so easily affect such a strong and vibrant man as his master.

"You like being the boss?" Molly's tone said she wanted to understand.

"I do. I like being the boss, and I get absolutely turned on when I have my lovers on their knees, when they obey whatever I tell them to do instantly and without hesitation. That kind of devotion comes with time and trust."

"So it's not a power trip?"

"No, it's a sexual arousal trip. Pure and simple. And that kind of obeisance, that kind of servitude that I want from you comes during love play only. I'm in charge here. I run the household and make the

decisions, yes. But the on-your-knees-do-as-you're-told moments are for moments like now. When we're naked and needy."

Alan kept undressing Richard as the man spoke, knowing the kind of touches his master craved as foreplay. He gave those now, brushing his face against Richard's back, dipping his thumbs under the waist band of his dress slacks as he reached around to unbuckle his belt and undo his pants. Richard's cock sprang free already hard and Alan shivered in pleasure as he stroked the hot head of it with his thumbs.

"Finish it," Richard said.

Oh, Richard was hot tonight and Alan wanted his share of that heat. He wanted to watch his master fuck Molly and finally allow himself the pleasure Alan knew he'd craved for so long. He did as his master commanded, and in mere moments, Richard stood gloriously naked.

He stayed at Richard's back, caressing his shoulders. When Richard turned his head to kiss his hand, Alan knew he'd read his master's mood right.

They would show Molly that they were a couple, a couple who chose her to join them.

"Molly, come here."

Alan's heart thudded with the knowledge that Molly liked seeing him touching their master. The expression in her eyes softened as Alan kissed and caressed Richard, and she wore the signs of her growing pleasure. Her eyes wide, her breathing ragged, and her nipples beaded into firm little points, Molly did as ordered and approached.

\* \* \* \*

He looked hot. They both did. Molly wondered how long it would take her to come. She took the two steps necessary to bring her to Richard.

“Hello, Molly,” he whispered, just before he put his arms around her, gathered her in, and laid his lips on hers.

*Yes.*

The sensation of his mouth, hot and wet, his tongue, sleek and sultry, fanned the flames of her arousal at the same time they filled her heart with joy.

He pulled her closer. Hesitant, she laid her hands on his chest, moved them slowly upward, needing to twine them around his neck.

Richard’s murmur of approval thrilled her. She wanted to please him more than she wanted to draw her next breath. She wanted to immerse herself so completely in these two men that no one would ever be able to separate them or tell where one of them ended and the other began.

His heat seared her, warmed her breasts and made liquid pool in her pussy. She swirled her tongue, tasting his, tasting him, and let her hands play in his hair.

Alan took her right hand, kissed her palm, bit it, and then licked it.

She groaned and brushed her sex against Richard’s, the convulsion of her hips bringing such heat and pleasure, she did it again.

“Stop,” Richard said.

She could feel his cock pulsing, knew he was close. She buried her face against his chest, clamping her inner muscles, using every ounce of will she possessed to obey him.

“Alan.”

“Yes, Master. I’ll get it.”

*Get it?* She sensed the other man moving away but he didn’t go far. He returned in seconds. He got down on his knees beside them, as if he would nudge his way into the midst of them. The tear of the package and then...*oh, God.*

Alan’s hands slid between them, stroking her slit, finding her clit even as she felt as well as heard the glide of the condom onto

Richard's cock. Then Alan brought his master's cock to her and rubbed it against her slit.

"Hold on." Richard lifted her, took two steps, sat her on the wide bathroom counter, and thrust his cock into her, hard and fast and deep.

*So good.*

Her groan and the tilting of her hips were the only communication she could manage. She clung to Richard, wrapping arms and legs around him. Her body shook with the impact of each thrust, and she moved just a little, just to rub her clit against the hair that nested his cock.

Molly came in a rush of pleasure so intense, every muscle in her body quivered, then turned to liquid honey. Every ounce of strength flowed out of her body with her release.

Richard held her fast, held her harder, as she relinquished all control. Electric, titanic, the orgasm continued to sizzle her sex and flutter her flesh.

"Yes." Richard buried his face in the corner of her neck as he slammed into her a final time. He held himself deep inside her and she felt his latex covered cock pressed against her cervix, felt the pulsating rhythm of his ejaculation, and knew one quick flash of regret that his seed would find no home within her.

Molly's heart pounded so hard she felt it in her toes. Racing for breath, she was amazed she could cling to consciousness.

Richard eased his arms out from beneath her, leaving her to lie against the cold marble. She didn't care. She simply reveled in the afterglow and the sensation of Richard's cock still inside her.

"Alan."

The other man approached, and Molly blinked as he eased her just a bit closer to the side edge of the counter. Richard still impaled her, and, although his arms no longer wrapped around her, his hands caressed up and down her thighs.

"Master."

She watched them kiss, a first for her. No polite peck, Alan's lips and tongue moved as avidly as hers had when she was kissed by their master.

Alan removed the spent condom from his master. She watched as he then gently stroked him with a warm wash cloth. He used his hand as a drying towel, then opened and rolled a new condom onto Richard's cock.

"Molly needs something in her mouth," Richard whispered. "Fuck her mouth for me."

He obviously needed no further urging, and Molly was pleased with the command. Alan's cock looked long and thick and hard, and she wanted to taste it, taste him. Reaching out, she grasped him in her left hand and stroked him from knob to balls. When he pushed toward her, she opened her mouth and let him slid his cock inside.

"You look good with cock in your mouth," Richard said. He leaned toward Alan, kissed his ear and cheek at the same time he reached down, and fondled her breast with one hand.

Kneading and squeezing, he played with her breast, his finger and thumb rolling and pinching her nipple.

Molly groaned around Alan's cock. She inhaled his taste and scent. Salty and hot, the twin sensations filled her with renewed passion. Alan's hand, resting on her head, held her still. His fingers combed through her hair as his hips worked in a slow and steady rhythm reminiscent of a gentle, romantic dance. She played her tongue along his length, sucked on him as he pulled back, determined to give as much pleasure as she could.

Richard began to thrust his cock in and out of her again, matching his rhythm to Alan's. When Alan reached his other hand toward him, Richard took it and twined their fingers together.

*Connected.*

They all three connected with each other, making a circle, a unit. Her left hand caressed Alan's hip. Then she let her fingers tickle

forward until she reached his scrotum. Back and forth, she gave him a light petting.

“You have a wonderful mouth, darling,” Alan said. He sucked in a breath, then leaned over to kiss Richard.

“Thank you for buying her. Mmm, your cock looks so delicious sliding in and out of her pussy. Next time, I want my mouth there. I want to drink you both as you fuck her.”

“And I want to feel your cock in her pussy while mine’s in her ass,” Richard said.

Richard’s gaze met hers. “How does that sound, Molly? We’re going to take you every single way two men can take a woman. I think you like that idea just fine. Double penetration. I can hardly wait. Mmm, your tunnel just convulsed around me. You’re close, aren’t you, babe?”

She was and could only moan and flex her inner muscles again, caress Richard’s cock as it slid in and out of her cunt, suck harder on Alan’s cock as he fucked her mouth. Every touch, every look, pushed her higher and higher still.

Richard’s hand roamed from her breast and found her clit. Back and forth, he teased the tiny nub. Then he took it between his thumb and forefinger, squeezing lightly.

“Come now. Both of you. Let me see you come for me.”

Molly surged over the top, the steel in Richard’s command giving her just that tiny push more that she needed. Even as she closed her eyes in pleasure, she felt Alan’s first stream hit the back of her throat. Eager, parched for this sample of the nectar of the gods, she began to swallow.

“*God, yes.*” Richard’s cock began to pulse. Drawn, Molly opened her eyes so she could watch his rapture.

And looked into the deep blue depths of his eyes staring down at her. The intensity of his gaze warmed a part of her she didn’t know had been encased in ice. Wrapping her legs more tightly around him, tilting her pelvis, she surrendered completely to him.

Richard cursed and leaned forward. She felt his cock convulse and knew he came inside her once more.

## Chapter 5

“You don’t have much furniture, do you?”

Bacchus tilted his head to the side. Looking at the woman from that angle, his gaze fixed on her hair.

*It’s a brighter red, maybe, than would be perfect.* But close. Under the circumstances, the shade was close enough.

“I find I don’t need much.” He could think of no reason to explain to her that this home in the country belonged to his great aunt Sophia, that he’d inherited it the year before and only used it for one purpose. Instead, he stepped toward her, extending the item he wanted her to put on. “The game begins. Are you ready?”

Her name was Ginny, she’d told him, short for Virginia, a name which didn’t suit her, given her tastes and habits. And then she’d giggled.

He’d found her at Hog Heaven, a seedy bar on the outskirts of the city. The bar claimed to cater to the fetish crowd, but most of the patrons just liked to dress up and pretend they lived on the edge. The only thing hardcore about the place were some of the drinkers. He’d left his mask behind, worn what he called his blameless face, the one just a little different from the one he showed the rest of the world. He’d flirted with Ginny, bought her a couple of drinks, and she’d come away with him.

She didn’t even argue when he asked her to follow him out of the bar two minutes after he’d left. She didn’t know he’d done it so no one would see them leave together. Later, if she complained or went to the police, he could act the innocent. And who would the cops

believe, anyway? A bar slut or an upstanding member of the community?

Looking at her now confirmed what he'd thought the moment he met her. Her eyes were the wrong color. That's why he decided to start with the blindfold. He held it out to her and she smiled. He knew she thought the expression she gave him engaging. It did nothing for him, but he returned it anyway, needing her to feel relaxed, at ease. At least until he chained her down.

After that, he wouldn't much care how she felt.

Ginny laughed and took the cloth from him and put it on.

*Good. That's much better.*

He didn't have to look into the wrong eyes anymore. He could focus on the hair and believe her to be the one he wanted, the one destined to be his. The one who belonged to him.

"I'm going to lead you into the bedroom now, Ginny."

"All right."

"Ah, ah. That's not the way you're supposed to play the game. All right, what?"

"Oh, yeah. Sorry." She giggled again, then cleared her throat. She tried for a dramatic tone, but failed dismally when she said, "All right, *Master.*"

"That's a good girl." Ginny really was an annoying creature. She needed a good dose of discipline. He led her into his play room slowly, letting her take small steps so she didn't become unbalanced or fall. He'd discovered that some women became terribly disoriented when blindfolded.

He looked from the table to the chains dangling from the pulleys attached to the ceiling. He'd start with her upright, then move her to the table later. "I have a special treat for you. I'm going to shackle you."

"Oh!" The giggle that followed Ginny's exclamation of shock grated on his nerves. He decided she needed a good paddling for just

that alone. He made quick work of encasing her wrists in the cold steel. “Now just stand still. I’m going to raise your arms for you.”

He took the few steps over to where chains tied off. Unhooking them from the wall, he pulled on them, a few pulls hand-over-hand. The pulleys, well oiled, worked silently as the chain caressed them, moving across them. Ginny’s arms rose above her head until they stretched straight. He made the metal taut but ensured her feet still rested on the ground.

“Oh, goodness. This is some bedroom you have here.”

“I’m very happy with it.”

Thankfully, Ginny wore a blouse that buttoned down the front and a skirt. He took a moment to prepare himself. He stripped off his own clothes, then set out a condom, tearing open the foil packet. Next he reached for his own personal enhancement. He wasn’t hard yet but he soon would be. He slipped the cock ring into place. Looking at her, he fisted his cock, stroked it roughly, and thought about what he would soon do to his slave.

*How long this time until I come?*

He would use his new fantasy to fuel his personal fires, a new object for his affections. His record so far was just a couple of hours. But tonight? Tonight would be different, he just knew it. Perhaps he would surpass his record of arousal before ejaculation. If he didn’t, well, it would be a simple matter to wait a few minutes and try again.

He stepped in front of her and began to undo the buttons of her blouse.

“Um, shouldn’t I have, like, a safe word, or something?”

“A safe word? No, Ginny, you get no safe word. A safe word is something you would use when you want me to stop. And I don’t plan on stopping until *I* want to.”

“That’s not funny.” Ginny tugged on the chains that held her fast. Though her tone sounded angry, the expression on her face and the way she trembled told him she felt frightened.

Good. He wanted her frightened. As part of the game, he leaned forward and placed a chaste kiss on her cheek.

“I’m sorry. You’re right. That’s not funny. How about...*freedom*? Freedom can be your safe word.”

“Freedom. Yes, that’s good. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Of course, he didn’t intend to stop until he was done. But he wanted her happy again, so he could frighten her again.

He’d long ago discovered magic existed in that pattern.

He finished opening all the buttons of her blouse. Separating the front panels, he moved the garment up her arms, then down again, and behind her neck.

Her bra opened at the front and featured underwire. Shame on her for trying to make herself appear more buxom than she was. Her breasts were nice, not as plump as would be perfect, but they would do. Not generous, but not grapes, either. He took a moment, traced a pattern with one finger across the mounds, avoiding her nipples. She moaned and he wondered how she could ever think that he’d believe that put-on sound, how she could ever think she could fool him.

Next he reached behind her and opened her skirt, let it drop to the floor. She wore only a g-string beneath it. He walked around her and sighed with pleasure. Here, at last, he found that hint of perfection. The naked globes of her ass looked pale and round, the string of her thong hidden by her crack. Yes, that looked exactly like the ass he’d seen at Reckless Abandon—the ass that belonged to him. *Molly’s ass*.

Ginny shivered.

“Are you cold, Ginny?”

“Yes, Master.”

“I’m sorry. I’ll warm you right up.”

In less than a minute, he chose the items he wanted from among his large collection. He kept his tools close at hand. Reaching out, he let his fingers wrap around the leather handle of the round paddle.

He always liked to start with the paddle. His slaves could usually endure quite a number of blows from his paddle. It made their asses red, a little swollen, and prepared them well for his belt.

“Now, let me warm you up.”

He swung the paddle, landing it hard. Ginny screamed. “Freedom!”

He smiled. She screamed again. And again. “Freedom! Freedom!”

“I told you I wouldn’t stop until I was finished. I bet you’re wet for me already.” He reached out and tested his theory with two fingers shoved deep. The woman moaned through her tears and he laughed.

“Just as I thought. You have a lovely scream, just like a song. I want to hear it some more.” He swung the paddle, hard and fast, and listened to the music Ginny made.

\* \* \* \*

Richard leaned his forehead against Molly’s and fought for breath. Did he know that when he finally took her she would do this to him? Did he suspect that he would lose control inside her, that his orgasm would be wrapped in a sense of homecoming and belonging?

The sensation of Alan’s head leaning on his shoulder and the feeling of Molly’s pussy convulsing in tiny aftershocks around his cock combined to nurture a sense of wholeness inside him. For the first time ever, he felt complete.

“My God.” He slowly straightened, blinking in the suddenly too-bright lights. But he wouldn’t hide from this, from the emotions ricocheting around inside him. He’d deal with them. He might feel as if he needed to pull back, but that was his problem. He wouldn’t for one moment let his lovers think he was dissatisfied with them. With one hand he caressed Molly’s face, and the other, Alan’s.

“That’s the hottest sex I’ve ever had,” Alan whispered.

“No words,” Molly agreed.

“Let’s have a nice hot shower, then move this party to the bed.”

He actually thought that they'd all just cuddle close together tonight. Tomorrow would be soon enough to explore Molly's horizons more thoroughly and to indulge Alan's wonderful, prurient fantasies. Tonight he wanted to relish the sensation of having two lovers with him under the spray of his shower and then under the warmth of the blankets of his bed.

He chuckled when Molly leaned against him as the water coated them and filled the enclosure with steam. He easily supported and bathed her at the same time.

"I should probably be taking care of you," Molly said around a yawn, "considering the role I've chosen to assume."

Richard locked gazes with Alan and knew the other man felt as protective of their new addition as he did. Molly may have thought she prepared herself for this lifestyle, but he and Alan already knew she hadn't reckoned on the caring.

"Another time, Molly. Tonight we'll take care of you."

"All right. As long as you'll let me do my part."

"I think you can pretty well count on that."

She felt like hot silk under his hands. The soap, a gentle combination of lavender and lemon, was made by a friend who fancied herself a dabbler in aromatherapy. Both oils aided in relaxation. He'd credit the combination a hit, except he suspected Molly's exhaustion came more from this evening's events.

Richard took extra care with her, needing to be as gentle now as he was firm earlier. When his soap-covered hands caressed her ass, he thought it felt warmer than could be attributed to the heat of the water, and certainly warmer than the rest of her body. Looking down, he could see her skin there still held a deep pink hue.

"Ass still sore?" he asked her.

"Hardly at all," she said. As if the reminder of her paddling awakened her, she straightened, supporting her own weight. "I liked it. When you spanked me it nearly made me come. I didn't expect that."

Richard chuckled. "I know. Here I thought I would turn you off the lifestyle—and me—and I ended up doing the exact opposite."

"You're not going to try to turn me off anymore, are you? Or turn me away?" The seriousness in her expression deserved as serious a response.

"No. I've had you now. You're mine."

Alan's hands cleansed him, and when he put his chin on Richard's shoulder, Richard corrected himself. "I should have said you're *ours*. And we hope you don't think this is a one night stand, or a casual fling. Alan and I don't do casual anymore."

"But you did?" Molly asked.

"We've shared a woman before," Alan said. "To see if we liked it. If it would be something we'd want to do on a permanent basis sometime in the future. And we agreed that it was, provided we could find the right woman."

"I've wanted you since I met you," Molly said to Alan. "The two of you are the only men to ever get me hot."

"Good." Richard couldn't deny Molly's confession, given completely without guile, not only stroked his ego but his sex. "Let's dry off and get horizontal."

\* \* \* \*

Molly had never been as sated nor felt as cherished. After they'd dried her, Richard and Alan gave her the most relaxing massage she'd ever experienced, using some sort of lotion that smelled like flowers.

Their hands caressed and soothed, while at the same time subtly arousing her. Then they'd tucked her in between them. Richard pulled her into his arms, arranging her so her head nestled on his shoulder and her right leg bent over top of both of his. Alan snuggled up to her back, nestling his semi-hard cock against the crack of her butt.

She thought the shower was only an intermission and she eagerly awaited act two. Well, maybe not as eager as she'd been earlier. She

felt a bit tired. It had been an emotionally exhausting day. Hours spent, first waiting for the evening to come, then getting ready, and then the auction itself. That horrible minute when she thought that, despite having paid the top price, Richard would walk away from her.

And finally, the joy of feeling him inside her, after so many years of imagining. Feeling so many emotions in one short day exhausted her.

“Go to sleep, Molly, while you can. One or both of us may wake up in the middle of the night and decide it’s time to fuck your brains out.”

As a threat, Richard’s words didn’t frighten her in the least.

“Okay.” Both men chuckled when the single word emerged around a yawn. Molly didn’t mind providing them with a laugh now and again. As she felt herself drifting toward sleep, the image of that other man who’d bid on her—Bacchus—appeared front and center in her mind.

He’d given her the willies, no doubt about it. His stare held such intensity. Despite the fact he wore weird colored contacts, she felt his gaze rake her. Did he look at her with familiarity, recognition?

No, that was silly. Likely just the strangeness of his mask and the words he’d said later gave her that impression. *They called him Bacchus, but he seemed more like Satan.* Molly pushed the strange thought from her head. She didn’t have to worry about him as she’d likely never see him again. If she did, it would be at the club with Richard, and Richard would keep her safe.

She awoke gradually some time later, rested and restless. Richard rolled her left nipple between his thumb and forefinger, then pinched and pulled it. Behind her, Alan’s hands caressed her bottom, his fingers running up and down the crack, then pressed against the tight bud of her anus.

“Mmm.” Molly’s arousal came to life, a tiny ember that both men coaxed with gentle touches and kisses. Richard shifted her slightly

and stroked her pussy. Still on her side, she could feel Alan's cock brush against her ass.

He moved away from her for just a brief moment. When he came close again, he whispered, "Something cold" just before he touched her anus with a chilled, silky *something*. She shivered and not only because of the lubricant.

"We need to stretch you before you can take our cocks there, sweetheart," Richard said. He caressed back and forth across her slit, dipping in to get some of her moisture, spreading it around her clit.

Heat curled inside her, urged her to move, to try and capture them, take them both deep.

Richard laughed softly. "You want more?"

"Yes, I want more."

He speared two fingers into her, separating them and caressing her, in and out. Molly pushed against them, moving her hips back and forth to help increase the friction and the pleasure.

Alan gripped her hip with one hand as he pressed a finger against her anus.

She inhaled through her teeth, the slight burning sensation taking her by surprise.

"There's a lubricant available that would not only ease the passage, but numb a little as well. Haven't tried it," Richard whispered.

"Don't want to." Alan said. "The slight pain enhances the pleasure."

Molly found she agreed. The burning seemed to reach out to the fingers inside her cunt and electrify them.

Alan leaned forward and tongued her ear, sending another shiver down her spine. And then his finger sank into her.

Richard seemed to know the moment Alan breached her back entrance. His breathing hitched. He leaned down and brushed a light kiss against Molly's lips.

“Let’s see if we can feel each other,” he whispered. He pressed up and back while Alan slid his finger in and forward.

Molly could have sworn that the men’s fingers actually touched through her. The twin sensations sent her over the edge into a free fall of rapture.

## Chapter 6

The twin tempting scents of bacon and coffee teased her senses. Molly sniffed, eyes still closed. Then she sniffed again, this time taking in a deep draught of air as she crested the surface of wakefulness. No mistaking it. Bacon. Coffee. During her sleep she must have been kidnapped by aliens and dragged into an alternate reality.

Then the activities of the night before spoke via their translator—a dull ache between her thighs—to remind her she was alive and well and living in her own reality, which just happened to be her best fantasy come to life.

She wondered which one of the men was the cook in the family, and blessed her good fortune that they wouldn't automatically expect her to be all female on the domestic front.

The way she figured it, yowza between the sheets trumped talent with a spatula. If the reaction of the men in the middle of the night could be anything to go by, yowza she had.

Molly reached up to rub the rest of the sleep out of her eyes but halted before her fingers could make matters worse. It wasn't sleep that clogged her peepers, but mascara, not removed properly the night before. Tossing the covers aside, she headed for the shower.

The clear glass enclosing the shower stall became opaque with steam. Molly made quick work of the task, emerging only minutes after having turned on the water. A fast snoop through drawers netted her some cotton pads and baby oil. Not the best tools for removing eye makeup, but, under the circumstances, it would have to do.

Alan came into the bathroom carrying a white shirt.

“It’s Richard’s,” he said. Then he laughed. “We didn’t allow you so much as a tooth brush last night, did we?”

Molly grinned back. “That’s all right. I’m pleased with how things worked out.”

“Breakfast is nearly ready,” Alan said. “Richard says come and eat. You’re going to need to keep up your strength.”

Richard made breakfast and very nicely. She liked her bacon so crispy it melted in her mouth. Apparently, so did her lovers.

“Is there anyone who needs to know where you are?” Richard asked.

“No. I don’t call my mother every day.”

“All right. We’ll go over to your apartment tomorrow so you can grab a few clothes. I want you to stay here at least until the end of the week.”

“Still planning to get rid of me?” Even thinking for one moment that he might be gave her a sharp pain in the vicinity of her heart. Everything she’d experienced last night not only turned her on more than anything ever had, it felt right.

Her instincts told her she belonged here with these men.

“No, but I’m not holding you to anything. This is your first ménage experience and your first taste of the Dom/sub lifestyle. It may tantalize for a time, but how do you know this is something you’d like to participate in for the long haul?”

Molly cocked her head to one side. “You don’t have much faith in me.”

“Sweetheart, it’s not a question of faith,” Richard said. “You don’t know if you like something until you’ve taken a good taste of it. So far, you’ve only sipped at it. Once you get a mouthful, you may find you don’t care for it at all.”

“Seems to me I did have a mouthful last night,” she said. Molly slid a sideways glance at Alan, who simply sat, chin on his hand, and watched her and Richard—more or less how a spectator at a tennis match might watch the action between two players.

She didn't get the sense that his master told him to remain silent. More, it seemed as if he chose not to speak.

Richard chuckled at her quick comeback. "You did, and it made a very arousing sight. But be that as it may, you need to know that if after this week you feel like this isn't for you, we're not going to hold it against you."

"So what happens next?" Molly wanted to get to more fun and games, to show these men that she knew her own mind and her own tastes. She may have only just, as Richard said, sipped at the lifestyle so far. But they really didn't know her, didn't understand her. Yet.

Marcus Jones loaned her books that were very explicit and covered a wide spectrum of activities and practices of people who subscribed to BDSM. She'd never read anything before like what he'd given her, but the moment she opened that first book, she recognized herself and was hooked.

"Some people only play at being Dominant/submissive," Alan said. "To them it's fun and sexy. And while I find it sexy and arousing, it's more. For me it's *necessary*. Richard and I are a family, and he is the undisputed head of that family. What he says goes. I own my own business, am out and about all day. I make decisions professionally. Hell, I hire and fire people. But I couldn't do any of that, couldn't function, if I didn't have Richard here, being my lover, my leader, my master."

"For me, it's not a need to be the boss or in control, in the same way that Alan needs me there," Richard said. "For me it's pure pleasure. I enjoy being the one to steer the ship, solve the problems, make the decisions. That's out of bed. In it, I'm a satyr. I love sex. Period. I love being a master. It gets me hard. Spanking you yesterday really turned me on, and I'm looking forward to doing it again. Very soon. So what happens next is that you have to give me back my shirt. Right now."

Molly couldn't believe that just that one command made her wet. She'd finished eating, and had been enjoying after-meal conversation—regardless that it had been of the most prurient kind.

Then Richard gave her a single order, and she was aroused.

She stripped the shirt off and gave it to him.

“We have a play room set up. Most people who indulge in this lifestyle do. We didn't take you there last night because I wanted to let you get a good night's sleep. But we'll go there now.”

\* \* \* \*

“Did you say play room or torture chamber?” she asked.

Richard laughed. Molly guessed he knew she was joking. He extended his hand in invitation to explore and she did, walking around the room, just looking at all the toys and devices.

She recognized the St. Andrew's cross. She'd seen one in one of the books Marcus gave her, and she saw a few when she'd conducted her own research online. About two feet out from one corner, a set of chains hung suspended from the ceiling with wrist shackles on the ends. When she looked down on the floor beneath them, she could see the corresponding ankle cuffs.

In another corner stood a cage, only about three feet long and three foot wide, and about as tall as Richard. The final corner held a table with a wheel-like cylinder at one end with a crank attached. Again, she could see where wrists and ankles could be captured. To say the medieval-looking device got her horny would be stretching it. But it certainly got her attention.

A pegboard sported several paddles in different sizes and shapes. Two flails hung side by side. She reached out to touch the strands. One was made of velvet and the other leather. The items that hung next to them she didn't expect to see, considering this was the playroom of two men.

“Nipple clamps?” She knew surprise laced her words.

“Don’t be sexist,” Alan said. “I have nipples too, you know.”

“I guess I *was* being sexist in my thinking.” Molly grinned because the image of Alan wearing nipple clamps, and nothing else, stirred her juices. “I guess I’ve always just associated nipple clamps with women.”

“Sometimes Richard puts them on me before he leaves for work and I wear them for hours. It’s like he’s right there with me the whole time I have them on.”

“Mmm.” The image of experiencing that boosted Molly’s arousal another notch. She had an itch in need of scratching. She laid her hand, palm open, on her chest between her breasts and began to slide it down, over her abdomen.

Richard grabbed her wrist before she could even brush the hair at the top of her mound.

“No, Molly. You don’t pleasure yourself unless I tell you to.”

He gripped her firmly and the heat from his fully clothed body warmed her bare flesh. He used his thumb to rub the skin on the inside of her wrist. His eyes glittered with arousal. He could feel her pulse, she realized, and knew she was hot.

“I think it’s time for less talking and more action.” He still held her wrist. He led her over to the chains, and in moments secured her.

She wondered if he’d come in here earlier, while she’d slept, and adjusted the chains to fit her height. Alan stood a good four inches taller than she. Cuffed, her arms stretched up, but she could still stand flat-footed on the ground.

“Alan, bring me the blindfold.”

The other man fairly raced to do his master’s bidding.

“We’re going to touch you. And you won’t know if it will be pure pleasure, or a little pain. And Molly? No words, unless it’s your safe word.” Then he looked over his shoulder. “Strip and put your collar on. You’re to wear that collar for the rest of the day.”

“Yes, Master.”

Then Richard stepped behind her and put the blindfold in place. She felt a moment of disorientation, but corrected it by spreading her feet slightly.

Molly groaned when hands came around from behind to cup her breasts and pinch and pull on her nipples.

“You have nice, long nipples when you’re horny,” Richard whispered in her ear. “Maybe we’ll get them pierced.”

She couldn’t speak words but he hadn’t told her to remain completely silent. Why did being chained and blindfolded turn her on so much?

“You look much better now, Alan,” Richard crooned. “Why don’t you bring me a set of clamps? Whichever set you like. We’ll see how Molly likes them, test her to see how much she can take.”

She could hear Alan moving around and heard a slight metallic sound over by where she’d seen the clamps hanging.

“These ones are deliciously evil,” Alan said. “And they’re my favorites.”

“I’ll have to get another set, then. I think I’d like to see you both done up identically.

“Yes please, Master,” Alan said.

Molly sensed Richard moving, and she heard the sound of metal clanking, louder this time. Hot breath warned her just an instant before a mouth suckled her left nipple making it hot and wet. She moaned and undulated her hips, the strong draw on her breast seeming to pull a string of sensation that ended in her womb.

The mouth left her and then she felt fingers plucking. And then came the bite of metal.

Molly inhaled sharply, not because the nip hurt a bit, though it did. No, waves of horniness shivered through her, rising with the increased pressure of the clamp. Her skin pebbled and she squeezed her perineum in response, clenching her inner muscles to capture the elusive something that seemed to be stroking her inner erogenous zones.

Did that helpless, needy sound come from her? Richard's chuckle told her it had. She sensed his movements, felt the heat from his body even through his clothes as he edged closer to her.

"Let me just see how much you like this," he whispered.

His lips captured hers in a kiss that plunged her deep into the heart of passion, a freefall more exciting than a bungee jump. She opened wide, giving him all he could ask for, taking all she could in exchange. Her tongue mated with his, danced and played, her lips sucking his flavor into herself, relishing the taste and the fire and the feast.

Fingers speared into her cunt while a thumb stroked her clit.

No words but surely her groans and moans and whimpers told him how much she loved everything he did to her.

"Ah, yes, nice and wet. Alan?"

Richard stepped back just a little, back and to her right side, and she guessed he planned to attach the second clamp.

"Yes, Master?"

Alan waited close by, just a few feet, she thought, ahead and to the left. At the sound of his name he stepped forward. She could tell from just those two words that he felt almost as aroused as she.

"Molly performed a service for you last night. I want you to return the favor."

"Thank you, Master."

He sank to his knees as he spoke. Hot breath, a quick little sniff, and a low humming sound of pleasure filled her with anticipation.

Alan set his mouth on her and ravaged. Lips and tongue lapped, sucked, drank. She had no time to build anticipation and brace herself. He was there, his mouth avid as he lavished her pussy with the most intimate of kisses.

The first jolt shot her arousal high, her heart kicking one heavy beat before she felt the tingles of imminent orgasm.

"Don't come. Don't come, Molly, until I tell you. I'll punish you if you do."

Don't come? Was he *kidding*? From the back of her throat a sound emerged, need and desire, passion and pout. She hovered on the edge of climax and didn't know if she could hold it back. She thought what he asked of her might be damn near impossible, like holding back a flood with a paper towel.

The bite of metal on her right nipple stung, but the nip, the pinch, fanned the flames she struggled to contain.

"She's so wet and juicy, and *God*, she tastes so good." Alan's words vibrated against her wet flesh, the already electrified nerve endings battering against this additional stimulation.

Richard tightened the clamp on the right then adjusted the one on the left. She knew if she hadn't been impossibly aroused she never could have tolerated the pressure on her sensitive nipples.

Richard fistfisted her hair, turned her head, and took her mouth with his. His tongue demanded, and she had no thought except to surrender, to give him everything he demanded, to give him all.

"You're close, aren't you, Molly? Answer me."

"Yes." She drew the single syllable out, wrapped it in a whimper, clearly begging and unashamed to do so.

"See how you like this."

Even as his mouth took hers again, she felt more, a finger coated in something cold and wet brushing up and down over her anus.

And then he pushed his finger into her, pressed hard and sank inside her. At the same moment, Alan slid two fingers up into her pussy. Stroking, delving, he found her G-spot, found it and began to court it with a fierce intensity.

Both men moved inside her, tiny little presences to represent what they would do, together, before long. Instinct told her this just as instinct made her whimper and lean into Richard just that little bit.

She felt her body shaking and knew she wouldn't be able to hold off her orgasm much longer. She fought a battle against her own need, her own cravings.

“You’ll do better in the future, won’t you?” Oh, she heard humor in his voice and Molly wanted to laugh even as she felt very close to tears. The sound that emerged somehow sounded just that way.

“Come then,” Richard said. “Come for us, baby.”

Before his first word died off, Molly screamed as wave after wave of delicious, sinful rapture swamped her. She came hard and long, the fission inside her so powerful she wondered if her heart would be able to keep up.

Between her thighs, Alan sucked on her cunt. The sensation of her juice flowing out of her and into his mouth might have been the most erotic thing she’d ever felt. Hanging by the chains that imprisoned her wrists, Molly pulled down, curled up, and felt her womb clench impossibly tight as the orgasm went on and on and on.

It seemed to last long, long minutes as she wrung every drop of pleasure from her body, from the lips and tongue and hands on and in her.

Gasping for breath, she felt her legs give out, felt Richard’s arm come around her, take her weight. Panting, spent, she collapsed weakly against him.

“Two minutes exactly to recover,” he whispered. “And then we’ll start again.”

## Chapter 7

“I think I just died.”

Richard and Alan both chuckled, but Molly noted there didn't seem to be much vigor in their laughter.

Sprawled face down across the bed after yet another session of hot sex, not a speck of energy in her body, Molly contemplated the possibility that she might not be able to move for a week or two.

“Five minutes. That's all you get.”

Her master's voice sounded less strident than the last time when he'd only given her two minutes to recover.

“Yes, Master.” She figured it would be easier to agree than to argue.

“Smart-ass.”

Alan laughed at that. Molly knew her smile looked smug. Just too bad neither of the men could see it.

“You all right?”

Richard moved—good God, the man was tireless!—and reached out for her. He pulled her onto his chest, and Molly found the energy to snuggle into him.

“You tell me,” she said. Eyes closed, Richard's heat warming her, she allowed herself to drift toward sleep.

More movement on the bed and Alan snuggled into her from the other side.

“You're a hell of a lot better than all right,” Richard said. “I just don't want to hurt you.”

“You paddled me and you don't want to hurt me?”

“Sweetheart, there’s pain and then there’s *pain*. I meant to paddle you but I don’t want to damage you physically. How’s your ass?”

This last session, he’d inserted a butt plug, and then had removed it and given her pleasure using a dildo. He’d explained that it took time to stretch her before she’d be ready for cock. He didn’t want to take the chance of hurting her too badly or worse, rending her.

“A little tender, but it’s smiling because that felt good.”

Alan chuckled. “Yeah, my ass has been smiling since I moved in here, too.”

“Anyone hungry? We missed lunch.” Richard continued to stroke Molly’s body, his gesture both comforting and loving.

“Could eat,” Molly said. “Which brings me to the point where I should come clean with you both. I’m not much of a cook.”

“That’s fine. Not looking for a kitchen helper or a maid, here, sweetheart.” Richard said.

Which begged the question, Molly thought. But did she broach it? As far as she knew, she’d forced Richard into doing something last night at the auction he’d no intention of doing, ever. She’d very deliberately manipulated him by using his protective instincts against him.

Did she risk the future by bringing that up now? Molly sure didn’t want to, but neither did she want to build something on top of nothing.

If the base of whatever they could make together, the three of them, didn’t start out cemented in honesty, how could she hope it would last?

“I guess you weren’t really looking for me, either. I was just there. Pushing my way in, pushing your buttons until you bid on me.”

“Yeah.” Richard looked down at her. His expression wasn’t that of a light-hearted lover, as it had been most of the morning. “You did take a hell of a chance there, Molly. What if I failed to win you? What if Bacchus, or someone else for that matter, decided that come hell or

high water, they were going to have you? What would you have done then?”

Jordan had asked her the same question last night. And last night she'd been very certain of her answers. Now, not so much so.

“I don't know.” She reached up and traced the side of his face. When Alan leaned in closer, she used her other hand to stroke him. “But I'm pretty sure that if you hadn't bid on me, then I really wouldn't have cared. All I wanted was you and Alan. I still do.”

“Well, you have us now,” Richard said. “It just remains to be seen whether having us turns out to be what you really want in life after all.”

Molly knew that for whatever reason, Richard assumed she would change her mind about being with two lovers—or, more succinctly, *these* two lovers. She knew that wouldn't happen. She could tell him, tell them both, that she was in love with them. But a tiny voice inside her heart told her they wouldn't believe her. Not yet.

So she would just have to stick around and do whatever Richard asked of her until he could trust that she would stay.

Molly appreciated the irony in that. They were in a D/s relationship where trust was paramount, and she trusted Richard and Alan, for that matter, with her life.

She thought Alan understood where she was coming from. So that left only Richard to be convinced.

What would it take to persuade him that she belonged to him for the long haul? Or did his lack of faith mirror his lack of desire for a permanent arrangement?

Molly closed her eyes and tried not to think about the sad truth. Now that she'd finally achieved what she'd always longed to have, she found herself at the beginning of a new battle, and not at the end of an old one, sitting on the throne of success.

\* \* \* \*

Alan met Richard's gaze over Molly's head. When his master smiled, when he nodded, Alan stretched up and kissed him—a soft, fleeting kiss of thanks.

How had he ever gotten so lucky as to have a man like Richard in his life? No cruelty resided in this good man's soul. Oh, he loved being master, and he loved handing out discipline. But, more often than not, a round with the paddle usually ended with hot, lusty sex.

Richard knew him better than he knew himself, and certainly knew him well enough to know that he wanted, right now, to fuck Molly.

The dynamic of the lifestyle Alan chose to live decreed that he would never indulge his desires without his master's permission.

He cast a quick glance at the clock. Tea time. Perhaps he'd get up and make some. After.

Molly had been dozing for nearly an hour. Gently, Alan bent over her and kissed her cheek. When she made a tiny sound in the back of her throat, a sexy waking-up sound, he smiled and kissed her chin.

He lifted her arm, carefully moved it out of his way, and lapped at her right nipple. Molly moaned, this sound rife with awakening arousal.

"You taste good," he said, his words soft in the late afternoon light. "Delicious and creamy one moment, hot and musky the next. Your scent turns me on."

"Mmm. Alan."

It pleased him she'd already recognized his touch, that she could say his name with such yearning in her voice when only partially awake.

"Yes, Alan. I'm going to have you now."

He moved her off his master, laid her flat. A quick glance in Richard's eyes assured him their master looked forward to the show he and Molly were about to put on.

He placed a line of kisses with tiny little licks of his tongue from her neck down, until his tongue traced the areola of her right breast.

“Your nipples are a pretty pink and very sensitive. Look how they pebble for me, Molly.”

Her eyes opened and he watched her, watched as she watched him.

The bed jostled, and Alan didn't need to look to know his master moved to give them more room. He heard the sound of a chair scraping against the floor and knew Richard picked a good position from which to enjoy watching them.

When Molly arched her back, offering him more, he took it. He trailed one hand down her chest and across her abdomen, until his fingers brushed against her sex.

“I love the feel of your cunt, Molly. Hot. Swollen from use. Wet.” He inserted fingers into her, showing them both, and Richard, the truth of his words. “Mmm, very wet and very hot. Your cunt wants to suck my fingers right in. It's a hungry little thing, isn't it?”

“Oh, yes.” Molly moved her hips, trying to do exactly that—capture his presence inside her. She moaned and her eyes drifted shut.

“Open your eyes, Molly. Look at me while Alan pleasures you.”

Alan felt a thrill course through him. He heard the arousal in Richard's voice. He loved arousing his master.

Molly obeyed, and Alan felt the increase in moisture when her gaze connected with their master's.

“Here, let's move, just a little. Lay your head here, down to the side, so you face our master better.” Alan maneuvered them until she lay crosswise on the bed, on her side, facing Richard. Alan snuggled behind her. He lifted her right leg, draped it back and over his hips, splaying her wide so nothing remained hidden from Richard's view. “Mmm, yes. Now he can see your luscious pussy for himself.” He'd grabbed a condom from the bedside table as he'd moved them into position. Now he tore it open with his teeth, needing only one hand to roll it into place.

“I can see it glistening. She looks wet. Ready.” Richard said.

“Are you ready for my cock, Molly?”

“Yes. Fuck me, Alan.”

He surged into her, shivering in pleasure as his dick pushed all the way inside in one solid thrust. Despite the use they’d put her to over the last several hours, her tunnel gave his cock a firm, hot caress.

“Squeeze me.”

“Mmm.”

He loved the feeling of her muscles clenching around him, gripping and releasing in a stroke he could feel everywhere along his length at once. He met Richard’s gaze, and the heat he found there thrilled and aroused him even more.

“Can you see her pussy stroking me?”

“Like she’s devouring your cock, inch by inch. You look good, Molly. Reach down and play with your clit for me. Now, Alan, you need to hold her breast in your hand, don’t you?”

Without hesitation, he reached for the pert flesh. Molly’s hand worked down to her slit, and he felt her juices flow just a bit more when she began to play with her clitoris.

“I’m not going to be able to wait much longer. Tonight, after dinner, I want my cock in your ass while Alan fucks your cunt.”

“Mmm, yes, please, Master.” Molly said.

Alan’s cock reacted to that promise as lustily as Molly’s cunt did. Just the thought of having his cock surrounded by this passionate woman and being able to feel Richard’s cock with his own at the same time nearly sent him over the edge.

“Master, may I please come?” Alan asked.

In response, Richard got to his feet, his cock as hard as Alan had ever seen it. His smile was lust and love combined. Alan couldn’t help it. He licked his lips, in that moment wanting nothing more than to keep fucking Molly while he sucked his master’s cock.

“Why don’t we all come together?” Richard asked.

His master placed one knee on the bed, bringing him close enough that he could thrust his cock into Alan’s waiting mouth.

He loved the flavor of Richard's cock, loved the feel of it in his mouth. The slide and the glide of his master's hot flesh fed a need in him nothing else could touch.

He glanced down. Molly's eyes looked wide and lust filled. They were close enough, the three of them, that if she wanted to she could very likely stick her tongue out and get a taste of it, too.

Alan wondered if Richard would order her to or not. And in the next instant, Molly proved that she really did have a penchant for pleasuring two lovers at once. Stretching up just a little, she brushed her lips against Richard's scrotum.

Richard groaned in pleasure and approval, so Molly followed through, sucking one of his balls into her mouth.

Alan closed his lips around Richard's cock as it twitched and erupted, sucking every ounce of nectar from him even as his own release exploded out and into Molly's convulsing clasp.

\* \* \* \*

He checked his rearview mirror. The car he'd thought followed him turned off ten minutes before. Since that time, no headlights appeared behind him. A glance at the dashboard clock assured him the witching hour had come and gone.

He'd driven out to the countryside, down roads he didn't even know, and had never been on before. He needed a good spot, but how would he know which spot would be a good one? Did this road get more traffic than the last one? Was this field less tended than the next one? A stream would be nice, a bridge over a fast moving river better. But time ran short, and he knew he'd likely find neither stream nor bridge. He felt unsettled, unsure, but who would blame him?

He'd never dumped a body before.

Checking the mirror, he avoided looking into his own eyes. He didn't mean for Ginny to die. He didn't even know how it happened. One minute she was screaming, begging him to stop, and the next she

passed out. He'd been trying to decide what he would do her when she awakened, when he realized she hadn't just passed out.

She'd stopped breathing.

He panicked at first. But then he took a deep breath. Ginny had been his property. Not *the* one, not the perfect one destined to be his, but she'd been his property nonetheless.

*Mine to do with as I pleased.*

So he'd sat and thought, and then he knew what he had to do.

He washed her down in the bathtub, removing any evidence of him that may have clung to her. Then he wrapped her in a new sheet, one that had still been in the package—another holdover from his great aunt Sophia's meaningless existence.

And now here he was, miles out in the middle of nowhere, looking for just the right place to leave her body.

He didn't care if anyone found her. There was nothing and no one to connect him to her. He wore one of his disguises when he trolled that bar and picked her up—what he thought of as his blameless face.

He never went to a club or fetish bar without changing his appearance. He made a mental note to burn that particular disguise right away.

He'd worn latex gloves from the moment he put her into the tub and wore them still.

He turned down another side road, this one thick with trees on either side. Slowing his car, he checked all around but could see no lights, no sign that anyone lived close by. The road was gravel, not paved, and rough. Deep ditches lined either side of it. Stopping his car, he turned off the headlights and shifted the vehicle into park. Reaching into the glove box, he depressed the yellow button to open the trunk.

He stepped out of the car and listened. Only the sound of night creatures, of nature, reached him. Cloud cover obscured the moon. He thought he could smell rain in the air. Rain would be good, wouldn't it? Yes, rain would be perfect.

Moving quickly, he lifted his burden from the trunk, then stepped to the edge of the roadway. Squatting, he released his bundle and watched as it rolled down into the ditch.

He got back in the car, and drove away less than a minute later. His heart pounded in his chest, and he had to remind himself to drive slowly.

He'd done it! He'd been faced with a crisis and had handled it without losing his composure.

He could do anything.

As he made his way back to the city, he let his thoughts dwell on the events of this night. He smiled when he realized that just over twenty-four hours had passed between the time when he'd chosen Ginny and now—when he was completely done with her. The time in between served as good practice.

Yes, and he'd been right, of course. Because she'd resembled Molly, he'd lasted longer between ejaculations than ever before. That fact alone reinforced for him that Molly was meant to be his.

He moved his hand down and stroked his cock through his khakis. He needed to plan how he could lay his hands on her. And maybe, just maybe, he could think of a way to get himself some more practice.

## Chapter 8

She'd never before thought of the kitchen as being sexy!

Molly usually avoided kitchen duty of any kind. She'd never quite acquired the knack for putting meals together the way she knew a lot of women did. As a teen in her mother's house, she'd been drafted more often than she'd wanted. She'd been expected to feed her dad and herself when her mother had one committee meeting or another running late. Her dad didn't appreciate her efforts—and who could blame him when the food came out looking and tasting like shit? He tended to yell when pissed, so kitchen time to Molly always equaled misery time. Her mom never got her head around the fact that a talent for the domestic arts was never one of her daughter's gifts. Elyse Durant was an old-fashioned wife and mother. Her life experiences simply didn't prepare her for a daughter who, for the most part, didn't aspire to walk in her mother's footsteps.

So when Richard smacked her ass, kissed her lips, and told her she was more than welcome to lend a hand in the kitchen, Molly threw on one of his shirts—she didn't have any clothes of her own to wear—and reluctantly, but obediently, trudged to obey.

Besides, the men were there, chattering away, and she wanted to be a part of that. She wanted to be a part of *them*.

“Can you peel some potatoes?” Richard asked and not in a snarky way, either. Peeling potatoes she could do, and the chore passed quickly, spiced as it was amid lively conversation and smart-ass one liners.

Richard threw a bunch of ingredients into a bowl along with some ground round, and, before she knew it, he had a concoction baking in the oven that smelled heavenly.

Moving about the kitchen with ease as he'd put together the meal, he first poured them each a glass of wine—he called it a very nice Merlot and she, wine ignoramus extraordinaire, took his word for it. The atmosphere in the kitchen while they worked to put the meal together was one of fun and relaxation, with an underlying hum of flirty arousal.

They turned the phone ringer off at breakfast, so, while she scraped and cut up the spuds, Alan checked their messages. There were only two. One for Richard, from a woman who sounded all sultry and sexy and wondered if he was busy that night.

Molly said nothing, just raised one eyebrow. Richard actually blushed as he shook his head. “That’s Patrice, she’s one of the account execs at my bank. She’s the poster girl for ‘Hope Springs Eternal.’ Every couple of months she tries hitting on me. Gives me the creeps,” Richard admitted.

“Kind of like that Bacchus guy did me yesterday. Gave me the creeps, that is.” Just thinking about the man now made Molly shiver.

“Really? That’s my reaction to him, too. And because that’s how I feel, Richard has never invited him to a party here. Not that we know who he really is in the first place. As far as I know, Jordan is the only one who has access to the man’s real name and address. He only refers to himself as Bacchus.”

Alan returned his attention to the phone. The second message was for him, some Mrs. Smyth-White who sounded frantic about the shade of mauve she’d selected for the paint in her new master bedroom perhaps clashing with the wall hanging she’d bought that Friday afternoon at an estate sale.

“The pros of having the lady as a client still outweigh the cons,” Alan quipped as he picked up his glass, “but not by much and not for much longer at the rate she’s going. I’m going to return her call in the

office where neither of you have to witness me debasing myself by stroking her rather enormous ego.”

Molly looked at Richard who shook his head in commiseration as Alan left the room. “A lot of owning your own business is customer service. I’ve worked harder since opening my own security-consulting firm than I ever did when I was a detective on the force.”

“I’m afraid I’m a disappointment to both my parents in the life-aspiration category,” Molly said. The potatoes were ready to go on the stove, so she sat back to enjoy her wine and the conversation.

“How so?”

“Three years of university and all I want to do is work for someone else. I have an affinity for numbers. I’m accounting manager for Nicholson manufacturing. The work is comfortable, interesting enough that I don’t get bored, and the position pays not too badly. I never particularly wanted to be my own boss or get any kind of advanced degree so that I could have an upper-case ‘C’ career. Neither did I want to go husband hunting so I could settle down and produce the requisite two point three kids, keep house, drive an SUV, and volunteer for save-the-neighborhood-tree groups.”

“Just being happy in what you do should be enough for Elyse and Harry.”

“Hmm, when they’re reminded to be that way, then yes, they are pleased I’m happy. They’re just mostly mystified that I could be.” Molly frowned, thinking about her job. “And I have been happy with my job, for the most part. But maybe not so much in the last little while.”

“Oh? What’s happened in the last little while?” Richard reached over and topped up Molly’s glass.

“A few months ago Norman Nicholson hired his nephew, Brian. I don’t care for the man—talk about being creeped out. That’s the feeling I got the instant I laid eyes on him. He has this attitude that if you’re an ‘employee’ then you’re the lowest of the low and, I don’t know, owe him fealty or some damn thing. He also has this air of

entitlement about him, but as far as I've been able to see, he's nothing but a big screw up. His title is Vice President, but no one can figure out what the hell he's supposed to be vice president of."

"Nothing kills company morale faster than nepotism," Richard said. "I've seen it happen a couple of times myself."

Alan came back into the kitchen, grabbed the bottle of wine, re-filled his glass, and sat. "That woman, I swear, is going to be the death of me. If it weren't for the fact that I've already gotten four excellent referrals from her..." He let the sentence hang and sipped his wine instead.

The camaraderie continued on through dinner—simple fare, but delicious—and then into the tidy-up portion of the evening.

Molly didn't mind the chore, and as Richard sat and chatted with them, she and Alan loaded the dishwasher, washed the few items that didn't belong in the machine, and wiped down counters and the table.

"Coffee?" Richard asked them when the last dish had been put away.

"Not for me, thanks," Molly said. She recalled the promise Richard made when he watched her and Alan making love, just before he joined them.

Apparently that promise was front and center of his thoughts, too. He set his wine glass aside before stepping closer to her. He cupped her face in his hands and raised her head for his kiss.

Wooring and warm, scintillating and sensual, his lips and tongue caressed and tasted, sipped and teased. Molly lost herself in the gentle sweetness of his kiss. Richard's lips and tongue made love to her mouth, a sultry, lazy summer afternoon kind of love that seduced her muscles into languor and her mind into a soft dreaminess.

Heat curled in her belly, ribbons of arousal that danced through her blood, a subtle wending of awakening hunger, fireflies of excitement against the midnight blue of her contentment.

When Alan came to them, when he stroked a hand down her back, the hunger within grew, a craving to sample a delicacy never before tasted.

“I’m going to have to have my shirt back.” Richard smiled down at her, his eyes glittering with merriment.

Molly slipped the buttons from their moorings and let the garment slide to the floor.

Alan combed his fingers through her hair, gently tugging until her neck stretched back, so he could fit his mouth to hers. His tongue twirled and tasted even as Richard fastened his lips on one pebbled nipple, drawing it into his mouth.

Then hands roamed her flesh, stroking and petting, pinching and sinking in, delving, preparing. Molly felt her knees begin to give way. The men caught her and she simply let go, relinquishing control of her body to them.

They would devour her, yet keep her safe.

The world tilted when Richard scooped her into his arms. “Do you have any idea what a turn on it is to have you surrender so completely like that?”

She didn’t, of course, but she knew what a turn on it was to have him take her over so completely. She would do whatever he asked, give whatever he demanded, simply because he asked and demanded.

He laid her on the bed, his gaze never leaving her as he straightened and stripped off his clothes. He said nothing but Alan must have known his master’s mind, for he got out of his own clothes as well. Then he walked over to the nightstand and opened the drawer.

Alan returned to them in moments. Molly felt her arousal soar when he sat on the bed beside her and put his mouth on Richard’s cock. Sucking him in, releasing, then in again, Molly understood in that moment how totally connected the two men were. Richard’s eyes closed in pleasure, and Alan’s back-of-the-throat hum proclaimed his own joy.

He released Richard, then opened the condom packet. He slid the latex in place, then reached for the second item he'd brought from the nightstand drawer.

The squat plastic jar had no markings, but the contents, when Alan opened the container, smelled light and fresh.

He scooped a generous dollop onto two fingers, then turned with a devilish grin aimed at Molly.

"Your turn."

He wasted no time, but pushed her back so that she lay sprawled on the bed, and avidly set his mouth on her pussy, using lips and tongue to taste, to moisten, to arouse. The fingers of one hand sought and found her clitoris.

The fingers of the other caressed up and down her ass, finding her anus, coating it with the lubricant.

Alan gently positioned her in the center of the bed without lifting his mouth from her pussy.

"Oh God, that feels so *good*." Combing fingers into his hair, she held him fast, in case he thought to just eat and run.

She didn't recall his declaration that first night, when he looked at her from beside his master. Not until he moaned with pleasure when Richard moved onto the bed to join them.

Richard stretched out beside her, pulling her head back so he could kiss her. No wooing caress this time. He sought to drink, to delve, to dominate. Reaching around, he stroked her breast, plucking one of her nipples between thumb and forefinger, pinching, pulling, then switching to the other.

Alan lifted her right leg, rolling her slightly more onto her left side, but more, offering her to their master. She understood his gesture, and it thrilled her.

"Have you ever had a cock here?" Richard rubbed his latex covered penis along the crack of her ass, settling the hot, swollen tip against the rosebud opening of her anus.

"Never."

“Good. I’m glad I’m going to be your first.” He pressed forward, one hand maneuvering his cock until it began to spread the virgin opening.

The burning sensation of having her flesh stretched became a layer of stimulation that wrapped around her arousal, around the moist heat of lips and tongue that tantalized her labia and clit, until the burn morphed into a sharp-edged pain.

As if Richard’s slow penetration connected her anus, her clit, and her womb, tiny fissions of electricity coiled and sparked, buzzing, tantalizing. Shivering, the combined stimulation, mouth and lips, cock and fingers, drove her arousal to impossible heights, not just centered around her pussy, but spreading, enveloping, *consuming* her entire body.

“*Oh God!*” Her throat worked, sound emerged, but not words, not anything as civilized as words and sentences. Feral noises, the call of woman in sexual fever, the grinding, swirling, trembling reality of raw sex pulled mating sounds from her soul, drove her outside herself, away from emotion and logic and civilization. She could only feel and she could only revel. She could only reach for more. Inside, it felt as if she needed to claw to survive, that she needed more just to *live*.

Alan pushed her leg higher, and she who never exercised had no problem stretching, opening herself to meet the demands of her lovers. All she had belonged to them. Giving, she knew, would get her what she craved.

Richard pressed harder, and she felt the head of his cock finally enter her, felt him slide in and down until she could have sworn he brushed her clit from the inside.

“More...*oh, God, I need more!*” Molly’s hips moved, a writhing undulation her body used to capture Richard’s cock, bring it in deeper, bring it in faster while rubbing her clit against that fabulous tongue.

And then lips and tongue changed their cadence, their course and laved her, clit to ass, sucking on not only her pussy but Richard's cock.

Molly came, a blinding, exploding orgasm that cascaded in and through her, a storm of climax more powerful, more *everything* than she even knew existed. Her uterus clamped down, every part of her working to hold the delicious rapture, to hold it fast and hard inside so it would never end. Moisture gushed from her to bathe the waiting mouth as her body heaved and convulsed, and it went on and on and on.

*Too much, too much.*

Shivers and trembles wracked her and she thought her heart would pound its way right out of her chest. Soaring, racing, with nothing to hold her back, hold her in, it seemed as if she climbed beyond the puny hold of gravity. How could there be anything after this? Then came the slowing, the easing, the return to Earth and she couldn't stop shaking, couldn't grasp the keening sound she heard came from her.

"There now, there now." Gentle arms gathered her in, gathered her close, absorbing the shocks still buffeting through her, wiping the tears from her face.

Blankets moved from beneath her, and then she was in the center of the bed, cosseted and cocooned between two lovers who had shattered her and put her back together again in the course of mere minutes.

"Shh," Richard crooned as he held and rocked her. Alan left the bed but returned. He held a glass of brandy to her lips.

Molly sipped, closing her eyes as the heat of the liquor sank down to her belly. The trembling stopped for a few blessed seconds, then started again.

"I'm sorry. I don't even know why—"

"You never have to apologize for feeling, sweetheart. That was pretty intense for all of us."

The sound of Richard's voice, coming to her through the dampener of his chest as she lay atop him, soothed. "I didn't know it could be like that," she said.

"First times can be a revelation," Alan said. He climbed into the bed beside her so that she was nestled between them both. "And Molly? It's going to get better."

"Better? Better might kill me." She burrowed even deeper between the hot male bodies, soaking up the heat wrapped-in-tenderness they offered her.

"Well," Alan said after a minute or two, "I suppose there are worse ways to die."

"Our loving you won't kill you," Richard said. "But it might keep you in a state of constant satiation."

Molly felt herself drifting toward sleep. *Loving*, he'd said. She wished it could be true.

As Morpheus pulled her under Molly wondered if these men could ever come to love her the way she knew she already loved them.

## Chapter 9

Richard liked both men and women as sexual partners and had for most of his adult life. But over and above that, he liked women for being...well, women.

They were just so *different* from men. Not only in the frilly, lacey things they tended to put on under their clothes—something he always found extremely arousing—but in their creams and lotions, powders and sprays. And in their *thinking*.

Women also possessed very sexy minds—and again, different from men's.

While Alan took a quick trip to reassure Mrs. Smyth-White that her project not only remained on target but at the center of his universe, Richard drove Molly to her apartment so she could pick up a few things to bring back to his house.

“Grab enough to stay the week,” he told her.

“All right. It won't take me long.”

The next day was Memorial Day. He and Alan didn't make any plans this year, thinking just to take the holiday as an extra day to relax at home together.

“Anything special you'd like to do for the holiday tomorrow?” he asked as they entered her apartment. If she'd had her heart set on doing something, then they'd do it. He could be a very accommodating man when he wanted to be.

“I hadn't made any plans,” Molly said. “I was just looking forward to having another day off work, maybe read a book or two.”

Richard took advantage of the opportunity to have a look around her apartment, a simple way to get to know the lady a little better.

One thing he could say about Molly. She seemed efficient. Her living space stood neat and tidy. It didn't look like she owned a lot of doo-dads or knick-knacks. Not even a plant waited to greet her upon her arrival, and what there were of possessions looked to be in their place. In fact, her living room and kitchen, small though they might have been, didn't even look lived in.

He followed her into her bedroom and sighed with relief. Here at least there seemed to be a bit of feminine clutter. He bet her dresser couldn't hold another bottle or figurine. One bra hung half-out of a dresser drawer as if trying to escape. A wicker clothes hamper had been tucked into one corner. It stood gaping open, with clothes half in, half out, as if Molly tossed them in from various points around the room and been satisfied if the garment landed merely in the vicinity of it.

He turned his attention to the woman herself just as she pulled a duffel bag out of her closet.

"You don't have a suitcase?" Richard asked. He tested the bounce of her mattress, falling onto the bed, then scooting up and stacking both pillows behind him. He stretched out and laced his fingers behind his head and put his full attention on her.

"I never really go anywhere, so no, no suitcase."

"Do you want to?"

"Travel?" She seemed to have no trouble paying attention to the conversation while she sorted through the clothes in her closet.

"Yeah. You know, see the world, maybe a tour of the youth hostels of Europe?" He didn't think she'd be able to get all the clothing she'd pulled from the hangers to fit into that bag.

"I'm a little old for the youth hostels of Europe. There are places in the world I'd like to see. Scotland. Australia. Someday in the future, when I'm ready. "

"Wyoming?" Richard asked. Molly laughed and Richard liked the sound of it.

“My brother and his wife usually make the trip home at Christmas because her family lives in the area, too. That might change when they have kids. Who knows?”

“Do you talk to him very often?”

“My brother?”

“Yeah.” Richard tried not to laugh. Molly’s lips twitched, indicating she realized he was on to her. He said, “Aren’t you going to say his name?”

“Well I would, but I don’t want you to think I’m using my safe word.”

“Point taken. I’ll give you another safe word.” He looked at her, at the serious light that entered her eyes. “Though I have a feeling you’ll never use it.”

“Why would I? You’d never hurt me.”

She’d said that so matter-of-fact, as if stating a simple truth. Truth it was, but he marveled that she had such faith in him after such a short time.

Or maybe not so short a time. He’d wanted her forever, it seemed. How long had she wanted him?

“Come here.”

Molly didn’t hesitate. She walked around her bed, then sat down beside him so she faced him.

Today she’d pulled her wild Irish hair back, mercilessly capturing it with an elastic band. The sweats he’d given her to wear so she wouldn’t be naked on the street nearly swallowed her, even with the sleeves and legs rolled up. Altogether the look made her appear as young as a school girl.

He knew better, of course. She was all woman.

He cupped her face, bringing her forward. His mouth brushed back and forth, and then settled fully onto hers. Richard glided his tongue over her lips and drank deeply when she parted hers for him, when she used her tongue to taste him every bit as thoroughly as he tasted her.

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“Trusting me. It means the world to me.”

“How could I not trust you?”

He thought she would say more, thought he read other words, a strong emotion in her eyes. But she left the words unsaid and because she did, he could push away that he knew they existed.

She might think she loved him now, but he didn't count on that lasting.

He intended to stay his course. That meant he and Alan were, hopefully, a lifetime deal. A woman signing on to that kind of living arrangement would have to figure the same terms. She would have to love them both equally.

He didn't fool himself. His preferences were unique to say the least. He couldn't expect a woman as young as Molly, with so much life experience yet to be tasted, to be willing to settle in and settle down for the long haul with two bisexual men.

He did not doubt that whatever she felt right now, those emotions were sincere. But they were likely of the moment. This arrangement—this ménage relationship—was likely nothing more than an exciting novelty to her.

So he wouldn't likely have her forever. But while he had her, he sure as hell planned to enjoy her.

He stroked her face, looked down at her body. “I'm afraid you're going to have to give me my clothes back. Right now.”

“Now there's a surprise.”

He couldn't keep his grin from going wide when she stood and shucked his sweats. Then she straddled him. Taking his hands, she placed them on her breasts.

“I need your hands on me. I need your cock in me.”

“You'll have them. Set your hair free.”

He loved the way annoyance flashed across her face. She didn't want to take the time away from what she wanted and needed. She wanted the main prize, and she wanted it now.

He would have to teach her what it meant to be a sub. When it came to this, to the sex that already sizzled so hot and good between them, she needed to learn patience.

Maybe he'd introduce her to the concept of tantric love. What a nice thought! He could easily imagine her sputtering and demanding when he withheld orgasm from her time and time again. Ah, but there were definite limits to his own patience so that, unfortunately, wouldn't likely happen. He caressed and stroked her breasts, keeping his touch light, and enjoyed the sight of her nipples beading. No tantric love, but he could still withhold the orgasm from her.

"I'm going to go catch the noon news headlines on the tube. You've got about ten minutes to get packed and get dressed."

"You're going to go watch television *now*?"

No mistaking the sulk in her voice or the pout on her face. "Yes. You want my hands and my cock and you'll have them. When I'm ready to give them to you."

He thought she'd say something more, but she just got off him and yanked open one of her drawers, temper giving the action a little extra force.

Smiling, Richard got off her bed. He couldn't resist the cliché of swatting her ass as he went past her on his way to the living room. He thought she might have growled, but he didn't call her on it.

He didn't really want to watch the noon news, but flicked on the television anyway. He turned the volume to a just audible level and let the images and sound become background buzz as his thoughts centered on the woman in the other room.

With Alan, there was never any question of who was in charge when it came to lovemaking or when it came to their lifestyle. Alan wanted Richard to be his master. Sometimes, Alan would initiate sex with a touch or a look, a kiss or a caress. But he never demanded.

Richard didn't honestly know if Alan had it in him to demand anything of his master.

Molly could and would make her own demands. As much as she seemed to get off on being dominated by him, she wasn't a sub by nature. And that was fine because he wasn't a Dom by nature, either. The same psychology worked for them both. The relative roles turned them on, aroused them, and added an extra edge to already spectacular sex.

A photo flashed on the screen and Richard did a double-take. He turned up the volume even as his eyes focused and he realized that, despite his first gut reaction, the woman whose picture lit up the screen was *not* Molly.

*"...Virginia Townsend, aged twenty-five, of Listowel Avenue was last seen Friday night at a bar in the East End called Hog Heaven. Anyone having any information as to the whereabouts of Virginia is asked to contact city police, at Precinct Six. In other news this afternoon..."*

Richard turned off the television. Restless, he got up and paced the room. Why did he feel a shiver go through him when he saw that woman's picture? For just a bare second, he'd thought he saw Molly's face looking out at him from the television. That woman, Virginia, could have been Molly's younger sister, except she didn't have quite the same intelligence in her eyes or quite the same level of confidence on her face.

His sense of disquiet remained. Richard pushed it back, then turned as Molly came into the room. Her duffel bag looked crammed to the max.

"Is it because I demanded? I'm a sub and I'm not supposed to demand, am I?"

Her face no longer wore her pout or defiance. In their place he saw curiosity. Richard walked over to her, stroked his finger down her face, and placed a gentle kiss on her lips.

“Partially. It’s also called delayed gratification. And besides, although there will be times when I’ll enjoy you all to myself—as Alan will—I find I’m in the mood for the three of us to indulge in water sports.”

“All right, then.” Molly smiled and then stretched up and placed a kiss on his lips. “I forwarded my land line to my cell phone.”

“Good thinking. Do you have everything you need?”

“Not yet. But you’ve promised water sports.”

Richard laughed. “So I did. Well let’s get to it. I want you wet and wild.”

“What a coincidence. I want me that way too.”

\* \* \* \*

Molly tilted her head to the side to study the man who’d been the beginning and end of her sexual fantasies since she’d understood what the term meant. Looking totally relaxed, he lay beside her, naked, with his head on an inflated plastic pillow while the hot water bubbled around them.

When he’d left her alone in her bedroom, naked and needy, she sensed that she’d done something wrong, made some mistake. Clearly, he’d denied her what she wanted—what they’d both wanted if the firmness of the erection under her could be any indication. And when she joined him in the living room, she sensed that something wasn’t quite right with him.

Molly leaned her head back and closed her eyes. She *hated* second-guessing herself in any situation. Maybe she should just turn off her thoughts and simply *be*. She could relax, enjoy the here and the now. She could let the hot water do its work.

“You wonderful people read my mind,” Alan said as he entered the bathroom and began stripping.

“I figured that if you spent time with Mrs. Shrewish-Witchy that you’d be in desperate need of hydrotherapy when you got home.” Richard said.

Molly laughed. Richard called Alan’s cell phone when they left her apartment and left the message that they’d be waiting for him in the spa.

“Hydrotherapy and a pitcher of margaritas,” Alan said.

“It just so happens,” Richard said.

The tinkling of ice as Richard poured the drinks punctuated the gentle swish as Alan sank down into the water on the other side of him.

A cold drop of water splashing on her breasts made her open her eyes. Richard held a glass out to her.

She took it, and sipped delicately. “Oh, this is good.”

“Richard makes *the* best margaritas.” Alan sighed.

For long moments there were no sounds except the froth of water and the tinkling of ice against the side of glasses as they soaked and sipped, the relaxing combination of heat and alcohol working its magic.

A small splash caught Molly’s attention and she opened her eyes, turned her head. Alan moved closer to Richard, and set his glass down.

“You always give me what I need. What would I do without you?”

Love shone in Alan’s eyes and Molly thought it the most beautiful thing she’d ever seen.

Richard reached out, caressed Alan’s face gently. “You’ll never have to find out, sweetheart. You’ll never have to do without me.”

“I love you Richard. I love you so much. Let me show you. Tell me what to do to pleasure you.”

“I want to fuck you.”

Molly sensed a familiarity between them in the words, as if they’d said the same things to each other countless times, the way lovers do.

She'd been with other couples in the past when they edged toward the intimate and she always felt uncomfortable and looked for the first opportunity to excuse herself and leave them to their affection.

She didn't feel uncomfortable here and now. She felt privileged and aroused and, maybe, just maybe a little bit envious.

"You can do anything to me you want. I belong to you. Heart and mind, body and soul."

"Yes, you do. And I belong to you."

Richard turned then and looked at Molly, cocking his head to the side. Then he returned his attention to Alan. "It would please me very much to have Molly join us, if you gave yourself over to the two of us. I want her suck your cock while I fuck you."

"Oh, God." Alan closed his eyes and shivered. "Yes."

"Molly?"

That tone in Richard's voice, that subtle shift from considerate companion to master thrilled Molly. Even in a veritable sea of foaming froth, she could feel her own juices begin to churn and heat.

Drawn, aroused, Molly set her glass down and moved to do her master's bidding.

## Chapter 10

Molly wrapped her hand around Alan's cock, the heat and the hardness of him stirring her juices and making her mouth water.

He knelt before her on the bed, his body lithe and lean, his skin glistening from moisture not completely toweled off. Richard moved them here from the spa, positioned them, and watched now as Molly stroked his lover.

Sitting by the head of the bed with her legs folded almost Yoga style, Molly nestled her ass more comfortably on the soft mattress. Leaning forward, she used her tongue to taste the bead of moisture that emerged from the head of Alan's cock. Warm and salty, the crystalline drop gave hints of delicacies to come. She turned her head sideways and gave him one long lick, from balls to tip.

"Oh, God."

Though he braced both hands on the wall above and behind her for support, he took one hand and threaded his fingers through her hair.

"You have an incredibly talented tongue, Molly. It feels so good when you use it on my cock."

Molly chuckled, the heart-felt husky tone, as much as the compliment itself, delighting her.

"I'm just learning," she said. "And since practice makes perfect..." She let the rest of the sentence drop because she'd opened her mouth and taken him inside.

She sucked him in deep, then slid her mouth almost totally off him. She loved the taste of his cock, the heat of it and the length of it.

More slender than Richard's, the pale skin and veins up the side called to her in a deeply elemental way.

The heat from his body warmed her and, as she sucked his cock deep again, as she let her tongue slide along his shaft, she thought perhaps his body temperature rose.

She moved her head up and down, the action, the heat, and the musk working to raise her own passion. She kept her right hand fisted on his cock, but caressed his hip with her left hand as he hovered over her.

"Here, prepare him for me."

Richard pulled her hand off Alan's hip and spread some lubricant on two of her fingers. Obediently, she wrapped her arm around Alan and found the crack of his ass with her thumb. He groaned and surged forward when she ran her thumb up his crack, then groaned again when she slid her fingers against the valley in between his ass cheeks and found his anus.

Up and down she spread the velvety cream. Alan quivered as she stroked him and his cock got even harder. She appreciated that because she really liked having his cock in her mouth, so the more she had the better.

She pressed against his anus, the arousal in her belly climbing when that tiny opening gave way so easily under the slight pressure.

Out of the corner of her eye she watched Richard tear open a foil packet, and smooth the condom into place on his hard cock.

He knelt on the bed behind Alan, placed his hands on that man's shoulders, and peered over to watch Molly.

"You look so good with cock in your mouth, woman. Does it feel good, Alan?"

"Oh, yes."

Molly thought Alan could barely get the words out. His breathing hitched, and he seemed even more lost in the pleasure of her mouth on him.

"Now don't come until I tell you," Richard said.

Alan immediately stopped thrusting his hips. A strangled sound emerged from the back of his throat, and Molly could feel the shivers of his control.

“Yes, Master.”

“Molly? Why don’t you put my cock where it needs to be?”

She couldn’t resist reaching out, grasping Richard’s latex-covered hardness and giving him a couple of strokes first.

Two cocks all to herself. Could life get any better?

She rubbed Richard’s cock along Alan’s ass, the sound of his whimpers spearing to her own pussy so that she moaned herself in response.

Richard must have felt the puckered flesh of Alan’s anus, for as soon as she guided his cock onto it, he began his penetration.

“Yes, oh *yes*, Master!” Alan braced both hands on the wall again, his head bowed as he absorbed the powerful thrust and practically sobbed in pleasure.

Richard reached around, and ran a hand through Molly’s hair, his caress so warm and welcome Molly wanted to tilt her head into it, like a cat melting into her master’s touch.

“Put your hand there, sweetheart. I want you to feel me fucking him. I want you to be a part of us.”

Nothing had ever felt like this. The role Richard offered was exactly the one Molly craved, to be a part of *them*.

Her hand quivered from the sensation of Richard’s cock moving in and out of Alan. She splayed her fingers, spreading them wide so that she could feel Richard giving, Alan taking. The cock in her mouth grew harder, and Alan began to thrust again, though Molly didn’t know if the action was intentional or the result of Richard’s thrusts.

“You feel so hot around my cock, darling,” Richard said, his words almost a purr of pleasure. “So hot and tight. Are you close, Alan? I can feel you shaking, and your breathing is ragged. Are you close?”

“Yes...oh, Master, it feels so good. You in my ass, Molly’s mouth on my cock...*please*.”

Molly felt Alan’s need as if it were her own, the burning, must-have climax shimmering just out of reach.

Richard reached back around and this time combed his fingers through her hair, anchoring her head. Did he think she didn’t want to devour Alan’s seed? She’d already tasted it and wanted more.

“Do you want to come, Alan?”

“I want to please you. I want to come. Please.”

“I think Molly’s ready for you. Fuck her mouth, Alan. Fuck it hard.”

“Argh!” Alan’s inarticulate sound signaled joy as he raced toward his climax.

Molly felt Alan’s control snap. Ready and eager, she relaxed her lips so he could move freely, take and give what he needed.

Richard’s hand kept her from banging her head on the headboard. And then every thought left her with the first spurt of semen into her mouth. She sucked it in, swallowing the pungent, salty cream, absorbing Alan’s thrusts into her body and his cries of pleasure into her soul. She drank him as Richard’s hand clenched on her head and she knew he, too, reached orgasm.

Alan’s cock gave her one tiny bit more of his nectar as he sighed, as she felt him rest more of his weight against her. His cock became flaccid and she gently released him. Without thinking, she wrapped both arms around his hips, pleased the action also allowed her to touch Richard.

“That was the best orgasm ever,” Alan said.

“Good,” Richard said. He punctuated his proclamation with a kiss on Alan’s shoulder. “Two thirds of us have indulged in wonderful orgasms.”

“Mmm, yes,” Alan said.

He reached down and stroked the top of Molly's head. Loosening her arms from around him, she eased herself back to lean against the headboard.

"I'm horny," she complained, adding just enough pout into her voice to make Richard smile. "What are you going to do about it?"

"The question isn't what we're going to do about it, sweetheart."

"It's not?" Molly found his devilish smile hard to resist. When Alan chuckled, obviously understanding his master, she let go the mock pout and smiled.

"No. The question is what are *you* going to do about it?"

\* \* \* \*

Legs spread wide midway down on the bed, with only a half dozen candles for light, Molly stroked her hands over her breasts, across her belly, as Richard and Alan sat at the foot of the bed and watched.

"Pull your nipples. Show us how long they can be," Richard said.

She'd masturbated more times than she could remember—both using her hands and toys—but she'd never put on a show, never allowed a lover, let alone two, watch her as she did so.

Obeying her master now, she pinched each nipple between a thumb and forefinger, pinched and pulled until the pebbled flesh stayed elongated for several moments at a time.

"Beautiful," Alan whispered.

"Here." Richard leaned forward and upended a small bottle over her. Drops of liquid landed on her chest, between her breasts, and on her belly. The scent of ripe cherries filled the air. "Massage that in. Nice and slow."

Soft and silky, the oil heated as she spread it, the glide of it making her touch feel even more arousing. Alone and in need, she would use as few strokes as necessary to accomplish the task. Here, now, before these two men, she sensed a far different agenda. Orgasm

wasn't the goal here, or at least not the immediate one. No, the journey into eroticism—touch, sight, scent—comprised a reward in and of itself.

“More, now.”

He dribbled the oil lower, onto the mound of flesh that guarded her pussy. In a languid motion, her hands stroked out, stroked down, and massaged the fragrant oil into her skin.

Their eyes followed her hands, and Molly knew a surge of her feminine power, felt it in a way she never had all her life.

“Show us your clit, baby,” Richard commanded.

Fingers stroked in a circle, coaxing the shy bud out of hiding. As she did with her nipples, she grasped it between thumb and forefinger and gently tugged it.

Her hips surged in response to the stimulation.

“Spread your lips. I want to see if you're wet.”

Molly did as her master commanded, using two fingers to part her labia, let them glimpse the tender, pink flesh inside.

“Mmm, yes. Dip your fingers inside yourself, honey. Finger fuck yourself for us.”

She sank a finger in deep before he'd finished asking. She clenched her inner muscles, so that her pussy caressed her finger as she moved it in and out. Her passion built, and she used a second finger to assist the first.

“Out now. Suck them into your mouth.”

She'd never done this but found her desire to please them stronger than any other. She ran her moist fingers across her lips, delighted when both men responded with hitched breathing and glittering gazes. Then she tasted herself, tasted the essence of her womanhood, and knew her men used their memories to sample right along with her.

Alan reached out and stroked his finger up and down her slit, teasing her before sliding a single finger inside. He withdrew it, then offered it to his master.

“Will you fuck her?” he asked Richard.

“Do you want me to? Would that please you?”

“Yes, very much.”

“Then you need to prepare me.”

Alan reached into the nightstand to get the condom. It thrilled Molly to watch him put it on Richard, to see the way his hand loved to stroke that hard erection. Richard’s cock jerked in response to Alan’s touch, so she guessed the pleasure was mutual.

“Put a pillow under her, Alan, then hold her open for me.”

“It’s like I’m giving you to him,” Alan said to her. “Just as you gave me to him.”

Alan rose above her on his knees, his cock hanging lusciously over her face and held her behind her knees, pulling her legs back, exposing her completely to Richard.

Richard’s cock was hard, as hard as it had been earlier when he fucked Alan. He moved, came between her legs, placed his cock on the opening of her cunt.

“Hang on.”

Hard and fast, he thrust into her, the force of his entry pushing her up toward the headboard, shaking the bed so that it squeaked.

She relished the glide of the hot, thick flesh into hers, relished the force of his movements as the head of his rod nudged her cervix. She used her inner muscles to caress him, knew with satisfaction that she pleased him when he hissed.

“Oh, yeah. Do that again.”

She did and felt her arousal spike as Richard slid a hand under her ass and began to thrust into her, again and again, hard and fast and deep.

Bending down, he kissed her. She sucked his tongue into her mouth and lifted her hips to have more of his delicious cock, even as she knew she neared her climax.

Then Richard stretched forward with his tongue and licked Alan’s cock.

“Come for me,” he said.

Molly had no control as her rapture exploded, as she came hard and fast. She felt Richard's cock quiver inside her and knew he shared the bliss with her, as he'd shared it with Alan earlier.

Then Alan bent down and placed a kiss on her cheek. Molly's heart filled, for she realized then the three of them were already connected.

\* \* \* \*

They napped, this time with Alan in the middle. Upon awakening, Richard decided they'd order in dinner rather than cook.

Now, as the darkness claimed the city, they sat entwined on his large sectional, watching the end of the new Star Trek movie.

"What a brilliant plot twist!" Molly said.

She lay with her head on his lap and her legs on Alan's. Alan's head rested on his shoulder, and Richard felt as if the entire world suddenly, over the last few days, had turned itself around and come right.

"The entire movie was one big plot twist," he said now.

"They're making another one," Alan said. "But I have no idea when it will be out."

Richard used the universal remote to turn off the DVD player. Then he handed the device to Alan.

"Thanks. Just want to check out what's happening in the rest of the world."

"Alan's a bit of a news hound," Richard said to Molly. "Last thing before we head to bed, he's either checking the headlines on the All News Network or on the local station—either on the tube or the computer."

"A habit ingrained in me by my mother," Alan explained to Molly. "She often claimed the most educated people were ignorant of the world around them."

“She must have been related to my father. Even now, when I go over to the ’rents to visit, I have to ‘hush’ while the news is on.”

Alan tuned in the local network. While Alan had been talking, Richard recalled the news clip he’d seen earlier in the day about that missing woman—Virginia something or other. For the most part, that sense of unease he’d felt back at Molly’s apartment had abated.

He’d convinced himself the woman’s similarity to Molly caused the unusual feeling. And there was no need for that because everyone looked like someone else and Molly was right here with him and Alan, safe and sound.

“Molly, do you have a sister?”

Alan’s question drew Richard from his thoughts. There on the screen flashed the same photograph Richard just thought about.

“No,” Molly said.

“Turn it up,” Richard said.

*“...last seen Friday night at a bar in the East End called Hog Heaven. Virginia Townsend is twenty-five, with red hair and brown eyes. Anyone with knowledge of the whereabouts of Virginia Townsend is asked to contact Precinct Six.”*

“Virginia Townsend,” Molly repeated the name as she shook her head slowly. “Doesn’t ring any bells for me at all.”

“She does look enough like you to be your sister. Or your cousin,” Richard agreed.

“Well, no sisters or female cousins in the Durant family. Just me and a brother—who shall still remain nameless, pending that new safe word.”

Richard laughed, then bent down and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. “You come up with your own safe word and we’ll use that. In the morning. I think we should all get a good night’s sleep.”

He doubted either of his lovers would disagree since they both chose that moment to yawn loudly. Laughing, they all got up and headed toward the bedroom.

Richard felt a renewed sense of unease, and that missing woman—Virginia Townsend—lay at the heart of it. Despite the fact Molly had never heard of her, he couldn't help but think that somehow, Ms. Townsend was connected to his woman.

Sixth Precinct. It just so happened that Richard worked as a detective assigned to the sixth, and he knew that at least one of his former associates was still there, promoted to lieutenant. He'd make time tomorrow to give Thomas Brady a call. Probably, this uneasiness would be nothing. The best way to settle it would be to have a talk with the cops.

## Chapter 11

The phone awakened him with its first shrill ring. He lay unmoving for one moment, eyes blinking away the sleep, the comfort of the pillow beneath his head steadying him so he could take one moment to focus. He answered the summons on the third ring.

“Brady.”

“Hey, LT, sorry to wake you,” the voice of Craig Paulson effectively knocked the rest of the sleep out of Thomas Brady. Paulson was on duty in the detectives unit of the Sixth Precinct. He took whatever call came in, worked it, and would never call to wake Brady—unless something happened related to one of Brady’s cases.

Thomas Brady got a sick feeling in the pit of his belly. “What have you got?”

“Just received a call from the State boys with regard to that missing woman case you got the other day.”

Paulson pulled the night shift on a regular basis, said that working a shift opposite to his wife was the secret to a long and happy marriage.

The man could be right. God knew Brady didn’t have a clue as to how to hold together a marriage. What he did know was the job. And those thoughts were a stalling tactic. Sometimes, Brady thought, you needed a minute.

Paulson wouldn’t call unless the woman had been found dead.

“Crap.” He’d had a feeling when he’d taken the report from Virginia Townsend’s sister that this would be a bad one. Sometimes he got those feelings. For Brady, his instincts seldom lied to him.

Another cop might have figured the missing woman just partied hardy on a Friday night, gone home with some guy for a little mattress aerobics, filed the report, and left it at that. But Brady had had this feeling, so he'd reached out to State as well as giving a bulletin to the media.

"State wants to know if you'd like to join them on the scene. Poindexter's got the case. He was the one who called."

"Yeah, I think I better. Even if it happened outside the city, she's still one of mine. Did Poindexter leave you his cell number?" He likely had it somewhere, but getting it again from Paulson would save time.

Brady sat up and turned on the bedside lamp. He kept pad and pen by the phone. He wrote the number, then disconnected from Paulson.

He called John Poindexter, a sergeant with the state cops he'd dealt with a number of times and played poker with on a semi-regular basis. Poindexter was the kind of cop who did the job, no short cuts, no grandstanding. He was only a so-so poker player, which meant Brady only lost to him about half the time they played.

"Hey, John, I hear you found my M. P."

"Yeah, got a call around an hour ago. Guy stopped his car to take a leak on the way home from the city. As he started back for his car, he saw something strange in the ditch about ten yards away. Checked it out. Thank God he had the sense to puke elsewhere."

"Son of a bitch." Brady scrubbed a hand over his face. Dealing with death was always harder when the victim had been young and vibrant.

"Where are you?" He listened, took down directions. "Shit, that's in the middle of damn-freaking nowhere. Probably take me at least a half an hour to get there."

"That's okay. The medical examiner got held up, so he's about thirty to forty minutes out, too." John said.

"Okay, then since I won't be holding you up, I'm on my way."

He hung up the phone and reached for the pants he'd tossed on the floor just before climbing into bed. Giving them a shake, he decided they'd do. A certain amount of rumple would be expected this late at night.

He did grab a clean shirt but didn't bother with a tie. Normally he wouldn't bother with a jacket either, unless going to court where a full suit was *de rigueur*. The sport coat would help against the chill of the night.

It wasn't only darkest before the dawn, but coldest then, too, even if it was the end of freaking May.

One thing about getting a call at four in the morning, Brady thought as he cut cleanly through the center of the city. No traffic. He drove in silence to the outskirts of town, then took one of the state roads that would get him where he needed to be.

He passed houses on what he guessed were farms. He wouldn't mind having a house himself one day. He thought it might be nice to sit out in the back yard in the summer, maybe grill a steak on the weekend. But he couldn't see having so much land.

That much space went beyond carving out your own territory and edged into serious work. He had enough to do working out of the Six. He didn't need to come home and be a slave to his property on his down time.

Brady made a left and then a right. Up ahead, the flashing blues and reds of emergency vehicles along with the bright glare of portable halogens told him he'd found the place where Virginia Townsend's body had been found.

He pulled his Buick behind a black and white and turned on the dashboard cherry that told anyone who didn't know him he belonged there. He got out of the car and looked for Poindexter and found him at the bottom of a ditch.

He followed the marked trail down into the ditch, the lights so bright they lit the path like daylight. Dew made the grass a bit slippery but a couple of uniforms stood by to help people both down

and up the steep incline. John Poindexter stood just off to the side while another man—probably the M. E.—crouched down beside the body.

“Hey, Brady.”

“John.”

From where he stood, he could see the woman. She lay sprawled out, a sheet covering her, as if she’d been rolled in it and then rolled down the ditch from the road.

In the glare of the lights, her skin glowed ghostly white, making her red hair look almost ghoulish. She’d been a pretty young woman. He’d thought so when her sister gave him her photo.

“What do you know so far?” he asked.

“Not much. No overt wounds that I could see. We’ll know more when Rogers gets her in, I guess. We’ve got all the photos of the scene we need. She didn’t have any clothes, nor any identification, so it stands to figure she was killed elsewhere and just dumped here. Wouldn’t have been able to I. D. her except I recognized her from the picture you sent us Saturday. Last seen Friday night, that makes for pretty diligent processing on your part. Otherwise she’d be going in right now as a Jane Doe. We’ll still need a positive I. D.”

“Yeah.” It had been diligent work, just not diligent enough. Though Brady thought the woman might have already been dead when her sister reported her missing Saturday morning.

“I’ll have to call her sister,” Brady said. “But I’ll wait until seven or so.”

“So how come you moved on this so fast? Was she a hooker or something? Bad crowd? High risk behavior?”

“No, she was a secretary for a dentist,” Brady said. “And I likely never would have pushed it except for what her sister said when she reported her. Said she knew Ginny didn’t plan not to come home because she didn’t take any of her medicine with her, and she would have needed it before bed and first thing in the morning.”

“Medicine?”

“Yeah, Virginia Townsend had a bad heart.”

\* \* \* \*

“You’ve got to be kidding.”

“You don’t wake up in a very happy frame of mind, do you?”

Molly stood toe to toe with Richard in the basement of his brownstone. The house itself stood as testament to the elegance of an earlier time. But on the inside of the front door, everything screamed twenty-first century.

Including the gym in the basement.

“I did wake up in a happy frame of mind,” Molly said “Which lasted exactly as long as it took you to relieve me of my cup of coffee before I’d even sipped it, and drag me down here. And now, you expect me to...to...*exercise*?”

“Oh, that was good. You said ‘exercise’ as if it was the worst four letter word, ever,” Alan said as he passed her and headed to one of the two elliptical machines.

“Don’t tell me you’re a devotee of this torture, too?”

He flashed her a quick grin. “What can I say? Richard is relentless. I’ve gotten to the point that I actually crave a good workout now. My God, what a man will do for love.”

“You live under my roof, you live by my rules. And one of those rules is exercise, Monday through Friday.” Richard said.

Despite the fact she stood with her arms folded in front of her chest and gave him as good a frown as she knew how to muster, Richard treated her to a huge smile. In fact, if she didn’t know better, she’d say he was this close to laughing in her face.

*His house, his rules.* It wasn’t as if he didn’t warn her. She took a moment to look around the well-lit, well-outfitted space.

She counted five machines and recognized only three of them! This was not good.

“Monday through Friday? I thought I read somewhere that you’re only supposed to do this,” she made a gesture with her hand that took in the entire room and its purpose, “every other day.”

Richard gave her a sweeter smile than she deserved, considering the major grump she indulged in at the moment.

“Weight training, yes. But the treadmill, elliptical, and bicycle you can do every day.”

“I can, huh?”

“Let me rephrase that. You will do them every day. You know, my house, my rules, and me being a Dom and all of that.”

No doubt about it now, he *was* laughing at her.

“For how long?”

“For as long as you live here.”

Molly gave it up. It felt much better to laugh than to hold on to her grump. “No, I mean for what duration of time must I submit to this inhumane cruelty each day?”

“A half hour. I’ll even let you break it up, ten minutes on each of these three.”

“Whoopee.”

She noticed Alan brought an MP3 player with him and currently worked the elliptical at a fairly steady pace with his eyes closed.

*Probably has that whole Zen thing going where he’s pretending he’s doing something fun.*

She walked over to the treadmill, got on the belt, and just looked at it. Fortunately, Richard came over and showed her how to set it up and turn it on.

She’d have to hunt out an MP3 player the next time she went back to her apartment. She knew she had one somewhere.

Richard started his workout on the exercise bike, pedaling as if he was running out of time. Shaking her head, Molly let her thoughts wander, her legs working automatically to keep up with the machine.

Here they were, the three of them, together yet apart, exercising, living. Like a family?

Molly felt her face heat. Why should she feel so embarrassed because in her secret heart of hearts, she'd already envisioned the three of them as a family?

She'd harbored real feelings for these two men before she made her sub debut at Reckless Abandon. It had always been more than sex for her, even if the physical aspects of the D/s lifestyle appealed to her more than she'd ever imagined.

"Molly, are you all right?"

Richard's question pulled her from her thoughts. Before she could answer him, before she could even blink, he stood beside her, turning down the treadmill.

"What? I'm fine..." She trailed off because he'd reached for her left wrist and took her pulse.

"You're flushed," he said. "When was the last time you had a complete physical?"

"About eight hours ago," she quipped, thinking of the rollicking night she'd just spent in bed with these two men.

"Seriously."

Molly shook her head. "Richard, I'm fine. I was thinking about you and Alan." She didn't really want to say any more than that. He might be her master, and this might be his house, but she wasn't willing to surrender even her most private thoughts to the man.

At least, not yet.

"Your pulse is fine." His gaze met hers. "Even after everything we've done together the last few days, thinking about us made you blush?"

"I'm a redhead," she said.

"And a natural one, too," Alan observed.

She looked at him askance, laughing when she saw his innocent expression. *Yeah, right, he's innocent.* "I'm a redhead," she said again, "and I therefore have no control over the way my skin reacts to certain thoughts."

"Hmm. Be interesting to know those thoughts," Richard said.

“It is.”

She gave him a smile that she knew looked cheeky because that’s how it felt. In response he reached over to the controls of the treadmill and turned it on.

“Ack!” She grabbed the bar with both hands and got her feet moving so she didn’t fall off the thing.

“You still have five minutes on that machine,” Richard said.

“Yes, sir.”

“Smart-ass.”

Richard returned to his bike. Molly decided it wouldn’t hurt to maybe focus a little, get some exercise in. Everyone knew the benefit of a regular workout. Even if what she’d been engaged in the night before would qualify as a marathon event in some people’s eyes, she knew it didn’t really count one hundred percent toward being a *real* work out.

Inside, she felt warm and cherished because Richard watched over her. She’d never been a neglected child or anything like that. But she’d never really been important enough to anyone that they would keep an eye on her that way.

Interesting, she thought. She personally knew of two D/s bisexual couples—Richard and Alan, and Jordan and Marcus, though the latter pair wasn’t really just a couple anymore, not since Chastity became a member of their family.

Still, Richard seemed to be the caretaker here, whereas in that other family, the role fell to Marcus, a self-admitted sub.

So being Dom or sub wasn’t one way or another. It really was an individual interpretation and likely just relative to the nature of the people involved.

Which probably meant that she had a rocky road ahead of her. How many times had she been accused of being bossy, wanting to have things her own way? She knew the answer to that. Probably as often as she’d been accused of jumping in, with both feet, before having a careful look.

Well, that trait had gotten her where she was today—and not just on a treadmill.

Only time would tell if that same penchant would be the ousting of her from this relationship, too.

\* \* \* \*

Molly dried off from her shower, not sure what to think about the fact there'd been no one in there with her to wash her back—or anything else. She wondered if the men had their heads together in the kitchen, making breakfast. Her belly growled, and she realized she could eat.

She also wanted coffee more than she wanted anything else.

On second thought, there might be one other thing she wanted more. She entered the bedroom from the bath to find her men lounging on the bed, waiting for her, ready for her as she watched them gently caress each other's latex-covered cocks.

“Now that you're all fresh and clean, we're going to mess you up again.” Richard said. “I've wanted to do this for some time. I think you're ready for it.”

Molly felt her heart trip. Oh, yes she was. She walked toward the bed, crawling onto it, slinking her way between the men. They'd obviously showered downstairs. She inhaled deeply, their man-scent strong despite the soap. She loved their aroma, the musky, manly tang that found its place deep in her belly.

Richard grabbed her hair, and brought her to him for his kiss. Molly opened her mouth wide, sucking his tongue into her mouth as she would his cock, bold in giving him all she was, and in taking as much as he would give.

His and Alan's hands caressed her and she moaned with delight. How amazing to feel four hands touching and tweaking, caressing and cupping. To have fingers on both breasts and in her pussy at the same time, the motions of plucking and fucking perfectly timed.

“You’re so wet for us, baby,” Richard said.

“Always.” She could answer nothing else. She only needed to think of them, and she felt her dampness drench her.

Richard turned her so that she faced Alan, who wasted no time pulling her on top of him.

Richard rose to his knees beside them. “Take him into that hot, wet pussy of yours, Molly. Fuck him.”

Alan lifted her and his cock slid deep. Molly moved on Alan, lifting and dropping, lifting and dropping, the friction of his dick heating her core, building her arousal. She braced her hands on the bed on either side of his head, smiled down at him, and then bent close to kiss him.

She shivered when Richard smoothed the lubricant on her ass.

“Now, you’ll have us both,” he said.

Alan opened his legs, making room between them for their master to kneel. Molly felt the heat of Richard’s body and then the press of his cock against her anus.

Already that muscle opened, admitting him easier than that first time. He leaned over her and nuzzled her neck. “Hold on,” he said.

Oh, God! He slid into her, one long, slow, and steady thrust that stretched her beyond her wildest dream. She could feel both men inside her, hot and hard, and the sensation felt incredible.

“Oh, yes, Master, I can feel your cock brushing against mine.” Alan said. He shivered beneath her and Molly’s arousal climbed even higher.

“I know, darling. I feel yours, too.” Richard hissed that, then held still and Molly sensed he worked to keep control of his passion. His next words proved that.

“I don’t want to hurt you, Molly, so you set the pace. Fuck us both at the same time, sweetheart.”

Molly gave in to the urge to rock, her movement easy at first, testing. Forward and down to brush her clit against the hair that

nestled Alan's cock, then up and back to press Richard's cock more deeply into her ass.

"Oh!" She shivered and jerked as it felt as if everything inside her melded, became one giant erogenous spot.

"Fuck, that's good," Richard said.

"Ah, yes, my God, it's fabulous." Alan groaned.

Both men sounded near the end of their tethers, and the idea that she could make both lose control at the same time filled Molly with joy and determination.

Back and forth, shivering, she moved her hips, the motion evolving from smooth and slow to jerky and urgent as her arousal, so huge, took over. "Yes."

"Now." Richard said.

Molly couldn't hold her scream as her orgasm took her, captured her, and hurled her beyond the lustful into the sextreme, wave after wave that battered her will until she could only take, not just the rapture flooding her, but the solid thrusting of her lovers, prisoners of their own climaxes.

Deaf and paralyzed, only her heart pounding in her chest to assure her she lived, Molly lay collapsed on Alan, sucking in breath fast and deep.

"We didn't hurt you?" Richard asked. Molly admired his superior ability. She couldn't manage talk just yet. She hoped the grunt she gave him was sufficient reassurance she felt fine.

He eased out of her and off the bed but returned in moments, lifting her, cradling her while Alan took his turn in the bathroom.

Then they all three snuggled under the covers, still struggling for breath. Molly shivered, a strong aftershock she figured would measure a five on the Richter scale.

"Holy crap."

The words sounded so funny coming from Alan, she laughed, even though she couldn't have said it better herself.

"Now *that* is what I call a workout," she said.

She took the sounds that came from both men as agreement.

## Chapter 12

“Peter, I appreciate that yesterday was Memorial Day. Strangely enough, for me, too. I’m not sure I understand what that has to do with my question. I want to know if the silk screens are going to be delivered to Mr. Farmington today, or not?”

Alan tried not to let the sound of his impatience filter through the telephone line. Peter Benjamin was arguably one of the finest silk-screen artists he’d ever met. But the man had the business sense of a gnat.

He listened as Peter went into a long explanation that, boiled down to its lowest common denominator, meant no.

“When, then?” Of course, Alan knew what had happened. Someone who knew Peter, likely a friend of a friend, dropped in on the artist with another friend in tow, and that friend likely saw the screens commissioned for Barry Farmington’s executive office and had *oohed* and *aahed* over them and the damn twit artist either sold them or gave them away.

“All right.” Alan sighed heavily. He looked up and saw Molly at the doorway to his office. He winked at her and enjoyed the pretty blush she gave him in return. “Peter, I’m going to hold you to that. I’ll be by Thursday afternoon. You have to have those pieces for me then.”

Alan hung up the phone and stared at the receiver for a moment. “Thank God I told Farmington they wouldn’t be ready until Friday at the earliest.”

Molly laughed. “From what I’ve seen so far, you do as much people-handling as you do interior decorating.”

“Tell me about it. You look very nice, by the way.”

She’d put her hair up in a no-nonsense chignon and applied a very subtle layer of makeup. Her shoes looked sensible, modest pumps, not even close to the fuck-me heels she’d worn at Reckless Abandon.

“Thank you. Mr. Nicholson prefers that members of his executive staff dress in proper business attire. Richard said you wouldn’t mind giving me a ride over to my apartment, so I can pick up my car.”

“I’d be delighted to. He’s working at getting you a parking spot in the secured lot across the street. The spaces are rented by the month, so it may take a bit of time, but you’ll have one eventually.”

“Why, when I can park at my apartment for free?”

“Ah yes, for now. But what if, down the road, you no longer have that apartment?” He tilted his head to one side and waited for that information to process.

“I’m very conscientious about paying my rent on time. I hardly ever have wild, drunken orgies—without inviting the landlord. I don’t think I’m going to be evicted anytime soon.”

“You *are* a smart-ass.” He stepped around his desk and approached her. He would have liked to get his fingers into all that glorious red hair. But of course, that would have to wait until the end of the day, after work.

Maybe Richard would let him muss her up a bit, before he himself got his hands on her.

“You don’t think this is just a game, do you? Or something casual?”

“No, I know it’s not. I’m just not completely certain what it is, yet.”

“That’s fair enough. You’ve only been with us a few days, after all.” He’d already gotten his things together, ready to leave when he’d remembered he needed to call Peter. Now he picked up his case and took his car keys out of his pocket.

“Come on, I’ll drop you at your place. I know Richard would have, but he had that obscenely early meeting with the CEO of RoeCorp.”

“So he said. I guess his customers make him jump through hoops, too.”

“Part of the glamour and glory of owning your own,” Alan said.

He ushered her out of the house and ensured the door locked behind him.

“He gave me a key already,” Molly said as they stood on the sidewalk and waited to cross the street.

This neighborhood had been very fashionable back in the day. Thanks to urban redevelopment, it would be that way again. But people were people, and it became obvious that leaving a very nice car parked on the street overnight came with risks. A year ago the developer put up a secured garage.

Alan, for one, felt very grateful.

“Why shouldn’t you have a key? We’re all involved, aren’t we?”

“Yes,” Molly agreed. “I’m still trying to figure it out. I know that I’ve never been turned on as much as I have been since Friday night. But it does confuse me a little.”

“The fact that Richard is my master and yet I own my own business, where I’m the boss?”

“Yeah.”

“It’s not something that I can—or should—explain to you, sweetheart. You’ll either get it, or you won’t.”

Alan just smiled in response to the scowl she sent him. He bet she would get it—and sooner, rather than later.

\* \* \* \*

For the first time since she’d been employed at Nicholson Manufacturing, Molly had difficulty concentrating on her work. It was month end, always a busy time in accounting. Usually there were

so many last-minute additions and deletions, so many journal entries, that she felt rushed and crushed with the weight of what needed to be done. Her job was vital in that it was her responsibility to produce the financial statement each month.

Usually, that sense of vitality, of urgency, fuelled her so that she could work quickly and without a break.

Today, her head simply couldn't get in the game.

The sense of being watched caused a shiver to snake down her spine. Appearing to keep her head down, she shifted her gaze up and to the right.

Brian watched her. Again.

The main office where she worked had been designed so that department heads occupied offices along two walls, and the office workers sat in cubicles created by portable cloth "walls." Her staff—all three of them—sat outside her office to the left.

Brian took up the actual glass-enclosed office directly across to her right.

Normally, he annoyed her by asking her to do little things for him—look up this fact, trace down this shipment—just jobs he could give her to do to make himself feel important.

This was the first time he'd sat for long periods of time and simply stared at her. It creped her out.

She put her eyes back on her work and forced herself to concentrate. When he got up and left the area, she heaved a sigh of relief.

The work finally caught her attention. There were regular entries that needed to be made each month end, accruals that would then have to be reversed once the financial statements were produced.

The bulk of these could be entered by her staff, but some pertained to confidential information, like salaries. These she would enter herself.

A shadow fell over her. She nearly jumped out of her skin when she looked up and saw Brian standing before her.

“Mr. Horner.”

“I’ve spoken to Uncle Norman. He thinks it would be a good idea if I sat in with you when you begin to do the month-end run.”

“Why?”

As far as she’d been able to tell, Brian Horner didn’t know his ass from a hole in the ground when it came to financial matters. Or anything else for that matter.

“Because I believe you need someone in authority to supervise you. The Nicholson name is on the company and by extension, of course, the Horner name. Uncle Norman’s signature is on your paycheck, which makes you simply an employee of the family. My being with you as, shall we say, an overseer, will ensure that the family’s interests are served.”

“I see.”

Molly never felt more insulted in her life. And she wasn’t even certain what the greater insult was, Brian’s not-so-subtle impugning of her character or the way he seemed to be leering at her, as if he could see right through her clothes.

He made her skin crawl. She wanted a shower.

She felt her temper simmering and knew she would say something she might come to regret. She tried to bite her tongue, but she didn’t try very hard.

“Tell me, Mr. Horner. I’m curious to know how you plan to ‘oversee’ my work when you have no knowledge of accounting.”

“You need to mind your place, Molly. It’s not for you to judge what I am and am not capable of. In fact,” he stepped closer to her desk, practically leaning over her, “you’d be amazed if you knew all there was to know about me.”

It took sheer nerve on her part to not pull back, to not flinch when he invaded her personal space. Since she had nothing more to say, she simply stared him down.

It took a few moments, but in the end he smirked and eased back—as any bully might, trying to give the impression she didn't unnerve him.

She waited until he left her office before she relaxed. Then she reached for the phone.

“Mr. Nicholson's office.”

“Hi, Janet. Does he have time for me?”

“Sure, Molly. Come on over.”

Molly worked on putting a lid on her temper as she wound her way through the corridors until she came to Norman Nicholson's office.

His secretary, Janet, had been with him since the beginning, a warm, motherly woman whom practically everyone at Nicholson Manufacturing adored.

“He's waiting for you. But he does have a meeting scheduled in about fifteen minutes.”

“I don't think I'm going to need that long.”

Norman Nicholson sat behind a desk cluttered with files and paperwork. He began his company twenty years before, he often said, on a wing, a prayer, and a loan from his sister Martha. Martha married well and had one son, Brian. Molly knew that meant she needed to proceed with the utmost caution. She'd already decided that she wouldn't complain about the little slug. Instead she drew on knowledge gained during two college semesters in psychology. When in doubt, resort to “I” messages.

“Hey there, Molly. What can I do for you?”

“I felt I needed to apologize, Mr. Nicholson. I'm not sure what I've done to make you question my ability to do my job, but I'm sorry.”

The man blinked at her and then sat back.

“I have a feeling Brian has insulted you?”

“He informed me that he would be ‘overseeing’ my production of the financial statements in order that the family’s interests could be properly protected.”

“Jesus Christ.”

It was the first time Molly ever saw a display of disgust on her boss’s face or heard him swear.

“He asked if he could spend some time with you, perhaps pick up some pointers, maybe even learn a little on how to conduct a proper month end. So I told him he would have to check with you first. God knows it’s the first thing he’s shown an interest in since I hired him.”

“I see. Well, that makes me feel better.”

“Look, I know Brian’s a screw up. He’s never really settled on anything, you know? Breaks Martha’s heart. Here he is, nearing forty, with nothing to show for it. I hired him to make her feel better. You know how much I owe her.”

“Yes, sir, I do.”

“If you could let him sit in with you, ignore his bullshit, I’d consider it a personal favor. You have to know nothing he can do or say is going to impact my respect for your work or your position here.”

Molly really liked everything about her job until Brian arrived. Mr. Nicholson took her on pretty much right out of college, and in just these few short years he’d made her a manager. She supposed, although it really rubbed her wrong, the least she could do was try. “I’ll do my best.”

“Thanks, Molly. I mean that.”

Molly checked her watch as she left Mr. Nicholson’s office. Nearly three o’clock. Since she hadn’t taken a lunch break yet, she’d work for another half hour, then call it a day.

She figured she needed the time to shore up her resolve and tuck her resentment away so she could keep her promise to her boss for at least the next few days. She’d do her best to make this the fastest month end in Nicholson Manufacturing history.

\* \* \* \*

He watched her, and she didn't even know it. She didn't know he was there, could never even guess. But he knew her, oh yes, and how easy he found it to see her—beautiful, white ass naked, ready for his marks.

She thought herself untouchable. Inviolable. Because she belonged, the slave of another? That hardly mattered, wouldn't matter when the time came. That time would be soon. Soon he would claim the bitch as his own. And he would teach her who was master and who was slave.

Bacchus couldn't settle, felt the same restlessness he felt Friday night. He stroked his lips, recalling the wonder of that night.

He'd seen his destiny for the first time then, and he'd nearly convinced himself that the other was *her*. She'd been an adequate substitute. Ginny. He'd learned a few things with Ginny, practiced on her, and it had almost, *almost*, been good enough.

The main thing he learned was that he did need to practice. For when he had *her*, he wanted it all to be just exactly right.

Bacchus got in his car, restless, always restless, and drove through familiar haunts, places he'd visited all his life. And he laughed because these people never really saw him, either.

He drove until the sun set, until the street lights came on. He drove and he watched.

Finally, his patience was rewarded. This had to be a sign, didn't it? Of course, it did. He pulled ahead, parked his car, and got out but didn't lock it. He recognized the woman approaching the bus stop. She was one of the ones who'd never really seen him.

He walked like a man with not a care in the world, and when he neared the bus shelter, he smiled.

The woman checked her watch and frowned.

"Well, hello. Patricia, isn't it?"

Patricia started, then she saw him, recognized him, and smiled.

“Yes, hello. How are you? How’s your family?”

“We’re all well, thanks. Did you miss your bus?”

“I think I did. The next one doesn’t arrive for another forty minutes.”

“What bad luck! Listen, I’m just on my way home. Perhaps you’ll let me give you a ride?”

Wariness came and went on Patricia’s face. Even in the dim light from the streetlamp, he could see her expression clearly. She sighed and ran her hand through her red hair, sweeping it away from her face.

“That would be great. Thanks so much.”

“Come on, my car’s just over here.”

“It was awfully nice of you to stop for me,” Patricia said as she opened the passenger door.

“Oh, no. Believe me. The pleasure is all mine.”

## Chapter 13

Molly didn't bother to call ahead. She had a key and she figured both men would still be working. She'd left earlier than her normal time, too. So before either of them would wonder about her whereabouts, she'd be home.

She drove to her apartment and parked her car. She took a moment to gather her mail. Then she headed to the bus stop located just half a block down the street from her building.

The bus ride gave her time to decompress, to put the frustrations of the day behind her. She shivered when she thought of the way Brian stared at her most of the day. She really did feel as if she needed that shower.

If he continued doing that, she didn't think she'd be able to work with him, no matter that she'd told Mr. Nicholson that she'd try.

By the time the bus let her off at the stop closest to Richard and Alan's house, she thought she'd put the worst of the day behind her.

"Molly! I was just going to call you and arrange to pick you up from...what's wrong?"

She didn't expect Richard to be there, or Alan, either, whom she saw when he came out of his office.

It never occurred to her to lie. "I just had a bitch of a day is all."

"Ooh, do you want us to go and pound on someone?" Alan asked.

Molly laughed. He sounded so excited when he said that, which she knew had just been for her benefit, to make her laugh. She couldn't imagine Alan pounding on anyone. "Not right now, but maybe I'll keep that in reserve?"

"Absolutely."

“Come on.” Richard took her hand and led her toward the bedroom. “I know a surefire way to get rid of that stress I see on you.”

“And here I thought I’d done a good job of tucking it away.”

“Richard sees *everything*. It would be spooky if it wasn’t so damned appealing,” Alan said.

She expected a bout of hot, wild sex. She got a bathtub filled with foaming lavender and two bath attendants.

“Oh, God, that feels *good*.” Eyes closed, Molly lay back against the edge of the tub. Richard and Alan each held one of her feet. In unison, as if they’d done it a dozen times before, they massaged her feet, applying pressure to the arch of each foot. The combination of the fragrant water and steam and their hands on her made it feel as if every muscle in her body turned to molten honey. She wondered how she could keep her head above water and not slide down into the bottom of the tub.

Hands bathed her, their touch gentle, relaxing, and soon Molly felt as if she rested upon a cloud. Their care and pampering of her totally erased the stress of the day.

“Stand up, baby,” Richard said.

Molly opened her eyes. She hadn’t even noticed Alan leaving the room, but he must have, for he held a big, fluffy towel and her guess proved correct when he wrapped it around her. The soft terry felt toasty warm, obviously just taken from the dryer.

They dried her gently. Then Richard scooped her up and carried her to the bed.

“On your stomach, please.”

Molly felt so relaxed, she more or less flopped onto her tummy instead of turning gracefully.

The sound of the men chuckling didn’t bother her in the least. She heard movements but just floated on that cloud they’d put her on. Then she smelled the light, floral scent of jasmine.

The bed dipped, and naked male thighs straddled her. She felt the brush of scrotum against her bottom as an erect cock nestled between her ass cheeks.

“Can you guess what step two and three of our recreational program are?” Richard asked.

“Mmm.”

He worked lotion into her back and her shoulders, compressing, then releasing as he gave her the best massage of her life.

“Tell me what got you so tense.”

Care and attention dissipated the stress, but the thoughts, the righteous indignation remained. Too relaxed to even think of prevarication, Molly sighed. “Stupid toad. Said he was going to oversee my work. Shit disturbing little prick, staring at me like he can see me naked through my clothes. Little fucker. I promised the boss I’d do my best to ignore him, let him sit with me to do the month end. I don’t know if I can, but I have to try because I gave my word.”

“I take it you’re talking about the nephew?”

“Oh yes, just like that!” Molly didn’t know what Richard did to her back but she hoped he didn’t quit anytime soon.

“Sweetheart? The nephew?”

“Mmm? Oh, yeah.” She opened her eyes, focused. She’d been so relaxed she’d nearly been asleep. Oddly, she felt better now, energized. “I went into Norm’s office. He acted all pissed and everything, but he feels he has to have the prick there on account of owing his sister so much.”

“It’s not good for you to have this kind of stress. And no woman should put up with a man staring at her as if he can see her naked through her clothes. You know that’s not right.”

“I know.” Molly sighed. It *wasn’t* right, but she felt caught between a rock and a hard place.

“He didn’t try anything? Make a pass?” Richard asked.

“Make a pass. That’s kind of an outdated expression, isn’t it?”

Alan chuckled and she knew from the sound that he'd stretched out on the bed beside her.

"Minx, I'll show you outdated."

Molly felt Richard move, felt him push himself down, bring his knees together to nudge hers apart. Because she wanted it, because she needed it, she parted her legs for him and raised her bottom.

Richard surged into her in one solid thrust.

Here was the rest of what she needed, that feeling of fullness, of cock inside her, moving, thrusting in and out again and again. She needed the steady rhythm of one of her men—yes, they were *her* men—moving inside her. Taking their pleasure, giving it back tenfold in return.

No words were spoken. Words would have intruded on the pure feeling, on the glide and slide, on the push and release. But sounds whispered in the early evening shadows. Sighs and groans that spoke of carnal thrills, of life suspended so that life could be *lived*.

Alan slid closer, his body heat cocooning her, his hands stroking down her side. She reached for him, fingers and thumb closing around him, caressing and pumping. He felt hot and silky, and, covered in latex, she knew it wouldn't be her mouth he wanted this time. She would take him next, the heat and the power and the mating from both men needed to restore her balance.

"You're ours."

Two words, whispered in her ear, destroyed the last of the tension as her climax rolled over and through her. Two words that soothed and steadied, even as they raised a question, a tiny voice of disquiet within her. She might be theirs, that voice, that traitor, whispered. But were they hers?

\* \* \* \*

Richard whistled as he prepared dinner Thursday evening. Molly's car was parked in the garage across the street, and she'd

come in after work with no shadows in her eyes. Alan was nearly finished with the client from hell and seemed in a much better, more even mood too.

His stuffed pork with glazed apples was going to be another smash success at the dinner table.

Another good day for the Grant family.

He paused in the midst of stirring the rice. Although he and Alan considered themselves so, he *had* begun to think of Molly as part of their family, too. He might be setting himself up for disappointment. It had only been a few days, and although she showed no signs of tiring of them or their unique ménage, he still wasn't convinced that she'd stay.

He had taken heart on Tuesday night, when they'd sat at the table enjoying after-dinner coffee.

"I think you should find another job," he'd said to Molly then. He really didn't like the idea that some jerk with a partial claim to authority over her subjected her to sexual harassment. When she told him it wasn't that, he'd corrected her. A man looks at a woman as if she's naked, and he works at the same place and that look isn't welcome, that's sexual harassment.

Molly looked him in the eye and said, "I'm not a quitter."

He came back to the present when he realized he'd been standing by the stove with a spoon hovering over the rice for a couple of minutes.

He was getting himself all wound up when really, they were only beginning to discover each other. It did please him more than he could say that Molly seemed just as enamored of Alan as she did of him.

Alan came into the kitchen then, a worried look on his face. "Have you seen the paper today?"

"Not yet, why?"

In answer, Alan handed it to him. Below the fold, front page, was the article that obviously upset his lover.

He immediately knew why.

He'd told Alan the other night about the disquiet he felt about the missing woman featured on the news last weekend, the one whose picture looked like Molly. He admitted that he had no reason for concern, really. And Alan, bless him, told him maybe it was his cop instincts giving an early warning

Now here was another missing woman who could have been Molly's sister.

"Two women missing, one found dead. Both redheads." Alan said.

"The police will be trying to put everything they have into saying it's not a serial killer. But the public won't buy it for long. I don't buy it. I think I need to call my friend down at the Sixth. Both these women look enough like Molly to be her sister. If there's a nut job running around the city targeting redheads, *I* want to know about it."

Alan leaned against the counter. Richard could see he didn't like the co-incidence, either.

"I think we should tell Molly. She needs to be aware that she fits a certain...type. Be a little more vigilant herself." Richard said.

She sat in the den, in the middle of the sofa, watching a movie. Alan sat down on her left side. Richard sat on her right.

She looked at him and said, "Um, should I pause the movie?"

He read the look in her eyes and knew what she thought. He leaned over and gave her a quick kiss.

"Yes, but not for more enjoyable endeavors. We wanted you to see this."

He handed her the paper so she could read the article.

"Patricia Burdette. Doesn't ring any bells."

"Look at the picture. She looks like that other woman, Virginia. Remember?" Alan said.

"Yes she does, a bit, doesn't she?"

"And they both look like you," Richard said.

"Well, the red hair, but that's not so unusual," Molly said.

“No? Only two to six percent of the population of the United States has red hair,” Richard said.

“Oh.” Molly looked down at the article again, then back up at Richard. “For you to know that this must be something you’ve been thinking about?”

“You’ll find I’m very serious when it comes to looking out for what’s mine. Just ask Alan.”

“It’s true. He can be such a nag. But he really just does it out of concern, and he usually knows best.”

“So what do you want me to do?”

“For the time being, just don’t go anywhere alone. And don’t talk to strangers. I’m probably overreacting. It doesn’t hurt to be cautious.”

“All right.” She returned the kiss he’d given her. “I’ll be careful. And thanks for looking out for me.”

“Great. Now, dinner’s ready. You might as well stop the movie altogether, because I have plans for us after dinner that don’t involve watching television.”

Molly smiled. “Does it involve getting naked?”

“It does indeed,” he confirmed.

Richard’s sense of unease didn’t go away, even with Molly’s promise. He decided that first thing in the morning, he would go and see Thomas Brady.

\* \* \* \*

Thomas Brady wasn’t sitting down to dinner. Neither was he on his way back to his smaller-than-small apartment in the West End of the city, though he should have been.

He was in back of an abandoned factory in the industrial section of town, standing over the body of Patricia Burdette. The sound of a car door slamming made him look up in time to see John Poindexter heading his way.

“What do you have?”

“Female vic, aged about twenty-six. Her name’s Patricia Burdette, reported missing only this morning. She’d been missing since Tuesday night.”

“Shit. Redhead and wrapped in a sheet.”

“Yeah. We got the autopsy results on Ms. Townsend. The lady *did* die of cardiac arrest, but the M. E. reported numerous welts and abrasions on her. She’d also been restrained, raped, and sodomized several times.”

“Did *this* lady have a heart condition?”

“Not that we know of,” Brady said. “There’s a great deal of blood and some gray matter under her head. I’m thinking someone wailed on her over the head with something. So that’s different. But you can see there’s ligature marks on her wrists and on her ankles, which is similar. What do you want to bet we find similar wounds and assaults on her as we found on Ms. Townsend?”

“I’m afraid to bet. This is two, Brady, and that’s two too many,” Poindexter said.

“Yeah. I think the first one could have been an accident—the death, I mean— but not this one. It’s two, all right. If you look at their photos, they could be related. I’ve already got a call in to the Feds. If we have a serial killer, we have to be on the ball before the mayor comes and busts ours. So since I called the Feds, I called you, too.”

“Thanks. Are we going to have to put out a warning to the redheads in the area?” Poindexter asked.

The medical examiner indicated that it was time to take Ms. Burdette into the morgue. Brady headed back toward his car, John walking beside him. “Let’s see what the M.E. says once he gets her into the morgue. And we should probably wait for the Feds. But I’m thinking we’re going to have to. We’d be irresponsible not to.”

“Yeah, that’s what I’m thinking.”

The marks he’d seen on Virginia Townsend and the kind he suspected that Patricia Burdette carried reminded him of an assault

case he handled for an acquaintance, a friend of a former cop a few months back.

After he heard what all the cop experts had to say, maybe it would be a good idea to tap another source.

He didn't know if they were dealing with a serial killer or some sex-fetish practitioner gone mad.

## Chapter 14

Molly was never so glad to see a Friday. Wednesday and Thursday had been all-right days. But only, she acknowledged to herself, because Brian didn't show.

This morning when she'd gotten out of her car and thought about going inside to her office, sitting down at her desk, her stomach clutched and a sick dread hung at the back of her throat.

Those feelings only intensified a half hour later when she looked up and saw Brian entering his office.

She wasn't a quitter, but maybe Richard was right. Maybe the time had come to look for another job.

She told Norm she'd do her best to put up with his slug of a nephew, but maybe there was more going on if she had this queasiness in her gut. Maybe she wasn't as happy with just doing her job as she'd always been.

"Are you ready for me, Molly?"

She turned her gaze from her computer screen. He looked as if he'd been in danger of being late and left home before he finished getting ready. That seemed odd, for Brian usually presented a meticulous appearance.

Molly gave herself an inner shake when the queasiness intensified. He was just a man, not very tall, not very muscular. Certainly nothing to fear. So why did a fine tremor snake through her as she met his gaze?

"If you'll take a seat, we can get started." She indicated the extremely uncomfortable wooden chair on the other side of her desk.

"Of course."

She opened her mouth to protest when he brought the chair around so that he could sit beside her. Molly scanned the office outside her door. She could see her own staff and a few members of the sales department as well. And they could see her thanks to the glass that made up the walls of her office.

She let her glance take Brian in for just a moment and recognized the smirk. She ignored it and his move. Instead, she opened one of her drawers and took out a pad of yellow paper and a pen.

“You’ll want to take notes.”

“As you say.”

*Fuck him.* She recognized prime asshole attitude when she encountered it. She would start in and too bad if he didn’t understand or follow along.

“Each month I’m responsible for gleaning all the data input by the various departments—manufacturing, sales, service, R&D, quality control, payroll—and producing the financial statement. The statement gives Mr. Nicholson a concise picture of how the business is doing, how much profit there is, how the sales are faring, and so on.”

“I’m quite aware of what a financial statement is as I am fully aware of your purpose. More so than you are, in fact.”

Molly gritted her teeth. Comments like those—skirting, but not quite going over the line—really got under her skin.

One of her staff came in and handed her a journal entry ready to be approved. Since one of her goals was to bore this idiot stupid, she gave Tracy a smile.

“Thanks, Tracy. I’m showing Mr. Horner the ropes. I’ll enter this one for you.”

Molly decided to make sure she took Tracy out to lunch soon because the older woman didn’t bat an eyelash, just nodded and said, “You wanted me to remind you that you planned to show me the Kilmer account right after lunch.”

There was no Kilmer account. “So I did. Thank you, Tracy.”

Tracy smiled and returned to her desk. Molly could see her from where she sat and that fact gave her an odd kind of comfort.

“Since the very basis of producing the financial statements rests on journal entries, I’ll do this one now so you can see how it’s done.”

She was able to tune him out as she opened the program, citing the tiny minutiae associated with the process.

“You can look over my shoulder and stop me if I make any keying errors,” she invited.

That ruse allowed her to simply key the information while ignoring him completely. His periodic sighs, indicative, she thought, of boredom, pleased her immensely.

“It is nearly lunch time. You’ll have lunch with me, of course. And you can use that time to detail for me the status of the company and your role in it.”

*Arrogant bastard.* The lunch hour was unpaid time and therefore not company time. And hell would freeze over before she would consent to have lunch with him.

“I’m sorry, I have an appointment.”

“I suspect you don’t. No matter. The time will soon come when much will depend on your being more...amenable to my dictates.” He got up from his chair and let his eyes roam over her in a way that sparked her fear and her temper.

Molly watched him walk out, walk down the corridor toward the front of the building. *Insulting little slug.*

He likely thought his uncle prized him and would give him a promotion that would put him directly over her.

Molly smirked. If that day ever came, she would have only two words to say to Norm Nicholson—I quit.

Molly grabbed her purse and headed out, needing some fresh air. The way she felt right then and there, it took no effort to see herself saying those two words to Norm Nicholson sooner rather than later.

\* \* \* \*

Richard took the steps up to the entrance of the Sixth Precinct two at a time. Just stepping inside the place brought back memories—some good, some not so good.

He'd been a pretty good cop back in the day. He knew some of the men and women he'd worked with teased him unmercifully when he'd made the decision to "go private." Working for Alex in his private investigation agency had been a necessary step. While working with Alex, and thinking back to his days on the force, it astounded Richard how many people ended up victimized simply because they didn't take proper care of themselves.

Grant Security did just that. Most of his clients were middle-income families and came to him thanks to word of mouth. *Uncle Henry told us how you took care of making sure his home was secure and it didn't cost much. He said we should look you up.*

His more prosperous clients, businesses as well as the wealthy, paid the bulk of his wages and overhead, but it felt gratifying to be of service to anyone who needed him.

"Hey, Grant, ready to come back yet?"

Richard smiled at the desk sergeant, a veteran of over twenty year's service to the police force. "Not yet, Jonesy. Is Thomas on today?" Thomas Brady had never been his partner, per se. They didn't work with regular partners at the Sixth, but they'd worked together from time to time and always respected each other as cops.

That didn't change when Richard struck out to go private.

"Yeah, the LT is in his office. Go on up. He might be happy to see a *familiar* face for a change."

Richard nodded, tucking away the information Jonesy had just given him. Apparently his old friend was being besieged by unfamiliar faces. Richard knew enough of the job to understand that meant political types from the mayor's office and federal types from the FBI.

Not surprisingly, Thomas Brady sat at his desk, phone receiver to his ear and eyes down as he studied a file while apparently on hold. Richard didn't have to be clairvoyant to know what that file would be about.

"Yeah," Thomas spoke into the phone and looked up. He waved Richard in, closed the file, then sat back in his chair. "It's a matter of some urgency. If you could have Mr. Fitzpatrick call me as soon as he comes in, I'd appreciate it."

Thomas hung up the phone and gave a scoffing sound. "Must be nice. Fucking noon hour and the man isn't at work yet. Not at home, either. Ah well. You ready to come back yet? I could use your excellent cop instincts right about now. Fucking politicians cut our budget, then cry like whiney babies when we don't have enough manpower to do the fucking job."

Richard laughed. "You asked and answered your own question right there, friend. I won't be coming back to the force anytime soon, but I might be able to let you use my cop instincts."

"Oh yeah? I'll take what I can get."

Richard pointed to the phone. "Jordan Fitzpatrick, owner of Reckless Abandon?"

"Yeah, how did you know? Oh, right, you know him."

Richard nodded even as his gut twisted. He never liked coincidences when he'd been a cop, and he sure as hell didn't like them now.

"Yeah. And you know him too, though not as well, and you handled that assault on his woman a few months back." He reached into his pocket and pulled out his BlackBerry. He scrolled, then made a "writing" motion to Brady. The man passed him a small pad of paper and a pen.

Richard wrote down the number and passed it over. "Jordan's cell phone."

"Hey, thanks. I forget your exact relationship with the man. Goes back a ways, doesn't it?"

Richard wasn't one to go around advertising his lifestyle. He figured how he lived his private life was nobody's business. Neither did he go out of his way to lie about it.

"Yes, I'm a personal friend, have been for years. I'm also a member of his club. This about the redheads?"

Brady sat back, and if he felt shocked or dismayed, it didn't show. Instead, he seemed to consider the new resource Richard represented to him, then nodded. "Yeah. I wanted to talk to him, pick his brains, and get a list of his membership."

"Care to pick my brain, too?"

Brady considered for just a moment. Then he opened the file he'd closed. "Shut the door and sit back down, will you?"

Richard did and then took the photos Brady passed to him. He'd seen pictures of naked dead bodies before. The cops, the people in the medical examiner's office, and even the people at the funeral home did their best to preserve the dignity of the dead. There were even laws in most civilized places in the world against "offering an indignity to a dead body." But by the same token, there was this—photographs taken, objectively, almost coldly, to catalogue the flesh, the traumas, and the injuries, perpetrated in a crime that demolished dignity.

These photographs often served as evidence to arrest and convict murderers, but they weren't pretty and shouldn't be seen by just anyone.

Richard looked at what a murderer had wrought.

"Tell me what you see," Brady commanded.

Because he knew Brady wanted to talk to Jordan, Richard looked at this evidence in light of the lifestyle he lived. He and Jordan practiced the D/s lifestyle differently from each other and very differently from some of the members of his club.

Richard knew for certain no one on RA's roster was known to be cruel or overly sadistic. Jordan didn't hold with that, and anyone found indulging in mutilation or overt brutality he dropped,

immediately and forever. Still, he nodded as he stepped back mentally and examined the evidence at hand.

“I can see where you’d wonder. The victims were obviously restrained. Buttocks and the insides of the thighs reddened and bruised, as might happen with a disciplinary session that got out of hand, vaginal and anal bruising indicating rape, welts that might be from a belt and then others from a whip or riding crop. All on areas that would suggest a certain lifestyle—*buttocks, thighs, breasts*. Not the face, nothing on the face, so it’s not personal. But very exacting. Not a mindless wailing so much as a methodical application. I’d say you’ve got one sick bastard out there.”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought. Nothing in like crimes that I’ve been able to determine through the National Crime Information Center. The FBI agents just left, sorry you missed them.”

Richard chuckled as he handed back the photographs. He laughed because he knew Brady expected it but inside he felt sick. His lifestyle, his pleasures, twisted and perverted and used to cause harm. Redheads as victims. His woman was a redhead.

“Anyway, the FBI agents are sending everything to their profiler. Hopefully we’ll have something soon, but I can’t wait. I thought if I could speak to Fitzpatrick, have a look at his membership list...” He let the thought trail off. His eyes looked down, back at the photographs. “I have to tell you, I don’t understand.”

“That?” Richard nodded to the pictures. “I don’t understand either. That has nothing to do with the majority of people who simply live a different way, taking their pleasures in a different manner.”

“So, why are you here?”

Richard wondered how long it would take his old friend to ask that. Again, he played it straight. “Because of them. Because I have eyes that catch the news and these damned cop instincts that didn’t lie down and die when I left the force.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t have left the force,” Brady suggested.

“And,” Richard continued on as if the man hadn’t spoken, “because I live a particular lifestyle and I have a woman who looks alarmingly like your victims.”

Brady’s smile faded and he sat forward. “The commissioner will probably be issuing a statement by the end of the day. I hope to hell you’re looking out for your woman.”

“Oh, I am. That’s why I’m here. I have no proof, and I can’t explain it. But I have a feeling all this is somehow connected to Molly.”

“If anybody else said that, I wouldn’t give them the time of day.” Brady reached for the phone and dialed the number Richard had given him. “Mr. Fitzpatrick, Thomas Brady here. I need your assistance with an investigation.” Brady listened for a moment. “We can be there in about twenty minutes. Who else will be coming? Someone who’s acting in the capacity of a consultant and a friend of yours. Richard Grant.”

Richard sat back and wished he could get the images on the photographs out of his mind. He had no doubt whatsoever that the injuries inflicted on both women were done by the same man, a man who took pleasure from their pain, who enjoyed what he did and did it with exacting precision.

He wished he could get those images out of his mind because his mind went ahead and did the unspeakable.

His mind put Molly’s face on the victims.

He had the unshakable feeling that someone was out to hurt, possibly murder, his woman. Richard would die before he let that happen.

## Chapter 15

Molly locked her car, then cast a glance around the garage. She listened but could hear only the kind of silence echoing that such large, empty places engendered. Shaking off the strange feeling that came over her, she shouldered her purse but kept her keys in her hand, tucked into her fist, with her ignition key sticking out.

Classic woman-in-the-city self-defense stance, but it made her feel better. Molly keyed in her code for the elevator, and it opened immediately. No one else occupied the conveyance, and in only a minute she exited the garage into the late afternoon air and looked across the street at her destination.

Tonight she felt it more than just handy that Richard's house sat directly across the street from the garage. She thought it a life saver.

Traffic thinned so she darted across. She didn't want to play Ms. Law-Abiding-Citizen right then. She only wanted to get inside the house. Inside, where she would be safe and cared for and behind the locked door and excellent security Richard provided.

As soon as she opened the door, and stepped inside, she felt safe. Molly shook her head. Normally she wasn't what anyone would consider "faint of heart." In fact, one of her mother's eternal worries about her daughter centered on what Elyse Durant called Molly's fearlessness.

If only her mother could see her now. Well, on second thought, perhaps not.

Molly figured that her senses had been bombarded by so many stimuli in the last week, they'd overloaded and it came out in the form of skittishness.

In the last week she'd given herself over to two lovers, one who decreed himself to be her master, and she'd uprooted her life and moved in. Oh yes, she still had her apartment but she lived here and likely would for the foreseeable future. She'd reached the point of no return with job dissatisfaction, had been forced to deal with a slimy slug of a coworker on an up close and personal level, and learned that a serial killer was stalking redheads.

*Any two of the above would be enough to unhinge anyone, and I'm dealing with all five.*

Molly inhaled deeply, then let the air whoosh out of her. Now that she'd looked at the situation and her emotions in an analytical light, she felt much better.

She dropped her purse on the table in the entrance hallway and went in search of that delicious aroma drenching the air. Even as she identified it as spaghetti sauce and entered the kitchen, she remembered it was Alan's turn to cook tonight.

Molly lifted the lid of the pot simmering on the stove and inhaled deeply. *My God, that smells great.* Gone were the days of a Lean Cuisine for dinner. Living here, she just might put on pounds!

Of course, their usual after-dinner recreational sessions tended to work those calories off. She smiled. She was so *lucky*.

"Hey, you, no nibbling before dinner." Alan entered the kitchen, holding his cell phone to his ear. "She's here now and trying to get into mischief by disturbing my red sauce. All right, I'll tell her." He pulled the phone down just slightly and said, "Richard instructs me to tell you you've already gotten into mischief by not calling him when you left the office. He said you and he and the paddle have a date tonight."

Molly couldn't help but notice that Alan's eyes twinkled in merriment. For all of that, she knew that he—or more importantly *Richard*—wasn't joking.

Alan returned to his phone conversation. "Dinner will be ready in an hour. Why yes, I think the two of us can find something interesting

to do until you get home. See you then, love.” Alan set his cell phone down on the counter, then stood, one hand on his hip, looking at her. The laughter and teasing left his expression.

“You didn’t call him when you left the office? I sat right here at the kitchen table this morning when he told you to do that.”

Molly felt her hackles rising and mentally flattened them.

“I know. I’m sorry, I forgot.”

“You forgot because it didn’t seem important to you. You forgot because you still haven’t gotten it yet.”

“Look, I don’t need anyone telling me what to do.” Okay, forget about flattening her hackles. “I made a simple mistake. I don’t see how you can accuse me of…” Just what did he accuse her of? He’d said “not getting it,” and she supposed he was right.

Alan closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. When he opened them again, the trace of hostility she’d seen on his face disappeared. “Look, I’m not trying to pick a fight with you. And when Richard asked you to call before leaving work to come home, it wasn’t because he was telling you what to do, or wanted to see you jump through hoops for him. It’s because he wants to know where you are and that you’re safe. If you had called him, he would’ve let me know you were on your way, and I’d have walked you over from the garage.”

Molly opened her mouth, then closed it again. Point of fact, she *had* felt nervous in the garage and crossing the street. She wasn’t certain there’d been anything to really be nervous about. Personally, she doubted very much that any serial killer would target her just because she had red hair. Not that the monster wasn’t a threat to someone. He was. Just not to her.

But clearly, Richard and Alan worried, and she really couldn’t say she blamed them. She didn’t want to argue with Alan, or with Richard, either.

“I’m sorry. No, really, I am. I’m not used to having anyone being so concerned about my safety. I’m not used to reporting to someone on a daily basis. I know you’re worried. You both are. I know that.”

“But do you understand why?” Alan asked.

Why did he look at her with such sympathy in his eyes? He’d asked her a question, but when she thought about the answer, something inside her shivered. So she stopped thinking and said, “I guess because you care about me, about what happens to me. And I appreciate that. I do.”

“Come here.”

He’d opened his arms to her and, suddenly, in his arms was the only place she wanted to be.

When he enfolded her, she felt cherished. She felt loved, but she wasn’t going to go there or let her mind dwell on that. Feeling loved and being loved were two different things.

“I really am sorry that I made you worry.”

“I know you are, but Richard is still going to paddle you when he gets home, and he likely won’t take it easy on you like he did at the club Friday night.”

Molly felt the heat curling in her belly, felt it snaking out tendrils of fire to touch her nipples and her pussy. Her nipples hardened. Alan must have felt it. He stroked his hands on her back, then caressed down over her ass.

“Come to the bedroom with me,” he whispered. “Our master told me to get you naked and enjoy you. I think we should enjoy each other.”

Molly felt Alan’s cock harden and couldn’t resist rubbing herself against it. She’d yet to have a private one-on-one bout of steamy sex with Alan.

“Yes,” she replied, kissing his neck. “Let’s get naked and enjoy each other.”

\* \* \* \*

She was all soft angles and rounded curves, all silky texture and quivering flesh. Alan had enjoyed his share of women and men. In Richard, he'd found the epitome of what a man should be. Now he knew that in Molly, he'd found the woman who fit him.

They stretched out on the big king-size bed, no clothes between them. He'd dimmed the lights, lit candles, and put soft jazz on the sound system. He'd sprayed jasmine in the air. He'd stripped the duvet and top sheet from the bed so that their flesh could roll and slide on the expensive cotton sheets. He'd wanted all her senses engaged, and all of his as well.

Alan played his hands over her breasts, his fingers plucking her pretty pink nipples until they stood on end for him, reached out to him. He bent, took one of the turgid little peaks into his mouth, tongued it, then tasted the other. As he suckled her strongly, he caressed her belly with the flat of his hand and brushed his fingers across her mound until she curled up and into him, seeking more of his touch.

"What do you need, Molly? What do you want me to do to you?"

"I need you. I just need you, all of you."

He'd told Richard he wasn't comfortable with the idea of having anyone else order him about or exercise authority over him. But just then, as the soft candlelight flickered over her flesh, as it made the ends of her beautiful wild Irish hair sparkle as if festooned with a hundred diamonds, he thought that maybe he could have her tell him what to do. Maybe.

"Here, perhaps this." He speared two fingers into her hot, wet pussy and shivered when the flesh surrounding him convulsed and squeezed.

Here she was all slick heat and pulsing passion. He spread his fingers, moving them in and out, stretching deep as he pushed in, playing along the top of her tunnel as he pulled them out. Her G-spot hardened, tried to wrap itself around one finger as he stroked it.

“*More*, oh please, I need more.” Her plea came on a trembling sigh, and he knew her arousal climbed.

He felt it in her rising body temperature, her labored breathing. He sucked one nipple into his mouth, then released it and laid his head on her chest. Her heart pounded for him, for what he did to her.

“More fingers, sweetheart? I’ll give you another, then.” He inserted a third finger, pushing into her as she moaned and lifted her hips, pushing back against him, working the friction and the fullness, wringing, he knew, every drop of pleasure from it she could.

“Please, I need your cock inside me.”

He found her lips with his, kissed her long and sweet. He loved the flavor of her, the shy eagerness with which she received his tongue and then tasted him in return.

“Don’t be in such a hurry, love. I want to play with you some more. Besides, I have something special in mind. Something I want to try.”

“Yes, try anything. Everything.” Her voice dipped, her hips moved, and he knew she struggled to gather herself, to bear down and force her own orgasm. He couldn’t blame her. When it felt deliciously wonderful, all you wanted was the prize. It was hard to remember there could be pleasure derived from the journey, too.

He moved his fingers in and out of her, and hissed when she wrapped her hand around his cock. Silky here, too, when he wore a layer of latex between his dick and her hand. It made her hand feel as if it had been made of a softer texture than mere flesh.

He thrust into her hand even as he pulled his out of her for a heartbeat. He’d opened the jar of lube earlier and now helped himself to a generous dollop. When he brought his hand back to her, brought it to her opening and pushed, she gasped and went still.

“Alan?” Molly panted and relaxed her legs, letting him have more access.

“Yes, love. Let me just see if I can help you prepare properly for us.”

“Do you need some more lubricant?”

He knew Richard came into the room, but guessed Molly didn't. He smiled against her mouth when he gave her another fast kiss. He turned to look at his master as the man peeled out of his clothes.

“She's sopping wet with the lube I've already used,” Alan said to him. “Just let me try. Molly, relax your muscles a little more for me, sweetheart.”

When Richard climbed onto the bed on the other side of Molly, Alan relinquished whatever initiative he'd been taking. Richard used her hair to tip her head back so he could kiss her. Alan rubbed his cock against her ass and he felt Molly melt for him.

Alan brought all his fingers together, including his thumb, creating a wedge with his hand. He pressed against Molly's slit, rotating, rocking back and forth, side to side, all the while keeping the pressure against her steady. A little, then a little more. And then he sighed.

“I'm in.”

\* \* \* \*

*Oh God.* Molly let her head fall back inhaling deeply as shivers of arousal prickled her flesh. Her pussy felt as if it was being stretched beyond endurance, a burning fullness that reminded her of the first time she took Richard's cock in her ass. And like that time, all she wanted to do was come.

“Don't move, Molly. And don't come.” Richard said the words into her ear, but she knew Alan heard him.

“I can't...I need...” She couldn't even form a coherent sentence.

Richard chuckled. “We know what you want and what you need. Let me tell you what you're about to get. Alan and I are going to put our cocks in that delicious cunt of yours...at the same time.”

“Oh God...how...can you?” She knew he heard the excitement in her voice. She’d never imagined having two cocks inside her pussy at the same time.

“Alan is fisting you now, baby. He’s got his entire hand inside you, stretching you.”

Molly whimpered because as stretched as she felt, she felt hotter, more aroused, than anytime she’d ever experienced. She wanted to move but couldn’t. When Alan moved his fingers inside her, she shivered.

“I think that’s good. She’s wet but maybe we’ll use a bit more lube,” Alan said.

Molly didn’t care. She’d never been this high, this horny. She wanted, needed to come. She felt Alan’s hand come out of her, and she wanted to cry.

Richard lifted her left leg over his hips, splaying her wide so Alan could apply more of the silky cream. Then she felt him brush against her folds, his fingers teasing her clit while his hand reached forward.

He pressed Richard’s cock into her and it slid deep, the head of it resting against her cervix. Alan moved closer, and she felt his fingers, felt him maneuvering.

“Oh, God.” Molly worked at relaxing her muscles while Richard reached around and stroked her clit with his fingers. Alan’s cock began to enter her and her vaginal wall stretched, until it felt as it had when he’d fisted her.

“Just a little...oh, yes. There we are.”

Molly moaned for she could feel them both inside her, stretching her. The idea that her pussy could accommodate both her lovers at the same time thrilled her.

“Squeeze us.”

Richard’s command was barely said when she squeezed her perineum, caressing their cocks within her.

He reached down and ran his fingers fast and furious over her clit, teasing, teasing, even as Alan bent down and suckled her.

“Fuck us, Molly. Do it. Now.”

So close to orgasm, Molly moved her hips , not so much back and forth as up and down, tiny little jerky moves that seemed to work as if they lit her fuse.

Higher and higher, her arousal soared until her climax exploded, fierce and electric, a thousand volts racing through her body, making her shake, making her quake as she bore down and gobbled it, sucked in every speck of the searing sensation. She came and came beyond her own ability to react, to control. When the cocks inside her twitched and convulsed, a deep primal growl filled the silence, seeming to take up every ounce of space in the room.

It was only when her orgasm broke, when she began a free fall into the after, that she realized that sound had come from her.

## Chapter 16

Molly thought her heart would pound right out of her chest. A shiver wracked her, the aftermath of that fierce climax. Her nipples tightened painfully, and she whimpered.

Richard reached around, cupped her breast, testing the hardness of the pebbled flesh.

“Good one?” He asked.

Molly didn’t think herself capable of speech. She grunted and let them make of that what they would.

She felt Alan slip out of her and then Richard. She sighed when Richard left the bed. She heard him in the bathroom, and knew he disposed of the condom. She could only lay there, boneless, bloodless, a living, breathing wraith for all the energy left in her body.

Richard came back to the bed, got behind her again and snuggled her in close. Alan got up to take his turn in the bathroom. He didn’t come back to bed immediately. *Dinner. Likely seeing to dinner.*

She drifted for a while in that wonderful place between sleep and wakefulness. Then, finally, her energy began to return.

Alan came back into the bedroom, blew out the candles, and turned off the music. He turned the lights on and Molly blinked in the brightness.

“In the playroom you’ll find an object that will remind you of the box vault you would have used in high school gymnastics,” Richard said. “Only it’s not a vault. It’s a restraining device. It’s lower to the ground so you can drape yourself over it easily and has shackles on each side. These shackles are designed to snap shut once you put your wrists and ankles into them. They can be released by depressing the

lever you will be able to reach about a half inch from the right wrist cuff. You're to go into the playroom, choose a paddle, set it on the chair beside the restraint, and lock yourself in. I'll be in shortly to paddle you."

Molly turned and looked at Richard. He met her gaze without flinching. She'd never seen such a serious expression on his face. She hesitated for a moment, weighing her options. She didn't have to ask him to understand that she had only two. She could obey him, go in, restrain herself willingly and take the spanking as her earned punishment.

Or she could go home and this relationship would be over.

Not really much of a choice at all.

Molly sat up and looked at Alan. He stood by the door of the bedroom where he'd turned on the light. In his expression she could read neither sympathy nor triumph. Only a guarded sort of waiting.

She shivered, feeling very naked and vulnerable where she hadn't felt that way since last Friday night. She also felt alone and knew that everything that happened in the last week, everything she hoped to have happen in the future, hung on what she did next.

Molly got up from the bed. "Yes, Master," she said, and then headed toward the playroom.

Inside, the lights shone full force, illuminating every piece of equipment, every apparatus.

The restraint device, which she never saw before, stood exactly as Richard described it. The top of it, where her belly would rest, looked nicely padded and, under the circumstances, would allow for maximum comfort.

She raised her gaze to the far wall where several pieces of equipment hung, waiting. She saw a paddle that resembled the one Richard used on her last Friday night. It reminded her of a ping pong paddle except the handle looked longer and the rounded business end was covered in smooth black leather. She reached for it when another caught her eye.

Similar in size and shape, this one featured a pebbled texture and would, she imagined, hurt a lot more.

*Oh God.* She watched her hand reach for that paddle as if that hand belonged to someone else. She closed her eyes, inhaled deeply. What she felt for Richard and Alan went beyond anything she'd ever experienced. She didn't think to phone him as he'd asked because, as Alan so correctly guessed, she didn't take the situation seriously. Not the situation with the serial killer and not the lifestyle her men lived.

She didn't take their concern seriously when she really should have done.

Paddle in hand, she turned and placed it on the chair. Then she walked to the restraint and placed herself in bondage.

She didn't have to wait long. She heard him enter and felt a flutter of surprise when he shut the door. He'd dressed, for she could see sock-covered feet and the legs of his jeans.

"Do you know where I was this afternoon, Molly?"

"No, Master." Molly didn't know if showing meekness would gain her any points or not. She knew what would follow would be more serious than what she'd received the last time.

"I was at the Sixth Precinct of the police department, visiting my old friend Tom Brady. Do you know why I was there?"

"No, Master."

"Because my cop instincts—still very acute despite nearly a decade away from the force—have been screaming since Sunday, since I learned that a woman who looked alarmingly like you had been reported missing."

"You—" Molly stopped, not knowing if he wanted her to speak or simply answer him.

"Go ahead."

"You've been worried about me."

"Worried? Oh, no, babe. I've been way beyond worried. I've been scared shitless. My instincts have never lied to me. So while I sat there, visiting my old friend Tom Brady, he showed me photographs

of the victims. That's plural, because they found the body of Patricia Burdette last night. I saw what had been done to those women. And then I called your office and you were gone. No answer from your cell phone. You turned it off?"

"Yes, Master. I don't use it very often."

"I told you to call before you left for the day. You forgot."

"Yes, Master. I'm sorry. I did forget."

"Now I'm going to paddle you. But not because you failed to obey me and not because you scared the hell out of me. Tell me please, Molly, why I'm going to paddle you?"

She heard it in his voice, the emotion that she'd only glimpsed in him before. This wasn't a game and he wasn't playing. He'd told her that, and she'd believed him, but it hadn't been that solid, down-deep belief that one felt about some things, no questions asked.

That had been her mistake, one she wouldn't make again. She heard the emotion in his voice and she knew.

"Because you don't want anything to happen to me. You want to keep me safe."

"That is exactly right. And I will keep you safe, even if I have to fight you to do it."

No, this wouldn't be like the last time, Molly thought. The last time, Richard paddled her because he wanted her and was pissed at himself because of it.

This time he would paddle her because he loved her.

She saw him reach for the device she'd chosen. She heard the swoosh of it racing through the air.

*Crack.*

Molly cried out, the sting fierce, as the paddle landed on her right ass cheek. *Crack.* It landed on her left ass cheek and she screamed again.

*Crack. Crack. Crack. Crack.*

Her ass felt like it burned and she cried, tears blurring her eyesight. She cried from the pain and she cried because she

understood how frightened Richard had been, frightened because of her carelessness.

She didn't realize he'd released her until he scooped her into his arms. He carried her to the chair and sat with her cuddled on his lap.

Still crying, Molly threw her arms around him. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. I love you."

She felt his face against the curve of her neck and, incredibly, realized she could feel his tears as well.

"I know, sweetheart. I've always known. I love you, too."

\* \* \* \*

Molly showered and dressed in one of Richard's shirts. She didn't bother with makeup, just ran a pick through her hair. Her men were holding dinner for her, and she suddenly felt famished.

She entered the kitchen and smiled when she saw a glass of wine by her plate and a cushion on her chair.

She was grateful for both. Her ass hurt like hell.

Alan got up and gave her a hug. She hugged him in return, then stepped back just a bit so she could look into his eyes and place her hand on his face.

"I'll apologize to you, too. I'm sorry for my thoughtlessness, that I caused you to worry. I love you."

"Sweetheart," he pulled her close, "I love you, too. Now sit and eat."

Molly sat, and when Richard reached for her hand, she gave it to him. She let Alan dish up her dinner—spaghetti with meatballs and lots of tomato sauce. Richard brought her hand to his lips, kissed it, then relinquished it so she could eat.

"Brady and I went over to Reckless Abandon this afternoon. He got Jordan's membership list so he can run the names through NCIC." Richard said.

“Brady thinks this monster could be someone who’s a member? Someone we *know*?” Alan asked.

Molly felt the shock she could see on his face. The very idea that a killer could lurk in so private a club was something she’d never considered before.

“It’s a place to start. I can tell you from what I saw of what was done to those poor women, Brady’s not off base.”

“I guess that will take a few days? Checking out the membership?” Molly asked.

“Yeah. I didn’t know the club had so many members. Brady’s called in the FBI, and they’re working on getting a psychological profile of the killer, but he doesn’t want to spin his heels, and I don’t blame him. After dinner we’ll catch the news. The mayor is issuing a statement advising women—especially redheads—to be on guard, vigilant.”

Molly sighed. She really regretted she didn’t take Richard’s concerns seriously enough. But two women were dead and someone—some animal—was responsible for that.

“I imagine that’s going to be the cause of some panic,” Molly said.

“And likely some displays of temper,” Alan said.

Richard took a drink from his wine, then turned to face her. He met her gaze steadily. “Until this man is caught, you go nowhere alone. And if he’s still free come Monday, I want you to stay home.”

“Norm will be pissed. I didn’t finish the financial statements today.”

“Can you remote link with your computer at work from here?” Richard asked.

It didn’t surprise Molly that Richard took her concern seriously. His being her master wasn’t an ego trip or a power trip. Half of it was sexual, yes. He got turned on being master, and she sure as hell got turned on being a sex slave. But the other part of it was his caring for and about her. His *loving* her.

“I’ve never tried, but I don’t see why not.”

“You can offer your boss that option, then, if he bitches you out about not coming in. But I mean it, Molly. I won’t risk you—even if you feel the risk is a remote one.”

“All right. If he’s not caught by Monday, I’ll stay home, here.”

“Thank you, sweetheart.” Richard leaned over and kissed her lightly.

\* \* \* \*

He sat back sipping his brandy and watched the mayor’s news conference. He smirked when the mayor called him a serial killer.

*Good. They have no idea who I really am, what I’m really about.*

It gave him a tiny thrill to know women all across the city were in a panic. It made him feel powerful.

But then, he *was* powerful. He was Bacchus, a god come to earth. In his hand, he held joy and lust.

And punishment.

He laughed as reporters fired questions at *His Honor*, took in the look of sorrow on the faces of the police, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle.

He would make his move on Monday. He turned his thoughts to his property, to the moment when he would finally have her here under his command. Under his lash and under his leash.

He knew he was more ready for her now than last week. Yes, he would be a much better master to her now.

He let his gaze wander back to the television screen, imagined how shocked they would be when one more woman went missing, and how confused when they found no body, when no other women disappeared.

Serial killer, indeed. He didn’t intend to kill Molly. No, he would train her to his hand, discipline her until she became the perfect submissive, the perfect sex slave. He raised his glass in a mock toast

to Richard Grant, his slave's first master. No doubt that man broke the little slut in, taught her a few things.

When Bacchus completed her training, when she proved herself properly subservient, he might take her back to Reckless Abandon—on a leash and wearing a ball gag, of course. He might parade her in front of Richard and that milquetoast Jordan Fitzpatrick. Maybe he'd even order her to suck her former master off—a kind of parting gift.

Yes, Monday would be the first day of the rest of Molly Durant's life.

He was Bacchus and he would see to it.

## Chapter 17

“So far, it’s not looking promising.” Brady handed Richard a Styrofoam cup of something that was supposed to be coffee.

Richard looked down at the mud-like substance, disheartened when the contents clung to the side of the cup. *Definitely not good.* He took a sip anyway and could swear he felt it burning a hole on its way to his gut.

“We’ve fed the membership list through NCIC and gotten no hits. Now we’re trying Interpol on the off chance our perp practiced in Europe before coming here.”

“That’s a long shot, isn’t it? But then, most of police work is,” Richard said.

“You got that right.”

They headed back to Brady’s office and closed the door.

Richard didn’t feel nearly as tense as he had on Friday, but only because Molly agreed to stay home from work today. He’d been with her when she’d called her boss. She pleaded a fever but said she could spend a little time on her computer at home if he could arrange for her to have access.

The man actually sounded pleased and set things up right away for her. As soon as this crisis was over, Richard would do his best to talk her into quitting. A bright woman like Molly shouldn’t have to kowtow to insensitive morons who would think it’s great she’d work even with a fever.

“I still think our perp is on that list,” Brady said. “But at fifteen hundred long, if he hasn’t set a foot wrong before, finding him is going to be a pain in the ass.”

“The proverbial needle in a haystack,” Richard agreed. “Are there any other leads?”

“We’ve received a couple of calls from patrons at that bar where Virginia Townsend was last seen alive.” Brady sorted through the file, pulled out the witness transcripts, and handed them to Richard.

“About the only two things the witnesses all seem to agree on was that she spent some time talking to a man and that he took on the role of a Dom.” Richard looked up at Brady. “Unless the woman was just naturally submissive to everyone.”

“Sister says not, but then, her sister was surprised to know Virginia frequented such a place. Since she had been identified as being a regular, maybe she recognized the Dom in our perp. What did you mean, submissive to everyone?”

“Some women who identify themselves as subs are like that with all men. They can’t have a romantic or sexual relationship with a man unless he dominates her. A woman like that in a bar mixing with men, she’s going to treat every man she meets like a potential ‘master.’”

“Yeah, well Hog Heaven has a rep as being a biker bar and a hangout for the fetish crowd. Is it a different type of clientele than Reckless Abandon?”

“Yes, essentially. Jordan’s club isn’t open to those who are so seriously into the lifestyle that they present a danger to themselves or their playmates.”

“So if a woman chose to hang out at Hog Heaven instead of Reckless Abandon, it would mean, what?”

Richard saw where he was going with that line of reasoning. “RA is a private club, and one has to be sponsored by an existing member and then vetted by Jordan. He’s pretty thorough. I frankly would have been surprised if you’d had a pop from NCIC from his membership list.”

Brady looked out his large office window toward the entrance of the squad room and swore. Richard followed his gaze and saw the

reason for his scowl. Two men Richard immediately identified as federal agents made their way straight toward them.

“Do you want me to leave?”

“No, you’ve been authorized as a civilian consultant. Maybe they have something to add to the mix that will help.”

Looking at them, Richard didn’t think so. And since the two FBI agents didn’t look any happier to see Brady with company than Brady had been to see them, he thought the next few minutes just might be interesting.

\* \* \* \*

Molly got up from the computer in Alan and Richard’s home office and stretched. She’d been working for the last hour and a half steady and needed a small break. And what a unique and refreshing thing, to be able to get up, wander into the kitchen, and brew her own cup of coffee.

*I wonder if there’s a market for a small private accounting firm?*

Maybe she’d been a little hard-headed about this owning-your-own business thing. Maybe she’d like being her own boss. Well, no surprise there. How often had she been accused of being bossy? She’d never given the matter serious consideration simply because, as much as she had been known to leap headlong into things blindfolded in her personal life, when it came to job or money, she was, well, she was just a chicken.

But if she lived here, she could do it. She could open up a private accounting firm. Or, at least, she thought she could. She’d need to look into the legalities of it and of operating a business out of this address, though she thought Alan and Richard both had done so in the past.

She walked into the kitchen and set about brewing a single cup of coffee. Maybe the time had come to leave Nicholson Manufacturing. She really wasn’t happy there, especially since Norm hired his

nephew. And what, did she really want to spend the rest of her life preparing financial statements every month, haggling with auditors and tax people at every year end for her salary of forty-five thousand a year and two week's vacation annually?

That didn't seem like a very appealing future.

Molly reached for a mug when the doorbell rang.

*Probably a UPS delivery for Alan or Richard.* Both men received parcels from time to time. Still, caution made her look out the security viewer in the front door first.

She pulled back, shook her head, and looked again.

Brian the slug stood on the stoop, a look of absolute boredom on his face, and a large file folder in his hands.

Anger warred with impatience as she threw open the locks. Norm didn't mention anything about using the slug as a messenger boy. But then, who else would he use? Everyone else there had real work and real responsibilities to fill their days.

Sending his nephew to her home, albeit her temporary home, went beyond the pale and pretty much cast the deciding vote in the stay-or-quit sweepstakes.

*How did Norm know where I was?*

Panic raced through her as she reached up to reset the locks. Before she could, the door burst open and she was thrown to the floor by the force of it. Her head banged into the small table in the entrance hall. It toppled, the tiny glass vase it held smashing to bits against the floor.

She looked up and into the barrel of a handgun.

"Now, slave, there you are. I told you that you didn't understand your purpose. Come. You are about to find out what it is."

Brian's voice sounded different, almost otherworldly. Yet something about it twiggged a sense of the familiar. He leered at her, the same insulting look he'd been treating her to all week.

And then she understood. She knew where she'd heard this voice, understood why she'd felt such adverse negative reaction to him all week.

"You'll come with me now. We're going to go outside and get into my car. And if you give me any trouble whatsoever, I *will* kill you."

"It was you who kidnapped and murdered those other two women?"

"I needed to practice for you, didn't I? Now get up."

Molly looked into his eyes, saw they looked a little mad, and she believed him. Slowly she got to her feet, never taking her gaze from his. Once she was in the car, surely she could find a break. They would be driving through mid-afternoon traffic. Traffic would slow and she could jump out, run. Here and now, he stood close enough that any shot would kill her and yet not close enough for her to try and tackle him.

She'd taken some self defense classes a couple years ago. She wished now she'd kept them up.

"Yes, I see in your eyes you understand that I am claiming you. The moment I saw you being led to auction, I knew you were meant to be mine. After all, I saw you first."

He stepped to the side and placed the file folder he carried in front of his gun. "Keep your gaze on the ground and step outside. Directly in front of you, my car awaits. Open the door to the back seat and get in."

Molly walked outside, her eyes scanning the street, disappointment a crushing wave when she saw no one walking or standing close by. Still, Brian had already proven himself a murderer and, from what he'd just said to her, deluded. Did he think her so meek a sub that she would obey him? Then she'd use that to her advantage and play the part until she got into the car. The moment he got behind the wheel, she'd jump him from behind. Could she put

enough pressure with her arm around his neck to make him pass out? She believed she was scared enough, and mad enough, to do just that.

“Open the door slowly and get in, but do not sit. No, I want you in face first, prone on the seat.”

Molly reached out and opened the rear door of the car. She would make her move the instant he got behind the wheel, that little prick. Focusing on trying for the best position, with her right hand under her to help her spring back up fast, she moved into the car.

A sharp nip on her ass made her cry out. He fell on top her, pushing her down onto the seat. As his hand came around to cover her mouth she began to struggle. A wave of dizziness swamped her. He undulated his hips, and she felt the ridge of his erection against her. Another wave of dizziness, this one accompanied by nausea, made her gasp.

“We’ll just stay like this a couple of minutes, slave. The drug will work quickly and keep you under for a while. Now sleep. And when you awaken, you will be home and your real training will begin.”

Molly’s head spun as she tried one more time to throw him off her. In her ear, his lurid chuckle grated, and then it echoed off into nothingness.

\* \* \* \*

Alan whistled as he crossed the street from the car park. Molly’s spot was right next to his, and it pleased him immensely to see her car there. It also pleased him that she so unhesitatingly did as Richard asked and stayed home today.

Yes, part of the reason was her newfound resolve to be a bit more sensitive to Richard’s need to keep his loved ones safe. But part of the reason she’d agreed so readily, he believed, was because she needed a change.

Maybe she’d be interested in starting her own company, a one-woman accounting firm. Well, one woman to begin with. He would

certainly use her professional services, and he'd bet Richard would, too. There must be other small businesses that would benefit from the services of a top-notch accountant.

Alan looked at the keys in his hand, maneuvering the lot so he held the door key. Perhaps tonight after dinner, he would bring up the subject.

His thoughts scattered and he froze in place for one long second. The front door stood cracked open.

He reached for his cell phone even as he pushed the door open farther with his foot. He hit number one on his speed dial.

"Molly?" He called her name loudly even though he knew, *he knew*, the house stood empty.

"Grant."

Thank God, Richard answered. "Is Molly with you?"

"No. Damn her, if she went out after I expressly told her—"

Alan heard crunching underfoot. His frightened gaze took in the table, the broken glass.

"Not willingly. The front door is open and the table and vase knocked over. Oh God, Richard, I think he took her."

"I'm on my way. Stay outside. Alan, do you hear me? I'll be there in fifteen minutes tops. You stay outside and wait for me."

*Because he's afraid of what I might find inside.* Richard taking care of him, even at such a moment.

"All right, yes, I'll wait outside." He knew there would be nothing gruesome to find inside because the house *felt* empty. Molly was gone, taken against her will. He knew that, just as he knew she was all right. So far.

Richard beat his estimate by half, and he could see why. Jordan Fitzpatrick pulled up in his new Mercedes and Richard leapt out the car before it fully stopped. Behind Jordan, red and blue emergency lights flashing, a brown Buick, and a black and white patrol car also screeched to a stop. He recognized the man who got out of the Buick

as Tom Brady, a friend of Richard's. Two uniformed officers emerged from the black and white, guns drawn.

"The door was open. I didn't touch anything and I didn't go beyond just inside the door."

"Stay here with Jordan," Richard said.

Alan saw both fear and anger on his lover's face and a similar expression on Jordan's.

"Richard and Brady were at my club. We thought if we could all three go through the membership list we might see something that would give us a clue, and we were just about to do so when you called." He turned his black eyes on him. "Are you all right?"

"Scared witless," Alan admitted.

"Yeah, me too."

Richard came out of the house. "Brady's calling for a forensics team. She's not there. The door doesn't look forced."

"But it could have been. We can't tell just by looking." Alan said,

"He might have been dressed in some innocent guise so that she felt comfortable opening the door to him," Jordan said.

"We have a time frame, anyway. Within the hour. There was a single cup of coffee brewed and the burner is still on."

Alan nodded. The one cup maker shut off after an hour.

"Listen, why don't you come back to my place—we'll get that membership list and the three of us will pour over it. We'll get Marcus and Chastity to help. Richard," Jordan looked solidly at the other man, "you can't stay here. Let the police have room to work."

Richard nodded. "Yes, you're right. Just let me give a key to Brady, and I'll forward the house phone to my cell just in case."

Alan had never seen Richard so shaken. His gaze followed him into the house, then turned to look at Jordan.

"We'll find her," Jordan said. "I'll call Marcus and Chastity, let them know what's going on. Marcus will get to printing those copies out for us." He headed down to his car and stood by the driver's side

door, talking. When he closed his phone and put it away, he simply stood and waited.

Richard emerged from the house only a couple of minutes later. “Brady’s going to swing by Jordan’s place when he’s done here.” He looked directly at Alan then. In a rare public display, he stroked his face and placed a kiss on his cheek. “We’ll find her, love. We’ll get her back.”

His master’s confidence bolstered Alan’s. Yes, of course they would find Molly and get her back.

She belonged to them.

## Chapter 18

Molly struggled to open her eyes, to pull herself out of sleep. She felt muzzy and sore. She tried to move her arms but couldn't. Something was wrong, something was horribly wrong.

Memory flooded her on a gasp. She opened her eyes, blinked.

*Oh God.*

She lay prone on a flat surface, cold steel, like a table. Her wrists were encased in handcuffs, bare steel ones that held her arms totally immobile on either side above her head. The table seemed to end just below her hips, so her legs hung down slightly and were spread. She felt metal encasing her ankles and she couldn't move them either, couldn't bring them together, and she very much wanted to do that.

She was totally naked.

Molly paid attention to her body, tried to determine if that bastard had raped her. But she didn't feel violated. Despite the amount of sex she'd been having recently, she believed she'd know if he'd done that to her while she'd been unconscious.

Other than being restrained, cold, and having a bit of a headache, she was so far unharmed.

She didn't fool herself into believing even for a moment she'd remain that way for long. Did he plan to kill her? She didn't think so. Recalling her meeting with him when he'd been at Reckless Abandon, and the words he'd said to her before he'd drugged her, he thought she was his property. His *sub*.

Would playing the part ease her treatment, lower his guard? Give her the opportunity to escape?

She had no answers, only questions. Inside her, fear warred with anger. Cold, she shivered.

She tried to get a look at her surroundings, but poor lighting hampered her efforts. She felt as if she was in a fairly small room, as the space didn't have that wide-open feeling. She listened but could hear no sounds of traffic, no city sounds at all. Soundproofing? Turning her head as far as she could to the right, she thought she saw a window, one with a curtain hanging down. Faint light seeped around it so she knew it wasn't fully dark out yet.

So, likely the room had no soundproofing. If she screamed, would anyone hear her? Anyone other than her captor?

Molly blinked. She wanted out of here. She wanted to go home. She wanted Richard and Alan. She'd beg Richard to punish her for being so stupid as to unlock the front door.

Oh God, her men must be going through hell! Molly regretted that almost more than she regretted being in this horrible situation.

Her thoughts cut off when the door opened.

"Good, you're awake. I'm eager to get started."

He came toward her, and she found she could look up, and see him. Dressed as he had been that night at Reckless Abandon, he leered at her. He walked around the table, and when he stood by her feet, she felt her face heat with embarrassment.

"Your cunt looks quite delicious. I was amazed, when I undressed you, not to find more of your former master's marks on you. A little redness on your ass and that was all. Have you proven so amenable to being dominated, then? Seeing your haughty ways at work, I wouldn't have thought so. But maybe diva is a role you played in your job. We'll see."

Molly didn't answer him. Everything inside her froze when he reached out and brushed a finger against her pussy. He pressed in, just slightly.

"You're wet. I'm not surprised. You're a genuine sub, aren't you?"

She knew she wasn't wet. He must be totally in his own fantasy world. Molly kept quiet. Maybe he expected that, and maybe she was playing into his fantasy, but she wouldn't give him the satisfaction of hearing fear in her voice.

"I'm sure you'd like me to fuck you, to lose myself in your cunt." He leaned in close to her, and she could smell the sickly sweet aftershave he wore. "Well, I'm not going to. Not right away."

He walked away from her. Had he thought that would disappoint her? She tried not to sigh with relief. Listening, she could hear sounds, movement, but couldn't guess what he was doing.

"I've learned a lot over the last week, working with Ginny and Patricia. I worked hard because I knew that I needed to train you properly. You will be my slave for life, after all. It is your destiny. If you are lucky, I will gift you with my seed, make you my brood mare. But first, I've seen your willfulness, your inappropriate arrogance. I must rid you of those traits so that you will make the perfect submissive. You must be trained. You must be broken."

He set three items on the table where she could see them.

"I'll use the round paddle with tiny little beads first. This will draw blood to your ass, redden you nicely. Then the board. Smooth and oblong, made of ebony, it will sting like nothing you've ever felt before. It will further prepare your ass for this, my favorite. This leather strap was hand carved for me. With this I will mark your flesh, give you welts that will proclaim whose property you are. But don't worry. I'm in no hurry so you should be able to enjoy your punishment. After all, perfection cannot be rushed, and I will show you I'm a benevolent Master. I will allow you rest between sessions."

He reached out, ran his hand down her back, down over the globes of her ass. He brushed her pussy once more, and it took all of her will power not to react.

"When you have earned the privilege, when you have proven yourself eagerly submissive, you will be branded."

Molly shivered, the horror of what lay before her making her want to puke. It would be a miracle if she didn't. He leaned down close to her again.

"I will take great pleasure in your screams, bitch."

*That voice belonged to Brian.*

*My God, the man is totally insane, totally schizophrenic.*

He strode to the head of the table and picked up the paddle. His footsteps echoed in the room, echoed in her ears with the sound of her ragged breathing and the pounding of her heart.

*Swoosh. Smack.*

Molly jerked, shut her eyes tight and bore down on the scream that wanted to tear from her soul.

*Swoosh. Smack.*

Searing pain ripped through her, tearing her eyes, tightening her throat. If his pleasure would come from her screams, then she could not scream.

*She would not scream.*

\* \* \* \*

Richard felt his thoughts wander, away from the dining room in Jordan Fitzpatrick's apartment, out there into the night, somewhere. He opened his mind and wished he possessed some psychic ability, some way to know where Molly was so he could go to her, bring her home. Bring her to safety.

Because there was one thing he knew beyond a doubt.

"Richard?" Alan's voice, calling him back to the present, broke into his thoughts.

He turned to him. "He's hurting her." He focused his eyes back on the computer-generated list before him. Then he looked up at Alan, Jordan, and Marcus. "I don't know how I can be certain of that but I am." He blinked and looked down at the lists again. "We have to hurry."

“After a time the printing blurs, as does the data. Names, addresses, phone numbers. They don’t mean anything.” Marcus Jones looked up at Richard. “I feel helpless.”

“It’s here. Somehow, I know it’s here. One of us is going to find it.”

Richard worked his way down the list, reading each entry, taking a moment to think, to focus on the information. Then he moved on to the next.

“I’ll make coffee. Chastity will be home from college in a few minutes. She’ll help. Maybe a woman’s eye will see what we’re missing.”

Richard didn’t want any coffee, but he kept that to himself. The situation felt impossible and his emotions soared off the scale.

Some bastard was hurting the woman he loved. When he got his hands on him, he’d be so dead.

Shaking his head, he got back to work. Urgency ran hot through his veins and his heart pounded hard and fast.

They meant nothing. One or two names he’d recognized and wondered, in that recognition, whether there might be something there, something tied to him or to Alan, some past history or forgotten slight, but no. Whoever brutalized and killed those two women, whoever took Molly had to be one sick fuck. Richard would like to think he’d know a sick fuck when he saw one.

He moved on to the next name and froze. “J. B. Horner. Why does that name sound familiar?”

“The Horner family is fairly wealthy and well known for their philanthropy. Art endowments, the like,” Marcus said, returning to the room.

Richard looked over at Alan. “There was something else about that name...”

“Horner?” Jordan repeated. “You likely don’t know him from the club as Brian Horner. You’d know him as Bacchus.”

“My God. *Brian* Horner. Bacchus. That’s it!”

“The Brian that’s been harassing her at work?” Alan asked.

Richard got to his feet, opening his cell phone, dialing Brady’s number even as he headed for the door. “Bacchus. He wanted her, offered to take her off my hands after—Tom! We have something.” Richard quickly read off the man’s name and address.

“Come on. I’ll drive.” Jordan followed close on his heels, fishing out his keys as he ran. The elevator was waiting—one of the perks of owning the building and living in the penthouse, Richard thought.

He put away his cell phone and said, “Tom’s already dispatched two black and whites. He’ll meet us there.”

Richard sat beside Jordan in the front seat as that man expertly and swiftly negotiated traffic. “Horner owns a house in a moderately nice neighborhood in the West End,” Jordan said.

“Not where I would expect the son and heir of the Horner fortune to live,” Alan said.

“He’s been cut off by his mother until he can make something of himself. The last thing she did to help him out, according to gossip, was get her brother to hire him.” Marcus said.

There were two cop cars in the driveway and the front door of the house stood open. Tom’s Buick was on scene, driver’s door hanging agape, engine still running. Richard didn’t wait for Jordan to completely stop the vehicle before he opened the door and vaulted from the car. When Tom came to the door of the house and looked as if he’d bar the way, Richard’s heart sank and he feared the worst.

“Molly!” He could no sooner hold back his anguished cry than he could stop breathing.

“No!” Tom grabbed him by the shoulders. “She’s not here. Rick, she’s not here!”

Richard blinked, inhaled deeply.

“The place is deserted but it looks like we have our guy. I’m calling in forensics, so I don’t want you guys in here mucking up my crime scene. There are some things lying about, but I don’t think this is where he brought them.”

“The factory?” Alan asked.

Richard met his gaze and knew he’d gone through the same brief hell. “Too many people there. But maybe his uncle knows where else he could have gone.”

“I know where Norman Nicholson lives,” Jordan said.

“I’ll follow you,” Brady said.

Richard felt his impatience rising. Every minute they weren’t with Molly was another minute of pain for her. He tried to push away his fear, but the emotion wouldn’t be pushed aside.

Five minutes after leaving Horner’s house, they arrived at his uncle’s.

Richard wanted to rush the house, punch the man in the face, then shake him until he told them everything they needed to know. It killed him to hang back, to let Tom do the talking.

At first, Norm didn’t want to believe what Tom said and kept repeating that there must be a mistake, that Brian might be a screw up but he wasn’t evil, couldn’t be evil.

They all saw the moment when the knowledge, the certainty, penetrated. The man seemed to age ten years before their very eyes.

“Mr. Nicholson, is there some place else your nephew would go, someplace where he could take these women, someplace where he would feel safe?”

Norm stared at Tom as if he couldn’t process the question. And then he nodded, slowly.

“Yes. Yes, I think there is a place. A house, just outside the city. My aunt Sophia passed away last year. She always had a soft spot for Brian. She used to say—”

“Mr. Nicholson, what’s the address?”

“Out on Larkspur Road. About five miles out. Number twenty-one seventeen.”

“I’m calling the state boys. Get them to go in, no sirens, surround the place. This time you follow me,” Brady said.

“Hurry!” Richard said.

\* \* \* \*

Bacchus flexed his right hand, stretched his arm. His sub was proving to be just as headstrong as he'd suspected she would be.

Two sessions with the paddle and she had yet to scream.

Part of him, that unschooled part he showed the world, wanted to rage in frustration. Yes, her screams would be a comforting balm, a sweet sound to please his soul.

But oh, how much more significant his victory would be when he finally broke her! He'd shone a spotlight on her ass as he worked, the sight of the reddening flesh its own pleasure. It didn't displease him that in a couple of places her flesh showed spots of blood.

It wouldn't be long now.

He looked at the clock on the wall. It was time to return to his brave little slave. She wept silently and now she bled silently.

Third session, and time for him to use the polished ebony. This time she would break.

He opened the door, stepped into the bedroom then pushed it closed behind him. The woman made no sound, but her face was tear-ravaged. She lay, eyes closed, her luscious, naked body bound by *his* hands, her ass red and marked by *his* hands.

He stepped up to admire the work he'd done so far and felt his cock stiffen. "You look good with my marks on your flesh, slave. You look very good. Perhaps I'll fuck you now." He reached forward, stroked her cunt. He inserted one finger, just a little, frowning because her moisture no longer coated her passage. It didn't matter. He'd use lube if he had to.

But, no. He'd said how it would be. He would wait for her to beg him to fuck her, and in his waiting Molly would know that her master was a man of his word.

She'd said nothing so far, not one word, but she'd stiffened just now. Some spark of defiance lit her eye, defiance and hatred that nearly had him stepping back.

"My Master will kill you."

Bacchus did step back then, those words worse than cold water at dousing his arousal. She would throw that weakling Richard Grant in his face?

Anger filled him. He stormed to the head of the table and picked up the board.

"I'll be using my left hand, and so I am likely to miss my target a little, land this lovely piece of ebony on your legs. Your fault, of course. The price you pay for being obstinate. It's only a matter of time until you call me master and beg me to fuck you. We both know that."

He raised the board, admiring the way the spotlight glistened on the black wood.

He spun on his heels away from her when the door crashed open.

## Chapter 19

Molly braced for the blow, no longer certain she could hold out against the pain and the fear. She had no sense of time, and a part of her, a tiny part of her, felt as if she was sliding away.

The explosion of wood against plaster, shouts, curses, and the sound of fist meeting flesh again and again echoed as if in a bubble. Molly closed her eyes, and tried to make sense of the sounds.

*“Oh God, sweetheart.”*

Molly opened her eyes to encounter Alan’s tortured expression as he worked to unfasten her left wrist.

“Richard?”

“He’s beating the hell out of Brian right now.”

“There’s Tom. He’ll likely stop him.” Marcus worked on her right wrist. “Or maybe not.”

Sound filtered through the haze of pain. She heard Richard’s voice and that, more than anything, told her the nightmare was over.

“You son-of-a-bitch. You fucking bastard, you hurt what is mine. This one’s for Molly. This one’s for me and this is for the women you killed you sick, perverted prick.”

A sick kind of whimpering assured her Brian would never touch her again.

She felt her ankles being freed and then something soft being placed over her to cover her.

“Richard?” Molly needed him more than she needed her next breath.

“Richard, Molly needs you,” Jordan said.

“I’ve got him. See to your woman.”

She didn't recognize that voice.

"Call an ambulance," that unknown voice said.

"Don't bother. We're taking her to the hospital ourselves," Richard said.

"Not for her. For Horner, here. You beat the bloody hell out of him." That voice again, and Molly decided it belonged to a cop.

And then Richard was there, his hands lifting the cover, looking, she knew because he hissed, then setting it back on her. He scooped her up gently. "Molly. Darling. I'm here, sweetheart."

She threw her arms around his neck, held tight, and the first loud sob since her ordeal began escaped her.

"He wanted me to scream but I didn't scream. I didn't scream." She thought she'd shouted that, shouted it loud enough so the bastard would know she'd defied him. But she heard Alan ask what she'd said.

"I hope he fucking chokes on the blood from his broken nose," Richard said.

And then she felt his face nuzzle her neck. "Come on, angel. We're taking you to the hospital."

"He didn't rape me. He wanted me to scream and beg him to fuck me, but I didn't. I didn't scream." She felt his arms tighten, then ease up.

"No, you wouldn't. I'm proud of you. Oh, God, Molly, I'm so proud of you."

"Take me home, please? I just want to lie in that big bed of ours between you and Alan."

"Hospital first, baby," Richard said.

Something cool covered her, something that smelled a little funny. Then Alan kissed her cheek. "Hospital first, love. That's a clean sheet, brand new, just out of the package. He had a few packages of them on the bathroom counter, but he never touched it."

Bless Alan to understand that she didn't want anything Brian might have touched to touch her.

Richard carried her outside. She opened her eyes, looked around. Though dark, the moon shone and she saw fields and trees and the house she'd been in, one that seemed too nice for what had happened inside.

"Jordan's going to take us to Mercy," Richard said. "Alan's going to hold you until I get in the car. Then he'll pass you back to me."

"Okay." She wouldn't protest and insist she could walk. Truthfully, she thought she might be able to, but her bottom and the tops of her legs burned with pain and she really didn't know for certain that she could.

Alan held her close, cradled in the same way Richard had. "Thank God we found you," he whispered. When he laid his cheek on the top of her head, she felt his tears.

"I knew you would. Somehow, I knew you and Richard would find me."

Alan laid her on Richard's lap. He secured the seatbelt around them both. Molly sighed, her arms going around Richard's neck again.

"I'm so sorry."

Molly heard the words and didn't understand them. When she looked up, the regret she read in Richard's expression nearly broke her heart.

"You have nothing to be sorry for. You saved me. I knew you would."

"I'm your Master. I'm supposed to keep you safe. I should have been with you, watched over you."

"Not your fault. I never should have unlocked the door. I looked, saw that it was Brian. He held a file folder and I was pissed that Norm would send him with work when he knew how I felt about him. As soon as I threw the locks I realized that I shouldn't, because how did he know where I was? He pushed his way into the house before I could reach the locks. He had a gun, and I planned to escape once he

got in the car but then I think he drugged me or something because I felt a sting, and then everything went black.”

“Dear God.”

She would find a way to get Richard to understand he hadn't failed her. But the reality of being free, of being out of danger, seemed to pull the plug on her energy. She didn't need to be vigilant any longer. Richard and Alan were there. She was safe.

Molly snuggled close to her Master, closed her eyes, and let go.

\* \* \* \*

She awoke to darkness from a nightmare of pain and fear and cried out.

“Shh. You're all right, sweetheart.”

Richard. Close, but not close enough. A click and a soft light filled the room. Her hospital room. She remembered the rest of it now, of waking in the ER, of crying and refusing to let go of Richard's hand, and his insisting he would accompany her during the exam. She recalled the cool, relieving salve they'd applied and that, with the easing of the pain, she dozed off again.

Richard sat in a chair beside her bed. He looked tired.

“Why am I here?”

“Just a precaution. Alan slipped home to get you some sweats, so when they release you in the morning you'll have something to wear.”

“Okay. Why are you there?”

His body jerked as if she'd hit him. He said, “I just wanted to make sure you were all right. I'll leave you be, then, and—”

“Don't you dare! I meant, why are you sitting in that chair instead of lying in bed holding me?”

Richard stared at her, a look of incredulity on his face. “How can you bear for me to even touch you after what that monster did to you? You should be screaming at me to leave you alone, to never come near you again.”

“I don’t know how you can even think that.” Molly felt her breath catching, felt her emotions begin to unravel.

“I saw what he did to you. I saw the paddle. My God, Molly, I did the same thing just the other night!”

“What, you kidnapped me from my home? Drugged me? Tied me down with no way for me to get loose? Threatened me? Beat me?”

Richard just stared at her, wincing when she’d said the last bit. She reached out and waited until he took her hand.

“What you and Alan and I share has no similarity whatsoever to what that monster did to me. He thought of himself as a master, but he had not a clue in the world what that word really means—what it means to me and Alan, and what it means between us. What Brian Horner lives is a perversion.

“You did paddle me, and you will again, I hope. Not to make me scream. Not to exercise your ego. Because it’s a part of our relationship, of who and what we are to each other. There’s love here, at the heart of who the three of us are together. All there was in Horner’s lifestyle was sickness.”

“Well said.” Alan stood just inside the room, letting the door close behind him.

“Molly.” Richard looked as if he might say something more, but he didn’t.

She saw the tears in his eyes and couldn’t bear it. “Please lie with me. Knowing that the two of you would come save me, thinking about being held in your arms, was the only thing that got me through it.”

She thought she asked the impossible since the hospital bed was so narrow. But Richard solved the dilemma by lifting her so that she lay on top of him. Alan took the extra blanket at the end of the bed, covered her, then stretched out on his side beside them.

They cocooned her, these men she loved, surrounded her with their heat and their love. Richard’s arms held her close. Alan’s arm enveloped them both.

“When I burst through that door and saw you, chained, beaten, I wanted to kill him. I wanted to kill him and I wanted to scoop you up and take you away where no one—not even I—could ever hurt you again.”

“Darling, you’ve never hurt me. Not even the other night when you spanked me for not calling. The only way you could hurt me would be if you stopped loving me, if you stopped being the man you are—our Master, the head of our family.”

“*Never*. God, Molly, I love you so much. You and Alan are my life. And I swear to you, I’ll never stop being your Master.”

Molly sighed. “Thank you.”

She reached up, brushed her lips against his. His kiss was so gentle, almost reverent, she wanted to cry. When she turned her head to the side Alan was there, waiting. Leaning just a little, she kissed him, too.

“Sleep now, sweetheart,” Richard said. “The sun will be up in a couple of hours. I’ve asked the doctor to come as soon as possible to sign your release papers.” He laughed, a sound born more of relief than humor. “I thought you’d want me to take you back to your apartment or to your mother’s so you’d be rid of me.”

“*Never*.”

“Yes, so you’ve said. So sleep now, and in the morning, I’ll bring you home.”

Molly relaxed, closed her eyes. Richard and Alan held her, and she knew no nightmare would dare disturb her. She felt herself falling and tumbled into sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Richard insisted that Brady interview Molly at home. The police already had Horner in custody. Since he only needed Molly’s full statement to tie up loose ends, he could damn well do it there.

He wanted to get Molly home as soon as possible, so Alan drove, dropped them off, then went to the pharmacy to fill the prescription for antibiotic ointment and pain medication.

“I can walk,” Molly said as he carried her up the steps.

“Indulge me,” Richard said. He gave her the key so she could unlock the house, then turned once they were inside so she could key in the security code.

“Set it again, please.”

They weren’t in the habit of doing so if someone was already home, but Richard felt shaken enough from the events of the day before he decided to alter security protocols. So while he held her cradled in his arms, she followed his instructions and reset the house alarm.

“Brady is coming over to interview you. So why don’t I set you down in the den? You can lie down on your side on the sofa if you like. I’ll bring you a pillow from our bed.”

“I want to try to sit, if you don’t mind.”

“I do mind. I don’t want you in pain, and the doctor advised to remain off ‘the affected area’ for another few days.”

Molly laughed. “He couldn’t even say ass.”

Richard grinned. *It was so good to have her home.* “No. As a man, he’s a prude, but he is a good doctor.”

He set her on her feet. “Go ahead and try sitting. I’ll go get the pillow so you can lie down if you’d rather.”

“Seems kind of undignified to meet the lieutenant while I’m lounging on my side like some latter-day Cleopatra,” Molly said.

He couldn’t resist teasing her, just a little. “Quite right. Not nearly as dignified a presentation as he had of you last night.”

Molly blushed, a pretty red hue. “His was the voice I didn’t recognize!”

“Yes, sorry. But don’t think ill of the man. He did let me pound on that prick a little longer than he should have.”

“I’ll try not to think of what he got an eyeful of last night when he’s interrogating me.”

Richard laughed. “Interviewing, you, darling. You’re not a perp.” He said, heading for the door.

“No, I’m the vic,” she countered.

Richard shivered, but he stopped at the door and turned to face her. “Not from where I’m standing. You didn’t give that bastard any satisfaction last night. That makes you a hero, not a victim.”

He moved as quickly as possible, detouring by the kitchen to put on a full pot of coffee and then making a beeline for the bedroom. He scooped two of the lush feather pillows and headed back to the den.

Molly stood with her head bowed, a very unhappy look on her face. He didn’t say anything. He just went to her, tossed the pillows onto the sofa, and took her into his arms.

“It hurts,” she whispered.

“Yes, I know. I’m sorry.”

She clung to him and he relished the feel of her in his arms, the reality of her there with him, safe and, for the most part, sound. He hated the abuse she’d suffered, but he knew it could have been worse.

The doctors conducted a thorough examination of her while she’d mostly been unconscious. They told him, when he said he was her husband, that she hadn’t been sexually abused. He’d believed her, of course, when she’d told him the same. But she’d also been unconscious for a time and had awakened naked and restrained.

When he pulled back from her, she lifted her face, and he couldn’t resist taking her mouth. That she would respond so eagerly, that she would mew and rub against him after what she’d been through seemed a miracle to him.

Molly was a precious gift, one he would cherish for the rest of his life. Yes, he’d believed she would tire of him and Alan. But he’d decided that didn’t matter. He was damn well going to keep her anyway, and that was that.

He helped her get comfortable on the sofa. Moments later, Alan returned, and he had Tom Brady with him.

“I’ll bring in the coffee,” Alan said. “And some water so our woman can take her meds.”

Richard brought one of the chairs closer to the sofa so he could sit beside Molly and hold her hand while she recounted everything that happened the day before. Brady had asked permission to record her statement. It would later be typed up for her to sign, but that was just a formality.

“The man has confessed to the kidnap and murder of Patricia Burnett and to complicity in the death of Virginia Townsend,” Brady announced once Molly finished. “The district attorney has already ordered a psychiatric evaluation. In my gut I know that whether he ends up being convicted of murder and doing hard time or is remanded for psychiatric care, he’s off the streets for good. He’ll be sent to the county jail—just as soon as he’s released from the hospital.”

“Good.” Molly said the word with conviction. “Thank you, Lieutenant Brady.”

“Thank your man, here. It was his cop instincts all along that enabled us to put this case to bed.”

“Well,” Molly shot a coy look at Richard, “maybe not his cop instincts.”

Richard brought her hand to his lips and kissed it. Right now his instincts told him he wanted his family to himself, naked, snuggled, and safe.

Alan got to his feet. “I’ll show Lieutenant Brady out.”

Richard met his gaze and knew his lover had read his thoughts.

“Thank you.” He got to his feet, and shook Tom’s hand. “Don’t be a stranger,” he said to the man.

“Same goes,” Brady returned.

Richard looked at Alan. “We’ll wait for you.”

“You’d better,” Alan said.

The sound of Molly's laughter, as Brady, blushing, left, filled his heart with joy.

## Chapter 20

Molly Durant had a plan.

She stretched then bent from the waist, her ass facing the mirror. Looking over her shoulder, she smiled. Just a little over three weeks, and barely a trace of her injury remained.

In that time she had been pampered and cosseted so that she thought at times she'd scream. It was past time to get her men to treat her the way they did before Brian Horner abducted her.

Which brought her to her plan.

Once again, she'd prevailed upon her friends, Marcus and Jordan, to give her a hand. When she told them what she wanted to do, and why, they'd immediately agreed to help. Their alacrity amazed her, until Chastity told her that the three of them had gone through a similar "adjustment period" when she had been attacked by her former fiancé.

It was important to set the stage. Molly looked at the merry widow she'd worn that fateful night—had it only been five weeks before? The garment had been cleaned and left hanging in the closet. Now, she put it on a pretty, little decorative hanger, out in plain sight in the bedroom.

Below it, her fuck-me heels stood as if at attention, ready to be put into action. She sincerely hoped that wouldn't be necessary because those suckers hurt like hell to wear.

She'd put fresh sheets on the bed, changed the water in the spa and put it on to heat, set out the jasmine candles, and had their big fluffy robes casually draped and ready, should they be required.

She had one more detail to prepare.

In the play room, she pulled the vault-like restraint out of the closet. It took her a moment to figure out how to put it together, but finally she sat back, satisfied. Next, she pulled a chair close to it, as Richard had done the night he'd punished her.

Finally she set a paddle on the chair.

Another woman might flinch at contemplating having her lover—her master—paddle her after what Horner had done to her. But as she tried to explain to Richard, what that monster did to her and what her master did were not at all the same.

Horner had thought only to inflict pain and his will, with no thought except to bring about her humiliation and degradation.

Richard employed the paddle as a means of re-enforcing their relationship and as sexual stimulation for them both.

She wasn't a sub by nature, but she had become one by choice. And the only master she wanted was Richard.

She loved him and Alan with all her heart. Tonight, if all went according to her plan, they would not only never doubt that love again, she would set them free from their guilt.

Molly checked the time. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Alan would be home in just a few minutes, and, though most nights Richard didn't arrive until nearly six, she was willing to bet everything that he would be here shortly, too.

Choosing her battlefield, she stripped off her clothes, lit the candles, and slid into the spa. Now all she could do was wait.

\* \* \* \*

Richard entered the coffee shop, his brow furrowed as he scanned the tables. It didn't take him long to spot Jordan Fitzpatrick. The man always seemed to be the center of any crowd. If he lived to be a hundred, he figured he would never be able to repay the debt he owed this man. He'd been instrumental in helping him rescue Molly from that sick fuck, Brian Horner.

He still had nightmares about her ordeal. But in his nightmares, he arrived too late to save her.

Jordan's odd request that they meet for coffee piqued his curiosity. Jordan spotted him, nodded, and had the waitress there by the time he got to the table.

"Just plain coffee," Richard said and sat down opposite the other man. "It's been a few weeks," he said. "Good to see you again."

"Thanks. Good to see you, too." Jordan said.

"In case I didn't say it, I'm grateful for your help in rescuing Molly."

"You don't have to thank me. If you'll recall, we experienced a close call ourselves. Because of that, I know what you went through and maybe a little of what you're going through now. And I can certainly understand why you've come to the decision you have, but I must say it surprises me."

Richard felt as if he'd stepped into a play where he didn't know his lines. Tilting his head to one side, he said, "Decision?"

"Yes. Now I don't want you to worry. Everything has been taken care of. I've sent out notices to the membership that there'll be a special auction tonight. It's only fair, since that was how you came by her in the first place. Now all I—"

Everything inside Richard froze. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Molly called me and told me you no longer wanted to be her master. Believe me when I say, I understand. Now—"

"She said *what*?"

"That you no longer wish to be her master."

"Where the fuck did she get that idea? I never said that, I never even hinted at that!"

Jordan set his cup down and gave Richard what he could only call a pitying look. "Sometimes, our actions speak for us. Whatever it is you've been doing—or *not* doing—has given Molly the impression that you no longer wish to be her master or want her as your sub. So

she's asked me to help her find a new master. Of course, she was in tears at the time—"

"Well, Jesus Christ! Doesn't she know I was just trying to be considerate? That bastard beat her so bad she bled! How could she expect—"

This time Jordan cut him off. "Obviously Molly knows the difference between a beating and a paddling." He looked at his watch. "Oh, it's already four. I'd better get going. I was going to meet Molly at the club in an hour."

Richard got to his feet, urgency racing his heart. "Forget it. You might as well go ahead and cancel that special auction. Molly is mine and no one else's." Turning, he headed for the door. Yanking his cell phone out of his pocket, he canceled the rest of his appointments for the day. Now he had only one appointment on his calendar and that was tossing Molly Durant over his knee and spanking her until she begged for his forgiveness.

\* \* \* \*

Molly heard Alan come in. Following his usual routine, he would check his messages, make any calls he needed to make, and then make notes in his daily journal. Then he'd come looking for her.

She'd only been in the tub a few minutes, so she figured she'd have another half hour before—

The sound of a door slamming reverberated through the house.

"Molly!"

*Oh, my.*

Richard didn't exactly sound like the polite and apologetic gentle lover of the last couple of weeks. He sounded more like the man who bid fifty thousand dollars for her and then dragged her up to the School Room for her first paddling.

She was already wet with arousal.

"Molly, where the hell are you?"

“Richard? What’s the matter? What’s wrong?”

“She thinks she’s going to have Jordan Fitzpatrick find her a new master? I don’t fucking think so.”

They were in the bedroom. She wanted to giggle, she was so happy to have her master back. She wiped the grin off her face. Nothing had been settled, she’d just given the man a kick in the pants. What happened next would determine her future.

And then he stood at the entrance to the bathroom, holding her outfit in his hand.

“What the hell is this?”

Oh, he was pissed. Molly decided to egg him on, just a bit. “It’s called a merry widow. You might not recall, but it’s what I wore the last time I was auctioned off as a sub.”

“Well, that’s true, at least. That was *the* last time.”

Behind him, Alan’s eyes had gone wide. And then he smiled and gave her a wink.

“I don’t understand,” Molly said. “If you don’t want to be my master—”

“I *am* your Master.” Richard tossed the hanger aside and reached for the buttons on his shirt. “And by the time I finish with you, you won’t have any doubts about it.”

It took him mere seconds to shed his clothes and get into the spa. He approached Molly, combed his fingers through her hair, then pulled her head back.

“Alan, join us.”

Molly’s focus was on Richard. She met his gaze, a dare of sorts.

“I love you, Molly. You’re a part of my family, just as Alan is a part of my family. You belong to me just as he does. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“I ought to paddle you.”

“Oh, yes, please. Everything is ready in the play room. I deserve to be paddled.”

Richard's eyes glittered with lust as they hadn't for the last three weeks. Molly shivered with anticipation.

"Come here."

He kept his hold firm as his mouth took hers. Instantly carnal, his kiss claimed her, a hot branding of lust and love. His tongue demanded entrance, demanded surrender, and she gave both joyfully. She felt Alan come behind her. He took hold of her arms, held her as if offering her to their Master.

Richard ran his hands over her body, not just feeling or enticing, but taking *possession* of her.

"You are mine, Molly. You'll never have another Master."

"I don't want another Master. Only you."

"Then pleasure your Master."

His hand was still in her hair, and he pulled her down, toward his cock. She needed no further urging. She opened her mouth as she sat on the bench before him, sucking him inside, running her tongue up and down his shaft.

"Brace her," he said. As Alan sat beside her and placed a hand on the back of her head, Richard began to move his hips, pushing his cock into her mouth, fucking it, a master's way of taking pleasure.

Submissive, she wrapped her arms around him and fit her mouth perfectly to his hard flesh so that his thrusts would be unhampered. There was nothing gentle in his movements, nothing that could be considered coddling. He demanded. She gave.

"Suck."

She immediately obeyed, drawing on his cock, enjoying the salty treat of pre-come as he continued to thrust.

"I'm close, Molly. Make me come."

Given free reign, she slid one hand around from his ass and cupped his scrotum, squeezing gently, fondling in the way she'd learned he loved. His cock felt so good in her mouth, the flavor of him so missed. She sucked and slid, caressing, seducing, *loving*.

"Oh, yes."

His groan thrilled her and she eagerly gulped in his seed, taking each spurt into her mouth, so grateful to have him there, to be able to please him, to submit to him.

He sagged against her, fighting for breath. Gently, she released his cock and placed soft kisses on his hip.

He put the other hand on her head, tilted her face up.

“Alan is going to dry you now and take you into the playroom. You’ll stand silent while he prepares the vault.”

“It’s already waiting for you, Master.”

“Good. First you’ll get the spanking you deserve. And then we’re both going to fuck your brains out.”

Molly shook as Alan led her into the playroom and strapped her down. Excitement filled her, arousal sparkled within her.

“You are a very clever girl,” Alan whispered. “I love you for what you’ve done tonight. You brought him back to us.”

Molly smiled. She’d wondered if Alan noticed the change in Richard, and now she had her answer.

And then Richard was there, picking up the paddle, running his hand over the soft flesh of her ass.

“You’ll get two strokes for daring to call Jordan and offer yourself to be auctioned. And three strokes for thinking, even for one minute, that I didn’t want you.”

His blows weren’t the soft taps she’d feared he’d give her, but the solid whacks that stung her flesh and stirred her juices.

“Who do you belong to?” he demanded after the second stroke.

“I belong to you.”

The last three strokes came hard and fast, and Molly inhaled through her teeth even as she flexed her perineum.

“You are never to pull a stunt like that again. Understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Release her and bring her to me.”

He lounged on their bed like a raja, the lord of all he surveyed. Resting against the headboard, one knee bent with his arm carelessly

resting upon it, Richard was the most magnificent man Molly had ever seen. “Poor Alan has been filling the role of servant tonight. I think you owe him some affection, Molly.”

Molly turned and put her arms around Alan. She kissed him, giving him every bit as much of herself as she gave their master. How could she not? She loved him just as much.

She sucked his tongue into her mouth, stroking it, tasting him. Then, weaning her lips from his, she moved down his body, trailing kisses, tasting him with her tongue until, on her knees, she took his cock into her mouth.

He stroked her hair gently, a caress of appreciation. His flavor tasted different from Richard’s, but just as enticing. She moved her head up and down, sucking and teasing with her tongue.

“Alan, come lie on the bed. Molly’s going to put this condom on you and then impale herself on your cock.”

She released Alan and watched as he went to the bed, as he kissed their master. When they both looked at her, she saw such love in their eyes, her throat ached.

“Come here, sweetheart,” Richard said.

His tone softened, and she knew the game was nearly done. He stroked her face when she crawled onto the bed with them.

“Thank you,” he said.

“I love you. I love you as my Master and my lover, and I love Alan, too.”

“I know. I love you.”

Molly reached into the drawer of the bedside table and pulled out two condoms. She prepared both her lovers and then, as her master commanded, straddled Alan.

She took his cock into her, relishing the slow slide, the sense of fullness as she slid all the way down until the head of his cock rested against her cervix.

“So good, sweetheart,” Alan said.

Richard moved in behind her and caressed her shoulders and back. "Ride him, baby," he said.

She braced her hands on either side of Alan's head for balance. He nipped and sucked her nipple as she lifted and then sank down on him again. Bending down, she kissed him, a kiss as carnal as their fucking. Richard gently eased her head back, and she opened her mouth for his tongue, this kiss just as hot, just as electrifying.

"I'm close," she said. Truly, she didn't know if she could hold off her orgasm much longer.

"Then take me, too."

Richard pressed his lubricated, latex-covered cock against her anus and pushed.

Molly sighed with pure pleasure as he sank into her, stretching her so that she could feel both lovers in her at the same time.

"I feel you," Alan said, "and it's wonderful because we're one."

"Yes," Richard hissed. "We are one."

Molly fully relaxed her muscles, the stroke of Richard's hand on her back and the brush of Alan's hands on her breasts igniting the flames of her passion. Up and up, out of control, arousal exploded into orgasm. Molly jerked as she came hard and fast, her hips taking over the rhythm of movement, forth and back to fuck both her lovers at the same time.

"That was so good," she moaned as her heart continued to pound in her chest.

"The best," Richard agreed. He eased out of her, and she felt him leave the bed. Alan lifted her and laid her on her side.

"I've never had such good orgasms as I've had since we've been three."

Molly smiled at the wonder Alan's his voice. Richard came back to her, one hand behind his back and the other held out to her. Not knowing what he wanted, and not caring she gave him hers and let him draw her to her feet.

“You belong to me,” Richard said. He brought his other hand forward. In it, he held a collar, black, narrower than Alan’s. He fastened it around her neck and then he kissed her.

“Thank you.” She didn’t care if he saw her tears, because they were tears of joy.

“You’re welcome.”

Richard pulled back the blankets and tucked her into the middle of the bed.

Alan joined them and snuggled her from her other side.

“I thought you’d get tired of us and I was going to let you go,” Richard stroked the side of her cheek. “But I’ve changed my mind. I don’t want to let you go. I want to keep you.”

“I’ve loved you forever,” Molly didn’t think she could be any happier. “And I loved Alan as soon as I met him. I didn’t know what to think of that until I understood that the reason I could love you both was because you *were* lovers. I’m not going to get bored and I’m not going anywhere.”

“I want a ceremony,” Richard raised himself up on one elbow. “Like the one the Fitzpatrick’s had. I want your promises to me—both of you—and I want to give you both my promise, in front of all our friends and families.”

“That’s what I want, too,” Alan said.

“Nothing would make me happier,” Molly agreed

“I would guess not,” Richard said, and she heard the laughter in his voice, “given your brazen seduction of us both.”

## THE END

<http://www.morganashbury.com>

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Morgan has been a writer since she was first able to pick up a pen. In the beginning it was a hobby, a way to create a world of her own, and who could resist the allure of that? Then as she grew and matured, life got in the way, as life often does. She got married and had three children, and worked in the field of accounting, for that was the practical thing to do and the children did need to be fed. And all the time she was being practical, she would squirrel herself away on quiet Sunday afternoons, and write.

Most children are raised knowing the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. Morgan's children also learned the Paper Rule: thou shalt not throw out any paper that has thy mother's words upon it.

Believing in tradition, Morgan ensured that her children's children learned this rule, too.

Life threw Morgan a curve when, in 2002, she underwent emergency triple by-pass surgery. Second chances are to be cherished, and with the encouragement and support of her husband, Morgan decided to use hers to do what she'd always dreamed of doing: writing full time. "I can't tell you how much I love what I do. I am truly blessed."

Morgan has always loved writing romance. It is the one genre that can incorporate every other genre within its pulsating heart. Romance showcases all that human kind can aspire to be. And, she admits, she's a sucker for a happy ending.

Morgan's favorite hobbies are reading, cooking, and traveling – though she would rather you didn't mention that last one to her husband. She has too much fun teasing him about having become a "Traveling Fool" of late.

Morgan lives in Southwestern Ontario, Canada with a cat that has an attitude, a dog that has no dignity, and her husband of thirty-eight years, David.

***Also by Morgan Ashbury***

Magic and Love 1: *The Prince and the Single Mom*

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