

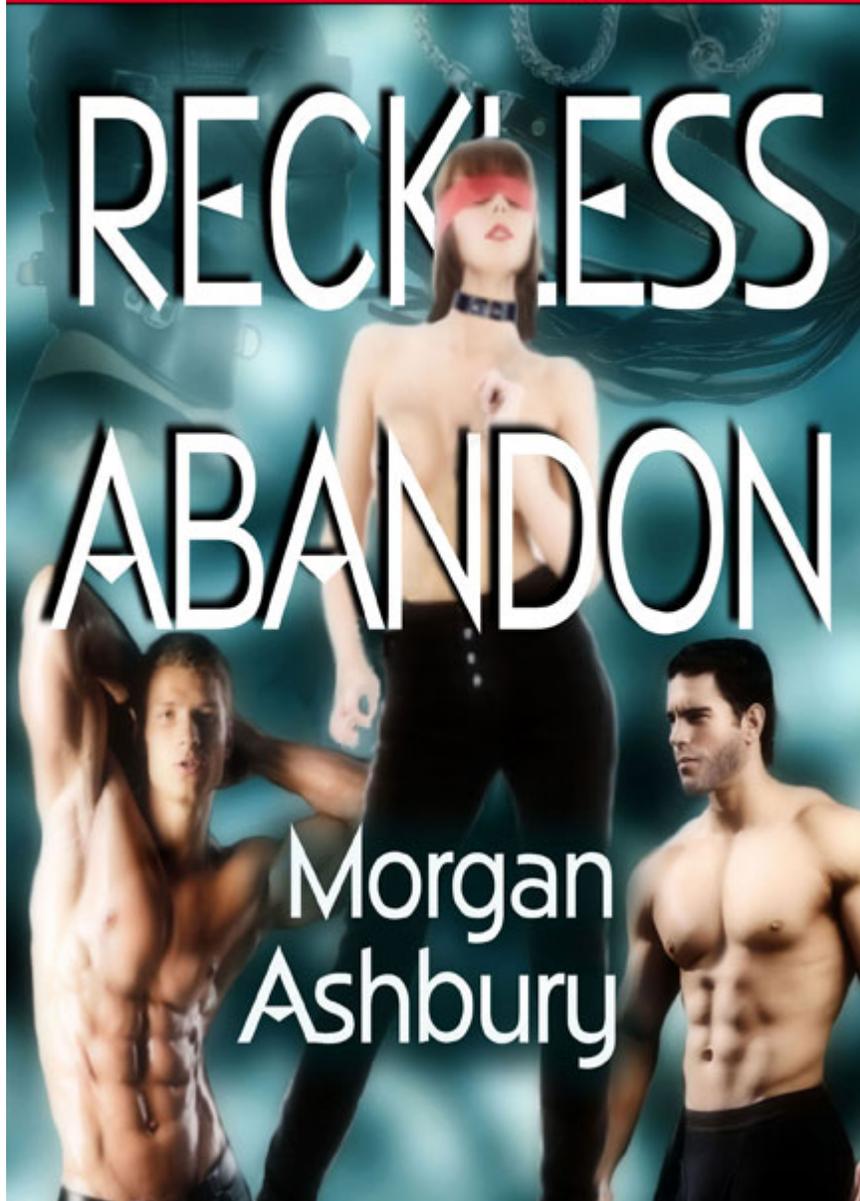
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DEDICATION

Thanks go to the dedicated staff at Siren-BookStrand, especially Alison and Rachel, whose hard work is much appreciated. And a very special thank you to Diana, whose continued belief in me is one of the most wonderful gifts I have ever received.

RECKLESS ABANDON

MORGAN ASHBURY

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Chapter 1

It seemed to be her day for eavesdropping.

While the first conversation she'd overheard earlier between two women in the ladies room had been titillating but harmless, this one was not.

Chastity hung back, alert. The thought circled that listening in on other people's private conversations simply wasn't done.

Perhaps it should be.

She hoped she would hear more before the hostess noticed her hovering and moved her along—or worse, *said* something to her. The coffee shop of the Royal Marquise hotel featured booths and tables separated from the lobby by beautifully sculpted lattice decorated with lush greenery. To access the restaurant, one had to walk through a narrow corridor, past the lattice-bordered part of the restaurant seating area.

If one wasn't too bright, one might be seated there, see no others seated close by in the restaurant proper, and assume one had privacy.

To Chastity's utter dismay she'd just discovered that her fiancé, Blake, wasn't too bright.

“Your pussy felt so hot today, baby. You're such a good little lover.” Blake's voice sounded softer than Chastity had ever heard it.

“I just adore our afternoons together,” an unknown female voice cooed. “I love your cock, and all the delicious things you do to me with it. I really wish you weren’t getting married, Blakey.”

Chastity didn’t have very much experience with cocks, but hearing Blake could do delicious things with his was certainly news to her.

“So do I, Miranda. Believe me, if I had any other option, I wouldn’t. Marriage to that bitch Chastity will open doors and give me a cachet I wouldn’t otherwise be able to claim. Once we get it done, and I come back from the interminable honeymoon, there’s no reason you and I can’t still be together, same as we’ve always been. You’re my sexy little honey pot, baby, you know that. I’m going to need to drink your nectar just to keep me sane, to give me something to look forward to. I’ll begin right away diverting funds for us. If I’m careful and smart, I shouldn’t have to be saddled with that cold little cunt for more than three years—four at most. Do you love me enough to wait that long?”

“Oh, Blakey-poo, you know I do! I just really hate the thought of sharing you with her.”

“Trust me. I won’t be banging her anymore than absolutely necessary. I have to on the honeymoon, of course, to make the marriage legal. After that, I promise, I’ll only touch her when I have to. And every time I slide between her legs, I’ll be dreaming that it’s you I’m banging. I love you, Miranda. Never forget that.”

Chastity heard movement and a squishy-slurp sound, and knew they’d started kissing. She couldn’t listen anymore, and the urge for a quiet cup of coffee that had brought her to this spot to begin with had died.

Turning on her heel, she walked at a brisk but elegant pace toward the entrance of the hotel. The doorman tipped his hat as he held the door for her. Her car was in valet parking. Sometimes being rich had its advantages, like having her car brought to her in record time.

She tipped the young man generously and slid behind the steering wheel. As she navigated the afternoon traffic, her mind refused to think. Instinct had her heading toward the massive stone mansion at the end of an exclusive enclave in the west end of the city.

She parked in the circular drive at the base of the stone steps. Before she reached the top, the door opened.

“Good afternoon, Miss Chastity. It’s so good to see you. Your grandmother is in the day room.”

Having tea, Chastity knew. At five minutes after three, her grandmother would be having tea in the day room. Some people foolishly thought time was determined by the rotation of the Earth around the sun, but Chastity knew better. People set their clocks by the unwavering routines of Gertrude Elizabeth Montgomery Sawyer.

“A pleasant surprise, Chastity,” Gertrude said with little emotion when Chastity stepped into the day room.

“A matter has come up,” Chastity began. One look from her grandmother had her swallowing her words. *My goodness, yes, we must observe propriety.* She allowed Franklin, her grandmother’s butler, to seat her at the small round table in a chair he placed adjacent to Gertrude. A fine china cup and saucer appeared and tea, as always, Darjeeling, poured into the cup and set at a precise angle to her right.

“Thank you, Franklin.” Gertrude dismissed the man with a flick of her hand.

Chastity’s impatience gnawed at her. Finally, after she had taken a sip of her tea and asked after her grandmother’s health, the matriarch set her cup down delicately and looked at Chastity straight on, raising her left eyebrow.

“Now, it must be a rather important matter that finds you here at this hour on a Wednesday.”

Uninvited and unannounced. Gertrude had never been a fan of impulsive acts of any kind. “Yes, Grandmother, I believe it’s a very important matter.” In terms as dispassionate as possible, Chastity told her grandmother about Blake and Miranda and his plans to keep

seeing the woman after they had wed. Out of consideration for her grandmother's sensibilities, she decided to forgo any mention of Blake's delicious cock and the things it could do to Miranda that it had never done to *her*. Her own upset also prevented her from remembering to relate the part of his scheme where he hoped to be saddled with her for no more than four years, tops.

For a long moment after Chastity finished speaking, her grandmother kept silent. Chastity could clearly read signs of distress on the woman's face.

"Oh, dear." She sighed at last. "This is a most unfortunate turn of events."

Chastity had long been used to her grandmother's reticence. Sitting in the day room of the mausoleum she'd grown up in, she realized she'd been hoping for a bit more of a reaction than that.

"Most unfortunate indeed," Gertrude said.

Chastity got ready to receive the very rare and therefore highly cherished stroking from the woman who had raised her.

"I'm going to have to speak to Blake. He will need to learn to govern himself with far more discretion than that in future."

Only years of training in the proper way for a lady to sit prevented Chastity from staring at Gertrude, goggle-eyed and mouth open. "Excuse me?"

"Why, anyone might have heard him or witnessed that scene. That will never do. He needs to mind his ways when he joins his name to ours. Discretion is, after all, the better part of valor."

"Joins his—you don't seriously expect me to marry him *now*?"

"Of course I do. It's a good match. The Claytons are our social equals, Chastity."

When Chastity just stared at her grandmother, the elderly woman sighed.

"Men take mistresses, Chastity. They always have. A blessing, really. Spares the wife from having to endure her husband's indelicate cravings any more than absolutely necessary. The only reasonable

expectation a wife has is that her husband conduct his private affairs *in private*.”

“I see.”

Chastity took a moment to blot her lips with the fine linen napkin Franklin had earlier draped on her lap. She folded the napkin neatly then set it on the table beside her cup.

She had been raised by her grandmother after the death of her parents when she'd been ten. Gertrude's high standards and unyielding rigidity had likely saved Chastity's sanity in those early years when the overwhelming grief might have damaged her psyche.

Over the years, Chastity had done all that had been asked of her, and more. She'd attended the perfect schools, achieving near perfect marks. She stepped into the role of director of the Sawyer Trust as had been expected of her and performed her duties there with unswerving dedication.

Her social life had always been staid, predictable, and proper.

When Blake Clayton had asked her out on that first date more than two years ago, her grandmother had been so pleased that Chastity had, of course, accepted.

She'd accepted his marriage proposal for virtually the same reason.

She was twenty-seven years old, and looking at her future as dictated by Gertrude Elizabeth Montgomery Sawyer, the picture looked bleak.

All her life she'd done the right thing, the proper thing, the perfect thing, the *expected* thing—out of gratitude to and consideration for her grandmother.

These thoughts swirled through her mind in mere seconds. Chastity got to her feet, slowly.

“I'm sorry, Grandmother. I'm sorry that I arrived unannounced and then complicated that faux pas by burdening you with my petty complaint. Thank you for the tea. It was lovely.”

She turned, took one step, and then another. And then she executed a graceful turn. Her ballet instructor would have been proud.

“By the way, I won’t be marrying Blake Clayton. If this is a deep disappointment to you because our two families will not therefore be joined, why then, I suggest you marry the little fucker yourself.”

No one could utter an indignant gasp quite like her grandmother could. Chastity would have appreciated the moment more, if her heart hadn’t been tearing in two.

* * * *

Jordan Fitzpatrick looked up at the luxury apartment building, his smile wide, his usual reaction when he saw the name of the complex, gold letters shining in the sun. In fact, he’d chosen his apartment based on the name of the building, alone: Sixty-nine West.

Sixty-nine. His favorite number.

“Glad to be home, are you?”

The taxi driver’s question pulled his attention away from admiring the tall sleek building.

“Always glad to come home.” He forked over the hefty fifty-dollar fare and included a generous tip. He *was* glad to be home. The trip to Los Angeles had been long, boring and stressful, but necessary. Home now, he looked forward to getting back into his usual routine.

Hell, thirty-five and already a creature of habit. Pitiful. Simply pitiful.

The driver got out, rushing to the trunk to unload his single suitcase. Slinging the strap of his travel bag over his shoulder and pulling the wheeled suitcase, Jordan walked the few feet to the front door.

The doorman on duty hurried to open it for him.

“Welcome home, Mr. Fitzpatrick. Pleasant trip?”

“Hey, Doug, how’s it going? Yes, a good trip, thanks. Don’t suppose you know whether my better half is at home or not?”

“No, sir, I don’t. Sorry.”

“No problem. Have a good evening.”

A minute later he figured that a combination of wondering whether he would be alone when he got in the door or not and jet lag was the reason he’d not heard her come in, be greeted by Doug, and join him waiting for the elevator.

“Mr. Fitzpatrick.”

“Ms. Sawyer.”

Jordan had to guess that in the two years they had been neighbors, the number of times they’d actually come face to face and spoken equaled only a handful.

Lack of contact didn’t stop him from judging the lovely Ms. Sawyer as a snooty, high-society snob who believed herself above mere mortals like himself.

Of course, it didn’t stop him from picturing her naked and on her knees in submissiveness at his feet, either.

Considering that between them they occupied the only two penthouse suites in the building, they probably should have encountered each other more often than they did. Their respective professions and resulting schedules probably had a lot to do with that. She spent her days filing her nails and sitting behind a big desk at the Sawyer Trust pretending to be productive while he worked mostly nights, managing his club.

The elevator arrived and he moved to hold the door, gentlemanly courtesy ready to come into play despite his personal feelings for the woman.

She beat him to it.

“Please, allow me. You’ve got your hands full.”

“Thanks.”

Well, hell. Maybe she wasn’t so snooty after all. He flashed a grin. Her smile seemed so small it needed life support.

“You’re welcome.”

A trace of pink in her cheeks and the way she looked down made him wonder about her. Perhaps he'd mistaken shyness for snobbery. The car began its thirty-floor trek, and Jordan searched for something to say. He rarely suffered from a still tongue. He wasn't particularly happy that this would prove to be such an occasion.

Before he was ready, the doors of the elevator opened. She held them again, allowing him to exit with his luggage in tow.

"Thanks again."

"You're welcome. Have a good evening."

She turned to the left toward Penthouse A. She must have had her key ready, for she entered almost immediately, closing the door quietly behind her.

Shaking his head, he turned to the right, and Penthouse B.

The moment he stepped inside his suite, the scent of tomato sauce and garlic flooded his senses, triggering *all* of his appetites.

His mouth watered and his cock hardened.

Not alone.

His lover should have been at work still, but remembered, *always* remembered, how much Jordan hated coming home after a trip to an empty apartment.

Eager for their reunion, Jordan left his suitcase and travel bag right by the door and went in search of his lover.

The kitchen was empty, the oven set on warm. Jordan smiled. The message came through, loud and clear. Dinner could wait until *after*. His steps eager, he headed toward the master bedroom, then on into the spa room.

Drapes had been closed against the late afternoon sun. Candles flickered, sending soft light and a subtle perfume through the room. Water churned by jets produced a gentle hum, a baseline sound to cradle the beat of the bluesy jazz that filled the air.

Jordan stepped into the room and met the dark brown passion-filled eyes of his lover.

"Welcome home, darling."

"Marcus."

Chapter 2

The look of pleasure and gratitude on Jordan's face was well worth all the scurrying and juggling he'd had to do today so he could be here for him. They'd been lovers more than a year, and it had been the best year of Marcus' life.

"Why don't you take those clothes off and join me? The water is hot, and so am I."

Jordan's low chuckle never failed to warm him, the look of power and strength and purpose he wore never failed to excite him. And yet, in some ways, Jordan needed nurturing and coddling.

The sight of the man, naked, his cock hard, never failed to arouse him.

The water rippled as Jordan stepped into the tub. Marcus moved, coming forward, capturing the other man's cock in his hand. Seconds later, it was in his mouth.

"Marcus."

Marcus chuckled around the luscious rod and knew the added vibration drove Jordan's arousal even higher. The sensation of Jordan's hands in his hair, his fingers alternately combing and gripping, sent shivers of appreciation down his back.

He loved the taste of Jordan's cock, but more, he loved knowing what he gave his lover. With lips and tongue he laved and caressed. Keeping the suction to small, tiny spasms, he enticed him to enjoy the slow, steady climb of heat. Sliding his left hand around, he stroked the hard muscles of Jordan's ass, petting him, loving him.

He moved his head up and down with languid grace. Inhaling deeply, he drew his lover's scent inside himself, the aroma right there

at the base of his cock headier, more uplifting for him than any other he'd ever smelled.

“God, Marcus. I love your mouth on my cock. It feels so damn good.”

Nothing fulfilled Marcus more than pleasing this man. He moved his left hand to trail his fingers up and down over Jordan's anus. His right hand slid down from Jordan's stiff shaft to cup and tease his balls. Then he began to suck, strong and deep.

“God!”

The change of rhythm left languid behind as Marcus used his skill to drive his lover over the edge. Jordan's cry as he came, the way his hands clutched harder and his body convulsed, nearly made Marcus come. Swallowing, he drank every bit of Jordan's release and considered it his own personal nectar of the gods.

He supported Jordan's weight when the strength left his knees, and gently helped him to sit and immerse himself in the frothing water.

“Damn it, Marcus, I came too damn fast.” Despite the words, there wasn't much heat in Jordan's protest.

Marcus chuckled. Reaching to the other side of the tub, he pulled the bottle of white wine out of the ice bucket and poured Jordan a glass.

“Just a little welcome home gift to take the edge off. Here, drink this. Relax and tell me about your trip.”

“Thank you,” Jordan said, taking the glass and indulging in one long sip. “In case I forget to say it sometimes, I love you. You take very good care of me, and I appreciate that more than I can say.”

“You never forget to say it. I love you, too. And taking care of you is one of my purest pleasures in life.”

Marcus refilled his own glass and sank back into the tub. Closing his eyes, he sipped and sighed. He'd come a long way from the frail, frightened child who'd hid every time his father had come home roaring drunk. He'd worked hard to educate himself, worked three

jobs at a time to save his pennies. He'd achieved his career goal years before. His life was just about perfect. Just about. He had Jordan, a forever kind of man. He wondered if it wasn't time for the two of them to take the next step in their mutual life plan. Maybe he'd bring the matter up after dinner.

* * * *

Jordan relaxed as he sank into the hot, jasmine-scented water. He'd meant every word he'd just said to Marcus. Without opening his eyes, he sought his lover's hand and linked fingers with him.

A little gesture, one he knew Marcus really cherished.

"Los Angeles was hell."

"You can't blame the entire city because it happens to be the place where your mother lives."

"Sure I can." Jordan puffed out a breath, the heat of the water, the kick of the alcohol and the power of the orgasm sending tiny little aftershocks through his system. All worked together to destroy the last of the tension in his body.

"She didn't recognize me this time. She's slipped further into Alzheimer's. That made things better, in a way. Made it easier for me to deal with the situation."

"I hope to God you mean that and you're not harboring tiny tingles of guilt. Good God, Jordan. Considering the way that woman treated you all your life, you have been an exemplary son. Far better a son than I ever could have been to my father if he'd lived long enough to end up in an institution."

Jordan felt the corners of his mouth turn up. No one had ever gotten him the way Marcus did. Sometimes, the man's insight could be a little daunting. Mostly, it just felt *good*.

"You know those tiny tingles of guilt are there. I just have to live with them and do the best I can." He took another slow sip of wine, enjoying the way the crisp Chablis tasted on his tongue. The silence

that stretched between them felt comfortable. Still, he knew how much Marcus enjoyed conversation. “How are things at Novel Pursuits?” The bookstore had been a dream come true for Marcus, a goal he’d worked long and hard to achieve. Marcus loved books of every kind, but he especially had a fondness for the rare, the old, and the obscure.

“Everything is wonderful. That student I hired two weeks ago seems to be working out quite well. Sometimes I have to chase her out. She’d stay and work for nothing if I let her.”

“Another bibliophile?”

“Yes, and a geek as well. She kind of reminds me of myself at that age.”

Jordan opened his eyes and sent his lover a soft smile. A handsome man was Marcus Jones. He sported jet black hair that brushed his shoulders, emerald green eyes that sometimes saw too much and a smile Jordan thought looked sexy as hell. Marcus would blush if Jordan told him that whenever they went out together, many heads, male and female, turned to admire him.

They’d been lovers for a year and a bit, and had lived together for the past eleven months. This counted as Jordan’s third long-term relationship. He’d had a previous one with a woman, and one with another man before hooking up with Marcus.

The two of them had enough similar interests to be able to share common ground, and enough differences to keep things stimulating. He thought of one area in which they agreed—an appreciation for women—and recalled his earlier encounter in the elevator.

“I ran into our neighbor on the way in today,” he said.

“Chastity? Coming or going?”

Marcus’s face had lit up and Jordan tilted his head. “You really like her.”

“I do. She’s got such warmth under all those layers of breeding.”

“Huh. I’ve always had the opposite impression, though I wouldn’t mind getting her naked.”

Jordan grinned when Marcus's eyes twinkled and he made a sound that could have been agreement. "Anyway, to answer your question, she was coming in."

"Early for her to call it a day. Probably brought a ton of work home with her."

"I don't equate the image of Ms. Sawyer with the image of work. Sorry. And now that I think about it, she wasn't carrying anything but a small handbag."

"I can sympathize with your attitude, love. It's hard for a man to look charitably on someone born with the proverbial silver spoon in her mouth when he's had to claw and scrape his way from nothing to lots."

He felt the mild chastisement. Jordan knew himself to be a bit of a reverse snob, no question. And since Marcus seemed to like the woman, he figured the man was entitled to defend her when he thought she was being unfairly attacked.

The man wouldn't be Marcus otherwise.

"What kind of a name is *Chastity*, anyway?" Jordan guessed he couldn't let it go completely. He used his peripheral vision to see if he'd pissed his lover off, or not.

Marcus smiled. "She and I have had several conversations, and so I can tell you her full name is Chastity Prudence Brighton Sawyer. Her paternal grandmother named her, then ended up raising her after the death of her parents just after her tenth birthday."

"All right. You've succeeded in making me feel sorry for her."

"Good. She's always been very pleasant to me. She's one of my customers, too. Quite well read, with very eclectic tastes, and a willingness to try new things."

Jordan wondered at the odd note in Marcus's voice. Then he let it go. He hungered. He hungered both for food, and his lover.

Setting down his glass, he slid closer, caressed Marcus's face, then leaned forward, placing his mouth on his. Marcus opened wide for Jordan's tongue, and his lover's generosity, as always, fired his

blood. Jordan took the kiss deep, his tongue swirling and commanding, an edge of need, greed and demand seeping in.

Marcus groaned in a way that told Jordan the sub in him relished the change in mood.

“On your knees.” Jordan couldn’t keep the raggedness out of his voice. Marcus hurried to obey, turning around, kneeling on the submerged bench, his hands gripping the edge of the tub. Jordan noted the shaking, the almost unconscious way Marcus lifted his ass higher, spreading his knees—offering himself to Jordan.

Reaching above his submissive lover, Jordan grabbed a condom out of the box they kept on the shelf.

He donned the protection quickly, then teased Marcus by brushing his latex covered cock over his anus while his right hand pressed the dispenser of the bottle of waterproof lubricant sitting next to the condoms.

Sex in the hot tub had become a favored thrill for them both.

Applying the cool gel, preparing the way with a finger, Jordan leaned over Marcus’s back, placing kisses on his neck, using his tongue to taste and tease his earlobe.

“What do you want, Marcus?”

Marcus trembled and groaned as Jordan worked his finger in and out of him. “You. I want your cock buried in my ass. Please, Jordan.”

“Do you? I don’t think I quite heard what you said. Why not try asking again, properly this time?”

Marcus fell into the role, into the game, as naturally as breathing. Jordan never had to wait for his lover to weigh his options or consider his choices. Jordan demanded. Marcus submitted.

“Please, master. Please fuck me. Fuck my ass.”

“Yes.” Jordan pressed forward and the way Marcus’s sphincter gave way, opened, allowing for immediate and complete penetration, thrilled him.

He buried his cock deep and felt it held in a tight, hot clasp. Reaching forward, he grasped Marcus's penis in a firm and steady grip.

"Take it, Marcus. Move. Pleasure us both."

Jordan groaned as his lover began a slow back and forth swaying of hips, a movement that not only precipitated a heavy fucking of his ass by Jordan's cock, it moved the cock in Jordan's hand, too. Sliding, melting, caressing, all worked together to feed the flames of Jordan's passion. He wanted more, needed more.

"Faster, Marcus. Move faster. Service your master."

The rhythm increased and Jordan relished the hot, hard slide, the incredible glide. He put his weight on his lover and reached his other hand around so he could cup the man's balls at the same time he pumped his cock.

"Oh yes."

Marcus's hiss of pleasure filled Jordan's heart with equal parts lust and love. Unable to restrain himself a moment more, he said only, "Hold on."

Marcus stopped moving, grabbed the edge of the tub more securely, and held on. Jordan would have laughed if the need to take, to rush headlong to climax, wasn't so strong. He relinquished Marcus's sac, grabbed his hip, and began to pound into him with a fast, biting cadence. Reaching, driving, he felt his lover's cock begin to twitch and jerk in his hand just as his own ejaculation shot hot semen into the sheath that protected them both.

Collapsing on Marcus, trusting in his lover to support him, Jordan struggled for breath. His heartbeat slowed, and tenderness filled him. He brushed a gentle kiss on Marcus's neck.

"I didn't hurt you?"

"Never. You've never hurt me. It's always so good between us."

"It is."

He moved carefully, withdrawing from Marcus and reaching for a small towel to help him with the aftermath of climax.

“Do you want more wine?” Marcus asked.

Jordan smiled at the heavy lidded, sated look on his lover’s face. “Yes, but in the living room. Much longer in here and I’ll either turn into a prune or fall asleep. I’ll get our robes.” Jordan grabbed a large towel as he got out of the tub and dried himself briskly. Then he padded to the closet, took out identical white, thick terry robes. Handing one to Marcus, he pulled on the other.

“You could use the sleep,” Marcus commented as he shrugged on the soft garment. “Are you going to the club tonight?”

“No. I want to stay home with you, eat that incredible-smelling dinner you’ve cooked, and relax. Tomorrow is soon enough to go in though I may need to spend most of the afternoon and evening there.”

“Of course you will. I’m glad you’re staying in tonight. We could watch a movie after dinner.”

“That sounds perfect.”

And it did. Yes, he might still be on the young side to relish hearth and home as much as he did. But if experiences and trauma added years, then he figured he had already slid into advanced middle age.

Chapter 3

For the first time in her life, Chastity Sawyer called in sick to work. Since she was the boss, she thought it probably a pretty bad thing to have done.

That would make it her first bad thing, ever.

She'd awakened feeling as if a bubble of thick gooey gelatin had formed around her. Her eyes felt scratchy and her throat raw. She could almost believe she'd indulged in a first-class crying jag the night before—except she hadn't.

No tears had come as she'd sat for hours in one of the exquisitely designed imported Finkeldei chairs that graced her living area. The occasion marked another first for her. Never had she spent an entire evening sitting in one chair, doing nothing.

She'd been raised to utilize every spare bit of time as if failing to do so constituted the greatest sin known to mankind. Idle hands and all that. Grandmother had been unrelenting in her discipline and her life lessons, until Chastity had grown into a—what?

As she'd sat and watched the shadows lengthen outside her wide picture window, she re-lived every moment from the instant she heard Blake's voice until she had fled to the sanctuary of her own penthouse. She revisited her grandmother's reaction to her revelations and one question formed, drowning out every other thought: *What about me?*

She'd done her best to please her grandmother in every endeavor, because it had been the *right* thing to do. She'd made that effort secure in the knowledge that despite Gertrude's seemingly cold and unfeeling ways, she always had Chastity's best interests at heart.

When Chastity had at last fallen into a fitful sleep, she'd been accompanied by the realization that Gertrude didn't truly care for *Chastity* nearly as much as she cared about herself, her reputation, and the family name.

Words chased her in her sleep, not the words whispered post-coital by Blakey and his floozy, Miranda, but those overheard earlier in the day. The entire scene played out in her dreams, as if she lived it over again.

She had ten minutes before her scheduled meeting with Ms. Harper, the special events coordinator of the Royal Marquise Hotel.

The Sawyer Trust would be holding its annual gala and fundraiser there again this year, and as director of the Trust, a charitable foundation, the legacy of her father's family, seeing to the details of the event was her responsibility.

Taking advantage of the opportunity before the meeting, Chastity availed herself of the ladies room.

From inside the stall she heard the sound of the restroom door opening, admitting two giggling, chattering and unseen women.

"Oh my God. You have got to be shitting me."

"I am not. Jackson took me there last night."

"Jackson took you to Reckless Abandon? Who would have thought he knew about such a place? Jackson!"

"He learned one of his friends had a membership there and so he arranged for a guest pass without telling me, as a surprise. And boy, was I ever surprised!"

"So, what's it like? I've heard so many rumors about that place. Could you hear people screaming? Did you see anyone walking around with whips and chains? Is it really a sex club? Did you, like, see people doing it?"

"We saw a lot of wild things, let me tell you." The female voice dipped conspiratorially and Chastity could barely make out the next words. "I had the best orgasm of my entire life."

"Oh. My. God."

To Chastity it sounded as if the second woman, the one who hadn't gone to Reckless Abandon, was having her own orgasm right then and there.

"I have got to go to that club!"

"Couples only, with a membership. It's all legal and everything. Single men can't join. From what Jackson told me, if a woman goes there alone she might as well be wearing a sign advertising 'Master wanted, fuck me please.' It is not a scene for good girls, if you get my drift."

"Maybe I am ready to be bad. Very, very bad."

Chastity heard the sound of two toilets flushing, then water running in the sinks before the two women left the bathroom, still giggling about Reckless Abandon.

Chastity had awakened, awash in embarrassment, and strangely lethargic. So she took the day off, but had no idea whatsoever what she would do with the vast plain of time stretching out before her.

The memory of her dream, however, and of the actual incident yesterday, wouldn't leave her be. A wild idea began to take shape. She had spent a lifetime being a good girl, doing all that had been expected of her and more, and what had been her reward?

Betrayal by the only two people in the world she loved.

Maybe the time had come to stop being a good girl. Maybe the time had come to stop putting everyone else's happiness ahead of her own.

If I'm going to be bad, I should dress the part.

She had no concept of what kind of club Reckless Abandon was, really. There'd been clues in the whispered confidences yesterday. Whips and chains and sex. That sounded extremely bad to her—and extremely bad sounded like *just* what she needed. The time had come to turn a page in her life, to emulate her grandmother and her former fiancé, who didn't yet know he had been kicked into the "former" category. The time had come for Chastity to think only of Chastity.

She liked the name of the club. Perhaps that would be the hallmark of how she'd live her life from now on, with *reckless abandon*.

Chastity doubted the club really had sex being practiced on site. She'd never heard of a sex club operating in the city. Not that she would have heard about one, necessarily. Private club or not, she couldn't imagine that indulging in orgies was legal. Likely the whips and chains had been only props, part of the costumes the patrons wore. All that aside, it might still be a good place to meet a handsome stud.

One who would do delicious things to her with his cock.

Chastity slapped a hand over her mouth to contain her giggle. Well, why the hell not? Before she could think better of it, she dashed into her bedroom and yanked open her underwear drawer. A sea of staid and boring intimate apparel in white and pastel pink stared back at her.

Not good. Not good at all.

What she needed was some sexy, kick ass fuck-me scraps of nothing in black and hooker red. Refusing to allow another thought to form, telling her logic and her principles to go get screwed, she grabbed her purse and headed for the door.

Chastity knew just the place to shop. She'd never actually gone into the store, but so what? She had a feeling she stood on the edge of a precipice, about to embark on a whole lot of new experiences, starting right now.

* * * *

Jordan worked steadily through late afternoon and into the evening, taking care of the myriad details of club ownership neglected over the week he'd been in L.A.

He'd developed a workable rhythm, his eyes focusing every now and then to the television monitors that showed him the activity at the

door, at the two bars, and upstairs in the ‘play’ area. He usually took a stroll through the club a few times a night, acknowledging longtime members, keeping an eye out for troublemakers, and sometimes just enjoying the atmosphere.

On occasion, he would step into a game, if invited. Mostly these days, he just watched.

He’d opened Reckless Abandon four years ago, and it had proven a lucrative investment. Who better to run a BDSM club than a man who indulged in the fetish?

He understood his need to be in control of his life, his environment, and his relationships. He knew where it came from, and because he did, he’d been able to deal with it to a certain extent.

He still enjoyed playing out a scene every once in a while, and so did Marcus. His lover liked to hand over the reins of control. When he thought about that for any length of time, Jordan couldn’t help but smile. Knowing Marcus trusted him absolutely gave him a wonderful feeling.

Motion on one of the monitors caught his attention. He looked up and went perfectly still. He’d never seen the brunette dressed quite that way before, but that didn’t mean he didn’t recognize her.

Chastity Sawyer stood just inside the club entrance, trying to talk her way past Philip, his chief of security. Nervousness radiated off her in waves, but he read the look of determination in her eyes. He imagined what Philip was saying to her—that this was a private club, and she could only gain admittance either by accompanying a member, or after applying for membership, which would have to be sponsored by a club member.

She didn’t look too happy with the news.

Impulse had Jordan reaching for the phone. He keyed in the speed-dial number, and watched the monitor as Philip put one finger up in the universal signal to wait a moment, then answered his cell phone.

“The lady wants in?”

“Yes sir. I’ve been explaining our procedures.”

“Don’t give her any sign that I’m telling you this. I recognize her, and I’ll sponsor her.”

Jordan couldn’t keep back his smile as he explained to Philip exactly what he wanted the bouncer to do. Philip possessed a good poker face. He acknowledged his orders, and hung up.

Jordan watched as he spoke to Chastity. A look of surprised pleasure crossed her face, chased by a moment of uncertainty. Jordan watched her gather her courage, nod once, and hand over her light jacket. Philip hung the garment, and gestured her forward.

Jordan checked his watch and then picked up the phone again.

“Hello?” Marcus answered on the second ring.

“Hi. You’ll never guess who just walked into my club, alone.”

“You’re right. I have no idea. Who?”

“Ms. Chastity Sawyer.”

“Well, well, well.” Marcus’s exclamation carried a note of surprise, with an underlying tone of pure masculine interest.

“We talked last night about expanding our family. I’m intrigued by the lady, and I know you like her. My question is, would you be interested in—?” Jordan didn’t even have to finish the sentence.

“In a heartbeat. What are you going to do?”

“Well, now that I know how you feel, I’ll go and...interview her.”

“Darling, wear the mask.”

Jordan chuckled because now he heard the sexual excitement in his lover’s voice. “I had intended to. And those leather pants you had made for me.”

“Oh, God, I’m going to have to have an orgasm.”

“You’ll wait until I get home.”

“If you insist, of course I will, but I’ll want every delicious detail when you get here.”

“I might be able to give you more than details tonight, love.” Again, he didn’t need to explain himself.

“Oh, yes, please. I’m so glad we have a king-sized bed.”

Jordan hung up the phone. He took his time getting ready. Going to the closet he pulled out the pair of black leather pants. They had been specially designed for play with a rectangle of material attached by snaps where a zipper would normally be. Jordan smiled. Perfect for easy access.

Stripping off his clothes, he hung his shirt and pants neatly on a hanger, his boxers over the hook. He donned the pants and the black leather mask that got Marcus so hot. Then he reached for a few other items he kept on hand. One never knew when an extra collar and other accessories would come in handy.

When he left his office, his cock already stirred at the prospect of taking on one particular new sub.

* * * *

Chastity couldn't stop trembling. Her nervousness, a mute presence all day, increased the moment she'd opened the door to the club and come up against that six-foot plus bouncer, all bulging ebony muscles and shiny bald head.

She thought she wasn't going to be allowed in, but then the man had gotten a phone call and allowed her to enter.

She'd wanted to ask him why he'd changed his mind, but he scared the hell out of her. Despite that, she followed him to this room. He'd said only one word. 'Stay.'

One word had been enough for her. She wasn't going anywhere.

Looking around, she couldn't decide what this room could possibly be used for. Two straight-backed chairs, facing each other, had been positioned in the center of a square piece of carpeting in the middle of the room.

In the dim light, she could see some sort of decoration hanging from the ceiling in one corner. Curiosity got the best of her and she took a few steps in that direction.

Her gasp came involuntarily. She recognized the decoration. The sight of a pair of chains with wrist shackles attached sent a shiver across her flesh.

Turning away, another object caught her attention. At first she thought it must be one of those universal exercise machines, because there seemed to be some sort of hydraulic mechanism at the back of it. The front looked just like a giant letter 'X'. Stepping closer, she could make out two pairs of shackles, top and bottom.

"Does looking at that turn you on?"

The voice, sudden, deep and somehow familiar, shocked another gasp out of her. She spun on her heel to face the door. A man stood filling the doorway. He wore a mask that covered the upper part of his face. Piercing eyes of an undetermined color stared at her and Chastity felt that stare go right through her. His naked chest, chorded with muscle and a light dusting of hair, nearly made her mouth water. He had what looked like a stick in one hand, and held something else in the other.

His pants, tight leather, showcased his very impressive arousal.

"Answer me."

The note of command jolted her and she cursed her nerves that she actually jumped at the sound of it.

"I don't know what it is."

"Does looking at me turn you on?"

Chastity swallowed hard. She felt so unnerved it didn't even occur to her to lie. "Yes."

The masked man stepped through the door, closing it behind him. He stopped beside the chair closest to the door.

"I will reward your honesty with information. That device is our own little variation of a St. Andrew's Cross."

Information? Chastity had no more of that commodity now than when she had first stepped into the club.

Apparently he read her confusion. "You will note the handcuffs at the top and leg shackles at the bottom. In the upright position you see

now, you would be bound to the device, hand and foot, held immobile for whatever pleasure your master chose to take from your body. Quite often that pleasure is derived from the use of a flail or a riding crop, like the one I have in my hand, here.” He swished it through the air and the light whistling sound it made coursed another shiver down her spine. “Our little twist on this device allows it to change the angle at which you are held. Horizontal, and with pieces of the top and bottom crossbars removed, it leaves your pussy, ass and mouth easily accessible to your master’s cock—or however many cocks your master decides you will service.”

The pictures his matter-of-fact explanation brought to mind had morphed from the mere pencil drawings of her imagination to IMAX images in 3-D. Her nipples hardened and her pussy released moisture. She’d never been so aroused in her life. The butterflies in her belly danced to the rhythm of her heart pounding in her chest. In the face of this utter awakening of her body, she could only ask one question. “Who are you?”

He stepped closer, his eyes, a silver-grey she saw now, freezing her in place. His gaze raked her, resting for a few moments on her traitorous nipples, then down, focusing on her mound. She felt naked, as if he could actually see her pussy through her clothes. His perusal aroused, but his response stunned.

“I’m your master.”

Chapter 4

“My...”

Jordan wanted to smile at the look of shock on her face, but dared not. Instead, he walked back to one of the chairs, stood behind it.

“You seemed very insistent on gaining entry. This is a private club, and we exist for a reason. Why are you here alone, if not to find a master?”

“I came here because I needed—hell, I don’t know what I needed.” She blew out a breath and before his eyes seemed to totally deflate.

“Sit down.”

Jordan couldn’t prevent the sympathy that welled up inside him. He’d always thought of Chastity as being a snob, but he possessed enough self-awareness to know that came as much from his own inbred resentment of anyone who’d been born rich as from any impression she may have given.

When Chastity sat, he followed suit.

“This is my club. I’m the one who allowed you admittance. I have my reasons for that, which I will share with you shortly. Because this *is* my club, I know you’ve never been here before. Tell me why you’ve come.”

Jordan had good people sense and that sense quivered with awareness. He’d bet Chastity had no idea her emotions reflected in the expressions chasing across her face. She looked like a woman on the edge.

“I’d rather not.”

“Then you need to leave. And don’t come back.”

Clearly that wasn't what she thought he'd say. Though he didn't need to, he gave her a bit of an explanation.

"As your master, I am responsible for you. Everything about you is my concern. However, if you're not willing to meet me halfway by answering my questions, I have nothing to offer you. Did you come here tonight on a lark? Or do you have a deeper need?"

"Oh, God."

A lone tear tracked down her face, more heart-squeezing to watch than if she'd plunged into abject weeping.

"I don't want to leave." Her confession came out a bare whisper.

"Then talk to me. Tell me why you're here."

He thought she would continue to resist. Then, as he watched, all the fight drained out of her. Her words came, spilling one over the other in their desperate bid for escape, ravaging her along the way.

"I've always done the right thing, you know? I studied when I wanted to play and stayed home instead of making friends and having fun because Grandmother had taken me in and she was old and alone and I thought if I did everything right then she would love me. I took the job she wanted me to take and then when Blake came into the picture and I accepted a date with him, she seemed so pleased."

Jordan recalled Marcus telling him Chastity had become engaged to some scion of a socially prominent family. He could see her struggling with her thoughts. He needed her to keep talking. "Go on."

"He didn't know I overheard him...them. *Them*. Blake and his mistress." She colored and shook her head. "Is that term even used these days?"

"Your fiancé has a lover?"

"Yes. I had no idea. He told her he was only marrying me for my money. For the family connection. And for the short term. I turned and ran. I ran home to my grandmother. And I told her."

She stopped again and here, Jordan sensed, lay the real pain, the real blow that had caused her to do something so completely out of

character as to come to his BDSM club. “What did your grandmother say?”

“She was disappointed in Blake.”

“I can imagine.”

“No, you can’t. She expressed disappointment in him for conducting his private affair without due discretion. She said he would have to do better than that once he joined the family. Once we got married.”

“And in response to that you came here?”

“I’m not marrying that snake in the grass. And I’m done with being good.”

“All right. No more Miss Goody Two-Shoes.” That made Chastity laugh, but her amusement seemed colored with embarrassment, tinged with pain.

“What do you know about this lifestyle? About BDSM?”

Chastity’s face turned an even deeper shade of pink. “Not as much as I thought I did, apparently.”

“You thought it nothing more than role-playing. Dress-up for adults.”

“Yes.”

“Well it is that. It’s also much more. You came here tonight because you thought this would be the best place in the world to begin being ‘bad.’ Is that right?”

Chastity met his gaze for the first time since she’d sat down. “Yes. I’m sorry if that sounds, I don’t know, weak? Like a cop-out?”

“You wanted to come here and have the choice taken out of your hands. You’d rebel and be bad, but it wouldn’t *really* be your fault.”

“I...wow,” she puffed out a breath again, looked at her feet, then up again and met his eyes once more. “That sounds worse than weak, but you’re right. That’s what I did. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize. I’m very glad you walked through my door tonight. Now, I promised you a few answers. Stand up, over there.” He pointed to a spot about four feet away from her chair.

He waited until she complied before he got to his feet. Slowly he approached her. He made a show of walking around her, satisfied she knew he examined her, lasciviously.

Then he stepped close, behind her, and whispered, “Do you want me to fuck you?”

He backed away then finished circling her. Her response pleased him. Her nipples had turned into tiny points and her breathing had hitched.

“Well?”

“A part of me does.”

“The part that’s tired of being good.”

“Yes.”

“I’m bisexual. Do you know what that means?”

“I’m not completely ignorant. Of course I know what that means.”

“I live with my male lover. We have a committed relationship, but we’ve always planned to eventually invite a woman to join us. The *right* woman, of course. From the first moment I set eyes on you months ago, I wanted you. I want you still. And so does my lover.”

“You know me?”

Oh, she had more than a trace of embarrassment on her face now. He had to work hard at not smiling.

“We both do. And you know us. And I want very badly to fuck you, Chastity Sawyer. I want my hands all over your naked body, and yours on mine. I want to watch you fuck my lover, I want you to take us both at the same time. I want to feel you catch fire in my arms. I want you to give yourself to us—not just your body, but your mind and your heart as well. You want a lifestyle change, I’ll give you one. But you have to choose. You have to decide that this is what you want. And it begins right now. So yes, or no?”

He stood in front of her and could see the effect his words had on her. No doubt a part of her wished the floor would open up and swallow her. He recognized the expression. He could also see intrigue and interest, and he could smell her arousal. Something about her

pheromones really did it for him, because he was getting harder by the minute.

She trembled once and licked her lips with a nervous little flick of her tongue. Jordan's cock hardened even more. He could see her answer on her face.

* * * *

She'd never been this aroused, not ever, and he hadn't even touched her yet. The look in his eyes when she'd licked her lips had sent her senses scrambling.

I want to feel you catch fire in my arms.

She stood kicking at the gate of thirty and had never in her entire life caught fire in anyone's arms. Sex had never been a big deal for her. The memory of that lovers' chat between Blakey and his bimbo reared up, a lion ready to pounce, to tear and devour her feminine confidence. The image faded away thanks to Masked Man's question still echoing in the room.

"Yes." Chastity blinked, because her mouth had said that without waiting for her head to catch up. The word had been spoken, and the look of satisfaction on his face thrilled her and frightened her at the same time.

"You know who I am, don't you, Chastity?"

Since she really only knew one male-male couple, she nodded. Looking into eyes that had smiled at her as recently as yesterday in the elevator in her apartment building, she felt again that zing in her blood. Of course, yesterday she'd dismissed the sensation almost immediately. She'd had more pressing things on her mind.

Dismissing this man and what he made her feel right now would be impossible.

"Tell me who you knew me to be yesterday."

"Jordan Fitzpatrick."

"And who do you know me to be *right now*?"

Chastity had difficulty swallowing. Her throat had suddenly gone dry. She knew what he wanted, and sensed saying the words would be a turning point—and a commitment. Fear and arousal made up two sides of the same coin, as did trepidation and attraction.

“My master.”

Pleasure flashed in his eyes. Unable to stop herself, she looked down at his crotch. His cock pressed against the leather, an impressive display.

“You don’t have any idea what those words really mean yet, but you will. Take your blouse and skirt off. Fold them neatly and place them on the tiny shelf under your chair.”

Chastity had bought the new lingerie to give herself confidence, never really dreaming any man would see her in it tonight. She felt herself shudder, but honestly couldn’t say if she shook with nervousness or excitement.

Her fingers trembled as she unfastened her blouse. Slipping it off, she folded it and set it on the chair. Once her skirt joined it she set both garments on the tiny shelf, then returned to stand before him.

“Your lingerie disputes your name. There’s nothing chaste about them.”

She had forgotten he held the riding crop in his hand. He used it now, brushed the tip against her flesh to trace above the low cut of her bra. Her nipples tightened. When he moved it down to stroke over her mound, to slide it lightly between her legs, rubbing it back and forth over her slit, on top of the thin crotch of her thong, she couldn’t hold back her moan of pleasure.

“You’re very sensitive. You are going to go off like the Fourth of July.”

“I never have.” The words slipped out unbidden, leaving the pink residue of a blush on her cheeks.

“How many lovers have you had?”

That was a hell of an intimate question. She nearly shook her head at that thought. The black lace of the bra and thong she’d put on hid

nothing from his view, which had the question beat by a mile in the intimacy department.

“Two.”

“The wrong two, obviously. Now, come over here, put your arms around my neck, and kiss me.”

The sensation of her lace-covered breasts pressed against his naked chest tripped her heart rate even faster. He didn't wrap his arms around her, and she wished he would. With her arms around his neck, her breasts lifted, and the nipples peaked even harder. Stretching up she placed her mouth on his.

He didn't return her kiss and she pulled back, her gaze meeting his for a long moment. Was it challenge she read there, in his eyes? Stretching up once more she kissed him again and this time, she went wild.

Chastity's tongue pressed forward until Jordan's lips opened. Ravenous, she tasted and teased, drank and devoured. The ridge of his cock, pressed tight against her belly, grew larger and harder. He'd only asked for a kiss, but in that moment she wanted to give him everything. Undulating her hips, she rubbed her pussy against that leather-covered rod, and shivered with delight when her arousal shot higher.

Jordan scooped her up and pressed her against his cock, hard. Then he set her down and away from him.

“Naked. *Now.*”

She dropped the two tiny pieces of lace where she stood. Could she have an orgasm just from his looking at her?

He stepped forward, turned her and nudged her toward the chair. When he took one of her hands and placed it on the seat, she followed suit with the other.

Chastity cried out in near orgasmic pleasure as she felt his hand on her, stroking back and forth across her slit. The tips of his fingers brushed against her clit and her hips moved, tipping her eager pussy toward him, offering more.

He shifted, and she wondered what would happen next.

Fingers slid inside her as a hand came down on her ass, hard. She screamed, more in shock than in pain.

“Do as you are told, exactly what you are told, and *only* as much as you are told.”

He brought his hand down on her again, but his fingers continued to move in and out of her wet, hungry passage. Chastity whimpered, so horny she thought she’d combust. Three more slaps followed in rapid succession and she realized he was *spanking* her. She should have been indignant, outraged. Instead, she burned for more.

“Apologize.”

“I’m sorry.” Though she wasn’t really, because she’d never felt this heat, this need.

“Beg me to forgive you.”

“Please forgive me.” She thought she’d say anything to keep this wonderful arousal spiraling. He’d finished the spanking, but Jordan’s fingers still worked her. Tilting her hips, she tried to force them deeper. When she did, he pulled them back so that he barely stroked inside her, denying her quest.

“Your master didn’t hear you.”

Master. Heart pounding, balanced on the edge of frantic, Chastity cried out, a sound of frustration and desire rolled into one.

“Please, Master, please forgive me.”

“Better. Now, beg me to fuck you.”

Yes! Yes, that’s what she needed, what she wanted. She craved the feel of his cock moving in and out of her, yearned to feel the force of his thrusts, his hands on her hips, fingers digging in, holding her steady for his plunder.

That part of her labeled twenty-first century woman cringed at the concept of begging a man, or anyone, for that matter, for anything.

The love-starved woman in her, however, wounded by a fiancé’s betrayal and a grandmother’s indifference, would do anything, *anything* to claim back her femininity, would put any kind of salve

she could find on the wounds to her ego and self-confidence. To feed the passion that had risen so fast and burned so hot for this man. If she had to beg to get that, she would.

“Please, Master. *Please fuck me.*”

He pulled his fingers from her and stepped back, and Chastity braced herself against the chair.

“No.”

Chapter 5

“No?”

Jordan nearly laughed at the indignant tone in Chastity’s voice. He didn’t, because as aggrieved as she sounded she was still bent over that chair, her pussy gleaming wet with her juices, and he *was* still hard as a rock. He’d like nothing more than to fuck her fast and hard and deep. And he would.

Just not here, and not now.

“Straighten up.”

He didn’t add insult to injury by making her turn around to face him. Instead, he stepped up very close behind her.

“My cock will be deep inside you before you sleep again, but we’ll do this my way. Do you see those chains over in the corner?”

“Yes.”

“They have shackles at the ends of them. I want you to go over and put your wrists into those shackles.”

“Excuse me?”

“One of the things that needs to happen here, Chastity, is that you begin to trust me with your body, with your well-being. And I have to trust *you* to obey me. This trust between us won’t come easily. It won’t come overnight. So we start at the beginning, with small stuff. I have a few more minutes of work to do before I can call it a night. You’ll wait here for me. When I return, we’ll go home. Did you drive here tonight?”

“No, I took a cab.”

He heard a trace of defiance in her voice. Jordan smiled, but only because she faced away from him and couldn’t see it.

Chastity Sawyer was a woman of strength, one used to being in a position of authority. She wouldn't surrender control gracefully at first. He really didn't expect her to. But she would surrender it, because he sensed she needed to.

"Perfect. Then I'll take you home. That would be to my home, not yours. Now go and do as I've commanded. You don't have to worry that anyone will bother you. You'll be safe in this room until I return."

He waited, wondering what she would do. Finally, she took one step, and then another until she came to a stop before the chains. She stood for a long moment looking up at them. Though he felt tempted to intervene, to speak, he chose to wait. He could be a very patient man when he needed to be. After another tense minute, she rewarded his patience.

"What direction do you want me to face?"

"You may turn around so you face the door if you want to."

She did. The sound of the metal snapping closed echoed in the room. He liked the sight of her, naked breasts with nipples beading, arms above her head, wrists captured. He liked it a lot. "My, what a pretty picture for me to keep in my mind while I finish up my work. I won't be more than twenty minutes."

* * * *

Rain fell, a light drizzle that sparkled on the pavement under the streetlights and in the flare of passing headlights. Only the swoosh of tires on wet road broke the silence.

Chastity shivered.

"Cold, darling?"

"No. Nervous. Aroused. Confused. Not cold." Though she thought she should be cold, considering all she had on were her shoes and a very lightweight trench coat Jordan had produced for her to wear.

The clothes she'd worn to his club tonight lay folded in a bag on her lap. Sitting in a car, driving through the heart of the city wearing a coat with nothing underneath felt...naughty. Well, she *had* wanted to break out of her good-girl mold. She'd done a hell of a good job so far.

With the best yet to come. She hoped.

Oh, she'd been pissed when Jordan had said no after he'd made her beg him for sex. It didn't matter that right now, speeding through the dark of night toward new sexual experiences, that she understood his denial, even agreed with it.

He'd made her beg and then turned her down.

You don't have any idea what it means to call me master yet, but you will.

He couldn't make her do anything against her will. Of course, he couldn't. Although she didn't know Jordan very well, she'd come to know his partner, Marcus, over these past months. She'd always appreciated the man's warmth, kindness and gentle spirit. He was one of those rare, precious people who had a servant's heart, a genuine desire to serve other people, see to their needs and comfort.

She'd felt a kinship with him at first meeting, because from the time she'd turned ten she'd become a caretaker of sorts for her grandmother.

Chastity blinked, the thought a strange one, but now that she'd entertained it, she could see the truth of it. Needing a sense of stability and security after her dreadful loss, she'd sought to meet those needs by forming herself into what she'd decided would be the perfect granddaughter for Gertrude.

"Deep thoughts?"

"Yes."

"You'll share them. Later. For now, we're home."

Home. It occurred to her she hadn't had a real home, not a home-is-where-the-heart-is kind of home since her parents died.

Jordan swung his Jaguar into his parking spot, right between Chastity's BMW and Marcus's Mercedes.

"Good thing this lot is under twenty-four-seven guard. Between the three of us we have a rolling candy store for car thieves."

"I've never thought of that. I've never had a car stolen. Have you?"

"No, but I've boosted a couple."

Chastity knew she stared at him with shock in her eyes. She couldn't help it. He waited a couple of minutes before he grinned at her.

"In my wild and misspent youth. I had just turned nine at the time. Tall for my age, so I had no trouble reaching the pedals."

"Nine? Where the hell was your mother?"

"Zoned out on crack with her dealer rutting between her legs, most likely."

If he'd meant to shock her again, he'd hit the target. She thought she read a trace of defiance in his eyes. Was he daring her to condemn him? Or feel sorry for him?

"Well, it's good to know if I lose my keys you can hot wire my car for me."

After a moment of silence he exhaled on a chuckle.

"You've just been full of surprises tonight, Ms. Sawyer."

"Have I?"

"Most definitely. I think it's time to turn the tables, don't you?"

* * * *

"There you are."

Marcus greeted them as soon as they stepped inside the penthouse. He wore a dark brown robe. Chastity's eyes went to the collar around his neck. She'd never seen it on him before. She recalled then the one Jordan had brought into the room with him at the club.

She smiled at Marcus then looked at Jordan.

“You have to earn the privilege of wearing my collar, Chastity.”

Remarkable that he knew her mind so quickly when no one else ever had. She must have looked lost, because Marcus came up to her and stroked her hair lightly.

“Everything is going to be fine.” Then he kissed her.

His tongue moved in and out of her mouth with a seductive rhythm, his lips moist and warm. Mindful of the spanking she’d received earlier, she held her body perfectly still. But her mouth was avid in returning his kiss, her tongue eager to taste and explore. His taste differed from Jordan’s. The tone of his kiss felt almost worshipful.

Chastity felt Jordan move behind her and reach around her. She gasped when he pulled the coat away.

“Mmm, delicious,” Marcus whispered. He stepped back, his eyes glittering as he looked his fill of her. She could do nothing to prevent the heat that washed her face. Jordan chuckled. He stepped forward and tenderly stroked one finger along the collar the other man wore. Then he leaned forward and kissed him.

Chastity had never seen two men kiss before. The display shocked her, and aroused her. She saw tenderness, yes. But she could also see domination in Jordan and submission in Marcus.

“Marcus, take her into the playroom. I’ll be there in a few moments.”

Jordan walked off down the hall. Chastity watched him go, then turned back to Marcus. Such tenderness filled his eyes as he looked at her, she felt her throat tighten with tears.

“Come on, sweetheart. The playroom is this way.”

Since Marcus took her hand, she followed. She’d been afraid the arousal, the heat she’d felt at the club would have disappeared on the drive home. One of the things Blake had said about her to his mistress *did* ring true. Sexually, she had always been a cold woman. She believed herself completely incapable of feeling the kind of raging sexual heat she’d heard about—until tonight.

Chastity gasped when she entered the playroom. With marble flooring and light grey walls, the room immediately reminded her of a workout room.

She supposed it was—a sexual workout room. She recognized the St. Andrew’s cross, a smaller version of the one in the room at the club. Chains hung from the ceiling, and the walls held erotic silhouette paintings showing people having sex, interspersed with peg boards that held some exotic-looking sex toys.

Chastity didn’t recognize even half of the items. She did notice that most of the artistic renderings depicted three people, two men and a woman. The other thing that captured her attention was the massive glass-sided shower stall in the corner of the room, which is where Marcus led her.

He slipped his robe over his shoulders, letting it pool on the floor. Chastity couldn’t take her eyes off him. Muscular, solid, he appeared more imposing naked than clothed, especially when she looked down at his erect cock.

“I’ve been hard since Jordan phoned to tell me you’d walked into Reckless Abandon.” He reached a hand out and cupped her left breast. Using his thumb and forefinger, he pinched and pulled her nipple.

“Very nice. You’ve got very sensitive breasts, my love.”

“Her pussy is nice and sensitive, too.”

Jordan walked slowly into the room, naked and hard and so delicious looking she nearly whimpered.

“He’s hot, isn’t he?”

Marcus’s question took her aback for only a moment. Then she answered him because the situation demanded nothing less than the truth. “Very.”

The sound of running water seemed mundane compared to the exotic nature of the rest of the room’s décor. Taking her hand yet again, Marcus led her into the large cubicle and under the spray. Water rained onto her from above, below, and some place in between.

Wet and warm, the pulsating liquid soothed as it warmed, turning tense muscles more lax.

“Tilt your head back, darling,” Marcus crooned. He worked shampoo into her hair, his fingers strong and talented as they massaged her scalp.

“Oh, God.” Chastity felt the strength leech out of her muscles. Masculine chuckles caressed her flesh as surely as the heated spray. Then Jordan stepped into the shower with them. He slid an arm around her waist, tucking her in close to him.

“Go ahead and let go, baby,” he crooned. “I’ve got you.”

Closing her eyes to better absorb the sensations, she did as he asked, letting him take more of her weight. As water rained down to rinse the shampoo from her hair, she sensed Marcus moving around in front of her.

Soap-covered hands massaged her breasts, her belly, making her moan in delight.

“So you’ve only had two lovers,” Jordan said as Marcus continued to bathe her. “How many times in total do you figure you’ve had sex?”

“How can you expect me to think?”

Jordan laughed. “Try.”

“Mmm...” She did try. She remembered that young man in university who’d been more interested in having his own orgasm in record time than in giving her any pleasure. He’d been her first, a lover taken more out of curiosity than any great sense of love, or lust.

They didn’t last very long as a couple. Breaking up hadn’t touched her heart. And then there’d been Blake. He’d never been in any great hurry to do the deed, not bothering to initiate sex with her until the night of their engagement party.

“Not more than ten.”

The hands washing her body stilled. “I thought you dated the bastard for more than a year.” The edge in Jordan’s voice, the way Marcus looked at her had her wanting to fidget.

“Yes, but we just got officially engaged three months ago and we didn’t...” Her throat closed on her embarrassment. She gave in to the tendrils of self pity curling in her belly. “He didn’t want me until then.”

“You’re well rid of the prick.” Marcus sounded nearly as fierce as Jordan had. “How can any man worth the name not want you? You’re sexy and desirable as hell.”

“You’ll have us more than ten times before the next two days are done.”

Chastity’s usual reserve disappeared under the sensual stimulus of being first pampered, then aroused. In its place grew a boldness she’d never felt before.

“So you keep saying. But I’ve yet...*God!*”

They’d moved quickly, spinning her around so that Marcus stood behind her, Jordan in front. Marcus slid his arms around her waist and lifted her at the same time Jordan reached for her legs, spreading them.

She saw one flash of his erection, the length and the width of it, already sheathed in latex. Then he stepped forward, and in one solid thrust buried his cock deep inside her.

Chapter 6

Chastity moaned as Jordan's hard cock nudged the edge of her cervix. He filled her, stretched her, and the sensation shot her beyond wonderful.

Control had been taken from her completely. Suspended between these two strong men, her body held above the wet tiles of the shower stall, she had nothing to grasp, nothing to anchor herself to. She couldn't take command of her body, force an orgasm as she'd learned to do after her first two sexual encounters.

She could only take what they gave her.

Marcus played his right hand across her breasts as he helped keep her aloft. She felt the rod of his erection poking at her from behind.

"You're so tight, baby," Jordan said. He splayed his open palms on her ass as his arms kept her legs spread wide enough for his hips to fit between them.

Chastity couldn't hold back her whimpers. Nothing had ever felt as good as Jordan's cock moving inside her. In and out, over and over he stroked her, the tip of his penis brushing against one particular spot that seemed to send shivers throughout her body. Her arousal climbed impossibly high, like the thrill of impending fireworks, only hotter, deeper.

Fireworks excited for the moment, then faded. Chastity had the feeling that what had come to life between her and these two men would change her forever.

"*Please.*" She had already learned she could beg, and even though the last time had brought a denial, she knew this time would be different.

“You want to come, Chastity?”

Jordan had slowed his thrusts. She didn't for a moment think him unaffected by fucking her. The strain of control showed on his face and in the strength with which he gripped her flesh. A tremor bathed his arms and she didn't think it came solely from supporting her weight.

Something inside her tore free. She didn't know what it was, all she knew was that some great, terrible wound would begin to heal if *only* she could climax. “Yes, I want to come. Please, I need to come. *Please.*”

“Shh, baby, it's all right. Wrap your legs around me. Yes, good girl.” His tone had turned soothing, the expression on his face tender. He slid one hand from her bottom, across her hip to her pussy. His fingers found her clit and he stroked it lightly. “Come for us, sweetheart. We have you and you're safe. Come for us.”

The heat and the sizzle twined together, soaring until Chastity cried out. The climax exploded inside her, rippling through her body, consuming every molecule, evaporating every thought until nothing remained but this glorious rapture.

Jordan grunted, his thrusts a steady rhythm, his hands now clasped on her hips. She felt the spasms from his cock. Knowing she'd pleased him re-lit her orgasm. Cascading through her the tingles and shivers actually blurred her vision.

“Wrap your arms around me, Chastity.”

She complied without thinking. Aftershocks rippled her skin, puckering her flesh. Slowly she became aware that she lay boneless in Jordan's arms, and that the shower had been turned off. She felt moisture on her face, moisture flowing down her cheeks. She hadn't known she cried.

“Shh,” he responded when she began to stir. Because she could, she kept her head on his shoulder. She didn't even look around when he carried her, didn't care where he took her. He held her and

comforted her, filling a need that had gone unmet, it seemed like, forever.

When he slid her down to her feet and a warm, fluffy towel enveloped her she could only sigh in total bliss.

“No sleeping yet, baby. I very much need to feel your hot little mouth on my cock,” Marcus whispered. He cradled her in his arms as Jordan reached for a second towel. She’d never been cared for in quite this way before. Together they dried her and then laid her in the middle of the most enormous bed she’d ever seen.

“Roll over,” Marcus whispered.

On her belly, she felt him straddle her, felt the heat of his naked thighs grip her hips. Hotter than the rest of him, his cock lay against the crack of her ass. He was hard and the sensation of feeling him like that caused a tendril of arousal to spark to life within her.

She faced left. Jordan sprawled out beside her. She couldn’t read the look on his face. He stroked her hair at the same moment Marcus set his hands to massaging her back.

Her involuntary groan closed her eyes and sank her into the bed more deeply, or so it seemed. The scent of lily of the valley filled the air just before she felt the cold dribble on her back.

“I noticed you wearing this scent one day,” Marcus said. She could hear the smile in his voice.

“My mother’s favorite perfume, the only scent she ever wore. Daddy had picked it out for her.”

“Isn’t it amazing how smells stay with us? I remember visiting my mother a couple of years ago. She had soap in the bathroom that brought back instant sensations, good ones. When I asked her, mom said she had used it on me when I had been a baby.”

“There are other smells, too, that trigger memories for me. I thought it only a personal quirk.”

“Hmm. You’ve felt alone for a long, long time.”

“Yes.”

She *had* felt alone since her parents died. Guilt trickled awake, and she squashed it. She did owe her grandmother a debt of gratitude for taking her in. But she could also acknowledge the matriarch of the Sawyer family had neglected her emotional needs.

Thoughts of her grandmother evaporated when Marcus moved his hips, stroking his cock along the small of her back.

When he lifted off her, she rolled over onto her back. She flicked a glance at Jordan.

“Go on,” he encouraged. “I want to watch you suck my lover’s cock.”

* * * *

The expression in her eyes said she wanted to gobble him whole.

Chastity reached out a single finger and stroked the length of his cock, from base to tip. Encountering the bead of moisture coating the eye, she swirled it, like a lotion, smoothing it over the head of his penis.

Spreading her fingers, she grasped him then. He couldn’t hold back the guttural moan of pleasure. It had been a couple of years since a woman had stroked his cock. Chastity’s gentle touch felt so different from Jordan’s secure fisting.

She leaned forward, and he moved toward her, his cock jerking in excited response to that sweet mouth, opening in welcome. Just before she closed her lips around him she looked up, her gaze meeting his.

“You’ll be my first.”

Oh, God. The power of that statement, that gift, nearly made him come then and there. The sensation of her hot, wet mouth on his cock felt more than wonderful. She took him with delicacy, her tongue lapping and stroking the length of his erection even as she moved her head down, to take him deep.

“That feels wonderful, baby. You’re a natural,” he praised. Reaching down he ran his fingers through her hair. Then he looked at Jordan.

“Come here.” Jordan whispered those words, and Marcus’s heart soared. Jordan had gotten to his knees. Since Marcus also knelt on the bed it took no effort at all to lean forward, slightly, and mate his lips to his master’s.

Jordan’s tongue plunged and dominated, the grip of his hand in Marcus’s hair felt strong and sure. Marcus loved the flavor of Jordan on his lips and the sensation of Chastity’s mouth on his cock. His right hand settled on Jordan’s shoulder while his left continued to comb through Chastity’s hair.

Her tears had nearly undone him, and now her glorious mouth made him fly. Jordan moved back, onto his haunches, and watched as Chastity sucked his cock.

Arousal climbed until Marcus felt his heart catch, until he knew orgasm waited just a breath away. “I’m close, Chastity,” he murmured, flexing the fingers in her hair to get her attention. He thought to warn her. He didn’t know if she had any idea what it would be like if he came in her mouth.

Her gaze shifted up until their eyes met. And then she took him deep and sucked hard.

“Yes.” The spasms of ejaculation rippled through his entire body as stream after stream of his semen erupted. He couldn’t resist the urge to thrust. Jordan stretched out beside Chastity and braced her, his hand on her head holding her steady. Marcus closed his eyes and focused completely on his own orgasm, on taking every drop of pleasure as he hadn’t done in so long. Usually he met his keenest cravings by giving, rarely by taking. He felt Chastity shuddering and for one moment didn’t care if that reaction had been in protest or pleasure.

But as his ejaculation ceased, her mouth stayed on him, her oral caress easing, until at last she pulled back. The smile she offered him held assurance that she'd enjoyed what they'd done.

She lay back and looked at Jordan.

"Will you taste different?"

"Yes, darling. But you'll wait a while to find out. You need to rest now."

Marcus felt his heart melt in response to Jordan's words. The man he'd fallen in love with had become mellow these last months. He'd seen Chastity's exhaustion even as he'd encouraged her to taste him. He knew he'd probably feel guilty about that tomorrow.

"Our master is right, darling. You've shadows under your eyes."

"I didn't sleep very well last night." The last word emerged around a yawn.

"You may not sleep *much* tonight," Jordan whispered as he drew her closer, making room in the bed for Marcus to lie down. "But you'll sleep well."

Marcus arranged himself beside Chastity. They had her in the middle, which suited them both just fine. They worked to cover the young woman who had so quickly fallen asleep.

"I want to keep her," Marcus said. He looked over at Jordan, whose attention focused on Chastity.

The other man met his gaze. "We'll see what we can work out."

Marcus didn't fret over Jordan's lack of commitment. He knew his lover well. Jordan always thought to hold himself back for a bit, until he became absolutely convinced that making a commitment would be safe. Knowing the whole of the man as he did, Marcus couldn't blame him for it. But because he did know Jordan so well, he knew one very important fact that he doubted Jordan even realized.

The man was already more than halfway in love with Chastity Sawyer.

* * * *

Jordan opened his eyes, completely awake. The soft glow of light from the attached master bath relieved the utter blackness of the night. He hadn't awakened to complete darkness since shortly after Marcus had moved in.

The other man must have gotten up and turned the light on after he'd gone to sleep.

Nearly a full year they'd lived together, and Jordan still wasn't used to the depth of caring and caretaking Marcus held in his soul.

No wonder he'd also been drawn to Chastity.

He looked down. The woman had wrapped herself around him in her sleep. Since they all had fallen asleep naked he could hardly mind. He ran his hand up and down her back, his caress gentle.

He'd seen her only a handful of times over the last few years and judged her based on his own prejudices. He wasn't overly proud of that fact. She may have been raised amid wealthy surroundings, but he thought now it would be difficult to decide which of the three of them had suffered the worst childhood.

Those tortured years of their youth had marked them all, changed them and set them on the paths that had eventually brought them together.

And there lay Marcus, sleeping the sleep of the angels, a man who had suffered horrible abuse at the hands of his father, yet now lived to take care of others.

Jordan was the Dom in this relationship, but it wouldn't surprise him at all to discover that Marcus had chosen Chastity and then done what he could to, well, if not engineer them all into bed this way, at least make this outcome seem more natural.

Chastity stirred. "Jordan."

His name had emerged on a moan, as if she looked for him from within her haunted dreams. "Shh." He gathered her closer and kissed the top of her head. "Go back to sleep, baby. I have you."

Chastity settled again, and Jordan closed his eyes. It hadn't taken much, he mused, for his heart to become engaged. Watching Marcus while Chastity had pleased him had told him the other man was already more than halfway in love with the woman.

That and the sense of contentment that filled him now because she clung to him, and in her sleep had whispered his name, assured him that he felt the exact same way.

Now they just had to get Chastity to fall in love with *them*.

Chapter 7

Chastity's eyes drifted shut a moment after her mouth closed over the fork.

Never in her life had she tasted a more delectable omelet. When she opened her eyes again, she encountered Jordan's smug smile and Marcus's pleased expression.

"This is *wonderful*." The words seemed inadequate, but Marcus's smile grew huge.

"His lasagna will bring tears of gratitude to your eyes," Jordan confided.

"You could open a small café in the back of your bookstore. My God, Marcus, people from all over the city would line up to eat there!"

"You and Jordan—like minds. I love my bookstore just as it is, thank you very much. I'm more than content to cook only for the people I care about."

She felt her face heat, because he looked right at her when he said that.

She'd never passed a night like last night. Never imagined having a lover on such short acquaintance, let alone two in the same night. She'd known Marcus and Jordan as a couple, and had thought nothing of it, really. So discovering she got turned on watching them kiss just begged the question of what watching them make love would do to her.

What the three of them had shared last night didn't feel like casual sex, but Chastity had no idea how to characterize it.

She'd never before realized she needed to label things.

"What's on your agenda today?" Marcus asked her.

He wasn't wearing his collar this morning. Dressed in business casual, his button-front shirt and pressed trousers made him look like a professor. His dark hair showed streaks of grey at the temples. When he smiled, his face evolved from handsome to beautiful.

What would that smile feel like against my pussy?

Chastity's face heated as that wild and uncharacteristic thought lodged in her mind. She ducked her head in embarrassment, but not before she noticed the unspoken communication between the men.

She returned her attention to Marcus's question. It was Friday, but during the week her schedule never varied. "I have to go in to the office today. And I really should, because I didn't yesterday."

"Would you mind if I accompany you?" Jordan asked.

How polite he sounded! Wasn't he supposed to be her master? Chastity guessed her unasked question must have showed in her eyes.

"Accepting me as your master doesn't expunge all your rights to self-determination, sweetheart. Although I do know some people who live the lifestyle that way, that's not how we do it."

"I feel stupid." Chastity didn't like not knowing the details. She prided herself on her intelligence, and her ability to assimilate knowledge.

"Quit it. You're not stupid, just uninformed. One of the reasons I want to accompany you is so we can spend some time talking."

"We all start somewhere, baby," Marcus added.

Chastity let her gaze rest for a moment on her breakfast. She wanted more of what these two men had to offer. She'd been pampered and cared for last night in a way that had fed some very deeply buried needs.

She looked at Jordan. "Yes, I'd be pleased for you to accompany me. I'm just hoping you won't be bored."

The smile he gave her then did strange things to her belly.

"Trust me, darling. You don't bore me."

* * * *

Jordan found himself in the position of having to take back his opinion that Chastity did nothing but pretend to work.

The first thing he noticed when he followed her inside her office was the stack of file folders in the center of her desk.

“What is that?”

“Grant applications. There are a lot of organizations and people who apply every year to receive funds from the Sawyer Trust. One of my main jobs is to sift through the applications and select the ones most worthy.”

“You should have people cull out the nut cases and pass you on the rest.”

“I do. This is today’s—and yesterday’s—offerings.”

“Good God.” There had to be fifty file folders stacked on her desk.

“My great-grandfather Sawyer began the trust in honor of my great-grandmother, who died at the age of forty. My great-uncle Wilfred held this position until I took over. He died last year. There’s always been a Sawyer in the director’s chair, even though it’s not just Sawyer money anymore. We hold an annual fundraiser, and other donors entrust us with their funds as well.”

Her office was spacious, no doubt about it. The furnishings looked trendy and seemed comfortable. And looking at her sitting behind that big desk, Jordan understood something very basic about Chastity Sawyer.

She hated her job.

A young woman brought in a tray of coffee and set it on the low table by the sofa. Chastity didn’t quite sigh in relief when she got up from behind her desk, but he thought she wanted to.

When she sat beside him, he asked, “What would you rather be doing?”

“I wanted to teach learning-disabled children.”

The words came instantly but what caught Jordan’s attention was the way her face lit up with her answer.

“And you didn’t because your grandmother wanted you to take this position, instead.”

“Yes.”

Jordan never used to be a tactile man. Eleven months with Marcus had changed him. Without thinking he took Chastity’s hand, and twined their fingers.

“You can do or be whatever you want, sweetheart. You don’t need to live the rest of your life doing what your grandmother wants you to do.”

Before she could answer, the door to her office opened, without a knock.

“Chastity, I tried to reach you last night—Who the hell are you?”

The man looked soft, a pampered Little Lord Fauntleroy who’d never done a hard day’s work in his life. Well aware of his basic prejudice against the trust-fund class, Jordan still didn’t think his assessment of this newcomer was much off the mark.

Chastity jerked. Jordan kept her hand in his and gave her a squeeze of encouragement. He felt her stiffen, and noted the polite mask that slid into place on her face. *That* was the look that had convinced him she’d been a snob.

“Jordan, this is Blake Clayton.”

“The former fiancé,” Jordan said.

“Former? Hardly. Gertrude called me, Chastity. A courtesy you failed to extend yourself. I don’t know who has been spreading rumors about me, but I can assure you that they’re false. I’m really quite insulted and frankly very disappointed that you would even listen to gossip, much less believe it. Whoever saw me and Ms. Carver having coffee in the Royal Marquise hotel the day before yesterday certainly mistook a perfectly innocent—”

“Bullshit.”

Jordan could see Chastity's response shocked Clayton. He didn't bother to restrain his smile.

Then Chastity turned and touched Jordan's arm. "Did you know that Blake's cock does delicious things to Miranda? But then she's his sexy little honey pot, and he's going to need to drink from her just to keep sane while he's married to me. Isn't that right, Blakey-poo?"

The man actually paled. Jordan didn't feel the least sorry for him.

Chastity turned her attention back to Clayton. "In case it hasn't yet sunk in, I didn't listen to gossip. I listened to *you*—you and your bimbo. I am *not* going to marry you, Blake. You're going to have to find someone else to—now, how did you put it? Ah, yes, open doors and give you a cachet you wouldn't otherwise be able to claim. Even if you only planned on being stuck with me four years, max."

"Gertrude assured me the engagement still stands."

"Then, as I suggested to her when she said the same thing to me, you can marry *her*. As you can see, I don't have your ring with me. I'll mail it to you. I believe you know the way out."

"I'll talk to you later, when you're alone. After you've had some time to calm down, I'm sure you'll see the advantage of continuing on with our plans. In the meantime, you can be certain I'll report your behavior, and your apparent assignation here, to Gertrude."

Jordan waited until the door closed before he gently pulled Chastity into his arms. "Well done, sweetheart. He was the other reason I came with you today. I had a feeling he'd come to see you."

"I thought I'd feel more hurt when I faced him. Instead, I got pissed off."

"That's because you weren't in love with him."

"No, I wasn't."

Jordan continued to hold her, stroking her back and enjoying the way she burrowed into him. She'd done that in her sleep, too. The idea came to him then that Chastity was as needy emotionally as he had been when he first got together with Marcus.

For now, he focused on the woman in his arms. That last dig of Clayton's had hit the mark, even if Chastity hadn't shown it. "It's your grandmother's behavior that has hurt you most."

"It is. And I don't know what I'm going to do about her."

Jordan hoped Chastity would have the luxury of time to shore up her defenses before having to face the older woman. In his experience, going toe to toe with the woman who had raised you, even if that woman had failed miserably and you had right on your side, could be a very hard thing to do.

* * * *

"It's about trust."

Chastity tilted her head to one side. Jordan had turned out to be an intriguing man. Mercurial, going from flashing her cheeky grins to sliding his arms around her and just holding her when she needed it. Then as if a switch had been thrown, he'd become the Dom.

After an hour of perusing grant requests, Chastity had decided she'd had enough of her work for the day. In the two years she'd been at the helm of the Trust, she'd missed only one day—yesterday. She felt too restless to sit at her desk. When she'd told Jordan she didn't want to stay there any longer, he asked her where she wanted to go instead.

So they sat at this picnic table in a corner of Lakeside Park at around noon on this lovely summer Friday.

"You said that before—the need for trust."

"It bears repeating. There are as many variations in the lifestyle as there are individuals living it. Some are more into the bondage and pain aspects of it. That's not me." He proved himself a mind reader then, because he added, "That spanking wasn't an application of pain, darling, it was *discipline*."

"It hurt like hell."

He actually had the nerve to laugh!

“That may be, but you behaved yourself when Marcus kissed you later last night. Open your blouse.”

The non sequitur startled her. “Here?” Though there appeared to be few people about, they sat in an open park in the middle of a lazy afternoon.

“Don’t ask questions, and don’t hesitate. I’m your master and I’ve given you a command. Now, open your blouse.”

The look in Jordan’s eyes had left teasing behind. She began to unfasten her buttons, formed in the shape of pearls. When the last of the seven had been slipped from its buttonhole, she folded her hands on her lap.

“It’s about trust, but it’s also about control. My exercising it, and your relinquishing of it. That’s why I’m a Dom. I need to have control—of my life and my relationships. And you, sweet Chastity, very much want and need to turn over control—of your life and your relationships. You just don’t fully realize it yet. And you also need to learn that you can trust me not to bring you to harm, in any way. Now, reach up and pop open that nifty little front closure on your bra. From the moment I saw you pull that thing on this morning, I’ve been having delicious fantasies of it being opened just this way.”

She had noticed Jordan’s interest in her bra as she’d dressed that morning. Right after breakfast, Marcus had been sent to gather her clothes. Then her men had showered her, making certain every inch of her flesh had been washed, rinsed, and moisturized. Jordan had directed her dressing as if the act had been a stage play. The entire ritual aroused her, giving her a hum in her blood that had stayed just simmering, until now.

Part of Chastity couldn’t believe she actually did it. Jordan didn’t look smug because she’d obeyed. He looked aroused.

“Push the cups to the side so I can see you nipples. Very good. Now pull your skirt up to your waist.”

She wanted to look around and make certain that no one was close enough to see. The look in his eyes told her he knew exactly what she

wanted to do. With as little overt movement as possible, she tugged up her skirt, a slim-fitting one like many of the business suits in her closet, until the garment was all scrunched up around her waist.

“Do you recall what you’re wearing beneath your skirt, Chastity?”

She swallowed hard, because the expression on Jordan’s face, pure lust, sped her heart and fluttered her belly.

“Of course I do—just panties. I didn’t bother with hose this morning because the weatherman said it would be hot this afternoon.”

“A beautiful red piece of nothing that hugged your pussy when you pulled it on the way I want to. Yes, darling, it’s hot and getting hotter. Give me your panties, please.”

Oh, God. Hot, horny, Chastity trembled with need. Removing her panties without drawing attention to herself would be difficult. Sitting on the bench, her legs under the table, she could either try to slither out of them, or be bold and stand right up.

She couldn’t quite bring herself to stand up and pull the lacy garment off, although the shock she’d give Jordan might just be worth whatever embarrassment the bold move caused.

She wiggled and tugged, leaning forward to try and lift her ass off the bench, all the while conscious of the way the man sitting across from her stared at her as if he wanted to eat her.

Her undies came free from between her and the wood she sat upon. She let them drop, caught the edge of them with her toe of her shoe and lifted them with her foot until she could grasp them in her hand.

Jordan took the proffered panties and held the crotch to his nose, inhaling deeply. Chastity would never have thought such a raw display could increase her arousal.

“Now you have a choice. I can eat you, or fuck you. Right here, right now. What will it be?”

“You have got to be kidding!” Surely he had to be joking? They were outside in a public park in broad daylight!

Jordan shook his head, then eased his body up from the table. Chastity met his gaze and his smile as he came around the end of it toward her. Using one finger, he lifted her face for his kiss. Bold, carnal, Jordan's lips devoured, his tongue dominated, spearing into her mouth as if to taste every bit of her.

When he lifted her up from the table she went, wrapping her arms around him, losing herself in the flavor and the heat of him. Nothing else mattered but that she continue kissing him and feeling the security of his arms around her.

He broke the kiss abruptly, spun her around, and pushed gently so that she leaned forward over the picnic table.

A rasp, a tear, a glide. He used one of his legs to move one of hers, spreading her legs wider.

Then Chastity cried out, shocked and aroused, as Jordan's latex-covered cock slid into her to the hilt.

Chapter 8

He thrust into her three times then stopped. His cock filled her, hot and still and deep.

“As you can see, Chastity, I’m not kidding.”

How could he even *talk*? Pleasure became a gentle ripple that spread through her body, pre-empting every thought. She’d been wet and ready before, but now it felt as if her juices flowed like a river.

“*Jordan*.” It didn’t matter that they were outside in plain sight of anyone who cared to look their way. Only the fabulous sensations coursing through her body mattered. Only the hot, hard presence of his dick deep inside her body mattered.

He began to move, his thrusts measured, deliberate. “When we go to the club tonight, you’re going to be paddled. Publicly. Considering where we are, a fitting punishment for you breaking the rules, don’t you think?”

“Can’t think.”

His chuckle sounded smug. “Then don’t.”

He braced his left knee on the bench and leaned over her, changing the angle of his thrusts. Chastity could only whimper as her arousal climbed. One large masculine hand reached around her to stroke and knead her breasts in turn. His other hand clamped on her hip, holding her steady for his relentless loving.

“Squeeze me.”

He whispered that command close to her ear, then used his tongue to trace the shell. Chastity shivered and tightened the internal muscles around his cock.

“You’re so hot and tight, darling. You feel so good around me.”

“Please.” Her orgasm sparkled tantalizingly close, and Chastity wanted, needed to feel those electrifying waves wash over her again. “Please, please, please!” She didn’t know any other way to beg, didn’t feel capable of uttering more than just that one word.

“Shh, Chastity. Don’t beg, baby. I’ll give you what you need. I’ll always give you what you need. Here now.” His fingers found her clit and began to massage it in light, quick strokes that set her off like a rocket.

Her shout sounded so loud it must have fluttered the leaves on the trees at the other side of the park, but that didn’t matter. The orgasmic tidal wave swamped her, took her under, obliterating everything in its wake. She came and came until she had not enough strength left to even hold herself up, not enough energy to do anything but collapse, her weight heavy on the table. She felt Jordan’s increased thrusts, heard his groan hoarse in her ear as his cock began to quiver and pulse inside her.

She took comfort from the press of his body against hers as, for a long moment, all they could do was breathe. Jordan placed a gentle kiss just under her right ear.

“Look around, sweetheart.”

With passion now spent and reason returned, she did. Only a handful of people occupied the park, none of them very close, and none of them looking in their direction.

“I would never really risk humiliating you, sweetheart. Remember that.”

* * * *

Blake poured himself two fingers of scotch and downed it in one gulp. Then he poured a second drink and carried the glass over to the bay window of his apartment.

What the fuck am I going to do now?

When Gertrude called him yesterday morning, he'd been certain it would only take some posturing and he'd be able to smooth whatever ruffled feathers Chastity might have. She was a cold, unfeeling woman, but she could be counted on to do her grandmother's bidding and to more or less behave in the best interests of propriety. Gertrude had failed to mention that it had been *Chastity* who had overheard him with Miranda. Stupid old bitch. If she'd told him that, he would have gone into Chastity's office with *mea culpa* on his lips.

Instead, he'd just dug himself a deeper hole.

"It's time to rethink this." His voice broke the silence and he blinked. He didn't usually talk to himself. He set his glass down, then scrubbed his hands over his face. There had to be a way to get Chastity back. *Not* getting her back wasn't an option. He was in deep shit and needed her money.

He'd borrowed five million dollars from a man who had no sense of humor, and no patience with excuses. The first payment would be due two months from tomorrow—three days after the wedding. This particular creditor would expect the money on time whether there had actually been a wedding or not.

If the investment Blake had made with half of that money had panned out, he wouldn't even need that cunt, Chastity, at all. He'd have made enough to pay back the full amount of the loan with interest. But his investment had soured. Not his fault. Who could have guessed the fucking markets would tank?

He eyed the remainder of the amber liquid in the tumbler. What the hell. Grabbing the glass, he knocked back the liquor.

Chastity's demeanor today had surprised him. She'd seemed different. And who the hell was that asshole who'd been with her? They'd seemed awfully damned cozy on that loveseat. "Jordan Fitzpatrick. That name sounds awfully fucking familiar."

Blake poured himself another scotch, then headed to his home office. He fucking loved the Internet. Information you used to have to

hire an investigator for you could pretty much glean for yourself with a bit of time and a modicum of effort.

In this case, finding the information didn't make anything clearer. He'd never met the guy personally before today but he'd certainly heard of his club, Reckless Abandon. What red-blooded man in this city hadn't? He'd had more than a few fantasies in his time about holding a woman bound and gagged and at his mercy.

Chastity Sawyer and Jordan Fitzpatrick. Surely they weren't a couple? Blake couldn't see it. Chastity was such a frigid bitch, he couldn't imagine her playing kinky sex games. And yet...

Maybe it wouldn't hurt to do a bit of snooping around. His uncle might give him grief for not going back to the office for the rest of the day, but Blake had to get a handle on this situation, fast. Clayton Commodities could get along without him for one day. Besides, once he married Chastity, he'd have enough money to buy and sell his uncle's firm several times over.

No, his time would be better spent taking a close look at Chastity's new friend. And while he looked, he'd come up with a way to ensure he got what he wanted.

Blake Clayton would see to it that things went his way, no matter what it took.

* * * *

Music throbbed, a slow and sexy beat that took them in the moment they stepped through the door. Friday nights at Reckless Abandon could be crowded and lively. The weekend had arrived and young professionals celebrated the end of the interminable work week, tapping energy that had lain dormant inside them the last five days.

Jordan could relate.

He'd been an employee once too, until he'd seen his way clear to having his own club. He had to be his own boss, really. That was his nature.

"Hand Michael your coat, darling."

He bit back a smile as Marcus helped Chastity out of the thin trench coat, the same one he'd draped over her the night before. She wore only slightly more under it tonight. Marcus loved shopping, and his trip out that morning had netted some tantalizing results.

The red bustier barely covered her nipples, and the black skirt barely covered her ass. The thong she wore beneath it provided a thin strip of material that *just* covered her pussy. If she bent over a bit the globes of her ass would shimmer pale white for all to see.

Both he and Marcus had dressed completely in black, shirt and pants made of the finest linen.

Chastity stood close enough that Jordan could feel her trembling.

Michael took her coat without looking at her. Chastity might think she needed a collar to be marked as Jordan's sub, but anyone versed in the lifestyle would get the message just from Jordan's attitude toward her.

"Good crowd tonight?" Jordan asked. His real reason for the chit-chat was to give the woman beside him the chance to calm her nerves before they went out onto the floor. He knew for certain she'd never appeared in public in anything quite as revealing as the costume she wore. He gave her full marks for working on the concept of relinquishing control. He'd presented her with the outfit, and she'd only hesitated a couple of minutes before she put it on.

"Very good, sir. Bev asked if you had a moment, to stop in and see her. She's in the schoolroom."

He turned to look at Marcus. "Good timing," he said to the other man.

"It is."

"Schoolroom?" Chastity asked after they stepped into the ground floor bar area.

“We have several themed rooms,” Jordan replied. “The schoolroom is one of the most popular.”

“And Mistress Bev, one of the most interesting ‘teachers’ you’ll ever meet.” Marcus added.

“I see,” Chastity said.

Jordan laughed, because it was clear to both him and Marcus that she didn’t see at all.

Colored spotlights swept the dance floor, flickering off and on in time with the music. Used to the surreal effect by now, Jordan scanned the sea of moving bodies. Yes, a very good crowd tonight.

He took Chastity’s hand and brought it to his lips. She turned her gaze to him and he read a trace of culture shock on her face. “Let’s go upstairs.”

“Do you want a drink, Jordan?” Marcus had to ask close to his ear to be heard over the sound.

“Yes, the usual, for us both.” He shot a look at Chastity, and when she lowered her eyes he knew she understood that if she got a drink, it would be *after*.

“Are you going to see Bev right now?” Marcus asked.

“Yes. Bring our drinks up there.”

He didn’t speak to Chastity as he led her up the stairs. When she seemed inclined to take a minute at the top and look down over the club’s dance floor he stood beside her and let her look her fill.

“I feel like I’ve entered a totally different world.”

“You have.”

She seemed steadier. Marcus came up the steps carrying two drinks. Keeping one for himself he handed the other to Jordan.

Perrier with lime had become his standard drink while at the club, whether he was working, or playing.

“Are you ready for what comes next?”

Chastity pulled her eyes away from the crowd, her look steady as she gave him a slight nod.

“Then let’s go.”

* * * *

She understood why they called this room the schoolroom. In many ways it resembled just that, complete with a chalkboard and a formidable-looking woman standing at the front of the room.

Not far from her thoughts all afternoon was the promise Jordan had made to her in the park. He fully intended to spank her, and in front of a crowd at that. Part of her had wanted to run away, screaming.

And part of her got wet just thinking about it.

But he had also promised he would never humiliate her. She'd been wondering how he could accomplish the one at the same time he guaranteed the other. As they stood at the back of the room, Chastity took in the people who sat at the desks—the 'students'. Male and female, their ages ranged from early twenties to the elderly.

"Class, we're honored with the presence of the Head Master. What do you say?"

The class turned their almost-adoring looks away from their teacher to take in the new arrivals.

"Good evening, Master," they chorused.

Jordan nodded only slightly, barely an acknowledgement of the subs, and addressed the teacher directly. "A moment of your time?"

As the woman made her way toward them, Chastity's eyes registered the presence of a prop at the front of the room.

She recognized the device immediately, amazed that the object didn't look any different there than it had in artists' renderings in her history books.

When she turned her attention back to Jordan, it was to meet his penetrating stare.

"When you're ready, and if you choose to submit to my will, tell Marcus and he will take you up front and secure you in the stocks."

Jordan then stepped aside to converse with the woman, Bev, in quiet tones. Watching them, Chastity didn't pick up on any intimacy between them.

There appeared to be maybe twenty people seated at the 'student' desks, and they all stared at Chastity with curiosity. A couple of the men gave her lewd looks.

She didn't feel humiliated. It felt as if she stood in the middle of a play, a part of the entertainment. Not standing out from, but included in. Not only that, she was horny as hell.

Chastity studied the wooden stocks. Positioned fairly close to the front of the room, she imagined that anyone secured in them would be displaying their ass to whomever cared to look. Because she stared at them, some of the room's occupants followed her line of sight. Then they looked at her with a mixture of longing, lust and trepidation in their eyes.

She *would* be on display to them, but Jordan would keep her safe.

So far, everything she'd experienced with Jordan and Marcus excited and thrilled her. In the span of a couple of days she'd come to taste not only pleasure, but pampering. She wanted more.

She wanted it all.

Chapter 9

The spanking Jordan had given her last night had stung. It had also aroused her as very little ever had before. She didn't really need any more time to prepare herself.

"I'm ready, Marcus."

Eyes followed her as Marcus led her to the front of the room. She knew Jordan watched her, knew she pleased him, and that was all that mattered.

Marcus flipped the catch and lifted the top bar.

"Do you see where you are to place your head and your wrists?"

"Yes."

Now that she stood in front of the thing, it seemed much lower to the floor than it had appeared. She had to bend over to put herself into position and knew, given the very short skirt and thong she wore, everyone could now see her naked ass. Once the stocks had been secured, her eyes rested on a rounded object with a handle. Wood, she imagined, and covered in what looked like black leather, she wondered if this would be what Jordan would use on her. Marcus took it in hand, so she took that as a yes.

Someone actually gave a wolf whistle.

"Who did that?" a stern female voice demanded. *The teacher.*

Chastity heard movement and knew the offender had gotten to his feet.

"I did, Mistress."

"Turn around. You may not witness this punishment. And when Master Jordan has taken his slave and left, you will take her place in the stocks."

“Yes, Mistress.”

Chastity wondered if she imagined glee in the man’s voice. A quick glance at Marcus’s smiling eyes told her she had not.

The sound of footsteps caught her attention. A large warm hand rested on her back, just above her ass.

“Are you ready for your discipline, slave?”

“Yes, Master.”

Her heart pounded in her chest as the heat of the stares washed over her. Chastity imagined she could hear everyone’s breathing, feel their emotions—anticipation and envy, arousal and angst. Or was that the echo of her own emotions running rampant through her?

“Do you know why you’re being disciplined?” Jordan’s tone sounded gentle, his hand still on her back. The heat of that contact warmed her completely. She’d been feeling chilled and vulnerable, her bottom exposed for all and sundry, her arms and legs bare and captured. Countering both feelings, Jordan’s touch warmed and secured her.

“Yes, Master. I didn’t obey you.”

“Is that really the reason you’re about to be punished, sweetheart?”

Chastity nearly reaffirmed her answer. Sudden insight found her changing the words. Disobedience wasn’t her crime. He’d told her, twice now. She began to understand what Jordan had meant when he said she didn’t know what taking him as her master meant, but she would. Damned if she wasn’t beginning to figure it out.

“No, Master. I’m being punished because I didn’t trust you.”

“That’s exactly right. You didn’t trust me. Now, how many times should I spank you with this paddle, do you suppose? How many strikes do you deserve for not trusting your Master?”

A strange time and place for an epiphany, Chastity mused. And perhaps if she hadn’t been raised the way she had been, the revelation might have come later, rather than sooner.

She'd toed the line for Gertrude her entire life and had never really been safe, never really been cared for, emotionally. In truth, she'd been abandoned emotionally from the moment her parents had died. So when the moment had come for Gertrude to stand with her, of course Chastity had been left standing alone.

She would be safe, completely safe, with Jordan. He would *never* make her stand alone. Hadn't he gone with her to the office that very morning because he'd been concerned that Blake would show up? And then, hadn't he let her deal with the bastard on her own? Yes, he had.

Accepting me as your master doesn't expunge all your rights to self-determination, sweetheart.

No, it didn't. Accepting him completely would be the greatest gift she could give herself.

Chastity answered her master's question in a voice clear and strong.

"As many times as you think I need, Master."

"You just gave me the perfect answer," Jordan said, and she heard pleasure in his voice.

He brought the paddle down hard on her ass and her body jerked. The *whack* echoed loudly in the room. Where the leather-covered wood landed, her skin stung.

Tiny tendrils of arousal began to snake out from her bottom to every part of her body.

Whack! The paddle landed in the same spot, and Chastity gasped. Not so much because it stung more—although it did—but because her nipples tightened painfully and her arousal climbed.

Four more times Jordan used the paddle on her naked ass. Then he paused.

"Do you think you've learned your lesson now, Chastity?"

A part of her wanted to say "Not yet." This new form of foreplay had turned out to be the most exciting thing she'd ever experienced. Being in front of a room full of strangers definitely added to the

attraction. However, she didn't want to lose control in front of them. Being on display wasn't something that came easily. Despite the arousal coursing through her, she didn't know how she would feel letting all these people watch her have an orgasm.

But Jordan had asked her a question, and she had to tell him the truth. "Yes, master. I've learned my lesson."

She could hear the sounds of restlessness behind her. A chair leg scrapped softly against the wooden floor. The sound of clothing rustled, the soft blow of exerted breathing gave her a pretty good idea what some people had been doing behind her while Jordan had paddled her. Chastity didn't doubt that some of the voyeurs had become aroused and begun squirming in their chairs. She was aroused. If her hands weren't secured she'd be tempted to use them to coax a climax, voyeurs or not.

"Good girl."

She felt Jordan step back, and then Marcus was there, opening the locks, lifting the top part of the device, freeing her.

Her bottom felt tight and hot. When she turned to face the 'class', Jordan slyly ran his hand across it.

"I don't want to fuck you here," he said so that only she could hear him. "We'll go home for that."

"Yes, please." She hoped they'd go there soon. She wanted another opportunity to get naked with her men.

* * * *

There'd been a steady stream into the club all night, and not too many patrons coming out. Those few who did emerge piqued Blake's curiosity. He wondered how he could go about gaining entrée into that place. The website had been discreet, calling Reckless Abandon a private club, with membership by invitation only.

His curiosity had driven him to stake out the place tonight. He'd swung past Chastity's apartment and seen her car there, which meant she likely was, too.

Maybe he could get a chance to talk to Fitzpatrick alone, come to some kind of arrangement with the bastard. Once Blake married Chastity, he'd bet her money would guarantee him membership into that club. He doubted Fitzpatrick would mind, as he couldn't imagine a man like him would be interested in more than just a quick lay with a woman like Chastity. Once he found out how cold she was, he'd be finished with her.

Blake had done a little research into that BDSM shit. Maybe Fitzpatrick might even be willing to give him some pointers on how to put the bitch in her place. The thought stirred his cock. Some of the things he'd read that afternoon had definitely gotten him hot. He knew Miranda would be willing to play some new games.

Blake checked his watch. It was nearly eleven o'clock. *Hell, maybe I'm wasting my time here.* Likely Fitzpatrick wouldn't leave until after closing time. Still, waiting it out would be worth it to gain the man's cooperation. He likely lived this fetish shit. Chastity had been nothing more than a cunt to him.

The door to the club opened, and Blake's attention was instantly caught.

He didn't recognize her at first. The long coat she wore had flapped open in the light breeze and he saw hot red over generous tits and miles of white, sexy leg.

Holy fuck that's Chastity! Walking with Fitzpatrick and one other man...no, she walked *behind* him and with her head down, at that. Why, she acted like one of those women who enjoyed being roughed up, one of those subs!

So she was into that shit? Blake felt his hopes for the future soar. He had the sudden insight that getting Chastity to do what he wanted would be a simple matter of exerting control over her.

He'd have to wait until morning, and make a couple of stops, first. Blake laughed. By this time tomorrow, he'd be exactly where he deserved to be.

* * * *

"Take off the skirt."

Chastity could feel herself shaking as she obeyed. Jordan's eyes glittered with heat as she worked the tiny scrap of leather over her hips. When it hit the floor, Marcus helped her step out of it. As he did, he caressed her leg, causing a shiver to run up her spine.

"Did you notice those tiny little zippers in the bustier, just under your breasts?"

Jordan's voice came out silky smooth and though he stood several feet away from her in the play room, it felt as if he ran his hands up and down her naked body.

"Yes, Master, I noticed them."

"They're not decoration. Unzip them, and hand the material to Marcus."

She was so excited she didn't know if she could get her fingers to work properly. She caught Jordan's grin out of the corner of her eye as she struggled with the zippers.

"Are you wet, darling?" The note of teasing, accompanied by Marcus's low chuckle inspired her own smile.

"Sopping."

"Good."

She handed Marcus the two pieces of material, personally delighted with the change in the appearance of the bustier. Her breasts lay completely exposed. Her nipples tightened in response to two heated male stares.

"As beautiful and hot as you look, darling, something's missing. Don't you agree, Marcus?"

"I do."

“Why don’t you go get the last part of our woman’s outfit?”

“I’d be honored to.”

Chastity tilted her head as she looked at Jordan. He simply smiled, letting her stew in her curiosity.

She didn’t have to wonder long. Marcus returned carrying a small, flat box. Standing so she couldn’t see inside it, he removed the lid and held the box out to Jordan.

“The last part of your outfit,” Jordan announced as he stepped forward. “I said you’d have to earn this, and tonight you did. Far faster than I ever dreamt you would. Destiny, I think. ”

The collar was black, narrower than the one Marcus wore, but otherwise identical to it.

Chastity’s vision blurred as Jordan fitted the symbol of his ownership around her neck.

“You belong to me now,” he whispered. “You belong to us.”

“Yes. *Please.*” She’d been many things in her life, but she’d never belonged, never felt as if she did belong, until now. Anything these men wanted, she would give. Anything they gave her, she would take.

Jordan took her face in his hands, lifting her for his kiss. Hot and wet, his mouth drew her in, drew her down, so that she swam in arousal and need. His tongue swept into her mouth, stroking, demanding, and she offered him everything. His flavor drenched her, warming every bit of her that had ever been cold and lonely.

She whimpered when Jordan weaned his lips from hers. When he stepped back, he nodded to Marcus.

This man’s kiss tasted different, yet no less hot, no less liquefying. Chastity opened to him, her tongue mating and dancing with his. Too soon, he pulled back, but his gentle touch on her cheek directed her eyes to an even better feast.

Jordan had shed his clothes. His cock, long and thick and impossibly hard, drew her attention and made her mouth water.

“Pleasure our master with that hot mouth of yours, baby,” Marcus said.

She needed no further urging. Slipping to her knees she wrapped her hand around Jordan's cock. Hot and smooth, the skin a soft covering for muscle with such rigid strength, Chastity had only a moment to wonder how she could be so lucky as to belong here with these wonderful men.

Then she opened her mouth and took Jordan's cock inside. Her lips stretched wide, and she shivered in pleasure. Yes, he did taste different than Marcus. His savory essence sent tiny flickers of joy through her. Here she discovered a taste she could come to crave above all others. Jordan's groan and the feel of his strong hands combing through her hair, holding her head to him thrilled her. She who had always believed herself lacking could pleasure this virile man.

"You have a fabulous mouth, sweetheart," he praised.

She slid her lips to the head of his cock, used her tongue to tease the tiny indentation. Looking up at him, she said, "I love your cock. I love both your cocks."

"Good, because you're going to have both our cocks." Jordan said as he pulled back. He pulled her to her feet, into his arms. "Feel free to go nuts." Then his lips lowered to hers.

Flinging her arms around him, she rubbed her breasts against his hair-dusted chest as she returned his kiss. She wanted all of him, her tongue and lips voracious, her hands stroking through his hair then caressing down his back, fingers flexing as if she could pull him into her. His rigid cock pressed against her belly, and she couldn't help but stretch up in a bid to fit it to her sex.

Arms enveloped her from behind, and a second hard, naked cock brushed her ass. Marcus slipped his hand under the scant covering of her thong. She rolled her hips forward, so her pussy could feel both his hand and Jordan's cock.

They connected, touching, all three of them.

"You've got too many clothes on," Jordan gasped.

Apparently Marcus agreed, for together and with barely leashed violence, they pulled the two garments from her.

Then Jordan framed her face, his lust-filled gaze meeting and heating hers while Marcus ran his hands across her ass.

“Our bed’s a softer playground, Chastity,” Jordan said. “You’ll take us both there.”

Chapter 10

Passion ruled.

Chastity had never known this kind of lust, this kind of need. Jordan carried her to the bed and deposited her on the enormous mattress.

“On your knees.” He hooked a finger inside her collar and drew her toward his cock.

She took him back into her mouth, eager to please, to coax his seed from him. Moving her head up and down, she traced the veins in his shaft with her tongue, pulling her mouth almost all the way off him before plunging again and sucking him deep. The tip of his cock touched the back of her throat, and she instinctively adjusted his depth so they would both receive the most pleasure. With little sipping motions, she began to suck. The flexing of his hips and his soft curse told her he liked that a lot. Bolder, she sucked harder.

The lap of a tongue against her sopping folds nearly shot her off the bed.

“Since his was the first cock in your mouth, we thought it only fitting his mouth be the first one on your pussy.”

Jordan’s words sounded surreal. She’d tumbled into a world where only sensation lived, only pleasure mattered. The long, slow strokes of a tongue against her clit, the nuzzling of Marcus’s lips and tongue on her labia and the exotic taste of Jordan’s cock in her mouth combined to drive her arousal higher, still. Marcus inserted a finger into her pussy, moving it in and out in tandem with his tongue caressing her folds. Jordan’s hands on her head held her still as he began to thrust, taking control, moving his cock, fucking her mouth.

“Hold on to me, baby. Hold on while we take you.”

Jordan’s raspy command sent tingles skittering across her flesh. Between her legs, she felt Marcus pull away from her, but had no time to mourn the loss of his tongue on her mons. The bed bounced with his movements. Jordan’s hands left her head only long enough to pull her hands onto his hips.

Then she felt Marcus on his knees behind her. The heat of his body coating her back, a brush of sensation against her pussy was the only warning she got before he plunged his cock deep inside her.

“Let me taste her on you,” Jordan whispered. He leaned over her, reaching. She looked up and watched as her two lovers kissed, as Jordan licked her juices off Marcus’s mouth. The tenderness, the passion between her men filled her heart and fired her blood even hotter.

Two cocks moved inside her, in and out in a fierce, relentless rhythm. Marcus held her hips in a firm grasp as he pounded into her. Groaning, he leaned over her and licked her neck.

“Your pussy is so hot, so good,” he said. “Seeing you with Jordan’s cock in your mouth is such a turn on. Damn, I’ve never been this hot.”

Her lips caressed as Jordan’s cock pistoned in and out of her mouth. She needed to taste him, to drink his essence as she had Marcus’s. She wanted the gift of his release even as she felt hers racing toward her.

No control, no discipline, just raw, raging lust, building, exploding until she could only scream, the sound muffled by her lover’s cock.

As if they’d only been waiting for her, both men began to come, both cocks sending hot streams of fluid lust into her. Despite the condom he wore, Chastity could feel the heat of Marcus’s ejaculation as she swallowed Jordan’s release. His seed poured out of him in a pulsing gush and she swallowed every drop, the flavor intense and addictive.

“Easy.” Jordan stroked her hair then gently pulled his cock from her. He held her securely as Marcus leaned panting against her back.

“I think I just died.” Surely a woman couldn’t have that fierce of an orgasm and still live? The masculine chuckles didn’t annoy her. Just the opposite. Their amusement, their tenderness filled her with joy.

“You’re still alive, baby.” Marcus kissed her neck then pulled away from her. “How about I grab us some wine and we take this party into the hot tub?”

“There’s a hot tub? Fantastic food, to-die-for sex *and* a hot tub?” Wine and hot water sounded like the perfect follow up to the most stupendous sex she’d ever had.

Jordan chuckled and gave her an extra squeeze when she entwined her arms around his neck. “There is, and it’s a beauty.”

* * * *

Marcus lay back against the side of the tub, glass of wine in hand, eyes half-closed as he reveled in the afterglow.

He’d begun imagining Chastity as part of their family months ago, just after the first time she’d come into his bookstore and he’d gotten to know her.

The reality of having her here with them surpassed his imagination.

Her expression of utter peace and contentment more than pleased him. It filled him with a sense of gratitude. Jordan, too, was a more relaxed, happier man than he’d been when their relationship had begun. Marcus figured he had to be the luckiest man alive to have been given these two vibrant people to care for.

“Oh my God,” Chastity sighed. “This is absolutely fabulous. In the last two days I’ve been totally spoiled. I like that feeling. A lot.”

“Everybody needs to be spoiled sometimes,” Jordan said.

“Truer words,” Marcus said. Did Jordan realize how far he’d come in a year? Marcus doubted it. Watching the man’s evolution had been like watching a beautiful flower bloom. And now he had another bud to help nurture, to help bloom.

Marcus set down his glass. They lounged in the frothing water, arranged against the edge of the round tub like three points of a triangle. With little effort, he fished under the water for Jordan’s right leg. Lifting it to rest on his thigh, he began to massage Jordan’s foot in the way he knew would make that man melt.

“I don’t imagine there’s any tension left in this body,” Jordan said dryly as Marcus worked his thumb along the arch of his foot.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“God no, sweetheart. It feels great. Your foot massages are one of my greatest pleasures.”

Marcus smiled and continued to knead the muscles. He noticed Chastity watching them intently. Tilting his head toward her, he winked. Curiosity lit her eyes, and maybe renewed arousal, too. When Jordan groaned softly and slid down further in the water, Marcus moved just a little closer to extend his reach.

He played his hand up Jordan’s thigh, instantly rewarded by the sight of that man’s cock stirring awake. He brushed the back of his fingers across Jordan’s scrotum and along his shaft. Jordan flexed his hips as if to better capture the touch.

Marcus continued his teasing play until Jordan’s cock hardened. Then he took it in his hand and stroked him, his grasp harder, he knew, than the one Chastity had so recently given. Not better, just different. He couldn’t say, himself, which kind of handling he preferred. Both his lovers aroused him.

“Oh, yeah.” Jordan practically purred, and nothing pleased Marcus more. Of course, it had thrilled him to make Chastity cry out in release, too.

Jordan opened his eyes and set his wine down. Marcus read the expression on his face, the heat in his eyes.

“I want to please you,” Marcus whispered, because those words portrayed the heart of him, and he knew it. He received more joy in giving than receiving, even in this.

“What do you need, Marcus?”

Jordan had used that velvet-over-iron tone that thrilled Marcus to his core. It was his Master’s voice, the edge of will he’d come to depend upon. Just knowing Jordan loved him, that his loyalty was absolute, had lifted Marcus from the almost unfathomable unhappiness, the horrible loneliness he’d lived in before they’d met. Before this man and this love had come into his life, he’d merely existed.

Was it any wonder his joy came from giving? He craved giving back, and could never give enough to fully repay Jordan for the gift of his love.

“I need you, Jordan. All that you are. I need you inside me.”

“Show me.”

Excitement propelled him from the water, guided his movements as he reached up on the shelf for a condom. He had the package open, and as Jordan stood, Marcus smoothed the latex into place on his rigid cock. His hand lingered to stroke the silky shaft once, then again.

“Marcus.” Jordan nearly bit out his name, and Marcus felt tremendous pride that he could bring such a strong and dynamic man to the edge of his control so quickly.

Turning, he gripped the edge of the tub, his knees on the bench so he could lift himself higher, lean over, and give his lover free, easy access.

“No, not on the bench. Stand up, sweetheart, and brace your legs apart and away from the wall of the tub and then lean over.”

Marcus complied instantly even as he wondered why Jordan wanted this different, more difficult position. Then he had no time to wonder as the cold glide of lubricant caressed his anus. He shivered, braced for the wonderful sensation of hot cock sliding into him. His body knew Jordan and adapted easily to the invasion. The slow slide

in, then retreat, just to slide home again spread such tingles of delight through every part of his body that Marcus groaned, lost in bliss.

The water rippled, and a hot feminine mouth closed over his cock.

Oh, God. Now he understood what Jordan had been doing when he'd ordered this position—making room for their woman. The double seduction nearly overwhelmed him in the first moment.

Jordan bit his shoulder. "Don't come," he warned.

Marcus sobbed, the challenge to his will nearly too much. On the bench before him Chastity sucked his cock, running her tongue along his shaft, one hand caressing his balls while the other splayed up his chest to tease a nipple.

"You'll kill me," he said, half in jest. The laugh that had wanted to erupt morphed into a moan of total delight. He'd never been the focus of two lovers at the same time. No wonder Chastity had screamed when she'd come.

"If I get a choice, it's how I want to go," Jordan said. His hands gripped Marcus's hips and he could feel the tension in the man's body and marveled at the force of will that kept his thrusts measured and slow.

Marcus flexed the fingers of his left hand then played them through Chastity's soft brown hair. Her mouth, hot and wet, moved in nearly the same cadence as Jordan's hips, and Marcus marveled at the primitive passion swirling, rising as if it had a life and a will of its own. He didn't know if he could hold back his orgasm much longer in the face of such ardent stimulus.

The sounds that emerged from his throat conveyed desperation. Jordan leaned closer, his chin on Marcus's shoulder.

"I think our man wants to come, baby," Jordan said. Marcus realized he looked down at and spoke to Chastity.

She looked up, and Marcus loved the sparkle in her eyes even as she made some kind of sound around his cock, and the vibration nearly undid him.

“*Fuck!*” They had shattered his control all to hell and he knew he could no longer hold back the flood of rapture.

“Come for us, then, Marcus.”

Thank God. He didn’t think the echo of Jordan’s words had died before he felt his orgasm erupt. His gripped the side of the tub with both hands, clenching tight as stream after stream of semen exploded from his body. Jordan’s thrusts, hard and fast and deep, told him the other man came at the same time.

Marcus had never experienced such a fierce orgasm. Convulsions rippled through him after the last drop of liquid left his body, aftershocks that threatened to take the last ounce of strength from his legs. He only vaguely noted that Chastity gently caressed his chest and abdomen and that Jordan stroked a hand up and down his back.

“Oh, God, I don’t know if I have the energy to crawl to bed,” he said.

Chastity had gently relinquished his now flaccid cock. She slid a few inches down the bench so she no longer sat directly in front of him.

“Can’t carry you, sweetie,” she said through a yawn.

He managed to turn himself around so he could sink down beside her. Then he put his right arm around her, pulling her into a hug. Jordan settled on her other side, and enveloped them both into his embrace.

“We’ll rest a moment, then give it a try,” Jordan said. “If we *do* make it to the bed, we’ll all sleep well.”

Marcus heard satiation in his tone, and the sigh Chastity brushed across his chest echoed the sentiment.

Having them both really is better than anything I’ve ever imagined. And Marcus knew he would do whatever it took to make sure this new relationship not only worked, but thrived.

Chapter 11

“I guess I should go home.”

“Why?”

Chastity turned her head to look at Jordan. He lay on his side on the bed facing her. His arm propped up his head, and morning stubble shaded his face. His long brown hair looked deliciously mussed, and his eyes held sleepy amusement.

Marcus had just kissed her, then Jordan, and bounded out of bed. He'd told them both to stay put. He would bring breakfast to them.

Warmth and contentment had filled her body, chasing away the usual regimented logic she'd lived by all her adult life. Her words had belonged to her old self, and yet....

“Because I live there.”

“You live wherever you happen to be at the moment. Your clothes are there. And maybe for a while you'll want to keep a separate space, because I think there's a part of you that doubts the reality of this and is trying to pull back, away from it and us. So knowing you still have a place to go is probably a good idea. However, I had hoped that you would want to live here. We both do.”

“So soon?” He exuded self-confidence, but she couldn't imagine how even a man as self-assured as Jordan seemed to be could make such a decision after so short a period of time.

In response he pulled the sheet down to her waist and petted her breasts. “Can't you see how right we all are together? How did you feel last night when Marcus and I began to make love?”

“You know how I felt. Aroused. I wanted to be a part of it, a part of you both.”

“I know.” Then he narrowed his eyes. “Don’t you dare say that was just sex, either. You’ve never been casual about physical intimacy in your life. You’re not about to suddenly change your nature and become a party girl now.”

Chastity smiled. “How did you know what I was thinking?”

“Because despite the brevity of the time that we’ve been involved, I do know you.”

“You confuse me.” She closed her eyes and stretched. Hard to miss the twinges that action produced. She ached in places she’d not even known she had.

Last night, Chastity hadn’t even wanted to think about what came next. Would they enjoy a few romps together and then go their separate ways? Was she just the latest playmate to grace these sheets? She’d put it all out of her mind, focusing instead on the moment.

Nothing she’d experienced with these two men answered that question, one way or another. She felt at home in this bed. She felt at home with these men.

Deep down she knew how very desperately she wanted that sense of belonging, how very much she needed this to be real and lasting and so she was afraid to trust it.

Maybe it *would* be better to step back, reconsider. Think everything through in her usual thorough, careful way.

“You’re our first,” Marcus said. “And I’m hoping our *only*.”

Chastity opened her eyes, then propped herself up in the bed when she saw the trolley he had wheeled in. Abruptly, his words penetrated. She looked at him, then met Jordan’s steady stare.

“We’ve had no other woman here, Chastity. I think we’ve been waiting for you.”

“I just don’t know what it all means. If you’re looking for a commitment this soon—I want to be sure but...”

“You should keep your place for a while, then, until you are sure,” Marcus said in his reasonable, no-nonsense way. He handed her a cup

of coffee, and she couldn't help but notice that he'd fixed it exactly right.

She doubted either her grandmother or her former fiancé could have said how she liked her coffee. A tiny detail, but telling.

"And when you are sure, we'll move you over here."

"I signed a lease," Chastity pointed out, her rational side again coming to the fore. "In fact, I just renewed it last month, for two years."

"You planned to move Mr. Perfect into your place?" Jordan asked.

Chastity felt her face color. "So I signed the lease without even thinking about the fact that I was supposed to be getting married."

"I think you must have known, deep down, that Clayton wasn't right for you," Marcus said. He handed her a saucer with a pastry on it. She set the small plate down on her lap and picked up what looked like a Danish pastry. One bite had her rolling her eyes in near orgasmic-pleasure.

"Did I mention that our man loves to bake, too?" Jordan asked with barely suppressed laughter.

"Oh, God, that's good. My stomach is all for staying."

"And when it comes time to give up your security blanket across the hall, you won't have to worry about negotiating with the landlord," Marcus bent over and kissed her cheek. "I own the building, and I promise, I can be very reasonable with the right incentive. Go over to your place later today and get your stuff organized. Only come back here when you're done. We want to keep you."

"I'm not a puppy," she protested, laughing.

"I think a puppy would be considerably less work," Jordan said.

"Possibly, but you can be sure I won't pee on the Oriental carpet in the living room. Well, unless you order me to, that is."

Marcus roared with laughter. "The two of you are very much alike. This is going to be so much fun."

* * * *

“Do you want a hand with anything?”

Chastity looked over to where Jordan sprawled in the lounge chair, his feet up, book open on his lap. He looked exactly like what he was—the lord of the manor in repose.

They’d had a wonderful breakfast that had turned into a tender session of cuddling and kissing. Chastity had been between them in the big bed, and enjoyed every moment of it.

She’d gotten up, helped Marcus with the clearing up despite his protests, then had a quick, hot shower.

She felt loose and limber and curiously light of spirit. In fact, she felt better right now than she could ever remember feeling. Maybe it wouldn’t hurt to bring a few clothes and books over from across the hall. She could also program her telephone so that any calls would be forwarded here.

If she got uncomfortable, or decided things weren’t working out, it would be a simple matter to go back to her own place.

“I’m only going to get a couple of outfits, and the books I’m currently reading.”

“Books, plural? You read more than one book at a time?”

“I always have. Don’t ask me why.”

Jordan shook his head, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. “I won’t ask, but only because I *did* ask Marcus exactly that. He does the same thing and his answer didn’t make any sense to me at all.”

Chastity laughed. “I know. Marcus and I actually have a lot in common when it comes to reading material and habits. Anyway, I won’t be gone very long.”

“We’re not going anywhere. And Marcus did mention the possibility of lasagna for dinner.”

Chastity closed her eyes. She loved lasagna, and had the feeling that Marcus's version would become addictive after one bite. "I'm going to get fat."

"We'll make sure you get a lot of exercise."

Chastity scooped up her purse and headed for the door, laughing. She had never enjoyed this kind of bantering camaraderie, but she liked it very much. How could just a couple of days bring such a complete change to her life?

She had laughed more, and felt more in the last seventy-two hours than she had in the last few years.

She had only to close her eyes and bring to mind the times she'd spent with Blake over the last several months. The picture she conjured looked so very different from these last few days. How could she have been on the verge of settling for such a boring, loveless existence?

Not that she was falling in love with Jordan and Marcus, necessarily. Just because it thrilled her to be with them and she had enjoyed every moment they'd spent together didn't mean she was falling in love with them.

Her belly clenched and her heart felt as if it actually had turned over in her chest. All right, maybe she felt something for them.

You feel more for Jordan and Marcus already than you ever felt for Blake.

Yes, she did. And she didn't like what that said about her having chosen Blake Clayton as a fiancé, either.

Thank God the man had shown his true colors.

Chastity shut the door behind her and crossed the corridor, passing the elevator on her way to her own apartment. She slid her key into the lock and the door opened easily.

Inside she felt as if she plunged into another world—her old world of order and duty, but no joy.

There had been no joy or laughter in her life before she'd said yes to Jordan. The shiver took her unexpectedly and she pushed it away.

This apartment, as beautiful and exclusive as it appeared, felt cold now. Cold and inhospitable. She'd never thought herself a fanciful person—or a passionate one. Could it be possible she'd submerged her true self all these years?

Pushing aside the bizarre thought, she strode across her large, well-appointed living room toward the hall and her bedroom. She'd grab some things and let her thoughts settle.

As soon as she stepped into her bedroom, her eyes immediately went to her bed. Why were her silk scarves tied to the brass headboard?

Arms grabbed her from behind. Chastity screeched and began to fight, the overwhelming scent of cologne telling her who had attacked her, but not why.

“I've been waiting for you. Can you tell?”

“How did you get in here?”

“Gertrude gave me her key. I convinced her that I was winning you back, and a nice romantic surprise would seal the deal.”

“Bastard!”

Kicking and clawing, Chastity fought to get away from Blake, anger changing to fear as the strength of his grip, the viciousness of it, penetrated. Screaming would do no good, the penthouse had been soundproofed. She screamed anyway.

He managed to deliver a blow to the backs of her knees and she went down, hitting the bedroom floor hard, her right shoulder jamming into the carpet. Pain shot down her arm to her fingertips and across her back.

Blake had fallen on top of her and his hot, moist breath bathed the back of her neck. Her skin crawled. Grunting, he reached beneath her, the back of his hand brushing against her breast as he sought first one hand and then the other. He wrenched her arms behind her back and the increased pain to her right shoulder made her see stars and brought tears to her eyes. The touch of cold steel, the loud click of a lock engaging sent another shiver of terror through her.

“Did you nearly come just now? I bet your cunt is sopping wet. If I had only known you liked to be knocked around, I could have accommodated you months ago. Never realized I liked it myself. Feel that?”

Chastity fought back nausea as he ground the ridge of his erect cock into her cotton-covered ass. Not even the protection of her clothing dulled the revulsion she felt.

“Are you crazy? What the hell do you think you’re doing? Let me go!”

“How did that website put it? Ah yes, I, your rightful master, am asserting my authority over you, my little slave. I imagine Fitzpatrick tired of you after just one tumble. Fortunately, I already know you’re a frigid fuck. Of course, it isn’t really your pussy I want. I’ll use it, of course. Even though it’s not your best asset. Your bank account is. And after today, that’s going to be mine.”

“You’re crazy! I won’t give you one penny, Blake. You’re only digging yourself a deeper hole. I’ll see your ass in jail.”

“Nice try, sweetheart. I saw you coming out of that club last night, saw what you had on and the way you all but got down and licked that guy’s shoes. And I’ve been reading up. I know just what to do to turn you into a docile little sub. See, I even got the lingo right. When I’m through with you, you’ll do anything I want.”

“Go to hell.”

“Ah, you like to offer some struggle before you give in. Good. I’m pretty pissed about the bullshit you’ve put me through the last few days. I’m going to enjoy using that leather strap I just bought on you. I wanted to get the whip, but I’d need to practice with it before I could apply it well, so we’ll start with the strap.”

Chastity’s blood ran cold as terror filled her. Blake was stronger than her, the ridge of his cock harder than she’d ever felt it. When he picked her up she wiggled and struggled, the idea of his touch so vile she thought she just might rather die than endure it.

“Stupid fucking bitch.”

Nearly losing his grip of her, at the last moment he tossed her onto the bed, face down. Before she'd finished bouncing he jerked her around, straddled her.

The force of his slap delivered across her face snapped her head to the side and brought those stars back. Her hands had been bound but her feet hadn't. She kicked out for all she was worth. Maybe he would hit her hard enough to knock her out. If she couldn't get out of this mess, maybe she could escape that way.

Blake swore, then sat on her legs. His eyes glittered, and the expression on his face was one she'd never seen, one that told her he'd figured out her plan. He reached forward, grabbed her cotton shirt, yanked it open. She wore another front-closure bra. He had it open and her breast in his hand before she could blink. He squeezed hard, a twisting, pinching grip that forced a whimper from her.

“Time to get you naked, bitch. Time for me to discipline you.”

Chapter 12

“Chastity’s not back yet?”

Jordan looked up from his book. Marcus, fresh from his shower, ran a towel over his hair.

“No. She hasn’t been gone very long. Only a few minutes.”

“And you accuse me of losing track of time when I read. Jordan, she’s been gone more than half an hour.”

Jordan put his book down. Chastity had said she’d be right back, and he couldn’t imagine any reason why she wouldn’t have done just that.

Worry wreathed Marcus’s face. No need for that when a simple trip across the hall could assure him that all was well.

“Do you want me to go check on her, sweetheart?” Jordan asked.

“Let me get my pass key. We’ll both go check.” Such relief and gratitude lit Marcus’s eyes that Jordan felt humbled. Doing little things for him was so easy, and appreciated by that good man far more than doing big things for anyone else had ever been.

Jordan realized just how worried Marcus was when he practically ran to their home office to retrieve the key.

He wouldn’t make light of Marcus’s concern, even though very likely Chastity had simply lost track of time herself, or gotten caught up in a phone call.

“Maybe I’m being foolish. I just...I just have this dreadful feeling that something is wrong.”

Marcus rarely second-guessed himself. Jordan preferred him confident, because Marcus confident had become a part of Jordan’s definition of stability. “I prefer to err on the side of caution, myself.

And don't apologize for caring, sweetheart. It's one of the things I love most about you."

"If she gets pissed at us, you can tell her it's my fault."

"If she gets pissed, it might make for some pretty hot sex," Jordan said, rewarded when Marcus chuckled.

"Would there be any other kind with the three of us?"

He led the way out the door, and Jordan followed. Marcus could be dominant enough when he wanted to be, but it always fell under the heading of taking care of others, so Jordan found it hard to mind.

The key fit the lock perfectly, of course.

"I've very rarely ever done this," Marcus said as the lock turned. "I like to respect my tenants' privacy." He briefly met Jordan's eyes as he pushed the door open.

A loud crack followed by a female scream galvanized Jordan and he shot past Marcus. Instinct had him running for the bedroom. That door stood open, and he had one moment to assimilate the horrible scene. Clayton, fully dressed, arm raised, some sort of strap clutched in his hand while Chastity, naked, lay on her back, tied to the bed spread-eagle, an angry red welt on her thigh and one on her belly.

He didn't stop, just plowed into the man, propelling them both into the wall. He grabbed Clayton by the shirt front and slammed him into the wall again, hard.

"What the fuck? Only you can play these games?"

"Bastard!"

Beyond thinking, Jordan pulled back his right arm, hand fisted, exploding a hard jab to Clayton's face. The sound of Chastity's sobs, of Marcus's crooning to her as he struggled to free her just fired his temper more. Rage burned hot within him.

Jordan hit Clayton again, and then a third time. Feral satisfaction filled him as he heard the crunch of the other man's nose breaking, as he saw the blood trickling down his face. Clayton seemed dazed, nearly unconscious but that didn't matter one bit to Jordan.

“She’s mine,” Jordan hissed between clenched teeth. “You don’t touch what’s mine.”

Then he reached down, grabbed Clayton’s cock through his designer trousers. The man screamed, but Jordan just kept squeezing and twisting until the man’s eyes rolled back in his head.

Jordan stepped back, turned away, leaving Clayton to fall to the floor, where he curled up into a tight ball of pain.

“*Chastity.*”

Her arms had been freed, her hands covering her face as she wept. Marcus trembled, tears streaking his face as he worked to untie the scarves that secured her ankles to the bed’s footboard. Jordan stepped over a pile of material, the clothing she’d worn that morning, now nothing more than a heap of shredded rags. A wicked-looking kitchen knife lay on the floor beside the clothes.

Then Jordan’s attention centered on his woman. His eyes took inventory, noting the angry red welt on the inside of her right thigh, another one on her hip, extending across her belly, ending just inches from her mound.

He sat on the bed and scooped her into his arms, not knowing if she would even want his touch. He couldn’t not hold her, not reassure himself she was all right.

“Shh, baby. Shh,” he crooned as he rocked her. He shook, and didn’t care if she knew it. She was all right, but if Marcus hadn’t wanted to check on her....

“Jordan, oh God, I prayed you and Marcus would come.”

“We’re here, baby,” Marcus said, dropping the last scarf to the floor. “We’ll always be here.”

He went over to her closet, grabbed a satin robe, then knelt on the other side of the bed. “Here, darling, put this on.”

Jordan blessed his fussing. Giving her something to wear would help her feel less vulnerable. He hadn’t thought of it.

Once she had the robe on, he cupped her face, his thumbs wiping away her tears. His eyes narrowed as he noted the bruising under her

left eye. He shuddered, wondering what else the bastard had done to her.

“Sweetheart, did he rape you?”

“No...no. He wasn't that interested in sex, though he said he was going to. He mostly was pissed because I called off the wedding. He wanted my money. He somehow thought that he could make me do what he wanted. He hit me when he first grabbed me, and I tried to get away. He'd just started with that strap when you came in. How did you know? I screamed and screamed, but I knew you wouldn't hear me.”

“Marcus's sixth sense.”

“Thank God. Oh, thank God for you both.”

He gathered her in as she dissolved into fresh tears. He'd hold her as long as she needed to be held.

“Chastity, baby, I think we should call the police,” Marcus said as he stroked a hand down her back.

On the floor, Clayton began to stir. The sound of his pained whimpering echoed in the room.

Chastity pulled away from Jordan, her glance shooting to Clayton. Then she turned and met Marcus's gaze. “All right. Yes, we'll call the police.”

“I'll call,” Jordan said. “I know someone in the department. A detective. He'll be discreet.”

He turned Chastity over to Marcus and had to steel himself against the urge to kick Clayton in the face. He placed a light kiss on Chastity's forehead, and one on Marcus's cheek. Then he picked up the cordless phone from the bedside table.

* * * *

Chastity answered Detective Brady's questions in Jordan and Marcus's suite while his team worked in hers, gathering evidence.

Two uniformed officers had scooped Blake off the floor, handcuffed him, and pulled him out the door even as he screamed that he wanted to have Jordan charged.

“That animal used excessive force!” he yelled.

Detective Brady looked him up and down. “That’s only for cops. A civilian coming to the aid of a woman can whale on a pervert as much as he likes.” Blake kept yelling obscenities as the officers dragged him away.

The EMS technicians examined Chastity’s welts, recommended cool compresses and a salve. They wanted to take her to the hospital. Unlike her men, she could tell they didn’t believe her when she said she hadn’t been raped. She declined, and breathed a sigh of relief when they finally acquiesced and left.

Chastity felt safer in Jordan and Marcus’s apartment. Marcus had retrieved a soft throw from the closet and bundled it around her. Then he’d made her a cup of hot tea. Jordan, who sat next to her on the sofa, twined his fingers through hers and encouraged her to lean against him. She was more than happy to do so.

Bolstered by the presence and care of her men, she felt better. Recounting what had happened proved difficult. It was hard to understand that she had escaped, that as bad as it had been, Blake had only managed to use the strap on her twice.

Chastity heard the edge in her voice when she told Detective Brady that her grandmother had given Blake the key to her apartment. She shuddered as she repeated some of the poison he’d spewed. When her voice hitched, when she quaked with revulsion, the presence of Jordan at her side, holding her hand, stroking her arm and Marcus gently kneading her shoulders as he stood behind her comforted her beyond measure.

“If it hadn’t been for the fact that he had so much trouble cutting my clothes off with that butcher knife, I’d be in much worse shape.”

“*God!*” Jordan’s epithet surprised her. He always seemed so steady. He let go of her hand to wrap his arms around her. Marcus

bent his head and enveloped them both in a fierce hug. She felt them tremble and understood that the attack on her had wounded them as well. She burrowed into their embrace, grateful that she could, grateful that Marcus and Jordan had come running when they thought she'd been gone too long.

Detective Brady gave them a few moments before he resumed his questions in a gentle, respectful tone. She thought he repeated himself, but she answered every question anyway.

He asked if she wanted her grandmother informed.

"Yes," Jordan answered for her when she hesitated. "We'd appreciate it if you could have someone from the department tell Mrs. Sawyer what happened, and that her granddaughter is being cared for and that she may expect a visit in the next few days."

Detective Brady looked directly at Jordan. "I think I'll take care of that little chore myself, if you don't mind."

"I would appreciate it."

Chastity didn't know what to think. She was certain that Blake's actions would shock and outrage her grandmother. Chastity had no doubts in her mind that the older woman had no idea that Blake would attack her.

By the same token, neither had Gertrude respected Chastity's right to make her own decisions and set her own course. She'd demanded obedience and loyalty all these years in exchange for room and board, but had cared nothing for the person inside at all.

Jordan asked for obedience as her Dom, but gave everything in return, and cared so much about her that he'd been shaking with the force of his emotions.

"Your apartment is cleared, Ms. Sawyer, if you want to return to it," Detective Brady said when one of the other officers joined them.

Just thinking about going back there gave her shivers. She looked at Marcus. "Would you mind going over and getting me some clothes? I just don't want to go back there right now."

“Of course I will, sweetheart. And in a couple of days, when you’re ready, we’ll all go over together and exorcise those ghosts.”

“You can rest assured that Mr. Clayton will be behind bars for some time to come,” Detective Brady said when he got to his feet, the interview obviously over.

Marcus escorted the detective to the door, going through it with him. Chastity knew he’d come back with the clothes she’d need for the next couple of days.

For now she was content to snuggle deeper into Jordan’s embrace.

“Are you all right?” he asked after a few minutes. His tone sounded so gentle, so caring, Chastity wondered if she would start to cry again. She answered him honestly.

“Not completely. I’m shaky, and I feel like crying.”

“Understandable. If you still feel that way in a day or so, you should probably see a counselor. I know that bastard didn’t rape you, sweetheart, but he attacked you. He hurt you. You might need to speak to a professional.”

“We’ll see. Right now I just need you and Marcus. I hope he comes back soon, because what I want right now is just the three of us, together.”

Chapter 13

Chastity relished the care and the coddling her men had lavished on her the last couple of days. But if she didn't get laid soon, she was going to scream.

The welts were nearly gone. She'd been able to enjoy a couple of hot showers without undue discomfort. She'd cried pretty heavily Saturday night. Sunday she'd just felt tired. Monday, Marcus had re-arranged his schedule so that he only went in to the bookstore for the morning. Then in the afternoon, both men had accompanied her to see her grandmother.

Thinking back over that meeting, Chastity's heart softened. Her grandmother had cried! Gertrude *never* cried. Marcus had stepped right in, of course, offering a handkerchief and soothing words, because that was what Marcus did. Chastity doubted anyone could resist his easy charm and wide-open heart. He'd worked his magic and before long, her grandmother had called for tea. Chastity felt that they had enjoyed their first real conversation, ever.

Chastity had also told her grandmother that she wanted out of the Trust. Gertrude had blinked at that, but kept whatever comment she might have made to herself. Even though Marcus knew a lot about the institution, he had engaged Gertrude in conversation about it. Chastity wasn't certain just how he'd managed it, but before they'd left, her grandmother had announced that perhaps *she'd* step in at the helm herself.

"What are *you* going to do?" Gertrude asked just before they left.

"She's going to teacher's college," Jordan had answered—which was exactly right.

Now it was Tuesday, both her men were in the living room, where they'd all been relaxed and reading, looking staid and homey and *married*. She'd excused herself, told them she'd be right back, and headed down the hall toward the master bedroom and the spa room beyond.

She hadn't yet told them how she felt about them. They had told her, of course, in every way except verbally. Neither had either of them made love to her since the attack.

That was about to change. Right here, right now. She wore only her collar as she stepped into the hot tub.

It didn't take long, of course. She thought she'd have ten minutes before they came looking for her. It took them only eight.

She'd selected some hot and heavy jazz for the sound system, grabbed a bottle of white wine out of the bar fridge, put it in the ice bucket and set out three glasses. Once they got to the bedroom and heard the music, they'd know where to find her.

"Chastity?" Jordan asked. His tone held an edge of hope.

They'd come into the room together and stood there, watching her. *God, they're gorgeous, both of them*. Jordan with his aura of power and control, Marcus with his gentle heart and caring ways.

She'd fallen in love with them both.

"Yes, Master?"

"Sweetheart, what's all this about?" Jordan's eyes glittered, and she thought that maybe—just maybe—he held his breath. She might not be privy to all the details of his past, but she understood him.

"It's about all of us—the three of us. It's about being together, one flesh. I want that. I want that very much. I want your cock inside me at the same time I have Marcus's inside me, so that we're all joined."

"Why, Chastity? Why is it so important to you?"

The question came from Marcus, standing beside Jordan, his hand on Jordan's back. Stroking him, she knew.

"It's important to me because I love you. I love you both. I think this is where I'm meant to be. Right here with the two of you."

“We think so, too,” Jordan said as he began to undress. “All right, sweetheart. We’ve both wanted to make love to you, but were afraid to. We didn’t want to upset you, after what that bastard—” he stopped mid-sentence, and the expression on his face made it clear the attack still haunted him.

Marcus picked up where Jordan had stopped. “Neither of us can really understand what you might have gone through. We love you too much to risk hurting you in any way.”

“You can’t hurt me by loving me. You can only hurt me if you stop loving me.”

“Never.” Jordan slipped into the tub and gathered her into his arms. His lips burned hot, his tongue demanding as he kissed her. She could taste the coffee he’d had earlier, along with the flavor that was pure Jordan. She slipped her arms around him and returned his kiss, her tongue anxious to taste all that she could, to convey in every way imaginable how much she loved him.

Gently he weaned his lips from hers. “I love you, Chastity.”

Marcus, gloriously naked, stepped into the tub and moved next to her. He turned her slightly and took her mouth with his. Sliding, gliding, his lips conveyed a sense of reverence. His right hand cupped her chin, and when he stroked his tongue against her lips she opened for him, giving and taking in a languid rhythm that fluttered in her belly and warmed her heart.

“Foreplay in the hot tub,” Jordan said as he stroked his hand over her breast, teasing the nipple to a hard peak. “I want us in bed when we take each other. When we become one.”

Chastity reclined against the side of the tub, her men on either side, as in turn they kissed and petted her. Arousal found a plateau of pleasure and hovered there as lips and tongues mated, then released. A dance of teasing, a dance of affection, Chastity loved the taste of them both. Each took a leg and draped it over theirs so that her legs were splayed open for them. Teasing touches of fingers against needy female flesh tingled and built her arousal to the next level. Reaching

out, she fisted a cock in each hand, her strokes slow, strong and balanced. When she turned to kiss Marcus, Jordan bent down and captured her nipple in his mouth, sucking, nibbling, as his fingers and Marcus's brushed the soft folds of her sex. When she kissed Jordan, Marcus tasted her breast, the caress of his lips adding to her pleasure.

Just when she thought she might begin to beg, the men got her out of the tub. They dried her, taking great care to blot all the water from her skin.

Jordan scooped her into his arms and she squeaked her surprise. He laughed, kissed her fast and hard, then laid her on the bed.

"Relax and enjoy," he said. He and Marcus began to massage moisturizer into her skin. The scent smelled light, jasmine this time, and Chastity positively reveled in the luxury. Each man held one of her arms, smoothing and kneading her hands, her arms, her shoulders, until she thought she would melt into a puddle in the middle of the big bed.

Then they went to work on her breasts and her belly. Jordan's hand trembled slightly when he delicately smoothed lotion onto the pink area over her hip where the welt was nearly, but not completely, gone. On her other side, Marcus bent over the mark on her thigh and kissed it tenderly.

"It kills me to see this," he whispered, "because I love you so much."

"I love you."

Again, they let their fingers trail over her pussy, and she lifted her hips to try and capture their touch.

Marcus chuckled in a supremely masculine way. "Be patient, sweetheart. Let the anticipation build."

Since his cock looked as hard as she'd ever seen it, she guessed he excelled at being patient.

Then they each moved down the bed so they could stroke and massage her legs. When they picked up her feet and began to work on the muscles, Chastity groaned in sheer delight.

“You have two hours to stop that.”

“You like this as much as Jordan does,” Marcus said softly.

“What about you?” Chastity asked him.

“His feet are ticklish,” Jordan said.

She laughed, and when Marcus blushed she sat up, reached out and ran a hand over his cock. “As long as this isn’t ticklish.”

“Never. Roll over onto your stomach.”

Masculine hands caressed and petted, soothed and aroused. How could she ever have guessed how wonderful it could be to have two men who loved her, two men who cherished her? Nothing in her life had prepared her for this miracle.

They stretched out on either side of her, and the sensation of their skin against hers, of their hard cocks rubbing against her pliant and heated flesh ignited the flames that had only, until this moment, smoldered.

Kisses became hotter, more carnal. She caressed and stroked and petted in turn, eager to please as much as she was pleased. Gaining her knees, she stroked their cocks, one in each hand. Jordan’s measured just a bit longer than Marcus’s, but not as thick. Both tempted her beyond reason, so she gave in to the urge, tasting first one, and then the other. Lapping, sucking, she alternated between them until both of her lovers panted for breath.

Jordan rolled to his side, then got on his knees beside her. Marcus reached over to the bedside table and handed her two condoms.

She loved doing this, loved smoothing the thin latex over their hot erections, loved the silky feel of them and the fact that now her hand could slide up and down so much easier.

“Straddle him,” Jordan said as Marcus moved onto his back and slid closer. “Take that marvelous cock of his into your hot little pussy.”

Her master’s voice, but an order she very happily obeyed. As she straddled Marcus, he reached up to cup her breasts in his hands. She positioned his cock against her slit, then slid slowly down.

Hot, hard, he stretched her. She loved the feel of him, and she loved being on top. Slowly, sensuously, she raised herself up, then lowered again.

“Lean forward, sweetheart,” Jordan said from behind her.

Marcus spread his legs to make room for their lover. Chastity leaned forward, eager to taste this new exotic treat.

The first brush of fingers against her anus made her gasp. A shiver worked through her body, a shiver of pure delight.

“A little cold,” Jordan warned. Then his fingers spread the lubricant, the silky glide actually making her pussy clench in pleasure.

“Nice,” Marcus said. He put his arms around her and drew her down for a slow, languid kiss.

Jordan pressed a finger against her anus and she felt the rosette open. In and out, around in a circle he moved his finger, stretching her. Marcus thrust up into her, and Chastity whimpered, because all those sensations working together seemed more than she could bear without coming.

Jordan understood that sound.

“Try not to come till I have my cock inside you.”

She didn’t know if she could hold back the flood that threatened, but she did, as Marcus continued to fuck her pussy and Jordan finger-fucked her ass.

Then his finger was gone, replaced by the press of his cock. “I’ll be as careful as I can, Chastity.”

“Just do it!” She’d never been so hot, so ready.

“Easy,” Jordan whispered. He leaned forward, the head of his cock feeling huge, the pressure changing to a burning sensation as her anus gradually opened and his cock began to enter her.

“Relax, baby,” Marcus crooned, stroking his hand up and down her back.

It hurt. The burning edged into a pain, but it was a pain unlike any she’d ever felt. It seemed to reach down inside her, to her clit, to that

tiny spot on the wall of her tunnel with an electrifying jolt of raw sexual arousal.

Unable to stop herself, she leaned forward, spread her legs, and lifted her hips just that little bit more.

Jordan slid into her to the hilt.

“My God, I can feel you,” Marcus whispered. “I’ve never...” He slid his hands down to Chastity’s hips, grasped them and then surged up into her.

“Oh God,” Jordan hissed. “Yeah, this is fucking *wonderful*. It’s as if I’m fucking you both at the same time.”

“*Please*,” Chastity hovered on the edge of the cliff, so very close. She needed more. She needed them to move inside her.

“Yeah, baby, I know.” Jordan eased back, then slid into her again. Marcus thrust up, and Chastity began to move her hips, back toward Jordan, down onto Marcus.

The pain had turned into a different kind of arousal, making her hotter yet moving the flash point just a little further out of reach. Back and forth she rocked her hips, back and forth in a sexy, siren call directed toward the cocks inside her.

“*Fuck*. Hold on.”

Jordan’s low curse signaled his loss of control. He began to fuck her ass with hard, fast thrusts.

Yes. It felt so wonderful, Chastity could only groan, a groan that rose in pitch as everything gathered inside her and then shattered in an explosion so fierce, so raw, she could do nothing but cry out as wave after wave buffeted her, beating against her with the wildest rapture she had ever known.

Both cocks moved and twitched inside her. Jordan cursed and Marcus moaned as they began to come. The condoms were so thin she could feel the extra bit of heat from their sperm.

Her heart pounded so hard she could hear nothing else. Her flesh pebbled and her pussy throbbed. Aftershocks literally shook her, even rattling her teeth.

Jordan rested on her for just a moment, and she cherished the weight. Then he kissed her shoulder. “Hold still, baby.” He pulled out of her slowly, carefully. *Oh God*. She couldn’t experience such pleasure and still be alive, could she?

Marcus laughed. “The French call it ‘le petit mort.’ The little death.”

Chastity hadn’t realized she’d said that out loud. “There was absolutely nothing little about that.”

Jordan slipped into the bathroom to clean himself up. When he returned to the bed he gently lifted her off Marcus, who promptly followed suit.

Within moments he returned. Chastity sighed as male heat surrounded her.

For a long moment they simply snuggled together, the three of them.

“Part of the dream,” Marcus said quietly, “is to one day move to a house outside town. Lots of land, lots of privacy.”

“Plenty of land for dogs, cats. Maybe kids, someday,” Jordan finished.

“Sounds like a wonderful dream,” Chastity said.

“It could be,” Marcus agreed, “if it could be your dream, too.”

“Hmm. A big yard, a big house, where we could all live, and love, with reckless abandon?” she asked.

Both men laughed. “Yeah, exactly like that,” Jordan said.

Chastity kissed Marcus, then kissed Jordan. She finally had what she’d yearned for all her life—a place to belong, where she could love, and be loved.

“Yeah,” she said, the joy alive inside her. “I could really get behind a dream like that.”

THE END
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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 humankind 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 with a cat that has an attitude, a dog that has no dignity, and her husband of thirty-seven years, David.



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