



BOUNDED

BY

*Brielle*

DAISY JANE

# **bound by brielle**

Crave & Cure Productions

Book Three

**daisy jane**

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# **content warnings:**

Bound By Brielle is an MMF romance featuring a dominant, switch and submissive. The three main characters engage in pet-play. This book takes place in the fictional universe of Crave & Cure, an adult film production company. There are scenes that include peripheral sex.

If any of the above is triggering, harmful or upsetting to you and your reading experience, please do not read, as your safety and pleasure is most important.

# foreword

“Until one has loved an animal, a part of one’s soul remains unawakened.”

— Anatole France



# prologue

...

It's the longest nineteen minutes of my life.



## augustus

...TWO YEARS AGO

“Not here,” I gasp, my lips sliding from his as we grind our bodies together, his back hitting the wall with a thud. A picture rattles, then crashes to the floor as the lamp on the side table wobbles. “My house, *now*.”

The stage door flies open, the glow of early evening spilling across our feet.

“Augustus Moore?” A gruff voice calls, searching for me in the open, nearly dark studio.

I tug the hem of my shirt and sift a hand through my hair, stealing one last look at him before rounding the set toward the door. “I’m Augustus. The delivery was scheduled for two hours ago. You’re lucky I’m still here.”

The man, with greasy dark hair wearing a faded blue sweat-soaked button up shirt with an embroidered name badge, shrugs as he drags a loaded dolly in after him. “We’re behind today.”

“*Clearly*.”

“Where do you want it?” he asks as he drives his pinky nail between his two front teeth, presumably picking food out. Disgusting.

I tip my head toward the set. “There.”

Mark, so says the embroidered nameplate on his chest, moves past me with the dolly, a hand on top of the boxes. Breathing still somewhat labored, Lance comes around the corner, startling the delivery man.

“Pardon,” he says, ducking his head as he shimmies between us. Heading toward the door, I’m hot on his heels, taking him by the wrist before he can get too far.

“What’s the matter? Are you leaving?”

His icy blue eyes drop to the place where I'm holding him, wandering over my chest on their way back to my face. "Is this a bad idea?" he asks, but his tongue traces his bottom lip, eyes dropping to my mouth for a hot second, telling me all I need to know.

"No," I respond, though in truth, workplace relationships are never smart. I've never, in all my years of directing, crossed that line. I don't mind if actors date one another, but for me, it's always been a personal rule to stay in my lane.

I've never had the urge to break that rule until now. Until *him*.

Just holding his wrist and tasting his kiss on my tongue has my cock hard. Thank God for dim studio lights or Mark would've had an eyeful.

"It's the best idea I've ever had," I add quietly, something knocking around my chest as his lips lift in a small, conciliatory smile.

"Okie dokie," Mark says, passing me a delivery order to sign. He tears off the top sheet, stuffing it in his metal clipboard as he hands me a pink carbon copy. His beady eyes flick to my hold on Lance's wrist before rising to my face.

"Goodbye," I deadpan, squeezing Lance a bit tighter. The delivery man leaves, and though we're next to the door and close to getting out of here and stopping before I make a mistake, I'm weak. Something about him makes me throw my cares into the wind, break every guideline I've ever set for myself.

I don't know why I'm willing to promise him anything but I am. I'm fucking mad for him, I'd do anything I could to be with him. He makes me insane in the most intense ways.

Jesus listen to me.

Fuck it. I don't care. I'm chasing the madness.

With my thoughts muddled and my chest booming, I crash my mouth to his, moaning when his tongue slides against mine. I've never wanted to kiss like this, keep our lips sealed, breathing in his exhale, swallowing down every breathy

fucking moan he gives me. Only when his palms come to my pecs and push me back do we finally take a breath.

“Your house,” he utters, chest heaving as much as mine. I fucking like that; I like that he wants me with the same shattering intensity that I want him. That’s hot. And new. I don’t think anyone has ever wanted me this way; with wide eyes, gasping breaths, and hands all over me.

“Follow me,” I breathe out, dragging my hand over my mouth, then through my hair and down my torso, searching for a morsel of composure. Lance passes me, waiting on the cement steps outside as I flip off the lights and key in the code to lock the door.

I use all my fucking discipline to walk past him, stomping through the parking lot toward my car.

“Wait—” Lance’s voice crashes into my back, and I turn to face him. I love how uncharacteristically disheveled he looks, and so does my cock. “If we get separated,” he says, still kind of breathless. I place my hand over my heart, finding I’m still breathing hard, too. He passes me his phone, the parking lot light reflecting on the screen. My fingertips graze his palm as I take it, and a fiery current moves up my arm. I can’t wait to feel that palm on my bare body. Inputting my number, I quickly pass it back.

My mind fogs with anticipation as I slide into my car and start it. Reversing out of my spot, I wait until headlights are behind me, then hit the gas.

It’s the longest nineteen minutes of my life.

Pulling my car into the garage, I keep the door open until he’s there, standing in my driveway, the early moonlight melting over his shoulders making my core throb. I motion toward the front and meet him there, on my porch, closing the garage behind me.

I don’t know why, but I feel compelled to tell him that this isn’t a spur of the moment, *you looked good today*, out of pocket thing. “A year,” I breathe, my voice rocky and low,

maybe surprising me as much as Lance. “That’s how long I’ve thought about this. How long I’ve wanted you.”

His lips part, but he struggles a heady moment before murmuring, “I’ve been at Crave a year and a month.”

My mouth is cotton, but I lick my lips, staring at his. “I know.”

Then it’s slamming doors and kicked off shoes, shirts getting stuck, stumbled steps, mouths crashing together and grunts echoing around my home. And before I know it, we’re in boxer briefs in my hallway, and I have his wrists pinned above his head with one hand, grinding him into the wall.

“I want this mouth on my cock,” I whisper, dragging my lips against his, his warm breath against me driving me mad. “I want these lips on my body,” I add, taking a kiss from his eager mouth, loving the way he strains from the wall to meet my lips. “I want you beneath me, writhing, and I want to hold you in my palm while I fuck you, and watch you unravel, every last fucking thread.”

He barely nods, his voice hoarse. “I want that, too.”

Spinning him to face the wall, I grind my cock into his backside, my balls aching when he moans. “I want every inch of you. I want to own every fucking inch of you,” I breathe, dragging my tongue up the back of his neck. “My passive little pup.”

Fighting my hold, he spins in my arms, our hard cocks grinding together, so subtly erotic I groan. Through the darkness, his features pinch.

“What?” I breathe, moving my hips against his. Fuck he’s big like me, and I’m no size king, but I fucking like that it’s thick and long, too. I imagine his cock in my fist as I hover over him, fucking him in measured strokes until he spills everywhere.

“You—you’re dominant, yes?” he asks, taking a nip at my neck, need wrapping my spine at the feel of his stubble grating my heated skin.

My eyes search his. “I am.”

“Could you,” he starts, nostrils flaring as I press my groin to his, unable to stop. Truly, I can’t stop touching this man. “Could you be submissive, ever?”

“I,” I start, wanting to tell him anything to keep him here, fair or not. Then again, as my eyes search his hazy blue ones, his thick length hard against me, I think I would give him anything. Anything he needed or wanted to stay with me, be with me, belong to me. “I could,” I say, the response honest. I’m not a switch, I’ve never been. But for Lance? I would be.

I think.

“Yes, I could, I could sub for you.” I crash my mouth to his, our tongues thrashing through moans. “Do you need—are you—” I can’t find the words.

“The dominant director,” he breathes, lips turning up slightly. “I don’t need to be in control often, but I do need it from time to time.”

It’s our first time together tonight, and yet something passes between us in the darkened hallway, like we both know we’re not discussing the terms of a fling. We’re planning something much longer.

Forever, maybe.

I nod fervently, grabbing him by the wrist, dragging him toward the master bedroom. “Yes,” I promise, willing to promise the world for him. “From time to time, I can. I will.”

And then he’s beneath me on my mattress, reaching into his boxers as I straddle his face.

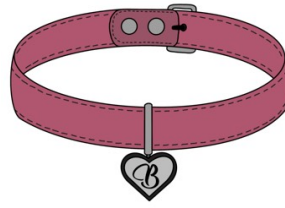
“Open.”

**one**

...



I've completely given into my woe is me  
moment



## **brielle**

“BRIELLE!” TONY CALLS FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER, HIS RED cheeks and wide smile making me grin. “Same as usual?”

I push my cart to the glass counter, leaning onto the handle on one elbow. “You know me well, Tony.”

He laughs, his belly jiggling beneath the white smock smeared in blood. “You make it easy. You never change, Brielle. Same order every week. Nothing new, never exciting,” he wags a finger at me over the glass case, smiling broadly.

“Yeah,” I chuckle, his comments causing embarrassment to climb my neck, settling with warmth in my cheeks.

The old man at the meat counter is calling me boring... and he isn't wrong. I am boring. I mean, I prefer disciplined and reliable, but the truth is, that's just the spin I put on my monotony to make myself less depressed.

Tony weighs and wraps my meat order, slapping a black and white sticker over the package. Him slapping my meat order is the only action I get every week which is... I sigh. “Thanks, Tony. Have a good week.”

“You, too,” he says, shoving his hands in his smock. “See you next week.” He wags a finger at the clock on the wall. “Ten o'clock.”

I smile and push my cart away. At this point in my life, I'm pretty sure watching a spore grow under a microscope is more exciting than me.

*Reroute your thoughts*, I tell myself, pushing my cart down the aisle of cereals and oatmeals. *You're supposed to be focused on graduate school*. I can take trips and make fancy meals and dance in *a club* in Italy when I'm through with film school. *This is the time to stay focused and dedicated*.

As I pluck a jar of steel cut oats from the shelf and drop it into my cart, my mind goes to the first project I have lined up

once I graduate.

A documentary.

About trees.

Jesus Christ, I have one of the coolest jobs at my fingertips—being a fucking movie director—and yet I have somehow managed to make that boring, too.

One of the wheels on my shopping cart goes full exorcist, spinning circles as I shove it toward the next item on my list. My hand is wrapping around a bag of granola when—“Elle?”

*Elle.*

He’s the only one to call me that. I loved the way he called me that, because it was ours, private and personal. No one tells you how something so simple as a nickname can wreck you, but as he says it again, my stomach swirls with bitter discontent.

“Elle.”

I paste on a smile and face my ex.

“Noah, hey.” My voice is too soft for the situation, so my next words are a bit louder and huskier. “What’s up? How’ve you been?”

He rolls his cart toward mine, and though I don’t want to, my eyes drop to the contents. There is a blue and green box in his cart, one that hollows my chest and seizes my lungs for a moment. *Tampons.*

Then, like the crushed main character in every heartbreak movie that has ever existed, a beautiful, leggy blonde rounds the corner, a bottle of champagne in each of her hands. And there’s a ring glittering on her finger.

I force my gaze on Noah, who undoubtedly watched that entire thing play out. His consolatory little smile angers me, and my eyes burn with tears of frustration and humiliation. “This is Tiffany,” he says, looping his arm around the blonde’s tiny waist as she sidles up next to him, lowering the bottles next to her stupid tampons.

Okay—that was harsh. *Those tampons aren't stupid.* They did nothing to me.

“Tiffany, this is Elle.” He says, nodding toward my way as I lower my off-brand granola into my cart, next to my value size bottle of Tums. *Oh dear Lord.* “Elle and I used to date.”

*Elle and I used to date?*

This woman is wearing a fucking engagement ring and she doesn't know about me? We dated for two fucking years! His stupid appendix burst when we were together—surely he's told her he has no appendix. And he never said, *oh by the way, when it burst, my ex girlfriend saved my life by rushing me to the emergency room at three in the morning.*

“Hello *Tiffany,*” I smile, keeping my eyes from blinking like an utter psycho, because if I blink, tears will fall.

“Oh, cool,” she says, so unbothered. A woman who has had her fiance's penis inside of her a bajillion times is standing two feet away and she could give a shit less. His cum has been all over my face. I've stuck my tongue in his ass! “Nice to meet you, Elle.” Her smile is so wide, I briefly envision my mugshot on the news. *Ex girlfriend snaps in grocery store, killing two.*

“What are you up to?” he asks, his eyes scanning my cart. Why the hell do I have to have digestive problems so great that I'm buying an economy size bottle of gas meds? Sweat pools in my armpits, and down my back as I shift my weight in my... *Crocs.*

Jesus Christ.

“Ah, not much. Just... finishing film school this year.” *Which you know damn good and well because I was a film school graduate student when we broke up a year ago.* “Remember?”

*Why did I say that? Why?* And the tone, too. The tone was nothing short of scorned lover. I force a smile as he nods.

“Of course, yeah, I remember. Well, awesome.” He looks over at Tiffany who is beaming at me brightly, not a goddamn

iota of jealousy or care in her eyes. “Good to see you, we have to get going, cooking a big meal tonight.”

“It’s ten in the morning,” I deadpan, and as soon as the bitchy words fall from my mouth, I want to hook them and reel them back in. I sound... like I’m not over him. And despite the sweaty armpits, word vomit and stomach of unease—I am over Noah. Honestly, I am.

“We’re braising pork belly for our engagement dinner,” she says, holding out her ring finger like I should give an actual fuck.

I glance at the ring for an appropriate amount of time, then look between them, smiling. “Congratulations. I’ll let you get going then.”

Noah nods, and they push their stupid cart past me and even though I really don’t want to turn around, I do. And Noah never glances back, not even once.

After paying for my groceries and unloading them into the back of my car, I flop into the driver’s seat and drag my phone from my purse. I call my best friend, because *obviously*.

Her mouth is full when she answers. ““Sup babe?””

“Noah is engaged to some girl named Tiffany and they’re braising short ribs together,” I spill, keeping my voice strong, glad she can’t see the tears streaking my cheeks.

“Okay,” Winnie draws out. “And we care about Noah... why again?”

“He introduced me on the cereal aisle and she didn’t even know who I was.” I shake my head, staring at a young mother and child with their backs to me at the bus stop ahead. “He never mentioned me to her. We were together for two *fucking* years!”

“I know this,” Winnie says.

“I let him put his dick in my ass, Winnie!” I shout, eyes going a little bulgy. “I took him to the hospital when his appendix burst! I went to his mom’s fucking funeral!”

Winnie sighs. “Yeah, that’s... I don’t know, B. We will never know why men are the way they are but... the most important thing is—who fucking cares? You haven’t mentioned Noah in like, six months. You’re over him.”

She’s right. I *am* over Noah. I really am. *I* was the one who broke up with *him*! I loathed the little whistle his nose made when he slept after a night of drinking, all of his friends annoyed me, his addiction to video games was obnoxious and quite frankly, toward the end of our relationship, *everything* he did royally bugged me.

Still.

“Am I that unimportant and forgettable?” I whisper, my voice devoid of backbone as I’ve completely given into my *woe is me* moment.

Winnie takes another bite of whatever she’s eating, and around the mouthful says, “Shut up. You know you are neither of those things.” She swallows, and takes a drink of what I assume to be Coke. “Who knows why he didn’t tell her about you but more importantly, who cares?”

The bus pulls along the curb, and the smiling mother hoists her child onto her hip, climbing the stairs before disappearing inside. I’m jealous of her happiness.

“Tony made fun of me,” I tell her, twisting my key in the ignition.

“Who is Tony?” Winnie asks, burping into the receiver. “Where are you?”

“I’m leaving the grocery store. And he’s the meat department guy.” He’s the only guy in my life right now and... “Meet me at Rise & Grind in an hour?”

“Okay but you’re buying me a pastry and a coffee if I have to battle parking. You know how much I hate the parking down there.”

“Fine,” I reply, my mind running.

“Why Rise & Grind? And what does this have to do with Noah?”

I reverse out of the parking spot and head toward the exit, toward my apartment across town. “You know that mentor/protégé program that’s open for application?”

“Yeah,” she says, because although Winnie and I studied different subjects, we’re both grad students, she knows the opportunities available to graduates. “What about it?”

“I need to do something I haven’t planned. I need to do something outside the box.” I lick my lips, flicking my blinker on as I wait for a hoard of people to cross the street. “I’m going to quit the documentary job. And apply for this instead.”

“Ooh,” Winnie breathes, “Big Daddy won’t like that.”

I wrinkle my nose. “Do not call my father Big Daddy, please. I already feel like a complete turd. Don’t make me a *barfing* turd.”

She laughs. “Okay, but are you sure? You know your dad likes it when you have things lined up. And honestly, B, you like that too. Are you sure you wanna throw away a sure thing to be a protégé for a semester? What if it doesn’t lead to anything?”

Times like this I’m happy to have a photographic memory. “All mentor/protégé relationships end with an option to contract, with ample opportunities on the horizon thereafter,” I repeat the words I’d read on the application months ago. I never thought about it then. I was so sure I wanted to make documentaries.

About trees.

“I’ll have a year of ground floor experience, and after that, well, that is future B’s problem.” I sigh, turning the corner, immediately hitting my breaks as a bike messenger darts in front of my car. This fucking city. “I need to do something different, Win. Noah is getting married and I’m... boring, stagnant, predictable.”

“You can be pretty boring,” she teases. “And okay. I’m on board. Let’s sign you the fuck up!”

“See you soon.”

**two**

...



I am abso-fucking-lutely the beggar here



## augustus

THE ALARM DRONES ON *AND FUCKING ON* AND AS USUAL, I'M overwhelmed with the urge to grab my phone and fire it off against the wall. But as I do every morning, I roll over, swipe until the noise is off, and return to staring at the ceiling in the dark.

My room is dark, not unlike my mind.

Staring at the shiplap, studying the same tongue and grooves I've been staring at for the last year, I give myself the daily pep talk.

*Get up. Go to work. Keep trying. You will never have him back if you stop trying, so quit feeling bad for yourself and get the fuck up.*

I guess I'm lucky in a way. He left me, but we spend every day together. And goddamn if it isn't beautiful and bittersweet that we work so well together. Being near him for twelve hours a day allows me to put one foot in front of the other for the remaining twelve. It's agonizing to hold conversations with him, staring into his eyes, our arms brushing, hands grazing—and yet, it's none of the contact I crave, none of the connection I so desperately seek.

But beggars can't be choosers. And I am abso-fucking-lutely the beggar here. I know, and he knows.

I fucked up. And I will not let a single day pass without making sure he knows that I know I fucked up. And that I will do anything it takes to get him back.

My body creaks as I get out of bed, confused by the lazy state it lives in now. I've abandoned the gym and replaced my weight lifting with occasional running, and even sometimes swimming. The burn of a cardiovascular push is punishing and clears my mind, if only for an hour or two. He never leaves my mind, but some of the sting bleeds out of my veins, temporarily.

Dressing in running shorts and a tank, I slip my shoes on, grab my EarPods and head out. The morning is much like every San Francisco morning; hazy, gray, cold, and lifeless. Cities don't sleep, but I live just far enough outside the city, in a sleepy suburb that often naps. Especially at six in the morning.

My feet pound the pavement, my knees ache with each quickened step, and my heart hammers beneath my ribs. His favorite songs carry me through seven miles of steep streets, and when I've finally circled back to my house, I've never felt more exhausted. And it's perfect.

Heading into a long day next to him is beyond challenging, but when my body is exhausted, my anxiety wanes. Depression never does, but the truth is, I know it won't. Not if I don't get him back.

After standing beneath the scalding water in my shower for ten minutes, I lather up, fondly remembering the mornings where *we* did this together. My chest pressed to his back, bubbles and steam everywhere, his moans echoing in the stall as I reached around, giving him his first orgasm of the day.

I turn off the water, letting my forehead fall against the wall, the drain gurgling as my shower drains away. I close my eyes, heavy drops of water falling from my beard, plunking onto the tile below. I never had a beard when we were together, and I wonder what noises he'd make feeling it between his legs. But then again, I have the beard because I don't have him.

Lifting weights wasn't the only thing that felt too overwhelming after he left. Grooming, cooking—it all became too much. I get my haircut by Alexa, the makeup artist at the studio, and order all my food. I have a housecleaner. I have a laundry service. If there is a task to be done, outside of waking, breathing and working, I pay for it to be done. Because missing him takes every goddamn ounce of energy I can muster.

I stroke my hand down my beard endlessly on the drive to work, still playing his favorite music. If that makes me a

masochist, so be it. Things that remind me of him give me temporary bursts of happiness, and even though those bursts are followed by long, overwhelming waves of self-loathing and pain, it's worth it. It's worth it to remember a few good moments. We had so much good.

Until I fucked it up.

The studio door slams shut behind me, and the best twelve hours of my day have officially begun. Trudging down the hall, my fingertips graze the wall as I recount all of the times I pinned him here, urgency and need fiery between us. The nights where we couldn't quite make it to the door, and I'd hold him against this very wall, the quiet hallway, our own little sanctuary.

"You're everything," I'd whisper, my lips at his ear causing goosebumps to melt down his neck. Then our mouths would fuse, and the world would be perfect, beautiful and right.

"Morning," I grumble, walking into our office as I drop my bag to the floor and sink into my chair.

"Morning," Lance greets coolly, without looking up from his iPad as he sits at his desk, opposite the room to mine. Sharing an office with him before, we felt cozy in here, fortunately tucked away together in our own private space. And now those same twelve feet that span between our two desks feel like a goddamn continent. And instead of best friends, lovers, and creators that work so well together, we're more like strangers now than ever before. Like students tossed together for a group project with nothing but a finish line in common.

Bile rises in my throat everytime I come into this office and inevitably contrast what *was* with what *is*, but like I do each day, I swallow it down. I sip the coffee that waits at my desk, courtesy of Cohen, the art & set designer, who doesn't force me to verbalize my pain, but sees it nonetheless.

Lifting my laptop, I wait patiently as the screen comes to life, sipping my coffee, trying to keep my eyes straight ahead. But Vienna saunters in, all smiles and perfume, and slips into

the chair next to Lance's desk. Her voice is low as she asks to get their plans together. He taps on his iPad, sharing scheduling for the day as she scribbles away in her notebook. And I watch them. I stare. I hate that I do, because I feel like a fucking creepy voyeur, but just watching him interact with other people gives me a small lift. Hearing his voice, when it isn't brimming with hurt and anger, it softens the painfully jagged edges inside me, just for a second, knowing I didn't fully break him.

My computer awakens, and I turn my focus back to my day, clicking through the schedule ahead. There's an orange rectangle around the hour of 9am to 10am, reading *UCSF FILM SCHOOL CALL*. I'd planned this call more than a year ago, as the university required film directors to opt in early, in order to obtain an accurate headcount for the program size.

When the program director, an old classmate of mine, contacted me, I agreed to the meeting, regarding it very little. Things were so great at the time—our top male star Tucker Deep had just signed a lofty deal with Debauchery, the top toy company. We'd begun co-branding toys together, and things with Lance were new and goddamn exciting. The idea of taking on a protégé again was something I'd told myself would be good as a favor, in order to have a favor owed.

Now, with my near crippling depression and fractured heart, the idea of having some wide-eyed and ambitious film school student trailing around after me, scribbling notes and asking annoying questions—I quite literally want to gouge my eye out at the thought.

But I am a man of my word. I chuckle to myself as that thought flits through, earning me a measured glance from both Lance and Vienna before they turn back to their work.

*I am a man of my word.* Except the one time in my life I gave my word and was unable to keep it.

The ironic part is that it was the only time keeping my word mattered. And I couldn't fucking do it.

Refocusing, because that's all I can do all day to keep me from either screaming or fucking weeping, I get back to

today's schedule. We aren't filming until noon, and it's an outdoor shoot. I print call sheets, go over the script, and let Cohen know what we're doing so he can prepare the lights and electricity on the back dock, where we're shooting. When that's all done, it's nearing time for the call.

Lance filters in and out, and I can't help but stare at him each time he does. Today, his toned frame is accentuated by his perfectly tapered sepia cigarette pants and matching blazer, the white dress shirt beneath unbuttoned to reveal a triangle of his chest. I'm at my desk, hard for a triangle of flesh, but at this point, I'll take what I can goddamn get. He glares at me as he settles into his chair, and I drag my focus back to my laptop right as my phone rings.

"Augustus Moore," my old friend exclaims, happiness vibrating through the ether. Guilt worms through me that my response is loaded with faux happiness. But it's not him. It's me.

As it usually is.

"Ezra Leon," I reply, forcing a smile in hopes he can hear it. "Good to hear from you. How've you been?"

I minimize my schedule on the computer, and click open a folder on my desktop titled "Us." Hundreds of photos populate, images of Lance and me smiling in various places, a plethora of situations.

"Good, been good man. How're you? I saw Crave partnered with Debauchery. That's gotta be great for the actors, and you," he says.

"Yeah," I reply, my eyes hovering over a photo of us on Alcatraz island, touring the penitentiary. We're in one of the cells that features a dummy head from years ago, one the prisoners made to fool the guards. Lance is making a shocked face, looking down at the human hair glued to the head, and I'm laughing at his reaction. "It's good for Crave, you're not wrong about that. And yeah, it's, it's good," I finish, giving him enough of an answer that he won't prod further, because I don't want to talk about Crave more than I need to. I don't want to talk at all, if I'm being truthful.

“Well, good,” he says. “It’s great over here in the UCSF graduate program,” he adds, and goddamn I feel like an asshole for not asking. I study the next photo of us, Lance’s head tipped onto my shoulder, golden hair shining beneath the street light, puffs of breath all around us. I remember that night. It was out front Crave. I felt so drunk that night, despite being sober. His love always made me feel that way. “I see so much of us in these students, so eager to direct and chase their goals you know? I like it. It keeps me excited. And I can never bring myself to tell them no one is Kubrick, Burton or Moore overnight.”

That makes me laugh, but my eyes remain on the open folder of memories. “I’m not sure I deserve to be on that list necessarily,” I reply, forcing a small chuckle, “but I love you for it anyway.”

At that comment, my eyes go to Lance and his come to mine before immediately dropping back down to his iPad.

“Okay, I know you’re busy, enough buttering you up. I have a student that I think would make a great protégé for you.” In the background, I hear papers flipping then, “truth be told, I think she’d work really well with both you and Lance. Lance is still there, right?”

I lick my lips, and blink at the photo of us on set, taken by a crew member who only took the photo because he thought the lighting was “rad.” All around us is dark, and the two of us have our backs to the camera, light pouring down on us from a spotlight overhead. It is rad. “Yeah, Lance is still here,” I reply, managing to keep my eyes off of him.

“Well, good. She’d be great for you two. Eager to learn and while she was late to apply, I really think she could benefit from Crave. She needs to broaden her horizons a little.”

I sigh, pinching my forehead in my palm. Eager sounds energized, and some bushy-tailed film student may just kill me in the state I’m in. But I say, “Alright, when will she start?”

Ezra goes over the terms of the program, telling me that I’ll receive an email with all pertinent information later this

week. And when we end the call, it bothers me that Lance doesn't ask.

“We have a protégé coming to Crave; we're going to mentor her in her final semester.”

His eyebrows lift but his eyes don't leave his computer screen. “Great.”

I chew the inside of my mouth, my gaze flitting between Lance and the screen flooded with our photos. I take a chance, because I can't stop trying.

“Can we have dinner?” I lean forward and lower my voice, since the door to our office was left open by Vienna. “Can you give me that?”

His hand slams his laptop closed unexpectedly, then his icy blue eyes pierce me from across the room, instantly deflating me.

“Give you that?” He snorts, and I die a little, I swear I do. “If you remember correctly, I did the giving, and you did the getting what you want. Always.” He rises, grabs his iPad and starts to leave. He pauses in the doorway, his back to me when he says, “No dinner.”

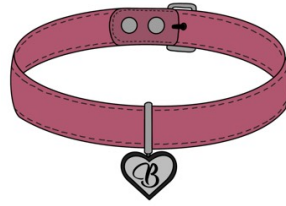
And my heart shatters for the millionth time.



**three**

...

It won't be Spielberg.



## **brielle**

“HAS IT BEEN UPDATED YET?” WINNIE ASKS, A BLUEBERRY muffin halfway to her mouth.

I shake my head, a strand of my hair sailing into the air with my impatient exhale. “Not yet. I’ve been refreshing the browser approximately every thirty seconds, too.” Maybe even every twenty.

She takes an ambitious bite, chunks of muffin falling onto the table top. I wrinkle my nose. “You eat like an absolute monster,” I tell her as I make a show of bringing my scone to my mouth, held steady over a napkin. “Eat like a lady.”

She snorts, mouth full as she says, “Says the girl who ate her boyfriend’s ass.”

I jerk forward in my chair. “Shut up! God, I wish I hadn’t told you that.”

She smirks, taking a drink of her latte, washing down her humongous bite. After what appears to be a painfully large swallow based on the way she winces and her eyes water, she says, “You brought it up the other day so it’s fresh in my mind.”

“Let it rot,” I deadpan, hitting F5 on my keyboard for the millionth time.

“Anything?” she asks, staring at the back of my screen.

I shake my head yet again. “Nope.”

She picks clumps of coarse sugar off the remaining top of the muffin. “What if you got paired with, like, Steven Spielberg?” Her green eyes widen as she leans forward, excited energy oozing from her. “Oh my god, you get to know Steven Spielberg, start rubbing shoulders with Hollywood socialites, we meet Leo DiCaprio, you introduce him to me and boom, I’m the one who changed Leo’s playboy ways.”

I blink at her insanity. “Okay, first of all, that’s”—I wave my hand in her general delusional direction—“a lot of fantasy. I’m not going to get paired with *Spielberg*.”

“You don’t know that,” she wagers, plucking a chunk of muffin from the tabletop, tipping her head back, dropping into her open mouth. “You could.”

“It’s unlikely. And also, why wouldn’t I keep Leo for myself? Why would I introduce him to *you* instead?” I ask, folding my arms over my chest.

“You didn’t even like *Gatsby*,” she retorts, sipping her latte. “Or *Titanic*.”

I volley my head. “That’s true. And actually, I think it’s super weird and creepy that he only dates young women... and models. Like, he’s probably a mega tool in real life.”

Winnie tucks a curl behind her ear, leveling a serious gaze at me with those wide emerald eyes. “Don’t do that. Don’t humanize Leo. Just... let him be my fantasy.”

I roll my eyes, and hit refresh on my browser one more time. Sighing, I report back. “Still nothing.”

“Okay, if it isn’t Spielberg—which I’m not yet conceding to,” Winnie says, eyebrows lifting as she points at me. “Think it could be someone of that caliber? Like, a big, big name?” She rubs her hands together. “It has to be! It’s fucking UCSF, not some *state* school!”

I roll my eyes, which I do a lot with Winnie because of her insane antics and the way she says exactly what she’s thinking with zero filter. I love her for it, but my eye roll percentage is through the roof when I’m with her. “I started at a state school, asshole,” I remind her. “And I don’t know, I mean, I would think that in the graduate program at a prestigious school they’d pull some heavy hitters.”

“What’s your dad say?” she asks, nodding at me to refresh the screen again. I do, and still nothing.

“*For as much as I pay for that school, you better be paired with fucking Kubrick!*” I say, doing my best impersonation of my father, which at this point in my life is pretty accurate.

Winnie opens her mouth but I hold up my palm, shaking my head. “I know, Kubrick’s dead. I told him that much. And he said, *Dig him up! For what I pay, they ought to!*”

Winnie snickers. “Oh Big Daddy, he’s such a character.”

I prod her with a pointed look. “Stop calling him that.” I refresh the screen again and sigh when nothing appears.

It’s been two weeks since I applied for the mentor/protégé program, and today is the day where we get assigned to our directors. Mr. Leon told me I was accepted into the program the same afternoon I applied, which was lucky because I think most candidates had to wait weeks to find out. Benefits of waiting until the last minute, I guess.

Even though I had no plans to apply to this program until the last day it was open, it quickly took over my thoughts. I’m desperate to change things up. I need to... do *something* different. Or else I’ll run into Noah and Tiffany with their kids at the grocery store while Tony is handing me my meat order, and the only thing I’ll be able to talk about is fucking trees! At that point my Crocs will have evolved into slippers and I will literally be a crazy cat lady, only swapping cats for trees. Is a crazy tree lady a thing?

Nothing wrong with trees. We breathe because of them. But I’m twenty six and feel more stagnant than a damn swamp. Something’s gotta give. This program is it, I can feel it.

For three hours, Winnie and I have been posted up at Rise & Grind, our favorite little coffee shop, waiting for the list to be posted. I’ve officially consumed a thousand calories of carbs while I wait, and copious amounts of caffeine. My leg has been bouncing beneath the table for the last hour.

Winnie chews her lip, crumpling the brown baggie her muffin came in. “Could be Spielberg.”

“It won’t be Spielberg.”

I refresh again, and miraculously, the page loads an entire screen of information, students’ names listed in a column on

the left, with corresponding director and production company names on the right. “Holy fuck! It’s up!”

Winnie leaps from her chair, sending it careening into the fortunately empty table behind her as she comes to my side, gripping my shoulders. “Scroll! Scroll!”

Heart in my throat—because despite the saying about not putting all of your eggs in one basket, all of my proverbial eggs are totally in this basket—I scroll down until I see *Parker, Brielle*.

Winnie sees my name at the same time, pushing her finger against the screen to track it to the corresponding director and production company.

“Augustus Moore, Crave & Cure Productions,” I read aloud, slowly, attempting to place the name as I do. But I can’t place the name because—“*Who the fuck is that?*”

Winnie goes back to her chair, excitement drained as she plops down across from me again. “Not Spielberg.”

“I told you it wouldn’t be Spielberg.” Copying his information from the site, I open a new tab in my browser, paste and hit search. “I’m looking him up to—”

The search results load, and the screen is flooded with information, all bearing a variant of the same phrases.

*Adult film company. Premier adult film director.*

I slam my laptop shut faster than I’ve done anything. “No fucking way,” I murmur, staring at my best friend without even really seeing her. “No, *no way*.”

“What?” she questions, face pinched in intrigue. “Who is he? What?”

My mouth is dry and sticky, and my head is woozy when I reply, “He’s porn director, and it’s a porno company.”

Winnie’s eyes have never been so wide. “Big Daddy is gonna flip.”

**four**

...

I miss you so much it hurts





## augustus

THE SUN RAINS OVER MY FACE, TIPPED UP TO THE SKY. IT'S that glorious two hours of the day where the clouds are parted and the sun is out, and ethereal balminess finds you. We're in between scenes, with the actors taking a lunch break inside. Out on the back dock, my legs dangle from the edge as I sit alone, soaking up as much vitamin D as I can, knowing it's going to be foggy and rainy shortly, and the sun will be nothing more than a memory.

The subtle warmth feels good, bumps rising up along my arms as cool fades and comfort sinks in. Next to me sits a half-eaten sandwich from the deli nearby, one that Cohen picked up. I've taken a few bites, forced of course, because my appetite is spotty.

The days that Lance and I work in cohesion, and even share laughs or smiles, those days are my *up* days, where life isn't a task. Food tastes good, the breeze feels nice, and something as simple as warm socks bring contentment.

The days where Lance only looks at or speaks to me when he absolutely has to, those days are different. Food is flavorless, a means to end the burning in my gut. The breeze chills my bones. And putting on socks drains me of energy.

Behind me, the stage door swings open and closed with a reverberating thud. I blink at the sky, watching as a gauzy cloud drifts over the sun, engulfing the dock in shade. He checks on me, sometimes wordlessly, but today I just don't want it. "Cohen, I'm—"

"Cohen's inside," Lance says. I clamber to my feet, dusting the backs of my thighs as I spin to face him.

Sapphire eyes stare back at me, making my insides twist in the most painful pleasure. He's fucking gorgeous, and my stomach roils at the dark crescents beneath his eyes. I put them there and I put them under my eyes, too.

I attempt to go to him, but he stops me with a palm out, and a silent shake of his head. With his eyes on the concrete between us, he says, “I’m sorry I jumped down your throat earlier.”

I study his face, and the way his eyes go thoughtful and soft for a moment before dragging up to mine. His gaze hardens, and his brows pull together, leaving all the softness behind as he adds, “Understand that I don’t want things to be like this either. But you know where I stand.”

My stupid fucking mouth opens and closes, but of course there are no words. Because he’s right. I do know where he stands and I can chase him until my feet bleed but the truth of it is, I haven’t changed. I *can’t* fucking change.

I run a hand through my hair, my heart racing at our privacy and sheer proximity. No cameras rolling, no call sheet, no actors standing around, no office full of tasks between us.

It’s just us out here, alone with our problems. I memorize his features because I know time with him now—no matter how painful—is scarce. Something to be cherished.

My words come out a whisper, but it’s all I can muster. “I miss you so much it hurts.”

He takes an unsteady step backward, gripping the back of his neck with one strong hand. I always loved his hands. A memory surfaces, Lance’s hands holding my face, his words dusting my lips. *You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me*, he said, and then his hands explored my entire body as I trembled with beautiful disbelief that the smartest, most gorgeous man I’d ever met had somehow felt the same for me.

“Don’t say that,” he breathes as my spine grows wobbly and my legs weak. I reach out for his hand, but he steps back. Moving his hand to the door, he finally looks at me again. “*Don’t*. There’s no reason.”

Words clutter my throat and fill my mouth. *There is a reason. I fucking love you. I love you so much that my life is largely pointless if you’re not in it. Please, please.*

But he’s right.

Please what? What can I offer him now that I couldn't before?

Not a fucking thing.

I would do it if I could. I would give him exactly what he wants if I could. I would do it a million fucking times if I could do it even once.

But I can't.

The cruel irony of our situation is that I would give him every fucking thing imaginable yet... the one thing I can't give is the one thing he *needs*.

But I cannot fall to my knees.

I *cannot* be submissive.

Not to him, or anyone.

I tried and it felt like my body was burning alive from the inside out. My skin crawled with discomfort, I broke out in sweat, nausea churned through me. And I just... couldn't. I am not a dominant by choice. It's in my blood, like DNA. I can't be something that I simply am not.

My mind fogs and the door slams closed, and by the time I lift my head, he's gone. The clouds have covered the sun and a drizzle begins, spattering against my cheek and bare arm. I grab the sandwich from the ground and toss it into the can and head inside.

Now I will stand next to him and work for several more hours together, knowing I alone am the reason we are so broken. The reason we are destroyed.

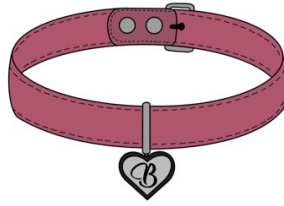
I trudge toward the set when Otis, one of my actors here at Crave, clips my shoulder. I look up to find him smiling as he walks past. "Sorry, boss." Then he pauses, furrowing his brows not unlike a confused child. "Cheer up, life is beautiful," he says before wandering toward the makeup chair off-set.

I used to think life is beautiful. Now I'm not so sure.

**five**

...

Everyone watches porn.



## **brielle**

THE BONES IN MY LEGS ACTUALLY VIBRATE AS I STOMP ACROSS campus, a printed paper clutched in my fist, purpose carved into my features. *There has to be some mistake.*

My dad called not even an hour after the mentor/protégé list populated, screaming and hollering at me as if I had some choice in it. *A mistake.* That's what we both agreed it was. Because *Quincey Parker will not have his daughter step foot in a pornography studio, and certainly not with what he pays that school.* I'm paraphrasing, you get the idea.

It would be nice to go *one* day without hearing how he pays for my graduate program. Honestly. But I have to take it because he *is* paying for it, and from the measly income I earned working in the props department at the local theater over the summer, I can't pay for it myself.

Loans. I almost went up to my chin in student loans, but Winnie made me realize how fucking idiotic that would be, and that taking a few lectures from Big Daddy (barf) is totally worth not going into years of debt.

I'm beginning to wonder if Winnie was wrong, because I am so beyond sick of hearing about how much he pays for my education.

One thing we do agree on? My program assignment must be a mistake.

It *has* to be.

UCSF has one of the most prestigious film school graduate programs. Like, ever. And, not to toot my own horn or anything, I am a *very* good student. Never missed an assignment. I've done all the extra things all of my professors have ever asked. And Mr. Leon is the one who suggested I take the job at the local theater, advising me that being part of all facets of the industry will help me be a better director.

This assignment has to be a mistake.

I'm... well, *I'm too talented and bright to be a protégé to a porn director*. There, I said it.

My phone vibrates in my purse and I stop in my tracks, digging it out so I don't miss the call. Maybe it's Mr. Leon calling to tell me there's been a mistake. Ten feet from the film department doors, I yank my phone from my bag, sweat beading on my upper lip from my indignant, irritated march.

*Quincey Parker calling.*

I swipe, and lift the phone to my ear. "I'm going now, Dad," I huff, only rolling my eyes because I know he can't see. If I roll my eyes to his face, that earns me one of my dad's many, many lectures.

"You tell them—" he gruffs, but I cut him off because I swear to baby Jesus I cannot hear it one more time.

"How much you pay, I know," I sigh, still clutching the paper tightly in my hand. "I'm literally right outside the building. I'll call you back."

"Yes, you will," he growls, irritation and anger rolling off him in waves. Waves that swallow me up from the other side of town.

"Yes," I drag out. "I will. I just said that."

"Don't take that tone with me, Brielle. Get in there and figure it out." And then, the ever loving father that Quincey Parker has always been, he hangs up.

"Love you too," I deadpan to a black screen before shoving it away in my bag and continuing my righteous trek to the building. I yank open the door with more attitude than may be necessary but right now, *angry is a vibe*, and I'm stuck on it.

With the back of my wrist, I wipe the sweat from the top of my lip, flip my long braid over my shoulder and drop my clenched fist to the counter. The department secretary looks up, a bit startled until she sees me.

It's not my first visit.

Or my first complaint.

“Oh, *Miss Parker*,” Wanda greets, though she clearly isn’t happy to see me. *That’s fine, Wanda, I’m not really jumping for fucking joy to see you either. And there’s lipstick on your teeth.*

“I need to see Mr. Leon.” Releasing the printed paper from my death clutch, I straighten it with both hands against the desk, finding the middle soft and damp. Wanda eyes the wet paper and I point to it. “That’s my anger soaking through.”

She rolls her eyes. Rolls. Her. Eyes. *For how much my father pays!*

“Mr. Leon,” I restate, giving her a free pass on the eye roll because, well, pot and kettle and whatnot.

She picks up the handset on her desk, taps a few buttons, then rolls to give me her back, whispering quietly into the phone. When she turns back to face me, she tips her head toward the hall leading to the professor’s office. “Go ahead.”

Shoulders back, chin high, I take Hurricane Brielle down the hall, straight into Mr. Leon’s office. After marching through the open door, I take a seat directly in front of him, slapping the paper down on his desk.

“Hello, Brielle,” he greets, his tone soft, a knowing smile on his face. “How are you?”

I fold my arms across my chest and lean back. “Confused, Mr. Leon. Because I saw the program assignments and I have to say, I’m thinking a big mistake has been made.”

He lifts the paper from his desk, turning it in his hand to right it. Nodding while reading, he lifts his gaze, smiling. “No mistakes that I can see.”

I clear my throat, and pull my braid over my shoulder to smooth my fingers over knotted lumps. Playing with my hair is something that soothes me, something I did growing up when I was absorbing my father’s lectures. It’s stuck, and I still do it today.



Over and over, I smooth my sweaty fingers over the soft strands, gathering my thoughts. Now that I'm here, being super ragey doesn't feel as good. Not to mention, I need a letter of recommendation from Mr. Leon before I graduate. I need to ration the anger if I'm going to stay on his good side.

"Mr. Leon," I start, leveling my gaze at him, putting on what I hope is a small smile but could definitely pass as the look a woman gives a man before she murders him. I'd know. I watch true crime. "I believe a grave error has been made in the program assignments." I drop my braid and tap my finger to the paper, which he's lowered back to his desk, hands clasped together over his belly as he leans back in his chair. "It says here that I am assigned to a," I drop my tone to a whisper, and it comes out as a quiet hiss. "*Porn production company,*" I finish.

I lean back and match his body language, waffling my fingers together over my belly, too. "So you can see, there's a mistake. Because all the other program students were assigned to real directors, at real film studios. Charlie was assigned to a sister company of Paramount, and Rebecca's mentor is Barry Jenkins." I blink, and Mr. Leon blinks. "Barry Jenkins! He won a fuc—*freaking* Oscar."

Mr. Leon adjusts his pretentious half-rim glasses, pivoting in his chair to stack one leg on top of the other. "I'm aware that Mr. Jenkins won an Oscar, and I believe Rebecca will learn very much from him in their semester together."

My nostrils flare. "Rebecca gets Barry Jenkins and I get *Ron Jeremy* from Crave & Whatever."

The pretentious glasses come off and he drops them to the desk, leaving his face bare but for a hugely unimpressed expression. *Me too Mr. Leon, me fucking too.*

"Cure, Crave & Cure. And Ron Jeremy was an actor, not a director and don't do that, Miss Parker. Don't be hateful; you're above that." He tips his head to the side, studying me in a way that makes my palms sweat, so I slide them down my denim clad thighs, waiting.

“Augustus Moore is the top director in the adult film industry, and the CEO of Crave & Cure. Have you heard of Crave & Cure?” he asks, swiveling side to side in his chair.

“I don’t watch porn,” I retort.

He smiles. “*Everyone* watches porn.”

“Not me.” If I was Pinocchio, I’d be in trouble.

“Crave & Cure is a game changer in the adult film industry. But you’ll see that when you go there next week and start your mentorship.”

I shake my head, plucking my linen blouse from my torso, sweat making it stick. Damn, I really huffed over here. “I can’t be a protégé to a porn director, Mr. Leon. I need to work with a *real* director.”

He stops rotating in his chair and slides his frames back on, repositioning them on the bridge of his nose with a push of his index finger. “I went to film school with Augustus Moore, and he’s a friend of mine. He’s exceptional. Extremely talented.”

“As talented as Barry Jenkins?” I question, rolling my lips together in an effort to stay calm. Because I’m starting to think not only was this intentional, but I’m not getting out of it.

“Yes,” he replies, staring at me so intensely that I squirm in my seat a little. “Aug has revolutionized adult films on many fronts. And adult films *are* films. You can and will learn from him.” He leans forward, dropping his clasped hands to his desk, eyes holding mine. “That’s the assignment.”

“I—” I clear my throat, finding the fight has left me. “My father—”

“That’s the assignment,” he repeats, turning to face his computer screen. “Now if you’ll excuse me, Miss Parker, I have a script to work on.” He turns his body toward his computer and begins typing. That’s my cue to leave.

So I do, and instead of dragging this awful day out any longer, I call my dad on my walk back to my apartment.

“Well?” he barks after answering on the first ring. Seriously. *The first fucking ring.*

“It’s not a mistake, and he won’t change it and he doesn’t care how much you pay. Everyone pays it, Dad,” I say quickly, cutting him off at the knees. “And apparently, this Augustus guy is his old classmate and some legend in the adult film industry.”

“That’s it?” Dad snarls. “You’re in your last semester of grad school and you’ll spend it making porn movies in some seedy studio?”

I sigh, trudging down the sidewalk leading to the off-campus apartments where I’ve lived for nearly six years. “That’s it.”

A moment passes before my dad says, “That’s unacceptable.”

Again, I sigh as I round the corner, my place coming into view. All I want to do is pour a glass of booze the size of my head, sink into a deep bubble bath, binge murder shows, and put all of this out of my head until Monday. “Accept it,” I say to my father, quite frankly sick of him always adding so much fucking stress on my shoulders. “I want to be done with this phone call,” I tell him, because it’s true, and it’s not the first time I’ve flat out told him as much.

“Fine. I’ll call that motherfucker myself!” he growls, and I can actually hear him stomping around his office.

“He’s not a mother fucker, dad.” I climb the stairs to my apartment, exhausted from this day and this call.

“Oh, so now you want to work at a porn studio,” he snaps.

“No. But I’m doing it. Because that’s the assignment, it’s only one semester, and then I’ll move on.” I shove the key in the lock and twist, pushing my door open to be greeted by my cold, dark apartment. “I will call you later.” And without a goodbye, I hang up.

Like father, like daughter.

**six**

...

If I could do it, I'd do it for him



## augustus

“NEXT ORDER OF BUSINESS,” I FLIP THE SHEET OF PAPER AND read the item at the top of page two. “We have a protégé coming from the mentorship program at UCSF.”

I look around the office, heads bobbing at me as they take in the information. “She’ll be here Monday and she’ll be with us for a semester, about four months.”

“Jesus,” Lance mutters, and I look up to see him leaned forward, elbows on knees, stroking a hand through his hair, eyes on the ground.

He doesn’t elaborate on his outburst, but I know what he’s thinking. I know not only because I know the man like the back of my hand, but because I had and have the same thoughts. An annoying and overly eager film school student on our heels day in and day out, asking too many goddamn questions and getting in the way.

But what Lance doesn’t see is that we need this. We need someone and something else to focus on. Because the last twelve months have been exhausting agony, and while I will never give up trying to get him back, I think an occasional diversion of focus would do us both good.

Ignoring Lance’s one-word feedback of the situation, I say, “Ezra Leon is the film school director heading up the program over there.” My tailbone resting against my desk, feet crossed at the ankle, I dig my phone from my pocket. I got the email from Ezra last night that contained the assigned student information, but I was too busy staring at the ceiling and dying inside to read through it. Opening my email app, I tap the message already read and read it more carefully.

*Brielle Parker, graduate student, final year, prior concentrations on documentary.*

“Brielle,” I announce to the room, “will be here Monday. She will be mentored by both myself and Lance.” I look at

him, watching as his head slowly lifts and his blue eyes lock on mine. I'm not including him in this as some way to barter for his love; I see Lance as an equal, and have since the second month he was here. He's organized, sharp, has a keen eye for detail, never misses a day, and the actors respect him. The ideas he's passed my way on set have been nothing short of brilliant, and for that and a myriad of other reasons, I view him as my equal. Creatively and otherwise.

"Cool," Tucker says, pinching a donut hole from the breakfast tray on Lance's desk. We bring food into these meetings, and Tucker Eliot, the top performer and now partial owner of the Crave & Cure toy line with Debauchery, is the *only* one to eat. "Does she like, wanna work here after or is that not how these things go?"

His wife, Vienna, strokes a hand up the back of his shirt, smiling at him. "I think that's how internships work, not really mentor/protégé things." She looks at me, nudging her glasses up her nose as she asks, "Right?"

I shrug. "I'm not really sure, honestly. But... Crave is rapidly growing. Now that we've got Lucy Lovegood and *Loved by Lucy*, our viewership has increased tenfold. If Brielle's good, I'm not adverse to hiring another director and starting an entirely new series of films. And I think Ezra mentioned these programs usually carry an option to contract at the end. If she works out."

From the corner of the room—the only other person standing aside from myself—Cohen raises a finger. With his back to the wall, feet also crossed at the ankle, he quietly interrupts. "I didn't mean to wait until now to bring this up but... it slipped my mind earlier."

I nod. "What's up?"

"Scarlett and I need the morning off on Monday. We have an interview at the preschool we're trying to get Izzie into." He shrugs. "They only just called us yesterday."

Scarlett—who is Lucy Lovegood on screen—is married to Cohen. They had another baby together a few months ago and both of them are natural parents. The kind that, when their

child is only an infant, is already interviewing for preschools and setting up college funds.

“You know that’s fine.” I tip my head to the side and give him a look. “You don’t even have to run that by me, Co. *You know that.*”

He smiles, nods, and refocuses his eyes on his feet, cuing me to move forward with the meeting. Cohen has never wanted attention, but the way he pours over Scarlett, taking care of her every need—he’s an honorable, one of a kind man. And I feel honored that he chooses to be here at Crave; Scarlett, too.

My eyes tumble down the paper, but we’ve covered everything so I give the room a single nod. “Have a good day.”

They filter out, Vienna giggling quietly to Tuck, her hand still up his shirt as she scratches his back. I keep my eyes on his shirt where her hand is tucked beneath until they’re turning the corner and out of sight. Such a simple thing, scratching his back. But I burn with jealousy at how casually they can touch each other, at how in love they are.

Lance is looking at me when I look at him, and a thrill runs up my spine because I typically have to be speaking to him about work to get him to look at me. He arches a brow. “She’s *our* protégé?” His tone drips with disbelief, like he sees my choice to have the film school student work with *us* as a ploy to get to him. And it absolutely is not. Maybe the only thing I’ve done in a year that isn’t based on getting him back.

“I see you as an equal, creatively and professionally. Crave is the only thing I have left now. I hope you’d realize that my choice to appoint you to the mentorship alongside myself is because that’s what’s best for the student *and* Crave.” I push off the desk, circle it and take a seat behind my computer, not giving him another look. It hurts to be questioned when it comes to Crave, because it *is* all I have left, and I’ve always honored this place more than anything. “We will work with her together.”

I feel his eyes on me. “Okay,” he agrees, tone lighter, like maybe he feels a little bad for his subtle accusation.



“*Together.*” And then, he’s out of the office, leaving me to sulk, stew and pine; my usual.



“And after today’s shoot, he left without even telling me. And, fuck, I don’t know. He doesn’t *have* to tell me anything. I know that. But... It was the first time he’s ever done that. And it just hit me,” I breathe, holding my head in my hands, staring at the lush rug poking up between my bare toes. “We’re nothing but history.”

Claire, my best friend and the best ex-wife a man could ask for, drops her head to my shoulder, looping her arm around my back. “That’s a hard pill for you to swallow, I know,” she says softly. “But honey, I think that’s been true for a while now, Aug.”

I lift my head from my hands and turn to face her, bumping her head from my shoulder. “No,” I argue, though there’s no fight in my voice. “That’s not true. He was... we could... fuck, we talked. He looked at me. There was possibility lingering,” I breathe, my heartbeat increasing as my mind grows more frantic. “But today it really felt like all hope is lost.”

Reaching forward, Claire lifts the whiskey glass from the table, and presses it into my hand. “Just a sip, and lean back,” she whispers, pressing her palm to my shoulders as my body finds the plush couch. I bring the drink to my lips and do as she says, sucking down a small amount of booze. It burns on the way down, but immediately soothes the tenuous ache running through my veins, just slightly.

Slight relief is better than none at this point.

I turn my head, letting it still rest against the couch as I lazily ask, “Was I a selfish prick when we were married?”

Claire’s dark lashes flutter as she blinks sadly at me, her full lips turned down in an expression that can only be described as *pity*. “No, you weren’t. You were a wonderful partner and you know our divorce had everything to do with me, and nothing to do with you.”

Facing forward again, I focus on the orange flames dancing behind the tempered glass. “I like your fireplace.”

She fishes her fingers up the back of my scalp, and my eyes fall closed at how good it feels to be touched so personally. Even if it’s coming from just a friend. I miss touch.

“Thanks, I do too. It cost way too much but,” she shrugs next to me, “it’s worth it on nights like this.”

I snort. “Nights when your lonely, pathetic ex-husband comes over crying about his love life.”

“Exactly.”

She rises from the couch, moving around the kitchen behind me. I watch the flames dance and flicker, trying my best not to remember the time Lance and I rented a cabin in Lake Tahoe, and fucked like teenagers right in front of it, all night long. We were covered in sweat, and I’m not sure we spoke a single word, round after round, so enamored with the way we made each other feel, how our bodies responded to one another. It was fucking... well, beautiful.

I scrub a hand down my face to keep my eyes from burning, and finish the expensive whiskey. Claire returns with a plate of food, lowering it to the coffee table as she sits next to it, facing me.

“We’re still friends, you know,” she says quietly, her long dark hair curtaining her face as she smiles gently.

I nod. “I assumed. And I wouldn’t want your friendship to end because I couldn’t make it work.” I sigh, and my entire body goes hollow with the release of that trapped breath. My body is in a constant state of weakness, and I hate being used to it.

“Aug,” she soothes, “I know you, and I love you. And, for that matter, I know Lance and love him, too.” She drops her hand to my knee, giving it a gentle squeeze. “I know it’s over but... he’s as miserable as you are.”

I shake my head and pull the plate of food from the table into my lap, taking the fork in my hand. “I don’t know that he is, Claire.” I stab a red potato and take a bite.

“He is.” She crosses her legs, watching me eat for a moment before saying, “I know you’re a dominant but... I don’t know. You can’t possibly—”

Through a mouthful of food I look up, and level a pointed gaze her way. “Don’t you think I would if I could, Claire? And we’re stuck in this fucking loop! The same way he needs to fulfill both sides of the switch coin because that’s who *he* is,” —I drop the fork and press my fingertips into my chest. “*I am who I am.*” I push the plate back onto the table. “Believe me, if I could do it, I’d do it for him.”

Silence clouds the space between us for a moment. “What is it, if you don’t mind me asking? What is it about taking on the submissive role that you just... can’t do?”

Shaking my head, I stare at my ex-wife in the glow of the fire. I love her, and I respect her, but I’m tired of being heartbroken *and* misunderstood. “You wouldn’t ask a straight man to have sex with another man, because straight is who he is.” I lick my lips, trying hard not to be angered, but exhausted by having who I am at my core viewed as a *choice*. “I am a dominant, Claire, okay? It’s not about bottoming, or, I don’t know, ego, or whatever the fuck you think it’s about.”

Memories run through my mind of Lance being buried deep inside me, my arms behind me, hands gripping his tight ass as I hold him there. Dominance isn’t about being the one who fucks—it’s about control. My stomach clenches at the memory of the first time he penetrated me, how broken and beautiful his moans were as he came in hot, rippling waves inside me—at my control, my urging.

She grips my knee again, nodding. “I’m sorry, I know. I know you’re right and I do understand, I promise I do.” She

lets out a sigh nearly as weighty as mine. “I just, I hate seeing you both this way and I just...”

I nod, and rest my hand on top of hers. “I know. I’m sorry for snapping. I just... I would change who I am for him if I could, I really would. But... life doesn’t work that way.”

She sighs. “I know.”

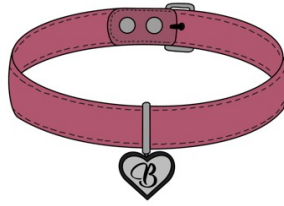
I finish the plate of food she’s made for me, watching the fire lick at the glass. And I fall asleep with my head in her lap, my heart full of pain.

I would change who I am for him if I could, that’s the truth. I want nothing more than to give him what he needs, I just don’t know how it’s possible.

**seven**

• • •

My first day as the porno protégé



## **brielle**

I TIP MY HEAD TO THE SIDE, STUDYING THE BLACK PENCIL skirt and white blouse combo, also known as outfit number four that I've tried on. Still, nothing feels or looks quite right. Usually, these pencil skirts make me feel *fire*. They accentuate my already voluptuous curves, cinching my waist while bringing focus to my ass and thighs which, if I may say so myself, are *buxom perfection*.

I know why nothing looks right.

Because I have no idea what to wear to a mentorship at a fucking *porno* company. And everything I put on feels... quite frankly? Too good.

“Jesus, what’s wrong with this one?” Winnie asks from her spot on my bed. She’s draped across on her belly, quietly texting on her phone. “This is like outfit ten trillion, B. You gotta pick one.”

I turn to face her, stroking my fingers through my hair to lightly untangle it as it dries. I’m going with natural waves because I am *not* blow drying and beach waving my hair for work at a porno place. *Um, not worth the heat damage*. “Four, not ten trillion. And what’s wrong is nothing feels like it makes sense for where I’m going.”

She smirks. “Do you have...” she draws out her sentence, tapping her long pointer finger against her lips as she hums thoughtfully. “A white tank top, red bra, ripped jeans and like, fuzzy slippers?”

I put my hands on my hips and level a snarky glare her way, eyebrow arched. “A little judgmental,” I chide, though in truth, I was thinking the *exact* same thing. Spinning to face the mirror, I decide outfit four is *the* outfit, because I’m tired of pulling on and peeling off clothes. “I’m giving this way more thought than it deserves. No matter what I wear, I’m sure I’ll look like Ivanka fucking Trump compared to everyone else.”

“Now who’s judging,” Winnie snickers, her focus back on her phone.

I slip into black pumps and snatch my deodorant off my dresser, uncapping it before dipping in my shirt and swiping my pits. “I know. I am. And I really don’t mean to be an asshole but—”

“Quincey Parker is your father and it’s literally in your DNA to be a total snob,” she deadpans.

I put the cap on my stick of deodorant and grab my perfume, pumping it twice on my wrists and one on my neck. “I’m *not* a snob,” I argue, sinking the end of a silver hoop through one ear. “But come on, Win, it’s *porn*.” I put the other earring on and reach for my necklace, dragging it on over my head. “Gia Coppola was on that list.” I shake my head, waving my hands around like a crazy person because—“Francis Ford Coppola’s *fucking niece*, Win! And I got stuck with some dude who makes—” I shake my head, trying to think of anything pornish. “Cum shot movies with a story line!”

Winnie sits up, locking her phone as she slides to the end of the bed, putting her feet into her sandals. “You know,” she says, tucking her curls behind her ears. “You like and respect Mr. Leon. Is it at all possible that this September guy—”

“Augustus,” I correct.

“Augustus, whatever. Is it possible that he’s like the Gia Coppola of porn? I mean, you said Mr. Leon told you he’s friends with this guy, went to school with him even.” She drops her phone into her purse and smiles at me, her freckles darkening. “It could be cool.”

I roll my eyes, folding my arms over my chest. “I don’t want it to be *cool*. I want it to be amazing. And honestly, if they’re friends, Mr. Leon likely feels bad for him and is doing some sort of charity favor thing.”

Winnie rises and claps a hand on my shoulder. “Don’t be stuck up. It could be cool.” She leans in, sniffing. “And you’re wearing too much perfume.”



“I am not,” I scoff, but after she shuffles out of my room, I raise my wrist to my nose and sniff. Fuck, she’s right. Before grabbing my purse, I smear my wrist down my skirt, pull my hair into a ponytail and head out.

In the kitchen, Winnie sips a can of Coke she yanked from my fridge. I check my reflection in the small mirror by the front door. I went with minimal makeup—pink lips, mascara, a little blush. “You look good, B,” she says, watching as I smooth my fingertips over my eyebrows one final time.

“Thanks.” I snatch my keys from the counter. “Alright, well, I’m going. Wish me luck.”

“Good luck,” she smirks over the top of the can. “And try not to be too *Quincey-ish*.”

I give her the bird, and slam the front door behind me. I don’t relish being like my father but in this case, he and I may be on the same page.

*He pays too much for me to get paired with a porno director when other grad students are being paired with actual artists.*

But... I wanted a big change. Something different to break up the monotony. Anything so I’m no longer the forgettable girl.

So, here I go. Chasing my dreams.

*At a crawl.*



Behind the wheel, I dig out the paper from my purse with Crave & Cure’s address.

“Psh, Crave & Cure,” I gripe to no one, because sometimes, talking shit alone makes me feel better. “Crave & Cure,” I repeat, typing the address into my phone’s map app. Suddenly, the name clicks in my brain and I look up, out the windshield, staring at the cement barrier in front of my car. “Oooh fuck, I get it. You crave it and they cure it.” I volley my head. “Okay, that’s actually good.”

My GPS—set to an Australian male accent because obviously that’s better than a robotic woman—announces the first direction, and I throw my car into reverse then drive, following his orders.

Approximately twenty four minutes later, my jaw rests comfortably in my lap as I put my car into park—not even one block from Rise & Grind. This revelation deserves a phone call. I take my phone from the mount in my car and call Winnie.

“Yes I’m still at your apartment,” she answers, mouth full. “And yes I’m eating your food. You have money and I don’t,” she says.

“I don’t care about that,” I say, peering out my windshield at the large, brightly colored brick building in front of me. “Get this, Crave & Cure is literally like, two minutes away from Rise & Grind. On the same street.”

Winnie chokes on her mouthful of free food because karma works like that. “Wh-what?” she coughs. “Oh my god! That blue, orange and pink building!”

I nod vigorously despite the fact she can’t see me. “Yes! That one!”

“We always wondered,” she says dreamily. “I kind of thought it was like a candy factory or something.”

I blink at the building, noticing now that there are many, many security cameras hidden in the eaves, pinned to the iron fence around the property, and even over the back door where a guard stands. “I’m surprised,” I breathe, my pulse picking up. Probably first day nerves. “But... there’s a lot of security.”

“Good, there are a lot of weirdos in the city,” Winnie comments.

I glance at my watch, and realize I don’t have time for this call. “Yeah, and I’m about to go protégé for one.” I pop open my car door and swing a leg out, the cool bay air drifting into the cab. “Gotta go. Later.”

“Later B.”

Okay, so, I can admit that this is not what I pictured. I mean, part of me, somewhere very deep down—like inside my intestines deep—knew Mr. Leon wouldn’t send me to some warehouse in San Quentin but still, I imagined it anyway.

I pictured a building with a guy smoking cigarettes outside, a bunch of beater cars with no license plates, and a woman with bad extensions standing around in a Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman* type of dress.

But this is *not* that.

I slam my door closed and the security guard’s head veers my way, his dark eyes narrowing on me as I approach. When I reach the bottom of the cement stairs, he holds a palm out, one hand reaching for the radio on his chest. “Who are you and who are you here for?” he questions.

I find myself swallowing a lump of nerves, my hands clinging to my purse strap. “I’m Brielle Parker, I’m here for the mentorship with... Augustus Moore,” I recall after a moment of panic eats my brain.

He relays the information into his radio, head tipped toward it but eyes on me. Releasing the radio he presses a finger to his ear, and it’s then I spot the clear piece wedged in his ear canal. *Jesus, he’s got an ear piece?* I shift in my heels as sweat bubbles up on my back beneath my white blouse. Finally he says, “Alright.”

Slowly, I climb the stairs and when I reach the top, face to face with the guard, he halts me, resting his hand over the keypad near the knob. “92022,” he says, scowling. “That’s the code. Don’t share it.”

“9..2..0..2..2,” I slowly repeat, committing it to memory.

He nods then lowers his voice to add, “It’s the date my favorite book came out.”

For whatever reason, that surprises me, and it’s one of the many curveballs this entire morning is throwing my way. Because so far? This is not at all what I expected.

I punch in the numbers and pull open the door, stepping inside as my eyes adjust to the low light inside the building. Soft laughter bounces around as conditioned air cools my cheeks, the smell of fresh coffee and pastries overtaking my senses.

Hands still nervously clinging to my purse, I take a few cautious steps forward, completely unsure of where to go or who Augustus is. Who should I be looking for? The name Augustus sounds like it belongs to a man who watches birds with binoculars and wears shoes with velcro, but as my eyes take inventory of the people standing around, no one fits that description. There’s also no one in fuzzy slippers and white tank tops, either.

A woman with chestnut hair, sunglasses settled on top of her head, saunters over, wiping her hands on the apron tied around her waist. “Who are you looking for, babe?” she asks, hands fishing around her apron pockets until she retrieves a tube of lipstick with one, lipliner with the other.

“Augustus Moore,” I say slowly, peering around the space, my eyes going wide as a hunky blonde drops his robe to the floor, exposing a lean, chiseled body and a *huge, hard cock*.

The woman follows my slack jaw and wide eyes to the man before coming back to me with a smirk. “That’s Tucker Deep. But he’s married, so put your tongue back in your mouth.”

“I—I—” I stammer, literally tearing my eyes away from his erection and plump balls to focus on the woman.

“Aug’s in his office.” She motions down the hall with the hand holding the lip liner. “First door on the left.”

I nod, processing that dick as I murmur, “Okay, thanks.”

“Sure,” she says with a smirk, turning to cross the space, attending to a beautiful brunette sitting in a chair. She grabs the actress’s chin and tips her face up and begins lining her lips.

Turning to the hall, I head down, sneaking a deep breath in through my nose, pushing it out through my mouth quietly as the door nears. I stop in my tracks, and take two paces back as a deep voice tumbles out into the hall.

“It’s cruel, it’s fucking cruel, you know that? Making me say this over and over. Do you think I want to say it over and over? I don’t want it to be true, and I sure as fuck don’t want to say it aloud on a weekly goddamn basis!”

My eyes widen. Jesus. *Who* is that? What is he angry about? A porno script? I take another step, swallowing what I hope is the last lump of nerves as my neck veers forward, my brain quietly listening from instinct. I totally eavesdropped on my dad a ton as a kid.

“I’m not...” another deep voice speaks, and along my forearms, goosebumps rise. I rub one palm over my arm, trying to will them away. These voices are... *deep*. My stomach clenches. “I’m not trying to be cruel. Fuck! I don’t want to hurt—”

The voice stops abruptly and then I see it—my shadow in front of me, painted along the floor in front of the open door. My eyes widen in horror. *Oh my god. Holy shit—whoever is talking knows I’m eavesdropping. Oh my—*

“Come in or keep walking but do not stand there and listen!” he shouts.

My ears burn as I take two small steps forward, into the doorway. My eyes land on—*holy shit*. A very, *very* hot man. Maybe in his mid forties, I don’t know, I’ve never been good at guessing age, but his hair is jet black, peppered on the sides with silvers and whites, a dark beard coating the lower half of his face. His brindle eyes are set on me, broad shoulders squared off behind a large desk, built chest covered in a fitted dress shirt the color of the sky at dusk, deep purple, nearly black. He’s incredibly fucking handsome, and does not look

like what I expected a porn director to look like. My eyes drop to the nameplate on his desk. And sure enough, he is a porn director.

I point awkwardly at his name. “Augustus Moore. You’re, uh, who I’m looking for.” I extend my hand, sweat pouring down my back, my cheeks definitely cherried from embarrassment. *Jesus Christ, he caught me eavesdropping.* “I’m Brielle Parker.”

He glares at my hand a moment before his dark eyes come back to mine. “Am I supposed to shake your hand from ten feet back?”

I shake my head and scurry forward. Yes, *scurry*. I take these weird, tiny steps, trying not to move my hips for some reason, and keep my hand out the whole time. Augustus definitely takes note of my sudden awkwardness, staring at me a moment before rising, sliding his large hand into mine.

“Hello, Brielle.” He nods across the room, and it’s then I remember there were two voices. I turn to see—no fucking way. *Another* absolutely gorgeous man, this one leaner but still muscular, blonde hair and a sharp, clean-shaven jaw. Piercing blue eyes look me up and down a second before he gets to his feet, shoving his hands in his pockets as if to say *I am not shaking your hand*. “This is Lance.”

“Hi Lance,” I greet the gorgeous but icy man. “Nice to meet you.”

His lips press into a thin line as he studies my face a moment, then says coolly, “Yeah, you too.”

My head volleys back to Augustus. “You’ll be working with both of us. I’m the director you were assigned to, which you clearly know, but Lance is an equal to me, and oftentimes, is more knowledgeable than myself when it comes to the studio’s inner workings. I mainly direct, whereas Lance helps with directing and essentially keeps the entire studio going.”

I notice the way Augustus’s eyes move past me to Lance, hovering there with depth before coming back to me. “You will arrive at nine. Get the daily schedule from Lance, as well

as the call sheet, and we'll work from there each day. You get a one-hour lunch break, but it changes time depending on the shoot."

I nod, committing the details to memory. "Okay."

Augustus leans over, reaching for a notepad in the corner of his desk. The top two buttons of his shirt are undone, and his reach causes a gap between his shirt and body to form, and *fucking shit* I can't help myself—my eyes go to the tanned skin exposed there, and the smattering of dark hair running down.. down.. *down*.

Lance, who has silently come to my side without my awareness, clears his throat. My head whips to face him, and I find him... *glaring at me*. Fuck. First I'm caught eavesdropping and now I'm caught checking out the boss.

In a low tone, he whispers, "Get a good look?"

Cheeks aflame, I look back to Augustus, and paste on a smile, waiting for further direction. This Lance guy is a real fucking asshole, isn't he?

"While here, you'll learn the art of directing some of the most intimate scenes," Augustus starts and because this morning is already a shitshow on wheels, I snort.

*Snort* at his words.

He lowers the notepad to the desk and rightfully glares at me. And for reasons beyond me, I say, "Sorry, just... you know, calling porn *intimate*."

As soon as the words drift out of my mouth, I know I fucked up. I know it by the way both men pinch their gazes on me, Augustus's jaw grinding, his neck filling with strain. He tempers his voice as he says, "*Adult films*. We do not call it porn. And I'd advise you to adjust your attitude while you're here, Miss Parker. Because these are real, hardworking, talented actors and actresses and your shitty judgment has no place here."

He grabs the notepad and comes around the desk, handing it to me. I take it quickly, clutching it to my chest. "I'm—okay," I mumble. And a moment later, he's gone.

I turn to face Lance. “What am I supposed to do?”

He rolls his eyes. *He rolls his fucking eyes at me!* Who the fuck rolls their eyes to someone’s face like that? It is so... wait. *I do that.* All the time. I glare back at him, because even though I said the wrong thing, this guy has no right to be an asshole to *this* level. I only roll my eyes at Winnie because we’re best friends.

We stand there, glaring at one another for a moment before he says, “Augustus wants me to take you around the studio and introduce you to the cast and the crew working today.”

I look down at the notepad clutched to my chest. “Am I supposed to write people’s names down? He didn’t say what this is for.” My ponytail that rests along the center of my back suddenly feels like a fucking heating blanket, and I know if I had to lift an arm, I’d totally have pit sweat.

Ugh. This is not a good first day... and it’s only been fifteen minutes.

“Can’t remember their names because they’re *porn* stars?” he asks, pursing his full lips at me with so much attitude it’s fucking contagious. And why are those lips so... hot? Perfect little cupid’s bow, full but not Matt Rife so. The back of my neck prickles with awareness.

“Wow,” I scoff, realizing I should check my attitude but *this fucking guy*. “I was asking because he didn’t specify what I need the notebook for.”

“He,” Lance draws out with a snarl in his lip. An actual fucking snarl. *This man*. “Wants you to take notes,” he says, dragging out the last word like it’s a foreign language and he’s helping me understand. My nostrils flare. “Hence the name, *notebook*.”

One more dirty look and he’s blown past me to the door, stopping in the frame, one big hand clutching it as he turns back to face me. And holy crap. His hand is... big. Veiny. Thick fingers, big knuckles.

My pussy clenches against my will. *Damn her*. Don’t clench for this asshole and his hot body and fucking erotic



hands.

Erotic hands. He has them. Asshole or not.

“Let’s go,” he snaps, and my first day as the *porno protégé* begins.

**eight**

...

That time we



## augustus

“FUCK!” I GROWL AS I TOSS A DAMP, BALLED UP TOWEL against the wall. I went for a run on my lunch break today, which I rarely—if ever—do. But I had so much fucking pent up frustration and energy that I was nearly vibrating. I had to do... *something*. And since lunchtime fucks are no longer a thing, a run was the only solution.

And I came back to the same situation that had me PRing five miles just now.

*Arguing.*

At first, I’ll admit, I liked that Lance and Brielle seemed to greatly irritate one another. Not as Augustus Moore, the revolutionary adult film director, but as *Augustus Moore, the jealous, heartbroken asshole who knows the man he loves is gorgeous and brilliant*.

Brielle is his type, too. Smart, quick-witted, and funny. Maybe that first day I hadn’t a clue she was any of those things, but as week one turned into week two, I could see what Ezra saw. I remember him telling me how happy he was to see that she applied for the program at the last minute, saying, *she’s so fucking brilliant behind the camera but she’s convinced herself that she’s satisfied with trees, it’s a waste*.

I see that now, that she wouldn’t have lived up to her potential in documentaries. Not that documentaries take less work or are any less special than any other film—no, I don’t mean to say that at all. What I mean is, Brielle embodies qualities that make a perfect adult film director. For one, she has an eye for blocking, and to know how to place people in intimate scenes. Second, she is eloquent as all hell, when she’s not being a brat, that is. We’ll be standing on the edge of a scene, the words not quite right, and Brielle will step into the frame, move the actor’s feet and the other’s head angle, utter a singular sentence for the actor to repeat and boom, fucking

magic. And then she'll just fold her arms over her chest and watch the scene roll on, as if it's nothing.

Artful and beautiful sex is harder to direct than one would think. But she does it so goddamn well.

And when she isn't snapping at Lance—not saying *he* doesn't deserve it—I've caught the tail ends of her conversations with Vienna and Tucker, and I've heard her on set with Alexa, trading lines. She's funny, never failing to pass the baton of sarcasm right back.

*Those* are his favorite qualities in a partner. And the more I've gotten to know her in the last week and a half, the more paranoid I become. Because if the two of them ever pumped the brakes on the fucking arguing, they'd probably fall the fuck in love.

I've yet to have the opportunity to turn into a jealous, ugly monster, though, thank fuck. Because Lance and Brielle can't stop bickering. Cursing at one another, arguing about anything at all. This morning it was about city management of the gutters on public roads—yes, they argued about that. Talking over one another—I can't fucking take it.

I work with adults because I don't want to deal with things like this.

So no, I haven't been jealous. And all the enjoyment I initially got from the two of them not getting along? It's gone, every last drop. I'm snapping at both of them because they're on my nerves so fucking badly, and I'm tired of being a mentor that spends majority of his time talking himself out of losing his patience.

And to make things worse, my dick turns to steel when Lance gets angry. I fucking *love* it. The first week he worked here, as the director and operations assistant, a delivery man tried to lie about a missed delivery.

It was the first time I saw him get angry and I jerked off so fucking hard that night thinking of it. What that says about me, I don't know, but since then, I love him fired up. Passionate. It turns me to stone.

I've been hard non-stop for the last week and a half.

It doesn't help that I've got Brielle's eyes on my crotch, ass, chest, and beard no less than fifty fucking times a day. She's been trying to be discreet but unlike her directorial skills, she sucks at it. Because there is no question she's been checking me out almost as much as I check out Lance, which is saying something.

The thing is... she's been checking *him* out, too. And I don't fucking like that.

But then again... *I've* been checking her out.

I feel like an asshole, a traitor to my efforts to win back Lance, but... it's been a year since I've had sex with anyone that isn't my damn fist. And Brielle is also, *surprise, surprise*, my type. Lance and I share a list of things we favor. And while Lance is attracted to a mind and soul only, falling for the body that comes with the former traits, I'm not pansexual. I'm bisexual, and when it comes to women, I fucking loves curves. Hips to control, an ass to slap—fuck.

It's been a weird, hard week.

And now I'm coming back from what is supposed to be a mind-clearing run to find Lance and Brielle inches from each other's faces, both screaming. When I opened the back door to the studio, Cohen appeared, eyes on me. "*They've been at it since you left,*" he said quietly before adding, "*but I closed the door.*"

We do not scream and yell at Crave. We don't. In fact, we have actors here that are recovering from being at a place like that, and it's exactly why I apologized to Cohen before heading to the office. Because his wife Scarlett is one of those people, and triggering someone who is healing is not something I'll tolerate.

Brielle and Lance stare at the soaked towel lifeless on the floor. I've not raised my voice this way... *ever*. It's not my style. But unending heartbreak paired with the sexual frustrations and endless bickering, I'm fucking toast.

I get in Lance's face, my love and desire for him on the back burner. Because I love Crave, and he knows as much. I thought he loved it the way I did, too.

"I expect more from you. You know what this place is about," I hiss, nostrils flaring, blood coursing through my veins faster than usual, my heart firing off in rapid, uneven beats. "We don't scream and fucking yell, Lance. *Ever*. And *she* may not know that, but *you* do." I shake my head, loose drops of sweat sliding down my face, chest heaving. Though in truth, I don't know if it's this work environment or the run making me lose my fucking cool.

The energy radiating off me sticks to him, because his shoulders relax their stance, and his face falls. I force myself to hold his gaze, and not to look at the way his full lips part, how words *for once* fail him. "Crave means the same to me," he says finally, and bumps break out along my neck when his voice falters for a moment, growing wobbly on the last two words. "I apologize," he adds, forcing huskiness to his voice, straightening his spine. He only turns his head when he looks at Brielle and says, "I apologize for my behavior."

A moment passes, and I finally turn to face Brielle, foolishly thinking she too will apologize.

I widen my stance on the cold tile floor to accommodate the way my dick shifts in my stupid running shorts, getting hard for the way her arms are contrarily folded across her chest.

Gorgeous amber eyes narrowed my way, her foot fucking tapping. This fucking *infant* to the film world is standing in my office after bickering with my ex-boyfriend... *tapping her goddamn foot like I owe her something*.

And just like with Lance's anger and attitude, it's turning me the fuck on.

"What?" she snaps, one of her beachy waves slipping over her shoulder. I watch her pink fingernails as she pushes the hair back, returning her hand to its position on her bicep. "Thanks," she adds, looking now at Lance. "I accept your apology."

*Jesus Christ.* I can hear his anger bubbling up, frothy on his probably pinched lips. Before I can hand hold her to an apology owed to Lance, he does something surprising and lets it go.

Clearing his throat, he levels an arm toward the door. “Let’s get back on set and move forward, yes?”

I look at Brielle’s posture soften, her arms dropping to her sides, and then they’re gone. Closing the door in an attempt to center myself before a quick shower and the remainder of the day working with them, I push the lock and flop down in my leather chair behind my desk.

Letting my eyes close, I grip the armrests of my office chair, taking a deep, slow breath through my nostrils, holding it the way Dr. Evans has advised, and release it. I do that a few times before opening my eyes and resolve to calm the fuck down.

But when I open my eyes, they land straight on a folder on my computer.

TTW.

*That time we.*

We named it that at the time because we thought we’d hardly film ourselves, that we’d do it so infrequently that we’d refer to the few videos as... that time we... fill in the blank.

We had so much fucking chemistry it sheeted off of us, I swear to God. And just a few months into our relationship, we had a healthy folder full of home videos. Photos. Five second clips. Audio clips.

I stare at that folder. The one that contains the most erotic, most intense, most fulfilling moments of my private life. Claire thinks I should delete it, or at the very least, offload to a place I can’t access.

I never open it, though. Seeing it is punishment enough.

Usually.

Today, though, I’m just... *not myself*. The attraction to Brielle, and my fear that Lance will be attracted to her,



missing him, dealing with the way he's completely shut me out—I'm in a fucked up headspace.

With my dick still confused from the room of big energy earlier, I double click the folder, and, with guilt heavy in my chest, fish my other hand into my shorts.

After I just gave a speech about respecting Crave and what it stands for. I hate myself, but I grip myself anyway.

I'm not looking for any specific video—I miss him so much that I could probably fill my fist with cum just by smelling his shirt with his cologne on it. Any of these videos will work, and as much as I hate that I'm doing this, I need some fucking release. Or relief. Or, I don't know, both.

I move my mouse to the center and click a random video, unsure of what I'm getting because we numbered them in random numbers and digits. 382583339MF loads as I curl my fist around my cock, groaning at how heated I already am.

Then it's there, playing, volume merely a whisper. But I don't really need to hear it. The words I have memorized, etched into the free floating pieces of my shattered heart. Every single one of these videos are like that. I remember all of our time together, every fucking moment.

382583339MF is a video at my house. It's one of the last ones we ever made together, actually. As I look at the beardless, muscular version of myself on the screen, I get angry. Angry he was so close to the end and didn't know, couldn't change anything. I'm jealous of him, too. Jealous of the way he cups Lance's chin in his hand, and holds him captive with one downturned look.

I pump my fist, unable to stop the rapid stream of groans spilling out of me.

Lance is on his haunches in front of me as I sit in a chair. A chair from my dining set, one we'd pulled out into the living room, to be in front of the fire. He always liked being in front of the fire completely naked together. Four months after he left me, I started using my fireplace as storage. Even had the flue permanently closed.

On screen, my chest tightens as Lance lowers his cheek to my knee, his eyes closing. I sift a hand through his hair, my voice rough and raw as I whisper, “You’ve done so well today, pup.”

Shivers wrack my spine and pour over my shoulders as I stop jerking off and sit up a little in my office chair, my eyes growing heated and fuzzy as I stare at the screen.

I remember these evenings, the ones that came after a very long and productive day on set. Ones where Lance would bust his ass even more than normal, all to allow me to edit with the editors or write up a secondary supporting scene to get the film just right. He’d take care of everything else—payroll glitches, making sure all the actors do their mandatory psychiatry meetings, ordering the catering, scheduling the scenes while being mindful of the weather—he did it all.

Those nights we’d get home, I’d get to the stove, cooking something I knew he loved. He’d strip and shower, and every moment after that, until he closed his eyes for the night, he was *mine*.

Mine to direct and order, mine to instill servitude upon. But he always found respite in service; freedom of his mind and pleasure for his body.

As the man with a plan, the one who holds control—I found the most deep, sincere pleasure I’ve ever experienced. All from watching a beautiful man like Lance serve me, then let me use him for pleasure. And in return, I would give his body more pleasure than he could handle. Pleasure that made him shake and writhe, made his mind melt, and after, he’d sleep so deeply and wake so rested and happy.

I’d wake the same—pleased from all he gave me, but sated from the way I provided him the most intense and oftentimes endless pleasure his body could take. This movie is one of those nights. And instead of getting lost in what once was, I choose to pump my fist to the movie instead.

On screen, I lower a glass of whiskey to the ground and watch as Lance falls to his hands, off his calves and now on his knees, and dips his mouth to the glass. He pulls the alcohol

in through pursed lips as I slowly slide my foot against the floor, pushing it toward him. He ducks, and I blink as if I don't know what erotic thing is coming next, my fist pumping hard beneath my shorts. He drags his cheek up the inside of my calf, nuzzling his face into my thigh as I sift my fingers through his hair. "*Have another drink,*" I guide him, watching him repeat the slow slurp of whiskey before returning his cheek to my thigh. "*Good,*" I nearly growled, amazed at how much depth I had in my chest then, how endless it all felt.

"*I'm going to please you, my pup,*" I husk, tracing the slender curve of his jaw with the pad of my thumb, before pushing it into his mouth. My cock always got so hard when he sucked my thumb, the same slow and deep way he sucked me. "*But first,*" I snapped, jerking his head, tipping it up to face me, hovering over him in the chair. His guiding Sir, his owner, his dominant king. I was all of those things.

I was lucky enough to be those things to him for a while.

I push the sadness from my mind as I lean forward, itching to get to this part, pulling the waistband of my shorts back to drop spit into my palm and cock.

"*I need you to empty me.*" I dip my head, crashing my lips to his, doing things our way, the way we so beautifully did. He was my pet, my passive submissive, of that we were always sure. But we didn't always embody any specific roles, aside from dom and sub. The rest came off the cuff, but we found our most sated and peaceful home within the loose confines of a pet and his Sir. "*Empty me until there's nothing left. Back to back.*" A sinister smile stretches my face on screen. "*With only your mouth. And don't touch yourself.*"

"God," I groan, moving my fist faster and faster, about to reach in with my other hand and give my balls a tug. But my phone, which is next to my laptop, illuminates. A text message hovers at the top of the screen.

LANCE

Cues are set, lights are ready. Waiting on you, boss.

Fuck. Not only should I not be fucking jerking off at work—literally going against everything I fucking preach and stand for—but I have no business doing it to *this*. Our private moments, meant to experience together again, not... with me somewhere between cumming and crying, sweaty and angry, confused and alone.

I yank my hand from my shorts and jump to my feet, heading into the private bathroom attached to the office. I wash my hands with soap, splash water on my face, and get a goddamn grip. Returning to my desk, I push the lid closed on my laptop, snatch my phone and head out.

I have shit to do.



Around four, after apologizing to Brielle, Lance leaves to accept a refrigerator delivery back at his apartment. I think it's one of the only times he's left work early, and to be honest, I was surprised he didn't pay a set hand to go to his place and receive it for him.

But then again Lance is private, and the idea of someone from work inhabiting his space even for a minute makes me snort. He'd hate it.

Brielle, in another one of those fitted black skirts and flouncy blouses, patent black heels to match, strolls up, clutching her notes. "How did you feel about that last scene?" she asks, her head tipped to the side as she stares at what remains of the set.

We just had a standard scene, male and female, age gap. Uma, the actress, played a girl named Elizabeth who falls in love with her roommate's dad after hearing his voice on the

phone. The scene we filmed, though, was their first time. I didn't feel insane about it, but I didn't loathe it either.

I scratch at the side of my jaw as I remember the final thrust, and the way Uma moaned as Otis pumped into her.

“I think it's fair. The actors did great. But I think I let them get too far into their comfort zones.” I look over at Brielle, finding her pen unmoving against the paper as she studies me. Her wide green eyes make my chest tight, and I don't know if it's how serious she is when listening to me about directing, or if it's because I have a crush on my protégé, but either way, I don't focus on the cause. Just the delightful, tight feeling that burns behind my ribs. “Your first time is... maybe romantic, I can admit there's a possibility of that,” I say, noticing there are specks of blue near her iris, and how the large spotlight behind her illuminates her angelically. She's fucking gorgeous. “But it doesn't feel that good.”

Her lips turn down, making a soft curve of combative indifference.

I smirk. “Don't tell me you orgasmed the first time you had sex,” I tease. “We may be trying to turn adult films into a new genre of art where kink, sex and love can all exist—but we still need to sell movies. And orgasms during every PIV scene are crucial. Our viewers want it. But it's not real.”

I bump my shoulder into hers, knocking a wavy strand of hair free from the twisted heap of gold atop her head. I love how as the end of the day nears, she puts her hair up. Sometimes with a pencil, sometimes with an actual hair elastic. But around four o'clock, the prim Brielle is gone, and left behind is the Brielle who wants to learn about switch panels and how to sign off on deliveries from Cohen.

She wants to learn, and she seeks it out. And that is attractive. It reminds me of Lance.

Finally she laughs, and I love how her eyes shine when she's happy. So different from the harsh pinch she wears when arguing with Lance. She's sexy then too, but this is pure beauty.

“Okay,” she concedes, drawing it out. “So the first time usually isn’t all moany and hot,” she says, her laughter dying off as she turns to face me, pushing the stray hair off her face.

“You put your hair back in the afternoon,” I say to her, and both of us notice how quiet my voice is. I know she does, because her cheeks color, just a bit. “You’ve done it every day.”

She smiles, and the pink in her skin tone makes my pulse pick up. “Yeah. Usually when the final scene wraps, and there’s non-directorial things to learn.” I don’t miss her nervous swallow and the way she chews the corner of her mouth a little.

“The program is a directorial mentorship,” I respond, my eyes narrowing of their own volition as curiosity takes over. “You don’t have to learn about any of those things for *this* program.”

She hits me with an equally puzzled look, and pressure rushes up my thighs, centering in my groin. “But I need to know everything about a studio to be an effective leader.” Her voice softens as she says, “I don’t just want to be a good director. I want to be a good *leader*, like you.”

Her sweet words make my head swim. “Did you really want to get into documentaries?” I ask, because it’s rare when a film school student leaves wanting to make documentaries. In your youth, you’re swayed by flash and awe. Documentaries about drugs and crime, yeah, but trees? I scratch my head, wondering if I’m remembering that correctly from the single line of information I got from Ezra. “Did you want to make a documentary about... trees?”

She laughs, and it’s not a giggle or a fake laugh but more so, she’s enjoying our conversation, our banter. I haven’t felt that in ages. Everyone here is kind and agreeable, sure, but I’m the boss.

Brielle doesn’t see me that way right now. I can feel it.

“I did. I mean, there’s obviously more to it than what you just reduced it to,” she starts, her laughter fading as she

squares her shoulders with mine.

“I’m sorry,” I spit out. “I didn’t mean to belittle it or anything. I love and appreciate all films, truly.”

She waves a hand between us to say no worries. “Oh it’s fine. I didn’t mean to come off offended. I’m totally not. I just meant, you know, it wasn’t just,” she raises her hands, spreading them in a fake marquee as she says “*Trees by Brielle Parker.*”

I find myself laughing, and Brielle laughs too.

“Anyway, I really did want to get into documentaries because I love telling unknown stories. But,” she shakes her head, wearing a silly look of disappointment, “I’m stuck here instead.”

“I’m glad to have you stuck here,” I reply honestly. “I’m sorry your father hates it.”

Her face pales. “Oh my god, did he call you?” She looks truly horrified and sinks against me, clinging to the chest of my shirt. “I’m so, so sorry he called. I don’t—”

“He didn’t call,” I reply softly, reducing her anxious energy with my calmness. She releases my shirt, smoothing her hands over the crumpled fabric, smiling awkwardly up at me. “I think he only called Ezra. But he didn’t call me.” I wish he would have.

She rolls her eyes. “Of course he did.”

I tip my head to the side, wishing we had more than a few minutes. “Your parents aren’t supportive of this program because of Crave, or not supportive of making films in general?”

“Quincey Parker,” she starts, mimicking a husky tone. “Does not want his only daughter to make pornographic movies.”

I quirk a brow as we pass a smirk back and forth. “Your mom the same way?”

Her smile drains slowly, and I regret my question and know the answer.

“She’s not around. She passed away when I was young. Seven,” she says. I put a smile on so that she doesn’t have to feel bad about asking a question that comes with a tough answer.

“I’m so sorry Brielle, that’s awful,” I find myself saying as I stroke my palm down her arm, slowly, both of us eyeing the trail of bumps it leaves along her skin. I pull my hand back discreetly, and shove both in my pockets.

“You? Your parents alive?”

I smirk and knock my fist gently into her shoulder. “You think they must be dead because I’m so much older than you?”

Her eyes tip to the side as she giggles. “Honestly, kinda,” she laughs, and I find myself laughing, too.

“They’re alive,” I reply finally, and then Cohen approaches, and our conversation evaporates as we turn our focus back to work.

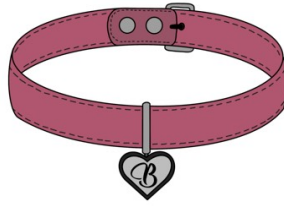
I realize as I let her direct the scene, studying the soft curves of her silhouette from her place tucked to the side of the set, she made me laugh. And I didn’t think about the heartache for a solid ten minutes.



**nine**

...

So fucking hot. And so not my business.



## brielle

HE'S BACK FROM HIS ERRAND. OH GOODY.

I cannot stand the way he just stares out at the set, eyes unmoving from *where-ever-the-fuck*. I blink up, met with the sharp lines of his heady profile, hating the way my belly always swirls at his handsome beauty, and angry as hell he won't look at me.

He took me around the set to meet people, but it's our first time alone since his apology in the office. When I was talking with Aug earlier, he'd been physically on the set, working. I realized that Aug wasn't kidding—Lance does it all. I peer over at him.

“If you thought I was going to apologize to you in there, well,” I say, pretending to study my nails for a moment despite the fact his gaze remains pointed forward. “*You* were wrong. Because I'm here to learn and if you continue to steamroll everything I suggest, I'll never learn. So,” I breathe, my heart fluttering like a damn butterfly on speed. Why do I care so much about what he thinks? And *why* am I letting this uptight self-important assclown get under my skin? “You owed me the apology and therefore, I accepted it. I just wanted you to know why I didn't, you know...”

Finally he turns, dropping those cruel eyes on me. My skin burns under his sedulous gaze, and my thighs clench together because of it. “You're pushy, inexperienced and untested. Have you ever thought that maybe hearing *no* and having your ideas brushed off *is* a learning experience?” His frothy anger lifts his brows, and responsively the edges of my vision go dark, breath caught in my chest, trapped and burning. I stand there, mouth open, unmoving as he continues, his voice quietly fierce. “Learning isn't about getting your way. Getting your way is for spoiled brats.” His nostrils flare and *finally* I take a breath, desperate to steady my whirring head. “Grow

up, Brielle. Not for me, for Aug. *We're* making it incredibly difficult for him to work by behaving like this.”

I swallow, finding my mouth and throat painfully dry. “Fine.” I say that because I don’t know what else to say, and right as I’m silently replaying every word, ready to slice them open and scrutinize them for all they’re worth, Augustus sidles up to me, eyes on the set.

He surveys the layout and turns to face us both, but pauses with his eyes on my hands. “Where’s your notebook?”

I look back at Lance—God why does he smell like the exact mix of things to make me want to tear his clothes off and smother his face? “Tell him,” I whisper, giving him my best *do it or else* eyes. He rolls his eyes at me and explains, “I tore it up when we argued.” He softens his expression for Augustus, and my gaze bounces between them a moment. “*I know*,” he says, “and I *am* sorry.”

Aug turns his face forward, and around the edge of his beard, I see his face is... flush.

*What is this?*

“Go get the notebook on my desk.” He strokes his hand through his beard, and the scruff beneath his palm grating gently makes my stomach knot. Wait—did Lance just drop the asshole ruse after just one chastising look? Is that their professional relationship or—“You need to take notes, go get the notebook.”

Turning on my heel, I smooth my hands down my pencil skirt. I’ve been wearing a pencil skirt every day since I started. They compliment my shape, and I have plenty that go with anything, making getting dressed in the morning easy. But also? I’ve caught both Lance and Aug eyeing my backside. And I know that’s so not why I’m here and it’s completely cliché to fall for hot movie directors but I can’t help it. Catching their eyes lingering on my ass, sweeping my breasts too—it makes me feel... *fucking fire*.

While they *could* be checking me out right now, I don’t care—I’m annoyed. I wouldn’t have to be stomping away,

missing the start of the scene, if Lance wouldn't have lost his temper. And here I am, traipsing off for a notebook like a reprimanded school girl. No amount of being checked out by hot, talented men can curb my irritation at the moment.

I swallow my frustration as I push into their office, remembering how Lance's jaw turned to steel as he held his tongue, anger rippling through his neck, blue eyes searing me. My panties were *soaked* when I left work.

Today is no better, because even though Lance just told me off... it still got me heated, and to make matters worse? He's right. I've been... *short sighted*. That's what I'll call it.

I flip the lights on and stare at Aug's desk. A nameplate, a cup with pens and pencils, a closed laptop, and a singular sticky note. *No notebook*. I scratch my head, taking a few steps into the office, my heels clicking loudly in the empty space.

*He doesn't want me to go through his drawers to find a notebook... Does he? No. He's so... aggressive. Going through his stuff seems like something he'd hate.*

My eyes linger on his laptop. *Is he one of those guys who calls his laptop a notebook? It's a MacBook Pro, so why wouldn't he call it that, or at least, an Apple?* I close the distance to his desk and take a seat, feeling immediately uncomfortable. *If he walked in right now he'd probably have a coronary.*

I glance around the desk but the perspective changes don't alter the contents: *no notebook*. I stare at the laptop, and decide to open it. I don't know how this will help the cause, but I'm opening it and immediately tipping my head to the side, captivated at what appears on screen.

My hand comes to my mouth, everything between my thighs overwhelmed with heat, my nostrils flaring as I take it in. "*Oh my God,*" I breathe, the frozen image of naked Lance on his knees, a thick leather collar around his neck, with naked Augustus's cock in his mouth.

Holy shit.

My eyelids grow heavy as my nipples harden, my pussy throbbing, swelling in my panties as I blink at the image.

*This is so fucking hot. And so not my business.*

I close the laptop, heart beating in my throat as I yank open the drawers, searching for a notebook. *I did not see that. That was not my business. I need to get the fuck out of here right now.* In the second drawer I find one, and pull it out, turning the cover to the back. Blank. *Perfect.* Closing the drawer with my leg, I snatch a pen from the cup and head out, back to the set.

My mind is a whirring, cyclonic mess. Augustus and Lance are... together? *They're gay.*

They're... *gay?*

No. I clutch my shoulder where he bumped his into mine.

I mean, I'm certain they were staring at my ass. And breasts! Lance had his eyes on them while I was talking to Cohen the other day, and Aug was looking at them just this morning while he took the first sip of his coffee! They're otherwise professional but still, *they're men.*

They're... *bisexual.*

*That has to be it.*

And they're... my mind loops in endless haze as I take my place at Aug's side on the set's edge, and hold the pen to the paper, eyes forward.

"It's not a media interview, you don't have to write down everything, relax," he chides, his voice gruff, seeming to fall down my back, leaving me off-balance and achy.

I'm here to learn from Augustus Moore, the top adult film director. I'm not here to fantasize about being between both of my bosses.

*What is wrong with me?*

I take a deep breath, discreetly swiping the sweat from my upper lip with the back of my wrist. I keep my pen to the notepad, writing down each time Lance or Aug stops the

scene, and note why they do. Learning from what catches their attention mid-scene is important.

I need to pay attention to it. To this. To the process.

And all I can think about is being between Augustus and Lance, their thick, hard cocks in my hand, pumping them together.



“You are not even going to believe me,” I whisper, leaning over the table to pour my guts out to Winnie. She was at Rise & Grind, so I met her here.

Breaking a chunk off the blueberry scone on my plate, I lean back and drop it into my mouth. Chewing, taking a sip of black coffee, I swallow, then say, “Lance was on his knees, sucking Aug... and it was...” I shake my head, still getting breathless at the memory. I am so wet I’m actually sticky and uncomfortable, and need to come. Badly. But I had to spill to Winnie first.

“Holy crap,” she sighs, falling back against her chair, eyes wide. “I didn’t expect that.” She blinks up at me, messy curls pulled up off her face in a loose bun. “I thought they checked you out?”

I nod and finish another bite. Scones are good for finding out the two hot guys you hate but also respect and equally want to fuck are actually fucking each other. “They did. For sure. I’m not making that up.” I pluck a loose blueberry from the plate. “So they’re bisexual, and I guess dating? I don’t know.” I sip my coffee despite the fact I’m burning up at the topic. “That’s what I’m going with, bisexual. But Jesus, Win, it was so hot.”

When I meet her eyes, I roll mine. She's smirking with a curious eyebrow raised. "Liked it, did ya? That place is rubbing off on you in less than two weeks. Shit, at the end of the program will you be a porn star?"

"*Adult films*," I say, taking another quick sip. "They don't call it porn, but adult films."

Winnie blinks at me over her pumpkin spice latte. With extra cinnamon. Her phone chimes and I expect her to ignore it since I'm here with ultimate girl talk, but she peeks at it, stifling a grin, her cheeks filling with color. I reach over the table and poke her.

"Hey."

She shoves it away, ignoring the message, returning her focus to me. "Adult films, got it." Winnie grins, her wide eyes holding mine, making me smile, too. "You thought you were too good, and now look. You're liking it."

I wave my hand between us. "A little."

She smirks. "Liar." She sips her latte, licking the foam from her upper lip. "You wanna fuck 'em?"

I roll my eyes, but Winnie doesn't break our gaze. "Do you?"

I look down at the scone then up at her, cutting the bullshit. "Badly." I poke her. "Who was that?" I ask, nodding to her bag where she stashed her phone.

She waves me off. "Nothing."

I purse my lips. "You'd tell me if it was anything? Because I just told you I want to bang my bosses."

She focuses on her last few sips as she says. "Of course I would."





A week has passed. A week that felt like seven eternities, I swear to god. And why? Because despite the fact that the three of us bicker—Aug, Lance and I—we’ve also been getting along great, too. Lance and I have had these incredible pockets of time where we sit between takes and talk.

About life.

It’s wild. And easy. I think that’s what surprises me most, how easy it is to talk to him as long as you understand and can deal with his icy side. And I get it, I’m not all that different. My bad side manifests in attitude and snark, but same concept.

And this morning, with Aug outside speaking with a new actor that’s arrived on set for the first time today, Lance and I are sitting together. Drinking coffee. Laughing.

“Went to the pier and walked,” he says, pausing to collect his breath as he laughs wildly. “God, young Lance, you were so cringy.” He laughs at himself, and my belly tightens delightfully at the noise. “Tell me what you did on your first night in San Francisco.”

I sip my coffee, and pull my face tight. “Uh, duh. I obviously took a taxi to the Painted Ladies to see the *Full House* house.” I shake my head. “Obviously.”

He snorts. “Obviously.”

Silence settles between our fading laughter. “You gonna stay in the city after you’re done with graduate school?” he asks, staring off into the partially dark set.

I nod. “Yeah, I think I am. My best friend lives here. And... so does my father—” I sip my coffee and smile at him, loving how he watches me. “Makes sense.”

He grins, giving his head a shake. “Makes sense.”

I nudge his elbow with mine. “Am I the only one with parental issues?”

Lance sighs, sinking into the canvas chair, long legs splayed out in front of him. “I swear, Tuck is the only person I know that *doesn't* have parental issues.”

I smile at that, looking out where Tuck stands, arms wrapped around his wife as he nuzzles into her neck. “You and everyone here, you guys really know each other well, huh?” A sense of home and belonging fill the space between people in this building. Working here must be so fulfilling, and I’m surprisingly eager to share in that.

He nods, snapping for a moment to get Alexa’s attention. “Cami’s shiny,” he says before returning his focus to me. “Yeah, we vet people well but also, we’re here for them, too.”

I lick my lips, finding my mouth dry. “And who’s there for you?”

Our eyes lock for what feels like forever before he looks back toward the set. “I’m there for myself.”

Those four words make my arms ache to hold him, to press my lips to his and absorb his thoughts, his woes.

Whatever he wants to give me.

**ten**

...

Imagining her collared at your feet?



## augustus

“IT FEELS WEIRD NOT GOING TO THESE WITH HIM,” I COMMENT, smoothing my fingers along my collar, straightening it. Claire coasts her palms down my arms, smiling as she peers around me to face our reflection in the mirror.

“This is your thirteenth monthly cast party you’ve gone to alone, right?” she asks, picking a piece of lint off my blazer sleeve.

I pause, elbows out as I continue to perfect my collar. “Thanks for reminding me.”

She winces a little, dark hair shining in the fireplace’s soft glow. I decided to get ready at her place tonight so I could talk to her about how I’ve been feeling. Claire jokes she should get half of what Dr. Evans earns, since she’s my off-day shrink. She’s probably not wrong.

“Sorry, I just meant to say,” she says, tilting her head to the side, studying me in my blazer and black pants, my beard trimmed and hair swept back into a neat coif, courtesy of hair product that hasn’t been touched in ages. “You look nice. Crave loves you. Focus on that tonight because... Aug, I love you but... he may never take you back. And I hate to see you needlessly in pain.”

In our typical dynamic, now is the time I’d get defensive, argue and protect our history, angrily guard an invisible future I’m trekking toward.

But tonight... I’m not doing that. “Actually,” I start, turning to face Claire. She reaches back to the counter, retrieving a small glass of whiskey. She sips, and passes it to me. “You know the *protégé*,” I begin, staring into the partially drunk glass before finishing it. “She’s been... I don’t know. Looking at us.”

Claire snorts as she fishes a fluffy hair band off her wrist, pulling her dark locks behind her back. That reminds me of

Brielle when she pulls her hair back in the afternoons. Her neck is a fucking turn on. She circles the counter and faces the burner, adding oil to a hot pan. “*Looking* at you?” Her grin stretches from ear to ear as she looks at me, tossing chopped garlic into the pan. “You two are easy on the eyes, Aug. Don’t act like you don’t know that.”

I swipe my hand over my hair, making sure not a strand is out of place. My entire body vibrates with nervous energy, because I always try to talk to Lance about us at these mixers. Everyone is having fun, talking music or playing a video game, sharing drinks and appetizers, the cool bay evening hanging a painting of glittering stars above us—it’s the perfect night. And despite the fact that he’s yet to agree to more than a conversation, I’m not stopping.

“I don’t mean like that. I mean... I think she knows about me and Lance.” I shake my head, not knowing how it’s possible. Only Cohen knows about our history with certainty, and Lance and I have never acted anything but professional while at Crave, aside from a few heated office conversations. And things that took place at the studio were a long time ago, when only he and I were there. In the early days where we couldn’t keep our mouths off one another.

Claire tosses peppers into her pan and steam billows between us. “How?”

I shrug, popping a mint into my mouth from my pocket. “I don’t know but... I’m pretty sure she’s aware that something has gone on between us. Because her glances went from *I wonder what it would be like to fuck him* to *I wonder what it would be like to watch them fuck* and unless she’s some secret *domme* with a kink for bisexual film directors, *she knows*. She knows and something in my gut tells me she wants to play... *with us*.”

Only, we don’t play anymore. We don’t do anything anymore.

“Do you think Lance would be up to play, you know, casually with another and you?” she asks, using tongs to pinch pieces of chicken from a plate, transferring it to the skillet. “I

mean, you guys haven't even played together, not casually ever, right?"

I nod. "Right. Because we don't know how to be casual." I shake my head, lifting the glass of whiskey to take the very last lingering drop. "Anyway, that's... a horrible idea. I respect Crave, I respect Ezra, I'm not muddying the waters like that. It's bad enough that I did it once. Look how that ended up."

Claire nods through the steam, pushing the food around with a wooden spatula. "Okay."

I kiss her cheek and thank her for the hour, joking that I'm ready for her invoice when she wants to send one. But in my car, staring up at Tuck's penthouse from the curb thirty minutes later, I wonder if I'm right about Brielle. *Does* she know about us? And does she want to play with us? I pull my hand down my face, playing with the trimmed ends of my beard a moment as I stare out in the foggy city night. Lance and I don't know how to be casual, so playing with a third would be... disastrous. For everyone involved.

And fool me once and all that shit, because there's a reason why everyone in the history of time advises against workplace romances. I had one failed one and now I have to live in its ashes, everyday. I don't need to add a second.

I head up, and focus on having a good evening with those who I care about. And like Claire said, I look fucking great. And that needs to be enough for tonight.



Two times.

That's how many times Lance has shrugged me off when I've pinched his elbow in private and tried to talk to him. Once on the balcony, completely alone, and another time in the hall,

waiting for the bathroom. Both times he made it clear, just because we're alone doesn't mean we need privacy.

Sipping a Stella, I nod along with the small talk I'm making with Otis. Well, Otis is talking *at* me, telling me about some river rafting trip he's planning with his college roommates, and I'm just there to absorb all the *bros* and *dudes*.

I've been actively avoiding looking at Brielle all night. I made the mistake of taking her in from head to toe once when she arrived and I couldn't stand for thirty fucking minutes.

A very fucking tight black wrap dress, patent red pumps with lipstick to match, all that silky blonde hair down her back in easy waves—utter goddamn perfection. Just enough cleavage and thigh to get my heartrate up, but enough coverage to drive me fucking wild. When we made eye contact, she glared at me. Me, her fucking mentor, one assigned to her in one of the most prestigious film programs on the West Coast. And she's glaring.

And goddamn it, but her attitude makes me harder.

Finally, Otis catches the attention of a newer set hand, and wanders off. I pull another Stella from the ice chest, and pop the top off into the metal bucket of lids. Brielle, whom I've avoided like the plague all night, is standing off in the corner, three men surrounding her. That doesn't surprise me—she's gorgeous, and radiates attitude which many people, including myself, can't fucking resist.

I stare at the three men surrounding her. One of them is a set hand who's been with Crave for a few years, and is completely harmless. In a committed relationship, with not a singular scummy bone in his body. The other two are single.

One of them, a new actor, has his hand on the small of her back as he listens intently. She's speaking directly to him, her face animated, hands moving as she tells a story. The other man stares directly down her dress, hunting for a glimpse of those perfect tits.

She's so goddamn gorgeous, and I can't help but imagine myself standing there, Lance at my side, and Brielle on her



knees between us. Heat floods my chest as I imagine sifting my fingers through her silky hair, his hand connecting with mine as we grip the back of her head. Such a sharp tongue on her, she'd make such a fucking hot, sweet little pup *for us*.

I sip my beer, swallowing down the fleeting erotic fantasy. I watch her with them instead, taking in the soft lines of her body in that dress, the way his hand hovers at the base of her spine.

She's single, as far as I'm aware. And so are they.

There should be no problems.

But still, my nostrils flare and at my side, my fist clenches. I put the bottle of Stella to the test, gripping it with anger and I bring it to my lips, taking a long, cooling drink. Only it doesn't cool me. I watch them touch and ogle her and find the back of my neck slick with sweat.

Lance steps to my side. Sore from being rebuffed, I only give him a quick sideways glance before refocusing my energy on watching Brielle. From the corner of my eye I see him lift his drink to his lips, and I try to ignore the bumps scattering up my arms beneath my blazer at the sound of him swallowing next to me.

A moment of dense silence passes before he says, "Imagining her collared at your feet?"

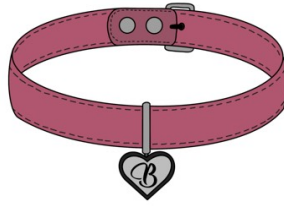
Despite the fact that I was imagining her at *our* feet, I deny it, because admitting it after a year of trying to win him back feels like a transgression against my cause. "No," I snort, finishing the last bit of my beer. But electricity wraps my spine, tingling up the back of my neck, making me turn my head slowly, facing Lance's chiseled profile.

I watch him watch her, the same way I was, and something about the way his lips just barely part, how his eyes narrow just slightly, how he doesn't move as he stares—something tells me *he's* imagining her collared at our feet, too.

**elevén**

• • •

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo...



## **brielle**

I SHAKE MY HEAD, STILL ANXIOUSLY WRAPPING A LOCK OF hair around my finger over and over. At my feet, Winnie peers up at me, bottle of nail polish in one hand, brush in the other. “With zero new information, it’s really hard to keep talking about this,” she says, blowing on the wet blue paint on my toenails. She dips the brush in the color, and begins the second coat.

“Okay, but then at their monthly mixer thing, I caught them *both* staring at me. And not in the usual *I despise you for not viewing adult films as art* type I usually get.”

Winnie stops the brush mid-stroke on my big toenail. “That’s a *very* specific type of look,” she says, smirking.

“Well, that’s their look. I’m telling you,” I sigh, my head falling back onto the pillows as my eyes return to their favorite spot glued to the ceiling above. “But at the party, they looked like they wanted *me* as much as they wanted each other in that video I saw.”

She works her way down my toes, ending on the pinky as she finally says, “So what you really want to do is find out if you’re right? Confirm that they’ve *actually* been checking you out?” She recaps the color and reaches for her Coke.

“I *know* they were. I want to know... I don’t know.” I chew the inside of my cheek as I continue to play with my hair to self-soothe, knowing what I want but feeling too foolish to say it aloud. Even with my best friend.

“You want to see if they’re still together to help you figure out if you have a chance with either?” she floats, putting it all out there, sans sugar coating. It’s what I love about Winnie, *her honesty*.

“I applied to this program to break up the monotonous boring existence of *Brielle Parker*. And what’s more exciting than sexy times with your mentor?” I sit up and clutch a little

heart pillow to my chest, running my fingers along the stitching over and over. “Either of them.” I bite my bottom lip. “Do you think I’m a total whore?”

I can’t miss the red that flashes on Winnie’s cheeks before she shrugs, taking a drink from her Coke. “No, I don’t. And if you’re looking to me to be your voice of reason,” she says, finishing her soft drink. “I can’t. You were right to apply for this program and quite frankly, being assigned to Crave & Cure seems like it’s been good for your... *uptightness*.”

“Hey!” I chide, though she isn’t wrong. I can blame my father for raising me as an uptight snob, but I haven’t been under his roof in years. Everything thus far has been my choice. I’ve been a bit... pretentious and maybe a tad snotty but... I’ve chosen to be those things. I own that. And maybe Winnie’s right—maybe Crave and Lance or Aug are *exactly* what I need right now.

So we start something and it gets messy. Okay. The program ends in just a few months, along with graduate school. We’re adults. We can get through it. I don’t want weeks or months of discomfort and awkwardness for a few weeks of hot as hell sex, I want it all. But it doesn’t always work that way, and I’m prepared for that.

Sex with either of them would be hot as hell, I can tell.

“So what’s my play?” I ask Winnie because despite the fact she’s also single, that’s 100% by choice. She’s got men of all varieties sniffing around her literally all the time. I trust her judgment more than I trust my own here. And I know she’s got another hot guy poking around. She’s been smiling at her phone a ton when she thinks I’m not looking.

“Ask one of them out in front of the other and gauge their reactions,” she says, sorting through the other bottles of polish from the foot of the bed. She wrinkles her nose, lowering the shoe box to the floor. “You need new nail polish.”

“And if one seems shocked or has a reaction at all, it means they’re still together,” I supply, thinking it through aloud. “And even if he says no, I’ll still get a better handle on their situation, and better know my chances.”

Winnie nods. “Exactly. And it’s pretty likely, unless they’re *actively* dating, that whoever you ask will say yes. So prepare for that.”

I chew the inside of my cheek again, wearing it raw. “That plan... that’s not a bad idea,” I muse aloud.

Winnie reaches across the bed and slaps my knee. “It’s a good idea. You get information and maybe even a date.”

I wiggle my brows. “I’m gonna do it. Fuck it.”

Winnie lifts her palm into the air, grinning, and I match her high-five.

“Big Daddy is paying for me to get banged,” I laugh, using the nickname I loathe and said I’d never use. But the moment is light-hearted and silly, so once can’t make me vomit in my mouth too hard. Only, Winnie doesn’t laugh. She smirks a little and continues sifting through the box, ignoring my comment.

I give her the stink eye. “Oh so you finally decided to stop calling him that just as I joke about it?”

She nods and wastes no time saying, “Yeah, well, you were right. That was dumb.” She plucks a bottle of neon yellow from the box. “Can I borrow?”

I nod as she flips the bottle upside down, eyes widening. “It’s named Crave.”

I grin. “That’s a sign. I’m going for it.”



“And what did she suggest?” Aug asks as he regards the set Cohen is actively working on. From two feet behind him, Lance and I stand side by side.

“To gray out the background by using a high intensity spotlight on Lucy on the mark,” Lance offers, letting Aug walk around the mark on the floor, considering the idea.

He nods, his dark hair shining beneath the row of stage lights overhead. Off-set, the actors get their make up touched up, chatting and snacking as they wait for us to reset.

We’re trying a scene three different ways today, something that Aug explained is normal for him. Only in the editing room does he decide which to use, and though it’s extra time and labor spent, his films earn that back ten-fold because of his extremely careful decision making. Lance told me that much, and as much as I believed an adult film director couldn’t possibly be as talented as a mainstream film director, I was so very wrong.

I’m closing in on the end of my second month with Crave, and both Aug and Lance have an incredible eye for real intimacy on screen. Even when plugging in some pretty stereotypical “*daddy and the nanny*” type storylines, the final product is powerful. I’m learning the key to making a powerful adult film is getting the viewer to feel above *and* below the waist.

“And you explained that in this case, the set is a huge part of the story line. Being lab partners is the crux of the situation, and if we darken the set and focus on a solo, a lot of that story is lost,” Aug thinks aloud in response to Lance, which is actually in response to my idea to add a scene just for Lucy.

The lab partners scene we’re filming—one of ten scenes with different actors to create the ensemble film “*Senior Year*”—seemed to need something extra. I suggested a solo scene not only because Lucy has it written in her contract, I just discovered that she does predominantly solo’s. But also because her character needs some introspection. Or so I thought.

“I did,” Lance confirms with a dip of his head. Aug turns back to face us, his serious expression on me.

“Does it make sense as to why we scrapped your addition?” he asks.

I nod, biting back the urge to roll my eyes at Lance, since he did after all tell me the scene wouldn't make the cut. I lift my chin, notebook full of things clutched to my chest, and say, "I understand. And it was quite complementary to have the opportunity to write a scene this early on in the program." I mean that, and *the real me* that means it and *the part of me raised by Quincey Parker who cradles his ego like an infant and has a fatal allergy to humble pie*, battle inside me.

The scene didn't work. My idea wasn't the best. That's gonna happen. And if I learn *why* certain concepts don't work, then I grow. And that's what I'm here for.

I twist to face Lance. "Lance told me as much, and now I understand." I turn back to Aug and give a curt, professional smile.

The two of them just kind of stare at me, like they can't believe I'm not stomping my foot and arguing.

"You, uh, you really processed that feedback I gave you," Lance says, surprising me by stepping close, so close I can smell his green apples and cedar scent. I can smell the coffee he sipped for lunch, too. My lower half roars with pulsing need, and then Aug steps close, too, leaving the three of us in a tight huddle.

"I heard you, yes." I smile, hoping he doesn't notice the way my breath catches with them both so near, with our voices so low. "Taking direction," I say, looking between them, "is something every good director has to be able to do." I smile as they continue eyeing me a moment before Lance's eyes dart to Aug's.

And then it occurs to me, despite the fact I've just risen above old Brielle, that this is the perfect chance to ask one of them out. We're together, close, it's quiet, no one is around. And unless I'm reading them in a foreign language, their interest in me is there. Aug's fingers stroke the edge of his pockets as he takes me in, and Lance doesn't move at all, just stands, staring down at me with his lips parted.

*Eeny, meeny, miny, mo...*



I face Lance, my pussy pulsing in greedy waves beneath my pencil skirt, a dirty secret just for me. He strokes a hand through his blonde hair, and the nervous vibe he gives hits my veins like drugs, giving me a boost of confidence. Because rattling Lance takes a lot, and it's clear that my focus on him while all three of us stand here is making him *anxious*.

“Lance,” I start, clearing my throat. “I was wondering if you'd like to go out with me after work.” So he knows it's a date, I clarify. “On a date. Just coffee but... yeah. Will you go out with me on a date?”

I have literally never asked a man out in my entire life.

Even though he's blinking at me, giving me no response, my pulse flutters. This is exciting, and *I like it*.

His eyes veer to Aug for a split second, one I can't be one hundred percent sure actually took place because it happens so fast. Full lips part and close a few times before he dips his head. “Sure.”

I turn to face Aug, and the excitement of Lance's answer drains from me when I see his expression. *Devastation*. I only see it a moment before his mask comes back up, indifference and stoicism clouding his face. “I'm sorry to do that in front of you at work this way, it's just, I rarely have Lance to myself, so I took my shot.”

I glance between Lance and Aug, and they both do their damndest to stay focused on me. Like they realize it would be odd for them to be playing eyeball hockey on the heels of Lance accepting my date. But they *want* to stare at each other, maybe even talk about what just happened.

Suddenly, I feel overwhelming guilt.

Lance said yes but... what am I doing? Augustus looks like someone ran his mother over with a forklift and Lance looks like a deer caught in the crosshairs.

I'm ready to back out and verbally spew my secret—that I saw their movie and was simply testing the waters to see if they were still dating while also trying to get laid. But I don't

get the chance, thankfully. Aug gives me a curt smile. “I get it. He’s all yours.” Then he walks away.

I’m left standing there with Lance, and when I turn back to face him, I find him looking... annoyed.

“*That* excited for our date, huh?” I say, putting my hands on my hips as I glare up at him, his gaze pinned to Aug’s back until he’s around the corner and likely back in the office. He looks down at me.

“I’m annoyed that I like you, Brielle.”

I study the dip between his brows and the way his tongue sweeps along his bottom lip, how he pinches the back of his neck in his palm. “That’s a really lovely sentiment,” I snark, rolling my eyes. Then I glance at my watch. We’ve got thirty minutes of shooting left before we’re done for the day. “Late coffee after shooting?” I ask, because he did say yes and despite the weird energy popping off between Lance and Aug, I *do* want to have coffee with him.

For some annoying reason... I like Lance. And I like that he smirks just a little when he agrees.



We finished shooting in relative silence, and after, Aug disappeared into the office, relaying to Lance that he’d be there the rest of the night. So we left for our coffee date, and now, as we sit across from one another at Rise & Grind, I’m wondering why the hell Lance agreed to this. He’s been sulking over a muffin for the last thirty minutes.

Finally, I snap in front of his face, garnering his attention. “Are you this much fun on every date?” I ask, giving up on trying. It’s the end of the day and while I can’t take off my bra,

I can get my hair off my neck. I loop an elastic around my locks and secure a low pony, then roll the kinks from my neck.

“I’m sorry,” he says, picking pumpkin seeds off his muffin top mindlessly. “I know I’m being a total shit right now, but I do like you, Brielle. And I *am* interested in you.”

“Seems like it.” I take a bite of my cranberry scone, watching him. Why do women look dramatic when they sulk but when a man like Lance does it, I’m attracted? Damn my simple vagina. I take another bite, and his eyes lift to mine, our gazes idling for a moment before I ask, voice low, “Did you say yes to make him jealous?”

He startles, his hands motionless over his muffin as he blinks at me, those icy blue eyes thawing as confusion settles over him. “*What?*”

I keep my voice low, despite the fact we’re alone in this place. Even the barista is in the back. “Did you say yes to make him jealous?”

“I really do like you, even though I’m an asshole most of the time.”

I blink at him, taking note of the way he inches closer to the table, how he plays with the worn edge of a napkin, gaze still pinned to me. “Okay, so you like me. But you didn’t answer me, and I think we both know that.” I sip my latte, then try again. “How much of you saying yes was because you like me, and how much was to make Augustus jealous?”

I swear I can see him weighing his options as he carefully chooses his words. But we both know the truth. Husky but quiet, Lance says, “Fifty-fifty.”

I nod, relieved that he didn’t deny it. “So you’re broken up?”

His eyes search mine. “Yes,” he whispers. He doesn’t ask me how I know, and that relieves me.

“He looked very sad that we were going to have coffee,” I go on, as if he didn’t see that for himself.

Lance pushes the uneaten muffin away from him but smiles up at me, changing the conversation course in a split second. “Where are you from, Brielle?”

I roll with it, because now I know that *they are indeed broken up*.

“California, in the central valley.” I shrug. “I love it there, aside from the allergies.”

“I’m from Detroit,” he says, catching me off guard. For some reason, I thought I’d have to pull information from Lance. But he’s giving it to me, willingly. “I realized when we were talking about first moving to San Fran, I never told you where I came from.” He folds the edge of a sugar packet as he talks. “I came to California because my parents didn’t like anything about me, so I left as soon as I graduated high school and didn’t look back.”

“Where did you go before you came to walk the piers in San Francisco?” I ask, teasing him about what he told me he did on his first night here.

“Los Angeles.”

I can *so* see that. He’s beautiful and trendy, and that body screams movie star. He is so LA.

“But I hated it,” he says, surprising me. “Too many people.”

“There are a lot of people in San Francisco, too, though,” I point out, wishing I hadn’t because obviously he knows a lot of people live here.

One side of his lips quirk up. “The *right* people are here.”

My pulse hammers in my eardrums. I know my neck must be red. “Oh yeah?”

He nods. “I came here for a job but he’s why I stayed.”

Aug. He’s talking about Aug, and he knows that I know. He’s... *trusting me*. “You like it at Crave though?” I ask, mouth parched.

“Fuck yes,” he answers quickly, unwilling to let the question linger. I like that, that loyalty and devotion.

He’d make a *great* boyfriend.

And Lance said he likes me. Which *was* a little surprising to hear. And though we sit there for twenty more minutes, swapping facts about our lives, I leave more confused than ever.

So they *were* an item.

Okay.

But now... I want them *both* more than I did before, and have no clue how to go about getting what I want.

Or if I’m even allowed to want it.

**twelve**

...

Suddenly, everything is different.



## augustus

I LOVE DIRECTING. IT TRULY FULFILLS ME. EVERY PIECE OF ME comes alive, the dark places become vibrant and gushing with colors, my energy has purpose. It's everything.

And watching Lance so easily fall into a role of direction over the years has been surreal. I don't think I have much claim to it. Still, his natural abilities and effortless confidence makes my chest so tight I feel it could burst.

Experiencing the same with Brielle? A woman whom I thought I'd surely despise due to her short-sighted thinking about the adult film industry. Not to mention, the first day she came here when I caught her fucking spying on me in the hallway, I could smell the entitlement on her, stronger than her perfume.

Yet, she's proven to be an insightful, driven, and dedicated student and I've never been so happy to be so *goddamn wrong*.

The thing that makes that sexy as fuck? I think she proved herself wrong, too. She did come in here with a chip on her shoulder and a disposition for hate, but now, she's so receptive to everything, and much more inquisitive. A person who can change themselves for the better is attractive to me. I'm a masochist, apparently and I *very much* see the irony.

Knowing that Lance and Brielle have gone out at least once—the time that I know of—watching them flourish in the mentor and protégé roles... It's destroying me.

I've never felt so obsolete and trivial. And I deserve it.

I don't want to direct. Not while I'm feeling like this.

I force myself up from my sling chair, coming to stand between Lance and Brielle. I turn to her, the brilliant young beauty. Her blonde hair falls in romantic waves, and with her wide eyes framed in thick lashes, her shining smile and hourglass curves—she's a knockout.



She looks great with him.

I'm jealous of her, but not angry at her, because it's my fault I'm here.

"Your first evening shoot is tonight. We're rolling at 8, and we have *at best* until ten before 9. So we can't waste a minute." I give her a controlled, curt smile, one that says, *are you following so far*, and not *please don't fuck the man I love* that I want to give. "You have the next three hours to take a nap or get some food, whatever you want. But come back a quarter-til and bring a list of scenes you think would be best shot in the moonlight. We'll improvise some."

She nods, and my chest aches when her eyes drop to my lips for a moment. God, this woman. I want her, and how fucking crazy do I look? Liking the woman that now wants to suck Lance's cock.

But the truth, I was guiltily attracted to her before she asked him out. No matter how I reframe it to punish myself.

"Okay," she breathes, her lean fingers wrapping her neck as she rubs a knot, head falling to the side. "I'll be back in a bit. I think I'm going to get some coffee."

*With him?* I wonder but hold a small smile on my face. "Enjoy."

I don't concern myself with Lance's plans during our few hours off. I trudge down the hall, holding my head up in an effort to appear unbothered and not supremely depressed, and I leave them there.

Together.

I find my office chair and fall into it, letting loose a sigh so deep I don't have the energy to move for a full minute as I recover. I give myself one minute to bathe in my ongoing misery, and when that minute is up, I sit up, wake my computer, and pull up the schedule for tomorrow, ready to focus on work.

As I get my mind right and ready, Lance walks in, casting a quick glance at me as he passes to get to his desk.

He doesn't normally look. He *normally* goes out of his way to ignore me, and stay true to that choice—even when it really fucking hurts me, and my pain at his callousness vibrates off me in suffocating waves. He'd *still* ignore me.

But *he looked at me*.

I focus on my screen, and begin sorting through my email.

“We only went out once. It was that time she asked me in front of you. We had coffee.”

My skin erupts in bumps and heat, my cock throbbing at his confession; his willingness to tell me something he *knew* would make me feel good.

I'm starved for his affection, and these morsels are making my head spin.

But I stay focused on the screen. Because my fatigue is high and my chest is wracked with quaking, rumbling aches, rippling through me every so often, reminding me I'm broken.

*Keep your eyes on the screen*, I try to control my mind. “I'm happy for your coffee date,” I deadpan, clicking open an email from Debauchery's research and development department. I read the first sentence several times but have no understanding of it. All I can think about is what he's told me, and his presence nearby.

“Fuck you,” he says. I sigh, knowing that was coming. My pup loves to sink his teeth into me, he loves to fight. “Fuck you for making me even explain myself.” He pushes up from his desk, sending papers and folders to the tile floor.

I finally give him my attention, getting to my feet. His chest is heaving, and his eyes are simmering. “I don't owe you anything,” he growls, stomping past me.

“Stop.”

He does, and I don't know if it's muscle memory, and my pet remembers his most basic—yet one of the most important—commands. Or he's not done engaging with me, but he doesn't know how to let himself stay.

I'm afraid of both options.

He rakes a hand down his face, exhaling so much stress I actually ache for him. He turns to face me.

“Sit.” There’s a healthy backbone to my voice, but my gut twists with sour insecurity.

He shakes his head after a quick glance at his feet for composure. “I don’t take orders from you anymore.” And God dammit, I can’t help myself, I find myself at his side in a heartbeat.

“You told me about the date because you don’t want me to hurt,” I say quietly. I keep it simple, and it feels less aggressive and more truthful than anything else.

He snorts, shaking his head, his anger rolling off him in waves. I’m ready to take it. I’m ready to absorb his anger because one day, he’ll run out. He will run out of his rage and I’ll be there, ready to absorb whatever comes next.

But he doesn’t give me the rage. His voice is brimming with sadness when he says, “Unless you’re ready to give me what I need,” he breathes, his eyes wet, “Let me go.”

“I want to give it to you, Lance, you know I fucking do. You know I would if I could but—”

“Just—*shut up!*” he shouts, veins prominent in his temples, so angry that he can hardly breathe. But there’s a tiny knock that grabs our focus, and in the door stands Brielle, her eyes wide.

*Fuck.*

This is none of her business. “How long have you been there?”

She looks down at her high heels, tucking hair behind her ear on one side as she murmurs, “*Fuck you for making me even explain myself.*”

Fuck. *Fuck!* I cup my forehead in my hand, my mind spinning. I’ve never wanted my personal shit at work, *ever*. This goes against everything I believe and preach. It’s... I’m so angry with myself. How did I let it get this far?

He’s right.

I have to let him go, because I can't give him what he wants. And now I'm tearing down the only world I have left.

I look up at him and we share a look so dense with unavoidable reality, the one he's been sure of for the last year—and I know; *it's over*.

Brielle clears her throat, coming into the office, stepping directly between us. Her voice is quiet, but her cheeks are rich with flush as she asks, “What does he need that you can't give him and... *can I help?*”

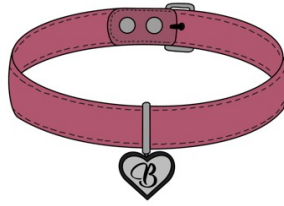
I look at her, then Lance.

And suddenly, *everything is different*.

**thirteen**

...

I want to be a third, not a third wheel



## **brielle**

I THINK THIS IS THE ONLY TIME IN MY LIFE THAT I'M NOT offended by having a door slammed in my face. I mean, my confidence isn't soaring, but I also know that it was about *them*, not me.

The thing that has me pacing the hallway isn't the door slam.

It's the big thing I floated out there before they slammed the door in my face. The whole "I'll be part of your supremely messed up situation if you'll have me" is what has me fighting IBS and cold sweats.

*Why* did I say that? *Why*? Slamming the door in my face was the nicest response they could give, honestly. I bring my balled fists to my temples, squeezing my eyes shut as I drop my forehead to the wall, groaning.

"Ahh, what's the matter?" Vienna approaches me, an apron smeared with casting compound strapped to her body, dark hair in a bouncy ponytail. She drops her bubbly voice to a whisper, looking over her shoulder conspiratorially before bringing her gaze back to me. "Listen, if it's Lance—he's not really a jerk. He just... well," she wobbles her head thoughtfully for a moment, "They're both just intense. That's all. I swear it just takes warming up to them."

I sigh. I like Vienna but I can't bring myself to tell her what I said, not to mention—does *she* know about Aug and Lance? Surely it's not a secret, especially if these two have worked together for years. Still. I can't risk yet another foot-in-mouth situation. I'm stuffed as it is. "Oh, it's not them. Just... me." I tap the side of my head. "Just a me thing."

She nods, smiling. "I get that. Well, I'm walking to Rise & Grind to pick up a latte and a box of muffins for Tuck. Wanna walk with me?"

I glance at my watch. I have two hours before the night shoot. “Sure,” I sigh, knowing there’s no possible way I could nap in my car with all this shameful adrenaline.

Why did I say what I said? Seriously? They probably think I’m an immature moron. They’re in the middle of a real, deep argument and I’m all, *hey, can I join?*

I slap my forehead from the delayed cringe, and Vienna turns her head as we walk, surveying me. “Whatever it is, tomorrow’s a new day,” she says, beaming. I’d probably sell a nipple for an ounce of her positivity right now.

I grin when we approach Rise, seeing Winnie huddled up with her laptop and many baked goods in the corner. She didn’t tell me she was going to be here. The bell on the door clatters as I pull it open, gathering my best friend’s attention. She leaps from her seat, eyes wide and full of shock at seeing me, and I drag Vienna by the wrist, excited for my two worlds to meet.

“Vienna, this is my best friend Winnie. She’s a graduate student at UCSF, too.” I blink at my gorgeous, fun, talented friend. “And Winnie, this is Vienna, the girl I was telling you about. She works at Crave. She’s married to one of the actors.”

Vienna drapes her hand on my forearm, giving it a soft squeeze. “Thanks for not saying porn star,” she says quietly before turning her fluttering smile to Winnie. Winnie’s extended hand crashes into Vienna’s chest as she pulls her into a deep hug. “Oh Winnie!” she exclaims. “It’s so good to meet a friend of B’s.”

Winnie’s curls tangle with the hook on Vienna’s overalls as they pull apart. “I call her B, too!” my bestie grins, pulling out the two chairs across from hers. The three of us sit, and Winnie quickly stashes her phone away to make room. My stupidity from earlier temporarily disappears as my bestie and work friend get to know one another while I sip a latte.

“So how long have you worked at Crave?” Winnie inquires, head tipped to the side with genuine curiosity. My friend may have teased me about Crave initially but the truth is, she was never closed off to it the way I was. And reading



her body language, I see she's genuinely interested in Vienna and her story. I'm suddenly ashamed of myself for the things I thought about Crave just months back.

Mr. Leon was right all along. I *am* learning, and I *do* like it.

Vienna and Winnie trade facts for the next few minutes as I mull over my behavior options when returning to the night shoot. I decide to act completely natural as if nothing happened. I *didn't* walk in on them arguing, I *am not* privy to any information and I most certainly *did not* insert myself into a mature but fractured relationship.

Nope.

Clean slate. That's how I'm rolling in.



Thank God for the purple haze of dusk. My armpits are seriously so sweaty. And I'm freezing my tits off out here in the alley behind Crave.

Turns out, we all decided to pull the clean slate card, the three of us trading controlled, newscaster smiles while sidestepping one another on set. I caught Tuck asking Aug if he felt fine—so I know it's not in my head. We're all being weird.

But tomorrow is a new day and all that. I just need to finish this night shoot and first thing tomorrow we can all act normal and ignore everything that this day was.

Except, I can't leave well enough alone.

Lance bumps Aug after repositioning Tuck on his mark, and Aug jumps back from the contact like he's been branded with a hot iron. He knocks over a camera, and when I reach

down to prevent the very expensive item from smashing against the concrete into a million sad pieces, I topple forward, smashing both the camera and myself into the ground.

“Everyone take five,” I shout frantically from the ground as Cohen stands over me, more worried about the equipment than me. He helps me up and then falls to his knees, assessing the gear. I knew it.

The actors stand around in robes, looking to Aug and Lance for approval. Aug nods, his dark hair growing wavy from the moisture in the evening air. “Yes, take five,” he assures before coming to my side to help me up. Lance takes my other hand and together, they help me in an empty chair, propping my feet on Lance’s to assess my skinned knees.

“I know I called a break,” I say breathlessly. “Which I know is not my place but... we just had some slapstick shit happen, guys. A chain reaction of bumping things over?”

Aug rolls his neck before focusing on me. “I know. *I know*, I’ve never felt so out of control at work. I fucking hate it.”

I nod. “Okay, so let’s get control. What... What the *hell* is happening?” I lean in, my eyes flitting between his and Lance’s. “Is it what *I* said? Because I’m very much on board with pretending I never said it.”

*There.* It’s out there. I already feel a million times lighter.

“I mean, I’m not adverse—” Aug starts but stops himself, pinching the bridge of his nose. “You know what, I’m not discussing this during filming hours.” He looks so tired, the corners of his eyes etched with stress lines, and I want so badly to cup his tired face in my palms and crush my lips to his, to make him feel good.

*Whoa there.*

“Drinks after shooting?” I turn to look at Lance. “Drinks after shooting, the three of us,” I decide, garnering head nods from both of them. Okay, I don’t know how the hell I’m doing this but... *I think I’m actually fucking doing this.*

*Am I?* My head spins and the bag of Cool Ranch Doritos I ate in the parking lot earlier after my coffee is really feeling

like a bad idea. I don't want to hate Cool Ranch Doritos.

We get through the remainder of the night shoot, filming a total of four scenes, the last one being *my choice*. It doesn't matter what I chose, or if it makes the final cut.

Aug trusted me with time, money and resources, and that's a big deal for a man who is intense toward his work. I know that.

And now we trudge up the sidewalk downtown, an oxymoron in itself, and I can't believe we're on the verge of something. But we are. *I can feel it.*

And I *know* what's going to happen when we get drinks in a minute.

I'm going to find out why they broke up, and then I'll offer myself again. Because despite the fact I've tried to ignore the fact that I offered it, I'm offering again, because they want it as much as I do. *I feel it.*

I don't know what they'll say, and I almost can't even believe I'm going to do it. But going out on a limb has got me this far, and I'm really enjoying every day at Crave. Sure, partly because I am massively crushing on a very irritable but sweet Lance, and a broody but sweetly stoic Augustus. But everything beyond that has been... everything I thought it wasn't. And I feel like a jerk for everything I believed to be true.

We slide into a booth, all of us taking a moment to catch our breath from the steep trek. Downhills are gonna be a bitch in heels, but whatever. I hope we'll be taking a cab.

"Three Stellas," Augustus says as soon as the waitress approaches, smiling awkwardly at Lance and me.

"Water, too," I add, because I don't want to get tipsy off of one beer. That would be embarrassing. But also totally possible because I almost never drink.

She leaves and I'm across from them in a private booth, the lights above us low, encased in a cherry red milk glass. It's intimate. I lick my lips. "So you two were in a relationship." I waste no time.

Augustus nods. “Yes.”

My heart beats heavily in my chest as my gaze bounces between the two of them. Holy shit. *I’m doing this.* “And you’re not anymore?” I want verbal confirmation because the amount of times I’ve found them bickering is unreasonable.

Augustus’s head drops, his arched shoulders prominent in the dull bar light. And I know now that Aug doesn’t like that they’re broken up.

Interesting.

*Did he cheat?*

No. *He wouldn’t.* Aug is a rare type of man, the kind that still values and lives by loyalty. That hardly exists anymore. *He isn’t the type to cheat.*

Then again, I never thought Joey was going to fall in love with Rachel because it made absolutely zero sense, and that totally happened.

Lance eventually nods. “Correct. We are not in a relationship anymore,” he says, drawing the last few words out painfully slowly, agony tearing through him at the discussion. It’s all over his face. In fact, sadness drips off both of them.

I have never been more confused. And though I have no right to the knowledge, I chase the all-consuming urge to ask. Because I think they want me to know. “Why not?” *There*, a careful selection of words that hopefully don’t pull blame. I don’t want them to argue. I just want to know.

Aug lifts his head, bringing his eyes to mine. His simmer with intensity, and for a moment I worry I’ve overstepped, crossed a personal and professional line. But he then says, “This doesn’t leave this table.”

I nod. “It’s mine and mine alone,” I whisper, those being the words I use if and when I ever promise anything. Because I don’t take trust lightly.

“I am a dominant. Lance is a switch. When we got together, I made Lance believe I would be able to switch at some point, therefore leading him to believe that he would get

his needs met as a dominant, eventually, even if only in small quantities.” He takes a moment to catch his breath, and the way his dark lashes flutter with every painstaking blink makes my stomach clench, I wonder if he feels the same. Because he’s hurt, but he’s also... *looking* at me. My spine heats when he *looks* at me that way.

“I thought I could. I wanted to.” He shakes his head, then shoves his hand through his hair. The way his bicep swells beneath his dress shirt does things to my pussy. Everything is getting warm and fuzzy, and I have to take a sip of my beer the moment the waitress hands it to me.

Lance and Aug both smirk, and I like that. I like that I brought them together happily for a split second. That they smiled together. I’ve never seen that until now.

“Couldn’t do it?” I ask, because I understand not being able to do something you don’t want to do. My entire life, my father pushed me into math contests and spelling bees and I hated it. I hated every second of it, I felt like a total imposter. I imagine it’s a tiny bit of what he must have felt.

He nods. “I hate myself, because I’d give my life for him.” He takes a second to breathe again, and my heart thuds in uneven beats, hammering away inside me in sympathy for his complete heartbreak. “But I *could not* do it.”

“It’s not who you are.” I shrug, and turn to Lance. “And you’re a switch in that you have to be dominant at some points in the relationship.”

He feeds a hand through his soft hair, nodding. “Yes. That is a need that I need met.”

I turn back to Augustus, wishing I could have a recording of myself tonight. I am so brave and bold, and I’ve ironically learned that from them, and how aptly they put their ideas, how succinct and unforgiving their statements are. “You’re bisexual?”

He nods. “Yes. I was married once. To a woman.”

I nod. “Okay. More on that later.” I turn to Lance and assess him boldly. “And you’re bisexual,” I state slowly. I

learn quickly I assumed. Incorrectly at that.

“Pansexual,” he replies, his voice husky.

I know what that means, and it flatters me to think he chose my mind before my looks. “And you’re attracted to me?” I draw my fingers toward my chest, and watch his eyes rake over my pink fingernails, then my breasts. His eyes are heated when they come to mine. It may not have started with my looks but he has to want me for this to work. I need to know he wants me.

“Yes.”

I turn to Aug but he interjects before I can begin. “Yes, Brielle, I am attracted to you.”

I nod, my head feeling like Beetlejuice doing those three-sixties in the cemetery. *Insanity*. “Jesus, this is so weird, talking about *this* so dispassionately and methodically,” I laugh, “I’m proposing,” I laugh again, shaking my head as tears of hilarity form, embarrassment burning my cheeks. “I’m proposing,” I continue through my insane laughter that is quickly transforming from *haha* funny to *has she lost her mind* funny. “That I become a third in your troubled relationship.” I shake my head and wipe beneath my eyes, careful not to disturb my mascara too badly. At least I hope.

“Why is that so funny?” Aug questions, annoyance rich in a deep, crawling timbre.

I sip my beer, shaking off my laughter. “Because you’re both... gorgeous and talented and dreamy.” I sigh and sip my beer again, loving the warmth rushing through my veins. “Inserting myself, inviting myself into what you have... it’s wild. It’s... like a movie.” Another sip.

Lance snorts. “And you’re not gorgeous? Talented?” He tips his frame over the table, his lips grazing my ear as I lean forward, seeking out his words. Every word he speaks sends a furious, chaotic flutter of heat and desire through my body. I get hotter, I get wetter, and I *want more*.

“*Like a movie?*” he whispers, sending an overwhelming rush of heat and need down my back, coming to an aching

swell at the center of my legs. My sticky thighs take cover beneath my pencil skirt, which feels like it's strangling everything I free.

"My life does kind of feel like the start of a movie these days... My last boyfriend and I were together for two years," I recount to them. It sounds worse now, months later. "Yet he didn't tell his fiancé about me. I ran into them at the grocery store and she didn't know I existed. Like I was so forgettable I wasn't even a footnote in his story," I skip all the reasons why I'm memorable, *we can get into butt stuff later*.

"Anyway, it made me reassess my very predictable life and I applied to the protégé program, I got assigned here and I *really* didn't want to come. My father didn't want me to come either. He insisted—*well, and I did at the time, too*—that I see Mr. Leon and demand to be reassigned. *Demand!*" I shake my fist in mock anger. "And I did." I smile at them, and I love the genuine grins I get in return. Under the table I place my feet inside each one of theirs, and they nuzzle their ankles against mine. "But obviously it didn't work. And I'm glad it didn't." My mind takes a sharp turn, veering to my angry father, the one who refuses to have a civil conversation with me. Why? Because I was unable to get out of this program assignment. Quincey Parker has made it known that he thinks less of me for not refusing.

*Whatever.*

"I'm just telling you all this because... I often feel invisible. But with you guys..." I shake my head, a sea of memories flooding my mind, each electric and meaningful in their own way. "I'm listened to, and when I'm argued with, it's to make me stronger, not weaker." They're watching me cautiously, silently, and their gazes give me confidence to lay my truths out bare. "I get to have passion in my life now. I get raw, potent anger, I get soft, tender affection..." The dichotomy craved by every woman hungry for love. "I didn't know what I was missing, but I get it all now with you two. I *exist* to you both, and you..." I shake my head. Everything touching my skin seems to burn, likely from too many

vulnerable truths. “You want me.” I’m hesitant to blink up at them, terrified to see misunderstanding on their faces.

I look up anyway.

And my lips go dry as I find volcanic passion erupting from them, radiating from their chests and glistening in their eyes.

Both of them.

Lance nearly growls as he finishes his beer in two drinks. “I don’t like that you think that shit about yourself.”

I look at Aug, who is anxiously scratching at the side of his beard, glaring at me. Daggers. Like, I need a shield from the daggers this man is throwing with those big, dark eyes of his. My pussy hungrily pulses as I take him in.

“Your ex is a fucking moron, clearly. And I don’t care about what anyone else can or can’t see. You’re smart, and fiery, and kind of annoying,” he grumbles, a sexy smirk on his lips as he pauses. “But beautiful, and sexy as hell, and talented.”

Lance raises his empty beer to that, bobbing his head. “I second.” His hair shines. “I want you,” he rumbles, his eyes pinning me to the booth when he lifts his head. I lean back, my entire body warm and gooey. I would come with a single swipe over my clit right now, I honestly would. I am so wet and swollen I partially want to start grinding this goddamn booth.

I regard Aug watching me squirm with his inquisitive yet knowing eyes. “I want you, too.”

I lick my lips, and find my voice wobbly and hoarse. “Let me be submissive to you both.” My breasts throb, my nipples peaked and achy as I take long, slow breaths, nearly squirming in the booth. “Let me bring you back together by the three of us being together,” I murmur, keeping the conversation undeniably private.

I want to fix them, I do. But I want to be a part of the *new* them, what they build from the ruins. I want *equal stake*.



“I want to be a third, not a third wheel.” I make sure they know this now, so there’s no confusion. Aug looks at Lance and then they both nod.

“Okay,” Aug nods.

“We’d like that, too,” Lance confirms.

Holy crap. I’m going to be *with them*.

“And by the way, you forgot to tell me I’m dreamy, too.”

I receive two heated winks and one growly, “You’re dreamy.”

*Holy. Crap.*

**fourteen**

...

You up?



## augustus

IF YOU WOULD HAVE TOLD ME WHEN I FIRST MET BRIELLE THAT she'd be making choices where my love life is concerned in just two months, I would have rolled my eyes. Hell, I think she would've rolled hers, too.

But she's grown so bold and confident, adding fuel to the already roaring flames of attraction I have for her. I want her... and I also want him. And tonight, we perhaps foolishly agreed to embark on a trial throuple situation. While also being coworkers, mentors and their *protégé*, a dom with a switch and a sub, or.... Jesus this is complicated.

Clutching the edge of the marble counter, I stare at water sloshing around the basin, disappearing down the drain as I wait for it to heat.

This could be how it happens.

This could be how he gets what he needs, and how I get him.

Steam clouds my reflection, and I drop my razor under the hot water a few times before bringing it to the top of my cheek, gripping my jaw with my other hand.

I got home from that drink feeling... hopeful and happy. And hard.

So fucking hard.

Because sinking inside of Brielle sounds undeniably good. But being inside Lance again while watching him fuck her? I'm zero shades of jealous and a trillion hues of horny.

We never had that before, when it was just us. I had control, and he was my pup. No part of me even envisioned being a cuck, because what we had was so... cue the irony... *perfect*. Now the idea of domming a woman with him, or domming him and a woman together makes me hot, but a second, somewhat jarring truth? It doesn't feel like a Band-

Aid to get him back—it feels like it could be real with the three of us.

I want that silky hair splayed across my pillow as I drive into her, those soft legs hooked over my shoulders. After the first pass of the razor down my cheek, my eyes close and I picture it. I picture Brielle strewn across my bed, bare and sweaty. But I see... more.

I see her collared, and attached to that collar, a leash. And it's not me tugging that leash. It's Lance. He pulls the leather strap, bringing her mouth to his hard, pink cock. "Good girl," he croons, his voice rough and tumble, but gentle, too, like ice wrapped in velvet.

My eyes open and I continue shaving my face.

I got home and trimmed my beard to the skin, and now I'm shaving off the final traces of it. The beard represented the struggle, and I'm choosing to believe that part is over, that we're onto a new season.

Brielle wants us. She's said she'd submit to us, *for us*. The thing is, the *way* we like dominance and submission is different from others. We recognize that what we like is less common than most.

But it's what we like, it's what we both need. That part we've always agreed on.

Now can we get Brielle on board? Most people have adverse reactions to lifestyles they don't understand. I swipe the razor through the foamy surface of the water in my sink, dragging it slowly down my cheek again.

Dark hairs cloud the surface as I stare into the basin. I hope this is the end of the struggle. I hope this works.

But I can't turn off my organizational and directorial mind. If she does get on board with what we like, and we're good together sexually, all three of us—can we be in an *actual* relationship?

I want Lance back, and not temporarily. Not just physically. Not just as a pet a few times a week.

I want him forever, but can the three of us fall into that same desperate and needy state, all together?

If we can't, there's no longevity to us, and therefore, only more pain.

I truly believe that we can have more than sex and submission. I believe our hearts are already intertwined, and we're only expanding on that with every conversation.

I finish shaving, and pull a plush terry towel down my cheeks and jaw, swiping the remnants of shaving cream from my jugular. In just sweats, I pad down the hall and snatch my phone from the nightstand before collapsing into my bed. It's after one in the morning, but I text him anyway.

You up?

He wastes no time responding, and I can envision him strewn across his bed, muscled chest gleaming under the low lights in his room. My cock stirs at the thought.

You know I am.

Are you thinking about Brielle's offer?

I am. But you realize, we agreed to it already, right?

I stroke my hand down my stomach, pinching the happy trail that disappears beneath the band of my sweats. Lance loves the strip of dark hair I keep here. He loves following it with his tongue before he sucks me into his mouth, his hands sunk into my thighs. I slide my palm beneath the waistband, and clutch my naked, partially hard cock as I use my free hand to text him back.

I know.

I'd agree to anything to have more time with you.

But I respect Brielle. I like her. I don't want to use her.

I know you like her, too.

You're tiptoeing.

I pump my fist down my cock, imagining his warm lips around me.

Fine

I thicken in my fist and my eyes roll shut in response, because touching myself with the possibility of *us* floating in the air, nearly graspable—my cock thrums with need, a need so intense my groin nearly goes numb.

Can you see yourself with her? In a relationship?

Dots appear, and while he chooses his words, I close my eyes again, imagining Brielle between my legs this time. I feel her warm mouth take me in, hear her feminine moans as she suckles my length, Lance behind her, fucking her in slow, dizzying strokes. My eyes open, and I see he's responded.

Yes

That response both hurts and makes me happy.

The three of us together

My chest lightens as I read and reread his text message. I continue working my fist, and wonder if this proposition has him as hard as I am.

I have concerns

I blink at the screen, and my fist temporarily pauses as the emoji comes onto the screen. Lance's sense of humor always strikes gold at just the right time.

🐶 [Doggy Emoji]

The three of us need to talk

And no more talking at work

I'll text her now. Coffee at 6?

That's less than five hours away, but the prospects of having him back, and having maybe... *more than before*. I know I won't sleep a fucking wink. My fingers scatter across the digital keyboard.

Group text. No more private conversations.

I'm coming off jealous but I don't care. No more hiding any pieces of myself.

You mean, like this one?

This doesn't count. We have certain proclivities to discuss, for her sake.

I'm starting the text.

Alright. See you in the morning, if she agrees.

A moment later, another text floods my screen, and my stomach shimmies at their names smashed together in one message.

Brielle. It's Lance and Aug. Coffee at 6am tomorrow, Rise & Grind. We need to talk.

She responds right away, and I wonder what she's doing still up at one. *Thinking about this*, I'm sure. And the fact that she likely is up and putting thought into this only makes me want it more.

BRIELLE

Yes, sirs.

I toss my phone across the bed and continue my pumping, only this time, I return to the fantasy of the three of us. Brielle's long hair all tangled in Lance's fists as he fucks her open mouth, her pink lips plump from friction. Behind her, my



fingers are looped under her collar, jerking her back from his grasp each time he gets close.

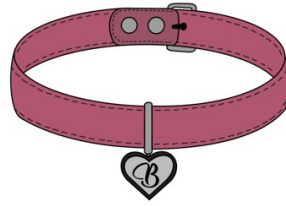
He's fucking her mouth relentlessly, and she's pliable and willing. But I'm controlling when he comes, I'm controlling when she gets her reward. And then they'll both reward me.

I come in my fist, soaking my sweats as I shudder and gasp on my bed.

**fifteen**

...

They're asking my opinion.



## **brielle**

“DON’T TWIRL YOUR HAIR AND PLAY COY WITH ME,” WINNIE laughs, smacking me in the stomach from where she sits across from me, cross legged on my bed. “Spill it, bitch!”

I lift the paper coffee cup from the side table and take a sip. After our morning coffee date, Aug sent me back home for a few hours. One of the actors has the stomach flu, so rather than trying to fit a scene into the set that’s laid out, he gave the rest of us a few hours off while he, Lance and Cohen reset for the afternoon shoot.

“Well, I did what we said, a couple of days ago. I walked in on them arguing and simply asked them if I could be of assistance,” I say, smirking at my own boldness. I’ve always had an opinion and attitude, but bravery in chasing what I really want? That’s something I’ve never done. “And then we got drinks after work.” I sip the still warm coffee.

“And?” Winnie is captivated by my situation and its complete role reversal.

“They are indeed broken up. And the reason why is because Augustus is a dominant and Lance is a switch—”

She puts up her hand. “This never leaves this room,” she whispers conspiratorially, “but I don’t know what a switch is.”

My grin widens, going Cheshire-like. “Wow, I know more about sex than you,” I say, loving how it irks her so obviously.

She looks down at her shirt, hands playing at the hem, cheeks a little pink before giving me what feels like a phony smile. “Just tell me what it is,” she harrumphs. And normally I’d hold this juicy bit over her head a bit longer, tease and really make her miserable. Or even ask her if she’s butthurt that I’m now the sex goddess between the two of us, but honestly, I’m *so* the main character right now, and I want to get back to that.

“He is both dominant *and* submissive.”

She nods. “So...” she draws out and I take another drink of my coffee, not wanting it to end, because it feels like when the coffee ends, the morning is officially in the past. Which is illogical but the prospect of being involved with Aug and Lance has me in a hazy state. I wanna stay here forever.

“He needs to be dominant sometimes, but other times, and what I gather so far is, he wants to be submissive. But Aug cannot submit to give Lance his dominance, like, at all.”

Now she’s wrapping a curl around her finger as she stares intensely, nodding. “Okay, well, wow. That’s...” she shakes her head. “I thought it was gonna be something like, he’s too jealous or, he wants to get married and I don’t or something. I had no idea it was so... *kinky*.”

I reluctantly finish the coffee and toss it into the trash near my dresser. “I told them I’d be submissive to them both,” I admit, an instant flush hitting my cheeks. But when I look at my best friend, I don’t find shock on her face.

I find... awe.

“I don’t know what to say,” she finally stumbles, a slow grin taking up her face. “You’re like, super badass.” A thought hits her, and she chews the inside of her mouth before quickly adding, “You’re not worried about getting jealous or left out?”

I shrug. “I’m trying not to worry about anything. Just... go with it and see where it takes us.”

“So that’s what coffee was about this morning? Mapping out the route?” she asks.

I consider her question and weigh it against the morning. We had coffee—I had a bear claw the size of an actual bear claw while Aug ate a fruit cup and Lance slammed two espressos—and they explained things as I ate.

*“Sex is very personal to us,” Aug said, keeping his dark eyes focused on mine. “And we don’t want to enter into a physical relationship without an emotional balance.”*

*My cheeks flare at the memory of myself plucking a piece of pastry up with my fingers, grinning at them as I said, "I like you both, a lot, even though you're both kind of jerky and massively territorial." I shrugged, and took the bite, sipping my latte after, loving the way their attention hovered, the way they waited patiently for me to finish. "But I like the grouchy, territorial guys, too."*

*"Reminds you of yourself?" Lance quipped, and we shared another sarcastic smile, the three of us.*

*"See—we smile when we're together. You two never smiled together before," I said, wanting to see if they noticed that, too.*

*"We know," Aug said, speaking on their behalf. It made bumps scatter along my flesh; what would it feel like to have a man like Aug answer for me? On my behalf? My cunt pulsed in my panties as I finished my bear claw knowing that I'd eventually find out.*

*"I like you both and though I admit I don't know what more looks like between three people, I'm willing to explore."*

*At the same time they replied, "Same."*

*Aug and I ordered another drink, while Lance snagged a dying banana from the barista's fruit bowl. We sat and talked, about anything that wasn't related to Crave or our budding dynamic.*

I smile across the bed as Winnie waves a hand in front of my face. "Earth to the three way queen," she snarks, and I pull the neck of my t-shirt over my mouth, hiding my unabashed grin.

"We're having dinner tonight. A late dinner. At Aug's house, to talk more about the things we discussed at coffee," I tell her, my whole body going warm and achy at the mere idea. In a private space, alone with those two—"Not gonna lie, I can't believe it's happening."

Her eyes go wide and she abandons the curl she was messing with. "You're gonna *do it* tonight? Already?"

“I don’t know, no! I don’t think so, at least?” I say, unsure but excited nonetheless. “I just meant... this is so new and exciting.”

Winnie sits back, tilting her head, a slow, gentle smile taking over her face. “I think it’s good for you. I mean, I don’t want your vagina torn apart or for you to get your heart broken, but you need this.”

“I know, and I’m excited.” I was also excited about how well I’m doing around the set, and I wanted to share that with my dad, to tell him it’s not what either of us imagined, but he still won’t answer my calls. I nod, putting my focus on the edge of the comforter on my bed, playing with a loose string. “I just wish my dad wasn’t basically ghosting me,” I admit, hating that I’m letting his negative bullshit seep into my thoughts. But I’m very aware of the day. It’s the 15th. The day he pays the student loans. And I always hear from him on this day. *You know, to make sure I remember how much he pays.*

“Your d—,” she starts, chewing the inside of her mouth. It’s rare to see my chatty best friend at a loss for words. “He’s...” she trails off again before settling on, “You do you, B. Don’t worry about anything else. It’s your last semester of school. Your last time to be utterly carefree.” Winnie smiles.

I shake my head. “It’s just hard because... I realize I wouldn’t be here without him.” His money, yes, but him, too.

She arches her eyebrow. “I drove us here after summer break.”

Twisting my lips with sick displeasure, I clarify. “I meant my bills, and the whole *raising me since I was seven* thing.” I shake my head at her.

“Well”—she sighs—“he probably thinks that you’re making a bad choice, and he doesn’t understand what you could possibly learn at Crave. And it goes against who he knows you to be, someone who concedes *to him*, not someone who rebels and fulfills the program regardless of his wishes.”

I blink at her. “That’s a very apt assessment of my dad.” The back of my neck heats. Either she knows my dad

personally or I've just complained about him that much.

She nods very quickly. "Yes, you complain about him that much." Fuck she knows me well.

I bring a palm to my belly and sigh. "Phew, I was worried there for a second that you've been secretly chatting it up with my dad," I joke, because she's the one always joking about him and these days, naughty jokes don't feel as sinister as they used to. "Alright," I sigh, tossing my heart throw pillow at her. "I gotta nap before I go back."

She slides off the bed and grabs her bag from the floor. "Get that beauty rest before you get the double D."

I hold up my pointer and middle finger twisted with hope. "I'll call you later."

"Tomorrow is the only acceptable time to call me. If you call me tonight, I know your dinner with the studs will have gone horribly wrong and honestly, B, I love you, but I don't need that kind of negativity in my evenings." She blows me a kiss that I catch with an eye roll.

I can't nap. The coffee isn't even a factor. It's everything sizzling in my veins every fleeting second as I count the minutes until *tonight*.



*I want to go to your house for dinner*, I'm screaming internally while my face holds a calm, small smile. We're holed up in the conference room, with one scene left to shoot. Aug suggested we come back for a drink while Alexa touches up the actors.

I'm not a big drinker, but as the end of the work day nears, I find myself getting nervous for our dinner. I'm sipping



ginger ale and vodka, sitting at the head of the table, Lance and Aug around me, drinking the same. They brought me in here because even with only one scene left and a triple person date night on the horizon, apparently these men can't shelve art for sex. One scene or not, that scene needs full care.

But I like that.

They pulled me into a conversation regarding blocking in a reverse age gap scene, and why putting the hero in the silhouette emerging from the shadows was more powerful than doing that same thing with the heroine. Lance argued that it would level the taboo feeling to show the hero coming out of darkness as well. He argued that if the older woman emerged from the shadows, we'd be subliminally programming the viewers that her needs are bad.

I hadn't thought of it that way.

And while Augustus agreed with Lance's assessment, he brought an unconsidered angle to the table, too. He'd said that most people view older women and younger men together as taboo, despite the fact it's very much not. In order to get viewers to accept this normal age gap dynamic, the use of shadowing or silhouetting would work against the piece's main goal: to normalize while also getting you off.

That's where we're at. And now they're asking *my* opinion.

I sip my drink. "What's the final title of the piece?" I ask, not sure that I've actually heard yet, or if the vodka is already making my head a little swimmy.

Aug volleys his head. "Working title," he clarifies, "is *Despite It All*."

My eyebrows raise as I sip my drink. "Dramatic." He sighs, squaring his shoulders with Lance's across the table. "What do you think of the title?"

Lance finishes his drink and lets out a long sigh. I think it's the first time I've seen him show a single sign of fatigue, but I see it as he stares into his empty glass, dragging his fingertip

along the rim. “I think I finished my drink and I want to be done with work, that’s what I think.”

I finish mine and smile at him, my belly warming at the smile he returns. “So why are we all still here? Did you guys miss a shot earlier?” I ask, recalling the scene we shot before coming in here. It seemed fine.

“It’s not for the same film,” Aug says, fishing a piece of ice from his cup, chewing it. “This is a pick-up scene where the lighting was wrong on the initial shot. It’s just a quickie, then it’s over.”

“Oh,” I say, nodding. “What film?”

He cautions a glance at Lance, whose broody eyes are locked on me. “Let’s get out there, and you’ll see for yourself.”

“Then dinner at your house,” Lance gruffs, keeping his head down as he tucks between us, opening then filtering out the door.

I look at Aug. “Is he hangry?”

Aug smirks. “I could answer that, but I think you’ll learn his *tells* quicker if I let you figure it out on your own.”

A few minutes later, we’re in our respective chairs on the edge of the set, the actors are taking their marks, as Lance passes me a revised call sheet, stapled to the script. There are approximately ten spoken lines in this scene, which is normal for an all-spice scene. But I notice that Dean and Max are standing hip to hip, cocooned in white bathrobes as Uma smears lotion into her torso.

“It’s a MFM scene?” I question, because I’ve seen lots of these in my two months here, so why they were so damn mysterious about it, I’m not sure.

Aug snaps, getting the attention of a set hand. “Tape the extension cord all the way to the wall. We don’t want anyone tripping, period, not just on set.” He twists, facing me with excitement in his expression. “It’s MMF, and it’s double doms.”

*Double doms.* My mouth goes dry at those two words, and the way they sound coming from him, raspy and rough. Desire flushes my cheeks, so I face the set. Work is work, and right now, this is work. “Neat,” I say, watching as Dean and Max disrobe, handing them to Alexa.

I can’t believe it but I’m already used to the sight of hunky men with hard ons. When I started here, I really thought I’d be the studio perv, unable to look away from self-fluffing. But around week two, it became commonplace—thank God. Because Dean and Max are hot and *hung*.

*Hey, that’s not a bad movie name.*

I turn to Lance and find him already watching me. “In ten,” he calls from the side of his mouth, keeping his intense eyes on me. He leans forward, speaking to Aug around me. “Is this a consumption scene?”

*Consumption.* It’s something I haven’t been privy to yet. I learned a lot when I started here, and the first week consisted mostly of terminology. Consumption was one of them.

Certain actors have it written into their contract that they will take bodily fluids in their body, be it mouth, or other cavity. Uma is one of the actresses who is fine with it, and since the actors at Crave are tested twice a month, she never has to worry if it’s safe.

Consumption, in my real life, is something I’ve never done. Like, ever. I always told myself it was taste or texture, I don’t know. But when I think back on giving Noah head, I can’t remember a time when I really *wanted* to do it. And if you don’t want the twinkie in the first place, the cream filling is almost always unappetizing.

The countdown ends when Lance calls out, “Rolling” and the three of us lean forward, watching the scene unfold.

“On your knees, sweetheart,” Dean commands, tugging Uma off the bed by her hair. It’s not rough, though, and it makes the dominance in the scene powerful. Already.

“Now come on over here,” Max adds, patting his thigh. Hmm. I’ve never seen that. When Uma arrives between them,

Max grabs something off the night table behind him, and with his hands hidden under the curtain of Uma's hair, I'm not sure what he's doing. But when he rises, grabbing his erection as he grins down at Uma, I realize.

It's a *collar*.

Thick, black, with a silver buckle in the front. Dean grabs something from the nightstand, too, and this time I see what he has as he works at Uma's neck. Leashes. Plural. And when he's done clipping them to her neck, each man takes a loose end.

They proceed to yank her by the neck, back and forth, using her mouth freely as she whimpers and moans. And everytime they slam themselves down her throat, only to be yanked away by the other, they praise her.

"Good job, sweetheart, you're making us proud." I don't even know who says it because I can't take my focus from her jaw. The hinges spread as her mouth opens wide, the way her eyes water and her nostrils flare. The sharp tug of the leash, making her head whip between the two of them. My eyes move to them, each holding their meaty cocks by the base, guiding themselves between her spread lips when it's their turn.

It's... got me squirming in my chair. I'm wet right now, without a doubt. But I keep my eyes focused ahead, listening to the small cues put out by both Lance and Aug.

The scene finishes with Uma taking a mouthful from each actor, and the remaining fifteen minutes at Crave are kind of a horny haze. The actors tidy up, collect their things from their lockers, and head out. Cohen turns off all the lights, fiddles at the switches near the door, and leaves. Then I'm being ushered out to the parking lot, and into my car, my neck damp from sweat as I follow Aug and Lance to Aug's place.

I thought tonight would be more talking, but after witnessing that scene, my desire to talk it out has all but evaporated.

**sixteen**

...

Perfect doesn't last forever.



## brielle

AUG'S HOUSE IS SO FUCKING NICE. LIKE, IT LOOKS LIKE A house in an artsy movie, complete with an infinity pool, modern white everything and sleek edges everywhere. Like, if I bump into anything, I'm getting a bruise.

It smells good too. Fresh laundry and bourbon, sandalwood with a hint of a hard working man. It's not helping the vibrating need between my legs, and as Lance settles into a plush, overstuffed white sofa near the fireplace, I'm reminded that these two were *together*. For a while. He's sat on that sofa many times. His comfort reminds me that they have *history*, and that they're forging ahead... with me.

Even if it ends up being just a few wild nights, still, they trust me to be with them.

I swallow hard, nodding toward the fireplace stuffed with books and newspapers. "You don't use it? A fireplace is perfect for a cool evening in the bay."

"Who cares about the fucking fireplace," Lance gruffs, but he's smirking.

"Eager?" Aug questions, coming into the room with three glasses. *Of water*. "We don't do things drunk. Not for the first few times at least," he says of the drink choice.

The roof of my mouth clings to my parched tongue. "*Do things?*"

Lance pats the couch next to him, being more inviting than he ever has. I take a seat, and chills drip down my spine as his knuckles come to graze the side of my neck. He pushes my hair over my shoulder. "No ponytail tonight?" he utters, taking in the long waves toppling down my back.

I shake my head, feeling a bit dizzy. "No, I guess I was preoccupied," I admit, though they know that. They watched

me like a hawk for the entire final scene and I know why. They've explained as much.

Lance needs to fulfill the dominance inside of him, and he and Aug are desperate to be together. Another sub is the only way.

I knew this all along, but as Aug sits on the other side of me, I suddenly feel like... a prop. No different from a lamp on set the actor switches to illuminate the real scene, the bottle of lube stashed beneath the bed—*a means to an end*.

*Have fun. Don't overthink it. No one promised you anything. You're here to break the boring streak. Live a little.* Exhaling through pursed lips, I face Aug first, because he speaks to me.

“Self pep talk?”

I volley my head, unwilling to mar what I think is going to be a super hot experience with annoying feelings and fears. So they need a human bridge for their wide gap? So what? I can be a bridge. Even if it's temporary.

There's nothing wrong with temporary fun.

“Stepping outside my head, or at least, trying,” I admit, smiling up at him. In these lowlights, with white kitchen and white wainscoting making up the scene behind him, his dark hair looks even darker. Jet black nearly. I reach up and stroke my hand through it, discovering it to be soft and very grabbable. “I've always wanted to do that.”

“It feels good, doesn't it?” Lance asks, earning my attention. I drop my hand from Aug's hair, letting it come to rest on his thigh. Reaching up, I stroke my hand through his, too. It's just as soft, and a little longer. I can't help but envision both of my hands in it, yanking fistfuls as I writhe beneath him.

“It does. But so does yours.”

“That's the hope, that both of us feel good to you,” Aug adds. The way they're ping ponging naughty sentiments, riling me up, they're getting me so turned on that I manage to stash



away my worries about the future—about a *relationship*—and focus just on this. On tonight.

“In the scene tonight,” Lance begins. I pull my thighs together in response to the rolling, rough timbre of his voice. I’d do *anything* to even slightly ease the relentless ache low in my belly. “Who would you have been?” he inquires, stroking the tips of his fingers through the top of my hair. Both men are turned on the couch, giving me their attention, and while I have a hand on each of their thighs, they’re also both touching me. Lance stroking my hair, Aug running his knuckles down my arm.

I am *so* wet right now.

“The woman,” I breathe, my mind temporarily blanking on the actress’s name. “*Uh*,” I pant out, staring up at Lance as he waits for my response. His blue eyes have gone gray and wanton in the privacy of Aug’s home. A side of Lance I’ve understandably never seen. But Aug has. “I know her name, I just can’t think of it right now. But her. I’d be her, obviously.”

“That’s not what I mean,” Lance says.

“Would you be giving the commands or the one falling to your knees?” Aug asks, the raw resonance of his voice pulls me into his clutches, and I turn my head. His deep, serious eyes focus on mine with all the intensity of a man who has been burned. “You said you’d be submissive for *us*,” he rasps, nostrils flaring as his knuckles continue their heated journey on my arm. “And the thing is, I know what it is to want something so intensely, so vibrantly and vividly that it’s all you can taste and feel. It even blinds you, doesn’t it? That deep seated need. So you’ll promise anything. Thinking that the you that exists in the future will be smarter, stronger, and can deal with the fallout of reality.” His hand stops moving up and down my arm as bumps rise up in his wake. “You won’t be stronger or smarter, you’ll be in love, and that will make it impossible until it’s too late. *I would know*.”

He’s talking about their breakup. And holy shit, this conversation doesn’t give me temporary sub vibes. I lick my lips. “You want to make sure I am actually a sub so that our

thing works?” I ask, my voice hoarse and thin. As much as I want a seductive head tilt to answer all questions, this isn’t a movie. I *need* verbal answers. And right now, I need to get a pulse on what’s happening.

Because this conversation feels like it’s meant to shape something greater than just a few weeks or months.

Aug nods before lifting both of his hands to my face, the genuine and abrupt focus and affection making me heave out a sigh, one that was stored deep in my belly, one that’s been tied up for too long, waiting for someone to pull the frayed thread and let it all loose. My needs and hopes are released with that exhale. As he stares into my eyes, Lance’s big hand slips under my blouse and up my back, and my body melts as he drags the tips of his fingers down and up.

I’m almost afraid my pencil skirt is going to have a big dark spot when I stand, because I’m literally drenched.

“It’s as important for you to know what you need, too, Brielle.”

I blink a few times, overwhelmed by how good it feels for them to really be aware of me. Though I am there to be their submissive, I’m realizing that while I’ll be told to do things, the other side of the submissive coin is *this*. Doting and affection. Listening and consideration. Things I’ve always wanted from a partner but never been able to verbalize. *Cuddle me more, touch me more, treat me like a rare and precious stone, listen to what I’m not saying*—admitting those things to Noah felt impossible, and a little cringey. But it didn’t change that I wanted that type of relationship.

“I have no desire to be dominant,” I admit. I’m not lying to be what they want—I’d never considered it until meeting them, sure, but when I think about what I like in the bedroom and how I feel most aroused, how I’m the happiest—it’s being taken, being told, folded and bent, filled up, fucked hard. I *am* submissive, through and through. “And I want to be submissive to you both.”

Aug drops his hands from my face, his gaze flicking behind me to catch Lance. They share a wordless

conversation, and I wonder how often they'll be talking to each other silently when I'm around, because they have a rich history and I'm the new girl. Lance clears his throat.

“Get on the floor, right there,” Aug nods to the space in front of us, between the couch and unused fireplace. There's a large rug covering the stamped concrete flooring, ornate designs paired with muted colors—it's beautiful. Not unlike the men surrounding me.

I get on my knees without question, and my heart leaps into my throat, bouncing around, my wobbly pulse making me light-headed as Aug slides off the couch onto his knees. He makes his way toward me, sifting his fingers through my hair, bringing our mouths together.

His tongue is hot, urgently writhing against mine, twining and sliding, our mouths passing a moan back and forth. When he breaks the kiss, Lance is there, on his knees with us. I didn't even hear him. My body is all heartbeat.

I turn to Lance, waiting for him to take my face and kiss me, the way that Aug did, but he doesn't. Instead, he pushes my hair behind my back, over my shoulders, careful and slow. He takes my chin, dropping his thumb over my bottom lip, tugging. “Open.”

I open my mouth, heart bouncing off my ribs, and blink at him. His stormy eyes fixate on my open mouth as he grunts, “*Wider.*” My jaw burns as I open wider, excitement washing over me when he praises me.

“Brielle Parker, such a *good girl.*”

My cheeks flush as Aug gets to his feet, commanding me to *stay* as he does. The way he says that one word leaves my cunt throbbing and my belly aching.

*Stay.*

I've never been told to *stay*, but Jesus, *I fucking liked it.*

He positions himself on the coffee table, leaning in to place a kiss on my cheek. Lance is on his feet and while Aug takes my mouth in a long, heated kiss, I hear it all. My heart banging in my ears, the drop of his zipper, the way his big

hand fishes around in his pants, his hungry grunts as he pulls his cock out.

Aug holds my eyes after breaking our kiss, imparting importance on his words as his tone slows. “You listen to me, *you listen to me and only me.*”

I swallow, my nipples aching under the thin fabric of my blouse. Everything touching my body aches and burns. Explosive need claws at my gut, pressurizing between my legs, my spine growing weaker the needier I get. “I thought... I thought Lance needs to be dominant. I thought—”

“I do,” Lance answers, and I finally turn to see him. Standing above me, I see his icy blue gaze honed in on my swollen lips. He fists his cock and my belly cinches in appreciation at the sight of it. Thick with deep veins running down the shaft, foreskin circling the broad head, slitted peak exposed. He pumps, showing me his crown, wordlessly telling me to worship what he’s offering. My mouth opens at the sight of his thick, plump balls hanging from where he pumps. They’re so full and—“*Jesus,*” I breathe, at the sight of him in total. Because even though that thing looks like way too many inches for *any* of me, *I want it in all of me.* Sliding between my tits, pushing into my tight hole, pounding my cunt, playing between the split of my ass, being shoved down my throat until his cream is burning the back of my nose—I want it in all of me, damnit.

I didn’t know until this moment, with two men around me, waiting to destroy me, that I’ve been starving. *Famished*, and now, I need to feast.

“Tonight isn’t focused on just my needs though,” he says, my mind caught between the way promise drips from his words and the way he pumps himself. My eyes catch on the tip of his thumb and his middle finger.

*They don’t touch.*

The base of my skull grows hot and heavy, and I reach out, grabbing Aug’s knee to steady myself. He strokes a finger along my exposed collarbone and I think for a second he’s going to rip open my blouse or at the very least, pull it up over

my head. But he holds my gaze, the feel of flesh stroking hard flesh eating up *all* rational thought.

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do. Red always means you want to stop, yellow means you’re nearing a breaking point, which indicates to both of us that we need to adapt, and pull back.” He kisses me, and electric heat floods my veins. “If your mouth is full,” he continues, making the tightening need in my pussy spread, causing my thighs to burn and quake. If my knees hurt, I’d never know. Because I’m alive everywhere, and I can’t feel pain. All there is inside me is vibrating, epic, all-consuming lust. *Craving*. Cravings driven by an insane appetite for things I’ve never had. And I know these men are the cure. “Then you snap. Snapping is as good as red or yellow, and will cease everything immediately.”

I nod, because I think I’m supposed to. I’m supposed to do something to acknowledge all of this but my head is so heavy, my brain swims in a sea of fierce desires.

“Say you understand. We need more than a head shake.”

I nod again, “Okay, I understand.” I give my response quickly, kneeling forward to get closer to both of them, head moving between the two. Lance winks at me, still stroking that glorious, monstrous thing of his. I’m overwhelmed with the urge to please him. To please *them*. Hell, to please my damn self. But something about being what brings them back together, being their glue, but equally, cherished by choice... *by them*. My chest constricts at the thought, so I don’t think.

“Now,” Aug continues, leaning back as he gets comfortable between me and Lance. “Put your hands on his thighs, open your mouth, and take it.”

I twist my gaze to Lance in time to see one of his hands come down over my head, holding me. The weight of him pressing down on me, holding me right where I am—it intensifies my starvation. Drool pools beneath my tongue and spills out, curving my bottom lip, dribbling down my chin.

“Look at that,” Lance rasps, swiping his thumb through my greed, bringing it to Aug’s mouth. He licks it. And I don’t know if it’s Aug willingly desiring my drool or Lance’s thumb

in Aug's mouth but I whimper. I pull my thighs together and actually *whimper* a little as they speak about me like I'm not there. And why is that hot, too?

"She's got her mouth open, waiting to make her *Sir* feel good. And she's drooling for you, drooling at the idea of pleasing you," Aug says to Lance, still holding his hand by the wrist, Lance's thumb shiny from the saliva—now mine *and* Aug's.

My mind catches on the word *Sir*, and I want to pause this, look up to them and ask what that means, because it's not a term I've heard either of them use before. But then Lance's blunt head is at my mouth, and I'm lost to this. To them.

My jaw is spread wide, but I hear Aug's orders, "Open wider."

I do, I mean, I try, and it feels like I am. Because I *feel* him.

I feel the first few, hard, ridged inches of him depress my tongue, and move gently against my lips. He's pushing inside me slowly, with caution and care. And the warmth from between my legs crawls through my torso, slithering its way to my chest.

His hips move carefully, each thrust forward controlled and intentional. He knows how to fuck my mouth without losing control, and that's just what he's doing. And it's *so* Lance. Moving with control, even when it comes to orgasm.

*Lance is going to orgasm.*

I'm going to feel him *throb and pulse and flex*, and feel his impressive cock firm and tighten, then grow still before the big release. That's my favorite part of the male orgasm. The handful of precious seconds before release. When he's whimpering and moaning, giving me his most vulnerable, needy self. When he'd do anything for me to finish him, and he's grinding his powerful hips, searching for friction, anything to crush the ache.

I'm going to have that moment with Lance. My mind spins, but Lance keeps me in place, tightening his hold on my

hair. Gradually, his hips increase their pace.

Then my pussy nearly explodes, despite the fact she's alone, throbbing and dripping, hidden beneath a pencil skirt and a lace thong. Because Aug reaches out, wrapping his palm around the exposed length of Lance's shaft.

Both men fall temporarily motionless, deep growls and grunts echoing between them, through me. I absorb those grunts, growing hornier and headier from both the relief in Aug's growl as he fists the man he loves, and from Lance's excitement, being touched by the man he misses, while being sucked by *me*.

"*Fu-uck,*" Lance grounds out, his hips resuming their journey before Aug commands differently.

"You'll get the release you need, but stay still. I'll bring it to you. *Our Brielle* will bring it to you," Aug offers, his voice so velvety and deep I hardly recognize it. My breasts ache to be palmed, and my nipples throb at the idea of being sucked, full lips and whiskery cheeks all over my soft skin.

*Our Brielle.*

I become ambitious on Lance's cockhead, bobbing down as Aug's fist meet my lips, the two of us pumping Lance in opposite strokes. I bob, he strokes, Lance groans, and goddamn this is so hot. Watching Aug touch Lance is making me insanely horny, but feeling what drips from him as Aug touches him. I lift my gaze as Aug rises, still stroking Lance into my mouth as he nips at Lance's neck. Lance's eyes flutter closed, the creases in his forehead falling away. "I've missed this perfect, thick dick of yours," he growls before bringing his mouth to Lance's neck again. His grip on the top of my head loosens as Aug twists his hand, stroking Lance more aggressively. Precum floods my tongue. He likes this. He likes being dommed by Aug while in my mouth.

And my body likes what they're doing. What *we're* doing. My pussy clenches, searching for something, anything to bring even a moment of ease to her unyielding ache.

Lance tips his head forward, hazy steely eyes narrowing on my mouth, spread open and absolutely full. The hinges of my jaw burn and my vision blurs as he thrusts into my throat, Aug now cupping his hefty balls, making him roar.

Then Aug is behind me, long, strong digits splayed over my face, the tips of his pointer and middle fingers hooking my mouth. “Open for him, give him everything,” Aug says. I can’t see him but his heated commands rain down on me; they drip down my back and breasts, leaving me coated in sinful stickiness. I want to open for them, give them both everything.

Aug’s hard cock presses against my ass after he pulls my thong off, and I worm my bottom back, searching for friction as he pushes my face forward, giving more of me to Lance’s cock.

My hands tremble along Lance’s thighs, and I blink up at him through beautiful, strain-filled tears, silently begging for someone to give me relief. For someone to please *me*, too.

As if he hears my quiet prayer and internal moans, Aug’s hands curl the hem of my skirt. Cool air rushes against my thighs, then my ass as he bunches the fabric around my waist. I’m sticky and swollen, and with my evident arousal exposed to them, my legs tremble.

Aug returns his grip to my face, fingers in my mouth, keeping me open wide for Lance.

Lance grips himself, giving me a moment to breathe as he steps back to survey everything below my bunched up skirt on my hips. He grins at me, and I can’t help but bring my eyes back to that thing I’ve been sucking on. Red and angry, the veins more prominent, the head swollen. My mouth waters for it.

Aug drops a hand and then I hear another beautiful thing—*his* zipper descending. My cunt clenches, my thirst ready to be quenched, my hips so full of pressure that an explosion grows inside me. I’m dying to shatter for them.

After, of course, bringing them the pleasure they seek.



My belly warms at that thought; the idea of pleasing them only to be pleased and sated by both afterward. It's the most erotic thing I never knew existed.

“*Ohmygod,*” I breathe out, reacting to Aug sliding his erection between my thighs, through my lips. I look down to see the nearly purple angry head of his cock grinding against my swollen clit. He pulls back, slamming his hips to my ass, teasing my cunt, nudging my clit, driving me wild. And then his hand has returned, and he's holding my mouth open wide as he teases me from behind.

Lance surges forward, and just like that, with his beautiful cock heavy on my tongue, wide crown teasing the back of my throat, and Aug's thickness sliding between my folds, poking and taunting my needy clit, I know we're at the top.

*We're peaking.*

The pleasure is bright and bold, and I have to pull my eyes closed so I don't combust right then.

“Feed her,” Aug crows from behind, his words tickling my neck with their heated promise. “Give her a belly full,” he continues, his cock still sliding through my arousal, his head bringing my clit right to the point of no return. I whimper through my mouthful, needing release, needing to give them release, needing, needing, *endlessly needing.*

I've never been so hot, my body has never felt so electrified, so combustible. I feel out of control and desperate, starved for everything they give.

Lance brings his hand to his cock, gripping the ridge near his head. Guiding his dark slit to my tongue, his hazy eyes hover on mine as Aug, from behind, says, “Let him feed you, *pet.*”

Did he say?... “There he goes,” Aug grumbles, and my focus veers from *that word* to the subtle fluttering of Lance's eyes, the way his muscular chest goes taut beneath his shirt, how the fabric pulls with his deep, long inhale. Thick heat streaks my tongue, hitting the back of my throat, and I have to fight the urge to seal my lips around his tip and *suck* the rest of

his release from him. The soft groans that drift over me as he belts out hot, thick ribbons of release, over and over, has me wanting to cup his ass and drag him to my face, pull that monstrous cock down my throat like a hose and drink every drop of his cum.

But I do as I'm told, and sit with my mouth open, taking... *taking... taking...* And before I know it, Aug's on his knees in front of me, pushing my chin up, closing my mouth. He brings his lips to mine, and we share a long, messy kiss as I pass cum to his mouth and he gifts it back to me.

That's what it feels like to do this; share a gift. A private, intimate gift that I've never been given but know now is the key to making me feel so... alive.

Aug's lips are pink and puckered as he pulls back, and we swallow together. I look down to see his cock thick and angry, as needy as my pussy, jutted out between us.

"Don't worry," he says, looking up to Lance, who drops down to his knees to join us. "I feed my pets well, don't I?"

There's that word again. But Lance nods, and I watch with rapt breath as he lowers to a crouch in front of my bare pussy, and drags his hot tongue through my slit.

"*Ohmygod,*" I rush out, so sensitive and swollen that his tongue threatens to break me.

Aug takes his spot behind me again, his strong, heavy chest pressed down on my shoulders as he pumps his hips against my ass. His body feels so good, the way it's conquering mine and when I look down at Lance, still licking my clit, I nearly come at the sight; he's sucking Aug's head, splitting his attention between my clit and his cock. And... "Holy shit," I murmur, trying to buck my hips, find more of both of them, to come in explosive waves, because I need it.

Aug's fingers dig into my hips as he saws between my lips, Lance's tongue collects my arousal and Aug's precum each time he slips through my pussy and appears, pink and glistening.

Each thrust, Lance suckles and licks.

The pressure of Aug's cockhead nudging my cunt, a big cock being right near my hole but never pushing in, the way Lance moans as he tastes me, growls as he sucks Aug—it's too much.

It's way too much in the best ways.

"I'm gonna come, I'm gonna..." My spine goes rigid and my vision goes dark as Aug's arm loops my chest, keeping me upright. My pussy clenches the cock beneath me, hungry to devour him, insane to be filled by him.

But he only grazes my open, dripping hole as Lance's tongue makes intermittent passes over my clit.

"Watch," Aug growls at my ear, causing my head to tip forward and my eyes to flutter open. Aug presses his hips deep into my ass, his wide crown slipping through my cunt. I grind his length as I finally come, gloriously, in uterus shaking, cunt pulsing waves while watching Lance lick my clit through my orgasm, all while catching Aug's cum with his lips and tongue.

Aug and I come together, with Lance at the helm, lapping up every drop between the two of us. And when Aug's final growl has ricocheted between us and my last moan has left me, Lance clambers to his knees and brings his mouth to mine. The kiss we share is hot and salty, but urgent too, and not just like he couldn't wait to share Aug's cum with me but that he couldn't wait *to kiss me just as much*.

Feeding his fingers through my hair, his mouth makes love to mine as Aug's lips dust soft kisses down the slope of my neck, turning my sated delight into achy turmoil once more.

We swallow, and I can't believe I have their cum in my belly. Both of them. I shake my head as my cheeks flush, and our tender embrace splits. Aug redresses my lower half as Lance peppers me with the inquisition.

"You're shaking your head—are you okay? Did you want to use your safe word? Was anything too much?"

I swallow again, loving that I can still taste them both. I wonder how long I will taste them? When I get in bed tonight, will I skip brushing my teeth only to *savor* them through the

night? I shake the thoughts from my head and focus on Lance's questions. "It was..." I sigh, a bit terrified as the orgasmic haze settles, giving way to reality. "It was so good, I can't... words are hard right now," I breathe, feeling silly I can't articulate myself but also... I feel good.

I feel so great that I can't overthink and overtalk it. This is new for me.

Aug and Lance get me to my feet, and with an arm around my shoulder and one around my waist, we walk to the bathroom. It's huge and all white, and when the lights come on, I blink a few times to adjust.

Aug unwraps a new toothbrush, and passes it to me after it's wet and coated in paste. Lance stares at the green brush in his hand, and when he lifts his gaze, I'm surprised it comes to me, not Aug. "This was mine when I lived here, and I haven't seen it since I moved out. Looking at it reminded me of a lot of things, and I was just having a moment," he whispers, a whisper not meant for privacy at all, since Aug is on the other side of me. He's rattled by the memories that surge through him at the old relic, and that gives me pride, knowing he's allowing me to see his vulnerabilities.

I smile from my heart.

Aug chimes in, and I glance into the mirror to find his dark hair sexy messy as he feeds a hand through, watching me. "We don't want to isolate or alienate you with our history, so anytime you feel there's something you want to know, ask. Ask and we promise to include you."

"If this is going to work, it's with total transparency," he adds before plunging his brush beneath the running water. Then the three of us brush our teeth, and as we walk back out into the living room, I wonder if things will be weird now.

But immediately, we're bickering about what program to put on Netflix while Aug cooks up a late dinner. And then we're arguing over what's better to digest this late—Caesar salad with grilled chicken, or a simple soup.

We end up eating a little of each, with small salads and homemade Caesar dressing and small bowls of Aug's own butternut squash soup.

Afterward, all three of us, splayed out on the floor in front of the TV, doze off. Aug's leg swathes my hip, and over my head his arm stretches to Lance, fingers in his hair. Lance's leg is draped over both mine and Aug's, and his big hand rests on my belly, the other on top of his dick. My hands are everywhere, tracing their curves and edges, committing the way they feel to memory.

Because this has been a perfect night. But I'm a smart girl.

Perfect doesn't last forever.

**seventeen**

• • •

Territorial asshole, that's what he is.



## augustus

SHE GLANCES AT HER NOISY PHONE AS UNEASE CREEPS OVER my skin. I'm uncomfortable with how much it's been ringing recently. I wasn't insanely jealous yesterday when her phone rang a handful of times throughout the day. I wasn't... until Lance and I had time in the office alone, and we jumped (he pushed us) to the conclusion that if someone is calling her while she's with us and she's turning the phone over so we can't see the screen *and* ignoring the call—*it's a man*.

From her other side, Lance clears his throat, shooting me an irritated gaze. *Of course I hear the ringing*, I don't say, but give him an annoyed glance hoping he figures it out. It's not like I'm in fucking love with some guy calling our girl off the hook, but you don't see me giving him fucking eye daggers over it.

I smooth my hands through the sides of my hair, inhaling what I hope is calm as I blink down at the script. It's nothing more than a jumble of dark letters, all lined up to mean nothing. My brain is so crazy right now I can't even read.

I can't believe it's *her* making me crazy. Making him crazy, for that matter.

He used to be the only one to put chaos in my veins this way.

And as Lance and I glare at one another over her lap, her green eyes focused on the scene ahead, I realize that nothing about her is temporary. I can see in the unhinged rage flickering in Lance's blue eyes that he feels the same; possessive and territorial of *our* girl.

“Not going to answer it?” I question, doing my best to sound casual which I can do far better than Lance, who, when angry, only ever sounds fucking angry.

Her green eyes come to me, salty and narrow. “Does it seem like I am?”



Lance huffs, forcing his gaze to the set. I growl beneath my breath, also forcing my eyes ahead. And she returns her focus to the set, too.

I've learned a lot about Brielle in the recent weeks, but what I started learning in her second month is just how similar she is to both Lance and myself.

When we're focused on work, set on a scene, clued into a moment—we do not want to be disturbed. Not by the backdoor opening, a phone ringing, an actor sneezing, a pencil rolling across the studio floor—not a damn thing. And if anyone makes a noise or lives too loudly in my workspace while I'm in the zone, I'm an utter prick. Lance, too. Though to be fair, he drifts toward continually grouchy most of the time.

Brielle is the same. She's annoyed I'm asking about the phone because right now, when she's in the zone, directing a scene she got to plot and plan. She doesn't care about the phone or my questions. The world could be burning down around Crave, right outside this building, and she would not care.

Her mind is here, on that set, with those actors and this script she clutches on her thighs.

Goddamn it if that doesn't make me hard. If her salty demeanor and snippy retort makes me hard, and she's directing *all day*, I'm going to be a goddamn mess tonight.

I glance over at Lance, his jaw set and his eyes narrowed, and know that at least I'll have company in my misery.

She calls cut and slides off the chair, drifting onto the set with orders tumbling out of her, arm moving around the space as she points things out. She's a natural, but I can't focus on that just yet. Lance's eyes pierce me so I turn my head. "What?"

"Dinner tonight." His foot taps against the concrete floor. *An anxious Lance always makes such a pliable and willing pup.* My hard cock aches beneath my fly as I blink back at him.

“Be more specific.”

He rolls eyes, and I’ll make him pay for that later. A chill runs through me at the fact that after an agonizing year, I no longer have to miss him. We’re together again, with her, *thanks to her*.

He feeds a hand through his hair, clearly trying to temper his agitation. I have to hide my smirk in my curled knuckles. “Tonight, the three of us need to have dinner and talk.”

I don’t disagree. Last week when they came to my house, we... *played*. It felt like goddamn heaven. Being with both of them, all of us equally sharing ourselves with one another. I slept so soundly that night, but when I woke up, I felt immediate unease.

Because she enjoyed herself, there’s no debate there. But we also haven’t been completely honest with her, either. And I’m terrified that we’ve found our missing piece, a piece we didn’t even know we needed until her, and we’ll lose her before we even make her ours.

“I agree.”

He pinches his blue eyes on me, the wooden chair creaking as he leans toward me. “We need to tell her.”

I nod. “I know.”

He drags his palm down the lower half of his face, twisting his gaze to watch her move through the set, between the actors, guiding and directing.

Like a damn natural.

“We need to spend more time together, too. Outside of here,” he says, glancing around the space. I know what he means. And again, I don’t disagree.

“I agree.”

“I want to go to her place tonight, not yours or mine. I want to see how and where she lives,” Lance decides, and I know him like the back of my hand. I know him as well as I know every vein and bump on my cock. He wants to go to her place and look for signs of a boyfriend. Because he’s

convinced himself that the ringing phone is some man she's kept hidden, and that we're just for sowing wild oats or whatever.

I don't think so, though. I don't know who is calling her, and I can't deny my jealousy, but nothing about Brielle gives off *player* vibes. I don't believe it, but it is important, before we become too connected and sold on this dynamic, that we know.

I nod. "Tonight we tell her and find out if she's got someone else in her life," I say, finally verbalizing the thought we've been passing back and forth with our eyes all day.

He nods and we fall silent as she returns, passing a suspicious glare our way. "You were talking about me," she says as she settles into her seat. "Because you stopped talking when I got back. So what were you saying?" she prods, nodding toward the set. "You don't agree with my blocking? Because Cohen said—"

"It's not about Crave," I stammer.

"Dinner," Lance says, not taking his eyes off Otis and Uma on set. "Your place, tonight, the three of us. Text the address. We'll be over at 8."

Her blonde hair swings as she twists her head between the two of us. "I don't get asked, huh? I'm told?"

I watch as his hand comes down on her thigh for not more than ten seconds, but in that time he grabs her tightly before bringing his hand back to his lap. "Tonight, you're told, not asked."

She rolls her eyes, flush crawling up her cheeks. But she likes that answer, and my hard-on likes hers.

We watch the scene, or more so, I think Lance and myself watch her. We can't take our eyes off her as she works, getting to her feet to pull Otis back half of an inch, toeing on set to whisper soft guidance to Uma.

To ease my erection, I focus on dinner, and what I can pick up on the way to her house... or apartment. I don't even know. I focus on the run I'll take after work—solely to burn energy

—and the hot shower that will follow. I focus on anything but her, because if I do, I'll get carried away.

That's what she does to me. She makes me dream and plan. She turns hope and prayer into tangible reality, palpable truth.

The remainder of the day is almost as hard as my dick, but I manage. Around six, she leaves, and as she sits in her car in the parking lot, right next to mine, and coincidentally, next to Lance's as well, she texts us.

BRIELLE

8717 Parkway Lane Unit B

Front door is unlocked

I start typing, but Lance beats me to it.

LANCE

Don't leave the front door unlocked

Unless you want to be the star of a 60 minutes episode about a woman who goes missing with no signs of forced entry

I snort to myself, knowing he'd reply with that. And then I just stare at his words, my mind reeling from the next truth to settle on my shoulders; I'm not jealous that he's protective of her.

I wondered, as a dominant, if I could tolerate seeing Lance be dominant and controlling over someone else. I wondered if I could withstand seeing him get what he needs from someone else. But I realize now that he and I are allies in our feelings, together in our need, and I find his dominant side unifies us.

I know when he's submissive and at my feet, when they're both on their knees for me, I'll regain that heady sense of control. The one I thought I needed.

I knew I couldn't be submissive. But seeing now that I can share power, I can share assertion and dominance—I smile. I

smile in my cold car with the foggy windows, the streetlight dropping gold over my lap.

My cock lifts from my thigh and I stroke my palm over the denim keeping him hidden. Tonight is for talking, and yet all I want to do is fuck my pretty, fiery pets.

Fine. I won't leave it unlocked. Happy?

But don't come early. I have a phone call to make and I want to take a shower.

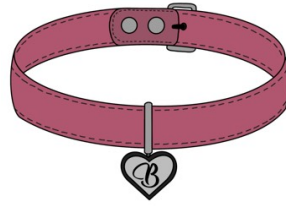
I reverse my car and drive out of the parking lot, trying not to fixate on that phone call. But when Lance's tires squeal on the damp city street in front of Crave, I know he's fixating on it enough for the both of us. Territorial asshole, that's what he is.

But he's my territorial asshole. And I finally have him back.

**eighteen**

...

Got any wine?



## **brielle**

I TOTALLY LIED TO THEM. I HAVE NO PHONE CALL TO MAKE.

“Fucking finally!” Winnie gushes as she yanks open my apartment door.

“Were you like, watching out the peephole?” I ask, slipping my purse off my shoulder as I step past her into my apartment.

“Uh, yeah, Brielle. I was. Because when your best friend texts you that she fooled around with two gorgeous men then proceeds to make you wait *a week* to hear the deets, you look out the peephole like a psycho.”

I kick off my pumps and sink into the couch, bringing one of my feet into my lap. Kneading the ball, I groan as my head finds pillowy goodness. Directing is hard work mentally and emotionally, but physically, too. I never expected to be so wiped.

“I’m sorry, Win, honestly, I am. I didn’t mean for it to play out that way. I thought I’d be able to talk the next day, then we had an actor call out, we had a reshoot, Debauchery wanted to meet with Aug and he and Lance thought I should be there—” I list just a few of the many things that transpired last week. The very same things that kept the three of us apart all week.

She brings a glass of wine to me before settling in to sip hers. “I want to hear all about what a badass porno director you’re becoming, I swear I do, but right now, I need to know about your three-way, sis, because I need to hear something good.”

I blink at her, surprised. I mean, I know she hasn’t had a boyfriend in months, but she’s always grinning at her phone when she thinks no one is looking. “Really? So whoever you’ve been texting the last few weeks, which by the way, *I know about*—that’s just a friend, huh?” I bump my shoulder into hers gently.



After setting her wine down on the table, her long fingers tangle in her wild curls, styling it in a heap. She secures her hair using a silk scrunchie. “That’s nothing,” she says simply, driving right into my lane. “Now, you. You go. *Go now please,*” she says, eyebrows raised in seriousness as she brings her wine to her lips for another long sip.

I want to dig into whoever she’s hiding from me but in truth? *I’m the focus right now.* It’s not often (*ahem,* ever) that I’m the one with juicy details from a sexual escapade. Much less with my bosses!

I take a very long and very pleasant drink of my wine, finishing the glass because *that* is how you drink wine. I set it down on the table before squaring my shoulders off to hers.

“Okay.” I launch into a ten minute recounting of our rendezvous last week, the one that ended up being the sweetest most fulfilling sleepover after the hottest most fiery sexual encounter I’ve ever had.

And I had my top on!

And we didn’t have sex!

That blows my mind and just shows you, what ends up making you happy may look nothing like what you expected.

When I’m done, I bite my lip, staring at my best friend and her wide green eyes. She blinks, processing all the scintillating information I’ve passed her way. I feel like I just slipped her the Old Maid card or the reverse in Uno. She looks so... shocked, but finally, she lets out an earth-moving sigh, then says, “*Damn.*”

I grin, relieved that she’s not judging me though in truth, I didn’t expect her to judge. It doesn’t change the fact that I was nervous to tell her. It’s not everyday I’m recounting a somewhat-three-way to my best friend, after all.

“So now what?” she asks, reaching for her wine until she remembers it’s empty.

“Well, Quincey has been calling the last few days,” I tell her, and she straightens at my father’s name. Likely because she doesn’t want to talk about him, and I don’t blame her.

Neither do I. It's why I've been avoiding his calls. I raise a hand to stop what I assume is coming, even though Winnie's face is still blank. "Don't worry, this won't turn into a Quincey talk. I just brought him up to say that all of the sudden he's decided he no longer wants to ignore me—for whatever reason—and he's been calling."

Winnie pales. "Too much wine?" I ask, reaching out to grab her knee.

She nods slowly. "Yeah. Too much wine." With a thick swallow, she adds, "Keep on though, I'm fine."

I go on. "Anyway, Aug and Lance have seen my phone ringing, seen it blowing up the last few days. And they've been jealous. And I've been acting completely oblivious to it, just to rile them up a little more," I grin, which has her finally grinning too.

"Jealous means it's more," she offers, her voice more delicate than before. It must be the wine setting in. When did Winnie become such a lightweight? I glance at my phone, realizing I only have forty-five minutes for a shower.

"I hope but I don't know for sure. They're coming over tonight. For dinner. We're going to *talk*," I say, excitement coursing through me as I fit the word with finger quotes. I *do* want to talk, but I can't help wanting more to happen. Last time left me *ravenous*.

"When?" she asks, rising from the couch.

"Forty-five minutes."

She lifts her hands, slipping her feet back into her slide sandals, over her socks. "I'll get out of here. But this time, I want an update right away. No more of this *week long wait* bullshit."

"Got it," I say, stepping outside to watch her walk toward the stairs. She looks over her shoulder at me, hand on the black railing, big hoodie hiding half of her face when she says, "Have fun."

And despite the fact that Lance told me to keep the door locked, I don't. Not only do I live in the *off-campus* but still

*owned by the school* apartments, which means there are cameras everywhere, I also know I'm safe. No one unexpected has ever even rang my doorbell. Literally ever. No Girl Scout cookies, no cleaning supplies or pyramid schemes. I think I'll live.

After getting undressed, I stand outside the shower stall, waiting for the water to heat, one hand under the spray. Sex pops in my mind as I stare at the water sailing over my hand.

We haven't had sex. In fact, we've had only one sexual encounter. The one that I have been touching myself to since it happened. I step under the spray. Double tasking, I lather my shampoo and temper my expectations. I know we might not have sex tonight even though I hope we do. The way I feel when I'm on the set with Aug and Lance is this incredible high, and when I'm with them outside the studio, I somehow feel that same high times a million.

While rinsing and conditioning, I think about having them at my apartment. Aug's place was so nice and if the way Lance dresses is any indication of how his place might look, well, crap. My tiny little apartment is not impressive.

Shaving my legs, I pull the razor up in languid strokes, carving through the white foam. I feel like I'm watching this shower from above, outside of my body. I'm feeling that overwhelming, all-consuming high they bring already, and they're not even here yet.

A booming voice tears through the bathroom and I come back down to Earth when the razor falls to the ground.

*"I said lock the fucking door!"*

With one leg shaved and one not, I twist the water off and shove the curtain back. Okay, maybe I got that high because I *could* sense them because *they are indeed here*. Lance sounds more pissed than usual and I'm sure Aug isn't far off. "Hang on! I'm getting out!"

"Oh perfect. Naked with the door unlocked, *Jesus fucking Christ!*" he growls, the second loudest thing next to my front

door slamming. Slamming so hard that I'm fairly certain my framed photo of *Queen* falls off the wall.

Yanking the towel from the rack, the ends of my long hair leaving a fucking river behind me, I stomp down the hall into the living room. I point at my shattered framed Queen poster. "You broke my frame!"

Lance, who looks insanely fucking sexy in cuffed, rolled baggy jeans and a tan t-shirt, his blonde hair styled more like James Dean than I've ever seen, closes the distance between us with a snarl rippling his upper lip. "Apologize," he snarls, nostrils flaring, stormy blue eyes clouding over, turning gray with anger.

A cold drop of water hits my foot, and a chill nips at my bare, damp skin. I brace my hands on my hips. "No."

Behind Lance, Aug appears. His dark eyes narrow in on me, his anger evident.

"Two against one, I see how it is," I snark, but as soon as the words leave me, I know I made a mistake. Lance's neck becomes a tree trunk as he strains forward, angry as hell, and Aug drops a palm to the top of his shoulder to steady his rage.

"Two against one?" Lance hisses, his shadow eating me up as he hovers over me. "You can be a brat all the fucking time if you want, but when it comes to your safety, there's no room for it. Do you hear me?"

I blink. I swallow.

Lance is a grouch, that can't be denied. But this side of him? This protective, dominant side of him is my new favorite. I only wish I didn't have to piss him off to see it.

Well, I don't know. Sometimes pissing him off is fun.

"On your knees," he commands. Aug's hand drops off as he paces backward, falling into my sofa, watching.

My pulse quickens, like my body recognizes something is happening here. Something *beyond* Lance being angry.

"If I have to repeat myself," he warns, voice dripping with rugged and raw anger.

I don't plan to do it and I can't believe I do, but I do.

*I drop to my knees.*

"Palms on the floor. Forehead, too."

My mouth opens, a jumble of confusion clogging my throat. "I—"

"*Palms on the floor,*" he repeats, drawing it out. "Forehead, too."

I fall forward and do as he says, the tips of my fingers clinging to the top of his black boots.

"Apologize," he *demand*s, and this time, I want to. I don't know if it's the degrading position at his feet or the anger throttling his tone but something low in my belly shouts *comply. Do it. Apologize.*

The voice inside me speaks up and the last sentiment before I apologize is clear: give him what he's asking.

"I'm sorry," I whisper, my voice hoarse from the revelation. The submissive in me is roaring at the surface, begging to be brought to life.

"What are you sorry *for*?" Aug asks.

"For leaving the door unlocked."

Lance lifts one of his booted feet and puts it on top of one of my palms. "You are apologizing for *disobeying*," he says. "Do not disobey me again. My orders keep you safe. To disobey them is to hurt us all. Do you understand?"

My throat bobs and sweat bubbles up on my spine, the damp terry cloth towel uncomfortably leaving the water on my skin. I've never seen this side of Lance—his dominant side—and I admit, it's a bit strange. Definitely different than I imagined but... I like it.

"Yes," I reply, and because the word alone doesn't feel like enough I add, "Sir. Yes, Sir."

A moment of quiet passes before his hand slides beneath mine and he bends over me, helping me up. When I'm back on

my feet, blood and excitement draining from my head, he tightens the towel around me.

“We’ll start dinner while you get dressed,” he says before kissing me like he didn’t just have his foot on my hand, forcing me to apologize for my disobedience. God it gets me hot, how his dominance surfaced that way. I want more.

But as he swipes his tongue along mine, feeding me soft moans as his finger drags through my wet hair, I know *dominant Lance* is shelved. We pull apart and he smiles. From behind, Aug rises, grabbing two large bags off the floor.

“Go,” he says, placing a kiss on my cheek as he passes by, lowering the bags to the kitchen counter.

In my bedroom, the towel falls to my feet as I tug open a dresser drawer. My fingertips skim the fabrics peeking out; a satin tank and boxer set, a cotton shirt and pants set with red stripes, and a handful of oversized t-shirts.

I choose the satin set and dress, then face the array of hair products on my dresser. After smoothing some anti-frizz serum through my ends, I comb it out and spritz on some perfume, making the long walk to the bedroom door.

It’s only been five minutes but already, I swear I smell food. My stomach rumbles as I pad down the hall, spotting Lance and Aug at the stove. Lance bumps his shoulder into Aug’s as a slow smile spreads Aug’s face. They share quiet words, and Aug bumps Lance, and the two of them laugh as Lance sprinkles seasoning over whatever is steaming in the pan.

The more I get to know them, the more questions I have. I wish I could unzip them both and crawl around inside each of them, scooping out every private detail, then binge on it. I want to know everything.

“Do you both cook often?” I ask as I take a seat across from them, at the kitchen counter. My wet hair is cold down my back but heat wafts from the stove, causing my nipples to harden.

Aug looks up, his dark hair wavy and unruly from the moisture in the steam. I glance at Lance, and find his golden locks much the same—full of body. I imagine running my hands through each head of hair, gripping it by the scalp as I yank and moan.

“I do. I enjoy cooking. My ex-wife, Claire, we cooked a lot together. It was our thing, kind of,” he says, pushing food around with a wooden spatula.

“Claire is such a good cook,” Lance sighs, reaching for a bottle of sparkling water. I watch veins pop in his fist as he twists the bottle open. *God that’s sexy.*

“You know—” I stop and try again. “You’re close with Augustus’s ex-wife?”

“We’re very close. I consider her one of my best friends,” Lance says, producing a hunk of soft cheese from a cloth. He plates it, and begins placing crackers and fruits all around it, from a container on the counter. “You’ll like her. She’s one of—if not the—kindest person I’ve ever met.”

Aug nods as he tosses sliced chicken into the pan, a hearty sizzle bursting into the space between us. “She’s fantastic.”

I clear my throat before sipping the carbonated water that Lance poured and passed to me. “When did you marry her?” I ask Aug, a slight discomfort twisting my insides at the question. I hate that no matter how I word it, I feel like a schoolgirl questioning her older boyfriend about how many chicks he’s fingerbanged.

“We were college sweethearts. We got married before graduate school. Went through graduate school together—she’s a sculptor so we had the arts in common.” He bumps Lance, who gathers a package of sliced vegetables, and passes it to Aug. He tosses them in the pan and covers it, bracing both hands on the counter as his attention comes to me. “We split up after only a few years of marriage. Claire realized she couldn’t be monogamous. It just wasn’t in her.”

“Did she cheat on you?” I poke, hating the flush that creeps up my neck. I sip the bubbly water, appreciating the

way it makes my eyes burn.

He smiles. “No. She realized a year or so into our marriage that she loved me very much, but that she knew in her heart she had room for more. More love to give. And I couldn’t share.” He glances at Lance, smirking something so incredibly fierce that my pussy pulses behind the silk pajamas. “Ironic, no? I couldn’t be with someone who needed more partners and here I am.”

“I’d say our situation is different,” Lance amends, sipping his water. They’re both so casual tonight, Aug in black sweats wearing a zip up track jacket and Lance in his casual jeans and t-shirt. They’re both casual but sophisticated and classy. I like them this way. The way that no one else at Crave gets them. Private and casual.

“I agree,” Aug says as they corner the counter, each extending a palm to me. I slide off the barstool and the three of us plop down together on the couch.

“I’ve never been married,” Lance says, holding my gaze.

I swallow, realizing that this is the time to ask questions. “Have you been in relationships with women?” I know he’s pansexual, that much has been unearthed. But there’s more to sexuality and experience than a title. That much I know. Because I never thought I could be with two men, both sexually and emotionally, but look at me now.

He nods, skating his vast palm over my bare thigh. “Yes. My first love was a woman.”

“It didn’t work out?” I question, voice hoarse, mouth dry. My pulse is galloping through me. Getting to know them excites me. I know what it means, because you don’t invest details in a fling.

He grins. I love it when Lance grins, when his usual displeased, downturned lips tilt up, proving that he can be happy as easily as he can be grouchy. “Clearly not.”

I roll my eyes wearing a terse smile, turning my focus back to Aug. He slides his palm over my knee, gripping it. My pussy shudders, wetness seeping into the soft satin. Thank god



it's a deep eggplant color. My dripping, needy arousal *should* be disguised.

“Have you been in love?” he asks, surprising me. I think of Noah right then, for the first time in days, maybe even weeks. I can't help but smile at that. “What's the beautiful smirk for?” he asks, touching the corner of my mouth where my lips curl. God I like that. I like those intimate but subtle touches.

I nod. “I have. And I was smiling because...I thought I was in love with Noah. I thought Noah was my first real, serious relationship. And now I can't stop from grinning because I was so stupid. What I have here eclipses anything I've ever had before now.”

I slowly bring my eyes to Aug's, dark and mysterious but so fucking breathtaking. “Because of you,” I say, turning to Lance. “And you.”

And right as I'm about to slide their hands up my legs and say fuck it to dinner, my phone rings. Lance breathes out a frustrated sigh and Aug removes his hand from my knee.

“Who is it?” Lance asks, his tone brimming with irritation.

I push off the couch and find my phone in my bag, digging it out to find what I suspected.

Before I can respond, two bodies are pressing into mine from behind. Aug snarls, surprising me.

I turn my gaze toward the screen and wait for them to follow as I fold my arms over my chest, ends of my wet hair getting trapped against the satin.

Aug's facial features soften. “Quincey Parker,” he amends before he and Lance share a glance, followed by an exhale. “*Your father* has been calling you all week, hasn't he?”

I nod. “Yes.”

Aug and Lance pull me into a hug, then lead me to the dining room table where Lance and I sit as Aug returns to his pan of food, plating up something that smells like heaven. My stomach rumbles loudly.

Lance gives me a pointed look. “You shouldn’t go so long between meals.”

“It’s better for my metabolism. Makes me burn through the food faster,” I reply, using the same explanation that I give Winnie as to why my stomach is always growling.

Lance shakes his head. “No.”

I snort, sipping my carbonated water that Aug brought from the counter to the table. “No?”

Aug lowers plates down in front of Lance and myself, returning with one for himself.

“Chicken and pasta primavera,” he announces, passing red pepper flakes to me. I layer them on the steaming food and as my mouth waters, I ask, “how did you know I liked red pepper flakes?”

He grins. “It’s the only spice you had in the cabinet.” He points his fork at me, the tines loaded with noodles and meat, and adds, “And no. No more tricking your metabolism bullshit. You eat, keep your energy up, not just for sex—” he winks and my cunt pulses. “But for work. Long days on set become unmanageable without proper nutrition.”

I nod, feeling somewhat scolded, but as soon as I take the first hot, creamy bite, all other thoughts fade away. “Oh my God,” I moan around the veggies. “This is so good, Aug.”

Lance finishes his bite, nodding. “Fuck. I missed your cooking,” he says, and they share a quick look, one that doesn’t alienate me, surprisingly. Instead, their exchange leaves me feeling included, like I’m part of this big private thing that no one else is privy to. I feel special.

We eat for a few minutes before Aug lowers his fork to his plate and places his palms flat on the table. “Okay, so first we talk about our thing or we talk about why you’re ignoring your dad’s calls. Which is it?”

“*Your thing?*” I ask, my eyes bouncing between them. Lance looks to Aug for a long moment, his brows etched with concern. *That* has my interest. And also, fuck Quincey Parker and his ability to worm into my life even when I’m ignoring

him. “Your thing,” I say again, only this time as an answer, not a question.

Aug wipes his mouth with a paper napkin. “Got any wine?”

**nineteen**

...

Fill yourself up, my good pup



## augustus

I LOVE THE WAY SHE WRINKLES HER NOSE AND FOLDS HER arms over her chest. I should've known I liked brats, I mean hell, Lance isn't exactly a sweet, agreeable thing. And I've never been attracted to anyone the way I want Lance.

Until Brielle.

“What?” I ask, forcing my lips not to twitch with a threatening smile. She gets saltier if I hold my ground, and I'm already hard at just her body language. I adjust myself beneath the table, but not without Lance noticing.

“I thought you don't have alcohol with these talks, or whatever it is you said the other night,” she says, a piece of her air dried hair slipping over her shoulder as the heat kicks on overhead.

“We're not getting drunk, but a single drink may help with your... reactionary nerves.”

“Reactionary nerves,” Lance repeats on a hearty chuckle as he pushes back from the table, exposing his lap. I hold in a groan at the sight of his cock thickening against his thigh. I swallowed his cum the other night—it had been so long since I've done that. And he swallowed mine. He put his mouth on me. He—fuck. I'm getting way too turned on thinking about us coming together again. “That's actually a great way to describe it.”

Brielle drops her palms to the table with a thud, making our forks clank against our clean plates. “It?” She searches our eyes, her big green ones ping-ponging between us. Finally she says, “There's whipped cream flavored vodka under the sink.”

Lance shudders and I can't help but laugh at that as I get to my feet and collect the bottle. “And whipped cream flavored vodka is less gross than wine?” I tease, pinching three small glasses from her cupboard before returning to the table.

I pour each of us a small amount before screwing the lid back on.

“It’s from my undergrad days,” she admits with a smirk. “My best friend Winnie brought it over to celebrate the end of finals week. We went hard,” she points to the spot on the bottle where the liquid rests. “And then never wanted to drink it again.”

I take a sip and my eyes and nose burn with saccharine vanilla and rubbing alcohol. “Jesus Christ, this is awful.”

Lance snorts. “You’re really selling it.”

I finish mine and look between them, but Lance, knowing what’s coming, finishes his too, baring his teeth on a hiss as he swallows. Brielle drinks hers too and we all take a minute to calibrate old whipped cream vodka.

Without preamble, I launch into it. “We need you to know what you’re walking into because I see a lot of runway in front of the three of us. We work well together, we have great chemistry and—”

Lance interrupts, knocking his knuckles to the table as he coughs. “I’m sorry—” he clears his throat, eyes watering. “That vodka.”

“Don’t be dramatic,” Brielle says.

“I’m not dramatic,” Lance retorts, taking a sip of the probably now lukewarm carbonated water. “That tastes like ass.”

“College budget,” she quips.

“Anyway,” I continue. “We need you to know that what Lance and I had... or I guess, have, is more than dominant and submissive.”

She smirks, her pouty lips making my cock ache. “I always like *more*.”

Lance puts his elbows on the table, the old wood squeaking as he puts more weight on it leaning forward. “What we like and how we enjoy those dominant and submissive roles, is a change of pace for most,” he says, his

voice strong and unwavering. He realizes this is important. We can't bait and switch her. If she wants to be in a relationship, she has to fully understand the terms. And this is a big one.

"It is something that may take time to understand, time to get used to," I continue, now also leaning toward her over the table.

"Stop dancing around it and just tell me already," she says, collecting her fuzzy blonde hair with one hand, wrapping it with her other hand that clutches a scrunchie. I watch Lance, because he's got a thing for women who put their hair up in scrunchies. Says it reminds him of a casual Sunday morning filled with nothing but sex and food, and it gets him going. Watching his pupils grow and his nostrils flare as he surveys Brielle putting her hair up has my blood pumping like mad.

"We tried bondage, which is common in dom/sub roles. But we didn't like it. We didn't like that some of it took forty minutes to set up, or even longer to dress. It was too much for us," I tell her, wanting her to know we didn't just jump to this. We didn't choose this because we're strange—it chose us because it fit, and it's then we learned that it isn't strange. Nothing is, with consent and love.

And a hard-on.

"We've tried it all," Lance adds, popping a grape from the mini-cheese plate he made. "But this is what works for our needs. And we hope it works for yours too. Because you're an equal in this. You have a voice as loud as ours. But this dynamic," he says, shaking his head. "I need it as much as I need to exercise my dominant side."

"And as you know, our relationship ended because he couldn't exercise that side of himself. So you see how clutch this is," I pander, nerves jumping up my spine as we toe nearer to the topic.

She folds her arms over her chest, looking unimpressed. "I get it. Okay?" She crosses her legs and unfolds her arms, getting antsy. "Now tell me because quite frankly you're making me nervous. I'm starting to think a third hot director is about to walk in or something."



“Sir and pet,” Lance barks out, laying it all out there with no more opportunity to pace and drawl.

I watch Brielle carefully, studying every fine line, every millimeter her eyes move. Everything. She looks between us, but pulls her lips together, chewing the bottom one a little as she processes. I hope she’s processing and not closing up. I can’t quite tell.

Lance slides off his chair, gently falling to the floor on his hands and knees. From the plate he made, I pluck the grapes up, cradling them in my palm as I lower my hand down to reach Lance’s face, which is eye level with the seat of my chair.

His sapphire eyes peer up at me, and I see it again. The flare, the passion, the overwhelming heat and happiness is all there, shining and gorgeous. Slowly, not to make a point but to savor each second, he brings his mouth to my hand, soft lips grazing my pinky. A shudder wracks my chest and I know my cock is officially fucking weeping.

Brielle breathes heavily from nearby, but I don’t look away. His lips part, bringing his teeth to the grape, pinching. He blinks. I clench my ass, seeing and feeling things from the past. Only this time, my chest doesn’t ache—happiness is warm and abundant inside me.

I sift my fingers through his gold silken hair, the tips of my fingers gently grazing his scalp. His silver chain peeks out from his shirt collar, heating my skin. I always loved how his chain looked against his bare chest, coated in a sheen of sweat. Shuddering, his back torques ever so slightly as I silently praise him for taking his snack like a good boy. *A sweet pup.*

At my side, in the chair next to me, I peek down at the bag I’ve stashed. With the top unzipped, the contents staring up at me, I reach in and take what I need. I set it on my knee, which is the last bit of me still under the cover of the table. Carefully, I remove my hand from his head and tug down my sweats, exposing my cock, pink and thick from pounding in need. Brielle whimpers; I expose the glistening underside. I’m dripping for them.

But this has to happen before we happen. We being the three of us.

Brielle has to understand—it's only fair.

I grip myself and shake my cock over his lips, his eyes nearly all pupil as he watches. "Slow," I caution him as he carefully and slowly leans toward me, sealing his eager mouth around my erection.

From nearby, Brielle whimpers, and I drop my hand resting on his head and grab for what's hidden beneath the table, hooked on my knee.

I let go of my cock and it slips from his mouth, pressing to my jacket as I use both hands to put the leather collar on Lance. I need both hands to make sure it fits, snug but not painful, and to make sure the leash is well fastened to the collar. And as I do all of those things, my heart thumps like a basketball being dribbled. Heavy and constant, the pounding keeps me from looking up at her, allowing me to focus on my pet on his knees.

Being collared.

*Again.*

If I looked over at her now, would I see disgust? That's my biggest fear, the one that keeps me up, rattles my hope, fills me with empty weight. If she doesn't understand or doesn't want to try to understand, that will hurt. That will change things, even though we're all hopeful. It takes more than hope; it takes aligning on multiple levels, and I know better than most how tricky that can be.

Maybe she'll like it. Maybe, if I looked over now, I'd find her mouth agape, watching with a needy glazed look in her eyes. Maybe...

I wrap the end of the leash around my hand, loving the quiet squeal of leather against callus. And I don't look at her, even still. I don't look to see if she's even fully understanding of what's happening.

She will be, and she needs to be before she makes a choice. So I keep on. I tug Lance, and find myself impaling his

soft, wet throat. He lets loose the most disruptive moan, sending bumps along my flesh, heat flashing through every inch of me. I love the way he sounds as a sub. The way he moans and mewls. Contrast that with how he bickers with me at work and how he's analytical, driven and sharp as fuck—he's everything. A loyal pet; complex, layered, and fucking *mine*.

I tug the leash and growl my pleasure as my cock slips further down his slippery, hot throat.

Then, with a drawn breath, my orgasm tingling at the edges of consciousness, I wager a look at her.

My breath stays suspended in my chest because I haven't the slightest clue how to read her.

Eyes are wide, pupils are blown, full of dark curiosity and shiny awe. But she swallows, heavy and loud, and her mouth remains parted. She doesn't lick her lips and she doesn't appear to be breathing rapidly, either.

I keep tugging the leash, keeping Lance suckling on my cock as I stroke him tenderly, enjoy the way his soft hair curls around my fingers as I pet him. My other hand burns from how tightly the leash is wrapping my palm, but it's a good burn. The burn of control. I tug, tug, tug and groan, petting my love as I hold Brielle's eyes with mine.

"You never know what feels right until you try," I manage to rasp, moments away from explosion. My pet is so good with his mouth. I look down at him, sucking me, the rest of me clothed and covered. "Such a good boy," I praise, grabbing his chin and jaw as I hold his mouth steady. His watery eyes jump to mine and I shoot him a pointed look of warning. "Fill yourself up," I tell him before letting my eyes close.

My orgasm thrashes inside me, and I try like hell to stave it off just for a few more seconds of bliss. A few extra moments of those sharp blue eyes on me. A few more gargled moans. More of this. More.

But Brielle's soft exhale causing a flush to heat my cheeks, causes Lance to spread his knees against the floor and I know

he needs release as badly as I do. This scene we're putting on for her, to show her, it's making us both insane. Because it's been too fucking long.

"Fill yourself up, my good pup, and then your Sir will take care of you."

He sucks my cock into his throat so hard, with such a broken, shuddering moan trapped against my length that I rocket off. My ass clenches as my balls tighten, the first shot of cum making him moan. His keening vibrates through my cock, and I come again, and again, spraying his throat relentlessly, rope after rope, filling his belly. He sucks and swallows, the noises of him devouring my orgasm keeping me hard in his mouth, despite the fact I'm empty.

I pet his head as he lets my sticky cock free from his divine mouth, and watch while I stroke his head as he licks my groin, the underside of my shaft, even my inner thigh. He cleans me up and when it's time for my pup to be rewarded, I finally meet her eyes again.

Her nipples are hard in her pajamas, but I also realize the mind and body can be divided.

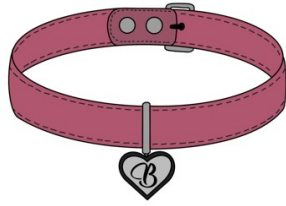
"Well?" I ask, my voice coming out husky and hoarse. "Can you join my pup in submission? Can my pup dominate you?" I put it all out there—what we need and what we want.

She swallows hard, and Lance watches my face from between my legs as we both wait for her reaction. She swallows, lips parting, voice shy and low when she says, "I'm *not* an animal."

**twenty**

...

Teach me how to be your sweet pup



## **brielle**

I CAN'T DENY THE MEMORY THAT FLASHES BEHIND MY EYES AS I watch Lance lick Augustus clean.

*Lick him clean.*

A shudder wracks me as I grow damp—under my arms, down my back, on my upper lip. The room hasn't changed temperature but watching them has warmed me from the inside out.

The memory of Aug's command weeks back. The one I overheard. *Stay*. He commanded Lance to stay. At the time, it made me a little wild. How passionate must a physical relationship be if, in the middle of a fight, a singular and non-threatening word changes you? That's what I thought. And it gave me chills. I can't deny that.

But now it makes more sense.

It was a command from the ghost of their life.

I heard myself, in an out of body experience, say "I'm not an animal."

But I am an animal, aren't I?

Watching Lance on a leash filled my mouth with jealous, needy saliva. Watching Lance suck Aug's cock—with Aug clutching a mantle of power—made my pussy juicy, and I soaked my satin pajama shorts just watching. And the way Aug and Lance had me the other night.

*Their cum.*

I didn't get Aug's cum firsthand—I only tasted them secondhand, off of Lance.

I tasted one man's cum in another's man's mouth—and I fucked myself like crazy at the memory of it for the following week. I wanted to be the one to spit cum into another's mouth,

but at the same time, I was also glad to be the one who received it secondarily.

Point being. I'm wild, feral and crazy when I'm with them. I am an animal with them. One that needs, wants and craves all things men, all things submissive, all things sex.

I shake my head, overwhelmed and quite frankly, overheated. "I don't know why I said that," I spit out, suddenly a little dizzy, despite the fact I'm already sitting. "I mean, I do. I'm—" I finish the warm sparkling water and watch Lance rock back onto his haunches, sitting in front of Aug like a waiting dog.

I can't stop staring at him like that. Submissive, patient, quiet.

So unlike the Lance I know at Crave. I blink at the back of his head, the hair made unruly by his Sir's stroking grip. His owner.

His *Sir*.

I toss the word around my brain and in my mouth a few times, flipping it over to inspect every way it makes me feel. *Sir*. I envision saying that word to Aug. *Sir*. And saying it to Lance. *Sirs*. I picture myself the way Lance is, on my knees, head down, waiting for their fingers to feed through my hair, waiting for their commands.

"I'm prone to judging," I admit, and find Aug's features soften, and his shoulders do too. Lance's back relaxes, but still, he waits for Aug, looking up at him. "I... So you treat him like... a dog?"

Aug tugs the leash and Lance takes Aug back into his mouth, just holding him there. His body remains motionless as he stays perched over Aug's lap, cock sitting idle in his mouth. "Hold," Aug says down to Lance, who slurps a little as Aug shifts on his ass, repositioning himself.

Eyes back on me, he says, "He's a pet. My pet, yes. And the thing is, he also yearns to hold the leash, to take over as the dominant. So look at him. Look at the way he serves me so vulnerably. How he obeys my commands." The leather squeals



as he unwraps then rewraps his palm. “Can you see yourself this way?” His leashed hand grabs the edge of the seat, and he leans back, giving his weight to the chair back with a breathy exhale. “Can you be next to him, serving me? Can you kneel for me, for him, for us?”

I’m so turned on by everything that I think reality is actually unraveling me. Every question and hesitancy that rightfully popped around my brain is now gone. Rode off into the sunset, completely missing in action, leaving behind only my body’s most carnal urges.

I want to drop to my knees. Share his cock with Lance. Make Aug feel good together, then make Lance feel good, then let them both make me feel good?

There. My brain hangs on that simple fantasy so I clear my throat. “How does a pet get rewarded?” I ask, clarifying with, “Like, he serves you and obeys you. And what is his reward for that kind of selfless and ultimate submission?”

Aug strokes his free hand through Lance’s hair, and tips his head to the seat next to him. “Come sit, come see how well my pup obeys, and I’ll tell you.”

I’m on my feet, rounding the table to slide into the chair immediately. When I sit, my panties cling to my mound, soaked with thick, sticky need. My body is aching to be touched, and my pussy is so swollen that repositioning in the chair to face Aug feels like foreplay.

I swallow hard as my eyes drop to Lance, whose eyes are on Aug. The base of Aug is round and thick, and saliva pools beneath my tongue at the sight of thick veins on his shaft disappearing into Lance’s mouth.

“He’s just...”

“Holding me in his mouth. Not pleasing, not playing, just keeping me nice and warm.” Aug’s voice is raspy and rough, and it sets chills across my flesh. Chills of broiling, enthralling need.

I want to try. I want to join him. I want to show them both that I want this. I at least want to try, for them.

“Can I join him?” I ask, earning me a heady, sinful look from Aug. He brings his leashed hand to his hairline and shoves it through, letting a roar erupt from his chest.

“Goddamn, Brielle, you don’t know what it means to hear you ask that.” His tender, darkened gaze falls to his pet. “Can you share?” He tugs the leash and Lance growls around his cock. “Share,” he reframes, now commanding Lance.

By the time I’m on my hands and knees, Aug has hollowed Lance’s throat and instead of warming his cock, he’s now peppering soft kisses and flicks of his tongue along Aug’s thigh. He strokes Lance’s hair adoringly as I move closer. The heat of his body—or maybe that’s just the heat of his thick, veiny cock—radiates over me, like sitting next to a warm hearth, engulfing me in comfort and safety. I bring my lips to his glistening head, and take him into my mouth. He’s salty and warm and slides in easily and—

“Mmm,” I moan around him, unable to help myself. Because Lance is now behind me, still on all fours, nuzzling his nose into my satin covered cunt. I know I’m so wet that he feels it, it must be coating his nose and lips through the thin fabric.

“Hold still,” Aug commands, and I strain to blink up, surprised when I realize he’s speaking to me. “Right now, you’re part of his pack. Until he’s up here with me, you’re in it together. Let him accept you,” he says, and a slither of discomfort worms up my spine. Can I go this deep in roleplay? But I can’t pull it apart, I can’t dive into all the little corners of this and over analyze how I feel and why, because Lance uses his teeth to tug down my shorts and then *he’s licking me*.

Holy shit he’s licking me.

The wide pad of his tongue delves between my swollen lips, dipping into my juicy cunt, lapping and sucking at my horny juices like a starved dog.

I moan around Aug, and right as Lance’s tongue teases the right places, bringing my edging to a head, he stops. At my side, he reappears. Aug nudges me off his cock, and feeds it to Lance, who laps it up with ease, and with a moan.

“Does it taste good? Hmm, did she taste good?” he asks, stroking the leashed hand through Lance’s fair hair, the moment mesmerizing me. Then he’s hollowed Lance again, filling my mouth with hardening cock. I twist only slightly, glancing at the way Aug so tenderly touches and strokes Lance. And then Lance rests his cheek on Aug’s knee, and I’m overwhelmed with the urge to take them both. To weave myself into what they have, to make myself so interconnected and indispensable to them that they keep me. I’ve never felt this excited, this in tune with what I want.

Right now, I *want* to serve. And then I want to be absolutely devoured.

Aug reaches forward, and I gag a little as his cock slips further down the tight passage of my throat, but I keep him there as I listen to the metallic clink of a buckle. A moment later, warm leather loops my neck, and as Aug’s thick fingertips graze my wanton flesh while he collars me, my cunt weeps. My thighs tremble and my core tightens as I struggle to hold myself together, as I fight the urge to reach between my legs and alleviate the haunting, needy ache they’ve put inside me.

Lance sits in the chair next to Aug, and pushes his already unbuttoned and opened jeans down to reveal his cock. It thwacks his core as he gets comfortable in the chair, and I notice the way pre cum is smeared down his hardened shaft, how his head pokes out prominently from his foreskin, nearly purple it’s so dark. He strokes himself once, and he’s so hard that my womb aches at the sight. My cunt pulses, having mini orgasms at the sight of his thick, engorged cock. I look at Aug, who appears much the same—completely aroused after being suckled and held in the mouths of his two good pups.

Aug passes the leash to Lance, who wraps it around his palm and tugs my mouth down on his cock within a moment. I suck him as he guides me up and down his shaft, and I listen to Aug’s rumbly voice.

“It’s about freeing yourself from thought. Hanging up the detailed maze of tasks in your brain for a few hours every night. Giving yourself over to thoughtless action, action meant

to give pleasure to the one you love. In return, that pleasure is given back to you tenfold, in orgasms and aftercare.”

My pussy drips—I can actually feel my cum and arousal threading between my puffy cunt and the floor. Pulling me down, I suck Lance deeper, loving the stunted groans that slip free from him when my nose hits his body. I’m happy to relinquish myself from thought for a few hours every night. But I wonder, what does Aug, who never takes on this role, get from always being in control?

“As the dominant, whether I’m sharing the title with him or not, I’m fulfilled by knowing that the people I love are willing to give me what I need, just the way I need it. And in return, I am gifted with your body. Splayed out for me, after you’re my pet, you’re my plaything, and I’ll make you come endlessly to show you my gratitude.”

Lance’s voice is unexpected and disruptive as he rasps, “Take the leash, take her mouth before *I* feed her.”

*Feed her.*

I continue making a mess on the floor beneath me, the passive crushing of leather between palms making my heart race. Sweat trickles down my back beneath the satin as Lance slides his perfect cock from my mouth. A moment later, I’m inching over on my hands and knees as Aug’s cockhead pushes into my lips, his thick shaft filling my tight throat.

“Sometimes you’ll serve us both,” Lance says as Aug’s head falls back, my warm mouth doing a number on him this time. “Sometimes we’ll both serve him. Is that okay with you, pet?” Lance asks, reaching forward to stroke his lean fingers through my hair. I nod, making Aug’s cock bounce around in my throat.

“Fuck,” Aug groans, his voice thin, nearly shattering. “Let’s take this into the bedroom because you’re right, I’m about to give her a bellyful if we continue like this.”

They help me up, and I walk behind them in a haze, my thighs sticking together with each stride from my plenteous arousal. Once we’re in my bedroom, they strip me and then

strip themselves. I watch, my head bouncing from one hard body and thick cock to the other, taking in the subtle and sexy differences.

Aug's thicker than Lance, but meatier with muscle. There's a smattering of dark hair over his knotted chest and belly, and his balls hang a bit lower than Lance's, though still full and plump.

Lance is leaner but again, still all tight. His cock is the same girth and length, except he's uncut, and watching his fist pump, pulling his foreskin back to present the pink head of his cock to me, does things to my pussy. Makes it clench and throb.

I look over at Aug who's slit drips clear arousal, and find my cunt spasming at the sight. So many mini orgasms tonight, like my poor pussy can't take just the sight of arousing things and she needs to cheat a little. I come in tiny, undetectable waves, just for some relief, to buy some time before the final explosion. I look between their incredible bodies, excited for whatever is on the horizon.

"Are you ready, sweet thing?" Aug asks, tucking hair behind my ear, letting his hand come to cradle the curve of my hip. Lance tweaks my nipple, then presses a soothing kiss to the hardened, abused tip. "Ready, good girl?"

Aug reaches out, unclipping the leash from the collar, dropping it to the floor. And then they stand there before me, hard cocks out like the carrot hooked to the stick.

I lick my lips. "I'm ready. Show me. Teach me how to be your good girl." I look between their cocks. "Teach me how to be your sweet pup."

**twenty-one**

...

My perfect, golden pups.



## **augustus**

LOOKING ON, LANCE STEPS FORWARD, USING ONE HAND TO take the side of her face with soft dominance. He brings their mouths together, the sight of their tongues writhing as they moan through a slow, sizzling kiss has me stroking.

Brielle is fucking gorgeous. Full, heavy breasts with hips I dream about grabbing, and an ass I could come to just thinking about. She tugs her ponytail free, and her long golden hair curtains her back partially as she lifts her chin, giving Lance more of her mouth, giving more to the kiss.

His cock rests against her belly and I watch with rapt attention as she brings her hand to it, stroking the head against her flesh. He moans, bringing his other hand to her face, holding her mouth to his as his kiss grows ravenous. Their jaws flex as they give each other more passion, more tongue, both of them filling the room with soft, erotic moans. Her hand wraps his tip, and slowly she tugs until his head is completely exposed, pink and shiny.

But it's my turn now, and because we are in sync, he releases her; stops the kiss, leans back, breathless, lips swollen. By the wrist, I tug her to me, and bring our mouths together. I love tasting him on her, but I also just love the way she kisses.

Her kiss is much different than his. Her lips are soft, nearly conditioned with how delicate they feel against mine. Her tongue isn't brave the way his is; she's passive, cautiously dipping into my mouth only after I've mauled her with mine. Her moans are more like breathy exhales, and I swallow them greedily like the starved man that I am. And when she reaches for my cock, that's when I end the kiss.

She rolls her glistening lips together, chest heaving as she waits. She knows what's next, because her eyes bounce between us, her nipples so hard I can't help but groan at the



sight. But then Lance's hand is on my hip, his calloused thumb moving over my heated flesh, pulling me toward him. His blue eyes are soft with care, full of need and tenderness, and I swear before he brings our mouths together, he smiles at me.

It's been so long since we've been happy like this. And as he kisses me, I know why. The reason why is all over his tongue, painted inside my mouth, standing right next to us. We kiss, we rub our cocks, giving her a taste of what it will be like to watch her doms together.

Our kiss breaks when she takes us in her hands, together. When he's my pet, sometimes, Lance would do this. Jerked us together this way. I loved feeling him against me, hard but also slippery. Sometimes he'd jerk us off together like this and before I'd come, he'd bring our heads together, stretch his foreskin over my cockhead and shaft, as far as he could, and make me come that way. I'd fill him up with my cum, and when I was done, he'd drop to his knees and use my cum to finish himself off.

We let her play a moment longer, but I stop her by grabbing her wrists because we have to have a full night of roleplay. It's a must. Brielle must know what it's like beyond a singular act, past one feel good moment.

"Are you ready?" I ask her quietly, implying that we are pre-scene, pre-roleplay. We're in a place where she can freely say no, and so I tell her as much. "At any time, you know you can stop."

She swallows, and I have to exercise great restraint to not peruse the canvas of her beautiful body. My orgasm is already swimming up my thighs. The nod of acceptance flips a switch in us both, and their *Sir* appears. My spine lengthens as Lance steps to her side, ready to be a submissive, to show her how a good pup behaves.

"Sit," I command, watching my handsome golden pup drop softly to his haunches, fat cock spearing up from his thighs as he looks up at me, wordlessly waiting for his next command. Brielle follows suit, dropping softly to her calves,

ass on her heels as she looks up at me. God they're a fucking sight. So perfect. My perfect, golden pups.

My balls tingle with a hot, familiar urge. It's been so long since the Sir in me has been truly satisfied.

"Fours," I say sternly, and Brielle scrambles to her hands and knees moments behind Lance, following his lead.

"Again, show your new friend you accept her," I urge, and Lance crawls behind her, nuzzling into her from behind again. I want to taste her cunt, lick up her wet seam until her bud is pinched between my teeth and I'm making her squirt and scream. But I'm not jealous that he's tasting her first. I'm not jealous that her cunt is going to spasm around his tongue, that he's going to feel her tight back hole pucker and clench for the first time.

I'm happy.

"Show her how rewarding it is to be a pup in this house," I command him, telling him to make her come. I watch her heavy tits sway as he nuzzles into her cunt from behind, taking languid, deep passes with his tongue. She bites her bottom lip, her face pulled tight in disciplined pleasure. She's trying not to come immediately, I can see it in her pinched brow and measured exhales. The bow in her lips, the tips of his blonde hair peeking up around the full globes of her ass, the sound of his tongue teasing and playing at her puffy cunt—goddamn it's the hottest, most erotic thing. The best scene I've ever been a part of, and there's not even a camera around.

Lance growls into her cunt, giving me the signal that she's falling apart, she's close.

"Take her there," I advise, my cock weeping as his tongue slips into her ass, making her spine roll.

"*Uhh*," she moans, unable to keep herself from crying out even a moment longer.

"Finish her now," I tell Lance, seeing the needful expression dripping from her face.

He nuzzles deeper, the sound of his talented tongue swiping through her drenched cunt making me absolutely

feral. God dammit this is good. We're so good together. I've never felt like I've needed or wanted the way I do tonight.

Her body lurches forward, fingers white from how hard she grips the floor, and she comes. Her head falls between her shoulders, blonde hair sweeping the floor as she orgasms in deep, thrashing waves. Lance eats. He eats, and eats and eats, like he'll never get the chance to eat again, and all the while she sways and trembles, her thighs shaking so much that I reach down and squeeze myself just once, to alleviate the torturous throbbing in my dick.

"On your back," I command her, voice so husky and thick. I haven't heard myself this way in so long. *This* is who I am. And together, they're bringing me back to my old self.

Brielle flops onto her back, panting, her inner thighs shiny with cum. Her full tits fall apart in this position, and I watch as her chest heaves with each sated breath. She blinks up at me, flush in her cheeks, blonde hair strewn about like she's about to be the focus of an oil painting. She's fucking gorgeous. I turn my gaze on him.

His lips are swollen, his cock is angry, and I realize he's been edged the longest. He had to suck me and eat her, and no one has given him the relief he's earned, the relief my good pup always earns.

"Feed her," I command my lover, who crawls easily over Brielle, aligning his leaking cock with her perfect lips. "Open, and get fed," I say, and she knows I'm talking to her, because she whimpers with need before spreading her lips. His hips surge forward as he fills and fucks her throat in fast, urgent pumps.

"My pup is so needy," I growl, watching the way sweat shines on his chest and forehead, how his biceps torque as his strong hands grip the floor, her blonde hair tangled in his fingers. "He's been such a good boy, bringing his Sir pleasure, obeying me so well."

He loves this subtle praise, I know he does, and in response, his hips pump faster as he chases what will be, *if I know my man*, a massive orgasm. Edging him always makes

him erupt like a fucking waterfall, and it's incredibly hot. I'm intrigued to see how she takes it.

Brielle keeps her eyes open, and I love how she watches him fuck her face in fast, ruthless pumps, how she keeps her mouth wide for him to use. She braces her palms against the floor, letting him take her mouth rough and rapid, like she knows he needs this, and that she's happy to be the one to give him his reward, his release.

I like that, too. I like how she gives as easily as she takes, how she knows what to give and when. She's a natural pup, and I find myself growing hard again as I watch them together.

Watching them, though, has me needy and achy and thrumming. Getting to my feet, I walk to the nightstand where I rummage through the drawer before retrieving a bottle of lube. I fill my palm and come behind Lance, my knees hitting the floor next to his. He rears his head, letting a crazy groan fill the room.

"I want this," I tell him, slipping two lubed fingers into his hole. He nods, his hips starting to rove again, because he can't help it. My poor pup is dying to come. I can tell by the way desperate words escape him, by the way all he can do is grunt and hump. I peer below me at Brielle, whose eyes are shining. I notice now that one hand no longer grips the floor but now plays at her swollen lips, touching her pink, naked cunt.

"No touching yourself, that's for your Sir and your Sir only," I scold, reaching around Lance's hips to slap her breast. She moans, sending a vibration through his cock, which makes him rear back and growl.

"Soon, pet," I tell him, letting him know he does not yet have permission to cum. I'll come in his ass first, and then let him cum, and he will have the most explosive orgasm that way. I know my pet and I know what inflames his body better than he does.

He whimpers as he slows his pumping, fucking Brielle's mouth in measured strokes.

“No whimpering, pup,” I growl, working another finger inside him. Brielle coughs, and I smirk down at her, watching her throat work to swallow. “He’s a leaky pup when you play with his ass,” I smirk down at her, having to swat her hand away from her pussy one more time.

“Okay, don’t worry, calm down,” I tell Lance, stroking my lube-sticky hand down his spine. “Shh,” I coax, knowing he’s on the verge of losing control and fucking Brielle’s face for a harsh ten seconds before filling her throat with cum. If he does that, he’ll be in for a punishment and he knows it. “Here you go,” I soothe, bringing my head to his greedy little hole, pushing in until my crown disappears. He keens, whimpering and slowing his hips as he adjusts to the gift I’m giving him.

I grit my goddamn teeth as I slide into his tight, perfect ass. I nearly come at the thought of pulling out and watching my cum drip down his thighs. God I’ve missed this, I’ve missed him. I glance around him to Brielle, her beautiful green eyes so full of happiness as he abuses her mouth and throat, his pumps growing aggressive as he gets fucked.

My chest burns with pride and happiness as I look at my wild, untamed pets.

I want to fill his ass. My balls are hot and tight at just the thought. But they’ve both been such good pups tonight. It’s not fair to give just one of them their reward.

I pump my hips, biting my lip as Lance’s ass swallows my cock with his tightness. I fuck him fast, in motion with the way he fucks her mouth, and then, I give him the gift he deserves, the one he’s been waiting for all night.

I stroke my fingers through the damp ends of his hair, and down the length of his strong spine. “Feed her now, my pup, fill her up”

He growls and grunts, and I don’t move, letting him inadvertently fuck himself on my cock as he surges forward and back, fucking Brielle’s mouth in rough, nearly abusive strokes. But she takes it, moaning and writhing beneath him. When his body stills, I bite into my knuckle and fist my balls, doing everything I can not to feed his ass a warm load. He

orgasms, and Brielle moans, her noises gargled by the copious amount of cum flooding her throat.

I would know.

When his back stops twitching and his body softens, I know he's twitched through the entirety of his orgasm. "On your knees," I command, and Lance is the first to do it, despite the fact his eyes are sluggish from release. Brielle clambers to her knees, and then I stand over both of them, stroking my aching cock, and say, "Open wide, and take what you've earned from your Sir."

Two pink tongues come out, two mouths open wide, two perfect heads tip back. And I stroke. My fist curls my cock as I pump and pump until I'm roaring unintelligible praise at them, my cum painting their mouths and tongues in thick white waves, coating them surge after surge until I'm shaking my head out over them, making sure every drop is well spent.

Brielle starts to swallow when she knows I'm done, but Lance stops her.

"Good boy," I say, stroking my fingers through his hair. I watch as he licks her cheek, dragging the tip of his tongue over her lips, kisses her throat and ear. He devours her until every drop of my cum is in his belly and then she, following suit like an obedient little pup, does the same to him.

Brielle moans as she licks my cum from his tanned flesh, and when they've licked each other clean, they face their Sir and blink up at me.

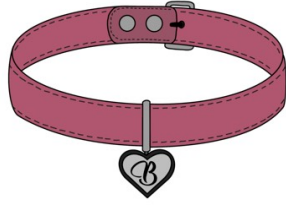
"Good boy," I say to Lance, turning to face Brielle. "Good girl." Then I stroke both of their heads and bring my soft cock to their mouths, where they lick me clean as I pet them, saying, "Good pups."

The *best* pups.

**twenty-two**

...

This is her.





## **brielle**

“YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WANT TO TELL ME SOMETHING,” WINNIE says, pinching her gaze on me as she sips her gingerbread latte. “What is it, Lassie?” she jokes, but my skin flushes at her comment.

I shake my head, grateful for the maple glazed bar I’m currently deepthroating, because it buys me a few seconds before she expects an answer. From my purse on the floor, my phone rings, and I gladly swoop it up for another distraction.

Quincey Parker dances on the screen, and I get an idea. After swallowing my bite, I hold the phone out to her. “He’s just been calling nonstop, and it’s stressing me out,” I admit, though that’s not what’s really on my mind but it’s not a lie either.

Her eyebrows lift. “Oh...” She swallows uncomfortably. “He’s... Have you answered?”

“He’s still butthurt.”

That’s a great way to describe it. Butthurt. The few times in my life that I didn’t do exactly what my father wanted me to do, he did exactly this. Ghosted me for a few weeks then tried to shove his way back in without explaining himself. Now that I have more in my life, I don’t have to exist under his microscope, and maybe a break from each other is what I need.

“I’m not answering. I’m tired of him ghosting me then communication bombing.” I shake my head, staring down at the remnants of my sugary treat. As soon as Quincey is involved, my appetite seems to shrivel and I know that is not how your dad should make you feel. “You don’t ghost people you love. Especially not your daughter, the literal only family member he has. It’s just... bullshit and I’m over it. So he can keep calling. He can call all he fucking wants. I’m over it.”

Winnie mimes dropping a microphone, but the smile she wears doesn't reach her eyes.

I laugh at the mic drop, because she always brings the perfect amount of comic relief to even those most tense situations. My stomach churns, bitterness burning, because guilt always makes my stomach hurt.

Winnie is so supportive and yet.. I'm keeping things from her. And I fucking hate it.

"Anyway," I sigh, torn between wanting to open up but also not wanting to betray trust, I stick to Quincey Parker, the safest of the hard topics. "I'm just tired of being his emotional punching bag."

Winnie pops the lid off her drink and traces the cup's edge with her fingernail, which is painted pink. I grab her hand and bring it to my face, dramatically analyzing it. "Your nails are painted!"

She yanks her hand away, her cheeks going flush, and it occurs to me right then that I may not be the only one with secrets. "*Stahhpp*," she harrumphs. "It's just polish, it's not a big deal."

"No?" I cock a brow. "I haven't ever seen your nails painted. You paint mine! You never paint yours!"

She hides her hands in her lap, below the table. Our gazes idle as we silently dare one another to spill. Finally, I bring my cup to my mouth and before taking a drink I say, "I've started sleeping with Augustus and Lance." Ah, the truth is out there.

She slaps her palms down on the table so hard and so loud that the barista pops out from the backroom, glaring at us. "Sorry," I wave, smiling awkwardly as I glare daggers back at Winnie. "Dude, chill out."

"I will not fucking chill," she whisper-hisses, eyes brimming with excitement. "You're going to elaborate right this second."

Still not knowing where their boundaries lie, I decide to omit the pet play, providing only the core details. "The three of us work really well together, on set and off."

She nods, and I love that she isn't the type of friend to look for holes, or weak spots. She isn't lying in wait to burst my bubbles or caution me with reality. We both know the reality: as with everything, the possibility of being hurt is there, hovering invisibly above us. I don't need to hear it, and Winnie knows that. "And what about out of the sheets? You guys work in a casual off-set way, too?"

I know what she's asking. Is this just sex or is it going to be an actual relationship. The only thing is, I don't know the answer, and I admit as much. "I don't know," I shrug, sipping the last of my latte. "I hope we do, and I mean, we do. We get along great, I just don't know what they want in the long term."

She wrinkles her nose. "Didn't you say that Lance is a switch, so they're looking for a sub to enter the equation permanently then, aren't they?"

When she says it that way, it all feels so... transactional. Am I that for them? Am I simply the missing component added to make *them* work? The way they touch me, the tenderness in which they speak to me... I don't think that's what it is. But I'd be foolish not to acknowledge that it is a distinct possibility.

"Oh fuck," Winnie sighs. "You didn't think of that until now. I'm sorry, B. I'm really not trying to be negative fucking Nancy over here, I promise."

I fix a smile on my face. "No, I know that. I know you're not. But you're right—that hadn't occurred to me until just now and the fact that I've been in delusional bliss, is a little scary." I pluck at maple icing crumbs. "Unlike me."

Winnie crushes her empty cup in one hand like The Hulk, the way she always does. I smirk and she smiles. "Maybe you need to be unlike yourself. I mean, that's why you applied to the program, isn't it? To be unlike you, at least for a little while."

I nod. "You're right. And no matter how it ends, this is what I set out for. Discovering a new side of me. Becoming an unforgettable person."

Winnie rolls her eyes. “You weren’t *forgettable* before. It’s just Noah wasn’t in your life to remember you. You know? Noah was just a stepping stone to get you... I don’t know, maybe here?”

We finish our coffee date, dropping the serious talk right there. And as I head into Crave, I can’t help but get hung up on her words. Am I just a missing piece so that they can be together? Am I their cog?



I shuffle the papers in my hands, double checking that the numerals on the body are in order. *I can’t believe I wore a collar and acted like an animal.* That simple truth heats my skin, so undeniable that I pinch my blouse and fan myself with the soft fabric. My eyes veer over the first page, getting an idea of what’s first to be filmed this morning. But...*They are all I can think about.*

“Hey,” Cohen snaps me from my dueling thoughts. Half of my brain just wants to think about them and the other night and another part of me wants to focus on work and only work. Focus on the reason I’m in this program—to learn how to direct art.

“Hey, Cohen,” I greet, smiling softly, so glad this man has approached me. Anything not to think about everything, even for a minute. “What’s up?”

He produces a folded sheet of paper from his back pocket, opening it slowly then hands it off to me. “Aug and Lance have you listed as the first chair directing all week. So I wanted to run the light configuration by you. This one you can keep. Let me know whenever. No rush. For the first scene today, Aug signed off on lighting, but if you want, you can change it.”

I blink down at the paper, an organized sheet of all the scenes we're filming this week, with tiny little sketches of the light placement and how it will move with each scene. I look up at him. "Do you do this every week? These little sketches and things?" This must take so much time.

He nods. "I do. But the sketches are pretty much set. I copy them into a new document, print and hand label them."

I look down at the array of lights, spotlight, beams, overhead racks, how he has them moving, centered, how bright they'll each be. "This really makes it easy to understand how things will look," I tell him, amazed at his diagram.

"Aug and Lance are visual learners. After being snapped at for a few weeks when I first started, I thought of this. And they love it. Makes planning things much more collaborative," he says. Then he starts pacing backward, lifting a palm. "Let me know." And then he's gone.

So quiet, polite and private. I wonder what his story is. But then the backdoor swings open and Lance charges through, a phone pressed to his ear, lips in a thin angry line. "And legal made it clear that we run non-consumption contracts as the base. Consumption is an additive at the actor's will," he growls, stomping down the shadowy hall. The set rattles as he slams the office door closed.

From nearby, Alexa shoots me a look. "Great," she comments. "He's in a mood."

From the refreshments table adjacent to me, Otis pops a grape into his mouth. "Is he ever not grouchy?"

I rise from my chair, leaving the schedule and papers in my seat. Making my way down the hall, my fist is reared to knock when the door is yanked open, and Aug appears. His dark hair is styled how it usually is, neatly coiffed, perfect fade. His face is clean shaven still and his dark eyes roam over my body quickly before he gruffs, "I was just going to grab you."

I step inside and jump a little when he closes the door loudly. "We're bringing another actor to Crave. It's been in the works for well over six-months," Aug fills me in as Lance sits

on the edge of his desk, looking at his feet, crossed at the ankle out in front of him. “We hired her as a non-consumption actress, meaning—”

“I know,” I push out. I’ve been paying close attention because I love this job.

“Well, now she wants to perform consumption scenes, because she got wind of the perks.”

“She’s money driven, Augustus, and we don’t fucking want that kind of person here!” Lance hisses, finally raising his face for me to see. Veins bulge in his temples, and one angry one pounds in the center of his forehead. “Everything was fine until Dante in legal made a mistake, writing it in her contract erroneously and removing it but not before she saw. And she learned that swallowing would get her an extra twenty grand, now all of the sudden the contract doesn’t suit her?” he snarls, shaking his head.

Aug holds a hand out to his chest, keeping him sitting.

“I realize it seems that way. But maybe she truly just wants to be a consumption actress? We both know that actors that partake in consumption—while having to be tested three-times as often—have more opportunity after Crave. Toy lines and all that.”

“Tucker and Lucy never consumed,” Lance fires back.

Aug’s voice is smooth, like a shallow river running silently over rocks, softening them to stones. “Lucy partook in consumption at Jizzabelle,” he says.

“I don’t like people taking advantage of Crave’s good nature. And if we pander to her, where does it end? In a year we’re no better than fucking Jizzabelle!”

I clear my throat and their gazes swing to me, Aug’s calming, Lance’s angry.

“How long is her term?”

Aug’s lips lift in a small smile. “Four years.”

“Okay,” I draw out. “What if the first two are non-consumption, per the original plan. And the last two she can

go consumption—”

Lance rises from the desk, ready to argue, but Aug snaps. A single, powerful snap. So loud I think it must have hurt his knuckles, and his fingertips for that matter. But Lance falls onto his ass, closing his mouth. Chills cover my body being a bystander to that.

“What if—” I start again, desperate to shake off what I just witnessed. Because it put me *in the fucking mood*. “The last two she performs consumption, she earns her bonus but we write in her contract that it’s her first and last contract with Crave. No matter how well she performs. That way she gets her way—the consumption and bonus, and we win, too. We get her for four years, but we also show her that we don’t fuck around and won’t continue to sign actors that try to run the show.”

“Win-win,” Aug nods. “I like that.”

“If she becomes bigger than Lucy and we can’t resign her —” Lance starts before stopping himself. “Fuck it. You’re right, Brielle. If she gets big, she’ll only get worse and more demanding. Let her be Jizzabelle’s problem.”

I bring my hand to my chest and wait for his seething blue eyes to come to mine. “Excuse me, did you say I’m right?”

His eyes roll. “Live it up. You’ll never hear it again.”

Aug snorts, clapping a hand down over each of our shoulders. “Look at that, us working things out.”

My pussy heats at his heavy hand grabbing me, at the angry rolling off Lance in waves, at the solution hanging in the air all around us. We *do* work well together. And we feed off of each other in the best ways.

I lick my lips, my vision dancing between my dark haired, handsome dom and my blonde, fiery one, who is also my partner in submission. They are the perfect blend of dark and light, yin and yang.

“When?” I prod. “When can we...” *When can we what? Fuck again? Roleplay again?* I don’t even know how to word what I’m asking, so I rephrase. “When can I have more?”

Lance's eyes shift, a light sky overtaken by a storm cloud. I know that look. It's the expression I found on his face when he was submissive. Naughty and powerless, eager to please and give. I love that look. Especially when I'm by his side, delivering the same one. To the same man.

"Tonight," he answers, earning a hearty chuckle from Aug. Lance glares at Aug as he crosses the office toward the door. He grabs the handle but doesn't pull. "Don't act like you aren't thinking about it as much as we are."

*We are.* He's thinking about it too. And by his response of *tonight* it's clear to me it's not just lip service. And that gives me hope.

"Tonight, my place. And you're right, I do want it just as much. But tonight, you'll be the only sub," Aug says, dark eyes lingering on me, waiting for a reaction.

I'd envisioned myself serving Aug with Lance, but the idea of both of them commanding me, giving it to me, ordering me, *having* me... that sounds just as heavenly. "Okay," I nod, facing Lance.

He rolls his bottom lip under his top teeth a few times, taking me in. His gaze creeps down my breasts, rolling over my hips and thighs, stopping at my patent blue heels before slowly carving their way back up to my eyes. "Last shoot is four, we should be out of here by five. Be at Aug's no later than 5:30."

I want to giggle at how eager he is to start the night. Hell, I feel the same way. But I get hung up on his orders. Taking orders from him behind closed doors is one thing, but at work, it's just irritating. And this isn't even *about* work!

"I can't get home, get showered, and get across town to Aug's in less thirty minutes," I argue, hands finding their way to my hips. Lance releases the door handle and steps toward me, Aug hovering between us in the middle.

"Your apartment isn't far and a shower—"

I hold out my hand. "Don't do that. Don't try to solve it. It's too tight of a timeline. I'll be over at six." I narrow my



eyes at him. God he's so fucking bossy and controlling. And Jesus I'm wet.

"Six is fine," Aug says. Lance opens his mouth to argue, and with a singular glance from Aug, he turns and leaves the office. "Six is acceptable." He tips his head to the door, "See you out there."

Aug leaves me in the office, and I'm about to snag a granola bar and bottle of water from the snack drawer Aug keeps when my phone rings. I dig through my open purse on the desk and find it, seeing right away that—*surprise, surprise*—it's my dad.

After a quick glance at the wall clock, I see I have less than five minutes. The perfect amount of time. I swipe to answer, bringing the phone to my ear. I hope I don't regret this.

"Brielle, goddamn it, quit ignoring me!" he barks, and yep, I am filled with regret. Lots of it.

I snort. "Oh so you can ignore me for weeks but I can't ignore you. That makes sense," I snap. I hope my energy makes it through the ether, because *fuck you Quincey*.

"You get accepted to this program and assigned to some godforsaken *whorehouse*," he breathes, his voice strained from overuse. He's likely been yelling all day. "And then you stop answering your calls."

"Whorehouse," I repeat, laughing drily to send home the point that I am utterly offended.

"Don't act like you didn't think the same thing when you got assigned," he retorts, his anger seeming to simmer. He exhales heavily.

"Dad, I'm at work. I have to go."

"You stayed." he comments, trying desperately to infuse his simmering anger with interest and care. I can feel his attempts. But I'm not in the mood.

"I stayed, yes. And I was wrong. I can admit when I'm wrong and I was wrong about this place and the people. I'm

learning a ton. But I do have to go, okay? So now you know. I'm alive, I'm here and I changed my mind. And I wish you would too. And I also wish you'd see how you treat me. Because it's fucked up."

His anger returns, full fucking force, and I faintly hear the words "*pay for that school*" as I disconnect the call.

I put my phone away and put thoughts of my dad away, too. I'm going to work at this job that I'm thriving at, the one that's made me feel more alive than ever, with the men who anger me, enrich me and bring me happiness.

I smile to myself as my heels click against the shiny floor of Crave's hallway. *And then tonight, they're gonna fuck me like the horny little pup that I am.*

**twenty-three**

...

There is no question



# **brielle**

HE TOLD ME TO JUST... WALK IN.

That the door would be unlocked and I could let myself in. The brat in me wants to stomp my foot and argue, and reason that if my door must be locked for safety, his must be, too. But I can't get angry. I'm too happy to be a brat.

There's something about that small detail that makes me so pleased. Quietly I close the door behind me, soft conversation and laughter filling the kitchen ahead. And I stop in my tracks, looking down at my feet now in plain sneakers, and listen.

There's a woman. She's laughing. "...and I told you about that several years ago and you chose not to believe me," she laughs, rich and hearty.

Aug chuckles, adding, "I remember that. I can vouch."

Lance laughs too but quips, "You don't need to vouch, I remember."

Then I take a breath and turn the corner, both men's heads swiveling to take me in. Lance smiles, and doesn't hide the way his eyes roam the terrain of my body, and Aug does the same, but not before taking my hand and kissing my cheek. He passes me to Lance, who greets me with a soft kiss on my lips. And suddenly the irritation and concern that came from the sound of another woman's voice is gone. Aug points to his phone, propped on the counter behind a bottle of wine.

The woman is on the phone screen.

"Brielle, this is Claire, my ex-wife. Claire, this is her."

*This is her.*

Aug and Lance told Claire about me. That means something. It has to. I swallow through the emotion forming and lift my hand in a motionless wave. "Hi Claire. Nice to kind of meet you," I say, smiling.

Her smile is warm and infectious and I understand why they're close friends with her. I've only had eyes on her a moment and I feel...happy. And safe. Maybe it's the two men with their strong bodies pressed into my back, yeah sure, but it's partly her, too.

She shoves a hand through her raven dark hair and smiles. "Okay, I'll let you guys go have your dinner. But Augustus Moore and Lance Davis, you bring her over for dinner soon. I'd love to meet you in person, Brielle. I've heard so many good things."

A blush swarms my cheeks and I say goodbye.

"This is her," I repeat, taking them both in. I love them like this, casual, in sweats, hair disheveled, Lance's silver chain peeking out from his unbuttoned henley. Aug's got a henley on, too, only his is gray, and his hard nipples and chest hair press tight against it. They're causing my ovaries to implode, I swear.

"Of course we told her all about you," Aug says, looping an arm around my waist. I showered quickly, and slipped into leggings, a crop hoodie and some sneakers. His palm finds the strip of bare skin between my leggings and hoodie, and my eyes close easily as he strokes my belly. "Hungry?" Aug asks, dropping a kiss behind my ear, my lower half seizing in pressurized tension.

I nod. "Yes."

They usher me to the dining room where food is laid out in styrofoam clamshells, two bottles of wine uncorked in the center. "I could've picked something up if you were going to order out," I reply. "You cooked last time and now you're buying. I feel bad."

Lance slides into a chair and reaches for the bottle of red wine. "Don't. He takes care. That's what he does." He pours wine into three glasses and pats the seat next to him as Augustus settles in across from him.

Aug and Lance begin popping open containers, the smell of Italian food filling the dining room. "So, uh, your

dominance,” I begin, this conversation feeling a lot like treading water when I don’t know how to swim. “It’s... not just in roleplay, or uh, in the bedroom,” I sputter, confused but seeking answers. If I’m going to be part of this...

Aug reaches across the table and drops his heavy, large hand on top of mine, comforting me. “I like that you’re asking questions.”

Lance, carefully removing a piece of lasagna then lowering it to my plate, says, “Questions are good. And there is no dumb question.”

“I am always dominant. In everything I do. And if cooking pleases you, you can absolutely cook. My dominance doesn’t reach into your life, it settles around you, and brings you comfort. The moment the comfort feels smothering, we have a conversation and we reset our boundaries.”

I nod as I saw my fork through the mouth watering piece of cheesy goodness in front of me, steam slipping free as I do.

“If I wanted to cook, I mean, in the past,” Lance says, a brief pain flashing beneath his features, as if just mentioning that time they weren’t together makes him angry or ill... or both. “I’d just tell him when I wanted to do something and that was that. You want to cook? Tell him. You love cleaning or changing sheets? Tell him. Everyone is happiest with conversation.”

I blow on my bite and finally bring it to my mouth, feeling saliva pool beneath my tongue at the delicious aroma. “Is this from Bella Cucina?” I ask before taking the bite, moaning at the spicy marinara and the way the ricotta compliments it perfectly.

Aug nods with his mouth full.

“You told Claire about me,” I say after the second bite and first drink of red wine.

“I did, and I hope that’s okay,” Aug says, lowering his own wine glass to the table. I look around the dining space. It’s not my first time seeing it but now that the three of us have grown closer, the space feels different. Could I have Thanksgiving

here? Could I bring a high-chair to this table? I mean, I'm not dying for a baby right now or anything but I do want to be a mother. Can I even have kids in the city? Is that something I want?

I take another long drink of red wine, and I don't even wince when I swallow.

"What's on your mind?" Aug asks, placing his fork down carefully next to the plate while Lance does the same, wiping his mouth with the brown paper napkin he had clutched in his hand.

"Everything," I admit, the wine giving me a rush of confidence. "What if I fall for you two and you don't fall back? And... What if you both only want me as a way to have each other? What if you two stop loving each other, and then it ruins what the three of us have? What if Crave doesn't hire me on, and when my program is over I have to leave, then what, it's over?" I place my wine glass down and collect all of my hair, bringing it over my shoulder to finger the loose ends. "I can't just eat dinners and be mentioned to momentous people in your lives and not care to know where this is headed."

Lance stares me down as he leans back against his chair. I have the strongest urge to pluck that chain from his pecs with my teeth. "What's the real fear there? I don't think it's all that. So whittle it down. Let us set you straight on the real issue here."

I swallow thickly, because he's right. It's all really about one thing and one thing only. "What if you both break my heart?"

Aug's lips part, and he clears his throat, and my body tenses as it awaits sage words of wisdom. Lance speaks up, dropping his hand to my thigh beneath the table.

"A promise is a falsehood—an illusion. I can't promise I'll never break your heart, because if you fall in love with me, I could die. I could get cancer or hit by a car or jump off a bridge. And then your heart will be broken. Promises were invented for false security." His hold on my thigh intensifies, as the blue in his eyes does, too. "We can tell you that we care



about you, and we don't play with people's hearts and heads. You are the first to be with us, and there's no longer an *us*," he says, waving two fingers between he and Aug. "There's only an *us*," he declares, circling his fingers around the three of us.

I don't know what else to say, so I take a bite, and Aug begins.

"You know, you're a brilliant, beautiful, talented woman," he says, causing my eyes to heat and the back of my nose burn. "You could get tired of us."

I blink, and with certainty that I feel marrow deep say, "Impossible."

Then conversation turns to work, and the three of us eat and, of course, argue, finishing the bottle of wine and another. And by the time we're all buzzed and the food is gone, a comfortable silence settles over us. Aug reaches into the seat of the chair next to him, then produces the collar.

The same one both Lance and I wore before. He nods to it, and I stare at it sitting between an empty container smeared in marinara and the corkscrew, cork still attached. Brown leather, edges softened like it's been worn many, many times.

"It's time," Lance says, and when I look over at him, I find him staring at the collar, too.

Slowly, I reach for it and bring it to my neck. Lance collects my hair, holding it up so I have access to the buckle on the collar. I put it on, a bit tighter than Aug did before, and shiver as Lance lowers my hair back down. I blink at Aug across the table, my pussy pulses in waves. Just wearing it makes me feel... different.

Horny.

Aug drums his knuckles against the table a few times before Lance speaks.

"Sit." The direction is simple, short, delivered loudly, bluntly. An order.

Like I've done this a thousand times, I slide from the chair and drop to my haunches. The chair squeaks, and suddenly

Aug appears behind Lance. He pulls Lance's chair out, and my body quivers at the way his biceps flex, how his henley pulls even tighter to his broad chest as he exerts himself. Suddenly I'm getting a flash of Aug rutting into Lance, Lance on his back, Aug over him, that full chest torqued as he hammers between Lance's legs.

"Make me feel good, can you do that?" Lance asks, his voice softening as his demeanor shifts. He's definitely a dom like this, but much gentler in nature than I'd have expected. It's... a beautiful side to him I feel honored to see.

I nod.

Aug leans over Lance from behind, exposing him. He slowly takes Lance's cock from his sweats, and the way Aug's strong hands look handling Lance's erection is something that will exist in my fantasies forever. No matter what happens between the three of us, the way they handle and touch each other with such intimate curiosity and need, it's so hot.

"Time to feed," Lance croaks, his eyes growing hazy as Aug strokes him. I watch his head appear and disappear as his foreskin slides over his head then down, following Aug's gentle tugs. On my haunches, I bring myself closer and reach for Lance, ready to take over.

"Ah-ah-ah," Aug scolds. "Mouth only." He leans back, kneading Lance's shoulders as the two of them watch and wait.

I tip forward, moaning as his musky length slides easily onto my tongue. I surprise myself with how vigorously I go down on him, bobbing on his cock in quick but deep passes. Lance hisses and groans, and Aug's hands, I see from my peripheral, still work on his shoulders.

My pussy is swollen and wet beneath my leggings, and I find myself wiggling my hips a little, searching for the stitched seam, hoping it grazes my clit. I'm dying for touch, for a split second of pressure or gratification, anything.

Lance's fingers filter through my hair as he pulls me off him, his cock slipping out of my mouth with a pop. He smiles

at me, soft and drunken. “Come, pup. Get naked, then come.” He rises, and I begin to stand too, undressing quickly to follow them to wherever we’re moving this party. But Aug puts his foot on my shoulder and says simply, “Fours.”

I know what that means. So instead of getting to my feet, I drop to my palms and crawl after them, all the way down the hall into Augustus’s bedroom.

“Stay,” Aug commands, and then they’re moving around the dark space, a string of curse words, a rush of fabric, the blinds being whooshed closed. A light flickers on from a lamp beside the bed, and after a moment of letting my eyes adjust, I see my guys.

Naked, standing together at the foot of the bed. Lance pats his thigh as he takes a seat on the mattress. “Come.”

Palms over knees, cunt aching, breasts swaying madly, I crawl to them. When I arrive, I let my cheek fall into Lance’s thigh. He strokes lean fingers through my hair as Aug pats my head, taking a seat next to Lance. “Good, good girl.”

Then I mewl or whimper. I don’t know how to classify the sound I make but I make one. Full of need and expectation, and pleasure from the praise.

“Now, feed yourself, sweet pup,” Lance orders, tugging me by the collar to his cock, impaling me on him. “Ahh, *fuck*, her mouth,” Aug growls, and I feel my arousal bubble up at my lips, moments from spilling out of me because right or wrong, I love it when they talk about me this way.

Lance strokes my head once then taps the tip of my nose. “Show him what a good girl you are,” he rasps, and with that, I inch over on my knees, letting Aug tug me by the collar down on his cock. He’s salty, evidence he’s been leaking all evening. My clit throbs and my hole physically aches with emptiness. As I suck him, I make that noise again. That wanton, dirty, desperate mewl.

It earns me a head pat from Aug, who rasps, “Ahh, she likes making her Sirs feel good. Doesn’t she?” He pats me

again as my tongue traces the underside of his head. “That’s a *good fucking girl.*”

They go like that, switching off who’s got their fingers tucked beneath my collar, tugging me toward their cock. And I suck and lick and moan for both of them, all the while my body howls for touch. My thighs tremble and my mind spins an endless loop of *fuckmefuckmefuckme*. But right now, it’s about them. Serving them. And that only serves to intensify the orgasm building rapidly inside me.

“I need to find my relief buried somewhere deep and warm,” Lance says after what feels like mere moments but I know must be much longer, because my knees burn from being on them so long. He releases his grip on my collar and Aug commands me to sit, so I give my knees a needed break and rock back on my haunches.

“I was thinking I need the same thing,” he says, stroking his hand down his chin, end of day stubble scraping his palm, making me swallow. I watch him drag that hand down his face then through his hair, purposely not focused on me as he thinks. His knees spread, fat, pink cock rising up from his lap—I swear to God, I think I could orgasm just *looking* at him.

I turn my gaze to Lance, who, while I was focused on Aug, has retrieved a bottle of lube. He fills his palms in a way that makes me gasp, makes my entire groin throb to be filled. I don’t know if he’s going to fuck me in my pussy or my ass but I don’t care. I want both. I want anything he’ll give me.

His azure eyes ping to mine, and a soft smile twists his lips. Speaking to Aug but looking at me, he asks, “Should we make it easy on our pup tonight?” My eyes drop to his fist, which pumps lazily up his veiny, erect length. I look back up at him and he watches me as my eyes magnetize to the tip of his dick, where he exposes his cockhead with a gentle tug of his foreskin. I swallow the saliva that fills my mouth, and look back at him. His grin has faded, leaving nothing but a dark and feral expression behind.

“Let’s make it easy,” he offers again, and my head is so swimmy with want and desire that I can’t connect the dots. I

can't get there. What are they planning?

Lance rises, and flops down in the center of Aug's bed, on his back. He pats his belly and strains his head from the mattress as he orders, "*Come.*"

I linger a moment before realizing that's my cue and pull myself up onto the bed, slinking over him until we're nose to nose. "Sit on it," he says, leaning up to steal a kiss from my lips. And just as I'm easing him into my eager channel, my eyes fluttering from his broad head slipping inside, Aug's knees dip the mattress behind me. In the same breath, his hands are on my hips and there is so much fluttering in my belly, pulsing in my cunt, and noise in my mind that I no longer have control of anything.

I nod and follow directions.

And the passive pup in me takes over, she gives and she does, and it feels like it's what I've always been meant for. This role. These men.

Aug's scruff tickles the back of my ear as his fingers tuck under my collar. He pulls back from Lance's mouth, his chest flush to my back as he whispers, "You're gonna hurt, but don't worry, your pussy was made for us."

And then he's pushing me back into Lance's chest, and I'm toppling forward, our mouths crashing together. Lance kisses me wildly, with fiery passion and I realize as two big cocks press into me, that the kiss is a tool meant to help me cope with the pain of two huge dicks sliding into my pussy.

Lance is lubed, Aug isn't but it doesn't matter. I'm wet; my body is ready. They've been edging me so long—pretty much since the last time we were together—and I'm so ready.

Aug's groan tears through the room, booming and crazed. "*Fuck!*" he hisses as he works himself inside, Lance doing the very same by guiding me down. His big hands on my shoulders, pushing, pushing until all at once I yelp. I whimper. The burn spreads like wildfire, making my thighs prick with heat, my belly squeeze and my cunt spasm.

“Easy,” Aug coaxes from behind. “Don’t buck,” he says as my body lifts on its own accord, attempting to escape the pain of two cocks splitting me. “You’re not tearing, you’re taking it, you just need to adjust,” he whispers as Lance’s hands slide from their position atop my shoulders, exploring my breasts. He grabs them, pinches my nipples and flicks them while Aug’s hands come around me from behind, smoothing along my stomach.

My eyes fall closed, even though I want nothing more than to tip my head forward and see the most beautiful cocks in the world fucking me.

Together.

At once.

But I can’t. The pain bleeds through me, and when the sting wears off, the most delightful, electric pleasure grows in its space. My legs grow woozy and wobbly from all the pleasure between my legs and when Aug starts moving, thrusting up against Lance inside of me, the three of us begin our undoing.

“Fuck, you’re doing good. So good,” Aug rasps as Lance reaches up and tugs at my collar, bringing my mouth down to his.

“I love feeling you,” he says, “so wet, so tight, so fucking needy.”

I swallow and open my mouth, needing to finally speak, to say something, to let them know how good they feel, at the very least. But Lance shakes his head, sweat rolling into Aug’s pillow from his temples. “Not yet, not yet,” he warns, like he knows exactly what I’m thinking.

Aug hands grip my belly, his fingers sinking deep as his hips slap my bare ass.

“Take me over the edge with you,” Aug growls, looking around me at Lance. I don’t know what expression they pass or share, because my eyes slam closed as I prepare. Aug reaches around, finding my clit, and strokes madly as he takes a break from fucking me. Instead, Lance lifts his hips from the

bed, the motion of his cock sliding against Aug's inside me is overwhelming. And with the friction, the angles, the sheer size of them, Aug's blunt fingertip stroking me—it's all too much.

Both of them groan as my full channel squeezes them, milking them, begging for them to come deep inside me. And I don't say the words, but I want it, my body wants it. I can feel my pussy tighten more than it ever has before as I shake and writhe, my orgasm ripping through me in violent, chaotic waves.

"Speak," Lance grumbles. "Now, speak!" he shouts.

My head falls back against Aug's sweat-slicked chest, my lips part and I cry out in pleasure, in pain, in fear, in hope, I cry out so loudly.

"*Fuck, fuck, fuck!*" I scream as my orgasm coils my spine and burns its way through my insides, tearing through each one of my limbs, leaving me exhausted and hot, but sticky and sated. And right as I begin to crumple, the men fucking me, my Sirs, they stop moving.

I open my eyes to see Lance's hooded, eyes glazed as he grunts, "Yes."

Aug's grip slides to my breasts, where he squeezes them as he comes inside me, his hot orgasm flooding my hips. Lance is coming too, and in truth, I can't tell who's heat is whose, but I know one of them comes first and the other follows, and there's so much cum, so much heat inside me. I press a hand to my groin as if I'll be bloated from it, but I'm not. Instead I keep my hand there, loving how full I feel, inside and out. I collapse against Lance, my head swimming with post-orgasmic bliss.

It's the first time in my life that an orgasm has actually put me in a free headspace, one where I want to stare off deliriously into the distance, hold my full pussy and doze off with a smile.

They talk quietly around me and I feel cum gush from my cunt as they slip their softening cocks out. Lance rubs his hands up and down my back as he speaks to Aug. I don't

know what they're saying, I can't even understand words at this point, I truly don't.

Lance slides me off of him, rolling me to my back as one or both of them maybe, I can't keep my eyes open long enough tell, wipe me up. Slowly and tenderly they smooth over my sore, used parts until they're clean, and then I'm in Aug's arms, being carried through his cool, dark room.

Lance runs me a bath, and while I sit in the tub being filled with warm water and eucalyptus bubbles, they massage me. Aug at the side of the tub leans over, using his blunt fingertips to knead my aching knees—which I didn't remember hurting until now. Behind me, Lance massages my shoulders, running two thumbs down the back of my neck, causing my eyes to flutter closed. Everything feels so good, and their care wakes me from my coital, sleepy, hazy state.

It's when Lance is removing the collar that I fully come to and realize that we just had our first evening where I was their submissive pup. I lick my lips, finding my voice hoarse from holding it for almost the entire time. "Was it—were you happy with how it went?" I ask, my question for both of them despite the fact I'm staring at the red blotches marring my knees. I think I may be scared to see Aug's face, or even Lance's as he slides around the tub across from Aug.

Because I liked it. I enjoyed it. And it felt more natural to me than anything I've ever explored. Which, granted, hasn't been loads of things. When I'm on set or in class, I want to drive the choices. I want my voice not to just be heard but to be listened to and considered. I've worked for that in the film school world, which is competitive and cutthroat.

When I'm not in class or on set, though, I want to relinquish thought, set decision making aside, stick a fork in my type A, detailed oriented persona and hand myself over. I want to be used for pleasure, then given pleasure in insane, maddening amounts until I'm rendered speechless. Then I do want to be doted on. Taken care of.

Just like this.



Maybe I've got some daddy issues. Fine. No one's perfect. But I can't help but feel heady and high from their aftercare.

And I've been with enough boyfriends to know that this sizzle, this electric, indescribable chemistry that invisibly binds us is rare. Because it runs through our hearts, minds and bodies.

If they don't feel the same, if they're not overrun with this intense feeling that the three of us are meant to be, I'm going to be devastated. And then I'm going to be mad at myself for being devastated because I know better than to go all-in on anything.

"Look at me," Lance says, his voice cutting through the noise in my head. I bring my chin from my knees, where I had it stacked for the last minute, and look up at him. He looks exhausted but happy—happier than I've ever seen him. Even happier than he looks after an incredible day on set where no one annoyed him. The way his eyes hold mine, the way his spine is full of strength and his features don't waver—I feel the truth rolling off of him in waves, the blunt honesty, the vulnerable and private reality—"You are what has been missing. There is no question."

Aug's hand slips beneath the bubbled surface to grab my thigh, and I turn my head to face him. "There is no question."

**twenty-four**

...

I need servicing. I'm grouchy



## augustus

“WHEN I WANT YOU TO WALK ACROSS THE SET AND DISRUPT A scene that took Cohen forty-five minutes to prepare lighting for, I’ll let you know. Until then, step the hell back and sit down before you find yourself sitting on the steps of the goddamn studio in the rain!” My temples pound as my scathing words bounce around the set, knocking into every single actor and set hand. Wide, fearful eyes blink back at me or at their shoes, and you could hear a pin drop as I cross the space to the hall, turning my head as I call for a ten minute break. I head into my office with the slam of the door behind me.

A moment later, the door quietly creaks open and closed as I hold my temples in my hands over my desk, trying to control my breathing. Her soft hand slides down the collar of my shirt, stroking the back of my neck and shoulders.

“Was that maybe an overreaction?” Brielle asks, her voice gentle. Some days, if she’s soft when I’m sharp, it pisses me off and it ends in rows. Arguing and shouting about scenes on the edge of the set, looking to Lance to take sides. Other days, like today, it’s quite obvious why I’m agitated and so when she comes to me soft and amiable, it soothes me. I roll my neck as she rubs, and love how her flowery scent wraps around us when she’s this close. On the days we don’t get to be near each other, I hate that I’m left to find her scent in the hallway or in the office. That I don’t have a private little stash of it on me somewhere to dive into when I need to be reminded that though the day is hard, the night will be wonderful.

Except right now, that’s the problem. There have been *no* wonderful nights in the last week. Not since the night where Lance and I had Brielle as our submissive together. To be fortunate enough to fall in love with someone smart and talented is one miraculous thing, but then when that person

thrives in the kink space that you do? Jesus, I knew I was lucky when I found Lance.

*But now we have Brielle.*

I'll admit, and I'm sure Lance would, too—Brielle seemed like a great way to bridge the divide in our relationship. A way for Lance to get what he needs while allowing the two of us to have fun while coming together again, literally and figuratively of course.

I think after the first evening we spent with her we both realized this was no temporary Band-Aid. Things felt right with her. With us. The three of us. And I won't lie—I've never been an advocate of polyamorous relationships because in my heart I've always believed one person will end up hurt. How can three people each love two people equally?

I'm learning about love from Brielle, despite the fact she never signed up to teach me. I didn't know I had anything to learn, anyway, after all, I'm the director, the teacher, the educator.

I tip my face up to hers. "I need servicing. I'm grouchy."

She strokes her hand down my cheek, laughing. "I hadn't noticed."

Lance comes in a moment later, not bothering to close the door gently the way Brielle did. "The set hand is crying," he says, letting a monumental sigh free as he flops down in his desk chair.

I purse my lips, tipping my head to the side. "He is not."

Lance snorts, smirking at me as he pats his leg. Brielle click-clacks across the office in her houndstooth pumps, settling on his knee with a sparkle in her eyes. She smiles at me as his hands come to her hips, then roam down her voluptuous thighs. "Tonight," he promises both of us. "Tonight, or else the set hand will quit at this rate."

Tonight.

*Finally.*

We'd been unable to see each other all week because the three of our schedules didn't align. Brielle's best friend Winnie had some sort of crisis where she wouldn't tell Brielle what was wrong, but was devastated and depressed. So Brielle spent two nights with her, watching old rom-coms and eating ice cream and, in general, being a wonderful best friend.

Two of the other evenings were night shoots—and we were separated. Lance went with Cohen and some of the crew down to the pier to film opening and closing shots, and I was at the studio with her.

I considered taking her to the office and collaring her, and commanding her to speak at my feet. Fuck, I'm hard just envisioning her little whimpers as she sits on her knees for me. But we haven't discussed our operations yet. Are we allowed to play, just two of us, if the other is away? I don't know. And I know one thing for sure—I'm never making assumptions again. I'm not losing love twice.

By the time Thursday rolled around, we were too tired to give it a go. Brielle had been working her ass off while also trying to be there for Winnie, and Lance had been running around the city for the last three days trying to make sure Crave's new intro and outro were just right. I'm thirty eight. Lance is thirty-four. We want to fuck, but we need sleep.

But tonight, we're all free. We're all able to be together. And I can't fucking wait. All we have to do is get through the remaining four hours of the day.

Lance's chair squeaks as he jerks to sitting suddenly, causing Brielle to startle to her feet. She smooths her hands down her slacks—she's wearing these fitted dark slacks today and I thought I'd hate anything that replaced the pencil skirt, but it turns out, her ass in those slacks has me *adjusting myself*. “You changed the second shot?”

Oh Christ. I snatch today's schedule from the center of my keyboard and find the two o'clock call time. Taking in a few lines of detail, my eyes follow a crossed out change with a small set of initials next to it. *BP*. Brielle changed his plan, and signed off on it.

I read through the information blacked out by Brielle, made darker and more challenging to read by the fact that I'm reading a photocopy, and then scan Brielle's changes.

Lance had Uma, Maxi and Lucy in a dry shower scene, where we cut every minute and dump water on them, and add the spray sound after. It's tricky to do scenes with water in low-dialogue films. Your moans compete with water, and water can be loud. Not to mention, shine, glow, dewiness—women's makeup is time consuming and fickle and a stray drop of water that's a degree too warm can melt it all away.

Brielle, however, thought the water should stay on, and that we should hamper the noise by placing towels at the women's feet to absorb sound. That the scene loses all of the Crave energy if we fake it.

And goddamn it if I don't see it both ways.

"I explained thoroughly the reasons in which having running water during a scene is a bad idea," he says, using extreme control to temper his rage. She puts her hands on her hips, and though I'm behind her, I recognize the way her head juts forward on her neck. She's pissed too.

I cup my head in my hands. "Talk it out," I toss between them, and that gets me a crazy glare from over Brielle's shoulder and a scowl from Lance. I raise my palms up in surrender. "Fine, work it out amongst yourselves." I rise and snatch the papers from the desk. "My place at 7."

They both unify in the moment to nod and agree. Lance even adds, "I want take out. I don't want to lose time because you're cooking and cleaning up the kitchen."

I nod and head out into the hall, the sound of their arguing flanking my back on the way out.

He doesn't want me to cook because he wants more time. I wonder, as I head out to the set to apologize to the set hand, if tonight will be a night where I share the dominant title or a night where I have two eager pups to please me.

I can't wait to find out.



“Uh, boss, you know I love you, right?” Tucker hedges nervously, swiping a hand through his sandy hair.

I blink at him.

“Okay, well, you guys are like... super grouchy today,” Tuck says cautiously, slowly. “And I’m okay with it, creative headspaces are ever evolving, I get that,” he says, giving me the same two palms that I gave Lance and Brielle earlier. “I just want to make sure you’re okay. You’ve always looked out for me, Aug, and you know I consider you a friend. So I just wanted to make sure everything is... alright.” He swallows, his eyes flicking between mine for a slow second. “Are you okay?”

I let out a sigh as the back door opens and through the sunshine appear two familiar silhouettes. Why are they familiar? Because not all silhouettes argue. I pinch the bridge of my nose and watch them turn from dark blobs in sunlight to people before my eyes, the door finally swinging shut behind them.

“And I told you that the extra light in the sunlight, plus the softbox will create the perfect starlet illumination,” Brielle hisses, her blonde hair already in her end-of-day ponytail, soft curls curtaining her back as she argues animatedly.

I turn to Tuck, ignoring Lance’s heated response back. “I’m okay. We’re just... I apologize,” I say to Tuck, because if I’m annoyed by my own grouchiness *and* their bickering, everyone else must secretly be wanting to gouge their eyes out. Hell, I kinda want to. “I’ll speak with them.” I clear my throat. “And I’ll have a coffee and relax, okay?” I clap a hand on Tuck’s shoulder. He’s the pulse of this place. If Tuck feels something, it’s likely the way the masses feel. “I apologize.”



He smiles broadly and shakes my hand. “Glad you’re okay. No worries.” He saunters off just in time for me to catch the tail end of Lance and Brielle’s ten trillionth argument of the day.

“You should know, you’re a woman who wears makeup. You should know what all that light does to a face coated in war paint. It melts it, Brielle, and leaves a soupy mess for Alexa. It uses more resources,” he growls.

“That’s *if* the shot goes wrong! If we nail it within the first few takes, we’re gold. And that’s all I was trying to get across—that another point besides yours exists in the universe!” she huffs, slamming her arms over her chest, glaring into the set as Cohen guides actors to their marks.

I turn my head and stare at both of them. They’re both so fucking beautiful, pouty lips and sparkling eyes. Lance’s strong jaw flexes, and my cock twitches. Brielle tightens her low pony, making her breasts spread beneath her blouse as she does, and my dick thickens. I clear my throat and garner their focus. I’ve never done this at work before. Ever. But today, they need it. Hell, I think it’s the foreplay the three of us need.

“*Hush.*”

Brielle’s mouth opens but Lance grips her knee for a second, casting her a knowing look.

Hush has the opposite effect as speak, and Lance knows it. Brielle will learn today.

“I don’t want to bring us here, but I can’t fucking think with all the goddamn arguing today. So neither of you will speak unless given explicit permission.” I lean forward, dropping my voice to nothing more than a husky whisper. “Until then, *hush.*”

I see the dazed delirium wash over Lance. He adjusts himself and moves around in his chair, getting hard for the command. Because my pup loves his punishment, and I think it’s because he knows the reward is much sweeter than my swats.

Brielle studies Lance before swinging her gaze my way. She slowly closes her mouth, rolling her lips together. My cock lifts from my thigh, arguing with my slacks that he should be set free. I press the heel of my palm down my length under the guise of adjusting in my chair, and all the while, calm settles over me. I may be achingly hard at work and I may have taken the role of Sir in public, but the way they obey. The sudden silence.

It's all so perfect.

Tonight can't come soon enough. Because I don't want to like these things at work, but here I am, hard and dreaming, leaking in my briefs at their perfect obedience.

And for that they must be punished.

**twenty-five**

...

In the name of orgasm.



## augustus

THEY WERE ORDERED TO FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE AND THEY both have. Seeing the headlights glowing in my rearview the whole drive had me stroking my cock along my thigh. Their loyal obedience drives me fucking crazy. I love it.

I love *them*, despite the fact they also make me want to pull my goddamn hair out.

I stomp into my house, holding the back door open long enough for them to both storm through. I flick on the kitchen lights and point to opposite sides of the space, and each of them shuffle past me, taking a spot. I stand between them, arms folded over my chest.

“There is one thing to be said about conflict inspiring creativity,” I start, “but arguing about everything all day—it’s too much. You two need to figure it out. Because your bickering makes me want to force you both to your knees and shut you both up.” I unzip my slacks and pull my cock out. Lance’s eyes are on it as his tongue sweeps his bottom lip. I zero in on his crotch, seeing his erection beneath his slacks. My stomach tightens, and my ass clenches. I love teasing him, getting him horny and hard for me.

Tonight is going to be fun.

I glance at Brielle, who watches me stroke myself with the same starved expression her fellow pup wears. “Look what all that arguing does to me.” I drag the tip of my finger over the dark slit on my cockhead, pulling it away to show them the precum I’ve been leaking. It threads between my cock and finger, and Lance makes a noise of needy appreciation.

I throw him a cautioning glance. “Hush. When I want to hear you, I’ll tell you to speak.” I stroke some more.

“I don’t want to have this thing between my legs, all hard and needy, all goddamn day because my sweet little obedient pups are being bad. Because when my pups are bad, I get like

this.” I shake my weeping cock until precum splatters against the floor. “Disrobe and clean it up,” I order them, pointing at the glistening stray drops on the floor. They begin taking their clothes off, and as much as I’d love to stroke and watch, I have other plans.

When I disappear into the guest bedroom, I glance over my shoulder at Lance. He looks up at me and we share a moment of knowing. Brielle will learn tonight, but Lance already knows. Because this is not the first time Lance has been an overly naughty pet.

When everything is ready, I return to the kitchen to find my pets on all fours, staring at the ground, awaiting my commands. The precum is gone, and when I reach down and drag my fingers up the split of Brielle’s pussy and ass, I find her creamy and swollen.

I reach down and squeeze Lance’s heavy, hot balls before giving his shaft a tug from between his legs. He’s hard and dripping already.

*They’re ready.*

From the kitchen drawer, I snatch the original collar plus the new one. I sit between them, cock still out. I push Brielle’s hair off her back as I loop the collar around her neck. “Feed on me while I collar him,” I tell her as I finish clasping her collar. I twist my torso to find Lance’s blue eyes watching as Brielle nuzzles affectionately into my thigh before sucking my broad head into her mouth. He whimpers, which earns him a swat across his perfect bare ass. God I love his ass. I love hers, too. Brielle’s tongue loops the underside of my cock as my fingers smooth down the leather of the collar, fastening it. I give it a tug, bringing Lance’s mouth to my cock. “Let him feed,” I say, making Brielle slide off my cock with a wet slurp.

A soft moan of relief swathes my cock as he sucks me into his mouth. This little taste of their Sir’s cock, of giving their Sir pleasure, is meant to soothe them a bit before their punishment. I sift my fingers through his hair, then hers.

“You can both have more of me if you can be good. But because you’ve been so bad, it’s time to learn our lesson about

making your Sir horny all day.” I take my cock from Lance’s mouth and get to my feet, snapping at them to follow me. I hold myself in my palm as I walk down the dark hallway, my cock throbbing at the sound of their hands and knees dragging obediently behind me. I push open the door to the guest room and flick on a singular lamp, which partially illuminates the room. But it’s enough for them to stop in their tracks when they see what’s waiting in the corner.

Lance growls, because he knew. He knew but he’s also never been punished with another. He’s only ever experienced punishment alone. He’s about to learn how good and kind his Sir is, because punishment with another will be pleasurable for all. As long as they obey.

I point to the large metal crate in the corner of the nearly empty room. The only other two things in this room? A large chair facing the crate, and the lamp.

It’s all we need.

“In.”

Lance goes first, with Brielle crawling in after him. The metal cage clanks as I swing the door closed and lock it. Then I take all of my clothes off, too, and fall easily into the seat across from my caged pets.

“Pups stay in the pen until they can be good,” I tell them, stroking myself at the sight of their naked and collared bodies.

I drop my chin to my chest, the new embers of a blazing orgasm burning my toes. I have time, but they’ve been edging me all day with their bickering, so I don’t have *much* time.

“Back up to the cage door, and face the wall,” I tell them, quietly getting to my feet, remembering the one thing they need.

I bought these last week, thinking we’d use them the very next day. But the busy week got the best of us, and I can’t deny that knowing these have been sitting in my house all week hasn’t helped my eager, ahem *grouchy*, attitude.

I leave the room to grab them from my nightstand, and return to the most perfect scene: Lance and Brielle’s naked

backsides pressed to the black iron thatching of the cage. I drop to my knees on the other side, letting the tip of my finger explore the split of Lance first. He startles a little at first, but then sinks back against the cage as my finger traces his tight hole, glides up the shadows on his ass, before delicately tracing his balls.

“Brielle, turn and face me,” I order, watching as she awkwardly maneuvers herself in the small pen to face me. Her eyes fall to the items in my other palm, and they follow the long swish of animal tails hanging from them. Plugs with tails, to make my pets officially pets.

And also to torture them.

“Open,” I tell her, then I feed the plug through the bars, plunging it into her open, waiting mouth. She suckles on it for a minute before I remove it, and tell her to turn back around.

Through the bars, I tease the back of Lance’s thigh, making him squirm. A small stream of precum dribbles from his cock. At the discovery I know he’s ready; I press the plug to his ass and drive it in. He hisses at the intrusion, jerking forward, bonking his face on the other side of the metal pen.

But he doesn’t speak.

I pull the bushy tail and let it fall between the bars and rest against his thigh. “Good boy, now face me.”

When he turns, I can see the plug is already doing its job. His lids are heavy, jaw slack, and when my eyes dip down to the erection bobbing between his legs, I can see how much he needs release. Hard and veiny, his balls cinched up tight, his cock is angrier than I’ve ever seen it, with shades of pink I’ve only ever experienced in a sunset.

“Open,” I command, but his greedy little mouth is opened and pressed to the cage before the command leaves my lips. I plunge the plug into his mouth, watching his talented tongue curl around it as he sucks it in, getting it nice and wet for Brielle’s ass. When he’s done, I order him to turn around as I bring the plug to her ass.



“Hush,” I warn, telling her that she needs to accept the plug silently. With a shove, I drive it inside, and my dick throbs at the way she stifles her whimper and surges forward.

She took us both in her pussy, not without discomfort, but she did. I can't wait until Lance is on the other side of this cage with me and we're stretching this tight, perfect ass. I flick her bushy gray tail and stuff it through the bars.

Only after I've returned to my chair and stroked myself a few times do I allow them to turn around. “Now you may speak, and I want you to work it out. The last scene, with the lights. Lance you felt as if there was too much lighting, if the take doesn't happen right away, it will create too much backend work in editing her skin tones. Brielle, you felt confident in the fact that you could get the shot in the first few takes, therefore rendering the post work obsolete.” They blink at me, confused. “Work it out or you will stay in that pen all night. With no rewards. Don't worry, your Sir is here to guide you.”

Lance's head dips between his shoulders a second before he faces Brielle. He kisses her, and I pump my fist up my shaft, watching as precum dribbles over my knuckles. “It's rare that everything goes as planned,” he says. “Even when you think for sure something's going to work out, sometimes it doesn't.” He kisses her again, my sweet pup, and my chest is overrun with fullness at the sight of them sharing private, soft words. At the way he calms and sees reason, speaks carefully when it's just the three of us.

She kisses him, and I can't help but take notice of her full breasts, nipples hard. My mouth waters as I stroke myself again, the beauty of her nude body threatening to set me over the edge. “Just because things haven't worked in the past doesn't mean you have to stop shooting for the thing you really want. You don't have to aim for the back up or safety, but it's okay to use them if you have to.”

Progress is being made, and it's good. I'm pleased already, and this is why I've previously enjoyed the pen. Something about being in a cage, the captivity of it—it forces you to sort things out, in the name of freedom.

And in their case, *in the name of orgasm*.

“Lick her. Make it better,” I order, and as he positions himself behind her, I grab the underside of the chair and pull it closer to the pen.

Lance drags his nose along the length of the gray, bushy tails, his eyes closing as he does.

“Move the tail to the other side so I can see the way you apologize,” I tell him, my cock thrumming in my sticky palm. He brings his face to her rear and burrows, not stopping until she moans. Her moan, light and soft, echoes around the heated room as he finds her cunt and begins licking.

“He is showing you he’s sorry,” I tell Brielle, who’s arms are already trembling as she fights what is likely an orgasm already building. Lance has used his tongue in my ass and made me cum in under a minute, so I have an idea of how tortured she must already feel. “Touch her breast,” I croak, bringing my hands to the armrests, clutching them until the blood drains from my knuckles. I can’t touch myself right now. Watching them together, servicing each other, bonding, bonding at my command—I’m nearly there.

Holding his body steady on one arm, he reaches between her legs and grabs a handful of breast, heavy and natural. Though his mouth is buried in her cunt, I hear the moan that tears from his chest as he feels of her soft, perfect curves. Brielle bites her bottom lip, letting her head drop down, surveying the landscape of her body. As soon as she sees Lance’s hand grabbing and squeezing her breast, she lifts her head and moans, urgent and pained.

“*Please*,” she whimpers, bottom lip trembling as I do my very best to ignore my angry, tall cock.

“Aww, you’re right where you need to be my sweet, eager pup.” I turn my head slightly, directing my words to Lance as his throat bobs and flexes, evidence of his hefty feeding session. “Stop.”

Immediately he pulls back, sitting on his haunches, hunched over in the cage, his cupid’s bow glistening with

Brielle's juices. His chest heaves, and a growl leaves my body as the sight of sweat sliding down his beautifully carved torso, the bushy tail curling at his feet behind him.

"Now apologize to him because you were both not listening." Eager and horny, Lance goes to fours and turns in the space just as Brielle turns, too. She reaches for the tail, wrapping it around her palm, but I stop her.

"Around the plug," I command, making Lance's head drop. He knows he's about to be teased and tortured the worst way. When I've plugged him in the past, and tasted and teased around the plug, he's shot off like a rocket every fucking time. The noises he makes when he comes that way, broken, sexy moans and vulnerable little whimpers—goddamn I could live off those noises.

She nudges into the split of his ass, and I'm glad we all showered at Crave after a rainy outdoor lunch shoot, or else I'd have had to waste precious time at home having them clean up. Lance's fingers curl into the ground as she licks him, trading off between soft kisses to his taint and long licks around the plug. She lifts the end of the tail, dragging it slowly down his cheek, and I watch as goosebumps take over his arms and neck. Below him, precum pools, and his cock has never looked more appetizing.

He could cum like this, I know because I've made him. He can come without a single hand on that beautiful cock, and I love watching it jerk and pulse. I love watching his cum spurt out of him, the way his ass clenches with each thick, hot shot.

But they're coming by their Sir's hand now that they've made up.

Then they owe their Sir.

"Stop," I shout, because Lance's cockhead is out, slippery and red, his foreskin now pulled back on its own from how hard he is. He's too close.

I drop off the chair to my knees and make my way to the cage where I pinch the lock and let the door swing open. "Lance," I direct, leaving Brielle inside as I close the door

again. “Face the cage, on your knees,” I order him. As he takes the position, I order Brielle to take hers. “Back against the cage.”

He’s going to give her a deep creampie, because I know no matter how much he jerked off this week, he’s going to explode with something impressive. He always does, especially after so much edging. But I’m going to be part of it. I pull myself up behind him, and slowly press my chest to his back. He’s warm and hard, and the plush rub of his tail against my sticky cock nearly breaks me. I loop an arm around him and rub down the knotted terrain of his pecs and belly, then collect his cock in my hand. I move my hips behind him, grinding my erection into his back as I slowly start to pump his cock.

“I don’t have much time, Sir,” he breathes, the momentous arch of his shoulders now sloped and trembling. I bite into the top of his shoulder as I bring his weeping head to her hole. She’s swollen and wet, so puffy that her lips stick through the cage. I use Lance’s cock to tickle and tease her lips and we both watch as arousal gushes from her at the subtle touch, and she moans.

I close my fist around him, always and forever loving how thick he is. Loving the strip of flesh between my thumb and middle finger, reminding me how thick and happy my pup is. Then I pump. My fist slides down and he groans, and I bring his head to her opening. Grinding my cock into his back again, he surges forward, impaling Brielle until just the crown disappears.

“Dump your load deep inside her,” I whisper in his ear before sinking my teeth into his shoulder. He grips my bicep, the one that flexes as I jack him off.

“Uhh,” he groans, but his temperament has shifted and his moans have grown soft. With my free hand, I grip the plug and move it a little, sending a ripple of pleasure through him as I jack him to orgasm.

“Watch yourself pump into her, watch,” I rasp, stacking my chin on his shoulder as the few inches of his cock bob, the

tip of him deep inside her. He throbs, his groin bobs, and against my groin, his ass clenches. He's coming, he's giving her pussy every drop of cum that usually or used to belong to me. And listening to her come on his cock as he fills her, listening to her strangled pleas turn to sated moans, watching as a stream of cum slides down her thigh, I'm not jealous. Instead, I feel powerful and pleased, and I haven't even cum yet.

"Down," I command, wanting to taste what I wasn't physically a part of. Lance slides out of Brielle and as his cum bubbles up at her gaping hole, I press my face to the pen, deep into the bars, and swipe at her messy cunt with my tongue. She's sweet and flowery, the way her pussy always tastes, but made saltier and messier with Lance's cum oozing out. I eat and lap until I'm going to come, and pull back from the cage, my chest heaving.

"Out," I tell Brielle as I manage to get to my feet and bend down to open the cage. I got lost in eating her, tasting them both in one juicy, ripe place. I could've eaten their orgasms until I found my own. But Lance whimpering at my heels reminded me that I need to come, and my pups won't sleep well if they don't get the honor.

My pets follow behind me until I'm standing in the center of the room, chair pushed to the wall. "Mouths only," I tell them, stepping apart to make space for them both. I stroke my dick, and watch as Brielle scrambles to face it, Lance moving behind me, the tip of his nose sliding down my bare cheek. "Now."

Lance nuzzles into me first, his tongue finding my hole on the first pass. He's talented that way, circling it with his wet tip until I stop clenching and let him in. His tongue prods inside, loosening me, making my core tighten and my cock get even harder. I love when he devours my ass. I reach behind me, filling my fingers with his soft hair, earning me a greedy moan as he burrows deeper.

In front of me, on her haunches, peering around me to watch Lance, Brielle waits for her orders, eyes wide and full of

desire. Her nipples are hard and behind her, she's left a trail of his cum. *Pets can be so messy.*

I sift my fingers through her hair first before snagging her collar and jerking her down onto my length. Her mouth is wet and warm, and her throat is tight and deadly. She holds her bruised knees as she bobs on my cock, all while I stroke my hand through her hair, behind me doing the same to Lance.

He licks and prods my ass, taking care of me the way he does before he fucks me. Opening me up. Getting me sloppy and ready. Making my ass hungry to be fucked. I think of lowering myself on his cock as Brielle keeps her mouth on me, and a shudder wracks my body at the thought.

Another time. Right now, *this*.

They need to please me while on their knees, share me after pleasing one another. They need this to cement our roles tonight, to bring us together in a new way.

“Good,” I muse aloud, my voice raspy and thin. His hair is soft, her lips are so gentle. “Good pups,” I groan. My praise has Brielle antsy, and she rises to all fours and that's when I realize—she isn't antsy; she's on all fours so she can shake her ass.

Shake her little tail.

She wags her bottom and bobs her neck, and behind me, Lance continues fucking my hole with his tongue, snuffling and groaning as he gets me closer and closer. After a few minutes, I can't hold back. Working together all day, whether bickering or not, is a fucking edge, and I just fell off.

“Get ready to feed,” I grumble, reaching back to grab Lance's collar. I practically drag him on his knees to take a place next to Brielle. And she falls back to her haunches, both of them blinking up at me with pink noses and swollen lips. “Together,” I order them as my orgasm centers my groin, and surges through my cock. Lance leads, bringing his mouth to my crown, guiding her to do the same.

No sooner are their mouths at my head, open, tongues sticking out, than I'm coming in loud, roaring waves.

“There you go, there you go,” I chant, stroking one white rope out after the next, loving the way my cum looks over their tongues, dripping from their lips and chins. “Take your reward, my pets,” I growl, coming again in another blinding wave as Lance begins licking Brielle’s face, cleaning her up. Cum ribbons over her face as he licks it, and when she returns the favor, and begins cleaning his face, I tug out the last rope, watching as it falls on Lance’s cheek and shoulder.

Covered in their Sir’s cum, I watch as Lance and Brielle lick and kiss one another, so slowly and erotically that in the five minutes they take to clean each other up, I find myself hard again.

But Brielle’s stomach growls. Lance grins at her, reaching out to unbuckle her collar.

“Can I?” she asks, nodding toward his. He pushes hair off her shoulder, sticky from my cum and his spit, and nods.

She reaches out, and watching them uncollar one another makes my throat tight. There’s no jealousy after the scene has ended, only happiness and closeness. They’re closer. Hell, *we’re* closer. I can feel it in the way she takes my hand as I help her to her feet, in the way Lance pulls me into him and holds the back of my neck as we share a tender, post-coital hug.

“Food should be here soon,” I tell them as I collect my clothes and lead us back into the kitchen. They get dressed as I pour us glasses of wine, and I check my phone for the food I ordered before we left Crave.

We sit by the empty fire with our wine, waiting for the food, just talking. I have every intention of bringing up the night, asking everyone how they felt. But the laughter has been easy. The conversation is endless. The cuddles? Abundant.

We’re draped over each other, de-tailed and tangled up together. And it’s so peaceful and beautiful that I’m terrified to fall asleep and wake to find it’s been a dream.

After we eat, we tangle together again easily in my bed, with Lance and Brielle's heads resting on me, Brielle on my chest, Lance lower down on my belly. They both fondle me over my sweats off and on, every so often letting their own hands weave together intimately before breaking apart again to touch me.

The TV flickers, dropping brightness along our bodies every so often. I don't know who falls asleep first, but I know we sleep well. Because when my alarm goes off in the morning, the three of us are still lying the exact same way.

And as sunlight pours over us, I can't help but fall in love with the sight of us. And a possessive word clouds my mind. I know it's too soon but goddamn, I can't help but think...

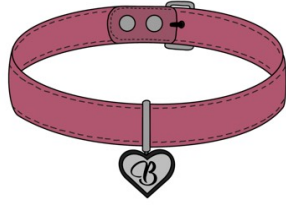
*Mine.*



**twenty-six**

...

Eleven



# brielle

ELEVEN.

That's how many nights back-to-back I've slept with Aug and Lance. And I don't even mean slept like fucked. I mean, actually laid in a bed together and slept all night.

We've shared morning showers and grouchy breakfasts. We've gone to work together in one car. They've watched me shave my legs in the tub as they shaved their faces at the sink, all while we discussed the future for Crave. They've also watched my phone ring off the hook morning and evening as my dad tries to contact me again.

It's been a great eleven days. Wonderful, even. The best, maybe.

Okay, not maybe. These have for sure been the best eleven days of my entire life. Aside from the fact that Winnie is still majorly depressed and going through something which she refuses to share with me, life is good.

However.

The three of us have been doing this thing together now for... months. And while I feel the connection in every grazed touch, every across the studio look, every single word whispered or groaned—I feel our connection, I do—I still can't help but remind myself that we haven't had a serious conversation around *us* at all.

They've told me what they need and want. I've done the same.

We've fucked every which way from fucking Sunday. I've sucked and swallowed, bounced and bobbed, been slapped and collared. We've *done* a lot.

But talked about the long term of our situation? That's one thing we haven't done.

And the more I think about how we haven't talked about that yet, the angrier I become. After all, I need to talk through things on set. I need to talk through script choices and assert my opinion over lighting changes. And the crux of their demise before me was communication related, more or less.

Still, we've not talked about it. And come on. Do I really have to bring it up as a woman? How very 1955. And I'm just not doing it. No. No way am I going to be the one who asks what we are or where this is going. No way.

First of all, while I do recognize and fully believe that the three of us are equals in this dynamic, I also want it to be known that they have a history. A full rich history full of love and sex and arguing and meeting family and— everything. They had everything together.

It stands to reason that because their history is so rich, one of them should be the one to initiate “the talk,” right? I don't know why that settles logically in my brain, but it does, and each day that we grow closer and no one says a word about our future—all while, I might add, putting things on our calendar months down the road—the crazier and angrier I become.

Standing with Lucy on set, talking to her about the upcoming scene and how the energy of a tired mother can best come through wordlessly, Lance and Aug come in the back, laughing. Lance is holding their coffees as Aug lifts a huge box. They took a midday run to FedEx to grab a mis-delivered box of pocket pussy prototypes, and invited me to go with them. So I'm not glaring at them through Lucy's hair with jealous beady eyes. My eyes right now are more angry beady.

Lance passes Aug his coffee after he sets the box down, and they both take drinks. Aug nudges Lance and says something behind the cups, and they both laugh, rich and hearty, the noise blooming through the space around us.

And my angry beady eyes narrow on them.

“You okay?” Lucy asks, her voice private.

“Oh I’m fine. Just... you know, living my life without a single care in the fucking world!” I keep my eyes on them, watching them laugh and chat and bump each other playfully. I know, I know—they were miserable when I came here, and now look at them. Bright eyed and bushy tailed. Well—maybe not Aug on that last part but still, they’re happy. And I know that’s to my credit.

Still. I glare. Because how can you just be happy and carefree when you have no idea where you stand in your most important relationship?

“Yeah?” Lucy offers after she sees me continue staring for a silent moment. I refocus on her, smiling as I push my hair off my face, ready for my afternoon ponytail. “You seem like maybe you do have some cares and I just want you to know, I mean, I know you work with Aug and Lance so... if you ever need an ear or a girlfriend, let me know.”

I smile at her, giving her the attention she’s deserved this entire time. Putting the guys in my peripheral, I smooth my hand down her arm before cupping my forehead in my hand. “I’m sorry—just... preoccupied. But thank you, Lucy. That means a lot.”

I do not look up at them again and instead, work with Lucy for the next few minutes to get on the same page. And when it’s time to call the scene, I find that they have taken their places around me, Lance flipping through my notes, Aug looking on as if he’s pleased without even knowing.

The scene is seamless and during, I try to talk myself out of focusing on the fact we haven’t had *the talk*. I try to tell myself that when they’re ready, we will talk. And I’m tugged from my thoughts as Otis approaches, tying his robe at the waist.

“Ready for your scene?” I ask with a half smile as I flip through the remainder of the itinerary for the day.

He smiles, holding the ends of the terry robe belt. “Oh yeah, always.”

I nod. “Great. What can I help you with? Cohen is working on the order in his office so—”

Otis shakes his head, smiling a bioluminescent smile. “I was actually wondering if you’d like to have drinks with me tonight.” He looks to Aug nearby then back to me. “I know relationships between actors are kind of...” he makes air quotes as he says, “frowned upon.”

I smile. Oh Jesus. Otis is asking me out. Right in front of Aug and Lance.

“But you’re not an actor,” he beams proudly.

I shake my head with a smile. “Nope, I’m surely not.”

“Right,” Otis adds, bobbing his head. “So it shouldn’t get us in trouble to catch a drink.” He steps toward me, leaning in close enough for me to know that he is chewing wintergreen gum.

I smile while feeling the burning glares of Aug and Lance singeing up my spine. It’s a burn I like, actually. “Sure, I’ll get a drink with you.”

Otis’s already large grin spreads wider as he sticks out a fist for me to bump. I knock knuckles with him as he beams, “Alright then. Seven? The place around the corner from Rise & Grind, so we can walk?”

I nod. “Sure.”

Otis turns around, and disappears into the group of actors huddled together on set. We’re filming one of the biggest scenes we’ve ever filmed—in terms of headcount at least, and of course, according to Aug since I’ve only been here a few months. And that means lots of actors. Only a few *aren’t* here.

I head back to my chair between Aug and Lance, settling in as I focus all of my attention on the set. Aug clears his throat and, feeling a little snarky, I reach for my water and pass it to him blindly, saying, “Here.”

Lance grabs my hand perched atop the armrest so I turn my head. “What’s up?”

His eyes are filled with roiling rage. I look down at where his hand clutches my wrist and narrow my eyes. “We’re at work,” I say quietly before turning my focus back to the set.

“You’re going out with Otis after work, that’s what’s up,” he snarks through gritted teeth. I also notice the strain eating up his throat, the stiff set of his shoulders and seriousness that holds his brows together.

Maybe a conversation should have taken place to avoid this, huh?

“Why shouldn’t I?” I ask, studying my nail beds then cuticles as Cohen makes the final on-set arrangements, and Alexa collects bathrobes from actors. “It’s not like I’m in a relationship, right? I mean, no one has sat me down recently and said, *wow, Brielle Parker, you are amazing and special and we’re so glad to be with you.*”

I spread my gaze between the two of them, then face the set. “So yeah, I’m getting drinks with Otis. Why, did you guys want to hang out tonight?”

Aug’s voice is so deep and dark that the back of my neck actually heats. My pussy too because something tells me angry, territorial Aug is a man I want to meet.

Maybe tonight, if I play my cards right.

“Hang out?” He repeats, saying those two words like they’re not just foreign but full of thorns sticking painfully to his tongue. “We aren’t *hanging out*. I’m not a goddamn fifteen year old, Brielle. *We’re together.*”

I raise my brows, making the most puzzled expression I can muster through my irritation. “Are we? Because the last time I checked, we do everything together except talk about what we are. So until that happens, why shouldn’t I go with Otis?”

“Hey Aug, we should roll here in a minute. We’re losing daylight if we’re still going to get to the outdoor park group scene,” Cohen smiles awkwardly, poor man.

Aug rises, his slates in his hands, orders people around and talks to Cohen. I don’t hear much of it because I’m vibrating

in my chair, so proud of myself for finally coming out with it. *We need to fucking talk!* I mean, I guess I could've opened with that instead of torturing them with the idea that I'm dating another guy but... too bad. Days turned to weeks, weeks turned to months and still, nothing.

I've been patient.

Now I'm having some fun with them.



The remainder of the day goes by quickly, but unfortunately for the actors, Aug and Lance are in a foul mood. A foul mood that could have been avoided but a foul mood nonetheless. And around seven, when everyone is done for the day and Lance and Aug are pulling their coats on, they stop me.

“You’re not really gonna get drinks with Otis?” Aug asks, adjusting the sleeves of his jacket as Lance tugs on black leather gloves.

I pull my coat on and grab my purse. “Yeah, I am. But don’t worry, I can swing by after.”

“Swing by?” Lance chokes on a dry laugh as he repeats my words.

And before I can give them an opportunity to chastise me for my choice or gaslight me into believing I’m wrong, I loop my arm through a waiting Otis’s arm and head out.

We walk into the cool evening air, and Otis rattles on and on about this... video game tournament he’s going to be in this weekend. And as we enter the crappy bar around the corner, I realize something: proving a point does not feel as good as you think it will.



It doesn't feel good at all.



An hour and a half later—one that feels like *four hours*—I'm uncomfortably sober as I drive to Aug's house.

They texted me once, or Aug did, and said *come over when you're done with your fun. It doesn't matter how late.*

I ignore how fast I drive there, how anxious butterflies flit around my insides as I do. I ignore how my pussy throbs at the thought of being in their arms, and how awful I feel for having spent the last hour and a half with Otis when I could have been with them.

I pull into the driveway and stare up at Aug's house for a minute before I get out.

I kind of had a bit of a tantrum in an effort to get my way. I blink, taking in his perfect shaped house numbers illuminated in an orange rectangle. I never asked to have that talk, and I could have done that instead of... what I did. I chew the inside of my cheek and decide to rip off the bandage and go inside.

My fist is reared back at the door but it swings open before I can knock. Aug is there, still in his espresso colored cigarette pants and white button up dress shirt, his hair a dark mess. Lance is staggered a few steps behind, also still in his charcoal slacks and black dress shirt, his feet bare. His blonde tresses are tangled, too.

"Come in." It's not an invitation, it's an order, and in truth? I wouldn't want it any other way.

Aug shuts the door behind me and then we're there, trapped in the all-white tiny foyer, the two of them hovering over me, demanding answers with their pinched gazes.

My bravado and anger is gone, and as I stand before them, guilt heavy on my shoulders from my non-date date, I fold. I completely fold. And I don't know why it surprises me, after all, I am their sub.

"I was annoyed that neither of you initiated *the talk*." I roll my lips together, edging closer to them, needing to feel close to them despite the fact that I'm the one that put the temporary distance between us the last two hours.

"The talk?" Lance deadpans.

"You know," I stomp. "The talk. Like, *what are we doing and where we're going*. That shit. Because look, when we're together, I don't feel like the third wheel. I don't feel like the bridge for the break between you two, I really don't. But the more time we spend together, the closer we grow, I need to know what's going on. And you two seem content just living without talking about any of it! And your complacency makes me fucking crazy!"

My chest heaves as I blink at Aug then Lance.

A beat passes where no one speaks and then Lance takes my purse from my shoulder and my coat from my back, dropping them on the floor of the foyer. He locks the door behind me and stands by Aug once again.

Clearing his throat, Aug says, "Naked, then fours."

I swallow, unsure of what's going on. I look at Lance and he's still on his feet, arms crossed over his chest. He's not dropping to his hands and knees. From his pocket, Aug produces one of the leather collars. He slaps it along his bare palm, ordering again, "Fours."

Aug and Lance are in this together tonight. They're going to be dominant together again. I strip immediately and drop to my hands and knees, watching as the light ends of my hair sway against his tiled floor. A moment later, I'm collared and nervous. Because they're angry with me for going out with Otis, and being submissive to an angry dominant is not something I've ever done.

The room is cold and quiet and nothing happens for what feels like a really, really long time and then—*thwack!* Something comes down hard and fast against the center of my ass.

“Ouch!” I whine, but in truth, the sting on my ass does something strange to balance the guilt I feel for behaving somewhat childish. On my hands and knees I’m starting to realize that maybe I could have just brought it up. Maybe I could have broached the subject at Rise & Grind or over Italian. I could have even brought it up in the office the three of us share, one of the many times the door was shut. Point being, there’s been opportunity. And I was so busy focusing on why they hadn’t brought it all up and why as the woman in the relationship I shouldn’t have to bring it up that I failed to see that all of those things were just excuses. Things to keep the padding thick between me and the real thing. The fear. The big shadow looming over me, the monster under the bed waiting to pull me under if I stick out a toe.

The fear: that they don’t want me beyond this.

“You do not speak until your Sirs have told you to speak, is that clear?” Aug asks, his voice vibrating with passion. I’ve never heard him this way. I mean, Aug and Lance get pissed a lot.

I realize then that *they’re not angry*. The energy they’re giving me now is passion, dedication to giving me release, knowing that being apart from them tonight has been torturous for us all.

They’re both slightly grouchy and if I’m being honest, I’m close to the same. I get fired up and angry and—well, I’m Quincey Parker’s daughter. I’m short-fused just like him. But his voice now isn’t the normal frustration I hear when things aren’t going well on set, or when a vision doesn’t come to fruition the way he wants.

This reaction is fueled by pain.

I went out with Otis and these thwacks—another slaps across my backside as I work through it all, biting into my

bottom lip to help me obey—these are meant to punish me. Because my guys are hurt.

And I hurt them.

You can't hurt someone who doesn't give a fuck, everyone knows that. So that means... "I'm sorry," I mewl, lurching forward as the leather strikes my backside again. I peer over my shoulder and find the other collar hanging from white knuckles, and turn around again.

"The collar is a gift if you let it be a gift. But if you're bad," Lance says, drawing out the word carefully, "then the collar can be punishment, too."

"I'm sorry," I repeat, staring at the way my fingers curl into the ground, my pussy throbbing uncontrollably in response to the whippings across my ass. I've been palm spanked before (Noah wasn't all that exciting upon retrospect) but never whipped.

"Do not speak until you are spoken to. Last warning. And pups that don't obey go in their pen. Covered. As punishment," Aug says harshly before another sting ripples through my ass, up my back, making me bite my lip to hold in my pained cry.

"You think that there is a world where we share our pet?" Lance asks, pacing around me as Aug spans me again, this time the sting lingers on my skin, making my thighs tremble. "We do not share our sweet," he lowers his face to mine, and the mint and booze on his breath makes the arousal budding between my thighs drip. "Pink, puffy pet," he finishes as he drags his fingertip up my greedy, swollen pussy. Another strike, this time over my lower back and the top of my ass.

Their punishment, their feeling, their possessiveness—it's so hot. I don't hate the idea of being punished in that pen again, I won't lie. But I want them so bad that I have to obey. Because I know what I can receive outside that pen will be far greater than what they can stick through those bars.

"More than share our pet's sweet, tight holes, do you think we'd share her in any way?" Lance asks as Aug spans me

again. This time I have to work not to whimper, I have to force myself to swallow down my pained complaint. And I keep my eyes on the prize: having them, pleasing them, and then being pleased by them. The tremble in my thighs grows, taking up space in my belly and shoulders. And with one more painful whack against my bare, stinging flesh, I cry out. I can't hold it in a moment longer.

“Ahh!” I whine, and as much as I want to beg for him to stop or explain myself or—fuck, I don't even know what I want—the whipping collar appears in front of my hands after Aug circles me and drops it. He bends and I wait for soft words but instead get thick fingers curling my collar, yanking me up to my feet.

“We don't play games,” Aug says, his lips brushing against mine, the traces of stubble taking over his jaw making my skin burn. His large fingers skate my bottom lip before he hooks them into my mouth. “And now you have to be taught a valuable lesson.”

What? Weren't all those whippings my lesson? Wasn't that my punishment? My head grows swimmy as the pain from the leather settles in my ass, blood rushing through my body now making it hard to focus on anything else. Lance's eyes study me as Aug collects the collar from the floor. “There's a breakthrough moment,” he says, voice low, and full of promise. “You're almost there.”

I don't know what he means and with each passing second I grow more and more groggy as the pain spiders through me, making my back ache and my thighs throb. And my pussy. My pussy is so swollen and sticky that despite the pain, I still want to take them. In fact, at this point, wobbly on my feet and hazy in my head, that's all I want.

Aug drags me to the bedroom and orders me to get onto the bed, on my belly.

The room is dark, the cool air stings my marred skin, and the scent of fresh linen and aftershave wraps me in a comfort I need to feel. A comfort that reminds me that though they are now my Sirs, the truth is, Aug and Lance, the men who I'm

connected to emotionally and mentally, are still there. They are one in the same, and as I lay face down in Aug's sheets, I focus on the many nights the three of us lay cuddled and cozy here.

"If you want to know something or talk about something, you come to us. You come to us and you sit down and you use your voice to speak words," Aug snarls before the collar comes down across my ass again, in the same spot I've already taken most of the hits. I hiss into the bedding, wanting to be strong for them, wanting to take the punishments I know I deserve.

I want to be their good pup. I want to make them proud.

I bite into the high thread count sheets and clutch at the pillows around me, bracing myself for more. Lance knees his way onto the bed next to my head and yanks my collar. My hair tangles in front of my eyes but his big hand is there, pushing it away, exposing my eyes.

"The good thing, though, is that you were bad to get our attention," Aug says, the sounds of his feet moving around the room making my flesh heat. The silence before the next thwack is deafening, because I know that silence. I've grown to know it tonight. The quiet before the smack, the calm before the storm. I hiss into the bed again, this hit across my ass in the same spot, making my spine ache and my toes curl. "You weren't bad because you're a bad girl."

"No," Lance coos, his voice rough and menacing, but soothing to my achy cunt, which burns between my legs. "She's a good girl at heart, aren't you?" He walks the length of the bed as he drags a fingertip down my spine, leaving shivers in his wake.

"Speak," Aug says and I've never been so happy to hear that word. I don't think I've ever even thought about that word until recently. I turn my head, exposing half my face to the cool room air as I gasp for a breath, cry out for the pain resonating in my backside, cough for the panic built up in my lungs.

“I’m sorry,” I repeat for the third time, though it feels like this is the first time they’re actually hearing it.

The roleplay lingers in the air, but takes a backseat to reality when Aug and Lance come to a crouch at the side of the bed, blinking at me through the subtle darkness. “We’re more than this,” Aug says quietly, roughly. My skin pricks with heat as embarrassment washes over me. “And we want more right now,” he adds before stroking his hand through my hair, pushing it off my sweaty face.

Lance leans in, pressing a kiss to the tip of my nose. “Which we will discuss.”

I nod against the damp sheets, still breathing hard. They want me. And the way they look aggravated that I needed to hear that settles around me like a blanket fresh from the dryer, comfy and cozy.

*They want me.*

“Right now, we’re still upset that you spent the evening with another man. And the only thing to cure my discontent is pleasure,” Aug says, turning to face Lance. He wraps his hand behind Lance’s neck, his thumb stroking the loose ends of his blonde hair. “Do you need pleasure, too?”

Lance leans in, and the two of them share a slow, sizzling kiss that makes me squirm against the mattress, seeking out a ruffle in the covers to provide friction to my aching clit.

“Please,” I whimper, because I need them to use me. I need to make them feel good to feel whole right now. I’m desperate for it.

Aug turns, holding Lance close to him still, blinking at me. “Please, what?”

“Fuck me,” I moan out, wiggling and writhing against the bed like a fish out of water. But that’s what I am when they’ve edged me this way. I need friction, I need touch, I need release. I need, period, and that’s because of these two men who blink at me from a foot away. “Let me make it right. Fuck me. Use me. Destroy me, please,” I beg.

Lance reaches out, stroking sweat from my brow. “Open,” he says after letting his finger trace my bottom lip. My mouth pops open as my heart rate increases. I swallow hard, waiting as they get to their feet. Belts clink, zippers whoosh and then I’m staring at two angry cocks, pink and veiny. With my mouth still open, they knee onto the bed and the sight of their slacks banded around their thighs makes my core burn. The urgency to have my mouth overtook their desire to get completely naked, and pride trickles down my back that I could do that to them. Bring them that frantic sense of need, that urgency to feel good.

Lance surges forward, plunging his cock into my mouth and I fight the gag that erupts as he prods the back of my throat.

Right as I’m moaning around his crown, my pussy pooling into the sheets, he pulls out of my mouth. Threads of my saliva, thick and bubbly, drip from his cockhead, down to the mattress. I watch the blunt tip of his finger spread the saliva around into the cotton as he holds his cock with his other hand. “Messy pup,” he croons before Aug leans in, impaling my throat in a single shove.

I groan, and my cunt spasms, a mini touchless orgasm at the way Aug fills my throat with his steely erection in a single, possessive shove. The way he just takes me when he wants me drives me fucking wild.

I had no idea I’d love this so much, that all of this submissiveness would bring out my deepest needs but as I fight a gag, Aug’s cock sliding along my tongue and teeth, I realize that this is what I want.

Tears prick at my eyes as I realize that not only have I found what I need, but I discovered what I need when I found it.

“How wide can you open?” Aug asks, his cock pressing against the back of my throat as he leans forward, hooking his fingers on either side of his cock. He pulls my cheeks, and my face aches at the attempted contortion, but between my legs, everything ignites.



“Feel yourself against me, in our pups mouth,” Aug says to Lance, who positions his hips next to Augs. I can’t fit them both, but I lick and bathe their cockheads in kisses and affection as they press them into each other, then against my lips.

“Please,” I whimper, lapping at the precum that continually bubbles up from both of them.

“What do you say? Think we get our pleasure and let our little pup feel good too? She’s pretty whiny tonight,” Lance says thoughtfully as he takes his cock out of my face and walks behind the bed.

“Hmm,” Aug grumbles, disappearing behind me, too, leaving my mouth open and hungry and my pussy swollen and starved.

“I think we can do that. The thing is, though, she did spend the evening with another man. So that pleasure needs to come with more pain. That’s only fair, right? A little more punishment with your pleasure?”

I nod against the sheets, willing to agree to anything at this point. Aug’s hands come to my hips as he yanks my ass up into the air. A moment later there’s a click and lube glides down my ass, through my folds, over every aching inch of my pussy. I’m so wet, I can’t imagine needing lube. Even if they both fuck me in my pussy together again, I can’t imagine I’d need lube. I’m that wet.

Then a finger slides inside me. I hiss and jerk, and another finger joins the first. And now I know why they needed lube.

“*Ohmygod*,” I rush out, “b-both of you, *there*?” I question, my heart thundering in my chest at the idea of both of them shoving those monstrous cocks back there, in my tightest, most personal hole. I’ve only been with one man at a time, or used one plug at a time, and now they *both* want to claim me.

*Claim me.*

That’s what it is.

I look over my shoulder, up the slope of my back, where two beautiful men stand behind my bare ass. They’re naked

now, and I don't know when that happened but my cunt drips at the discovery. Lance notices, swiping up my slit with his other hand—the hand that doesn't have a finger buried to the knuckle in my ass.

Lance finds my face through my sweaty hair, and shows me the other collar. “Open,” he says after stretching it out between his hands before me. He slips the leather between my teeth, then says, “Bite.”

There's rustling behind me, Aug's fingers pushing my hair off my neck and back and then the sound of a metallic clink. My neck is pulled back and I know then that Aug and Lance are going to share the leash. My pulse skitters at the revelation.

Aug pulls the leash, raising me up on my haunches like a wild animal. While my arms flail and lube slips down my thighs, Lance slides onto the bed, feeding his legs between mine, splayed out on his back, hard cock in his fist.

I gasp just as Aug lowers me back down, and as I'm catching my breath and letting the stars in my peripheral vision dissipate, they're there, at my hole, two blunt, wide heads pushing in.

Instinctually I surge forward, trying to escape the biting pain but the leash squeals as Aug yanks me back. “Ah, ah, ah,” he warns, his fingertips sliding up and down the crack of my ass as Lance raises his hips beneath me, feeding his cock into my ass, slow inch by slow inch.

“Let it hurt, that's part of the punishment, right?” Aug says, his knuckles grazing my cheek as he grips himself beneath his crown. I love the way it feels, him touching himself behind me, grazing me, giving me hints of what he's doing without me actually being able to see. It's so hot. My head falls forward and I meet Lance's eyes, hooded and hazy.

“Bite,” he commands, and around the drooly leather I bite down just as he thrusts up, hard and fast, sinking the rest of himself inside my tight channel. And god am I tight. I can feel how tight I am, how I'm squeezing his cock—his eyes roll into his head as he growls, “Goddamn it she's strangling me. Get in here Aug, get in here now baby.”

My neck is given slack, and Aug's hand comes to grip my hip, the leather leash pinched between us. At my hole, I feel him as he pushes the broadest, widest part of him inside me. I want to scream, I want to drag myself along the mattress, away from the burning pain of fullness.

But equally, I want to feel them claim me this way. Take my ass, both of my doms, at the same time, and fucking own it. I bite down on the leather collar so hard that my teeth ache and a searing burn spreads through my jaw. Still, I bite hard as Aug groans behind me, his cock sliding inside me, along Lance.

"Oh fuck," Aug groans, his grip on my hip getting uncomfortably tight. "Goddamn, it feels so good being in this tight ass with you," he rasps to Lance before bringing his chest at my back, putting his lips at my ear. "You're taking us so well, little pup. You're doing so, *so good*."

The praise is blinding, my brain turns to mush as I wiggle my ass, the burning fullness sending an achy need through my hips. Aug grips me tighter and all around me, they move. Lance thrusts up, Aug pumps in, and my ass stretches and burns with each grunted, needy stroke they feed me.

Listening to how good I'm making them feel, how good they're making each other feel—I can't believe it but an orgasm builds inside, somewhere between my groin and belly. I want to ask one of them to touch my clit but I don't. Leather hard between my teeth, their grunts blurring my senses, Aug's sweat on my back, Lance's lip pinched between his teeth from restraint—I don't think I need to. The pressure in my ass and belly is so intense, I'm on the brink of explosion.

"Let me feel your cum," Aug tells Lance, "Let me feel your cum in this ass, let me feel you claim her first," he growls, surprising me with another harsh tug of the leash. My head jerks back and falls forward, breaking my focus, driving my orgasm off another few seconds. I whimper, the pressure between my legs so great, so intense, I think I'll black out if I don't come soon.

Then below me, my golden haired Sir rasps my name, broken and thin, before stilling inside me. “B,” he croons, using the nickname my bestie uses for me. It’s the first time he’s called me anything other than Brielle, and it feels more momentous than a nickname. It feels like a branding, a branding to go along with the claiming. And I love it.

And I love when heat spreads through my ass, a foreign feeling I’ve never experienced.

The rumble that crawls through and erupts from Aug’s chest shakes me to my core.

“Oooh fuck, that’s it, mark her, claim her, show her who she fucking belongs to,” he groans as he pumps into my ass, his fat cock slippery against Lance’s erection, which still flutters and pulses inside me. Then it happens.

Aug stills behind me, and his simple “*Ooh*,” pushes me over.

I come, and I don’t know how since nothing is inside my pussy and my clit isn’t even grazing a blanket, still, I come in hard, long, core tightening waves. Waves of release that rock me so hard my vision blurs. Aug’s cum tears through me, adding to the heat already there. His cock twitches, heat floods, and in response, my ass tightens around them both, my body bounces gently, and I whimper with pleasure.

“Yes, fill me up, make me yours. I belong to you both, I’m yours,” I breathe before the final wave of orgasm washes over me, pushing me down into Lance’s chest. The intensity of the whippings, the stretching, the pain, the punishment—all of it crashes down around me as my eyes flutter closed, my chest heaving.

Aug pulls out of me first, that much I know because I’m lying on Lance. Cum splashes against my thighs, but I lie there, sticky and sated, trying to catch my breath. Aug’s lips and his stubble tickle the back of my ear as he whispers, “Stay.”

Not that I was going to get up, but the command pleases me. His fingers removing the collar while Lance’s hand

strokes up my spine please me, too.

I doze off at some point, and when I wake up, I find myself in silk pajamas, in the center of Aug's bed, the TV flickering against the blankets. Around me are two naked men passing a bowl of popcorn over my body. Aug peers at me through one squinted eye.

"You're awake," he comments with a sexy smile curling his lips.

"You guys dressed me?" I yawn, stretching my feet into the cool pockets of sheets.

Lance lifts me from the bed, stuffing pillows behind me to prop me up, and I let him. My body is limp like a rag doll. He lifts his palm to my mouth, and I nibble a piece of popcorn from him.

"Yes, we cleaned you up and dressed you. You crashed pretty hard." He reaches back toward the nightstand and retrieves two white pills and a cup of water. "Here, to combat the soreness."

I clench my ass, finding it indeed sore. Aug winks. "Open." I open my mouth and he gently places the pills on my tongue, and lifts the cup to my lips, tilting to give me a drink.

I take a few more bites of popcorn from Lance's palm, but find myself exhausted. And as I start to doze, I remember how this all started.

I catch a yawn with the back of my hand as I snuggle into the bed. "The talk, we still need to have the talk."

They stroke their hands through my hair. "Tomorrow, sweetheart. You rest now."

And I do, falling asleep so quickly I don't even get to say "Okay."

**twenty-seven**

...

I'm not mad about it.



## **augustus**

BRIELLE IS STILL ASLEEP, AND I KNOW IT'S EVERYTHING WE put her through last night. Our pet is exhausted and so we let her sleep. Lance, with nothing but sweats slung low on his hips, brushes his fingertips along the small of my back as he drifts by.

I rinse the reusable coffee filter out at the sink, watching him as he sifts through the mug cabinet, looking for his favorite. His lean arms above him, muscles flexed, my body grows warm at having him back in my home, watching him casually. I've missed him but I'm realizing now, not just him. I've missed the subtle intimacy of a relationship.

I love the sex. Love it. I thrive in my dom space. But there's something so fulfilling about the other side of the coin. Someone sleeping on your chest, their toes sweeping the back of your thigh, watching them sift through the mail or load the dishwasher. It's domestic bliss, I suppose, and I've missed it. And now I have it with two people.

"I am lucky to have you. And B," I tell him, watching him still as I wash the filter. The water scalds my hands but I can't take my eyes off him. My gaze drops down his torso, curved with muscles, and I spot his cock beneath his sweats, partially hard. I know it's just morning wood, the result of simply waking up and owning a cock. But still, my body reacts. Because I'm high all the time now, moments away from sex at any given moment.

That's what having it all does. I have an endless hard-on for the two of them all the damn time. And I'm not mad about it.

Then it occurs to me, nothing can happen right now. Not until we talk about this. The way she wanted, yes, but the way we needed to.



I force my focus back on my task at hand, loading the filter and scooping grounds into it.

“We’re lucky to have each other this way,” he says, still rummaging distractedly through the cupboard.

I hit start on the pot and bump his hip with mine. “It’s already out.”

Lance spins to the face the counter where I lay out breakfasts and lunches. When it was just Lance and myself living here, I got up before him every morning, made us breakfast and packed us lunches. I set out his coffee, his favorite mug and all the fixings, every single morning.

That’s the dominant in me that exists outside the bedroom. I am driven to and fulfilled by taking care of the people I love. All the time. And I believe that is what gives me such willing pups, the fact that they know that if they lay themselves bare at my feet, I will use them to please myself, but bring them pleasure and care tenfold, in appreciation, in worship, out of love.

“Thanks,” he smiles, and our eyes hold there, in my kitchen, sizzling as they say all the things we don’t want to verbalize.

*I was scared I’d never have this again.*

*I’ve missed you.*

*I love you.*

“We need to talk,” I decide on finally after pouring an inch of creamy oat milk into his mug, bringing the frothing wand to it. “We need to decide a few things.”

Lance nods. “I want to move back in. And I want B to move in, too.”

I grin. “That’s one item on the list of things we need to talk about. The other—”

I’m interrupted by a very aggressive knock on the front door. And that aggressive, loud, borderline abusive knock is followed by four doorbell rings. *Four*. Back to back. And then yet another door pound.

It's a quarter after seven on a goddamn Saturday, and I do not appreciate whoever this is and they are moments from finding out what a pissed off Augustus Moore looks like. "Who is it?" Lance calls as he trails after me, his bare feet slapping against the tile as I stomp toward the door.

"I don't fucking know but she's asleep, goddamn it, and I'd like her to stay that way until she's ready." I slip the chain from the lock and twist the deadbolt, yanking the door open with so much force that my doorstep vibrates and shudders under my wrath.

A tall man stands on my porch, hair the color of Lance's. Except his is cut shorter, combed neatly in a style that can only be described as "someone's father", but he wears a well-tailored suit and from the looks of it, he's fit beneath that suit. He stands tall, shoulders back, amber eyes searching mine. Something about him is slightly familiar, or something about that shade of brown in his eyes reminds me of someone.

"Augustus Moore?" he asks loudly, almost indignantly. My eyes drop to his hands, looking for a manilla folder or any sign that I'm being served or something. But I find his hands empty, nothing but balled up fists.

"Who are you?" I ask, shoving a hand through my sleep-styled hair, realizing just now I'm in nothing but sweats, not even a shirt. But the man's eyes never leave mine. In fact, they stay pinched on mine like he's afraid to look away, and that interests me. I scratch up my sternum, studying him. "Who are you?" I ask again as he just stares at me.

Lance's chest connects with my back slightly as he steps up behind me. "You pound on doors and ring doorbells before eight in the morning everywhere you go or what, asshole?" he snarks and in response, the man in the fitted suit with the shiny blonde hair, rolls his eyes.

"Oh shit," I breathe, my chest hollowing at the gesture. I recognize those eyes and I'd know that eye roll anywhere.

"I'm an asshole?" he shouts, stabbing his fingers into his chest as he wavers forward toward Lance. "I think I'm looking at the asshole right here," he tells Lance, waving up and down

my body without so much as a glance. “I’m not the one who lures young women to my porno studio and fucks them with my buddy, then makes them cut contact with their family.” Slowly, his dark eyes drift to mine. “I’m Quincey Parker. Where is my daughter?”

My mind spins. My first reaction is to rear back and sock him in his filthy fucking mouth for talking about what we have in such callous and simple terms. But Lance grips my wrist and steps forward, speaking in a low, calming tone, which is what I need right now. Someone to offset my out of bounds anger.

“She’s inside, and she’s asleep. Keep your voice down and you can come in and we can talk about this like rational adults.”

Quincey glares at Lance then me, and finally gives a curt nod, stepping inside the house. We usher him into the den and slide the slatted doors closed.

“She’s in that program to learn, not to be dragged into some weird sex cult,” Quincey growls, making Lance stifle a snort. I grab my hip with one hand and pinch my gaze in on the man that raised our woman. I see her in him, the old her. The her that thought Crave was a mistake, the her that existed before she knew her own talent and worth.

“We’re in a relationship. She started at Crave as a protégé, and she still is. But outside work, we developed a relationship. The two are unique and separate,” I say, holding onto calm with all my damn might.

“Church and state,” Lance adds.

“So when you get tired of her and dump her, you mean to tell me she’s gonna stay at your little company and get equal treatment? You mean to tell me she’s gonna find the same job afterward that she’d have found if she wasn’t some grown men’s sex fantasy?”

“Dad?”

The three of us turn to the partially opened den doors, and there she is. Golden hair in long, tangled but beautiful waves

all around her face and down her chest. Over her silk pajamas she's wearing my fleece hoodie, and on her legs are Lance's sweats. She looks adorable. And more than that, she truly looks like *ours*.

Lance and I outstretch an arm each at the same time, and she comes to us easily, her eyes on her father. We drop our arms around her shoulders and hold her as she blinks at her father.

"Why-why are you here?" She pushes hair off her face, prompting Lance to gather her long hair and place it down her back for her. "How did you know I was here?"

"Not important," he says quickly, nostrils flaring, eyes flicking to us briefly before going back to his daughter. "The fact is, you're ruining everything you've worked for, Brielle. This is a mistake. This is an embarrassing, humiliating mistake." He motions toward the door, straightening his suit with this other hand. "Let's go. Come on. I'll take you back to your apartment, and I'm willing to overlook this."

"She isn't ruining anything. And whether or not we fell in love with her doesn't change a single thing: she's talented. She has an eye for human connection, and her talent is best served in adult work. And if you gave half a shit about her talent being put to use, you'd have looked up Crave and learned that our *little company* is the most profitable, safest, best adult film production company in the nation."

"He's the best director in the business," Lance says of me, his voice thickening with irritation and defensiveness. He is my passive pup but he can also be my fierce and loyal pup, too.

"She will, so long as she wants, be a director at Crave. She will make more money than you make, and go on to win many awards. How do I know? Because she's like us. She sees the things we see. She recognizes opportunities, spots shortcomings. And she's artful. And she doesn't just belong at Crave, but she also belongs with us. Men that love her unconditionally, that let her thrive where she blooms instead of

forcing her into a field of barren soil that doesn't nurture her whatsoever."

Silence floods the few feet between us. Her voice is so weak and unrecognizable from the strong, vibrant woman I work side by side with every day. "How did you know I was here? And how did you know about us?"

She steps out of our hold, toward her father, and the sight of her chin wobbling nearly breaks me.

"How did you know?"

**twenty-eight**

...

I only wear one leash



## **brielle**

DESPITE THE UTTER CHAOS THAT IS GOING ON RIGHT NOW, I'M actually incredibly calm. In fact, it's my father that seems a bit off kilter at the moment. I study his eyes, the ones that look just like mine, and I look for answers. Something's off but I don't know what.

"How did you know I was here?" I don't offer him lifelines. I just ask and wait. His nostrils flare, his lips part and close and his eyes veer away from me.

He's going to lie. All the signs are there.

"I followed you here last night," he says, but even he isn't sure of his own lie. The way the word *followed* wavers just a little. It could be imperceptible to them, but I know. I know he's lying. A stab in the dark, hoping my life is contained between three locations and that he's precisely speared one of them.

"From my apartment?" I offer, earning me an immediate nod.

"Yes. I followed you here, I just said that."

I lick my lips and pray to baby Jesus that my guys stay quiet. "So why didn't you do this last night?" I step even closer to my father. "Didn't want to be a *cock block*?"

"Brielle," Aug says softly, not scolding but sparing. As if he doesn't want me to waste my energy.

"God, why do you have to be so vulgar?" he asks, shaking his head, all disappointed. "I wanted to wait until you had a level head. Evening is no time to argue, not after a long day," he says, fidgeting in his suit, uncomfortably treading water in his sea of lies.

"So you waited at my apartment until I came home and then you followed me here and came back this morning?" I



fold my arms across my chest, internally screaming because *I have him.*

He nods. “I did. Because you keep dodging my calls, Brielle. Seems like you’ve forgotten who pays for this entire operation. Your apartment, the schooling, all of it.” He straightens like these facts give him the backbone to stand over me, judging me, making choices for me. Like the money is his leash.

Only... I only wear one leash, the men who hold it are standing right behind me.

“I told you already,” I say, controlling my tone because I do not want to be like him. I don’t want him to win. And he isn’t just here to tear me away, he’s here to win. He’s here to get me to snap to prove to me all the mistakes I’m making. “You ghost me all the time when you’re pissed. Now you’re getting a taste of your own medicine and you don’t like it. Well guess what?” I press my finger into his stupid suit. “Too fucking bad.”

“Don’t make a fool of yourself,” he says, laughing. *Fucking laughing.* “Get in the car, I’ll talk to Mr. Leon, we’ll get you reassigned and move on from this nightmare.”

“Ezra is a personal friend of mine, I’ll see to it that she stays on this mentorship. She’s a great *protégé*, and rather than fight against what she’s good at, perhaps you should focus on a way to understand and accept it.” Aug’s words wrap around me like a hug and Lance loops his arms around my chest, pressing a kiss to my cheek. Aug steps forward, putting a barrier between us and my father.

“She didn’t go home last night. She went to a place around the corner first. So you didn’t follow her here,” Aug says, as a satisfying burn tears through me. “You’re here scolding her, but you’re the dishonest and angry one.”

“She doesn’t belong here with men two times her age! She doesn’t belong here! This isn’t right,” he shouts, losing his cool as he unravels completely. Yes, we’re uptight and high strung and yes, dad has lost his cool more times than I can count. But right now, his head endlessly shaking from side to

side, hands smoothing down his breast lapels over and over—something is not right.

I pull out of Lance's arms. "How did you know I was here? And don't say you followed me. We already debunked that."

From his pocket, his phone rings. It's Saturday so I know it's not the office. My dad is a workhorse all week but the weekends are for him. He plays hard—golf, boating trips, extravagant fundraisers, beach getaways. He never works on the weekend.

His hand flies to his suit jacket where he digs around, struggling to silence the call. His gaze comes back to me. "What does it matter?" He lowers his voice, attempting to soften it to a fatherly tone that he's never been great at possessing. "Is this really what you want, Brielle? What happened to documentary making and—" He swipes a hand over his forehead, which I now notice is coated in a sheen of sweat. "Is *this* really what you want? How can you get all that you want from life in this abnormal, unusual relationship? Huh? Or are you just here because this is how you're succeeding at your *mentorship*?" he says dripping the last word in a sneer of disgust.

His phone rings again and before he silences it, I make a move for his pocket and snatch it away. His immediate and panicked reach has my heart racing. *Why is he being so weird?*

Lance and Aug create a barrier as I step back and look down at the phone.

The number isn't programmed in, but it doesn't need to be. Because I've seen those numbers enough times to know.

I swallow, heat clinging to the back of my eyes as my pulse thuds in my ears, deafening my shock. Almost. "Winnie?"

She told my dad where I was and worse, she told him why I'm there—that I'm with them.

*I can't think of a worse betrayal.*

"I think you should probably give her some space," Aug says, placing a gentle hand on my dad's chest. "And she'll

contact you when she's ready.”

I watch as my dad goes speechless. I think it's the first time ever. And no amount of telling me what he pays for will get him back in this house, and he knows it.

“Fine,” he harrumphs, straightening his already straight suit jacket before sheepishly sticking out his upturned palm. “My phone,” he says, waiting.

It starts ringing again, right as I'm about to pass it off, only it's not actually ringing. It's a text message. My eyes read it before I give myself permission. It's impossible not to read a text when you're staring at a phone screen, I swear.

And after I read it, I look at my father and though he hasn't read the message, he knows that I now know that he has gone behind my back yet again. As if convincing my best friend to rat me out isn't bad enough.

I swallow around a lump of rage and confusion, embarrassment and shame. “Why did you text Mr. Leon?” I ask, my voice weak and wavering from the revelation. “Oh my god,” I breathe, my knees suddenly feeling as weak as my voice. “Get out,” I say and then with more strength I repeat myself, because those two words are the only thing that fills my brain at this moment. “Get out!” I throw the phone at him and it falls to the floor, shattering the glass screen. I step for it and kick it, watching it hit the closed front door with a resounding thud. “Get out you asshole! Get out!”

Aug and Lance follow him out the front door, blocking his view of me as he attempts to look back over his shoulder, saying my name low and slow, like he's only just now realizing that he possibly is in the wrong. Years of teaching me to go after what I want, grab it with both hands because if I don't someone else will. And I did it. I embraced this mentorship and it unknowingly changed my life, and now he's trying to ruin it. Behind my back, no less, all because he doesn't like it.

I sink to the floor, my body nothing more than a heap of bones and flesh. How could he embarrass me to my professor that way? The front door opens and closes, and Aug and Lance

are there, helping me to my feet. We head to the kitchen where coffee and breakfast wait.

After sitting down, I sip the coffee Aug passes me, my mind an absolute mess as the two of them take seats around me. Lance sips his coffee a little before clearing his throat. “What do we want to tackle first? Do we want to tackle our thing here, do we want to get Ezra squared away or should we handle Dad?”

I twist my neck to look at him. “Winnie ratted me out to my dad. She didn’t just tell him where to find me, but she told him that we’re together. That *I’m sleeping with my bosses.*” I shake my head, just staring into the rippling surface of my steaming coffee. *Why would she do that?* Why would she hand him my most private information? It makes zero sense. “She usually talks shit about my dad,” I think aloud, sifting fingers through my insanely tangled hair. “Maybe he’s black mailing her or something? I don’t know. It makes no sense why she’d tell him that.” I lift my phone from the counter, where it’s been since last night. “And she hasn’t even called or texted me. Like, she’s just somewhere thinking everything is fine and in reality, she told my dad about my relationship and sex life!” It makes no sense, and those four words are all I can repeat to myself before Aug speaks up.

First his hand comes to my back. He comforts me in long strokes up and down my spine. “I think we find some stability first. Let’s talk about us,” Aug offers, smiling at me before taking a sip of his coffee.

Ready to get my mind off of the fact that my dad showed up here and my best friend betrayed me, I nod. “Us,” I agree, sifting through this morning in my mind. When my dad barged in here, they stood up for me, then ushered him out when he upset me. That’s... romantic. I sip my coffee and recall their words when *it* hits me, slaps me across the face and nearly knocks me off the barstool.

I turn my head, my eyes already hot with emotion, and look up into Aug’s crazy dark hair, tousled with sex and sleep. I study his gorgeous green eyes, sparkling and certain. “You guys said you love me,” I repeat, remembering the most

important parts of earlier. My dad is a jerk and my friend stinks, but I won't let the bad outweigh the good. This morning, *they said they love me*.

I turn and look at Lance, who winks over his coffee mug.

“Not really how I wanted that exchange of words to go down,” Aug adds, standing and reaching for the carafe to refill our mugs. Lance was closest but Aug rose and reached across the bar. It's subtle, but it shows me that he is, through and through, a man who thrives off not just control but *care*.

“But it's true?” I look between them until Lance feeds his fingers through mine, and Aug does the same. On my lap, I find both of my hands, each clinging to a man I trust, adore and love.

“It's true that when we started this, I didn't know what it would become. I didn't have any plans, honestly. I stopped making promises and running full speed and I just... followed my heart. And after doing that, I find myself in this house with you two, happier than I've ever been, happier than I thought I was previously, and so yeah, I'm certain that *this* is something I want. There will be lows, challenges, all that. But I want it. I want a full life with both of you. Because yes, Brielle, I love you. And Lance,” he directs an emotional gaze across my body, to him, “I love you.”

Lance tugs our joined hands, asking for my attention, so with watery eyes, I face him.

“I love you, too.”

He cracks a grin, and the three of us burst into laughter. I use the cuffs of my sleeves to wipe tears from my eyes before finally saying, “I get a speech from him and four words from you, huh?”

He shakes his head, raking his big hand down his bare chest. “Aug's got big speeches covered.” He leans in, his breath smelling like coffee and desire. “You'll learn he's the mushy one.”

I giggle at that, taking another sip of my coffee, so appreciative that they've taken my mind away from the chaos

for at least the morning. “I don’t know, I might be mushy. I haven’t decided yet.”

Aug cuts off our banter by rising from his seat, and circling the counter to the covered pan of eggs. He plates up breakfast and instead of sitting down at my side, where he was before, he stands before us, watching us eat.

“You gonna eat?” I ask, hunger taking over at the sight and smell of good, home cooked food.

“After I talk.”

Lance wiggles his mug, and Aug refills him, taking care to froth oatmilk separately and carefully pour it on top. “Thanks baby,” he says.

“Brielle, what kind of relationship do you want here? Do you want all or nothing when it comes to the physical side?”

I rest my fork near my plate and take another drink of coffee. The adrenaline of the morning is starting to wear off, and fatigue is creeping back in.

“What do you mean?”

“You can be with Lance when I’m not around. I know that love is what bonds us, and sometimes, you two may be together and turned on and need to fuck it out, and I get it. But what do you want? Because Lance and I, we’ll give you everything you want. That’s why we’re here.”

I think hard about what he’s asking. I try to imagine how I’d feel coming home to Lance and Aug in the shower together, or opening our office to find Lance bent over the desk. “I trust *us*,” I tell them, truthfully, because not even a single molecule of jealousy rises up in me at the idea of any of those things. I just want the three of us to be as happy and fulfilled as we can be. “And I have no problem if you two hook up when I’m not around or hell, when I *am* around.” I smile at Aug and turn to give Lance the same expression. “I trust you both because... I love you both.”

Lance grips my knee. “What’s the deal with your apartment? Hmm? Your dad pay for it or was he just on one saying that?”

My shoulders sag as the rest of reality slithers back in, popping the blissful bubble of throuples and love. “He pays for it,” I admit, feeling sheepish and silly. “He’s always paid for everything.”

“Now I pay for everything,” Aug says, giving me the most pointed gaze I’ve ever seen. “You’re free to do whatever you want after the mentorship, even if that means you don’t want to work at Crave. But your salary, the money you earn, that’s for whatever you want. But living here, with me, being ours, I pay for the house, I pay for the food and all the bills. That’s my job.”

“Living here?” His house is so gorgeous, and the idea of sleeping anywhere but with the two of them sours my stomach.

“My pups live with me,” he says darkly, smiling, and holy crap. He wags a finger at my flushed cheeks. “Before there’s any playtime, we need to talk about your father.”

“I think we invite him for dinner this week,” Lance says aloud, a piece of bacon halfway to his lips. “I know you’re angry he tried to get you out of the program, and I get it. But he’s not twenty-six like you—”

“You’re both old men and you’re not porn shamers!” I argue with a smirk.

Lance’s eyes turn to their familiar shade of angry blue. “I’m going to leave that comment alone because we claimed that tight ass of yours last night and all that residual pain may be messing with your head,” he says, his tone dripping with sex and snark, both of which turn me on. “I think it will serve us all to remember that love is the most important thing. Your dad loves you. He doesn’t understand what we do and what you’re doing. But I think we can fix things. Okay?”

“See?” Aug says, raising his eyebrow playfully. “He’s mushy, too.”

I hear him, though. And instead of flying off the handle and ignoring them both forever, I hear what Lance is saying to me about my dad and Winnie.

Lance smiles. "He's your dad. Family is important." He motions to Aug. "We consider Claire family, and she's an ex." Aug strokes his knuckles down my cheek. "He's right. Family is important. Let's try and fix it."

"Fine," I say. "Dinner here next week."

I still can't believe Winnie told my dad everything. What a backstabber.



**twenty-nine**

...

The night is young



## augustus

SHE SLIDES THE PAPER ACROSS HIS DESK AND I WATCH HIM shift uncomfortably in his seat before dropping his pen to it and signing. “There,” he says, waving her off. The set hand leaves and as she does, Brielle enters the office.

Her long, blonde hair is disheveled, like she just took a helmet off or something, and her cheeks are full of color, a glow of sweat on her forehead. “Alright,” she breathes, tugging at her blouse.

I smirk. “Hot?”

She rolls her eyes, then glances over at Lance, who looks as heated and flustered as she does. “How long is this shoot again?” she wrinkles her nose, shifting her weight from foot to foot.

My smirk grows. “Forty-five minutes, that’s all we have Uma for,” I reply. I’ve shot scenes and films where I knew I was shooting an award winning piece. The performances were stellar, the set was beyond incredible, and the flow of it all was so natural and erotic.

But I’m more excited for the next forty-five minutes than I have ever been before. I’ve written the scene specifically with us in mind, though the actors don’t know that. And this scene—hell, this film—is the first of its kind for Crave. And the first title that Brielle will have her name on as an official director.

Lance rises, adjusting the dark belt looped through his navy slacks. Fitted navy slacks. The ones that show the thickness growing down his thigh. I nod to his crotch. “You have a situation.”

Brielle snickers and I shoot her a pointed look, wagging my finger at her. “Don’t make fun. If I took a swipe right now, I’m sure you’d have a situation, too. Only, yours isn’t visible.”

In order to honor today's shoot, I plugged my pups. They put them in this morning, and now I hold their remotes in my pocket. Every few minutes I give them each a buzz or jolt, and watch them squirm. I want them so horny that by the time we get back to our place after work, they're nothing but salivating, eager, obedient pups.

Lance looks down, as if he didn't know he was getting hard, and lets out a string of expletives. "Goddamn it, I can't go out there like this!" He rubs his palm over it, attempting to readjust, but gets fatter and harder from the movement. "Fuck! I'm making it worse."

"Technically better, but," Brielle comments, biting into her knuckle to stifle the rest of that sentence. Lance's eyes are murderous as he reaches down his slacks. A moment later he pats his groin. "There. Belt trick."

I salute him. "Nice work. Now I'll see you two out there, I have a call to make."

Lance circles his desk and as he and Brielle walk out the door together, I hear her ask, "What's a belt trick?"



After I make a call, I collect my things and head out to the set, where everything is moments from beginning. Lance has run many scenes, and he's a wonderful director, too. This isn't the first time Crave has made a film without me pacing the edge of the set. Before though, when they'd film without me I'd feel anxious and concerned, and not because of Lance's skill or talent. More like, I didn't know how to exist without directing.

I stand a few feet back from where they sit in their canvas chairs, Lance's feet on the wooden bar, knees spread as he

stares at the set waiting. Brielle's knees are together, ankles crossed, pink leather heels perched on the foot bar. She motions to something on set, and Lance leans in, narrowing his eyes. A moment later he makes a comment, and she nods. Cohen comes over, the three of them share words, he adjusts where the faux hearth on casters rests, and they fall back into comfortable, anticipatory silence.

Watching them create together, work together, direct the script that came from my heart—that anxious idle feeling I've always had before isn't there anymore. Rather, I imagine this must be what it feels like to watch your child take their first steps or something. I'm proud, and fighting a corny grin.

Reaching for the remotes in my pocket, I tap each of them, sending a singular buzz to each toy. Brielle's back straightens as Lance's head falls back, his groan of frustration heard from here.

They're both going to be so miserably grouchy tonight. I can't fucking wait.

I find my way to them, taking a seat next to Brielle, who always sits between us. "One minute," Lance calls to the set full of people, and the three of us watch as set hands and Alexa scatter off, leaving the three stars under the dim lights.

Lance leans forward, elbows to knees, glaring at me. "I haven't flipped through the script but I'm telling you now, if they use any of the words *we* use, you better not use that remote." His brow falls into a firm line as he cautions me. "It's been four days," he reminds us, as if we weren't running our own mental tally. "Don't use the remote."

Brielle fans herself with the script as Lance taps on his iPad and a moment later, while I'm basking in my power, he calls a countdown. I watch Brielle's pink fingernails curl around the slates as she slaps them closed, shouting, "Go."

A collared Uma drops to her knees, fingertips bracing the floor as she looks up to Fox and Dean. Fox extends his hand out, and I watch with rapt attention as she nuzzles against it, a low purr rumbling in her chest. He hooks his finger through the metal loop on her collar, guiding her to the hands of Dean,

who strokes his hand through her hair first in a gentle, stroking pet.

While he pets her, Fox retrieves a brush from the table nearby, and begins pulling it through her hair. She nuzzles the petting hand, as Fox brushes her and at that moment, I click the remotes, putting the plugs into a three-minute intermittent vibe mode. Brielle shifts immediately, and when I dart my eyes to Lance, I see him gripping the arm rests of his chair, head tipped forward, a strand of his blonde hair dangling over his eyes. He hates hair in his face, it's part of why he does the James Dean swoop. But he's not pushing it away and I know why.

He's on the edge. Any slight movement at this point could cause... an accident. Even just brushing hair off his face.

Last week, we moved in together, the three of us. But for the last four days, we haven't had quality time alone. The first two evenings were spent tidying up at Lance's place, waiting in the rental office to get his deposit back, and getting his mail transferred along with running back to pick up packages. We were so tired by the time we got home, the three of us just slept in an exhausted heap. The last two evenings had been spent getting everything from Brielle's apartment near campus, replacing the light fixture we broke when moving out her mattress, and then finding places for her things. We donated most of it, but that took time, too, as places in the city don't always take full bedroom sets and couches due to space.

Four long days of lying in the arms of your lovers and having no sexual release.

They're miserable, and so am I. Only, I'm having fun watching them squirm.

Lance calls for a cut, ordering Brielle to reposition Fox slightly so that Uma's head doesn't block either of their cocks.

"Why don't you go do it, since it's your call," she says through a fake smile.

His nostrils flare. "I can't do it, but you can," he hisses.

I tap the remote again, turning Lance's from level one to level five, because him hot and bothered is exactly where I want him later. With Brielle's, I turn it to level three because she's had less anal stimulation so a three for her is comparable to a five for Lance.

Brielle leaps up from her chair, breathless and sweaty, pushing the actor around by his shoulders, mumbling something about seeing his dick, and I have to bring my fists to my lips to stifle my smirk.

Lance leans over her empty chair, barely moving his lips when he whispers, "I'm making a mess over here."

I reach into my pocket and turn it up another level, earning a hiss and grimace from Lance. "Fuck," he whispers, facing the set, the word meant for me. "I can't take it much longer."

I roll my fingertips against the wooden armrest, smiling. "You have to." I turn to face him. "It's a command."

"Please," he rasps across the empty chair as Brielle finishes speaking with the actors, turning to come back.

I shake my head. "Hold it." Brielle takes a seat, sighing as she does, though her sigh sounds an awful lot like a moan. I lean in and warn her the way I warned him. "Hold it."

She nods fervently and then Lance calls "Go" and the scene resumes.

And the three of us watch in silence as Uma is fed by hand by her two Sirs. After she's full, they take turns mounting her, using her hot, wet cunt for their pleasure. When she cries out too much, they finally muzzle her, and when they've left her full, slippery cum sticky on her ass and thighs, they guide her by the collar to a pen. She curls up in a bed as they cover her crate with a dark sheet, and the scene ends.

Lance jumps out of his seat, waving to the actors as he heads to the office, iPad in front of his crotch. "Good work, great work everyone, see you tomorrow, have a nice night." He's down the hall and likely in the office before I even rise.

Brielle's face is flush, her eyes gauzy and distant, and when I outstretch my hand to her to help her down from her

chair, she stares at it like she's never seen a hand before.

"C'mon, let's get our things from the office and go," I tell her quietly as she blinks at my open palm.

"Oh, yeah, okay." she nods, slowly easing off her chair like her back is hurting. I guess having a vibrating plug stuffed up your naughty pup asshole looks a lot like throwing your back out. Who knew.

Once we're in the office, we find Lance already wearing his coat, hand braced on the edge of his desk as he waits for us. He's partially bent over, breathing hard, and though his pants are navy blue and the space is somewhat dark, I spot his cock, hard and big.

"Belt trick stopped working?" I ask, knowing I'm just as hard as he is, without the plug. *They're* my plug. Watching them writhe and ache for me, at my hand. It feels just as good, I swear.

He shakes his head. "What? I can't even think right now. Just—we need to go. Where's B?"

She lifts a hand from beside me, grabbing her purse after slipping into her coat. "Right here. Did you seriously not see me?" She pulls her long hair out from under her collar.

"I can't... we need to go," he says, practically moaning it, and God is he hot like this, when he's toeing the line of explosion. I look at Brielle, and search for the same desperate need in her. I don't quite see it, though I can see she is affected and horny, she isn't as wildly needy as he is. It could be the fact she hasn't fully warmed up to ass play yet, I don't know.

Knowing Lance needs focus, and also wanting to explore how Brielle is feeling before we enter a scene at home tonight, I ask him to drive.

I slide into the backseat with Brielle, and Lance doesn't even give us grief about playing chauffeur, or whine about how he's left out. He's so close to the edge that he can't even be grouchy—that's close.

I push her skirt up, moving my hand between her thighs to make space until she opens for me. I reach under her skirt,



tugging the drenched crotch of her panties aside. Her bottom lip wavers as she sucks in a breath, waiting. “Please.” But I don’t touch her. Her cunt radiates heat and my fingers linger there, next to her lips, but I don’t touch her.

I know from her panties that she’s as bad off as Lance is. I shake my head. “No.” I nibble her jaw, and kiss her neck. “You’re ready, I can feel that much,” I tell her, reaching into my pocket for one of the two collars. I brought them to work with me, kept them in the opposite pocket as the remotes, as a reminder that my pups have been miserable all day and need lots of extra love tonight.

And also, so I could collar one or both of them on the drive home, as foreplay of course.

I slide the collar beneath the curtain of silky hair, and groan in response to her moan flanking my lips as I buckle it. I give it a tug, bringing her lips to mine, loving how she immediately kisses me and doesn’t wait.

“I have to admit something,” she hums against my lips, reaching up to hold my wrist where I tug at her collar. Lance growls from the driver’s seat, aggressively flicking the blinker.

I turn away from her to address him, our eyes meeting in the rearview for a moment as he slows to a red light. “Don’t worry,” I laugh, unbuckling as I slide to the edge of my seat. I reach around the headrest, looping his collar around his neck. It takes work at this angle, but I buckle it to his throat as the light turns green. He settles into his seat, a bit more relaxed. When I’m back in my seat, I find the remote and turn him back on a three-minute torture cycle.

Immediately he slams a palm to the steering wheel. “Goddamn it!” he yells, earning a smirk from both Brielle and myself.

I lick her lips before kissing her. “He’s a grouchy pup,” I tell her, knowing full well I’ve made him what he is. Happy that I have, in fact. “Now, what were you saying?”

I slide my hand between her thighs, dusting my fingertips over her mound, right above her lips. She whines and wiggles,

surging her hips forward, trying to force me to touch her. I pull my hand back and grin. “Speak.”

Through a tremble she finds my eyes, darkness flitting through the cab as Lance drives us through a tunnel leading to the residential side of the city. “Tonight, I want to use toys,” she starts, pacing herself so I know there’s more. Hell, there’s got to be more because we use toys together often.

I’ve whipped them both with leashes and collars, but we also have floggers and crops. We have plugs and dildos and strap ons—I mean, we have it all. I smile down at her as street lights illuminate her face for a short moment. “That’s easy.”

“That’s not all,” she says. “I want to use toys on myself, by myself.”

I arch a brow. “Sweetheart, I’d watch you play with your ass and pussy any time. But after a day of teasing and torture—”

She cuts me off with a shake of her head, blonde waves framing her face. She looks so gorgeous in this dim light, and when I glance up to find Lance’s blue-silver eyes in the rearview, I can’t help but think he looks just as gorgeous. I’m a lucky man.

“I won’t be the show, you two will be.” She bites her bottom lip, eyes darting around the dark cab, desperate for a pulse on her admission. I stroke my hand down my evening stubble, trying to understand.

“Darling,” I start, but again, her words spill out of her, coating the entire car, leaving us to do nothing but swim in them and absorb her wishes.

“I want you to make love to Lance. As your submissive.” She swallows, her eyes growing wide with fear and I realize then that she thinks we may decline her fantasy. “I want to see you two together. I mean, when I first met you both I thought you were so incredibly hot and handsome and—” she plucks at her blouse as she lifts off the seat slightly, fighting the plug which rears to a higher speed under my control. “Then I saw something. I saw a movie, or like, a home video,” she says

cautiously, as if she thinks she could be scolded for this. “It was an accident, you were yelling at me to take notes, get a notepad and so I went to your office and opened your laptop and a movie was playing.”

Lance shifts the car into park, and I realize that we’re home, in the garage. But we continue the conversation, with Lance turned around in the driver’s seat, facing us.

“A movie?” He questions, eyes burning into mine.

I sweep a hand through my hair and let out a sigh. “Our movies,” I reply, shame creeping up my spine. “I watched them on days where I felt...lost.” I meet his eyes. “Days where you gave me nothing but a cold shoulder—which I deserved—I’d watch our movies.”

“I’m sorry,” Brielle interjects. “I really didn’t—”

I raise a knowing palm, because I didn’t close that video when I closed the laptop. It was my careless fault, and I’m fortunate no one else opened my computer to see that. “Don’t worry. That was a weak moment, and it’s not your fault.”

“Well,” she continues, playing with the hem of her pencil skirt. “I saw you two together and—it was so beautiful but also so hot and I’m not trying to exploit you or fetishize you, it’s just... I love you both and I want to be part of everything.”

I look at Lance. “I had plans for the three of us, but if you’re willing to give B what she wants tonight, so am I.”

He smiles. “The night is young.”

I swallow hard, because I haven’t made love to Lance in so long. Toward the end of our relationship, we never made love. We fucked, rough and aggressive. I yanked his collar, drug him on the leash, forced him to gag on my cock just to see his saliva coat my sack. It was feral and angry, because we knew we had an expiration date, and neither one of us could find a work around.

The three of us move quickly through the garage, all driven by our own desires for the night. Brielle wants release, but she wants a peek into our past, too. To be a part of it, in the only way she can, and I like that. Lance has the libido of a

sixteen year old boy and the last four days of not orgasming have weighed on him like a year of celibacy. He needs to come, and though he's not let on that veering back to our singular dom-sub dynamic will take him on an emotional journey, I walk a little slower because I know two things.

I know it will be an earth-shattering experience, being inside him that way again. And I know it will irrevocably bond the three of us, too.

People can watch adult movies that we make all day. All night, even. And as inspiring as our films are, there's no personal connection or intimacy that can be felt while watching them. Because they are strangers on a set.

Watching someone make love to someone they love while you're sitting next to them? It's a heady, powerful, electric experience. I know. I tried to make things work with Claire, but when I attempted to be her cuck, watching her make love to her new partner, I nearly died.

But I love Brielle. And Lance does too. And she loves us. Her watching isn't just for her, the way she may be thinking.

I pet her soft hair as we all silently filter through the house, to our master bedroom. We're hungry, we're thirsty, Lance's favorite show is going to be on in twenty minutes.

None of that shit matters.

The bedroom door whooshes closed and it begins. Belts hit the floor, shoes sail across the room, Brielle curses when her hair tangles in her gold hoop earring as she yanks off her blouse, and finally, only a minute later, we're all stripped to nothing but underwear.

"Watch, but don't forget who's in charge," I tell her as I stalk past them to the bedside table, where I produce lube and a toy. A *special* toy.

Brielle points at the cock in my grip, and not the one angry in my briefs. "Is that Tuck?"

I nod, placing the cock on the floor, right on its suction bottom. Tuck bobs for a moment before I coat him in lube. Rising, I lift my chin. "Sit."

She squats over it, tugging her panties aside as she lowers slowly. As the head breaches her, color takes over her cheeks. “I’ll never look him in the eyes again,” she breathes, biting into her lip to keep the smile at bay.

Hovering over it, her eyes shine up at me and I realize she’s waiting for orders. Lance steps forward, stroking his palm along her cheek, down her neck. “Waiting for your orders?”

She nods eagerly.

“Fuck Tuck,” I say, nearly shaking my head at how apt the name really is. Her hand falls to the top of her panties, and though her pink lips are exposed, holding tight to Tuck, she strokes her clit beneath the thin fabric.

She sinks down in a single drop, I hear Lance’s swallow, and her hand strums her clit as her head falls back. I let her have a little fun, a minute at least of bouncing and moaning. Sweat glistens along her belly, even taking up residence in the velvety plain between her breasts.

“Stop,” I tell her, making her jerk her head forward, big brown eyes on me. With Tuck fully lodged inside her, I say, “Open.”

And what does my sweet pup do? She opens her fucking mouth, because it’s *in* her—the need to submit and give. I crack my knuckles as I face Lance, doing my best to ignore my own painful erection.

“Fuck her face.”

He blinks at me, and his eyes creep slowly over my lips, chest rising with a heated inhale as he does. “Don’t worry, I’m going to please my other pup very soon.” I reach down and collect the sticky liquid from my cockhead and drag the fluid along his bottom lip. “Now fuck her face.”

He licks his lips and my cock twitches, full of jealousy.

Then his back faces me and between his spread feet I see Fuck Tuck still lodged deep in Brielle. I cup myself, squeezing tight for one moment before looping my fingers through Lance’s collar, tugging him back. I see he’s already in her

mouth, but when I pull him, his cock follows. Brielle's mouth remains open as she watches us. I take his mouth in a hot kiss then do the same to her before stepping back to let them resume.

They wait for my word, and that makes my cock feel like it weighs heavily between my legs. "Give her what she wants, both of you come."

Brielle needs to know that if she gets her way, there's a price to pay. I'm the dom that exacts orgasms. She's gonna get to watch us make love, but in turn, she's coming for me endlessly. And Lance is going to take the punishment with her, like the equally needy pup he is.

I walk around them as his hips punch forward and her head slightly trembles back, the gurgles in her throat making me grind my teeth. His jaw is set, eyes laser focus on her open, pink lips that he plunges between every few seconds. When I'm behind her, I crouch, reach around, and with my hard cock pressed into her lower back, I push her hand away and rub her clit.

She's so slick that my fingers slide right over her clit, swollen and sensitive. The way she whimpers and moans, and Lance's cock is there to absorb the brunt of those cries, thank God. I'm so painfully hard, I think her full blown whimpers would have me pinning them both down to the bed, showering them both with my cum.

Her neck wobbles as I stroke her, and I know by the way she tries to lift herself off Tuck that she's close. She wants to ride, she needs friction, she's dying to feel the blunt head of that toy drive into her over and over.

"Sit." She can have her first orgasm be slightly torturous.

She whimpers as I look up at Lance, who is stroking one hand across the short blonde hairs on his chest, the other at his side. I wait for him to feel my gaze, then say, "The price for my pup to get her way is many orgasms, but bestowed at my command, and under my conditions. I don't want to be cruel to my pup but it's important for her not to find comfort in asking for things. So," I reach around with the hand not fucking her

clit and slap her breast. “This will have a mix of pleasure and pain.”

Lance blinks at me now, his idle hand now moving as he drums his fingers along his thigh anxiously. My cock likes that and slickness slides between my shaft and Brielle’s back, and she moans when it registers.

“Your turn, and you stop when I say you do,” I tell him, rubbing furiously at her clit as she tries to steal tiny grinds of Tuck.

Lance hits her right breast first. Her nipple tightens, the areola tightening as her tit pinkens from the slap. He does it again, in the same spot, and then quickly goes for the third on her left.

Reaching down, I stroke myself slowly, letting my knuckles and the knowing movement tease Brielle’s back. My hand never stops working her clit.

“Slap her cheek. Feel yourself in her mouth. Her greedy, hungry little mouth.”

The sound of Lance’s vast palm hitting Brielle’s cheek has me rubbing her faster, his hips moving quicker.

“Again,” I groan, now just holding my cock, not stroking.

He slaps her cheek again, and then again without a cue. And I rub her as she gargles around him, his breaths jagged and rough as he barely holds it together.

“Come,” I say quickly, knowing I have a small window of controlling their orgasm versus punishing them for orgasming.

She comes, her spine threatening to curve as it goes soft with her loss of control, but I wrap my other arm around her chest to hold her up, my cock hard against her back. I hold her as her cunt spasms and look up in time. Lance reaches out, taking Brielle’s head in his hand as he thrusts forward one final time. A guttural moan leaves his chest and her throat bobs, swallowing as he orgasms right in her mouth.

I give them a few seconds to twitch and throb, to come down from the unbelievable high, and then get to my feet. My

dick is the color of ripe raspberries and the tip is sticky and wet. It's not my turn yet but God am I ready.

Doms need to have patience, so I plunge my cock in Brielle's mouth, ordering her to lick me clean. Then I pull her to her feet and tell her to take Tuck and get on the bed. Lance takes his place on his back, pillows stuffed under his neck.

I knee onto the bed over Lance, but turn to face Brielle, who is lying on her side facing us. Her nipples are hard and her knees spread, one arm working Tuck into herself as she watches.

"First, no more plugs," I tell them, and watch my obedient pups reach between their legs, a look of hunger and satisfaction washing over them as they remove the toys.

I look her in the eyes. "I'm going to tell you about it, and I want you to imagine it." I lean in and kiss her, Lance's breath hitching as my wet cock presses into his inner thigh. She nods as I pull back and give him my focus.

Slowly, our mouths come together. His tongue is warm, and fits against mine so well. I remember these kisses—the slow and careful ones right before we make love. The ones that say more than I want you. That bear whole conversations of worth and meaning. I've missed these kisses, this close connection.

I pull my lips from his and look down into his eyes while telling Brielle. "His tongue feels so good inside my mouth, and his lips are so soft." I get comfortable over him, lowering myself to my elbows. Heat drifts off his core, warming my already balmy skin. I reach between us, notching my head at his hole.

He pulls his knees to chest, making room for me as I press into him, sinking inside an inch at a time. "Open." It's one of my favorites, and spans the gamut of need. His body relaxes as my hips slide forward, burying all of myself inside. The way his eyes flutter closed as his jaw flexes, allowing himself a moment of private delight before resuming his role of devout pup, it drives me wild.



My focus wobbles as my hips slow to a stop inside him, taking a moment to collect myself. I want to pummel him until his voice is hoarse tomorrow, until the neighbors know my name, until he can't move and doesn't even know who he is.

But I'm here to give them what they need first. I take his mouth again as my hips continue their slow roaming, my cock already throbbing, my impending orgasm coursing through my veins like lava, disintegrating everything in its path.

But I need them both to come first.

Shifting my bodyweight to one elbow, I reach between us again, this time filling my palm with him. He groans as my fingers wrap his shaft, and I turn to watch Brielle. Lip pinched between her teeth, she grabs her breast with one hand and drives Tuck inside of with the other.

"The way he feels beneath me," I tell Brielle, her hand speeding as soon as I speak. "So fucking good. So pliant and eager." I roll my hips forward, biting the inside of my cheek so hard that copper floods my tongue, "He lets me in on command because he wants me to take him, the same way you want me to fuck you, too."

She nods, the flush in her cheeks melting, spreading down her neck and breasts. I look down at Lance, who is peering at his cock in my hand.

"It's time to come again," I say before reaching for Lance's hand, my resolve tested at his muted whimper when I release my hold on his dick. "Come closer." She scoots toward us as I place Lance's fingers on her clit. "Rub her, and remember, good boys come only when they're told." I kiss his feverish lips before looking back at her.

My hips resume their glorious journey of tunneling him, long and deep strokes in, quick pulls back, over and over. He's fighting release, he's fighting a complete eruption over his belly and chest, I can see it in the way his eyes fight, wanting to look down at where I hold and touch him, but also wanting to last. He doesn't want to be punished. No one wants to be in the pen.

“He’s so hard right now, B,” I tell her, my eyes sweeping over his face. I become more breathless with each detail I take in; the sweat on his forehead, the way his soft blonde hair sticks to that sweat, the pink in his cheeks, the mark in his lip from biting down. The most beautiful thing is the silence he gives when he’s my submissive pup. No argument, no bite, just all willing and eager man, begging to please his Sir, and be pleased by him in return.

“He feels so good. But how does she feel, my boy? Speak. Tell me how good her cunt feels all over your fingers.”

He swallows hard as I turn my gaze to B, who is working Tuck harder now, Lance’s fingers skating over her nub in fevered strokes, both of them on the brink. “She’s... fuck she’s so wet. So swollen. She needs you, she needs you inside of her, too,” he breathes, his voice raspy and broken, like the mere idea of me fucking her while he watches is going to make him spill. I look down at my fist, the precum coating my hand and knuckles, and smirk down at him.

“Not yet,” I whisper, then turn back to her. “Come for him. Come for him now,” I command, and as if she were waiting for my cue like a good girl, her eyes snap shut, her mouth flies open, and the room is filled with silent but aggressive cries. Her legs straighten, toes curl, Lance’s fingers continue working, and I find his eyes closed beneath me, too.

For a few seconds, it’s like only the three of us in this world. In this heated, dense space that buzzes and sparks with electric chemistry, vibrant energy, feelings so big that there’s hardly room to breathe. I watch the man I love bring the woman I love to the crest, her orgasm spilling out of her relentlessly as she trembles and shakes right next to us, my hard cock deep inside of him. It’s a lot. And yet, I need more.

I need to finish him.

I look down at him, my fist resuming leisurely strokes as I saw my hips between his beautiful spread legs, feeding him the orgasm of his life. “Now,” I breathe, a drop of sweat journeying from my forehead to the tip of my nose, dropping

down to his cheek. His tongue darts out, collecting it as he nods, knowing exactly what I'm commanding.

"Fuck!" he howls, wasting no time as hips jerk up off the mattress, the hand touching Brielle's cunt now gripping her bare breast.

"Oh my god," she breathes, and from the corner of my eye, I see a sticky and discarded Tuck between her legs, her own hand replacing him.

"I'm coming, Jesus christ, *I'm coming!*" he howls and I look down in time to see his orgasm rocket from him, his hips thrusting with each hefty shot. He growls and groans as I fuck him through orgasms, rocking to my knees, pushing his legs up. I no longer stroke him but rather fuck his ass slow as the rest of his orgasm trickles out, touch free, his entire belly button full of cum, his entire chest a painted canvas of coitus.

From next to us, Brielle's hand comes down on Lance's chest, clutching at the cum streaked over his muscled body. She yelps, crying out as she cums for the third time, at her own hand. "Ohmygod, yes," she moans, her body writhing and curling as she comes.

As she's riding her orgasm out, I lift her hand from Lance's bare, heaving chest, and dip her cum-coated fingers into my mouth. Both of them exhale heavily at the notion, and I find sated adoration in their eyes.

But I haven't come yet.

"On the bed, legs open," I tell Brielle, who looks like her bones have gone liquid and her brain is on pause. Multiple orgasms will do that to you. "Now!" I snap, and watch in delight as she scrambles up the bed into position. I stroke my hand through my hair, sweat slick against my palm. From nearby, I grab our towel and wipe Lance's chest and belly off. I slide out of him, then use the unused damp side of the towel to clean off my cock.

"I'm gonna eat your pussy until you can't fucking see straight, and while I'm doing that," I tell her, turning to Lance who is sitting up, half-hard cock in hand. He surveys my bare

body, the dark hair on my belly rising up to my chest, the scruff growing thick along my jaw, and my slick, glistening cock, filling my large palm. I look at her, pink pussy on display, need in her eyes, her blonde hair clinging to her damp neck. My needy little pups, I can't help but think as I take position between her legs, on my elbows with my ass up. I give my other pup a gift I can tell he wasn't expecting. "Fuck me."

Immediately he reaches for the lube, filling his palm. The bed dips as he takes his place behind me, the sound of her touching her pussy and him stroking his lubed erection making my cock weep thick strands of precum straight onto the comforter. Sex is messy, that's life.

"Hands in my hair, and my hair only," I tell her, wanting a full view of those gorgeous tits. I kiss her mound a few times, loving how sweet and musky she smells after coming so much. She smells like feral need, and it drives my urges through the roof. Behind me, Lance presses into my ass, pushing until I accept all of his crown. His refractory period is a goddamn aphrodisiac. My ass tightens, adjusting to the intrusion because it's been too fucking long. When he feeds me every inch, he wraps his body around mine, and the intimate contact of groin to ass, chest to back, it makes my eyes heat.

But I lick. I lick up her pussy, sucking her clit onto my tongue as she claws and grabs at my head of hair. I lick as she moans, her legs clamping down around my ears. Then Lance moves. He begins the quick pumps in and out of me as his hand comes to my cock. I still when he makes the first fisted pass of my cock, my orgasm barreling up my thighs, wrapping my hips, falling heavily into my groin.

But I don't come until they both come again. That's my personal rule.

I close my eyes, taking long licks of B's sweet cunt as she teases my scalp with her fingertips, moaning the entire time. "Yes, Aug, holy shit," she mewls. I open my eyes to find her nipples like rocks, her belly quivering, legs trembling around me. "I'm so sensitive but fuck you feel so good," she adds, gnawing at my self-control. I suck her clit into my mouth right

as Lance picks up his pace, taking my ass in aggressive, quick strokes, making me clench all around him. My prostate buzzes, emitting waves of raw need through my body. His hand is slick against my cock as he jacks me, and when he slides his thumb along my weeping slit, I know I'm running out of time.

"Empty yourself into me, you've earned it," I rasp over my shoulder to him, feeling his cock slam into me faster as soon as the words leave my lips. He's ready, too.

"Come with him, come together," I tell her and watch with a full heart as her eyes rise to him, and over the terrain of my sweaty body, their gazes idle. They find an agreement silently in that bed, and as I tease her clit with the tip of my tongue, they come.

His heat spears through me first, and his grip on my cock tightens as he comes. Spurt after spurt, his orgasm swims through my lower half, making me feel both full and sated. Brielle's pussy twitches and sound is taken from me as her thighs clamp around my face, this time without relent. Her hips lift and her pussy juices into my mouth, a gush of sweet liquid flooding my tongue. I have to swallow to keep feasting on her, so I do. I swallow her cum as she writhes against my mouth, Lance's pumps behind me finally losing momentum as the last of his orgasm leaves him, entering me.

And then I'm at the breaking point. My balls are heavy and tight, my body is on fire, and my cock is so hard I could hammer a fucking nail with it, I swear. And it weeps. Fuck how it's weeping. There's a pool of precum beneath my head and I don't want to cum on this bed. Not after all that.

"Brielle, Lance, on your hands and knees, now," I growl, ordering them to make themselves ready for me amidst their come down. Lance slips out of me, and I'd normally hate how that feels but I'm so close to painting this room that I can't focus on anything but holding it. I grip the fat head of my cock as they take their positions on the bed.

"Hold each other by the collar," I command my pets. Lance and Brielle steady themselves on opposite arms, each

hooking a few fingers beneath the other's collar. "Now kiss."

And I watch as their mouths fuse together, tongues dancing, both of their backs arched perfectly. On my knees in the middle of them, I pump myself just once, the first rope of release coating Brielle's back. She moans into their kiss, and I give him the second and third ropes of release, and veer back to her as I jack the rest out of myself. When I'm done, they're kissing and moaning, their backs coated in my cum.

We aren't into water sports, so this is my way of marking them. Being their pack leader. Make them come until they can't think then brand them as mine.

It's fucking perfect.



There's something about sitting across from your girlfriend's father after she's been your little cum slut all weekend that feels a bit... awkward. Still though, I hold a simple smile on my face, as does Lance.

We're at Rise & Grind meeting with Quincey and as much as I don't advise others to do things behind their partners' backs, well, here I am. Because Lance and I couldn't figure a way to have them work through this without mediation. Quincey is stubborn and Brielle is hurt, and those two things don't often lead to reconciliation—not without help.

Lance shoves a hand through his hair, then glances at his watch. His leather dress shoe taps impatiently on the old tile floor as he makes his discomfort known.

I drop my palm on his and his eyes come to mine. Behind us, an espresso maker grinds beans, and soft steam drifts dreamily around, the scent of muffins hanging in the air. I smile at him, the moment surreal. Not only are we out together

but this time, we're not hiding it. And this time, there isn't an invisible problem tethered to us, waiting to surface at the most inopportune time. This time, we're happy. Because of her.

So we owe it to her to help out with Quincey. To make her happy. Because she loves her father, and family is important, and despite rage and anger and misunderstanding, your family bond should never change.

Quincey appears in the doorway, his dark eyes narrowed as he surveys the shop. When his eyes come to us, we rise, and he rolls his eyes. Must be a Parker trait. I outstretch my hand to him as he approaches, and he shakes it as his other hand works the button of his suit jacket, releasing it. His jacket opens, revealing a white pressed dress shirt, the corner of it slightly untucked.

"Hello, Augustus Moore," I remind him, focusing on his face. He looks angry... or maybe.. I don't know. Upon further inspection, I wonder if those lines etched into his forehead and the crows feet at his eyes are stress instead of anger.

"Quincey Parker, as you're aware." He takes Lance's hand after releasing mine.

"Lance Davis."

We sit at the small table, three grown men too big for a tiny coffee house. Our knees bump at first until we all push back a bit, giving the table a wide berth.

"We're just here to meet you, and tell you that we love and respect Brielle, as a partner and business professional. She's extremely talented, she's got an eye for it, and just because it's an adult film company doesn't make her any less talented." I hadn't planned to run out front with all of that, but as his knee bounces, the feeling that he may bolt overwhelms me.

"Love her?" he says.

"We do." Lance confirms.

He moves a finger between the two of us, but his face isn't scrunched in disgust like I'd prepared for. "The two of you with her, huh?" He shakes his head, and right when I think a demeaning, chastising comment is coming, he looks up, eyes

serious. “Who the hell am I to judge?” His laugh is dark, and meant more, I think, to scold himself.

“She’s moved in with us,” I go on, because that knee is still bouncing. “So you can get rid of that apartment.”

His brow arches as his eyes move from me to Lance, then back to me again. “And when this little thing you’re doing gets old? Where is she gonna go then? Where will she work, huh? Because I know once you dump her she won’t be working with you anymore. I’m not a moron.”

I volley my head, wanting to argue the point but knowing that would lead us down the exact road we don’t want to travel. “There will be no break up.” I hold his gaze, imparting the seriousness of my claim. Next to me, Lance nods. “We’re in it forever, regardless of where you sit with it. But my advice, for what it’s worth, is not to let a temporary scuffle damage a landmark moment.”

“Landmark moment?” Quincey snorts.

I smile at him, because I don’t think he’s as hateful as I once assessed. I think he’s scared to lose his girl, and moreover, based on his *who the hell am I to judge* comment, I think he’s going through his own thing. And he’s overwhelmed.

I keep my control for both Brielle and Quincey now. “She’s graduating from the program, she has a healthy career ahead, and she’s found her forever relationship.” I look at Lance and back to Quincey. “These are landmark things. And you’re tainting them with your disapproval and anger.”

Lance sips his coffee. “You can never go back and rewrite it, that much I know you’re aware of. So don’t taint these memories, for either of your sakes.”

Quincey fucks with his cufflinks while staring through the glass case of pastries. A moment later, his gaze comes to me. “I need time to accept that my baby is directing pornos, okay?”

I nod, because in truth, I do understand that. I’m reasonable. “Fine. Take *respectful* time,” I encourage, adding a



little emphasis on the respectful because while he is her father, she's mine now. And my girl doesn't get disrespected that way. "But don't throw shade on our relationship," I continue, the sentence an advice as much as a warning.

He shakes his head, blowing out a breath that seems to last forever. Like he's been holding onto it for too long. Finally he adds, "You know, a couple of months ago I would have never been able to get on board with this. I would've really fucking hated it."

Lance rolls his neck, popping it, getting Quincey's attention. "What's changed?"

He blinks, Adam's apple sinking beneath the collar of his dress shirt as he utters, "I fell in love with someone I shouldn't."

I don't want to know more about that, because I don't want to keep it a secret from our girl. And neither does Lance, because he sighs. "Look, that's between the two of you, and will trickle our way after. But for now, the last thing we want to say is... don't skip the mentorship ceremony tomorrow. You said you wouldn't be a part of it but... if you want to mend fences, show up for her."

His face torques with deep concern. "Once she knows who—" he stops with a palm raised by Lance. "She may not want me there."

"She will. Even if she's mad. Even if, at that moment, she hates your goddamn guts. Show up for her, Quincey, because sometimes just being there is what matters in the long run."

He nods and stares blankly at the table top before shoving away from the table and getting to his feet.

"And if you want to get to know us, we'd be glad to host you and your girlfriend," I say with a smile.

The three of us exchange handshakes one more time, and he leaves.

I turn to Lance who is sipping his coffee. "I think that went as well as it could have."

Lance nods, but largely ignores my comment when he says, “So who’s he fucking? The maid?”

I snort. “I think whoever he is, he wishes it was the maid.”

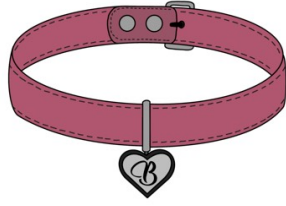
There’s a roiling in my gut, because as well as that *did* go, I think Quincey has some surprising news of his own. “Let’s go back to Crave before B notices.”

We head back, and spot Quincey in his car, on the phone, face soft. Yet when we get inside and I ask her if she’s heard from her dad, she says no.

**thirty**

...

I love him.



## **brielle**

“AND WHAT WILL DINNER WITH MY FATHER ACCOMPLISH?” I ask, tucking away my collar after a particularly filthy session with my guys. I got in the pen tonight because I spoke without permission, and my punishment was two back to back face fuck sessions, made complete with *total consumption*.

I reapply powder around my mouth, and roll on chapstick, leaving the taste of them lingering on my tongue. Like a dirty secret only for me, to help me get through dinner.

“You can’t let the relationship go until you’ve both thoroughly tried. Trust me, I’m, as you like to call it, *an old man*,” Aug says as he kneads my shoulders from behind, taking my eyes in the reflection. From the edge of the bed, Lance slips into his dress shoes, adding, “Grandpa’s right, you can’t give up until you’ve really tried. And if you really do decide you want to excommunicate him, well, we’re on board. But consider that outcome beforehand, and try as hard as you can to avoid it.”

“He’s used his money to control me my whole life and I’ve always gone with it but I see now how snotty and closed off and judgmental I’ve been. If he can’t accept this career I’m choosing, this life I want—how can I make room for him in it?”

Not a bad question, if I may say so myself. Lance comes to my side at the dresser, collecting a gold bracelet and sliding it on my wrist. Heat erupts in my panties as his fingers skirt my wrist, clasping the bracelet. “Nobody’s perfect.”

“Don’t take his side!” I try to rear back but am stopped by the wall of muscle that is Aug’s chest.

“Don’t be a brat,” Lance argues.

“Stop,” Aug quips, dipping his fingers deeper into my shoulders. “All he’s saying is that it’s not cut and dry on either side, okay? So let’s go into this dinner with open minds and

full hearts. We love you, and he loves you, and it's going to be okay, alright?"

Ugh. I wanted to be angry right now because I am definitely Quincey's daughter and anger helps me deal with nerves. But they won't let me, because they want me to be better.

"Deep breaths," Lance instructs.

We inhale together, the three of us, and exhale the same way, and just as I feel calm circle my spine, the doorbell rings.

"We're headed to the mentorship ceremony," I say, my brows pulling together in confusion. "Who is that?"

Lance shrugs as the three of us head toward the front, looking to both answer the door and leave. He pulls it open as I'm smoothing my hands over my black wrap dress, making sure the tie is tied tight, and my nipples aren't showing.

"Who are you?" Lance asks, his voice abrupt and gruff.

I look up and my mouth falls open as my heart leaps into an unsteady, rapid cadence. "Winnie?" At first, happiness washes over me at the sight of my best friend. But the happiness is brief as I remember that, despite all the great things happening in my life right now, my best friend has been ghosting me ever since she ratted me out to my father.

Ghosting me.

I shake my head. "How could you?" I don't know if the question is about ghosting me or outing my secrets to my father, but my bottom lip trembles as I repeat the question, not knowing what else to say. "How could you?"

"I'm sorry," she rushes, stepping through the threshold. Lance stops her by stepping in her way.

"Who are you?" he asks again.

"W-Winnie," she stutters through tears, her curls in a waded heap, old sweats and a ratty t-shirt clinging to her frame. She looks like shit, beautiful shit but still shit. "I'm Brielle's best friend."

“You’re not a very good best friend considering you told your friend’s father about her love life then stopped communicating with her,” Lance says, squaring off with her, shoulder to shoulder as he folds his arms over his chest.

Aug clears his throat. “We’re going to the mentorship ceremony. It’s over this week and since Brielle isn’t having a graduate school grad party, this is our big celebration.” He steps forward, blocking my view of Winnie completely, my wall of protectors. My doms, my partners, my everything. “Don’t upset her before her graduation party, please. If you want to talk, she lives here, which you clearly know.”

With that, they’ve waved her off, and as Lance closes the front door, I catch a glimpse of her face, her wide green eyes full of tears. Her clothes are wrinkled and— “Wait!”

I leap forward and press into the door, opening it wide. Standing at the threshold of the doorway I stare out into the darkened evening at my best friend, standing four paces back. “Where did you get that shirt?”

WHARTON.

She’s wearing a Wharton shirt.

My eyes are glued to the letters on the shirt and when I brave a glance at her face, I have the answer. The most terrible, shocking answer that I never expected.

I blink at her, *she knows I know*. And everything that has transpired in the last few weeks crashes down around me, obvious and clear. But I never suspected. I didn’t see it because why the fuck would I?

“Oh my god,” I breathe, the words foggy between us because my breath is stuck, my voice is stuck, my power is stuck. All I can do is blink between her teary eyes and my father’s t-shirt. “Big Daddy,” I repeat, the playful nickname now making me nauseous.

“I never meant for it to happen,” she cries, her hands restlessly going to the sides of her hair, then the ends of the t-shirt.

“You wore that here on purpose, to rub salt in the wound? That you didn’t just fuck my dad, but you told him my secrets then stole his favorite t-shirt?”

“Oh Jesus,” Aug mutters from behind me as his large hand slides into mine. He tugs me back as Lance once again blocks me from Winnie.

“We’re having dinner after the program tonight. A late dinner. Nine o’clock at Bella Cucina. Meet us there, preferably in clothing that doesn’t belong to Quincey Parker.”

He closes the door as Aug’s hand tightens around mine, comfort surging through me at the way these men take care of me. I never thought I needed to be taken care of emotionally. But this care and protection I’m getting now feels like exactly what’s been missing.

“But my dad is going to be at dinner,” I stutter, realizing then that, on the advice of Aug and Lance, I invited my dad to our celebration dinner. To try and mend fences. And he said yes.

“Now they can explain themselves to you, together. The way we can explain whatever we need, and you can explain your choice to move forward with Crave,” Lance says calmly before leaning down and taking my lips in a slow, hot kiss. A kiss that centers me as Aug keeps a pulse on my palm.

“Now let’s go. Ezra doesn’t like tardiness,” Aug adds, tugging me out to the garage before opening my door and waiting for me to slide into the backseat.

Aug drives and Lance sits next to me in the backseat, stroking my hand. “Don’t spin. We’ll talk through it all. But first, it’s your night. You’ve completed a mentorship you didn’t think you’d survive, and rumor has it, the mentor you worked with has a job offer for you.”

I meet Aug’s eyes in the rearview. “It’s what we discussed, but better.”

I tip my head onto Lance’s shoulder and watch lights flicker over the windshield as we drive deep into the city.



They're right. I can't let anyone ruin this night because this night is about celebrating everything I've done, and I deserve it.



Mr. Leon's tweed suit jacket with leather elbow patches sticks out in the crowd of hipster filmmakers wearing sandals and chinos. He catches my eyes first, then goes to Aug and Lance, a smile sweeping his face.

He crosses to us, and we meet him halfway. He shares a handshake and hug with Aug, then extends his hand to Lance. "Good to see you again Lance. It's been great to see your career thriving over at Crave."

"Thank you Ezra. It was a good career choice, I appreciate the nudge in the right direction." Lance replies, with a gentle nod and as close to a smile as Lance gets.

Aug smiles at Ezra and my world shifts as he says, "It seems you have a knack of steering talented directors my way Ezra. I am extremely fortunate to have them in my life. They are more than that to me though, they are my partners in all things."

My breath catches as I blink up at Mr. Leon who simply smiles and nods. "Anyone who works with Augustus must be extremely talented and focused." He shakes his head, bringing his vodka tonic to his lips. "The three of you must be quite a threat, in all ways."

Though I hadn't given it much thought, I'm relieved to see how well he responded to us. And I'm hopeful that there are more Ezra's than Quincey's, but the truth is, I'm so goddamn happy, fuck those who judge. I don't need them to understand my life for me to be happy.

“Ah, there he is,” Mr. Leon croons, looking behind us at someone approaching. He outstretches his hand and it’s then that my father comes into view, shaking Ezra Leon’s hand. Shaking it. The same man he disliked months back when I was assigned to Crave. The man he called or threatened to call in order to get his way.

“You know my father?” I ask, completely ignoring my dad.

Mr. Leon smiles kindly. “We had a very long conversation this morning.” He pushes his glasses up the bridge of his nose, turning to my father. “Great to see you made it.” He looks between myself, Aug and Lance. “I’ll give you a moment.”

Aug nods to him. “Let’s catch up. Get me a drink,” he says, following Ezra to the open bar across the large room. Lance squeezes my hand, pressing his lips to my ear for private words. “I’ll be over here if you need me,” he says before catching up with Aug and Ezra.

Finally, I look up at my father. The man who raised me all by himself. No nannies, no tutors. The man with all the money and the steel heart who raised his daughter by himself, who worked hard to earn wealth and success but who’s obsession with what people think has him by the balls.

My nostrils flare as I hold his eyes, deep and dark like mine. “You judged me. You name called. You shit all over my life and then I come to find out you’re sleeping with my best friend,” I hiss quietly, hurt surging through me, anger a vibrant undertone. “My twenty-six year old best friend.” I press my finger into his chest. “You made me feel like I was a loser for wanting this, for wanting to pursue my career in adult film making. For wanting to be with two men. And all the while, you’ve been going behind my back and fucking Winnie.”

“Stop it,” he growls. “Do not speak about her so crassly.”

I step back. “So you defend Winnie’s honor but have no problem attacking mine?”

“I—” he starts but stops, scrubbing his hand down his face with a sigh. “I’m sorry that I judged you. Isn’t this the ultimate

fucking act of karma, hmm?” he raises his hands in the air to send home his rhetorical question. “I did judge you and I’m sorry. I know from personal experience that it was wrong.”

“Karma isn’t enough, Dad. You belittled me and now you’re here to what? Fix things for us or is this about making things good for Winnie?” I genuinely don’t know at this point. I thought I knew him, I really did. He’s always been selfish and driven, gruff and disconnected from emotion. But the way he defends her to me, that hurts.

“With you!” he says, his voice raising a bit, heads around us turning. With my hand pressed to my belly, I lean in, keeping my tone quiet.

“I don’t want to talk about this here. Because you are not turning my night into *your* night.” I step back, wiping the top of my lip with the back of my wrist, finding my anger has made me dewy. “I’ll see you at dinner.”

A moment later, Lance is sweeping me away, bringing me back to Aug and Ezra. “I’ll tell you after,” I whisper to him as he quietly asks “Well?”

“You know,” Mr. Leon starts as we approach, Aug’s eyes on Lance, reading him for information no doubt. “Your father was the first parent to call me.”

I snort my embarrassment, sipping my drink before I say, “Well, I can’t imagine many parents calling on behalf of their twenty-six year olds.”

He shrugs. “I think it’s kind of nice.”

I cock a brow and I’m pretty sure Aug and Lance do, too. “Nice?”

He shrugs again, blinking down at me. “Yeah. I mean, he had a lot of questions about the program and then questions about Crave, and Augustus.”

People move in groups around us, laughing, smiles easy, conversation light. In a way, I’m jealous of their simplicity but without my complications, I wouldn’t have Aug and Lance.

I swallow, but find my mouth unusually dry. “He asked... questions?”

Mr. Leon laughs. “You needn’t look horrified. He was respectful and genuine and had a lot of really good questions. I actually enjoyed our talk.”

I choke a little on my tiny sip of seltzer. “What?”

He finishes his drink right before waving to someone across the room. “Good job this semester Brielle. I’m happy that you stuck with your assignment and found a home where you least expected.” God he doesn’t know how true that sentence really is. “Good luck at Crave. You’ll be amazing and congratulations on graduating.”

He wanders off toward the person whom he waved to, and I stare at him as he falls into conversation with another graduate student. I turn my focus back to Aug and Lance who are beaming proudly at me. I refuse to look back and see if my father is still there, or if he’s already stalked off.

With a lift of my chin I smile back at them. “Okay, it’s been an hour and a half. I’m ready to go.”

Aug reaches into the breast pocket of his suit jacket, producing a thick white envelope. “You know we want you at Crave, but we failed to mention what the offer entails.”

He passes it to me, and my eyes warm, my chest flooding with pressure. I knew they’d offer me a position, it’s something we’d discussed in bed one night, not too long ago. I’d be a director there, same as both Lance and Aug, and have control of my first feature within the first six months. Salary would be hammered out with legal, but it would be greater than base salaries at some big film production companies, not adult films either.

I tear it open and unfold the letter, letting the shredded envelope sail to my high heeled feet. My eyes take in line after line of Times New Roman, the font holding so much good news, so much promise. Then I see it. The signing bonus.

“Fifty thousand dollars for a contract signing bonus?” I clutch the paper to my chest and shake my head, the back of

my neck growing sweaty as my pulse skyrockets with my disbelief. “Please don’t do something special for me, I can’t look everyone in the eye at Crave if they think I got the hook up.”

Aug’s lips twitch and Lance’s fall to a thin line before he says, “Tuck got fifty, I got fifty, fifty is standard. Don’t worry, the only place you’ll get special treatment is at home.”

Holy shit. “I actually earned this,” I say or ask, I’m not sure which because with everything that’s happened in the last week, I’m incredibly overwhelmed.

Aug takes my mouth in a slow, hot kiss, not trying to hide us away from the eyes all around. They’ll know he’s my mentor, and as he pulls back and Lance takes over, laying a passionate, sizzling kiss to my mouth, I get lost in the feeling of love and comfort and stop worrying about what anyone around us thinks.

“You earned this, and we’re honored to have you on board,” he says against my lips before pulling away. “But we have dinner reservations.”

Dinner, with my father and Winnie. His girlfriend? I turn and find him still here, looking at me as I glance at him over my shoulder. His smile is small but he does indeed smile before tipping his head to us and exiting.

Lance feeds my arms through my coat behind me, having nabbed it from the rack nearby. “Tonight is a good night. You’re done with graduate school, you’ve nabbed a contract at Crave, and we’re going to have a lovely dinner and go home and fuck your brains out,” he whispers, making my cunt pulse for the first time in hours.

Aug links his arm with mine, stuffing my papers away into his pocket again. “And we’re going to have a calm discussion with Quincey and Winnie, and keep an open mind and open heart, because that’s what we’ve asked them to do with us, right?”

I blink up him. “Of all the times you have to be right,” I sigh, shaking my head.

Lance pulls open the door and I step through, taking his arm as we walk out, leaving Aug to walk behind us. I like to switch seamlessly between them this way, and when I glance back at Aug, his hands are in his pockets, a smile on his face. I stop in my tracks, and so does Aug, and when Lance realizes he's tugging me but I'm not moving, he stops, too.

"I just wanted to tell you both that I love you, and thank you."

Lance presses a kiss to my temple and Aug to my lips right after. And then we're in the car, Lance driving, Aug in the back with me by his side. I don't want to hear how Winnie and my dad came to be, but Aug is right.

I'm asking the world to accept me, but shutting down others? That's hypocritical, and I won't be the hypocrite I just accused my father of being. I don't know what I'll say, but I promise myself on the drive over that I will hear them out.



I am done with film school. I have no more fears of being the forgettable girl. I have a job and my own money. I'm living with my boyfriends. My whole life is stretching ahead of me. It's the happiest, most exciting time.

But my stomach still plummets at the sight of Winnie's arm looped around my father's at the hostess station. It occurs to me right then and there that they're more than a mistake. Beyond a one-night *what did we do* type of thing. She's holding onto him for security and strength, I know because I'm clinging to my guys the same way.

He turns away from the maître d', looking down into my best friend's eyes. His smile is so bright, my heart breaks. I don't expect him to look at me that way, I'm not experiencing

some Electra complex with Winnie. More so, I see it in that single look. The love. The respect. Every way you want a man to look at you, the way Lance and Aug look at me, my father looks at my best friend.

“Quincey,” Aug’s voice booms as he steps forward, outstretching his hand to my father. I don’t watch them shake. I don’t listen to the burly words passed between the three of them, and I can’t hear the conversation between the maître d’ and hostess. Everything falls away but Winnie. Her plentiful curls, glossy green eyes full of unshed, worrisome, guilt-filled tears, and then her hand. Her hand that I’ve held during scary movies, while she’s been perched over porcelain after frat parties, when her dog was put to sleep—that hand that has been in mine so many times—in my father’s hand. The bed of her nails unpainted, straining white from how tightly she holds him. She relies on him.

She lets go of his hand, and takes me by the elbow to the leather tufted bench where other patrons wait. She’s the same girl I’ve known, confided in, held and loved for years but she looks completely different to me now.

“First I want to say that I’m so, so sorry for telling your dad about you and Augustus and Lance. It was completely, utterly and totally wrong and disgusting of me and I swear on my life, B, that I only did it because he was... freaking out.” Her eyes are full of worry and tears as she nervously smooths her hands down her thighs. “I’ve never seen him worried like that. He was scared, B and I couldn’t let him suffer that way.”

*I’ve never seen him worried like that.*

My voice is raw because my throat is so dry. “How long?”

She blinks, mouth parted with no answers or words leaving her. She just stares at me as the first tear slips free. “Four months.”

*I’ve never seen him worried like that.*

I nod. “How?”

She sits up a bit taller, prepared for the inquisition. I don’t even look up when the hostess takes Aug, Lance and my father

to a table. But she ducks between us, dark chignon shiny under the dim lights. “Let me know when you’re ready and I’ll take you both to the table.”

I give her a tiny smile before focusing on Winnie.

“I was at your apartment one day while you were at work. Honestly I can’t even remember why I was there. Probably eating your food or something,” she says, half smiling, alluding to the parts of our friendship that no longer feel warm and safe. “Anyway,” she continues, tears still silently coating her cheeks. “I was having a moment when he came in. And the door was unlocked so he walked right in on me.”

“A moment?” My hackles rise at the idea that Winnie was masturbating at my place and my dad walked in and joined. *That’s* a porno. “What the f—”

She shakes her head staunchly. “No, not like that. I was... crying,” she says softly, looking down at her clasped hands.

My shoulders droop a little at her admission. “Why were you crying?”

“Oh,” she waves me off, like it’s not important but the truth is rising up to the surface as we speak and as it turns out, she isn’t the only bad guy. “It’s not important.”

“I’ve only seen you cry once, Win.” Worry eats at me as I ask, “Why were you crying?”

“I’d just been... down. And, I don’t know, you were loving Crave and finding happiness with Aug and Lance and I just... selfishly felt so left behind. And I was—I am—happy for you. But I don’t know, I also felt sad for myself. No parents, no job, no mentorship, no apartment of my own—just debt and work and a good attitude. But it’s a mask, you know? My positivity is just a mask I wear and I rarely take it off. But that day in your apartment, I needed to take it off, B. You know?”

I remember the first time I directed a scene at Crave. And I remember the first time Lance and Aug and I were together, too. It felt like that—like taking off the mask of who I pretended to be for years, and really let myself become who I am. I nod. “I know.” I swallow hard before I quietly admit,



reaching for her hand, “but I didn’t know you were depressed.”

She nods, staring at where my hand holds hers. “I’m on antidepressants now,” she admits. I tighten my hold on her hand and her eyes finally come to mine. “He helped me with that, you know.”

I know the *he* in question is my dad, and I’m nowhere near ready to hear her refer to him this way, but judging by the way she holds my hand so tightly, tears freely flowing—I need to get comfortable quickly.

“You’re—you two are serious?” I ask and before she can answer, I remember the way she sat on my bed, grinning at her phone just a few months back. “*He* was who you were texting all those times,” I say slowly, watching her to find answers in her reaction. She makes no attempt to lie, only nodding her head, crying.

“I’m sorry, B. I love you so much and I don’t want to lose you. But...” she gives me a sad smile, and I know exactly what’s coming. “I love him.”

I take my hand away, not ready to hear it even if it’s true. I look down at my lap, nodding, processing, as two dress shoes appear before me. I look up to see my dad.

“Give us a minute sweetheart,” he says to Winnie, making my stomach twist. Winnie pulls me into a one-sided hug, pressing our chests together.

“I’ll wait, B. I’ll wait and wait for you to accept me. Because I love you and I am so sorry I lied to you, but I’m not sorry for falling in love.” With that, she taps the hostess and disappears into the sea of tables.

I don’t look at my father as he sits down next to me. “I’m proud of the contract you earned. Augustus and Lance told me all about it.”

“You hate that I make adult movies,” I snap back.

“I won’t lie, it’s not what I envisioned for you. But I’m sure what you envisioned for me wasn’t Winnie,” he says, and I turn to look at him, finding him already facing me. He

smiles. It's small, sad, and controlled but still, he smiles at me. Then he takes my hand and presses a kiss to my knuckles. "I'm sorry for it all, Brielle. I'm sorry for doubting you and fighting against what you told me in your own words. I've always wanted the best for you and I know, I know I haven't always gone about it the right way. And I know I've brought up money too often and—" he pauses, and just shakes his head. "I've made mistakes. I've tried, Brielle, but I've made mistakes. And one of those mistakes was how I treated you when you got serious about Crave and directing, and them, too, even."

I nod because I'm not without my mistakes, too. "I'm sorry for not answering your calls—"

"Don't be. You were right. I have done that to you over the years. That's one thing I regret, how I handled myself when we disagreed. But I'm working on that."

"With her?" I ask, but does it matter? If he grows as a human being, does it matter who drives the vehicle? I shake my head. "Nevermind. I appreciate everything you've said. And I don't hate you or Winnie... but I need time."

He nods. "I understand." Then he blinks at me, dark eyes laser focused, serious, and my diaphragm constricts. "I was going to break it off with her, because I felt so guilty. I didn't want your friendship ruined. But I was spinning out, I couldn't get a hold of you, and she told me about them—Augustus and Lance. And while I was angry and didn't understand, a few days after, I realized—neither of us planned these unconventional relationships. We only plan on falling in love, and sometimes it's a lot different than we think once we finally have it."

That resonates with me like he knew it would. He rises, extending a hand to me. "We have to work on us, you and me, but tell me, Brielle, tell me we can?" Hope shines in his eyes.

I nod. "We can."

Dinner is incredibly awkward... at first. Watching Dad lean into Winnie, pointing out items on the menu she may enjoy, him pulling her chair out for her, rising when she goes

to the restroom and rising when she comes back, the way their faces light when in private conversation—it's clear to me that they are in love.

Sure, not all love lasts forever, but my dad hasn't been in a single relationship since my mom passed away. "*I don't commit to anything unless it is a lifelong commitment,*" he'd always say when I prodded him about dating in my early teens. And that's the truth—he's been at the same company his entire life, he lives in the house I grew up in, and still puts up the very same Christmas tree we had when I was a kid.

Winnie has been in and out of relationships since I've known her, never quite comfortable with college guys or even graduate students. Something has always been missing, I just had no idea it was age. But the way she clung to me and didn't promise to give him up for me—she loves him. Yeah, she told me as much. But I can feel it, being at a table with them, I can feel their love.

But I also feel mine. Lance's hand on my thigh beneath the table when Dad puts his arm around Winnie. Aug's fingers weave with mine when Winnie calls my father *babe*. The way they sought out my dad to help me heal my relationship with him, and Winnie, too, in a way. Protecting me when they felt I needed it, but letting me stand on my own when I could.

How can I be angry with Winnie for finding the same fulfillment I so happily cling to with both hands? I skip dessert, and so does Winnie, taking my cue, and before long, we're rising to leave.

The men filter out as I stop Winnie at the table, staring at where my cloth napkin lies in a heap on my discarded plate. "Congratulations," she says before I can speak. "I know I already said it but I want you to know I'm not just saying it because I hurt you. I really am so happy for you and your new position at Crave, and moving in with Augustus and Lance." She pulls me to her and this time, out of muscle memory, I hug her back.

Her familiar scent is both comforting and saddening, because now that I've had some time to process, I think I'm

realizing that even though I'm going to forgive her, nothing will ever be the same with us.

"Thanks," I give a half-hearted smile at best. "I forgive you, because I know you weren't trying to bag my dad, the same way I didn't really expect to end up where I am. And I want you to know, my distance right now... it's me processing. It's me realizing that even when we make up and put this snafu in the past, our relationship will never, ever be the same again."

She grabs both hands, tears flowing freely again. I look down at those hands, knowing they've been on my father's naked chest and bare shoulders and find her eyes again, pushing those thoughts out of my mind. "Don't say that," she whimpers.

I shake my head. "We'll never swap stories the way we used to. I can never complain to you the way I used to. You'll never have escapades to share."

We stare at one another before Winnie snuffles. "I know."

"But maybe we'll have something more mature. More grown up. More reflective of where we're at now," I offer, wanting to mean it, knowing at some point in the future I will mean it. "The truth is, I'd rather have you in a different kind of relationship than not have you at all, Win. But I need time. Okay?"

She nods fervently, "Okay. Take your time."

We drive home and once we're there, Aug unloads the crap from the fireplace and fills it with wood. He opens the flue and the three of us lie naked together in front of the roaring flames, letting the warmth lick at our bare bodies, and they touch me.

My dominant lovers run their palms over every smooth curve, rough edge, stretch mark and toned muscle. They rub between my legs, bringing their mouths to my breasts, my nipples, the side of my jaw and throat. They take turns between my spread legs, fucking me slow and deep. Both of them empty themselves inside of me, and we lie tangled together in front of the orange glow.

There are no collars and no commands, only gentle lovemaking between three entangled hearts.

I doze a little but wake up to Lance's mouth on mine. "Baby," he coos, kissing me over and over. "Sit up."

Groggy and tired, I sit up on the lush fur blanket we'd been lying on. On the edge of the fireplace are three navy blue boxes. Aug pops each open and they look at me as I process what I'm seeing.

"Rings," he says of the three identical white gold bands. "Because we're committed to you but we want everyone else to know, you're ours."

He plucks one ring from the box and slides it down my finger. It feels just right. I look up to see Lance and Aug slipping theirs on, too. And then, because I got a signing bonus, graduated, got a contract for a job I love, made peace with my best friend and my dad, and committed myself to the men I love—I cry. I hold my face and sob because it has been a damn day.

Their ringed hands stroke up my back, igniting excitement between my legs.

"I'm sorry this night was clouded with other things, but this was our plan all along," Aug says, stroking his thumb over the band on my finger.

"It's good," I say, staring at my ring. "Now we know we can get through rough things together."

"We can. And we can do a lot together, the three of us," Aug adds, kissing my temple. Lance kisses me, then kisses Aug too.

"Let's do stuff together now," Lance smiles against my lips, lifting his hand to reveal our collars. "Up for some fun?"

I bite my lips. "Always."

# epilogue

...

Let's make it interesting



# **lance**

...ONE YEAR LATER

A lot can happen in a year. You can be places you never thought you'd be, sit where you never thought you'd sit. Like, for instance, myself. Right now. I'm sitting with a baby in my lap.

"Isn't she adorable? Aren't you adorable?" This woman reaches out for a cheek pinch, and I jerk my legs to the side, pressing my palm over the baby's face.

"Don't touch a baby that isn't your baby," I say to her, narrowing my eyes, you know, as punishment. Because if she doesn't walk away feeling like she crossed a line, she'll do it again.

And you don't touch someone else's baby, *fuck you very much*.

"Go now please."

The woman stumbles off like I shot her in the leg. I roll my eyes at her, shaking my head and bang. She takes another shot, jerking back in shock before skittering on her heels and taking off.

I've never been a baby person. I've never yearned to parent, to teach someone about life and finances and whatever the fuck else parents do. I wouldn't know, mine weren't good. I mostly parented myself.

"Oh Lance," Scarlett sighs, scooping her *mini Scarlett* from my lap. What's her name again? Jane? Sally? I scratch my head and nod.

"No problem, Scar." I get to my feet and make my way across their living room, dying to get out of this fucking kid pit. When I walked in, there was a pair of underwear stuck inside a pair of tights just sitting on the floor. *Disgusting*. And



when I sat on the couch, applesauce oozed from a pouch from between the cushions. It was a true fucking horror.

But Cohen called, panicked about getting his other kid somewhere and it's flu season and they couldn't bring the baby. I don't know. I wasn't really listening. I was thinking about getting home to my husband and wife and spending my night with a sore jaw because of how much I've *loved* them.

But Cohen is a good man. And his wife, Scarlett, our very own Lucy Lovegood, is an excellent human. And you can't be selfish when it comes to helping good people.

"How was she?"

I shrug. "Fine. The woman in the apron kept trying to pinch her cheeks. I told her to go away."

Scarlett cradles her daughter against her chest, and the mini Scarlett lovingly settles in. It is cute, I'll admit that. Pretty fucking cute.

"Lance! That's our housekeeper!"

Again, I shrug. "It's not her baby to touch, and you didn't ask *her* to watch mini Scarlett, you asked me. So if anyone is pinching her cheeks, it will be me." *Obviously.*

Scarlett shakes her head, and though bags line her eyes and her hair is less shiny than usual, she looks so much happier. Inside out type shit. "Lance, her name is not mini Scarlett. And did you?" she's not physically tapping her foot, but I feel it in spirit.

"Did I what?"

"Pinch her cheeks?"

I wrinkle my nose. "No. I held her out away from my body on my knee the entire thirty minutes."

She sighs, but smiles. "Thanks Lance."

I nod and rise, waving them goodbye one more time before I get out the door. Mini Scarlett shouts in my direction, and a drooly smile curls her lips. Fine. It's cute, mini Scarlett is fucking cute. And she did have a great, fresh smell. "Bye

then,” I tell the baby, then Scarlett before I leave and get in my car, heading where I need to be—home.



“Next week! Next week!” Brielle squeals as she clutches the lapels of my new suit, shaking me gently in the kitchen.

“He’s going to tear your head off in two seconds,” Aug says around a yawn, his voice thick with sleep. Or, actually, lack of sleep. Because we did not sleep much last night.

We’ve been in hardcore celebration mode.

Brielle’s first year at Crave was goddamn exceptional. She did so much work to bring even more authenticity to our scenes, she implemented a new break schedule that gets the actors more time off their feet during long shoots, and she worked closely with Scarlett, the head of our IT department, to create an app where Crave viewers can request personal content and shout outs from our actors as a way to make them more accessible, which has been proven to drive sales.

She has been incredible.

And because of that, she’s also had a flurry of new ideas. One of them? Start her own film production company, specializing in a specific type of adult film. That signing bonus she stashed away fueled the dream. A dream she built on her own. And in two weeks, her studio Collared Kingdom Films opens and her first shoot begins.

I bet you can guess what kind of films she’s going to make.

“He’s right. I love you, baby, and I’m thrilled to be there for your first shoot, but this is my new suit that cost two grand and I really don’t want to fuck it up.” I step back and smooth my hands down the crinkles her grip has left behind.

Aug, wearing nothing but sweats sitting deliciously low on his hips, wiggles his fingers to her. “I’ll take the love,” he smiles, and she crushes into his chest, squealing as he showers kisses over the top of her head.

“We’re so proud of you, B. And we’re so excited for next week.” He pulls away and passes her a mug of coffee, and one to me as well.

The year we had her at Crave was amazing and it led us to realize we need another full-time director. Today I’m interviewing both directors and future protégé candidates. After Brielle was such a success, Ezra decided he wanted to partner two students with us this year.

I’m now not only a director who still assists Aug, but I’m also the mentorship coordinator, and the hiring director. Aug is still directing, but this week, he’s off to help get CKF ready in time for its first shoot next week. I think Cohen is even coming by for a few days, and Tuck has lent himself to the first feature, along with Maxi and Otis.

I feed my fingers through his hair, tasting toothpaste on his mouth when I kiss him. “And what are you doing today?”

He slides his hand around my neck and pulls me back to his mouth, kissing me deeply before we break apart. “One cup only,” he warns Brielle who sits perched on a barstool, sipping her coffee as she scrolls through her phone. He looks down at me. “I’m counting on you to make sure she doesn’t have any more coffee later.”

I roll my eyes. “Yes, Dad. Now, what are your plans for the day?” I reach down and cup his cock. “B and I were thinking a lunch date at home.”

From behind us, she says, “I’m in.”

I don’t know if there’s a time limit on being insanely physically attracted to your partners, but the thought of being with them in any way always gets me hard. I think maybe when you’re in the right relationships, the butterflies never die and the excitement never wanes. I feel that for both of them, ridiculous amounts of butterflies and unending excitement

buzzing through me. Waking up excited to live your exact life is a trip, and I'm lucky as hell.

"Painting today, I can't take a break," he says, sliding two lunch bags across the counter. "But I made your favorites."

"You're our favorite," Brielle coos from her spot at the bar, smirking at him.

"You're just saying that because I'm painting the studio today but don't worry, I'm gonna be home earlier tonight. Cohen and Scar's daughter has a dance recital, so I should be back before you two."

"Fuck!" Brielle slaps her forehead. "I forgot, dad and Winnie are coming over tonight. Dinner, remember?"

I nod, fighting back a smile. But goddamn I'm proud of Brielle. It had to be hard to watch her best friend turn into her father's best friend, her father's confidant. But she's handled it like a champ, and in the last few months, B and Winnie have actually started to get coffee and meals together, and once I think they even went shopping.

It's been slow going, but it is going, and Quincey is forever grateful to us for helping her get there, his words. The truth is, Brielle didn't need our advice after that night in the Italian restaurant a year ago. She decided to accept it, took her time, tread carefully, and moved at a pace that felt right. And because of her good choices, the three of us have a relationship with both Quincey and Winnie and that was something none of us could ever see at one point. I'm proud of her.

"I'll make steaks," Aug says, pulling open the freezer. White air puffs out around him as he digs around, finally producing three black trays of frozen meat that he sets in the sink. "And then I'll fuck you both into the ground after they leave."

I nod and look at Brielle. "That works for me."

She slips off the stool and plants a goodbye kiss on his lips then says, "Me too. I can be patient."

Aug smirks as we move past him to the door. “Hold on.” He fishes around in those sweats, producing two silver plugs. “Let’s make it interesting.” One at a time, he plunges the plugs onto his tongue, and my cock gets fat and happy at the sight. “Now bend.”

I work my belt from memory, tug my slacks and briefs down, holding my shirt and suit jacket up with one arm as I lean over the kitchen counter. My cock thrums when he places a kiss on my cheek before plugging my ass.

B does the same, leaning over the bar with her blouse collected in one arm, pencil skirt shoved down. He kisses and plugs her too, and then we’re off for a day of work. Work and misery, because when I’m plugged like this, knowing she’s plugged too, I can hardly make it through the day. And then we have to get through dinner, too? Fuck. I growl at him on my way out.

“You sadist,” I tease.

“If I am, then both of you are masochists because I’ve seen your underwear after I’ve plugged you both all day.” He leans in, dusting his lips against hers, then mine. “Messy pups.”

She looks at me across the cab of the car, door open, one foot already on the city sidewalk. “Good luck today.” She wiggles her hips against the seat. “I can’t wait for tonight.”

My ass clenches around the plug as I push her blonde hair behind her shoulder, leaning in to kiss the side of her neck. My prostate is more sensitive than my cock, I swear. “I can’t wait either,” I agree, then we share a stretched kiss over the console, and she’s gone, traipsing into her studio. Aug will be there in a few minutes to get painting so I turn the car around and head to Crave, holding it down where it all began.



“No! I go first because I had to watch him paint shirtless all day. And don’t try to tell me you had it worse—I saw your schedule today. Post-editing supervision and interviews. Psh!” she folds her arms over her chest, chin tipped victoriously to the ceiling as she looks back to him. “Me first.”

I blink. Once, twice, and again. “*Excuse me?*” This is so her, fighting me on something I fucking want. God it gets me fired up. “I have a prostate, the plug was torturing me all day,” I tell her, trying to catch her on fire with my searing gaze.

She’s spicy today, and I’m salty, and this plug has been torturing me every second for the last eight hours. I face him. “Me.”

Augustus strokes his hand down his thick stubble, and my cock likes it. And I like it, too. I loved that time when he had a beard, despite the reason he had it. But he’s ours now, and that beard feels fucking heavenly against my naked body.

“You’re both kind of... *grouchy* tonight.”

“We’re starved,” Brielle rasps, rolling her lips together seductively as she pushes her bare breasts out, her hard nipple nearly grazing his bare chest.

My cock likes that, too, but my brain doesn’t. “Cheater.”

She smirks and goddamn it. “Fine, her first, but I want some sort of good boy credit for this.”

Aug laughs, feeding his hand through his hair as he readies himself. He fills a palm with lube and begins coating his cock. I swear to fuck, my stomach growls. “Really?” B snarks. “Your stomach growling? Such a kiss ass.”

I smirk at my choice to only go for a BLT and fries for lunch, instead of the Oreo cookie milkshake too. *Discipline to my advantage.*

“My pups are too starved,” Aug chuckles, sending a hot scattering of goosebumps across my chest. My nipples get hard and goddamn it, I don’t even care who goes first. I just want to start. I need... them. His smile fades. “Down.”

We go down. He fastens our collars in under a minute. “Fours.” We drop to all fours. “Pen.” I let Brielle lead as we move around the bed to the pen and get in. My knees and palms are familiar with this flooring and no longer get torn or bruised. He’s broken us in.

“On your elbows,” he says, and the metal clinks beneath me as I sink lower.

I turn and find her tipped forward the way I am, lips parted, eyes muddled as she gazes at me. I lean in, pressing my lips to hers. I’m met with a smirk so I give her a wink.

The pen shudders slightly, and my heart skips a beat knowing why. He’s leaning in, body connecting with the metal frame. Brielle sucks in a sharp breath, and I’m right behind her, inhaling so fast my teeth burn. His fingertips press into my ass, pinching the plug.

He plucks them from us at the same time, and they tumble to the floor heavily in unison. I drop my head, eyeing the thick stream of precum stringing to the bottom of the pen. Fuckin’ A, that’s not a good start. I swallow thickly, thinking about an actual dog in a pen.

Babies I could get on board with maybe. *Mini Lance* has a certain ring to it. And as long as they don’t leave the underwear on the floor and food in the couch. But a dog that sniffs crotches and eats shit and then has the audacity to lick your face and sleep in your bed? Uh, *fuck that.*

*Okay. A dog. I’m thinking of a dog.*

*Thwack.* Through the cage, Aug slaps my bare ass, doing the same to Brielle. The pen rattles as he does it again and again, my core and ass clenching in passive restraint.

And as I stifle a moan built from pure fucking agony, the painful desire to come completely overtaking every part of me, he pushes two lubed fingers inside, stretching and curling in my ass. I whimper, I'm not even ashamed to say it. I whimper and I moan and between my legs, my cock is achingly hard, deep red with need.

Brielle makes a noise. Maybe a small exhale, a complaint, I'm not sure because I'm trying to refocus on that picture of a dog in my head.

"Quiet," he commands her, slapping her ass lined up next to mine while notching himself at my hole through the opening in the crate. "Open," he growls, his voice dipping into the territory I want to exist in, the dark territory of pain and pleasure that I *thrive* in. I relax my body as he enters me in a single push, causing me to grunt.

"Good boy, take me, be strong for me and take me."

Oh Jesus Christ. I look at Brielle whose face is twisted up in ecstasy, though she doesn't dare touch herself. Just watching seems to be foreplay enough.

But as I'm nearing the finish line—*hey, the plug all day did it*—he's plunging into Brielle, and I'm eating up all of her moans and sighs, scooping them up with both hands, licking my palms to get every single crumb they give me as I watch. Watch and wait for my turn.

Over and over, he moves between each of us, fucking us for what feels like the next hour. I don't know how long it actually is, because when I'm with them like this, I'm not really sure of anything.

Except, of course, *I need to fucking come.*

And when he slides into me again, he gives me permission. *Finally.* "You've earned it," he says. My back softens, I drop my forehead to the ground and press my ass into the cage, the metal bars sending a raw ache through my hips, then he gives it to me deep. Pounding into me, shaking the pen around us, he fucks me over and over until I'm gasping and coming. Heat splashes my elbows and chin and even after he pulls out of me,



sliding into Brielle, I continue to cum, painting the floor beneath me as I grab at the metal cage to brace myself.

Brielle lurches forward, moaning in rippling waves, seemingly suffocating on her own gasps as she comes. God I love the way she sounds when she comes. Its breathy and sexy and... fuck. And she's rolling her forehead on the ground over her hands when he commands us out.

"Now, out." The pen door slams open as we crawl out. He grabs our collars and jerks us to our knees, both of us grasping at his naked hips to steady ourselves. "Open," he growls and just as I'm tipping my head back, heat streaks over my open mouth, Aug's orgasm settling onto my tongue.

He growls through his release, splitting it between the two of us, giving both of his pups his reward. And when he's emptied himself the way he needed, the way he used us to do, he tells us to kiss, and then lick each other's faces clean. It's fucking hot and exactly what I needed after being plugged all day.

We shower, and Aug makes popcorn and brings three cans of La Croix to bed, where Brielle and I are arguing over what to watch when he comes back.

He sets the popcorn and drinks down on the nightstand and looks at me. "Got anything left in you? I was hoping you and I could show our pup how to service her Sirs, in a way she hasn't yet."

Brielle is already clambered out of the sheets, scrambling across the bed to get to her feet.

Beneath the sheet, my cock lifts. Aug's muscled body flexes as he reaches down, opening the drawer. Hanging from his finger, he produces a strap-on, a thick, veiny cock protruding from the front, a slimmer, curved one on the inside of the harness. Double sided for all of our pleasure. "We are in control, make no mistake, but you're going to pleasure us, to a T, at our commands. And you come when we say. Got it?"

She nods and I find myself at the edge of the bed with Aug, our mouths fused as we reach behind, stuffing ourselves

with lube as Brielle gears up. Our lips peel apart as Aug breathes, “This is what you needed. And you’re so good at it. I’m sorry I couldn’t give it to you, you’re incredible in this role.” We share another kiss, and the unspoken subtext floats between us.

We’re both doms, but tonight, I’ll be the only one giving orders.

So I begin.

I order Brielle to slide into Aug’s ass, but only after she plays with him first. “Two fingers,” I command, holding his eyes as she works him open.

“Sir is ready,” I tell her, finding the heated need glazing his eyes. I kiss his lips again as she slides the cock inside, whimpering the entire time.

“No, sweet pup, you are pleasing your Sir right now. You will ignore the way that toy tickles your cunt and teases you, you will ignore it and please your Sir.”

I glance over my shoulder, sweat glowing on her forehead as she nods obediently. “Yes, Sir.”

I reach between his legs and pump his erection, so hot and hard that I slam my lips to his. I stroke as I command her to fuck him in time with my hand, perfectly in sync so his g-spot and cock are tested all at once.

His dark eyes twinkle as I stroke him, using his precum to slick his shaft. I can read his cock like a book, so he is able to be a silent Sir tonight. “Fuck him deeper, and hold yourself inside him there,” I command her, reaching further back to squeeze his heavy, hot sac. That elicits a groan from him, and I crash my mouth to his again.

“I’m all the way,” Brielle says, her voice wavering. I look back to find her trembling, one hand smoothing over the globe of Aug’s ass, the other groping her tit.

“Do not touch yourself,” I snap, and her hand falls away immediately. Good girl. “Please your Sirs then your Sirs will please you.”

She nods and I find Aug's eyes again. I love seeing him bent over our bed, ass out, his ability to be dominant while being fucked is incredibly sexy. His chest puffs with a sharp inhale as I command her to move inside him again.

I pump his cock, precum coating my fist, and she saws in and out of him from behind.

"Fuck," he grimaces after just mere minutes of taking the strap. He loves being fucked, my handsome man. "Pup," he roars, rising, pushing the cock out of him. He turns around and reaches for my hand, and I know what he wants.

"No," I tell him. "You, Sir, come second tonight."

I look at Brielle. "Fuck me now, pet. Just as I say."

Aug groans, and as Brielle slips the sticky dildo into my burning tight passage, I stare at his bobbing cock, slapping the dark hair on his belly as he carefully plays with himself.

"Fuck me fast, pet," I tell her, knowing exactly what I want from this. I've seen it in my mind, with my hand wrapped around my cock, too many times. Aug reaches out, and my eyes fall closed when he reciprocates with his fist on my dick, pumping me as our pet fucks me deep.

I swat his hand away, replacing it with mine. Brielle has only taken my ass for a minute or so, but goddamn it, I'm ready. I stand, pushing the dildo out of my body as I do, and face her. "Hold that cock out to me pet, and do not wriggle," I warn, noticing the way she slightly shimmies in the harness, likely seeking more friction from the toy inside of her.

I stroke myself until I spew an abundant load all over the dildo, coating it in threads of white cream. Brielle wiggles but I grab her by the neck, since her collar isn't on, and say simply, "No."

Her hips still, a soft whimper on her lips, but I let her have it though we both know I did not tell her she could speak. "Now fuck your Sir," I say, nodding to Aug, who bends over the bed easily, eagerly.

She slides back into him, and his groan is so loud that the entire room rattles a little from his unexpected and deep-

seeded pleasure. “Fuck my cum into Sir’s ass, and then you will be rewarded.”

Her blonde head bobs with a fervent nod as she pushes to her toes and rocks her hips forward. I reach out and find him with my fist again, pressing my mouth to his to swallow the groan that erupts from him as I stroke.

She fucks, I stroke, he groans. And having control of all of that feels so goddamn good. My brain tingles from an uncanny high. “I’m gonna come,” Aug warns, snapping me from my reverie.

“Pull out,” I command her, and she’s so breathy and horny that she does, nodding her head, eyes wide. She’s so willing and easy under my command—I understand the high of domming. It’s beautiful and pure.

Aug rises and I stroke his orgasm onto the dildo, still somewhat streaked with mine. His head tips back, and I watch his Adam’s apple bob as he comes, streaking the toy with abundance. And when he’s done and Brielle is wiggling in the harness, a whimper on her lips, I tell her to take it off.

She obeys, and the sight of the glistening toy that comes out of her cunt? “Goddamn, look at how needy our pup is. Look at how wet she gets watching her Sirs get pleasure.”

Aug growls. “It’s her turn, since she’s been so good.”

I agree, and take the cock from the harness. I hold it on the mattress and blink at her. “Sit down and ride.”

She scrambles back onto the bed as fast as she got off, obeying my commands, making my chest flood with prideful heat. I give the cock a healthy wiping, as the toy that just filled us, coated in our release, slides easily into her hungry pussy.

I hold that toy on the mattress as she rides. She moans when I tell her to speak. She quiets when I command her to hush. And finally, she comes when her Sir tells her to come, all the while her other Sir stands by idly, watching, pride and adoration radiating off him in contagious waves.

Nothing but sweaty, tingling messes, the three of us head to the bathroom and clean up before returning to our bed,

popcorn and drinks waiting. God that felt so good, having that control. It's been nice sharing it with Aug, but having it this way tonight felt so goddamn perfect.

Aug flicks on the television as we move our feet through the sheets.

"*Antiques Roadshow*," he announces as he puts the program on, reaching over Brielle to pass me a drink. She holds the popcorn as he fiddles with the remote, adjusting the volume. Brielle yawns, curling an arm behind her head to better see the TV.

"I can't wait until next week," she squeals. "On the 18th I will officially be up and running!"

Aug kisses her temple and I reach beneath the sheet and squeeze her tight. "Exciting, baby. And we're proud of you." The truth is, I've been in awe of her since the day we met. Resilience is hard to find these days, but Brielle has it. And she goes after the things that she wants, boldly... also cutely.

"The 18th is next week?" Aug asks, scooping a handful of popcorn up.

Brielle nods as she watches a woman approach a stiff looking old man with a pocket watch. "Yeah, because, let me see. The first day of filming is Thursday, and if today is the 12th..."

I take a few bites of popcorn as the woman on the TV explains how very important her ugly watch is. Brielle sits up in bed, sending the popcorn careening to the floor.

Her gaze comes crashing to mine then over to Aug before facing the pocket watch on screen. "Oh my god, I'm like, *really* late."

And the first thing that I do?

Smirk. Because the truth? A mini Lance, a mini Aug or a mini B doesn't sound so bad.



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# about the author

Daisy Jane is an Indie Author writing contemporary romance with kink. In her stories you will find small towns, ordinary people and extraordinary sex lives.

When not writing romance, Daisy enjoys reading, finding new ways to eat peanut butter, black coffee, funk music and cool cover bands, Yosemite, browsing Reddit, true crime, and so much more.

She lives in California with her husband of fifteen years, their two daughters and three cats.





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