



Playing
BY THEIR **RULES**

CALISTA JAYNE

PLAYING BY THEIR RULES

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About the Author

Also by Calista Jayne

Playing by Their Rules

by Calista Jayne

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ABOUT THE BOOK

Three simple rules. Two hot professors. One helluva good time.

When I meet Chance and Ethan, I know immediately that these dominant professors can give me what I need, what I crave. Order. Discipline. Lessons in pleasure.

Their rules are simple and there's talk of consent and age requirements, but my brain is fizzing with anticipatory pleasure and I can't focus.

And unfortunately, it turns out that twenty years old is not old enough for them.

That's it? I'm kicked out of their bedroom, out of their lives? I'm crushed. I'll do anything to get their attention back on me where it belongs.

I might even break a few rules.

***Playing by Their Rules* is a standalone, suspenseful MFM erotic romance. If you've ever fantasized about a sexy professor taking you over his knee, read this book and fall in love with two of them today!**

For a full list of content warnings and tropes, please visit the author's website.

This one is for the Babydolls.

Roses are red

Violets are blue

If one Daddy is good

Then how about two?

BRATS ARE PERFECT

Maisie

Garlic, cheese, onions, spicy sausage, fragrant mushrooms. The combination is nice in theory, but when the scents soak into my clothes after a dinner shift at Pepperoni Palace, it's less than ideal. I'll be changing my clothes before I leave this place because I know my roommate will have things to say about it if I don't.

"You smell too good," she always says. "Now I want garlic bread. You have to get me a job there."

I don't want to get her a job here. As soon as we graduated high school, she followed me from our foster home in Clear Springs so we could save on rent together, and then she followed me to San Esteban University, and now she's majoring in linguistics, same as me. I love Mina, I really do, but sometimes there's such a thing as too much time together. So I always tell her that I haven't been working here long enough to have the clout to get her in. The tactic has worked for two months now, but pretty soon the excuse will wear thin.

"Ohmygosh ohmygosh," Caitlyn, one of my coworkers, mutters as she walks past me. "They're here. They're *here*."

"Who's here?" I ask.

"Shhh." She changes her mind about going to the soda fountain and grabs me by the elbow to take me toward the coffee makers at the other end of the server station. "Don't let them know we're talking about them."

Matching her hushed, reverent tone, I whisper, "Who?"

"The professors."

She says this, *the professors*, as if the title holds some meaning for me. I mean, San Esteban is a college town. We have two universities: San Esteban School of the Arts and San Esteban University. We get a healthy mix of students *and*, not-so-shockingly, professors.

I simply raise my eyebrows at her, waiting for her to explain.

“You really haven’t been here that long, have you?” Caitlyn says.

“Two months isn’t a short time,” I say indignantly.

Shaking her head and pursing her lips, she drags me behind the coffee machines and physically swivels my face toward the crowded dining room.

Frowning, I say, “How am I supposed to find a special set of ‘professors’ in this mix—oh.”

Because there they are. They stand out from the crowd, but I can’t exactly pinpoint why. They don’t tower over everyone else, because they’re sitting down. They don’t have special clothes that are perfectly tailored to their every muscle or whatever thing my favorite romance novels are always waxing poetic about. I don’t think they’re wearing designer shoes... although I wouldn’t recognize a designer shoe if it hit me in the face.

No, there’s something else about them. It’s subtle, but it’s there. Charisma, auras, whatever—they exude power, domination, sex. Even while taking sips of the water that our stammering busser just dropped off at their table. They look like they’re in charge of everything, even in their sleep.

“Right?” Caitlyn says. “There was this server a couple of years ago. She said she went home with them—both of them—one night.”

“Both?” I squeak.

I still haven’t looked away from the professors, but I can see Caitlyn nodding from the corner of my eye.

“Both,” she repeats. “And—get this—they spanked her. It wasn’t her thing in the end, she said, but the night was unforgettable and she left feeling *very* satisfied.”

My thighs clench involuntarily at the thought of getting a spanking. I’m not super experienced, unless a clumsy fingering session with Phillip Stiles in eleventh grade counts

for anything. I spent high school afraid of having sex and getting pregnant, because I didn't want to be in the same situation my mom was in when she was forced to give me up to the foster system.

But for these guys? I'd go all the way.

And yeah, with both of them. Looking at the two of them now, the thought of being with two guys doesn't even sound scandalous like it probably should. It just sounds hot. It sounds right.

It sounds like something I very much want to do.

The guy on the left has light brown hair with some gray in it. There's a rugged appearance to his face with his strong jaw and chiseled cheekbones. His blue eyes are currently scowling at something his friend says. He looks like a grump, but a sexy grump. He could be the Darcy to my Lizzie Bennet any day. The other has a darker complexion and dark brown hair, also shot through with gray. He'd be the Heathcliff to my Catherine. But his mood seems lighter, and if I'm not mistaken, he's trying to cheer up his grumpy friend.

Whatever they're doing, they're hot as heck.

I didn't know I was into silver foxes, but here we are.

"Well, get out there," Caitlyn says, giving me a nudge in their direction.

"They're sitting in your section," I point out.

She holds up her left hand so her wedding ring catches the light. "I am happily married, and I don't need that kind of temptation thrown in my path. No drama here. You get out there and flirt. I hear they're good tippers, too." She waggles her eyebrows suggestively.

Yeah, I bet they are. I bet they're good at everything.

Chance

Our server is exquisite. I exchange a look with Ethan and I can tell he's thinking the same thing I am. She blushes prettily, she's got a luscious body. There's something in her demeanor, also, that speaks to an innate desire to please which is constantly at war with what I suspect is hidden mischief.

Or maybe that's just what I'm hoping for.

A hook-up with someone like her could perhaps pull Ethan out of his malaise. He's been a pain in the ass ever since the semester ended. He needs something to occupy himself, and he's not teaching a summer session this year.

"I'm Maisie and I'll be taking care of you this evening," our server says.

Her deep pink lips entrance me momentarily, before I remember myself. "I'm Chance," I say. "This is Ethan."

"Hi," she says, her cheeks turning rosy. Her straight black hair is pulled into a high ponytail and she looks as if she wishes she could curtain her face with it. The thought of a shy woman opening up to us gets me so fucking hard. We could bring her out of her shell.

We could corrupt her.

"Are you a student?" I ask.

"Yeah. Yes," she says. "I'm a student."

"Do you go to SESA or SEU?" Ethan asks in a soft tone.

She blushes even pinker as she says, "SEU. I'm in the linguistics program."

Perfect. A grad student, which means she's old enough. No one under twenty-five for us. It doesn't matter that she goes to the same school we work at because as long as she isn't in our program, it doesn't go against the university policy.

There's an innocence to her as she stammers over her words. Surely she isn't a virgin, but that faux innocence is

begging to be corrupted.

When she walks away, Ethan checks her out until I nudge him. I give him a look and he nods. We're in agreement. Now we just need to get the girl on board.

Because once she's on board? She'll be in bed. Between us. Her snug cunt and ass taking our cocks while she screams herself hoarse from all the pleasure we give her.

Maisie

Somehow, I get through taking their order. “I’m Maisie and I’ll be taking care of you this evening” is the last thing I remember coming out of my mouth, because as soon as the words were out there, all I could hear was the double entendre. And then my brain went fuzzy. What if *they* heard the double entendre? What if they thought it was intentional? It wasn’t, but what if it had been? I don’t know how to flirt, never have. I second-guess everything when I try. I know what I like, I know what I want. But when someone else enters the equation, it becomes an endless feedback loop of what they expect and want versus what I expect and want. I just need someone to step in and say, “Hey, we like you. Come home with us tonight.” If someone did that, then I could go along with it, and finally have fun, forget about all the annoying crap at my apartment, all the little weirdnesses that bother me, all the loneliness I feel, all the ways I don’t measure up.

It’s finally time to bring them the check, and I’ve been lingering for too long at their table, collecting their plates even though that’s the busser’s job.

“Maisie?”

The professors are looking at me, waiting for me to respond.

Because one of them—Ethan, I think his name is—actually said the words I’d been longing to hear. That wasn’t my imagination after all.

He says them again, his voice low and serious. “We like you. We think you should come home with us tonight. What do you think?”

“Um.” Their plates suddenly become very heavy in my hand.

“We should warn you,” Ethan adds, “when we play, we play hard.”

“I like to play. I like games,” I say, sounding braver than I actually feel. All I can think about is Caitlyn’s story of the other server who went home with them. They spanked her. I want that. I want it so much.

Chance cants his head to the side, considering me. “What kinds of games?”

I bite back a smile. “Hard ones.”

“Then come with us,” Chance says, his dark eyes connecting with mine. “One night.”

If I shout *Yes, Daddy* and wrap my legs around his waist so he can carry me out of here, will that appear too eager? Probably. I raise one shoulder in a shrug and say, “Okay.”

Like I’m doing them a favor. Ha.

Chance’s lips quirk up on one side, because he sees right through my attempt at nonchalance. “What time do you get off work?”

“Soon,” I say. “Maybe twenty minutes or so.”

Ethan, the blue-eyed grump, nods. “We’ll be waiting out front for you.”

My stomach flutters with happy nerves. “I’ll be out soon.”

They pay their check and leave. I walk back to the server’s station in a daze. That didn’t just happen. Did it?

“Are you okay?” Caitlyn asks when I reach the coffee machines.

“Yeah. I’m—” I stop. I don’t know how to finish this sentence. Finally, I force it out. “They asked me to go home with them.”

“Wait, they asked you out?” Caitlyn asks, an excited squeak in her voice.

“Yeah. I think they did.”

“I will want to hear everything tomorrow,” she says.

I promise her I’ll tell her everything, but my brain is all fuzzy. This isn’t really happening, is it? I want it to happen,

and I want it so much. But the things I've always truly wished for never came to be. A loving family, a full-ride scholarship, a paid internship.

Maybe this whole thing is a joke.

I start to convince myself that these men have nothing better to do than lead on a young college student. They'll laugh at me when I reach the sidewalk, and then they'll walk away, slapping each other's backs in shared hilarity.

Yet, when I step out of the restaurant, they simply stand there, watching me. Chance's dark eyes glint as he smiles. "I was beginning to wonder if you'd run out the back."

Shrugging, I say, "I considered it."

"You don't have to be scared of us," Chance says. "We play hard. The things we like to do can be rough, but we'll take our cues from you, Maisie. Consent is our number one rule."

"Consent is good," I say. "I consent. I'll go with you. I want to. And I'm not scared."

It's a big fat filthy lie. I'm a virgin and I'm going home with not one but two guys who are at least twenty years older than I am.

"Here's where we're going," Chance says, showing me a map on his phone. "San Esteban Suites. I'm Chance Wexton. That's Ethan Carlisle."

"Text a friend," Ethan says.

I nod.

Nobody moves.

Ethan stares at me, his intense blue eyes stern. "Right now, Maisie."

"Oh. Right. Okay." I take out my phone and hesitate. The natural person for me to text is my roommate and former foster sister. But I don't want to tell Mina about these guys. For once, this is something that's all mine. I don't want her to worry, though. I text her that I'm going to a party and I'll stay

the night out. She starts to respond, probably to invite herself along, but I click over to Caitlyn's number and text her the guys' full names and where we're going instead. I hold up my phone so Ethan can see it.

"There," I say. "Happy now?"

"Was that attitude in your voice?" Ethan folds his arms across his chest.

Oh, crap. What should I say? There was definitely attitude. Is that a good thing or a bad thing? What will get me the spanking I want?

"Might've been a little attitude," I say, cocking a hip to the side. Sassy, yes. I can be sassy. In fact, I'm starting to feel more like my real self with every passing moment.

Ethan's smile is slow and certain and he says to Chance, "It looks like we've found ourselves a brat."

"Oh good. Brats are perfect," Chance says, bouncing on the balls of his feet. "I love their squeals of indignation when I spank their asses red."

SPANKUS INTERRUPTUS

Ethan

This woman is half angel, half succubus. Mostly angel. It's the succubus I want to bring out.

I shouldn't want her this much. It's wrong. If she hadn't agreed to come with us, I don't know what the fuck I would've done. I'm overcome by a shadowy need to possess her, to make her moan my name and Chance's name.

This shadow side is dangerous. I should run far from this bratty little angel for her own good.

I drive. We make small talk about SEU and our respective departments—psychology for us, linguistics for her—and briefly stop at the store so Chance can purchase condoms and lube. Then it's off to the hotel. Chance and I take one-night-stands here rather than to either of our apartments. It's safer and less personal.

Yet I have an impulse to take her straight to our apartment building instead. Keep her there until she's exhausted from too many orgasms, and then wake her up in the morning to do it all over again. I want to care for her when she's sick, feed her when she's hungry, cheer her up when she's feeling down, make love to her when she's horny.

Oh yeah, and I want to punish her when she's a brat.

But I don't take her to my apartment as Chance's and my prisoner. I'm not a predator. We have rules for a reason, because we're not monsters even if we like to dole out a little pain sometimes.

Chance sits in the back seat with our angel. He doesn't do anything other than hold her hand. She's nervous despite her eagerness to play "games" with us. My sick mind takes me into a fantasy where she role-plays a virgin college student who thinks she's coming over to play Monopoly or something, and she arrives with snacks and board games while Chance and I are holding silk bindings and blindfolds.

Yep. This is going to be fun.

Maisie

The men stand on either side of me in the elevator as we go up to the room Chance booked. My breathing becomes shallow. They have this down to a routine, a science. How often do they bring women here for one night of fun? It shouldn't bother me that I'm the latest in their string of play partners, but it kind of does. There's something about them that I desire on not only a physical level, but an emotional level. I just met them, so none of this makes sense.

They're perhaps double my age. Old enough to be my father, if I had one. Is this about latent daddy issues I was never aware of? Entirely possible. Do my emotional motivations really matter for something casual like this? I know what to expect, going in.

One night of fun.

And they smell so freaking good. They smell like men. Mature, spicy, musky. I want to rub my face against their shirts and inhale.

As the elevator gives a soft *ding* for our floor, Chance takes my hand again. His thumb brushes the inside of my wrist as we walk down the carpeted hallway. How can something be both soothing and arousing at the same time?

"You were giving us attitude, baby girl," Chance says as we reach the hotel room door. "You come into this room with us, your ass *will* get spanked. Like we told you, we play hard."

"I'm here for that," I whisper.

"Good girl." His smile is devastatingly handsome, and the words of praise make me weak in the knees.

Chance unlocks the door and we go into the hotel room. I don't get much of a glimpse of the room—just the standard bed and dresser, and a small desk and armchair—before Chance pins me between Ethan and himself, his hands on my upper arms, Ethan at my back. "I have been dying to kiss this sweet mouth and these blushing cheeks."

I feel myself blush yet again. Dammit, I've always hated how my face gives me away.

Chance groans as if I've pained him, then lowers his lips to mine. He stops before making contact, though. "Can we kiss you? Touch you? Can we spank you, call you baby girl, and fuck you and make you come?"

"Yes," I breathe. "Yes, please. To all of that."

His mouth finally meets mine. I drink in his kiss, opening readily for him. I don't know exactly how they'll react when they learn I'm a virgin, but I'll take whatever I can get and try to give them as much pleasure as I can.

He cups my hip possessively, and Ethan moves closer behind me. His erection presses against my lower back. Hard. Insistent. Refusing to be ignored. I wiggle my ass from side to side, rubbing against him. He winds my ponytail around his hand and uses it to pull my face away from Chance's.

"Kiss me," he commands.

I do. It's been months since I kissed a guy, and now I'm kissing two within the span of a few seconds. Their hands are all over, but not on my breasts yet, not against my needy pussy. My hip, my waist, my shoulder, my neck. Cupping my cheek, winding in my hair. Heat blossoms in my core, and it gets stronger and stronger with each pass of the men's hands. If sex with two guys at once doesn't kill me, the build-up certainly will.

"I believe your attitude with us outside the restaurant earned you a spanking," Chance murmurs against my ear.

"That was barely any attitude at all," I say, trying to feign indignation. It's all part of the game, I think. They want to give me a spanking just as much as I want to receive one.

"Are you talking back to us?" Ethan asks.

Oh my gosh. More arousal soaks my panties. In the brattiest voice possible, I say, "Yes, I am. You're not my dad."

"Up over my lap," Ethan says. "We aren't your dads. We're your *daddies*, little girl, and you will address us as

Daddy or Sir.”

“Daddies,” I repeat, trying out the word. It fits with my own impulses. I blink back at him in the soft hotel room lighting and say it again. “Daddies.”

“This is a lot,” Chance whispers in my ear before licking the edge of it. “Your safe word is *red*, baby girl. Everything stops if you say it.”

“I’m not saying it,” I say.

“Good,” Ethan says, sitting down at the edge of the bed, “then get the fuck over here and get across my lap.”

I scramble to obey. “Yes, Daddy.”

It’s awkward draping myself over his lap, but he and Chance both help balance me so my legs dangle on one side, my arms and head on the other. Up close again, I inhale his spicy, manly scent. His jeans are soft against the bare skin they touch, my lower thighs, my arm.

This is absolutely beyond anything I thought I could do tonight, much less ever. Before I left the restaurant, I changed my clothes into one of the comfortable skirts I like to wear. My panties are nothing fancy, plain blue bikinis, but at least not embarrassing.

“Fuck, I want you,” Ethan groans. “I crave you, little angel.”

Lust ping-pongs through my body, hitting every nerve. “Then take me, Daddies.”

“We decide how this proceeds, not you,” he says.

Ethan’s erection presses against my rib cage. He flips up my skirt. Yanks my panties down to my knees. Can he see how wet I am for him, how soaked I am for the two of them? I need to make them happy, I need them to hurt me a little and then kiss it better.

I wait for it, for the stinging slap that will be both my punishment and my reward.

“After I spank you, what are we going to do with you?” he murmurs.

I wait for the spank. He doesn't do anything, though, so he must be waiting for a response. It's hard to think. What would someone with more experience say? Fuck me? I mean, that's what I want, but is it too forward? Chance already said they'd fuck me.

“I...I don't know,” I finally confess. “I don't have a lot of, um, experience.”

“You're a virgin, aren't you,” he says, smoothing his hand over my bare ass. His touch is warm and I'm so turned on I worry I'm dripping on his lap.

“Is virginity a deal-breaker?” I ask.

“No. Fuck.” He groans. “It should be, but it's not. But wait, how old are you?” His voice is stern and dark and causes my insides to clench. He brushes my skirt out of the way from where it started to fall back over my cheeks.

“T-twenty,” I say.

“Twenty,” he repeats. Again, nobody moves.

Does that mean twenty spankings? Why isn't he saying anything or doing anything? I wiggle my ass, trying to rile him up so he'll give me what I need.

The spank doesn't come down. I don't get the humiliating pain I was craving.

I look over at Chance. He's no longer watching me, but staring at his friend in horror.

“Put her down,” Chance says.

Ethan didn't need the instruction, though; he's already yanking my panties back up and smoothing my skirt down over them.

“Wait—what are you doing?” I ask. “I've been naughty, Daddy, and you said you were going to punish me.”

“You said you were in the linguistics program,” Ethan growls as he heaves me off of his lap. Gently, though, so I

don't fall over.

I feel wobbly. I was supposed to get the spanking I wanted, the spanking I've needed. "That's my major."

"You're not a grad student?" Chance asks.

"No. Undergrad studies."

"We came into this believing you were a certain age," Chance says in a low voice. Gone is his playful demeanor. It's been extinguished by frustration.

"Age is just a number, right?" I give him what I hope is a saucy wink. Maybe we can still salvage this. Reaching for Ethan's hand, I place it at the hem of my skirt. His throaty growl is a warning. I need to goad him further. I try to move his hand up and in, toward my drenched pussy. I need to feel him there. I crave his touch just as much as he said he's craving me.

"No," he says, yanking his hand away. "We might like to play that you're young, but we like our women single, enthusiastically consenting, and over the age of twenty-five."

"But I'm here." I hold my hands out. Am I begging? I feel so desperate, so aroused. I need this. "I want this, you want this."

Ethan shakes his head. "We don't want it anymore."

Ouch. I've just been bare-assed in front of two men, begging for them to take me, and they don't want me.

"Right." I swallow. I'm grateful that the room is dimly lit, because that means they won't see the sheen of tears in my eyes.

"It's nothing about *you*," Chance says in a gentle tone, all traces of dominance gone and replaced by something easygoing and friendly. "It's just one of our three rules. Our play partners have to be single, enthusiastically consenting, and over the age of twenty-five."

I shake my head. This is humiliating. They're both looking at me without any of the lust that had been building since I waited on them at the restaurant.

They think I'm a child.

"We'll call you a car," Ethan says, standing and pulling his phone from his pocket.

That sizable hard-on I'd felt before is still visible, but he completely ignores it.

"Don't worry about it, I can find my own way home," I say.

Chance holds out his hands. "Maisie, don't be stubborn."

"Bye. Thanks for...whatever." I whirl around and leave the room.

They don't follow me. I wish they would, but they don't. The whole way down in the elevator, I wipe tears from my eyes and hope nobody's around in the lobby to see me trying not to cry.

Chance

“How did we make that mistake?” I ask as soon as the door closes behind Maisie. “At the restaurant, didn’t she say she was in grad studies?”

Ethan falls back on the bed and stares at the ceiling. “No. Fuck. She told us she was in the linguistics program. We assumed grad studies.”

“We assumed grad studies because we wanted it to be the case.”

Even if she’d been a grad student, it’s not a guarantee she’s a certain age. There are twenty-two-year-olds in graduate programs, and younger. We were blinded by our own desires.

I scrub a hand over my face, trying to clear the fog of lust. I want to run after her, tell her we’ll take care of her until she’s twenty-five, fight off any young punk who looks at her too closely. And then on her birthday, we’ll make everything worth the wait. But that’s grooming, and again, we aren’t predators.

“I don’t feel good about letting her leave,” I say. “We should’ve made an exception for her.”

“We have rules for a reason,” Ethan reminds me.

“Fuck.” I lean against the wall. “I don’t want to go back to the apartment. I can still smell her arousal in here.”

“I can, too.” He doesn’t move from his spot on the bed. “The sweetest girl we never had.”

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY 115

Chance

*F*ive Years Later

“Welcome to Abnormal Psychology 115,” I say to the class at large. The lecture hall seats one hundred, and every chair is filled. I expect it to stay full throughout the semester. Ab Psych is one of the more popular courses at SEU. It’s an undergrad course, but graduate students take it to fulfill their grad degrees, too.

A hundred minds, hungry for knowledge, await my instruction. I should be honored, but instead I’m bored, burnt out. The past five years, I’ve felt like a shadow of myself. The only time I’m happy is when I’m jerking off to thoughts of the girl Ethan and I pushed away. And even then, the most I can say for those sessions is that they are a pleasant form of torture.

“The syllabus has been emailed to you,” I continue, “so please follow along from that as we go over the expectations and plans for the course. If you need a printed handout, please let me know.”

I scan the filled seats to make sure no one is raising their hand for a paper copy, and that’s when it happens.

I see her.

Straight black hair pulled into a high ponytail just like the last time I had her in my arms, although then, Ethan’s hand had been wrapped in those silken strands. Her magenta lips tilt upward in a faint smile as she scans her tablet. She’s wearing a white button-down shirt and...fuck me, she shifts in her chair and I get a view of her legs.

She’s wearing a plaid skirt, like she’s walked straight out of my fantasies and into my classroom.

Only in my fantasies, the classroom is empty of the other students. It’s just the three of us—Ethan and me and Maisie. She’s been very naughty and Ethan has her bent over the desk while he screws her, her hands clawing at the polished wood

while I jack myself and wait my turn to deliver my own inches of punishment.

My pause has gone on too long, and she starts to look up from her tablet. The other students, too, are curious about the pause. I quickly look at my own set of papers.

The words swim on the page in front of me while my mind whirls. Am I hallucinating? I could become my own case study. Because it can't be *her* sitting in the front row.

But it is. I'd know that sweet, sinful face and those deep pink lips anywhere.

I say to the class, "Hang on, I lost my place. I need just a minute."

It's the first day, and the students nod in understanding. If I say anything with enough authority in my voice, they don't question it.

Instead of looking at my lecture notes, I instead look at the class roster. Maisie, Maisie, Maisie...there. Maisie Kanne. She's a grad student now, but that's all the information I can get from this sheet. I wonder if she's still studying linguistics, or if she's moved on to something else. I wonder if she's moved on to *someone* else.

Of course she has. It's been five years. She was a virgin back then, putting on a brave front when two filthy-minded men propositioned her in her place of work.

We're sick bastards, Ethan and I. She was practically a child, only twenty years old.

Surely by now, she's gotten over us.

But I haven't gotten over her. The instances I've wanked to thoughts of her is innumerable. Those pink lips haunt both my dreams and fantasies. I imagine them wrapped around my cock, or perhaps wrapped around Ethan's while she gives him head and I fuck her from behind. I imagine them parted in a moan while I finger her to orgasms in the middle of the night and Ethan and I suck on her little nipples.

In real life, I haven't touched her. I've resisted every impulse to visit the pizza place where we met her. I've done everything I can to forget. But in my fantasies? I've corrupted this girl millions of times in millions of different positions.

"Right," I say, struggling to get my heartbeat down to a normal rate, "so the first portion of the semester will be dedicated to personality disorders. Let's get right into that, shall we?"

Personality disorders. Obsessive thoughts. I'm a sick man. Who better to teach mental disorders than the guy battling demons of his own?

Maisie

Chance—oh, excuse me, *Professor Wexton*—is just as handsome as I remembered him. There's perhaps more gray at his temples than there was when I last saw him, but in all other respects—his handsome face, his fit build—he remains the same.

I'm just as much in danger of dropping my panties for him now as I was five years ago.

And I'm not the only person in this lecture hall who thinks he's a hottie. I hear whispers from the other students, both men and women, who find this guy attractive.

Five years. I wonder if Chance and Ethan think I forgot about them. But five years isn't a long time at all for a girl with fantasies like mine.

My linguistics degree wasn't all I'd hoped. The avenues I want to pursue mostly involve education and teaching. So I've been working my tail off, waiting tables at Pepperoni Palace and tutoring international students in academic writing while I start a new program to get my Master's in education. And when my advisor told me it would be wise to take a few more courses to round out my degree, my decision had been easy, albeit slightly reckless. Psychology. That's the department Chance and Ethan work in.

He sees me. I see him see me. And the expression on his face—confusion, hope, relief. Lust. Our connection is still there. It hadn't been my imagination, that day so long ago. They had wanted me very much, both of them. After a couple of years of licking my metaphorical wounds, I finally realized they hadn't lied about a thing. Ethan's erection had been very real. Their excitement, their sinister plans, those had been real.

My age had been the obstacle. I didn't hit their weird-ass requirement of age twenty-five.

Guess who's twenty-five now, bitches?

Dressing like a sexy schoolgirl is perhaps taking this too far, but I needed to get a reaction.

I've gotten reactions from some of my friends, that's for sure. My usual attire is either a comfortable skirt and a t-shirt, or jeans and a university sweatshirt. My buddy Bradley saw Mina and me arrive on campus today and he wolf-whistled loudly enough to catch the attention of everyone within a mile radius.

"Bradley, hush," I'd said.

"You're *hot*, Maisie."

"Everyone's hot to you, you slut," I said, and we laughed.

Mina, next to me, frowned. She didn't like it that I'd gotten changed right before we left. I swear, she tries to coordinate our outfits sometimes. It's weird, but we grew up weird, and I don't want to make her feel bad by calling attention to it.

Chance resumes going through the syllabus and he doesn't look up more than a few times throughout the rest of class. Each time he does, his gaze slides right past me. Did I piss him off? Good. I plan on torturing the man, and Ethan, just like they tortured me, getting me all riled up for a spanking they never delivered.

The hour and fifteen minutes is up. He dismisses the class. I gather my things, but I don't linger. I don't plan on throwing myself at the guy. I did that five years ago and it didn't work.

Besides, I have an hour for lunch, and after that? I get to take Intro to Psych with none other than Ethan Carlisle.

I liked that look of surprise on Chance's face.

I can't wait to see how Ethan reacts.

Ethan

Five minutes until my next class, I'm doing last-minute preparations to my notes. I'm not as organized as Chance. Or maybe I am, but I'm constantly reworking everything, struggling to make it more efficient. It makes me appear disorganized, but there is a method to the chaos.

My phone buzzes with a text.

Chance: *I've been trying to reach you for an hour. Call me.*

Me: *Can't. My next class starts in three minutes.*

He starts to text again, but the first students are already filing through the door. I tuck my phone in my pocket and lean back against the desk at the front of the lecture hall as the rest of the students walk in. Four hundred students in Intro to Psych 101. I don't watch them all—that would be weird. But I also can't be on my phone, which would be unprofessional. I expect them to keep their phone usage to a minimum during class, so I try to set a good example. Almost all of them are college freshman and sophomores, although there are a few upperclassmen and graduate students in the mix.

I look over my notes one last time. My phone buzzes in my pocket, but it's on silent so if anyone hears it, it will be faint. I ignore it.

"Welcome to Intro to Psych," I say. "You can all peruse the syllabus at your leisure. My office hours are listed there, and we have two graduate student TAs—Carrie and Derek—who have office hours listed as well. If you have questions you may drop in or make an appointment. Let's get started."

No hands come up. I've been told I'm intimidating in the classroom. It makes things more efficient by discouraging all but the important questions, so I'm okay with that.

I pull up some slides and dim the lights. "We're going to first go over the lobes of the brain and their function."

I cycle through different images of a human brain with certain areas emphasized to make it easier to discuss the parts.

“And this,” I say, pulling up a new slide with the frontal lobes of the brain highlighted, “is the prefrontal cortex. This part of the brain is responsible for what? Just say it, no need to raise hands, we aren’t in first grade.”

“Decision making,” someone says.

“Impulse control,” someone else offers.

“Both of those are correct,” I say. “It helps manage higher-level executive function—decisions, impulses, the ability to plan. At what age are the frontal lobes considered fully developed?”

A soft, feminine voice speaks from the front. “Age twenty-five.”

That voice. The sound of it hooks me behind the gut and yanks hard.

I squint through the darkened room, but I can’t see who spoke. I have to be imagining this. In the past five years, I’ve seen her a thousand times, a thousand ways, in a thousand different places, but it was always a mirage, or a fantasy. This must be another of those instances.

I return to my lecture. The words come out automatically. I could talk about brain function in my sleep. Once the talk is over, I brighten the lights somewhat and scan the lecture hall. Where is she? She’s here, I know she is.

It takes me a moment.

Right up front. Wearing a fucking schoolgirl outfit, of all things. Plaid skirt, a white shirt. She’s sucking on a motherfucking lollipop while she types notes into her tablet.

I used to think she was half angel, half succubus. No. This girl is all demon, sent from hell to torment me.

The boy next to her leers at her long legs. I want to break his disrespectful face.

I allow students to ask questions about the lecture. There are a few good ones, requiring some thought.

Eventually, class ends. Several students come up to the lecture area to introduce themselves. I'm used to this. It's difficult to get the attention of a professor in a crowded lecture environment, and many of these students hope to major in psychology.

Maisie doesn't approach me, though. I try not to look at her until she's turning around, walking out of the classroom. Her skirt flounces up with every step, revealing more of those long legs. I can't gawk, though. I'm a fucking professor, and twice her age, and all of this is wrong.

I need to tell Chance.

Fuck. The truth dawns on me. He must already know, and that's what he was calling me about.

As soon as the last of the stragglers head out, I pick up my phone and call him.

"*Now* you want to talk," he says. "I was calling to warn you—"

"She's here," I say.

"Yeah."

"She's in your class, too?"

"Yeah."

I sigh. "Did she suck on a lollipop during your lecture?"

Laughing a little, he says, "No, she must have been saving that particular torture for you. Did she talk to you?"

"No," I say. "You?"

"She barely looked at me."

"I want to put that brat over my knee. She's been due a spanking for five fucking years now."

"Careful," he cautions. "We're her professors now."

I don't fucking care. I want my palm on her skin, getting her ass nice and pink, her pussy nice and wet.

RECKLESS RENDEZVOUS

Maisie

After Intro to Psych, I duck into a restroom, lock myself in a stall, and try not to hyperventilate.

First, there was the “age twenty-five” answer that I provided. Age twenty-five is when the frontal lobes are, in most people, fully developed. It cannot be a coincidence that Ethan and Chance, two strong, protective men with kinky proclivities, made it a rule to only mess around with women twenty-five and up.

It doesn't take away the fact that they turned me down.

Sitting in Ethan's classroom didn't go exactly as I'd envisioned. I don't know what I wanted, exactly. Did I want Professor Ethan Carlisle to order the entire lecture hall to be emptied, and he'd say, “Except for you, Ms. Maisie Kanne. We need to talk.” And he'd fold his arms across his chest. Chance would appear out of thin air and the two of them would give me a very stern talking-to before deciding on my punishment. I'd be forced to endure a spanking, then suck their cocks, and then, only if I was a *very* good girl, they might fuck me.

The fantasy makes me hot, makes me wet.

But of course, the man barely looked at me.

Beyond his initial reaction, Chance barely looked at me, either.

I wanted to torture them, but perhaps I've miscalculated the strength of their desire. After all, they had me half-naked in front of them before, and they were able to send me away.

It still stings.

Am I torturing myself instead? All of these fantasies. Five years of fantasies. I've gotten off so many times to thoughts of these men, to the mental image of them spanking me and making me call them Daddy. I should just let it all go, but I can't.

Leaning my head against the cool metal door, I struggle to think. I'm going to need to up the ante, see exactly how far I can push them, how far I can push myself.

An idea pops into my head. It's wild. Reckless. Risky. Hot.

I'm going to do it.

And I'm going to need help.

"Maisie, are you in here?" a female voice calls.

It's Mina.

"Yeah...how'd you find me?"

"I knew you had Intro to Psych, and you didn't meet me out front like we planned. I was worried so I started checking the bathrooms."

She's also miffed; I can hear the tension in her voice. Just like I did with my clothes this morning, I changed my courses at the last minute without telling her. I'm probably being childish in not wanting to be copied, but honestly, the two of us need to get a little space from each other.

I emerge from the bathroom stall to see Mina standing next to the sinks, her worried expression meeting mine. Her naturally light brown hair is dyed much darker, nearly black, and her oversized sweatshirt hangs over her jeans. Currently, she's hugging her arms around herself and looking small.

"Is everything okay with us?" she asks quietly.

"Yeah, of course," I say. "Um, why?"

"I don't know." She shakes her head. "It just seems like you've been pulling away a little. I don't want to be a burden or anything, or hold you back. It's just, we're sisters and you're the only family I have."

"Ohhh," I say, and hurry forward to hug her. "I'm sorry I've been distant the past few days. I've just been making a lot of life decisions, and it's stressful."

I don't correct her on the "sister" thing. We lived in the same foster home for about seven months before graduating and aging out of the system. She considers us sisters, but I

never truly have. I do consider her family in a way, but “sister” has always seemed too strong for what I feel we have.

“That’s the thing.” Her mouth screws up to the side in a thoughtful pout. “Usually I’m part of those life decisions. Usually we’re making them together.”

I hug her again. “It’s probably scary, but you realize at some point we’re going to have to, you know, live our own lives, right?”

“Of course.” She hugs me back. “Of course.”

“Okay, let’s get out of here and get a bite to eat.”

As we leave, my gaze catches on one of the professors’ office doors, and my mind goes back to my bonkers idea. I’ll have to get Bradley alone to talk to him about it, because it’s his help I’ll need.

Maisie

“You’re sure you want to do this?” Bradley asks as we walk down the mostly empty corridor of Gladius Hall, where most of the psych courses and professor offices are located. Two days have passed since that first day of classes. The night clings to the late summer heat. “I know you have a wild streak, but this is a little on the crazy side, even for you.”

“A wild streak?” I wrinkle my nose at him.

“My dude.” He gives me a stare. “You go to parties, you drink, you flirt, you tease. You never get drunk, but you always skirt right along the edge of it. I know you’re saving yourself for these professors who probably don’t deserve you, but for fuck’s sake you push right up to the edge of the line with everyone.”

“Shh, don’t talk about the professors...I don’t want—”

“Mina isn’t around. Calm down.”

Bradley is puzzled by my strange need to keep Mina in the dark about my crushes. But the thing with Mina is that even in high school, she started liking whatever guy I had my eye on. I want Chance and Ethan to be kept far from her attention. They’re mine. Which is stupid—they aren’t really mine and they’ve probably spanked and fucked a thousand women in the past five years. I don’t like the thought of that, but it’s life. Even so, I don’t want Mina going after them.

“Really, though,” Bradley says. “You’re sure about this?”

“Yes, I’m sure.” My need for vengeance, my need for another chance are equal, and equally strong. “Are *you* sure? It’s a big ask.”

“Pretending to have sex with my hot bestie isn’t that big of an ask,” he says. “And the offer stands if you want to *really* do it.”

“Tempting.” I shove his shoulder with my own, which sends me careening in the opposite direction while he doesn’t

budge.

And it *is* tempting. Bradley could be a younger body double for the guy who plays the time-traveling hero in *Academy of Ghosts*. Dark auburn hair, a fantastic build from all the sports he plays. I get more than a few “way-to-go” glances from strangers whenever I’m out with him. Also, everyone already thinks we’re friends-with-benefits, so this evening’s planned escapade won’t do damage to either of our reputations or relationships if the wrong person catches us.

We pass Chance’s office. A faint light shines through the crack in the door. His office hours just ended, and he’s still here, just as I’d hoped.

The door next to his leads to an empty classroom, and the door is unlocked.

“Here we go,” I say, ducking into the classroom and grabbing Bradley’s arm to bring him with me.

The room is dark. The only windows are very high on the walls, so I don’t have to worry about anyone peering in from that direction. Empty tables sit in long lines going across the room. This is a much smaller classroom than the lecture halls, more in line with where I’d take a more intimate, upper-level course.

If I were going to have an evening rendezvous quickie with some rando, I’d do it somewhere like here, probably. Maybe. Okay, probably not. But what do I know about rendezvous, anyway?

We walk to the side of the room that borders Chance’s office. Professor Wexton. During class, he was all approachable and full of self-deprecating humor, faint smiles. His dark hair and eyes give him a soulful, intense look, but it clashes with his light personality. The edginess started to come out that night five years ago, as soon as we were locked in the hotel room with Ethan.

I wonder which side of him will win out tonight, if either.

I reach under my skirt and pull off my lacy black panties, dropping them to the floor next to me.

“Wait, I thought we were pretending?” Bradley says, eyeing my underwear. “I mean, I am down if you want to do the real thing—”

“Shut up,” I say with a laugh. “You know I’m not going to lose my virginity in an empty classroom as a half-baked revenge scheme.”

He shrugs and says, “I live in hope.”

“Your boner lives in hope.”

He laughs. “That too.”

If he had no sense of humor, this wouldn’t be possible. I thank the stars, fate, whatever, that I have such a good friend in Bradley. It also helps that he is aromantic. He loves sex, but he doesn’t connect with people on a romantic level. Friendship is his emotional catnip, and sex scratches the physical itch.

If I were able to make sex just about physical connection without the emotional, I’d have slept with him some time ago. Well, my need for romance holds me back along with the fact I’ve been foolishly waiting for two men in particular.

“All right.” I lean against the wall that connects to Chance’s office. “Get over here, let’s do this thing.”

Grinning, he arranges himself next to me and gets in my space so we’re standing super close, against the wall. “Is this okay?”

“Yep,” I squeak. Although being this close to him and thinking about Chance is doing strange things to my brain. I am actually turned on. By my friend.

“So now we start banging against the wall,” he says, “and you moan. That’s the plan, right?”

“Right.” I inhale deeply, and my desire diminishes. He smells nothing like Chance or Ethan. This isn’t real.

He thumps the wall with his hip in a rhythmic, suggestive way.

“Oh, you’re good at this,” I say.

“That’s what she said.” He smiles again, and we both have to cover our mouths to keep from cracking up.

“Mmm,” I say loudly when I catch my breath. “Yes. Right there, like that.”

Bradley continues bumping against the wall. Surely Chance is hearing this right now? Why doesn’t he investigate? He doesn’t know it’s me, yet.

“Say my name,” I whisper to Bradley.

“Maisie,” Bradley says. “Fuck, Maisie, *Maisie!*”

“Yes, like that!” I cry.

A door close by squeaks open. It isn’t this classroom door. Is it Chance’s office?

Bradley whispers, “I’m going to touch your leg, if that’s okay. If he walks in—”

“Yes, do it,” I whisper back.

Bradley puts his hand on my upper thigh, dragging up my skirt partway. I pull up my shirt so my breasts, covered by my bra, are out.

I pull Bradley’s head down to my neck so it looks like he’s kissing me.

“Maisie, be careful,” he says. “This is maybe too far—”

I immediately let go of him. I don’t want to hurt my friend, even if it spoils my fake scene.

The door bursts open and light from the hallway spills into the room.

“What is the meaning of this?” Chance’s voice asks in a growl. “This is highly inappropriate.”

Bradley lets his hand, which had still been on my leg, fall to his side. “Sorry, sir,” he says, adjusting himself in his pants. From the angle, it might look to Chance as if he’s buttoning his fly, although I think I legitimately gave Bradley a boner, and now I feel awful.

With Bradley to the side, I can fully face Chance. He glowers at us, his shoulders up and making him look bigger, bulkier, more intimidating.

Hotter, sexier, more dominating.

“You,” Chance says, pointing at Bradley. “Out. I need to speak with the young lady.”

Bradley nods, but I grab his shoulder. “Hey,” I whisper. “Too far?”

“No way,” he whispers back, and kisses my cheek. In a louder voice, he says, “I’ll wait for you in the hall.”

“Don’t bother,” Chance says. “I’ll see her home.”

“Excuse me, Professor Wexton,” I pipe up, “but no, you won’t. I’m an adult and I can see myself home.”

Chance’s dark eyes flash with ire and his mouth opens and closes a couple of times as he starts to retort before stopping himself.

Finally, he says, “Just go. Don’t let this happen again.”

I slowly pull down my shirt to cover my bra, watching Chance’s gaze track the movement. I am certain there’s a bulge in the front of his pants, but it’s mostly dark in here, so I could be mistaken, I suppose.

I slink past him after Bradley. I bite my cheek to fight the smile on my lips.

It’s only when Bradley and I are out of the room and racing down the hallway, trying not to laugh, that I realize I left my panties on the classroom floor.

**PANTIES, PARADISE,
PURGATORY**

Chance

Maisie and the boy leave, their footsteps hurrying down the hallway.

Did I just hear that little brat giggle?

I close my eyes, searching for patience, but instead I get mental images of Maisie leaning back against the wall, her shirt shoved up to reveal a lacy bra and the tits that I've dreamed of for five years. I've dreamed about pinching them, sucking on them, fucking my cock between them, painting them with my come.

And she shows them to some other guy?

Ethan would have lost his motherfucking mind if he had been the one to happen upon Maisie like that. Or what if someone else had seen Maisie in that compromising position?

Then again...was any of this an accident? What are the chances that Maisie and that boy chose this particular classroom, right next to my office? Of all the walls to fuck against in the entire university, they were here?

When she left, she smiled like she knew what was going through my head. Is she taunting me?

There's something dark on the floor where she was standing. Wait. No. It couldn't be.

I flick on the classroom light and see them. Her panties.

The little brat left her panties behind.

Oh, she's definitely taunting me.

I pick up the silky underwear. The fabric is soft against my fingers. A filthy compulsion fills me, obliterating all thought. Clenching the panties in my fist, I hurry back to my office. I step inside and lock the door behind me. My movements are fast, frantic. I have the presence of mind to make sure the blinds are drawn and I have complete privacy, and then my

cock, which has been hard ever since hearing Maisie's moans through the wall, is out of my pants and thick in my hand.

Fast, angry strokes. I have to come. I have to come now, while her body, her mischievous smile, the sounds of her moans are all fresh in my mind.

I'm scarcely in control of myself as I squeeze her panties and inhale her sweet, feminine scent. What was she thinking, messing around with some boy when her daddy was so close by?

I imagine her shocked, indignant squeals of pain transforming to moans of pleasure as Ethan and I give her the discipline she so obviously needs.

My come spills white and hot from my cock. My free hand is full of her underwear, so that's what I use to catch my load. It seems fitting to mark this part of her.

Five years ago, we couldn't touch her.

Baby girl's all grown up, now.

But she found someone else.

Ethan

Saturday nights, our routine has been the same for the past five years. Chance and I go to Low Vice to watch everyone else get their rocks off while we remain frustrated.

We've tried. We've fucking tried so many times to get interested in a new sub. One problem is we can't agree on anyone. If I suggest a woman to scene with, he disapproves for one reason or another. If he suggests someone, I disapprove.

What it comes down to is neither of us truly wants to engage.

We're both too hung up on Maisie.

Like masochists, though, we keep returning to this place. Here, we can be reminded of all the kinky shit we wish we could do with Maisie.

We bypass the chaos of Vice itself, the "cover" club open to the public, and head around the back of the building. There are two guards at the entrance to Low Vice, one to check IDs and membership, and one to look menacing and scare off the people who aren't members. Once through, we walk down a dimly-lit corridor and pull open the door to what used to be our paradise and is now our purgatory.

"Oh, hey," a man says from a table near the bar. He has sandy blond hair and his arms are covered in tattoos.

"Roman," Chance says. "Good to see you. How's work?"

"They're keeping me busy, but I don't mind as long as I have time to play after."

"Are you running a scene tonight?" Chance asks.

Roman grins. "If I find the right sub and group dynamic. You two want to go in with me?"

"Thanks, but no," I say. "When we find someone, you know we want her all to ourselves."

“Never hurts to ask.” He tilts his drink in our direction in a *cheers* gesture. “Have fun tonight.”

“You, too,” Chance says as we walk past him.

Saturday night at Low Vice is always an experience. Usually it cheers Chance right up to see random people—strangers and acquaintances, alike—fucking around in full view. A man leads a woman around by a leash. She’s wearing only a thong, and she walks two paces behind him, her gaze on the floor, her tits in full view. As they go past us, I can see that her ass bears harsh pink lines, probably from a switch. Another sub sits on the floor beneath a table, resting his head on his Domme’s lap, an expression of bliss on his face.

I want to give someone the same pleasure he’s feeling right now. But when I picture doing it, there’s only one person I can imagine.

Chance and I find a table across from one of the private rooms. The curtain inside is open and the lights are on, but faint, allowing us to get glimpses of the two women inside. One is tied up, and the other is trailing what looks to be an ice cube up and down her partner’s body, licking the skin in its wake. I think about doing something like that to Maisie, and my cock thickens.

We order coffees because alcohol isn’t served in Low Vice. Once Betty, the pink-haired bartender, brings them by, we sip our drinks.

“Imagine if she were here,” I say.

“We have to stop thinking like that,” Chance says, his voice harsh. “We have to move the fuck on.”

“Move on?” I shake my head. It’s impossible, and he knows it.

“Yeah. She hasn’t been hung up on us for five years, I guarantee it.”

Logically, I know he’s right. But a possessive, dark part of me wants it to not be the case. I want her to have spent her nights fantasizing about us the same way I’ve been fantasizing about her. I want us to give her virgin pussy its first orgasm

with a man. It's an unhealthy impulse. Normally I don't give a fuck whether a woman has slept with ten men or a thousand men or no men at all—or women—but I want Maisie to be just for Chance and me.

“You think she's been with other people?” I say, ignoring the electric ball of anger in my chest at the thought. “So what if she has. We'd still want her.”

“We can't want her.” His voice is low and he looks like he's going to squeeze his coffee mug until it shatters. “Move on, Ethan. That's what I'm trying to do.”

“Fuck, what happened to you?” I ask. “You're grumpier than I am.”

He opens his mouth, then shakes his head.

Fine, if he doesn't want to tell me, I guess I don't want to know. Probably another of his students tried seducing him during his office hours yesterday. It happens at least once a semester with that guy. I'm lucky in that it happens less often. Maybe I'm less attractive. Or maybe my attitude puts them off. I don't know and I don't care.

“Look at her,” I say, nodding toward a group of three women. One of them has dark hair like Maisie's, and her stance is similar, sweet and sexy at the same time. “Blue dress, big earrings.”

Chance looks, but he turns back to me quickly. “Nah.”

If he had approved of her, I probably would have changed my mind, anyway. Because as much as she reminds me of Maisie, she isn't actually Maisie.

It's fucked how obsessed we've become with her. We should have forgotten her after that night.

Impossible.

As we watch, a Dom approaches the group and propositions the woman in the blue dress. She looks up at him from beneath her lashes and offers him a shy smile. They move to a table away from her friends to talk.

I try to make small talk with Chance about the first week of classes, but he's giving me distracted, one-syllable answers, like he's turned into a sullen teenager all of a sudden. Shrugging, I give up. If we can't talk, at least we can enjoy the visuals. The Dom and Blue Dress are sitting closer, and if I'm not mistaken, his hand is under her skirt. I stop trying to see what he's doing to her and study her face instead. Shocked arousal and bliss war on her features. I wonder if he'll let her come, or make her wait.

"I can't fucking take this anymore," Chance says, tearing his gaze away from the couple. "I'm going home."

To jerk off to thoughts of Maisie, probably. I know that's what I'll be doing as soon as I'm back in my own place.

I'm not ready to go, though. I want to find out if Blue Dress gets off, or if her partner makes her wait. He's definitely drawing this out, which is exactly what I would do. Her eyes have fluttered shut, and he leans over and whispers in her ear. If that were me and Maisie, I'd be instructing her to open her eyes and look around the club. I'd tell her to make eye contact with the first man she sees staring, and watch him while I make her come.

Betty, the bartender who's been working here for years, approaches my table and sits in Chance's vacated seat. "I didn't want to interrupt earlier, but Ethan, how the hell are you?"

"I'm good. The semester just started, so Chance and I stopped by to blow off steam."

"Yet he already left."

"Yeah." I don't have an explanation, so I don't offer one.

"Ethan." She leans her elbows on the table and looks directly into my eyes. Her hot pink hair, cropped short, looks brighter up close, and the diamond studs in her ears glitter. As much as she looks like a punk rock fairy, it would be foolish of anyone to not take her seriously. "What is going on? It's been years since you and Chance took a partner. There are more

subs than Doms. It'd be a community service if you two would take someone, even just to train her up."

"We've trained Doms," I say.

"Someone broke your heart." She stares at me as she speaks, trying to get the truth from my expression.

My face gives nothing away.

She shakes her head. As she stands up, she says, "You two remaining single is a crime against humanity."

We're not single, I want to tell her as she walks back to the bar. We're obsessed with a woman who is too young for us.

A woman who *was* too young for us.

Now that woman is old enough, but hooking up with her would be inappropriate.

Not that propriety has ever stopped me from doing what I truly want. Our rules...though our rules *do* stop me from doing what I want. Because without them, I'd be fucking twenty-year-old virgins. Twenty is simply too young for those kinds of games.

If we'd taken Maisie that night, she might have never forgiven us.

Then again, from the way she's been acting, showing up in our classes wearing those clothes and sucking that lollipop like she wished it was my dick, she seems intent on torturing us, punishing us. Maybe she won't forgive us, either way.

One thing is clear as I passively watch a sub give his Domme head beneath their table. The scene is hot, but it doesn't matter how many power exchanges I witness. Low Vice isn't doing anything for me. Nothing does anything for me anymore, because all I can think about is my hot, young student and the way her tongue peeked out of her lips to lick a lollipop during my class.

Feeling disgusted with myself, I follow Chance's example and go home.

BYE, TEACH!

Maisie

Sunday afternoon, Bradley and I lounge in my living room, stuffed after filling our bellies with left-over Chinese food. Sunlight beams through the windows, making me feel sleepy and food-drunk. Bradley has his phone out and he's scrolling through profiles on a dating app. That guy is bent on mischief in any way he can get it, and there's something peaceful and comforting about that.

But something has been bothering me for a couple of days now, and if I don't bring it up now, I never will. Besides, Mina will be home any minute, and I can't have this conversation in front of her.

"Hey, Bradley?"

"Yeah?" He swipes a few times across the screen. I can't tell if he's swiping right or left, but I hope he's finding promising candidates.

"The other night, in Gladius Hall?"

He looks up, his deep hazel eyes appearing lighter in the sun. "Yeah?"

"You were cool with all of that?" I ask. "Truly?"

"I told you I was." He smiles. "You don't believe me?"

"No, I do. It's just, I shouldn't have used you."

Setting down his phone, he says, "Maisie, it's cool. It was fucking hilarious, actually. Did you see the look on his face?"

"Ha." I pull a throw pillow over my head and smile into it. "He was pissed."

"He wants you."

"Nah." I take the pillow away.

"My dude." Bradley's voice is earnest, even though he's calling me *dude*. "He definitely wants you."

“He’s not going to do anything about it, though,” I say. “Neither of them are. I’m still a child to them, probably. The age gap is too large.”

“So show them you aren’t a child,” he says.

“What do you mean?”

Bradley’s mouth screws up in a repressed grin. “Maybe we should do it again. I mean, what’s he going to do?”

A burst of hysterical laughter erupts from my mouth at the thought. Chance warned us off, told us not to let it happen again. But what *is* he going to do if we return?

But Bradley...he might be aromantic, but I don’t want to give him mixed messages.

“No, we can’t,” I say.

“We can, but if you don’t want to, I’ll follow your lead. It was pretty fucking funny, though.”

“You’re insane,” I say.

Laughing, he tosses a pillow at me. “Maybe.”

The more I think about it, though, the better it sounds. To be fair, this is a very childish antic and is probably not at all showing Chance that I’m an adult. But the temptation to see his reaction again is great. I crave his attention, whether positive or negative. However I can gain his attention, I want to do it.

Bradley laughs again. “You’re thinking about it, aren’t you?”

“Maybe.” I draw the word out. “You’re sure you don’t mind?”

He shrugs. “I’m sure, if you don’t mind that it might give me a hard-on again.”

“Ew! Don’t be weird!”

He mocks my tone and says, “I won’t be weird if you don’t make it weird!”

We bust out laughing. The apartment door opens and Mina walks in, carrying with her the scent of roasted garlic and a box from Pepperoni Palace.

“Oh hell yes, feed us, woman,” Bradley moans.

“How was the lunch shift?” I ask.

“Good, good.” She sets the box down on the coffee table and Bradley tears it open like he hasn’t seen food in days, even though I distinctly recall giving him the last of my dumplings only an hour ago.

Mina asks, “So, what’s so funny?”

“Huh?” I ask.

“I heard you from the hall.” She chuckles. “What were you two laughing about?”

I freeze. I still don’t want to tell her about Chance and Ethan.

“Maisie has some hard-ass professors,” Bradley says.

“Well, that’s not all that funny,” Mina says. Her eyebrows, dyed black to match her hair, push together in a frown. “Maisie, you could still come back to Child Development with me, you know.”

“I’ll think about it,” I say, because that’s easier to say than a flat no.

She sighs. “I’d join you in Psych, but the courses are full.”

Bradley catches my gaze past her shoulder. *For reals?* he mouths. I want to tell him *I told you so*, because he’s never really believed that Mina copies me so much. Now, here is evidence in real-time. She must have actually asked our advisor about switching her schedule around to match mine. That’s Mina, though. Everything has to be the same.

I realize nobody has spoken since Mina said that, so I rush to say, “Aw, bummer. Maybe next time.”

Inside, I’m doing a jig. Finally, I have a class without her in it. Two of them. And they’re taught by my hot professor

crushes. I can eye-fuck them to my heart's content without worrying that Mina will start crushing on them, too.

Mina flops down on the couch next to Bradley and challenges him to a one-on-one battle in Knights of Incor. They bicker over who gets the better controller before settling into the game.

“Maisie, do you want to play the winner?” Mina asks.

“Nope, I’m good,” I say. “Too tired.”

I pretend to nap on the couch, but I’m wide awake with my eyes closed, constructing fantasies about Chance and Ethan and all the wicked discipline they could give to me.

Chance

When Maisie arrives in the Ab Psych lecture hall, several pairs of eyes are immediately glued to her. She isn't wearing the schoolgirl outfit today, but a barely-there flowered sundress. It covers everything but suggests so much more. The guys in class can't seem to look away from her. I have enough experience and maturity to know better, but I struggle to avoid staring, too.

But when she takes a lollipop from her bag and pops it into her mouth, sucking on it and drawing the attention of everyone around her, I have to put a stop to it.

"Ms. Kanne, is it?" I say, nodding at Maisie.

She nods back. "Yes."

"Put the food away until after class, please."

Her cheeks flush, but she straightens out the wrapper and puts the candy back inside of it.

At the end of class, Maisie lingers in the lecture hall. Several male students linger, too. I hear excuses of wanting to form a study group, share notes. Someone point-blank asks her out, but I'm relieved to hear her turn him down.

Mine, I want to say, feeling possessive and ugly inside.

But there was that other guy, from the empty classroom. She's probably turning down dates because of him.

The thought enrages me. I know it isn't right, but I can't seem to make my feelings change.

The group around her thins after that, but three guys remain.

I could leave, but I also can't. I can't make my feet move. So I sit down at the desk and flip through my lecture notes, shuffling them around like I'm putting them in order. In actuality, I'm only making a mess I'll need to clean up later, but it can't be helped. I won't leave her alone with these guys.

She gives her phone number to one of them to “share notes.” She has to say her number out loud because his phone battery is dead and he needs to write it, and I’m the worst sort of creep, because I write it down, too. Worse, I think she knows I wrote it down.

Eventually, the last guys leave. Maisie stays to pack up her laptop and gather her things. She doesn’t speak to me or look at me.

I shouldn’t engage, but I can’t resist.

“Those boys only want one thing from you,” I say.

“You think?” Her voice is full of the sass I ought to be spanking right out of her.

“I *know*.”

“Maybe,” she says slowly, “maybe the thing they want... maybe I want it right back.”

She can’t mean that. I don’t want her to mean that. She can’t want it—not from them.

She puts her bag over her shoulder, then pulls something from the outer pocket.

She unwraps the lollipop I’d told her to put away during class. Slowly. Challenging me to order her not to.

Gritting my teeth, I say nothing. It’s impossible to do anything but stare back at her.

She flicks her tongue out to taste the sugary knob.

I feel that tongue on my cock. Wet, warm, slippery.

As if she knows what’s running through my head, she smirks and says, “Bye, Teach,” and flounces out of the lecture hall.

Maisie

Did I only imagine Professor Wexton's growl of irritation as I left the lecture hall earlier today? Probably. The thought still gives me a thrill, though.

Professor Carlisle's class was less eventful. It seemed as if he stared at me, too, but we didn't actually talk, not like I did with Chance.

And Ethan let me keep my lollipop, so that was fun. I carefully avoided looking at him while I licked and sucked at it, but I like to think he watched me. My panties were wet by the time class ended, and my thighs were tense from how I kept squeezing them together.

A few hours later, Bradley and I walk back to campus and up to Gladius Hall for our second attempt at tormenting Chance. I wish there was an empty classroom next to Ethan's office, but there isn't, and his office hours are at times when more people are around.

We pause at the base of the steps and I take in the double doors of the entrance. I start to open my mouth, but Bradley says, "If you're going to ask me if I'm sure one more time, we're quitting now. I already said I'm okay with this. I think it's funny and I like enabling your wild behavior when it comes to these guys. I want to see you torture them into giving you the D. Okay?"

I laugh and shake my head. "What are you, a mind reader?"

He gives me a quick half-hug and a kiss on the cheek. "Just your mind, babes."

"Hey! *Hey!*" a voice shouts from behind us.

We turn around and there's Mina, rushing down the path. Crap. This wasn't part of the plan.

"There you are," she says when she reaches us, huffing and puffing.

I wonder how long she was chasing us for.

“Here we are,” I say.

She grins and looks between us, still catching her breath. “Caitlyn wanted an extra shift, so I have the night off. Let’s go get some dinner. There’s a new Thai place near Blackberry Park.”

“Uhhh...” Bradley says. “We can’t. Not tonight. Rain check?”

Mina looks between us again. “What are you doing instead?”

Crap. Whatever I say, she’s going to try to invite herself along.

“Um, office hours for one of my psych classes,” I say, hoping I’m not giving her too much information. “Bradley’s just walking me there because he has a...what was it again?”

“Oh, a seminar,” he says smoothly. He’s a much better liar than I am. “Boring shit. Tomorrow, though.”

He grabs my elbow and hurries me up the steps before Mina can ask any more questions. I wave back at Mina and feel a pang of regret at seeing the crestfallen expression on her face.

“I feel bad lying to her about this,” I whisper once we’re inside the building. The air conditioner is on high and goosebumps immediately rise on my skin.

“That girl needs to be on an information diet where you’re concerned,” he says. “I never really thought she was copying you, but damn, dude, she’s *really* copying you.”

“Even though I *told you* she was,” I say.

He holds his hands up. “I’m sorry I didn’t believe you, okay? I already apologized for that.”

He has apologized. I begrudgingly forgave him.

“All right, all right.” I peer down the hall and see an open door with light spilling from it. “There’s his office.”

“And it looks like he’s there,” Bradley says, rubbing his hands together in eagerness.

My phone’s display reveals that we’re close to six p.m., which means Professor Wexton’s office hours are just about over. Sure enough, two students from Ab Psych exit the office and walk the opposite direction from Bradley and me. A moment later, Chance’s door closes.

Bradley grins. “It’s showtime.”

IN ALL THE WORLD

Ethan

I hate bringing work home, so I read over one of my grad students' thesis proposals at my university office. Her writing needs some polish, but the concepts and research are pretty strong. I make a note to talk to her about finding a writing tutor before submitting it to a journal, but she should definitely submit it to a journal once it's polished.

As soon as I've finished typing the comment into the doc, my phone buzzes with a notification. I glance down to see a text from Chance. *Are you still on campus?*

Yeah, what's up?

Come to my office.

Sometimes I fucking hate texts. There's no tone. Is this an emergency—did his desk fall on top of him and he's trapped? Or does he have a question he can't ask over the phone for some reason? Or does he just want to see if I want to go to Abdul's for a drink but he doesn't feel like typing it out?

Sighing, I walk downstairs to his floor. His office door is closed, but he invited me in, so I don't bother knocking. He's leaning against his desk, glowering at the wall behind it.

"What's up?" I ask.

"Listen."

I wait. There's a rhythmic banging on the wall behind his desk. *Thump, thump, thump*. Then there's a needy, lustful woman's moan, followed by a man's.

I smirk. In a low voice, I say, "It sounds like they're both consenting and they're both having a good time. What's the problem?"

"Everything," he says, and his voice is a growl of barely restrained rage.

"What's wrong with you?" I ask, gesturing at his tense posture. "This isn't like you."

He glares at the wall, as if he could vaporize it with his gaze. “That’s our Maisie in there.”

“*What?*” I roar.

The rhythmic thumping falters momentarily. Then the guy’s voice calls out again. “Maisie, fuck yes, *Maisie*, Maisie!”

Anger thrums through my veins, faster and faster as my pulse picks up. I lurch toward the door, unable to see anything but the space in front of me. I have to stop them, I have to get Maisie out of there.

“Ethan, stop,” Chance says from somewhere behind me. His voice is faint beneath the rush of blood in my ears.

His hand comes down on my shoulder. I shrug it off and continue toward the hallway.

“Stop, Ethan.” His voice finally penetrates the red haze of my rage.

I pause. It’s as if I’m trapped in my body, a body that wants to tear through everything in this office, everything in this building. I want to fucking break something, but I don’t know what.

“Ethan, breathe,” Chance says.

“Fuck.” I bend over at the waist. I still want to break shit, but the feeling is fading. “I have to get out of here before I hurt someone.”

“You’re not your father,” he says.

I shake my head. That violent asshole’s blood runs through me.

“You’re *not*,” he repeats. “You stopped yourself. You heard me and you stopped.”

An exhaustion overcomes me and I fall into the chair in front of his desk. “What if I hadn’t heard you? What if I’d gone in there?”

The thumping next door has stopped, the moans ended.

“Then you would have looked at them and told them to knock it off and you would’ve turned around and left. Have you ever hurt anyone?” he asks. “Ever?”

He knows I haven’t.

“Take some more deep breaths,” he instructs me.

“I regret ever telling you about my therapy sessions,” I say through gritted teeth.

The tension in the room dissipates when he laughs, and I find myself chuckling, too. My heart rate has slowed. I can see the office more clearly now, without the haze of red and black.

“Fucker,” I say, flipping him off, and he gives me the finger in return. “Thanks for talking me down.”

“Anytime.”

“Should we go over and see if they’re still in there, tell them to never fuck in a classroom again?”

“No,” he says after a moment’s consideration. “Let them. This is the second time.”

“The second time? Why didn’t you tell me? This is what was up your ass last weekend, isn’t it?”

He nods. “She’s doing it to get a rise out of us, don’t you see? This is all on purpose. The schoolgirl outfit, the lollipop. Little brat is trying to push us.”

“She’s trying to force our domination.”

“Yep.”

“Well,” I say, “let her try. She’s our student and we aren’t going there.”

He rubs a hand over his whiskers and frowns like he doesn’t agree, but deep down, I know he does. We have rules for a reason. Me, so I don’t turn into an abusive prick like my old man. Him, because of the shit his first love put him through.

Footsteps move down the hallway, and our little girl is gone, I’m sure of it.

Chance peeks out the door and nods. “They just left. Come look.”

I don’t know what he could possibly want to show me, but I get up and follow him into the empty classroom next to his office.

He points at the floor near the wall.

“Are those her underwear?” I ask, taking long strides to give them a closer look.

“She left a pair here that last time, too.”

“Well.” I swoop down and scoop up the undergarment, stuffing the lacy fabric into my pocket. “Finders keepers.”

When I stand, Chance is gazing impassively at me.

“You’re just as perverted as I am,” I say. “Don’t judge me, asshole.”

“I’m not,” he says, shaking his head and smiling. “It’s just, last time, I did the same fucking thing. Have fun with those.”

Maisie

Bradley and I walk out of Gladius Hall, defeated. Five minutes ago, I was trying to achieve a goal, and I failed. It wasn't half as fun as Bradley and I had been hoping. We thumped around and fake-moaned for at least ten minutes, but nothing. No angry-face grumpy-pants professor storming in and ordering us to leave.

Why didn't Chance come over to break it up? I know he was in his office. I could hear him in there. He was talking.

Was he talking to Ethan?

I'd pressed my ear against the wall and heard the low murmur of male voices. Their words were too muffled for me to make out. That was Ethan's low rumble, though—I'd know it anywhere. It's a voice that could make my pussy wet with a single syllable.

But Bradley's and my fake sex wasn't too quiet for them to hear. I had grinned at the thought of them listening. They should have stopped us, though. Why didn't they come in?

I linger on the steps of Gladius until Bradley taps my arm. "My dude. We should go."

Pointing to the building, I say, "He's in there. I think both of them are. Why didn't they come in to break us up?"

He gives me a shrug and says, "I don't know."

I wish I could hear what they're talking about, but there's no way, not without going back into the hall and listening at Chance's office door...and I think I crossed enough boundaries today.

Last time, Bradley and I ran down the hall, laughing at our own audacity. Now, though, I feel like a meek, misbehaving child.

Because that's what this is—childish.

"Heck," I mutter. "Heck! This was a mistake."

“It didn’t turn out exactly like you wanted, but that doesn’t mean it was a mistake,” Bradley says.

“I feel like an idiot.”

“Don’t,” he says. “Don’t do this to yourself. I know you feel rejected, you’re trying to get their attention and it didn’t work. Maybe move on?”

I shake my head. “I *can’t*. I want to, but I can’t. They... they have what I want. They are who I want. Honestly, I thought maybe I’d step into their classrooms and the spell would be broken, that I’d worked them up into these...these *gods* in my head, and the reality wouldn’t compare. But they’re still who they are, and I still.... Ugh, this is embarrassing, Bradley, but I still want them.”

“Do you want them, or their dominance?”

“I—” Did I ever tell him about the dominant, freaky stuff? I didn’t. “I never told you about that.”

He gives me a *get real* look. “I can guess.”

“How?” I’m mortified. “Am I walking around with a sign on my ass that says *spank me?*”

“Relax, it’s only because I’ve known you for so long, and I see them, and I see you, and it’s just...I don’t know. I have a lot of sex. I can tell, I guess.”

I cover my face with my hands. “This is so embarrassing.”

“Maisie. Dude. We’re best friends. We just pretended to fuck in a classroom to piss off your crush. I don’t think you should be embarrassed, okay?”

“Well, I am,” I mumble.

“Look,” Bradley says slowly, “you’re kinky. I get it. Come to terms with what you need, and ask for it.”

“But they won’t—”

“You’re right, they won’t. These assholes aren’t going to give you what you need, and you probably shouldn’t try to find it with a random dude here at school. And apps are risky, especially for noobs.”

“Well, then, I guess I’ll remain a virgin forever.”

“Nah. Something else will happen for you if these guys can’t pull their heads out of their asses.” He gives me a reassuring smile. “There is a place for kinky people like you, though.”

My face is hot because he just came out said I’m kinky, but he isn’t wrong. “You—you know of a kinky place?”

“I heard a rumor once, from one of my regular hook-ups. She let something slip about Vice.”

“We’ve been there,” I say. “It’s just a club.”

“One side of it is just a club. There’s another part to it, though, behind the public club. Possibly. It’s just a rumor, but we could go check it out, see if we can get in.”

“But what is it? A place for kinky people to hang out?”

“Exactly. I mean, my imagination ran wild when she mentioned it and I’m picturing a massive sex club, but it’s probably just a bar where, yeah, kinky people go to socialize.”

“Let’s go,” I say, giving a little hop on the sidewalk. “Let’s go right now.”

He shakes his head with regret. “I can’t tonight. Friday?”

“I work on Friday,” I say.

“Sucks, but that’s your best day for tips, isn’t it?”

“Yeah, I can’t blow off a Friday night. Saturday?”

“I have a family thing. How about Sunday?”

That’s so far away, and the vibe is bound to be quieter on a Sunday night than it would be on a Friday or Saturday. Inwardly, I pout, but I give him a smile and say, “Okay, Sunday.”

Maisie

I wait for Sunday. And I wait, and I wait. Wednesday passes, then Thursday, then Friday.

By the time Saturday comes around, I've done a ton of thinking, and I realize that going to the club with Bradley is probably a bad idea. Having his support sounds good on paper, but how am I supposed to find myself a man (or two) to spank me senseless if my best friend is there, lingering on the sidelines? It sounds pretty weird, the more I think about it.

Also, if I'm honest with myself, I'm impatient as heck. There's a whole kinky club, hiding behind Vice? I need to see it.

It's Saturday night. Mina's working at Pepperoni Palace. Bradley's attending his cousin's wedding in Clear Springs.

And I am free, with too much time on my hands and a sexy, dark blue dress hanging in my closet.

What does one wear when trying to infiltrate a secret sex club? I'm hoping this dress is it, because I have no other ideas. I do subtle make-up and I wear my black hair so it hangs straight down my back. My magenta lipstick is my signature color, so it's the brightest part of my face. I frown at the tube, because it isn't in the same part of the bathroom drawer where I left it. Did Mina borrow it again? I hate it when she does that. I don't mind sharing clothes, for the most part, but make-up is a boundary. I'll have to talk to her about it tomorrow morning. If she insists on wearing the same shade, she can get her own tube.

One hour later, I'm fighting my way into a very crowded Vice. I've never come here alone before. Being by myself makes me nervous, but also sets me free.

I kinda like it.

I order and down a shot of vodka to take off the edge of fear, and then I'm dancing my way across the floor, carried on a current of rhythmic bass and the energy of the crowd. The

whole time I'm dancing, though, I'm looking around and wondering: if I was hiding a secret kinky club, where would I put it?

There's a set of stairs leading up. Maybe the secret club is on the second floor? When I look toward it, all I see are dim windows. That could be it. I move to the stairs and start to go up, but a woman wearing black slacks and a black top is standing on the first landing. She shakes her head at me with a regretful smile. "This is a VIP area, and you have to rent a lounge if you want to come up here."

It's possible the secret club is on the second floor, but I also don't see a lot happening. Something in my gut says this isn't the place.

"I'm neither VIP nor interested in renting a lounge room," I say with a grin, "but thanks anyway."

She nods and I go back the way I came. There are restrooms at the rear of the club, but no other doors in that direction. Then I see it—only because I'm looking. What had appeared to be a solid, black wall is actually hiding a passageway. If the strobe lights hadn't flashed right at the moment I was looking at it, I never would've noticed.

This is it.

Trying to look like I totally belong back here and that I know where I'm going, I step into the passageway. I wait for someone to shout that I'm trespassing, but nothing happens.

Halfway down the hall, though, I reach an obstacle in the form of a grouchy-looking man with blond hair and a no-nonsense grimace.

I give him a little wave and start to walk past him, but he says, "Hold up. I need to see your ID and card."

"My ID card?"

"Your ID *and card*," he repeats.

"I, um, I just have an ID," I say.

"Then you should go back the way you came." He nods behind me, like I don't know where that is.

“I want to go to the other club, the one back here,” I say.

He shakes his head. “Not without a card.”

“I...um...left it at home?” I try. I don’t expect it to work.

He looks offended that I even made the attempt.

“Sorry,” I say.

“Maisie,” a familiar, gravelly voice says from behind me.

I suck in a breath. They’re here. Holy butts, they are *right behind me*.

I breathe out and in again, trying to collect my composure while the bouncer gives me an impassive stare. Then I spin around, a smile ready on my lips. They’re wearing dark jeans and button-down shirts, a little more casual than the slacks and jackets they wear when they’re teaching. Chance’s dark hair looks messy, his whiskers long and scratchy looking. I want him to run his face along my thighs. Ethan’s blue eyes are narrowed at me, making me feel like prey. A thrill of fear, twined with lust, spikes my bloodstream.

Let them know how they get to me? No freaking way.

“Professors,” I say, holding an imaginary cigarette and affecting a terrible Humphrey Bogart impression. “Of all the sex clubs in all the towns in all the world...”

They frown. Unamused.

I wink and smile big enough to pop a dimple at them. “I thought you’d never get here. Are we going in, or what?”

“LOOK AT ME, BABY GIRL.”

Chance

The bouncer, a tall blond guy who goes by the name of Paxton, looks between the three of us. “She’s with you?”

Ethan glares at Maisie. “She is tonight.”

“Is she?” Maisie asks, her gaze challenging.

My fingers twitch with the need to spank this sassy little brat. First, though, I have to ask, “Are you in an exclusive relationship with anyone?”

“No,” she says. “Not at all.”

“All right. Then, Maisie,” I say in a low voice.

A saccharine smile, a too-soft voice. “Yes, Professor Wexton?”

“You’re coming with us into this club and you will be punished for your impertinence.”

She huffs an exaggerated sigh. “Promises, promises.”

Oh, I’ll give her promises. No warning, I reach out and pick her up, hauling her over my shoulder.

She shrieks. “Put me down!”

“Your safe word is still red, baby girl,” I say, gripping the backs of her thighs to keep her balanced over my shoulder. Her skin is so smooth, I want to rub my face over her legs and bite her soft flesh. “You can say it at any time and if I were you, I’d be saying it now. You have no fucking idea what you’re getting into.”

She’s quiet for the briefest of moments, considering. “Do your worst, professors.”

I meet Ethan’s gaze over Maisie’s legs. He nods.

Finally, after five years, we’re agreeing on a woman to scene with. She just had to be the one we’ve been waiting for all along.

With a shrug, Paxton waves us past. At the proper entrance to Low Vice, I have to set Maisie down so the woman at the counter can check her in as a non-member and have her sign the various releases and go over all the club rules. Maisie's big green eyes are wide as she listens, but she signs her name on the release form with a flourish, dotting the *i*'s in Maisie with little hearts.

She's a sexy brat, yeah, but she's also really fucking cute.

As soon as that's done, I take her hand firmly in mine and pull her into the club. Ethan follows close behind her, his jaw set. He's just as determined as I am to see this brat finally submitting to us.

Maisie forgets to walk as soon as we step inside. I survey the club from her perspective, as a first-timer. The patrons sit at tables and booths in various states of undress. Most are dressed like they would fit in at the other side of Vice, but they're definitely more handsy here, touching each other, kissing. One man straddles another and nuzzles his neck, fully visible in their booth. There are the rooms where couples can go in and play together, with the curtains open or closed depending on whether they want an audience.

"Come along," I say, pulling Maisie forward.

We reach a table near the wall. "What do you want to drink?" I ask her.

"A gin and tonic," she says, unable to tug her gaze away from the room we're walking past. The curtains are open, giving us an unobstructed view of the action. Inside, a woman is inserting a plug into a man's ass.

I let go of Maisie's hand to grip the nape of her neck. Not squeezing, just reminding her I'm in charge. "Were you not paying attention to Abigail at the counter? There's no alcohol in Low Vice."

"Ohhh," Maisie says slowly. "Right. Some water, then. Sparkling."

Ethan nods and strides away. Maisie watches him go, appreciating his form.

“You’re an eager little thing, aren’t you?” I ask.

“You’ve made me wait long enough,” she says.

I can’t believe this girl. I sit down at our table. She moves to take the chair next to mine, but I say, “Nope,” and haul her onto my lap.

“Daddy,” she whispers.

Oh, fuck. If my cock wasn’t hard before, hearing her call me this would’ve really done the trick.

“That’s right,” I say through a tight throat. “You’re our little girl and you’ve been *very* naughty.”

She pouts. “It’s not my fault.”

Ethan returns with three glasses and sits next to Maisie and me. It’s closer than he would normally sit, and that’s because he wants to be within touching distance of Maisie. Also, the angle he’s sitting at would make it easier for us to hide what I’m hoping we’ll do to her while we enjoy our drinks.

“Thank you,” Maisie says, accepting the glass he holds out to her. “Um, Daddy.”

His tight jaw relaxes into a grin. “Looks like we’re picking up right where we left off with the honorifics. You’re welcome, angel.”

Her cheeks go pink with a blush.

“How did you find out about this place?” I ask, cupping her knee with my palm.

“My friend heard a rumor and told me about it.” She takes a drink of her mineral water and scrunches her nose. “Wow, that’s a lot of bubbles.”

“I hope your friend doesn’t tell anyone else,” Ethan says. “This place is supposed to be a secret.”

Shaking her head, she says, “He wouldn’t have any reason to, don’t worry.”

Her skin is so soft beneath my hand, I can’t help but rub along it. Her sharp intake of breath when I venture a little

higher has me smiling. I love holding her against me like this, breathing in her sweet scent. Apples and cinnamon.

Ethan rests his hand on her other leg.

Maisie looks between us. “Should, um, we be doing this?”

Squeezing her against me, I say, “Look around, baby girl. Everyone’s doing something.”

“But what about *you*?” she challenges. “Are you going to toss me off your lap and send me home before the fun really starts?”

“Oh, Maisie.” I move my hand from her knee to her inner thigh. “Your attitude is testing my patience.”

Roman enters the club with a tall man who wears sunglasses perched on top of his head. Roman sees us and nods, quickly covering the look of surprise that crosses his face when he notices Maisie in my lap.

“What would you think if Chance fingers you to orgasm?” Ethan asks as he takes a sip of his water.

“I like orgasms,” she says in a prim voice.

I nibble on her earlobe. “Good. I’ll give you one right now.”

“Noooo,” she breathes. “In front of everyone?”

“You shouldn’t mind a little public exposure,” Ethan says, his grin evil. “Not after what we heard you doing in that empty Gladius classroom.”

“I—”

As she starts to speak, I hike my hand up her leg. Her protest is swallowed by her moan. Damn, her skin is so fucking soft.

I slide my fingers higher up her dress and spread my legs a little, forcing her legs wider apart. Kissing her cheek, I whisper, “Get ready to come on my fingers, little girl.”

“This is embarrassing,” she says with a little whimper.

Ethan's evil grin grows bigger. He calls, "Hey, Roman! Bring over your buddy and introduce him to us."

"Just a sec," Roman calls back, pointing at the bar where he's waiting for Betty to fill his drink order.

"Wait, what?" Maisie asks. "I don't know—"

"You want to come," I say, "and we want to chat with our buddy. I'm going to touch you now, baby girl, and make you feel good."

And with that, I hook my finger into her panties and tug them aside so I can pet that soft, silky pussy.

She gasps. "Oh, yes."

"Oh, yes?" I repeat. "I thought you weren't sure about this."

Her chin juts out. Stubborn little thing. "Fine," she says, "but you better make it good."

"It's going to be un-fucking-forgettable," Ethan says, grabbing her knee and hooking it over mine. He holds it there to keep her legs spread.

She glares, but whatever sassy comeback she was about to share is forgotten as I plunge my finger into her wetness.

Maisie

Chance's fingers are working magic, sliding inside of me, then back out again to spread my wetness around my clit. It feels so good, I almost want to ask for lessons so I can do this on my own.

A private tutoring session from my professors. Sounds legit.

The Viking god and his friend are stalking toward us. Thankfully the table hides most of what we're doing. The only person who could possibly have a view of this is the woman at the next table, wearing a leash and collar and sitting on the floor at her partner's feet.

"Fuck, you feel so good, baby girl," Chance whispers.

Speech has left me. I don't know how to talk.

Their friend reaches the table with his companion. A knowing grin on his face tells me he knows exactly what they've walked up to. My face must be bright enough to match my lipstick at this point, but this feels so freaking good, I don't want Chance to stop.

"Roman, this is Maisie," Chance says, his voice light and friendly. "Maisie, this is Roman."

"Nice to meet you," Roman says, although he doesn't shake my hand. Which is good. That would just be weird. But it means he really must know what's happening beneath this table and he doesn't want to push any limits.

"You, too," I say, trying not to sound like I'm holding in a moan.

Roman says, "This is my buddy Hunter."

"Glad to meet you," Chance says, and Ethan gives the other man a nod. "Do you work with Roman, Hunter?"

"Yeah, I'm at Ironwood." Hunter has blondish-brown hair that looks like it would flop into his light brown eyes if it

weren't held in check by his sunglasses. He glances at Roman and goes on, "It's been, what, two years now?"

"Sounds about right," Roman says.

These guys are having a casual work conversation. Cool, cool. Meanwhile, Chance's fingers are lightly rubbing circles over my clit. It's taking everything in me to keep from squirming. He gives me a little pinch and I gasp.

"Everything okay, Maisie?" Ethan asks, keeping a tight grip on my leg.

"Yes," I say. "Everything's—fine."

"Good girl," Chance whispers in my ear, then turns his head to face Roman and Hunter once more. His fingers continue moving over me, into me.

I lose track of their conversation. Something about the Ironwood owners and their wife going on vacation. Vaguely, I wonder about the two owners having one wife. Maybe throuples are commonplace around here. San Esteban does have a bit of a reputation, but I thought it was just a reputation, not actual truth.

I was wrong.

Chance's pace and pressure at my clit increases. I'm not going to last long. Does he really expect me to come in front of two near strangers, not to mention in front of everyone else in this club?

"Look at me, Maisie," Ethan rasps, gripping my knee. He leans over to whisper in my ear. "Look at me when you come. I want to see it, angel."

His words send me catapulting over the edge. I lock my gaze onto his, on those intense eyes, the bright blue swallowing me whole. My legs try to squeeze together to hold in the pleasure, but Ethan's hand is on one knee, and Chance puts his free hand on my other. And while my world is rocked on its axis, the hum of their conversation with Roman and Hunter is going on.

I gasp and break eye contact with Ethan so I can bury my face in the crook of Chance's shoulder. Pressed into him, inhaling his spicy scent, I ride out the aftershocks. His fingers pump into me while I come down from the high.

The guys aren't speaking any more. Are they staring? Are Hunter and Roman laughing at me? I can't bear to look up and see.

"Shh, it's okay," Chance murmurs into my hair. "It's just us now, you and me and Ethan."

I peek outward and see that Roman and Hunter are indeed gone.

"Did you like that, angel?" Ethan asks.

"No, so embarrassing," I say, pressing my face once again to Chance's shoulder. My pussy is slippery with arousal, still, and he pets me absentmindedly. It's slow enough not to get me off a second time, but hard enough to keep me aroused.

"Trust me, they loved it," Chance says. "Just like we did. You were gorgeous, Maisie. So pretty for us, coming so sweetly for your daddies. And a little discomfort on your part is no less than you deserve."

"One of the rooms is free," Ethan says. "Our angel got her dessert first, but now it's time for punishment."

"Punishment?" I squeak.

"You've been pushing and pushing our limits." His voice goes lower and chills ripple over my skin. "You wanted to get a reaction out of us. Well, this is the reaction. Nice, hard consequences."

"Is that...is that true?" I ask Chance.

"Yes, baby," he says. "Like I said before, you've been very naughty. Up you go."

They lead me to one of the rooms. The curtains are open and I can see inside to a low, cushioned bench. The memory of Ethan taking me over his knees returns to me, scalding in its heat, as we enter the room and Ethan goes straight for the bench.

“I think, this time, I’ll have you bent over,” he muses.

“You’re—you’re not going to close the curtains first?” I ask.

Chance looks me over. “I think you can handle this. You were a brat to an audience, and so you’ll be punished to an audience.”

I gulp at the smooth, seductive tone to his voice.

“Do you think we’re being unfair, little girl?”

“No, Daddy,” I whisper.

“Good girl,” Ethan says. “Now bend over, angel.”

I brace my forearms on the padded bench, self-conscious with my ass in the air. From this angle, anyone watching can surely see up my skirt. When Ethan tugs the dress fabric up around my hips, I squeeze my eyes shut.

“Please leave my underwear on,” I say.

“I’ll do whatever I want—”

“Ethan,” Chance says quietly.

After a beat, Ethan says, “Fine. Panties stay on.”

Chance sits down next to me, looking comfortable. I peer up at him and he smiles.

“Beautiful girl,” he says. “Your punishment will hurt, but I believe you’re going to be so grateful when we’re done. You simply need a firm hand, don’t you?”

“I—” How does he know? We’ve barely spoken about what I need. It’s like these guys can read me, and they’ve been able to since we first met.

He runs his thumb over my lower lip. “You’re so sweet. Daddy will give you a big kiss to make it better when your spanking is over. Does that sound good?”

“Yes, please,” I say.

“Here it comes, angel,” Ethan says behind me.

I brace myself, equally needing this and fearing it. What if it doesn't live up to my fantasies? What if it hurts too much and I don't like it at all?

His hand comes down with a loud *smack*. I flinch and yelp.

"Remember your safe word if you need to stop," Ethan says calmly. "No judgment if you do."

"I—I'm good," I say.

Another spank, then a third, a fourth, a fifth. Fiery tongues of pain lick over my skin with each impact of Ethan's palm on my butt. I wish I'd told him to take my panties off, because the fabric is starting to feel abrasive.

"Look up here," Chance says gently. "Look at me, baby girl."

I hold his gaze. His dark brown eyes appear darker with lust. There's something kind about his expression, too. He approves of this, he approves of me and the way I'm taking my punishment. I stare at him filled with wonder, appreciation.

He was right—he was freaking right about all of it. I am grateful. I did need this.

Everything goes hazy in my mind. There's no room for real thought, only euphoria. The stinging slaps numb into a pleasant rhythm, everything warm and safe. Eventually, Ethan stops spanking me.

My panties are wet and I wiggle my ass, squeezing my legs together, my body wordlessly asking for something else.

"Fuck," Ethan says. "Chance, get the condoms. I need inside our girl, right fucking now."

As Chance stands up, Ethan's words penetrate the lustful haze that coats my thoughts. "Wait, you're going to have sex with me? Here?"

His low chuckle rumbles through me. "Where else, angel?"

I thought I was strong. I thought I wanted what they could deliver—I thought I craved it, that I needed it.

But this is too much.

My eyes feel full, everything blurry with tears.

“I can’t do this,” I say.

Ethan pulls at his pants, the sound of the zipper loud in the quiet room. “You can and you will.”

No, I can’t. I shake my head and whisper, “Red.”

THIS IS REAL

Ethan

She safe-worded out of this? After that gentle spanking, she doesn't want to be fucked? Her body is wet, ripe. She's wriggling around like she wants it. This doesn't make sense. But I stop yanking out my cock, painful as it is to halt progress now.

I will always respect a safe word.

"What's wrong?" I ask, carefully letting go of her but keeping my hands close to make sure she doesn't topple over. On her other side, Chance is doing the same.

"I am not going to lose my virginity in a sex club in full view of everyone," she says through a voice thick with emotion. "Red. *Red.*"

"We've stopped, you're safe." I tug her sexy blue dress back down and help her up so she can stand. "Angel, what do you mean about losing your virginity?"

Chance says, "You're not still a virgin..."

"I am," she says, her green eyes flashing.

"But it's been five years," I say.

With a shrug meant to look uncaring, she says, "I've been busy."

All this time, she hasn't been with anyone else. Except, "What about in the empty classroom? We heard you with that guy."

"It wasn't real," she says, and now she looks miserable. "It was a joke, it was just to—"

"That whole thing, you and that boy, that was fake?" I ask.

Chance is staring, incredulous, at our girl. "We thought you were...holy shit." He spins around to face away from her.

She bites her gorgeous lips and looks up at me from beneath her eyelashes. "I'm sorry, I—I wanted to..."

She trails off, unable or unwilling to finish. She's embarrassed, ashamed, aroused. I don't mind seeing her embarrassed or aroused, but shame? She misbehaved, but I don't want her to feel ashamed.

So, fuck. Here I thought we had a full-on exhibitionist on our hands, but that's not the case at all. She was only trying to push us, and it was a game to her.

If I hadn't just given her what I think was her first-ever spanking, I'd bend her over my knee and do it again.

Before I can figure out what to say, how to handle this, Chance turns back around. Taking one of her hands in his, he says, "Do you want to do more with us tonight? It doesn't have to be here. Or we could take you out to dinner, do something...vanilla."

"I want to lose my virginity to you," she says quietly. "Tonight. I've wanted you for a long time."

This is good fucking news to me, but I hesitate before punching my fist in the air in victory. "You want your first time to be with one of us? We're kinky, Maisie. Your first time should be—"

"Oh, don't tell me what my first time *should be*," she says, shaking her head and exhibiting some of that fire I've come to associate with her mischievous side.

Chance says quietly, "She's right. Whatever she wants, we'll give it to her. Maisie, will you come home with us?"

She looks from him to me.

"Chance is right. Whatever you want." I try to soften my expression so I don't look as pissed off and confused as I feel. "But we have wants, too. We would love to continue this with you, but we want to take you away from here and do it right, give you everything you deserve. It should be special for you."

"I want to go with you," she says, her voice low. "But I don't want rose petals, chocolate-covered strawberries, and candles, okay?"

Sassy little girl. Keeping my face straight, I say, “You got it, angel. Only handcuffs, paddles, and butt plugs for you.”

“What?” Her eyes go wide, her voice shrill.

Laughing, I bend down and throw her over my shoulder, giving a light slap to her ass that I know she must feel more than ever after the real spanking I just gave her. “Let’s go.”

Maisie

I know he was kidding about the handcuffs, paddles, and butt plugs.

Am I a freak if I wouldn't be all that bothered by those things, though?

Probably. But I'm in the company of two other freaks as Ethan drives us through downtown San Esteban.

This is terrifying. Terrifying and arousing all at once.

"Are we going to a hotel again?" I ask.

"No," Ethan says. "We're taking you to one of our apartments. Probably Chance's, because he has all the good toys."

"Toys?" I'm once again picturing those handcuffs, paddles, and butt plugs.

Neither of them say anything, then Chance says, "For tonight, we'll go easy on the toys. I just want it to be us this time, for our first time together."

I'm relieved he's not saying for *my* first time, that the focus is *our* first time. While I recognize I'm a virgin, I don't want it to be the theme of the evening.

We pull into a parking garage. The guys are silent as we ride an elevator up into the building, but they never lose contact with me. Ethan holds my hand, Chance has his on the nape of my neck, lightly gripping me. I freaking love it. I feel controlled, yet treasured. More of this, please.

When we reach a door, Chance gets out his keys to unlock it. "Welcome to my place. If you don't like it, we can go to Ethan's—it's one floor up."

I step inside. More than anything, I'm struck by how *adult* this apartment is. It isn't a billionaire's penthouse; in fact, I don't think it's much larger than Mina's and my apartment. My place is nice and everything, but the furniture is

mismatched. Everything Mina and I have was either thrifted or purchased on sale from a discounted furniture store. Chance's place is full of teal and gray tones and it looks as if it was bought with thought and purpose behind it. The open floor plan means I can see the kitchen and living area in one glance. Everything is pristine and shiny.

"Is it okay?" he asks. "We could go to Ethan's—"

"Spoiler alert, mine looks the same except the colors are more brown and blue than green and gray," Ethan says.

"It's great," I say.

Chance seems pleased as he moves to the kitchen and opens a cupboard above the fridge. "Do you want anything to drink, baby girl?"

"No. Thank you." I shake my head. My nerves are starting to act up, tangling my thoughts.

Ethan takes my hand in his and kisses my palm, the day-old whiskers on his cheeks and chin lightly scratchy. Chance abandons thoughts of drinks to return to my side.

"You're sure you want both of us," Chance says, his hands warm on my shoulders.

I nod. "I do. I can't pick between you, and I don't want to. I want you both here."

"Then let's get in bed, angel."

Ethan, still holding my hand, starts walking to an open doorway off of the living room. I follow along, nerves jangling, my ass hurting from the spanking he gave me earlier.

The room is lit by a single lamp next to the bedside. The bed looks huge compared to the twin I'm currently using at home. What is that, a king? A Cal king?

"Hey, baby girl," Chance says, nudging my shoulder with his.

I realizing I've been staring at the bed like some naive virgin bride, and I blink my gaze away to look at him instead.

“Do you want this?” Chance’s dark brown eyes look almost black in the dim light. The whiskers on his face give him an even more rugged appearance, but the tenderness in those dark eyes is immense.

“Yes,” I say on a breath. I want this. Oh, how I want this.

He eases down the zipper at the back of my dress while Ethan moves to the front of me, taking Chance’s place in my focus.

“I’m going to kiss these angelic lips,” Ethan says.

I nod and lean toward him while Chance removes my dress. Soft but firm lips. Ethan parts his mouth, forcing me to open mine, and then his tongue pushes into my mouth, a slow thrust. I whimper and grab onto his shoulders while Chance runs his hands over my arms to tug my dress down. He unsnaps my bra and pulls it off as well. I have to let go of Ethan briefly, but I grab him again.

The fabric falls to the floor and I’m in my panties and heels. Chance grabs the waistband of my underwear and tugs them downward, nudging my thighs apart to make it easier.

“You’re so beautiful,” he whispers, crouching at the floor and looking up at me. “And you smell so fucking good.”

He helps me out of my shoes. Then he stands and the two men quickly undress and take me to the bed, pulling down the comforter and easing me back against the sheets. Ethan lies on one side of me, Chance on the other. Before I have the opportunity to wonder what happens next, they’re both on me, their mouths hot and hungry, licking, tasting. A pinch at the back of my neck as Ethan grabs my nape and drags my face to his for an all-consuming kiss. His tongue strokes against mine while he threads his fingers into my hair. Chance’s mouth works magic against my shoulder as he trails kisses that he alternates with bites. The pleasure of their lips contrasts deliciously with the sharp sensations of teeth and tugged hair.

I’m lulled by that pleasure-pain, so when Ethan—or is it Chance?—starts stroking me between my legs, I give a start.

“Okay, baby girl?” Chance asks.

My thighs clench, holding his hand in place. “Yes. Better than okay.”

I’m sopping wet and lost in the heat of them surrounding me, holding me. Their scents—musky, manly—invade my senses. Ethan’s hardened cock nudges my leg and he rubs it against me, moaning while he kisses my mouth and lips.

Chance scoots down and positions himself between my legs. He’s too far down my body for fucking, but—oh. He dips his face to my pussy, his eyes on me as he gives me one long swipe with his tongue. I cry out in pleasure, and Ethan kisses me again. Ethan’s mouth at my mouth, Chance’s mouth at my pussy, both of them licking and teasing.

My heart feels like it’s going to slam out of my chest.

Chance licks and sucks at my pussy lips, flutters his tongue over my clit, dips it inside of me. I bring my legs up to his shoulders, trying to tug him closer. I need him.

Ethan smiles against my mouth and reaches for my breasts, skimming his palms over the hard peaks of my nipples. “She’s a responsive one.”

Chance pulls away long enough to say, “She is indeed.” Then he presses a finger inside of me, all the while continuing with his tongue’s attention to my clit.

My orgasm is building faster than I can keep up with. Between Chance’s warm tongue and the gentle sucking he’s doing to my clit, his fingers in my pussy, Ethan’s feather-light teasing touches on my nipples and his expert kissing, I’m going to burst with pleasure.

The orgasm explodes from my pussy, radiating throughout my body, causing my back to arch and my hands to fist the sheets. I cry out against Ethan’s mouth. Pleasure crashes through me, over and over like oncoming waves. All I can do is ride it out until it gradually diminishes to a pleasant calm.

“Good?” Chance asks, kissing my inner thigh and looking up at me.

I meet his gaze and nod wordlessly.

Chance climbs back up my body and flops down next to me, where he takes my mouth in a hungry kiss. Tasting myself on him shouldn't be a surprise, but it is. I'm intrigued, though, not repulsed. I'm tasting the evidence of what he gave me, and the very idea of it has me wondering what else they might do with me tonight.

While he kisses me, Chance lightly pinches one of my nipples, causing me to gasp against his lips.

I want them to feel as good as they're making me feel. They're driving me absolutely crazy with lust—can I do the same to them? I reach down to each of them and grab their cocks, squeezing gently, reveling in the smooth firmness of them. The skin is so soft, the members so hard. It's a paradox, but it's sexy as hell.

Ethan growls against my neck when I squeeze him gently. When I do the same to Chance, he nips my lower lip.

Ethan turns me toward him so I'm lying on my side facing him. It's as if the men have communicated what they're going to do without even speaking, because Chance reaches to the table behind him and passes over a condom. Ethan puts it on, his eyes on me the whole time.

“We're going to keep you safe, we're going to take care of you. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Fuck.” He presses his forehead to mine.

Chance rubs his hands up and down my arms. His cock is hard against my ass. He hasn't gotten a condom, though.

I look over my shoulder at him. “Are you...? How are we...?”

“I'm not taking your ass...yet,” he says with a slight grin. “Don't worry, angel. I'll still find my pleasure with you tonight.”

The dark intensity of his gaze nearly undoes me right then and there, especially when he reaches down and grabs my leg,

swinging it over Ethan's thigh, opening me. Then he cups one of my breasts, his touch firm and tantalizing all at once.

Ethan hesitates, the head of his cock right there, teasing my entrance. "You change your mind at any time, even if I'm inside of you, say so," he says. "Safe word, or any word like no, or stop, or wait. We're not playing right now, angel. This is real. You understand?"

This is real. I stare into his eyes and nod.

SANCTUARY

Maisie

Ethan presses into me slowly, allowing me to adjust to his thickness. I'm so wet, it doesn't hurt much beyond a slightly painful stretch.

There's no "pop" of my "freshness seal" breaking. Given how much fun I've had solo, plus years of using my menstrual cup, I don't have a hymen at all. The cynical side of me wants to say that there's nothing special about this, that Ethan's cock is just another tool for pleasure, and tonight is just like any other night.

But that would be a lie. There is *everything* special about this. Not because I'm losing my virginity, but because I'm with these two men. I've wanted them for five years, and now I have them, and the reality is sinking in faster than Ethan's cock.

Speaking of, I wish he would sink in a little faster.

"More," I say, using my leg that's draped over his to try to tug him forward.

"Let me savor you," he says, nuzzling his nose against mine.

"No, I want you to fuck me."

There's a light slap on my rear. It isn't hard, but my ass is sore from the spanking Ethan gave me at the club. I yelp, arching forward and forcing myself onto Ethan some more.

Chance says, "We'll decide when the fucking happens, baby girl."

I scowl back at him, but the sight of him behind me is too freaking hot for me to stay angry for long. He's holding his cock in his hand, squeezing the base before rippling his hand up the length of it. His abs are tight while he pleasures himself. Now that I'm looking at him, he stares back at me for a long moment before moving his gaze pointedly to where Ethan and I are joined.

“Fuck, that’s a beautiful sight,” he says. “You feel his cock stretching you? Is he hitting all the parts inside of you?”

I nod.

“Talk to me out loud, baby girl. Tell me what you’re feeling.”

“I—yes, he’s hitting all the parts inside of me.”

At that moment, Ethan decides to pull out before stroking back inside, and it feels like he’s going farther in. I gasp and clutch his shoulders.

Ethan continues to stroke in and out. The friction lights me up from the inside, heats my blood. Every nerve is awakened as if we dialed up my sensitivity past its limit. Chance kisses my neck and rubs his cock against my backside. He’s not going to fuck me there, he said, but the idea that he could, that he could just take what he wants because I’m already spread open for his friend, is tantalizing.

I turn to look over my shoulder, because Chance has pulled away slightly. “Is this...is this good? For you?”

“It’s—fuck—it’s so good,” Chance says in a raspy voice, his gaze locked on the place where Ethan’s pushing in and pulling out of me. Chance strokes his cock, firm motions with a tight grip. “I like watching. And next time it’ll be both of us. I’ll be buried in your ass, baby girl. It’ll be so good, both of your daddies filling you up at the same time.”

Holy heck, that’s a forbidden yet super hot image in my mind. Ethan flexes in a way that causes my pussy to flutter and I gasp, turning to look at him.

“Eyes on me,” Chance says. “Ethan might be the one fucking you, but I want to see your face when you come.”

“Seems only fair,” Ethan grunts, “since I’m the one feeling her pussy milking my cock.”

Chance chuckles. “Bastard. You have to rub it in.”

“While you,” Ethan pants, “have to rub one out.”

I would laugh if my limbs weren't tightening, electrified with my oncoming orgasm.

Ethan changes the angle of his hips. The base of his cock drags over my clit.

"Yes," I moan.

"Yes?" he asks, pausing. "Say please, angel, and I'll keep doing it."

"Please," I say, even while I keep my eyes on Chance. "*Please.*"

"All right." He continues at that angle, taking me higher and higher. I hook my leg more firmly over his and try to move him faster.

It feels so good, I'm going to burst. I dig my fingers into his shoulders. The men's heat, their scents, surround me, holding me in this cocoon of pleasure while magic brews potent with every movement, every caress, kiss, stroke. Chance cups my ass and his fingers spread out until he's touching my asshole. He rubs gently, not pushing inside, but with insistent pressure. I want to squirm away, but doing so would take me out of the perfect rhythm and angle with Ethan. I have to let myself enjoy the strange, new sensation.

"You like this," Chance says, a dark satisfaction in his voice. "Admit it, baby girl."

"I—I do," I gasp.

"Our dirty baby girl," he croons, pushing harder against that ring of muscle while Ethan strokes within my pussy.

I couldn't hold back the orgasm if I tried—I burst forth out of our cocoon in sparkles, color, and light, pleasure carrying me up and outward, amazed at the new world I've found with these beautiful, sexy men.

Ethan fucks me harder until he stops all of a sudden, groaning and going rigid against me. His cock pulses inside of me, and I realize he has come, too.

"Flip to your back, baby girl," Chance says.

Ethan pulls out of me carefully, then helps me lie back. Chance gets up on his knees and gives his cock several long, hard strokes. His mouth, half-hidden by his dark whiskers, is grim with determination and lust. A stream of come shoots from the tip of his cock, landing over my stomach and breasts.

“Fuck, baby, so pretty,” he growls as the last of it spurts out of him. “You’re pretty all the time, but covered in Daddy’s come? Perfection.”

My breath comes out in pants. I feel like I’ve just been shocked with pleasure, and now I can’t move.

Ethan leans over and kisses me gently, and when he pulls back, Chance lowers his face to mine and does the same.

“Wait here,” Chance says. “I’ll get a washcloth to clean up that beautiful mess on your tits.”

By the time he’s wiped me down with a warm washcloth, my heart rate has returned to normal. I’m still lying back on the bed, staring at the ceiling and trying to absorb the impact of what we’ve all just done. I just lost my virginity while in bed with two guys. That’s not normal, is it? Does it matter? It doesn’t have to be that big of a deal, I remind myself. Sure, I was a virgin, but I’ve looked at porn, I’ve masturbated plenty, and really, this doesn’t need to be a whole big thing.

Giving a little sigh of satisfaction at my revelation, I move to get up.

“Where are you going?” Ethan rumbles next to me.

I give them both a regretful smile. “I need to head home.”

“Stay with us,” Chance says.

There’s a weight to his words, and I wonder if this is unusual for them. I remember them saying, that one night five years ago, that they don’t bring women to their apartments. With me, they’ve broken this rule. Are sleepovers also outside of their usual routine?

Still, I shake my head. “I can’t. My roommate will worry, and I don’t have clothes, and...this isn’t like me.”

“Baby girl.” Chance tilts my chin so I’m forced to look at him. “What we did here tonight was beautiful. There’s nothing to be ashamed of. But we’ll move at your speed. At least let me drive you home, will you?”

His words of reassurance wash over me, blanketing me in peace and calm. He’s right, what we did *was* beautiful. And him saying that they’ll move at my speed hints that we might be able to do this again.

“So we can drive you home?” he prompts.

“Okay.” I surprise him with the force of a sudden hug, and he chuckles, wrapping his arms around me.

Maisie

Ethan drives, and Chance sits in the back seat with me, holding my hand.

“This is me,” I say when we reach my apartment complex.

“Give me some sugar, angel,” Ethan says, leaning between the front seats.

I kiss him, and he smiles. Then Chance kisses me. It’s so tender, so normal feeling, as if I were on a sweet date and we haven’t just had a threesome.

“We’ll see you soon,” Chance says.

“In class?” I ask.

“And after class,” he says. “And you better behave, little brat, or we’ll make you sorry.”

I grin. “Don’t make promises you can’t keep.”

“Next weekend. We’ll make good on those promises.”

“Can’t wait,” I say.

He gives my ass a light swat as I climb out of the car.

My path is illuminated by their headlights as I make my way to my apartment. There are no lights on, which means Mina isn’t home yet. I unlock the door and go inside, waving at Ethan’s car from the driveway. They don’t pull away until after I close the door. Protective to the last second, it seems.

As soon as the door is locked behind me, I stride to my room to change clothes. Sweats and thick, comfy socks. I hang my dress back in the closet to wash later, because Mina would have questions if she found it in the laundry—questions I am not yet ready to answer.

Since she isn’t home yet, I call Bradley. He picks up after a few rings. Loud music plays in the background, and Bradley shouts, “Hello?”

“Hey,” I say. “You’re off the hook for infiltrating the secret sex club tomorrow.”

“Oh, thank fuck,” he says. “I was nervous as hell about that. But wait, why?”

“You’ll never believe this, but I ran into them there. At the entrance to that club. Which we are not allowed to talk about ever again, by the way. But...yeah.”

“Yeah?” he asks. “Elaborate.”

“Nope, I’m not going to kiss and tell.”

He laughs. “Good for you, dude. Good for you.”

“You’re still at the wedding, it sounds like?”

“Reception of never-ending eighties music,” he says. “Kill me, please and thank you.”

“You’re too pretty to die.”

“True,” he says, and the music in the background gets quieter, as if he’s left the dancing behind. “Okay, in all seriousness, you’re okay, though? It would be a *great* sacrifice, but I could bail on the reception and hang out if you need a friend.”

“No, I’m good. It was all pretty great, actually.”

“Okay. I’m really happy for you, Maisie.” I can hear the smile in his voice.

The key turns in my apartment door’s lock.

“Oh, I gotta go,” I say, “Mina just came home.”

“Tell me everything later,” Bradley says.

“Sure thing,” I say, and we say our goodbyes. I’m not going to tell him everything, no way, but I’m going to need to talk to someone about this. And it can’t be Mina, as much as I love her. She’ll get weird.

She comes in bearing takeout containers.

“Is that the minestrone soup?” I ask hopefully.

“It is.” She grins. “Our favorite!”

“Sweet.” One of the best perks of working at a restaurant like Pepperoni Palace is all the free food. Despite its name, Pepperoni Palace serves far more than just pizza, and their soups and bread are to die for.

While Mina heads to her room to change out of her work clothes, I jump up and take the containers to the kitchen to distribute into bowls.

“How was work?” I ask when she comes back to the living room.

“Good, good.” She curls up on the other corner of the couch, mirroring my pose, and we tuck into the dinner.

“How was your night?” she asks.

“It was nice.” I’m feeling a little sore from my earlier activities. My spanked ass twinges, and my pussy aches. The reminders are welcome, though, even though they’re painful. I want to do it all over again.

“Who was that?” She slurps some soup, swallows. “On the phone, I mean?”

“Bradley,” I say. “He’s still stuck at his cousin’s wedding.”

“I wonder why he didn’t bring you as a plus-one?”

I shake my head and carefully adjust my position so as not to spill my soup. “It would’ve sent the wrong message to his family. They’re already trying to ship us hard.”

Bradley’s family adores me, and I adore them, but his well-meaning parents, aunts, and uncles all want us to be a couple, and it just ain’t happening.

“Huh,” she says. “You know, you haven’t been interested in anyone for a while.”

With a shrug, I say, “Dry spell, I guess. How about you? You haven’t talked about any guys lately.”

Probably because I got pissy the last time she did, given that she was crushing on the same guy I had expressed interest in during our Intro to Applied Linguistics course.

“I wish there was someone,” she says, “but I guess like you I’m having a dry spell.”

“Nothing wrong with that, right?” I say.

“Not at all. We have our studies to focus on. Who would’ve thought, seven years ago, that we would be here, in grad school?”

I nod. “San Esteban seemed so far away.”

We used to dream of this city. We’d hide in an abandoned cabin in the woods behind our foster parents’ house and hold each other’s hands, making plans for the future—for our future together. It’s amazing we’ve made it so far, two kids in the system with foster parents who completely sucked. Our foster mom was a deadbeat, the dad only had us there to look pretty. He never touched us, but it was obvious he wanted to. I shudder and push myself farther into the couch.

“You’re thinking of Percy too, aren’t you?” she asks.

I nod.

“Did I tell you I went back to the old cabin a couple of months ago?” she asks.

“What?” I sit forward. “Really? What was it like?”

“Nobody’s been there, it’s about the same. All of our posters are still on the walls.”

“Our sanctuary,” I say, remembering. That place, located at the far edge of Percy and Tara’s remote property, had been our hideout. Whenever Percy got too weird, Mina and I would tell him we were going for a walk, and then we’d hide at the cabin until he left to work his night shift at the paper mill.

“Everyone needs a sanctuary,” she says. “Whether it’s a place, or people.”

That’s the truth. And now that I’ve met Chance and Ethan, I’ve found a new set of people to feel safe with, a new sanctuary. It doesn’t mean I’ll ditch my old friends, but I’m excited about what could happen in the future.

PARADISE

Chance

I face the students assembled in the lecture hall. It's nearly impossible to ignore the tug on my awareness toward the left side of the front row. Maisie sits there. No schoolgirl get-up today. No lollipop.

Somehow sexier than ever.

I don't know how she does it, and I don't care. All I know is I need to make her mine again—mine and Ethan's.

Today's lecture is on the classification and diagnosis of mental disorders. I say the right words, click through the proper slides, ask questions of the students and help them elaborate on their answers. To all outer appearances, I'm cool. Calm. Professional.

Inside? I'm raging to get my hands back on my girl. She came apart so sweetly in our arms on Saturday night. I need to do that again, I need to see her face as she succumbs to pleasure, I need to listen to her breathless moans and feel her body tighten during her climax.

The lecture ends, and we spend a few moments discussing upcoming assignments. Because this is an undergrad course, I have to reiterate that a proper citation of sources is required. I point the students to several resources where they can find help with citations. These are principles that should be hammered into their skulls in their English composition and academic writing courses, and yet there's always one or two students who somehow never got the message.

Eventually, class is over and everyone begins to shuffle out of the lecture hall. Maisie stands up and smooths her clothes. Jeans and a sweatshirt, with her black hair pulled up in a ponytail. She looks so wholesome, it makes my heart squeeze in my chest.

I don't want her to leave with everyone else. I want to say, *Miss Kanne, if you would give me a moment, I need to have a word with you.*

No. I can't call her out in front of her peers. It would be an abuse of my role as her professor, and there are lines I refuse to cross...as much as I want to.

But she lingers after everyone else has left. Thank fuck. She waits next to the door, leaning against the jamb and staring back at me. I grab my briefcase and hurry forward meet her.

A smile on my lips, I say quietly, "What are you doing, looking so beautiful in my class, Miss Kanne?"

"Why, professor," she murmurs. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"We're going to need to discuss your grade."

There's a gleam in her light green eyes. She's enjoying this game. "I've been working really, really hard."

"I can see that. You've made all kinds of progress. However, there are certain aspects of your work that need improvement. I would like you to attend an extra tutoring session with a colleague of mine. And with me."

"If...if you think that's necessary, sir."

The gleam in her eyes grows brighter. She *really* likes this game. Given that my cock is pressing painfully against the front of my pants, I like it too.

"Friday night," I say.

"I work on Friday. Saturday?"

An extra twenty-four hours should be manageable. My need for her, though, is great. I touch the curve of her elbow. The fabric of her sweatshirt separates our skin, but I can feel the heat of her body through it. I can inhale her sweet scent.

She shivers and gazes up at me, biting her bottom lip.

"You must know how irresistible you are," I say.

"Not irresistible enough, if you aren't dragging me to your office for a spanking," she whispers.

I sigh and risk leaning over, pressing my forehead against the top of her head. “You tempt me in all the wrong ways, baby girl.”

“All the best ways.”

So fast that I couldn’t have stopped it if I wanted to, she turns her head, stands on her tiptoes, and kisses my cheek.

Before I can react, she darts out of the classroom.

My heart goes with her.

Ethan

When Maisie arrives at my apartment on Saturday night, Chance lets her in and gives her a hug. I haven't seen her since last weekend, because a TA taught my class this week. So now, I take a good look at our angel.

She's a wicked angel. She's wearing that little outfit she wore during my first class of the semester, the pleated skirt and white, buttoned shirt. But the shirt isn't buttoned to the bottom; instead it's tied up, exposing her smooth midriff, like she's walking onto a porn set.

I didn't think I had a schoolgirl kink.

Something about Maisie in that outfit, though. New kink unlocked.

She glances around my apartment, the open plan which mirrors Chance's, living room and kitchen and dining area all together. With a smile, she says, "You're right, it's the same, just the colors are different."

Someday I hope we'll live together, all three of us in one place. But I hold that thought inside. It's too fucking soon for that kind of talk.

"Thank you for coming over," Chance says with a warm yet professional grin. "We're looking forward to your special tutoring session."

Maisie's eyes open wider. She licks her lips. That magenta lipstick she wears is criminally sexy, especially in combination with her slutty school outfit.

I walk up to her and pull her into my arms. She fits against my chest like she belongs with me.

"Come into my office, Miss Kanne," I say in a low voice as I let her go. "Professor Wexton and I need to speak with you about your paper."

Turning around, I don't wait for her to agree. I simply walk into my office and take a seat at my desk. Maisie follows me

in and stands awkwardly in front of the desk because I don't have any other chairs in here. This office isn't generally used for meetings.

Chance leans against the doorframe, his dark eyes watchful.

I point to a stapled stack of papers in front of me. The pages are a behavioral psych article, the first thing I had on my screen to print out. Just a prop. "Miss Kanne, your citations need work."

Shifting from foot to foot, Maisie says, "Oh, I'm sorry, Professor Carlisle. I'll do better."

"You need guidance," I say. "Why don't you come over here, and I'll show you where you went wrong?"

"Oh—okay."

As she comes around the corner of my desk, I meet Chance's gaze, and he gives me a short nod of approval. He likes where this is going. We didn't plan out a script or anything beforehand, but he did tell me about the "tutoring" plans he'd made with Maisie earlier in the week.

Maisie stops about two feet to the side of me. I breathe in her sweet, candied apple scent. Intoxicating.

"A little closer, so you can read this," I say, gesturing her over.

She steps close enough that the hem of her skirt brushes against my pants. I have to restrain myself from touching her bare thigh and sliding my hand up that skirt.

All in good time.

After peering at the article for a moment, she says, "I...I don't know where I went wrong, exactly?"

"Look at this," I say, pointing to a random paragraph. "It's a simple mistake with the APA citation. Miss Kanne, we know that you know better."

"I've been a bit distracted, I guess," she says. "I'm so sorry, sir."

“Distracted, you say?” Chance asks from his place at the door.

“Um, yes,” she says.

“*Yes, sir, or yes, professor.*” Chance’s voice is low. “Elaborate on the distractions, Miss Kanne.”

“Yes, sir.” She squirms in place, wringing her hands together. Fuck, she’s perfect. I love how she’s playing along. “There have been things going on in my social life, distracting me.”

“Boys?” I ask.

She gasps and looks to the side, meeting my eyes. Quickly looking away, she says, “N-no, of course not, Professor Carlisle.”

“I don’t believe you, Miss Kanne.” I glare back at her and fold my arms across my chest.

Shoulders slumping, she says, “Well, fine. Maybe it has to do with boys. I’m just...I’m so inexperienced.”

Oh, fuck me. My dick is raging hard. In a strangled voice, I say, “We could help you with that. With some more tutoring.”

“Really?” She blinks at me, all innocence, and tries to hold back her wicked smile that keeps trying to appear.

Chance clears his throat. “First, though, Miss Kanne, you tried to lie to us—your professors who want to help you. Consequences must be given.”

“Consequences?” she asks slowly, as if sounding out the word.

“Indeed,” I say, standing.

Chance comes to the desk and stands on the other side of her. Her breath hitches as she looks between the two of us.

“What do I need to do?” she asks.

“Lean over on the desk,” I say. “Forearms down, hands flat in front of you.”

She does as I ask. Grabbing her hips, I tug back so that she's bent at the waist, her ass sticking out. Her skirt rides up in this position, giving me a glimpse of the tops of her thighs.

"We're going to give you a punishment to teach you not to lie to your professors," Chance says. "And then if you're worried about experience, we can teach you about boys, too."

Fuck, this is kinky. We haven't done anything like this before, but there's no denying how right it feels in this moment.

Chance lifts up her skirt, flipping it over her back and revealing a pair of plain white panties.

Smoothing a hand over her back, I say, "Are you doing all right, Miss Kanne?"

"Yes, sir," she whispers.

"Good."

Her ass quivers as Chance grips the waistband of her panties and eases them down.

"So wet," he murmurs.

"Is that bad?" she asks in a small voice. "I'm embarrassed, professors."

"It's very good," Chance says. "We have a lot to teach you about boys, Miss Kanne."

I rub my palm over her bare ass, reveling in the soft, pale skin. "But first we must punish you."

I step back to allow Chance to take this spanking, but after one swat, he gestures that I should alternate with him. I grin. Spankings are my fucking favorite. And the way Maisie jerks forward at each impact at first has me wanting to rub my cock, squeeze out some of my lust. Instead, I focus on spanking our girl.

"Ow," she says, even though we aren't spanking hard.

As soon as she's warmed up, though, we alternate harder spankings over the globes of her sexy ass and the tops of her

thighs. She squeals at first, but after a dozen spanks, she gets quiet. Floating, I suspect, inching into subspace.

Her ass is nice and pink. Leaning down, I whisper in her ear, “Do you think you’ve learned your lesson, angel?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she breathes. “Will you teach me more about boys now?”

I look up at Chance, who looks supremely satisfied. We got our girl nice and happy. “Top drawer,” I say to Chance.

He pulls it open to find the condoms I stashed earlier. He yanks open the front of his pants, pulls out his cock and slides on a condom.

“I’m going to fuck you now, baby girl,” he says. “Is that okay with you?”

Her eyes open and she smiles at him. “Yes, please, Daddy.”

Reaching between her legs, he groans. “You’re so fucking wet, *fuck*. I can’t wait to be inside of you. You’re going to come on my cock tonight, sweetheart.”

With that, he slides in and begins stroking.

Maisie’s mouth falls open and she looks up to meet my gaze.

The sight of my friend banging our gorgeous girl, along with her aroused reaction, is enough to make me lose it right here, even with my dick still tucked in my pants. I free my cock from its confines and stroke it while I watch the two of them. Maisie’s expression is pure greed and desire. She licks her lips.

“You want to suck my cock, beautiful?” I ask.

“Yes,” she moans. “Please.”

I sit back down in my chair, roll it to the side. Chance pauses in his strokes and they move to the side so Maisie is no longer bent over the desk, but leaning over my lap. She braces her hands on the sides of my chair and lowers her mouth to me.

I thrust between her lips.

Paradise.

AFTERCARE

Chance

She's beautiful. So fucking beautiful, she takes my breath away. I hold onto her hips as I slowly pump in and out of her perfect pussy. Ethan, sitting in his office chair, groans while she sucks him. Her ass bears our handprints. This is everything, all as it should be, our girl between us, wriggling with pleasure and blowing our minds.

"You're doing great, Maisie," I say.

Her cunt ripples around me, soft squeezes that have me swearing under my breath.

Pleasure coalesces at the base of my spine, sharp and hot. Every stroke adds to the burn.

"You might think you're inexperienced, baby girl," I say, "but you're a fucking natural. Look how well you took your spanking, and how well you're taking our cocks."

"Your daddies are very happy right now," Ethan says, gazing down at her. All I can see of the action up there is the back of her head, her black hair held tightly in Ethan's fist.

Reaching forward, I shove my hands under her shirt and cup her breasts. Our girl isn't wearing a bra, and the smooth skin of her tits is warm and soft against my palms. She must love what I'm doing because her pussy contracts again. She's going to come soon, and I can't fucking wait to feel it.

"So good, baby girl," I say as I pinch and roll her nipples between my fingers. "You've really learned your lesson."

She moans around Ethan's cock.

"I want you to come, sweetheart," I say. "Your pussy feels so good to Daddy, I can't hold back much longer. Can you be a good girl and come for your daddies?"

A little side-to-side wriggle of her hips seems to be all the affirmation I'll get, but Ethan pulls her off of his dick. She gasps, "Yes, I'll be a good girl," before he thrusts into her again.

I pinch and tweak her tightened nipples while I fuck into the delicious, wet heat of her cunt. My own orgasm is building, my balls drawing up. I'm fucking her faster now. The glide of her is heaven surrounding my cock.

"Maisie," I groan. "Fuck, Maisie, *Maisie*—"

"Daddies," she cries, her back arching and her head coming away from Ethan's lap. She tightens down on me like a fucking vise, rhythmic pressure that causes me to explode within her. I grunt and my hips freeze, cock buried to the base while I come and come and come.

Maisie returns to Ethan's lap, her head bobbing. A second later, Ethan shouts as he gets his own release.

"That was beautiful," I say, smoothing a hand over Maisie's ass as I ease myself out of her, wincing at the sensitivity. I don't think I've ever come so hard as I did just now. "You're beautiful. Thank you, baby girl."

"That was fun," she says.

"How's your ass, angel?" Ethan asks.

"It's okay." She sounds dreamy, happy. She's still experiencing the high of the spanking and her orgasm.

Ethan lifts her up and pulls her onto his lap. I take care of the condom, then go to the bedroom and retrieve a blanket to wrap around our girl and help keep her warm. That was an intense session, and now all I want to do is take care of her.

"You want something to drink?" I ask her. "Something to eat?"

She shakes her head, snuggling against Ethan's chest.

"I'll order us dinner," Ethan says. "There should still be something open."

In a sleepy, sex-drunk voice, Maisie asks, "What time is it?"

"A little after eleven," I say.

"What?" she gasps.

I dig my phone from my back pocket and hold it up. “It’s eleven twenty-five.”

Her mouth forms a little *o* of surprise. “I—I have to go,” she says, scooting off of Ethan’s lap.

“Baby, you’re in sub-space,” I say. “You can’t leave yet.”

She waves her hand in the air. “I’m fine. My roommate is going to freak the fuck out. And Bradley will wonder where I’m at—I was supposed to check in.”

“You won’t be going anywhere with anyone except us,” Ethan says, a low note of warning from my voice.

He’s a possessive motherfucker. I am, too, and I won’t apologize for that.

“I’m going,” she says. “You can’t stop me. Don’t try to stop me.”

She spins away, out of my grasp, and when I reach for her, she shakes her head and says the one word that can stop everything, the one word that can stop anything.

“Red,” she says, looking stricken as the word leaves her mouth.

“Maisie, please,” I say. I want to reach for her, but that safe word has me frozen in my footsteps.

She goes to the door, opens it, and steps outside.

The door shuts after her, the sound final.

She just left. I look at Ethan. He looks at me.

“What the fuck?” My hands turn into fists. “How did we let her get away?”

“She said to let her go,” he says, shaking his head. “She used her safe word.”

“But she might have sub-drop without us...we have to go to her—she can’t go through that alone.”

Not only that, but we have needs, as dominants, to care for our sub. My heart is physically hurting right now, and a heaviness threatens my mind. Only assholes would hurt a girl

and let her suffer the comedown on her own. *I* need aftercare so that I can be reassured that I'm not a shitty person. We make her feel better and we feel better, too.

“Fuck, you're right.” Ethan pulls on his shirt. “Let's go.”

Maisie

I luck out and there's a cab waiting a few yards from Ethan and Chance's building. The driver, a middle-aged woman, barely blinks at my attire. "Where to, honey?"

I give her my address, feeling pretty good about my quick getaway. Hopefully the guys won't be too upset about this, but I stayed at Ethan's place way too late. They'll be fine. I have their phone numbers now, and tomorrow, I can text to explain.

As soon as the driver deposits me outside of my apartment complex, though, a black sedan is right behind it, pulling into guest parking. Normally, no cause for alarm, but the car looks familiar, and I have an idea that I didn't actually escape these two dominant men.

My suspicions are confirmed when Ethan and Chance get out of the car.

"Everything okay, miss?" the cab driver asks me, giving the men a hard look.

"Yes, it's fine. Thanks. I know them and trust them," I say. I pay the fare and give her a generous tip on top of it, grateful that she took a moment to care about my wellbeing.

Once she drives off, Ethan and Chance approach, their strides long, eating up the space between us.

"You can't be here," I tell them. Mina's going to be home any minute, and my plan was for me to be cuddled up in my own bed, wearing sweatpants and watching short video skits on my phone. A dark, heavy feeling is perched on my shoulders, and I want to chase it away with mindless scrolling.

I rub my hands up and down my bare arms. It's September and not super chilly, but there's a breeze.

"You're shivering," Chance points out, sounding almost... angry?

No. I've disappointed him—both of them. I can't stand it.

“Are you mad?” I whisper, feeling horribly uncomfortable in my skin.

“Not at all. Please let us in so we can take care of you,” he says. “Or come home with us.”

I shake my head, but the truth is, I feel like I’m about to cry. “I don’t know what’s happening to me,” I say.

“Sub-drop,” Ethan says. “Please let us take care of you. It hurts us when we can’t.”

I don’t know what he’s talking about, but I shrug. Sure, may as well introduce them to Mina. What’s the worst that could happen? They’ve already been with me, had sex with me. Crushing on the same guys I crush on is way different from trying to steal the guys I’m actually dating. Mina has never done that, and I’m sure she wouldn’t start now.

“Sure, come in,” I say, and they follow me to my door. This could be a good thing, actually. Introducing everyone, getting everything out in the open.

Mina isn’t home yet. I flip on the lamp in the living room. It’s dim, but cozy. I make my way to the couch. I’m suddenly exhausted.

“Where are your pajamas, Maisie?” Ethan asks while Chance moves straight to the kitchen.

“Second door on the left, top dresser drawer.” I kick off my shoes and huddle into the corner of the couch. I am unbelievably cold.

Moments later, Ethan returns with sweatpants and a sweatshirt. He helps me change into them, his movements sure and attentive. Chance brings me a tiny bowl of chocolate chips and a glass of water. Then he sits down on the couch and pats his lap. “Have a seat, baby girl.”

“My roommate’s going to be home any minute,” I say. “I don’t want you to meet her when I’m sitting on your lap.”

“Then sit next to me.”

I do, and Ethan takes the other side of me. They tug the soft throw from the back of the couch down and tuck it around

me. I'm sitting in a nest of hotties, and damn if I don't feel like a queen while they feed me chocolate chips and give me sips of water.

"Feeling better at all?" Ethan rumbles.

"Yeah, a bit." That dark, ugly feeling that had threatened me earlier seems well and truly chased away. "I was starting to feel sad...you said it was sub-drop?"

"Yes," Chance says. "It's when the happy, fun endorphins fade after a good scene. It can last a few hours. Sometimes longer. It's different for everyone, but until we get to know each other better, we won't be able to predict how it might affect you. It's part of the reason aftercare is so important, Maisie. If we're going to play again like we did tonight—and I hope we are, that you'll agree to be our girlfriend—then we need to block off more time so Ethan and I can take care of you afterward."

"But that sounds so high-maintenance," I argue. Did he just call me their girlfriend? Heck. I like it. I like it more than I probably should.

"It's not," Ethan says. "And we need it as much as you do. We just spanked you, angel, we just pretended to be nasty, power-abusing teachers. Then you run away before we can assure you—and ourselves—that we're actually okay guys?"

He cuts a look to Chance—a meaningful look that I don't miss.

And Chance looks miserable.

"What...what's going on?" I ask.

Chance scrubs a hand over his whiskers. "We were with someone years ago. It's not important."

"Fuck if it's not important," Ethan says. "You're still kicking yourself over it. Maisie, that other woman cheated on us, then blamed it on us, said we were abusers."

I can tell, from the way he's talking, that he didn't give her accusation a second thought. But Chance—he looks wrecked.

“What we did was far from abuse,” I say. “I’m inexperienced, sure, but trust me, I wanted everything—*everything*—that you two did with me.”

“I know that,” Chance says. “On a logical level, I know it. But that whole sordid affair is part of the reason we have such strict rules. Safe words, only partners who are over twenty-five, enthusiastic consent, all of it.”

“And you picked age twenty-five because...” I have a guess based on what I learned in Ethan’s class, but I need to hear them say it.

“Because the frontal lobes have usually finished developing by that point,” Ethan says. “We didn’t want a young partner who could be swayed by impulsivity or do something she’d later regret.”

“I wouldn’t have regretted it five years ago,” I say quietly, cupping Chance’s scruffy cheek in my palm and turning his face toward me for a sweet kiss, “and I don’t regret it now.”

“You’re a miracle, Maisie,” he says, kissing me back and staring into my eyes with his deep brown ones.

Before the moment can get even more tender, the door unlocks and opens, and Mina steps in. “Hey, Mais—oh. Hi?”

“Mina,” I say, struggling to get out of my Chance-and-Ethan nest. “I’d like you to meet Chance and Ethan.”

She raises a single eyebrow.

I clear my throat. “They’re my boyfriends.”

Both of her eyebrows shoot up in surprise. “Boyfriends? Plural?”

I nod.

Ethan stands, and then Chance. They look so big in this tiny living room.

Chance holds out a hand toward Mina. “It’s nice to finally meet you.”

Smooth of him, to make it sound like he’s heard about her before. I feel bad for blindsiding them with this.

“Nice to meet you too,” she says, shaking his hand, then Ethan’s. “Haven’t I seen you around SEU?”

“Yes,” Ethan says. “We’re professors there.”

Oh, crappity-crap-crap. I hadn’t thought of this. I was just worried about her crushing on my crushes...not the fact that I wanted to be dating freaking professors at SEU while I’m a student. This is going to look bad if it gets out.

“Interesting,” she says. “Let me guess... psychology?”

The men exchange a look. They aren’t stupid, and they know what Mina is getting at.

“It isn’t against school policy,” I say quickly.

“You’ve already looked it up,” she says in a quiet voice.

“Well, yeah. I didn’t want Chance and Ethan to get in trouble.” I turn to the men. “I think Mina and I should talk alone. I hate to send you off, but—”

“We don’t mind,” Chance says, leaning down to kiss my cheek. Against my ear, he whispers, “But are you truly all right, mentally and emotionally?”

I nod. “I am.”

“If it changes, call us. Any time. We’ll answer, and we can be here in fifteen minutes.”

“Thank you,” I whisper, looking between them.

Ethan kisses my cheek, and they both leave.

The door closes behind them.

“Well,” Mina says, leaning on the little counter that divides the kitchen from the living room. “You’ve been busy.”

“I know.” There’s a long pause while I try to discern her mood, but her expression is fairly flat. Not judgmental, and not giving anything away. “I’m sorry I didn’t talk to you about it, but it was so new. I didn’t even know if it would go anywhere.”

“It’s okay, I get it.” She grins. “Talk about getting your daddy issues worked on, though.”

“Daddy issues...oh. Because they’re older.” I force a laugh. For a second there, I thought she was talking about the whole “daddy” vibe I have going with them.

“But you might be taking it a little far.” She pushes off the counter and brings forward a bag full of garlic bread, fresh from Pepperoni Palace. I start salivating immediately, even though my stomach does an uncomfortable twist at what she’s saying. She goes on. “Two guys, older men. Interested in a young woman. Just...protect your heart, okay?”

She thinks it won’t last, that this is a temporary fling. Could she be right?

Of course she could be right. They want to be with me for longer than a few hook-ups because Chance talked about me being their girlfriend, and they didn’t object to me calling them my boyfriends. But still, something this perfect couldn’t possibly last.

“Yeah, of course I’ll protect my heart.” I steal a piece of bread. Before taking a bite, I say, “I mean, this is early on. We’re having fun right now.”

“Okay.” Knocking her shoulder against mine, she says, “I’m just worried for you. If you’re interested in having fun, maybe we could find some guys our own age, and go out with them, you know?”

“Ha. I don’t have time to find anyone.” Or the desire. I am one hundred percent Ethan and Chance’s girl right now. Forever, probably, even if my presence in their lives is only temporary for them.

My stomach gives another little twist of uncertainty, but Mina and I put on a movie and I shove away the darkness. I just had the best night, and I’m not going to ruin it with stupid doubts.

RAIDING THE ARMORY

Chance

When Friday rolls around, Ethan and I are waiting in my apartment for Maisie to arrive.

“Do you have any idea yet, what’s going on with her?” Ethan asks.

“Nope.”

Something has been bothering Maisie this week. She didn’t stay to talk to me after class. Ethan didn’t see her in his lecture, because he had another TA teaching. I’ve texted her a few times, and so has Ethan, but her responses have been... lacking, for lack of a better word.

“Maybe she sucks at flirting over text,” Ethan says. “It’s not a dealbreaker for me.”

“It isn’t a dealbreaker for me, either, but I don’t think that’s the issue. Something’s missing.”

“Well, what is it?”

“It’s the playfulness,” I finally say. “She hasn’t been playing with us. She’s just been...I don’t know. Usually there’s mischief, a little bit of brattiness. What happened to that?”

A knock sounds at my door, and Ethan shoots me a glance. “We’ll find out tonight.”

I let Maisie in. No costume today, just some soft jeans and a long-sleeved t-shirt, her hair in a ponytail. She gives me a quick hug and smiles up at me, but the usual spark of playfulness is missing from her eyes. My heart feels like a bundle of lead in my chest.

“Baby girl,” I say, “what’s troubling you?”

She pauses a long moment. I hope she doesn’t say “nothing,” because there’s obviously something, and I don’t want to be lied to.

After a few more seconds, she sighs and gives a dismissive shrug. "I'm just in my head right now, it's nothing important."

"Well," Ethan says, "we can help you with that. Will you let us?"

Her eyes get a little squinty as if she's trying to figure out if this is a trick.

"We're not going to hurt you, baby girl," I say, smoothing a hand down her sleeve. "Let us help you, instead?"

"Fine." She folds her arms across her chest.

"First things first," Ethan says. "Take off your clothes."

Pursing her lips, she does as he asks, first toeing off her shoes and socks, then pulling off her long-sleeved shirt and tossing it to one of the armchairs. Her movements hold an element of challenge. She reaches behind her to remove her bra.

"Just a second," I say. "Slow down, sweetheart."

I move behind her and run my hands over her breasts, enjoying the feel of the satin fabric and the silk of her skin. Her breath hitches and I nuzzle her hair aside to kiss her neck. Her cinnamon-apple scent is intoxicating. I inhale, breathing her in.

"Let's savor this, okay?" I say.

Some of the tension eases out of her. "Okay. I'm sorry, I don't know what's gotten into me."

"We'll work it out, angel," Ethan says. He kneels in front of her and unsnaps her jeans, drags them slowly down her legs. She lifts her feet so he can remove them all the way, then she lifts them again as he slides down her panties. "You're so fucking beautiful," he says, rubbing his face against her leg.

I unsnap her bra and replace the cups with my hands, feeling her nipples harden against my palms.

Ethan presses his face against Maisie's mound. From over her shoulder, I can watch as he looks up at her and gives her a long, slow lick.

Slowly, I move my hands down her arms until I'm holding her hands. Then I bring her hands up and put them on her tits.

“Play with your nipples while he licks you,” I say. “I’m going to sit here and watch.”

I ease back onto the couch and unfasten my pants, reaching inside to put pressure on my dick.

Maisie’s eyes are half-lidded while Ethan licks her pussy. The image has me harder than ever. Her hands keep busy, fingers pinching and caressing those gorgeous breasts. She starts to whimper and her legs shake. Ethan stops, pulls away, runs his tongue over his lips to taste her.

“Come back,” Maisie whines. “Please, Daddy.”

He shakes his head. “Get up on Chance, angel. Time to ride.”

There’s no time to shove down my pants and I don’t have a condom handy, anyway. That doesn’t seem to matter to Maisie. Our girl climbs onto my lap eagerly and grinds her pussy against me, finding friction against my pants.

She pauses and starts to lift up. “I’m going to get you all messy.”

“Stay right there,” I tell her, holding her hips and pushing her back down on me. “You can get me as messy as you want. Fuck, I can feel your heat against me. You’re a needy little girl, aren’t you?”

“There’s a tickle down there and I can’t—I can’t make it go away,” she says, her voice breathy. “Please, help me?”

Fuck, I’m going to hell for loving her innocent act so goddamn much.

She starts to rub back and forth faster, and I can tell she’s trying to get herself to come. “Not yet, baby girl,” I say. “Slow down. Savor it, remember?”

Shaking her head, she says, “No, I can’t slow down. I need the funny feeling to go away.”

“Are you going to be a good girl and take what your daddies give you?” I ask. “Or do we need to hold you down?”

She looks crazed with desire as she continues to rub against me. “It feels too good, Daddy,” she whispers. “I can’t stop.”

“Hold her down,” Ethan says.

I grab her wrists and bring her arms back behind her. It makes her back arch and her tits press forward. I’m going to need more of this, but I want my hands free to appreciate the bounty in front of me. “Ethan, can you grab a scarf?”

He nods and strides into my bedroom. I hold Maisie’s hands behind her and lean forward so I can suck on her nipples. She tries to rock back and forth again, but I tighten her to me so she can’t move.

“Be a good girl and hold still,” I say.

She whimpers. “I’m trying to behave, but I can’t help it.”

When we finally let her come, it’s going to be explosive.

Ethan returns to the living room. He isn’t carrying only a scarf, though; he also has a packaged sex toy, lube, wipes, and condoms.

“Wow, soldier,” Maisie says with a giggle, “did you raid the armory?”

His mouth twitches in a faint smile. “Might have done.”

She tries to see the items in his arms, but he holds them just out of her view. Her humor turns into suspicion. “What, uh...what all did you get?”

“You’ll see.” He stashes the packaged toy off to the side, careful to hide it beneath a throw pillow. Then he tosses me a condom.

I shove down my pants and don the rubber while he ties Maisie’s hands behind her back with the silk scarf.

“Feel okay?” he asks her.

She nods. “Yeah, it’s fine.”

“Yeah, it’s fine, *Daddy*,” he corrects. “We’re taking care of you, angel, and I want you to remember who we are tonight—we’re your daddies.”

“Okay, Daddy,” she says.

“Good girl. Now let me watch you put your other daddy in your sweet little pussy. Then I’m going to wash our new toy and I’ll be right back.”

Ethan and I watch as Maisie maneuvers herself, hands-free, so my cock is at her entrance.

“That’s good, very good,” I say. “That ticklish feeling will be taken care of soon. Now sink down onto it.”

“It’s so big,” she says. “I don’t know if I can.”

I know we’re just playing, but fuck if I don’t love the sound of that. “Just try for Daddy,” I say. “Do your best.”

“Okay…” Her voice is full of uncertainty, despite the mischievous smile on her lips.

Slowly, so slowly, she lowers down, impaling herself on my dick. Her snug heat envelops me. It’s too good. I suck in a breath, hold it, count back from ten slowly so I don’t fucking come right now.

Ethan palms his cock over his pants. “That’s hot, angel. You look so good perched up on his cock like that. Does he fill your pussy?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she answers, looking to the side and making eye contact with him.

“Be right back.” He tucks the wrapped package under his arm and goes to the kitchen, where I can hear the tearing of plastic and the sink running. A couple of minutes, Ethan returns, still hiding the newly-washed toy from Maisie.

Her tits are jutting forward. Perfect distractions. I cup them in my palms, rubbing gently before squeezing her nipples.

“Now, let’s talk about what’s on your mind,” I say.

Her eyes get wide. She twists her hips from side to side, seeking movement. “What? I don’t want to talk, I want to

fuck.”

I clamp my hands on her hips. “We’ll do both, baby girl. Multitask.”

She pouts. “I heard multitasking is actually bad for focus and concentration. It means you do multiple things badly, rather than saving time.”

“Oh, believe me, I think we can do everything just fine.” Reaching between her legs, I give her clit a little flick with the pad of my thumb.

“*Chance*,” she gasps, her thighs tightening against mine. “Daddy, *please*.”

“So tell us what’s going through that pretty head of yours,” I say.

“No.”

“Okay.” I lean back.

She tries to move again, but Ethan is quick to hold her shoulders, preventing her from lifting off my cock.

“Daddyyyy,” she whines. “Pretty please?”

“You said something’s on your mind,” I say, flexing my hips forward just enough to tease her, “and if you aren’t going to safeword out of talking about it, then we want to know what it is.”

Closing her eyes, she says, “I think this whole thing between us is temporary, and that sucks. That’s all, okay? I like you more than you like me.”

I exchange a glance with Ethan. He shakes his head in disbelief and mouths the words, *talk to her*.

Fuck. It’s up to me.

“Baby girl,” I say sternly. Then, softer, “Maisie. Look at me.”

She opens her eyes, but she looks like she’s about to cry. Fuck. I can’t handle even the idea of her hurting.

“Maisie, listen.” I reach forward to cup her cheek. Her skin is soft against my palm. This girl is so precious, it makes my heart stutter. “I don’t think it’s possible for you to like us more than we like you.”

“But there’s...there’s *three* of us,” she says. “That doesn’t sound like a permanent sort of arrangement at all.”

“So what if there are three of us?” Ethan says.

Maisie shakes her head. “It’s kinky. People will talk.”

“Fuck them,” I say, thrusting up into her for emphasis.

She gasps, her pussy tightening around me.

“The more you talk about what’s bothering you, the more I’ll fuck you, princess,” I say.

“What do you want to know?” she asks with a wink, some of her playfulness returning.

“I want to know that you’ll come to us if you start feeling insecure,” I say.

“I will,” she says. “I just—it’s embarrassing.”

“Well, this is a good start.” I thrust again. “How did these thoughts even begin? What prompted them?”

She tries to grind on my cock once more, so I spank the side of her ass.

She yelps. “Ow!”

“What prompted these insecure thoughts?” I ask again.

“I...well, we haven’t talked about what we are to each other, so I was thinking that you’re both professors, you’re so much older. What could you want with me? You probably do this all the time, you know?”

“We *used to* do it all the time,” Ethan says. “Since you, we stopped.”

Maisie’s mouth falls open. “Really?”

“Really,” he says. “We’re done now. You’re all we want, angel.”

I thrust into her again, pleased at the needy sound she makes. I say, “I can’t tell you what the future will hold. For all I know, you’ll get tired of us and you’ll want to settle down with someone else. But I *can* promise you, we’re going to do everything in our power to make you happy and keep you with us. If there’s a problem, baby girl, we will talk about it. You understand me?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Her pussy clenches on my cock.

“Now hold still,” Ethan says to her, holding the new toy behind her, just out of her sight. “We have a nice little present for you.”

BRAVE FOR HER DADDIES

Maisie

They want to keep me with them. They *want* me. And not just for sex, it doesn't sound like. My heart soars while my pussy flexes on Chance's cock.

Ethan presses something cool and slippery against my ass. I try to scoot forward on Chance's lap, but Chance grabs me at the waist and holds me down against him. The motion presses my clit against the base of his cock. I want more. Why won't they let me move?

"I need to come," I say, dismayed at the whimper in my voice. "I talked to you about what was bothering me and you still won't let me come."

"We know what's best for you," Ethan says, his voice deep, seductive.

His breath fans over my neck before he gives me a nibbling little kiss.

"Will you try on your new toy for us?" Chance asks, his eyes locked on mine. "Ethan can make it feel really good for you, baby girl."

"But I want to come," I say.

"All in good time, angel." Ethan pulls back for a moment, and then his fingers are *there*, at my asshole, gliding slippery over my nerves.

"Noooo," I say.

He presses harder. "Push out against my finger, angel. Trust us. You're going to like it."

Ethan sounds so certain, so authoritative. Chance nods at me, a challenge in his dark eyes.

I shake my head back and forth and say, "No no no no."

"That's not your safe word, angel," Ethan says, but he pauses with just his fingertip touching me, not retreating, but no longer advancing. "You remember your safe word?"

“Yes, I remember it,” I say.

“Are you saying it right now? Do you want to?”

“I’m—I’m not saying it.” Having a safe word is the best. If I don’t say it, this can still happen. I don’t have to admit that I want this, I don’t have to admit that even though I’m scared and nervous and freaked out, it still feels good. These men, my daddies, are in control and they’re going to make it good for me. They’re going to make me take it...and I’m going to like it.

“Mmm, you’re being such a good girl.” Ethan presses his finger farther in. “So tight, but trusting your daddies.”

He starts moving his finger and I tighten around him reflexively. Chance groans and pumps into me. I try to take advantage and move, but Chance grins and shakes his head. “Not yet, baby girl.”

Ethan removes his finger. “Lean forward against Chance. It’s time for your new toy.”

“What—what is it?” I ask.

“Just a little plug,” he says. “Be brave for your daddies.”

Because my hands are tied behind my back, Chance guides me with one hand to make sure I don’t fall forward. I close my eyes as something cool and slippery pushes against my ass. The pressure increases the more Ethan pushes it in.

I whimper against Chance’s chest, the fabric of his shirt soft against my cheek. Both of these guys are wearing all their clothes, and I’m the only one who is naked. The power difference somehow gets me hotter, like I’m their little plaything.

There’s a pressure in my ass, uncomfortable yet a turn-on at the same time. I don’t know how to describe it except my nerves are alight and I feel so damn full.

“Ah, pretty girl,” Ethan says. “Now let’s turn it on.”

“What?” I yelp, trying to sit up again. The movement causes the device to move, and then Ethan’s hands are back there again.

The device in my ass starts vibrating.

I nearly leap off of Chance.

“Shhh, easy, angel,” Ethan says, humor in his voice. “Isn’t this fun?”

“Fucking sadist,” I grumble.

He laughs and spansks me enough to sting, but not enough to feel serious. “Watch your mouth, little girl, or I’ll show you what sadism *really* is.”

I’m tempted to test him, but between that spank, the vibrating plug, and the way Chance is flexing his muscles and making his cock hit all the best areas inside my pussy, I frankly don’t have much room for thought.

Ethan pulls me back by my arms, forcing me to sit up again. Then he’s standing next to Chance and me, pushing down his pants so his cock springs free, hard and ready.

“Have a taste, baby girl,” Chance says, cupping my cheek in a tender way which, conveniently, also directs my face toward Ethan’s cock.

I lick my lips and take Ethan into my mouth. He’s thick, warm, and tastes like salt and musk. I run my tongue up and down his length as he fucks gently in and out of my mouth.

“Fuck,” he says on an exhale. “You feel so good.”

Chance holds my hips and begins to rock upward into me. The motion jars the plug in my ass, which sends sparks of pleasure throughout my body. My legs begin to shake.

With every grinding contact of my clit against the base of Chance’s cock, every murmured praise from the guys’ mouths, every caress over my throat, my breasts, my hips—my pleasure heightens. Every part of me is extra sensitive, extra needy.

I have to come. I’m going to explode if I don’t, because all of this bliss is building up with nowhere else to go. The vibe in my ass sends pulses through my core outward, and Chance pumps rhythmically into me.

“Just like that,” Ethan says as I suck him. His blue eyes are dark with desire. “So good, angel.”

I’m so full, surrounded by these kind, beautiful men, enveloped in their pleasure and giving them pleasure in return.

Chance’s grip on my hips intensifies, hard enough to be bruising. I can see his face from the corner of my eye and his gaze is locked on me. He lets go of me with one hand and presses his thumb against my clit.

“Come for your daddies, sweet thing,” he says. “You’ve been such a good girl, you deserve an orgasm.”

I don’t need to be told twice. My body obeys and breaks into a million shards of ecstasy, an explosion of heat and joy. Ethan grunts and says, “Get ready, angel,” before emptying in my mouth. I swallow him down and lick my lips.

As Ethan pulls out of my mouth, Chance grins up at me. He unties my wrists, then lifts me off of him and says, “All fours, beautiful. I want to see your ass stuffed while I finish fucking you.”

So dirty, but I love it so much. I get on my hands and knees. Chance runs his fingers over my back, then between my cheeks where he jostles the plug.

“Nice and tight,” he says in approval.

“Mmmfff,” is the only sound I can make, my face pressed into the sofa. Everything feels so good, so raw, as he enters me again, sliding into me in one smooth motion.

“Next time, it’ll be my cock where this plug is,” Ethan says, stroking my back while Chance fucks me. “Both of your daddies will fill you at the same time. What do you think about that?”

“It’s...I don’t know,” I say, even as my body gives a thrill of lust at the idea.

Ethan grins down at me, then looks back at Chance. “Think you can hold off? I bet we could make her come again.”

“Yeah,” Chance says. “I felt her cunt tighten when you talked about fucking her ass. We can give her another one.”

“Nooo, I’m too sensitive,” I say, even as Ethan reaches under me and finds my clit. His fingers slip and slide and my muscles tighten around Chance.

If I come again, I just might pass out.

Chance leans over my back, bites my shoulder while he fucks me. The vibrating plug gets jammed harder between my cheeks, and Ethan’s fingers are there at my clit, rubbing, causing pleasure to spool again, wrapping through my core.

They hold the threads that contain and control this primal joy.

Chance grabs the front of my neck, gripping me tightly, but not too tightly. That sense of belonging to them, combined with the fierce, volcanic delight of our movements, causes the threads of pleasure to snap.

I lose myself over the edge of bliss, catapulting while held tightly against them. Ethan cups my pussy, his touch possessive. Chance pumps several more times within me before groaning, “Maisie,” and pulsing within, taking his own release.

We remain in place for a long moment, catching our breath. Ethan leans over and kisses my cheek, then gets up to fetch a packet of wipes.

Chance kisses my back, then eases away and out of me. The vibrating plug goes still, and I exhale.

“Damn, such a pretty picture,” Chance says, cupping my ass cheeks.

They take out the plug and we all clean up with the wipes before Chance carries me to the bathroom. They start the shower and climb in with me. It’s a tight squeeze, but doable, and I have no complaints as they wash my body, because they’re finally naked, my hands are free, and I get to touch them as much as I want.

As they requested, I made sure there would be time for aftercare tonight, and I allow them to pamper me with bites of fruit and chocolate, and sips of hot tea. Ethan even combs my hair. I hadn't realized such a simple act could be so sexy and relaxing at the same time.

Bliss. Perfection. The pleasure they've given me is seared into my cells.

And this isn't a short-term deal for them. They want me in their lives.

"You'll remember this?" Chase asks, brushing his lips against my cheek. "You'll remember your daddies want to take care of you always? This isn't temporary for us. We waited a long time to be with you, baby girl."

"I'll remember," I say. "Always."

Maisie

The following Friday, it's a girl's night out with Mina. Neither of us have to work tonight, and I've felt bad for ignoring her the past couple of weeks. So even though I'd rather be getting fucked by my professor daddies, I agreed to this. I thought we were going to the movies like we usually do, but she changed her mind en route and now we're on our way to dinner at a Thai place we like. It's inexpensive but yummy.

As soon as we get inside, my phone chimes with a text. I check it and see that it's Chance. *Hey, baby girl. Thinking of you. Have fun at the movies.*

I begin to type back that we're at dinner instead, waiting to be seated.

"You know how you said it was just a fling with those professors?" Mina asks.

I pause in my typing. "What? No, I never said that."

"You did. You said it was short-term."

No, *she* planted that idea. Didn't she? And I agreed because I wasn't sure? It really messed with my head, but Chance, Ethan, and I worked it out. I'm still relieved and riding high on the knowledge that they want me—they both want me, and they want to keep me.

Shaking my head, I say, "Well, the three of us talked."

Before I can continue, Mina interrupts. "You're not exclusive, right?"

Is she seriously thinking of pursuing them? I abandon my text to Chance—I can write him back later because this shit is about to get serious. I've put up with a lot in the name of sisterhood, but if she's after my guys, that's going too far. Stuffing my phone back into my bag, I say, "What exactly are you asking me right now?"

"Never mind." Mina shakes her head. "There they are."

“Who’s *they*?” I follow her gaze across the restaurant and spy Bradley sitting with a blond guy I don’t recognize. “Why is Bradley here? I thought this was girl’s night.”

Mina grins in her special—and especially obnoxious—I *know better than you because I’m three months older* sort of way. “You said you didn’t have time to figure out anything with other guys, so...I did it.”

“You’re trying to hook me up with *Bradley*?” I ask, incredulous.

Bradley looks over across the crowded restaurant, sees us, and gives me a cautious wave.

“No, jeez,” Mina says in a hushed voice. “He’s here for me. Mikey is your date.”

“What.” Flat tone. My surprise and incredulity are fresh out—she’s used them up in the space of sixty seconds.

“Look, this is perfect,” Mina says.

Bradley, for his part, looks completely nonplussed while he tries to make small talk with my “date.”

“How is this perfect?” I ask. “How?”

“Bradley will stay close to us and you won’t be used by two old men, and...”

“Mina,” I say. I’ve never sounded quite so stern with her, and she seems to feel it because her shoulders hunch and she takes a step back. “I’m going to go through with this to be polite to this other guy and not make things awkward for Bradley. But for the record, I want it clear between us that I don’t appreciate you meddling in my relationships. Even if you don’t believe Chance and Ethan will stick around, they’re mine for now. Please don’t try to interfere, okay?”

Her chin wobbles and her eyes get shiny with tears. With Mina, that either means she’s going to cry or start lashing out.

But she grabs me in a hug. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t think. You can leave now if you want to.”

I shake my head. I'd feel too bad for this other guy. No one wants to be stood up. "Mikey, you said his name is?"

"Yeah."

"Maybe he could be a friend."

She beams.

Dinner is awkward. Bradley appears surprised at the "date" nature of this get-together, and he sends me several pleading glances across the table. I think he even starts blinking out a secret message like he's in some kind of hostage situation. And friendship with Mikey? Not a chance. Between several "accidental" brushes of his arm against mine, an attempt to put his arm around me, his foot rubbing mine beneath the table, and the way he stares at my chest and forgets what he's saying, it soon becomes clear that Mikey has no interest in being friend-zoned.

Just when I think the dinner can't get any worse, Bradley looks past me. His mouth drops open and he mutters, "Oh, shit."

I turn around. Everything feels like it's underwater, or in slow motion.

Chance and Ethan are standing in the entryway of the restaurant. It looks like they were waiting to be seated, but now they're staring at me.

And of course, at that moment, Mikey decides to try *again* to put his arm around my shoulders.

WHAT WOULD MIKEY DO

Ethan

Chance puts a hand on my shoulder, squeezes a reminder that I need to keep my temper in check.

How can I fucking *not* lose my goddamn mind? Our girl is on a date with some other guy, a mere week after we told her that we want her to be ours...after we told her that we belong to her.

She's just going to throw that away for some asshole?

I shake Chance's hand off my shoulder, then turn to look at him.

He looks just as enraged as I feel. And it's fucking twisted, but seeing him so angry actually helps me calm down. I count to ten and pull myself together.

"There's probably an explanation," I say under my breath.

"There better fucking be," he says. "Why the hell is she even here? She told me she was going to the movies."

We march to Maisie's table, bypassing the confused host who was beginning to ask us how many will be in our party.

Our *party*. Fuck. This is most certainly not a party.

Maisie looks horrified at our arrival, and if it weren't for the fact that a strange guy has his arm around her, I'd feel a pang of sympathy for her right now. She shoves him off as we approach.

"Maisie," I say, "what a surprise."

"Ethan. Chance." She scoots her chair back and stands up. Her skirt and t-shirt are casual, not something I would think she would wear on a date, but that doesn't mean it's not a date. She says, "You know Mina and I think you know Bradley. And this is Mikey."

I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't for her to throw herself into my arms and cling to me in such a possessive, clearly affectionate way. Not even thinking, I

lower my face and kiss her. She grins up at me, then grabs Chance in her arms and stands on her tiptoes, waiting for his kiss.

“Baby girl,” he whispers, brushing his lips against hers, “you know we’re gonna need some kind of explanation.”

“What the hell is going on?” the guy who was sitting next to her says. *Mikey*. “Why are you kissing my date?”

“There’s been a misunderstanding,” Maisie says, before I can reach around her to strangle him.

I wouldn’t actually strangle him, but the fantasy must be playing across my face because she takes my hand in hers.

“I did try to tell you I’m not single,” she says to him.

“Right, but Mina said you are.” Mikey reaches for her even though she’s firmly holding my hand. “Come on, baby, you’re with me tonight. Lemme show you a good time.”

Shaking her head, Maisie says, “You should’ve listened to *me* about whether or not I’m single. I was trying to be polite. My mistake. Fuck off.”

“Let’s go,” Chance says, his voice gritty with barely-repressed anger.

We aren’t making a scene, but the group at the nearest table is starting to look on with curiosity.

“Sorry, Bradley, Mina,” Maisie says before spinning away on Chance’s arm.

Her roommate, ex-foster-sister, whatever she is, screws her mouth up so tight it’s a wonder her lips don’t turn to granite. I nod at her and Bradley, then follow Maisie and Chance out of the restaurant.

“I’m so sorry,” Maisie says as we stand on the sidewalk. “I had no idea, and I know how that looked—where’s your car? Did you drive here?”

“We walked,” I say. “It’s just a couple of blocks.”

She goes quiet, no more apologies, no more explanations. Does she think she fucked up? I want to reassure her, but I

don't want to be emotional about it. With every step on the way back to the apartment, I remind myself that she's here, with us. That the view of her with that guy's arm around her shoulders is the lie. The truth is right here next to me, biting her lip and sending Chance and me uncertain looks.

"I'm in trouble, huh?" she asks as we take the elevator up to our floor.

"What was your first clue?" Chance asks. "Panties off."

She hesitates because we're in the elevator. Chance just raises his eyebrows. With a huff of disbelief, she reaches beneath her skirt and drags down her underwear. Chance holds out a hand and she passes them to him. He tucks them into his pocket just as the elevator chimes, signaling our floor.

"You didn't think that I'd really gone on a date with that guy, did you?" Maisie asks. "At least, not voluntarily? I was just as surprised as you."

"There was a moment where I thought you had," Chance says quietly. "You know we've been cheated on before. But as soon as you jumped up and ran to us, I knew the truth. It didn't stop me from being mad—all that adrenaline doesn't just disappear on its own."

We stop at Chance's door and he lets us in. Once the door is locked behind us, I say, "Take off your clothes."

Maisie turns around to face us head-on and lifts off her shirt.

"So, tell me what I did wrong," she says.

Gesturing that she should finish undressing, I say, "You didn't do anything wrong, angel."

"Oh, you're punishing me because you're jealous?" she says, laughing while she unsnaps and removes her bra.

Neither Chance nor I crack a smile.

"What, so now you're going to spank me as some kind of claim? Do you realize how unhinged it looks that you showed up at the same restaurant and whisked me away like someone had stolen your toy?"

We don't say anything, simply wait for her to take off her shoes and skirt. Now that she's here with us, bare before us, I'm calming down. I look over at Chance and see that the possessive heat in his eyes has diminished to simple lust, too. We want to claim our girl, mark her, remind her of who she belongs to, but not because we need to—it's just because we can. It's because we want to.

Maisie's now completely naked. Chance and I don't move. I don't know about Chance, but I'm taking a moment to enjoy the beautiful scene before me.

“Well, if you aren't going to do anything,” she says after a long moment, “I will.”

And the little brat puts her fingers to her pussy and moans.

“You better not touch what's ours,” I say.

Her deep pink lips quirk up to the side. “Well, nobody else is touching it.”

Chance says, “Bend over and grab your ankles.”

“Are you going to fuck me?” she asks.

“Not yet,” Chance says.

I hold up a hand. “I have an idea. Be right back.”

I go to Chance's room and retrieve the vibrating plug we used last time. I don't know if Maisie got a good look at it, but I picked it out for her because the jewel decorating the base is dark pink like her lipstick. It's my new favorite color.

When I return to the living room with the plug, lube, wipes, and condoms, Chance has Maisie bending over. Damn, she's beautiful. Chance stands behind her, his hands on her ass, fingers splayed out to touch her, but not quite touching her.

“Please,” she says.

“I'll give you something,” I say, holding up the plug.

She looks at me from her upside down position and immediately starts shaking her head. “That's going to drive me crazy.”

“As crazy as we were when we walked into that restaurant and saw you with another guy. A guy who was touching you. Seems fair. Hold onto your ankles, sweetheart.”

I lube up the toy and add a healthy dollop of the stuff between her ass cheeks, smearing it around and smiling at the whimpers Maisie makes. Chance watches while I press the plug against her little pucker and give it a push.

Maisie makes the funniest little groan at the intrusion, and I give her ass a gentle pat.

“Good job,” I say. “Now, let’s make it vibrate.”

I turn on the device and Maisie nearly falls forward. I grab her hips to steady her. “Don’t move, angel. You can stay just like this until we tell you otherwise.”

She whines and shifts her legs from side to side, but she doesn’t try to move. “Now are you going to fuck me?”

“Not right away,” I say.

With a cute little wiggle of her ass, she says, “But...why not?”

“Our baby girl said she was going to the movies,” Chance says. “I don’t blame you, Maisie, for how your night turned into something else, but maybe we should watch a movie. Keep closer to your original plans.”

Seeing where Chance going with this, I say, “Yeah, great idea. Maisie, what kind of show would you like to watch?”

Her expression is one of shock and indignation. “Chance. Ethan. Come on. None of us wants to actually watch a movie right now.”

Chance is already turning on the television and scrolling through options. He picks something at random, some kind of spy movie I’ve seen before. The convoluted plot will be impossible to follow, and that’s kind of the point.

Fully clothed, Chance and I flop down onto the couch, leaving enough space between us for Maisie. For her part, she’s behaving and has stuck to the same position we left her

in, although she squirms every now and then and she's breathing hard.

"I kind of want to make her stay there, holding her ankles," I say.

"Tempting." Chance shakes his head. "I want her next to us, though. Maisie, baby girl, come on over and sit with your daddies. Let's watch this movie."

She stands up. Her face is red, but she keeps her balance as she walks to us. I love watching the expression on her face as she tries to walk with the plug up her ass. Aroused discomfort. Fucking gorgeous.

Chance gestures to the place between us. "Have a seat, Maisie."

She puts on a brave face, I'll give her that. "Yeah. Fine. No problem."

That plug has got to be hitting her in strange places as she slowly lowers herself to the couch. She sucks in a deep breath at one point and lists to the side. I hold out my arm, helping to guide her down.

A grateful smile flashes on her face and she says, "Thanks, Daddy."

"Any time, angel." Pointing to the screen, I say, "Have you seen this movie before?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, let's be quiet and let you watch."

The vibe in Maisie's ass hums beneath the soundtrack of the movie. I put my arm around her so she can snuggle into my side. Chance rests his hand on her leg. There's no denying that we feel possessive as fuck about this girl, even when she's right here between us, no one else in the world in sight.

The movie plays on, our intrepid spy shocked to discover that his longtime partner has switched allegiances and is now betraying not only the hero, but their entire government. But there's no time for the hero to brood over it because the turncoat is escaping with an encrypted file which, if it falls

into the wrong hands, can bring about the destruction of society as we know it.

And that's about as far as I get, because watching Maisie try to watch the show while the plug vibrates in her ass is far more entertaining. *Will the hero save the world?* becomes a far less important question than *How long will Maisie last before she jumps on my cock?*

Interested in helping her along, I move my hand from her shoulder to her breast. She inhales sharply as I pretend to watch the film while I absentmindedly run my thumb back and forth over her nipple.

Chance moves his hand over her leg, spreading his fingers wide to touch more of her skin. Higher and higher up her thigh he goes, and she trembles between us.

"Daddies," she says. "I need you."

I kiss her cheek and say, "Watch the show, angel. That's what we're doing right now."

"No. I need you." She twists around to put herself in my lap and rubs against me. Her gorgeous tits are in my face. I can't resist—I lean forward and take one of her nipples between my lips, giving her a hard suck.

Then I carefully lift her off of my lap and set her back on the cushion between Chance and me. Chance puts his hand on her leg in a firmer grip, but he's holding in a smile. This is fucking fun.

"Daddy," Maisie says on a whine. "Please?"

"Not yet, angel. We're still watching the show."

"I bet Mikey would've fucked me as soon as I asked him," she says, sticking out her tongue.

"You *didn't* just say his name," Chance says.

"What, *Mikey*?" she asks, her voice bratty. "Mikey wanted to fuck me. Mikey wouldn't make me wait—"

"That's it," I say, reaching over and hauling her over my lap, bending her over my knee.

She squeals in surprise as my hand makes a sharp smack against her ass. Chance watches with an amused expression.

“Listen, you little delinquent,” I say, spanking her again, “that asshole’s name is not to come out of your mouth again tonight, or we won’t let you come for a week, you understand me?”

“I understand,” she says.

“You’re getting thirty spankings for your impertinence,” I say.

“Okay.” Little brat sounds like she’s smiling.

“And I’m leaving the vibrator in the whole time,” I add.

“Nooooo...why? Please. I’ll behave, I promise.”

Now she’s sounding a little more sincere, a little more respectful. Grinning, I say, “I’m glad to hear it. But you’re still getting your punishment, angel.”

Chance leans over so he can speak into her ear. “And then, baby girl, I’m going to fuck your freshly-spanked ass. I’ll get to admire Ethan’s handprints while I’m at it.”

NO-NO-NO AND YES-YES-YES

Maisie

By the fifteenth spank, I'm regretting some of my life choices. It's hard to see where I went wrong, exactly, but I think trusting Mina to have my best interests at heart was a mistake.

Not kicking Mikey in the nuts as soon as he laid a hand on me was another mistake.

Falling in love with two sadists is the biggest mistake of all, though.

It's not like I could change my heart, though. Would I, if I could? Probably not.

And it's true. At least, I think I love them. My heart never had a family to love, never had parents. And so of course I throw myself at these older men and beg them to discipline me, to take care of me. At the briefest sign of affection and whispers of a long-term relationship, my stupid heart flings itself into the deep end.

And fucking guess what—my heart doesn't know how to swim.

The rhythmic sting, the soft burn of my spankings, the ever-present vibrating hum in my ass all coalesce into a mind-numbing high. I could do this forever. I never want it to stop.

"You're taking this so well," Ethan says in an approving tone. "What a good girl you are for your daddies. You're making us very happy. And hard. Can you feel my cock beneath your belly? We'll have to do something about that problem very soon."

Yes. Yes, I want to do something about that problem. I want to lick the problem. I want to ride it. My pussy is so wet, I know I've got to be making a mess all over Ethan's lap.

"Last one," he says, then lets his hand fall hard against my sit spot.

I barely even jolt. I feel high, superb, just fantastic right now. The pain is welcome and wonderful.

He tugs me up so I'm sitting in his lap. The fabric of his jeans is rough against my tender skin and I love it. My arousal is probably spreading all over the place, but I can't feel embarrassed right now, not when he holds me like he's cherishing me.

It doesn't take me long to catch my breath. The vibration of the plug is still humming away. I wiggle in Ethan's lap, wanting more. The spanking was only the beginning, and I can still feel him hard beneath me.

He brings his hand down to cup my pussy, the motion possessive and arousing. "Mikey would never make you this wet," he murmurs, gently biting the edge of my ear.

"I know," I whisper.

"This is all for your daddies, isn't it?"

"Yes, Daddy, it is."

"Good girl. Do you want to ride my cock now?"

"*Yes, Daddy.*" I say this with all the possible emphasis, nodding and moving to the side so I can tug at the waistband of his pants.

He chuckles. "We're going to take care of you, Maisie, don't worry."

He tugs his pants down and gets a condom, rolls it onto that magnificent dick.

Chance gets on the other side of Ethan, standing behind me, his hands warm on my hips. "Fucking gorgeous, the way you took your punishment, little girl. Your ass is nice and red."

The splay of his hands on my backside moves wider so that his fingertips are touching between my ass cheeks. He jiggles the vibrator and turns it off. "I'm going to finger your tight little asshole," he says roughly, "get it nice and desperate like your cunt. And then I'm going to fuck it."

“It’s going to hurt,” I say, shaking my head. “You’re too big.”

“Not too big. Don’t worry, baby girl. I’ll go slow. Climb up on Ethan now and I’ll worry about what’s mine back here.”

I’m a little worried, but I do as he asks, easing onto Ethan’s cock. Chance keeps his hands on my hips, guiding me down. I look forward and meet Ethan’s eyes briefly before I’m seated fully on him. The relief, the intense bliss of being so full, causes my eyes to flutter shut.

“Oh, beautiful. Watch Daddy now,” Ethan rasps, pumping into me.

Chance tugs at the vibrator in my ass and I make an embarrassing whining sound at the strange feeling of him removing it. Ethan gives me shallow thrusts with his cock, pulling my focus back to my pussy. But then a moment later, Chance’s fingers, slippery from lube, coat my crack and rear entrance. He starts pushing a finger—two fingers?—heck, it feels like his whole damn fist—inside.

Burning pressure. It hurts but it also feels good. But it also hurts. And feels amazing. My brain ping-pongs between no-no-no and yes-yes-yes. The sensations are unfamiliar and confusing, and isn’t this so filthy and gross? My eyes go wide, my mouth falls open on a groan. “No, I don’t think I can...”

“Try for me?” Chance asks, his fingers going still. “It can feel good if you give it a chance. But if you really want me to stop, say so. You don’t even have to use your safe word, baby girl.”

Ethan pauses in his short thrusts, cups my cheek in his hand. “What do you say, Maisie? It’s up to you.”

I’m awash in sensations—sensations both strange and delightful. And what it comes down to in the end is that I trust these men. I trust them with my body, and someday I would like to trust them with my heart.

So I look deeply into Ethan’s eyes, then over my shoulder so I can do the same with Chance. “I’m okay,” I say. “Go ahead. I’ll try.”

Ethan resumes thrusting, changing the angle slightly. My clit brushes against him with every stroke. He cups my breasts in his hands while he moves, lightly pinching my nipples. I could come like this, except for the sensations at my ass, Chance stretching me, bringing a faint burning pain. That pain grounds me in the moment, keeps me from losing myself.

He stops touching me back there and I turn my head to see what he's doing. Oh, fuck, he's opening a condom and putting it on.

"This is it, baby girl," he says, smoothing a hand down my back as he notches himself at my ass. "It might be a little uncomfortable at first, but it'll feel good soon, I promise."

"Okay," I whisper.

"Is that a yes, darling?"

"Yes."

He presses inside and swears. "Fuck, that feels good. So tight, baby, the squeeze is fucking amazing."

I can't speak, I can only feel. Ethan pinches my nipples a little harder, bringing my focus away from my ass while my body stretches to accommodate Chance. Everything is tighter down there, fuller. It's impossible for me to even consider moving my body, but the men do light thrusts, slowly getting me more comfortable.

"You're doing great," Chance says, kissing my shoulder. His cock flexes within me and I can't help but moan.

It's actually starting to feel good.

They pick up speed, penetrate a little deeper. They're moving in a rhythm that feels orchestrated, but I can't predict exactly what's going to happen, and my brain is scrambling to figure it out.

"Shh, angel," Ethan whispers. "Don't think too hard."

Chance adds, "Just allow yourself to feel it, okay?"

They kiss, touch, caress me, their bodies warm surrounding mine, moving around and within me. I allow

myself to be carried away by the sensation, by the pleasure and care they're showing me.

I experiment with leaning down to kiss Ethan, who kisses me back tenderly. Then I turn my head to the side so Chance kisses me, too. Their mouths, their tongues—everything about this is absolutely perfect.

They begin to move faster, and their thrusts increase in depth even more. The whole time, they tell me how great this is, they ask me if there's anything else I need.

"Just don't stop," I beg, my voice breathless and needy.

"You like it," Chance says.

"I do. So good." I'm getting close, my orgasm just out of reach, taunting me, begging me to fall forward into it.

Ethan leans up, licks and sucks on my nipples. "You like what we're doing," he says before pulling back, "because we know how to take care of our girl."

"Yes," I cry.

"Could *Mikey* make you feel this good?" Chance asks.

"No," I say, my voice high-pitched and desperate. I need to come. I need to come so fucking bad. "No, never."

"Would you let him try?" Ethan's voice is dark, forbidding.

"Never," I say. "Only you."

"Who do you belong to?" Chance asks. "Who are your daddies?"

"You are," I cry out, my orgasm cascading through me. "Ethan and Chance are my daddies!"

"Fuck yes, we are," Ethan says, before giving one last, deep thrust into my pussy and groaning out his release.

"We're yours, baby girl." Chance pulls out of my ass, rips off his condom, and a moment later I feel the splash of his come over my backside. "Never forget that," he says. "We belong to each other."

I slump against Ethan for a long, languid moment.

They take turns cleaning me up with a warm washcloth. Then Chance pulls me onto his lap, wrapping a blanket around us. Ethan sits next to us, his hands rubbing over my shoulders, soothing. They whisper how good I was for them, how beautiful and sexy and perfect.

And if I wasn't sure about loving them before?

Well, I'm sure now.

Maybe it isn't the wisest thing I've ever done—falling for two men—but there's no going back now.

Chance

Monday rolls around. Maisie spent Friday night with us, and there was nothing better than waking up to find her snuggled against me. I want every morning to be like that, and so does Ethan. We know we need to take it slow, but it's also necessary that we deal with some of the more annoying aspects of our day-to-day life in order to set the stage for a future with our girl.

There's one very important item on today's agenda, and it has nothing to do with Maisie's ginger friend, Bradley. However, that's exactly who I see waiting outside Ethan's office, a phone in his hand and a scowl on his face.

"Do you have an appointment with Professor Carlisle?" I ask him.

"Nope."

I check the time on my phone. Ethan's supposed to meet me here before we go to the campus's HR and Ethics department.

"So, what are you doing here?" I ask him.

"I wanted to talk to Professor Carlisle, and to you, too."

Fucking great. This friend of hers is going to warn us off? This is the last thing we need.

"Did we get off on the wrong foot?" I ask. "I have nothing but respect for you if you're a true friend of Maisie's."

"What's that supposed to mean? A true friend?"

"Well," I say, "I know the pretend hook-up was just pretend on her side, but was it an actual fantasy of yours?"

He almost laughs, but holds it back. His broad shoulders shake with the effort, though. "Nope. I don't want to hook up with my best friend."

"You're saying you wouldn't be with her if she'd have you?"

“Naw, man.” He shakes his head. “She’s hot as hell, but she needs something I can’t give, and I’m not going to risk our friendship just so I can get my dick wet.”

“What can’t you give her?”

“Romance. I’m aro, and she’s the opposite of that. She needs—and deserves—love, romance, the whole package. I’m shocked that two kinky professors could be capable of delivering that. So. Are you capable of delivering?”

I stare hard at him, but he doesn’t back down, his challenging stare unflinching. He might not be able to offer Maisie romance, but he really cares about her, and I can’t help but respect that.

“Let me put it this way,” I say. “Before we met Maisie, Ethan and I would rarely go more than two weeks without hooking up with a woman.”

He waits.

I continue, “Then after we met Maisie, five years ago? Nobody. No hook-ups, nothing.”

Eyes wide, he nearly drops his phone. “You had a fuckin’ *five year* dry spell over her? I get twitchy if I don’t hook up with someone after *five days*.”

“We were goners from the beginning,” I say. “We were hers from the moment we first saw her.”

“Shit,” he says, looking impressed. “Well, don’t screw it up.”

“Trust me, that’s the last thing we want.” I check the time on my phone just as Ethan comes walking over, a frown on his face as he sees Bradley. “Relax,” I tell Ethan. “I think we’re going to be friends.”

Ethan looks doubtful, but if nothing else, he trusts my judgment. “Right. We’re going to be late if we don’t leave soon.”

We nod a quick goodbye to Bradley and head to the meeting I set up.

Forty minutes later, we're perhaps a little poorer for the semester, but we can afford the hit. Besides, the arrangements we made are worthwhile.

"I know this is too soon," I say to Ethan, "but I love that girl."

He shakes his head, grins. "Too soon? It's been five fucking years. Of course you love her. I do, too."

SLOW NIGHTS AND SEXY PLANS

Maisie

Tuesday nights are slow at Pepperoni Palace. The easy pace is perfect, though, because that means my mind is free to wander. I have a thesis to consider, and I spent all day wrapped up in nailing down my area of research and filling out forms to obtain permission for working with younger students. There's a ton of oversight with educational research when it pertains to minors, and rightly so, a million hoops I have to jump through. I'm glad they don't let any random person work with kids, but all of the paperwork is exhausting.

Now, I can set thoughts of my thesis aside in favor of more pleasant fantasies. Namely, Chance and Ethan. The weekend was a dream. Being with them is a dream. They allow me to say and do all kinds of things in the hopes of riling them up, and then they dole out the most delicious consequences.

We didn't make specific plans for when we'd see each other again, but I'm hoping this coming weekend will be a repeat of the last one. Maybe I'll lie and tell them that Mikey asked me out and I said yes.

My ass flexes at the thought of the spankings they'd give me then.

Caitlyn ambles toward me, a tray of drinks held aloft. "Someone's thinking dirty thoughts," she says with a wicked smile.

"Who, me?" I say.

"Yes, you. Whatever has put that dreamy look on your face, does it have anything to do with the hot professors who just walked in?"

I whirl around to look at the front door of the restaurant, and there they are. Casual in jeans and t-shirts. Impossibly sexy. I want to run my fingers through the gray streaks in Chance's dark hair and kiss the scratchy five o'clock shadow on Ethan's cheeks.

“They are so fine,” Caitlyn murmurs. “You lucky bitch. What does Mina think about them?”

“She’s...happy for me,” I say. The truth is, I don’t really know. Mina hasn’t said much to me since Friday night when I bailed on the “date.” I think she knows she overstepped, and she feels bad. I’ll need to address it with her tonight when I get home from work. It might be a tough conversation, but I can soften it with some garlic bread and our favorite soup.

The guys ask the host to seat them in my section. I’m all smiles when I approach their table.

“What can I get for you tonight?” I ask.

“Are *you* on the menu?” Chance asks, a playful leer on his face. His dark eyes and the faint wrinkles at the corners make him look both dangerous and friendly at the same time. The man’s a walking juxtaposition and I am here for it.

I wink. “Well, sirs, it depends on whether you can afford me.”

Chance leans back, looks me up and down. “I probably can’t afford you, little waitress, but it’s not going to stop me from trying. Tell me, do you have a boyfriend?”

“Well, yes, I do.” I am loving this little in-public role-play, like we’re meeting for the first time again.

Ethan sits forward. His usually bright blue eyes are dark with depraved dominance. “If you say his name is *Mikey*, angel, I will take you over my lap and spank your ass right here in this restaurant.”

I laugh. “I have two boyfriends. Neither of them is named...that name.” I don’t want to say it because I got spanked hard last time I did. Then again, I do enjoy those spankings. “Maybe they aren’t my boyfriends, though. It depends if they want to call themselves my boyfriends, I mean.”

We’ve kind of said it, but we never talked about it.

“We do,” Chance says, our game forgotten as he drops the leer and gives me a sincere look. “That’s what we came to tell

you about.”

“You want to talk to me about being my boyfriends?”

“Yes,” Ethan says. “Officially. We spoke with the head of the Ethics department. We can date you, but we can’t teach you and date you. So, we’re not teaching your sections anymore.”

My brain feels like it’s short-circuiting. “You quit?”

“No, baby girl,” Chance says. “We’re just reassigning new professors to the courses you’re taking.”

“They let you do that? Without any punishment or recourse or whatever it is they do?”

“Yep.” Ethan nods.

I narrow my eyes at him. “That doesn’t sound right.”

Sighing, he says, “We don’t get paid for the courses we dropped, but it’s a hit we can afford. So it doesn’t feel like a real consequence. Everyone gets what they want—another professor is eager to get paid for two more classes that are filled with capable TAs who do most of the grunt work, anyway. And we get *you*, Maisie. If you’ll have us.”

“You know I will,” I say.

He nods, satisfied, and Chance grins.

I take their order, serve their drinks and food. I linger by their table whenever I’m not busy with someone else, which is often because it’s such a slow evening.

Eventually, they have to leave to help a couple of their grad students prepare for their thesis defenses. It’s probably for the best, so I don’t completely ignore my other tables.

They stand up and I give each of them a hug.

“We’ll see you soon, sweetheart,” Chance whispers in my ear. “Are you off work tomorrow night?”

“Yeah.”

“Excellent. We’ll take you out on a date.”

“I’d like that, Daddy,” I whisper back.

He grins and asks, “How do you feel about wearing that schoolgirl outfit to the movies? You can run into your teachers there and we can share some popcorn.”

A jolt of pleasure settles between my legs and I clench my thighs. That night, when I’d played the innocent student, was unforgettable. “I’d love to do that.”

“Perfect.” Ethan gives me an approving smile. “Goodbye, angel.”

For the rest of my shift, I barely register Caitlyn’s gentle teasing or the curious looks of my other coworkers. All I can think about is when I’ll see Chance and Ethan again. More teacher-student role-playing? Yes-freaking-please.

Mina isn’t home when I get there, so I go straight to my room and open my closet door. I want to get everything ready to go for tomorrow night. I think my skirt is clean, but if I need to do laundry, I have to start that now.

I slide my hangers back and forth, searching. Where’s the skirt? Grumbling under my breath, I rummage around in my clothes hamper. It isn’t there, either. If Mina freaking borrowed my clothes *again* without asking, I am going to lose it.

I can actually feel the scowl twisting my mouth as I walk across the hall to her door. I twist the handle and push...

...but the door doesn’t open.

She locked it? That’s weird. And aggravating. If the skirt isn’t in my closet or dirty laundry, I’m certain she took it.

I wait up for her to return home, but after a couple of hours, she still isn’t here. My annoyance has mellowed out, so I go to bed. I can ask her about it tomorrow.

Maisie

The next morning, I emerge from my room to see Mina stuffing fruits and spinach into the blender. “Want a smoothie?” she asks.

“Sure.”

“So, I have a proposal.” She winks. “I checked our schedules and neither of us has work for the next couple of nights. What do you say we play hooky and head to Clear Springs, check out the old cabin together?”

“But...classes,” I say.

She rolls her eyes. “We’re grad students. We got this locked down.”

“Well, I can’t, anyway. I have a date with Chance and Ethan tonight.”

She pushes the button on the blender and our kitchen is filled with the roar for a full minute. As soon as it’s over, she pours two glasses and hands me one.

“A date, huh? With both? Don’t you think that will look weird?”

“Nope, not weird.” I don’t have the energy for this. “Anyway, I’m busy tonight. Rain check on visiting the cabin? And what do you want to do there, anyway?”

“I don’t know...just look around. Lots of memories there, and I like to visit it sometimes. It’s the first place I felt safe, you know?”

“Yeah.” I take a sip of the smoothie and enjoy the burst of sugar fruit taste over my tongue. “Oh, question for you...since when did you start locking your bedroom door?”

She gives me a suspicious look. “I always have.”

I don’t remember it ever being locked, but I also don’t recall ever wanting to get in there when she wasn’t home. As soon as we signed the lease on this place, I told Mina that if

we were going to live together, I expected her to respect my bedroom privacy and I would respect hers.

“Did you need something?” she asks.

“I’m looking for my plaid skirt.”

In a snappy voice, she says, “Well, I don’t have it.”

“Okay.”

She doesn’t need to sound so defensive. I take another sip of my smoothie, feeling awkward and hating that I feel awkward. Mina and I have always gotten along, other than mild, petty disagreements about her using my shit.

While I don’t love confrontation, I hate beating around the bush. “Mina, would you just tell me what’s going on?”

“You’re not going to like it.”

“Well, try me.”

“Those two professors shouldn’t be with you,” Mina says, bright spots of color at the tops of her cheeks. “It’s wrong, unethical. They—they’re your teachers, Maisie. It’s an abuse of power.”

I try to shove down the flare of anger that rises up when she says it’s unethical and wrong. My guys have done everything in their power to do what’s morally right. “They aren’t my teachers anymore. Relax, Mina.”

“What do you mean?”

“They stopped teaching the psych courses I’m in. The school found someone else.” I start back toward my bedroom, thinking some distance would be good right now.

“Well, still.” She pauses.

Is she just *trying* to come up with reasons why I should be unhappy? At this point, it feels like she is.

She goes on, “They’re still so much older. Don’t you see the problem with it all?”

I spin around in the narrow hallway. My heart is pounding with anger and indignation, and all I can feel is outrage that

she would say these things about the men I've come to love. She has no right.

Words spill out of my mouth faster than I can check them. "Mina. I care about you. We've been through a lot, and I've listened to your guidance and made allowances for what you want *so* many times. I hope you can listen to me now. Back off. Please. If you keep pushing this, our friendship won't survive it. They can spank me and fuck me and love me all that they want, because I love them too, okay?"

"They...they spank you?"

I laugh. "I didn't mean to say that, and of course it's the one thing you focus on."

Her mouth is open like she wants to speak, but apparently I've shocked her out of a response. Spanking isn't all *that* kinky, is it? Not to me, but maybe to Mina.

And then her expression crumples. She turns away, setting her smoothie glass on the counter and leaning over it, her face hidden from my view.

"Mina," I say. "Hey, talk to me."

"No, it's pathetic." Her shoulders shake, but there's no sound. Is she laughing or crying?

"Please?" I say. "I won't think you're pathetic. We've been through a lot, we tell each other everything."

She looks so small standing there, her shoulders heaving up and down, her hands braced on the counter's edge. The oversized sweatshirt she wears is twin to one of mine, and her vulnerability strikes my heart.

"Please talk to me?" I say again, my voice gentle.

"I just—I just thought it would always be the two of us," she sobs.

Well, now I feel like an asshole. She's always viewed me as a sister, and I never quite reciprocated, but she's been nothing but nice to me for years. I can be nice, too. "Hey. I'm sorry. Mina, please. I'm sorry. It will be the two of us, but we also need our own lives, outside of each other. Right?"

“Yeah. I’m sorry.” She turns around and uses her sleeves to wipe away her tears. “I’m just having a rough week.”

I had no idea she was struggling. Probably because I haven’t been around much, and when I am, I’m mooning around about Chance and Ethan.

I should be a better friend. She used to always cheer up at the abandoned cabin, and she just asked to go there with me. Maybe bringing a couple of fruity wine coolers and playing some music, checking the place out, could be fun after all.

“Okay, you know what?” I say. “Classes can wait. My date with the guys can wait. Let’s go to the cabin.”

“No—it’s all right. I don’t want you to cancel a date or stress about school.”

I shake my head, firm. “My sister needs me and I’m stepping up.”

The misery on her face fades somewhat and her shoulders straighten. “You mean it?”

“Yep. Just give me a second.”

Disappointment weighs on me, but I take out my phone and text Chance and Ethan together. *Can’t make it tonight after all. Mina needs me. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.*

“Okay,” I say, tucking my phone into my pocket. “Let’s go check out the cabin.”

THE CABIN

Maisie

Mina offers to drive, and I let her because truthfully, I'm exhausted. We bicker happily over which music to listen to.

"I think we need an eighties playlist," I say.

"No way. Contemporary pop," she says.

We compromise by listening to contemporary pop for the first half and then switching to eighties. When we get farther into the hills, though, the music streaming service stops working. I'd forgotten that annoying detail about this place—cell reception sucks.

It's midday when we reach the woods and Mina turns down an unmarked dirt road. There will be twists, turns, possibly fallen trees.

"You said you came up here a while ago?" I ask. "The road was clear?"

"Clear enough." She takes us onto the shoulder to navigate us past a tree trunk that blocks part of the road.

"It didn't look like Percy's been poking around?" The cabin was at the edge of his property, but far at the back of the acreage. Mina and I suspected he never even knew it was there.

"No." She chews the side of her lip. "I heard that asshole died in a fire."

"*What?*" I spin in the seat to face her fully, clutching my heart. "You never told me that. Shit, Mina. Why didn't you say anything before?"

I don't regret his death, hell no. But dying in a fire sounds horrible—I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy.

She shrugs. "I didn't want to think about it, but you're right, I should've told you."

Damn. A fire for old Percy.

“What about Tara?” Our foster mom had never been around much, probably trying to keep herself away from Percy just like Mina and I used to do.

“She wasn’t there during the fire, I guess. I don’t know where she is now.”

“Holy freaking heck,” I mutter. I don’t know what to think. That’s just...that’s a lot. A dark, secret part of me wonders if Tara would’ve been capable of starting the fire. She seemed so defeated all the time, working her ass off and receiving absolutely no love or affection from Percy, as far as I ever saw. He was too busy paying attention to the teenage girls under his roof.

We trundle along the dirt road. The tree cover makes it darker than it should be at this time of day—it looks like dusk instead of just after one p.m. I peer through the shadowy trunks, hoping for glimpses of the big pond that rests in front of the cabin. I’m still shocked that nobody has come out to claim this place—it would make an awesome vacation spot, a retreat from the big, scary world beyond the woods. Back when Mina and I were still living with Percy and Tara, we’d dream about making it big and coming back with our riches to buy this land.

Finally, I see it. “There’s the pond,” I say, pointing.

The water reflects the blue sky in places, and in other spots, it’s covered with a bright green algae that looks solid enough to walk on. A rickety dock juts outward from the shore. Mina and I used to sit on that dock, our pants rolled up to our knees, feet in the water.

Just past the pond is the cabin itself. I feast my eyes on its familiar, boxy shape. The windows are still intact, which is a surprise, but the porch is listing dangerously to one side, and the door isn’t all the way closed. Rot stains the wood siding black in places, like mottled bruises.

“Wow,” I say, “it looks so small.”

“It doesn’t seem quite like the mansion we used to pretend it was, right?”

“Yeah.”

I’m seeing my adolescence with new eyes. Were we really so desperate for escape that we thought this falling-apart cabin was our fortress? “You said you came here a couple of months ago?”

“Yeah.”

“There aren’t any...any people living in there?”

“No, this place is too remote, I think. Nobody else has been around.”

She pulls up to the front of the cabin and stops the car. We both stare at the building for a long moment, neither of us speaking. I remember running here, hand in hand with Mina, our long legs carrying us away from Percy’s shouting and the feeling of his gaze burning us as it raked over our bodies. Tara couldn’t stand us. Jealous, maybe, or more likely I think it was guilt that she was a part of our lives but unable to protect us. She seemed to hate Percy as much as we did.

“Remember that one time,” Mina says. “I thought he was going to...”

She trails off, but I nod. I remember.

She says, “My foster father before him, before I met you? He used to do that all the time.”

“What? Mina, I’m sorry, I never knew.”

A regretful smile passes over her face and she pats my hand. “I never told you. I had a foster sister at that other place, too. He’d...well, sometimes I’d go to his room so she wouldn’t have to. She was younger. I just wanted to protect her.”

“Holy shit.” It’s hard to breathe. I feel like I’ve been punched in the chest with the force of what she’s sharing. “I’m so sorry. Mina, that’s awful.”

“I should’ve done something different. I kept it going, you know? I didn’t speak up. I allowed it to happen.”

“No. *No*. You were a child. None of it was your fault. It was all his. What happened to him? How’d you get out? Where’s your foster sister now—are you in contact with her at all?”

“They both died in a car accident.” She closes her eyes and I feel her pain deep in my heart. “He was driving drunk, bringing her home from detention or something, I don’t know. I should’ve been there, but I skipped out because I didn’t want to have the ‘talking-to.’ I was selfish. For once, I wanted her to take it.”

“Oh, Mina. It’s still not your fault. I hope you don’t think it is.”

“No. I know it was all on him. I wish he died in a fire like Percy did.”

I shiver at the raw vehemence in her tone, but I don’t blame her. I wasn’t abused like that, I don’t know the depth of the trauma—I can only imagine it. Desperate to comfort her, or at least distract her, I say, “Well, should we go in? I’ll get the cooler if you get the speaker.”

“Sure.” She shakes her shoulders as if she’s trying to get rid of the bad feelings.

We gather our things from the back seat of her car and go up to the porch.

“Careful,” she says, pointing to an especially weathered board. “That one nearly collapsed beneath me when I was here last.”

“Oh, thanks.” I sidestep the board and nudge the door open with the toe of my tennis shoe.

The interior is dark and musty, with faint sunlight filtering through filthy windows. This place should definitely be condemned, if it isn’t already. Is it even structurally sound? I hesitate as I step forward, very slowly pressing my weight down.

“It’s fine,” Mina says. “I walked all through here last time.”

I'm still careful, but less obvious about it. A lot can change in two months.

Mina sets up the speaker with some music she already has downloaded on her phone. It's the same style of alt rock we used to listen to in high school.

"Aw, we're going full nostalgia now, huh?" I say. "Remember when we couldn't get enough of Church of Fortune?"

"Still can't, they are amazing," she says. "I like their newer stuff too, but this first album remains one of their best."

"True."

We spread out a blanket and I crack open the cooler, pull out our sandwiches and wine coolers. This is the weirdest picnic I've ever been on, but Mina and I had a weird adolescence, so I guess it fits.

"Hello, palace," Mina says, looking around at the rickety cabin.

I'm amazed the whole thing doesn't crumble and that we aren't swallowed by giant rats. But it's relatively quiet.

"Gods, what a shit hole," Mina adds.

"It's not...terrible," I say.

She shakes her head and opens a wine cooler for each of us. "Do you seriously believe that, M? Everything here is terrible."

"Not everything." I point to the wall, where a sun-faded and mold-stained poster of our old favorite boy band clings to its neon thumb tacks with a death grip. "We had the Lava Boys."

"The only bright spot." She frowns at her bottle.

"We had each other," I add, knocking her shoulder with mine.

Her smile is forced, but it's there. "Yeah, I guess we did."

I don't know how to cheer her up. Maybe we should just stew in our inglorious past, I don't know. But I want to be happy—I want to move forward. She just wants to brood, I guess.

“Can you imagine, the childhoods we had?” she asks, leaning back on her elbows on the blanket and resting her half-full bottle on the dusty floorboards next to her.

This is quickly devolving into a pity party for how bad Mina and I had it. I'd much rather use this cabin visit opportunity to build her up. The whole idea was distraction, not despair. We sit without talking for several moments, simply listening to the music. I watch her face carefully. She's looking sadder and sadder, and I don't know how to turn this around.

Maybe some blatant positivity is called for, here.

“What's incredible to me is how much we made of what we had,” I say. “It could've gotten bad for one or both of us. We could have made different decisions at any point—decisions that might've had terrible consequences. But we didn't.”

“True.” She brightens a little. “And now we're getting postgraduate degrees and hopefully some decent jobs afterward. And you have not one but two successful boyfriends.”

I grin and salute her with my wine cooler. “That I do.”

She sighs, her smile fading. “I just wonder. Couldn't you—what if—? No, never mind.”

“Just say it,” I say. I'm completely fed up with her at this point and all I want to do is finish this conversation, sober up, and get out of here.

“What if you dated one of them, and I dated the other? Then we'd still be together all the time, you know?”

She wants to date Ethan or Chance? And I date the other one? Hell fucking no. She's got to be joking. Laughing a little, I say, “Mina, that's unhinged.”

“No,” she says. “It isn’t. It’s how it should be. We’ve been together since high school, and we’re good for each other.”

I can’t help but laugh now. “You’re talking about us like we’re in a relationship.”

She joins me in laughing, but her laughter sounds hollow. “I mean, we kinda are in a relationship. Sisters forever. We’ve helped each other out, and we always will.”

“That doesn’t mean I should give you one of my boyfriends,” I say, letting my disbelief come through in my tone. “That’s ridiculous. I don’t care how close we are. I’ll have my love interests, you have yours.”

“Fine,” she says, standing and moving to the door. “I just think you’re being selfish with that.”

“Where are you going?” I ignore the “selfish” part because she’s talking about trading these guys like they’re Pokémon cards, so I don’t think she has a moral ground to stand on.

“It’s getting late,” she says. “I’ll grab our sleeping bags and the other gear from the trunk.”

Sleeping bags? I sit up so fast, I nearly knock over my drink. “What?”

“Yeah. Our cabin sleepover. I have all the stuff we need. You want to give me a hand?”

“Mina. No. I can’t stay the night. I thought we were going to have a couple of drinks, reminisce, and then go back home. To our comfortable apartment. With our beds. Our fuzzy pajamas.”

She snorts. “Um, no. I’m not driving back now. We’ve been drinking, which means we can’t drive.”

I mean, she’s right about drinking and driving. I didn’t think we’d leave immediately. I thought we’d each have a wine cooler, wait a couple of hours, and drive back to San Esteban.

“I’ll stop drinking now,” I say, carefully setting my bottle to the side. “This is one drink. The general rule is one hour per

drink. If we wait *two* hours and I finish my sandwich, it'll be completely safe for me to drive."

She shakes her head. "No, I'm not allowing it. It isn't safe. Come help me with the sleeping bags and gear."

"I didn't even know we owned sleeping bags," I say slowly. Something's up.

"I bought some, along with everything else we need. Come on."

I stand up and follow her to the porch, not sure how this "quick visit" turned into a sleepover, and wishing, more than anything, I was back at home with Chance and Ethan. Mina has always been a little odd, but I explained it away because of our nontraditional upbringing. But this is veering into the bizarre.

"You actually want to sleep in there?" I ask, jerking a thumb over my shoulder to the empty cabin behind me.

"Yeah. Don't worry, it's safe. I've done it before."

I pause on the rickety porch, surprised. "You have? When?"

"I don't know. I come out here sometimes. Come on, the sleeping bags won't carry themselves."

"Mina, we don't have food."

"I brought that, too. Enough for a few days."

"A *few days*? I'm not staying here that long. I have classes. Work."

She smiles and shakes her head. "I requested time off for both of us. We're fine."

After popping open the trunk, she grabs two sleeping bags. They're identical. Then she pulls out two identical backpacks. I bet if I looked inside them, everything would be the same.

She copies everything I do, everything I wear. She wants me to give her one of my boyfriends. Everything is always the same.

I haven't gotten far enough in the Abnormal Psychology class to know what this is, but I know it's not normal. Something is absolutely wrong with Mina. As soon as we get back to San Esteban, I'm going to figure out how to get her some help. What she's doing right now, planning this trip and surprising me like I'd just go along with it, messing with our work and school schedules...all the "same" things, like we have to match all the time...yeah.

I should've seen it before. I just have to get through tonight and humor her a little, and then I'll talk her into returning to the city and I'll figure out next steps for her then.

BRUTAL TRUTHS

Ethan

When I walk into Gladius Hall on Thursday, Bradley is standing outside my office, a look of concern on his face.

“What’s up?” I ask.

“Have you seen Maisie? She always meets me for coffee on Thursday mornings, but she didn’t show.”

“Not today or yesterday,” I say. “Chance and I saw her on Tuesday, and we were supposed to see her yesterday, but she said Mina needed her.”

A flash of fear passes over Bradley’s face, but he quickly rearranges his expression.

“What was that,” I say, pointing at him.

He shakes his head. Dismissive. “Paranoia.”

Unlocking my office door, I usher him inside. I follow him in and say, “Paranoia. Explain.”

“Just...Mina’s a little odd. And I think she’s been getting, well, odder? She wanted to date me when she thought Maisie wanted me, I think. Before that, she’d never shown any interest. Then, when she found out that Maisie was more into you and Professor Wexton—”

“Call us Ethan and Chance, please.”

“Right. Well, anyway, after she realized that Maisie isn’t into me, she told me that she didn’t want to hook up with me, after all. Which was fine, because while I was up for a one-night-stand, I didn’t want to complicate things with Maisie or make it hard for me to hang out at their place. Then there’s the way Mina’s always dressing like Maisie. It’s weird.”

“She always dresses like Maisie?”

“Yeah. She even dyes her hair, although I didn’t know that until I saw the dye in their bathroom and asked Maisie why she dyes hers...and she said it was Mina who uses the dye. I

don't know, the whole thing is weird. But I'm probably being paranoid."

"No, this makes me nervous, too." While a little bit of copying someone you admire is normal and can even be considered flattery, at a certain point, it can be a symptom of something else. Unchecked, it could become dangerous.

Bradley's shoulders sag with relief. "I thought it was just me. Maisie's always brushing off my concerns. She thinks Mina is odd because of her childhood. I think it's...more."

I call Chance. "Get over to my office. Bradley's here. We need to talk about Maisie...and Mina."

Voice grim, Chance says, "I'll be there in five."

Maisie

I wake to grimy sunlight coming through the cabin windows, surprised that I was able to sleep at all. Mina's behavior is concerning, to say the least. She insisted on sleeping in front of the door "to protect us," but I'm pretty sure it was to keep me from running off while she was sleeping.

But where would I run? We're out in the middle of nowhere. She has the keys to the car.

Once, when I woke up in the darkness, she sat up immediately. I'm doubting that she slept at all.

"Hey," she says, all smiles when I sit up. She's kneeling in front of an ice chest—one she must have had in the back of the car, because I've never seen it before. "We have some hard-boiled eggs and our favorite fancy coffee drinks. Also muffins, if you want more."

She holds out one of the bottles of coffee and I muster up a smile for her. "Thanks so much. I'll wait on the eggs, though."

"Yeah." She gives a brief, longing look at the inside of the ice chest and adds, "We don't usually like to eat first thing, do we?"

"Mina, if you're hungry, you should eat."

"Nope, nope, I'm good."

She waits until I open up my coffee and take a sip, and then she takes a sip of hers.

I try to shake off the feeling of weirdness that comes with it and take another sip, watching as she does the exact same thing. Now that I'm watching for it, I can't *not* notice. Her hair is like mine—similar cut and style, same shade of deep black. Her outfit isn't identical to mine, but it's close—jeans and a university sweatshirt.

The copying used to annoy me, but I let it slide because I felt bad for her. We'd been each other's support system when we lived with Percy, and I had known—although at the time, I

didn't know details—that her placement before Percy's was even worse.

It didn't bother me that she clung to me, because I was clinging back just as hard.

But she never stopped clinging. And apparently, it's been getting worse.

I've been the frog in the water, the heat slowly increasing, and I had no idea. Now, I'm about to be boiled.

I take another drink, looking away when she mirrors the action. Surely, I'm being melodramatic about all of this. It can't possibly be as bad as I'm making it out to be. Mina admires me—she always has. And that's okay.

Sure, keep on believing that. Keep being the frog in the water, a voice in my head whispers.

“So, what's the plan for today?” I ask.

“I thought we could hang out, talk. Maybe go for a swim.”

I laugh at the idea of swimming in that murky, algae-covered water, but I stop when I realize Mina isn't joining me in the laughter. “Oh, sorry, I thought you were joking,” I say.

“No,” she says flatly.

“It's just, the water looks kinda gross. I don't think I want to get all the way in it.”

“Well, we can listen to music and study, I guess,” she says. “Maybe go for a hike later on.”

“Sure,” I say. “After that, I really need to get back to the city.”

“Maisie, this is our retreat. You don't need to go back.”

I squash the spike thorns of irritation rising in my heart. “Actually, I do. I promised to hang out with Ethan and Chance. They're waiting for me. But how about we make plans, you and me, for the night after that?”

“That's not good enough. I arranged all of this for us.” She gestures at the cabin like it's some fancy rental she reserved.

“It wasn’t easy to set up all the food, all the time off, and make sure it wouldn’t conflict with our coursework.”

Taking a deep breath, I say, “Mina, I appreciate the effort. Truly. But you can’t expect me to be able to go along with a surprise trip that lasts multiple days.”

Her eyes narrow at me.

Before she can respond, I decide to make this more about a failing of myself and less about not wanting to be with her. “And to be honest, I don’t love trying to pee in the woods. Rustic living isn’t for everyone, you know? I’m sorry it’s not for me. But I just had a brainstorm. We could do a staycation at our apartment. We could invite Bradley, or not, up to you. We could play Knights of Incor and have yummy food delivered.”

She looks tempted for about half a second before shaking her head. “Let’s do a hike. You’ll see that you want to stay. Come on, shoes on, let’s go.”

Short of making a run for it, I’m not sure how to get myself out of this situation.

The hike is...weird. There aren’t any trails out here, it’s just forest. We have to force a path through the overgrown vegetation, and within half an hour, our arms are covered in scratches.

“How about we go see Percy and Tara’s place?” Mina suggests.

“Sure,” I say. I don’t sound enthusiastic, because I’m not. And I’m tired of faking it just to keep Mina happy.

We know the way easily, having gone back and forth so many times before. The trees have grown, but the large boulders scattered about still serve as landmarks.

Mina walks up to one of the tree stumps and gives me a triumphant grin. “I found it!”

“Found what?” I ask, waving a buzzing fly away from my face. I’m sweaty and tired and uncomfortable, not to mention uneasy at Mina’s behavior, and as soon as I get back to San

Esteban, I'm locking myself in my air-conditioned apartment for the next two weeks.

"Our initials, remember?"

I walk over to where she's standing, and sure enough, there are our initials carved into the wood. *M + M, BFF*.

"Remember when we did this?" she asks.

I really don't, but I nod and say, "Yeah."

"This is where we took that selfie—remember? The last time we came here, right before we moved to San Esteban."

"Right," I say. We still have the photo—it's framed and sitting in our living room. In the photo, though, there's Percy's house in the background. Of course, the house is gone now.

I never wanted to put the photo up, but Mina wanted to remember the place we were never going back to, and in the end, I capitulated.

Like I always do.

I go along with what she wants because I'm afraid of upsetting her...but look where that has gotten me. A surprise "vacation" in a condemned cabin out in the middle of nowhere, with my roommate and former foster sister who may or may not be having some kind of mental episode.

"Let's go see the house," Mina says. When I look pointedly at the empty area past the stump, she adds, "I mean, what's left of it."

"Okay," I say.

We hike over to the old place. The garage is still up, but only half of it, the edges charred and the roof dipping downward toward the husk of an old car.

"Nobody cleared off the property afterward?" I ask.

She shrugs. "I guess not. If I were Tara, I would've abandoned this place and never looked back."

I avoid looking at the mound of gray dirt where the house once stood, but Mina walks right over and stands on it with her

hands on her hips like a queen surveying her conquered lands. She says, “The place was ash before the fire department could get here.”

“Really?” I hang back. Someone *died* in this mess. I cannot imagine the horror of it. It feels wrong to be here, like we’re tourists on the world’s most macabre vacation.

It’s also a little like Mina is dancing on Percy’s grave.

“Yeah, really,” she says. “It took them forever to respond.”

I stare at her. A low thrum of unease is growing louder in my head. “How do you know that?”

She kicks aside the husk of a broken mug, a small smile on her face. “Well, I watched it burn.”

I suck in a breath. Is she telling me what I think she’s telling me?

Did Mina start this fire?

The smile remains on her face as she says, “It was kind of beautiful, actually. All those flames flickering. Knowing that Percy was in there, burning in his house like he’d be burning in hell.”

I don’t want to know any more. I want to cover my ears with my hands and sing *lalalalala*.

After a long moment, where I’m wondering if I should just bolt, Mina shakes herself out of her reverie. “Anyway. He got what he deserved, and he can’t hurt us anymore. I made sure of it.”

“We made sure of it by moving away from this place as soon as we could,” I say. “What you did is...”

I can’t say it. But the word hangs unspoken in the air between us. *Murder*.

Mina chews on her lower lip, then says, “Hey, it’s about lunch time, isn’t it? I have more sandwiches for us in the ice chest, and I brought stuff for s’mores. What do you say?”

I say we should get the fuck out of here and back to San Esteban, but I’m no longer sure what’s the best way of doing

this. How do I get Mina to agree?

“Yeah, sure,” I say. “Let’s head back and have some lunch.”

Once we’re there, I’m going to talk her into returning to the city. She’s really starting to scare me. I think she needs help.

And although I’m scared, a large part of me is absolutely devastated that the vibrant, intelligent young woman who calls me *sister* is actually suffering so much with her mental health. I hate that I didn’t see the signs before this.

I hate that I don’t feel safe with her right now.

She kicks the broken mug again before joining me in walking back to the cabin. We don’t speak for a long time, and the only sounds are our breathing and the buzzing of insects, the faint shush of the breeze through tree branches and long grass.

“You think what I did was wrong,” Mina says.

Shit. I’d been hoping she would drop it so we could return to San Esteban without a conversation. I don’t want her to know just how much I’m starting to fear her and her reactions. I don’t think she’ll harm me, but my gut is telling me to tread carefully.

So, I tread carefully. “I think you were placed in an impossible situation.”

“I was. I lied to you, earlier, but since you aren’t freaking out on me about Percy, I may as well tell you now. I was in the car the night my other foster sister and foster dad died. I was sitting in the front seat.” She pauses and my heart beats out a loud drum of *run...run...run...* and then she adds, “I yanked on the wheel and caused the accident.”

“Oh, Mina,” I breathe. I know I can’t react too strongly. If I spook her, my hopes of returning to San Esteban this afternoon go sideways.

“I’m scaring you,” she says bluntly.

“I mean...a little.” No point in lying about it. But I continue keeping pace with her, walking side by side when the foliage permits it, and staying close when we’re single-file. “I just...I didn’t realize things were so difficult for you. So dire.”

“Yeah, nobody realized. Nobody would listen to me.”

We get back to the cabin without any more words between us. I dutifully go inside and sit on the blanket with her while she gets out our sandwiches. I pretend to drink my wine cooler, but other than a couple of sacrificial sips to sell the fantasy, I don’t actually swallow anything.

Once we’ve eaten, I say, “We should probably head back home now, don’t you think? This has been really nice. I love the sandwiches and our sleeping bags and everything—you put so much thought into it—”

“Oh, stop with the bullshit,” she says, laughing. “You don’t want to be here, do you?”

“I need to get back,” I say. “I didn’t tell my teachers I’d be missing lectures.”

“You’re fucking the teachers.” She scoffs. “They’re not going to care if you aren’t in class.”

I take a deep breath. I don’t want to antagonize her, although what she’s saying is hurtful, and it’s also untrue because Chance and Ethan both resigned from my lecture courses. “That stings, Mina.”

“Sorry, sorry.” Another bright smile, lobbed my way like a missile.

It doesn’t land. I’m not going to be fooled. Her moods are all over the place, and the best thing for us now is getting back to civilization and getting her the help she needs so she—and everyone else—can be safe.

“Let’s go home, Mina,” I say gently.

She shakes her head. “No. I told you, we’re here together, it’s a girls trip for just the two of us. We need this, Maisie. You’ve been drifting away from me since the start of the semester. We need this.”

I don't know if I'm going to be able to talk my way out of here. The only other choice is to make a run for it.

Mina's keys are visible in the open front pocket of her backpack. She sees me looking at them.

We both lunge at the same time.

She gets there first, snatching the keys, while I catch myself in an awkward plank position, my nose inches from the floor.

"No," she says, the keys clutched in her hand. "No. I can't let you leave me."

Easing back to a seated position, I try to project calmness as I say, "At this point, I think you need to let me, Mina. We can go back together—I'm not trying to leave you behind or anything. Just give me the keys, okay? I'll drive us. Everything's going to be all right."

Tears fill her eyes. "You can't make that promise."

She jumps up and runs from the cabin. I follow her, but I forget about the rotten wood on the porch and put my full weight in the wrong spot. My foot punches through. I stumble, catching myself on the porch railing, which blessedly doesn't break beneath the force of my fall.

Agony spreads up my leg. The splintered wood gouged my skin, and I know that I must be bleeding.

"Mina, wait!" I call.

She marches to the end of the dock and faces the pond. Is she going to hurt herself? Should I tackle her? Would I even be able to? If I did, I don't have anything to restrain her with. I'd have to talk her into calming down. I yank my foot free of the porch and hurry after her, limping. Every step on my injured leg is another burst of pain. Blood drips down the inside of my torn jeans. The fabric stains a dark purple where it touches.

"Mina!" I call. "Mina, let's talk. What are you doing?"

She turns around on the rickety dock. If she's not careful, she'll fall in. I don't dare go out there with her. It doesn't look

like it'll hold her weight, and it definitely won't hold both of us.

With a smile, she says, "We're not leaving. We're safe here. I'll keep you safe."

Then she raises her arm and chucks her keys into the water.

THE SEARCH

Chance

Not knowing what else to do, we go to Mina and Maisie's place. Bradley hasn't checked there yet, so there's a possibility that the two of them are just holed up and not answering calls or texts.

There's no answer when we knock. I press my ear to the door, straining to hear any indication that someone is home, but there's nothing.

Ethan knocks again, but it's more of a pounding than a knock.

Still no answer.

I'm ready to find the apartment manager and try to convince them that we need to get into the apartment, but Bradley holds up a keychain. "Maisie gave me a key ages ago in case she got locked out."

"Let's go, then," Ethan says, gesturing at the handle.

Bradley unlocks the door, opens it, and we step inside.

A hush fills the apartment. It tells me immediately that no one else is here. Just the three of us confused assholes wondering where our favorite girl is.

Bradley takes off down the hall, so Ethan and I follow him. He peers into Maisie's room, which in my gut, I already know is empty. Ethan looks in, too, as Bradley pushes across the hall to a door left ajar, which I'm guessing leads to Mina's room. He shoves the door and it swings open.

Bradley doesn't say anything for a long moment—he simply stands in the doorway and stares.

"What?" Ethan says, crowding up to him.

"Ho-ly shit," Bradley says. "I've never been in Mina's room. I bet Maisie hasn't, either, or she would've been freaked out."

"It's a mirror image," Ethan says. "It's uncanny."

“Maybe the bedding and furniture was on sale when they first moved, so they bought two of everything,” Bradley says, but then he shakes his head. “Nah. Maisie would never do that. Or if she had, she would’ve changed it at some point. This is creepy as fuck.”

I stand on my tiptoes to see past their shoulders, curious. They’re right—everything looks identical. *Everything*. The sliding door of Mina’s closet is open the same amount as Maisie’s, even, revealing two feet of space.

“Hold on,” I say, going across the hall back to Maisie’s room. I look at the clothes visible in the closet, then return to Mina’s room and look at hers.

Same clothes. Hung in the same exact way. The toe of a pair of slippers are peeking out from under the bed, just like they are in Maisie’s room. I go back and forth to compare the two.

The slippers look exactly the same. Not only the placement of how much they’re poking out from the bed, but the angle they’re kept at.

This had to have been purposeful. Every element, copied to an obsessive degree.

Ethan and I exchange looks, our psychology backgrounds already cataloging, interpreting, analyzing. Neither of us is unprofessional enough to start diagnosing Mina or making pronouncements about her mental health. But none of this looks good for Maisie’s safety.

“I’m calling the police.” Ethan strides out of the room, phone to his ear.

I dial Maisie again and say to Bradley, “Can you try Mina?”

“I have already, but I’ll try again.”

I leave a terse message for Maisie, telling her it’s important she gets in touch and that I feel she isn’t safe. Bradley leaves a message for Mina, his words hushed but urgent. I follow my voicemail up with a text, and by the time I’m done, Ethan strides back into Mina’s bedroom.

“The police won’t do anything,” he says, breathing hard. He looks as if he wants to tear apart the room. Normally, I’d be encouraging him to take deep, calming breaths, but right now I’d rather join him in ripping everything apart. “There’s no proof of a kidnapping, no evidence of foul play.”

“This is creepy as shit, though,” Bradley says.

The three of us leave Mina’s room—her fucking altar to Maisie—and stare at each other in the living room, instead.

I can’t fucking stand this. My heart feels too heavy and tight in my chest. “We need to figure out where they would go.”

“There,” Bradley says slowly, like he’s just now realizing it. He points to a framed photo on the table next to the television. “They’d go there.”

“What’s that place?” I ask.

“The woods where they used to live?” He shrugs. “It’s on the outskirts of Clear Springs, I think. They’ve talked about this old cabin near their foster parents’ house. But how would we even find it?”

I look over at Ethan, who nods.

“What?” Bradley says, waving his hands around. “What are you saying? You’re not even talking, but you’re saying something.”

At the same time, Ethan and I say, “Roman.”

“Oh, that makes everything perfectly clear,” Bradley mutters.

I grab my phone and dial.

Roman answers immediately. “Hey, Chance.”

“We have a situation,” I say. “Our girl’s in danger.”

Maisie

I need to convince Mina to come back from the dock. She's been standing out there, looking at the water, for a full ten minutes. I can't believe she threw the keys in the water, that she screamed about me leaving her.

Short of diving into the disgusting water, not much can be done about the keys. And even if I could stomach swimming through that swill, I doubt I'd be able to find them.

"Mina," I say in a soft voice. "Why don't you come back up here? We could have some snacks."

It doesn't matter that we just ate lunch. I need to get her back. Once she's safely on land and away from the pond, I'll think about how I can get us out of this situation.

"I'm hungry," I say. "Didn't you bring snacks? Hard-boiled eggs? Muffins? Or something fun to drink?"

"Yeah." She nods slowly. She's coming back to herself. As long as I don't challenge her, she seems to be doing okay.

I wait at the edge of the dock where it meets the soil. Once Mina is close enough, I reach for her hand. Her fingers curl around mine and I'm reminded of how an infant will instinctively grasp someone's fingers.

Mina's hurting. She's wrong, and what she's doing—what she has done—is absolutely terrible.

But she's hurting.

I lead her back to the cabin and we go inside.

She looks down. "Shit! Maisie, what happened to your leg?"

I'd nearly forgotten, but now that I'm looking down at my blood-soaked jeans, the pain is sharp once more. "The porch," I say. "I forgot to skip the flimsy board."

"I have some first-aid," she says. "Let's get you cleaned up."

I let her tend to my wound, which involves antiseptic that stings and several adhesive bandages that we have to criss-cross over my skin to get all the cuts. I don't know if there was any metal in there. I have no idea how up-to-date my tetanus shot is.

I can worry about that later.

Once I'm cleaned up and wearing a new set of clothes—and Mina changes so that we once again match, Mina gets out a big bag of barbecue-flavored potato chips and a bottle of whiskey.

“Remember when we'd steal Percy's booze?” she says.

“Yep. You'd steal the booze, and we'd go to that store near the school to buy chips like these ones.”

She sighs happily and tosses me the chips. “This is so freaking awesome, being here.” Her brow furrows and she gets a little quieter. “I can't believe you'd want to leave.”

“I know, I can't either,” I lie. “It was a mistake, and I'm sorry. We can keep hanging here for a couple of days.”

She nods, seemingly satisfied. She pours shots from the big bottle into tiny paper cups. After she hands me one, she says, “Cheers,” and knocks her cup against mine.

I don't like the way she's looking at me as I take a sip. But she's drinking the same stuff—it's not like she'd poison both of us, would she?

The calm voice self-preservation whispers in my head, *She might. You don't know what she's capable of right now.*

I have to get out of here. And there's no talking Mina into coming with me. I need to walk far enough that either I get cell phone reception or I find someone with a landline I can borrow.

I let the liquid touch my upper lip; I don't swallow anything.

Mina takes a healthy gulp. “I think we should stay here forever.”

Watching her carefully for signs of impairment after the alcohol that may or may not be drugged, I say, “Wouldn’t that be nice?”

“Sure would.” She has some more to drink, than stands. “I gotta pee. Don’t go anywhere!”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” I say, and miraculously I’m able to keep the sarcasm from my tone.

She grabs a roll of toilet paper from her backpack and leaves the cabin to find a tree somewhere.

As soon as she’s outside, I hurry to the other side of the room and dump my whiskey out of an open window. Then I lunge for her backpack and yank open the front pocket, searching for spare keys. Nothing. I don’t have time to empty the whole pack, but I feel around inside of it, searching for the tell-tale shapes of keys. If I can get them, I could drive back tonight, get help for Mina.

The porch creaks, so I yank the zippers closed and return the pack to where it was. I lean back and make a show of “emptying” my cup down my throat, taking big, fake gulps.

“Whoa, slow down there, tiger,” Mina says.

I wince. That’s something I would’ve said. How many of her phrases, her quirks, came from me? How much of her style is mine? I remember how she got so annoyed, just recently, when I’d mixed up my clothing style to mess with Ethan and Chance.

Mina wants to be just like me, and she wants to be in control of it.

“Another?” I ask.

“Sure,” she says, pouring a healthy amount into my cup.

I don’t say anything about her joining me in drinking another, but sure enough, Mina’s desire to copy everything I do, down to what I eat and drink, works in my favor. She downs her own cup and adds more liquor to it.

Perfect.

This one I have to drink in order to keep her from suspecting anything. But she finishes hers as well, and when I hold my cup out for a third, she pours it and pours more for herself, too.

With the third cup, it's easier to pretend to sip, and not actually drink, because Mina is absolutely smashed. It's gotten dark outside, so Mina turns on our electric lantern. We sing our old favorite Church of Fortune songs, and talk about our grad program and what we think will happen after it. The whole interaction is not much different from how we used to be when we were in high school, tucked away from danger in this shitty, abandoned cabin.

When I say I want to get out of my jeans and into pajamas, Mina agrees, and we unfurl our sleeping bags and tuck ourselves in. I keep up a running commentary about guys in our program, ignoring the fact that I have Ethan and Chance in my life, because I think my relationship with them is partly what sparked Mina's descent into madness.

Mina's responses grow further and further between mine and finally, when I ask her if she still thinks about Josh Kyleson from our twelfth grade English class, she doesn't answer.

Josh Kyleson's "stunning blue eyes" had always been a sure bet to get Mina talking.

"Mina?" I whisper. "Mina. Wake up."

She makes a *mmmmfffff* sound and rolls over.

"Mina, I have to pee, okay? I'll be right back." In fact, I decide to cover my tracks a little by writing her a note. I stand up, wincing at the pain in my wounded leg, then I hobble to the wall so I can tear off a piece of the old Lava Boys band poster. My mind whispers *sacrilege* as I tear the poster, but I'm sure the Lava Boys would understand about desperate times, desperate measures. I find a pen in my purse and write out *Went to pee, BRB!* and set the paper on top of my pillow.

No matter what time Mina wakes, she'll think I'm off finding a tree to pee behind and she'll give me a few extra

minutes before coming to look for me.

It means I can't take my backpack or my purse with me, but I think the ruse is worth it. I do take my phone, ID, and some cash from my purse.

"Mina, I have to take a piss," I say loudly.

She doesn't budge.

"I'll be right back." I turn off the electric lantern and the room is plunged into darkness. Breath held, I wait for my eyes to adjust. Soon I can make out the faint outlines of our sleeping bags. Then I inch toward the door, afraid she's going to jump up at any second, thriller movie style.

There's no movement, though, other than the soft rise and fall of her chest with her breathing. I'm in the clear.

This time I remember to skip the rotten board on the porch.

About five steps down the trail and I realize this is going to be a lot harder than it sounded in my head. My leg already aches fiercely, and if I set my weight on it in the wrong way, the pain is so sharp, I can't breathe.

Suck it up, Maisie. Short-term pain. It's more important to get help for myself, and for Mina, than it is to worry about my leg.

To preserve the battery, my phone has been off since before we arrived. I'm tempted to look at the time, but I don't want to lose power entirely before I even have a chance to check for reception. For now, I'll leave it off. I make a deal with myself as the trail disappears into grasses. Once I hit the main road, I'll turn it on to check the time and see if I can get reception.

Progress slow, I walk and walk. I pull up grasses as I go, gathering a huge bundle in my arms. If there are snakes around here, well, they can't be more dangerous than my foster sister.

At the road, I power on my phone and wait for any sign of reception. Nothing.

It's only nine p.m. It feels like midnight. Everything is so quiet. The silence presses down, smothering the wilderness.

I walk next to the road and amass a big bundle of grasses. My feet ache. I must have gone miles.

I walk until I can't walk any longer. Then I sit on the side of the road and pull the grasses over me like a blanket. If Mina comes to look for me, hopefully I'll remain hidden.

It isn't in my plans to sleep. I'll just rest here for a little while and listen for cars that I can wave down.

But no cars come. All of my fatigue, pain, and stress tug on my eyelids until I close my eyes and sleep.

THE RACE

Ethan

Chance, Bradley, Roman, and I are crowded into an Ironwood office with Leonie, a woman with a long, gray braid and dark brown eyes. She alternates between asking us questions and typing at her keyboard, her fingers flying with efficiency.

“What other details do you have about her history?” Leonie mostly watches Bradley as she asks questions, rightly figuring out that Chance and I know next to nothing about Maisie’s past. We haven’t had an opportunity to learn everything we want to learn.

When we find her, I’ll be changing that. We can make it fun, if she wants. We’ll exchange life facts for sexual favors.

But first, we need to find her.

“They lived outside of Clear Springs. They talked about their foster dad being a dick,” Bradley says.

“Do you have a name?” she asks.

He squints, thoughtful. “Yeah...Percy, I think. I don’t know the last name.”

“The first name isn’t super common,” Leonie says, typing it into a search engine. A moment later, she says, “Percy Hamilton. He died in a house fire four years ago. Survived by his spouse, Tara Hamilton.”

“What’s the address?” I ask.

Leonie hesitates. “Well, we don’t know for certain that this is where—”

“Please.” I don’t want to shout at this woman that Roman introduced us to, so I keep my voice low, but my desperation is clear.

For his part, Roman can tell I’m hanging on by a thread. “It’s okay, Leonie,” he says. “We’re going to check it out and you and Bradley can keep working on other angles, maybe?”

Bradley looks grateful. “That sounds good to me.”

He wants Maisie and Mina to be okay, but he doesn’t want any trouble. I don’t blame him, but absolutely nothing’s going to keep me from going to Maisie.

Nodding, Leonie says, “Sure. Here’s the address.”

As she recites it, I’m typing it into my phone’s navigation system.

Chance thanks her as we hustle out of the office. Chance’s face looks as grim as I feel. Our girl is out there with a mentally unwell individual. And we don’t even know for sure that we’re going in the right direction to find her.

Roman grabs a red-haired guy he introduces as Squid as we hurry along the corridor and down to the parking garage. The two of them climb into a company SUV. Chance and I get into my car, and then we’re speeding out of the city toward Clear Springs. As we get on the freeway, Chance gets a text.

Chance holds up his phone even though I can’t read it while I’m driving. “Roman’s telling you to slow down.”

I shoot him a hard look. “You want me to slow down?”

“Fuck, no. Drive faster. What if she’s scared?”

I can only imagine the worst, and I don’t need him urging me to speed.

Maisie

Something rustles in the grasses nearby. My eyes shoot open. There's no disorientation—I don't have to think for a moment, wondering why I'm lying on the side of a lonely road, covered in grass. I know exactly why I'm here and what I'm afraid of.

The grasses rustle again. Is it a bear? Some other kind of predator? Did Mina wake up and come after me? I don't know how I'll wrangle her back to the cabin, or if I should just make a run for it despite my injured leg.

Whoever or whatever it is moves again. My pulse thuds so loud in my ears, it's deafening.

But over that pounding pulse, I hear a male voice.

“Maisie? Maisie! Where are you?”

It sounds like Chance. I shove the grasses from my body and struggle to stand.

“Hello?” My voice comes out dry and raspy as the grasses I'd used for cover. I cough and try again. “Hello? Chance?”

“Maisie!”

I whirl around, trying to pinpoint where his voice is coming from. A bright glow fills the space between trees. “Chance?”

“Maisie, it's me, I'm here.”

I want to sob with relief. I don't know how it's even possible. I didn't even dare hope for such a thing as Chance showing up in the middle of nowhere to find me and bring me home. But it's him. Here. For me.

He lowers the light to the ground and comes forward. I limp to meet him and then finally, *finally*, his arms are around me.

I sag against him, gripping his shirt in my fists, afraid to let go.

“I got you, I got you,” he repeats.

My eyes sting with tears, but I blink them away. “How? How are you even here? Where’s Ethan?”

“He’s up the road a little ways, searching. We found your old foster home, or what’s left of it, and we’ve been widening our search around that.” Chance pulls back slightly to take his phone from his pocket, but frowns and says, “Still no service. But Ethan will loop around this way in a minute.”

“Did you find Mina?”

Voice grim, he says, “Not yet.”

“I left her at the cabin, have you been there?” I can only imagine what she must be thinking, if she’s woken up. Is she panicking that I’m gone? Is someone else there, helping her? I hate the thought of her alone.

“No,” he says, “we never found the cabin.”

“Chance, she’s...she’s having a psychotic break, I think. She’s not acting like herself, and she might be kind of obsessed with me.” It feels weird to say it out loud. I still can’t believe it.

He nods. “I know, baby girl. We saw her bedroom. It’s exactly like yours, everything in it and how it’s arranged. It’s not our place to diagnose her, but we’re very worried about both you and her.”

“Can we bring her back to town and get her help?”

He nods. “Of course.”

Rolling my lips between my teeth, I think for a long moment. Mina has done more than keep me here when I wanted to leave. There’s the car accident with her foster father before Percy...and then the fire Percy died in. A fire that I believe Mina started.

“There’s something else,” he says, touching my chin gently. “What is it?”

There are more rustling sounds in the darkness, and beams of light approach from down the road. Chance turns on his

phone's light as a beacon and calls out, "We're over here."

Two men walk forward. One of them speaks into what looks like a walkie-talkie. And the other—Ethan. I want to run to him, but Chance doesn't let me go so I have to wait. Probably for the best because I can't run, anyway.

"Angel," Ethan says when he reaches us.

Chance frees his arm from my waist so Ethan can hold me. With the two of them here, I feel safe, like this nightmare is truly ending.

"What were you going to tell me, baby girl?" Chance asks.

"Um..." I don't want to say it. I eye the other man, who seems familiar. It takes me a moment. *Viking god* comes to mind, and then his name pops into my head. *Roman*. "Hi, Roman," I say. "It's been a while."

He nods. "I'm glad you're okay, Maisie."

"Is Ironwood on their way?" Chance asks.

Roman shakes his head. "I don't think we need anyone else. Squid is on his way to pick us up, I pinged him with the walkie."

"Who's Ironwood?" I ask.

"It's a security firm where I work," Roman says. "We offer bodyguard and protection services, and we've been trained for situations like yours."

"Mina needs us," I say. "She's not well. We cannot hurt her."

Roman nods. "I understand."

The headlights of a car illuminate the road next to us. I start toward it with the guys, forgetting that my leg is injured. The pain nearly causes me to stumble, but Chance and Ethan both reach out, steadying me. They don't let me go for a moment after that.

"What happened to your leg?" Ethan asks as we get into the car, his voice a low growl.

“I had an accident on the porch,” I say. “The boards are rotten.”

Chance says, “Roman, where’s the first-aid kit?”

“Mina already cleaned and bandaged it,” I say. “She had bandages and antiseptic.”

Chance’s expression is dubious, but I hold firm.

“I’m one hundred percent getting a tetanus shot when we get back to town,” I say. “I promise. But let’s get Mina, first.”

Squid, a guy with red hair slightly lighter than Bradley’s, is driving. I give him directions to the cabin. When we pull up, he shuts off the engine. I open my door to go to Mina, but Ethan puts a hand on my knee.

“Wait, Maisie.”

I frown at him.

“You’re not going in there,” he says.

“Um, yes I am.”

As we sit there, both of us frowning at the other, the cabin door bangs open. I flinch and spin in my seat to look at what’s going on. Mina stands on the porch, facing the car, hands on her hips.

Her face crumples, mouth twisting in sorrow. “Maisie!” she screams. “Why?!”

Before I can do anything, she steps back inside the cabin and slams the door closed.

“Mina—” I start to jump from the car.

“Maisie, no,” Chance says.

“I’ll go in with Squid, and we’ll bring her to the car,” Roman says. “I promise, we’ll do it as gently as possible.”

“Let me,” I say. “Let me go in and talk to her.”

Ethan touches my shoulder. “No.”

“Maisie, she kidnapped you. You’re hurt.” Chance frowns. “I don’t want you near her.”

“You two might be my daddies in the bedroom, but out in the real world, we have equal power,” I say, looking between the two of them, taking in their stern, concerned faces. Chance’s dark eyes are intense and full of foreboding, while Ethan’s bright blue eyes appear to plead with me. I hate to disappoint them, but this is perhaps the most important thing I’ll ever do for Mina. “I’m going in. Please don’t try to stop me. I know her better than any of you.”

Am I scared? Heck yes, I am. Hours ago, I feared for my life to the point that I didn’t want to drink what Mina poured me, and I sneaked out to wander in the darkness because anywhere out in the open was safer than being inside that cabin with her.

But I know her. I know her expressions, I know her voice. Right now, she isn’t angry with me—she’s hurting.

“Please trust me to do this,” I say to the guys. “I’ve been through her backpack to search for her car keys, and there were no weapons. I don’t think she’s going to hurt me. I know her, and if strangers go in and grab her, she’ll be destroyed. Please allow me to give her some dignity in how she’s brought to the car.”

There’s a long, tense moment while the men seem to battle their wish to control what I’m doing.

“I trust you both,” I say. “Please trust me.”

Finally, Chance gives me a curt nod. Ethan’s jaw is tight, but he doesn’t grab me or pull me back to him as I slide out of the car.

I limp up to the porch and hear Ethan’s curse behind me. “Fuck. I hate that she’s fucking hurt.”

Chance says something I can’t hear, but it sounds reassuring.

I walk across the porch, careful again, and knock on the door. “Mina, I’m coming into the cabin, okay?”

Her loud sobs carry through the flimsy front door.

“Mina, it’s me.” I try the handle, and the door opens easily.

The room reeks of whiskey. I can make out shapes in the darkness, including Mina, but I can't see her expression. I need to see her face to know what she's thinking and feeling. I fumble in my pocket and get my phone out, turn it on. The glow is too faint, so I turn on the flashlight.

Mina is facing me.

In her hand is the neck of the whiskey bottle, the body of it broken, the ends sharp and jagged.

My mentally ill foster sister has forged herself a weapon.

OUR GIRL

Maisie

The wicked edges of the broken bottle gleam brightly in the light coming from my phone.

“Hey,” I whisper, my gaze flicking between the broken bottle and Mina’s tortured expression. “It’s okay, we’re going to be okay.”

Mina shakes her head so fast, her black hair whips back and forth. “No. *No*. You don’t get to do this to us. You got other people to come here, and we had something good going.”

It’s hard to empathize with her feelings of betrayal when she basically tricked me into this whole trip to begin with. But in her twisted internal logic, she was hoping to keep us together, to keep us safe.

“I know we had something good,” I say. “We *have* something good. I just think we need a little help. Everyone needs help sometimes.”

Spittle flies from her mouth as she shouts, “Nobody helps us! They only hurt us! Every person who said they would help—they hurt us instead!”

“I’m so sorry,” I say, my voice cracking. She isn’t wrong—we were hurt by the adults who were supposed to protect us. But we’ve also had a lot of good people along the way, too. Kind teachers in high school who did what they could. Friends and professors at SEU, at the restaurant as well. It hasn’t been as bleak as she’s painting it. At the same time, I know she can’t see that logic. The good is locked deep in her mind and all she can remember is the bad.

But if she doesn’t calm down, the guys are going to storm the cabin, and I don’t want to risk anyone getting hurt. I don’t think the men would be injured, and they wouldn’t want to hurt Mina, but with sharp objects and her heightened emotions, it’s a risk I don’t want to take. Hands out, I take a step toward her.

She raises the bottle.

“Okay, okay,” I whisper, trying to sound soothing and not full of fear.

Because I’m so fucking afraid right now.

Mina begins to pace. Her footsteps are frantic, desperate. Six steps one direction, then whirling quickly to retrace that progress before repeating it. I can only imagine what she must be feeling right now—the panic, the confusion, the loss.

Two full minutes pass. She’s getting well and truly worked up—the situation isn’t defusing on its own; it’s ticking along and I don’t know how much time we have before the explosion.

Someone else in my place might rush over, grab Mina, hold her down. In some other situations, that might be the exact right thing to do.

But I know Mina. So I don’t rush her, I don’t try to wrench the broken bottle from her grasp.

Instead, I sit down on the floor. I’m small, vulnerable. I’m not a threat. I’m just Maisie, the girl she loves and views as a sister.

It seems to shock her out of her pacing. She stops and stares for a long moment. Maybe sitting down and being vulnerable was the wrong call. She could easily overpower me from this position.

Her eyes on me, she drops the bottle. It thuds to the weathered floorboards and rolls away.

Her shoulders sag. Tears trail down her cheeks and her chin wobbles.

“Mina,” I whisper, holding out my arms. “I’m here for you.”

“Maisie, I don’t—I don’t know—”

“Come here,” I say.

She stumbles forward and falls into my lap, her entire body shuddering while she cries. I hold her and hold her. Even when

my ass goes numb, I continue to hold her. She reeks of whiskey and sweat and sorrow, and still I hold her.

“I did some bad things,” she says on a shaky breath.

I stroke her hair. “I know.”

“Don’t tell them, Maisie.”

Sighing, I don’t say anything. I can’t lie to her and tell her I’ll keep quiet. I highly doubt that Percy or her previous foster father deserve justice, but the extent of Mina’s mental illness needs to be known so it’s taken seriously and she can get proper help. If she didn’t get the proper help and went on to hurt someone else, I would never forgive myself.

“Let’s go outside,” I say. “We’ll get a ride home and—”

“We’ll both go home?” she asks.

“I’m not sure.” It’s the truth.

For a moment, I worry that she won’t come with me, but when I nudge her off my lap, she gets up willingly. My guess is that she wants this to be over just as much as I do; she’s just afraid of what comes next.

I take her by the hand, leading her out of the cabin. The tiny driveway is illuminated by headlights. It looks as if someone got Ethan’s car while I was in the cabin, because it’s here now, parked behind Mina’s car and the one Squid was driving. I was so distracted with Mina, I never even heard the engine.

Ethan and Chance look as if they want to rush forward and rip me away from Mina, but I give them a subtle shake of my head. No fast movements, no extra drama. Mina needs calm and respectful.

It’s Roman who walks forward, slowly, his hand outstretched in greeting. “Hello. You must be Mina? I’m Roman.”

She gives him a distrustful look. “Are you a cop?”

“No, I’m with a private security company. Maisie wants to make sure we take care of you.”

Mina shakes his hand, but when she tries to pull away from him, he doesn't let go.

"Come with us," he says.

"I don't want to." Mina digs in her heels, refusing to budge.

"Mina, you kind of have to," I tell her, keeping an arm wrapped around her shoulders. "Roman's really nice, though ___"

"No!" She heaves back and hits me with her elbow, right in the stomach.

I try to suck in a breath to gasp, but I can't breathe at all. I double over, panicking.

Mina looks down at me in shock. But then Squid and Roman crowd to either side of her and march her toward their car.

Chance is at my side in a second, Ethan on his heels.

I can't breathe—I can't breathe.

"You're okay," Chance whispers, his dark eyes locked on mine. "You just got the wind knocked out of you. Give it a second, baby girl."

"Maisie, I'm sorry!" Mina cries. "Let me go. Maisie, don't let them take me. This was for you, for us!"

My heart aches as I struggle to catch my breath. I wish I could hug her. Even though she hit me, I know she wasn't fully in control of herself. I wish I could offer her the comfort she gave me over the years. But Roman and Squid are fastening her wrists with plastic ties and guiding her into the back of their car.

After what feels like an eternity but is probably only twenty seconds, I figure out how to breathe again.

Roman closes the rear door of his car and faces us.

"Where—are you taking her?" I ask, still winded.

“Clear Springs PD,” Roman says. “I’ll have to give them your contact info so you can make a statement.”

“I’m not pressing charges,” I say quickly. “She’s done some terrible things. But I think she just needs help, okay?”

“Terrible things?” Ethan asks, helping me up.

It’s the last thing I want to talk about right now, when I’m watching Mina’s shadowed profile through the tinted window of Roman and Squid’s car, but I force out the story, quickly summarizing the deaths of Percy and Mina’s previous foster father.

“And you just now went into that cabin with her *alone*?” Chance’s voice is dangerously low.

“Don’t be mad,” I whisper.

“I’m not mad, I’m furious,” he says. “She murdered people, Maisie.”

“No,” Ethan says, clapping a hand on Chance’s shoulder. “You’re not furious. You’re scared. We both are. But we said we would trust Maisie. And see? She’s okay now.”

Chance waits a long moment before speaking, then he takes a deep breath. “Look at you, Ethan, the voice of reason. All right. But I still reserve the right to spank your ass pink, Maisie. Even if you haven’t broken any rules.”

“Happy to break a few if you need an excuse,” I say. I don’t sound nearly as flirtatious as I’d like, because my words are weighed down by my fatigue.

Sensing it, the guys help me into the back of Ethan’s car. Chance sits next to me as Ethan gets behind the wheel.

“Maisie,” Chance says in a serious voice.

I look up, doubtful. Is he still angry-scared about how I went into the cabin with Mina?

He kisses my lips softly while Ethan starts the car. “I love you,” he says.

“We both do,” Ethan adds, meeting my gaze in the rearview mirror. “I love you so much, Maisie.”

My heart swells with emotion. To be loved by not one, but two men—and two men like Chance and Ethan, who I’ve admired for years, who I longed for—it elevates my very soul.

Surely they must know, but I have to say it out loud. I’m exhausted, but I have to tell them. “I love you, too. Both of you. I love you.”

Chance kisses me again, then whispers, “You can rest now, baby girl, if you’re tired.”

I sleep the the whole way home, warm in Ethan’s car, wrapped in Chance’s arms, breathing in their combined scents, enveloped in their love.

Chance

It's been a full week since everything happened with Mina. Maisie has been busy moving Bradley into her apartment to help with rent while Mina is gone. She's also been answering thousands of questions from the Clear Springs PD and the district attorney. Then she has her studies to catch up on. It hasn't been easy, but Ethan and I are with her every step. She's ours, and we're hers. We're here for her, whenever she needs us.

However she needs us.

So when she comes over to my place on Friday night where Ethan and I are watching a game, and she starts taking her clothes off in my living room, I turn off the TV.

"Baby girl?" I say. "Why are you getting naked in the living room?"

"The bedroom's too far," she says, pulling her t-shirt over her head to reveal a light pink bra with lacy white trim.

"It's inappropriate to take your clothes off in the living room," Ethan says, standing.

"Well, I wouldn't want to be inappropriate." She's already taken off her shoes. She reaches for the button of her jeans and hovers her hand there, her light green eyes challenging.

This brat's so full of mischief, I'll never get tired of spanking it out of her.

I rub the heel of my hand over my cock, trying to relieve the building pressure. Maisie unsnaps her jeans. Slides them down. Her panties are girly, pink with white lace, just like her bra. She's got the underwear of a little girl but the body of a woman.

"Get over here, brat," I say.

"Mmm, nope." She struts toward the bathroom. "I'm going to take a shower."

“Actually, you’re not.” Ethan heads her off.

I stalk toward her from behind. Now she’s trapped between us, unless she plans to make a break for the door leading out of the apartment.

She looks toward the door as if considering it.

“If you go out there, baby girl, we *will* fuck you in the hallway where anyone passing by can watch. Did you know Roman lives in this building? He might be getting off work right about now.”

Her mouth falls open and she makes the most adorable little squeak. “I’ll stay put,” she says in a rush.

“Good girl.” I wrap my arms around her and kiss the top of her head. “Come over to the couch with me. I’ve been waiting to warm your ass with my palm.”

She leans against me, pressing her breasts against my chest and rubbing. “I thought Ethan likes to give the spankings?”

“Oh, I do, angel,” Ethan says, “but Chance has been waiting to spank you ever since you went into that cabin without us.”

“I thought you trusted me,” she says, pulling back.

“I do,” I say. “And I did then, too. I still want to spank you.”

“But I didn’t break any rules.”

I touch her chin, tilting her face up so I can gaze into her eyes. “What I want isn’t rational. It derives from a dark feeling that I must punish you to claim you. A spanking is how I’m going to remind both of us—Ethan, too—that we belong to each other.”

She gives me a faint smile. “So what you’re saying, is that the only real rules between us are that there are no rules?”

Ethan says, “You’re twenty-five. You’re enthusiastically consenting. You aren’t in a relationship with anyone but us. Those are the only rules. Can you play by them?”

She stands on her tiptoes and kisses my cheek, then spins around to do the same to Ethan. “Yes.”

“Then I want you over my knee, baby girl,” I say. “Ass up.”

We go to the couch. I sit down, and Maisie drapes herself over my lap. Her back bends in a smooth arch. I run my hands over her skin, soaking in the warmth, the softness of her.

Leaning toward her head, where her hair drapes to the ground, I give her ass a little pat and say, “Maisie.”

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

She starts to lift up her head, probably to say the words back, but I yank down her panties and give her a swift spank to her bare skin.

She yelps, so I spank her again.

“Daddy,” she says on an exhale.

Ethan stands a few feet away, blue eyes glittering. He’s as desperate as I am to lay hands on this girl. *Our* girl.

“There is nothing,” I say, “absolutely nothing in this world that could make me stop loving you, that could make me stop wanting to take care of you.”

I spank her again and again, feeling her skin start to burn, watching her ass turn light pink, then dark pink. She squirms at first. She even kicks her legs in the air behind her, trying to get leverage that isn’t there.

Ethan comes over. He yanks off her panties and then holds her legs down. I take my hand away and he gives her a couple of lazy swats, but then he sits back, admiring our work.

Maisie’s breathing has gone from rapid to deep and slow. She writhes a little in my lap, trying to get more comfortable, maybe. Or, more likely, trying to rub against my dick. It works. Fuck, I want to be inside of her so fucking bad.

Ethan gets on his knees behind her and spreads her legs apart. I watch as he lightly touches the outer folds of Maisie’s

pussy, his fingers gentle as he explores her wetness.

Maisie's breathing picks up while Ethan touches her. Then he leans forward and puts his mouth against her.

Maisie's back arches and she moans, "Yes."

Holding her on my lap, I watch while Ethan eats her cunt, licking and sucking, his eyes closed like he's enjoying a decadent meal. Maisie moans, her sounds getting needier, higher in pitch, as she gets closer and closer to the peak.

Abruptly, he pulls back and rubs his face against Maisie's naked thigh.

"No, don't stop," Maisie says, trying to twist around to look at us.

I help her off of my lap until she's standing. She tilts to the side, unsteady, so I keep my hands on her.

"Let's play a game, baby girl," I say.

She's pouting that her orgasm wasn't given, but the word "game" perks her right up. "What game?"

"The name of the game is: How deep can you take your Daddies' cocks?"

Her sly little grin nearly undoes me as she drops to her knees. "Okay, Daddy," she says. "Let's play."

LOLLIPOP

Ethan

Maisie's taste is still on my tongue, sweet, intoxicating. My cock is hard and aching as our angel gets on her knees, a wicked smile on her face.

We might be in charge, but our girl has all the power here.

I need her to know something tonight, though. Something important. "Maisie," I say. "Do you know how long we waited for you?"

"Five years," she says, frowning a little. "I waited, too."

"We didn't fuck anyone else," Chance says.

She gives him a look of disbelief. "You didn't? No way. Five years..."

"We thought about it," I say, "but we couldn't ever do it. These cocks only want one girl—and that girl is you."

"Patient cocks," she says with a faint grin.

"Less patient with every passing minute in your presence," I tell her.

"Take out my cock, little one," Chance says, his voice raspy. "And take out your other daddy's cock too, while you're at it."

She fumbles with Chance's buckle and the buttons on his pants, then tugs him loose from the fabric. Her wide smile of appreciation is sexy, but it also warms my heart.

I step forward as she reaches for me. Her movements are quick and eager. Her soft skin against the head of my dick makes me want to lift her up, bend her over, and bury myself deep. But I have more control than that.

She takes Chance into her mouth first; his cock disappears between her lips. While she takes him deep, he groans and rests his hand on the crown of her head.

“Maisie,” he says, “you’re amazing. Fuck, that’s so good, baby girl.”

She licks and sucks him, her eyes locked on his. Popping off for a moment, she asks, “Is this deep enough, Daddy?” and fucking hell, it’s the sweetest, kinkiest thing I ever heard.

“I think so, baby. Why don’t you give it a try on your other daddy and see what he thinks?”

She scoots over on her knees. Before she can take me into her mouth, I rub my thumb over her soft bottom lip. “Gorgeous,” I whisper. “Now open wide.”

Our good girl does as I ask, parts her lips. I guide my cock forward until the warm velvet of her mouth enfolds me. Just as Chance instructed, she takes me deep, her tongue sliding over my skin, sucking in her lips to increase the pressure. She gags a little and I pull back, concerned.

Shaking her head, she says, “I’m okay, Daddy. Let me take you deep.”

I allow it when she sucks me in again, but I say, “Play with your tits, angel.”

Her hands cover her bra and she pinches her nipples through the pink fabric. Chance crouches down behind her, reaching around so he can run his fingers over her clit.

She moans around my dick. Fuck. So good. Her green eyes are wide and innocent even while she’s deep-throating me and Chance is finger fucking her.

“I can’t wait to get inside that pretty little pussy,” I say.

She pulls off my cock to say, “But you’re so big, Daddy...I don’t know if I can fit that.”

“Oh, it’ll fit.” I groan as she sucks me down again. “But I can tell you’re nervous. I’ll tell you what, angel. Chance will play with your pussy, tickle it a little, until it’s nice and wet. And if you come, that’s fine. But if it isn’t enough, maybe you’ll want to get on top of Daddy’s great big cock and try to ride it.”

Her eyes darken with lust. This whole scene is twisted, but fuck if we don't all love it. After a few more moments of bliss, she starts to tighten up with an orgasm, her attention to my cock haphazard as her pleasure overwhelms her. Chance bites down on her shoulder, kissing and licking over the mark he leaves, and Maisie wails out her completion.

I pull out of her mouth.

“How was that, baby?” Chance asks, kissing her neck and reaching up to cup one of her breasts. “Are you ready to get filled up?”

“Mmm, yes. I think I'm ready, Daddy. I'm so wet, and I still have a tickle inside.”

“We can get to that with our fingers,” Chance says, a teasing note in his voice.

“No. I need your cocks.”

“Whatever our angel needs,” I say. “It's going to be tight, though, because I'm taking your ass tonight. But we'll get that tickle nice and good.”

Chance turns Maisie's head so he can kiss her on the lips, then he says, “I'll be right back.”

I'm left facing our little girl. Feeling imperious, I say, “Off with the bra, darling. Give Daddy a show while we wait for Chance to bring back the condoms and lube.”

She watches me from beneath hooded eyes while she unsnaps her bra and lets it fall from her chest. Her pert nipples are begging for my tongue, but I sit back on the couch in front of her, patient. She lifts one breast, then the other, then runs her fingers over her nipples.

“Pinch them,” I say.

She does. A soft gasp issues from her lips.

Chance returns with a box of condoms, lube, and some wipes. He sets them on the end table next to the sofa, then takes off his clothes. He grabs a condom, rolls it on. With his dick fully erect, he lies down on the rug.

“Get over here, baby girl,” he says. “Let’s see how deep you can take me in your pretty little cunt. Maybe I can reach that tickle you’re so worried about.”

Maisie crawls to him, her ass swaying. I bite back a groan. I get to be inside that heaven tonight?

She swings a leg over Chance’s waist and lowers down. The two of them look so hot together—usually it’s Chance who prefers to stand back and watch the action, but something about seeing Maisie like this makes me hesitate for a moment. I drink in the sight of her eyes fluttering shut as she impales herself on Chance’s dick. He reaches up to cup her tits, his fingers gripping.

“So good,” Maisie murmurs. “This feels so good.”

“Am I getting the tickle?” he asks, a salacious expression on his face.

Fuck, we sound like dirty old men, talking like this, but I fucking love it.

“Almost,” Maisie says. “I need Ethan, too.”

I don’t even bother undressing all the way. Shirt off, push my pants down, free my dick. Condom on. I won’t just shove into her, though. Lube first.

“Angel,” I say. “Put your hands behind your back, grab your elbows.”

She’s clumsy with it, but Chance holds her steady, whispering encouragement.

I snatch the lube, open it, get that slippery liquid all over my fingers, then I rub it over Maisie’s crack, press my fingers inside of her a little. Her body shakes.

“You like this?” I ask, pushing a finger farther in.

“I don’t—I don’t know. It’s so different, so strange.”

“I think you *do* like it,” I say, and I thrust the finger in and out before adding a second one and pushing in again, pulling out.

Maisie’s whimper is music, my favorite song.

With one hand, I grip her forearms, still lined up behind her back.

“Get ready, angel,” I say, lining up the head of my dick with her back hole. “Deep breath. Daddy’s coming home.”

Maisie

“Daddy’s coming home,” he said.

Holy heck. Those dirty, dirty words. These men. They take and they take. But what they give? It’s so much more.

They waited for me for five years, just like I waited for them. If ever a romance was meant to be, ours is.

I’m still sensitive from my orgasm, but Chance reaches between us, lightly spreading my arousal around on my clit and rubbing slowly. It’s not going to take much to get me there again. Especially with his thick cock, stretching me open, sliding against every nerve as he pumps into me with slow, lazy thrusts.

The fat head of Ethan’s cock is still pressing at my back hole. I tense up at the very thought of intrusion.

He smooths his hands over my arms, his touch soothing and gentle. “It’s going to feel good. Just take some deep breaths. Open for me, angel.”

My deep breath turns into a groan as he presses inside.

I’d already felt full of Chance’s cock, but this is even more. Both of them inside of me together. With my arms held behind me, I feel like a little doll being used for their pleasure.

Ethan doesn’t move much at first. The pressure back there is strange, a little uncomfortable. I like it, but I also don’t.

“Sweet, dirty angel,” Ethan murmurs, his grip on my arms powerful, yet tender. “Letting Daddy use your ass. Mmm, and you wanted it, didn’t you?”

I did. I do.

He and Chance find a rhythm, with slow strokes that bring me up to the edge once more. Chance’s dark eyes glitter in the low lighting, piercing me, seeing every desire and reaction as he pumps into me, as he strums the tight, aching bud of my clit.

Behind me, Ethan swears and starts thrusting faster, deeper. The noise that issues from my throat sounds needy, inhuman.

“Don’t worry, baby girl, we’ll take good care of you,” Chance says.

Rocking, thrusting, touching, kissing. Our bodies move together. We’re slick with sweat, and the scents of sex fill the living room. The men pick up speed. I’m stuffed full and I’ve never felt so whole, so complete.

“Want you to come on Daddy’s cock,” Ethan says in a rough voice. “Do it soon, angel.”

“I—I’ll try—”

“No trying. You’ll *do it*.” He reaches around me with his free hand, the one not holding my arms back, and twists my nipple.

I shriek as the pain shoots directly to my pussy and mingles with the pleasure of their stroking heat. I shatter into a hundred million pieces, the orgasm burning, burning, burning. So much ecstasy, I can’t hold it all.

Ethan groans, pulsing in my ass as he comes. His grip on my breast is bruising, perfect.

Chance says, “Maisie, Maisie,” and gives three more rough thrusts before locking his hands on my hips and pumping out his own release.

Ethan lets go of my arms and I slump forward onto Chance’s chest.

They wreck me. They tear me apart.

And then they put me back together.

When Ethan stirs behind me, I say, “Don’t leave yet. Please? Stay with me.”

“All right, sweetheart,” Chance says, stroking my cheek.

They touch my skin, stroke my arms, remaining inside of me until they go limp, then slip out. The three of us are a mess—a perfect, filthy, beautiful mess.

“Let’s get cleaned up for bed,” Ethan says, rising to his knees and curling me into his chest. He picks me right up off the floor, stands, and carries to me to the bathroom. He exchanges a look with Chance, and Chance nods, veering to the bedroom instead of joining us.

“What was that about?” I ask.

“You’ll see,” Ethan whispers as he takes off his pants and gets into the shower with me. “Maisie, I love you.”

“I love you, too,” I say, grinning at him even though my legs are shaking, my body exhausted.

After a minute, Chance steps into the spray with us. He’s holding something in his hands—a piece of jewelry. The white gold chain bears a single pendant. I squint against the water, trying to see it more clearly. The pendant looks like a lollipop.

“Is that—” I gasp. “What is that?”

“Ethan and I bought it for you,” Chance says. A flash of something—nervousness?—crosses his face. “We hope you’ll wear it. If you like it.”

“I love it,” I say, touching the little charm. The lollipop has engraved work for the details, and a tiny diamond in the center. “It’s the most beautiful necklace I’ve seen.”

“It’s a collar,” Ethan says in a grave tone. “It’s more than a necklace; it’s a sign of commitment.”

Now the nervous light in Chance’s dark eyes makes sense.

“So it’s a promise of exclusivity?” I ask.

“More than that. We’re asking you to belong to us, and we’ll belong to you,” Chance explains. “It can mean different things to different people, but to us, baby girl, this collar means *forever*.”

Forever with these men? Yes, please. I don’t even have to stop to consider it. I nod, water spraying my face and body. “I want forever.”

“Are you sure?” Ethan asks.

“Gimme,” I say, laughing and reaching for the collar. “I will wear it every day.”

Five years I waited to be with them. Five years I saved myself. And they saved themselves for me, too. It’s time to make this official.

They fasten the collar around my neck, taking care with the clasp and my wet hair. They wash me down, then they dry me off, toss me in bed, and get me dirty all over again.

Throughout the night we find pleasure, pain, and comfort in each other’s arms, waking to make love, then falling asleep.

I waited five long years to come home to my daddies, and now they call me theirs.

Maisie

Two years later

The home office I share with Chance and Ethan is dark, lit only by the old-fashioned desk lamp in front of me. I squirm in my skirt and blouse, then absently scratch my knee-highs with the pen cap in my hand. I'm feeling antsy, ready to move on with the evening.

Finally, I finish my letter to Mina, signing it with a little heart. She's doing a thousand times better. A court found her guilty but mentally ill, and after a long recovery in a mental health facility, she's serving time in prison. I hope someday she'll get out on an early parole, because what she needed all along was intervention and treatment, guidance and care. But that's for the judicial system to decide. Meanwhile, I can continue offering my friendship from afar.

I pop the letter into an envelope and seal it, then set it to the side of the desk to mail later.

"Are you all done with your homework?" Ethan's deep voice asks from behind me.

"Yes, Sir," I say, turning around to face Ethan and Chance. They're in suits and they wear stern expressions. Even now, after living with them for almost two years, they take my breath away with their handsomeness. I'll never get enough of the promise of discipline in their sculpted jaws, the power of their muscles. I crave their hands on me, whether they're treasuring me or punishing me. More. I always need more.

"You took too long with your work," Chance says. "What's the consequence for that again, Professor Carlisle?"

"Fifteen strikes with the ruler," Ethan says. "Stand and lift your skirt, Miss Maisie. Bend over the desk. It's time for your punishment."

I can't help the smile spreading across my face. I'll play by their rules and take my punishment like a good girl, because the reward will be just as swift and special.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Calista Jayne adores filthy, smutty romances featuring dominant-yet-tender men. When not writing or reading, she's falling in love with the heroes in K-dramas or walking along a California beach.

Join Calista's newsletter to get showered in love notes (also known as newsletters and updates about new releases and sales) and receive a free book. Visit <https://calistajayne.com/babydolls-newsletter> so you don't miss out on the news!

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ALSO BY CALISTA JAYNE

Their Babydoll

Daddies' Girl

Daddies' Babydoll

Daddies' Little Angel

Daddies' Princess

Daddies' Sweetheart

Daddies Ever After

Cinderella's Daddies

Falling for Them

Kneeling for Them

Submitting to Them

Belonging to Them

Their Little Liar

Filthy Fiction

Dirty Diction

Tempting Tales

Naughty Novels

Fiercely Filthy Fairy Tales

Little Red's Temptation

Rapunzel's Sweet Release

Standalone Novels

Playing by Their Rules

My Vampire Doms

Ouch! My Vampire Does Keep Biting Me

Ouch! My Vampire Doms Don't Sparkle

Ouch! My Vampire Doms Built a Scary Dungeon

Ouch! My Vampire Doms Have Really Long...Fangs

Ouch! My Vampire Doms Give Good Spankings

Ouch! My Vampire Doms Stole My Heart