

JENNA THALIA

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LOVING IN NUMBERS

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JENNA THALIA

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

EDITED BY: BRIGGS CONSULTING, LLC

COVER DESIGN BY: ARTSCANDARE BOOK COVER DESIGN

A WORD OF CAUTION

These books are erotic in nature. While they are romance focused, there's a whole lot of sex that happens before the H.E.A.

They are full of filthy words and even dirtier situations. By title alone, this book contains role-play situations involving three men and one women, engaged in specific kinks. If this bothers you, please don't read the book. If oral, vaginal, and anal sex bother you, you shouldn't read the book. If you're looking for a story to get your rocks off... you're in the right place.

Oh... and I prefer them *long* and *thick*, with much more stamina than most. So also a heads up that this book isn't a quickie.

Welcome and enjoy!

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A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with ornate, swirling patterns at both ends.

CHAPTER 1

Journey

The title 'Journey' is written in a decorative, serif font. The letter 'J' is large and ornate, with a floral design inside its loop. The letter 'Y' is also large and ornate, with a floral design inside its stem. The word is centered and flanked by decorative elements: a butterfly in the center, and leafy branches extending outwards from the butterfly.

Ever since becoming committed to Gideon, Dax, and Lazlo, Margaux had been desperate to get me to visit her kink club. I'd been so hyper-focused most of my adult life on just *surviving*, I never really considered whether or not I could find better ways to ensure I was well satisfied sexually. To be honest my mom's spotty history with men ensured I would eschew any settling down.

As soon as I turned eighteen, I walked out the door of our rat-infested five-floor walkup. Despite her protests about how she'd be alone after everything she did for me to keep me safe, I never looked back. By that time the number of "daddies" I had crept toward the double digits.

I wasn't the same person anymore, the albatross around my mom's neck. The kid who bounced from house to house as she bedded down with one man after another to secure her future.

At thirty-three, I was debt free, could discuss things like *diversified portfolios*, and owned my condo downtown in a very desirable high-rise. Blissfully single. I wasn't a serial dater but had my share of men I'd spent time with. While some bemoaned turning thirty as some entrance into adulthood, I still enjoyed being young and unattached. Especially since the whole picket fence and baby thing held zero appeal for me.

"Are you okay? Nervous?"

Margaux arranged my hair so the curls she'd collected into a long ponytail hung down my back. "*Something to grab on to,*" for whatever partner I decided got the honor of slipping between my legs, Margaux had whispered while doing my hair prior to leaving her house. Her three men stayed back, allowing us "space" to enjoy a ladies' night.

"I'm fine." I squeezed her hand to show her I wasn't nervous in the slightest.

It was sex. This visit to Club Sin was nothing more than a hookup. The way Margaux kept beaming at me with the full wattage of her smile though, made me feel as if I were performing in some kindergarten play and she was my mom ready with a disposable camera.

"Mistress Margaux, your room is ready whenever you want to go up."

A beautiful woman with rainbow-colored hair and a name tag that read "Whisper," checked us in and handed me a guest bracelet. Margaux told me prior to coming that the colors denoted the kink people were interested in. I'd chosen fuchsia and green, for soft coaxing discipline. The thought of someone gentle giving me a *funishment* intended to entice rather than punish ranked way up at the top of my list of curiosities.

When Margaux had gone over the list with me, everything was so black and white. But I existed in a prism of many things that maybe I'd like, or at least wanted to try. And her list said nothing about "total newb who doesn't even know if she's into anything let alone a single thing that she definitely wants to experience."

"Thank you, Whisper. If anyone is looking for me, my guest and I will be in the gathering room."

Fun-loving and genial Margaux did not jive with club Margaux. The moment we'd crossed the threshold into her domain, the Margaux I'd just been singing along to an old Madonna song with in her car disappeared. In her place was this regal ice queen that left people metaphorically bowing at her feet as she crossed their paths.

I dug it. To be honest, seeing her command so much power made me wet. *I* wanted to answer her requests with *yes Mistress* and she was my best friend.

“Two gin tonics with lime and a cherry.”

The bartender rushed to complete her order as if she'd just snapped the directive instead of requesting it with a subtle purr in her voice that I'd never heard her use before.

“Just one.” She pressed the drink in my hand, running her fingers through my ponytail. “It will take the edge off and relax you just enough to enjoy the experience.”

I looked around the opulence of the club watching the various groups of people arriving and greeting one another. Nine o'clock must be when the evening really got started, as the ambient noise of the high-ceilinged room expanded. Club Sin was more than I expected it to be, though I'd never been in a sex club. Other than reading a few books I hadn't known what to expect. There in the gathering area near the bar, it looked like any other club in the city: Music, people chatting and laughing, and a stage with spotlights. The only difference, of course, was the various apparatus set up on stage. There was going to be some kind of demonstration it appeared.

“Some people use private rooms for their playtime,” Margaux explained, nodding toward the stage, “and others prefer to play out in the open.”

Margaux had a room. I heard Whisper tell her it was ready whenever we were. I wondered offhand how that would go down. Going up to the room. Did she have men on hand that would check in and tell Whisper they were meeting Margaux in Room 20? I couldn't imagine so, given she had three men at home waiting for her.

“How does this work?” I asked, taking another sip of my G & T.

“What? The club?”

“The club. Newbies. Getting it on. Do you guys have some kind of like secret code so people know to meet you up in your room?”

“Oh, puppy.” She giggled, running her hand down the length of my back. “Just relax. Don’t rush. Feel the vibe. Eventually, people will arrive.”

She must have seen me looking at all the people who had already arrived.

“The right people. Ones I would trust you with who I can vouch for. Masters that have earned their titles.”

Masters. Obviously, I knew what kind of Master she meant. I wouldn’t have agreed to come to a sex club without knowing the basics of power dynamics.

“Mistress M.” A well-built gentleman with the most arresting set of amber eyes approached from Margaux’s left. “I wouldn’t have expected you here on new member orientation night. Does your Master know you’re here tonight?”

“Master Royce.”

Margaux pushed out of her chair and was immediately folded into a hug that swallowed her. Considering her curves put her solidly in the not-a-waif category, Royce’s wingspan and pure girth of those ham hocks he called arms were immense.

“You know the only place I answer to Gideon is in the bedroom.”

I nearly choked on my gin. Openly discussing sex hadn’t been in my scope of experience yet. It would definitely take some getting used to. I was no blushing virgin by any means. But, I’d also never had friends or lovers that spoke so directly and frankly, unashamed, about what they did in their bedrooms. It was refreshing but strangely still felt like the pearl clutchers would suddenly appear from a corner to chastise me for not acting like a proper lady.

“She yours?” Master Royce pointed his beer in my direction.

“Mine in the sense she is my absolute best friend and I’ll cut the balls off of anyone who hurts her, yes. But no, she is not mine. She’s new to the club, so whatever play she does tonight with either be with me or with my permission.”

Her hand wrapped possessively around my ponytail. The way she had it gripped angled my chin just slightly higher than a normal resting position but the possession in it had me melting. Margaux and I were truly just friends. Occasionally if the mood struck while we went out dancing we'd kiss every once in a while but she and I had never had sex with one another. Margaux was a magnet with full power. She oozed sexuality and sensuality, and it was impossible to not be attracted to it even in the smallest of ways.

“Heard, Mistress.” Royce chuckled, taking a swig from his beer. “Mmm fuchsia...I haven't played with a fuchsia in a while. I could have her remembering a good time for at least a week, maybe more.”

He smiled at me and nodded toward my wrist where my wristband sat like a beacon.

“We're trying to break her in, Master Royce, not break her entirely.” He shrugged in my direction, his eyebrows raising with comical height as if to say your loss. “Do you know if Master Wilder is playing tonight?”

“On a Friday night?”

The tone in Royce's voice implied it was the most ludicrous question ever voiced, and Margaux's stiffened spine in response told me she'd heard the tone as well and didn't appreciate it.

“That is typically when members come out and play.”

“It's his busiest night. There's no way he'd be here. He doesn't play with newbies. No offense, sweets.”

I couldn't care less if Master Wilder played with newbies or not. I didn't even know who he was. Though Margaux did and was clearly not happy with his lack of presence. Another man, who also was clearly a Master signaled toward Royce and called his name. He said his goodbyes and headed off in direction of a group making themselves comfortable in a set of banquettes.

“Can you be a good puppy for ten minutes?” Margaux's voice did that purring thing again. Without even realizing I'd

agreed without question, I heard myself say “Yes, Mistress.”

“Mmm. I like hearing that from you.” She cradled my chin and touched her forehead to mine. “Too bad I’m kept quite busy by three men, and I love you too much as my best friend to jeopardize our friendship.”

“I just want to send a quick text to someone, and since Whisper has our things tucked away in a cubby...I need to go out there to do it. Remember to be respectful if anyone approaches. Let them know you’re with me if anyone makes you feel uncomfortable.”

“Brody?”

The bartender’s focus snapped directly to Margaux the second his name fell from her lips. It seemed no one was inoculated to the serpentine charm of Margaux’s sensuality.

“Monitor her for me? I need to check on something.”

He gave her a thumbs-up, which seemed to satisfy her. With a last lingering glance, she turned on her pointed boot and sauntered in the direction of the entrance. There wasn’t a single Master that didn’t watch her leave either. I watched as she pulled the attention of everyone she walked past. As if gathering those lingering glances for another time when she could fully appreciate them.

My G&T went down too well, and far too fast for my liking. Margaux specifically said only a single drink. I knew inherently it was more than likely a club rule. That assumption came solely based on the info I’d gleaned from reading. I needed to do something with my hands. Without a drink to grip or sip from, I felt awkward and untethered.

“Would it be possible to just get sparkling water in here?” I asked Brody as he swept through to collect glasses and wipe down the bar. “Mistress M said only one drink, but it feels weird to not have something to do with my hands.”

Brody smirked at me, a dimple appearing on his right cheek. It was two seconds too late that I realized what I said. I pushed my glass toward him, shaking my head and groaning.

“Now you just have to take pity on me,” I said. “New situations make me awkward.”

“It’s cute.” He grabbed a bottle of Pellegrino from the fridge behind him and poured it into my glass. “I know New Member Orientation seems intimidating, but you’ll do great. Just relax and have fun. There’s zero pressure to do anything but hang out and people watch. Though hopefully at some point you get to fucking otherwise why pay the cost of a Beemer to be a member here.”

The cost of a Beemer. Damn. I wasn’t hurting for money by any means, I’d worked my ass off to create my success, but this was wealth on a whole different level.

CHAPTER 2



WILDER



Despite the obvious amounts of money that Fridays brought into our nightclub, there was different energy on Friday night. The anticipatory buzz felt totally different from Saturday night. It smelled of expressing all of the stress of the week out of one's pores, while forcing one's adrenal system to submit to the pulse of the club, ride the flow of drinks, and become intoxicated by the heady combination of booze and the promise of sex.

Friday night leaned more toward those just out of college and in the beginning throes of their professional careers. They partied hard, spent copious amounts of money, and typically partied till the lights came on. It was exhausting and exhilarating concurrently. Being in the heart of River North, we were exactly in the beating pulse of young professionals who lived a hop over in the West Loop and the wealthy urbanites of Old Town and Lincoln Park.

"This is exactly why we need to expand! It is more cost-effective and still solves the problem of capacity and codes." Rohm, one of my two best friends and business partner drew me away from the mirrored glass panels that looked out onto our dancefloor, and back to their conversation.

"I'm telling you the warehouse I saw today in South Loop would be perfect for a second location."

It really was a beauty. Also, a nineties horror cult classic had been filmed there, and having that as a selling point would practically ensure people showed up with money to spend.

“And I’m telling you we are so wonderfully liquid right now Wilder, why would you want to jeopardize that on a risk? Opening a new location would create a significant strain not just on our finances, but on the three of us.”

Marlowe, the one who held the purse strings as our CFO was against both expanding or purchasing new. He wanted to hold pat and keep running the club exactly as we were. The problem was that Quench was the hottest club in River North. We easily had a two-hour rope time on Fridays or Saturdays. No matter how enjoyable we made the wait, no one wanted to wait to get their evening started. If we didn’t expand and increase capacity we’d lose anyway.

“We’ve been over this, Marlowe. We need to do something. We’ve gotten too big. Too popular. That’s a good thing! But we need to strike while people still plan their evenings around coming here.”

Rohm rolled out the blueprints for the expansion across our conference room table. His fucking blueprints and never-ending planning would be the death of me. He and Marlowe both. Such careful decision makers. What was life if not a series of risks? I went with my gut on all things. If it felt right, I jumped, if I didn’t I walked away. Period. It always steered me in the right direction.

Margaux: Are you playing tonight?

IT WAS FRIDAY NIGHT. I NEVER PLAYED ON FRIDAY. OUR club, Quench, kept us hopping from open to close. Well, Rohm and me anyway. Marlowe, our money guy, rarely stayed this late. He was already a cranky little fucker for having his Friday night impeded upon with boring work talk. But I didn’t want to lose out on that warehouse, so I’d make his ass stay put in that chair until he agreed.

Me: It's Friday, Margaux.

Margaux: I'm aware of the day, thank you. You men and your obsession with stating the obvious. Royce said the same thing when I asked after you.

WE'D BEEN FRIENDS WITH MARGAUX FOR QUITE A FEW YEARS. We all played at Club Sin, and socialized together, her partners and the three of us. She knew I worked at *my* club on the weekends and rarely showed up at Club Sin during our busy times. Of the three of us, Marlowe would be the only one who would attend any events on a Friday night. Which meant she had something...or someone...for me, specifically.

Me: Who is she?

Margaux: Now what makes you assume I don't want to just be in your presence for the evening?

THE CHAGRINED HUFF OF MINE DREW THE ATTENTION OF Marlow and Rohm, who stopped their conversation poring over blueprints, who looked at me on my phone.

“Margaux.” I told them, so they'd stop gawking at me.

Me: If we were doing anything social, Gideon would have texted me first.

Me: And you know where I spend my nights so if you just wanted someone to hang out with at the club you would have contacted Marlowe.

Me: Clearly you have someone craving something specific that you trust only me to deliver.

Margaux: ☹️ You got me.

Margaux: Can you come down? I promise you, she's worth it.

Me: Promises, promises

Margaux: She's my best friend. I wouldn't entrust her to anyone but you. But she needs a little discipline. I'll have her warmed up for you.

MY COCK TWITCHED AT THE THOUGHT. IMAGINING MARGAUX spanking some unsuspecting sub who was her best friend was delicious enough. But knowing she'd get her warmed up for me? I went from flaccid to throbbing in a millisecond. The image of Margaux's beautifully manicured fingernails tracing down an intoxicating rump made pink by her hand or whatever apparatus she used had me collecting my things and heading toward the door with no further explanation to my friends. I worked every Friday night. Surely one night off wouldn't kill them.

“What happened to buckling down and deciding tonight?” Marlowe was at my elbow while I waited for the elevator to take me to the parking garage.

“Margaux needs me at the club. We can table the conversation. I know a dead end when I see one. Since you're playing nanny with the purse strings and crybaby Rohm won't be happy till he gets his way—we can wait until Monday afternoon to revisit this discussion after we've had the weekend to think about it.”

I felt Marlowe staring at me. He had this way of rolling his lips when he wanted to say something but also wanted to keep the peace. We should have nicknamed him Switzerland. He frequently stayed neutral in any of our disagreements. The sensible one, he always examined every angle and possibility in all situations.

“I wish you’d stay so we could work this out,” he said as the elevator dinged.

“And you don’t like being pushed into deciding. It was stupid of me to even think we could put a deadline on this. Clearly, we’re not ready to jump. Hopefully we haven’t lost the upward swing of success by the time the two of you sack up and jump. That is if we haven’t turned off all of our customers with long waits and a tepid product delivery.”

I stepped into the elevator, and Marlowe didn’t follow me in. Surprising. Especially since he didn’t like to leave things unsettled. Was calling Rohm a crybaby decidedly immature? Of course. Would I apologize for it? Not likely. We’d been having the expansion debate for four months now. The time to shit or get off the pot was quickly approaching. I, apparently, was the only one who could see it.

I tried to work the tension out of my shoulders on the elevator ride down to the garage. It surprised me how knotted and tight I felt. Maybe a night at the club was what I needed. Working through some of my frustrations with Marlowe and Rohm on the sweet, perky ass of a willing good girl sounded like time well spent.

CHAPTER 3

Journey

The word 'Journey' is written in a decorative, blackletter-style font. The letter 'J' is large and ornate, with a floral flourish. The letter 'Y' is also large and ornate, with a floral flourish. A butterfly is positioned below the 'J' and 'Y'. A decorative leafy branch with arrows at both ends runs horizontally across the bottom of the word.

When Margaux suggested exploring my sexuality at her club, the finer details of what exactly that meant never really occurred to me. Sure, I understood the concept of playing with people who also wanted to explore their specific curiosities and proclivities but the nuts and bolts of how that was done, never entered the sphere of my conscience thought.

“You’re safe with me, puppy.” Margaux ran her hand down my spine, causing me to shiver.

After coming back from her phone call, and deeming it was *time*, she’d led me up onto the stage and had me fold myself over the bench she then strapped me to. In *public*. Granted there were only fifty or so people milling around and barely anyone paid attention to us from what I could see in my compromised position. But it felt like the entire world was looking at my ass.

“Any time you need to take a break and breathe just say so. We’re not in a scene so no need for reds and yellows. Just tell me to slow down, wait, or stop and I will.”

“How come we’re not doing this upstairs, in your room?” I asked, as she circled around and squatted so she was at eye level.

“Because we need to draw out the men that can’t resist one of these.” She tapped her onyx painted fingernail against my wristband. “There are a lot of them who come for new member orientation. They all love a fresh bottom to play with. But I’m hoping to draw out one in particular.”

“Master Wilder.”

I figured it out long before she'd gotten me on my knees and strapped.

“Such a smart puppy.”

Her soft caress on my face sent a shiver down my spine.

“He likes to spank, but he's not a masochist. Some of the spankers watching us like to use canes and rulers. But I know you. I know what you want.”

She held up a satin blindfold, the same color as my wristband. I didn't expect to be blindfolded. Of course, I hadn't really expected anything, but losing my sense of sight twisted a vein of panic in my gut.

“It's me,” Margaux assured me, her hand cradling my face. “Even in Domme mode, I'm still your best friend, and I would never let anyone or anything truly hurt you.”

“I know,” I said, sighing and releasing the bit of tension that stifled my breath.

“I don't like making my hands ache,” She told me.

The change in the sound of her voice suggested she'd unfolded herself and was once again standing. A moment later, I felt the cool chill of latex gliding down my back toward the hem of the negligee I'd worn at Margaux's request. With the paddle, Margaux shifted the satin fabric away from my ass. The cooler temperature of the room kissed at my naked skin, separated only by the thin string of my thong resting between the two halves of my ass.

“You're such a good girl.”

Margaux told me, pulling on the string of my thong with enough tension that I felt the kissing bite of pain when the elastic snapped the thong back into place. Never mind that Margaux simultaneously calling me *good girl* had me shivering beneath her praise.

“Just a few gentle ones to warm you up.”

She explained just before the slap of her paddle landed on my left cheek. It startled me. But other than that, it barely even registered as painful. Jarring sure. Definitely not painful. Though after a handful of them I felt a wonderful warmth spread across the expanse of both globes of my ass, subtly beating in time with my pulse.

“How was that?” she asked, running her hand through my hair.

“Mmmsogood.” I felt drunk. I’d only had one drink yet I was woozy.

“Oh god. Some Teddy Bear is really going to fall all over the chance to play with you. Such a responsive little puppy, aren’t you?”

She ran her hands over the warmest parts of my butt. My body on its own accord, pressed up into her hand, desperate to glean every drip of pleasure that her touch could illicit. Each caress shot millions of electric tendrils into my bloodstream drowning my brain in sensation and making me desperate to get more. Never had I expected that getting a spanking could make me feel like this.

“Do you want more paddle, or can I turn it up a notch?”

Margaux asked, scoring her nails along my swollen flesh, causing my pussy to spasm and my whole lower half to surge into her palm.

“Now I see why spanking Doms love this so much.” She chuckled, doing it again. “Puppy, you make me so proud. Look at you, bent over this bench, begging for me to abuse this gorgeous ass of yours. I bet you’re getting nice and wet right now too, aren’t you?”

Her hand came down on my ass with a firm slap. It singed into my heated flesh as if she’d struck me with fire. I felt every joint on her fingers, every fingernail. Yet, all I could think was *more*. More pain, more pleasure, and dear god she was right I could feel wetness pooling between the lips of my pussy. With only a thong on, any shift would have desire dripping down my thighs.

Margaux and I hadn't discussed how far tonight would go. She said the decision was mine if I found a Dom I wanted to have sex with. Or finger me or use his mouth on me. The vetting process to get extended even this temporary status had been intense. Full of paperwork, bloodwork results, clean bills of health, and STD test results.

Whatever trail of thought I'd been headed down disappeared the moment I felt the biting sting of a thousand pieces of leather landing like raindrops across my ass and thighs.

"This is Lazlo's favorite," she told me as she smacked me with it again. "It's whisper soft, doesn't do much other than wake up the skin and tease it a bit. But when your skin is already sensitive, from what he says, it feels divine. What do you think, puppy? Would you agree?"

I didn't want to talk. I wanted to lean all the way back into the promise of the floating goodness my brain promised me. Where I hung, suspended at the moment, had me aching with need, but concurrently solidly at peace. A peace I couldn't ever remember feeling before.

"I see you got her good and warmed."

A deep voice rumbled from somewhere over my left shoulder.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to resist the promise of new blood."

"And such a responsive thing, isn't she?"

"Puppy, will you allow Master Wilder to inspect my work."

"Yes, Mistress."

My tongue felt too heavy to form words. I wanted to close my eyes again beneath my blindfold and let go to just feeling every ounce of pleasure. But that feeling compounded on itself when I felt the warm, large hand of the man with the rumbling voice. Every word I tried to form exited my mouth in a keen, a whine, or a moan.

“She’s already in space,” I heard him tell her. “How long have you been working her?”

“Not even five minutes,” Margaux told him with a chuckle.

“Perfection.”

His compliment coupled with the gravel in his voice had every nerve in my body thrilling. I wanted him to touch me again. To call me perfect, or tell me how responsive I was, instead of discussing me in passing with Margaux.

“Puppy, I’m going to stay right here, okay?” I felt Margaux right at my face, she must have squatted again. “There is a bench over here less than two feet from where you are. I’ll be sitting on it monitoring you. You just have to say stop and I’ll be over here in a heartbeat to ensure you’re okay. Got it?”

I nodded. Words weren’t possible. I could picture them, hanging on a tree of my making, waiting to be plucked and used, but it was far too much effort to put them together when a simple nod got the point across.

“Words, puppy.”

“Why do you keep calling me puppy?” I asked, curiosity aiding the relocation of my vocabulary.

I heard the sharp crack on my backside long seconds before I felt the throbbing ache that pulled a writhing, twisting, groan from me as a response.

“You should really remind your sub of her place, Mistress M.”

“She’s my *best friend* Master Wilder, and a *guest*—this is not a scene she and I have. It was an introduction with a safe partner.”

Their silence drew on for long seconds. Master Wilder had his hand cupping the place where he’d smacked me. That hand pulled at my pleasure and tripled it. I never wanted him to take his hand away.

“I call you puppy because you’re sweet and loyal and so enticingly eager to experience the world with wide-eyed,

bounding enthusiasm.”

Every inch of my skin felt hypersensitive. A simple caress on my shoulder, ricocheted sensation into every hidden synapse I possessed. The touch felt like a building rain after hours of heat and humidity. Like a warm blanket fresh from the dryer on a cold winter’s night. It was comfort and bliss wrapped into the most benign and meaningless exchange.

“Your friend is kinder than I would be.” Master Wilder balanced his fingertips on my spine. “Questioning an honorific in my book calls for a good spanking, wouldn’t you say?”

While the words should have sounded threatening, they were deeply sensual. As if we’d been in a restaurant, tucked into a quiet booth in the back, and he asked me to go to the bathroom and take off my panties. It edged with a hint of danger but marinated in sexual craving.

“I agree, sir.”

I metaphorically tapped my toe on the line between pushing and encouraging. I didn’t know him. He was a total stranger, except for being a friend of Margaux’s. Nevertheless, something about his mannerisms set me at ease. Whether it was asking permission to put his hands on me, or the respectful way he kept his hands on my spine until I gave consent.

“Well, colored me relieved that you’re so agreeable.” He chuckled, running his hand over my inflamed skin. “Mistress M did such a wonderful job of warming you up. How are you feeling? Floaty? Heavy tongued? Adrift?”

“I had been feeling all of those things.”

I tried to turn toward his voice, but my muscles were still so lax the effort didn’t seem worth it. Plus the bench my cheek rested on was cool against my heated face. And having someone other than Margaux touch me had released fluttering feelings deep in my core.

“Let’s see if we can’t work you back up there.”

The palm of his hand felt as if it covered the entire expanse of one haunch. Each circle he rubbed went from hip to butt

crack with minimal effort. With each pass over my sensitized skin, I'd feel myself unspooling a bit more, the muscles of my back and neck becoming so loose holding anything up became too much of a chore. The more I let go, the more hums of approval Master Wilder would direct my way.

“Good?” he asked.

His voice sounded far away. Like we were on a boat, in a storm, and he called to me from the clouds.

“So good,” I said.

“Perfect.”

I barely had time to register his reply before his hand came down with a violent smack. The force of it causing my skin to jiggle and hot tendrils of pain to winnow into my synapses.

“Owww.”

“One more. For being mouthy to your Mistress.”

His hand came down on my other cheek with an equal amount of force, eliciting the same reaction a second time.

“She's a sensualist, Master Wilder. Not a masochist.”

“Do I question you in scene, Mistress?”

His fingernails tickled across my swollen flesh. The moan that pushed past my lips sounded inhuman. Animalistic. So full of white-hot need and desperation that I was sure someone had let some kind of wild zoo animal into the club.

“Seems she likes a little bit of pain with that pleasure, Mistress. And you're the one who asked me down here. I suggest not questioning my process.”

They sounded like a pair of fruit flies buzzing their annoying sounds into my peaceful calm. I wanted to say something but definitely did not want two more sharp smacks for saying so. Instead, I waited it out, while Master Wilder used his hand to work the rest of thighs and under ass area into the same delicious heat as the apple of my globes had.

“Fine. I'll be at the bar.” I heard Margaux say. “You okay, puppy?”

Her hand caressed my face dragging me away from my blissful cloud and back into the present.

“I am.”

“You just need to tell Master Wilder to stop or slow down and he will. And he’ll only go as far as you’re willing to go. I trust him implicitly to take care of my most precious friend.”

I felt her lips on the crown of my head, and then heard the *click click* of her heeled boots leaving the play area.

“Just us now, *little mermaid*.”

“Little mermaid, sir?”

That would probably earn me a smack too, but I burned with the need to know the reason behind that name as well.

“Because that fucking hair reminds me of the movie. But you’re spread over this bench, your pretty ass and scandalously useless panties are barely hiding your wet mound as it desperately tries to fuck the air in order to get some relief for that greedy little pussy. You’re the pornographic version of that movie.”

His words lassoed around my libido binding it like the shibari rope I’d seen someone working with before Margaux blindfolded me.

“How far would you like to go Dirty Ariel? How about you tell me what kind of touching you’re okay with.”

He wanted to go over limits while I was already spread over a bench and desperate to come?

“May I dispose of these?”

I felt the familiar pull against my thong as his finger wrapped around the elastic similarly to how Margaux had. Instead of holding them still, however, he used the tension to work the fabric of the barely-there gusset against my throbbing clit.

“They’re La Perla. So if by disposing you mean, gently removing them for safekeeping, by all means. If you mean shredding them caveman style, I’d prefer you didn’t. I know

you all spend the equivalent of a Beemer to play here...but expensive lingerie is meant to be coveted not abused.”

My monologue earned me another swift crack on the cheek of my ass. He cupped his hand and held it against my throbbing skin, causing the sensation to fold over itself. The warring sensations skittered up my spine and released all the feel-good hormones to swim in my brain and make me woozy once more.

“Anyone who has the energy to say that much while straddled on a spanking bench clearly has not been worked over well enough.”

His serpentine finger wrapped itself around my thong once again, this time, angling much lower than the first time. His knuckle came dangerously close to rubbing against the lips of my pussy. Not that I was complaining. In fact, I desperately hoped that exact thing would happen.

“Now back to the discussion. If I took care not to destroy your very expensive panties, would you prefer to keep them on, or may I remove them? Personally, while subs have their panties on they felt as if they still have a modicum of power remaining in this little exchange. Since you blissfully tossed that power into my hands with no second thought and remain stubbornly purring and pressing yourself into me without hesitation, I would surmise you at least feel comfortable enough with me to open yourself up to more intimate caresses.”

“Okay, sir. Please remove my panties.”

I spit the words out before my inner voice could press the brakes and spend too long fretting over whether or not we should. I came here for a reason. And that reason was to get off, with a man, while he spanked and teased my ass. Here it was delivered on a silver platter.

“Do you have a preferred apparatus?”

I felt a hum beneath my chest. The bench I was strapped to moved, and the upward sensation caused a fluttering in my

belly that had nothing to do with sexual desire. Even still a surprised giggle burst out, startling me.

“Even in those heels she wears, she still is shorter than I am. This gives me access to all of your parts, without having to bend over.”

His fingernails traced down each of my ass cheeks, connecting to my sit spots and further along my thighs practically to the backs of my knees. His touch felt like heaven. The sensations were none I’d ever experienced before. Sure I’d had lovers tickle my skin, but the gentle caress with the spoken threat of what was to come spun a tornado of warring thoughts in my mind.

“What did Mistress M use on you?”

“Paddle,” I told him. “A paddle, and a leathery thing with lots of kissing fingers.”

That earned me a chuckle. I felt him position himself directly behind me. He took my ass in each hand, rubbing and caressing the skin as he pulled and pinched thick fleshy pieces.

“You have the most beautiful pink parts, Dirty Ariel. The rarest clam opening itself and exposing its gorgeous pink to the light. Especially, right here where all the blood is gathering to get that clit thick and sensitive.”

I felt the pad of his thumb trace through the wet slick. Every centimeter of my most sensitive skin he explored jolted at his touch and vibrated with the need for more.

“If there is anything that feels uncomfortable or its too much, stop is all you need to say. Understood?”

“Yes, Master Wilder.”

I felt breathless. Like I’d run a marathon even though I’d been stock still and unmoving. Time made no sense while I remained strapped over that bench. Nothing hurt. Or felt numb. I felt needy in a way I’d never experienced before. Every heartbeat delivered another heady dose of feel good hormones that twisted the coil in my belly even tighter with the need to come.

Smack

The paddle came down with such force it robbed me of breath. It felt like the same one Margaux used on me. Soft, made of patent leather so it stuck a bit on the upswing, causing my skin to heat even more. I hoped he kept going. The draw of that peaceful nothingness felt just barely out of my grasp. If he talked to me and asked me if that was okay I feared it would disappear again. He must have heard my thoughts. The paddle came down in four more swats in rapid succession. None of them hitting the same place twice, each leaving behind a glowing warmth.

“Look what a lovely shade of pink you are up here.” His fingernails scored against the swollen flesh, layering another sensation into the tornado he’d created. “I wonder how many swats it will take to get your ass to match your pussy. What’s your guess, Dirty Ariel?”

Words were complicated enough. Now he wanted math. I didn’t even know what color my ass cheeks looked at that moment.

“Ten.”

It sounded like a decent enough number.

“Ten?”

He sounded surprised. That couldn’t be a good thing. Maybe I was already pretty red. Margaux had warmed me up for him.

“Ten it is.”

Instead of the paddle, he used his hand. One held on to me while the other smacked. With each glancing blow, his other hand inched dangerously close to my seam. It was when his finger glanced across my asshole that I knew his hand wasn’t accidentally traversing toward that piece of real estate. This had been his intent all along. He circled that hidden pucker once more, to let me know he knew I was fully aware he hadn’t touched it by accident. A prisoner to all of the sensations he masterfully orchestrated in my body, I could do no more than throw my head back and moan out my pleasure.

I felt the switch in his stance. He returned in seconds, swatting the other cheek. As he did, the fingers on the opposite hand made a more focused exploration of my pussy. His thumb pressed directly into my vagina wiggling toward my elusive g-spot, while his long fingers scissored my clit.

“What do you think, little mermaid? You gonna give it to me, or hang on for another ten swats?”

I wanted to hang on. The space I hung, suspended in sensation and desire was too intense and pleasurable to want to let go just yet. If I came, this was all over. Cinderella would have to return the pumpkin carriage. And I wanted to gluttonously feed until I couldn't possibly experience one more bite from the temptation table.

“Looks like your body is about to decide for you,” Master Wilder told me, landing his hand ferociously down on my cheek with such an air-splitting crack my whole being seized into the sensation. The moment the heat from the smack bloomed, he pinched my clit and pressed against my g-spot with such pointed focus that he launched me into hyperspace with little effort.

“That's it,” he coaxed. “You needed that so bad didn't you, dirty little Ariel? Do you hear that? How much my fingers are squelching in that orgasm. Such a juicy little thing. Give it all to me.”

His manipulations gentled but he coaxed every shiver and shudder from my body, bringing me back down on a cloud of bliss.

“Such a good girl. I'm so proud of you for being so trusting.”

I felt the bindings come undone and his hands work sensation back into my legs before lifting me into his arms and carrying me basket style to someplace where he sat us down.

“Did you like that, sweet thing?”

I tucked my face into his neck, burrowing myself in the comforting smell of the man who just ushered me into bone-deep satisfaction.

“How about we take this off, huh? Let you rest a bit without this silly blindfold getting in the way.”

He pulled it away, the lights of the club causing me to smart and squint my eyes closed against the glare. When I could finally open them again the man that came into focus with rapid clarity was no one I ever expected to see again.

“Thornton?”

His face had been relaxed and his mouth rounded into a soft smile before I spoke. The moment the name formed on my lips, his eyebrows furrowed and the mouth that had moments ago looked deceptively kissable yanked into firm resolve.

“What the actual fuck, Margaux?”

Not the best reunion with the man I used to call my stepbrother.

CHAPTER 4



I didn't like the way Wilder left things. He always kept everything so damn close to the vest. He'd have these ideas and he'd want everyone to be as excited as he was about them, and when we stopped to do our due diligence, he grew impatient. And when you tried to get him to talk through things he shut down.

He'd been like that our whole friendship. Acted as if every heated discussion we engaged in threatened the fabric that held us together. Like just because we disagreed we would wake up one day and decide having someone as intense as Wilder wasn't worth the effort and we'd tell him to leave.

I couldn't get the memory of the war raging in his eyes out of my mind. Somehow, we'd hurt him, and I couldn't figure out exactly what about the meeting made him feel that way. The three of us all understood the urgency with which we needed to come to some kind of decision about our club. We grew much faster than we'd expected. Quench frequently made the *best of* lists from every travel site, entertainment blogger, and Gen Z Influencer's TikTok account.

We never left the club unattended. Rohm or Wilder always took the late shifts on Friday and Saturday. They were too busy to chance the liability of not having someone with clear head and privileged vantage point to make the hard decisions like cutting people off or turning away people at the door.

Tonight would be an exercise in trust. Malik, our senior front of house manager, had the keys to the kingdom. We told him to contact us in an emergency but otherwise we were gone

for the night. I would be lying if I said I felt a hundred percent confident in our decision.

But our friend needed us. The discussion of the club would be tabled until cooler heads prevailed. Perhaps a visit to our playground was what we all needed. As Quench grew in popularity our ability to take time away lessened. I tried to even remember the last time I'd played. It had to have easily been six months previous.

The moment we pushed through the curtains to the gathering room, I knew we were exactly where we needed to be. Wilder prowled on the center stage, with a sweet-bottomed woman strapped to a spanking bench, moaning her bliss into every swing Wilder landed with a paddle. Hearing her moans and Wilder's constant praise thickened my cock in response. It *had* been too long. We needed this. All of us. Our playtime helped to keep us centered and relaxed, and we'd neglected our own self-care in the face of a booming business. Five seconds of watching Wilder I found the very basic answer to why we were all so on edge.

Of course that didn't magically solve our expansion problem. Neither did it assuage the difficulty expressing our opinions to one another without confrontation. But maybe it would at least soften the rough edges we all felt after an orgasm or two.

I saw Margaux waving to us out of the corner of my eye and tapped Rohm's shoulder before pointing in her direction.

"That's it, little mermaid." I heard Wilder encouraging his bottom, "You gonna give it to me or are you going to hang on through another ten."

She didn't. More than likely she couldn't. Wilder had a way about him. It was almost as if he could command an orgasm by voice alone. With a heady moan, the lovely bottom shook, keened, and bucked against Wilder's hand for long moments.

Transfixed. That's what I was. The pair of them together were poetry. Fluid, graceful, feeding from one another. And all he'd done was finger her into an orgasm. Wilder was still fully

dressed. He hadn't even bothered to roll up the cuffs of his shirt, let alone take it off. I could see from my vantage point just how much she turned him the fuck on. Other than her panties, his bottom still wore a silky black negligee. Though, it was rucked up practically to her shoulders.

“Hey!”

Margaux came up next to me and pulled me into a hug.

“Long time no see stranger. I think your name is Marlowe, one our closest friends, but I can't be too sure. I don't remember what he looks or sounds like. He never calls and I don't remember the last time I saw him!”

“Quench has kept us really busy.” Rohm accepted her hug, placing a chaste kiss on her cheek before taking a seat next to her at the bar.

Wilder had his plaything cradled in his arms and was walking them over to the settee just to the left of where they'd been. He cooed into her ear, rubbing her back as he brought her back down again. I'd been about to ask Margaux where her husbands were when Wilder's voice boomed with such ferocity every follicle of hair stood on end.

“What the actual fuck, Margaux?”

She scrambled up to the stage, desperate to resolve whatever was going on.

“What are you *doing here*, Journey?”

It was that sentence that stopped my heart. My whole being seized. It felt as if I'd been pushed into an alternate reality with the raging, white-hot anger of Wilder's words, and now existed in an alternate plane where everything moved at half time.

I saw Rohm's pale blue eyes widen with shock before he turned and bolted up the few stairs to where Margaux and Wilder already stood. Wilder's chin flew up and his gaze connected with mine. He looked like a cornered dog.

“Wilder,” I called to him double-timing it to the center of the action.

“Marlowe?”

Journey.

My stepsister.

Former stepsister I should say. Her mom and my dad lasted all of sixteen months. But at fifteen and drowning in horny kid hormones, her fourteen-year-old body called to me daily. Multiple times a day if we're being honest. Even after our parents split, she haunted my thoughts.

Except she wasn't fourteen anymore. That mane of mermaid red hair, her long, seductive neck leading to a pair of overly generous rounded globes, a thick middle, and a pair of thighs that could crack a skull like a pistachio shell—was the very grown-up body of a girl who had taken my fantasies to the height of pleasure and the most intoxicating, hidden shame.

The number of times I jerked off to fantasies about her. They varied between sneaking into her bed, joining her in the shower of our conjoined rooms, or “accidentally” walking in on her getting off, to what I imagined were fantasies about me were the top preferred on my jerk reel. Or they had been. Until she disappeared.

“Where have you been?” I asked.

I wanted to ask *how* she had been. Not where. She didn't need to know that I pined for her for years after she and her mom walked out on us. That I went to the front room every night and looked out the window hoping her mom would change her mind. When she didn't come back to school the following Monday I cried like a little bitch in the bathrooms hidden in the locker room that no one ever went into during the school day. That the prospect of never seeing her again hurt more than I ever admitted to anyone.

“I'm sorry, but what the fuck is going on?”

Margaux rarely swore when she was on the floor as the top Mistress. She never raised her voice. Her control was always in soft seduction not in the bansheeism that some of the other

women leaned into. Screeching, swearing, brow-beating—none of those things existed in Margaux’s world.

“How do you know her?”

Wilder pointed to where Journey stood, looking as if she wanted to shrink into the floor and disappear. Of course, disappearing was what she did best. I wanted to make sure she had no chance of doing it again.

“Perhaps sorting this out would be best handled upstairs?” I suggested to Margaux, holding Journey in place with a hand on her elbow.

She nodded, pressing her room key into my hand.

“I’ll be up in a moment. Let me get things settled here and clean the apparatus.”

“I’ll do that,” Rohm offered. “I think it would be best if you were with your *friend*.”

He spat the word toward Journey. His ire was ill-concealed and seeping from every pore. Talk about the wrong fucking week to confront this kind of shit show.

“Wilder, lead the way.” I pointed toward the elevators, not lessening my grip on Journey’s arm, despite multiple scowls thrown in my direction.

“I am perfectly capable of walking,” she told me. “I’m not a child.”

“Yes but given your history for bolting and disappearing into the unknown, I don’t want you out of my sight until I have answers.”

“Considering she was violently yanked out of subspace and is probably a little off kilter, perhaps you should trust her care to me.” Margaux’s hand wrapped protectively around Journey’s bicep. She could go from genial to ice queen in a nanosecond. It’s what made her such a good Domme. People begged for her guidance and mourned her exclusivity to Gideon, Lazlo, and Dax. Even if they were happy she’d found her people.

Except, her authority didn't threaten me. It didn't even affect me. Margaux was completely unaware the history each of us shared with Journey. The pain that had bonded us into this strange brotherhood of three.

"Perhaps *you* should start clearing up a few things." Wilder broke through my musings, "How exactly does someone as intelligent and capable as you are, fall for a little con artist like her?"

We stepped onto the elevator, and a strawberry flush rose from Journey's chest clear up to the tips of her ears.

"How dare you, Thornton! You arrogant mother fucker. I haven't seen you since I was six years old. Where do you get off thinking you know anything about my life or who I am?"

Thankfully we were all saved by the dinging chime of the elevator arriving on the third floor. We all followed Margaux's quick clip down the hall to her owned room, Room 20.

"You better start talking." Wilder rounded on her as soon as we crossed the threshold. "And call me Thornton one more time and you won't sit for a whole week."

"I can't believe I let you fingerbang me. You piece of shit."

"Enough!"

Margaux's command clipped all of our tongues.

"Clearly there is some history here I know nothing about. I will not have you using abusive language toward my friends." She demanded from Wilder before turning toward Journey and adding, "And you respect leaders of this club, Journey. Now sit."

She pointed toward the sofa with such aggression that neither Wilder nor I fought her command, despite us being used to giving orders not taking them.

"And if you threaten her again Wilder, I'll have your membership suspended for a month."

She closed the distance between her and Journey who looked mollified and brought to heel.

“Journey. Come. In the chair.”

Once again she pointed and Journey obeyed, flopping ingloriously into the piece of furniture with a huff. Her folded arms and mulish glare bore with unfettered aggression right at Wilder’s temple. He refused to even acknowledge her, though I’m sure he felt her staring at him.

I cracked open a bottle of water from Margaux’s mini-fridge and passed it to Journey.

“Drink.” I suggested. “You need to rehydrate after that scene. It looked intense.”

I saw a *fuck you* forming on her lips, felt the heat of the words long before they were spoken. Margaux must have as well. Journey’s ponytail was wrapped around her hand, her head held back so they could clearly see one another, despite the strange angle of Journey’s neck.

“Not another word Journey unless it’s *thank you Mistress* or an answer to one of their questions.”

I watched her nod, the tension in her body loosening. God it made me throb. I wanted to be the one she recognized as her alpha. The one she went limp for at the first sign of dominance. Watching Margaux tighten the grip on Journey’s ponytail had my fingers tingling with sensation as if those tendrils were wrapped around my hair.

“Now, Journey...what are these men upset over. The real reason and not some snarky comment. Please.”

Margaux let go of her hair and circled around her chair, taking the corner of the sofa closest to Journey. That position placed her in between me and Wilder and our access to Journey. The statement was loud and clear. To get to Journey, we’d have to go through her. *Heard, Mistress. Loud and clear.*

Margaux took the water bottle from my hand, and pressed it into Journey’s. It took less than a half beat and Journey took greedy pulls from the bottle, clearing its contents in three deep gulps. I reached behind Margaux for a second bottle and placed it on the table in front of where Journey sat before grabbing a second for Wilder who also looked like he would

drop to his knees and drink the remnants that had splashed on the floor.

“Thanks.” He grumbled, taking the bottle and practically ripping off the top.

“When I was fifteen.” I told Margaux, “Journey’s mom, Jolene, married my dad. Journey was fourteen. One night dad took us to the Olive Garden to celebrate my student of the week. We went home, Journey picked the movie we watched. It was *Napoleon Dynamite*, even though that was the stupidest movie ever released. Mom and Dad went to bed, we stayed up and watched *Eurotrip* with the closed captioning on because it was the uncensored version. The two of us said goodnight and in the morning, Journey was gone. As if she’d never even lived there.”

I never realized what a strange color Journey’s eyes were. I didn’t remember that tiny detail in the suitcases worth of memories I carried with me from our time together. They were the color of a foggy day, but tinged with spots of moss—as if her DNA strands couldn’t decide on which would be more complimentary so they tossed both into the mix and let them color as the ink dropped.

“What happened to you?” I asked, cutting off any chance of a response from her. “Where did you go? How the fuck did the two of you even pack up that quickly?”

I’d meant to just ask her a single question. Not unload the entirety of my childhood trauma on her. Once I started talking though I couldn’t stem the tide.

Margaux turned to me, the sapphire blue of her eyes deepening to the color of the depths of the ocean. I saw too much in that look. Felt too much. The wounded kid buried in my chest wanted to be pulled into her arms and comforted. To be reminded that Journey’s mom hadn’t left *me* she left my dad. I was collateral damage.

“Journey?” Margaux prodded. “How was this experience from your vantage point?”

Margaux was an attorney. A patent and copyright attorney for Fortune 500 companies. But she could have been a damn therapist. I bet that was her husband Gideon's influence. He was the resident therapist.

"I never knew when JoJo would call it quits." Journey began, "Or, Jolene. I always forget what she went by where."

"Exactly as I said. She's a damn con woman just like her fucking mother."

I forgot Wilder was even there. He'd been silent sentry in the corner. Blending in so well I hadn't even felt him shift on the sofa let alone hear him speak a single word over the last five minutes.

"Wilder." Her voice was calm, unaffected. But I knew that meant the hurricane was about to hit land. "What did I say before. I don't make idle threats. Another outburst and I'll have you suspended."

"I outrank you, Margaux."

Technically, he outranked all of us. Wilder was one of the original members of the club. You couldn't get more senior than him.

"Sure. But as the highest raking *Domme* people pay attention when I discuss dangerous outbursts and name calling that make new members feel threatened and uncomfortable. Which is exactly what you are doing."

"I'm not making a *new member* feel uncomfortable Margaux. I'm wondering *where the fuck* my *stepsister* has been over the last twenty-seven years. You know as well as I do that, I would never treat a member or potential member in any way that would make them uncomfortable. How about you ask little Journey Joy how I treated her when I didn't realize who she was. Despite shooting daggers at me with those sea glass eyes of hers right now she'd probably tell you I was the banner of respect and consent. So Margaux, and I say this with the utmost respect, kindly go fuck yourself."

Wilder shoved himself off the couch and yanked open the door, revealing Rohm on the other side, who'd been about to

lock.

“I’m heading back to work. Fuck this shit.” Wilder grunted in Rohm’s general direction and stormed out.

CHAPTER 5



The three of us were already out of sorts before heading to Club Sin. The stress of running one of the biggest night clubs in the city had definitely taken its toll. We were exhausted. Running on fumes. Too many late nights and early mornings had pushed us all to our breaking point. Which was exactly why I knew that if we opened another location, our friendship and our business would fracture. Unfortunately, Wilder didn't see it like that. He looked at our hesitancy as lack of faith in his decision making. As if saying no somehow called into question his business sense or his value as a partner. When it was the exact opposite.

The new club, if we opened it, would be a raging success just like Quench. Only it would come at the cost of his health, his sanity, and eventually it would affect our friendship. We were already too burned out for our own good. This clusterfuck of a night further proved that.

"Should I go after him?" I asked Marlowe.

"No." He ran a frustrated hand across his face. "Just give him time to cool off."

Silence hung in the room, pressing against me, and making me feel uncomfortable.

"Journey," Marlowe broke the silence. "You remember Rohm. Your brother after Wilder and before me."

"Journey," I gave her an awkward wave before deciding to sack up and cross the expanse of the room to hug her. She tensed in my arms before relaxing enough to accept that brief

moment of comfort. “Crazy set of circumstances that bring us together, huh?”

A smile split her lips, revealing a beautiful set of brilliantly white teeth, which she scissored her lip between.

“You could say that.”

“Rohm, if you can take a seat as well. Prior to Wilder’s outburst we were trying to find a non-confrontational resolution to at least the primary questions that each of you are facing alongside some shock at seeing your apparent *stepsister*. Journey, if you can continue with Marlowe’s question—he asked what happened to you the night your mom left his dad.”

Journey nodded, twisting a strand of her hair around her finger while she looked at the two of us. That single subconscious gesture threw me back into old memories. How we’d sit out on the back porch watching the fireflies and listen to the ambient sounds of living on a lake. She’d just turned eleven when her mom married my dad. I’d just gotten my driver’s license less than a week before.

I’d been pissed at having to give up my bedroom for the little punk. She’d originally been put in the guest bedroom which was at the end of the hall by the stairs. But the new space scared her and she didn’t like sleeping so far away from her mom. Dad forced me out of my bedroom and moved me to the third floor which had been my band’s practice space. It didn’t end up being half bad, though. It was really private, and I’d hear anyone coming up the stairs long before they made it to my bedroom, which gave a horny sixteen-year-old plenty of time to put it back in my pants and pretend like I didn’t jerk off two or three times a day. Plus, double bonus, dad bought me a Mustang GT as a consolation prize. It was beautiful too. Dark, midnight blue with a white racing stripe, a 4.6L engine, two hundred and sixty horsepower V8... damn I loved that car so fucking much.

Her sweet smile and odd colored eyes had the same mischievous glint to them as they always did when she was a kid. Her cherub cheeks having disappeared, but the memory of

them sat ever present in my mind. When she smiled as she had when I'd joked with her—all teeth and wide eyes—it was impossible to ever tell her no.

Though, staring down Marlowe as she presently was—had significantly shifted the mood. He didn't want playful banter, he wanted answers. For me, I preferred banter, and then maybe convince her how good I could make her feel finishing her in a sixty-nine. Because watching Wilder get her off left me with a serious chub. Watching him play with her had set off a firestorm of dirty scenarios where the three of us took her all night long and into tomorrow.

“It wasn't planned.” She told Marlowe, shoving me face first into reality and stealing away my tawdry fantasies. “They never were. Just something would—I don't even know—spook her maybe? And that would be it. She'd come into my room and pack everything up while I slept and then she'd wake me up just as the taxi was pulling up out front.”

“No phone call?” Marlowe persisted. “No letter. Shit- no fucking message on Facebook once we were finally old enough to have them? I thought we meant something to each other Journey.”

She shook her head, running her fingers through her hair before crossing her arms across her chest. I caught her gaze and our eyes met. There was a subtle shake of her head. As if to ask that I not also ask these questions of her. That I have pity on her.

To be frank, I wasn't nearly as affected by this disappearance bullshit as they were. She was eleven the last time I saw her. Far too young to have been anything more than a nuisance. Though, thanks to living with Marlowe for the past however many years, he had stirred in me a thirst for the taboo. Stepsister roleplay was at the top of my list with every partner I played with at the club. There was something about pretending to sneak into a bed and have a quiet come that really cranked me.

“I probably should have.”

Journey pulled me from my dirty fantasy. I wondered if she would be up for it. Letting me pretend to sneak into her bed and quietly fuck her as if our parents were in the next room. It would be so hot.

“I thought about you so often. But by the time I was old enough to have my own computer it was years later, and I was honestly afraid of this.”

“Afraid of what?” I asked her.

I didn't understand the emotions that Marlowe and even Wilder battled with. Maybe it was because our parents didn't last nearly as long as the two of them did. Journey and her mom moved into our house on the Fourth of July and by Halloween they were calling it quits. It happened right after my dad got let go from his big corporate job. They'd accused him of embezzling or something. His reputation was tarnished for good after that. He'd sworn off corporate America sold our big house in the suburbs of Chicago and moved us down to the Ozarks where he'd bought a little campground with the proceeds from the house. He ran that stupid seasonal tourist trap till the day he died.

“This. The hurt. The bewilderment. I can see in your eyes you're drowning in it. I was fourteen Marlowe. What was I supposed to do? Challenge my mom? Tell her no? Do you know how many times I told her *not* to marry another guy. If I had a dollar for each time I did, I'd be a fucking millionaire.”

“Where did you go?” Marlowe pushed. “And I want an actual answer, Journey. I think I deserve that. Don't give me some dismissive bullshit. Your mom packed, taxi came, and what?”

Watching this unfold was better than any after school special or mid-week prime time drama. I knew I shouldn't be downplaying his trauma, but he and Wilder had been pining over the girl for fucking years, and I had to admit I felt more than a little giddy that they were finally getting what they'd been desperate for. Perhaps with closure, they'd find peace. And maybe, I'd get a chance at some wild play time with her at the club.

“We went to Connecticut. The taxi took us straight to O’Hare and we were on a six-a.m. flight to Hartford. There was already another man lined up. His name was Jack. Is Jack. It’s not like he’s dead or anything. He had a house on the water and a boat. And I got to go to a high school with plaid skirts and small class sizes. For a while I thought maybe she’d finally found someone to settle her. But then I came home from my last day of sophomore year, she was already packed. Jack was a business trip. Divorce papers were on the kitchen counter, and we were off to Milwaukee. Where she had a boyfriend. His name was Elijah. He was an asshole. Really leery. Drank too much. Promised all these things to her that weren’t actually true. He knocked her around a few times. Tried to get in my pants once. That was the last straw for Jolene. Then we fled to St. Louis, and eventually found our way back to Chicago—well the suburbs—at seventeen and a half. I went to college on scholarship, and never looked back.”

“Where is she now?” I asked.

Strange that they were in St. Louis roughly around the time I was about to pack up my dad’s stuff in the Ozarks and make the permanent move back to Chicago. We’d been on similar trajectories without even realizing it.

She huffed with the most sardonic tone. “She goes by JoJo now. Every once in a while, I’ll get a text from her around Christmas. Sometimes she remembers my birthday—but mostly JoJo prefers the lifestyle of an unattached woman who can flit as she pleases. And I prefer stability.”

“Well, this has been revelatory.” Margaux looked at Journey and then back at us. “Journey, I am so incredibly sorry that you had to experience this tonight. When I invited you to my club, I truly just wanted you to do exactly as we’ve been talking about. Give you a night of sexual freedom to let your hair down and give you a safe place to explore your curiosities.”

“May I ask how the two of you know each other?” I pressed.

I came to the party late. I felt I deserved at least one question get answered before we went home. Though, I was so hard from thinking about my tawdry little fantasy with Journey as the star—I would definitely need to find someone to play with before I left tonight.

“Us?” Margaux turned toward Journey I assumed to get her consent in telling us. She nodded and motioned in our direction. “Journey and I used to live in the same building—before I moved in with Gideon and the boys of course. She was my across the hall neighbor, and our friendship just kind of blossomed over our time living there. I don’t have many girlfriends, and when Gideon, Dax, Lazlo and I were going through our shit—well I needed someone to unload to and Journey got to learn all about my love of dominating and also how much I love to kneel for Gideon. After that night we kind of just bonded into practical sisters and now I don’t know what I’d do without her.”

“You’d be just fine. With all those men to hold you up and keep you happy. It’s me that would be lost without you.”

Journey chuckled, deep and throaty. I loved how gritty her voice was. Like she gargled whiskey and broken glass every morning when she woke up. I was on overload. Every subtle thing I noticed about her turned me the hell on. The way her hair curled at the end of her long, horse mane ponytail. How fuckable her breasts looked cradled in that bra beneath her barely there nightie similar to the type the women around the club wore. I’m certain Margaux picked out her outfit to ensure she caught the interest of one of the USDA Prime specimens instead of one of the inexperienced newbies. Couldn’t get more prime than Wilder.

“What will happen now?” I asked, unable to stem my curiosity. “Obviously your night of sexual exploration kind of went to shit.”

“Rohm, seriously. Not now.” Marlowe ran a tired hand down his face. His eyes were bloodshot and rimmed in red. The poor guy. I think he needed to find a plaything as badly as I did.

“I wasn’t hitting on her. I’m genuinely curious.” I told him before turning back to Journey.

“If you decide to come back, you know another weekend or something, I just wanted you to know we’re safe. Marlowe and me. Well and Wilder too—you caught him on a bad night. But he really is the best sensualist in the club.”

A flush crept up Journey’s face and a crooked smile bent her lips and wrinkled the corner of her eyes. Oh yeah, Wilder had treated her to a very satisfying round of lady earthquakes. She dug him. That flush was a spotlight to just how much she had.

“Would you by chance be interested in dinner?” Marlowe asked. “We own a club—a night club—right down the street. They serve fantastic food, and we skipped dinner in favor of a rather tenuous business negotiation. I’d love to have you as our guest. Nothing shady, I promise. I just –haven’t seen you in so long, I’d really like to hear what you’ve been up to.”

“Maybe that’s best for another time. When everyone’s emotions aren’t so high.” Margaux’s hand lay protectively on her friend’s knee.

“She was yanked out of subspace by your own admission, and not given an opportunity to fully reset. More than likely based on how many bottles of water she’s had to drink, and the way she’s eyeing your candy dish like it was her last meal, Journey looks pretty fucking hungry. We’re best friends Margaux. It’s not like you don’t know who *I* am or what *I’m* about. Surely your trust in me extends to a meal and getting your friend home safely.”

“Journey, I’ll support whatever you want to do.” Margaux practically whispered to her friend. “Just say the word and I’ll have them escorted out.”

“Jesus Margaux. I can escort myself out. I thought you’d treat your friends with more respect than that.” Marlowe ground out between gritted teeth. His hand scrubbed over his face more than once while everyone just looked at him with stoic silence.

“How about we take her to the Sock Hop instead? It’s a public place, next door to the club, down the street from here, and somewhere that we all frequent.” I suggested. “If you want to join us Margaux you certainly can.”

“I need to get home. I’m sure one of my men is already blowing up my phone wondering when I’ll be home. Or they’ve at minimum called Whisper to see if I’m still here. You’re a big girl, Journey. The choice is yours. If you want to come with me, I’ll drop you off on my way home. Or—you can take these two up on their offer, but you’ll text me and let me know that you’ve made it home safe so I don’t worry, deal?”

“What do you say, kid?” I extended my hand toward Journey. “Wanna have dinner with us?”

With a final glance at Margaux, Journey nodded her head and said, “Let’s go.”

CHAPTER 6



WILDER



Why was it that when my life was already a shit storm, the world decided that what I needed was more things fucking complicating it? I knew the day would come. Eventually. I guess with as many years had stretched on, I'd lulled myself into believing that there was nothing special about Journey and she was a chapter with "the end" written on the last page of our short story.

A strange twist of fate had brought Rohm and Marlowe into my life. It was years ago. We'd still been quite young and just barely understanding our kinks. I'd been thirty at the time to Rohm's twenty-eight and Marlowe's twenty-four. I'd always been a sensualist; we were all doms but none of us to that point—from what I was aware—had experienced taboo kink prior to Peony. That wasn't her real name. I never knew what her actual name was. We were still fairly timid newbies at that point. We kept all of our play to the club and didn't understand the depth of relating to a play partner and exploring that intimacy. She eventually moved on, but having her crack open this secret anteroom of taboo kink was like suddenly seeing for the first time with prescription glasses and not realizing the world could be that clear.

The night was intense, especially for Rohm and Marlowe. Their fantasies were quite similar—bedtime taboo play between a willing, similarly aged, stepsister and them—knowing it was wrong but unable to keep their hands off one another. The two of them played with Peony together, and also individually as we each tried to regain stamina in between orgasms. And when they were done using her and leaving her

lips kiss swollen and her pussy soaked and well-used, she'd crawled to her Daddy and let me take care of her.

Having a marathon of play like that was too intense to process on our own. We spent so long in top space that we each wondered if we'd ever come down from such a high. I invited them back to my loft and over a bottle Glenfiddich 26, we got to talking about our childhoods. We all grew up without our mom because of divorce (Marlowe), death (Rohm), or abandonment (me). From there the topic had turned to our dad's remarrying at some point and finding themselves broken hearted once again, and the rabbit trail led us all to Jolene Turner or whatever her name was these days.

That was how that bond forged. Pain, disappointment, disillusionment with the opposite sex and the vicious ways that they could maim. When Jolene left with Journey Joy my father shattered. On the outside you'd never be able to tell. He was smart, successful, owned a chain of tattoo shops with high profile clientele all across the country—but on the inside? He was empty. Broken. Had it not been for him I would have never known sex clubs like the one we frequented even existed. A night at similar club in Las Vegas had been my twenty-first birthday present. *“Never give them anything more than this.”* My dad told me as he paid my membership fee, and I gained access to the exclusive club. *“A stiff dick and hours of pleasure is all you need to give any woman. Perhaps the occasional nice night out and a fancy bauble to let them know you appreciate them. It's when you give you heart that things go to shit.”*

He lived in Prague now. Never remarried. Spent his nights with god knew who, and his days being the elusive, well-heeled bachelor. Even at sixty-four.

Going back to Quench had been a mistake. All I saw when I arrived, were the ghosts of the disagreement between me and the two men who were practically my brothers. The lack of faith in our company and the hesitancy in their eyes when I implored them to jump and take the risk. It was as if the world in its entirety was telling me I didn't deserve happiness of any kind, be it love, the satisfaction of a tight pussy with faceless

sex, or the thrill of success at work. Everything sat in a rumpled shit pile at my feet.

That sweet incredibly responsive, cock-teasing ass and soaked cunt that dripped for me, played behind my eyelids on never ending repeat. My palm burned with desperation to smack it some more. Fuck. I cleared my glass with two long gulps. Careless to the fact I'd just chugged nine thousand dollar a bottle scotch like a frat boy. My exposed nerves spit and smart. It felt as if every piece of me was exposed on the outside of my body.

There was the problem with my dad's little life motto. A little girl named Journey Joy. She'd taught me about love long before Keats had become embittered toward the emotion.

She was six to my fifteen when her mom conned my dad. My gap-toothed little shadow who somehow could convince me to cancel plans with the guys on the baseball team to spend the evening playing tea party or watching a Disney movie with her. It only took her sweet little voice and a batted eyelash or two of those uniquely speckle colored eyes of hers, and I fell victim to her charm and requests every time. Anything for her. I could still hear her adorable squeals of joy whenever I granted her wish. "*You're my prince, Thornton.*" She'd tell me whenever we watched one of her movies. "*I'll love you forever.*"

At six, of course, she had no concept of romantic love. Her love was for her big brother who gave her the moon. And my love was for the pure innocence of the only sister I ever knew. She followed me around like a puppy dog. Her trust in me never faltered. I was her ultimate protector.

My response to *her* and the sudden loss of her, I'm certain was the reason I was what I was. A pleasure dom. A Daddy. The one who gave in to every request his princess made. Sure, I spanked hard and fucked even harder—but all in the name of ensuring every need my sweet little sub had would be fulfilled and then some.

Little Journey Joy.

Damn. Grown up was an understatement. Even with two glasses of scotch and a quarter into a third, I couldn't quell my raging hard on. Before I even knew it was Journey under that blindfold, her body called to me on a cellular level. Each response to my touch was an aphrodisiac. She fed me her pleasure like grapes on a vine dangling between her fingertips. Bursting with sweetness but not enough to quench my unending thirst.

Even still my hand tingled with the memory of feeling that ass vibrate with each landed smack. I could still smell her on my fingers. The enticing scent of her arousal spread across my fingertips. Except all that scent did was wave a red flag in front of a barely tamed beast.

I wanted to run back to the club, throw myself at her feet, tear off that dress of hers, and shove my face between her legs. I'd feast for hours. Like a starving man at the banquet of his last meal. And when I finally ate my fill I'd bury myself in her and fuck her until she forgot her name. And then fuck her again until she remembered it.

The light from my cell phone basted the office in an ambient glow, some kind of notification having been received. At nearly midnight I surmised it was one of my brothers telling me what a fuckup I was. As if I needed a press release and light up sign to winnow that information out.

Margaux: You fucked up

Margaux: BIG TIME

Margaux: I handed you the perfect sub on a silver platter and you blew that all to hell

Me: You seem to have forgotten that I know Journey. Knew her from childhood. Whatever perfection you think you achieved clearly has been shot to hell all on its own without my help.

Margaux: You knew her for two years TWENTY-SEVEN years ago. You don't throw away a connection like that. People like us spend years searching for that kind of connection and chemistry.

I HAD NO RESPONSE. SHE WASN'T WRONG. THE CHEMISTRY WAS debatable. After one session who knew if could be maintained or if was the thrill of exploration with someone new.

The texts from Margaux had been coming rapid fire. They stopped. As if she waited for me to say something more. But I had nothing left to say. Journey was ... unattainable. For too many reasons to list.

Margaux: Your brothers took her to dinner. At Sock Hop. Perhaps you should form an apology and heading over there and throw yourself at her mercy.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT PISSED ME OFF MOST ABOUT THAT sentence. Her demand for my apology. The fact my brothers were over at the Sock Hop wooing what was mine, without even considering inviting me. Or that I even cared. There was no time to reflect on it though, as just at that moment, the elevator dinged, and Journey's throaty laughter filled every dark and silent crevice of our executive suites.

CHAPTER 7

Journey

The title 'Journey' is written in a decorative, blackletter-style font. The letter 'J' is particularly ornate, featuring a large, intricate floral design. The letter 'y' also has a decorative flourish. Below the text, there is a horizontal line with a central butterfly and floral motifs on either side.

Dinner with Marlowe and Rohm was the most poorly thought-through decision. When I'd arrived at the club with Margaux, I assumed I'd be going back home with her as well. Therefore, prancing around in a barely there negligee hadn't seemed like such a terrible thing when I'd gone from the elevator to the parking garage in my building, to Margaux's car, directly to the underground parking at the club.

Somewhere over the course of the evening—probably when Thornton went and freaked the fuck out—my panties disappeared. Which meant I was prancing around downtown Chicago in essentially a slip and one bare pussy nearly on display. Even with Marlowe's jacket covering most of my ass, I felt completely exposed. And also, there was no way I was going to sit my naked body on a nasty greasy spoon booth seat. Instead, we ordered our burgers to go and walked next door with a plan to eat in the offices overlooking the night club.

The reputation of their nightclub, Quench, superseded our arrival. It was uncanny to think Margaux and I had visited their club once or twice for a girl's night out yet I never ran into them.

“Have you been friends with Margaux long?” I asked Marlowe as he set out our burgers and fries across the conference room table.

Rather than answer me, he and Rohm exchanged a look that implied some kind of nonverbal communication between the two of them.

“You know what Margaux is, right?” Rohm asked, instead.

“You mean a Domme? Um, yeah. She’s my best friend.”

“She’s also in a polyam with our friend Gideon, and their subs Dax and Lazlo.”

“Yep—I know them all.” I told them. “And I probably know way more about Margaux than the two of you do.”

“No one’s getting in a pissing contest.” Rohm held his hands up and smirked at me, “I just didn’t want to accidentally out her for something that maybe you only had half the story to.”

“If she hadn’t known previously,” Marlowe interjected, “she discussed their meeting at Club Sin probably before you got there.”

The three of us took our respective seats and caught one another up on our lives. The most surprising thing was that we were practically neighbors. They lived in the warehouse next to the club—and my condo was in a high-rise two blocks over.

“How did you all meet?” I asked, my curiosity getting the better of my mouth.

“We all met at the club.”

Marlowe hedged, at the same time that Rohm dug a key out of his wallet and held it up so it was at my eye level. I remembered that key. I had a similar one that hung on a Care Bears shoelace that my mom tied to the inside of my backpack.

“What does the club have to do with the key?” I asked, pointing a French fry in Rohm’s direction but looking at Marlowe.

“We shouldn’t be doing this without Wilder.” He mumbled in Rohm’s direction.

“Why do you call him Thornton?” Rohm asked, ignoring Marlowe’s statement.

“Because that’s his name?” I could hear the sarcastic lilt in my comment, wincing when it was received as equally snarky

as I thought it sounded.

“No one calls me Thornton.”

That voice. Like the hum of a fire licking at dried tinder. It came from the shadows behind me, skittering a shiver straight up and down my spine.

“Not since you, Journey Joy.”

His hand wrapped around the back of my neck. The soft, possessive caress twisted a ball of fervent desire deep in my belly even as my muscles went limp in submission. I was the gazelle in the middle of the Serengeti helpless in the knowledge he was about to devour me.

“Mm, good girl.”

It was barely a whisper. I couldn't even say with any certainty he'd actually uttered the phrase or if I just willed it into being. But whether or not he said it, the implication danced across my skin, leaving a trail of goosebumps in its wake.

Wilder turned one of the conference room chairs backward and flopped into it, directly next to me. “What was it you needed me to tell her?”

He regarded me, despite Marlowe speaking to him. I felt his eyes on me, like a predator watched prey. Deep onyx-colored eyes rimmed in cognac stared at me from under a set of eyelashes every woman in America would die to be born with. Lashes like that on a man should look out of place, but on him made his wide cheekbones and sloping eyebrows look bestial.

Wilder wore what appeared to be black bespoke pants that were so closely tailored I could see the very prominent line of his erection. He never finished when we played. Even now, easily an hour later, it persisted. The black Oxford he wore had the sleeves rolled to his elbows revealing a blizzard of tattoos across both arms, and along his chest where the buttons of his shirt exposed his skin. His mud-colored hair was yanked back in a haphazard bun.

He was an intriguing dichotomy. That had my pussy so wet, I feared I was ruining their conference room chair. There he sat in his bespoke fucking suit, sans jacket, looking like Scrooge Fucking McDuck. But his body was littered with intimidating tattoos across his body and dripping down onto his fingers that said he was a violent animal. One who could easily rip you to shreds. I wanted to be that meal. Badly.

The air shifted as he leaned toward me, yanking a gasp from my lips. Only to be followed by white hot embarrassment when he was indeed not pressing into my personal space but shifting to grab his wallet from the back pocket of his pants. From inside he withdrew a key as well.

He held the pointed end of the key between his fingers so I could see the three-pointed head of the key. I knew it right away. Even if it didn't still have the fading remnants of orange glitter nail polish painted all along the key face or trigger the distant memory of the creamsicle scent of that polish. I knew the key because I had a matching one. Long ago, when I'd felt safe and loved with Thornton and his dad, Keats.

“You still have it too?”

For a brief second a look flit across Thornton's eyes that I could only describe as hopeful, and I realized he thought that *too* implied I still had my key as well. I wish that were true. Whenever we moved on, my mom would make me leave everything that reminded me of that life behind. So as not to make the new man jealous with remnants of the previous one.

Thornton's gaze followed mine to the table where Rohm's key sat just to the left of where his hand casually held his can of Coke.

“You asked how we met.”

Marlowe drew my attention away from Thornton's arresting gaze, to where he too was fishing a key from his wallet.

“There was an event at the club that brought together everyone of a certain kind of kink. People who either by nature love to take care of their bottoms or as a bottom craved

being cared for, sometimes disciplined, and sometimes enjoy a dance in roleplay that edges toward the taboo.”

He held his key up the same way that Thornton just had. Revealing that he too kept our key.

“My dad had the locks changed the Monday after you all left.” Marlowe continued, “But I couldn’t throw this away. It was the last piece of you I had after dad cleared the house of any memory of the two of you.”

The weight of that realization crashed over me. Waves of tenderness threatened to drown me. All three men, had *missed* me.

“I missed you too.” I told them.

I didn’t have the heart to tell them how different it was for me. That being uprooted so frequently made it impossible for me to feel any sort of attachment to anyone. And that while I’d thought of them and would smile when I did, the way they looked at me, like their puppy had finally returned home, made it clear that our feelings for one another were severely imbalanced.

CHAPTER 8



There was a tornado of conflicting feelings spinning inside me, throwing off my equilibrium. Journey sat across from me. Journey. So much about her was the same as when we were teenagers. Her laugh was still deep and throaty, and it was as effortless to make her smile and giggle as it'd been when we were kids.

I desperately wanted to know everything about her. Everything she'd done in the last fifteen plus years. Based on a few outward cues, it appeared she did well for herself. Her fingers had that lacquered shiny polish that hinted at weekly manicures. The melted sunset color of her hair was clearly executed by someone with the talent to pull off something so complicated. Her skin was flawless, makeup had that luster that suggested it was expensive. She certainly wasn't a boxed dye and grocery store makeup kind of girl. Wherever she'd ended up, she appeared to be successful.

There were so many things she needed to know about us as well. Top of the list was why we all knew each other. That being hot for her as a teen had grown into something that so many women I'd dated found repulsive. I worried she would as well.

After seeing her bend and arch under Wilder's palm, I wanted to play with her as well. How far down that kink did she travel? Was she into Daddy kink or was it just being spanked that appealed to her.

If it was anyone other than Margaux that had suggested Wilder top her, I would have had ten dozen questions. But

knowing that Margaux knew both of us so well, I had to assume that also meant she'd pair the two of them together because of how well their puzzle pieces would fit together.

"I missed you too." She admitted, and my heart surged.

"During an intense night of play," I dove straight to the heart of it. Better to have her freak out and leave before any more emotions were wasted. "The three of us realized we enjoy similar fantasies."

"Wilder is a pleasure Dom mainly. There's nothing he gets off on more than tending to the needs of a sweet little sub who thinks he hung the moon. And, if his little princess acts naughty, he will gladly redden a bottom, but will always be available for cuddles afterward."

Rohm pointed toward Wilder as he explained. Wilder and Journey were locked in a game of visual chicken. The storm cloud of her eyes overtaking the green of the forest. Rohm continued to bind the two of them in the satin caress of his explanation of what Wilder liked. Wilder, clearly effected by Rohm's words sunk lower in the chair, pressed his hips forward, and shifted his erection. Watching the two of them eye fucking each other had me stiffening to fully erect as well.

We loved to play alongside one another. Over the years of doing so we'd become even more connected. Attuned to each other's nonverbal cues. Watching either of them get turned on, wound me up even more as well.

"Marlowe and I..." Rohm traced his seductive smile with the pad of his thumb, "We're hot for our stepsister."

I would have shared that detail with a little bit more finesse. Let her slide into a warm bath rather than pop a balloon into her face. But the truth was out now.

"We realized after that night of playing, where Wilder was the sweet loving Daddy taking care of his girl after the two of us had our way with her...that the reason we all couldn't stop thinking about that specific type of kink was because our hearts had been broken when our Stepmom yanked stability

from beneath our feet, and left us wondering what we did to have not one but two moms leave us.”

“He’s condensing and simplifying.” I explained to Journey—though she didn’t seem to be revolted by what Rohm just revealed. She silently watched Rohm and me as we filled in one another’s story or talked over one another to get our point across.

“Not that we were fantasizing *you* specifically. Especially not these two. You were more like a kid sister to them than a potential lover. But me...I’m the horny perv I guess.” I shrugged with a laugh. “I’ve wanted to make love to you since the day you walked into my house with your midriff baring boy band t-shirt, your daisy dukes, and John Lennon-esque sunglasses. And I never stopped fantasizing about you.”

If Journey’s sudden intake of breath was any sign, she obviously hadn’t expected that. I held my breath, hoping it wouldn’t be the last time I saw her.

“What was it that enticed you to take Margaux up on her offer?”

Wilder’s voice drew a seductive lasso around Journey, pulling her focus away from Rohm and I and back to him. She shrugged before running hands through her hair and pulling it into a loose bun. The action pulled the barely there negligee up her crossed thighs, giving us the briefest suggestion of a well-groomed landing strip.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Rohm lick his lips and I knew he’d been thinking the exact thing I had been. The moment we dropped to our knees and take a taste, we would. In a heartbeat.

“Words, Journey. We don’t exist in ambiguity. I’m sure you’ve noticed that with your friend. We speak frankly about our desires. I would love nothing more than to take you over my lap again. You are so responsive. Just thinking about it has my cock throbbing. But I want more than a quick scene or a fuck. I really want to know what twists your desires. Is it something that the four of us could explore—or perhaps one of the three of us could help you explore. Because now that

you've been found—I don't think I can so easily let you walk out of here and disappear into the fray again.”

“Margaux thought I needed to loosen up. That I was far too career focused and because of that drive I'd neglected my sexuality.”

“Not having time to date and going to a kink club are wildly different things though.” Rohm pressed. “Was there something about Margaux and her role at the club that appealed to you?”

The tendrils of her hair shifted on her forehead as she considered what Rohm said. She took him time responding, buying time, it appeared, with a sip of her Sprite. Instinct told me that tonight might not be the best time to press her. I was about to suggest we walk her home when she responded.

“Margaux somehow just knew.” Journey began, “I didn't really ever discuss my sex life with her specifically. But she knew the idea of giving control to someone else appealed to me.”

Journey shifted in her seat, uncrossing her legs only to cross them in the opposite direction they'd been. I forced my eyes to remain locked on hers, refusing to allow myself to drink in the Sharon Stone moment. I'm sure she'd forgotten she had no panties on. More than likely didn't even realize she'd just flashed us all a full view of the pussy we desperately wanted to explore with lips and tongue.

“The first time I met Margaux was at the rooftop pool. She sat down next to me because she saw me reading a certain type of book by a very popular author who writes about BDSM clubs. She'd read them too—the entire series—and asked me which was my favorite. Knowing now she's a member of a sex club and a Domme she definitely had me profiled and categorized just in that one conversation.

“One night the power went out in the building, and she came over with a bottle of wine and some snacks and told me about her boy problems. Erm-men problems. Obviously, Gideon, Dax, and Lazlo are a far cry from *boys*. That was when she told me she was poly and used to topping but

something about Gideon made her want to kneel. And when she described how much peace she found in giving everything over to Gideon—it struck a chord with me.”

Erotic images of Journey getting off to thoughts of submitting skittered through my subconscious. I wondered off hand which books. Would she tell me if I asked? Lots of women at the club talked about the various erotic books on the market. I’d downloaded a few, and damn. They were hot as fuck. I imagined lazy Sundays spent in bed re-enacting passages from books with Journey shared between the three of us.

“...after that she was determined to get me to come to the club. She told me she had the perfect person in mind for me, and if we happened to be there on the same night she’d make sure I had time to play with him—well, you, obviously.”

She pointed toward Wilder, a flush coloring her pale cheeks.

“How much exploring have you done so far?” I asked.

I’d never seen her at the club before, nor heard about a newbie that Margaux was shopping around.

“Tonight was the first time I’ve been in the club.”

“But how much exploring have you done on your own? Obviously, you are at least aware enough of your own interest to know you would enjoy a kink club. So, what are your particulars?” Rohm finished my thought for me.

Wilder remained stoically silent. That wasn’t usual for him. Of the three of us, he loved the game. The cat and mouse back and forth meant to dial up the tension before the release. He got off on the pursuit as much as the pleasure.

He pressed out of his chair, spun it around again, and positioned it front of her, mere centimeters away.

“What was the book?”

He ran the back of his fingers along her jaw. His voice was such a soft, seductive whisper, I felt compelled to give him a name even though I hadn’t read a decent book in months, Not

since all the discussion of expanding had become our foremost concern.

“I..I don’t remember anymore.” The shake in her voice I was certain had nothing to do with fear.

“Do you read a lot?” Rohm asked, squatting to the side of her and mimicking Wilder’s caress.

She nodded, her tongue moistening her lip as if she intended to say something, but nothing was spoken.

“If you don’t remember the title. Maybe you can tell us what it was about?” I suggested.

I remained where I was. If all three of us stood around her while she sat, she was bound to feel crowded. The last thing I wanted was for her to shut down. The way her chest rose and fell, she was into this. I knew from experience that when someone began panting like she was, it was from fear or arousal. Since there were no signs of distress, no scent of adrenaline, expanded pupils, lip moistening, fidgeting—I was confident in my assessment that she was as turned the hell on as the rest of us were.

“I read one recently—picked it up at the airport on a trip back from Vegas—about a guy who was really into this cam girl. He met with her night after night, jerked off to the sound of her voice, her luscious tits, how sexy her curvy body was. Then comes to find out it’s his stepsister, and it gets even fucking hotter. I practically devoured it by the time the plane landed.”

Her eyebrow rose, a glint shifted the balance of storm and forest in her eyes, making them look more forest, less clouds.

“I read that one too.”

“Did it turn you on?” I asked her.

I desperately wanted to press my fingers to her seam. To run my fingertips through the wetness I knew I’d find there. Watch her while she watched me suck her desire off the tips.

She bit her lip, nodding slowly. Wilder leaned in close to her once more, taking hold of her wrist, turning it so her hand

presented palm up. Her ran his finger in gentle circles along her pulse point.

“Did Margaux have you fill out any lists—limits, curiosities, things you wanted to explore or experiment with?”

“No.” she shook her head. “Tonight was about getting my feet wet. She knew I had a spanking fantasy because I told her about it one drunken night. How badly I wanted someone to tell me I was a naughty girl and correct me by bending me over and taking down my panties, but not really hurt me... just... warm me up a bit.”

Those pink cheeks were an aphrodisiac. With each discussion the blush deepened, and I wanted to us to make her blush and demur over and again. The music downstairs cut out for a moment, and I heard the bartender’s announcing last call. Fuck. When had our time with Journey turned into quicksand.

“How about this?” I suggested. “I hear last call downstairs which means we’re going to have to help shut down soon. Hang out up here. Give us about thirty minutes and we can walk you home. Rohm’s gonna grab a desires and curiosities list from the cabinet in Wilder’s office. While we’re downstairs you can take a look and fill out all the things you might be interested in exploring. Even if you don’t want to do them with *us* at least you’ll be informed.”

CHAPTER 9

Journey

The title 'Journey' is written in a decorative, blackletter-style font. The letter 'J' is particularly ornate, featuring a large, intricate floral design. The letter 'y' also has a decorative flourish. Below the text, there is a horizontal line with a central butterfly and leafy branches extending outwards.

I felt like a Queen on a royal procession. Wilder, my sentry, walked a few steps ahead of me, ensuring no boogie men jumped out and dared approach me. Rohm and Marlowe were on either side of me. The three block walk took less than seven minutes. Though, given I was in a barely there nightie with just Marlowe's jacket covering my ass, I felt well protected and insulated from prying eyes.

There was an overwhelming amount of information to process. The most pressing was how I wanted this night to end. We stood at the crosswalk waiting for the light to change. Less than eleven steps to the front door of my building where Brian, the weekend doorman, stood at the ready to open the door to let me in.

Did I say goodbye to them on the sidewalk? If I asked them up, would that be weird? I'd planned to have random, unattached sex at the club anyway tonight. How was having sex with the three of them any different? Sure, we knew each other. But our history was just that. Ancient damn history. Except the three of them together felt so incredibly comforting and familiar that it made it hard to simply categorize it as a one-time scratch of an itch.

The decision felt weighted. Like by saying yes, I was cementing myself to them, permanently. And, lord knew permanent was the opposite of who I was.

"Ms. White." Brian tipped his hat in my direction before grabbing the oversized silver handle and pulling the door open.

“Thank you Brian. My brothers are seeing me upstairs.” I told him. Wilder’s eyebrows shot up in question, though he said nothing. He stepped back from the elevators, hands folded in front of his waist while we waited for chime of its arrival.

I typed in the code for my floor, not the penthouse but there were only two residents on each floor. I was the East resident, and Margaux technically was still the west resident though she didn’t live in the condo any longer. The respective elevators downstairs would take guests up to whichever of us they asked for.

“Do you want to stay for a bit?”

The elevator opened directly into a foyer area. There wasn’t much to it. A coat closet, my laundry room, some cast off gym shoes and my workout bag. But somehow having them even in that benign section of my house felt strangely intimate.

“Not if it’s going to make you uncomfortable.” Wilder said.

I tracked his hand as it swung up like he wanted to touch my face but forced it back down again changing his mind.

“The three of us are all best friends, Journey. We’re so close we may as well be brothers. I can speak with absolute certainty in saying none of us want to fuck up the chance to spend time with you. To hear what you’ve been doing these past years.” Marlowe added, “but I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t hard imagining all the wild things we could all do together. What I want us to do together.”

He’d filled out since high school. Where he’d been tall and gangly he was still tall, but deliciously filled in. The goatee made my insides feel like melted chocolate, especially when he ran his hands around it when he smiled. I’d been imagining all night what the scruff might feel like between my legs.

“How about we just hang out for a little while. If it gets awkward and you want us to leave, we will no questions asked.” Rohm pointed at my oversized sectional on the other side of the foyer divider.

I nodded, leading them into my condo.

“Journey.” Marlowe’s voice couldn’t hide the tinge of awe as he took it in. “Your house is gorgeous.”

He’d stepped all of three feet into it. Other than my living room, and a hint at my kitchen he’d seen very little. But I had one amazing view of Navy Pier and the lake beyond. I’m sure that was the “gorgeous” he referred to.

Wilder dropped onto the sofa, unbuttoning two buttons on his oxford, and rolling the sleeves of his shirt all the way to his elbows. He settled back against the oversized cushions and toed off his shoes. His confidence was a homing beacon. I couldn’t stop staring at him while he settled into my space with no artifice, and certainly no hesitation. He simply was who he was. And if we were going to settle in and see where things went, clearly, he wanted to be comfortable doing so.

“Do any of you want anything to drink?” I asked, moving into my kitchen to look in my fridge. “I’ve got wine, beer, pop, water—I have hard liquor too but I’m a shit bartender.”

“I don’t know about my brothers.” Wilder’s voice vibrated with pure seduction. “But I want you to come over here, lift that negligee and let me see what a pretty treasure you’ve been teasing us with all night.”

Forward. So incredibly direct that it sent a shiver exploding through my entire body. One I couldn’t control or hide just how bone deep that command affected me.

“How about I grab drinks,” Rohm pressed off the arm of the sofa and joined me in the kitchen, “and you go take care of Wilder. Waiting isn’t his strong suit.”

“Red, yellow, green are standard safe words, Journey. Red for stop, yellow for slow down you need a minute, green for all systems go. You can also just say stop and we will. Immediately. No questions asked. You’re safe with us. We won’t ever abuse your trust.”

I nodded in understanding. “I’m green.”

“Good girl.” Marlowe replied, settling in on the sofa near Wilder.

He took a seat close enough to Wilder to enjoy the promised show, but far enough way that they weren't crowding each other. The differences between them were stark as they sat next to one another on my expensive, Italian leather, sectional. Wilder was sin and smoke. He was dirty words whispered in seedy bars while he pressed you up against the storage closet door, and his fingers pillaged you down the front of your super tight jeans.

Marlowe, in his baby blue oxford and gray pressed pants, was the exact opposite. He was garters beneath stuffy business suits. Sitting on his desk during a "lunch meeting," casually sipping a Starbucks while spreading wide open and giving him a long look at your pussy, exposed because you'd removed your panties before arriving in his office. He was blowjobs under his desk at his corporate, soul sucking, paper pushing job, while he sat on a boring conference call where they talked about receding profit margins.

Rohm rejoined his brothers, a bottle of Scotch in one hand, and the long, nimble fingers of his other hand gripping four glasses that he set on my oversized ottoman. In his Henley and dark jeans, he was a Vespa ride on the Amalfi coast, wind whipping through his tousled blonde hair, a pair of Ray Ban's hiding his traditional Nordic features, and those ice blue eyes that looked cold until they smoldered with heat as they were at that very moment.

"Slower." Wilder commanded. "Take your time."

The negligee was short. Offensively so. There wasn't much of a show when the fabric ended just three inches from where my pussy pulsed between my thighs.

"I knew she was going to be gorgeous." Marlowe told his brothers, unbuckling his belt and shoving it open.

The button of his pants came next. Then the zipper. He unabashedly massaged his boxer clad cock while he watched me. Running his hand up and down his stiffening, cloth covered rod. Even his boxers matched his ensemble: gray and blue plaid.

“Would you look at that pussy?” Rohm told them, falling to his knees, but remaining respectfully just out of reach. “What do you think it smells like?”

“Peaches.” Wilder responded, locking eyes with me. His cock pressed against what looked like painfully tight pants, though he did not open his zipper or grab at his cock in relief. “I bet she smells like a straight from the tree peach. Earthy with just a tinge of sweet.”

“All the way off, sweets.” Marlowe commanded.

While I wasn't ashamed of my body—I'd learned long ago to embrace what I was given, soft belly and all—I also wasn't accustomed to standing fully naked in my living room, with three men leering at me as if the moment I said the word they would pounce and devour me whole. It was unnerving. But also incredibly erotic.

I grabbed the hem and lifted it over my head, letting my breasts fall from the wires that had held them up and in place.

“Fuck.” Rohm grunted. “Journey.”

The longing in his voice made me squirm. I could feel the slick between my thighs. The throbbing of my clit that beat in tandem with my pulse. My nipples tightened beneath their hungry gazes in tandem with the cool kiss of the not yet spring air.

“Permission to inspect, Princess?” Wilder's voice broke me out of my sexual haze.

Inspect? What on earth was he asking permission for? I nodded, assuming that whatever he planned to do would help advance the evening.

“He's asking for permission to touch your pussy, sweetheart. He's just making that consent sound sexy.” Marlowe winked, pressing his pants and boxers down to his hips, making a show of manhandling his cock.

I don't know why it surprised me that Marlowe wasn't circumcised. I guess I assumed all men were. Color me surprised. He yanked on his foreskin, exposing his glans and thumbing the beads of pre-cum that had collected. With each

sensual pull, his eyes would flutter closed for the briefest moment before finding mine again.

“Words Princess. Yes or no.”

“Yes.” I told him. My fingers moving down to my clit, pressing against it hoping to relieve just the tiniest bit of pressure.

“Over here.” He crooked his finger at me, and pointed at the space directly in front of him.

I saw Rohm push himself off the ground out of the corner of my eye, sitting perpendicular to where Wilder and Marlowe sat.

“Sit here between Marlow and me.”

He pat the empty space, indicating exactly where to place my butt. The moment I did, Marlowe collected my legs, and swung them into his lap, just inches from his bobbing, leaking cock.

“Still green?” Wilder asked.

I nodded, then replied, “Yes.” Remembering he preferred words.

“Lie back, head in my lap.”

He helped guide me back, his hands caressing my head and running his fingers through my hair. Marlowe’s fingers trailed up my thighs, tickling the sensitive skin on the inside, close enough to my pussy that it began to twitch and throb as if begging for attention.

“God are you sexy.” I heard Rohm over Marlowe’s shoulder. “Open her up. I want to see how pink she is.”

“Patience.” Wilder told him. “In time.”

His fingers ran lazily down my collarbone, leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake. He shifted beneath my head enough that he had the use of both of his hands. Each tweaked a nipple, twisting and pinching with gentle pressure that zinged white hot desire careening through my blood stream

and directly to the clit that now howled in desperation for a finger, a tongue, a stiff rod to rub against.

“Please...” I looked right at Marlowe. His hands were inches from where I needed him. My pussy wept for him. Desperate to feel his touch. “Marlowe, I need you.”

“We’ve barely started and you already have her begging?” Marlowe ignored my request and spoke to Wilder as if I wasn’t squirming and writhing beneath their focused hands.

“I told her I was planning to inspect her. Not tease and torture.” Wilder say, his voice dripping with feigned pity. “It’s just so hard to keep my hands off her when she’s so fucking beautiful. Have you ever felt such a lovely set of tits before. They’re the perfect size. They just barely spill over my palm.”

Wilder was easily six feet tall, as was Marlowe. Their hands were basketball player hands. My tits were oversized cantaloupes. But the desire that tinged their voices and turned them grainy, twisted my insides and infused my subconscious with the confidence of being desired. Wholly, unabashedly desired by three men.

“Wilder, please move it along. Open her up for inspection. I want to know if she’ll taste as good as she looks.” Rohm pressed, his voice a similarly affected rumble.

“Maybe someone other than Journey needs a spanking tonight.”

His mouth flattened into an annoyed frown. I bit my lip to avoid giggling. It was supposed to be serious. We all needed to come. I didn’t think it was possible to turn the crank any tighter. But if I laughed, I worried the mood would shift away from what we were starting and we’d float back into that uncomfortable odd place we’d been at having dinner at Quench.

I shifted my position, allowing my leg to fall open, not even thinking that Wilder had just chastised Rohm for his impatience.

“Did you ask me for permission to open that leg young lady?” Wilder asked, his fingers gliding down my belly and

cupping my cleft.

The motion felt as if he intended to cover it from Rohm and Marlowe's gaze, his fingers wiggled between my seam and rolled around collecting the pool of desire that leaked with in a near constant flow from my pussy.

"She's soaked." He groaned, spreading my lips open so his brothers could see.

Marlowe's fingers joined Wilder's, coating himself before running two fingers against the hood of my clit. With each pass his caresses became more focused, they pressed harder, and had me biting my lip against the blinding pleasure of his caresses.

"I can't wait to have you by myself. To spend hours worshipping you. Eating pussy is my favorite pastime." Rohm told me.

He fell forward off the sofa, crawling on his knees to where I was positioned across the two of them. His lips explored the skin of my neck, his palms circled my breasts, collecting my nipples between two fingers and rolling them. When I threw my head back and moaned in ecstasy, he caught my lips with his and captured my tongue with his own.

Rohm kissed like the leading man in a rom com. He was sweetness and subtle command. He took ownership of my lips as if they were the most precious commodity and worshipped them with adroit focus.

"Do you want me to kiss your pussy while Rohm kisses your mouth?" Marlowe asked. "These lips look so lonely without a mouth to worship them."

Rather than wait for me to say yes, he slid down to the end of the sofa, hooked my legs over his shoulders and dove in. There wasn't a single moment of timid licking or stilted attempts at finding a rhythm. Marlowe spread open my lips, affixed his to my clit and made a master study of every single inch of my pussy. His tongue found every single nerve that made me keen, writhe, and moan.

“Isn’t that a pretty sight?” Wilder told me from above, palming my tits while Rohm sucked my soul from my mouth, and Marlow delivered it back to my body through my gaping pussy.

“Look at how well me and my brothers learned how to share. Still green, Princess?” He asked, gathering my hair in his fist, and gently directing my gaze up to his. Rohm pulled away from my mouth long enough for me to agree that I was still green.

“What do you think about putting that mouth to use?” He yanked on his belt, and freed his cock. “If you had to rate your cock sucking skills..., where would you say you fell?”

“I’m a solid eight.” I gasped, shuddering against Marlowe’s mouth as his teeth lightly scored against the hood of my clit.

Rohm caressed my jaw, placing one final, chaste kiss against my mouth. “I’ll be back for your mouth soon.” He promised. His eyes, which previously had been ice blue, darkened with lust. In my periphery I saw Wilder running his hand along the length of his cock, patiently waiting, in silence, for Rohm.

Rohm’s lithe body snaked further along my floor, his mouth leaving a wet trail from my mouth, to my jaw, down my pulse point and collarbone before wrapping around my nipple. He sucked from that stiffened peak like a starving infant, holding it in place with gentle teeth and wrapping the length of his serpentine tongue along its thin circumference. While one received the focused attention of his warm, wet mouth, he pulled and pinched at the other with vicious fingers. The contradiction of soft and fierce too much for my hormone addled brain to process.

Wilder stroked his thumb along my eyebrow enroute to pushing the hair from my face. Looking into those predatory eyes, I’d expected to see unbridled lust. But I hadn’t expected to see tenderness. Not now, in the middle of tawdry foursome that had me spread wide while his best friends were making a meal of me.

“Open.”

It was a request, not a demand. Though the word wasn't whispered and sounded like every other word he'd spoken that night, there was something in the roundness of the word combined with his soft caress that made it feel different. Like there was a choice for me in every word he spoke. Even when it wasn't attached to a question.

My tongue poked out far enough to greet its guest with a warm, welcoming, kiss. The briny taste of Wilder exploded across my tongue, painting the corner of my mouth in the first excited shot of pre-cum. Wilder's thumb swiped across the moisture collected there. With each centimeter that I pulled into my mouth, Wilder's own features slackened. I watched him struggle to keep his eyes open as the last inch of him drove home before he retreated, pulling out until just the bulbous head of him remained suckled between my lips.

Together, we found a rhythm. Push and pull, sucking and licking; I let go. I got lost in the dance. Each of these men worshipped a singular part of body that when combined with the other two spun me into the depths of desire. Marlowe's tongue and fingers flung me over the edge into the throes of an orgasm so violent I nearly forgot I had Wilder's cock pressed between my lips. He followed me over, spilling himself into my mouth with savage grunt.

“I'd say you are definitely better than an eight.” Wilder lifted his hips extricating his cock from my mouth with a soft sigh. “I hope I get to experience that mouth again.”

He licked at my lips, gathering them in soft kiss before pulling away to tuck himself into his pants and collapse onto the sofa just above my head. His fingers twisted through my hair petting me sweetly, while he enjoyed the hazy bliss of orgasm.

“Mouth or cunt?” Rohm turned to Marlowe and asked.

Marlowe's coffee-colored eyes searched mine, an arrogant smile appearing.

“After all the work I did? You think you honestly deserve this beautifully soaked masterpiece? Her pussy is a work of art that *I* worshipped into wet submission. I already laid claim to where I intend to bury my cock tonight. Sorry you moved too slow brother. Looks like you get Wilder’s sloppy seconds tonight.”

It was obscene. The way they discussed my body as if I wasn’t there. Like I had no say in where they placed their cocks. Even as I thought the words, Marlowe placed a hand on my knee, holding his condom covered cock in hand. He looked to me, eyebrows raised in question, before nodding toward my pussy. He wanted my consent. Despite the dirty words and the joking bravado between men, they wouldn’t do anything I wasn’t bought into a hundred percent.

“It’s not your first time, is it?” I teased, spreading my legs wider in invitation. “That hard cock of yours goes right into this hole.”

I walked two fingers down my belly, over my public bone and down my pussy, eventually shoving them inside me. Mocking Marlowe as I pressed in and pulled out of my soaked core. That contact already had my insides clenching. The need to come dialed up too high.

“You’re going to pay for that smart mouth of yours.” He laughed, pulling up my leg and landing a swat across the swell of my left ass cheek.

“That one likes to be spanked far too much for that swat to do anything more than turn her on even more.” Wilder’s entertained chuckle landed over my skin like dewdrops, teasing gooseflesh across my skin.

“She won’t be cheeky much longer.” Rohm said, straddling over my face, practically blotting out my ability to see with the vision of his balls swinging with each hard jerk of the cock he prepared for my mouth.

He pressed the mushroomed head of dick past my lips, swirling his hips as I drew him deeper into my mouth.

“Fuck, Journey, your mouth is...” Rohm fell forward, catching himself on the couch cushions, his nose mere inches from the pussy that Marlowe swirled his cock into.

“Lick that clit.” Marlowe ordered Rohm, who immediately snapped into action, rapidly flicking that turgid little bundle back and forth against the flat of his tongue.

Whatever celestial comparison there was to blinding white pleasure, that was where I’d been slingshot. I barely registered the stretch of my throat around Rohm’s cock as he eased himself slowly over my soft palate and into the top of my throat. Marlowe angled his dick up against the front wall of my pussy, bouncing slightly in search of my g-spot. Wilder’s long arm extended down the back of the sofa, inserting itself between Rohm’s body and mine, manhandling my breast and pinching the tit closest to him.

So many sensations. Overwhelmed with my pleasure my brain struggled to process the various stimuli. Every throb of my pulse delivered an intoxicating elixir straight into my brain that twisted three points of pleasure in on itself, over and again, spinning mercilessly out of control. One by one my sensations failed me. Robbed of sight, then of sound. No longer able to taste the battle of dual salty slicks coating tongue and throat or smell the pheromones and heady scents of sex hanging in the hair. My ears buzzed, no longer processing groans, grunts, and moans as individual sounds but twisting them tighter until only a hum of pleasure could be understood.

Deeper I fell down the rabbit hole of sin desperate to find salvation on the other side. Our four bodies grinding, thrashing, and throbbing. Desperate pleas hung from my lips, unable to be spoken. Though I didn’t know what I wanted to beg for. For more sin or a path to salvation.

“Babygirl.”

It was a command. *Yes, Wilder.* Anything he wanted.

“Fuck. Journey. Fuck.”

Rohm’s fierce grunts as his cock thickened and pulsed in my mouth. It was coming. He was about to come. I was ready

to take it all.

“Peach.”

A plea. Desperate to hang on, he wanted me to go over with him. Marlowe’s fingers pressed against my clit. Rolling the hood, scraping against the nerves, searching for the magic touch to bring me over with him.

“Now, Babygirl.” Wilder’s finger clamped down on my nipple, drawing a yelp buried deep beneath where Rohm’s cock silenced me.

It was all it took. The spark that lit the fuse to blow us all into the heavens. Rohm went first, unloading in wild spasms down my throat. His tongue fought with Marlowe’s fingers as the pair desperately tried to bring me over with them. Marlowe’s quiet keening as he fucked hard, shallow strokes, begging over and again for me to give him my come.

But I was already there. Sprinting toward the light, following right behind Rohm, detonating the moment his tongue and Marlowe’s fingers touched me concurrently. My hips launching off the sofa, pressing into Rohm’s mouth, catching the head of Marlowe’s dick and forcing it against my g-spot, pressing me higher still as we all tumbled back toward earth.

CHAPTER 10



WILDER



It wasn't supposed to be like this. For any of us. We'd had plans for when, or if, Journey Joy ever made a reappearance. They didn't include a wild round of fucking.

It was supposed to be about confrontation. Demanding answers. And finding out what it was about us that made her mom think we weren't worthy of her affections.

There was never any discussion of nights filled with orgasms so powerful they robbed you of sight and made your lips tingle with the strength of them. The three of us had no plan of action for carrying her warm body, hanging limp in a sexual haze, to her bedroom and gently wiping her down with a warm washcloth.

I wasn't supposed to be cooing in her ear, holding her close, and cradling her warm body against my own beneath her covers while she slowly returned back to earth. Marlowe and Rohm never discussed who would grab her a glass of water or search her drawers for a pair of pajamas. No. We weren't supposed to all be yanked into her orbit and forced to supplicate at the altar of her care.

"How'd I get in here?"

With sleep coating her voice, the timbre morphed from gravel to glass. It was so raw and throaty the sound stiffened my previously fully satisfied dick. The sound throwing me back to earlier at the club, her ass pinked from the paddle as I played with that pussy till she came screaming my name.

"I carried you." I told her.

The skin of her forehead was whisper soft beneath my lips. The exotic scent of her shampoo still lingering in her hair despite it being damp with sweat. Journey did not extricate herself from my lap, instead burrowing her head even deeper into the v between my neck and shoulder. She fit perfectly. So damn perfect. I wanted to keep her like that forever.

Wait. That fucking thinking had no place for what this was. A dirty foursome. One that brought us all an orgasm—or two in Journey’s case—and some kinky play time.

“This is nice.”

She sighed, arching her back and straightening out her legs, before snuggling once again into the cradle of my arms.

“It sure is Journey Joy.”

I heard Marlowe banging around in Journey’s kitchen as if he were preparing to count down the damn New Year. Our loft was a converted warehouse. Most of the time any ambient noise from just existing together never reached our private rooms.

“I’m not sure what exactly he’s doing in your kitchen.” I huffed in response to her startling in my arms. “I have some water right here for you, and pajamas when you’re ready.”

A pleased humming sound bubbled up her throat, but she stayed as she was.

“Once you’re dressed and settled, and I know you’ve had some water, I’ll grab Marlowe and Rohm and head out.”

Just saying the words felt off. This wasn’t our condo. Sure we all knew one another but she didn’t *know* us. Not as men. Despite what we did on her sofa, and the mini-scene at the club, there was too much history and not enough present tense to assume any kind of kinship.

“You don’t have to.”

I’d been so caught up in my own thoughts I nearly missed her invitation.

“Journey Joy, we’ve had a very interesting evening.”

“Exactly,” there was a smug smile on her face when she finally lifted her head to look at me. Those storm meet land eyes of hers coax tenderness from me with no effort at all. “I just found you. I want to talk.”

She pressed out of my embrace and collected the pajamas that were laid out next to us, heading toward her ensuite. We’d all seen her naked not more than twenty minutes previous. The blanket was the only item that provided her modesty. But yet, despite walking across the bedroom without a lick of clothes on, she closed the door to the bathroom so I wouldn’t see her using her toilet or putting on her jammies.

“What do you do for a living?” I asked, taking in her opulent bedroom.

“The furniture came with the house.” She called over the sound of water running. “It was turnkey. Replacing all the furniture seemed wasteful.”

That hadn’t answered my question. But based on the response, she must get the question a lot. Sure the room seemed a bit *magazine spread* for my personal taste, but it wasn’t ugly by any means. Dove gray and silvery blues, an oversized king bed laden with soft duvets and luxe blankets. But taking a longer glance at the space, there wasn’t a single thing that seemed personal. Not a picture, or a trinket, or even a jewelry box with discarded items strewn across a shelf. The room looked like a hotel with a guest who hadn’t bothered to unpack.

“That didn’t answer my question, Journey Joy.”

The ensuite door slid open, and she stepped out, her autumnal sunset hair on the top of her head in a messy bun, her nipples poking against the soft cotton of her tank top, and the matching jersey knit pants hanging off the expanse of her wide hips.

“I can tell you what I do, but you’re not going to understand it.”

“Try me.” I crossed my arms, leaning against her headboard.

“I’m a process consultant.”

She was right. I had no fucking clue. Clearly it paid well, though. She lived in the same building as her best friend, who was a fairly in demand corporate litigation attorney. From what Gideon had told us, she billed her clients by the hour what some of us made in a month. And none of us were hurting for money.

“Do you know Lean? Six Sigma? Continuous Improvement?”

“I’m familiar with the theories.”

Familiar in the sense that I’d heard them on infomercials regarding taking classes online to become certified.

“Large corporations bring me in to make suggestions on how they can better streamline and change their businesses.”

Offhand I wondered what her thoughts would be on expanding Quench. While it was probably different in most ways to the big corporate companies she worked with, maybe having a discerning eye not emotionally tied to the decision could prove helpful.

“Are you available for hire or do you get contracted? How does that work?”

She crawled back onto her bed. Instead of snuggling where she’d been, she took a seat at the foot of her bed, leaning against her footboard, facing me. She crossed her legs, drawing her knees as close to her chin as possible, and rest her head on her knees.

“Why? Do you need me to look over your processes?”
There was a flirty smile playing across her lips.

“Actually, yes.”

Marlowe knocked on the door, two bottles of water in his hand.

“How’s it going in here?” He asked, crossing the threshold and passing me a bottle.

“Where’s Rohm?” I asked.

“Franco called. So they’re unpacking the night’s security protocol.”

Franco was our head bouncer. Rohm took care of all the front of house and security teams. They’d run down whatever problems people or staff experienced each night and any problem people we’d have to keep an eye out for.

“Are you ready to take off?” Marlowe asked, his eyes roaming down Journey’s face and meandering slowly down the rest of her.

Witnessing him visually feasting on her as if he wanted a second go at her, should have raised my hackles. He’d already had his cock in her. Rohm and I only got to feel the warm expanse of her mouth and throat. Not that I was complaining. But if someone should take a look at her body as if he’d been tortured and starved for the last forty days, it was me. Or Rohm.

“I’d like you to stay.” Journey told him. “If you don’t feel comfortable being in here with me ...I have two more bedrooms—plus the sofa.”

Her lip disappeared between her teeth. With her head turned toward Marlowe, I couldn’t see what she looked like at that moment, but I could certainly imagine it.

“Sleepover at Journey’s house!”

Rohm burst through the door, taking a running leap into her bed. Fucking child. The guy had supersonic hearing and ninja like grace. Him landing belly flop style among her pillows and blankets yanked a surprised giggle from her lips. Damn. I could get used to hearing it.

CHAPTER 11



I'd had to spend a good ten minutes walking the length of Journey's balcony just trying to come back down to earth. What a night. Not just the sex. Though, hopefully we got to doing more of that soon. It was Journey. The three of us were in her condo.

After all the years that we discussed the possibility of seeing her again, here we were. And it was so much better than what we'd ever expected. Of course, in our wildest dream none of us would have ever thought we'd run into her again in a sex club.

"Must you be such a child." Wilder shoved my feet away from his with a chagrined huff, extricating himself from the bed.

"So are we doing this sleepover thing for real?" I asked, wiggling out of my jeans and tossing them over the side of the bed. "I call big spoon to Journey's little."

"I've got to check in with Malik." Wilder held up his phone, and pivoted out of the room before any of us could ask him why he'd be calling Malik at three in the morning on a Sunday. He handled all of our systems security, club alarms, cash systems, surveillance. Franco made no mention of any issues pertaining to any of our systems. But, whatever. If Wilder wanted to miss out on a chance to have Journey's ass pressed up against his cock that was his issue not mine.

"Can we share your bed, Peach?" Marlowe asked. "Don't be intimidated by Rohm's enthusiasm. If you don't want us in

here, we're perfectly happy taking the couch—or if you want us to leave entirely, we can. We just got you back. The last thing I want is to lose you.”

“Funny I just said the same thing to Thornton—I mean Wilder.”

God she was so cute when she blushed like that.

“Our secret.” I draped my arm around her shoulder and pulled her against me.

“How do we do this?” she laughed, looking at her king-sized bed, and back up at us. “And what do we do about Wilder?”

If he was going to be a dipshit and walk away from the chance to snuggle in with Journey, I didn't care what we did about him. But she had a strange pull on all of us, Wilder notwithstanding. And, clearly, he had a pull on her as well based on the sincere concern wrinkling her forehead.

“He'll find a place.” Marlowe ran his hand down the exposed skin of her shoulder and arm. “Why don't you get comfortable, and we'll fit ourselves around you.”

He and I were vibing. One in front one in back, Journey as the delicious cream center. Rather than settle in, she remained perched on her knees, that luscious ass of hers resting on her ankles. Marlowe took his sweet fucking time pulling off his shirt and pulling down his pants. I didn't realize I shared a house with Magic Fucking Mike.

Rather than stand there gaping at his *thunder down under*, I yanked back the covers and insinuated myself between the sheet and blanket, pulling Journey against my chest, and covering us both with her oversized comforter.

“I see you licking those lips Journey.” I nuzzled her pulse point with my lips, holding her chin so she couldn't look away from where Marlowe presently cupped his sack through his mid-thigh boxer briefs. “Are you going to taste Marlowe next? Do a comparison of the three of us? See whose taste you prefer?”

“Is that what you’re thinking Peach? You can have a taste any time you like.”

Marlowe stepped out of his briefs, showing the two of us just how hard he’d gotten simply from this brief exchange.

“You have carte blanche.” Marlowe continued. “Any time you want to taste, touch, explore, hug, cuddle. Whatever you need sweets, I’m here for you. Always.”

Journey opened her mouth, the sultry bend of her eyebrows suggesting it would be dirty. Except, instead of some come on, a super-sized yawn pushed through.

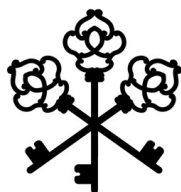
“It’s been a long night, little spoon.” She shivered when I nipped at her neck. That reaction made me want to lick, suck, nibble and bite every inch of it.

Marlowe slunk down into her covers, collecting the pillows on that side of the bed beneath his head and neck. Once settled he guided Journey to rest her head in the crook of his bicep, and her leg over his hip and thigh. *That motherfucker.* His cock had already gotten to explore those depths.

Not to be outdone, I traced along the dip of her shoulder with my tongue before affixing my teeth to the tendon. My hips aligned with the soft pillows of her ass. Despite having just come, my cock stirred to life on the realization that it lay gently between Journey’s pajama covered cheeks.

“Night, Peach.” Marlowe whispered, placing a sweet kiss on the tip of her nose.

She pressed herself against his chest, her arm snaking beneath his to wrap around his hip. I repeated the motion, collecting her against my body and holding her there.



WE MUST HAVE DOZED OFF MUCH FASTER THAN I THOUGHT WE would. Usually when we were at home, it would take the three of us hours to unwind after a Saturday night at the club. Typically the sun was just coming up when we all headed to our respective bedrooms.

I could hear Marlowe's quiet breathing from the other side of Journey, who still lay pressed against me, exactly as she'd been when we fell asleep. I didn't want to ruin the moment by turning over to look for my phone. Based on the hazy gray outside her windows, I figured it was around five.

Journey shifted in her sleep. The movement, ingratiated my stiff cock in the gap between the bottoms of her cheeks and the small gap in the top her thighs. My hips pumped into the space of their own accord.

Fighting against the moan that threatened to break between my bitten lips, I made every attempt to shift quietly disturbing no one. Except, the moment my hand went to her hip to hold her still, she stirred.

"mmmtimeisit?" She mumbled, her voice barely a whisper.

"Shh..." I whispered in her ear.

The hand that was on her hip traveled further up her body. My brain had given the directive to push her hair back so it wasn't in my face. My hands, unfortunately didn't listen to that memo. They went under her tank top, feeling the warm weight of her breasts, and the soft, flaccid skin of her nipples. I felt her start at the chill of my fingertips, then she melted against me. Pressing her body against mine, the back of her head resting in the crook of my neck.

"Dad fell asleep on the couch." I whispered against her ear, tickling my fingers down her belly. I hovered along the elastic, tracing along its circumference. The sentence hung in the air while I waited to see what she would do.

Earlier when we'd discussed our personal kinks and turn-ons she hadn't balked at the mention of it. In fact, she'd turned to us, with eyes wide with what I thought was interest. Curiosity, even. Hopefully I'd read her correctly.

The night before fucked me up. The lines had blurred between our previous history and an assumed intimacy that wasn't established yet. She wasn't mine. *Ours*. Not yet anyway. No matter if we were in the middle of a sleepover, laying naked in her bed.

"Red and I stop." I went to pull my hand out from under her pants and she stayed my hand.

"You shouldn't be in here." She said, pressing her ass against my cock, rolling her hips to insinuate me deeper between her cheeks. "If your dad catches us..."

The words fell off into a hushed squeak as my fingers returned to her pajama shorts, trailing further down to the beginning of her pubic hair.

"Is this cleaned up all nice and pretty for me?" I asked, running my fingernails through her landing strip. "Were you in the shower earlier, trimming and shaving your little pussy hoping I'd put my hand down your pants?"

"I shouldn't want you." She panted, trying to scissor her legs open.

Rather than press my fingers where I knew she wanted them, I explored her cleft, tickling along her lips, collecting her whole mons in my hand, and rotating my palm. I felt the bite of her nails as they left tiny half-moon impressions on my wrist. She held me still, rotating her hips counter to my movements, baring down against the base of my thumb.

"Were you touching yourself?" I asked, biting down on her neck as she continued to hump my hand. "You're awfully wet for someone who supposedly was asleep before I slipped into this bed with you. Does my sweet stepsister finger herself to dirty thoughts of me doing nasty things to her?"

A shiver rocketed up her body. I wanted more of them. I wanted to find every tawdry thing I could whisper in her ear to make sure she was always shivering in my arms. I pressed a finger into her heat, slowly teasing her inner walls with languorous strokes. With a single finger she gasped, but made no sound.

“Good girl.” I kissed her temple, feeling how much she loved those words, “you stay quiet so well.”

My mouth slid over hers, and I swallowed every mewl and gasp that would have come out when I gave her two more fingers. Her insides quivered against my fingers as I pressed them against every inner wall. My hips fucked against her pajama clad ass each time she retreated from fucking against the hand stimulating her inside and out. We were serpentine. Gyrate in a viscous motion of perversion and sexual depravity.

Each motion of her hips pushed her pajama bottoms even lower, rolling down over her ass and collecting at her thighs. Soon my uncovered cock, slid between her thighs, soaked in the desire that fell from her pussy in streaming rivulets. It wouldn't take much to press into her. One slight upward thrust, and I'd be balls deep in her wet heat. But we'd never discussed her comfort in bareback activities. Hopefully she had coverage in one of the nightstands.

“You definitely are keeping your promise not to wake up Dad. But... all this squirming around is going to wake up Marlowe. You wouldn't want to do that would you?”

Yes, she did very much. The walls of her pussy gripped at my fingers so hard I wondered if I'd be able to pull them out.

“You think Dad would be upset catching you with one of us, imagine what will happen when he finds out his perfect, pure little princess is in here getting double teamed by her stepbrothers. What a fall from grace for little miss sweet and innocent.”

I pressed down hard on her g-spot, thrusting my hand in and out of her, pressing against her needy clit until she exploded on a moan loud enough to wake the entire condo complex.

CHAPTER 12



“That definitely wasn’t quiet, you naughty girl.” I heard Rohm huff.

Journey wriggled beneath his ministrations, mewling as she rode out the stretching tendrils of her orgasm. And damn, watching it, even if I could barely make out her features in the soft haze of a slowly rising sun, had me stiff and ready to go. Rohm had her rucked up in such an enticingly pornographic way. Her tits pressed together and presented, being held by the length of Rohm’s forearm, her top pushed up to her neck. Her bottoms clung to her thighs, nearly at her knees, with Rohm’s other hand buried deep inside her pussy. Wet, squelching sounds from Rohm’s ministrations, Journey’s moans, Rohm’s encouraging rumbles, and the smell of sex hanging in the air. This scene was something I wanted to wake up to every night.

I pressed in closer, the tip of my cock pressing against where Rohm stroked Journey’s pussy through the final shudders of her orgasm.

“Now look what you did.” Rohm chided, with zero heat behind his words, “You woke up your brother. What are we going to do about that now? Especially after I told you to be quiet.”

“Maybe I need something to keep me quiet.” She challenged, catching my gaze and smirking.

“Condoms?” I whispered against her mouth, feeding her my tongue.

Ravenous. That was the only word to describe the way she bit at my lips, sucked at my tongue, before battling her way into my mouth. The kiss went on for an eternity. Both Rohm and I scissoring into her cleft, like a dirty see-saw. In and out we went. He would press I would withdraw, then I would press as he withdrew.

Journey's bedroom rang out with the tawdry sounds of our pleasure. Groans, moans, sighs, gasps, there was no telling where one began and another ended.

"Peach, I asked you a question." I reminded her, when I finally came up for air, and common sense returned for a brief respite.

"Top drawer." She panted, pressing against Rohm's retreating body, trying to keep his cock embedded between the lips of her pussy for as long as she could.

"As much as I want to feel your lips around my cock, I think that needy cunt needs something more."

Blindly I fumbled in the top drawer, refusing to disconnect our lips for the time it would take to turn and search. Thankfully, Journey appeared to be a fairly organized person. The condom packet tucked right at the front where they were quickly and easily accessible.

"You do the honors, Peach. First me, then him."

I rolled onto my back, fisting my cock as I went, spreading her warm juices down my shaft as I pumped. Rather than do as I instructed, she leaned over and swallowed my cock. Unfettered pleasure exploded from my taint, through my balls, and all the way up my spine, robbing me of sight and sound. No longer existing, I was pure sensation, desperate need, sizzling heat, and churning desire.

"Peach." Just that single word took too much effort. She smiled up at me, working my cock as she licked around my head with languorous strokes, taking the tip of her tongue and forcing it into my cockhole the moment our gazes connected.

"Such a fucking little cock tease."

I wrapped her hair around my fist, and tightened, holding her still while I pumped shallow strokes into her mouth. It took every ounce of strength I had not to thrust up into her and press against her soft palate. Though her bratty smirk made me want to test the limits of her gag reflex. Still, I held off. She pulled against my hand, increasing the tension and moaning so deep and low the vibration went straight to my balls.

I felt the bed shift, and saw Rohm reposition himself. His large, tanned fingers showing in stark contrast to the milky white skin of her ass. The moment his tongue connected with pussy, her whole body tensed, her throat opening even more than it had been. Without effort, she slid me into her throat, holding still while she took three large swallows that nearly had me blowing straight down her throat.

“Peach I’m not coming in your throat. There’s a condom right here that you’re damn sure going to put on my cock. I didn’t get enough of that sweet, tight hole earlier.”

“Lay off, brother. I haven’t gotten it at all, except with my tongue. I have dibs this time.”

He swiped a condom from where they lay between the three of us, tearing it open with his teeth, and rolling it on. He jerked his cock a couple times before lining himself up and pressing in on a low groan.

There was absolutely no way Wilder was sleeping through all of this. None of us were even attempting to stay quiet anymore. The harder Rohm fucked, the louder and longer Journey’s keening whines would go. Sometimes with her lips wrapped around my cock, and sometimes as she came up for air.

I fought against the erotic vibrations and sounded with every ounce of willpower I possessed. I wanted in that cunt and I would not settle for blowing in her mouth.

“Peach. Condom. Now.”

I pressed it into her hand. Her whole body shifted with each focused drive of Rohm’s cock. Despite getting railed

from behind, she balanced onto her elbows, ripped open the condom packet, and rolled it onto my cock.

We transitioned seamlessly from Journey taking only Rohm's cock, to rolling onto our sides and each fucking in and out of Journey in turns. With her lips tucked against my neck, and her breasts pressed against my chest, she held tight while we found a rhythm that worked for the three of us. My lips on the left side of her neck, and Rohm sucking on her right, she fit between us as if she'd always been there. As if we were designed to perfectly mold against one another like we were.

"Are you gonna come for us, Peach?" I asked her, rolling my hips to touch every nerve inside her warm wet.

"I don't think I can," she whined, panting against my ear.

The three of our damp bodies slid against one another. The heat between the three of us drew a sheen of sweat that covered all of us. Our scents mixed and hung in the air alongside the smell of sex.

"I think you can give me one more," Rohm told her, pressing his hand between our gyrating bodies. "One more and then we can all go to sleep. How does that sound?"

"We were asleep." Journey half groaned, "You woke me up."

"You're addicting," Rohm said, pressing into her as I pulled out. If we didn't speed this thing along I'd come before either of them. "I can't get enough of you. I lay here all night listening to you sleep, thinking about how well you sucked my cock. And I needed more. Now that I've been in this pussy, I don't know if I'll ever get enough of it."

Rohm's cock bounced against mine as he pulled out, to give me my turn. I assumed he wanted to feel her come, so I'd probably have to come solo anyway. I'd already fucked her through an orgasm, I told myself, it was only fair he got to also.

"Peach you feel too good. I'm gonna blow. Can you feel it? What you do to me?" I asked, feeling my cock thicken as

my cum started working its way up my shaft. “I can feel it, sweets. Here it comes.”

Three more long, focused thrusts, and I was a goner. Despite having come just hours before I came hard, waves of bliss curling my toes as I grit my teeth against the overload of pleasure.

“I’m never gonna get my fill, Peach. You’re too much.”

I’d barely softened, hardly got the words out, when Rohm was pulling her off me, and flipping her over so they could finish face to face.

“Ride me,” he told her, slapping at her ass. “I want to watch these tits bounce as you scream my name.”

She straddled his legs, and with him helping, she bounced up and down on his cock until the two of them were shouting their orgasms into the quiet night.

For long moments, no one said anything. Rohm lay panting against the headboard, Journey rested on top of him, his softening cock half in her pussy but retreating as he shrank. In her bathroom I found washcloths right next to the sink, ripped off my condom, threw it in the trash and took care of cleaning myself up before bringing her a washcloth.

“Let me get you cleaned up, sweets.” I said in response to her protesting whine.

I made quick work of rubbing her down, cleaning her folds, and removing what was left of her pajamas, placing them on the dresser. Naked beneath the sheet I covered her with, she burrowed into her blankets and fell backward into sleep with a sweet sigh.

“You still awake?” Rohm asked as her crawled back into bed after taking care of his cleanup.

“Yeah.” I turned toward him, running my hand tenderly across Journey’s sleeping face.

“This isn’t a one-time thing,” he said.

“I know.”

“How are we going to do this?” Rohm asked.

I knew what he meant. If both of us felt this intense about Journey after one hot night, how would we balance her with all of our needs?

“We see what happens and have no expectations,” I said.

Of course that was much easier said than done.

CHAPTER 13

Journey

The word 'Journey' is written in a decorative, blackletter-style font. The letter 'J' is large and ornate, with a floral flourish. The letter 'y' is also large and ornate, with a floral flourish. A butterfly is positioned below the 'y'. The word is flanked by floral motifs and a leafy branch with an arrow pointing to the right.

It still felt way too early for me to be awake. Especially after being fucked senseless for hours on end. And yet, despite having more orgasms in one night than I'd had with a penis in more than a year—I felt itchy. Not necessarily unsatisfied but definitely not fully sated. That alone boggled my mind. I felt as if I'd sat down at a buffet with a fork and knife and cleared its entire contents and yet despite my stomach bulging and insisting there was no more room for a single thing, I wanted to go back for another plate and load it up.

Rohm and Marlowe unlocked an anteroom that had the dirtiest fantasies unspooling in desperate need to be fulfilled. I never in a million years thought a stepbrother fantasy would have me clawing at a man with desperation. Somehow, Rohm knew just how to twist that kink. And now that I'd taken a long drink from that fountain, I wanted more.

The men on either side of me slept soundly. It had to be somewhere near mid-morning given the light spilling into the room. I stretched, trying to find the motivation to climb out of bed, when I realized that one person had never joined us.

Not that I could accurately tell since three of us had slept and had sex in the bed, but it definitely didn't look like he'd joined us at all last night. That was mitigation enough to slink my way to the end of the bed, so as not to disturb the other two, and go off in search of Wilder. I felt thoroughly debauched. The ache between my legs was delicious, reminding me of how well Rohm and Marlowe serviced my little lady. A glance in my bathroom mirror confirmed I looked

as debauched as I felt. Hair askew, bite marks on my breasts, hickeys on my neck, lips swollen, and eyes shining with the afterglow that only comes after an intense orgasm, or orgasms as with those two men.

Not bothering to do much else than smooth my hair into a bun, I grabbed my robe from the hook and headed out toward my living room. I heard the talking heads of a twenty-four-hour news channel quietly announcing the morning headlines. Wilder's prone form stretched across the corner of my sofa, one leg on the floor, one on the sofa. He cradled his cell phone on his hand, resting it against his chest.

He looked so peaceful. The ever-present scowl had relaxed off his face. All of the muscles of his face that were tense or ticking while awake, hung loose and smooth. It was as if those soft lips and smooth forehead called to my fingertips. It wasn't until I felt how soft his skin was I realized I caressed the lines between his eyebrows. He twitched at my touch but remained asleep. The stubble that had grown overnight called to my fingers like a mermaid on a rocky shore. I knew if I touched it, ran the pads of my fingers over its roughness, this little exploration would be over. But I couldn't help myself either.

I walked out to sea, testing the metaphorical depths. One soft brush against his cheek with my fingertip turned into a caress with my full palm. When he sighed and pressed into my hand, those full, pouty lips called to me. I needed to feel them against my own. There was nothing in my head telling me to pull off. We'd never discussed if this was within the boundaries of things he allowed. Some people didn't do mouth kisses. Especially in kink. They were too intimate. But after the night I'd had with them, seeing him out here, on my sofa, by himself, I couldn't help myself. The moment our lips touched, his hand came up and cupped my ass, pulling me onto the sofa.

“Don't stop now, Princess, finish what you started.”

“I'm sorry.” I traced the outline his lips with my nail.
“Once I started I couldn't stop.”

Wilder's hand slithered around the back of my neck, holding it in a soft caress as he pulled himself to sitting, holding me still so I remained cradled against his chest, my legs across his thighs, basket style. Once he'd re-situated us, he brought his mouth to mine, holding me in place while he explored my mouth.

"Toothpaste." He chuckled. "Not the taste I was expecting."

"After last night, I definitely needed to brush my teeth."

He pinched my ass, pulling a chuckle from me.

"How come you never came to bed?" I asked.

He directed my head against his chest. I went willingly, loving the way he cradled me. Relishing the soft tickle of his hand against my robe as he rubbed his hand up and down my back. I felt at peace. Which was strange given ten minutes ago I felt out of my skin with need.

"Work stuff," he told me. "There's a lot going on. I had to handle some things. I wanted to spend the rest of the night cuddling with you."

After a beat he added, "But the bed was awfully full, don't you think?"

"With you there it would have been just right."

I lay with him in the quiet, watching the news ticker on the television. I'd planned to make everyone breakfast. But listening to the soothing timbre of the BBC newscasters, feeling the strong warm arms of Wilder press me against him, was a much better option.

"Why are you watching the BBC?" I asked, unable to stem my curiosity.

"I enjoy hearing what other countries think about us." He shrugged, placing his lips against my hair.

"Why are you up so early?" he asked. "It's not even seven o'clock."

“If you’re still tired, I can entertain myself,” I told him, trying to scoot off his lap. “I didn’t mean to wake you. I was going to make you all breakfast, but you looked so sweet and cuddly on the sofa.”

My sentence trailed off. I didn’t know how exactly to explain what I felt. How my whole body felt a strange pull to touch him.

“If anyone is making breakfast around here—it will be one of us.”

His voice dropped into that timbre that Margaux used in the club. The one that said, *don’t you dare challenge me*. No sir, I will not. I’m too busy slurping up all the pheromones in my bloodstream.

He held me to him, insinuating a palm between my thighs and squeezed. It stilled my movement, but probably not for the reason he assumed. I wanted to spread my thighs, encourage his hand higher, feel him explore in the quiet morning with no distractions.

“How are you feeling today?” His eyes rounded, the cognac color deepening as he inspected my face while we talked.

I shrugged. There weren’t any words to describe how I felt. There were so many words that flew in a cacophony in my brain.

“Words, Princess. We don’t deal in gestures.”

“Jumbled.”

That was the one that came to mind right away.

“How so?”

He shifted on the sofa again. Twisting me so that I sat in his lap, my legs hanging on either side of his thighs. The deep v between his eyebrows reappeared, pulling the lines in his forehead into deep caverns of concern. Each time our eyes met, he’d tilt his head and regard me, as if just by staring at me he could winnow out every thought from my brain.

He manhandled me with such ease. Like lifting and readjusting a five-foot-nine, two-hundred-pound woman was child's play. He wasn't even breathing heavy. God. It was fucking hot if I was being totally honest with myself.

“I feel like I'm finding the right side up after a tornado.”

My brain desperately searched for the right words to explain it. There were so many complex layers. Such a complex dichotomy of emotions and feelings.

“Can you expand on that, Princess?” He pulled the corners of my robe together, tucking them between us, assumedly to protect my modesty. Though with all the things we'd done throughout the evening and into the early morning, him seeing my pussy didn't even rank on my list of potential concerns.

“I feel itchy,” I started, immediately reconsidering my word choice. “Like my body needs something but I can't put my finger on what I need. I feel like I'm invincible. As if I just leapt from a plane and I'm still drunk on the adrenaline. But I also have this need—indescribable really, but it makes me want to curl up and just wrap myself in a cocoon and burrow myself into the softest blankets and hide from the world.”

As I spoke, he nodded, rubbing soothing patterns up and down my legs.

“You experienced a lot of things you've never experienced before last night. Even without the power exchange aspects that would lead to some euphoria and the drop once the adrenaline left your body. Throw in some power exchange, and a lot of intense play with three new sexual partners, all of whom you have some previous, unresolved history with, and everything you're feeling is perfectly sensible. After we're done talking I'll make you some breakfast, and then a nice long soak in the bathtub. What do you think?”

I felt my body physically relaxing. I felt so much tension still in my muscles, like I'd been bracing for something. Sure, the men were essentially strangers to me in their adult form, but I trusted them to take care of me sexually, yet the moment Wilder asked me to share my thoughts, I felt—tense.

“What about physically? How are you feeling after last night? Are you sore?”

His hand trailed up my knee to rest on top of my robe at the top of my thigh.

“Definitely sore.” I huffed an embarrassed laugh.

“Princess,” his voice dropped into a soothing rumble, thick with concern. “Was Marlowe too rough with your most precious parts?”

He took hold of the corners of my robe, and opened them like a pair of theater curtains, exposing my pussy to his perusal.

“Look how puffy and swollen you are.”

His fingers scissored my lips, pressing them apart and exposing me in the most perverse way.

“This is all from our play here on the couch?”

Shock coated his voice, with an undertone of concern.

“Well.” My face burned with remembrances of what Rohm, Marlowe, and I had done under the cover of night.

“I guess I really missed out last night, falling asleep out on the couch.” Wilder’s eyebrow raised, morphing the softness of features back to the scowling, domineering man who I’d seen the night before. “If you were my little princess, you’d be over my knee right now for letting your stepbrothers play with that pussy without my permission.”

Stepbrothers. Wilder played their game too. The dark realization twisted deep in my core. An atom bomb of awareness detonated, filling me with twisted need as its aftershocks rippled through my nervous system.

“They did more than play,” I admitted, spreading my legs even wider to give him more access, “they both put their cocks in me.”

Both of his eyebrows shot up in surprise, concurrent with irises darkening with lust.

“That was very naughty.”

He had a Dom voice just like Margaux, and when he used it, my entire brain short-circuited. It was as if he poured liquid heat straight down my brainstem, sending it in a rush through every vein and nerve.

“Stand,” he commanded, and I practically fell off his knees scrambling to obey. “Take off your robe. Let me see what they did to you.”

Just as I untied my robe, and heard his thick, desire-weighted gasp, did I remember all the bite marks and hickeys.

“Journey Joy.”

My name caressed his tongue with such heat filled discipline, it turned my muscles into jelly. They acted of their own accord, desperate to melt into the floor and plant me, in supplication, at his feet. Instead, he leaned me over his lap, his hand gathering the flesh of my ass in his hand.

“Color?” I asked.

“Green.” It wasn’t more than a sigh.

“You know what to do if it becomes too much?”

I nodded, remembering he wanted words, “Yes, sir.”

“We’ll go to twenty. You’ll count them for me.”

The first five were only brief, glancing blows. I barely felt them, but the mere action of being across Wilder’s lap, with his hand on my ass had me breathless and lightheaded. I felt a wave of peace wash over me that took away that itchy, out of my skin feeling, and settled me into just me and him and the delicious heat on my ass.

“Would you just look at this poor abused pussy?” He tsked while caressing my lips, tickling through my pubic hair with his nails. “You need to take better care of this cunny Journey Joy. Do you know why?”

I didn’t know why. What I knew was that my butt cheeks pulsed with a heat that made me feel loose and floaty, and the way Wilder’s fingers tickled my pussy had me desperate to spread my legs and beg him to touch my throbbing clit.

I shook my head, resting it on his knee. Falling deeper into the calming peace his soothing voice and firm hand lead me into.

“Words, Journey Joy.” He pressed a single finger between my lips, running it through my slit. “Hmmm looks the three cocks my Princess took in her precious cunny didn’t affect her nearly as much as I worried they would based on how wet you are.”

He added two more fingers between my slit, making large sweeps passing up to my clit and back down. I’d been lulled so deep into those sensations, that I didn’t even notice his first innocuous swipe across my asshole. It was the hum of approval that brought me back up to full consciousness, aware enough to feel that questing press the second time. So much so that I jumped with a shudder.

“No one’s ever played here before?” He asked, surprise coloring his voice.

“Don’t sound so surprised,” I mumbled, barely able to form words.

“Delighted.” He corrected. “That will be for another day.”

The weighted promise sent a second shiver through me.

“With three men, Princess, this will become part of your regular rotation.”

He circled there again, dragging the tip of his thumb across the wrinkle. Every caress wrapped in the weight of his words grabbed hold of my psyche and dragged it deeper into the cavern of depravity. Behind my eyes I pictured the seductive words he promised. How they’d prep me. Maybe Wilder would bend me over just as I was, tell me what I good girl I was while pressing a plug into my ass. Cajoling me to hang on a little bit longer. To push past the painful widening until it came to rest seated deep in my asshole.

I’d read plenty of books and wondered offhand what it would feel like. And now, as I lay across the thick legs of the man who spanked and caressed my ass as if his name were

tattooed on it—I imagined him owning every part, including the hole his finger traced.

“You’re loving it, aren’t you Journey Joy? You’re wiggling so much you’ve soaked my leg. All of this juice spilling out of you like it’s a broken faucet with no off switch. Do you need a cock in here? My insatiable little minx, are you already desperate for another cock?”

With his thumb still pressed against my asshole, he pushed his fingers into my soaked pussy. In and out, over and again while his thumb rubbed in circles, occasionally pressing hard enough to breach the first ring of muscle only to remove it and start the maddening process all over again.

“Do you want to take a ride on Daddy’s cock, sweet thing? It’s so hard right now. I spent all night wondering what you felt like. Secretly hating that Marlowe was the only one who got to be inside of you. And now I find out I’m the last to be inside you? You do not know how badly I want to punish you for forcing me to take the sloppy leftovers.”

“Stand.” He gently tapped my ass, waking me from my haze. “You’re gonna give your Daddy everything you gave those two.”

I stood, mesmerized as he extricated a condom from his pocket before unzipping his pants and pushing them to his knees.

“Well, your highness. Here’s your throne. Mount it.”

He wiggled his condom covered dick in a circle, as if I were a bull and he a matador.

I climbed onto his thighs, and before I could even brace myself on his shoulders, he impaled me in one firm thrust that had me moaning and nearly whiting out with the bliss of being filled and stretched even after a night of being filled and stretched. The delicious pain melted with the toe-curling pleasure, dropping me right off the cliff into the floaty, soaring feeling of the last moments of pre-orgasmic climb. I was already nearly there, after a few pumps of his fingers in my pussy and a little asshole play.

“I knew it.” He moaned, bouncing me roughly on his cock. “I knew your pussy would be heaven. Fuck. Journey. Fuck.”

He wrapped his arms around my middle and forced me down onto his cock with firm yanks on my core. I felt his cock pressing deep in my core. The tip of him repeatedly hit against my g-spot with focused pressure. With just a few more strokes I was going to detonate and I feared I’d shatter into a million pieces.

“Give it to me baby,” Wilder cajoled. “I want it. All for me. Come just for me, like a good girl.”

That’s all it took. Like a key pressed into a secret lock in my antechamber of desire, those two words were the spark that set me ablaze.

“Yes,” Wilder hissed.

Grabbing onto the fleshiest part of my hips like a pair of handlebars, he pushed me back and forth against his groin, drawing out my orgasm and reducing me to a groaning, shaking mess. I felt the heat of him, his cock jerking violently inside of me as his orgasm crested.

Wilder’s kisses littered my face like raindrops, slowly bringing me back down after losing myself to hyperspace. He carried us, cock still buried inside of me, down the hall to my guest bathroom. After settling me on the counter, he pulled out of me, yanked the condom off and tossed it in the trash can, before turning to the oversized tub and filling it with fragrant bubble bath. While waiting for it to fill, he ran his fingers through my tangled hair and pressed kisses to my temples and head.

“Good?” he asked.

“Mmmhmm.” I smiled up at him, accepting another kiss.

“You really are the best girl.” Gooseflesh broke out across my skin as a result of his fingers taking a languorous path down my spine. “I’m going to have so much fun collecting your pleasure and feeding it back to you.”

I loved the sound of that.

CHAPTER 14



WILDER



Journey's soft humming floated through the hallway, wrapping around the three of us seated at the kitchen table. It was so domestic. Us having coffee and breakfast, Rohm watching something on his phone, and Marlowe and I trying to still come down from the high of spending the night with Journey.

"Are you sure we shouldn't bring her something to eat?" Marlowe asked for the third time. "She's been in there for a while. It feels wrong to be eating without her."

"I asked her if she wanted something to eat when I put her in the tub, and she declined. Rohm asked again while I made breakfast and she declined again. Ten minutes ago you brought her a cup of coffee and a bagel, which she refused, wanting to just enjoy the water. She'll come get breakfast when she's ready."

"So what do we do now?" Rohm asked, setting aside his phone. "I like, don't want to leave. I know we need to. If for nothing else than to get clean clothes. But I want to dive into a Journey pool and sample everything. Experience everything—all at once."

Marlowe and I both nodded in agreement. We all felt the same way. Absolutely turned upside down from our evening. Well, and our morning.

"We need to give her some space."

Marlowe pulled me out of my remembrances of how easily she followed me into Daddy space. The way she lay across my

lap, immediately going there the moment my hand came in contact with her ass. There were so many things I wanted to do to her. So much pleasure I wanted to exact from her body.

“For the day, yes. Space as in us not being in her life—no. We need to see where this goes. I feel connected to her in a way I’ve never experienced. And the last thing I want to fucking do is give it *space*.”

The suggestion set my teeth grinding. Rohm and Marlowe were mirrors of surprise, staring at me as I admitted how connected to her I felt already.

“Good thing I meant, *for the day*.” Marlowe enunciated every word like English wasn’t my first language and I needed him to slow down so I could understand. It made me want to punch him.

“Maybe she’ll want to come back to our place?” Rohm asked, unable to hide the hopeful edge in his voice. “Or we could take her on a date.”

I nodded, running my hand across my lips. I still could sense the ghost of her lips, her breath mingling with mine, the heated kisses we shared as she came for me like a good girl. Just thinking about it made me hard all over again.

“I don’t want this thing to just be about sex. We rode her too fucking hard. I’m worried about how much she’s going to hurt tomorrow.”

Rohm and Marlowe huffed at me in tandem. Whatever. I had every right to worry. It wasn’t about the size of our cocks—I wasn’t worried because any of us resembled horses, giants, or anything oversized or well-endowed. We simply were very active in our sexual encounters, and all of that friction times three is bound to lead to a sore cunny.

“Did you know she’s some kind of fancy consultant?” I asked the two of them. “Huge companies hire her to look at their processes to see where perhaps they can streamline. Maybe we should show her the plans for the new bar. Having an outside opinion might help us decide.”

I didn't want to break the contented bubble we all existed in, but also didn't want to miss the opportunity. Maybe running into Journey was kismet in more than one way. Perhaps her expertise is exactly what we needed.

"Wilder..." Rohm sighed.

That fucking sigh. It was the same way he'd said my name the day before. Like he tolerated my ideas but didn't respect my opinion.

"Don't" I ground out.

"Don't what?" he asked. "Speak the truth? Try to avoid having a repeat of the same argument we keep having repeatedly because you keep deafening your ears to anything we have to say? You forget we know you better than anyone, Wilder. And our concerns are genuine."

"Concerns over what?" Journey's appearance in the kitchen startled all three of us. "That someone lost my expensive lingerie and I'm holding you all personally responsible for it?"

She looked at me first. Not to Rohm or Marlowe, but me. Her soft smile, and the concern in her sky and moss eyes were for me. Directed at me, and me alone. Like that didn't stiffen my spine and cause me to preen.

I extended my hand to her, inviting her to join us, and in two brisk strides, she was in my arms, and on my lap. There were four other chairs at her kitchen table. Yet the moment I offered her a place with me, she jumped at the opportunity. I didn't miss the looks that Rohm and Marlowe shot in my direction, nor did I bother to smother my triumphant smile.

"I'm sure Rohm feels terrible that he lost your panties," I joked, pressing my foot against his calf.

"Maybe you should feel terrible that it was your tantrum that forced us all to be escorted up to Margaux's room."

"Oh shit!" Journey rocketed out of my chair and stormed out of the room in search of something. "Margaux! I was supposed to text her last night and tell her I was alive."

“She’s fine, Princess,” I called to her over my shoulder, hearing her feet slap against the hardwood, I assumed heading toward her bedroom. “When she didn’t hear from you, she blew up my phone with threats of physical violence including castration. Though if you intended to keep our dalliance a secret, that cat has been let out of the bag. As I told her you were so blissed out from all the ways we made you come it would be a while before you could provide her with proof of life.”

She returned to the kitchen, cell phone in hand, her fingers flying across her keyboard with lightning speed.

“Can I take you somewhere today, Journey Joy?” I asked, ignoring the gaping-mouthed stares from my partners. “I’d like to get your professional opinion but think it would be easiest to show you rather than try to explain it. Unless—you’re busy. I don’t want to encroach on your weekend.”

She wrapped up the text and placed her phone on the table to look at the three of us.

“Just you?”

“They can come too if it makes you more comfortable. We’re thinking about expanding Quench. And we’re trying to decide between two options. I’d like to present you with the options, show you the financials, and get your opinion as a consultant. I can pay you for your time, of course. I don’t expect you to do it for free. But it’s a pressing issue because our realtor has an option for us that has quite a few interested buyers and he wants us to move on it ASAP.”

CHAPTER 15



In the end Rohm went back to our house to take care of a few things and get a workout in, and Wilder and I took Journey to Quench to show her our plans. There was a lightness to Wilder that I'd not seen before. He was smiling, opening doors, chatting, and bantering like he was auditioning for the starring role in the next theater rom-com. If I didn't know any better, I'd say that Wilder was catching feelings for Journey.

Not that I had a leg to stand on. While we took Journey on a tour of Quench, I searched for reasons to insinuate myself into the conversation to keep things even between how much Wilder shared about our business and how much I did. Sure I was just the numbers guy but that didn't mean I didn't understand concepts and branding.

"Do you know that Margaux and I have been here a few times?" Journey told us as we climbed the back stairs from the light and south booth to the executive suites.

"Have you now?" Wilder's voice rumbled with interest. I saw a few text messages being sent off to Margaux at some point.

"When's the first time you came dancing with her?" I asked, curious how long Margaux has been scheming to get us together.

"Probably a week after the big power outage. After she'd figured out her feelings with her men, and she was floating on a cloud of constant bliss from being railed by the three of them day and night."

Wilder opened the door for her to step through, catching her chin as she passed by.

“And are you?” He hummed as he nuzzled down her cheek to her ear. “Floating on a cloud of bliss from being railed by three men?”

The most precious flush sprouted across her cheeks and up to the tips of her ears. Rather than give her an out and hurry them along inside, I pressed up against her side, essentially caging her in. Neither of us the delightful shiver from her, either.

“Peach, does that blush mean that you *aren't* floating on a cloud of bliss? I thought I heard the two of you engaging in round three this morning. Did I mishear?”

She turned to look at me, mouth agape, as if I'd suggested she strip and bend over the handrail.

“Or maybe Wilder couldn't satisfy you, so you had to take matters into your hand with some porn and your lady toys.”

“Guys, there are people, right there, cleaning the floors. They'll hear you.”

Her panicked whisper had Wilder and I both fighting to contain our laughter. Given they were waxing the floors below us, there was no chance they heard us. But even if they did, good. The universe could know the three of us fucked her senseless.

“Do Marlowe and I need to spread you over a desk and eat you for lunch?” Wilder asked as he stepped away from the doorway allowing both of us to pass inside.

“I am getting kind of hungry,” I admit. “Wilder cooked us breakfast this morning, and he's a shit cook.”

“He said I wasn't allowed to cook for you.” She shrugged at me. “If you're still hungry, blame him. I'm an awesome cook and I was fully prepared to wow you with my culinary prowess.”

“I don't doubt you can whip a cream into a frothy delicacy, or really work a baguette...but I just prefer to showcase your

talents on *another* type of meat.” Wilder wagged his eyebrows at her, earning a chagrined huff and a slap across his bicep.

“Careful Princess,” he teased, pulling her into his lap, as he took a seat in his executive chair, “there are plenty of implements within my reach to redden that delectable ass of yours.”

“Except,” she purred, shifting in his seat so she could face his computer, “if you do that we’ll get distracted into any number of tawdry scenes and whatever it is you need my help on with the urgency to bring us all down here on a Sunday—will be forgotten as we succumb to baser pleasures.”

Game. Set. Match.

I whistled long and low. Not wanting to poke the bear after he’d just been bested.

“If you’ll look over here,” I pointed a remote toward the ceiling where a projection screen lowered into view. “We can show you what the plan was for expansion. To give you a brief rundown before we dive into schematics and financial obligations, overhead, and all of those things, I’ll walk you through options one and two. Expanding the current club or purchasing a second location. We won’t tell you which way we’re leaning or if we all are leaning the same way. I think Wilder wanted to bring you in to get an unbiased outside opinion on which appears to be the better business decision.”

I walked her through the plans to blow out the western wall of the club, build through the alley and take half of the warehouse we presently lived. Our original thought had been to divide it almost like one would with a duplex. Half the warehouse would become a part of the club and the other—behind a double reinforced wall of concrete, would become our new home.

“This plan wouldn’t really require new capital, as we’d be selling a portion of our own home to the business, so the business would pay us personally for the purchase of the subdivided property. Obviously, there would be the costs of

construction and expansion, but compared to purchasing a new warehouse and converting.”

“Most of the detraction from this plan would be personal inconvenience,” Wilder continued for me. “Losing some of our spaces within the house. Our bedrooms would have to obviously change in size, we’d have to reorient our playroom and figure out how much space we want to sacrifice from other areas in order to continue to have access to a private playroom at our home. And of course noise pollution will be a tremendous risk. Most of us spend the evenings at Quench anyway but if we had a night off, or if we wanted to have some intimate time with you—for example—how much of a distraction would pulsing club music be?”

Journey stared at the screen, thoughtfully running a pen across her lips as she took in the plans, costs, and timelines. Her full attention was focused on the details Wilder continued to provide to her, asking thoughtful questions occasionally when he brought up something she apparently deemed necessary to explore further.

“What if you used the whole warehouse then?” She asked, in reply to something Wilder told her I apparently missed. “Even if you don’t use it all right away—you could have the whole space outfitted and converted to commercial once again to prepare for a time when you might need the extra space.”

“Where would we live?” I asked her.

The moment I asked the question, a scene passed through my mind unbidden. One in which we all lived with her, at her condo. The three of us all waking up with Journey every day, having her cook us fucking breakfast, having her to come home to after a long day of work, or to text dirty suggestions to throughout the day. All that domestic shit I never thought I’d be interested in, seemed just within reach every time I looked over at Journey.

“You could probably secure a conventional loan on a house or whatever type of home you wanted, with a lower interest rate than buying a new commercial space. So if you sold this home, which my guess is has appreciated in value

significantly since you bought it—you sell it to the company and take the profits from the appreciation to secure a new place.”

Except the plan had been to simply transfer the ownership to keep the costs low to lessen the risk. Taking on more debt meant less solvency and instability if things at the club went south.

“The other option,” Wilder continued, “Was to expand to a second club in the south loop. Away from this club. Since this one is already popular with the northsiders if we have a second location on the opposite side of the city we’re hitting dual markets.”

“But,” I interjected, “We’d be spreading ourselves really thin.”

“Can I see the second property?” Journey asked.

I think Journey seeing the other property had been Wilder’s plan all along. The three of us collected our things and piled into Wilder’s car, off to the warehouse on the Southside.

CHAPTER 16

Journey

The word 'Journey' is written in a decorative, blackletter-style font. The letter 'J' is particularly ornate, featuring a large, intricate floral design. The letter 'y' also has a decorative flourish. Below the word, there is a horizontal line with a central butterfly and leafy branches extending outwards.

I had the craziest idea, but I couldn't put voice to it. Not yet. It was too fucking soon for me to even be thinking such ridiculous thoughts. Yet the more I rolled over the numbers and thought about the costs and benefits the more it felt *right*. My gut told me I needed to jump. I'd spent years looking at companies and helping CEOs decide the wisest business moves. I'd encouraged them to hold pat, to alter their plans and scale them back to match their growth trajectory and encouraged some to take a deep breath and leap off that mountain. My instincts had never led me astray. Ever. It was why massive companies asked me to consult.

There were few positives of having a mother who went through men like toilet paper and a childhood rife with instability. It equipped me with the ability to examine and determine risk early in my life. Was her new boyfriend safe? Would he be able to provide for us? Did the house we moved into match the persona, the car, and the way he acted among friends? Was he all show? There were some men who pretended to be successful men of means, but really their houses were barely furnished and the phone never stopped ringing with debt collectors. And there were others who were humble about whatever successes they had and you would assume they were normal salt of the earth, middle-class men.

My childhood taught me to tune in to subtleties in people's personalities. To hear the shift in their voices, or how they carried themselves. As I got older, I could find the holes in financials that said they were borrowing too much or trying to cover for poor financial decisions. I'd been working my ass off

since college. I held down three of four jobs depending on the semester all throughout college to make sure I had enough to cover rent, food, books—whatever things weren't part of my scholarship. I'd learned too early that the only person I could depend on was me. And, knowing that, and knowing I was the only one who would keep me afloat—I worked hard so I never let myself down.

The guys had a solid business plan. They were more than liquid. They could easily buy three more clubs if they wanted to expand but I understood Marlowe's worry about spreading themselves too thin. Honestly, I wanted to know what all of them thought—take a litmus to see where they all were before I threw my idea into the thick of it.

Sure, we all had history, but that history was ancient. None of them knew me as Journey the businesswoman or even Journey the adult.

“I understand *Candyman* was filmed here.” I said as he showed me the bathroom where some infamous scene took place, “But are there really enough people in Chicago that would understand the reference or care that this was where it was filmed? Not a criticism. Just a question.”

I told Marlowe and Wilder as we toured the factory. Wilder took us from area to area, pointing out all the selling points, painting his vision for us. Marlowe tried so hard to keep it a blind presentation so I wouldn't feel pressured over who I'd be letting down but Wilder made it so easy to ferret out which way he wanted to leap. He leaned against the door to the restroom we stood in, arms crossed, that scowly V reappearing between his eyebrows.

“Think of all the movies that have been filmed here.” I continued. “Do people go into the Smurfit Stone building just because *Adventures and Babysitting* had an infamous scene there? Or do they drive past the *Home Alone* house just because *Home Alone* was filmed there? I think there's a difference between a ‘oh hey did you know xyz was filmed here.’ And actually having a business you're creating a business plan that is based solely around the hope that people will find that cool.”

With each room we exited the pair jockeyed to be the person who put their hand on my back and led me out of the room. A gal could get used to all of the attention. Feel the two of them, absorbing their presence was an aphrodisiac on its own before they showed me their big brains and sharp business acumen.

“I’d like to have meetings with each of you individually.”

“If you want us to take you on a date, you just need to ask Princess. I’m sure we’re all more than happy to oblige.”

Wilder crowed me against his SUV, running his nose down my pulse point. I felt as if I’d been strung on a live electric wire, and every time one of them came close to me, it pushed me against that electric current. We’d all had sex multiple times throughout the night, yet I was desperate to experience *more*. Lots more in so many different scenarios.

“We can certainly couch them within a dinner date.” I pressed my palm to his chest, loving how warm he felt beneath his t-shirt. “But I want to hear your thoughts about your business. Each of your thoughts about your business.”

“Couldn’t we just tell you that over dinner together—with the three of us.”

“Perhaps. But the intimacy of a one-on-one dinner provides the distance needed for each person to speak frankly without fear of repercussion.”

Both of them slid into the car and buckled their seatbelts, looking like twin mirrors of focused consideration.

“When does the realtor need to know?” I asked Wilder as he started his car.

“As soon as possible.”

“What’s the real timeline?” I raised an eyebrow in challenge. It didn’t intimate him. In fact, he raised his in response to mine.

“Not sure. The property has been sitting for a while and the seller wants to cut a deal just to get it offloaded from his

portfolio. So our realtor wants to strike while he's still pissed off and desperate to get rid of it."

"Okay, I nodded, pulling at my lips. "By Thursday I'd like to have gone on a date with each of you. That gives me one of you every night this week, without taking you away from your busiest nights."

CHAPTER 17



I loved the idea that we each got to take out Journey on our own. Sure, getting business advice was great and all, but all of us agreed we wanted to court Journey old school. Just like this. Take her on dates. Show her who we were individually. Put our best foot forward hoping maybe she'd want us as her lovers—like Margaux had Gideon, Lazlo, and Dax.

When I planned our “date” I kept mine low-key. After our original play date, we'd planned to take her to the Sock Hop but those plans got foiled by lack of panties and public-appropriate outfits. Not tonight.

“Hi!” She pressed through the revolving door into the restaurant.

God, she was so pretty. She wore her hair down, curling in huge ringlets around her shoulders. I hadn't seen her since Sunday, and even though it was only Tuesday it felt like an eternity. We were all part of a group chat and we'd been throwing barbs over our baseball alliances, but nothing too deep and meaningful.

She wore a green satin top and a closely tailored gray skirt that gave me the dirtiest fucking fantasies of taking her in an office while putting Wilder and Marlowe on speakerphone. She'd take my dick out from underneath Wilder's ridiculous wood desk, I'd sit splayed in his leather executive chair, and narrate to them every ball-twisting second of what she did to me.

“You look beautiful,” I told her as pressed into my embrace.

The apples of her cheeks pinkened at the compliment, her mouth going soft with a sweet smile.

“I had a meeting with a potential new client today. It’s been so long since I’ve had to be on my “A” game like that.”

“Do you think you’ll get the business?”

“It depends.” She smiled her thanks at the waiter that set a glass of water down in front of her, grabbing the menu that was tucked among the condiments and perusing it while she simultaneously carried on our conversation and pressed her straw it of its paper contents.

“Sometimes people don’t want to hear the truth.” She continued. “I can give them all the facts and figures in the world and support my own conclusions and reasons for what my suggestions for improvement are—but if they are hoping to gain something specific that goes counter to my suggestions there’s nothing, I can do about that. People don’t like to hear advice that conflicts with *wants* versus *needs*.”

“I feel like that is a foreshadowing.” I laughed, unable to take my eyes off her.

She shrugged, wrapping her lips around her straw, and taking a long pull. *Fuck*. We were supposed to be acting professionally and discussing the club, but now that I’d put that blowjob fantasy out there, it was the only thing I could think of. Especially with her made-for-sinning red lipstick she had on at that moment. It would look beautiful against my cock.

“I could see at least one of you feeling that way.”

Was that a hint? Did she already decide and was doing this to make it appear as if she’d done her due diligence?

“Which one of us?”

“I don’t know.” She laughed, throwing her head back. “I can tell though that each of you has a different opinion on the next steps for your club. It’s obviously exceeding successful.

You've done so well for yourselves. Just hearing the brief rundown that Marlowe gave me about your solvency yesterday, I'm blown away at how quickly you did it."

"We live cheap," I told her, accepting my burger from the waiter. "When we bought the warehouse it was a shithole. A long time ago, it was a steel mill. Then as the steel industry moved out of the city—the warehouse because of all kinds of things. But then it just sat empty. We got it for a song, did a lot of the remodel work ourselves, and having it next door to the club cuts down on commute time, cost to park, cost of gas. All those things add up."

"What made you guys decide to go into business together?"

"Gosh. It's been forever since I thought about our origin story."

She laughed at my nerdy comic book reference and damn that lit me up. That I could just be who I was, without artifice. I didn't want to get ahead of myself, but I hoped she was as interested in pursuing a relationship as the three of us were.

"As you know we frequently played together at Club Sin. There was a woman, named Peony—not her real name—that kind of united us together as a unit. We realized we had this strange synergy. We fed off one another and the three of us found so much sexual satisfaction when we worked as a trio. One night, we just started talking about our goals. Wilder's dad owns a bunch of tattoo shops—maybe you remember maybe you don't."

I didn't know what six-year-old Journey picked up and kept stored in her filming cabinet of memories.

"He and Wilder weren't getting along at that point. There was some tension between them as Wilder worked through his abandonment issues. Anyway, Wilder ended up with seed money to start a business. Not a bankroll mind you, it was about a hundred grand. But it was Wilder who wanted to have a nightclub. Well technically he originally wanted a gentleman's club. Like leather chairs and scotch, secret handshakes, and shit. But he didn't know the right people to

get that off the ground. A club like that you need connections and clout. Instead, we decided that being so close to the college campuses a nightclub would probably do really well. So we started planning it, talking about what it would look like, how we would advertise, and I tell you—it feels like an overnight success sometimes.”

I hadn't realized she'd opened a portfolio kind of notebook to her right and scribbled notes as we talked. I forgot it was supposed to be a “business meeting” not a date.

“Do you remember anything about us?” I asked.

The question had been rattling around in my head since Saturday. But I'd been too chickenshit to ask because I was afraid of the answer. To learn that she meant more to us than we did her.

“Bits and pieces.” She leaned back, crossing her legs under the table, and mirroring the action with her arms. “I remember always feeling safe with Thornton. No matter what we did—whatever silly adventure I took him on—I always felt like he was there, behind me, to make sure I never fell. He used to actually spend time with me, whether it was playing tea party, barbies, watching a million stupid movies. Even when his friends would make fun of him and call him a pansy and nickname him Ken doll—he put me over his friends. As a kid, you don't think in those kinds of complex thoughts, obviously. But I remember that every time he had to choose between his friends and me, he chose me, every single time.”

It was great she remembered so much about Wilder. I didn't want to be a prick and rush her through her memories, but what I'd really wanted to know was if she thought about me.

“I cried when my mom made us leave Keats and Wilder. I loved Keats like he was my dad. The memory of leaving that house is probably the most vivid memory I have when I think back.

“There are other memories too. Between Wilder and his dad and you and yours. There were other men. Ones with no kids and leery smiles. Some were nice. Most liked to stick me

in a bedroom with a set of headphones so they could fuck my mom and make her moan. I was just something to be tolerated. An obstacle they had to get through to get to my mom.”

Like that didn't twist my insides. Here I was feeling sorry for myself and wondering if I mattered, and yet Journey spent her whole life getting treated as if she wasn't the best fucking woman on the planet.

“I remember your Mustang.” She played with a French fry on her plate, flipping it back and forth against her plate. “It was a deep midnight blue with a white stripe. And made a rumbling noise when it came up the driveway.”

“It was the best fucking car,” I agreed. “I should get another one.”

“You gave up your room for me because I was scared,” she continued. “I'd only slept in that room a single day, and the first morning I was at the table with a plate of pancakes and your dad asked me how I slept. I tried to be brave, and not be a bother like my mom told me, but the second your dad caressed my head and asked me what was wrong—I remember trying so hard to hold in my tears.”

“Having the attic was actually so much better for a horny teenager. You do not know how much I jerked off in a day—and having the privacy of being an extra floor up, and the benefit of creaking stairs—it was a godsend.”

That got a laugh out of her at least.

“Marlowe was different,” she said. “He and I were nearly the same age. With a lot of horny kid hormones. I wanted him to be my first kiss. I used to dream about it. Totally inappropriate, I know.”

She rolled her eyes, her face flushed a deep cranberry.

“The last night we were together, we watched an r rated movie that had a lot of nudity and sex in it. He'd popped a stiffy ten minutes into the movie and I remember wondering, silently hoping if he'd ask me to touch it.”

The thought of the two of them was making *me* hard. No wonder Marlowe loved that fantasy so much. I didn't want to

break his confidence. I'd let him tell her all the scenes we'd been in where he'd make out with a girl and ask her to cradle his cock and jerk him off. He loved to coo in their ears and tell them what a good job they were doing. To teach them how he liked it.

If Journey stuck around with us, I was sure he'd be re-enacting that fantasy. *If*. There was that uncertainty again. I didn't want to exist in that halfway space.

"I know we're here for a business meeting, but I need to know something."

While I tried to gather the words I wanted to say, she pushed her plate to the center of the table, dabbing her fucking lips with the paper napkin like she was a dainty lady in a five star restaurant. Shit. She made me hard without even trying. Without even knowing.

"We're all really interested in seeing where this goes with us," I began. "All three of us. We want what Margaux has. To be in a polyam relationship. With you. I know we just barely scratched the surface, and most of it was housed in the sphere of *play* but fuck Journey...you fit between us like you've always been what we waited for."

I studied her face like a damn Rembrandt. Desperate for any clue in a flutter of an eyelid, or a dip in her lips to see how she'd react. Instead of responding to what I said, she asked me, "If you were the final word on Quench's expansion, what would you do?"

I hadn't expected to switch between relationship and business discussions at that very moment, but I'd been prepared to answer that question when Wilder and Marlowe asked.

"I don't think we should do either, to be honest. I know we're beyond capacity every night but there's no guarantee that stays consistent forever. It could just be a blip. And we're already spread too thin. We do nothing other than work. Our whole life is the nightclub. Ask Margaux the last time she's seen any of us. We haven't been to Club Sin in probably six months, easy.

“Personally, we need to invest the money in more staff. Managers. Smart people who we can rely on to take some of the burden off of us. And maybe in another year, once we learn how to delegate and step away every once in a while, *maybe* we can examine an expansion. I don’t think we should commit ourselves to an entirely new location. Wilder will literally kill himself with the stress of bringing a new location to fruition. He’ll put the whole thing on his shoulders and then collapse underneath the weight of it all. And I love Wilder like a brother. The last thing I want to see is him putting himself at risk or in danger because he’s too stubborn to listen to us when we say he’s burnt out and nearing the point of no return.”

CHAPTER 18



I tried not to watch the clock and think about Rohm and Journey on their date. Not that I was jealous. Nowhere near it actually. I wanted to be part of it. I wanted to hear Journey's delighted laughter, and Rohm's crazy stories. To drink in their shared joy while they caught each other up on their lives. There would only be one first time she shared those things, and I hated she was splitting those experiences between us. And I hated even more than by the time she got to my date on Thursday, all of her stories would be boring. Things she already said and done twice.

My phone pinged with a video call. From Rohm.

"If you're calling me from your date with Journey-there's something wrong with you man. How are we going to convince her she should be with us forever if you can't even make it through two fucking hours of dinner and conversation."

I didn't even wait for him to say hello before I started teasing him. It was when he didn't respond to the shit I'd given him I noticed the silence. His face was tight, lip trapped between his teeth, hissing and throwing his head back against a leather chair.

"Where are you, man?" I asked.

"Quench," he said. "Our girl dressed in a sexy fucking satin top that gave me peek a boo views of her giant tits and the lace of her bra. Lined her lips in red wine, and curled her hair to make it look all soft and pretty. The second I saw her; I

knew I needed to mess her up. To mark her perfection. Make her *mine*.”

Mine. The possessive rumble in his throat had my own hackles wanting to challenge that statement. I would have too, if at that moment his camera hadn't flipped to reveal Journey, on her knees, beneath Wilder's desk in our office, her silk blouse ticked up above a lacy slate-colored bra that offered her tits up to the heavens so they could admire their work. Her lips were a deep, siren red, the lipstick beginning to smear at the corners and just above the slight divot on her upper lip, beneath her nose. Her mascara ran in rivulets down her cheeks in the most beautiful way. The mewling noises the song of sin as she swallowed the head of Rohm's cock.

“Where's our brother?” Rohm asked, canting his hips to press himself further down her throat.

“He's in the gym. Working out.”

“Go get him,” Rohm grunted, around a whispered *fuck baby you're such a good girl*. “He needs to see this for himself. How perfect our little princess is. We had a nice fucking dinner next door, but despite insisting she was stuffed—she had no qualms about swallowing down my cock when I shared with her my dirty fucking fantasy.”

I was already double timing down the stairs to our basement...popping a semi at the pornographic scene Rohm set for us. Wilder was grunting through a gruesome set of dead lifts, clearing working off the same unending sexual heat that we all felt when I came down and shoved the phone in front of his face. Probably not the wisest move when he's deadlifting the equivalent weight of a baby elephant but, by that time all the blood supply throbbed in my stiff cock.

“You're in my chair.” He growled, leaving his weights ignored as he stepped out of the cage and ran a towel down his sweat slickened skin.

“Sorry,” Rohm said through gritted teeth, “Looks like little Journey Joy quite prefers sucking cock from beneath *this* desk. It afforded the most room for her head.”

Wilder's breath came in rough pants that had nothing to do with the physical strain of lifting weights. His eyes always looked kinda of crazy—something about the deep coffee color and a ring of light brown that made him look almost feline. Like a damn lion in the middle of the night getting caught in the midst of eating his prey. He took the stairs three at a time to the front door of our house, pushing out the doors and stomping across the alley toward the club.

Given he had about four inches on me, I tried like hell to keep up with his frenzied pace. Rohm wasn't even paying attention to either one of us. Eyes closed, mouth slack, a river of praise falling from his lips directed toward what a good girl Journey was and how well she sucked cock.

I hoped he'd hold out long enough for us to make it to the finale. I wanted to watch him bathe her in his cum. Some base instinct wanted to join him in that shower. To mark her. Like he said, as *ours*.

“That's it.”

The executive chair had been pushed far away from the desk. Between Rohm's legs sat Journey, one hand pumping his cock into her mouth and the other between her legs.

“Fuck Journey, just like that. You're such a good girl aren't you? Your daddy is gonna be so proud of you.”

My dick twitched. He was talking about Wilder, but my cock didn't care. It wanted in on the action too. She could call me daddy for the rest of her damn life it meant she flooded my cock every time she came.

Wilder crouched next to where she kneeled.

“Are you touching my pussy Journey Joy?”

The smack across her ass rang out through the room. She was still in her skirt, more than likely her underwear as well. The smack did nothing more than startle her.

“Unless one of us gives you permission you are not to touch that pussy, understood?”

Rather than answer, Journey looked to me for help. As if I would be stupid enough to stand between a sexually rabid Wilder and his little girl. No way.

“You two are distracting her.” Rohm gathered her hair in his hand, and increased the tension, holding her still while he fucked up against the back of her throat.

“You’re definitely our good girl.” Wilder ran his hand along her hair, right where Rohm had it gathered in his fist. “Look at him, Princess. He’s about to snap. That’s because of you and that talented mouth. Our dear Rohm is about to explode. Look.”

The command was soft but felt as if he’d slapped his hand on the desk and shouted it. Both Rohm and Journey stilled and looked right at Wilder, their eyes glassy, saliva shining on Journey’s lips and cheeks as she let go of Rohm’s cock with a *pop*.

“Eyes on me while you swallow him.” Wilder tapped her nose, a sweet smile playing across his lips. “I’m the judge now.”

Journey doubled down. Slurping and moaning as she let him back into her mouth. Wilder held her hair in his hand. Different from the rough way Rohm had it wound around his hand, Wilder had it almost cradled in his palm. Holding it back so it wouldn’t end up in her mouth.

“Yes, just like that,” he cajoled, running his other palm down her haunches, gathering up her skirt, and edging his fingers beneath her panties.

I knew the moment his fingers came in contact with her clit. Even without the low hum, her hips shot up so high she looked like she was trying to stand. Wilder’s hand jerked in hard, quick motions, driving Journey up and over the summit with little effort.

The intensity of that orgasm caused Journey to scream around Rohm’s cock, which naturally was the last spark Rohm need to explode with such ferocity into Journey’s mouth that she had no hope of keeping it all neatly behind her lips. He

pumped furiously into her, slick white ropes dribbling out and dotting that gorgeous silk shirt like drops of nuclear rain.

Fuck. My date night couldn't come soon enough.

CHAPTER 19



WILDER



I desperately wanted to carry Journey out of Quench, steal away to my bedroom and spend hours taking her to the heights of pleasure. But I couldn't. It was Rohm's date night. Not mine. We agreed. No distractions from the others on our date nights. Rohm involved us, so we had something for our jerk reels, but the night's sexual ecstasy was his and Journey's alone.

I barely made it home before yanking out my cock and jerking myself to a hard, angry, teeth grinding orgasm. And it hadn't been enough. I needed Journey. Without her calling out my name, or scoring her nails down my chest, dousing my cock and balls with her cream, the orgasm was just relief and nothing more.

Rohm didn't bring her back to the house. I heard him come in hours later, just his voice and Marlowe's carrying through the air vents. I couldn't face them though. And I didn't need to know the rest of the details of their evening.

The next morning, feeling ornery as ever, I sat in our living room, my laptop balanced on my lap when an email came in from the woman in question.

To: T. Wilder

From: Journey White

Re: Financials and Payroll

Thornton,

Please forward your payroll and financials for the last three years to this email. If you'd prefer there is a link to an encrypted FTP at the bottom of this email.

With thanks,

Journey White

CEO, Prairie Consulting

A FEW THINGS STRUCK ME AT ONCE. I NEVER PAID ATTENTION to what her last name was. Jolene's name had been Turner when she met my dad. I remember because when I'd met her, she said "Jolene Turner...just think Dolly and Tina." So why was Journey's last name White?

If Journey did eventually become ours, what would that mean for her name? Whose would she take? I wondered, offhand, what Margaux had done.

To: Journey White

From: T. Wilder

Re: Boring emails about banal details

Journey,

The only thing of interest in this email is that even professionally, you like putting important things on the bottom.

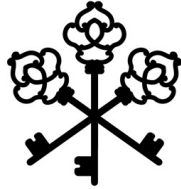
Thinking about how beautifully red I made your bottom this weekend and doing it again the next time I see you. Please see the salutation in your email and think back to what I told you would happen the next time you used it.

Wilder

IT WAS MY NIGHT FOR OUR DATE. I MUST HAVE LOOKED AT THE clock eighteen times already. Time was a salty bitch, teasing me with the mere minutes that had passed and not the hours it felt like.

Rather than reply to my email, I received a text message from her. It contained a picture of her, kneeling in her office chair, her jeans open and hanging beneath her creamy white bottom, a red silk thong resting between those luscious globes.

She was going to get it when I saw her.



“WHERE ARE WE GOING?”

Journey sat next to me in the car, as I turned off on the exit that would take us out of the city and into the suburbs.

“You’ll see.”

“You know, surprises make me really nervous.” She shifted in her seat, leaning forward to flip through the SiriusXM stations, repeatedly, until she settled back to the one it was originally tuned to.

“I promise this surprise will be worth the wait.”

I hoped it would be anyway. I’d played the scenario out in my head so many times that I don’t know if I’d just convinced myself that she would love this, or if she really would. Her anxiety was palpable. I felt the air vibrate with it. Could smell her panic, taste her fear.

Why in all the ways I’d thought through this day had I never thought about the fact that every time her mom made her leave, it would be a total surprise to her. She’d be caught off guard, kept in the dark until the very last second. Dumb ass.

“Where did you go to college?” I asked, trying to distract her.

“I went to State.” She twisted a strand of her hair through her fingers, looping it and unlooping it over and again. “My spotty academic record, new high school every year, trouble with credits transferring and all that jazz meant I definitely

was not cut out for the Ivy's. Illinois State offered me a full ride and since all I wanted was to get the hell away from Jolene, I jumped at the chance.

I tried to picture her in college, and I couldn't call up a single image that seemed to jive with the woman who sat next to me. She didn't appear to fit into any one type. Neither a wild party girl or a super studious bookworm. I didn't think she would be a sorority type, and she'd never mentioned a sport.

"How about you?" She asked, pulling me from my musings.

"After Jolene split from my dad, he convinced me to graduate early from high school, and then packed us up we moved to Vegas. Most of his clientele was west coast based anyway so it didn't really make sense to be based in Chicago. I went to UNLV."

"How is Keats?" Journey's smile was wide and warm. I could tell from the far-off look she had at that moment she was remembering something about my dad. "Of all my fake dads, Keats was my favorite. He never treated me like a consolation prize. He leaned in hard to welcoming me into his family and making me feel like his actual daughter."

"He lives in Prague now. Never remarried. After my mom walked out on him, and then your mom did the same—he just kind of broke. He comes in three or four times a year. Every so often I'll fly to Europe to see him. He's definitely not the same person you remember."

Thoughts of my dad infiltrate the cabin of the SUV. It took all of my willpower to blot out his disappointed frown telling me not to get so damn close to her. That women were good for only one thing. Warm holes to sink a cock.

Journey's memories of my dad brought them back for me too. When we were all a family, and we'd take weekend trips to the lake. He was present and invested, in me and my school activities. He'd sit in the stands of my baseball games with Journey in his lap, and they'd both shout and cheer every time I'd be up to bat.

“We’re here!” I announced, throwing the car into park, grateful to have something to distract me from all those memories.

“The mall?” Journey wrinkled her nose, confusion twisting her mouth into a half frown.

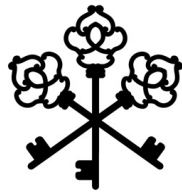
“Not just *any* mall. *Hawthorne Mall.*” I told her, extending my hand to hers. “Come on Princess, we have a very important date.”

“Build-A-Bear?” Her voice, normally throaty like Janis Joplin, squeaked like the Chipmunks Christmas Album sped up to double time.

“I believe I’m incredibly late for our date, Princess. Twenty-seven years to be exact. I think the promise had been that when I got my license, I’d take you to Build-a-Bear, and to Homer’s ice cream for a bubblegum cone.”

“I can’t believe it.” Her hand covered her mouth, and the statement was barely a whisper, but I heard it. “I can’t believe you remembered.”

I would remember every single thing she told me if she looked at me with her wide, glassy-eyed stare, looking at me like I was responsible for the oxygen in the room.



WE SPENT THE AFTERNOON BUILDING OUR BEARS—SHE MADE A princess bear, of course, and insisted I make a prince bear so we could match. Anything for her. As promised, we enjoyed our ice cream cones seated on a bench in the warm spring sun, eating our ice cream cones—though neither of us ordered bubblegum. After each sampling the sugar bomb disguised as ice cream, we each chose something a bit more grown-up: Cherry cheesecake for me, and Oreo for her.

“I feel like a kid again.” She lapped at the ice cream running down her hand. I could say with certainty watching her lick that cream from her hand—I definitely did not feel like a kid.

“I’m having *very* adult thoughts watching your tongue glide up and down your hand like that, Journey Joy.”

Her mouth paused half open, her tongue pressed against her thumb pad, and mid-suck, she realized what I was insinuating. With an impish grin, she wrapped those sinful lips around her thumb and worked it in between her lips a few times.

I’d been about to threaten her with a spanking when her eyes got soft but her face paled.

“What’s wrong, Princess?”

“It’s nothing.” She waved away my question, picking at the wrapper on her now ignored ice cream cone.

“Had to be something for you to go from enthusiastically lapping up that cream to going quiet and reflective.”

“My brain went down a weird road. I was thinking about when I was a kid and how cool I thought you were. How an afternoon like this, picking me up from school and taking me to the mall—I would have thought you hung the moon. Then as I had that thought, I was like *I wonder what it would have been like if I had Thornton my whole life*. And of course...well that made this whole thing weird.”

She bit her lip, her voice getting watery.

“Then I got like, kind of—well I don’t know how to describe it. Because the me that is thirty-three can’t imagine not experiencing the last few days with the three of you. I feel the strangest sense of *rightness* that I don’t have words to describe. But then I remember I knew you all at one point. And other than having a crush on Marlowe when we were teenagers...I didn’t think about you in the way I think about now. You were just—the coolest and kindest person I knew.”

“And now?” I asked, though I knew what she would say, and I also understood how she felt.

“Now, you’re more. But it also seems...wrong.”

I gathered her into my arms, kissing the top of her head.

“The lines for the four of us are blurred because of our history. But the attraction I felt to you—I did not know who you were when I was spanking your bottom and caressing your pussy. I just felt drawn to you like the moon calls to the tide.”

“I don’t want people to think you’re a creep because of our past. Like think the two of us were, you know, doing this...” she motioned between the two of us, “when I was a kid. Like that’s just fucking wrong.”

“People? Or a person in particular?”

“Your dad...my mom. Other than that, no one else would really know about our past.”

“And I don’t give a shit what the hell your mom thinks. She lost that right the day she filed for divorce and sucked my dad’s bank account dry. And Keats? Well, he doesn’t have the most positive view of female companionship. But I will tell you I don’t want to get this all fucked up, Journey. I wasn’t leering after you when you were six years old. It’s different. I loved you. You were this sweet ball of sunshine that filled up all the pieces that broke when my mom left. You were so trusting—still are, so trusting—but back then it shook me. How you could look at me and just, believe I’d keep you safe. You loved so easily it was impossible for me not to want to protect you. To be the best it brother I could be to you.”

“And now?” She asked, her lips so close to mine it would take almost no effort to lock them against mine and drink her essence. To absorb her light and taste her darkness.

“It’s different. We’re not the same people. I mourned you, Princess. As if you’d died. I cried over losing you. I don’t think I ever recovered. You insinuated yourself into my heart so quickly. With such stealth, I didn’t even realize you were there until you left and ripped yourself out.”

“I’m sorry for what my mom did you two.” Her fingers scratched through my five o’clock shadow before cupping my

jaw and pulling me toward her soft lips. “Neither of you deserved that.”

I couldn't say anything. Or, I wouldn't. Jolene didn't deserve absolution. And certainly didn't deserve my forgiveness.

“I'm not my mom,” she whispered. “I'd never do that.”

“That's where your wrong baby girl ... you're intoxicating. A poison no man can inoculate themselves against. You're too beautiful so seductive—a siren begging men to abandon their senses and drive their boats straight to the rocky shore. You're exactly like Joy ... men lost themselves in her and she left their bones in her wake because they fell in love with her and never recovered. And you? You are even easier to love than she was.”

“So you're saying I'm going to treat you just like she did?” There was an angry heat to her eyes, the aggressive v of her eyebrows only highlighting how dark her irises had gone.

“No, sweetie. Not at all. I'm saying that the jump is scary. Trusting in you. In us. This trust feels different. It's an intimate trust. One that says you I have to trust that you won't ever hurt me. That when I show you all of my vulnerable parts, like you show me yours, that you'll cherish them just like I cherish you. And the part of me that thrills in the kink of things, it desperately wants you to trust I will take care of every need you have. Sexual or otherwise. I want to always be that person. The one you come to for everything. I want to be your sanctuary, and your sin.”

“You, plus Marlowe and Rohm.”

“Yes, them too. But I'm always on top. They realize that as much as I need you to. The reason Margaux and her men work, is because Gideon is the top of the pyramid. In our household, if you want us to work out, I need to be at the top of ours.”

The discussion meandered to safer topics after that. We eventually landed on the most pressing one: Quench and the second location.

“Having a club on the north side appeals to all of the kids that graduated college and moved to Wrigleyville and Old Town, and all of the neighborhoods that are essentially a copy and paste of their very well-to-do suburbs. We have access to the kids who went or go to DePaul, Columbia, Loyola—the location is absolutely perfect. It’s been fantastic, to be honest. Those kids are very connected to social media. They live for Snapchat, TikTok, and posting up their thoughts on Yelp, and Jesus...so many other places. Getting this second location in the south loop gets us access to the up-and-comers that couldn’t afford to live on the northside but still do well for themselves and have lots of disposable income. They’re equally as savvy with technology and social media, and they’re desperate for trendy places to brag about in their backyards.”

“But why do *you* want to open a second location? That’s a lot of work—overseeing one club in operation while launching another one. And then what happens once it’s open? Are the three of you going to devote your time and resources to running two clubs on opposite sides of the city and still be able to be so hands-on? When will you ever take a break? Go on vacation? Hell, spend a weekend doing anything other than working. From what I’ve seen, your only day off right now is Sunday.”

“Well make it work,” I tell her, tossing my napkin in the garbage can.

“See—that’s the problem though, Thornton. With two locations if you don’t have a plan, you’re asking for disasters. You guys need to really sit down and have a frank discussion about workloads, burnout, feelings of exhaustion, and overwhelm. And honestly evaluate if the three of you, operating just as you are right now, can shoulder two clubs.”

Journey certainly gave me a lot to think about. A lot I needed to bring back to Marlowe and Rohm and see where their heads were at. She was equally quiet as we arrived back at our loft. Marlowe and Rohm both had taken my request for privacy with grace and left for the evening.

“Oh, your present came,” I said, pointing to the box on the kitchen counter as we walked into the space.

“Tour first, or present?” I asked, taking Journey’s hand in mine.

“Tour,” she said with a smile, totally taking me by surprise.

I tucked the box under my arm. The pleasure room would be our last stop on the tour. The first stop? The bedrooms.

“Even if you hadn’t told me whose bedroom was which, I would have been able to guess. They’re each such obvious extensions of the men I know. She nodded and pointed into my room with its leather upholstered headboard and faux fur blankets.

“Sin and smoke.” She said, “Exactly what I think of every time I see you.”

“I don’t smoke.”

In fact, I abhorred the habit. Not that I knew anyone close to me affected by lung cancer, but I didn’t understand playing with that kind of fire cigarette after cigarette.

“No, but smoke is mysterious. It’s always associated with the people in movies shrouded in secrets and mystery.”

I took her in my arms, cradled her against my chest, and kissed her temple. “I’m an open book, Princess. You can ask me anything.”

“Thank you but that’s not what I meant.”

Feeling her body, any part of her body, against my lips had become addictive. I couldn’t get enough.

“Functional, utilitarian. He probably has pivot tables for the number of times he’s self-ejaculated and ejaculated because of sex, and has it charted by level of satisfaction.”

She wasn’t wrong about Marlowe’s bedroom. Modern, low-profile furniture, dark gray sheets and blankets. There was zero personality, I felt, in his bedroom. It functioned as a place to sleep and fuck. Nothing more.

“Café along the Seine, vespa rides up to cliffs overlooking the Mediterranean, where he’d convince you to fling off your sundress and jump, naked into the ocean.”

That was not how I pictured Rohm at all. He was a bit of a wild one, sure. But in a lack of self-control kind of way, not with a *Carpe Diem* type of attitude.

I took her past the boring pieces of the house, laundry room, utility room, and eventually down the stairs to the gym and the pleasure room.

“What’s the purpose of paying dues to the club if you have your own playroom here?”

She asked running her fingers along the floggers hung upside down on display.

“Sometimes you want to play in public...sometimes you wake up on a Sunday morning at eight o’clock and don’t want to wait until night time.” I shrugged. “Now, take this box into the bathroom.”

“What is it?” She held it, shook it, inspecting the unmarked box with curiosity.

“Let’s call it an apology,” I told her, ticking off the names on my fingers as I announced them. “La Perla, Agent Provocateur, and Eres. I take the care of your pussy very seriously. Only the very best will get to touch what’s mine. Now go in the bathroom and show me something better than that red slip of nothing that’s been caressing your secret hole all day long. And don’t think you’re off the hook for making me jealous of a piece of lace this whole damn day, either.”

CHAPTER 20



I'd had the best day, well, afternoon, I guess. I was at a total loss for words how I could describe my date with Thornton—Wilder. Whichever. Though I needed to remember his preference otherwise I truly would have a reddened ass I wouldn't be able to sit on. Not that a little red ass hurt anyone.

The playroom was heaven. If I had a private kink room in my house I don't know if I would ever play in public. Dark rich woods, a gigantic bed—easily a double king—and so many toys.

“Is he insane?” I muttered mostly to myself as I opened the box that he'd pressed into my arms.

“Did you say something, Princess?” He asked, his voice much closer to the door than I thought he'd be.

“Just admiring these panties.”

“How about you shake a leg and get your pretty ass out here so we can admire them together.”

I honestly didn't even know where to start. There were bra and panty sets, thongs, briefs, boy shorts, and *mother of god* even crotchless panties. The package had to have cost a small fortune. I knew Agent Provocateur and La Perla, obviously. They were all spendy as fuck.

“I don't know which one to choose!” I called through the door, feeling giddy with the choices.

“Put on the one that looks the most appealing. You have thirty seconds, Princess. I'm counting.”

I grabbed a gorgeous floral balconette bra and cheeky panties. I checked my reflection in the mirror and made my way back out. He'd made his way to the gigantic bed, where he leaned casually against the headboard in just his jeans.

"Gorgeous." He breathed the moment I opened the bathroom door.

"You like?" I posed in the threshold, feeling giddy beneath his sensual stare.

"More than like but I can't be sure. Come here and let me inspect it closer."

It felt like I floated the four steps to where he lounged. The moment I reached arms distance, he circled his arm around my waist and pulled me onto the bed straddling him. With gentle hands he inspected the bra, running his fingertips along the lacy edge.

"I want to bury my face between these tits and motorboat them."

Coming from such a serious man, words like motorboat just did not fit. I laughed as if the tickle of his stubble already abraded my skin. Like he held his face there and blew raspberries into the crevice.

"I didn't think a word like *motorboat* would be in the Thornton Wilder compendium. A man named after such a prolific playwright surely uses much more highbrow words than *motorboat*."

Rather than respond, he grabbed me by my hips, using the leverage of that hold to push himself further down the bed, aligning himself with my spread thighs. He ran his hands over my haunches, circling toward my ass and cradling the cheeks being separated and lifted by the fantastic spandex of the panties.

"I could sit here and worship you just like this." He spoke into my cleft. His tongue traced the outline of my lips, traced up and down the slit that separated them before moving up to my clit and rubbing that little bud with his tongue through the silk.

The barely there sensations tripped the switch in my brain that shifted my body from playful to hungry. My spine stiffened, thrusting that silk-wrapped package against the tongue that Wilder refused to stiffen. He kept it soft and pliable, a frustrating distraction and nothing more.

“Face the door,” he directed, tapping my ass to get me to oblige. “I want to see these from the back.

I shifted into a clothed sixty-nine, spreading my legs across his chest so he could “inspect” the back. His finger ran down my crack, causing me to stiffen.

“Oh, baby. The way you react is the most intoxicating elixir.” He circled my asshole.

I couldn't answer. My breath already stuttered into hot, needy, pants and all he'd done is touch that secret place. Wilder was the only one to touch me there. But it didn't mean I hadn't dreamt about it. Fantasized. And since playing with the men, they got the starring role. And he was always the one to break me in and introduce me to the darkest pleasure.

“You want this don't you?” He continued, the low timbre of his voice tickling through my nervous system.

I could only nod. My head felt too heavy, my tongue twisted, and my body too tense to do more than hold still for his inspection.

“Words Journey. You know the rules.”

“Yes, D-d-addy.”

It felt strange. The stuttering word on my lips. Not that I didn't want it. It played on never-ending repeat in every fantasy I possessed. But never had I said the word out loud before.

“That's my good girl,” he said.

The words dripped from his lips like honey. I ate it up. Drowning in the pleasure that one sentence of praise delivered to my psyche.

His hands gripped both of my ass cheeks. His long fingers teasing along the sensitive crack. He pulled me open, splaying

me wide beneath my silken panties and dove in. His wet tongue soaked the delicate fabric as he rimmed my silk covered hole. The more I moaned and wiggled, the more hedonistic his explorations became. Soon he was using teeth, and stretching his tongue to stimulate my clit, my slit, all the way up my crack to tease against that dark wrinkle again.

Over and again, he repeated his pattern. Each time driving me closer and closer to an orgasm that threatened to corrupt my reality and turn me upside down. But just as quick as he drove me up, he backed away, leaving me bereft, dangling from the edge of that cliff.

“These will do.” He slapped my ass, the loud *crack* echoing through the room. “They stay in the keep pile. Show me something else. Something that puts that red piece of floss you texted me earlier to shame.”

Rather than cede to his request, I found a pair of briefs that I assume accidentally made it into his order for every scandalous pair of panties whatever lingerie shop he called, could provide. The plain, peach, cotton panties went to my belly button and covered...everything.

I had no bra to match it. Each of those were gorgeous satin, barely there lace, and endless variations of silk. So, when I opened the door, I opted for topless.

“What do you think?” I asked, turning in a pirouette as I approached. “Definitely puts the thong to shame. So comfortable. And, I just feel so free yet supported.”

“No.” He pointed back to the bathroom. “I don’t know where those came from but absolutely not.”

I stalked toward the bed, emboldened by how petulant he became. Crawling onto the bed, I positioned myself onto my knees, cradling my breasts in each palm. With my knees spread as they were, and my hands full and busy, Wilder could easily get the upper hand, collecting me and twisting us so I ended up on my back like a paralyzed turtle.

“These are an offense. I can hear that little cunny of yours crying and begging her Daddy to stop being so mean and start

treating her better.”

“You must be hearing someone else’s pussy. Because mine is purring at how wonderfully comfortable this cotton is. It’s breathable, and stretchy. The perfect thing to wear when you’re feeling bloated and ick. Give me more of these.”

He looked so cute with his head tilted, considering what I said. For long moments he was stock still. His hands remained on my hips, my legs spread on either side of his jean clad legs.

“You bring up good points, Princess. I’ll allow them. But only when you’re bleeding and stuffed, right here, with something to stem the flow.”

His fingers reached beneath the elastic leg, his thumb pressing deep into me. I couldn’t help but squirm at the intrusion. A move that earned me a bite against my throbbing clit.

“And if you’re stuffed here.” He wiggled his thumb again, “That’s when I’ll turn you over, and use you here instead.”

He breached my hole with two, unlubricated fingers. The shock of that press, even if just to the first digit, had me seeing stars. My body got lost in the confusing sensations. It couldn’t decide if it wanted to reject when had just rudely been inserted, or wanted to suck it deeper into my body. My brain told every inch of my skin that what it felt was pleasure, sending a wave of goosebumps across my whole body. While the nerves of my anus insisted that no, it was indeed not pleasure it felt. And the two competing sensations battled for supremacy.

“Ride my thumb, Princess.”

Wilder leaned forward, keeping his fingers exactly where he’d wedged them, pulled my panties aside with his other hand, and lapped at my clit. Long, slow licks that sent an intense wave of shuddering, toe-curling, bliss straight up my spine and into my brain where it detonated into a blinding, all consuming, explosion of heat and mind-numbing pleasure.

“You are a pleasure Dom’s wet dream, Princess. So responsive. Fuck. I will never tire of playing with you.”

His fingers ran up my stomach and circled my each of my nipples in a figure eight. He lightly tickled my gooseflesh littered skin, extending that wave of bliss, teasing it to continue on with the gentlest tendrils of sensation.

“Turn over,” he whispered, helping me onto my stomach. “This offense to panty makers everywhere needs to be extracted immediately.”

I could barely muster a giggle though I was thoroughly entertained.

“I’ll be right back,” he told me.

I could hardly think. My brain still had yet to piece together my conscious thought again. I preferred the nothingness I floated in. That blissful peace felt like it lasted mere seconds. One moment I felt untethered and floaty and the next I felt a cold wet dollop shocking my puckered hole with a bullseye landing.

“This is tiny,” he cooed right into my ear. “The same size of the finger you just took.”

My brain barely came back online to register what he said, when I felt the intrusion. It definitely did not feel the same size as his finger. He twisted it and swirled the lube as he pressed in. My body wanted to tuck into itself. To force it from pressing in any further.

“Shh. Push out. You’re being such a good girl for me.”

Wilder continued to manipulate the cold metal tip, pressing and retreating, only to repeat. I did as he requested and tried to push against the offending object, and eventually, my body gave up its fight. My anus opened lewdly for that cold press of metal, reluctantly welcoming it.

“Fuck is that pretty.” Wilder traced his finger around the protrusion that was situated between my cheeks. “Marilyn said diamonds are a girl’s best friend, but I don’t think she ever had a gold plated anal plug topped with a pearl. I think she’d have sung a different tune. Don’t you?”

I had no opinion on the subject. I was too busy focusing on the war going on in my body. Each time my anus constricted

around that object, a sizzle of pleasure slingshot through my nervous system. And each time it relaxed the discomfort and bite of pain twisted in a dark place low in my belly. Every so often the two would dance together and pull me into a twisting vortex of pleasure pain.

“Oh, I almost forgot your panties,” Wilder told me with far too much excitement. “Feel.” He pressed the panties against my finger tip, sliding the worlds smallest suction cup against it.

“This affixes to that gorgeous little pearl that’s sticking out, right here.” He pressed it and jiggled, churning that vortex into a tsunami. “Up on your knees, sweets.”

Did I even know what knees were? My whole body felt disconnected. Like a marionette without its strings.

“Would you look at this? Where did the rest of your panties go?”

You couldn’t even call them panties. They were three strings connected briefly in a star that barely covered my pubic mound, and split, wide open to provide access to my pussy and my asshole, connecting again at the suction cup that held my plug in place.

“One day, I hope we’ll earn your trust enough that you’ll let us take you bare,” he said.

Those words held too much weight. They collected in the deepest recess of my heart—which had no place in the playroom with my ass stuffed and him telling me all the filthy things he planned to do to me.

“But for now,” he ran his condom covered cock along my thigh so I could feel the latex he was covered in, “we’ll keep the barriers on.”

He pressed in with zero preamble, and it wasn’t until he bottomed out that he stopped and waited for me to adjust. I couldn’t catch my breath. Erratic, frantic gasps constricted my lungs and made me feel light-headed. But every time I took a deep breath, it felt as if all of that air battled for space inside my body alongside a cock and a plug. Despite my lungs being nowhere near my ass and pussy.

Rather than pull out and press back in, Wilder circled his hips, slowly. Slowly wasn't even the right word. He moved at a glacial pace. Twisting and turning his cock around the walls of pussy as if he wanted to ensure every single nerve was woken up.

That torturous pace did the exact opposite of what I thought it would, quickening the pace at which my body responded to him. I bucked against him like a wild, unbroken horse. The sensations too overwhelming and not enough concurrently.

“I wish you could see how pretty you look like this. All trussed up in these scandalous panties. Your pussy filled to the brim with my cock, and that asshole of yours can't decide if it wants to spit out that plug or suck it back in. It's indecent. Obscene. And I can't get enough of it, Princess. I want to make you so dirty for me. Just for me. Turn you into my secret whore. And then when I'm done using you, clean you up and put you back together, and send you back out into the world like the proper little princess we all know you really are.”

I didn't want to come. Not because I wanted to deny myself the pleasure I knew circled just out of my periphery. But I knew the moment I let go, I would be wrecked. Absolutely destroyed.

“You're going to take my cock so well in that little pucker. This is going to be our secret until you're ready to for me to mount you. Then we'll put on a show for Marlowe and Rohm and show them what a good girl you are for your daddy. Right, Princess?”

I held on to my sanity with bloodied fingernails. I felt suspended from the side of Mt. Everest. The rocks sliding every which way, an avalanche threatening to take me out and force me over that slippery edge and still I fought.

The intensity of what I felt building scared me. I honestly didn't know if I'd be able to tolerate the freight train of pleasure that I saw barreling down that track. With each thrust it grew stronger. With every dirty word whispered in my ear,

the dark, hedonistic thirst became more desperate for satisfaction.

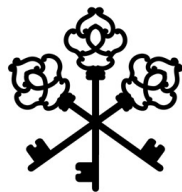
My body shivered in response to the heat of my body and the cooling sweat on my skin.

“Mmm, Journey. I felt that all the way up my sack.” Wilder pressed into me again. Still maintaining that maddening pace. “How long you gonna hold on to that come? You know it’s mine. I earned it. You should give it to me without my having to ask for it. Why are you denying me what rightfully belongs to me?”

I didn’t know. Words escaped me anyway. My tongue was useless, unable to form even the most basic syllable. The crack of Wilder’s hand against my ass ricocheted through the room, startling me, and causing my whole body to tense. That one action became the nexus of my sexual awakening. My asshole clenched around it’s plug in reaction to Wilder’s slap. That contraction was the final trigger my body needed to leap, wildly and without a lick of instinct for self-preservation, down into the spinning vortex.

Every muscle in body constricted and yanked me out to a sea of satisfaction that robbed of sight, deafened my ears, and funneled every shred of sensation to my clenching pussy, my fluttering asshole, and the rapid, insistent beat of my pulse that carried a heady cocktail of pleasure that drown me.

Somewhere off in the far distance I heard Wilder calling out my name, howling his pleasure as he thrust his cock as far into me as it would go. His orgasm fed the velocity of mine, which elongated the end of his. The two of us fucked against one another, yelping, moaning, and grunting out our release until every ounce was spent and we fell into a boneless heap on the bed.



“JESUS, I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU WOULD FINALLY COME up for air!” Margaux pulled me into a hug before disconnecting and taking a seat.

With as crazy as both of our lives were, we had a standing lunch every Thursday afternoon. It was the first time since the previous weekend we had talked. Aside from a few check-ins to make sure I was still alive.

“Look at you.” She continued, unrolling her napkin and putting it across her lap. “God you’re phosphorescent. I take it based on that glow you’re being well taken care of.”

My whole body *ached*. In the best way. There wasn’t a time I could remember when I felt so wholly satisfied. In every way.

“Those men.” I felt the heat on my face and couldn’t help the smile that erupted. “You have fantastic instincts, my friend.”

“Please, say it again. Shower me in praise.” She laughed wiggling her fingers toward her face as if she danced in a rainstorm of glitter. “Mistress Margaux, I should have never doubted you.”

“It’s your humility, really, that makes it difficult to have confidence in your decision making. If only you weren’t so humble.”

I tossed the balled up straw wrapped toward her with a laugh, which she batted away with her menu.

“So...come on, I want details. Obviously, you don’t have to give me *details* details...though I won’t say no to those either. But how’s it been going? I assume well since I’ve barely heard from you.”

“It’s so strange, really.” I began, trying to put our time together into words. “I knew them but like in a way that you would know someone you went to grade school with but fell out of touch with. Like you remember the times you watched fireflies on the back porch or watched movies together but it’s not an intimate knowledge. Does that make sense?”

“Sure. Lots of people fall out of touch and reconnect later on. One of my college roommates is married to someone she went to grade school with, but they went to different high schools and different colleges and randomly ran into one another at the Santa Crawl a few years ago. Didn’t even realize they knew each other until they were moving in together and discovered they had the same yearbook from eighth grade.”

“I don’t know.” I played with the ice in my glass, stirring it around absentmindedly. “It just feels...weird. Or that we should feel weird. Because like my mom was married to their dads.”

“People will judge you regardless, babe.” Margaux reached across the table and grabbed my hand. “And honestly the only people who knew they were your stepbrothers for a hot second, is your mom and their dads. That’s it. Well, and me. And you know I don’t judge.”

Of course, she was right. Not everyone could carry that kind of confidence and fuck everyone and their opinions attitude, though. But it at least spread a balm on some of my jittering thoughts.

“So what is this about you doing consulting work for them?” Margaux asked. “You mentioned you were in the middle of evaluating their process. I assumed you meant something for their nightclub and not something dirty and sexual. And if it’s the latter please tell.”

“Oh god. Before I tell you about the consulting. Remember last Saturday when Marlowe carried me upstairs? A pair of my very expensive underwear went missing. Yesterday was my date with Wilder and I swear he bought out all of the inventory at Blush Boutique. Because he replaced my single pair of missing panties with easily two months worth. He had me try them all on for him last night... and...whew.” The flush that went through me could have melted an ice cap.

“I think I just soaked my panties,” Margaux replied, laughing. “Tell your man to call mine and tell him I need some replacements too.”

Our laughter died down, and Margaux prodded, “Consulting work?”

“Oh god. Yes. The three of them have differing opinions on how to expand their business. Their club is doing really well. Like, I’m shocked at how well it’s doing. They’ve asked me to evaluate what the best path forward is. Expanding, building a second location, or staying pat and investing in more staff. I asked to have meetings with each of them. Those meetings turned into a combination of dinner dates and meetings. Which somehow had ended up with getting fucked senseless in every iteration of dirty kinky sex you could ever imagine. And I’m not complaining!”

“I’m impressed that they’ve brought you into their confidences.” Margaux’s fingernails drummed against the table, always a sign she was deep in thought. “Hey do you all want to come over for dinner on Saturday? It’s been forever since all of the men have socialized and it will give us all a chance to hang out.”

It felt ridiculously exciting, and right in so many ways. The four of us, domestic in a totally normal way like hanging out with friends. It gave me hope for us we really were more than just wild sex.

CHAPTER 21



I struggled with what to do with Journey on our date. I knew Wilder had gone all out being sweet and charming, reminding her of all the sweet shit he'd done as her “protector.” But for me, when she and I lived under the same roof, we'd practically been the same age, full of raging teenager hormones, and that last night we spent together lived forever in my head as both the best and worst night of my life. I didn't want to relive it with her. I wanted a clean slate. Even if the hot for stepsister kink turned my dial to nuclear.

In the end, I decided on one of those dinner cruises. It would be quiet and peaceful. With nothing to do but enjoy the sunset and chat.

Her doorman held the door open as she stepped toward where I stood by my open car door. She'd styled her hair in a sweet, high ponytail that caught all of the light from the afternoon sun. It looked as if her hair had sipped from the sun itself and now glowed in the various reds and coppers of the setting sun.

“Sweet ride.” She accepted a kiss before allowing me to help her into my electric Mustang.

As soon as they'd announced the new EV I'd thrown down money faster than they could say “six month waiting list.” I didn't care how long the wait was. The car looked badass, and living and working in the city the amount of driving I did was minimal. An electric car worked perfectly for me.

“Journey, meet my baby, Kitt.”

“Short for kitten?” Her throaty voice and sexual suggestion already had my core temperature raising.

“Not quite—though just for you, you can call her Kitten. Kitt as in *Knight Rider*. God I had a boner for that car.”

“One—how do you even know about *Knight Rider*? It was in re-re-re-runs by the time we had our driver’s license.”

“My dad. He loved that show. We would watch it together. Especially after you le—...um on nights we couldn’t sleep they’d be showing reruns.”

“I had no say, Marlowe. Jolene cut and ran too many times for me to count at this point. I’m not my mother.”

“I know, Peach, that’s why I hesitated. I didn’t want to bring up old wounds.”

“Isn’t calling your car Kitt, kind of like an insult?” She shook off the weirdness and fell back into our car discussion as I pulled into traffic and headed down to the pier.

“How so?”

“Well, if I correctly remember *Knight Rider* drove a Trans Am, didn’t he? This is a Mustang. Shouldn’t she be called Shelby?”

God her car knowledge made me hard. I was going to remain a gentleman tonight. Just a dinner, some nice conversation a sweet kiss. Especially after the nuclear rain of night she and I shared after her date with Wilder.

Rohm went out with some of his friends and wasn’t home. I just walked in the door when I heard the two of them in the playroom. The length, depth, and volume of the moaning from the two of them would have probably had neighbors calling the police if we had neighbors and our walls weren’t industrial thick. I knew why they sounded like that thought. It was the sound of waving the white flag in surrender to the grandfinale in a long session of play. A hard come that took everything out of you and whitened your world.

The only way to get that image out of my system before a stiff cock made the rest of the night uncomfortable, was to put

on my boxing gloves and hit the heavy bag. I'd worked up a helluva sweat in a thirty-minute session and still had my headphones in as I shuffled into the bathroom.

The sweet smell of almond soap hung in the air, and Journey's delectable ass could be seen through the steamed glass door.

"Dad's asleep in his bedroom, Peach."

I snuck in behind her and placed my hand over her mouth. She tensed for a moment before relaxing against my palm.

"I've been thinking about what we did last night," I told her, leaving my hand where it was. "I saw you playing with yourself under that blanket. Which part of the movie got you the hottest? There were so many hot parts to that movie. Who knew an innocuous title like Eurotrip would contain so many dirty scenes that kids under seventeen definitely shouldn't be watching."

I took the soap off the shelf, covered my hands in suds, pressed my body against her back, and began running my lathered hands all over the front of her body. She arched her ass high against my cock, pressing her head back against the crook of my shoulder.

"I'll tell you what got me stiff." My hands skimmed her breasts and proceeded south to wash between her legs, taking my time to ensure I had covered every inch in soap. "When the blonde girl was in the hot tub, playing with her tits. They looked just like yours. Gorgeous, round, perky nipples that pressed through her tank tops like sweet bites of candy. Then she masturbated under the water, and I was done for. I had my dick in my hand for the rest of that movie, and every time someone made out, fucked, or masturbated, it was you and me I was picturing."

She leaned forward, bracing her hand on the wall, panting and she squirmed against my fingers.

"Were you thinking about me, Peach? While you rubbed this stiff little nub under your cuddly blanket? Or maybe when you went back to your room, were you covering your face with

your pillow so your mom and my dad didn't hear you from their room?"

I worked her clit harder, feeling her legs shake. Honestly, I was shocked that I could even work her up as quickly as I was.

"I know. I told you to stay quiet. You don't have to tell me. Your pussy can't lie though. It's telling me everything I need to know."

I cupped the stream of water, cleaning her off, washing away all the remnants of the soap I'd used to clean her.

"I'm going to put my cock in you, Peach." I showed her the condom I'd hidden on the shampoo ledge. "And you're not gonna make a sound. We need to stay so quiet."

I slid into her and nearly broke my rule. I wanted to groan at the warm bliss that sucked me further into her depths. She fluttered around me, kissing me with her inner muscles, taunting me, and daring me not to come.

"EARTH TO MARLOWE?" JOURNEY'S HAND ON MY KNEE yanked me back into the present. "Where'd you go?" she asked, concern wrinkling her forehead and squinting her eyelids.

"I was replaying last night and got lost in it," I told her.

Journey wore a sweet cotton sundress and a pair of sandals for our little adventure. When she shifted in her seat and crossed her legs at the mention of our dirty shower time, the dress hiked up giving me a lovely view of her thick thigh. They were irresistible. The perfect amount of soft, they were close enough together that when I stuck my hand between them, it stayed put. Unless I wanted to go exploring, of course.

Wilder told me all about the panties he bought her. Jesus when I saw that charge come through on our Amex card. He literally bought out the entire boutique's inventory of size 12-14 panties. Of course, Journey needed a mortgage payment's worth of underwear as an apology. That seemed totally normal and not excessive at all. And when I say a mortgage payment's

worth, I mean on an eight thousand square foot French Château, not a ranch in middle-class suburbia.

The valet opened our doors and escorted us out of the car, directing toward the ship. We were led inside, shown our table, given a pair of cocktails, and told to walk around and explore until we pushed off.

“I really want us to work, Journey. I know we’re here to talk about the business, but I think part of that I think is also how we figure out a life with you in it. Because I don’t want to let you go. And I know that Rohm and Wilder don’t either.”

We walked along the observation deck, passing a smattering of couples engaged in quiet conversations dotted throughout the top floor.

“It’s interesting you say that. Because Wilder alluded to the same thing on our date.”

“Wilder, allude to anything? That guy is as direct as a bullseye.”

“It was more in the realm of how we would work, sexually, but couched in the “we are a couple, and this is how things will go.”

“Did he now?” I laugh. “And what did he have to say?”

“Nothing offensive. I kind of dug it. I’ll tell you what I told him. I want to see where this goes too. But I’m having a hard time trying to wrap my head around how it will work. He told me that in order for it work there has to be a leader. And that’s him. He sits at the top of the pyramid. And that is how Gideon and Margaux are, he sits at the top. But it’s different for them.”

“How so?” I asked, taking her hand in mine. There was a strange comfort in the two of us being connected even if it was just our hands. Journey wanted to be mine. All these years pining for something I never thought possible, yet here she was. Crazy.

“Well, Gideon tops Margaux...because she allows it. But Lazlo and Dax, they’re bottoms. And not only are they bottoms, but they’re also bisexual. Gideon tops Margaux, who

tops Lazlo and Dax, and Lazlo tops Dax because he's one hundred percent a bottom. They fit. Into a neat pyramid. We don't."

It was clear she'd been thinking about *us* a lot. How it would work. What the dynamic would be. Whether or not *us* was even possible. That alone imbued me with hope. She wanted something with us and had been attempting to work that out in her mind.

"Why is that? Us not fitting."

The serving staff instructed everyone to find their tables. I guided her through the door toward a bay of windows where our table was marked. I didn't miss the goosebumps on her shoulders and arms that appeared when I led her through the door or placed my hand on her back. *Mine*. Every instinct said it.

"Because the three of you...you're all tops. How can one of you be top dog without there being some kind of tension while you challenge one another for position."

"We've been friends for a while now," I began. "Do we all like to dominate? Absolutely. But only Wilder needs to be in *control*. I'm sure you can guess what it stemmed from. But we're all leaders in the business too. He's CEO, I'm CFO, and Rohm is CIO. We're all leaders, all have our domains, but Wilder is the final say. I think that's what he means. And we all kind of naturally just fall into that anyway. It's not a question whether or not we answer to him and he *tops* us for lack of a better word. But we acknowledge his strengths as a leader and both of us are perfectly content to take care of what's ours and let him worry about the rest."

Her finger traced along the lip of her wineglass singing a sad little song.

"What is it, Peach? You don't look satisfied by that answer."

"Well no. That makes sense and I can see that now that you pointed it out. But, how does that affect your business?"

You say that Wilder has final say. But he's the only one who wants to buy a second location, right?"

"Yes and no. Neither Rohm nor I are thrilled with the idea of an expansion, but it's not because of what you think. We're solvent. Financials are my domain. I know how much liquidity we have. I'm hesitant to throw away all that liquidity on a location that will put far too much strain on all three of us, but most significantly on Wilder. He's already burning his candle at too many places. A second location, Rohm and I both believe, will be detrimental to his health and his sanity. The man barely sleeps—as I'm sure you've noticed."

"So then, what is your solution?"

"We shift things around at home. Condense. Add some reinforcements to the floor, soundproofing, get it permitted to be both commercial and residential space. We keep the top two floors, and the bottom floor for now becomes spillover. With the connection between the two buildings, that gives us an extra four thousand square feet of space. That's plenty to have a few different nightclub experiences. The construction costs should be minimal because the structures are there it's mostly knocking down walls and building connecting structure. Then internal planning and decoration."

"Do you think you could honestly live above a nightclub?"

"We live next door now."

"But it's not the same." She pressed. "You have an alleyway to separate and absorb the noise. If it's in your basement, not only do you lose your playroom and your gym, but you also have loud, thumping music at all hours of the night. And, eventually, from what all of you are saying, the end goal is to pull back so you can actually have a life outside of running your business. What would that life look like if you can't sleep because of the grating bass coming from downstairs?"

Solid points, but she'd asked what my idea was. That was the idea I'd been trying to bring to the table with the other two. It's not like it went anywhere. We just ended up frustrated and pushed the discussion down the road until we were in a better

“place” to talk about. But there was never a good time. If we weren’t stressed out, we were pressed for time or had fires to put out, or we were tired, or it was payroll and there was a time crunch. The excuses and responsibilities were never-ending.

“I don’t know if you saw my text this afternoon but Margaux wants us to come for dinner tomorrow night. I know Saturdays are ridiculous at the club and it’s a lot to ask for you all to not be there for another weekend night...”

The words hung between us. While she didn’t say it, her voice showed how badly she wanted us all to go to Margaux’s. The other two watched over the club tonight. Usually, we all worked on Saturdays just to make sure there was coverage. Last week the staff handled everything well. Surely this is what letting go and having faith in our team felt like.

“I don’t see an issue with us going over there. It should be fun.” I brought her knuckles to my lips and pressed a kiss to her hand.

She didn’t ask for her hand back. Didn’t even make a signal to let go. Rather than disconnect our hands, she sipped her wine with her other hand, set it down, wiped her lips with her napkin, cleared her throat, and continued.

“I have a proposition for the three of you.”

“Shouldn’t all three of us be present when you discuss it then?” I teased her, loving the way she blushed when I did.

“Of course.” She laughed, “I wondered if I should discuss it with you guys tonight, or maybe come by in the morning? I don’t want to intrude on plans and schedules but now that I’ve heard from the three of you—I think my analysis was pretty spot on and all of my data points to a fairly obvious solution.”

“If you’d like we can go home when the boat docks. I might be able to find *Eurotrip* on one of the streaming services. I can even pretend not to notice you touching yourself when the shower scene comes on.”

Her mouth formed a perfect o that was both entertaining and also so enticing. The deep red blush of her cheeks and

chest was also accompanied by a glint in her eye that made it obvious she wasn't as affronted by my teasing comment as she let on.

“Says the guy whose dick was so hard even a pillow couldn't hide how hot you were for two girls making out at a topless beach.”

“I'll admit,” I held up my hands in surrender, “my tastes have definitely become more refined as I've aged. But one taste that has never changed, is the one I've always had for you.”

“I know Keats is in Prague, and Rohm's dad passed away, but what about your dad? What is Owen Creed up to these days?”

It was rare I saw my dad. Not because of any huge blow up or disagreement. We had just drifted apart.

“Owen Creed is back together with Regina Creed, my mom.”

I set my knife and fork crossways on my plate. While the company was lovely, the dinner had left something to be desired. Though I guess I should have known better than to order a steak on a dinner cruise. Journey's pasta was hardly touched either. Perhaps we'd grab a pizza on the way back to the house for when we settled down for that movie.

“They live in a sweet boating town in Michigan.” I continued, “Regina isn't my favorite person, but Dad seems happy. Settled. So who am I to judge who he falls in love with? I wouldn't want him judging me.”

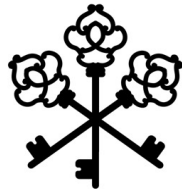
I could only imagine what our lives would look like with Jolene, Keats, and my dad together in a room for some holiday down the road. Once grandkids were involved and we had the whole domesticated bliss shit down pat. Jesus it would be a gasoline-soaked dumpster fire for sure.

“We'll probably need to do separate holidays.” I told her, getting lost in the future vision. “I don't think Keats or my dad have gotten over Jolene, and I know for damn sure Regina would not want to be anywhere near her.”

The horn sounded up above. Journey jumped a good two inches out of her seat, yanking a deep belly laugh from me. She kicked me under the table, her face a mortified mask of chagrin.

“Keep that up, I’ll go back to my place, alone, and you’ll have to explain to the men why I turned down a sleepover.”

“Did I invite you for a sleepover?” I extended my hand and helped her out of her chair, unable to resist kissing the smile right off her face. “I’m pretty sure the offer was for a movie... and probably pizza since this wasn’t exactly five star fare. But a *sleepover*...that is very forward of you, Ms. White. I have my virtue to protect.”



“WHY IS YOUR LAST NAME WHITE?”

Wilder asked me earlier in the week and I had no explanation. It never dawned on me she and her mom had different last names. Though when I knew Jolene her last name was Peabody, not Turner.

“White is my mom’s maiden name. She takes the name of whatever man she’s marrying. I assume that makes it easier for her to get alimony.”

She said it so casually. Logically I knew she had to emotionally distance herself from the things her mom did. That she was as much a victim as all of us and our dads were. But every time she spoke so matter of fact about the things Jolene did, it set my teeth on edge. Both for the little girl who lived with zero stability but also for the woman who could so callously use men and toy with their emotions.

“We heard there is going to be some mutual masturbation while watching dirty movies tonight,” Rohm called from the front door.

“Oh my god, Marlowe. Seriously? You *told* them?”

“Why wouldn’t he, Princess. It’s hot as fuck. Are you wearing your new panties under that blanket? I hope it’s the pink set, with the bows.”

She pushed at his hand, laughing uncontrollably, holding the blanket to her neck.

“I’m in my dress! I have important things to say. Stop!” She squirmed and cackled as Wilder tried to get under her blanket and Rohm joined in holding her feet in his lap. “You guys. I’m serious!”

“Nice to meet you serious,” Rohm replied, tickling her feet. “My name’s Rohm.”

“Mature.” She laughed harder twisting and giggling. “Let me up! I told you we have a pressing matter to discuss.”

“Oh, there are matters that are most certainly pressing.” Wilder cant his hips against her haunch, I assumed so she could tell how hard he was.

“Fine. I won’t tell you my thoughts on your expansion of Quench then.”

She could have been a Domme cracking a whip. That was how quickly the pair scrambled off of her and took a seat somewhere on our giant wrap around sofa. Completely comical in the most domestically sweet way.

“So.” She swung her legs over the sofa and righted herself back into a seated position. “After talking with all of you, and looking at your financials, your payroll, timecards for your teams, your very detailed and organized five and ten-year plans—which I have to say the three of you impress the hell out of me. You are truly partners. A nearly unified front. And really, I think the three of you worry that you’ve reached some horrible breakpoint where you won’t be able to come to an agreement. That you worry over it just shows how much you respect each other.

“I’ll say that each of you wants exactly the same thing. A life. More time for yourselves. Less burden of ownership, but also love to see your business thrive and expand. I love seeing

how proud you all are. And Wilder? I'm amazed that you could pay back your dad's seed money in eighteen months. That's impressive."

"With interest," he added. "We paid him off, free and clear with interest. We own all of our shares."

"And that is why I can see a few years down the road, that you can expand to another location. One that doesn't have to be a rundown warehouse in need of millions of dollars in upgrades that you'd have to take loans out for. You could build new, ground up, if you wanted and truly get exactly what you want."

Wilder looked as if she'd punched him square in the jaw. I hadn't thought she'd provide suggestions that would contradict his wishes. Not in a million years.

"Your partners—brothers—both expressed concerns you're burning yourself out. That as the CEO, you've taken on too much. Carry it all on your shoulders. And I think they're right. Rohm's suggestions for diversifying responsibilities and bringing some of the shift managers into the confidences of the executive team can really go far both in terms of morale and in helping offload some of the day-to-day stuff to other members of your team."

"I disagree." Wilder's voice dropped into a dark, menacing timbre that I'd only ever heard him use when he felt like a contractor or vendor was hamstringing him. "We thought this all out, Ms. White. The financials, the staff, the distribution of labor. It's all in the reports we provided to you. The reports that clearly show expansion makes the most sense."

"Except what your reports neglected to show is that you're paying out the nose in overtime. Your churn rate is at ten percent, not terrible but you have significant turnover for only being about seven years old. Sure some of that is the nature of owning a bar and having to employ a lot of college kids—but layered with everything else, your team is burned out. Just like the three of you. Expansion would surely lead to a lot of staff leaving and creating an even larger issue."

“This is a very short-sighted examination.” Wilder stood, paced with his hands on his hips, circling the space between the living room and dining room before returning to the sofa only to repeat his pattern again. “Our proposed plan is the best way forward.”

“For you.” I pointed out. “*You* think it’s the best way forward. But I’d like to hear Journey’s suggestion.”

“I think we’ve heard enough.” He waved his hand as if to shut me up. “Thank you for that suggestion but we’ll be going in a different direction.”

“That’s a mistake.” She stared him down, her eyes full of fire. “Yours to make but I can assure you I thought through every potential outcome. Your way forward will lead eventually to a breakdown. Whether that’s a personal breakdown, a breakdown in your partnership as you each start operating at low levels of bandwidth, or a breakdown of the success of the club. I can’t say for sure. But I wouldn’t want to risk any of those things. They’re all too important.”

Rohm stared at Wilder for long beats before finally shifting to me. He said nothing but I could tell he was waiting for one of us to speak.

“Don’t you see what she’s doing?” Wilder finally said, “She’s trying to break us apart. Divide and conquer. To get her way. To move us in a direction we don’t want to go.”

“No, man. You’re wrong,” I told him, shifting next to Journey on the sofa.

His eyes blazed like burning caramel, staring right through me. The corner of his mouth twitched like he wanted to say something more. Rohm stared at the two of us, wide-eyed, but stoic. Once again we found ourself full circle staring one another down in the same standstill.

“I think I’m going to leave...” Journey pushed off the sofa, running her hand over my jaw, and kissing me sweetly.

“I don’t want you to go,” I said, twining our fingers together.

I held my breath, hoping in those last few seconds that one of the others would say something. That Wilder would say something. Anything to get her to stay and to rewind to the soft genial way we'd been less than twenty minutes prior.

"It's okay. You three need to hash this out. When you're ready to hear the rest of my suggestions, I'll be waiting."

"I'll come with you."

"You need to stay with these guys and talk. Really talk. You all had plenty to say to me about how worried the two of you are about Wilder, but have you said it to him? And the two of you equally don't believe expanding is the wisest move right now but perhaps you three need to talk about why."

She pointed toward him, her eyes overflowing with empathy as if he hadn't just tried to blame her for our lack of cohesion.

"If you have questions or want to see if my research supports your hypothesis call me."

Her retreating body, the sounds of her sandals clipping against the concrete floor were the only sounds in the room. The door closing downstairs as she left may as well have been an atomic bomb how her absence sucked all the life breath out of the room.

CHAPTER 22

Journey

The word 'Journey' is written in a decorative, blackletter-style font. The letter 'J' is large and ornate, with a floral flourish. The letter 'Y' is also large and ornate, with a floral flourish. A butterfly is positioned below the 'J' and 'Y'. A horizontal line with leaves and arrows at both ends runs across the bottom of the word.

Had I expected there to be some pushback? Of course.

Three men with very strong opinions none of whom had the same one were bound to create some hurt feelings. I didn't expect Wilder to be voraciously opposed to anything and everything though. And I really hadn't thought that he would accuse me of trying to break them apart. That had come out of left field.

So engrossed in my own thoughts, I barely paid attention to the fact that my kitchen light was on when I walked into my condo. Or noticed the sound of running water could be heard from my guest bathroom. It wasn't under a lithe woman with jet black hair, a summer sky blue wrap dress and espadrille sandals walked into my living room that everything in my life constricted into the most oppressive tunnel vision.

"Mom? What the hell? How did you get in?"

Her body started as if *I* was the interloper and this was her domain.

"Pumpkin! I didn't know you were home. Usually, people announce themselves." She shuffled over to me, with an obnoxious shimmy in her hips. Sixty years old and the woman still played the coy sex pot games, even if there was no male in sight to appreciate her "charms."

"Well, considering it's my house and I live alone who would I announce myself to? And, you didn't answer my question. This is a triple secure building. You're not on my

guest list. You have no keycard, and my elevator is password protected.”

Not to mention that she’d been a practical ghost for at least thirteen months. The last text I received from her was Christmas of the prior year telling me she’d met a man and they were eloping, and she would call me after her honeymoon. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d seen her in person.

“Your doorman let me into the elevator. Must have seen the resemblance between the two of us. And your password was so easy to guess. You’ve used the same one since you got your first debit card.”

“Funny you can remember my debit card pin, but conveniently forget you have a daughter on August seventeenth, or on Christmas, or...Jesus, any time in the past two years.”

She took a seat on my sofa, extending her arms lengthways across the back.

“Oh don’t be so dramatic, honey. I know you’re a busy woman. So successful, and you obviously do very well for yourself.”

“Why are you here, Mom?”

After the evening with the men, the last person, and I mean I’d rather have a homeless man chase me down the street and tell me I looked like his high school girlfriend, than deal with her. I wanted to soak in my tub, with a glass of wine, and just float.

“I missed you.” She crossed and uncrossed her legs at least three times over the span of sixty seconds.

“Where’s what’s his name...the love of your life?”

“Oh, Tom? Honey would you believe he cheated on *me*. With the Baccarat dealer at the Indian Casino.”

“India—where have you been living? Since when are there Native American casinos in Arkansas?”

“Arkansas? Honey, no. I’ve been living in Albuquerque, with Tom. Arkansas? Gosh, that was Pete. Pete and I were over a long time ago.”

“Hmm.”

Rather than sit and stare at her I made way to the kitchen to get that glass of wine that I’d hoped to luxuriate over and enjoy slowly in the bath rather than slam to inoculate myself from the insanity that was my mom and her life.

“I guess the divorce announcement got lost in the mail.”

I stared at her from the kitchen, taking my sweet time savoring a long slow swallow while I just stared and stewed.

“So, why are you here, Mom?”

I had a guess. It wasn’t even a guess. More like instinct based on experience.

“Well, you see honey...”

The elevator dinged and out walked all three of my men. Marlowe looking beside himself with worry, Rohm focused and intense, and Wilder—scowling and querulous. They saw me first, stopping in chorus just at the threshold of my foyer. From where I stood in the kitchen, their view of the living was partially blocked from view.

“Peach,” Marlowe yanked me against his body, missing my exaggerated neck and eye gestures. “Within five minutes we realized that anything we need to work out with the club, we need to do it together. With you.”

“Pumpkin...who is at your door? Don’t you know it’s rude to entertain guests in your foyer and not bring them in and introduce them.”

Marlowe froze. Wilder *sneered*. I could practically hear him growl in her direction.

“Mama JoJo!” Rohm called to her, winking at me as he proceeded into the living room. “Long time! So nice to know you’re alive and well. Unlike Dad.”

He leaned in and gave her a hug and a pat on the back before flopping onto the sofa next to her, swiping the remote off the arm of the sofa.

“So, what’s new? Catch us up on all the details. Any new man in your life?”

I should have stopped him. Should have reined him in or interrupted the conversation. Polite company wouldn’t have left her hanging out on a tree by herself. But I also couldn’t help but be the fly on the wall gluttonously drinking in every second of her discomfort.

“She was here when I came home,” I told Marlowe and Wilder by way of an explanation. “Maybe we can talk about this later. I don’t know why she’s here, but I hope she doesn’t stay long.”

“No. Hell no.” Wilder grunted. “We stay. I’m not leaving alone with *her*. She can pretend like she’s been a mom all she wants but you’re with us now. And we protect what’s ours.”

I raised an eyebrow at him. Given he’d accused me of being the wedge trying to drive them apart less than thirty minutes ago this was an interesting one-eighty. Not that the words didn’t thrill me on the inside. Other than Margaux I’d never really had anyone to lean on. And Margaux and my friendship while very close was only a few years old.

“Raise that eyebrow at me again, and you’ll have trouble sitting at the dinner table with your friends tomorrow, Princess.”

“Yeah, he died a few years ago.” Rohm stretched his arms above his head. “After you broke his heart and took him for whatever money he had left after losing his job, his dignity, his career, all in the name of lovvvvvve...he sold our house and bought a sweet little campground. Lived out the rest of his years there. But now he and Mom are reunited. The real love of his life.”

“It’s twisted that I’m so entertained by this,” I whispered to Marlowe and Wilder who’d taken seats at the kitchen island, watching me with intense focus as I pulled glasses from my

cabinet and poured us all two fingers of gin, and mixed in some soda and a couple limes.

“Mom, obviously you remember Rohm.” I handed her a glass before passing the other one in my hand to Rohm.

“I remember Rohm, but how on earth did *you* remember him? That was so long ago.” Her voice was filled with confusion as she took him in over the glass of gin she drank from.

“And this is Thornton and Marlowe...”

On cue the pair approached from either side, each wrapping a very possessive arm around my waist. Wilder, seeing my mother’s eyes bulge, wrapped my jaw in his beefy palm, and ran his nose from my cheek all the way to my neck before suckling against my pulse point.

“I had plans for us tonight.” He practically purred, “I guess we’ll have to wait until your company leaves.”

He didn’t even acknowledge her. Flirted with me gratuitously as if just the three of us were in the room. I wore one of the scandalous pairs of panties he’d bought for me, and they were at that moment doing absolutely nothing to hide just how molten he’d dialed up my core temperature.

“Jolene.” Marlowe nodded in her direction. “Journey didn’t mention you’d be visiting. We wouldn’t have encroached on your time with your daughter had we known. I’m sure the two of you have lots to catch up on. It’s been what, Journey? Five years since you’ve seen her?”

“At least three years.” Rohm chimed in. “Because we’ve never seen you here.”

I nearly choked on my drink.

“Three year—how did y’all meet anyway?” Jolene asked.

“You mean aside from when you married our dads, moved in with Journey, took them for everything that they had and skipped out of town like a thief in the night?”

My mom’s face was puce. I’d never seen that color on anyone in my life. But the guys were batting at the wrong

mouse. Playtime needed to end.

“As adults. How long have you all been friends?”

“We’re business partners with her best friend’s husband. We ran into each other at an event and have been blissfully enjoying life ever since,” Marlowe explained.

“But you picked the perfect day to arrive.” Wilder nipped at my ear, before nuzzling my cheek. “Journey finally agreed to let us put a baby in her. So, you’re the first to find out you’re going to be a grandma—obviously once one of our swimmers takes root. Or maybe more than one. I’ve heard the gynecologist can give you pills so that you ovulate more than one egg per cycle. That would certainly make things easier. More expedient.”

Wilder continued to have this out-there conversation where my mother didn’t exist but also did. There was a glint in his eye that suggested I would be rewarded if I played along.

“You’re... Journey Joy! Tell me you aren’t sleeping with *three men* at the same time like some whore.”

It was rich coming from her. The queen of playing the field and always having a backup. It wasn’t like I hadn’t been prepared for this very reaction. What we were wasn’t conventional, and she’d be the first of many to judge our relationship. Whether it was only eight days old, or three years old.

“Trust me there isn’t a whole lot of sleeping—” I pinched Wilder’s leg to pull him back. There was teasing or a few passive aggressive swipes, and then it was too much. He’d reached too much.

“How long were you planning on staying?” I asked, taking the seat next to Rohm, Marlowe and Wilder filling in the open spaces after me.

“A few weeks,” she suggested. “A month tops. Just till I get back on my feet. I left New Mexico so fast I don’t really have a plan.”

“I wish you would have called,” I told her, forcing my face to look torn up. “We’re about to start construction here. These

guys have the hottest nightclub in Chicago and are about to expand. Because of that expansion, we decided it would be smart to finally take the leap and move in together. They need somewhere away from the club that they can retreat to every night after work, and well—I need them. I’ve gotten so used to having them in my life that I don’t want to spend any nights apart.”

I realized as I spoke the words, even if they were housed in basket of bullshit for my mom that they were actually true. I wanted them with me. I wanted us to live under the same roof. To feel their bodies pressed up against mine.

“So unfortunately—I don’t really have any room here for you. Between my home office, and the office for the guys... not to mention us blowing out the wall in the master to take the third bedroom and expand into it to accommodate the larger bed and extra dressers. It’s going to be tight,” I told her.

“This is sick,” she said, rubbing her hands up and down her thighs. “Were you lusting after my little girl at *six* you little deviant? I could have you arrested. Sue you for giving her that Stockholm disease.”

Wilder just continued to stare. Refusing to be baited by her. Rather than comment he turned to me. “Keats called on the drive over here. I honestly didn’t think he’d be so excited to find out we were trying for a baby. If anyone would fight becoming a grandpa, I thought he would for sure. But, he asked if we wanted to spend time at the villa in Prague maybe late summer, early fall.”

“If she’s already pregnant we shouldn’t have her flying internationally,” Marlowe chimed in.

“As if we’d fly coach. I’m sure she’d be perfectly comfortable in first class. The new private rooms on Lufthansa and Air France are practically the size of a New York Studio.”

“Keats lives in Prague?” my mother said. “What is he doing over there?”

“Whatever millionaire playboys in their late sixties do when they’re retired, have too much money, plenty of time to

play the field, and a giant, still functioning cock.”

“Mom, what do you need.”

I rolled my eyes in Wilder’s direction, drawing my finger across my neck in what I hoped made my warning very clear. Rather than look apologetic, he ran his finger down the length of his opposing palm, from the tip of his middle finger all the way to his wrist.

“Well, seeing as you don’t have any space for me, and I’m clearly unwelcome, not that I want to stay here and listen to you being immoral with your *brothers*. Loan me fifteen thousand so I can get on my feet again, then I’ll be on my way.”

Not that I didn’t have it in my savings account, but it burned me that’s all I was to her. Her get out of jail free card any time one of her sugar daddies didn’t pan.

“We can give her the money,” Marlowe whispered in my ear, covering his comment behind a sweep of my hair off my face and tucked behind my ear.

“I have it,” I grit out. “It’s whether or not I want to continue to be the first national bank of irresponsible and emotionally detached mothers.”

“How much do you have on you?” Rohm turned to Wilder, digging his wallet out of his pocket.

“Eight I think.” Wilder shrugged out of his coat, taking his wallet from the inside pocket.

“I have a grand. What about you Marlowe?”

“Six I believe give or take.”

“Here’s the thing, Jolene,” Rohm spoke as he collected the money from the men. “I don’t really feel comfortable with my life partner being used as an ATM machine. She isn’t required to compensate you for your irresponsibility. You haven’t seen her in almost five years. I’d say things like that make your kids feel used. Like the only thing they’re good for is their money. I’m going to give you this twenty-four hundred dollars. You’re going to take it and go wherever it was you came from while

we spend the next few weeks discussing as a family what to do about you.

“The last thing I wanted to see is Journey upset. And every time a subject meanders toward anything to do with you, she gets upset. Seeing her right now—she’s upset once again. And I will do anything in my power to ensure she doesn’t feel that way.

“If over the next month you can provide some evidence you’re actually interested in something more than her money, maybe we’ll consider helping you get back on your feet. Until then, there is the elevator. Give your daughter a kiss and a hug on the way out. Bryan and his team downstairs will be briefed by morning that you are officially on the do not trespass list.”

CHAPTER 23



I wouldn't feel guilty for how I treated Jolene. She didn't deserve empathy or understanding. It was obvious she felt zero remorse for what she did to people. I baited her over and again not only had she not reacted, she showed not an iota of sympathy. My dad was dead, sent to an early grave because she shattered him. And she hadn't even batted an eye.

"I can't believe you're all here," Journey said as soon as the elevator door shut. "Did that really just happen?"

"It sure did, Peach." Marlowe pulled her against his side, pressing his lips to her head. "Are you okay? What can we do for you? That was...complex."

"Complex is an understatement. Rohm, I was literally cringing every time you opened your mouth. I *almost* felt bad for my mom."

I shrugged, flopping onto the sofa. I had zero qualms about being the verbal muscle in situations such as that one. Especially if it meant protecting Journey and saying all the things she wished she could say. I'd gladly be the bad guy for the rest of our lives.

"Did you really talk to your dad?" Journey turned to Wilder, her face pulled into a tight mask of anxiety.

"I spoke to him tonight, yes. I mentioned that we'd run into you and that we'd had a few dates. The rest was shock value to piss off your mom."

Wilder wrapped his arm around Journey's shoulders and lead her to the sofa. Marlowe followed closely behind, placing

an order for takeout from the sandwich shop in the next building.

“Were you serious about wanting us to move in with you?” Wilder asked, running his fingers down her cheeks before tracing her jaw.

“Yes. If you had met me finish without running your mouth like a petulant child, I could have told you my ideas.”

What a fucking night. After she left, we’d spent the first five minutes arguing about the fact that Journey walked out and what the fuck was Wilder’s problem. After that, and in the car ride on the way over, we’d laid it all out there. How overworked we were. That spending this time with Journey reorganized our priorities on a base level. She provided us with something that no amount of professional success could do.

Safety to explore with a potential committed partner. Companionship. The ability to really get to know her and us and how we fit as a dedicated foursome. And, maybe one day down the road, we could call her our wife.

Alongside that we’d grown quickly, and we needed to adjust. Journey nailed her evaluation of Quench. We were all carrying loads far too heavy for us to bear for too long. Before we could expand, we needed to put a team in place. To offload some of the daily stressors onto other people. And we needed to stop working so damn much. Once we got a handle on that, we’d do as Journey suggested, sell the warehouse to the club, and expand. Of course, it would be a few months before we could get that underway.

I’m glad that Wilder pulled his head out of his ass within minutes of her leaving. The three of us had been at a stalemate for weeks, his stubborn ass refused to cede even an inch with the two of us. But Journey tells him what’s what and leaves it for us to decide on our own and suddenly it’s like he’s the damn hostage negotiator brokering deals and making concessions.

“I think Wilder has something he’d like to say to you, sweets.”

I felt a wave of annoyance roll off him and press toward me. He ran a frustrated hand through his hair, knocking loose his bun. He ran his hands over his face, groaning into them before continuing.

“Princess, it was unfair of me to shut you down before even listening to what you had to say. It was wrong of me to undermine your opinion after I’m the one who asked for you to provide it to us. I guess I arrogantly assumed that once you came in and evaluated everything, you’d side with me. I’m sorry. Truly. I should have handled that much better than I did.”

I remembered when Journey and I went to dinner, and she’d mentioned that a lot of the time some clients weren’t open to her suggestions. At the time I’d wondered why people would pay her so much money for her expertise only to disregard it when she didn’t agree with them. But now that I’d seen it firsthand, I understand where an ego could get bruised.

“It’s because you’re tired and burned out.” She leaned against his arm and snuggled into his bicep.

I wish I could say I was secure enough in our relationship that I understood the two of them needed to repair what happened before all four of us could make up. But I wanted to cuddle her too. To feel her melt against me and look at me with those soft, rounded eyes, full of love and contrition.

“I think you should get a spanking, Daddy. And then, to bed for you with no dessert.”

“If by dessert you mean your sweet pussy that is never an indulgence I will ever deny myself. Naughty or not. It’s called making up. And after apology to your heart, the very next place I’ll be turning to in apology is between your legs.”

“You didn’t say no spanking.” Journey teased, and just the thought of watching her with a paddle in her ass, landing a few sharp strokes against Wilder’s naked ass had me hardening with visions I’d never considered exploring before.

Marlowe, who’d been on the phone, hung up and gaped at the two of them. Clearly joining in on the conversation just as

the good stuff had begun. I didn't miss the way he adjusted his jeans before joining us back on her sofa.

“If you had asked if I'd ever get turned on by the thought of a man being spanked by a woman, I would have said definitely not. But, I need to witness this, Peach.”

“I see some club time in our future.” I rubbed my hands together, barely containing a gleeful evil laugh.

“Thank you, guys, for sweeping in with an assist. Even if you weren't aware my mom was here when you arrived, you could have easily turned and bailed, or escalated it into an ugly screaming match. I've had no one stand up for me like that. It felt, nice.”

“Babe, if you let us, we'll protect you forever,” I promised her.

CHAPTER 24



WILDER



I still had a hard time wrapping my head around the idea that Journey was ours. Sure our relationship was just starting out and we had tons of things we still needed to navigate. But, it felt right. Like it was meant to be. And, maybe it was. Jolene could gain access to Journey’s home, and apparently bank account, because she used the same pin for everything. That was definitely on the list of things we’d be discussing in the very near future.

It was hard to be mad at her. Especially when I’d discovered what that constant, never changing pin was 3-4-8-2. March 4, 1982. My birthday. It had been the garage code on our house. I’d helped her tiny, six-year-old fingers punch it into the keypad over and over again so she wouldn’t forget it. In case she ever accidentally stepped out of the house and got locked out. Over and over again, we’d said the numbers together as she touched them. Three-four-eight-two, enter. And she’d never forgotten it. Even if it was a subconscious habit, I’d been there, with her for her whole life.

“Wait, your *mom*? Was *at your house*?”

The last twenty-four hours were a complete shit show. Between the argument between the guys, the blow up with Journey, and then her damn mom being at her condo—having a night to just chill on the back patio of Margaux, Gideon, Lazlo, and Dax’s house with a beer and some burgers was the perfect fucking evening in my book.

“She sure was. And these two.” She pointed at Rohm and me. “Went and told her we bang all the time and essentially

please see yourself out because we were all about to go to pound town.”

“I swear—I still can’t look Gideon’s parents in the eyes. And Casey kind of had to do all the hard work. He’s the one that had to be like “so this is what I do in my bedroom.”

“But Clover gave her grand-babies.”

“God she sure did. And they’re such cute little shits too. We can’t wait to visit next week. I’m telling you guys—you should really re-consider investing. I think what Casey and Gideon are doing is going to be huge. Like on an epic level. Casey wants to build an entire poly town so that we can just exist without having to re-traumatize ourselves every time we need to talk to a lawyer, or visit a hospital or do any of the things couples do.”

We’d just sat down at Margaux and Gideon’s home for dinner with the four of them. Journey and Margaux had barely come up for air since we’d stepped through their front door. To be honest I didn’t mind it. I loved watching her in her element. Engaging with her friend, laughing and joking.

“How long are you going for?” Marlowe asked, nudging my foot under the table.

We’d heard the whole song and dance two years ago when they broke ground. At the time we were still navigating the club’s direction and nose to the grindstone to pay off our debts. But now? Maybe they were right. Perhaps rather than expand in Chicago, investing in something that could be our future too might be worthwhile.

“We’re going to be gone for a month. Gideon just completed a big research project so he has some time before accepting his next assignment. Dax can work from anywhere, and Lazlo has so much vacation time stacked up they were like ‘go, please, leave, relax, do something that normal people do.’”

Gideon’s brother was a Daddy with his two best friends to a woman named Clover. They’d committed themselves to living as a foursome, had a set of triplets together and now were interviewing surrogates for a second round of triplets.

They, too, were members of Club Sin, but prior to moving to Troublesome Creek, Montana had played at Club Sin, New York. Their vision held appeal for sure. A quiet town, out in the middle of nowhere, where everyone could just exist.

“...we’re thinking of moving out there permanently. This will be a good trial run.”

I’d missed something.

“Oh no! Don’t leave! What will I do without my best friend?”

“It won’t be for a while,” Gideon assured her. “We have a lot of things to wrap up here. But the end goal is to live full time by my brother and their family. We want to slow down and enjoy life. And, we want to have kids of our own. Clover’s doctor specializes in poly couples and has also moved up to Montana so, it would make sense for us to go up as well.”

I imagined, not for the first time, what Journey would look like pregnant with our babies. I’d never considered filling her up with all of us at once. I just assumed we’d double bag until she was pregnant with one, and then rotate who wore the rubber until we each got one. She was ten years younger than Margaux though so perhaps that was the reason for the sense of urgency.

“...one of the reasons we wanted to invite you for dinner tonight.” Margaux continued, sipping from her wine glass, watching the three of us with hawkish observation. Rohm and Marlowe appeared to be taking the observation approach to the evening like me. Watching Journey be filled with so much joy as she interacted with her friend settled a jagged piece inside me. I loved to make her happy. I loved to make her scream too. And cry out my name in ecstasy. To cuddle her and provide her aftercare as she snuggled into my chest trying to figure out her way back down to earth.

My arms ached with the need to hold her but that would be wildly inappropriate in the middle of a dinner among friends so I tried to tamp down the desire to be as close to her as humanly possible.

“I’m never at the condo anymore. I know you mentioned that maybe the guys would move in with you –and I know you worried about having enough space for them. So I thought maybe the four of you might be interested in buying my condo. Then you could blow out the walls and have the entire floor as your house.”

Margaux looked to me with those blue eyes of hers full of hope. It honestly wasn’t a bad idea. It was an expensive idea, but certainly not a bad one. If we timed everything just right, we could use the profit from the sale of the warehouse to Quench to fund the cost of the expansion at Journey’s house.

“And, while the house is under construction, we could go visit Margaux and the men in Troublesome Creek. See what it’s like. Maybe see if it’s worth investing in?” Journey sounded as hopeful as Margaux did. Reminiscent of two girls asking if it was okay to have a sleepover. Except this sleepover cost millions of dollars.

“You know who’d be interested in this?” Marlowe pointed his beer bottle in my direction.

“I think I’m thinking the same thing.” Rohm chimed in matching Marlowe’s body language.

The pair simultaneously said my father’s name. Sure, Keats had tons of money. Had bankrolled a venture of ours before, and had more kinks than a piece of chain mail.

Maybe.

“What do you think?” Journey turned in her chair to face me full-on, a beatific smile lighting up her face.

“It’s hard to say no to you Princess.” I tried to buy myself some time before my mouth agreed to something before my brain could examine the possibility of it all.

“So then don’t.” She giggled into her wineglass. “Could you imagine all that space? We could put in a playroom, and a bed big enough for all of us, and get a whole new bathroom with a shower and tub big enough for four.”

It would work out. Whatever happened with the club, our house, a renovation, and a new investment in Montana, I had

my two best friends, with whom I shared a woman who quickly was becoming the love of my life. Sure we had a lot to figure out, but there was no one I wanted to charge ahead blindly with, laughing at all our ridiculous stumbles, than Rohm, Marlowe, and of course, my Princess.

CHAPTER 25

Journey

The word 'Journey' is written in a decorative, blackletter-style font. The letter 'J' is large and ornate, with a floral flourish. The 'u' and 'r' are also highly decorative. The 'n' and 'y' are simpler but still elegant. Below the word, there is a horizontal line with a central butterfly and floral motifs on either side.

Six months later

“That one feels so much bigger than the others.”

My words came out in short pants. I existed in an infinite loop of pain and pleasure. With nowhere to go, that dark mass of energy settled between my legs with pain-tinged throbs.

“It’s the same one we practiced with a few nights ago, Princess.”

Though the blindfold stole away my sight, I would have known it was Wilder teasing me with a feather crop, even if he hadn’t spoken—or been the one with the affinity for drawing out every sensation to its absolute limit. It was as if that feather were coated in paint and he touched every inch of my skin. He swirled it against the bottom of my feet, between my toes, behind my knees, up my haunches, and between my legs, circling around the offending object protruding out of my rectum.

With each pass around my body, he spent long minutes waking up every nerve and cell, finding the most random and sometimes obscene places to tickle my body with it. Behind my ears, along my hairline, in my armpit, my belly button, along the slope of my nose. No part of me no matter how small or insignificant, did he overlook. And I drown in it. Slurped up every tingle gluttonously.

“Maybe it feels different because tonight you’re fully packed, and Wednesday, you let your two steps eat you to two orgasms on the sofa during movie night while your Daddy

watched.” Marlowe twisted the oversized dildo they liked to call *Big Daddy* that sat deep inside my pussy.

Stretched to my absolute limit. I’d never had such a gigantic cock inside me, on top of the plug that opened me up for what was soon to come. Rohm’s fingers intermittently tickled my clit. Never giving me enough pressure to do anything more than frustrate me.

“You wouldn’t believe how many people are watching you right now.” Rohm whispered into my ear. “So many men staring at you with hunger in their eyes. Wishing they could be the one up here. Wishing it was their rings you wore.”

The last six months had brought about so many life changes. My men took a hard look at how much of their lives they dedicated to Quench and realized life was too damn short to not enjoy more of it. They hired new managers and supervisors to enable those who were stand out team members to rise to higher levels within Quench. Thanks to a better-rounded management team, the three of them found they now had lots of time on their hands. And you know what they say about idle hands.

“Let’s show them how good you suck a cock. What do you say, Peach?” Marlowe stood in front of me, the masculine smell of him wafting in front of my face seconds before I felt the wet tip of him painting my lips like lipstick.

“God, you look so beautiful.” Wilder’s fingers reached below me and pinched my nipples. “I am the luckiest man alive. I get to spend the rest of my life with you. Loving you. Filling you up with babies.”

“Eventually.” I clarified, pulling off from Marlowe’s cock. Thank god I did, because seconds later I heard the patent leather paddle whistle through the air. It was long moments before the stinging heat spread through my ass and caused pleased pain to ripple through my already throbbing pussy and ass.

“What did we say about backtalk?” Rohm asked, tapping my ass more gently the second time with the paddle.

“I was simply clarifying, so there was no misunderstanding. Knowing the three of you, you’d hold me to *not* saying something in the middle of a scene and suddenly come Monday I’d have an appointment to have my IUD removed.”

“Would they listen to us if we called and asked?” Wilder gathered my hair in his hand, guiding my mouth up near wherever he stood, devouring it.

“Not funny.” I nipped at his lip before he released my hair once again. “We just began construction on the house. We leave for Troublesome Creek next week. Surely you don’t want to add keeping a cranky pregnant woman happy throughout the summer to that list. Nesting might sound cute but it’s not. I promise.”

I was rewarded with another slap, not as hard as the first, but my pussy didn’t care.

“She’s going to come.” Marlowe chided, slapping my cheek with his cock. “That’s for us, not Big Daddy.”

“She’s not getting any dick until she’s out of her mind with pleasure,” Wilder told him. I could practically feel the frustrated rumble of the words in his chest.

“Wouldn’t getting the dicks, make me out of my mind with pleasure?” I teased Wilder. The more we were together, the longer he loved to draw things out. On Wednesday he along with Marlowe and Rohm had me at six orgasms before I finally blissed out to the point of sleeping.

“You sure are sassy tonight.” Rohm spit on my asshole, pulling the plug out just a tad and pushing it back in, earning a deep, bone-vibrating groan from me. “Maybe she needs her mouth filled.”

“I tried to do that till her damn Daddy went and got her all riled up and mouthing off.”

Marlowe pushed into my mouth with zero preamble. Firmly pressing to where he knew my limit was. I loved when he got rough though. That moment of panic that he’d force it too far down and I’d start gagging. But he never did, and that

was the best part of these men, and what we did together. My whole life I'd never felt as cherished, as seen, and as worshipped body, mind, soul, as these three made me feel every single day. I could only hope that they felt the way I felt and did the same for them. They were everything to me.

“You're the best cocksucker, Peach. Look at you. Bright red lips leaving streaks down my dick. Did you ask your Daddy for permission to wear that color? I don't think he enjoys seeing his Princess in such a whorish shade.”

“Her Daddy may have said no, but I told her to wear whatever color looked best on my cock.” Rohm's dick was at my cheek, painting it in pre-cum.

“I told her she should wear green because of all the fucking money she's making us with that big brain of hers.”

The club was doing ridiculously well. Them moving out of their loft and expanding the club into that space had been exactly what the club needed. It could now hold double its capacity, still have about a twenty-minute wait outside, and continued to be on the hottest club list. We'd even convinced some of the more famous TikTok DJs to come guest spin. That idea took off like a rocket and showed no signs of slowing down. The club had increased its quarterly revenue by twenty percent.

I felt Wilder's mouth affix to my nipple from beneath the spanking contraption they had me tied to. His warm tongue tricking my body into welcoming pleasure only for his teeth to clamp down at the last second. It was heaven and hell and everything in-between.

Lately, Wilder had been experimenting with the various ways to extend and heighten pleasure. Margaux and her men had been begging for six months to visit and meet some of the other kink couples, thruples, and polyams that were purchasing homes at Troublesome Creek. Finally, we were taking two weeks off to join them.

“Are you ready for us to take you to outer space, Princess? Daddy can't wait to push into that star and fill your ass up with

cum. I'm going to paint you with so many layers of it, no one will have any doubts who you belong to."

It felt like I blinked and I was unstrapped and maneuvered onto the bed. *Big Daddy* came out first, with a long, distended slide. By smell alone, I knew it was Marlowe doing the honors. No matter how much we sweat or how long of a day he had—he always crawled into bed smelling like sandalwood.

"Looks like your princess parts don't want to let go of *Big Daddy* tonight." Rohm joked, pressing his cock in for a few slow pumps, circling his hips around and lighting every nerve on fire. "There's nothing better than feeling your hot silk against my cock bare, sweets. Nothing better."

The blindfold heightened every sensation. Each sound, from Rohm's stuttered breath to the slaps and squeaks of other people playing in Club Sin, my hearing had become supersonic. My skin, oversensitive from all of the pleasure play, was slick with sweat and littered with gooseflesh, and that was before Rohm pushed his cock into me. After long minutes with Big Daddy in me, I wouldn't have expected the walls of my pussy to suck and cradle Rohm's cock as hard as it did. Like my body knew who the real thing was and decided to actively show up for the cock that slowly teased in and out of me.

"On top of him, Princess. It's time for you to see the stars."

We'd been working up to anal for months. The men used dildos and vibrators in my ass while fucking me, fingering me, or eating me—but not an actual cock and not two of them at the same time. Marlowe had called it the ultimate act of trust and submission. Something the three of them took seriously. They hadn't wanted to bond like this, in this perfect complete union, until *we* were bonded. The final act, if you will, sexually to tie us together.

They'd asked me to marry them the night before in a ridiculously romantic evening spent at home deciding how the house would look now that we owned the entire floor. They'd each taken a room in what was previously Margaux's house to propose individually, with their rings each dangling from a

keychain that held their keys. The ones they'd showed me on that first night. The ones they never got rid of. The ultimate sign of their love sitting alongside the ultimate sign of their commitment. We eventually returned to our side of the house and made love in our oversized bed until the sun came up.

Rohm rolled us so I sat on his hips. His hands caressed my breasts before holding himself in me while Wilder pressed me down against Rohm's chest.

"Wait. I don't want her blindfolded for this."

Marlowe untied the silk around my face, and they waited for my eyes to readjust. We weren't in public at all. We still were on the stage where we'd begun, but the curtain had been closed, our experience for our eyes only. Two out of three of my men came into focus, Rohm, caressing my chin, running the back of his hand from cheek to jaw. Marlowe just above us, cock in hand, lazily stroking himself.

I felt Wilder's warm lips on my shoulder, his teeth pressing into the skin there.

"Give me those words, Princess. My favorite ones."

He pulled the plug from my ass, running his fingers along the wrinkled skin before inserting his fingers inside me, scissoring and twisting as he went.

Just that movement alone shorted out my synapses. Rohm rotated his hips in the smallest circles. But the movement combined with Wilder's manipulations already had the corners of my vision going hazy. Marlowe pushed his salty length into my lips, my head falling back on a silent O to welcome him in.

"Alright Princess, here I come." I felt Wilder's head notch against my sphincter, the muscle spreading in welcome, stretching to accommodate the girth of his tip. "Remember keep breathing, and if it hurts push don't clench."

I nodded, Marlowe's cock slipping out as I hissed out my uneasiness.

"You're doing so well, Peach." His thumb ran along my chin, holding up my head, and caressing my jaw. "Deep breath."

I did as he asked, and the moment I did, Wilder pushed in again, pressing in for long seconds. “The head’s in, baby girl. That’s the widest part. How you doing?”

I felt the warm, soft, pads of his fingers across the divots on my lower back, before slipping down to pull my ass cheek up.

“I wish you could see how hot this is Princess. The sight of my dick getting swallowed by your greedy little star. I have to bite my cheek to keep from blowing.”

I couldn’t speak. My thoughts refused to stick around long enough to float to the forefront of my consciousnesses. I was untethered. No longer a thinking, reasoning homo sapien but a bestial *thing*, desperate to *rut* and *fuck*.

“You seemed to have forgotten you had a job to do, Peach.” Marlowe directed his cock to my lips again. “Suck.”

And suck I did. I focused on bathing him with my tongue and saliva, to distract me from the discomfort of Wilder stretching my asshole to its absolute limit.

“Almost there,” He cooed, squirting more lube on my aching hole, and using his finger to push it around. “You’re such a good girl. We’re so proud of you.”

“God, seeing you like this? It’s beautiful, Peach. I’ve never seen a sexier sight than your mouth overflowing with cock, Rohm beneath you using that pussy, and Wilder looking at me across the sexy dip of your back, focused and stern, his eyebrows doing that slanty thing that makes him look like a Serval.”

A string of pre-cum shot across my tongue, his cock twitching against my teeth, and drawing a gritty moan from him.

“I wish I could say I’ve never seen a sexier sight either, but I’m looking at Marlowe’s hairy fucking balls swinging in my face,” Rohm said beneath me. “And there’s nothing sexy about these.”

Whatever he did to Marlowe caused him first to grunt and then to let out the sexiest mewl. Like he hadn’t expected to

like his best friend touching his sack. While we all fucked one another, each man kept in their lane, and tended not to touch one another. But, based on that little whine, Maybe Marlowe wanted to be touched.

“In.” Wilder sighed, pressing his hips against me. “Color?”

I looked deep inside myself. Checking for pain, for fear, or any of the other emotions I’d thought I would feel once we got to this stage. My skin buzzed with unspent energy. My clit throbbed, and my nipples tightened into distended peaks so sensitive even Rohm’s chest hair shot licks of fire from my nipples to my clit. My ass burned but it didn’t hurt. I needed, more.

“Green.” I breathed the word, not even recognizing my voice.

“Great job baby girl. Deep breath, then I’ll pull back out.”

After a few tentative strokes in and out, the heat in my belly expanded and snapped. When it did, the four of us no longer four people but an interconnected being moving in tandem toward the most mind-bending sensations and a pleasure so intense the first kiss of that deeply sexual promise had us all sprinting toward the finish line.

Wilder pushed and pulled with gentle, but focused, efforts. Never changing pace, and not waiting for me to catch my breath. Each time he pressed in Rohm pulled out, in and out over and again. We were water, viscous, moving through time and space as we each sought our pleasure individually and together. A mouth on my nipple, teeth and my neck, my fingers around Marlowe’s cock, Rohm’s lips feasting on mine every time I came up for air before diving back in. Each of us cried out in ecstasy with each delicious step towards the finale, melded together into its own soundtrack.

Marlowe was the first one to fall. He cursed his bad luck, as he fucked into my mouth, unable to control how deep he went, or how he pressed against my soft palate as his hot seed overflowed and dripped down my lips. Rohm upon seeing the mess Marlowe’s climax made all over me, erupted into me, losing the smooth pattern her and Wilder had been keeping.

Rohm and Wilder's leashes of control snapped and the two of them fucked me into a freefall. We bounced, slipped, and slid against one another, calling out our pleasure. And I was no longer flesh and bones, and nerve endings but a billion cells exploding into the stratosphere on a ball of white light. I felt like nothing and everything all at once. The hedonistic pleasure far too intense for words. My asshole and cunt contracted violently around the two cocks buried in me, triggering me over and again into a rolling orgasm that had me screaming my throat raw.

"Tell me," Wilder grunted, sounding more animal than human. "I need to hear it. Tell me right now, baby girl."

"I love you." I gasped, barely able to hold on to the thought long enough to speak the words. "I've always loved you. I'll never stop loving you."

As his semen exploded into my ass, I clawed at Rohm's chest, making the same promises to him as he too shot his load into me.

When we finally came to, as a sweaty mass collectively sprawled across the bed, I lifted my head only to find Marlowe studying me intently.

"You too," I told him, unable to stop the smile. "I love you too. Always."

I'd never find three men more perfect for me than these three. They were my constant. My home. Even before I knew it, they carried the keys to my heart and never let them go. And now, we had the rest of forever to live the life of our choosing.

"If only all that cum was working its way up to an egg, ready to make me a baby," Wilder said as he cleaned me up.

"One day." I smiled into his kiss.

"Soon." He pulled my hair back to stare into my eyes.

"Negotiable," I replied.

"Brat."

"Always."

“I’ll love you forever Journey Joy.”

And I would him. As well as Marlowe and Rohm. The three keys to my heart.

PAY A VISIT TO CLUB SIN: CHICAGO



A woman like Margaux could never be overlooked. As if her luscious hourglass shape, and sultry walk as she prowled Club Sin weren't enough to steal the attention of every path she crossed; her regal grace commanded it. Despite her proclivity for collecting "little pets," something primal in me desperately wanted to see her kneel. For me.

MEET CASEY, CLOVER, ODIN & JOAQUIN



I was never one for coloring inside the lines.
Authority was always meant to be questioned.

Answers simply reasons to dig deeper.

Club Sin was a curiosity.

A place to explore my wildest fantasy.

In Room 23, they call me Trouble.

Good thing I have three Daddies to keep me in line.

Because as the saying goes...trouble never comes alone.

COMING SOON...TROUBLESOME CREEK

Coming in 2024!

All kinds of naughty happenings will occur at Troublesome Creek. The Montana Community build just for those with all kinds of kinks, from daddies, to breeders, primals and beyond!

Be on the lookout for the first installments of the series in winter 2024!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I tend to avoid most of the socials. If you'd like to [join my mailing list](#) so you don't miss any of my updates. I swear the emails will be pretty sporadic.

