

# DAKOTA TRACE



# TAMING KALINDA

The Sequel to Nisey's Awakening

# **Taming Kalinda**

*By Dakota Trace*

After seeing her best friend accept her brother's collar, Kalinda Doherty realized without a doubt she needed what Nisey had - a Dom who was willing to offer her more than a few nights of hot sex, erotic pain, and sensual submission. Unfortunately that left out the man she wanted. So when the offer of an internship in Los Angeles came up, Kalinda jumped at the chance, leaving Chicago, her family and the man of her dreams behind. Now with her internship over, Kalinda's heading home for the summer with a decision to make - take the permanent job waiting in L.A. or finding happiness with her new Dom in Chicago?

Joshuah Redding was a man of deep needs. The time apart he'd forced upon Kalinda was finally over. Now that she's returning to Chicago, he knows it's time to claim her - for good this time. He had everything planned until the plane touched down. That's when he finds out Kalinda has brought a man home with her...another Dom. Now what the hell is he supposed to do - especially when the new Dom wants him to join them - permanently?

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## Prologue

Kalinda Doherty was dragged out of a deep sleep by the muffled sound of a woman moaning. Jerking upright in her bed, she tried to orient herself. It was her first weekend in her new apartment. She originally planned to move in the following week, but with her doting mother driving her nuts, she'd decided to move sooner. With Caelan gone on a trip, she was sure he wouldn't mind, especially if he didn't have to lug her stuff up the stairs.

She was the luckiest sister in the world. When she'd decided to attend Illinois Institute of Technology to get her degree in Architecture, her older brother, Caelan, had converted the upstairs level of his home into a separate apartment for her, claiming he didn't want her living in Bronzeville - even if it would've been in the IIT dorms - by herself. Instead he'd proposed she move in with him plus he would provide her with a car to get back and forth.

Sitting with the sheet pooled around her waist, she tried to identify what had woken her. True, her brother's home in Evanston was in a nice area, but it was a far cry from the sleepy antiquing town of Galena, where her mother now resided. When she couldn't hear anything, she laid back down after attributing it to her over active imagination. She was just drifting back to sleep when another muffled scream sounding like a woman crying out for help had her scrambling out of her bed.

Running a shaky hand through her hair, she shoved her feet into her old worn bunny slippers before rushing out of the room. Stumbling down the darkened staircase separating her apartment from her brother's she cried out when she missed a step twisting her ankle. The pain was tremendous but her urgent need to help the woman drove her on. Now that she was down stairs, she could hear the sounds of pleading a bit better. They were still muffled but the volume was much louder as if they were coming from the bowels of Caelan's home. Limping the last few feet to her brother's door, she found the spare key to his apartment on her key ring and jammed it into the lock. She was glad she remembered to grab her keys

because she knew the stabbing pain in her ankle wouldn't have allowed her to go back upstairs.

Gritting her teeth against the agony radiating up her calf, she used the wall and furniture for support while she hobbled across the hardwood floors of Caelan's living room. Following the sounds of the escalating cries, her only objective was helping the woman. She had no idea what she was going to do when she found her, but she had to do something to help.

She was breathing hard after using the double hand rails to make it down to the cool interior of the basement. Stopping a moment to catch her breath, she could see a narrow rectangle of light at the end of the short hall. Trying to keep her weight off her bad leg, she slowly negotiated her way to the door. Hanging onto the partially opened doorway, she closed her eyes against the nausea threatening to overwhelm her. Releasing a soft sob, she forced the agony from her mind when the sound of flesh being struck followed by a feminine cry had her eyes opening.

In the center of the well-lit room, she could make out the partial view of a woman who was strapped face first to a tall wooden X with her back bare, wearing nothing more than a thin thong and several stripes of reddened flesh. With her view blocked by two men standing close to the woman with their backs to the door, she fought with herself. Should she call the police? The throbbing in her ankle told her there was no way she could make it back up the stairs to the phone. *But how can I just leave her there?*

Nibbling on her lip, she was looking around the room for something she could possibly use to stop the men, when the brunet turned toward her. Stumbling back when recognition washed over her, she shook her head. She just couldn't relate her loving brother to this man. He wore nothing more than a pair of dark leather pants while he conversed with the other man. The stark desire on his face had her feeling like an interloper. This was not a situation she was comfortable in. Moving further back into the hallway, she was tempted to flee but couldn't. Not only was the pain holding her prisoner, her concern for the woman was still lingering. She couldn't help but wonder about Caelan's involvement. While his personality



was bit chauvinistic when it came to taking care of the women in his life, he was unfailingly gentle. Seeing him with a restrained woman who was obviously being whipped just didn't add up.

"Better..." Hearing his Irish brogue had her inching forward against her will. "You gave her the firm stroke she wanted. Just remember - never around her kidney area. You could cause serious damage there with even a flogger."

*How could the girl want this?*

Evidently she wasn't the only one questioning it because the other man voiced her very thoughts.

"Damn Caelan, are you sure this is what she wants? Those welts have to sting like a bitch!"

Kalinda's breath came faster when she figured out who the other man was. Between the unique shade of his hair - a dark gold, and his slight English accent it could only be Joshua Redding. She'd met him last summer when her friend Nisey had been hired to work at one of his shops. He was the owner of several custom tailoring and embroidery shops in the Near North area. She'd had a crush on him ever since. What the hell was he doing here?

"Ask her, Josh." Caelan's voice was firm.

Josh seemed to take a moment to process Caelan's order before complying. "What level are you at, slave?"

"Green, Sir." The woman's voice was ragged. "Please...Sir...I need more."

Kalinda was surprised at the desperate need she heard in the woman's voice. This wasn't the brutal assault she'd first thought. She'd run downstairs, in the process spraining her ankle, to not find a woman being abused but a woman enjoying what was obviously a *consensual* BDSM scene. Sinking back against the wall, she closed her eyes. *God, I've got to quit being so damn impulsive.* She tentatively put her weight on her ankle. The resulting pain had black spots dancing before her eyes. *Fuck, there is no way I can make it back upstairs without them knowing.* Embarrassment flushed her cheeks at the thought. *I'm stuck here until they finish, so I can have one of them call me an ambulance.*

Holding herself still, she tried to ignore her surroundings. The sounds of flesh being struck, the begging pleas from the woman should've been a turn-off but they weren't. Kalinda had read everything she could get her hands on about BDSM. She even knew enough to recognize what 'levels' were but she had never actually experienced a true scene before. She'd wanted too but hadn't found a man she could trust that much. The closest she'd come was the time her last boy-friend had gotten rough during sex and hit her ass. He'd immediately begged her forgiveness and ruined the moment. The climax that had been within her reach - her first with a man - had slipped away.

Now she was stuck in the hallway with her ultimate fantasy going on mere feet away. When the cries suddenly stopped, she assumed they were finished and pushed off the wall. She realized her mistake when she glanced in the room. The woman was still restrained. The trembling of the woman's splayed legs and her fast breathing told Kalinda this scene was far from finished. Like a deer caught in headlights, she couldn't look away, especially when Josh moved closer to the woman.

"Let's see how badly you need it, slave."

Almost as if he realized she couldn't see, her brother who had been standing closer to the woman stepped aside, giving Kalinda a clear view. The glistening fluid on the woman's inner thighs told of the woman's ecstatic pleasure. She watched as Josh shoved aside the crotch of the restrained woman's thong then thrust his fingers inside the moaning slave. Kalinda's heart raced. When his fingers withdrew she could see the sticky cream of the other woman's arousal on them. She nearly gave away her hidden presence with a moan when Josh stuck them in his mouth and cleaned them off. *Oh my God, that should be illegal.*

"Damn, Caelan, I do believe she was telling the truth. She definitely is a horny little slut." Josh's voice was full of amusement and a touch of satisfaction as if he were pleased he'd brought the woman to such a high level of arousal.

Caelan chuckled and the slave began to plead again.

"Please, Sir...please!" She tugged against the leather restraints.

When Josh backed away from the woman Kalinda could tell he'd turned serious. His moment of revelry with Caelan was over. He was once more focused on the woman. "As you wish."

Anticipation filled Kalinda when he stepped back to resume his position behind the woman. The fluid arc of his arm as it drew back and the resulting thwacking sound from what she assumed was a flogger had her breath catching hard in her throat. Her nipples beaded under her sleep shirt as her softly exhaled moan joined the harsher moan of the other woman. Clinging to the door, Kalinda's world narrowed down until the only thing that mattered was the scene playing out before her. Her desire climbed steadily as Josh gave the woman stroke after stroke on her upper back and ass. The woman seemed to writhe against the wooden X even harder the faster the blows fell. Kalinda longed to feel the burn of the flogger against her own skin.

Standing in the shadows, Kalinda tried to fight her need masturbate. *I can't do this here. If Caelan turns he'll see me.* When a particularly hard blow had the slave fighting against the bonds holding her, Kalinda's self-control broke. She shoved her hand under the sleep shorts she was wearing to bury two of her fingers inside of her aching pussy. Watching the fiery path of the flogger draw broader strokes across the slave's reddened skin, Kalinda wanted to be her. *Oh God what does it feel like? I want to be the one giving up my body to Josh.* The idea had her panting as she rubbed her thumb over her clit. She'd give anything to be the one under Josh's flogger right now. She wanted to feel the helplessness of being restrained - to feel the erotic bite of the flogger and know that Josh was the one controlling it - that she had no other course but to accept what he gave. She bit down hard on her lower lip to keep the plea from spilling from her mouth.

With the pain of her ankle now forgotten, she leaned hard against the door to free her other hand. It immediately went to her cloth covered nipples. She alternated pinching them as she drew closer to the edge. Sweat beaded on her forehead and between her breasts. She was so close - just a few more strokes and she'd come.

"Please, Sir...I want to... no, I need to...come!"

The cry of the slave while she arched her body towards the downward swings of the flogger nearly pushed Kalinda over the edge.

*Oh God, yes! Beg for it, you bitch.* Kalinda would've been appalled at her own thoughts if lust hadn't clouded her mind. Gone was the good girl who did what her mother expected, while in her place was the horny submissive woman she longed to be. Rubbing her clit faster, Kalinda's blood was pounding in her ears. She tensed as she felt the approach of her orgasm when Josh's voice reached her.

"Don't you dare come! A good slave knows she has to wait until her Master gives permission." His voice was tight with restrained desire, and if he hadn't had his back to her, Kalinda would've sworn Josh was speaking to her. Giving her nipple a brutal twist, she allowed herself to fall into the fantasy.

"Please, Sir!" Kalinda wasn't sure if the words had come from her mouth or the slave's as her body trembled on the edge of gut wrenching pleasure.

"No! Do *not* come."

Her climax stalled at his command. A low whimper escaped her when her thumb eased its pressure on her clit. She could almost feel the thuds of the flogger landing against her willing flesh. She didn't recognize the woman she was now, but only knew she had the desire to obey - she no longer controlled her body - Sir did.

Unaware of the moans, pants and gasps coming from her throat, she hovered on the edge of nirvana. It never occurred to her that one of the men had finally felt her presence. She nearly sobbed in relief when Sir finally gave his long-awaited permission.

"Now come for me, slave."

She choked as his command released a wave of violent pleasure which battered her body. The bone-jarring sensation weakened

Kalinda's knees. She fell towards the floor never hearing the muttered curse her brother uttered as he caught her. As the pleasure finally eased, pain from her forgotten ankle rushed in. A low moan of agony slipped past her lips before she blacked out.

\* \* \* \*

“Come on Brat, wake up. Don’t do this to me.” Hearing her brother’s thick Irish brogue, she tried to focus on Caelan and not the agonizing throbbing of her ankle. Taking a few deep breaths, she was finally able to focus on him. A flush filled her face when his worried face filled her vision. *Fuck, I stepped in it this time. Not only did I spy on something I never should’ve, I masturbated until I came.* Her moan of embarrassment turned to one of pure agony when a pair of hands gently prodded her ankle.

“Damn, she’s gonna need an ambulance, Caelan. Go call them, I’ll stay with her.”

Even through the red haze of pain, she latched onto the soothing voice. *Sir.* He was here - he’d make sure she’d be okay.

She was vaguely aware of her brother leaving. When a hand cupped her chin, she looked up into a pair of the most beautiful midnight blue eyes. Immediately her haze filling her from her orgasm and the resulting fall cleared. Licking her lips, she said the first thing that came to her mind. “Let me up.” She pushed his hands away from her body.

He immediately pushed her back down. “Don’t. Stay put, I don’t want you making your ankle worse. It’s swollen as a grapefruit. You’re not to move until the paramedics get here.”

She crossed her arms over her still beaded nipples. “Then don’t you think that you should go take care of your friend.” She glanced towards the wooden cross only to see that it was now empty.

“Already been taken care of - she’ll be fine.”

When the left side of his mouth quirked her heart started racing.

“But not as fine as you’re going to be when it happens the first time for you.”

Her eyes widened as panic filled her. *He couldn’t know that I came with her. His attention was on her - not me.* Even as she reassured herself, the knowing look in his eyes had her mouth going dry. “What do you mean?”

“Any woman who can ignore the pain of an obviously badly injured ankle while still having one hell of an orgasm from just

watching me flog another woman, is going to be a spitfire the first time she's under the whip. In fact that's what I'm going to call you."

"I didn't..." She flushed and tried to divert her gaze from his.

"Liar." Josh shoved his hand between her thighs. She jerked when his fingers brushed over her clit as he felt her wetness through the thin cloth. She groaned when she realized she'd just given him a sure sign of how sensitive her clit was.

"Both wet and highly sensitive yet you're trying to say you didn't come. I'm not buying it. You climaxed." He brushed his thumb over her clit again. When she gasped he smiled, obviously savoring her reaction to his touch. "The next time it happens, I'll be experiencing it firsthand."

"Yeah right." Trying to hide behind false bravado had little effect when he pinched her clit through her sleep shorts, sending sparks of pleasure shooting through her.

"That's not just a promise, spitfire, it's a guarantee."

The desire in his eyes had her catching her breath. *Fuck I can't do this. Not only is he Caelan's friend, he's way out of my league.*

Before she could voice her protest at his audacity, Caelan re-entered the room with an ice pack and something for her pain. Even as she lowered her eyes from Josh's intense gaze only one thought filled her mind, *I came from simply watching him flog another woman. Not only did it turn him on, he's ready to pursue this. I'm so fucking screwed.*



# Chapter One

*Two years later*

Staring out of the plane window, Kalinda shifted in her seat. She was finally going home. Whether it would be to stay or not was yet to be determined. She missed Caelan and Nisey like hell, but with frequent trips home and visits from them she was surviving. Los Angeles was a big city - there was tons of stuff to keep her busy but it still wasn't Chicago. She didn't want to admit it but she'd left her heart in Chicago two years ago when she'd left Joshua Redding behind at his insistence. Not that he'd given her much choice. His insistence at taking the internship so she could explore her sexuality had hurt. She hadn't wanted another Dom to teach her anything - she'd wanted him. *It had been nothing more than an excuse he used to get me out of his life after I failed to please him sexually. Otherwise he wouldn't have told me that after the first and only time we fucked.*

"You need to quit thinking about him, *chérie*." Dominic's soft Cajun accent drew her from her morbid thoughts as the plane got ready to taxi down the runway. She took comfort in the reassuring presence when he held her hand as the plane started to move.

"I know, Dominic, but it's easier said than done."

The familiar spark of attraction flared between them when he pressed her hand against his lips. Her breath caught in her throat when he nibbled on the tender flesh of the inside of her wrist. Streaks of pleasure and pain as he nipped at her skin had her closing her eyes. Dominic LaFontane had come into her life when she needed a strong man the most. Add to that his constant praise of her ability to please him and he was perfect.

When she had arrived in L.A. two years ago, she'd been nothing more than a wounded, heart-broken woman. One who didn't understand why the man to whom she'd given her ultimate submission had turned her loose. Then she'd met Dominic on her first day of her internship with one of the prominent architectural



firms. All it had taken was one look into his dark chocolate colored eyes for her to know she'd found a kindred soul. The familiar pain she saw in her own eyes every morning was reflected in his. He'd been hurt just as she had.

A few months later after a few drinks - all right more than a few if she wanted to be honest, Dominic had carried her out of a fetish club after seeing her hanging limply from a Saint Andrews cross barely conscious. He'd taken her home before telling her firmly that he would tolerate no more of her antics. She wasn't going to willingly endanger her body just because her heart was broken...

*Sitting on her couch, she tried to fathom why the man in front of her cared whether or not she lived. She ignored the pain of her torn back while wishing she could slide into the welcoming darkness of unconsciousness. She'd gone to Gilded Lily in hopes of driving the feel of Josh's touch out of her memory. Surely one Dom was the same as another.*

*She'd paid the manager of the club all the spending money Caelan had sent her. She'd wanted someone - anyone - to cane her while she was bound. She hadn't realized at the time that the Dom would ignore the agreed upon safe word. Evidently Safe, Sane, and Consensual wasn't practiced by the members of the Gilded Lily. All she could remember is the numbing pain before the familiar face of her brother's friend filled her tear-filled vision. He'd took her down from the cross before walking out of the club without regards to the vehement protests of the Dom who she'd paid.*

*"Do you have a death wish, Kalinda?" Raking his hand through his short dark hair, Dominic paced back and forth across the small living room of her efficiency apartment.*

*She barely was able to mumble a "No" before she slipped back towards the welcome darkness of unconsciousness.*

*"Oh no, you don't! You're going to talk to me this time. This has got to stop or you're going to end up dead. I'll be damned if I have to explain to your brother why the hell you self-destructed while I did nothing to stop it."*

*She cried out in fresh agony as he jerked her off the couch. The cuts and welts on her back throbbed when he dragged her down the*

*short walk to her bathroom. Efficiently he began to strip her despite her slapping hands.*

*“Stop.” Her sobs seemed to have little effect on him.*

*He growled and gave her a ‘not so gentle’ shake. “No! This is gonna stop. If you need a Dom look no further. I’ll dominate you before I’ll let you continue on this destructive path.”*

*She crossed her arms over her chest and wobbled on her feet. “No.” Stumbling away from him, she turned on the water as hot as she could stand it. Standing under its pounding spray she whimpered as the hot water touched the cuts and welts on her back. When she finally couldn’t stand the pain anymore, she shut the water off, and stood trembling on the cold porcelain while Dominic carefully wrapped her in a towel. Cradling her in his arms, he’d walked out of her bathroom to carry her to her small twin bed. Laying her down on her stomach across the towels he’d covered her bed with, he sat down next to her hip. Reaching for the bottle of witch hazel, he opened it.*

*“This discussion isn’t over, chérie. Rest tonight. We’ll deal with this in the morning.” Taking the soft cotton handkerchief out of his pocket, he folded it in fourths before dumping a generous amount of the fluid on it. Setting the bottle back on the small nightstand next to her bed, he began to gently dab at the various cuts and welts the riding crop had left on her pale skin...*

*“You’re doing it again, Kalinda. Don’t make me have to spank you again, chérie.”*

*She pulled his hand to her mouth. “I wasn’t thinking about him, Dom. I was thinking about the night you saved me.” She rested her head on his shoulder. While Dominic had never offered her his permanent collar, he was now the only man she trusted aside from her brother. Dominic’s understanding but firm hand when she’d shown up at his apartment to kneel for her needed punishment had given her peace. When it became too much, he had gotten through to her when nothing else had. While their relationship hadn’t started out as sexual in nature, about six months after he’d found her at the Gilded Lily, they’d become lovers.*

A low sigh escaped him. "That's nearly as bad. I nearly had a heart attack when I saw you hanging from that cross. You're never to endanger yourself that way again, Kalinda."

"Of course not!" She tipped her head to stare over at him. "Next time I'll take you with me."

"Brat!" He pinched her side.

"So I've been told." Letting her head rest on his shoulder, she took comfort in his presence. "Thank you for coming with me, Master."

"I'd never let you face him alone, *chérie*." He pressed his lips against the top of her head.

\* \* \* \*

Standing outside of Caelan's door, Josh paced while he waited for his friend to answer. The door finally opened to reveal Caelan's sub, and the best embroiderer that Josh employed, wearing nothing more than a short robe and her thin silver collar engraved with the Claddagh.

"Master Josh?" Her eyes sparkled with mischief. The little imp knew why he was here.

"This isn't funny, Nisey. Where's Caelan? Since you won't give me the information, I'll get it from him."

She simply giggled. "Ah, sorry about that, Master Josh. I've been bad, haven't I?" When he scowled down at her, she giggled once more before stepping back. "Well don't just stand there, come in. *Máister* is in his study." With a flick of her dark red ponytail, she walked back down the hall.

Closing the door behind him, he followed. His frustration grew as he waited for Nisey to complete her formal greeting to Caelan. His foot tapped impatiently when she knelt at the door to Caelan's home office. Although he couldn't understand Caelan's words, he could tell by the tone of his friend voice that he'd obvious interrupted their playtime. He had no sympathy for him though. If that damn Irish bastard would've at least picked up the phone, he wouldn't have had to make a trip over to his house and Caelan could be dominating Nisey to his heart's content without any interruptions.

He vaguely heard Nisey's formal request as she let Caelan know he was waiting.

"Master Josh is here and wishes to speak to you."

Josh heard the roll of casters before Caelan appeared in the open door. His white dress shirt was open to the waist while his dark hair had a mussed look to it, as if his sub had been running her fingers through it.

Caelan paused beside his sub after he placed his hand on her bowed head. "Go to the playroom and wait for me there, slave."

"Yes, *Máister*." Standing to leave, Caelan stopped her before she got out of ear shot.

"Nisey?"

She glanced over her shoulder and nibbled on her lower lip. "Yes, *Máister*."

"Lose the robe. I want you bent over the spanking bench when I come down. I have some punishment to dole out to my impulsive slave."

Nisey blushed before nodding. "Yes, *Máister*."

Caelan watched until she disappeared down the hall before he turned back to Josh. "So why did you come all the way out here, Josh? Surely a phone call would've sufficed."

"It would've - if you'd have picked up the damn phone," Josh retorted as he followed Caelan into his office. Sitting down in the chair adjacent to Caelan's desk, he waited for the other man to reply.

"Hmm, that's odd, the phone never rang here."

Josh's faced flushed. "Are you calling me a liar?"

Caelan laughed. "Hell no!" Pulling his desk phone closer to him, he chuckled. "Naughty little slave." He looked back up at Josh. "Seems like Nisey was being greedy, or didn't want you to talk to me." He shrugged his shoulders. "She turned the ringer off. Sorry about that. So what can I do for you?"

"Two things. One, tell me what flight your sister is coming in on and two, make sure you give naughty Nisey an extra stroke from me."

"Really? Now why would I do that?"

Josh raked his hand through his already disheveled hair. "Because she's being a brat and wouldn't give me the information for your sister's flight. If she had, I wouldn't have had to drive out here. She keeps overstepping her boundaries, Caelan. I know you told her to give me the information after we spoke on the phone last week. If I didn't know better, I'd think she was trying to stop me from seeing Kalinda."

Caelan pressed his fingers together before answering him. "That she may be, Josh. You tore up Kalinda pretty bad when you sent her out to LA and away from you. Nisey doesn't take very well to the idea that her friend is still hurting."

"God damn it! You know why I made her go. If I hadn't she'd have been tied to my side and she was too young to be collared. Hell, she was only twenty-two. I couldn't in good conscience do that to her. She deserved to explore the scene before coming back to me. The last thing I want to ever hear out of her mouth is that I deprived her of her chance to explore. You know once I collared her that would be it. She'd be mine. We both know I don't share what I consider mine."

Caelan nodded his understanding, before reaching for the yellow pad on his desk to rip off the top page. "This is the information for Kalinda's flight." He held the paper out to him. Josh nearly decked Caelan when he pulled it back as he reached to take it.

"Give it to me." Josh tried to keep his voice calm, but by the look on Caelan's face he knew he'd failed.

"Are you sure you want to do this? She's bringing a friend home with her."

Josh narrowed his eyes. "Man or woman?"

"A man. I met him on a trip out there. He's good for her."

"So she picked up a boy-friend. Do you honestly think she's going to be satisfied with a vanilla relationship after having experienced our lifestyle?" The memories of how Kalinda had burned in his arms had been preying on him since he'd found out she was coming home. He hadn't been able to think of much else. Between the memories and new ideas of what he had planned for Kalinda to welcome her home had made him such a basket case at work, not only had his sister threatened to brain him, so had Nisey.

Caelan shook his head. "Vanilla is the last thing I'd call Dominic. He's a member of the BDSM club I visit when I'm in L.A. He's a Dom, Josh. In fact, he's the one I asked about the internship for Kalinda. He put in a good word for her..."

A low growl emerged from Josh's chest at his friend's words. "You sent her out to L.A. to a known Dom?"

"What the hell are you mad about, Josh? Isn't that the reason you wanted her to go?"

"Yes, but I wasn't expecting you to set her up with one of your friends! I figured she'd observe and..."

"...come back to you for the actual experience?" Caelan shook his head in disbelief. "You're deluded if you ever thought that would actually occur. Kalinda is too impulsive to ever just stand on the sidelines and you damn well know it."

Josh crossed his arms over his chest. "I wanted to be the only one to show her everything she wanted to experience."

"Then you shouldn't have sent her away. I'm trying to be understanding and see your side of things, but I happen to know and like Dominic. He's a wonderful..."

Josh slammed his fist against the edge of the desk. "I don't want to hear about how great a Dom he is, Caelan!"

"Shut the fuck up and listen, you bastard." Caelan rose from his desk to lean over it, his nostrils flaring with anger. Josh realized he may have actually pushed his friend too far. He kept silent until Caelan took a deep breath before he continued.

"Now as I was saying, he's been a wonderful friend to me and ultimately Kalinda. He was there for her when you weren't. *He's* the friend who called me the night that my baby sister went off the deep end."

Josh clenched his jaw and mentally counted to ten. He couldn't help but hear the accusation in Caelan's voice. Arguing with him wasn't getting them anywhere. Releasing his breath he strove for calmness before replying. "What exactly are you accusing me of? You think I had anything to do with what she did or didn't do out there? All I did was let her go."

Caelan sank back down into his chair. "I thought I understood your reasoning when you let her go. Not to mention, I swore to you I'd never get involved or takes sides between you and her, but it was damned hard not to when I get a two in the morning call from the man I asked to keep an eye on her telling me that he found her at the Gilded Lily."

Josh paled as he recognized the name. It was one of the most extreme clubs in L.A. They didn't have set rules or safe words from what he'd heard. He'd specifically warned Kalinda to stay away from that particular club before she'd left. "Fuck! I told her not to go near that place."

"Either my sister didn't know what she was getting into or she did it to spite you. My guess would be the later."

"Damn her!"

"It gets worse, Josh. Dominic found her tied to a St Andrew's cross being caned. From what he told me, she had used her safe word but the man caning her refused to stop. She was barely conscious when he finally took her off the cross."

Josh paled. "Jesus Christ! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because having you rush to her side would've only made it worse for her when you left again."

Josh had a sinking feeling in his stomach. "If I'd had known, I wouldn't have ever left her again. I didn't want her to endanger her life, Caelan, you got to believe me..." He closed his eyes against the burn of tears. "Please tell me she recovered from it."

"Yes, she recovered from the cuts and bruises...but that's all. She's changed. I just hope you're not expecting to her to fall back in her previous role in your life. She went through pure hell trying to exorcize you out of her system. Whether she did or not, I don't know. Although you and I are going to come to blows if it happens again, friendship or not."

Josh stilled. "So what am I supposed to do? Forget her? Forget about the missing part of me? I'm telling you right now I can't do it."

Caelan nodded. "You really fucked up when you let her go, didn't you? I can't stop you from approaching her, but I going to ask that if

she's not willing to rebuild your relationship, you let her go - whether you want to or not."

Clenching his jaw, Josh tried to subdue the urge to slug his best friend in the mouth. His friend knew how hard it had been for him to let Kalinda go in the first place and it went against the very fiber of his being to not reclaim her now that she was coming home. "She's mine."

"She was until you choose to let her go. You can't expect for her to come to your side like a well-trained dog. It's not going to happen. Despite your best intentions, she took it hard. If Dominic hadn't been there, I don't know where she would've ended up."

"And I'll thank him for that when I meet him." He rubbed his hand over his face before looking at Caelan once more. "Damn if I don't know how to royally fuck my life up. I was trying to do the right thing. But all I know is that I've missed her like hell since she's been gone. The prickly attitude she's given me on her short trips homes hasn't helped. All I've wanted to do is say screw it, then bend her over my knee before reclaiming what is mine without regards to her age."

Caelan looked sympathetic. "I know this hasn't been easy for either of you. If you weren't such a hard-headed bastard, you wouldn't be in this position now. You should've never forced her to go, and she should've knocked you upside the head for even suggesting it. You were perfect together. But it did happen and now I have a friend who still wants my baby sister and a sister who's changed - but not for the better I'm afraid."

Silence grew in the room as Josh struggled with how to respond. He knew he'd fucked up royally not even a week after she'd flown out to L.A., but he had stayed true to his own personal code despite the pain and void of her absence in his life.

"Here."

Dragging his eyes to the outstretched piece of paper Caelan was holding in his hand.

"Take it."

"You're giving it to me? Even after what happened..." He couldn't believe that Caelan was doing. If it had been Hillary, he'd have beaten the hell out of Caelan.



Caelan nodded. "But you've been warned. Don't hurt her again. Try to give Dominic the respect he deserves, he's earned it. He's gone through hell with her and having you try to play top Dom won't do anything more than piss him off. I won't back you if you do and he decides to take his frustration out on your stubborn ass."

Holding the paper in his hands like it was more precious than gold, he gave a weary chuckle. "I do believe you'd do that." He sobered. "Has he collared her?"

Caelan gave his shoulder reassuring squeeze. "No permanent collar yet. But it's not that he doesn't want to. The last time he spoke to me about it, he said he wouldn't give her a collar without making sure she was over you."

His heart nearly burst through his chest at Caelan's words. "So this is a test to see if she's over me, so he can claim her?"

"You're going to have to ask him that, Josh. If I were you I wouldn't wait too long."

\* \* \* \*

Closing the door behind his subdued friend, Caelan rubbed the back of his neck. Damn he hadn't been looking forward to this conversation all day. While he'd had time to come to terms with Kalinda's reckless actions in Los Angeles, he knew he was sending a dazed and off kilter Josh to pick her up from the airport. He hoped what he told his friend was enough to shock the other man out of the expectations he had concerning her. He knew his friend had expected that once Kalinda finally returned to Chicago for good, that she'd fall right back into place in Josh's life.

Caelan wouldn't have said anything, but he didn't want to see his friend go up in flames anymore than he did his sister. He'd meant it when he'd said that they were perfect together, but he'd also seen Kalinda and Dominic together and they were perfect together in another all together different way. While Josh was intense - possessive even when it came to Kalinda, Dominic was strong and protective towards her. It was too bad she couldn't have them both. They both loved her to a distraction, plus he knew both wanted to collar her, but he didn't think that Josh would be able to share her

with the other man. It was quite a shame since he had a feeling that Kalinda needed both of them to find her balance.

“Caelan?” Nisey’s soft voice had him looking up. He frowned when he saw the tears in her eyes. Holding his arms open, she rushed into them. “I’m sorry you had to do that.”

“You and me both, *muirnín*.” He pressed his head against hers as her slender arms wrapped around his waist.

“He had to know but it still sucks. It had to come from you.” Her words were muffled as she pressed her face against his hard chest.

“Better me than her. I don’t know what would’ve happened if she had been the one to tell him, or heaven forbid, if Dominic told him.” He gave her a gentle squeeze.

She groaned. “Dear Lord, we would’ve heard the explosion all the way over here.”

He chuckled before squeezing her silk covered bottom. “Speaking of coming explosions, weren’t you supposed to be naked in our playroom and bent over a very particular spanking bench?”

“Ummm...” He could hear her fumbling mentally for a good excuse as to why she wasn’t where he’d ordered her to be.

“...you only wanted to make sure I was okay. Is that why you’re not where I told you to be?” Keeping one arm wrapped around her, he rubbed his thumb over her bottom lip. He knew her protective instincts towards him made her fret and worry over him and while he understood, he’d had to punish her more than once for being disobedient just because she’d known he was hurting. It was her way of giving him an outlet for his volatile emotions. While he loved her for it, he sometimes wished she wasn’t so perceptive.

“Yes, *Máister*.” She winked at him.

Giving a mock growl, he swatted her ass with the palm of his hand. “Get your ass downstairs where I told you be, slave. You just earned yourself another punishment.”

Her dark green eyes widened. “Yes, *Máister*.” She turned to leave but couldn’t resist asking. “Do I get to pick out the paddle?”

“No!” He roared as she scurried away. Watching her disappear down the stairs, he shook his head and sighed with anticipation at the feel of the new flogger which had just arrived. It was time to

break it in on her tempting little ass. He thanked the gods every day for his sister's fateful late night call. Without it he'd have never found his perfect slave.



## Chapter Two

The sound of the stewardess's voice announcing it was time to fasten their seatbelts jolted Kalinda out of the light doze she had fallen into after they'd taken off. Beneath her cheek she could feel the warmth of Dominic's shoulder. Other than Josh, he had one of the warmest bodies she'd ever experienced. What was it about her attraction to men that produced such massive amounts of body heat? It was one of the few ways Dominic reminded her of her former lover.

His arm which had been wrapped around her moved, and she instantly mourned its loss. Her shoulders felt cold and bereft with his warmth gone. Sitting up she rubbed her eyes before fumbling for her seatbelt. Glancing out of the plane's window after securing the belt, she took in the familiar landscape surrounding O'Hare International Airport.

She turned away from the view and immediately noticed the damp spot where her head had been on Dominic's shirt. "Oops, I got you wet again." It was a common occurrence anytime she laid against him for any length of time. The memory of their damp skin pressed together during 'aftercare' had her breath catching in her throat. No matter how hard he employed the paddle, whip or flogger on her tender flesh, he always held her close after their inevitable fucking. It made her feel more than just another willing body, because she felt he actually cared about her as a person.

She looked up to see Dominic's dark eyes darkening with remembered desire. "I love it when you get me wet, *chérie*."

"Seat belt check." The perky voice of the stewardess had her retort dying in her throat.

Kalinda looked up at the stunning blonde wearing the dark uniform of American Airlines. She knew from experience the stewardess was just doing her job, but she couldn't help but blush at the underlying sexual current in their conversation, or the prominent bulge that the buckle of his seatbelt seemed to draw attention to. Also knowing he was remembering the same thing as she, made it

impossible to watch when the stewardess slipped her fingers under the buckle to check for its fit.

“Good and tight.” The woman’s cloyingly sweet tone had Kalinda wincing. She glanced away. She didn’t think she could stand to watch the other woman fondle Dominic. A weak flare of panic consumed her, despite Dominic’s constant reassurances in the past. He’d never encouraged another woman in her presence despite the fact she did not wear his collar. She was hoping that if he decided he wanted to start a new life in Chicago, she would still be part of it.

“Well I’d hate to fall out if something happened.” Even though Dominic’s low Cajun drawl had her skin tingling with need as always, she knew being flirtatious was part of his charm. She’d seen him use it on both men and woman in L.A. It seemed like hardly anyone was immune to it. He could talk his way into any woman’s pants to satisfy the hard cock pressing against the tight crotch of his chinos.

“Relax, *chérie*. You can take care of it once we get home.” His knuckles brushed over her cheek bone before taking her hand to cover his obvious erection. She couldn’t help but gently squeeze him. She knew every inch of his body and exactly how he loved to be held. Even his enjoyment in exhibitionism held a special place in her heart. As long as it pleased him, she’d do it without question.

“Well, I never!” With a huff the stewardess moved further down the aisle at Dominic’s blatant lack of response to her obvious charms.

“I’m sure she hasn’t but you have, haven’t you, *chérie*?” Pressing his mouth against her ear, his tongue brushed over the inner whorls of her ear, leaving streaks of damp heat behind. Without thought, she squeezed him harder, loving the way his hips gave an involuntary buck towards her.

“Yes...” She fought to keep from moaning when he nipped the edge of her ear with his teeth. This was all part of his usual game. He loved to torment her in public, knowing she couldn’t do anything other than stroke him through his clothes. Her need to please him had been one of the founding blocks of their relationship. It had amazed her in the beginning. The familiar need to challenge him as she had Josh was surprisingly absent, however, in its place was the

desire to submit to the man who'd rescued her. She knew a simple request was all that was needed for him to give her what she what she desired. He might make her wait for her pleasure as any true Dom would, but she didn't have to challenge as she had to with Josh to get the same results. In return for his generosity, she'd felt the need to give him anything he wanted. Every thing within her power was his for the asking. Even arousing his body until he almost threatened to split the seams of his pants in front of the whole wide world, if that was what he wanted.

The sound of the wheels striking the tarmac had Dominic pushing her hand away from his cock then lifting her fingers to his lips. The brush of his well-trimmed mustache tickled. While his face was still composed, and to any other person he looked like any other passenger on the plane, the slight elevation of his breath and the solid outline of his erection told another story. He was vastly aroused but didn't care who knew. It still amazed her how open he was about his sexuality. He could care less what others thought about it. He'd told her many times, "if they didn't like what they saw, they shouldn't look."

\* \* \* \*

"Looks like you're going to have to face your demons, sooner rather than later, *chérie*." Dominic's protective presence at her back reassured her as she watched the tall blond man she'd left behind approach them. She hadn't seen him since the collaring ceremony between her brother and Nisey. He still looked great to her starved eyes despite the disheveled appearance of his tawny hair. It was obvious he'd been running his hands through it. She'd hoped that his effect on her had worn off, but by judging her racing heart, it obviously hadn't. She glanced over her shoulder at Dominic. How had he known that Josh was going to show up at the airport?

He leaned forward to whisper to her. "I would've done the same thing, if I were in his place. Of course, your brother texted me just before we landed to tell me to expect him. You need to face him sooner or later, *chérie*. I'd rather get it out of the way."

Fury built inside her. How dare her brother and Dominic decide that she needed to confront her past with Josh? Couldn't she even have a small respite before she had to face this? While she'd given Dominic certain rights she hadn't thought he was going to push her this hard - this fast.

"And if I refuse?" Her voice was pleading.

She felt rather than heard the sigh which escaped him. She knew that her refusal to do anything more than give him the bare bones about what had occurred between her and Josh had irked him.

"Have I ever maliciously hurt you or ignored your limits?"

She shook her head. If truth be known, she had always begged him to push her further.

"Then trust me, *chérie*. Let's get this out of the way, so we can go home and finish what you started in the plane."

With his promise of forthcoming pleasure, she took a deep breath to calm her still racing heart when Josh stopped about ten feet away from them. She could do this. She could be cordial and polite to the man who'd broken her heart. Dominic had her back and he had promised he would protect her.

"Hello, Josh." She was amazed she could keep her voice calm and steady.

"So my little Spitfire has finally returned home." His mouth turned up in a soft smile.

Stiffening, she moved back closer to Dominic trying to ignore the longing in his words. "Thank you for picking us up." Holding Dominic's hand for reassurance, she introduced the men. "Dominic, this is my brother's friend, Joshua Redding. Josh, this is Dominic LaFontane."

Josh nodded slowly and seemed to scrutinize the man behind her. Did he know what Dominic was to her? While she wasn't wearing his collar, Dominic was very possessive about letting other men near her. Images of the two men fighting in the middle of the airport had her mentally cringing. She wasn't sure how to handle this. Frankly she hadn't expected to have to deal with this whole situation so soon.



“Why don’t you go get our luggage, Kalinda?” Dominic’s voice was firm while his eyes remained on Josh.

“I...” She hoped her unease at leaving the two men alone didn’t show on her face.

“Go, everything will be fine, *chérie*.”

Dominic’s confident tone had her nodding before she took the baggage claim tickets from him. Neither of them had packed anything heavy, just a bag apiece until they decided if they were staying or not. Everything else was in storage awaiting word from Dominic to be shipped to Chicago if they did choose to stay.

\* \* \* \*

After watching the other man stare at him for several minutes, Dominic tried to determine if time had changed the fundamental man he remembered so clearly. He wasn’t surprised when Josh finally broke the silence.

“So you’re the Dom she thought to replace me with.”

Despite the calmness of other man’s words, Dominic knew Josh had to be barely holding on to his control by the merest of threads. If he were in the other man’s shoes, he’d have probably knocked his competition out, hoisted Kalinda over his shoulder, then disappeared - dragging her off to some place where he could reassert his domination. But he wasn’t doing anything like that so Dominic strived for patience. This man had been the motivating factor which had gotten him involved in the BDSM world.

“A woman never forgets her first Dom, Josh. I am not planning on trying to replace you.”

“Then you’ll let her go without a fight?” The sneer on Josh’s face made it obvious that he thought the other man was weak because of his refusal to fight over Kalinda

“I didn’t say that. If I think for a moment you’re not good for her, I’ll simply whisk her back to L.A. or some other place where you can’t hurt her again.”

Josh narrowed his eyes. “You seem awful possessive of a woman who doesn’t wear your collar, LaFontane.”

“Whether she wears my collar or not is between Kalinda and I. Either way I won’t let you hurt her to the extent that she endangers her life again.”

“I didn’t expect her to do that! How was I to know she’d go off the deep end? If I’d known, I’d have come for her.”

The anguished tone told Dominic that the other man must have just learned of the night he’d rescued Kalinda from the Gilded Lily. Glancing over Josh’s shoulder Dominic saw Kalinda returning with their luggage and made his decision.

“This is neither the time nor the place for this. I won’t have Kalinda torn up again. We’ll talk later, Redding.”

Josh’s eyes flashed with fury. “You may have done Caelan a favor by watching over her in L.A., which I can’t thank you enough for taking care of her, but now that she’s home, she’s no longer your responsibility. I’m not going to let some punk from L.A. keep what’s mine!”

Dominic gritted his teeth. It was evident that Josh didn’t remember him at all. Well he’d just have to use Josh’s lack of memories to his advantage by keeping the other man on his toes. “Until she tells me otherwise, she is MY responsibility. Don’t cross me on this, Josh. You won’t like the results.”

The other man looked like he was ready to protest but held his tongue as Kalinda rejoined them.

\* \* \* \*

Sitting in the backseat of Josh’s car with Dominic, Kalinda was uncertain how to proceed. When she’d returned to them with their bags, the tension between the two men had been so thick she could’ve cut it with a knife. She was almost certain it was because of her. Despite her feelings towards the way Josh had treated her, she still cared enough about him that she didn’t want to be the reason for contention between the men. It was obvious she was going to have to stay away from Josh after he dropped them off at Caelan’s home. Not that she trusted herself to be in the same room with him for any length of time. While her heart was dead set against being trampled under Josh’s size 12 shoes again, her body knew and recognized

the first master who introduced her into the lifestyle. Dammit - she still wanted him, no matter how badly he'd hurt her.

"Relax, *chérie*." After placing a kiss on the back of her wrist, he lowered their joined hands to his lap. At the feel of his semi-erect cock against her fingers, she gave a quick glance up at him. When he gave her his patented half-smile, she couldn't help but gulp. He surely didn't intend for her to...

"*Chérie*..." His warning rumble had her glancing at the back of Josh's head. She wasn't about to do this in the same car as her former lover. Dominic's mouth brushed the side of her ear. "Don't worry about him. Focus on me - *slave*." His emphasis on the last word had her quivering in anticipation. Clenching her thighs, she rubbed her hand over his once again hard cock - or perhaps he hadn't lost his earlier erection?

"That's right..." His breath came out as a whispered gust against her ear. "...tease me, *slave*. Make your master's cock hard."

"Dominic..." She tried to focus on both his hard cock and Josh. She'd die if Josh caught her fondling the other man, and she was equally certain Dominic would receive some serious bodily harm. Especially if he went as far as he had the last time they'd been in a car together. Memories of their trip to the airport teased her and she had to bite her lip to keep from moaning.

"Shh...quietly! I don't want him knowing. I want to see how well you can hide your pleasure from a man who used to know every inch of this beautiful body." He bit the edge of her ear, with a reflexive response, she squeezed him. The bastard knew what that did to her. The peaks of her breasts hardened to press against the t-shirt he'd picked out for her that morning. She had to bite down hard on her cry of need, when the hand attached to the arm draped over her shoulder brushed over the tip of one breast, to keep from disobeying him. The 'barely there caress' had her squirming in her seat. Scraping her nails over the solid ridge pressing eagerly towards her hand, she made sure to tease the damp spot positioned right over the sensitive head of his cock.

She almost smiled in satisfaction when his breath came out in a loud exhale until she glanced up to meet Josh's eyes in the rear view

mirror. The heated jealousy pouring from his eyes shocked her. What the hell did he have to be jealous of? He was the one who let her go. Stubbornly she glared at him before turning her attention back to Dominic. She licked her lips before pressing her mouth against the pulse that was pounding in his throat. If there was one thing she knew, it was what pleased him. She knew he was getting some powerful thrill out of tormenting the other man.

Call her a bitch, but she figured watching her serve Dominic was only a minor punishment for the man who'd tossed her aside like yesterday's garbage. At that moment she wanted nothing more than show the arrogant bastard that she no longer needed him. She wanted him to see what he was missing. Giving Dominic's throbbing pulse one last leisurely lick, she gently nipped the salty flesh. There was no stopping Dominic's deep growl of pleasure.

"Naughty little slave" He gave her hip a sharp slap.

She barely suppressed her giggle when Josh cursed from the front seat, while he swerved to avoid the oncoming cars. Leaning back, she gave Dominic a small but pleading smile before running her finger over the taunt fly of his chinos. "Please, Master." Instead of keeping her voice low, she made sure that Josh could clearly hear her. She flicked the tab on the zipper before drawing it down. The loud 'zzzz' sound of Dominic's zipper filled the car.

"God damn it!" Josh's muttered curse was music to her ears as he swung into the driveway in front of Caelan's house. As soon as the car stopped, Josh stormed out of the car, Dominic shook his head at her. "Bad girl!" His head tilted back against the seat when Kalinda reached through his open fly and rubbed her fingers over the damp head of his steel hard and very large erection.

The pop of the trunk lid being released had him grabbing her hand. "Enough."

"Please?" Her whispered plea had him narrowing his eyes.

"Unless you want to find yourself draped over Redding's lap while getting your ass tanned but good, I'd stop. You've pushed this as far as it goes. Now, get your ass upstairs."

"Yes." She moved towards the door.

"Yes, what?" His voice was firm with displeasure.

“Yes, Master.” She couldn’t keep the sarcasm out of her voice.

His eyes narrowed as she moved to exit the car. He quickly followed. Standing next to the car, he was intensely aware of the man waiting at the trunk of the car with clenched fists.

“*Chérie?*”

She looked over her shoulder at him.

“I expect to find you bare-assed and ready for your punishment.” His voice was firm as he casually zipped his fly up.

She nodded. “Yes, Master.” She lightly bounced up the steps and into the house.

\* \* \* \*

Josh tried to calm the combination of rage and arousal that was boiling through his veins. He couldn’t believe Kalinda had dared to touch the other man in front of him. Even when they had first started playing together, she’d known better. He didn’t share his slaves - period. The idea she’d thought to push his buttons in such a manner had him fuming while wishing he was the one who was going to be reddening her saucy little ass.

When the other man turned towards him, Josh couldn’t help but notice the obvious erection stretching the front of his pants - the lucky bastard. Soon he’d have that cock buried deep inside of the woman that Josh loved. How the fuck had this entire state of affairs happened?

He shifted uncomfortably when the younger man joined him at the rear of the car. He reached into the trunk and started jerking out the bags out.

“You know it doesn’t have to be this way, Josh.”

“Really? Did you get a kick out of tormenting me, asshole? I can’t believe you turned my little Spitfire into such a slut that she’d have gone down on you in front of me.”

Dominic crossed his arms over his wide chest. “That was your one and only free shot. I hear you talk about her that way again without love and affection in your voice, I’ll forget...”

“You’ll forget about what? The fact I was her first? The first to make her scream with pleasure under the flogger...”

Dominic smirked. "No, I won't ever forget that you were her first - that's why I'm giving you some leeway, but you're about to lose your one and only ally, Redding." Leaning down he grabbed both bags before following Kalinda inside, leaving a stunned and most bewildered man standing behind the trunk of the car.

Josh watched while wondering what the hell had Dominic had meant by that? He slowly returned to the car, sat down in it, then took a few calming breaths. Those breaths brought the scent of Kalinda's perfume drifting over the seat to tease his nostrils.

"Son of a bitch!" Slamming his hands against the steering wheel, Josh didn't know who he was angrier with: Kalinda for teasing him with what he couldn't have, Dominic for being the new Dom in her life, or himself for being the dumb fuck who let her go - no - ordered her to go to LA and out of his life.

\* \* \* \*

Kneeling on the floor next to the couch with nothing more than a long t-shirt on, Kalinda tried to slow her racing heart. She'd known that she'd end up getting her ass warmed for the stunt she'd pulled in the car. While she'd done things much more daring in the past to Dominic, she knew she'd been pushing his limits. Fortunately for her, Dominic was no fool. He knew how to read the situation, and how easily it could've blown up in their faces. Even contemplating on going down on her master in front of Josh would be like pouring gasoline over an open flame. The only thing that had saved her ass was the fact Josh had always adhered to his own strict set of rules. If he thought that Dominic was her Master, he wouldn't touch her without direct permission.

The sound of her front door opening and closing had her leaning forward further with her forehead touching the cool hardwood floor clasping her hands behind her back. Kneeling in such a way - waiting for his pleasure was the ultimate gift to a Dom.

"I thought I told you to be bare-assed, slave." His displeasure sent shards of excitement thrumming across her already stretched nerves. She was in for it now, but she needed to be disciplined. She felt lost and unsure of herself. Facing Josh had been worse than

she'd thought it would be. She needed to be reassured of her place in Dominic's life.

"Master..."

"I don't want to hear it." The familiar snick of his pocketknife had her heart racing. She swallowed as she felt the cool metal of blade against her skin as he slit her t-shirt down the middle of her back. The two pieces bunched loosely around her arms but still managed to expose her torso and ass to his gaze.

Continuing to hold still, she tried to wait patiently under his heavy stare. But the ominous silence got to her until she longed to offer her body to him.

"Up!"

Scrambling off her knees, she whimpered with need when his hand wrapped around her arm while he ruthlessly stripped her of her destroyed shirt. When he pressed her over the back of the couch belly first, she cried out for his touch.

Leaning over her body, he pinned her to the couch. "I should warm your ass until you can't walk, slave. That was a very foolish even dangerous thing for you to do."

"You promised to protect me, Master."

He growled against the side of her neck. "Including from yourself, silly girl! When you decided to taunt the ~~a~~-man who wants you to the point of madness, you're being no smarter than your foolish disregard for your well being the night you decided to go to the Gilded Lily. While I would've protected you if he'd so much as tried to hurt you, it still was very foolish to tempt him in the first place. So I'm going to leave your method of punishment up to you. Which is it gonna be, the belt or flogger?"

She bowed her head to make her choice. "The flogger, Master."

"Don't move." His weight lifted off her back.

\* \* \* \*

Standing next to the bed, Dominic opened the small bag nestled inside his suitcase. While he hadn't brought much as far as toys from his vast collection, he'd hoped that while they were here, he'd get a chance to use Josh's toys on Kalinda's willing backside. While he

had no sexual desire for the other man, he desperately wanted to share Kalinda with him. He just knew Josh was the perfect foil for his own types of dominance. Joshua Redding would fill the empty area both he and Kalinda felt. Dominic had a sixth sense for this kind of thing. His *grand-père* had once said, that once a man met his destiny, he'd long for it for all eternity if he didn't grab it with both hands and never let go. Old *grand-père* hadn't been wrong. He wanted Josh to help dominate Kalinda, since the first moment he realized who Kalinda was and what she could become to both of them. To have Josh at his back, making sure she was so satisfied she would never endanger herself needlessly, would be a dream come true. He could think of no other man who would be more perfect for the job. It just felt right.

Although after witnessing the display downstairs, he wondered what had happened to Josh's legendary control. The other man had played a big part in Dominic's realization that his need to dominate his lovers wasn't a dirty thing to be hidden. While it was obvious that Josh didn't remember the young eighteen year old bouncer he'd briefly taken under his wing, Dominic had never forgotten the man who'd literally set his world on its ear. After Josh had left the BDSM scene in New Orleans, Dom had plunged in with both feet by signing up for Domination classes at the very same club where he'd first seen Josh in action. Now he had one of Josh's former subs waiting in the living room to be flogged. The irony of it all didn't escape his notice.

Damn, he'd hoped that this first flogging here in Chicago would've come at a different time, but alas his little sub was too impulsive with her physical well being. While it wasn't the stellar beginning he'd hope to achieve when he'd spoken to Caelan on the phone about the possibility, he knew he had time. He had at least six weeks to convince both Kalinda and Josh that it wasn't a duo they needed - but a threesome.

\* \* \* \*

Keeping her ears perked for any sound of movement, Kalinda grew more impatient each moment she had to stay bent over the



back of the couch. Where the hell had Dominic disappeared to? She was just getting ready to shift when she heard him return.

“What is the agreed upon punishment for your blatant lack of self-preservation, *slave*?”

“Eight strokes, Master.”

“Correct. Count them off for me.”

She heard the whistle of the flogger being swung through the air. A dull thwacking sound of it hitting its mark had first pain followed by familiar pleasure washing over her.

“One, Master.” She gritted her teeth as his hand flew back while she counted each blow as it came faster than the previous. It was obvious by his rhythm and forcefulness he wasn’t playing around - he was truly unhappy about her earlier actions. She sobbed not so much with pain but anguish that she’d let him down once more. When was she ever going to learn how to control her impulsiveness?

“...four, Master...five, Master...six, Master...seven, Master... eight, Master.” As the last blow fell, she dug her fingers into the cushions. Laying across the couch with her tears running down her cheeks, she tried to bring herself under control.

“What level are you at, *slave*?” Dominic’s voice was tense. She knew he hated punishing her, even if it was for her own good. This wasn’t the same as the times she asked to be punished. This pain had its purpose - to correct her bad behavior. She’d didn’t have to like it and neither did Dominic. It was nothing more than a teaching tool.

“Green, Master.”

“Good.” She felt the heat of his body behind her and then the brush of his lips and mustache against the reddened skin of her ass.

“I’m sorry, Master. I’ll do better.”

“I know you will.” Picking her up in his arms, he moved around to the front of the couch. “This is the first time in several months that you’ve done this. Talk to me, Kalinda. What was it that triggered it? You’ve been doing so much better.”

Nestling her head against his shoulder, she sighed. “It’s him, Dominic. Josh just pushes my buttons. I wanted him to see what a mistake he made by sending me away.”

Gathering her closer, Dominic pressed his head against hers. "Believe me, *chérie*, he knows the mistake he made."

He continued to hold as until they both calmed down. A sigh escaped her before she wiggled against him. The fading burn on her ass now had a different affect. Their 'coitus interruptis' had done nothing to stem her desire. In fact now that her punishment had been dealt with, she found herself needing to beg the man holding her to fuck her brains out.

"Master?"

"Hmmm." His breath ruffled her hair.

"Now that my punishment is out of the way, can we..."

"Up." He pushed her off his lap. The rasp of his zipper was loud. She licked her lips as his cock popped out. He wasn't as violently aroused as earlier, however she knew it wouldn't take much delicious encouragement to change that. Crawling forward on her knees, she took a leisurely lick over the head before cradling the length of him between her fingers. A low moan hissed from between Dominic's teeth as she brought him back to raging hardness with a few slick movements of her mouth.

"Enough!" His grunt had her freezing before she was dragged up his body. Arranging her astride his lap, he hissed at her, "Ride me, slave. I want to see those pretty tits bouncing." She whimpered in both pleasure and pain as she sank down on him until her tender bottom touched his thighs still covered by chinos. His breath ruffled her hair as the heat from her ass had her moving quickly on him. She'd never felt anything better than having a hard cock inside her while her ass was pleasantly warm. The heat left behind from the flogger had her already on the ragged edge of coming.

"Can I come, Master?" Her voice broke as his hips surged off the couch.

He stilled her hips with his large hands. "Not yet. Look at me."

She opened her eyes to stare into his dark eyes.

"Next time, I won't stop him, Kalinda. He'll be up here with us. He'll have an equal chance to brighten that ass of yours if you're foolish enough to not stem that impulsiveness of yours."

Before she could protest or moan at the thought, her world went dark when her orgasm struck without warning. The image of both men applying the flogger to her ass flickered behind her eyes and she was helpless against the overwhelming pleasure it brought her.



## Chapter Three

Standing in the hallway outside of her apartment, Kalinda waited for Dominic to close the door behind him. The dim lighting of the single bulb which illuminated the landing cast shadows over her lover. Now dressed casually in a pair of worn denims and a chambray shirt, he once more looked relaxed. Secretly she was glad her earlier actions hadn't put a damper on their upcoming evening with Caelan and Nisey.

She'd missed her best friend and was looking forward to introducing her to Dominic. While her brother had met Dominic several times, Nisey had never had the pleasure.

"Are we ready?" Dominic brushed his hand over cheek. The man always seemed to be touching her as if to make sure she was real.

"Yes." Taking his hand, she led him down the narrow stairs and across the vestibule to Caelan's front door. Knocking briskly, she didn't wait for her brother to answer it but simply walked in and hollered out to him.

"Big brother?" She tugged Dominic along through the living room in her search.

"Hey, Brat." Caelan came out of his kitchen, wiping his damp hands on the dishtowel draped over his shoulder. She giggled as he got closer and saw a spot of red sauce which resembled a set of lips on the breast pocket of his shirt.

"I see Nisey's been at it again."

He glanced down at his shirt and shook his head. "She'll pay for it later." He held his arms out to her. "Now come here. I need a hug." She couldn't help but smile at him before he enveloped her in a bear hug - he was not waiting for her to cover the short distance between them. Taking in his spicy aftershave, she sighed. Despite her earlier anger at him, it was so good to be home.

"How was your trip?" The rumble of his voice under her ear soothed her.

"Not too bad. I slept through the flight, drooled on Dominic, before finally facing Josh. All in all, an exciting day." She lifted her head off

his chest as she glared up at him. “Did you really think it was necessary to send him after me?”

Cupping the side of her face, Caelan sighed. “I know you didn’t want to see him, but both Dominic and I agreed that getting it out of the way first would be best. You wouldn’t truly enjoy being home if you were constantly looking over your shoulder waiting for him to show up.”

She sighed after moving out of his arms. God it pissed her off when her brother was right. She would’ve been looking over her shoulder for him during their entire time home instead of enjoying Dominic’s first visit to Chicago. Deciding to hide behind the spunky nature Caelan had come to expect from her, she cocked one hip while grinning at him hoping he wouldn’t see through it. “Whatever! Is Nisey in the kitchen? I think I’ll go say hi to her.” Slipping around her brother, she left Caelan and Dominic staring after her in bemusement.

Dominic finally broke the silence. “She still hides.”

Looking over his shoulder, Caelan watched her disappear into the kitchen before greeting the man. “Maybe it will get better in time. Damn, it’s good to see you, Dom.” He shook the other man’s hand. “I’m happy to see she hasn’t run you off yet.”

Dominic chuckled “Not likely. Thanks for having me. I appreciate everything you’ve done to make this trip possible. I know it couldn’t have been easy to accept what you know I’m going to put her through.”

“Let’s pray this works, or I may just come gunning for you, friend or not.”

Dominic nodded his understanding before clapping a hand over Caelan’s shoulder and giving other man a brief ‘one arm’ man hug. “So how’s life been treating you?”

A satisfied smile split Caelan’s face. “Great!” Hearing the noisy escalating giggles coming from the kitchen, Caelan motioned for Dominic to follow him. “Come and meet the reason. Besides I don’t trust those two as far as I can throw them when they start giggling.”

\* \* \* \*

Standing at the bar, Josh stared at his own reflection. Rubbing a hand over the golden stubbles covering his jaw, he realized he should've taken the time to shave before appearing at Olivia's, but he'd been in desperate need of distraction after his confrontation with Kalinda and the damned Dom she'd brought back from California. It was too easy for him to imagine Kalinda and the other man together. What bothered him was his reaction to it. His dick just wouldn't go down. This had never happened in the past. He should be angry, instead he found himself wondering what the other Dom had done to his little Spitfire. Had he taken her upstairs and given her what she needed? He prayed that the other man knew. He couldn't bear the idea that Dominic simply paddled her bare ass with his hand when she needed the firmer touch of a flogger or cane.

He was startled when a petite hand brushed over his shoulder. Turning, expecting to see one of the servers coming to tell him that his first client of the evening was ready, he was surprised to see Olivia, the owner of the club standing next to him. Dressed to the nines in tight black leather pants, a deep purple corset with a coiled whip hanging from one hip, she looked every inch the proud, experienced Dommé she was.

"Olivia."

"Are you sure you want to be here, Josh?" The concern was evident on her face.

Clenching his teeth to keep from lashing out at his friend, he nodded. "I have nowhere else to be tonight."

She nodded her understanding. "Come with me."

Just then Ashley, one of her servers, came up to them. "Ms. Sarith has arrived, Master Josh."

He nodded. "Go have her change and wait for me in the gold room. Thank you." It was time. He turned to follow the server when Olivia stopped them.

"Ashley?"

The young woman stopped. "Yes, Mistress Olivia?"

"Make Ms. Sarith comfortable and have Master David start her session."

Josh opened his mouth to protest when Olivia held up a hand to silence him.

“My office - now!” With a turn of her stiletto heeled boot, she left. Following after her seemed to be his only option.

\* \* \* \*

Pausing at the threshold of Caelan’s playroom, Kalinda took a fortifying breath. She hadn’t visited this room since the night Josh had told her to go to California. At her back, she could feel Dominic’s loving presence.

“If you’re not comfortable, *chérie*, we don’t have to do this. Just remember they are nothing more than memories. There is nothing in this room that can hurt you at this moment.” She knew why he kept his voice soft and encouraging.

After the delicious dinner of enchiladas that Nisey and Caelan had prepared, the other couple had urged her to show Dominic her brother’s playroom, while they cleaned up the mess - or rather while Nisey paid for the mess she made on Caelan’s shirt. Even through the thick flooring and the padded walls of the playroom, Kalinda could vaguely hear the sound of her friend’s moaning in what Kalinda was certain was absolute pleasure rather than punishment.

Moving further into the playroom, she flipped on the lights to expose the St. Andrews cross in one corner and the spanking bench centered in the room. She immediately pushed back the memories of Josh in this very room. She wasn’t with him anymore, now she was here with Dominic. She glanced around for something to distract her when she noticed in the rear corner a new edition to her brother’s vast amount of gear. Some piece of equipment that hadn’t been there during her time with Josh.

“Hmmm, this play swing is new.” Walking over to it, she hesitantly tested it by sitting in the swing. Of course with her brother being the safety conscious Dom that he was, she wasn’t surprised when it held her weight.

Leaning against the doorframe, Dominic watched as her as she gave it a small push. The long straps with which her feet could be restrained dragged across the floor. She wasn’t surprised when he



pushed off the door to join her. Stopping in front of her, he grabbed the cords tethering it to the ceiling, effectively stopping the swing

“Dom?” She moved to get up when he placed a firm hand on her shoulder.

“No. Stay put. We’re going to have a little discussion.” The command in his eyes had her obeying without thought. Crouching down in front of her, he fiddled with the straps for the leg restraints, shortening them.

“I...are you sure that Caelan won’t mind?” Even to her own ears, her voice sounded a bit shaky.

He gave her a half smile before lifting one foot to restrain her ankle with the supple Velcro.

“I’m sure he won’t.” He let go of her foot and patted his thigh. “Other foot, slave.”

His order had her cunny leaking. She’d never tried a sex swing before. Usually when they played it was either the spanking bench or St. Andrews cross set up in Dominic’s spare bedroom. As he held tightly onto her to keep the play-swing still, he made quick work out of restraining her other foot and then both of her hands.

When he released her to walk back across the room, the swing swung gently back and forth. She could just imagine the possibilities of this swing. A low moan built in her throat when he grabbed a soft leather flogger off the bar. She swallowed as her heart sped up. With the way she was trussed up in the swing, with her legs parted and tightly restrained, he could easily use that delicious looking flogger on any part of her body. Her aching pussy was hoping that it would be the first victim.

Her breath caught in her throat and she had to bite her tongue to keep from pleading with him to punish her. When he lightly smacked his own palm with the flogger, she nearly came. The sound of the leather striking flesh was reminiscent of the first time that Josh has bound her to the St. Andrews cross in this very room before he had proceeded with using his flogger on her willing body.

Fighting to keep a tight lid on her memories, she was barely aware when Dominic stepped between her splayed legs.

“Excellent. Now since you can’t run from me, we’re going to have a little discussion.”

Her eyes widened at his tone while fear washed over her. She knew exactly what he wanted to talk about - what she refused to talk about - for fear of reliving the horrible nightmare of her breakup with Josh. “Let me go, Dom.”

He slowly shook his head. “It’s not happening, slave. While we’re here, we’re going to accomplish one of two things. We’re either going to exorcize Joshua Redding from your system before returning to L.A., or have you so addicted to both me and him that you’ll never want to leave and we’ll stay in Chicago.”

Anger was too mild a word to describe the intense heat that rushed through her at his words. She jerked against the restraints. “Let me go! You’re not going to keep me strapped into this thing while you and Josh fight over me. I won’t do it. I’d rather go back to Gilded Lily for another beating than do what you’re proposing.”

He crouched down until he was at eye level with her. “Have I ever steered you wrong, *chérie*?”

Glaring at him, she was tempted to mouth off to him, and from the look on his face she could tell he was expecting her to do it. Never let it be said that she wouldn’t arise to the occasion.

“No! But there’s a first time for everything, Dominic. Now let me go before my brother comes down to see why the hell I’m screaming my head off.”

A sharp smack of the flogger against the inside of her denim-covered thigh had her drawing a quick hard breath. Regardless of what her mind wanted, Dominic had definitely trained her body to respond to his touch.

“We’re going to take this step by step until I get the results I want, slave. Even I know without being told that you’re merely the shell of the woman you used to be before coming to L.A. The first step towards solving the problem is sharing it with me. No more of this bare bones stuff. I want to hear it all - everything from what made you deliriously happy to what drove you away from him.”

Tears welled in her eyes. What he was asking for would expose her wounded heart - her very soul.

“And if I can’t?”

“Then heaven help you because I won’t be swayed on this, Kalinda. By the time we leave it will be settled one way or the other. Either I’ll claim you as my own slave - or Redding and I will claim you together. There will be no more half-assed commitment on your part.”

A scream of frustration escaped her. “You asshole!”

“That’s it, Baby, get it all out of your system - then we’ll get started.” Propping his shoulder against the wall next to her, he let her call him everything in the book, knowing the sooner she vented her anger and frustration, the sooner he could start.

\* \* \* \*

Nisey lifted her head off Caelan’s shoulder as the screaming coming from the playroom increased. Curled up beside Caelan on the leather couch, she wondered if she should go check on her friend. While she’d only been in the scene for a couple of years, she knew enough to distinguish screams of frustration from those of true pain, but without seeing Kalinda, she couldn’t be sure.

“Do you think...?”

Caelan urged her head back down to his shoulder. “No, you’re not going down there, *grá*.”

She wanted to protest, but could tell not only by the tenor of his voice but the thickness of his accent, he was very aware of what Kalinda was experiencing. Perhaps what was happening was something that he and Dominic had talked about when Caelan had taken him out in the backyard to show him the gazebo.

“Are you sure, Caelan?” She kept her voice soft.

He pressed a kiss to her forehead. “Yes. She’s not in any danger from him. She’s purely pissed off, Nisey.”

She sighed. “Do I dare ask what he’s doing to her?”

“Nothing drastic, I assure you. She’d have screamed her safe-word, if he had. He’s just laying down the foundation for the rest of their stay. One way or another by the time their visit is up, she’ll hopefully return to being the Kalinda she was before she left for LA... or a close approximation.”

Wrapping her arms around his waist, she cringed as the screaming continued before growing louder.

*“You fucking asshole! Release me! You can go fuck yourself for all I care!”*

“Damn, she’s earning her punishment tonight.” Nisey smiled ruefully.

“At least she’s not hiding behind the phony smiles she gave us all night.” Gathering her closer, Caelan was thankful he wasn’t in the other man’s shoes. Dominic had quite a task ahead of him to complete. He only hoped it worked or he’d be kicking his own ass for agreeing to the other man’s daring scheme.

\* \* \* \*

Josh shut the door behind him at Olivia’s command. He watched as the older Domme lifted the coiled whip off her hip and placed it on the satiny wood surface of her desk, before sitting down in the plush leather chair behind it.

“Well, don’t stand there, Josh. Take a seat.” She motioned to one of the chairs in front of her.

“I’d rather stand. If you’re firing me, tell me now and I’ll leave.” Crossing his arms over his chest, he tried to fake nonchalance. What would he do if Olivia took away his only outlet? He wasn’t ready to go back on the market and find another personal sub. Their arrangement worked out perfectly for him. He got to release his dominant tendencies on the clients who hired him for that exact purpose, while not worrying about risking his heart again.

He’d gambled with Kalinda and it was obvious she’d moved on, if her display in the car was anything to go by. He’d had to tamp down the urge all day to storm over to Caelan’s house and kidnap her. She belonged to him - the fact she wasn’t at *his* feet - had him grouchy and on edge. When he’d received a call from a fellow Dom who worked with him at Olivia’s club about a possible evening opening, he’d jumped at the chance. Now it looked like his piss poor attitude was going to get him booted out of his last place of refuge if he didn’t do some serious groveling.

“I really could do without the attitude, Josh. How long have we been friends?” She leaned forward on her desk, bracing her chin with her hands.

He let out a rough sigh. “A long time. Sorry about the attitude, Olivia. I’m on edge tonight and it’s not your fault.”

“Come on, sit.” This time her voice was full of soft understanding as she repeated her earlier order. Giving a weary sigh, he sprawled out in one of the leather chairs in front of her desk.

“Evidently coming here tonight, in the mood I’m in wasn’t a good idea.”

She nodded. “Probably not, especially, if you had a plan to work out your frustrations on an unsuspecting sub. As tightly wound as you seem to be, I don’t think Ms. Sarith would’ve been the correct sub for you to discipline tonight. You could’ve easily hurt her without truly meaning to.”

Understanding filled his face at the rightness of her words, but the question was how was he going to exorcise his need to dominate the one person he wanted but couldn’t have?

“Hell. The only sub that actually could handle my mood tonight is across town with another Dom who probably isn’t even aware of what a treasure he has.”

“I assure you, Josh, Dominic knows exactly what he has, or he wouldn’t have gone through all the trouble and effort to set this up.”

He looked up sharply at her words. “Excuse me?”

She stood before walking around the desk to lean back against the edge of it. “He’s taken a lot of time and effort to plan this trip home with her, and I’m not talking about sight-seeing. You left a big wound on Kalinda when you sent her away. He wants it to be fully healed before he offers her his collar.”

A low growl of anger filled the room. He was shocked to realize that it’d had come from him.

A bubble of laughter escaped Olivia. “Go ahead and growl at me, you big ass, but you know I’m telling you the truth. You sent her away...” She held up a hand when he began to protest. “I know you had the best of intentions, but in doing so, you opened the door to

another Dom like Dominic who was more than willing to take what she offered.”

Frustration replaced his earlier anger as he came to the justified conclusion she was taking Caelan’s side regarding Kalinda. “So you’re warning me off of her - just like Caelan?”

She shook her head. “No I’m not! Kalinda is more than a handful for any one Dom. Don’t think I didn’t notice the few times you played with her here that you had to really stretch yourself to keep up with her. She’s a high maintenance submissive. In reality she probably needs more than one master to keep her in line. If she hadn’t gone to California you would’ve worn yourself out trying to keep up with her.”

He immediately rebelled against the idea of being unable to completely satisfy Kalinda by himself. “It’s never been a problem in the past. I’ve always satisfied my subs.”

She arched a brow at him. “But I’m not talking about just any sub - I’m talking about Kalinda. Have you ever thought that, perhaps, she might feel the need to submit to more than one man that she cares about? Don’t forget that there are two sides to every coin. Her need to submit - even to push her master are just as strong, if not stronger, than your need to dominate her.”

He gave an exasperated sigh wondering how much of what she was saying was truthful. Had Kalinda opened up to the other woman? He needed to talk to Kalinda. He had to find out from the horse’s mouth if he was enough to satisfy her, or if she really needed more than one man to be fulfilled. If she did, perhaps it was time to truly let her go despite the fact that he still wanted her.

He stood. “If you don’t need me, I’m going home. You’ve given me a lot to think about, Olivia, not that I thank you for that.”

She motioned for him to go. “I’ll let Master David know that you won’t be returning.”

“Thank you.” He headed towards the door when her voice stopped him at the threshold.

“Josh? My doors are always open and welcome to you. Next time you accuse me of turning you away, I’ll take my whip to your backside.”

He looked over his shoulder at her. "You know, Olivia, I do believe you would."

\* \* \* \*

Tears spilled over her cheeks, while Kalinda struggled against the restraints Dominic had placed on her. Other than the one swat he'd given her after he'd first restrained her, he hadn't touched her. Sitting on the floor next to the swing, he continued to watch her with determined eyes while idly running the leather ends of the flogger over one hand. No matter what insult she'd tossed his way or any amount of screaming nothing had provoked him into striking her again, or having him release her from the swing. She'd even tried screaming for her brother, but he'd told her in a firm, no nonsense but still gentle voice that her brother wouldn't be rescuing her.

"What if I use my safe-word, asshole? You'd have to release me then wouldn't you?"

A look of amusement crossed his face before being replaced once more by his determined expression. "Go ahead, slave, use your safe-word! This will only start over again the next time you want to play. Today was the very last time I'm going to take the woman I met in L.A. I want the one who's hiding behind that stone wall of indifference I keep slamming up against when I get too close to her."

She cursed long and loud at him, telling him in no uncertain terms what she thought about his ancestry.

"You know if I didn't know you so well, I would be shocked at your language. Did you curse at him the same way?" Despite the jovial nature of his question, Kalinda knew he was trying to pry information out of her. She scowled at him.

"Yeah, when he did dumb shit like this to me."

He stood. "Good, now we're getting somewhere."

He struck the opposite thigh from where he'd hit earlier without warning. The muffled feel of pain through her jeans and its lingering warmth had her drawing in a sharp breath as it made her pussy begin to throb once more.

"Master!" Her plea for more went unheeded while he stood there waiting for her to continue.

Taking a deep breath, she wet her lips before slowly continuing. "The first time I chewed him out was because of Nisey."

"Go on." Keeping his arms folded over his chest, he waited.

"She'd just begun her relationship with Caelan, but as usual, Josh was being an ass by trying to lure her away. Any fool could see that my brother was perfect for her."

"How did that make you feel, slave?" His dark brown eyes were firm and she knew he expected her to answer him. Glancing at the flogger in his hand, she mentally debated with herself. If she gave him what he wanted, she knew he'd give her what she needed. Could she risk it? The idea of exposing the part of her that had been hurt by Josh's actions to another man who could possibly hurt her even worse than Josh had, had her wanting to clam up. But she wanted the flogger he was holding, striking against her skin and bringing the unique pleasure-pain she'd grown to love.

"Ah...angry." She looked for the approval in his eyes, but when she didn't immediately see it, she knew he wanted more. "I was pissed that he was sniffing around her because Caelan was meant to be Nisey's Dom." She pulled her legs as close to her body as the leg restraints would allow. "I was also pissed that he hadn't pursued me in the same way when I knew he was interested. He'd..." The striking of the flogger over the outside of her thigh this time had her arching in the swing. She cried out while looking up into his eyes to see the approval and understanding she'd wanted in his gaze.

"Go on..."

She nodded to herself and realized she could do this part of it. She could give him the story. After all it was nothing more than words. It wasn't like he was asking for her to go to Josh and demand an explanation of why he'd sent her away.

For the next hour, the playroom rang out with her cries of pleasure and her halting words retelling the story of the first time Josh had bent her over his desk and spanked her. By the time it was complete, she was sagging in the swing while her body was trembling on the edge of what she knew would be a spectacular orgasm.



“Please, Master!” She was nearly delirious with her need for release.

“You’ve done very well, slave.” Despite her need, she could see his eyes were now warm with love and pleasure. Deep inside, his praise overflowed the part of her which wanted to please him with happiness. She caught her breath when he leaned forward to whisper against her lips. “Now, I want you to come for me.” Without pulling away, he brought the flogger down directly over the soaked crotch of her jeans. Instant nirvana flooded her. She arched towards him as it engulfed her.

When it finally passed, she was vaguely aware of Dominic’s releasing her from the swing to wrap her gently in a blanket that her brother had handed him. He cradled her in his arms while slowly rocking her, offering her the soothing words she needed to recover.

Opening her eyes, she finally acknowledged Caelan’s presence. While she knew the fact that her brother had witnessed her breakdown should’ve shamed her, somewhere along the way, his quiet entry into the playroom as she’d struggled to give Dominic what he’d wanted, had given her the extra support and reassurance she needed to deliver the whole truth.

When Dominic stood with her, she finally was able to mumble a soft ‘thank you’ to her brother before her Master carried her out of the playroom.



## Chapter Four

The sun was just coming up in the east, when Dominic pushed open the back door to Kalinda's apartment before lightly treaded down the stairs into the backyard. He'd seen Nisey enter the gazebo from Kalinda's kitchen. While he hadn't had the chance to converse with her alone, he knew that she was a likable young lady. Perfect for Caelan as a submissive, but also perfect because she was Kalinda's best friend. He had a proposition for her which he could only hope that she didn't shoot down.

Shielding his eyes he walked up the stone path to the gazebo. Entering the dim interior, he gave his eyes a moment to adjust before looking around for her. He found her nestled up on one of the padded benches with an embroidery hoop. He knew he shouldn't have been surprised. After all Kalinda had told him that Nisey was a master embroiderer, but the old-fashioned hoop had taken him off guard. He didn't even realize that they still sold those things. It reminded him of his mother sitting in her front parlor in the late evening, stitching to her heart's content. He pushed away the flare of sadness at the thought.

"Nisey?" He kept his voice soft so he didn't startle the young woman.

She glanced up. A smile crossed her face. "Master Dominic! You're up early."

He moved further into the gazebo. "Yeah, I've always been an early riser, but it's just Dominic." He sank down on the bench next to her. "May I?" he asked gesturing to the hoop she still held.

Nisey blushed before nodding and handing him the light-weight hoop. He smiled at her reassuringly while glancing down at the delicate stitches dotting the fabric. He wasn't sure what the exact stitches were but she'd somehow knotted the thread to give the delicate rosebuds a three dimensional effect. Running his thumb over one, he was awed by her talent.

"You're very talented. Is this for Redding's shop?"

Nisey laughed softly before shaking her head. “No, I do this to relax.” She took the hoop back from him. “Don’t tell Kalinda about this, ‘cause I’m making her a set of throw pillows for the upstairs futon. I’m sure you know how much she loves teacup roses.”

He stilled. “No, that’s another thing she’s never told me.”

Setting aside the hoop, Nisey leveled her bright green eyes on him. He could tell she was riled up over his answer. “What exactly do you know about my best friend other than the fact she likes the way you fuck her?”

He chuckled at her waspish tone. “Easy there, *ma petite*. I know as much as Kalinda will willingly share with me. You have to understand, when we first got together, I spent most of my time trying to keep her out of trouble. She wanted to punish herself for this thing with Redding, but I couldn’t let her endanger her life. I spent the first three months after finding her at the Gilded Lily dragging her out of one club after another until she finally started coming to me first.”

Nisey paled. He was quick to sooth her. He hadn’t mentioned Kalinda’s near self-destruction to worry her friend.

“Shh, it’s in the past, she hasn’t done that in over a year.” He gave her a reassuring smile. “As far as what I do know ... I know she needs a firm hand and loves to challenge a man, whether it’s sexually or even in the most of platonic of ways. I know she loves a cup of steaming Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee on cool mornings, but will willingly drink Arabica dark roast any other morning. She also loves Frank Lloyd Wright designs which is why she went to IIT for her degree in Architecture. Of course you know that she loves both you and Caelan, and desperately misses being home despite the fact that there are a lot of painful memories here.”

Nisey flushed again. “I’m sorry, Dominic, I didn’t mean to snap at you. I know Kalinda has changed since she left. I’m just protective of her. After what Josh put her through, I’d hate to have to kill you for hurting her.”

“And I’d hate to have you kill me. This trip is all about getting her to come to terms with what happened with Redding along with getting her to hopefully begin living again.”

Nisey thoughtfully chewed on her lower lip. "And what do you get out of it, Dominic? You've taken a lot of time and money to do this for her."

"What if I said seeing Kalinda without those haunting shadows in her eyes was more than payment enough? You'll soon realize I'd do almost anything to banish them, even if it means giving the woman I love back to Redding." He gave a rough sigh before giving Nisey a rakish grin. "Not that I think that's going to happen. Your little friend is greedy - I don't doubt for a moment that she'd keep both me and Redding if she could, in fact I'm counting on it."

A bubble of laughter escaped her before she grew serious. "You're taking a serious chance here, Dominic. Kalinda and Josh have quite the history between them. He was the first man to introduce her to BDSM. Until I met you I'd have sworn he'd been the only man who could dominate Kalinda and get away with it."

"If you saw Dominic dominating her last night, you wouldn't doubt him."

At the other man's voice, Dominic looked up to see Caelan walk into the gazebo. Despite the cool morning air, he was only wearing a pair of half-buttoned jeans.

"I thought I might find you here, Dominic. Have you asked her yet?" Caelan walked over, lifted Nisey off the bench before sitting back down with her in his lap. He nuzzled the side of her neck. "I missed your warm little body next to me this morning, *grá*."

Nisey squirmed on his lap before swatting at him. "Stop it, Caelan." She turned her attention back to Dominic. "What exactly did you want to ask me?"

Standing, Dominic began to pace. "I'm in a bit of a predicament here, Nisey. I'm pushing Kalinda hard right now and..." He stopped and looked at her in a pleading way. "I need your help."

Nisey paled. "I can't help you if it means forcing her to face her past with Josh, Dominic. I'm not that strong. I can't knowingly hurt my best-friend."

He shook his head. "I don't like hurting her this way, Nisey, but I'm tired of her hiding from me, but that's not what I need help with." He sank down onto one of the other benches. "It's just..."

“What he’s trying to ask you here, *grá*, is to talk to her about Shibari.” Caelan nipped at her ear. “To be more specific, he wants us to show Kalinda how erotic it is.”

A low gasp came from Nisey before she focused on Dominic. “But Kalinda doesn’t get into the bondage like that...”

Dominic nodded. “I know. She’s never expressed any interest in it, yet it’s something that I am going to want to do with her if she accepts my collar. So far I’ve been restraining myself from approaching her about it. Instead I’ve been focusing on her needs for the flogger and pain she must have to function normally.” He rubbed the back of his neck before giving them both a rueful smile. “Don’t get me wrong, warming her backside is erotic as hell, but...I just need more. So far I’ve managed to resist the temptation, or go to one of the clubs I occasionally work for and tie up a willing sub, but I’d much rather it be her.”

“You’ve been going to the clubs and having subs pay you to tie them up?” Amusement filled her face.

He nodded shortly then crossed his arms. “I don’t see what’s so humorous about it. It satisfies my need without putting undue stress on Kalinda.”

“You and Josh are two of a kind. Both of you are going to another for what Kalinda would willingly give you - if you would simply ask her.”

Caelan chuckled. “That’s what I first thought when he approached me about it.”

“Excuse me?” Dominic looked from Nisey to Caelan, not quite understanding.

“You go to a club in L.A. to tie women up while Josh goes to Olivia’s to flog and whip submissives. Both of you are being too considerate to Kalinda. She’s not a mind reader. Have you ever broached the subject to her? Does she know of your little fetish?”

“Yes. I mentioned it to her once when we were discussing her limits. I mentioned I’d practiced the art.”

Nisey crossed her arms over her chest. “But I’ll bet you never asked her if she’d be willing to let you practice on her, did you?”

Dominic thought back to that discussion and frowned. He'd had to be less forceful with her when they'd discussed limits. She'd been so on edge he hadn't felt comfortable pushing her at that time when she'd said she'd never had it done to her. He'd been afraid she'd run again.

"Not exactly." Dom's face was filled with chagrin.

Nisey gave a 'harrumph' and stood. "You men can be dense creatures. I'll talk to her about it. I'll even invite her to watch Caelan and me, if she wants, but I offer no guarantees." She turned back to Caelan her teeth worrying her lower lip before addressing him. "I'm not out of line here am I, *Máister*? You don't have a problem with your sister watching you drive me crazy with those blasted ropes, do you?" While her words were sassy, her demeanor towards Caelan was submissive.

Caelan arched an eyebrow towards her and gazed pointedly at the floor. Nisey gave a mock sigh but quickly knelt next to his feet. Assuming the position of submission she normally used when asking for favors from her Master, she waited for his answer.

"Repeat the request, *slave*."

"Can your sister and her Master watch as you bind me, *Máister*?"

Dominic watched as Caelan winked at him before answering her. "Of course, *sclábhaí*."

Nisey glanced up. "Are you sure, *Máister*?"

A gentle smile crossed Caelan's face. "Of course! If I can handle watching my sister climax under the flogger, then I assure you I can handle her watching me send you into sub-space and then several climaxes."

Nodding, Nisey looked over her shoulder at Dominic. "I'll give Kalinda a call to see if she'll join me for lunch." She turned back to Caelan. "May I be released to get ready for work, *Máister*?"

"Of course."

As Nisey moved to leave the gazebo, Caelan stopped her. "Don't forget to put the balls in before you leave. I'll be checking."

She nodded and was almost out the door, when he stopped her one more time. "But Nisey - no coming allowed."

A quick jerk of her head was the only response he needed as she scurried back into the house.

Dominic straightened. "You, Caelan, are evil. Do you honestly expect her not to climax with the pressure of shifting BenWa balls driving her crazy all day?"

Caelan's eyes twinkled. "Yes. She got off light. The last time I used them to punish her she had to walk around for a whole weekend with them in."

"And she didn't come?" Awe filled Dominic's face.

"Oh she came. I think she burst my ear drums with her screams when I finally relented."

\* \* \* \*

Glancing over her shoulder while turning the knob on the apartment door that she once shared with Kalinda, Nisey held her breath. She knew she was treading on very thin ice. If Caelan caught her up here, she'd have a warm ass for sure, but she had to see her friend. Besides how else was she supposed to ask her about lunch? Ever since the last time she'd hidden from him up in her former home, in a fit of anger at her Master, it had been declared off limits to her. Caelan hadn't been happy when he'd come home from a short trip to Ireland to see his mother and found her gone.

At the time she'd told herself that moving out of their shared apartment was justifiable. She'd been with him for over three years but had yet to meet his mother. She hadn't even spoken with the woman on the phone. When she'd hesitantly asked if she could go along, he'd told her firmly that she would be staying home like a good little sub.

Thoroughly dejected, she had waited for him to leave before she packed her stuff up and snuck back up to her former home. When he'd finally returned on a late flight several days later, he'd found his home dark and no Nisey waiting for him in their huge four poster bed. It hadn't taken him long to figure out she was gone. She still cringed when she thought of how cold his voice had been when he'd finally called her cell phone after she'd spent two days of ignoring his presence in the apartment below, refusing even to speak to him. He



told her if she wasn't going to act like his slave or even have the courtesy to tell him what was wrong, then she didn't deserve his collar and he wanted it back.

The shock factor of him taking her cherished collar had broken through her pain. She knew she'd acted childish by hiding, but his refusal to even let her talk to his esteemed mother had her feeling like she was nothing more than his dirty secret. It had led to their first and only fight. He didn't want his mother to think he was anything like his father - a known Dom who had played the field, but had thought of nothing about leaving his wife and young son behind when his new submissive had turned up pregnant. Grant Doherty had carelessly dismissed any of the pain he caused by discarding his wife for a younger and less experienced sub. In fact he'd done the same thing to Kalinda's mother.

According to Caelan even to this day, his mother Myrna distrusted the BDSM world, which she had once accepted with open arms. The only exception in her mind was Caelan and his mentor Alastar.

Even though she'd finally understood his reasoning, they had had a 'knock down drag out' fight over it. Finally she'd bluntly told him, even though she loved him, if he was going to continue to hide her from his mother, then evidently she needed to find another Master. She reasoned, even if he didn't want his mother to know of her true position in his life, at least she should have the right to be claimed as his girl-friend. So now they had a trip scheduled for Christmas time to travel to Ireland where he wanted to introduce both Nisey and Kalinda to his mother.

"If you're going to stand there all day, it's obvious that you're contemplating breaking one of my brother's sacred rules, girl." Kalinda's voice broke her out of her reflections. With a start, Nisey realized the door knob she'd been holding onto was gone and the door was open with her best friend grinning over at her cheekily.

"No...I was just getting ready to knock." Nisey pasted a smile on her face to cover her nerves. She was uncomfortable with the fact not only had Kalinda snuck up on her while she was woolgathering, but the idea that Caelan could wander out into the vestibule in search of her to find her in the upper hallway had her jumpy.

Kalinda leaned against the door frame. "So what brings you up here, when I know for a fact, that Caelan has declared this apartment off limits to you?"

"Well two things. I wanted to make sure you were all right. Last night sounded intense."

Nisey watched as her friend blushed. "I'm fine. I was just a bit pissed at Dominic - but I'm fine today. So what else did you want to talk to me about?"

"I was wondering if you'd meet me for lunch. We haven't had a girls' day out in too many months. I've found this awesome little sushi restaurant just down the street from the shop. They opened up about six months ago and they have some killer California rolls. Not to mention their Philadelphia rolls are to die for. I bet they even measure up to the ones you ate out in L.A. My treat, too."

Nisey's heart went out to Kalinda as she watched her friend war with the idea of a free meal with her best friend versus the possibility she might run into Josh.

"I..." Kalinda started to refuse and stopped when the genuine disappointment on Nisey's face showed. Downstairs, the door opened.

Nisey looked over her shoulder with a slightly panicked look. "Aw come on, Kalinda, agree before your brother catches me up here."

"Too late." Caelan's cool voice floated up from the bottom of the steps. Nisey stiffened her back before turning to look down at Caelan's disapproving face. "What did I tell you, slave?"

Biting her lower lip, Nisey decided to bluster her way through this. She hadn't actually gone in the apartment. "I was asking Kalinda about meeting me for *lunch*." She hoped he picked up on her meaning. After all it had been his and Dominic's idea. "I didn't go inside the apartment."

Caelan's eyes warmed briefly as they settled on his sister. "Is that right? Did she stay out in the hall?"

Kalinda nodded wordlessly.

"Good, then you're not in any more trouble than what you originally earned this morning. Come down here so I can check you before I drop you off at the shop."

She nodded before she turned her pleading gaze back to Kalinda. "Please, girl. We can meet at the restaurant if you don't feel comfortable coming to the shop."

"Now Nisey!" Caelan's voice brooked no refusal. Slumping her shoulders dejectedly, she turned to head down the stairs when Kalinda's deep sigh washed over her.

"Text me the address of the sushi shop and I'll meet you there."

Nisey spun around and gave Kalinda a huge hug. "Thank you, Kalinda, you won't regret it." Then releasing her friend as quickly as she grabbed her, she rushed back down the stairs as rapidly as she could. Caelan opened the door to their home before closing it sharply behind her.

"Over my desk, now!" His order had shards of anticipation running through her.

Within moments she found herself bent over his big executive desk with her skirt hoisted up around her waist and her Master's fingers buried inside of her. She gasped as his fingers curled and brushed over the slightly rough patch inside of her - her g-spot, before deliberately bumping up against the BenWa balls she'd inserted after her shower.

"Good girl."

"*Máister.*" She had to clench her teeth when the thumb on his opposite hand brushed over her tightly furled rosebud and rubbed against it. She could feel the cool lubrication on it wetting her tight entrance. She shivered with growing pleasure

"That's right, Nisey." He thrust his thumb through the tight constriction of her ass as he rubbed his fingers over her g-spot. "You're very lucky, *grá*. If you had actually entered the apartment, you'd have had your butt plug in addition to the BenWa balls. I have no doubt you'd be hard pressed to concentrate on your work with both your ass and pussy filled."

Giving a long groan at the thought, Nisey fought off her impending release. Caelan didn't help matters when he stroked faster inside her ass and cunt. Her muscles greedily sucked at his thumb and his fingers, despite the fact she knew he wouldn't give her the release she was craving.

“But since you went no further than the hallway, I’m going to reward you for your self-control. He withdrew his thumb only to thrust two fingers, heavily covered with not only her cream but also a thick coating of lubrication, inside her tight ass.

“*Máister! Please!*”

Her heated low wail disguised the sound of Caelan’s zipper lowering.

“Brace yourself, *sclábhaí.*”

A soft yelp of pleasure escaped her when he removed his thrusting fingers only to replace them with his cock. The pressure of the broad head against the most sensitive portal of her body had Nisey holding her breath in anticipation. She absolutely loved the burn which accompanied her Master’s cock entering the most forbidden entrance on her body.

“Grab a hold of the edge and keep your hands there. I’ll be very displeased if you let go.” Nisey would’ve giggled if she’d been more aware of the hoarseness of Caelan’s voice, but she didn’t notice it because she was so violently aroused. She needed him, now! Curling her fingers around the edge of his desk, she braced herself carefully before answering his command.

“Yes, *Máister.*”

As if he’d been waiting for her words, Caelan pushed passed the tight restriction of her rim to slowly slide deep inside of her. It was all Nisey could do to not come immediately when he started rocking against her ass. Every movement of his hips against her nether cheeks sent the BenWa balls bouncing vigorously against each other.

“Good girl.” His words of praise filled her with happiness as his movements became shorter and harder. Within moments he was pounding against her ass as she fought to hold off her climax. She was doing well until he slid a slightly roughened finger over her straining clit. His knowing touch pushed her right to the edge.

“Oh my God! *Máister...please...I...need...I’m gonna...*” She knew she was babbling but she couldn’t stop. Her body was being rocketed with each slam of his hips against her backside, while her thighs were shaking with her need to climax.

Just when she thought she wouldn't be able to withstand another moment, Caelan nipped her ear. "Come for your Master, slave!"

His rough order shattered what little control she had over her impending orgasm and she snapped. She screamed as the world darkened and pleasure so violent she could barely hold on to the desk racked her body. She was vaguely aware of Caelan's deep answering bellow as he spilled his seed into the depths of her ass.

\* \* \* \*

Double checking the address that Nisey had given her once more, Kalinda finally parked the car in the parking lot. Sliding her keys into one pocket and her phone into another, Kalinda climbed out of the car and headed towards the front door of the restaurant. Pushing open the darkly tinted door, she never saw the man standing just on the other side of it. As the door slammed into his hip, a low curse escaped him as he tried to keep from dropping the Styrofoam boxes of food he was holding.

"Damnit! Why don't you watch the hell where you're going?"

Kalinda froze at the harsh tone of Josh's voice. Her heart sped up and her throat became parched even while her panties dampened. Cursing her bad luck, she froze. Time stood still for her when his midnight dark blue eyes met hers.

"Kalinda?" He looked over her shoulder. "Where's your protector?" His sneer motivated her to move. She was through playing the 'victim' even to him.

"I don't need a protector, Josh. Excuse me." She moved past him. When his hand clamped around her arm, she fought her need to shiver. Awareness of his body next to hers had her wishing they were anywhere else but in the middle of a sushi bar. "Let go of me." Keeping her voice low, she crawled behind the 'wall of indifference' that she showed everyone. Even though 'the wall' was in tatters from the night before, she knew it created enough of a barrier between them to get her through the next few minutes. "Excuse me, but I happen to have a lunch date."

Even without looking up at him, she could tell he was becoming impatient with her. "Have you become such a..."

Wrenching her arm free, she glared up at him. "Don't! I have done nothing to warrant this behavior, Mr. Redding. You wanted me out of Chicago, so I left. You have no say in what I do or don't do anymore. Good day." She moved further into the room while quickly scanning for Nisey. Seeing her friend sitting at a nearby table, she headed towards it trying to ignore Josh's parting words behind her.

"This isn't over, Spitfire. It'll never be over between us. Remember that when that California dude is trying to satisfy you in bed."

Blinking back the tears, she vowed that despite her rampant attraction to him, she was through with Joshua Redding.

"Hey girl! Are you okay?" Nisey's concerned look as Kalinda took the seat across from her had her shaking her head.

"I'll be fine ...just another unfortunate run-in with your boss."

A panicked look crossed Nisey's face. "I didn't..."

Giving her friend's hand a squeeze, Kalinda was quick to reassure her. "I know you didn't. It's a free country and if Josh wants to stop here for lunch then it's his business. I know you had nothing to do with him choosing to be here at the same time. But I don't want to talk about that egotistical asshole. Didn't you promise me some California rolls?"

"Yep, you'll love 'em!" Nisey flagged down the waiter.

\* \* \* \*

Giving a sigh of contentment with her belly full of top-notch sushi, Kalinda leaned back against the padded back of her chair.

"You were right, Nis. Those rolls were excellent." Wiping her mouth on the napkin in her lap, she stared thoughtfully at Nisey. Her friend fidgeted in her seat. She noticed Nisey had been fidgety during the meal along with being distracted.

"All right - spill. What has you on edge?" Crossing her arms over her chest, she gave Nisey the look that told her friend that she wasn't going to let the issue rest.

A bright flush washed over Nisey's pale skin. "It's nothing. I snuck out of bed this morning, so now I'm paying for it."

“Tender bottom?” A knowing look crossed Kalinda’s face. “I’ve been there. There have been many days I’ve had to sit behind a drafting table on a hard stool with a sore ass, while the man who’d caused it watched me across the room with either a knowing look, or worse a huge grin, on his face. You should be thankful Caelan doesn’t work with you. I’m sure he’d take pleasure in watching every squirm.”

Laughing, Nisey shook her head. “It’s not my ass that’s bothering me. Damn BenWa balls, if Caelan were here right now, I’d club him with the nearest blunt object.”

“Oh really? Should I mention it to him? Well on second thought, I think he might have just heard you if the look on his face is any indication.” Biting her lip to keep from giving away her ruse, Kalinda watched as Nisey swung around to anxiously scan the room. When she didn’t find Caelan, she turned back around to smack Kalinda’s arm with her rolled up napkin.

“You know, I do believe you deserved every bit of that whipping Dominic gave you last night, Kalinda. You are evil! That was sooo not right.”

Kalinda rubbed her arm while sticking her tongue out at Nisey. “But I made ya look, didn’t I?”

Nisey nodded. “That’s more like the friend I remember.”

Kalinda grew serious at her friend’s wistful voice. “She’s still there, Nis. Just buried a bit deeper out of self preservation, but she doesn’t wear her heart on her sleeve anymore.”

Taking Kalinda’s hand, Nisey pulled her friend closer to her before looking around the room. When she saw no one seemed to be noticing them, she continued in low tones.

“I want you to do something for me.”

“What?” Concerned by the undisguised need on her friend’s face, Kalinda held her breath.

“I want you to come downstairs tomorrow night to watch as Caelan ties me up.”

“Nis...” Shifting uncomfortably in her chair, Kalinda wasn’t sure she could bear to watch her friend in such a vulnerable position.

“Please? I promised Dominic I would ask.”

Kalinda paused. "What does Dominic have to do with this?"

"Before I answer, let me ask you something, Kalinda. Do you want to please him? Are you truly submissive to him, or is he just a buffer against Josh?"

Kalinda had to bite her tongue against the anger which Nisey's implication brought forth, but she failed miserably.

"How dare you imply that I would use him in such a manner! He cared about my well being even when I didn't. I could never use him. I owe him much more than I can ever repay, but ultimately it makes me happy to make him happy. I honestly love submitting to him."

Nisey tried to calm her friend, but Kalinda had a full head of steam going.

"I may have not been able to satisfy Josh, but I've done everything I can to satisfy Dominic. We've been together for over two years and I haven't heard any complaints from him yet!"

"Calm down, Kalinda. I didn't say it to piss you off. For someone who doesn't wear her heart on her sleeve, you're sure quick to anger. The reason I asked is because Dominic approached me this morning about asking you to watch Caelan and me. For a woman who claims she knows her Dom well, did you realize he's been visiting clubs to tie up other submissives?"

Kalinda felt the blood rush through her head at the idea that she'd once more had failed her Dom. "He's fucking other subs?"

Nisey was quick to reassure her. "No. He's not fucking them, or at least I don't think so. He says he just goes to a club he's a member of and ties up who ever asks, or whoever pays the club for the pleasure. There's no sex involved if it's anything like how Olivia's is run."

"Why didn't he tell me?" Kalinda's voice came out as mere whisper. "I'd have let him..."

"Shh," patting Kalinda's hand, Nisey tried to calm her. "I asked him the same thing. He said he was more concerned about putting you first at the time. He also thought you knew about it. Something about him mentioning it when he went over your limits?"

Anger replaced the devastation Kalinda had felt mere minutes before. "Like hell he did! He mentioned he'd done it in the past, but



never *once*...and I do mean *once*...did he ever claim that he wanted to do that with me. All he had to do was tell me...hell, even order me to - I would've done it in a heartbeat."

Sensing that her friend was ready to go off half-cocked, Nisey stopped her.

"He's a typical man, girl. How would you like to get even with him?"

Kalinda frowned. "Get even with him?"

Nisey's eyes twinkled. "Yeah. Have you ever heard the expression, 'don't get mad, get even'?"

"Yeah! What are you planning? I don't trust that look in your eyes, Nis."

"Trust me. You'll love it. I need to talk to your brother about it first but I'm sure he'll go for it."

Kalinda just shook her head. "And here Caelan claims I'm the bad influence. I think you've got him buffaloed, Nis."

Nisey grinned as she tried to give her friend a wide-eyed innocent look. "Who me?"

Kalinda burst out laughing. "Yes you!"



## Chapter Five

The next afternoon, Josh was staring out his office window, when a brisk knock sounded on his outer office door. Turning back around, he glared at the door. He'd told his ditzy sister he didn't want any company for the rest of the afternoon, but she must have taken off early again to take care of some other miscellaneous wedding detail. She spent more time with her lover, Ethan, and their mother Gladys, than she did attending to business. He normally wouldn't begrudge his baby sister the time off, after all getting married was supposed to be a once in a lifetime experience, but he wasn't in the mood today to deal with anyone. He briefly wondered if he ignored the person they would think he was out.

When the loud knock came again, he growled before standing with the intention of giving the intruder a piece of his mind. He'd been on edge ever since picking up Kalinda and that wannabe Dom. She was supposed to have been his, damn it! She was supposed to get some experience before returning to him, not letting another man claim her.

"You know, if you're expecting her to take you back, Redding, hiding in this office isn't going to cut it." Dominic's voice had Josh tensing. Testosterone had him ready to kick the other man's ass. He had to remind himself that he was a civilized Dom who couldn't attack another man just because Dominic had what he wanted.

"What the Hell do you want?"

Leaning against the door, Dominic watched him with cool eyes. "Now that's a loaded question and one I don't think you're ready to hear the answer for."

Sinking back into his chair, he tried to stare the younger man down. "You mean this bullshit everyone has been telling me about you trying to exorcise her memories of me so you can claim her? I can tell you right now, I'm not going to let her go without a fight."

"I'd expect nothing less, Josh, but I'm here to tell you, the only way I'm going to let her go, is if she tells me she no longer wants me to be her Dom." He pushed off the door to walk further into the room.

“So the way I see it, we’re going to have to come to an agreement about her, because I’ll be damned if I’ll let you run her through the ringer again.”

“Get the fuck out!”

Dominic shook his head slowly. “I’m not leaving until we hash this out, Josh.”

“I have nothing to talk to you about. The only thing we have in common is...”

“...Kalinda, which is why I’m here. Whether she shows it or not you still have a strong pull on her. Stronger than I hoped for, in fact.”

Josh sneered at him. “So that’s what you’re worried about, Cali-boy - that in the end, she’ll pick me over you?”

Dominic shrugged. “There always has been that possibility, Redding. I knew when I took her on that she wasn’t over you. I was dealing with a hurting submissive. I went into this whole situation with my eyes wide open.” He leaned over Josh’s desk. “But come hell or high water, I’m going to see her healed.”

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda let herself into her apartment. “Dominic?” Shutting the door behind her, she wandered into the kitchen. The apartment was eerily quiet. She frowned before walking over to her answering machine. The little red light was blinking. After pressing the button to play back her messages, she walked over to open the fridge. She was reaching for a cold Coke when a heavily accented voice filled the room.

“This is José Castillo from A1 Storage, in Los Angles. I’m trying to reach Señor Dominic LaFontane, regarding his storage unit. If you could please have him call me at 310-555-2381, I would greatly appreciate it.”

She frowned but jotted the number and name down on the tablet next to the fridge for Dominic, while hoping nothing bad had happened. Shutting its door, she popped the top on the soda can before chugging half of it down. She walked out onto the back landing of her apartment. Sitting down, she watched as the wind blew the branches of the small but growing weeping willow her

brother had planted to replace the huge oak which had come down almost three years ago.

Content to sit on the top step, she wasn't surprised when her brother came outside and looked up. She scooted over when he climbed the steps to join her. His familiar cologne filled her nose as he sat down on the step next to her.

She picked up her Coke to take a sip before breaking the silence.

"So you and Nisey are going to give me a *shibari* demonstration this evening. Was it your idea or Dominic's?"

Caelan chuckled. "Always straight to the point aren't you? No 'Hi, how are you?' or 'How was your afternoon, Caelan?' I'd be insulted if I didn't know you."

She smacked at his arm. "Knock it off, you loon. Just answer my question."

He shrugged sheepishly. "Can I plead the Fifth?"

"Ah, then it must have been Dominic's. I can't imagine you willingly sharing your playtime with Nisey with your bratty little sister without a good reason." Even as much as she tried to keep the bitterness out of her voice, she knew she'd failed when he stiffened next to her. It wasn't his fault that she took it personally - that she felt left out of his relationship with her best friend.

But then she'd always seemed to be an afterthought with most of the men in her life. Her father sure the hell hadn't thought it was important to introduce her to any of her half-brothers. It was even more ironic that she was his only daughter. His "Oh by the way, you have an older half-brother that's moving to Chicago, Kalinda. Be sure to show him around." had left its mark on her. At twelve, she hadn't been aware that the man who'd fathered her, had a half a dozen bastards scattered across the States and half of Europe. It had shattered every girlhood dream she'd had of having a loving and doting father. She still remembered the first time she'd met the quiet spoken Irishman who'd walked into her mother's living room looking like a younger version of their father.

"Kalinda Marie," his voice jerked her out of her thoughts. She looked over to see his disapproving frown. "You know better than that. I'm not Grant Doherty! I don't have an issue with you watching

me tie up Nisey nor have I ever. In fact, there were several times I mentioned to Josh that he should bring you to one of my demonstrations with Nisey.”

She ducked her head in embarrassment. “I’m sorry, Caelan, I know you’re not Dad.”

Leaning closer he wrapped an arm around her. “Which reminds me, don’t make any plans for Christmas. I’m doing something I should’ve done a couple years ago.”

She cocked her head to look at him out of the corner of her eye, her thoughts still on their irresponsible father. “What? Told the old man off? I could’ve saved you the trouble. I told him to take a long walk off a short pier years ago.”

Caelan smothered a laugh, “No, not that, although the idea has real merit.” He squeezed her hand. “I’m taking you and Nisey home to meet my mother. Now, before you protest, I’ve already had a conversation with YOUR mother, and she said she didn’t have an issue with it.”

She shook her head. “Always got to be in control, don’t you big brother? What would you’ve done if I didn’t want to go, or Dominic wanted me to stay with him for the holidays? With his family gone, I can’t let him spend the holidays alone.” She felt a small pang at the fact that the loving man who was her Dom had lost what little family he had in Hurricane Katrina. She’d never leave him alone for the holidays as long as they were together.

“Bring him along. Somehow I don’t think he’ll have a problem with accepting a free trip to Ireland for Christmas.”

“I’ll mention it to him. But if he says he doesn’t want to...” She let her response trail off.

“Then I’ll convince him how lovely the weather in Ireland is at Christmas time. Hell I’ll even throw in a trip to the castle where the Blarney Stone resides.” Caelan wiggled his eyebrows at her. Leaning her head against her brother’s shoulder she giggled. God it felt good to be home!

\* \* \* \*

Dominic tried to hold onto his calmness as he dealt with the stubborn ass in front of him. What the hell had happened to the man that had inspired him? This Josh wasn't the same man who had opened a whole new world to a young and impressionable eighteen year old. He still could recall the first time he'd seen the older man disciplining a sub at one of the clubs down in New Orleans.

He'd been so impressed with the other man's control, along with the depth of pleasure and pain he'd brought to the bound sub he'd been playing with, he'd snuck into the club several times to watch him. He'd even struck up a mild friendship with the older man. From their talks Dominic had realized his restlessness stemmed from what had been missing in his life. Afterwards, he could no longer deny the inner dominant he'd kept locked away behind his 'good old boy' Cajun charm. But this man deserved to have his ass kicked up between his shoulder blades. Was he deliberately being dense?

"Get the hell out!" Josh's face was so red with anger that Dominic decided to change the subject before the man had a coronary right in front of him.

"You don't remember me, do you?" Folding his arms over his chest, he waited for Josh's sputtering to stop.

"Remember you? For Christ's Sakes, I just met you. Why the hell would I remember you?"

Dominic rested his hip on the edge of Josh's desk. "That's what I thought. You don't remember the eighteen year old bouncer from New Orleans that you shared more than one *andouille gumbo* with?"

Josh frowned. "New Orleans? Christ I haven't been there since before Katrina. It's been what - ten, no twelve years, since I helped Mistress Brigit out."

Dominic pushed back the inevitable pain the hurricane's name brought to the surface. He couldn't afford to think about his sister and mother when right now he needed to pound some sense into the thick-headed Englishman. Even though Josh didn't have much of an accent, he'd once told Dominic over a steaming plate of *andouillegumbo* about his family's recent relocation to the good old U.S. of A. In fact, Josh had only been ten when his family relocated.

Shortly after that his younger sister Hillary had been born, so she was the first Redding to be born on U.S. soil.

Crossing his arms over his massive chest, Dominic watched as the gears whirled in the older man's head. While he'd bulked up a bit - well let's be honest, he had more than bulked up. He'd finally grown into his huge feet and hands and now was a fully matured man. But he didn't think that that was the only reason why Josh hadn't recognized him. Back then he'd worn his dark hair much longer, nearly reaching to his waist, as opposed to the shoulder length style he used now. Working in the architectural field had taught him that long hair just wasn't practical on the job site. Not that he'd ever cut it short as the other man's crew cut.

"Little John?" The hesitant query would've had him laughing, if the reminder of the moniker that Mistress Brigit hung on him hadn't had him groaning.

*"Pour l'amour de Dieu! ...* of all the things for you to remember. I swear that woman was cruel. Do you know how many subs begged me to prove how 'little' I was during my training period?" Rubbing a hand down over his face, he waited for the other man to laugh. He was disappointed when the frown on Josh's face hardened.

"How the Hell did a 'coonass' end up in L.A. with my Spitfire?"

Dominic's back stiffened at the derogatory expression he'd heard all of his life while growing up in St. Bernard Parish. He'd worked his ass off to leave it behind. He wasn't ashamed of his past, but he'd been damned if he was going to let the other man look down on him because of it.

"You're coming dangerously close to trying my patience, *mon ami*. I left the St. Bernard parish behind long ago, but I never expected a man I admired to fall prey to the same ignorance as *les trou du culs* from the Garden District."

Josh stood up abruptly, his anger more than obvious now. "She deserves better than a hick from the poorest part of New Orleans, who's trying to play at being a Dom, *Little John*. Did you realize your *chérie* needs the hard stroke of a flogger to come? That she'll beg for it until you think your arm will fall off from number of times you'll need to strike her to send her into subspace? That she'll be thinking



of me every time you tie her to a cross or bind her to your spanking bench because she's wishing she had a real Dom to call Master. "

Despite the fact Dominic was ready to see 'red', he realized the older man was testing him - pushing him into losing his control. That control was a special something that was a true foundation for all Doms - an out of control Dom was a dangerous one and not well tolerated within the BDSM community. Taking a deep breath, Dominic gathered his fraying control around him while trying to think clearly about the other man's motives. Getting into a physical altercation with the man he was hoping to form a *ménage à trois* with wasn't the answer. Besides the fact that Kalinda was Dominic's now, there had to be something else eating at Josh - but what was it?

"What happened to the Dom I met at Mistress Brigit's, Josh? What's changing you from being a caring Dom to a complete asshole?"

Josh scowled at him. "Who says I've changed? I'm just being my prickish Dom self. Perhaps you need more lessons on being a Dom if you don't realize..."

Dominic interrupted him, tired of the attitude that Josh was giving him. "I realize more than you know, Redding. I know you're lashing out at everyone because you threw away the one submissive that could hold 'her own' with you. More than likely your reason was because of something as simple as the fact she was a younger sub than you were comfortable playing with. I also know that my submissive isn't as immune to you as she tries to portray. But the question for today is what are you going to do about it? Continue to wallow in self-pity or try to fix things? It wouldn't take much to have her begging at your feet once more."

Holding his breath, Dominic waited for the coming explosion. He didn't have to wait long.

"Get the fuck out of my office! It would serve your arrogant ass right if I stole her away from you. What fucking Dom offers to let another Dom seduce his sub?"

"One that wants to put what his sub needs ahead of his own pride. Kalinda needs us both. If you're too blind to see it - then you can *tu peux aller t' faire voir*. Evidently I'm wasting my time here."

Dominic headed for the door, hoping that the other man hadn't changed as much as he seemingly portrayed.

"Did you just tell me to kiss your ass?" The bemused quality of Josh's voice had him smiling.

"What if I did?" Dominic wiped the smile off his face before turning back around.

"Then I'd have to tell you I don't kiss men's asses...they kiss mine."

Dominic shook his head. "Not this man. I like you but not enough to kiss your ass."

A hesitant chuckle escaped both men before Josh finally sobered. "Now tell me exactly what the hell you meant by Kalinda needing both of us?"

\* \* \* \*

Opening the door to her apartment, Kalinda ushered both her brother and Nisey in. When Nisey paused at the threshold, Caelan turned to her. "Would you be more comfortable downstairs, *grá*?"

Nisey nibbled on her lip before shaking her head. "As long as it doesn't get me punished, I'll be fine."

"Now that would be rather unfair of me to punish you for doing what I asked, now wouldn't it?" He held out the hand that wasn't holding the unopened bag of thin nylon rope. Taking it, she walked back into the apartment she'd been banished from for over a year.

After Kalinda shut the door, Nisey looked around. "Where's Dominic?"

Kalinda sighed. "He said he had some business to take care of."

"Really?" Caelan seemed intrigued, but smiled as if he knew something that Kalinda didn't. She let it go though because she knew he wouldn't tell her unless he wanted to. Doms had a tendency to stick together.

"Yep." Sticking her hands in her pockets, Kalinda focused on the bag in her brother's hands nervously. "So what's this nefarious plan that you've thought up, Nisey?"

"It's pretty simple but perfect. *Máister* even agrees with me."

"So what's my part in this?"

“You trust me right?” Nisey waited for her to answer.

Kalinda rolled her eyes. “Of course.”

Nisey smiled. “First I need you to strip. Then *Máister* is going to find the most feminine dress you have that has easy access - but will still hide my handiwork.” Nisey took the bag from Caelan before he disappeared into Kalinda’s bedroom.

Kalinda swallowed. “Good Lord, what have I gotten myself into?” She hurried into her bedroom followed closely by Nisey.

\* \* \* \*

After texting Dominic to let him know that she was going to be down at her brother’s, so he could find her easily when he got back, Kalinda snapped her phone closed. She turned back to her brother and her best friend. She tried not to gasp when the rope moved against her skin. A particular knot that her girlfriend had placed just above her clit rubbed maddeningly against her sending shards of pleasure cutting through her.

“Damn if you’d told me it was like this, I’d have tried it years ago. How the hell do you walk around like this without coming? That knot is just wicked.”

Nisey giggled but Caelan just shrugged. “You’ll have to ask her... I’ve never worn a harness.”

Nisey patted her on the shoulder. “Concentrate Kalinda. Just take deep breaths and try to forget you’re wearing it.”

The silky swish of the light, loose summer dress against her skin had her praying as she made her way down the stairs. Nisey, with a bit of help from Caelan, had wrapped the super thin nylon rope around her torso and lower body to form a harness of intricate knots that they assured her would drive Dominic wild with desire. They had even managed to keep it all hidden under the dress her brother had picked out of her closet. She hadn’t worn this particular peachskin dress in over two years - since before she’d left for L.A. In fact Dominic had never seen it, but she had a feeling he’d love it. Now, all she had to do was act normally around him until Nisey and Caelan took them down to her brother’s playroom. Act normal enough that she did not give away their devious plan to torture him, because she

knew there was no way she would be able to lie to him if he asked her what was wrong.

“You’ll be fine, girl. Just imagine what kind of punishment you’re going to rack up for teasing him with the very thing he’s been denied but he could’ve had all along?”

Kalinda giggled. “That’s true. So is there anything I can help you with to set up before Dominic joins us?”

Caelan shook his head. “Nope, everything is already ready. Why don’t you and Nisey go sit in the gazebo, catch up, and have some mineral water.” Caelan tugged Nisey closer before nuzzling her neck. “I don’t want my little one to get dehydrated before our scene even starts.”

\* \* \* \*

Watching the girls exit the kitchen through the sliding glass doors carrying their bottles of mineral water, Caelan couldn’t help feeling the anticipation surging through his blood. Even though he had no incestuous thoughts about his baby sister, he was definitely looking forward to watching her tease Dominic. In fact he enjoyed watching her interact with the other man the other evening. It showed him that she had a chance at finding the same thing he and Nisey had - more than anything he wanted his sister happy. He was just in the process of going to his office when there was a knock on the door. Adjusting his destination, he went to answer the door. Opening it, he wasn’t surprised to find two men on his doorstep.

“Dominic, Josh. I’ve been expecting you. You’ve timed it just right. Nisey just took Kalinda out back to the gazebo.”

Caelan stepped back to watch the two men enter the room. Dominic seemed relaxed while Josh seemed to be uncomfortable. It was evident despite Dominic’s fast-talking, Josh wasn’t sure how the other man had talked him into coming with him tonight, when truthfully he wasn’t certain about his place in Kalinda’s life. Tonight was going to be interesting.

He was walking a delicate line between Kalinda’s planned revenge and Dominic’s plan on having the other man being present.

Not even Nisey knew Josh was going to be present. This could easily blow up in their faces, but somehow he was optimistic. With his old friend 'seeing was believing'. Having Dominic's and Kalinda's obvious affection thrown in his face would do wonders, especially when Dominic included Josh in the scene. It was a large part of the plan Dominic had asked him to help execute. Dominic wanted the other man to experience what being together as a threesome felt like. With Caelan being not only present, but also conducting the demonstration - his presence would act like a safety net.

After he shut the door, Caelan crossed his arms. He gazed at the two men before turning his attention to Dominic.

"Have you explained the rules for the evening to him? Can I trust both of you to abide by them?"

Dominic nodded before Caelan turned to Josh. "Do you understand why you're here and what limits are going to be placed on you? I'm willing to host this for Dominic, but I refuse to put Nisey in danger. So if you're not going to be able to maintain control of that temper of yours, I'd rather call this off now."

Josh gave a deep sigh after raking a hand through his short hair. "I'll behave. If this is the only way I can get back on the inside with her, I have to try."

"Good." Caelan turned to Dominic. "Another rule has been added which will apply to both of you. While Kalinda is assisting me with Nisey, neither of you are allowed to touch or command her. While this evening is for your benefit, I won't have you ruining Nisey's experience with *shibari*. This is more than a kink for her."

Josh nodded as he shoved his hands into his pockets. "I understand. I would never dream of ruining something like this for her."

"I'm glad to hear that. Dominic?"

"Even though it might drive me crazy, I promise to keep my hands to myself."

"All right. I think we're ready to start. I'll go get the girls. If both of you will head down to the playroom, we'll join you shortly."

\* \* \* \*

Dominic watched as Josh paced the playroom. "You're going to make me dizzy, Josh, if you don't stop pacing."

Josh froze. "What if she runs, Dominic? I don't know if this hare-brained scheme is gonna work. Hell, I don't know if I'll even be able to handle watching you two together without wanting to rip something or someone in half."

Dominic placed a hand on Josh's shoulder. "You don't know until you try. I want you to give this an honest chance. If I weren't certain that this would be perfect for her, I wouldn't even attempt it. Let's face it buddy, I have no sexual desire for you - not in the least bit. I simply want to give *her* what she needs to be happy. I honestly think between the two of us, she's going to be deliriously happy."

"That's if she sticks around to find out," Josh muttered before resuming his pacing.

"She'll stay just to prove a point..."

The sound of voices on the stairs had his voice trailing off. Butterflies jumped in his stomach when Kalinda entered the room after Nisey and he got a good look at her outfit. She was wearing a knee length white eyelet peachskin summer dress with cap sleeves and a scooped neckline with her dark hair pulled up in a ponytail. She looked as fresh and innocent as spring which only made him long to debauch her.

Beside him, he heard Josh's mutter 'fuck' as he caught sight of what she was wearing.

"I know. Where the hell did she find that dress?"

"At Nordstroms. I bought it for her as a birthday present before she left." Josh breathed deeply just before Kalinda caught sight of the men.

Her step faltered as her eyes darted nervously towards Dominic. It was obvious she was uncertain about her former Dom as well as her current Master being present.

\* \* \* \*

With the rope rubbing her clit, it had been all Kalinda could do to make it down the stairs into Caelan's playroom without climaxing. Desire had been her constant companion ever since Caelan and

Nisey had outlined their plan to her. When she'd spotted first Dominic and then Josh, her heart had nearly pounded its way out of her chest. She knew instinctively that Dominic had set this whole scene up. "...*the next time, I won't stop him...he'll be here...*" echoed through her mind. Incredibly instead of fear, the desire running through her system doubled. Her clit pulsed hard against the smooth feel of the nylon knot pressed against it. Digging her nails into her sweating palms, she tried to fight off the threatening climax. She was so close. Her eyes darted to Dominic as she tried to force back the orgasm that was hovering over her. *He was her Master, and she couldn't come without his permission.*

In an attempt to stall her imminent orgasm, she turned away.

"Slave." Dominic's stern voice had her trembling visibly.

"Ye-yellow." Her gasped reply for a 'slow down' was barely audible as she asked for a moment to compose herself. They hadn't even begun to tease Dominic or bind Nisey and here she was on the verge of losing herself. How the hell was she going to torment her Master when she was the one worked up?

Large warm hands settled on her shoulders. Thinking it was Dominic, she lifted her head to see Josh's concerned face. He swallowed roughly. "I'll leave if you can't handle this, Spitfire."

She took a deep breath and let it out as the undisguised need in his voice stroked over her. Her instinctive need to give to him overwhelmed her.

When another hand cupped her cheek, she looked up into the dark eyes of her current Master. The look in them begged her to trust his judgment. She finally relaxed between the two of them, letting their overwhelming presence sooth her. While the desire to tease both of them was still there, she felt balanced in a way she'd never felt before. Despite the fact she felt she'd failed Josh in the past, those memories had no bearing on the way the two of them made her feel at this particular moment. The two Doms together were a heady intense sensual combination as they focused on her. How would she survive this?

"What level are you at, *chérie*?"

"Yellow, Master. Please..."

“I’ll leave.” Josh’s shoulders slumped as he removed his hands from Kalinda’s shoulders. He stepped back then turned dejectedly to leave.

Her panicked eyes found Dominic’s. She hadn’t been asking Josh to leave! She just needed a moment to adjust. “I...Master...please... ah, hell stop him, please!”

Dominic barked at Josh’s back. “Stop!”

Josh froze at the door. Dominic turned back towards Kalinda.

“Can you do this for me? You know I won’t let anything ...”

Kalinda placed her fingers over his mouth. “I know, Master.” She pressed her forehead to his wide chest and took a few calming breaths. She was vastly aware that the balance she’d felt moments ago was gone now that Josh had moved away. Now she understood why Dominic had wanted this for her. Like any truly good Dom, he knew what she needed before she did.

In the background she could hear Caelan talking to Josh, trying to persuade him into giving Kalinda a moment or two to get her bearings. She was glad he was here to help. After only a few moments, she lifted her head off Dominic’s chest.

“Okay?” His voice rumbled in his chest. She nodded. “I need to hear it, Kalinda. There can be no mistakes at this point. What level are you at?”

“Green, Master. He can stay.”





## Chapter Six

The relief Josh felt when he heard Kalinda's words was so intense he almost fell to his knees. He wasn't used to feeling this uncertainty when it came to dealing with a submissive. The need to dominate was still there, but suddenly he felt the need to defer to Dominic. The other man knew the 'woman' Kalinda now was. Surely Dominic would know how to handle her!

"Relax, buddy." Caelan's voice was calm. "She's stronger than you think. It was simply the shock of seeing both of you together. Let her get used to the idea then she'll give you both a run for your money."

"Yeah." He turned back around to see Dominic moving away from Kalinda and her lowered head. Her body swayed as if to follow him when she righted herself. He waited for the jealousy to strike him but surprisingly it was absent. His inner Dom was more concerned about how she was dealing with the situation than being angry that another man was comforting his woman.

Once Kalinda straightened, her acceptance was obvious to both of them. Caelan promptly took charge.

"All right. Josh and Dominic, take a seat, it's time to get this scene started." Caelan turned to the women. Nisey giggled softly but instantly quieted when Caelan frowned at her.

"Sorry, *Máister*. I'm just excited."

He nodded. "Strip." Nisey complied as he motioned to Kalinda to join him. "Come stand next to Nisey, so you can see everything up close. You're going to be my assistant tonight, since one of the men here has had no previous experience with *shibari*."

"Of course." Kalinda made her way over to where Nisey was standing, wearing nothing more than a modest thong, in the middle of the room.

"Tonight I'm going to begin with a simple demonstration of the basic harness that I give all my beginner classes. I know this will be review for you, Dominic, but for Josh it will be new. Then once I complete that part of the scene, I will move onto more complex rope

work, so that at the conclusion of our scene my little slave will be suspended and hopefully in subspace. Any questions before we start?" He fixed his eyes on both of the men.

After both of them shook their heads, Caelan rolled up the sleeves on his dress shirt to expose his forearms. "All right then. Kalinda, in the top drawer of that cabinet next to the sink there is a skein of hemp rope. Bring it to me."

She scurried off to do his bidding while Caelan gave Nisey a wink before turning back to the other two men in the room. "Crash course here, Josh. There are several different types of rope that can be used for *shibari*." He took the rope from returning Kalinda. "While Nisey and I prefer hemp or jute..." he held up the rope Kalinda had just given him. "...other ropes can be used..." Caelan nodded towards Kalinda. As if receiving some unknown signal, she nodded, pushed the cap sleeves off her shoulders, then lowered the top of her dress to her waist. The stark white fiber of the nylon stood out against her olive skin. The sight was reminiscent of bygone times when men enslaved women and took what they wanted. Both of the seated men drew harsh breaths. She couldn't help the feeling of mischievousness that washed over her. She loved the idea she was teasing both of them. "...such as nylon. Although it is good for tying harnesses like Kalinda is wearing, I wouldn't recommend using it for suspension because of its slippery nature. Thank you, Kalinda. You may cover up."

She slowly pulled the bodice of the dress back up covering the harness before returning to Nisey's side. Nisey stepped forward. Caelan positioned her exactly as he wanted her. Kalinda was surprised when he handed the rope back to her after folding in it half and knotting it about a foot from the fold.

"Place this over her head, Brat." His eyes twinkled before he whispered soft enough only she and Nisey could hear. "You're doing wonderfully, Sis. If you could've seen the look on their faces - they could've caught flies if their mouths had opened any further."

Kalinda had to struggle not to giggle, but instead placed a sassy extra wiggle in her step when she turned to place the rope over her friend's head. *Let the torture begin!*

\* \* \* \*

Sitting next to Josh, Dominic tightly gripped the arms of his chair as he watched Kalinda help her brother create the rope harness that would be the foundation of tonight's lesson. The image of his *chérie* standing next to her brother adorned with the traditional diamonds of the *shibari* harness was burned into his memory. His dick was so hard he was surprised it hadn't burst through the material restraining it. It had been all he could do to stay in his seat and not rip the pretty dress off of her to find out how far down the white nylon harness went.

Next to him, Josh stirred in the chair before he leaned forward to get a better view.

"God damn, I never knew that *shibari* is this erotic. How far down does it go?" Josh's voice was hoarse.

"All the way to her sweet little pussy if we're lucky." Dominic leaned forward too as he watched Caelan show the differences between the type of harness he was creating on Nisey and the one that Kalinda wore. Once more his little slave was naked to the waist with her back presented to them, while Caelan pointed to where Nisey had threaded the rope through to create the back half of the harness. It was the fourth time that she'd played peek-a-boo with them. He was dangerously close to interfering despite his promise to Caelan.

When Kalinda turned back around at her brother's insistence, her eyes caught first his and then Josh's. Her inner vixen was more than apparent because of the knowing twinkle that gave away the fact she knew she was tormenting both him and Josh. Her nipples beaded under their stares as Caelan drew their attentions back to the front of the harness. Her soft moan teased his ears when he licked his lips.

"Naughty little Spitfire!" The frustration in Josh's hiss rang true with Dominic. Even if *shibari* wasn't the other man's fetish, it was hard not to be effected by the show Kalinda was giving them.

Dominic groaned when Caelan instructed his sister to take off her dress as they moved to the lower abdomen. The rope ran down the

length of her stomach to disappear between her legs. The modest thong, which covered her mound in the front while still exposing her luscious ass-cheeks, was all that Kalinda wore aside from the rope. When Caelan ordered her to turn around, both Dominic and Josh surged out of their chairs. The sight of the white rope dividing Kalinda's ass when she moved seductively pushed them over the edge. "Oh, she's gonna get her ass reddened for this little stunt." Dominic's growl was loud in the room but Josh's response was no softer.

"And I'm going to help you."

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda's heart raced as she heard not only Dominic's but also Josh's response to it. She had a moment of panic until her brother winked at her.

"You're both going to sit your asses back down so I can conclude the first part of the lesson, gentlemen."

The answering grumbles had Caelan turning around to focus his best Dom glare on the men. "Unless you'd both like to leave?"

Both men shook their heads. Caelan turned back to Kalinda and Nisey. He mouthed the words, 'Damn that was close!' before returning to his lesson.

The next half hour seemed surreal to Kalinda as she watched her brother finish the intricate harness on Nisey and begin the suspension process aspect of the lesson. Even though she was standing nearly naked in front of her first master and her current one, she found herself mesmerized by Caelan's deft movements as he twisted and wrapped the rope around her friend. In the background she could hear the muttered words of what she assumed were plots of revenge for her 'daring' this evening, but she couldn't dredge up the effort to be worried. Instead she was wondering what it would feel like to have the crop applied to her ass while suspended like her friend was. The idea of being helpless but held tightly by the rope while Josh wielded the crop to her ass while Dominic tugged on her nipples had her not only panting but shivering with intense excitement.

She hadn't thought *shibari* would be this erotic when she'd agreed to let Nisey and Caelan demonstrate for her. She'd planned on doing this to satisfy a need that Dominic had, but now she couldn't decide which was more erotic, the movements of the actual binding or the dreamy expression on Nisey's face. Was this how she looked when she approached subspace?

When her brother tied the final knot and Nisey was suspended several feet off the ground, Caelan turned to her. "She's in subspace now, Brat." Caelan's voice was hoarse and his chest, now uncovered, was beaded with sweat. "Do you see how erotic it is for a man, a Dom, to both create and witness this? Do you understand now why Master Dominic craves this?"

She nodded wordlessly before licking her lips.

He gave a sigh of relief. One objective accomplished, "Now unless you want to see your friend climax...?"

"Please, Caelan..." Kalinda knew that it might make her brother a bit uncomfortable, but she really needed to see everything that her friend got out of the bondage. She had to see this through to the conclusion.

"All right." Without turning to the men sitting behind them, he called both of them over. When Dominic and Josh stood on either side of Kalinda, he told them in a low voice what he wanted them to do. "Once Nisey climaxes, I want you two to get Kalinda's ass out of here. I may not have an issue with doing this, but I'll be damned if I fuck my slave in front of her best friend. Do you understand?" His words told Kalinda how close her brother was to the edge of his formidable control. Between the planned revenge, then Josh showing up, and finally controlling the entire scene her brother had reached his personal limits.

Both men nodded while Kalinda wondered how long it would take her friend to actually reach climax when Caelan had done nothing remotely sexual to her suspended body. She was shocked when all her brother had to do was reach out, slide his fingers under the rope trailing down her belly and give it a gentle tug.

"Now, *sclábhaí*, give me what's my due as your Master. Come for me." The stern command in Caelan's voice had her own clit tingling

when Nisey gave a soft moan before what was obviously a slowly building deep climax rippled out of her friend, affecting all present.

Kalinda's breath came faster as she watched her friend's eyes open. She wasn't surprised when Nisey sighed her 'thanks' to Caelan. Kalinda opened her mouth to say something else but her world suddenly spun as she found herself hoisted over Dominic's shoulder like a sack of potatoes. The left cheek of her ass burned when Josh gave it a solid smack before Dominic strode from the room, leaving the other man to pick up her discarded dress from the playroom floor.

"You are in so much trouble, *chérie*." The harsh desire in his voice had her pussy tingling and her mouth whimpering. It was the dark promise of his response to her whimper which had her creaming her thong. "For your blatant teasing, not only am I going to punish you, so is your former Master."

She opened her mouth to plead with him, but stopped abruptly when he smacked her ass.

"You were warned, slave, about your impulsiveness. Maybe next time you're tempted to try something like this you'll remember this night and decide against it."

All she could do is moan inwardly. *Like hell I will.*

\* \* \* \*

The journey from the playroom to her apartment went faster than Kalinda expected but after her little show, she wasn't surprised when Dominic took the stairs two at a time. Even from her undignified position over his shoulder, she couldn't stop her heart from pounding. From her vantage point when he stopped at the top of the stairs, she could see Josh following them. With his midnight blue eyes blazing with familiar desire, she couldn't help but swallow against the lump in her throat.

She knew Dominic wouldn't let the other man hurt her, but being hurt wasn't her issue. Her past failure at satisfying Josh was. Even as much as she wanted to, she knew she was incapable of satisfying him. *What the hell had she gotten herself into?* She shouldn't have

tempted them when she knew she wasn't capable of fulfilling both men's needs but it was too late now - she had to try.

She gave a muffled groan when her sensitive nipples brushed over him, as Dominic slid her off his shoulder. As soon as her feet touched the floor, he pushed her through the door to her apartment. She immediately dropped to knees in front of him when he followed her in. If anyone had told her earlier this morning she'd be naked - other than the several yards of nylon rope wrapped around her body - in the center of her living room, with two dominant but highly aroused men, she would've asked what the hell they were smoking.

Lowering her head, she stared at the hard wood floor. She could hear Josh enter behind Dominic. It took all of her considerable willpower to keep her eyes down.

"Bedroom, slave." Dominic's command had her scrambling to obey. She was vastly aware of Dominic's commanding presence behind her. Rushing inside, she dropped to her knees next to the foot of her full-size bed. The thud of the door shutting had her freezing. Keeping her head lowered she waited for her master's command or touch. When none came, she finally peeked through her eyelashes. Both fear and uncertainty filled her when she realized she was utterly alone in her bedroom with the door firmly shut. *What had have I done? Why did they leave me?*

\* \* \* \*

Leaning against the closed door, Dominic waited for Josh to say something. This could turn into a real tense situation if he and the other man didn't come to a quick mutual agreement before Kalinda's punishment. The deal he'd offered Josh earlier hadn't included anything more than spending some quality time with Kalinda in the hopes of showing the other man what he would be missing by not at least trying a ménage. They hadn't bothered to discuss what their respective roles would be when dealing with Kalinda during a scene - and a scene was going to be the only obvious outcome of Kalinda's earlier teasing. *Well, we're going to have to start somewhere.*

"So how long are we going to let her stew?" Josh's voice seemed rough. He shifted uncomfortably under Dominic's stare.



“As long as it takes us to come to an agreement.” Dominic kept his voice firm. “I know you’re uncertain of my abilities as a Dom, especially when it comes to Kalinda but that is something that will come with a bit of time and understanding on both of our parts.”

Josh nodded. “Unlike you, I’ve never had a chance to see you in action with a sub - other than that brief display when I dropped you off. While she didn’t treat you as most submissives would treat their Dom, with Kalinda it’s hard to tell.”

Crossing his arms over his chest, Dominic nodded. “Exactly. She can be a handful at the best of times. But I’ve found she submits beautifully for the right person.”

A low growl of frustration escaped Josh. “I know - and that’s what pisses me off about the whole situation.”

Dominic nodded his understanding. “It’s only natural to want to keep her all to yourself, Josh. If I had the choice, I’d do the same, but what kind of Doms would we be if we didn’t address her needs?”

Josh stared at him thoughtfully. “Lonely ones?”

“Very lonely. No sub, especially one as spirited as ours, is going to stay if she’s not getting what she needs.”

Josh rubbed the back of his neck. “So you think this crazy ass idea of sharing her is going to be what she needs?”

Dominic nodded before replying. “Don’t knock it, until you’ve given it your best shot, *mon ami*. While I know it’s going to be a bit uncomfortable when we go in there at first, I need you to relax and simply enjoy the moment.”

“And what happens when I overstep my bounds? Honestly, she’s got me so worked up that I don’t know if I will be able to not push for more, Dominic. Perhaps, I should go...” The self doubt on the man’s face had Dominic wincing. *Damn I wished I knew what actually happened between him and Kalinda. It’s time to act like the asshole.*

“Don’t even think about running from this. I made a promise to my sub. I don’t know about you but I will not break it just because you are scared of what might or might not happen.” When Josh jerked upright and a scowl replaced his earlier look, Dominic softened his tone. “I realize that you’re uncertain, Josh. When we go in follow my lead. I’ll give you cues when to push and when to back off.”

Josh gritted his teeth. "I shouldn't need them. She was mine!"

"I know she was but it's been at least two years since you've had her under your flogger. You need to learn where her limits are now. What she experienced in..." Dominic's voice trailed off when he saw the other man pale before he began to sway unsteadily on his feet. "Josh?"

"Fuck!" Josh sank onto the futon behind him before grabbing his head.. "I totally forgot about what happened at the Gilded Lily. I didn't notice any scarring downstairs but with the lighting...how bad was it? Did it scar her emotionally?" The hoarseness of his voice had Dominic approaching him. Sitting down next to the other Dom, he sighed before meeting the other man's eyes. He hadn't wanted to go into this with Josh, but he couldn't see any way out of it.

"Bad enough, Josh. If I hadn't had my hands full with Kalinda, I would've beaten that fucking asshole until he wasn't able to walk. It took her almost three weeks to recover from it physically - and damned if she didn't try to go back just to prove she was able to handle being under the flogger again."

Josh jerked as if struck. "You've got to be fucking kidding me. She tried to go back...I'd have beaten her ass for even thinking it, let alone doing it."

Dominic set a reassuring hand on Josh's shoulder. "Relax, I caught her before she could negotiate with the owner, but oh did she pay for it. It was only after I thoroughly warmed her ass, did I explain in no uncertain terms that she'd be coming to me in the future when she needed the feel of the flogger. She finally got the point." The corner of his mouth kicked up. "I did get the immense pleasure of watching her squirm at work for several days afterwards." When Josh's eyebrows rose questioningly, Dominic leaned forward. "It's hard to sit still when you've got a vibrating anal plug shoved up your ass. Especially when your sadistic Master is sitting not twenty feet away from your desk with the remote to that naughty plug waiting to catch you off guard."

Josh choked and tried to keep his laughter down. "Oh hell, that's just evil."

“While I don’t break out the crop except for serious infractions, Josh, I do have my way of getting through to her.”

The other man stared at him thoughtfully. “And the flogger?”

Dominic knew exactly why the other man asked. Kalinda had a love affair with the device that simply wouldn’t quit. “That’s rarely used for punishment at all...” Dominic winked at him. “...because she enjoys it too much.”

“So tonight the flogger ...”

“...will be getting plenty of use. While what happened earlier tonight did not break one of my hard rules, her teasing not only me but you, could end in nothing other than her being tortured by us in return. So what do you say? Shall we?” Dominic nodded towards the door before standing.

“After you!” Josh’s voice once more held the note of an in-control Dom.

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda quickly lowered her head when the door opened. She’d been trembling at the foot of the bed for nearly ten minutes. She’d kept time by sneaking peeks at the digital clock on the bedside table. If they had been in Dominic’s apartment in L.A. she never would’ve known. He had no clocks in his playroom. She couldn’t decide what was more torturous the idea of slowly watching the time tick by or not knowing.

“What kind of punishment did you earn tonight, slave?” Dominic’s hard voice sent gooseflesh rippling over her body. She swallowed and tried to concentrate on his words.

“Any punishment that Master desires to give this slave.”

“And if I told you that your punishment was to go to bed alone and unsatisfied?”

Kalinda’s breath caught in her throat before panic settled over her. She’d die if he didn’t let her come tonight. Only in the most severe of cases had he made her go to bed alone. “Please, Master! I’ll do anything you want!”

Dominic leaned over and brushed his mouth over her ear. “Including letting Josh punish you? You were a very naughty slave

tonight when you teased him - especially when he has no slave of his own to slake his desires on.”

She whimpered but nodded. Even though it might bring back memories she'd rather keep buried, it was better than the alternative. A hiss of pain escaped her when he brought his palm down sharply on the bare flesh of her upper hip which was exposed between two of the nylon ropes.

“That’s not a proper answer, slave.”

She tried to catch her breath. “Yes, Master, if you wanted another to punish this slave, she would accept it.”

“Allow who to punish you, slave?” While she fumbled with the titles in her head, he leaned closer. “You may call him Sir for this scene.”

“Sir is allowed to punish this slave.” Her breath came out in a rush. Her flesh tingled with anticipation. Despite her fear of failure, she couldn’t wait to feel once more the stroke of Josh’s flogger against her skin.

“And why is he allowed to punish *my* slave, Kalinda?”

She bit her lip before answering. “Because this slave acted impulsively by teasing him in Caelan’s playroom.”

“That’s right. I did promise you the next time you did, he would be allowed to punish you, didn’t I?”

“Yes, Master.” Her voice was barely audible.

“Well, Sir and I have discussed this at length. You shall receive five strokes with the flogger for each time you bared yourself in the playroom. Do you remember how many times you exposed this sexy little harness to both my eyes and Sir’s?”

Mentally she tried to remember how many times her brother had her lower or raise her dress. Was it five or six? She decided to go for the higher number.

“Six, Master.”

“That’s right, slave. Six times you teased us. So how many strokes is that?”

“Thirty...Master.” She wished now that Caelan would’ve had her do it ten times.

He seemed to pause for a moment before continuing. "But that doesn't seem high enough to me for the amount of tormenting you did tonight. Does it to you, Sir Josh?"

"No. If she'd pulled this stunt when we were together, she would've easily earned fifty for such an infraction." Josh's voice came closer. She started to lift her head to verify his position when Dominic's hand tightened in her hair.

"Did I tell you to move, slave?"

"No, Master. I'm sorry, Master." She held her breath while waiting to see what he was going to do.

\* \* \* \*

"Such a pretty but defiant slave you have, Dominic." Josh pushed off the wall before moving closer to Dominic and Kalinda.

Dominic rose from his crouched position. "That she is." He moved around the foot of the bed and unzipped his bag. Taking out the flogger, several clamps, a tube of lubrication and a soft gel butt plug, he nodded towards Josh, indicating he wanted him to come closer. Stopping next to him, he glanced down at the items that Dominic had removed from the bag.

"See anything that strikes your fancy?" Dominic winked at him before nodding to the flogger. Reaching for the flogger, Josh barely grazed it before he picked up the plug. Testing its weight, he looked around for the remote control.

"Where is it?"

"In the drawer..." Dominic nodded to the bedside table on the far side of the bed. Josh rounded the bed to pull the drawer out. Grabbing the remote, he flicked it on. In his hand the plug vibrated to life. Ever since the other man had told him about using it on Kalinda, he'd been desperate to try it. They'd never gotten around to anal play during the short two months Kalinda and he had been together.

"Stand, slave." Josh sat down on the edge of the bed to watch as Kalinda scrambled to her feet to stand with her shoulders back, her hands loose at her sides and her legs shoulder-width apart. Staring straight ahead she hadn't focused on anything including Dominic. He watched as Dominic leaned forward to take one of her nipples

between his lips. A surprised gasp was the only reaction she gave to the fact that he was suckling hard on her nipple. His own breathing increased when Dominic released one nipple to capture the other one.

Pressing a hand against his cock, Josh's own mouth watered. How he wished he were the one over there sucking on those delicious nipples. Sliding from the bed, he strode over to get a closer look.

Dominic released his treat before looking over at Josh. He gave a quick grin before motioning him closer. "She always tries to fight me on this. She thinks if she ignores what I'm doing to her lovely little tits, I'll leave them alone. Maybe between the two us, we can get a rise out of her?"

Josh nodded before he moved close enough to touch her. He mentally tried to prepare himself for the familiar zing of sexual pleasure he knew would race over him when his lips touched her flesh. A low growl escaped him as he clamped his lips around her already wet nipple.

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda tried to hold keep her gaze focused on the spot next to the door as two pairs of lips tormented her nipples. She'd almost succeeded when one of the men used the edge of his teeth to clamp over the nerve laden tip of her nipple. She arched towards the tormenting mouth. She tried to keep from threading her hands through Josh's hair but failed miserably. The sadistic bastard remembered how she loved to have her nips tormented. He wasn't above using his prior knowledge to drive her closer to the edge of her control.

"Damn, I've never seen that reaction before. What did you do, Sir Josh?"

Josh released her nipple with a sharp pop and grinned at the other man. "Teeth at the edge of her areola - if you clamp it hard with your teeth, she can climax from that alone."

"Rat!" Kalinda closed her eyes and stiffened. She couldn't believe she'd spoken without permission. Damn it, she was in for it now.

“Who said you could talk, slave?” Dominic’s voice was cold.

“No one, Master. It won’t happen again, Master.” She lowered her gaze.

“You’re right it won’t.” Dominic turned from her to rummage around in his bag of goodies before coming up with a red ball gag. “Open.” He pressed it against her mouth. In moments she was gagged. “Good, now the only sounds we’ll be able to hear are her muffled moans and pleas.” Dominic told Josh before giving Kalinda his attention once more. “Now what is your stop signal?”

Kalinda eyed the small stress ball on the bedside table. Dominic reached for it before handing it to her. She took it and dropped the ball on the floor. She was very aware of Josh watching her.

“That’s right, and your slow down signal?” She knelt, picked up the stress ball and rolled it between her fingers.

“Good.” Dominic’s eyes were warm with approval before they hardened. “Over the bed, slave.”

She nodded and bent over the footboard holding onto the stress ball with both hands. Letting her head rest on the bed she waited anxiously for the first blow to fall. When she felt the cool feel of the lubricant touch her tightly clenched portal, she moaned.

“What was that, slave? Protest or plea?” Josh’s voice was cool even as his thumb pushed through her puckered anus. The flare of pain had her moaning even louder into the gag even while she pressed back against his hand.

“I do believe that one was pleasure, Sir Josh.” Dominic’s voice came from her left.

“Such a naughty little sub. You know she never let me near her ass during the time we were together. I gather I have you to thank for that change?”

“Well, she was a bit leery of it the first time but I got her used to it. I’ve even made her wear her plug to work.”

Fire washed over her as his words evoked memories of the first time he’d slid a butt plug inside her virgin ass. Or the last time he’d made her wear her vibrating plug to work. The sadistic bastard had placed the vibration on random. He’d let her suffer all morning before

he tracked her down at lunch to fuck her up against the wash room door with his hard hand muffling her screams of pleasure.

“Hmm, I’d have loved to been a fly on the wall when that happened.” Josh’s words would’ve jerked her out of her woolgathering if the sliding of the slippery supple plastic inside her ass hadn’t. She dropped her head between her arms as the last of the large butt plug disappeared inside of her.

“Damn, look at that.” Josh’s bemused voice barely reached her ears.

“Yeah! Now for the punishment.” Dominic turned away to fetch the flogger.

The first smack had her arching back towards him. Her breathing increased as her subtle rocking had the knot rasping against her clit. “No coming, slave.” Dominic’s harsh order had her stilling. Even as her ass lit up with fire she fought to keep her hips still. The coil inside of her wound tighter with each slap of the flogger against her ass. Mentally counting in her head she figured she was about half way through her punishment when a low buzz filled the room. Then the plug inside her ass flared to life. She jerked as if she’d been hit by lightning. She shook her head while squeezing the stress ball harder. She was so close to coming.

“What’s wrong, little subbie, can’t you handle it?” Josh’s voice was firm. She shrieked into her gag as he increased the frequency of the vibrations coming from her ass. She arched and thrashed her head as the climax dangled within reach. “You should’ve thought about this down in the playroom, Spitfire.”

She groaned deeply when he switched the plug off. Her climax slid out of her reach. The slaps of the flogger stopped too, leaving her at the edge but unable to do anything but suffer until they released her.

“Not bad, Sir Josh. You timed that perfectly. Her punishment is over, but I bet my little sub wants to come, doesn’t she, *chérie*?” Dominic’s voice was rough.

She nodded her head vigorously. She wanted to come in the worse way.



“On your knees.” Dominic’s command had her sliding to the floor, but she was stopped when he threw her up on the bed. “Knees!” Scrambling to obey, her ass on fire, the ropes still rubbing against all her sensitive bits, Kalinda’s only desire was to give herself over to the men. The rasp of zippers being lowered had her glancing over her shoulder. Dominic had unzipped his jeans. His hard cock, beaded with pre-cum, was framed by the open zipper. Her clit throbbed while she braced herself for the fucking she knew was going to come. The feel of his denim-covered thighs against her hot ass had her hissing against her gag. She desperately wanted it off especially when another loud rasp filled the room. She realized Josh had just unzipped his own pants. She squeezed the stress ball until she was sure it was going to pop out of her hands.

When he tugged out his own cock, Josh wrapped a hand around his cock to stroke it mere feet from her. Not only did she desperately want to touch it, she wanted to taste the flesh he was fondling.

A low squeal escaped her when Dominic shoved the rope between her ass cheeks out of his way to thrust into her from behind. His mouth touched her ear. “Do you see what you caused with your teasing ways, slave. See how hard his cock is for you?”

She shook her head while nearly bucking Dominic off her when she saw Josh reach for the small remote he’d tossed on the bed. A shriek escaped her when he flipped it on. Behind her Dominic groaned loudly.

\* \* \* \*

“God damn, Josh. You don’t realize how that feels.” Dominic had to grit his teeth to keep from coming right then and there.

“Good - I’m guessing.” Josh’s voice was amused.

“Fuck!” Dominic tossed his head back while trying to concentrate on not immediately spilling deep inside of her.

“What’s wrong, Dominic?” Josh’s voice was hard as he moved closer to the bed. “Can’t you control yourself?”

Opening his eyes, Dominic focused on the other man before he gave him a rakish grin. “We’ll see who has control. With a quick flip of his wrist, he released the gag from Kalinda’s mouth. Leaning

close, he whispered into her ear. "Treat time, slave. Show Sir what a good cocksucker you are."

Kalinda closed her eyes but moaned happily when he reached over her body, grabbed Josh by his shirt and yanked him onto the bed with them. She gave a greedy moan while inhaling the leaking tip of Josh's cock before Dominic's weight pressed her forward and Josh was pinned under their combined weight.

"Son of a fucking bitch!" Josh's exclamation had her humming deep in her throat. "You bastard, that wasn't fair."

"Now we'll see who comes first." Dominic grunted as he fucked harder inside of Kalinda's pussy. The vibration upped as Josh fumbled with the remote. The damn English bastard was cheating. Reaching down he solved the problem by yanking the plug out of her before resuming his hard thrusting motions. Under him he could hear her gasping moans and the curses coming from the other man's mouth. His little subbie was an excellent cocksucker.

Within minutes, he could feel the unrelenting tightening of his groin as his climax loomed nearer. He gritted his teeth as he tried to hold on. He almost had it until Kalinda's head lifted and she started begging. "Please Master...can I...oh...I'm going to come!"

"Suck him off first - only then can you come, slave." His order was almost a second too late as Josh thrashed around. His cock now freed from Kalinda's mouth started spurting. She greedily swooped back down to suck him back into her mouth and throat. It set off a chain reaction. When Kalinda's pussy started spasming around Dominic's cock, he was a goner. Even as his climax ripped through him, he found himself staring down into Josh's glazed eyes. Never had he felt as close to anyone as he did now to these two people, especially when Kalinda turned to press a kiss against his shoulder. "Thank you, Master."

He closed his eyes and prayed for the first time since Katrina. *God! Please let this be enough to convince Josh of how right this is for all of us.*



## Chapter Seven

Kalinda woke the next morning to find herself held snugly against the warmth of Dominic's body. She was sated down to her toes but didn't care who knew it. She'd never imagined serving both Dominic and Josh sexually would be so freeing. When his hand rubbed over her bare stomach she frowned. She didn't remember much after the amazing orgasm that Josh and Dominic had drawn out of her body. After they'd left the bed, she'd laid in a heap on the satin comforter. She could remember hearing their voices in the living room before her eyes became heavy.

Evidently after Josh had left Dominic had come back in, removed the harness from her body, tucked her between the sheets after crawling in with her. Pulling in his unique scent, she couldn't help but rub against him. He was warm, hard and lightly furred. The silky hair that covered his chest and legs had to be one of her favorite parts of his anatomy. The way it tickled and brushed against her only to made her skin more sensitive. His hair roughened skin was quite different from Josh's smooth skin with just the barest traces of hair on his sternum and the light covering that graced his legs. If pressed though, she wouldn't be able to choose which she liked better.

"Good morning, *chérie*." He nuzzled the side of her neck before sliding his hand lower on her stomach to press her closer to his morning wood. She couldn't help but wiggle against his stiff flesh.

"Morning, Master." Her breath came out in a rush when he used the thumb and forefinger on his free hand to squeeze the base of her nipple. A surge of pleasure raced from her trapped nipple to her core. The tight pinch brought back memories of the night before when Josh had shown her master how exactly to nip and tease at her nipples for the greatest effect.

His splayed fingers on her abdomen seemed to be mapping her trembling response to his pinching. "Damn, he was right. I bet I could make you come by nothing other than squeezing these little hard nipples. I never guessed you'd be such a soft touch, Kalinda."

She gave a soft whimper when his fingers began a rhythmic tugging motion. With every tug and squeeze it felt as if her nipples had been hardwired to her clit. A full-fledged moan ripped free of her tight throat when his hand left her lower stomach to part the lips of her pussy. With a smooth motion he kicked off the satin coverlet that had been covering them. The cool air of the bedroom rushed over her. When his hand left her folds to smooth her top leg over his hip to expose her wet flesh to the cool air, she squirmed in reaction.

“Be still and close your eyes.” The unmistakable command in his voice had her wanting to beg and plead with him. Obediently she closed her eyes while concentrating on holding her body perfectly still. With her eyes closed she never saw Josh appear in the open doorway.

\* \* \* \*

Josh gave Dominic a blank look when the other man motioned for him to come closer. All he had planned on doing was peaking in on Kalinda before he left for work. After he and Dominic had stayed up until the wee hours of the morning talking about how the scene had gone before reminiscing about old times, it had been too late for Josh to drive across town to his condo on the far side of Lincoln Park. Even late at night and with light traffic it would've taken nearly a half hour to make the trip. So he'd taken Dominic up on his offer to use the spare room for the night. While he'd slept better than he had in months, he still found himself waking up just before six. It didn't matter how little sleep he got, he was always up early. He'd been on his way out the door when the need to check on Kalinda overwhelmed him. He hadn't been able to resist. He had to see her one last time before he left. Even though he'd argued with himself that he no longer had the right to worry about her, he found his feet taking him down the short hall to the open doorway of her bedroom.

At first he'd thought that Dominic and Kalinda were simply sleeping snuggled together, until he heard her soft moan before the other man had kicked off the covers off of their naked bodies. The dark olive skin of Kalinda's complimented the slightly darker tan of

Dominic's. It was like looking at a two-hued painting. They complimented each other perfectly.

He bit his lip as he listened to Dominic order her to close her eyes and be still. Then he'd lifted his head from her shoulder to make eye contact with Josh. How the Hell had the other man known he was there? Before Josh could argue with himself, he was once more being expertly drawn into another scene with Kalinda and his competition. Then he found himself kneeling next to the bed to watch as the juices gathered at the opening of Kalinda's pussy when Dominic gave her nipple a hard tug.

Licking his lips, he could almost taste the bittersweet flavor of her on his tongue.

"In every other way, slave, you make me work to hear your pleasure. What other secrets have you been hiding from me?"

She shook her head. "None, Master."

Dominic winked at him. "And if I would ask Sir what would he say? What other tidbits would he reveal about this slender body of yours?"

Josh smirked when Kalinda stilled. She was actually nervous about what he *might* reveal to Dominic. It gave him an illicit thrill to think that he actually might have learned more about Kalinda in their short two months than Dominic had in the two years he'd had Kalinda.

When Dominic nodded towards him while parting the folds of Kalinda's cunt, he no longer could resist, especially after Dominic mouthed the words, 'I dare you'. Leaning forward with his lips parted, he gave a hearty exhale. After jerking in surprise, Kalinda moaned at the brush of hot air across her glistening wetness. Finally unable to resist his own desire along with Dominic's, he slid his tongue over the juicy flesh to settle on the hard nubbin at the top of her folds. It was only peeking out its protective hood when he traced his tongue over it. Within moments of him plying the delicious little piece of flesh with firm strokes, it had made its full appearance. He groaned as the smell of a fresh wave of arousal oozed out of her while her thighs trembled.

“Master...I....Sir...” Her mumbled gasps and incoherencies followed by the husky whispers from Dominic meant little. He was too busy enjoying the delicious treat in front of him. When he'd coaxed her nubbin into full arousal, he sucked it between his teeth to torment the end of it, knowing how well she loved having her clit nibbled on.

When her hips jerked against his mouth, he instinctively followed her forward after giving her a sharp slap on her inner thigh for trying to deny him access. It was an automatic response on his part to deal out small punishments to his slave when they disobeyed, but right after he did it, he froze. She wasn't his sub anymore. He'd just struck her without permission. He lifted his head to look at Dominic, hoping that the other man wouldn't order him from the room. More than anything, he wanted to feel Kalinda coming against his mouth.

Instead of the cold dismissal he expected, he found not only approval but passion mixed with heat so hot that he could've sworn he felt it all the way down to where he was kneeling.

“Again.” The other's man chest was heaving while he watched. He bent his head to resume his own task, but kept his eyes locked with Josh's. Josh needed to know he had the other man's approval to torment his sub. He wasn't used to giving control up to another, especially a man at least twelve years his junior, but the lusty approval he'd seen in Dominic's eyes had surprised him. It was addictive as the hard length of his cock pressed against his fly proved.

Lashing at her clit, he was awarded with a fresh deluge of wetness under his lips. Slipping two fingers inside her clenching opening, he leaned back, extended his tongue again to find Kalinda's clit with unerringly accuracy, while never breaking his eye contact with Dominic.

“*Mon Dieu!*” Dominic's voice was hoarse. The sob that escaped Kalinda barely registered as he watched the other man's face twist with need - indeed he could even feel the buck of Dominic's hips against her ass. Not only was he arousing Kalinda, his actions were having a decided affect on Dominic. He briefly worried whether or not Dominic was responding to him or the effect he was having on

Kalinda. The other man had said no when he'd asked about homosexual feelings towards him but one could never be too careful. But with Kalinda mewling as she tried to get the stimulus she needed to explode against his hard working tongue, he found he didn't care.

Grabbing her hip with one hand he held her still and hummed his approval when Dominic's hand came down and grasped her opposite leg keeping her wide open for his hungry mouth. More than once he'd had to tie her legs open to feast on her succulent little pussy during their time together. He was now seeing one of the perks of having another man in the room to help him. There was no way Kalinda could fight both of them.

"Oh my God...Master...please... I need...oh God...he's nibbling...please!" Her string of pleas ended in a shriek when Josh withdrew his now thoroughly soaked fingers from her clenching folds and gently worked them past her anal ring. The resulting thrashing had both Josh and Dominic struggling to hold onto the convulsing slave as she came violently hard, and without permission, against his mouth. He lost eye contact with Josh as his world narrowed down to licking and cleaning up every drop of juice from her folds. *God how he'd missed this.*

Even as he cleaned up the mess he'd made, he could hear Dominic's raspy voice scolding Kalinda for her lapse. When he finally lifted his mouth to lick his lips, he saw Kalinda's eyes were staring directly at his face nestled between her quivering thighs. If it had been two years earlier, he'd already been on his knees between her thighs, pushing every fucking inch he had inside of her clenching sheath before her orgasm had finished. She had the same desperate look on her face as she had the last time he'd eaten her pussy. It had been what had pushed his control to the breaking point before causing it to snap. He had been balls deep in her before he'd even realized what he'd done. That's when he'd come to the conclusion that while she was his perfect sub she needed to explore her sexuality before settling down with him. He'd been certain he wouldn't ever be able to share her with another, but now exchanging glances with Dominic he'd accepted that he'd been wrong about that. It was possible.



When she cried out, "No Master, please!" He finally noticed that Dominic had slid from the bed. Straightening up, Josh tried to fathom why the man had left Kalinda when it was obvious that she wasn't fully satisfied yet.

A moment later he returned with a dildo with a suction cupped base. Securing it to the hard wood floor, Dominic stepped back. "Since my little slave thinks it is okay to come without permission, she needs to be taught a lesson."

At the determination in Dominic's voice, Kalinda began to plead with him. "I'm sorry, Master. I didn't mean too... it won't happen again." She sat up. The misty sheen in her eyes was very real.

Dominic stared at her thoughtfully. "I might find it in my heart to overlook your lapse in judgment, if you can complete a task for me."

Kalinda nodded her head. Her desire to please Dominic was quite obvious. Josh felt a twinge of jealousy, but it was overridden by his curiosity to find out what devious plan the other man had planned for the contrite sub.

"You know what I want you to do." He gestured to the saluting dildo which was centered in the middle of the open space next to the bed. She quickly nodded before scrambling off the bed. While she was straddling the dildo, Dominic walked back over to the bed, while gesturing for Josh to come watch the show that Kalinda was getting ready to give them.

After he settled down on the bed a few feet from Dominic, Josh was surprised when the other man spoke to him in low tones. "Just follow my lead. This will blow your mind while sending you off to work with a smile on your face."

Josh muffled his groan but decided that the other man hadn't steered him wrong the night before, so he might as well take advantage of it this morning. Tomorrow was soon enough to try to wrestle 'control' away from Dominic.

A shrill whine left Kalinda's parted lips and drew Josh's attention back to her. She was slowly forcing the wide rubber cock inside of her. Judging from the flush on her chest along with the way her legs were trembling, she was fighting not to give into her body's pleas for release. As soon as she had lowered herself over the final few

inches, she gave a shaky sigh before nodding to Dominic. "I'm ready Master."

"Good. Here are the new rules for this game, slave. You are going to give Sir and me a show for the next ten minutes. If you come during that time or before either Sir or me, I will allow Sir the opportunity to wield the remote for your anal plug during the guided boat trip on Lake Michigan he promised me. If you are a good girl and are able to withhold your pleasure until either the time is up - or either Sir or I come, then I will be the one holding the remote on the trip. Do you understand?"

Kalinda groaned loudly but nodded. "Yes, Master."

Picking up the egg timer that Josh hadn't seen him toss on the bed, Dominic twisted the dial to the required time. "Begin."

Josh's jaw nearly hit the floor as a harsh expletive escaped him when his little Spitfire began to undulate seductively on the fake cock.

Next to him, Dominic palmed his swollen cock before urging Josh to do the same.

"She won't find it a challenge if you just watch, Josh. If you want to win this little bet, then you need to give her a reason to lose control."

Without removing his eyes from Kalinda's bobbing breasts, he grunted. "Do you think it will work? Damn I've never been as hard as I am now. I don't think I can hold out against..."

"Nonsense. What's the first thing you told me about a submissive, Josh?"

Josh tore his eyes away from Kalinda to focus on Dominic. "Huh?"

Dominic kept jerking on his cock in a slow steady pace. "All submissives want to give up control. She's just begging to give control over to us. This game is nothing more than an excuse for her to surrender it to us."

"She'll deliberately lose..."

"No, she'll try to win, Josh. She's too competitive not too...but when she realizes that she has no other choice than to submit, she'll blow your mind with her surrender."

“Fuck me!” Josh reached for his zipper with frantic fingers. More than anything he wanted to see the moment Kalinda surrendered, even if the other man had to be in the room. Last night he’d been too wrapped up in his own release to see hers. Fishing his cock out from behind his boxers, he let it spring into the open while relishing the increased panting which was Kalinda’s reaction.

“What’s the matter, slave, is seeing two hard cocks too much for you?” Dominic’s taunt had her shaking her head.

“No Master. I...I can take it. I won’t lose control.” Her movements belied her assurances as her hips slowed to an almost nonexistent pace.

“Faster, slave.” Even to his own ears, Josh’s voice sounded desperate. When she quickened her pace with a cry, the seed boiling in his balls begged to be released. Pressing hard against the base of his cock, he tried to focus his thoughts on anything that wasn’t sexual in nature: baseball figures, multiplication tables, counting the number of slats on the bedroom blinds...as they cast intriguing shadows and highlights over Kalinda’s bouncing form as she forced every inch of the dildo inside of her. *Ah...fuck!...* His thoughts were drawn back to her and he nearly lost it. *Damnit, I want to be the one in control of the remote!*

Next to him he could hear the grunts and sounds of slapping flesh on flesh as Dominic stroked his own cock at a feverish pace, and he knew that the other man wasn’t in any better shape. Kalinda’s cries plus the slurping sound of her pussy fucking the dildo made a rather intense menagerie of lusty sounds - the three erotic movements only stroked his lust higher.

Deciding he had no other choice but to take control of the scene or lose, Josh vaulted off the bed then stood over Kalinda as she fought to win their bet. “I’m really looking forward to our trip, Spitfire. Imagine the naughty things I can do to you while your Master watches.”

“Naw, that’s not enough incentive is it, slave?” Dominic joined him as they stood over her but continued to slowly jerk their cocks. “I think we should leave her standing by the railing by herself. There is an observation deck up above, right? I say we leave her there to

torment her by taking her to the edge while all the others ‘eww and ahh’ over the sights. How long do you think you will be able to hold out against the throb of the anal plug added to the bullet I plan on shoving into your cunt, slave? How long will you be able to keep from screaming your pleasure to the world?”

Still stroking his cock, Josh jerked as if the flogger had been applied to his back at the imagery the other man’s words inspired. His balls drew up tighter against his shaft as his beckoning release shot up his spine and he knew he’d lost. His eyes started to drift shut.

“I submit... Master... Sir...I’m coming!” Kalinda’s scream had him jerking in surprise while his eyes opened to see her shaking with the tremendous orgasm gripping her.

“Fuck!” His seed shot out the tip of his swollen cock head to splash against Kalinda’s cheek. Like a baby bird, she turned her head and opened her mouth as if seeking more. He grunted as another blast followed by a hard wrenching third escaped him. Before his last shot of cum hit the corner of Kalinda’s mouth, Dominic hissed beside him as his seed joined Josh’s covering her face and chest as her continued rocking on the dildo sent her to another intense overwhelming climax, leaving her lying shaking with passion and exhaustion on the floor.

Sagging back against the bed, Josh tried to keep his now watery knees from spilling him onto the floor to land on top of Kalinda. The look of pure pleasure in what he assumed was her submission to Dominic had filled his need to see her submit, yet it filled him with a hollow ache that she’d been submitting to Dominic’s words and not his.

“Fuck.” His disgust was evident as he tucked his cock back into his jeans before stumbling from the room.

\* \* \* \*

Dominic wanted to deck the other man as tears appeared in Kalinda’s eyes. Even in her euphoric state, she had heard the disgust in Josh’s voice. *God damn that ass. What the fuck is his*

*problem? If we ever get around to fucking her together, we're going to set the god damn bed on fire.*

He leapt to his feet to follow the man, when Kalinda's sob reached his ears. He immediately sought to comfort her. "It's not you, *chérie*, He's just confused. If I was a betting man, and you know that I am, I'm thinking that he interpreted your submission as only being mine and not his. Am I correct in assuming your submission was to both of us?"

Kalinda nodded before she gave him a watery smile. "Yes, Master. I couldn't hold out against two sexier than Hell Doms stroking their cocks while they told me what they intended to do to me."

"You submitted to both of us?" Josh's voice at the door had Kalinda looking over her shoulder at him before she lowered her head and nodded.

"See, he's a lot smarter than you gave him credit for, Kalinda. I bet he was coming back to apologize for leaving, right?" Dominic drew a hard breath, as he hoped against hope that Josh wasn't going to be foolish enough to cut off his nose to spite his face.

Josh looked defeated before he nodded. "Of course. I'm sorry, Spitfire. It was just a bit too much, a bit too fast. I'm not used to sharing, but I'm willing to give it a try." He gave her a crooked smile. "But you'll have to be patient with me. I can't promise I won't forget and try to seduce you away from Dominic."

Dominic flopped back on the bed, hiding his own euphoric expression. Josh was taking that most important first step, but if he hadn't known better, he'd swear the other man was teasing about stealing Kalinda away from him. If he was honest with himself, Dominic knew that it was a very real possibility since Kalinda's reaction to Josh joining them was everything he'd hoped for and more. *He'd just have to keep raising the ante every time they played together to keep Josh on his toes and wanting to see what would happen next.*

Kalinda's voice broke into his thoughts. "Of course, Sir. I wouldn't expect anything less."

*That's my feisty sub - willing to try anything at least once.* For the first time since he'd embarked on this undertaking, Dominic felt a surge of hope that it would turn out for the best.

\* \* \* \*

Two afternoons later, after seeing both Caelan and Dominic off on separate flights that morning, Kalinda and Nisey sat in Caelan's kitchen sharing a cup of java.

"I can't believe that someone broke into Dominic's storage unit, girl." Nisey reached for one of the homemade chocolate chip cookies they'd just finished baking. A low moan of satisfaction escaped her as she licked the gooey warm chocolate off her lips.

Kalinda cradled her coffee cup in one hand while she snatched another warm cookie off the plate. "Me either - but evidently it was a big enough mess, that the detective handling the case, needed him to go back home to give a statement."

When her best friend's eyes darkened, Kalinda realized that she'd either said something wrong or Nisey had slipped into the funk that Caelan had warned his sister about. After his and Nisey's first and only fight, Caelan had confided in his sister about Nisey's unusual melancholy each time he left. Her job while he was gone was to keep Nisey too busy to fall in the dumps while he was attending an emergency board meeting of his premier client. It was just supposed to be a two day business trip, but with Nisey needed at the Near North store, she couldn't get away on such short notice.

She placed her hand over Nisey's. "Missing Caelan? Do I need to call him up again to tell him his slave is horny?"

Kalinda's feeble attempt at humor fell on deaf ears as Nisey glared at her.

"Ah, come on Nis! Surely you're not still angry at me about that!"

Nisey crossed her arms over her chest. "Stop trying to change the subject. When are you going to realize this is your home, Kalinda? It's time to stop running."

Kalinda frowned before leaning back in her chair. "I know this is hard for you to accept Nis, but now my home is in California - unless

Dominic decides otherwise. Other than you and Caelan, there is nothing left here in Chicago for me.”

“So it wasn’t Josh I saw leaving your apartment... at six thirty the morning following our little demonstration?”

Kalinda shrugged. “Dominic invited him to stay the night.”

“Yeah right! So you’re saying that your devotion to your Master is so deep that you’ll willingly sleep with any man he tells you to - regardless if you even like the man?”

Kalinda smirked. “Like hell. For one thing, Dominic has never shared me in the past. I think that this thing with Josh is supposed to be some kind of therapy on his part.” Standing she walked around the island to refill her coffee.

Nisey came to stand behind her. “And that doesn’t tell you anything, sweetie?”

“...Other than the fact that he’s trying to get me past this thing with Josh? No. Once we return home it will be all over.”

Nisey gave a rough sigh. “Kalinda Marie, you’re in serious denial. This thing with Josh is not just a passing fancy on Dominic’s part.”

Kalinda shrugged her shoulders. “I won’t say it isn’t exciting, but it’ll be a cold day in hell before I try to take on Josh Redding again. I can’t fulfill his needs...”

A look of disbelief combined with Nisey’s arms folding over her chest, told Kalinda exactly what her friend thought about her answer. “What kinda of shit are you trying to feed me, girl?”

Before Kalinda could reply, the sound of glass shattering had both women jumping. It sounded as if it’d come from the front of the house. A quick glance at the alarm panel assured Kalinda that the alarm was on and sending out a silent alarm to the police department. Pure fear washed over her when Nisey pushed away from the table to investigate the noise.

“Damn it, Nisey! Don’t go out there, you fool!” When her friend ignored her, she wanted to scream. “Ah, hell Caelan’s gonna kill me if anything happens to her.” She turned to follow her when a movement in her peripheral vision had Kalinda spinning around to see a tall man wearing a ski mask appear on the other side of the kitchen window. She froze when the figure lifted the crow bar he was

carrying. The thud of it hitting the window had her jumping in surprise.

“Ah hell!” Kalinda ducked just before the glass cracked under the force of the man’s second swing. Backing away from the window, she watched as the glass spider-webbed while thanking God that Caelan had ordered shatter resistant windows when he’d remodeled, after seeing the damage done by straight line winds to her apartment a few years ago. Hearing her friend’s scream, she scrambled out from behind the tiled island. “Nisey!” Her heart almost stopped beating when she saw her best friend struggling against the hold of a second man. A third man joined the one trying to subdue Nisey. Crouching down next to the table, she tried to make herself as small as possible so she didn’t give away her location.

The man who was obviously in charge stopped next to the man struggling to hold Nisey.

“You idiot! This isn’t the submissive bitch Boss wants. Her coloring is wrong. Where’s the brunette?”

“Let me go, you stupid asshole!” Nisey’s curses attested to her red-headed nature along with her ‘never back down’ attitude. She didn’t suffer fools willingly, and only a fool would break into a home in the expensive neighborhood where Caelan lived.

The man backhanded Nisey. “I make the rules around here - don’t you forget it, you little red headed bitch! Now where’s the other woman?”

Yanking open the drawer closest to her, Kalinda searched for something to use to defend herself. Jerking Caelan’s old-fashioned rolling pin out, she figured it would have to do. While it wasn’t a knife, it would hurt like a bitch if she clubbed them when they got too close.

Nisey spat at the man. “You hit like a pussy. My *Máister* hits me harder than that, you pissant!”

Kalinda wanted to groan. *Why the hell do you have to antagonize him, Nis?* This wasn’t looking good. She was just preparing to join the foray when Nisey cried out in pain. Peeking over the table’s edge, she saw Nisey double over. Obviously the man had punched her in the stomach. Kalinda’s blood began to boil and she stood up. Enough of hiding! She wasn’t going to let her friend be abused.



“Hey, asshole!” Yelling as she stood up, Kalinda drew the men’s attention. “Why don’t you pick on someone your own size!”

A male voice spoke directly into her ear. “I like your size just fine.” A pair of arms covered in dark clothing pinned her to the table with an arm on either side of her.

In her concern for Nisey, she’d forgotten about man who’d tried to break the kitchen window. Without thinking, she slammed the rolling pin she had in her right hand down on the man’s splayed hand before ramming her left elbow into his unprotected stomach.

The man’s curse of pain was cut short when her elbow connected. Then falling back on her numerous self-defense courses, she brought her heel down on the arch of his foot in a hard stomping motion.

The assailant gave her a hard shove. She barely had time to catch herself on the table. Straightening, she threateningly lifted the rolling pin to do more damage when the police sirens sounded in the distance. The leader cursed as he turned his gaze on Kalinda then ordered his men to get out then scatter. The man holding Nisey threw her away from him. Kalinda winced when Nisey slid across the polished hardwood floor. She came to rest up against the leg of the table. The cups on the table jumped at the impact. Rushing to her friend’s side, she gasped when the leader caught her hair in his fist - jerking her head back he forced her to meet his eyes.

“This isn’t over, little slave! Tell LaFontane that his days as your Master are limited.” Using his grip on her hair, he slammed her head on one of the chairs - overturning it in the process.

Kalinda sagged against the overturned chair with blood dripping from her temple, not realizing he’d released her until the sound of running feet followed by the front door slamming echoed through the house. Crawling over to Nisey, she wished against everything holy that she could feel either her Master or Sir’s arms around her while reassuring her everything would be okay. *Preferably both*, was her last thought before the police came rushing into the kitchen.



## Chapter Eight

Kalinda winced as the nurse cleaned the cut on her head. The strong smell of antiseptic had her nose crinkling before she felt the blessed relief of numbness. The surprise must have shown on her face when the nurse smiled.

“It has a numbing property, dear.”

The rustling of the privacy curtain behind the nurse, before the doctor came in drew her attention away from whatever else the nurse had been about to say. The tall, dark haired man was wearing a pristine white lab coat with stethoscope draped over his broad shoulders. He glanced up from the file folder in his hands before giving her a brief reassuring smile.

A wave of recognition hit her. It was the bouncer from Olivia’s club! What the hell was he doing here? “Carlos? I thought you worked for Olivia...I wasn’t expecting to see you here!”

The doctor chuckled. “I’m sorry, Ms. Doherty, but you seem to have me confused with my younger brother.”

The nurse moved to the side as Kalinda got her first full glimpse of the doctor. Now that she had a clearer view of him, she saw the differences. Where Carlos’s hair was dark as sin, the doctor’s hair had a brush of premature silver at his temples. Also, if she was guessing correctly, he was a few inches taller than his brother.

“The resemblance is striking.”

The corner of his mouth kicked up. “So I’ve been told. Now, young lady, what exactly have you done to yourself?”

He listened intently as he began to stitch her up, while she recounted what happened for it seemed like the millionth time. She wondered briefly if they thought she was making it up and were trying to catch her in a lie, but she knew it simply was procedure to diagnose a concussion. When he finished, he set aside the curved needle laying it on the tray the nurse was holding.

“All done!” He pulled off his latex gloves, before speaking again. “Does your Master know?”

Her eyes widened. “Excuse me?”

Leaning against the table, he studied her. "Since it's obvious you know my brother, you have to be either a Dom, sub or switch. While you're not wearing a collar, there is just something about you, Ms. Doherty. A true Dom would try to be more controlling of the situation than you are. So that leaves either a sub or switch. Either way you'd have a Master, whether it's part- time or full time. I just need to know if I'm going to have a pissed off Dom storming into my E.R."

She shook her head. "I don't think so."

"Have you at least called him?" When she looked at him blankly, he dismissed the nurse before pulling a cell phone out of his pocket. "Here, I've got free long distance. Call him but make it clear that you're all right, so I'm not playing referee between your Master, Security and the poor unfortunate sap that refused to let you call."

She licked her lips and took the phone from him. "How did you know?"

"Rules of Procedure, Ms. Doherty." He pointed to the sign on the wall. The big 'NO cell phones' was a blatant reminder.

"Thank you, Dr..."

"Sanchez." He pushed off the counter. "It's the least I can do, considering I've already offered the same privileges to your friend. She explained the situation to me before she called your brother."

Her heart jumped. Her brother knew what had happened. *Ah hell, she was in a world of shit!*

"I even spoke with him. After reassuring him that Ms. Richardsen was going to be fine, your brother was extremely happy to find out you were with your friend."

She dropped her head in defeat. She was going to have some serious explaining to do but first she needed to know. "I know you can't probably tell me, but how bad was Nisey hurt? She seems to have a knack for being in the wrong place at the wrong time."

"Probably not as bad as you thought. She's going to be sore for awhile."

Relief filled her. "Thank God. The last time she ended up in the hospital, she spent several hours in surgery for a stab wound."

"I remember hearing about her attack. She was attacked in the campus library over at IADT by the councilman's son..." The page

coming over the P.A. system had him stopping. "I'm sorry but I'm needed. I'll be back in a bit with your release papers. I'll get my phone then. Now call him!" With a flick of the curtain, Dr. Sanchez was gone.

Staring down at the slender flip-phone in her hand, she nibbled on her lower lip. Who did she call? Dominic or Josh? Dominic was the closer to being her Master, but the other man was closer physically. Deciding she wasn't ready to deal with Josh's stubborn ass and that she owed her loyalty first to Dominic, she started to dial his cell number.

The clatter of the rings against the curtain's track had her freezing in the process of bringing the phone to her ear. She could faintly hear the ringing of the phone as Joshua Redding stormed in. His hands were on his slender hips while his blond hair was mussed as if he'd been running his fingers through it.

The sound of Dominic's Cajun drawl in her ear was distant as she stared at Josh in shock. *How the hell had he found out?*

"Just who the hell are you calling, Spitfire?" His demand had her eyes widening.

She stumbled over her own tongue before Dominic's name came out in a croak. His face smoothed out before he gently tried to take the phone from her nerveless fingers. "Give me the phone, sweetheart. I'll talk to him."

The concern on his face was her undoing. She burst into grief-filled tears.

\* \* \* \*

Pressing his cell closer to his ear, Dominic's heart nearly beat its way out of his chest.

"Kalinda!" He could hear her sobbing mixed with the murmur of a male voice. He thought it might be Josh's voice, but with the distance the voice was from the phone, he couldn't be certain. It had him foaming at the mouth thinking that his little sub was crying.

"Damn it! Somebody pick up the fucking phone and talk to me!" His demand bellowed over the connection. He tightly gripped his phone until he heard the phone being picked up then answered.

“Dom, its Josh.”

The other man’s tense voice sent a bit of relief through Dominic. At least with the other man there, he knew that Kalinda would be safe. He’d asked Josh to keep an eye on her, very discretely of course, before he’d left for his trip back to L.A. Something was going on. His unit had been the only one trashed. The police thought it was a personal attack. While he wasn’t certain of the exact reason he’d been signaled out, he had a good idea but until he got to the bottom of this, he wanted his little subbie protected.

“What’s going on, Josh? Why is Kalinda crying?”

He could hear Josh soothing Kalinda in the background. “Delayed reaction I think. Fuck, I didn’t do a very good job protecting her, Dom. Somebody hit the house this evening before I got there. They broke into Caelan’s place through the front bay window. He’s pissed by the way. The cops milling about taking prints and stuff told me that the occupants had been taken to the Evanston Hospital. That’s the only reason I knew where to find Kalinda and Nisey.”

“Hospital! Tell me she’s all right!” Dominic surged off the hotel bed he’d been sitting on.

“Calm down. She’s fine. A few stitches above her eye followed by a nice hot soak in Caelan’s Jacuzzi tub should do the trick.”

Dominic sagged with relief before asking what had happened to Nisey.

“They think she’s got two cracked ribs and a split lip. They are waiting for her x-rays to come back before discharging her. Or at least that was what Caelan told me, when he called my cell on my way to the hospital.”

In the background, he realized everything had gone silent. Kalinda wasn’t crying anymore. In his experience that wasn’t good. It meant she was internalizing while probably blaming herself for the attack.

Glancing at the clock on the wall, he saw it was just after eight PM. The probabilities of him getting a flight back out to Chicago tonight were slim to non-existent. Josh was going to have to do what he couldn’t do.

“Josh, has she stopped crying?”

“Yes.”

Taking a deep breath, he ordered the other man to give her the phone. Steeling himself against allowing his emotions to get the better of him, he prepared himself for the sound of her voice.

“M...Mas...ter...”

“Tell me what happened.”

“Three men broke in...and they...they hurt...Nisey.” Her voice cracked before she continued. “I’m...sorry...Master. I was supposed to look after her.” The muffled sobs started once more.

“Listen to me, slave. The men broke into the house. You had no way of knowing they would do that. Was the alarm on?”

“Yes, Master. I turned it on after we got back.” Her voice was meek.

“Then you did everything you could’ve done, slave. You are not at fault for something you couldn’t control, you are not responsible, do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

Even as she said the words, he knew that she didn’t believe him. Keeping his voice firm, he did the hardest thing he could remember doing since they’d gotten past her stupidity at the Gilded Lily. “You don’t believe me do you, Kalinda?”

“I...” she started to protest.

“And because of that, you are going to submit to Sir’s flogger until you do.”

“Please...Master!” Her plea was frantic but he held firm. It was for her own good.

“Are you protesting your punishment, slave?”

He could almost see her head lowering to hide the pout on her face.

“No, Master.”

“Good. Now give the phone back to Sir.” He rubbed the bridge of his nose while he waited for the other Dom to come on. He realized there was a slim chance he might lose Kalinda to the other man by doing this, but her welfare had to come first. He’d seen the raw emotion in Josh’s eyes the morning before he left. He knew without

any doubt that the other man loved his sub just as much as he did himself. Josh would put Kalinda's welfare before his own.

He heard Josh's voice telling Kalinda to sit back down before Josh's voice filled his ear.

"Yeah?"

"Listen to me carefully, Joshua Redding. You're going to have to do what I'm not there to do. You *cannot* let her backslide. Do you understand? She's blaming herself for Nisey being attacked."

"Why the hell is she doing that?" The shock in the other man's voice wasn't surprising.

"I'm not sure. Anytime, she thinks she's screwed up or did something she shouldn't have, she does it. If you don't nip this in the bud, she's going to internalize it and then end up doing something foolish."

"So what do you want me to do? Stay with her?"

"Yes and you're going to have to be stronger than her. You're going to have to give her the punishment she's seeking."

"Excuse me?"

Dominic began pacing. "It's complicated and we don't have time to hash it out right now. Just look at it this way - if you don't give her the punishment she thinks she deserves, she'll try to find another who will."

"Like hell! It'll be a cold day in hell before I let that happen."

Dominic sagged against the dresser when Josh's sentiments echoed his own. "*Dieu merci!*"

"Tell me exactly what I need to do."

"Take her down to Caelan's playroom, tie her to the cross and use the red handled flogger in my bag. It's the least of her favorites and it will leave nice welts without breaking the skin if you're careful."

"Understood! How many strokes?"

He sighed. "This is where it becomes a bit more difficult as you will have to use your own judgment. Depending on how badly she thinks she's fucked up, she will push you hard to get you to dole out more punishment than warranted."

"Fuck." He could hear the frustration in the other man's voice.



“Exactly. Nisey’s her best friend, and after she promised her brother to watch out after her, she’s thinking she royally fucked up. I’d start with thirty but don’t go over fifty. If she’s still clinging to the belief at thirty - give her the rest in five stroke increments until she’s centered again.”

“And if she’s not?”

“Then take her down and put her in bed with you.”

He could literally feel the tension through the phone. “You trust me that much?”

Dominic lowered his head. “I’m going to have to. This is about her and what she needs. More than likely after the flogging she’s going to need to be held. I trust you to hold her without taking advantage.”

Josh’s weary chuckle filled his ear. “You’re more trusting than I am, my friend. But even I’m not as crass as to ask for sex when a sub is hurting emotionally.”

“I never thought you would.” In the background, Dominic could hear another male voice and Josh confirmed it.

“I need to get off here, Dominic. The doctor is back and I need to talk to him.”

“Good. Let me know later what he said. I’m going to catch the next available flight back. It probably will be the Red-eye or the first one in the morning. Take care of our girl until I get there.”

“Will do.”

The click in his ear had him lowering the phone and staring at his reflection in the dresser mirror. He had just taken the biggest chance of his life. *Mon Dieu, please let me be right*, he thought as he reached for the phone book .

\* \* \* \*

After talking to both the doctor and Caelan once more, Josh drove Kalinda home. They’d left Nisey at the hospital since the doctor had wanted to keep her overnight for observation. Nisey’s x-rays had come back positive for a concussion along with the two suspected broken ribs. The doctor was being conservative, especially since Caelan was out of town. The doctor seemed to think that watching over two injured women was more than Josh could

handle by himself. When Caelan had agreed, it made the burden of guilt Kalinda carried that much heavier. It seemed to her like her own brother didn't trust her to be around Nisey even with Josh being present.

For a brief moment she thought about going to Olivia's and smarting off to the older Domme. She knew that Olivia wouldn't tolerate any disrespect, which usually resulted in her swiftly breaking out her crop. The only thing that was stopping her was the fact Dominic had given Josh permission to punish her.

Heading up the walk, she cringed when she saw the yellow police tape draped over her brother's prized bay window. He was going to be pissed for more than one reason when he came home. She hadn't seen the broken window when they'd taken her out of the house and into the ambulance. It was a glaring testament to the fact that they hadn't even been safe in her brother's home. The leader's words, *"tell LaFontane that his days as your Master are limited,"* had her cringing. She hadn't forgotten the threat in the midst of her own guilt. She'd have to call Dominic to tell him. She definitely wasn't looking forward to that. He'd take the blame for the attack. How could he have prevented it when he was out of town? It was her fault that Nisey had been hurt. She should've followed her out of the kitchen.

When she headed towards Caelan's apartment and ultimately his playroom where she expected to be punished, Josh stopped her.

"Go get your Master's toy-bag." Josh crossed his arms over his chest. "I'll wait right here, but do not try my patience tonight, slave."

"Yes, Sir," She nodded before scrambling up the stairs to her apartment. Opening the closet door in her bedroom, she pulled out the duffel bag Dominic had left. Inside were the few toys he'd brought with them, a ball gag, three floggers, a crop, and several variously-sized dildos and butt plugs. The basic stuff that Dominic wouldn't feel comfortable borrowing from Caelan's impressive collection.

While she hadn't paid much attention earlier to the conversation between the men, she knew her Dom. He would've given very explicit instructions on how to discipline her. Not that she didn't

deserve it: she did - the idea of Nisey hurting was more than reason enough.

She debated changing her clothing before decided against it. If Sir had wanted her to change he would've told her to. Holding the bag in one hand and her keys in the other, she locked the door behind her before she walked back down to where Josh was waiting with butterflies in her stomach.

She wordlessly handed the bag to him.

"Playroom, now."

"Yes, Sir." Opening the unlocked door to Caelan's home, she took the most direct route to the playroom without even glancing towards the wreckage of the kitchen.

\* \* \* \*

Josh waited until he was sure that Kalinda had headed downstairs before he pulled out his cell phone. Hitting the redial button, he waited patiently for Dominic to pick up.

"Yeah?"

"It's just me. We're back at Caelan's." Josh kept his voice low. Glancing around at the mess in the kitchen including the blood on the chair and the floor, he drew a ragged breath. "Are you sure I need to do this right now? All I want is to hold her. If only you could see the lost look on her face, Dominic. She's hurting. The last thing I want to do is punish her especially after seeing the evidence of the attack. Christ there's broken glass, blood and overturned furniture. How do I punish her when it's obvious that she did nothing wrong?."

A long sigh filled his ear. "I know, but unfortunately that's part of being her Dom, Josh. Punishing her even if you don't think it's warranted. It has to be done or she won't put the attack behind her. She'll dwell on it until she does something that endangers her safety."

"Fuck! What exactly are we talking about here? Insubordination or worse?"

"Probably the later. She'll probably sneak out to a club so she can approach the biggest, cruelest Dom she can find. Then she'll beg

him to punish her. Which is the lesser of two evils - you or I punishing her or a known Dom who doesn't realize her background?"

"Damn it! How the hell did you deal with this? She was impulsive but not to the extent she'd endanger her life."

"She hadn't been hurt yet, Josh. I know you don't like it but your rejection did more than sting her pride. She was lost for nearly the first six months she was in L.A., while she tried to find herself within the pain."

"How many damn times do I have to tell everybody - I wasn't rejecting her! I wanted her to get some experience before I offered her my collar!" He raked a hand through his short hair while he paced. Finally frustrated with himself more than Dominic he started cleaning up the mess in the kitchen.

A long suffering sigh came from the other end of the phone. "We really need to hash that out but it's going to have to wait. She needs you to be the strong Dom that you are. Believe me - I know how difficult it is to go against your need to comfort. Get this out of the way and she'll be fine. A bit quiet but she'll forgive herself then move on. When I spoke with Caelan earlier, he told me he's going to call her in the morning to assure her that he's not angry at her. Tonight you're going to have to take care of this, so in the morning she'll believe him. While she's this over-burdened with guilt, the words mean nothing."

"Okay. I'll do it but I won't be happy about it."

Dominic's weary chuckle filled his ear. "I know. I wish I was there to do it for you. But look at it this way: it'll be a learning experience for both of you."

"Speaking of being here, did you have any luck with a flight out?" Taking the broom out of Caelan's utility room, he started to sweep up the broken glass from in front of the door's shattered window.

"Yeah, the day after tomorrow, I'll be on the early bird flight. I've got to stick around for one last interview with Detective Anders."

Josh kept the cell pressed to his ear, as he propped the broom on the table so he could right the tipped-over chairs. "Any luck with figuring out who broke into your storage unit?"

“No, not yet. The thieves were slick. They took out the cameras before cutting the lock off my unit. No prints or anything. Anders thinks that it was a personal attack on me.”

Josh’s blood ran cold. The idea that the attack on the girls was related to the break-in of Dominic’s storage hadn’t occurred to him. “Really? Are you in a habit of making enemies, LaFontane?”

“What Dom hasn’t? You know how brutal the BDSM world can be, Josh. As far as I know I haven’t pissed off any other Doms - aside from you. Do I have to worry that you came out here to trash my stuff?”

Josh couldn’t help but laugh at the mild accusation. “Not this guy. If I didn’t like you, I wouldn’t go through the trouble or expense of having a storage unit over two thousand miles away vandalized. I simply tell you to your face.” Grabbing a roll of paper towels off the counter, Josh wiped up the blood on the seat of the chair. He had to steel himself against the idea of it being either Kalinda’s or Nisey’s blood.

The male chuckle carried through the phone “You know I do believe you’d do that.”

“You bet your ass I would.” Josh had to push aside the feeling of kindred friendship that the other man’s laughter stirred in him as he tossed the wadded-up bloodied towels into the garbage. Even though he liked Dominic as a man and a Dom, he had to remember that the younger man was his competition. It was becoming harder every day when Dominic would refer to Kalinda as their girl. There were no half-measures with him. He wanted Josh as part of his relationship and was more than willing to do the distance to see it happen.

“With that being said, I think our girl has waited downstairs in the playroom long enough. If you leave her to her own devices too long, she’ll have the flogger picked out and be trying to strap herself onto the cross.”

Josh nodded his understanding before realizing the other man couldn’t see him. “Of course she would. Impatient little witch.” He was just getting ready to end the call when Dominic’s voice came over the phone one last time.

“Do me a favor, Josh. Once you’ve finished punishing her tonight - reassure her that we both love her.”

Josh’s jaw dropped as the dial tone rang in his ear.

\* \* \* \*

Kneeling in the center of the playroom floor, Kalinda shifted. She was still wearing the jeans and t-shirt she’d worn to the hospital. The thick denim covering her legs gave some protection from the cold cement floor but very little. Beneath her thin t-shirt her nipples had budded in response to being in a playroom. Even though she knew she was here for her punishment rather than ‘playtime’, both men had trained her body well. Her pussy would cream each and every time she entered a room even remotely similar to a playroom or dungeon.

She briefly wondered where Josh was when she heard him on the stairs. Keeping her head lowered, she tried to steady her breathing. While she wasn’t sure about being under Josh’s flogger again without having things settled between them, she knew she would obey Dominic’s order. He always did what was best for her. It was her duty to accept his decision. Besides, having Josh punish her had nothing to do with pleasing him sexually. *He’s merely helping Dominic out. Remember that and everything will be good.*

“Good, I see you haven’t forgotten how to greet a Dom.” Josh’s voice was cool. Keeping her head lowered, she didn’t answer. Unless he directly asked her a question she was to remain mute.

“Hmm, I’ll have to compliment Dominic on his training abilities. He managed to figure out how to mute you. I wonder what his trick was. Did he gag you until you got the point?”

Licking her lips, she replied. “Yes, Sir. This slave wore a gag quite frequently.”

“Will I need to gag you tonight, slave?” His voice seemed closer.

“It is your choice, Sir.” The tears welled in her eyes. While Dominic never gagged her during this type of punishment, he’d given carte blanche to Josh.

Squatting down next to her, Josh lifted her head to study her eyes. “No, I don’t think that I’m going to gag you tonight.” He

released her chin before standing once more. “Strip, slave.” He tossed his order over his shoulder before striding over to where he’d set the bag down. Rising to her feet, she made quick work of her jeans and t-shirt. Reaching for her bra, she shed it quickly before sliding her fingers under the elastic band of her thong.

Without looking over his shoulder, Josh’s voice broke the silence. “Leave it.”

She withdrew her fingers before lowering herself to the floor.

\* \* \* \*

Pretending to be rummage around in the bag, Josh watched in the mirror over the bar as Kalinda lowered herself back to the floor. Her olive colored skin was exposed to his hungry gaze. It had taken most of his willpower to order her to leave the thong on. He had to remind himself this was for a punishment that he thought she didn’t deserve but because of her own mind set ‘needed’. This wasn’t for play.

When he yanked the red handled flogger out of the bag, his eyes widened in shock when he saw the knotted ends of the tails. After each knot there was a flattened piece of leather that resembled the working end of a cane. *Dominic wanted him to use this on Kalinda?*

Gripping it in his hand, he strove for control. Taking several deep breaths while he busied himself with closing the bag, he was once more composed when he turned around. Approaching the cross, he noticed that either Caelan had left the straps undone or Kalinda had opened them in preparation. But knowing Caelan, he’d have to say the culprit was the latter.

Flicking on the overhead light above the cross, he took one of the antibacterial wipes Caelan kept handy. It took him less than thirty seconds to thoroughly disinfect the padded areas of the cross.

“Present, slave.” His order seemed loud in the quiet playroom. He had to fight back previous memories. Not only those of the recent night when Kalinda had teased both him and Dominic, but memories from further back of the first and only time he’d bound her to Caelan’s cross. Without looking at her, he could feel her heat when she came to stand next to him.

“Up, back presented.” He waited for her to comply with his orders. When she stepped onto the small blocks of wood at the base of the cross, he leaned down. Securing her feet with the cuffs, he slid a finger under the cuff to check for tightness. “Flex your feet for me, slave.” He watched as she rotated them one at a time without trouble. “Good, not too tight, slave?”

Her voice was barely above a whisper when she answered him. “No, Sir.”

At her reassurance, he moved up to her arms. Once the cuffs were secure and tested, he allowed his body to press against her back.

“Do you know why you are being punished, slave?” His voice was low.

“Yes, Sir.”

He would’ve smiled when he felt her shiver, if he hadn’t been so uncomfortable with the entire situation. Mentally pulling himself up by his bootstraps, he decided it was time to get this over, so he could take her back upstairs, tuck her into bed, and call Dominic back. Even though the man hadn’t asked him to, he knew if he were in Dom’s shoes he’d want the same courtesy.

“How many strokes do you think you deserve tonight, slave?”

The silence grew as she pondered his question,

“As many as it takes to forget that I endangered my best friend, Sir.”

Maintaining body contact with her, he drew the flogger up her extended thigh. “That’s not a number, slave.”

“I...a hundred, Sir.”

A low growl rumbled in his chest. Dominic had been right about the severity of the punishment she thought she deserved. Even if he hadn’t been using this particular flogger which was a combination of a flogger and cane, it would be damn hard not to break the skin with the kind of whipping she was asking for.

“It’s a good thing you don’t have a ‘say’, now isn’t it?” He gave her inner thigh a sharp tap with the flogger. Even without much momentum behind it, he knew that it’d left a bright strip on her flesh. “You will get thirty strokes to help you relieve your emotional pain at



the attack but no more, slave.” He brushed a kiss over her ear. “I do this for you, not because I agree - or even feel you deserve this punishment, but I know that you need it very badly.”

He stepped back from her, barely hearing her ‘Thank you, Sir’ as he tested the flogger against the skin of his own forearm. Deciding that the pain would be tolerable at about half strength, he assumed his position behind her. He’d work up to a harder stroke if she needed it.

“Count off, slave.” Drawing his arm back, he let go with the first five strokes in rapid succession. He focused on her gasping cries as she counted while he alternated from her back to her ass. When he reached the tenth stroke, he paused to assess her. Both areas were flushed a light pink. “What level are you at?” His demand was hoarse.

“Green, Sir.” The tears in her voice had him wanting to pull her off the cross and cuddle her close, but he had a punishment to finish. Stepping back, he continued again. Each strike of the flogger against her back had the coil of dread tightening in his stomach. It was one thing to flog her for their mutual enjoyment, but quite another to do it for punishment.

When she cried out, “Twenty, Sir!” he didn’t bother to stop but doled out the final ten strokes without pause and at three-quarters strength, knowing that she wouldn’t have been able to feel the lighter strokes he’d given her at the beginning.

Letting his arm drop to his side, he watched as she lay slumped against the cross with her breathing a bit erratic and with the crimson stripes decorating her upper back and entire ass.

“What level are you at, slave?”

It took her a moment to respond. When she did, he was surprised at how strong her voice seemed. “Green, Sir.”

Moving closer, he tipped her head to the side so he could see her eyes.

“Look at me, slave. I need to see.”

When she opened her eyes, he stared down into their dark wet depths. He let out the breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding.

While the pain was there still, he also saw acceptance and a bit of the 'forgiveness' Dominic had told him to expect.

"Come on, slave, it's time for aftercare." He quickly released her from the cross and carried her over to the chair he'd occupied only a few nights before. After grabbing a blanket out of the hidden warmer behind the bar, he lifted her onto his lap before settling back.

Even with the blanket wrapped around her body, he could feel her trembling. He kept up a soft dialogue with her as he coaxed her back down from the punishment. He told her how she wasn't responsible for the attack, how her brother still loved her, how Dominic still loved her, how they were both happy that she'd been there to hold off the men until the police got there, and then as he heard her breathing even out into sleep, he told her how much he missed her.

When the gentle wheeze came that signified her slumber, he pressed his mouth against her forehead and fulfilled his promise to Dominic.

"We both love you, Spitfire, and you just don't realize how much."



## Chapter Nine

Kalinda snuggled closer to the warmth of the body next to her. The warmth of the chest on her ear was comforting. Pressing a kiss against his chest, she was oblivious to all but the feeling of security she felt in his arms. She was on the verge of pressing her mouth against a small masculine nipple when his sudden intake of breath told her he was awake. She was just about to tease the tight nub within millimeters of her mouth when she noticed how the man's scent was 'off'. This wasn't Dominic holding her! Instead of his spicy scent of Stetson, the musky oriental woodsy smell of Burberry Brit teased her nostrils. Only one man she knew wore that particular cologne. Opening her eyes, she looked up to see Josh's sleepy blue eyes filled with anticipation along with more than a bit of lust.

Startled, she pushed off his chest before scrambling to the edge of the bed. "Ah...excuse me - bathroom." Her last glimpse of Josh before she scurried out of the bedroom to take refuge in the bathroom was of Josh sitting up on one arm with the ruffled sheets pooling around his waist. Shutting the bathroom door behind her, she flicked the lock on it. Staring at her own reflection in the mirror, she winced. On her forehead, the stitches the doctor had used to sew her forehead back together stood out against the reddened skin around them. Then she caught sight of her bare flesh. Glancing down, she saw that she was only wearing the thong from last night. Mortification washed over her. Being naked in front of him during a scene was one thing, but being in bed with him wearing the same thong was another thing all together.

Sitting down on the toilet, she held her head in her hands. Not only had she'd almost initiated something she couldn't finish, she'd slept in just her thong all night - as she had done just the night before with Dominic. A twinge of guilt struck her at the thought of him - her Master. Even without Dominic's collar, she felt like her actions a few moments ago, despite feeling right, were a betrayal of her commitment to him. She felt like punching the wall but refrained, knowing the only thing it would accomplish was another trip to the

emergency room, because she'd busted her hand. She was truly confused. Though her body longed for Josh's dominating touch, she was wary of trusting herself, especially without the comfort of having Dominic as a buffer- a sort of neutral party. When he was there, she didn't have to worry about whether or not she'd pleased Josh - Dominic wouldn't let her fail.

"Kalinda?" Josh's voice was muffled by the door. She was tempted to jump into the shower but knew if she turned the water on now, he'd know she was using it as an escape route to avoid him - and more specifically what had happened or didn't happen last night. Deciding to brazen it out, she got off the toilet.

"I'll be out in a minute." She kept her voice bright even knowing that she was anything but chipper this morning.

Stepping over to the sink after using the commode she quickly washed her hands, trying not to stare too deeply at the shadows in her eyes. They said that eyes were 'windows to the soul' and hers gave her away every time. After drying her hands, she decided it didn't matter. Whatever Josh might or might not see in her eyes could be attributed to all that occurred yesterday.

When she opened the door, she expected to find Josh standing right outside of it. Instead she found the hall empty. From her kitchen, she could hear watering running. He obviously was either starting some coffee or getting himself a drink. Ducking back into her bedroom, she pulled out a pair of summer sweat pants and a long t-shirt of Dominic's.

Smelling his familiar Stetson scent, she buried her face in the neck of the shirt as she dressed. When it didn't replace the scent of Burberry Brit, but instead added to her memories, a low moan escaped her as her body responded. The memories of their time together as a threesome were passion's torture, which if she was honest with herself, she'd admit she wanted more of, but how much more she didn't know. It was one thing to have Dominic invite Josh into their bed - thus fulfilling her fantasy of serving two men at once, but quite another to actually submit to the man who'd nearly broken her.

“Good, I see you’re dressed - and as much as I love the idea of you walking around in nothing but a thong all day, we’ve got places to go.” Josh’s voice had her spinning around.

Standing in the now open doorway of her room, he looked ruffled and sexy dressed in a pair of faded jeans and unbuttoned shirt with his blond hair tangled and messy.

“We do?” She clenched the bottom of Dominic’s shirt between her fingers. “I thought I’d just stay here today. There’s a huge mess downstairs I’d like to get cleaned up before Caelan gets home.”

“It’s already cleaned up. As to where we’re going - you’re coming to work with me. I’ll be damned if I let you stay here all day to either beat yourself up about something you had no control over, or even worse - have the idiots who did this come back and have another shot at finishing what they started.”

She nodded before shifting slightly. She really needed to hear Dominic’s voice this morning. She felt so lost and insecure standing in front of Josh. “Can I call Dominic before we leave?”

He walked further into the room. She stiffened when he drew her into his arms. “I wouldn’t dream of denying you access to him. Despite last night, you’re still not mine. I’m glad I could fill in for him last night...” He pressed a kiss to the top of her head before lifting her face up so he could look into her eyes. “...but do not mistake my kindness for anything other than what it was. You needed a strong Dom last night, which I willingly provided. It does not mean that I’ve given up on the thought of having you as my own again. I will never be content to ‘just fill in’ for him.” His eyes were dark with a primal need but he slowly released her before taking a step back. “Just remember I had you first, Kalinda. Then I was a fool - I let you go.”

She stared at him in shock when he left the room without another word. Sinking onto the bed, she started to tremble. Her emotions were rioting - she wasn’t sure which way to turn. She honestly wanted to believe what she saw in his eyes, but experience warned her not to trust the smooth talking Englishman who nearly destroyed her. If she did let him back into her heart, what was she supposed to do about Dominic. Even though she hadn’t told Dominic, she loved

him, the idea of giving him up for Josh was heartbreaking - she couldn't do it - to Dom or herself.

She suddenly had an overwhelming need to talk to him. Reaching for the phone next to her bed, she dialed his cell number. It rang twice before a sleep roughed Cajun accent filled her ear.

"Morning, *chérie*."

"Master?" She kept her voice soft while she began to pace her room.

"Is everything okay, Kalinda?" Tears welled in her eyes. His voice so deep and sensual had her feeling even more confused. How could she want to keep both of them? As a submissive, she was supposed to find her *one* true master. *But what if I have two?* She longed to cry. *What if I don't want to choose?* Hearing him repeat his question, she fought back her tears. "I'm fine, Dominic. I slept fairly well..."

"Did Sir punish you?" Even though she had a feeling that Josh had called him afterwards, since Dominic had arranged the specific punishment, she knew he'd want to hear her words from her own lips.

"Yes, Sir, punished me last night."

"And do you feel better?"

"A little."

"Good. You realize there was no physical way you could've anticipated that someone would break into your brother's home."

"Yes, Master. I wanted to let you know that Sir is taking me to work today with him. It's probably not safe for me to be here by myself..." she debated on whether or not to tell him about the leader's threat. She didn't want him to worry about her anymore than he already was. She had a feeling the threat had been directed at her as much as him as she was his only sub. *Plus you're too chicken shit to admit that you might be the reason they were after him.* Several local Dom's who'd approached her before the incident at the Gilded Lily whom she'd bluntly and totally refused, hadn't been happy when Dominic had swept her off her feet. The idea that they might be retaliating against him because of her refusal had her heart pounding. He was a good man who didn't deserve that. Deciding to

be like an ostrich, she stuck her head in the sand. She would wait until she saw him in person. She needed to see his face when she told him.

“That sounds good, *chérie*. Josh will keep you safe until I get home tomorrow. Now be a good little sub and do as Sir says.”

“Yes, Master.” She leaned her head against the wall.

“I’ll call you later tonight. Behave.”

She heard the humor in his voice. “I will.” In the background she heard Josh call loudly, telling her he’d be waiting down in the car. She covered the mouthpiece of the phone to tell him she’d be right there before returning to the call. “I love you, Dominic. Stay safe. I gotta go.” Her words were soft but rushed. When a low growl echoed in her ear, her eyes widened. She’d said the words without thinking. She was in deep shit now...this had not been the right time or place.

“You dare to admit that *now*?”

“Sorry, Master but I gotta run, or I’m gonna end up with another punishment from Sir.” She quickly disconnected the call before slipping her shoes on. Behind her the phone rang again. She flicked the ringer off before grabbing her keys off the dresser. Shutting the door behind her as the phone in the kitchen began to ring, she ignored it. Rushing down the stairs, she found Josh sitting in his car talking on his cell. He eyed her as she slid into the passenger seat before finishing his call. “Yes, I’ll tell her. Talk to you tonight, Dom.” Folding the phone up, he turned sideways in the driver’s seat. “You’ve been naughty again, haven’t you?” His voice was hard with just a hint of amusement in it.

She widened her eyes. “Who me?”

He leaned over her before touching her lower lip. “Yeah you. I’m supposed to tell you that you’ve just earned yourself an ‘ass whopping’ when he gets back.”

Her cheeks flushed but she kept the innocent look on her face. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” When he narrowed his eyes at her and looked like the big bad Dom he was, she couldn’t help herself. She winked at him. “I can’t wait.”

Josh stared at her for a moment before a chuckle escaped him. “You know, I do believe you might be serious, Spitfire.” He shifted



back into his seat and started the car. "It's good to see that I'm not the only Dom you mouth off to."

"Nope, I'm an equal opportunity 'mouther offer'..."

Josh shook his head before putting the car into gear. She was absolutely incorrigible.

\* \* \* \*

Sitting in the airport and waiting for his flight to board, Dominic felt like he was still floating on air from his little sub's admission this morning. It had been the first time she'd admitted to him that she loved him. Due to their unusual circumstances in coming together, he'd decided early on in their relationship what she needed was a firm but loving hand. It hadn't taken long for him to fall in love with her once she'd started opening up and trusting him. She was everything he'd ever wanted. He'd made no secret about the fact he'd cared deeply about her, even though he'd refrained until almost a year into their relationship from even mentioning the "L" word to her. During the following year he'd tried everything he could think of to get her to admit she was fond of him and not just what he did to her body. Her total refusal to admit anything had been the key. When he realized that she had to face what had happened with Josh before they could move forward - his plan to include the other man in their play had been hatched.

But to sooth his guilty conscious he'd given her ample opportunities to stop what he knew would happen when they arrived in Chicago. Now with his plan only half-way played out, she'd admitted her love while he was two thousand miles away. It was too late for her now though, he would ride the rest of his plan out. After experiencing what it would be like to have Josh as part of their relationship he wasn't going to be happy until they were a happy but permanent triad. With her infamous stubbornness, the only thing she'd gotten out of her reluctance was an ass-whipping from him and another Dominant to warm her hide when she got out of line.

"Flight 285 to Chicago is now boarding at Gate 3," the female voice on the P.A. system broke through his daydreaming. Bending, he picked up his carry-on. He'd lucked out and found an earlier flight

after the officer who'd wanted to talk to him had chosen to do his interview over the phone two hours earlier than planned. He'd arrive home in Chicago before his little impulsive sub would be in bed. He had all kinds of delicious wicked thoughts on how he and Josh could torment her lovely body.

\* \* \* \*

After spending the day manning the counter at Josh's Near North store, the only thing Kalinda was looking forward to was getting off her feet. Even in the sneakers she'd worn her feet hurt. She hadn't spent any length of time on her feet since she'd been a student and had taken a job waiting tables to earn a little bit of spending money. Sure Caelan would've given her 'pin' money as he liked to call it, but she hadn't wanted to take advantage of him anymore than she already had. Besides a little bit of hard work never hurt anyone. So now her feet were sore, but she was glad she could help out Josh. She'd substituted for Nisey, who'd been promoted to manager of this store, since she was still in the hospital.

Toeing off her sneakers the moment she walked into her apartment, she listened to Josh shut the door behind them. Heading to the kitchen, she asked him if he was hungry. They'd eaten a very late lunch from that 'sushi place' down the street, but that had been four hours ago. After searching her nearly bare cupboards, she realized there wasn't much to offer. That's when she became aware of his lack of response. She looked over her shoulder to find him within inches of her. The sudden presence of heat radiating off his body onto her back had her nerve endings jumping with awareness. Taking a deep breath, she tried to act nonchalant. "So what do you want for supper? I don't have much here, but I could throw together some sort of sandwich..."

"No."

The desire in his eyes had her glancing away from him. "Okay. How about take out?" She reached for the phone on the counter. She swallowed when his hand covered hers.

"Later." He turned her in his arms before tipping her head so he could gaze into her eyes. Her breath came fast as his thumb

brushed over her lower lip. In his eyes she found more than just the desire mixed with dominance - there was a bit of uncertainty and loneliness. "I want you, Kalinda."

She tried to look away from his tortured gaze, but found she couldn't. While the desire and dominance in his eyes had her own pulse leaping, the loneliness and uncertainty had her longing to reassure him that it wasn't too late. Everything inside of her wanted to give him what he was asking for - her submission, but could she trust him not to hurt her again? She knew that he'd never physically hurt her. She just didn't know if she could offer more than her body again to him. Not to mention she couldn't forget about Dominic - even as much as she longed to give Josh what he needed - how would Dominic handle the idea? A warm fuzzy feeling filled her as she thought of her other lover. He'd always put her needs first - would he do the same here? She wished she could talk to him.

"I need you, Kalinda, but I won't force you into this if you're uncomfortable. We need to talk about what happened before you left..." His voice turned bleak. "...but I'd like one more memory before we go into that unpleasantness. I just need..."

While her common sense begged her to slow down - to wait for Dominic to return, her heart overrode it. If she could satisfy even one part of what she sensed within Josh, she was going to do it. She was going to give him her body and pray it was enough, but first she had to be honest with him.

"I don't know if I can submit to you without Dominic here, Josh. The wounds are just too deep." When his eyes flared with pain, she drew a deep breath. "I don't want to hurt you nor do I want to be hurt. I can offer my body to you, Sir, but..."

\* \* \* \*

Josh tried to fight his need to take what he wanted - to show her how wrong she was, that she had nothing to fear from submitting to him. Hadn't he proven that in their very recent past - not only when he'd allowed to the other man to take the lead in their play, but even all those months ago when he'd introduced her to the lifestyle? As she stood in front of him with her eyes aware but her heart guarded,

he knew he had no one other than himself to blame for her fear. He was going to have to earn her trust again. *So be it. She's worth it.* He drew a deep breath before responding.

"If your body is all you're offering, I'll take it. I know I fucked up - I'm willing to work to earn the right to your submission once more." He cupped her cheek. "I nearly lost you last night before I had the chance to make amends for what happened. Now let me love you."

She nodded. Stepping back from the counter, he prayed his control was what he thought it was. He'd control the dominating side of him tonight even if it killed him. Taking her hand, he led her to her bedroom. Once there he fought to keep from ordering her to strip. She stood in front of him, shifting from one foot to the other.

"Undress for me...please." He barely remembered to make it a request, when the desire which had been at low simmer flared to life at the idea of sliding deep inside of her again. Their one and only fuck had left its mark on him. He had to know if she was as tight as he remembered.

He leaned back against the door to watch her slowly take off her clothes. When the borrowed t-shirt she wore cleared her head, he was confronted with the lacy white bra which lovingly cupped her perky breasts. A low groan filled his throat when her fingers edged under the elastic waist band of the cotton Capri's she wore. With a shimmy of her hips, they were pooled at her feet. Standing in front of him in nothing more than a thong which matched her bra, he found himself on the verge of tossing her across the bed.

Slowly clenching his fists, he continued to watch her disrobe. Her bra was hanging open with a quick flick of her fingers. His palms itched to cup her wonderful breasts as they spilled into view. The tight buds were dusky in color, and made his lips flex in anticipation of tasting them. His eyes landed on the bag sitting on the nightstand next to the bed. What he wouldn't give to suck on her nips until they were hard little points begging to be tormented. Dominic had included some delicious looking clamps inside the bag he'd love to use on them. But this was making love - not dominance and submission.

“Thumb them for me.” He held his breath to see if she’d obey. When her hands lifted to her breasts, he let a sigh of relief he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. The sight of her hands cupping her own breasts had his mouth watering. When her thumbs brushed over the distended peaks, a hiss of elation escaped him. “Damn that’s hot, Spitfire.”

She gave him a sultry smile before tugging on them. “I bet you’d like to taste them.”

He nodded, before pushing off the door. She released them then climbed onto the bed. He devoured her lithe form as he approached. When she held up a hand, he stopped instantly.

“I do believe you have too many clothes on, Josh.”

Reaching for the belt, he grinned. “Not for long.” With his usual economy of movements, he’d stripped down to his boxers before he climbed onto the bed next to her, then reached out for her. He sighed when she moved into his arms without fanfare. He closed his eyes for a moment to relish the feel of her against him before rolling to lean over her. Gazing into her eyes, he ran a finger over her collar bone, down the swell of her breast to tease one jutting peak.

When her breath came fast, he smiled. “Damn you have the most perfect nips for clamping, Kalinda.” He teased her ear with his tongue. “Do you remember the first time I did it?” He smiled when her low moan filled the room. He’d spent a good hour teasing her nipples until they had been rock-hard before he attached the small silver clamps for the first time. He’d told her how sexy they were - how they’d increase her pleasure when she came for him, before showing her. It had been the first time he’d forced her to orgasm from just playing with her beautiful breasts.

Her muttered “Oh God” followed by the arching of her back told him she was remembering the same erotic scene which had been his purpose. They may have not parted on the best of terms, but he wasn’t going to let her forget the hot, sexy things they’d done together.

Trailing his lips down her neck, over her shoulders to the swells of her breasts, he licked every inch of her skin before blowing on the now damp flesh. He knew how to drive his little Spitfire wild, and he

wasn't above using the knowledge against her. He wanted her not just hot but on fire for him and begging him to take her.

"Josh!" Her hands dove into his hair when his mouth found one peak. Rubbing his tongue over the tight bud, he gloried in her soft pants and clinging fingers. God, he'd missed this.

By the time he'd sucked both of her tips until they were wet, shiny, and begging for the clamps sitting in the bag, he was fighting the need to rise up, grab them and place them on her. To distract himself, he yanked her panties off. A low growl filled his throat. Her pussy lips were wet with her desire. He clenched the rumped sheets on either side of her hips to control himself. He hadn't realized how hard it was going to be to make love to her without dominating her luscious body. It'd been years since he'd even tried to make love to any one without letting his natural dominating tendencies take over.

Lifting his head, he stared down at her closed eyes as she squirmed under his pinning hold on her. He forced himself to concentrate on ignoring the dark duffle holding all sorts of wonderful toys he desired to use with her. To avoid the temptation, he didn't even glance at the bag. Instead he tried to push the thought from his head by opening the drawer under it to search for a condom. Perhaps if he got inside of her tight pussy, he'd forget about torturing her body with the unique pleasure-pain he was a master at delivering.

Kicking his boxers off, he sheathed his cock before moving to settle over her. Pressing his cock against the dewy portal of her body, he stopped when she placed her hands against his chest. His heart thumped hard before stalling. He'd die if she stopped him now. "Spitfire?"

"Just because I said I didn't know if I could submit to you... doesn't mean that we can't have fun with a few of things that Dominic brought with us."

Hope flared through him, before he came crashing back down to the ground. "If I start I can't guarantee that I'll be able to just 'play' without making you submit." He rolled away to lie next to her.

She leaned over him. "Why don't you let me worry about that, Josh?"

He swallowed his groan when she reached across his body to snag temptation off the stand. He threw an arm across his eyes when he heard the rough sound of the bag's zipper open.

"Don't do this, Kalinda. You shouldn't push me this way."

The sound of a low pleased moan had him jerking his arm off his eyes just in time to see her attaching one of the clamps over her remaining nipple. The other one was already adorned with its twin. A low rumble filled the room which he vaguely recognized as his own response, before he pinned her to the bed with her arms raised over head. He wrapped them around the spindles of her headboard. "Don't move them." His voice shook with undeniable tension.

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda caught her breath. She knew she was playing with fire but couldn't stop. Even though his loving had felt wonderful, she could tell he'd turned off the very thing which had originally attracted her to him. She hadn't wanted him to do that, only to turn down the intensity so she wouldn't be tempted to submit to him. While she'd been serious about not wanting that to happen, it didn't mean she wanted straight 'vanilla' loving. She'd become accustomed to the spice and variety of BDSM until she knew, without a doubt, she wouldn't be satisfied with straight 'vanilla' sex by itself ever again.

"And if I do?"

His faced hardened. "I swore I wouldn't do this, Kalinda. Don't force me into a corner." When she just lay under him, he finally relaxed against her. "Let me love you like I promised...then when you want the dominating asshole back, I'll gladly let him out to play."

She slowly nodded her understanding. *I asked for this, now I need to lie in the bed I made - even if it won't be enough.*

He reached down to flick one of the weights attached to her nipple. Duel pleasure and pain radiated from her breast to settle in her stomach. *Well maybe I'm wrong. If he keeps doing that I'll be coming without a problem.*

"Not that I won't enjoy playing with these little beauties."

She was vaguely aware of her small grunt when he lifted one leg to wrap it over his hip as he entered her and joined their lower

bodies. She squirmed under him. He felt longer and a bit thinner than Dominic but just as good. The muscles of her pussy burned with pleasure when he paused, giving her time to adjust to his invasion. *Can't he tell I don't need time to adjust? I need him to fuck me, hard!*

"Sir..." the plea tumbled out of her mouth without thought. He stiffened above her, his body trembling.

"Don't!" His eyes squeezed closed while his cock throbbed within her before he began to saw in and out of her with gentle thrusts. Vague tingles of pleasure filled her but they felt lacking after experiencing the hard forceful pleasure of being dominated. *Oh, God doesn't he realize I need hard punishing thrusts? Why is he denying me?* She locked her eyes on his face. The tortured need as he fought to give her what she'd asked for was a surprise. It made her realize how hard he was fighting against doing exactly as she knew she needed. *Duh, Kalinda, he's only doing what you asked.* A tear escaped the corner of her eye. Now that he was giving her what she asked for, she realized it wasn't what she needed from him at all.





## Chapter Ten

Standing in the open doorway, Dominic watched his slave wrap both of her legs around Josh's gentle moving ass. He hadn't been surprised to find them in bed together. In fact, he'd hoped the other man would take advantage of the time Dominic had been gone. What did surprise him was the gentle loving the other man was trying to give his slave. Even at the most tender of moments between them Kalinda was a wildcat in bed. Scratching, biting and clawing at him to fuck her harder. Slow, gentle loving just didn't work for her.

Even as he was tempted to join them to point out Josh's errors, he knew he had to let them work it out, if they had a prayer in hell of having a successful polymonogamous relationship. So he held his silence despite the gasping breaths coming from Kalinda, which told him she needed more. From his position by the door, he couldn't see Josh's face, but instinctively he knew that while the other man might be enjoying the clasp of Kalinda's slick cunny around his cock, Josh was fighting his base nature. Dominic had seen him in action too often to not notice the difference. He doubted time had changed the other man's lovemaking - it was the little sub under him. Even if Josh wouldn't admit his feelings for Kalinda, this was all the proof he needed. The only way a known Dom would try to temper his natural inclinations was because the woman under him meant more than another quick fuck.

When a low moan of torture escaped Josh, Dominic unbuttoned his button-fly jeans to release his own cock to give it room to breathe. The resulting moan from Kalinda had him forcing himself to remain by the door. More than anything he wanted to feel the vibrations of her moans around his cock while he fed her wet mouth every inch he had while Josh fucked her.

As he idly stroked his own cock, he waited to see who would break first. The sweating and groaning on the bed was escalating as both fought against their natural inclinations for faster, harder, rougher sex. He was laying odds that Kalinda would finally break and

in turn send Josh careening out of control. Josh would have no other choice than to make her submit.

“God damn it, Josh, fuck me.” The frustration in his sub’s voice had Dominic smiling. *That’s my girl.*

A low grunt was Josh’s first answer. Then...“I am. I’m just giving you what you asked for. Remember?”

Curious, Dominic snuck closer to the bed. From his position next to the dresser he could see both of their profiles. Josh looked grim while Kalinda had a desperate look on her face. There was definitely a war of wills going on between them. *What exactly had she asked of Josh?*

He grimaced when her hands left the headboard to land on Josh’s shoulders with a loud smack. He’d been on the receiving end of those hands more than once when he’d teased her just a little bit too far. “Asshole.”

Even Dom’s eyes widened when Josh came to a complete stop. Smacking a Dom was never a good idea under the best of circumstances. So doing it while said Dom was trying to be noble and tame his base instincts was just asking for him to go medieval on your ass.

“I told you to keep them there, slave.” Josh reached over with one hand, while using his weight to pin her to the bed as he dug through the bag until he drew out a short length of rope. “Since you obviously don’t want to listen...”

Dominic heard Kalinda’s squeal, but he didn’t hide his smile. That was exactly what she’d been aiming for when she’d hit Josh. But unfortunately if he knew Josh, his little sub was going to end up restrained, but not fucked the way she needed. Topping from the bottom usually backfired. He couldn’t believe she’d actually tried it.

After Josh tied her wrists to the headboard he withdrew from her body. She cried out in protest when he left the bed. Dominic stilled when the other man pulled a blindfold from the bag to cover Kalinda’s eyes. Once he had it in place, he turned to smirk at Dominic.

Dominic just shrugged before nodding to the open doorway. It was best to keep Kalinda in the dark. Both men stood outside the

bedroom where Kalinda couldn't hear their whispered conversation.

"We weren't expecting you back." Josh was the first to speak. He seemed a bit uncomfortable.

"I know. I caught an earlier flight."

"You're not mad? I'm fucking your sub without your permission."

Dominic laid a hand on Josh's shoulder. "When are you going to get it through your thick head, Josh? She's just as much yours as she is mine. When I left her here with you I knew this could happen - indeed I had hoped that it would happen. Besides if she didn't feel at ease or comfortable being with you, no matter what tricks you plied on her body, she would've resisted."

Josh seemed to study him for a moment. "You were serious about us sharing her?"

Dominic crossed his arms over his chest. "I don't say things I don't mean. There are times we'll be together as a threesome, but there will also be times that it's only one of us with her. I trust you with her, Redding, and once this thing with your past is dealt with I expect you to be a permanent part of my relationship with her."

Josh stared at him as if he were trying to decide if Dominic was serious or not. "Well, damn, then what am I waiting for?"

"That's what I've been asking you since I brought her back here. Now go try to tame her."

A wicked grin crossed Josh's face. "With pleasure!" He turned before stopping. "Are you going to watch?"

Dominic cocked his head. "That depends? Do you want me to?"

"Hell yes, I do but under my terms."

Arching an eyebrow at Josh - he waited to hear the terms.

"You have to be quiet. I don't want her to realize that you're here until it's too late for her to resist."

"Agreed." Both men re-entered the room.

\* \* \* \*

Josh couldn't believe he'd just asked the other man to watch him tame Kalinda, but he'd had an epiphany while making love to her. Something had been missing aside from the fact he'd been fighting his need to dominate. He had wanted the other man's presence.

He'd wanted to be able to look up into Dom's deep blue eyes and see the approval in them as he tortured their sub. It still seemed foreign to him to think of sharing Kalinda with another man, but damned if it wasn't overwhelmingly erotic - the hottest thing he'd ever done.

He could remember the exact moment he'd felt another presence in the room. When he'd tossed his head back to fight the need to fuck her hard, he'd caught a reflection in the mirror out of the corner of his eye. Dominic's dark hair and massive frame were distinctive and the sight of him had caused his cock to harden even further inside of Kalinda. Then everything had snapped into place for him. This was where he belonged. Now he had to prove not only to himself, but to the other two people in the room, that he was the right man to complete their relationship.

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda wondered what was going on when it got quiet. Her heart raced with anticipation. Had she finally pushed him hard enough that he was going to let loose of his inner dominant and give her a hard fucking?

"Such a pretty lying little sub." The stroke of Josh's finger over her cheek had her turning her head to follow it. His voice hardened when she began to protest its withdrawal.

"Why did you ask for gentle when you knew it wasn't what you needed, slave?"

"Josh?" Fear warred with desire. She knew that tone - it was the same as it always had been just before he went uber-dominant on her poor unsuspecting body.

"Wrong answer, slave." His hand came down on her bare hip. A sting of the hard flesh of his hand hitting her naked skin had her pussy twitching. God she wanted him!

"Who am I, slave?" He accented his question with another slap.

"Sir! You're Sir."

The silence grew and she worried that she gave him wrong answer. She hadn't called Josh Master in years. In fact when they'd first started her training together, Sir had been his preferred title.

She'd only called him Master during their final night together. In her mind she only had one "Master" and that was Dominic. Perhaps if she explained what her thinking was to him...

"That's Sir Josh to you, Kalinda. Don't ever forget it again, or I'll take you over my knee and give you a whipping you won't enjoy or forget."

"Yes, Sir. This slave won't forget again." Her breath hissed out when his fingers found one of the clips to give it a hard tug. The resulting mix of pleasure and pain had her begging for more.

"Now, answer my question, why did you ask for gentle when you know you can't come as I expect you to with it?"

"I..." Kalinda nearly panicked. She'd pushed for the Dom and now that he was here, she didn't know what to do with him. She thought she'd known what the reality of Josh in full Dom mode was, but evidently her memory was faulty. He was even more intense than she remembered. Even as it excited her until she was sure that pussy juice was spilling all over her rumpled sheets, she was leery. He wouldn't take less than total surrender.

"Don't even think of lying to me, slave. It will only get you punished."

"And if being punished is what I want, Sir?" Even as she hid behind her smart ass remark, she'd known he wouldn't tolerate it. She braced herself for the smack of his palm or leather crop against her tender flesh.

Instead she got a gentle kiss against her lips before he answered. "Then I'll hide all the crops and floggers from you until you tell me."

She groaned. He sounded serious. While she would love to think Dominic wouldn't allow that, she had a sneaky suspicion that he would side with Josh. *Well, shit!*

"I'm waiting, slave."

She took a deep breath. "I...I was scared, Sir."

"That I would hurt you?" His frustration was evident before she felt his weight settle on the bed next to her.

"No, Sir." She paused to gather her thoughts.

"If it wasn't me you feared, than what was it?"

“My response to it, Sir.” Her chest felt lighter now that she’d voiced the fear. He’d always told her in the past to embrace her fear -it was the only way to own it.

“I’ve told you in the past, there is nothing to fear from submitting to me, Kalinda. I wish you’d have remembered that despite what happened between us. I guess I’m just going to have to prove to you once more to you that there is nothing to fear in submission.”

\* \* \* \*

Writhing against the bonds that held her hands, Kalinda was on fire with need. Sir had been teasing her first with his trailing fingers and now by withholding his touch. She whimpered as he trailed the end of what she assumed was a flogger over the inside of her thighs. She’d been ready to come for what seemed like forever, but he had refused each time she’d demanded then pleaded that he let her come.

While his response was similar to what Dominic’s would be, she quickly had found out that the hot buttons she could push on Dominic didn’t work with Josh. When she demanded, he laughed instead of being aroused by it. How she could tell with her eyes blindfolded she didn’t know, but she could just feel his laughter at her attempts to get what she needed. When she begged, he just cooed at her.

When the flogger left her inner thigh to land on her pussy with light strokes meant to only inflame her already dripping folds, she finally broke.

“Oh, God...please let me come, Sir. I can’t stand this anymore!”

The teasing continued over her aching clit to land near the portal of her body. Then she felt the rub of what she assumed was the handle against her opening before sliding inside to tease her yearning cunt. Her orgasm nearly crashed over her when he withdrew it from her. “Whatever you want... Sir...I’ll give it to you....please!”

“You know what I want, slave.” If there was frustration in his voice, she was too far gone to hear it.

“Yes...I submit, Sir!” She screamed when he shoved the handle back inside her before a thumb unerringly found her clit. Colors of euphoria danced before her eyes as her orgasm crested and her body gave him the ultimate physical expression of her submission.

“Finally!” She felt hands fumbling with her blindfold just before it was whisked away. Her eyes slowly focused on Josh’s face above her.

“Grab her legs, Dominic.”

That’s when she realized the finger had never left her clit when Josh had taken off her blindfold. Her eyes widened in shock when Josh climbed onto the bed, yanked the flogger out of her pussy to only replace it with his raging cock while her eyes settled on Dominic. She screamed as another orgasm crashed over her while they both watched.

“God damn, she’s milking my cock, Dom.” Kalinda saw red as Josh bucked against her forcing her orgasm to continue.

“Fuck her into submission, Josh. She’ll thank you for it later.” Dominic’s encouragement had her tossing her head back and forth in denial. She couldn’t handle this. It was too much! They were claiming all of her, and she’d never survive it when it was over.

“No, no!” She fought against both the men holding her and the demands of her body. She couldn’t - she wouldn’t do this again!

“Look at me, slave!” Josh’s bark had her eyes opening despite her determination to not to give over to them.

“Quit fighting it. Let your Master see your surrender.”

She sobbed when Dominic’s finger turned her face to so he could see her eyes. “Let go, slave.” His tone was firm. Between the love she saw in his eyes and the hard thrusts of Josh’s cock inside of her, her world exploded around her despite all her resistance. The only thought that comforted her was she hadn’t given the men what they’d asked for. Her heart was still safe...at least for the moment.

“Fuck!”

The sound of smacking flesh and masculine groans followed as she floated away on pleasure. As darkness beckoned, she wasn’t sure who had screamed: Josh, Dominic or herself.



\* \* \* \*

Josh stared down at the woman under him as he fought to catch his breath. His body was still tingling with the incredible release she'd dragged out of him. Her easy breathing reassured him that she'd merely passed out from the overwhelming pleasure.

"Damn it. She fought us right up to the end." Josh looked over at Dominic, who wasn't in much better shape than he was. A quick glance had told him the other man had come with him and Kalinda. "Couldn't wait?" He was just enough of a smart ass to tease Dom.

"Fuck, if you could've seen what I just saw, I doubt you would've been able to resist."

Josh shook his head. "You're probably right. But you realize that we can't let this stand. If she thinks she can just flex those tight pussy muscles of hers and have us like putty in her hands, we'll spend all of our time trying to keep her out of trouble."

Dominic laughed. "Count on it."

Josh withdrew slowly to collapse on the opposite side of Kalinda's body. He closed his eyes and sighed. Despite their failure in getting Kalinda's complete and utter submission to them, he couldn't remember ever feeling better. "Shall we deal with it in the morning?"

"Sure. Damn I'm tired."

Josh looked over when the other man yawned before he moved to leave the bed. Better to move before he was asked to leave. He'd just crash in the guest bedroom for the night. After all, Dominic was here to protect Kalinda.

He'd just put his feet on the floor when Dominic's voice stopped him. "Don't make me get up and kick your ass, Redding."

Josh looked over his shoulder at other man in surprise. "Excuse me?"

"I normally sleep on the left side of bed and Kalinda sleeps curled up in the middle...so it leaves the right side open for you."

"You're asking me to stay?" His heart gave an astounding thump. He shouldn't be excited about the idea of sharing a bed with Kalinda and Dominic.

The other man's eyes drifted shut. "No, I'm telling you I'll kick your ass if you leave. Now lay back down. You've claimed your part of her tonight...or at least tried, so your spot is here with us." When Dominic's voice slurred and didn't continue, Josh assumed the other man had drifted off to sleep.

"Some ass kicker you are, Dom." Shaking his head, he went to the bathroom to take care of the used condom. He was on his way back to the guest room when he paused to look in on them. Neither had moved, but the turned-back covers on the right side of Kalinda beckoned him. He wanted to be in that bed so badly. Tired of trying to figure out what he wanted, he gave into temptation by crawling back into bed with them. Carefully laying a hand over Kalinda's hip just below Dominic's arm, he relaxed on his back and let sleep beckon.

\* \* \* \*

Opening his eyes when Josh's soft snore filled the room, Dominic smiled at the hand the other man had cupped over their sub's hip. He gave a sigh of relief. He hadn't been sure if Josh would return after his short trip to the bathroom. While he'd meant every word of his threat, he realistically knew he couldn't force Josh to sleep with them. Evidently the connection between them was stronger than he'd hoped for, because Josh after only a moment's hesitation had come back to their bed.

Rolling onto his back, Dominic cursed silently as he nearly fell off. The first thing that was going to be changed was this little ass bed. While a queen size bed wasn't small by most standards, having three grown people with two of them being large male adults limited the amount of space they had for playing. Deciding that his previous spooning position was his best bet to keep from falling off the bed, Dominic hoped that Josh had a king-sized bed in his condo. If not, he decided, then he'd get his own California King shipped out here. Of course, that would have come after they coaxed Kalinda's total submission and commitment out of her stubborn little ass.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning when she awoke Kalinda felt sated to her toes. Stretching she opened her eyes to find herself alone in her bed. Sitting up she heard masculine voices coming from her kitchen. Her heart leapt when she heard a familiar Irish brogue. Caelan was home! Scrambling from the bed, she reached for the Capri pants on the floor. She'd just bent over to pull them on, when a low wolf whistle filled her room. She froze. Damn it, she'd forgotten about Dominic's return last night. Embarrassment warred with relief that he was back home. Had badly had she fucked up their relationship by giving into Josh?

Feeling a pair of hands at her hips, she knew he wasn't going to let her hide. "Are we going to be okay, Master?"

Pulling her upright, he turned her in his arms. "Look at me, slave." She lifted her eyes to look into his dark ones.

"Why would you think that?"

"I...well, with what happened..." He placed a finger over her lips.

"I told you that he would be joining us, Kalinda. Until you tell me you can't handle it, he will part of our relationship."

She moistened her lips. "He will?"

He nuzzled her cheek. "Yes, he will. Don't lie to me. You nearly submitted to him last night, didn't you?"

She nodded while he pulled her down onto their bed and into his lap.

"So why didn't you?"

She chewed on her lip. "I don't want to upset you..."

He gave her hip a tap. "Don't give me that crap. I want the truth."

She rubbed her face against his chest, inhaling his scent. "I'm scared...what happens if I can't submit to him anymore, and you both leave me?"

"First of all, I'm not going to leave you - no matter what you do. I've been through Hell, woman, I'm not going to leave you now." He lifted her chin up to look into her eyes. "And second, what makes you think you won't be able to submit to him again?"

"You weren't there the last time I was with him - during our last scene together." She took a deep breath. "I can't talk about it but let's just say more happened than I told you. The end result was that I

ended up making a complete and utter fool out of myself. That's what I was trying to drive out of my mind the night I went to the Gilded Lily."

"So because of what happened during that last scene with him, you don't think you're ever going to be able to submit to him again."

She nodded before burying her face in his shirt once more. Looking up over her head, he saw Josh's tan look like it had been washed away. The other man was shaken up by what Kalinda had just revealed.

He locked his eyes on Josh hoping to make the other man understand. "We'll fix this, *chérie*, I won't settle for less. Now, I want you to dry those tears for me. I don't need your brother thinking I'm in here beating you. Aside from that, we're going to go pick up Nisey from the hospital." Standing he noticed that Josh had disappeared. After promising Kalinda that they'd stop for Jamaican Blue Mountain coffees on their way to the hospital, Dom left her to get showered and dressed.

\* \* \* \*

After letting Caelan know they'd be leaving as soon as Kalinda got ready, Dominic went in search of Josh. He finally found him in the playroom downstairs. He was wiping down the St. Andrews cross in rhythmic motions.

"You took off. I thought you wanted to tell Kalinda good morning."

Josh didn't even stop what he was doing. "She didn't need me. She had you."

Dominic could hear the bitterness in the other man's voice. *Son of bitch...for every step forward they took, it seemed as if they took two back.* "Bullshit. She needs you as much as she needs me."

"Yeah right." Josh turned on him before throwing the rag across the playroom in a fit of anger. He moved to leave the playroom but Dominic grabbed his arm.

"Don't even try this shit with me. You made some smart ass comment last night about my lack of control while watching you fuck her, but you never asked why."

Josh sneered at him. "Because you're a deviant fuck that gets off on watching your slave fuck another man?"

"While I'll be the first to admit watching you fuck her was hot, what stoked my fire even higher was the look on her face before she climaxed. She was so wrapped up in the pleasure you were giving her, she didn't have time to think about the fact she was fucking you without my permission. The acceptance of both of us was right there in her eyes for the taking but..."

"But?" Josh's breath was raspy.

"She got scared and tried to back away from it."

Josh gave him a smirk. "And you got off on that? Her fear?" He jerked his arm away and strode towards the stairs.

"No, you stubborn English prick!" He spun Josh around before pushing him towards the back of the playroom. Dom wasn't done talking to him - he was going to understand come hell or high water. "Stop running from me and listen damnit! While even you will admit there is something about the look of erotic pain on a sub's face that is addictive, that wasn't what I saw last night. It was the expression of joy she had just before she began to fight us. She was wide open to me for the first time in our relationship. When you see that for the first time, you'll be just as determined as I am to see it again."

Josh stared at him for a moment before giving a rough sigh. "Do you honestly think we can get through to her?"

He clapped his hand over Josh's shoulder. "I'm sure of it. She may be a stubborn little witch but I am even more stubborn. Not to mention, I've got something she doesn't."

Josh cocked his head. "And what's that?"

"You. Between the two of us she doesn't stand a chance."

A rare smile crossed Josh's face. "So what's your plan?"

Dominic smiled. "We're going to give her a few days to cool off - to let things ease into a familiar pattern. You're going to continue to stay with us during that time. Then when I decide the time is right, the three of us are going to make a special trip down here to this very playroom. By the time we leave it everything will be settled." Dominic turned to leave the room when Caelan yelled down the stairs about everyone else being ready to leave.

Josh grabbed Dominic by the arm. "You better be right about this."

Dominic nodded. "I am - trust me."



## Chapter Eleven

Kalinda tried to ignore the tension radiating off the two men sitting on either side of her. Both Josh and Dominic had their arms crossed over their chests while staring straight ahead. In the front seat of the car, Caelan drove with Nisey seated beside him. Realistically Kalinda knew that she couldn't be angry with her friend for spilling the beans about the threat the man had issued. Nisey had heard it too, however in all the excitement Kalinda had hoped that her friend had forgotten about it, but she'd hoped in vain. Her friend knew her all too well and had assumed correctly that she hadn't told the men about it.

They'd just entered Nisey's room when her friend had nailed her proverbial hide to the wall.

*"So Dominic, did Kalinda tell you about the men's threat?"*

Dominic had stopped dead in his tracks before catching her eyes. "No she hasn't. Is there something that you forgot to mention to me, *chérie*?"

"I was going to tell you today, Master..." Even as she apologized to Dominic, Josh had jerked her around, his anger quite evident.

"And what about me, slave? What is your excuse for not mentioning it to me?"

Feeling overwhelmed, Kalinda had jerked free of Josh. "Just stop please." Tears had threatened while Nisey intervened on her behalf to tell all three bristling Doms how the leader of the attackers had given Kalinda a warning to pass onto Dominic. It seemed that the attack on the girls was possibly linked to the break-in in California...

So now instead of heading back to Caelan's house, they were going over to Olivia's to meet the private investigator the older Domme kept on retainer for both security and professional reasons. When the silence finally got to her, she touched Dominic's shirt sleeve. "Dom?"

*"Yeah, chérie?"*

"Are you mad at me?" Even as she heard the words spill out of her mouth, she winced. She sounded whiny - and if there was



anything she hated it was whining. "I should've told you this morning, but I was really upset and I totally forgot."

He lifted her hand to his mouth. "No, Kalinda, I'm not mad at you. I'm disappointed you didn't tell me when we spoke on the phone yesterday, but I'm not angry."

Her head bowed as guilt fought with righteousness. She hated that she felt guilty about not telling him on the phone when she had the chance, but realistically there hadn't been anything he could've done about it. But even if she'd try to explain her motives for keeping it from him, he probably wouldn't understand her need to be with him - to be held in his arms - when she finally revealed what'd happened.

She needed to give him physical proof of her commitment to him - that she would allow no man or woman to drive her away. She never wanted him to doubt the strength of her commitment to him, especially after she'd heard about a previous submissive from New Orleans. His first, if the rumors were true, who'd walked away after Dominic decided to stay and try to convince his family to leave before the height of Hurricane Katrina. She couldn't believe a woman, let alone a submissive who was supposed to be committed to her master, would leave him alone in such circumstances. She'd like to have five minutes alone with the woman who'd hurt him so badly.

"Okay, Master." Dropping her hand from his arm, she almost wished she was anywhere else but trapped in the backseat between Dominic's disappointment and Josh's quiet anger. She'd royally fucked this up by keeping her own council, just because she thought it had been the best course of action.

She gave a sigh of relief when they finally pulled into the parking lot of Olivia's. She climbed out after Dominic, only to be stopped by his hand on her arm. She glanced up at him before lowering her head when she saw the neutral guarded look in his eyes. She'd seen many different things in his eyes during their time together: desire, anger, contentment, happiness and even pure devilment, but none of them scared her as much as the contained and controlled look he currently wore. He was back behind his wall - where she couldn't reach him.

“Put this on, Kalinda.” His voice was like his eyes, flat. She felt him press something into her hand. She stared down at the slender collar he’d just given her. It was the same collar she’d worn numerous times in the past when he’d taken her out. She slid it on without comment. At least he was still offering her his protection - perhaps she hadn’t fucked this up totally.

Walking between Dominic and Josh, she entered the cool interior of Olivia’s club. She barely gave Carlos a greeting before she was whisked into one of the private playrooms. She tried to control her tongue when Dominic assumed his Master’s role to order her to stay with Nisey, while only the men spoke with Olivia’s detective. Her anger had tears welling up in her throat when the door shut behind them. Kalinda immediately went to the door to follow when the distinct sound of the lock being engaged filled the room.

“God damn conceited assholes!” Even as the words slipped out of her mouth, Kalinda regretted them. She had to remember that the three men were trying to protect both of them.

Nisey wrapped her arms around Kalinda. “I know, Kalinda. It’s hard standing back to let them protect us.”

Kalinda turned in her friend’s arms as tears burst free. “I royally screwed this up. I should’ve told them...”

“Shh...” Nisey continued to rock her gently while absently rubbing her back. Glancing at the door, she tried to not let her own anger at her Master cloud her judgment. She needed to be strong for Kalinda, but when they got home she and *Máister* were going to have a talk about this “over-protection” bit. He’d taught her how to protect herself after that fiasco with Derrick - he had another talk coming if he thought she was going to hide behind him just because some assholes had broken into their home. She might be submissive but she was far from being the helpless victim. *Never again*, she vowed.

\* \* \* \*

Olivia met the men in the hallway outside her office. She was dressed for a busy night of playing the ultimate Domme. Her dark red corset was snugly tied under her petite breasts, topping a pair of skin tight leathers. Her high heeled boots gleamed even in the dim

light of the hallway. Her dark hair was pulled up in the familiar tight French braid she preferred when working. With the coiled whip hanging from her hip, she was an intimidating figure when she glanced at the three men standing in front of her before looking over their shoulders for their women. Propping a hand on her hip, she stared them down before inquiring about them.

“Where are your slaves?”

The silence was tense until Josh finally shifted with a lazy smile. “I don’t have a slave, so...”

Dominic elbowed him. “Like hell you don’t!”

Josh rubbed his offended side while Caelan answered smoothly. “They are in my private room, Olivia...”

Her diminutive frame went rigid with anger. “You left them unprotected?”

Caelan held up a hand. “No, I’d never leave my slave unprotected, Olivia, but the fewer times that they have to relive the attack the better...”

It didn’t go unnoticed by the men when her hand caressed the handle of the whip at her side. “You better explain yourselves and fast before I take a strip out of your hides. Both Kalinda and Nisey need to know what they are up against. You Neanderthals can’t protect them twenty-four seven. They need to know exactly what it going on, so they can help with their own protection.”

Josh realizing that this was spiraling out of control, he stepped up to sooth the Domme. “Relax, Olivia. Gabriel was in the Main Room - he’s offered to guard them while we were back here with you.”

Olivia’s eyes narrowed. “Fine! While I still don’t think this is the wisest course of action, I can’t tell you what to do with your slaves as long as they don’t come to harm under my roof. Let’s go take care of this before my pet decides to renege on our wager.”

Dominic exchanged a quick glance with Josh. *A wager?*

Josh shook his head to indicate it was best ‘left alone’ as they followed Olivia into her office. If Dominic had expected to find the good P.I. restrained or kneeling, he would’ve been in for a disappointment. A large dark man sat in one of the large chairs in

front of Olivia's desk flipping through a bondage magazine. He spoke without looking up.

"Olivia, you are out of your mind if you think that I'm going to let you do any of this to me." The gravelly voice had Olivia smirking at the seated man.

"Nonsense, pet. Not only am I going to do what I promised - you're going to be begging for it."

The man's dark complexion flushed. "Like Hell." He moved to stand.

"Sit back down... now." The dark command within Olivia's voice had the man slowly lowering his body back into the chair. "That's better, pet." She walked around her desk. "Now before we get around to the interesting part of the night, these are Masters Josh, Dominic and Caelan. They are in need of a man of your particular talents."

Olivia's pet turned to face them. "Hello Gentlemen. My name is..."

"... is pet." Olivia's voice was smooth but the humor in it was evident. She was toying with the man and enjoying every moment of it.

The man glared at her. "Knock it off, Olivia. This doesn't have anything to do with our wager. You brought these men here for my professional capabilities - not to amuse them with your antics."

"But it's so much fun. But I'll desist since I need to sign off on the liquor delivery which just arrived. I'll leave you four to it." She stood up to leave but stopped next to the man. Bending over him, she ran her tongue over his ear. "But this doesn't let you off the hook, pet. Your outburst just cost you another five strokes."

The man caught his breath. "Like hell - that wasn't our agreement!"

Olivia straightened. "The agreement was that you would allow me to warm your ass any way I saw fit if you couldn't convince your date to enter my club. If my memory serves me correctly, you couldn't even get her to show up for your supposed date - so that means I win, pet." She squeezed his ass when he surged out of the chair. "And this ass is mine to do as I see fit for the next hour - which includes punishing it."

The man gritted his teeth. "I'm not submissive!"

Olivia smirked at him. "We'll see." She ran her long fingernails over his inner thigh to his groin. "I'm betting this will arise to the occasion once I have you bent over my spanking bench." She stroked him once more before stepping away. "He's all yours, boys. Make it snappy though - my promised time is ticking away and I'm horny." She tossed over her shoulder before striding out the door.

Dominic watched as the man took a few moments to compose himself. He wasn't sure who the man was trying to fool: Olivia or himself, but the look in the P.I.'s eyes as the Domme toyed with him told it all. The man wanted to submit to her - badly, even if he was scared of his response to the idea. It was going to be interesting to watch Olivia bring the man to heel.

After taking a few calming breaths, Olivia's soon-to-be sub raked his hand through his hair before introducing himself.

"That woman is going to drive me crazy." His low mutter had the other men chuckling.

He just glared at them. "Jude Larson - Private Investigator and owner of Larson Securities. Now exactly what can I help you with?"

\* \* \* \*

Dominic glared at Jude. "I don't like it. I refuse to use Kalinda as bait."

"I completely understand your feelings on the matter, but it is the best way to draw out the men who attacked her and the other woman." Jude laid a hand on Dominic's shoulder. "From what you've told me about the security of Caelan's house, these men came prepared to make their point. If they had no qualms about breaking in during broad daylight in such an affluent, well-patrolled neighborhood it's not a matter of *if* they will attack again - but when. It would be in your best interests to end this quickly. Leaving Kalinda in a ready accessible position will end this quicker than if you lock her away. Plus with this plan we can almost guarantee her safety."

"You're not talking about just any woman, Jude. Not only is she my slave, she's the woman I love. I'm not comfortable with risking

her safety in a hare-brained scheme that may or may not work.” Dominic began pacing the suddenly tight confines of Olivia’s office.

“I’m not anymore comfortable with this either, Dom, but it is food for thought. How quickly do we want to end this?” Josh questioned Jude as well as Dominic and Caelan.

Josh’s agreement with Jude had Dominic’s anger flaring. He took a threatening step towards Josh. *How could the other man be willing to risk their sub like this?* “Excuse me? I can’t believe I heard you just say that you would willingly endanger our sub...”

Caelan stepped between the two men. “That’s enough! Fighting is not going to solve this.”

“But it’s not your sub that we’re endangering. How would you feel if it were Nisey we were using for bait?” Dominic’s snarl was lethal and Caelan stiffened.

A low rumble escaped Caelan. “I’d probably feel the same way but it’s not Nisey. I understand your...”

“If you understand, then how the fuck can you claim that it’s a good idea to use your sister?” Dominic was now in Caelan’s face.

“I love my sister and she’s been trained to take care of herself...”

“That’s not the point, damnit! It’s Dom’s and my job to protect her...she’s ours now.” Josh’s interruption had Caelan rolling his eyes.

As the argument escalated between the three men, Jude waded in. “Enough! Why don’t we ask Kalinda’s opinion on it, since she’s the one who’ll be taking the risk?”

All three men turned to stare at him.

“Like Hell!” The response was in stereo as all three men answered at the same time.

The room became louder as Jude tried to reason with the men.

“Gentleman! That is enough!” Olivia’s voice echoed through the room. Evidently she’d rejoined them sometime during their very loud “discussion”. “This is ridiculous. This is what is going to happen since you boys can’t decide.” She focused on Josh and Dominic. “You are going to go get Kalinda, and let her decide if she’s willing to take the risk.” When the men sputtered in protest, she pointed one hand at the door. “Now!”

She rounded on Caelan when he glared at her. "As for you, Mr. Doherty, you need to contact a reputable company to install security cameras at your home and possibly upgrade your alarm system. Pet's company can do it for you, I'm sure, or at least recommend someone if they can't handle it quickly enough."

Caelan's jaw clenched. "Can you do it, *pet*?" His sarcastic drawl had Jude growling at him.

"Yeah, I can. I'll call Keith and have him at your place this very afternoon." Jude turned to leave when Olivia stopped him.

"Where exactly do you think you're doing, pet?"

Jude barely paused on his way out. "Leaving."

"Bet me." Olivia's tone was frosty. "You aren't getting out of it that easy."

"I'll settle up later. This is a time-critical emergency and we both know it. I've got some calls to make after I speak with Kalinda and Nisey."

"Fine. Your punishment just doubled for making me wait. Do you understand?"

Jude came to a complete stop, looked Olivia straight in the eyes, before giving a brief nod and walking out the door.

When Caelan raised an eyebrow at her easy capitulation, she just smiled. "I know when to pick my battles. He merely has gotten a reprieve, but mark my words, I'm going to tame him yet." Olivia told Caelan while she watched the man stride down the hall.

"I don't doubt that, but next time you treat me like a subordinate I'm going to show you who's the better Dom, Olivia. I won't be treated like a child."

Olivia just laughed. "Then quit acting like one - so I won't have to resort to such tactics in the future."

A grin tugged at Caelan's lips when he realized that not only his actions, but that of the other men, could indeed be considered childish. "Touché."

\* \* \* \*

If Kalinda had thought the ride to Olivia's had been tense, the ride back home was even more so. The men were more on edge, after

the private investigator had questioned both Kalinda and Nisey, than they had been earlier in the day.

Jude Larson had seemed to be a likeable enough man when she'd spoken with him. He had an air of confidence about him that had her wondering if he was another Dom, or if it was just a natural part of him due to his line of work. He'd kept his questions brief but his expression sympathetic. The interview had only taken several minutes before the men were hustling them out of the club. Caelan needed to rush home to meet the man Jude was sending over to upgrade the total security system on the house.

When they all exited the car, Kalinda waited to see what Dominic was going to do. She fully expected to be punished for her omission, but was surprised when he took her by the hand to lead her up the stairs. Pressing a kiss against her forehead, he pushed her into the apartment with a soft demand to order take out for the three of them while he and Josh waited with Caelan downstairs.

As he shut the door, she stared helplessly at it. The whole morning seemed surreal. Walking into the kitchen, she pulled out the phone book to call her favorite delicatessen. Ordering three subs with all the trimmings, she paced the apartment. She almost wished she was downstairs with the rest of them. Was Dominic punishing her?

\* \* \* \*

Downstairs Dominic wasn't in any better shape. Sitting on the couch next to Josh, they were discussing what to do with Kalinda.

"I don't feel comfortable with letting her do this, Josh."

"Me either, but it's better than the alternative. We can't wrap her up in bubble wrap. She won't stand for it and in the end will take unnecessary risks just to have some freedoms. It's probably better that we do it this way - at least we can somewhat control the outcome."

Nisey walked back into the living room carrying cold cans of soda for everyone. "Yeah right! If you think you have any control over this situation you're bullshitting yourselves. This situation is FUBAR and until the idiots who attacked us try again, there's not a damn thing



that we can do. Kalinda and I never even saw their faces. We might be able to recognize the leader's voice, but we can't go around town just listening and hoping we cross paths with him." Handing each of the men a soda, she propped her hip on the arm of the couch. "And I'm gonna tell you right now that it's just as fucked up to have her sitting up in her apartment alone, while we're all down here talking about what SHE is going to have to do."

"Enough, *grá*. You're overstepping your bounds." Caelan's voice was sharp. "She's their sub and if they want her upstairs - that's where she's going be."

Nisey's eyes flashed before they lowered under Caelan's disapproval. "No disrespect intended *Máister*, but last time this slave checked Kalinda hasn't been collared by either Masters Dominic or Josh."

The tension climbed in the room until a sharp knock on the door shattered the silence. Caelan finally spoke. "Saved by the bell. Go to the playroom. I will deal with your insolence after I finish with this."

Nisey nodded. "Yes, *Máister*."

She disappeared down the hall. Caelan rose to answer the door.

"She's right you know." Josh's voice was rueful. "We haven't managed to get our collar on her." Josh seemed to pause for a moment as what he'd just said sank in. Caelan shook his head ruefully. The other man was starting to come around.

"*Yet!*" Dominic grinned over at the other man. "...but we're not done by a long shot."

"That's true but Nisey's wrong... it's the principle of the thing. She needs to be reminded that she can't interfere between a sub and a potential Master even if she happens to know them."

\* \* \* \*

Olivia heard the snick of the playroom door opening and closing. Standing with her legs braced apart, she ignored the presence of another person behind her assuming it was one of her employees who'd come to either watch or have her sign something. With all of her staff well trained, she knew that none would interrupt her until the scene was done unless it was an emergency.

When the only sound was of gasps coming from the sweating man strapped to the St Andrews Cross, she assumed the person behind her was just there to observe. She kept her attention firmly focused on the sub in front of her. His dark blond hair was plastered against his head while his bare back and exposed buttocks were streaked with bright red slashes from the four foot single-tail whip she held confidently in one hand.

“What level are you at, slave?” Keeping her voice firm, she waited for him to respond.

Bryan Sterling, the CEO of Sterling Foods lifted his head to respond to her. “Green, Mistress.” His body shook with pain.

“Good.” She stepped close enough to lift his head to examine his dark blue eyes. Staring deep into them, she could still see the pain radiating out of them. “Still not there, are we? You need more.” Even as she kept her voice firm, her heart ached for the man in front of her. If it had been anyone other than Bryan, she would’ve assigned another Dom to him, preferably a man considering Bryan’s sexual preference, but the only two she trusted to handle Bryan’s fragile emotional state, Josh or Caelan, had their hands full with protecting their subs tonight. So that only left her.

“Yes, Mistress. It still hurts so much.” Tears streaked down Bryan’s face.

“I know, slave. We shall continue. I won’t leave you like this.”

Bryan’s head fell forward to rest against the cross beams of the stand. “Thank you, Mistress.”

She was just pulling her arm back to release another throw, when a rough hand caught her arm before she could release it. Anger flared through her at the idea that any person thought they had the right to interrupt her scene.

“Remove your hand this instant.” Her voice was low enough that Bryan wouldn’t be able to hear her, but firm enough to let the interloper know she meant business.

“No. What the hell are you doing? He said he was in pain.”

Olivia scowled up at the man who’d been dominating her fantasies for the past few months. One that she instantly wished was

strapped to the cross in front of her. Jude's dark hair was sticking up on end as if he'd been running his fingers through it.

"Unless you want to replace him, *pet*, I would suggest you let go."

He gritted his teeth and she knew that he was struggling to control his temper. "I can't in good conscience let you whip an undefended man."

"You know not what you are interfering with, *pet*. Go wait in my office until I get done here and I'll be happy to take care of you." She pasted her most mocking smile on her lips. She needed to get him out of the room before he ruined what little progress she'd made in relieving a bit of Bryan's pain. She hadn't spent the last twenty minutes wearing her arm out on Bryan's backside to let her naïve little *pet* undo it with a single interruption, well-intentioned or not.

Glancing behind him, she saw Carlos step out of the shadows. The bouncer was a "god sent" and had been since she'd hired him five years ago. "Take him out of here."

When Carlos went to escort him out, Jude jerked away. "I don't need his help and I'm not leaving that poor guy here..." His protest was cut off when Carlos put enough pressure on the muscle running from his neck to his shoulder to stop Jude in his tracks.

"Mistress...please!" The agony in Bryan's voice had her stiffening as she glanced away from Jude to concentrate on him.

"You signed a contract when I hired you, *pet*." Her eyes narrowed before she nodded to Carlos. "Take him to my office. I will deal with him later." She gave Jude a glare. "You will wait for me or you'll never set foot on the premises again." She turned her back on him without waiting for his reply. Behind her she could hear the soft sound of feet as Carlos escorted Jude from the room.

Pushing the object of her desire out of her mind, she sought the inner place in her where her *Domme* dwelled, before releasing another well placed throw of the single tail. Bryan cried out as it touched his already reddened back.

"You're supposed to be counting them off, slave!" Her harsh reminder had him quickly responding

"Forty-one, Mistress!"

She nodded her approval as she let the next throw fly. Heaven help Jude Larson if he'd fucked this up for Bryan. If she had to start from the beginning again, she was going to take it out on his hide, and any pleasure she'd planned for him tonight would be a thing of the past.

\* \* \* \*

Jerking on the grip the bouncer had on him, Jude cursed as the man tossed him into Olivia's office. He rounded on the man to give him a piece of his mind, but drew up short when the man slammed the door shut in front of him. The loud sound of the lock engaging had him ready to hit something. He was officially Olivia's prisoner. Jude sank down in the chair in front of her desk. If what he'd just seen was BDSM - he wanted no part of it. The red stripes on the man's back looked painful, but what had shocked him to the core was when Olivia had ignored the man's cries and continued to beat him. How could he have been so wrong about her? He had been attracted to her dominating personality when she'd first hired him, but he could've sworn she had a gentle heart under her hard ass exterior. Now all he could do was wait and wonder how he could have been so wrong.



## Chapter Twelve

A knock on the office door an hour later had Jude glancing over his shoulder. He'd expected to see Olivia but instead saw Master Gabriel, one of the many Doms he'd met at during his time at Olivia's.

"Good evening, Jude." Closing the door behind him, Gabriel walked in as calm as you please. He rounded Olivia's desk to sink in the chair behind it. Bracing his elbows on the desk, he studied Jude.

"What the hell do you want?" Jude knew he was being rude, but really didn't care. The longer he'd sat locked in Olivia's office, the angrier he'd become.

"Carlos came and got me. He told me you interrupted Olivia's scene."

Jude nodded. "If that's what you call her beating the hell out of that man."

"Did you read the contract you signed when she hired you?"

"Why the hell is everyone asking me that?" Jude started to stand.

"Sit. You're not going anywhere until Mistress Olivia says so. Because if you'd have read..."

Jude snarled at Gabriel. "I don't need to be reminded of that "Safe , Sane and Consensual" bullshit. That man wasn't consenting. I don't give a fuck about what that paper I signed said. He was crying in pain."

"So you interrupted her scene because..."

"She was hurting that man. He'd obviously had more than he could take."

"Why do you assume that? Was he screaming 'red'? Was he struggling against the cross?"

Jude stopped and tried to remember. He couldn't recall the man giving the universal safe word which was recognized by all of Olivia's staff and most of the BDSM world as a signal to cease and desist. But surely the scene had gone too far. The man had been too weak to even lift his head. "He said he was in pain. That's good enough for me."

“Jude, if you’re seriously contemplating becoming Olivia’s sub you need to realize that there is more than one kind of pain a sub can experience, *and* to never - ever interrupt her during a scene.”

He scowled at Gabriel. “What the hell makes you think I want to be her sub?”

Gabriel smirked before he motioned for Jude to come around the desk. Fiddling with the keyboard on the computer in front of him, Gabriel finally said, “I have eyes in my head. Whether you’ve admitted it to yourself or not, she intrigues you. But I’m not here to discuss your dilemma with your own sexual identity. I want to show you several things.”

“I don’t need to see anything.”

Gabriel’s understanding demeanor disappeared behind a scowl. “Get your ass over here now or I’ll throw you on Olivia’s tender mercies - and believe me you don’t want that.”

“Why should I care...?” He shifted nervously in his chair.

“Because if you aren’t prepared to beg her forgiveness when she comes into this office, you’re going to find your ass out on your ear before you find what you came here to find.”

“What the hell do you think I came here for? I was hired to do a job...”

“Which you easily could’ve given over to one of your business subordinates. Instead you chose to personally handle Olivia’s account. You, Jude Larson, are intrigued by submission.”

Jude stiffened. “Like hell.”

“I’m not going to argue the point, *pet.*”

Jude felt a flush of familiar embarrassment when the other man used what Jude had thought was a cute but demeaning nickname Olivia had hung on him. His eyes locked in a battle of wills with Gabriel’s, which he lost when his eyes finally darted away.

“Now, if you want to understand what was going on in that room, come over here so I can explain.”

Jude reluctantly moved to join the man. Leaning over the desk to get a better look, he paled when on the screen he saw Olivia helping the man down off the cross. The submissive was clinging to her tiny frame as he shook violently.

“Is he having a seizure?” Concern washed over him.

“No. What you are seeing is Bryan having a break thru.”

Jude glanced at Gabriel. He didn’t understand. Gabriel must have sensed his confusion because he continued. “Bryan has been in a committed relationship with the same Master for the past several years.”

“Then why...”

“Quit interrupting me. Our time is limited before Olivia shows up demanding a huge strip of your hide for her wall.” Jude fell silent once more. “As I was saying Master Rai and Bryan have been together for several years. A more devoted couple you’d never met. It’s rather humbling to say the least to watch them together. Two months ago, they were in a nasty car accident. Bryan was driving and walked away without a scratch. Master Rai unfortunately wasn’t so lucky.”

Jude caught his breath. Had the man’s Master died?

“Relax. Master Rai lives. He was in a coma until yesterday. He opened his eyes for the first time to see his slave blaming himself for the accident.”

“So why is...”

Gabriel frowned at him. “I’m getting there. Bryan not only blames himself for the accident - even though the drunk driver that sideswiped them was at fault, he took his self-reproach as far as neglecting his own health. There was nothing Bryan could’ve done to avoid the accident, but you couldn’t tell him that. In fact he’s been so guilt-ridden about the accident that once Master Rai opened his eyes, he realized by Bryan’s appearance how far his slave had let himself go. Then, after he understood the reasons, he ordered Bryan to present himself to Olivia for punishment.”

Jude’s mouth fell open. “Why! If the accident wasn’t his fault... then why...”

“Which Master Rai knew.” Olivia’s voice was harsh as she entered her office. “If Bryan’s guilt was left to fester it would’ve poisoned his relationship with Master Rai. Not to mention that Rai was upset about how Bryan neglected his own health - a Dom’s main concern is to have a happy but healthy sub. He sent him to me,



so I could help exorcise Bryan's guilt along with reinforcing Rai's displeasure at Bryan's lack of self respect." She walked over to grab Jude by his hair. "Fortunately for you, you're not my sub yet. In all reality I don't have to give you the consideration that I offer my newbies. So tell me why I shouldn't kick your ass to the curb, Jude?" In his bent-over position next to Gabriel, Jude's head snapped back in surprise.

Jude swallowed roughly as he fought his panic at the idea of being kicked out of Olivia's life. He'd fucked up. God damn his hot temper! "I...I...you were..."

"I was doing nothing more than offering Bryan an outlet for both his pain and guilt - which you fucked up all to hell by interrupting my first attempt to send him into subspace. It took me over an hour to get him back to where I nearly had him when you pulled your stupid stunt." She gripped his hair harder. "So what do you have to say for yourself, *pet*?"

Even as her face was deeply flushed with anger, Jude couldn't believe how beautiful he found her. In his pants his dick leapt. It left him feeling bewildered and vulnerable.

"Answer me!" She yanked on his hair. Pain radiated from his scalp.

His breathing came faster - he had to placate her. "I'm...s... sorry..."

"You're sorry what!"

Tears burned at the back of his eyes. He wanted to believe it was from the pain her grip was causing, but suddenly he knew better. He'd pissed her off and evidently she had no problem with banning him. Breathing roughly, he tried to appease her righteous anger.

"I'm sorry, Mistress."

Her eyes narrowed before she leaned closer. "Do you want to be kicked out of Olivia's, Jude?"

He shook his head. When her hand tightened once more, he was quick to verbalize his response. "No, Mistress."

"Then you have one choice. You'll present yourself in two days hence to be punished for breaking the club rules."

“But, Olivia...” His heart raced as his eyes landed on the whip hanging from her sexy hip. *Could he honestly allow her to use that whip on him?*

“It’s either that or you’ll never be allowed in here again - and once you’re banned from my club, our games stop. Now choose before I lose what little patience I have left.”

Seeing the seriousness in her face, he knew he had no other choice but to submit. The alternate wasn’t even an option.

“I’ll...I’ll be here, Mistress...what time...?”

“Seven P.M. sharp.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She released him with a jerk. He fell to his knees on the carpeted floor - unsure if it was from relief or fear. What the hell had he just committed to?

“Now get the hell out of my sight!”

He scrambled to his feet before obeying. He wasn’t going to press his luck further.

\* \* \* \*

Olivia trembled as her knees went weak when the door slammed closed behind Jude. Gabriel barely was able to catch her before she fell to the floor. Her emotions were in an upheaval. Anger warred with relief when Jude finally understood his error, only to be replaced by lust when she saw the submission in his eyes. She was in a Dom-drop and she was going to crash.

“I’ve got you, Liv.” Gabriel cradled her against his chest before carrying her to her desk. Sinking into her chair, he rocked her. Tears welled in her eyes before spilling over her cheeks.

Gone was the formidable Domme that ran Olivia’s and in her place was the vulnerable woman. “It’ll be fine, sweetheart.” Gabriel continued to rock her in his arms as she weathered the storm of her violent emotions. When she finally slumped against Gabriel, she wasn’t sure how much time had passed. She lifted her head slowly, wincing at the resulting pounding headache her crying had caused.

“Here.” Gabriel pressed two small white tablets into her palm along with a cool glass of water.

Taking the ibuprofen, she swallowed them with a long sip of water. She lowered her head back to his chest. "Thank you, Gabe."

"No problem, Liv. You would've done the same for me." He stroked her hair. "Is Bryan okay?"

She nodded. "Yes. He'll be fine now. I told Carlos to stop by the kitchen to feed him after Bryan finished his shower, before taking him back to the hospital to be with Rai."

"I'm proud of you, kiddo. Not only did you take care of Bryan, you also held onto your control with Jude. I know he's new to the scene but he still signed the damn contract. His blatant disobedience couldn't be easy to deal with."

She sighed but shook her head. "It was too damn close. I almost lost it - perhaps I should let him go. If he can get to me this easily, perhaps a different Domme would be better."

"Like you're going to let another Domme get her hands on him. If he didn't get to you a little bit, he wouldn't be as attractive to you in the first place. Take some advice from me! You, Olivia, are a Domme worthy of the name. You held onto your control when it would've been easier to lash out at Jude - to teach him a well deserved lesson. But you didn't. You knew striking him in anger was wrong. You've come a long way in the last fifteen years. Master Alastar would be proud of you. I'm proud of you." He pressed a gentle kiss of brotherly affection on the crown of her head.

She couldn't help but smile at the mention of the man who had not only taken Caelan under his wing, but had taken one look at the skinny goth-looking girl from Chechnya and decided to train her. Her mentoring by Master Alastar had begun a new way of life for her.

"Thanks Gabe, you're the best." She pulled away from him slowly. "I'd better move. Your sub is gonna be jealous if she smells my perfume on you."

He smiled. "Nonsense. She knew I was bringing Bryan to you tonight. In fact she promised to reward my unwavering loyalty to my friends by allowing me to fuck her ass with the new anal plug I bought her."

Olivia arched an eyebrow. Sara had been leery when Gabriel had brought home the massive plug a few weeks earlier. So leery that

he'd come to her and Caelan because he was uncertain if he should 'push'. She could understand his concern since it was the first time Sara had ever wavered on anything Gabriel had ever asked of her.

"So why the hell are you still here? Take your ass home before she changes her mind." Crawling out of his lap, she sank back down into her chair after he'd exited it. At the door, he paused. "Are you going to be okay, Liv?"

"Yes! Now go before I'm tempted to repay your kindness by calling Sara to warn her you're on your way home, so she has time to hide that monstrosity."

He bared his teeth at her. "Bitch, you'd do it."

She smirked at him before reaching for the phone. "In a heartbeat." The smirk fell from her face after the door slammed behind him. She moved her hand from the phone before settling deeper in the chair with her head tipped back. A few moments later there was a frantic knock on her office door before one of the wait staff stuck her head into the room obviously in a panic.

"Mistress Olivia!"

Olivia surged out of her chair. "What's wrong, Emily?" The new girl had been with her long enough to what kind of things to bring to her attention

"One of the new Dom's just ignored his sub's safe-word. When Will tried to stop the scene, the Dom just decked him. I'd have gotten Carlos but..."

"...he's gone." The wave of anger stimulated her as she grabbed the single tail off the desk. "Thank you for coming to get me - I'll take care of it."

*A Domme's job was never done!*

\* \* \* \*

Stretched out one end the futon, Dominic stared moodily at the television. The gentle weight of Kalinda's head resting on his lap should've comforted him, but he was unsettled as hell. On the other end of the futon, Josh slouched comfortably while he rubbed Kalinda's small feet absently. Without taking his eyes off the television, Josh broke the silence.

“Want to talk about it?” Josh kept his voice low in deference to the woman sprawled out and sleeping soundly between them.

“About what? I thought we discussed our plan quite thoroughly when we came back upstairs. I still have my doubts but between the two of us, she should be safe.”

Instead of responding as Dominic had hoped, the other man clicked the television off before turning to face him.

“I wasn’t talking about the security plan, or even our obvious disagreement on letting Kalinda help with this.”

Dominic shifted a bit to toy with a loose strand of Kalinda’s hair. It was a delaying tactic and he had a feeling that Josh knew it.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Josh.”

“Don’t give me that shit. Even I could feel you freeze her out at the hospital.”

“You’ll have to admit it was a bit of a shock - to find out that she deliberately kept the threat from that so-called leader from both of us. Any Dom would’ve done the same. You and I both know not to punish a sub when angry.” Dominic dropped the strand of hair before making eye contact with the other man.

Dominic knew that all hell was gonna break loose with the other man if he didn’t give him at least some basic answers. He didn’t have to go into the fiasco with Simone, but he could at least reassure Josh that he wasn’t angry with Kalinda.

“But one thing I noticed, Dom, is you’re calm now and you still haven’t punished her. Not at all, and that’s not what I would’ve expected from you.”

Dominic rolled his shoulders. “I’m not angry with her. I never was, but I won’t punish her because of my own shortcomings.” He reached for the remote Josh had set on the back of the futon. Now that he’d told Josh that it wasn’t Kalinda’s fault, he was done with this discussion. Josh knew as much as he needed to know.

“Don’t even begin to think that answer is enough, Fontane. You’ve told me from the beginning there was going to be honesty in this whole relationship or it wouldn’t work.”

Dominic clenched his fist. “Between you and Kalinda. There has to be honesty between you two before we can move forward...”

Josh stared at him before leaning forward until his face was inches away from Dominic's. "That's complete and utter bullshit - especially if you think that Kalinda and I are the only ones in this relationship that should be honest and therefore vulnerable. You expect to have a hand in bringing all three of us together...but remain untouched by the emotions we bring out in one another, don't you?" Josh's soft accusation had Dominic ready to kick the other man's ass.

"I never claimed I didn't feel anything, Redding. Yes, I brought you and Kalinda back together. You need each other..."

"And now that we're finding our way back to each other, we don't need you? Is that what you are trying to say? Is that what you're trying to do with your coolness today? Were you trying to find a way out without hurting Kalinda?"

A low growl rumbled out of Dominic's chest as anger - hot fierce fury thawed the ice that had encompassed him since this morning. His anger this morning had been about someone using Kalinda to hurt him - it had been a cold anger, but now he was way beyond mere anger. He was furious! How dare Josh claim that he was looking for a way out!

\* \* \* \*

Josh studied the man casually. He wondered how much harder he was going to have to push Dominic before he finally came out from behind the wall where he'd been hiding all day. If he'd bothered to stop and think about it, it might have worried him that he was in tune with the other Dom in several ways that weren't familiar. Instead he'd watched how Kalinda had reacted to Dom's continued distance.

If it had been a week ago he'd have allowed the other man to bury himself, so he could reap the spoils, but it wasn't, as the situation they were in had shifted drastically. Unbelievably he didn't want the other man to get lost. After feeling how good it felt for the three of them to be together, he didn't want to go back to how it was before, primarily because he knew that Kalinda would choose Dominic over him. How couldn't she after everything Dominic had done for her?

His heart went out to their little sub as he watched her try to draw Dominic out of his funk. It seemed like emotionally the other man continued to distance himself despite her efforts, until Kalinda finally had given an aspirated sigh before admitting defeat. After supper she plopped down on the couch then stretched out with her head in Dominic's lap as her way of beginning her own silent war. At first Dominic had seemed stunned that she'd dared to initiate physical contact without his permission, but she'd simply ignored the shocked expression on his face before turning her attention back to the TV.

For a moment, he'd thought that Dominic was going to dump Kalinda on the floor, but after he'd shifted a couple times to get comfortable, he'd settled into his corner of the futon to watch television in silence. A few moments later Josh himself joined them before easing Kalinda's shoes off. He'd slowly rubbed her feet, hoping to put her at ease, as they'd watched several programs of a popular forensic show. As the credits rolled once more, he noticed that Kalinda was asleep. Deciding it was his perfect opportunity Josh had broached the subject, knowing Dominic couldn't run off without disturbing the sleeping Kalinda.

"Well?"

Dominic gave a rough sigh. "Well what?"

"Are you looking for a way out? If so, just say so. I'll take Kalinda off your hands in a heartbeat. I freely admit I made a huge mistake two years ago - one that I'm more than happy to correct now."

Josh decided right then and there - if looks could've killed he'd be dead. The other man looked ready to rip his head off. "You're lucky she's lying between us, Redding. I'd kick any man's ass who tries to take her from me. I've done that and more to keep her after that debacle in L.A."

"Why don't you tell me about that whole thing, but only after you explain why you've shut out not only Kalinda but me?" Josh rubbed the back of his neck. "I can't believe I'm having this conversation with another man. You do realize that there isn't a homosexual bone in my body, right? How the hell did I end up in a relationship with another Dom, especially one who's big enough and bad enough to kick my ass?"

“Because it’s what she needs.” Dominic’s gritted words had a small smile tugging at his lips.

“Then tell me what has you drawing back.”

“It has no bearing on our relationship with Kalinda. It’s in the past and that’s where it’s gonna stay.” The curtness of his voice had Kalinda stirring fretfully in her sleep.

“If you think that - then you’re a fool. If you keep your own council, she’s eventually going to think that it’s something she’s done. If you’re thinking of offering her your permanent collar, she needs to know everything that might affect how you deal with her.”

Dominic’s eyes flashed at him in the dimly lit room. “You’re treading on thin ice, Redding. Have you bothered to tell her about the girl down in New Orleans that you offered your collar to?”

“Linda has nothing to do with this, but if Kalinda asked I’d tell her about it. Unlike you, I’m not shutting her out. My past is an open book to her. All she has to do is ask.” Josh was ready to deck the other man. He didn’t like having his stupidity with Linda thrown up in his face. What he’d felt for Linda was a pale imitation of his feelings for Kalinda.

Dominic gave him a mocking look. “Like you’re going to tell her that your first love turned you down, after you went through the trouble of setting up a collaring ceremony, to run off with a huge black Dom she’d been seeing on the side.”

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda felt tears well up in her eyes as she listened to the two men over her arguing with each other. They evidently weren’t pulling any punches. While she had a good idea of what issue Master was skirting around, she felt as if the wind had been driven out her at his mention of a previous sub who had turned ‘Sir’ down in favor of another man. Even though it shed some light on why ‘Sir’ hadn’t offered his collar to her two years ago, she couldn’t bear to hear them arguing. If this is what their relationship was going to consist of, then she wanted no part of it. She’d be better off alone than coming between the two Doms. It would be a dangerous place for her to be if they started giving conflicting orders in their “one ups-man-ship”.



As their arguments continued to heat while they threw one insult after another until they were screaming at each other, she decided she'd had enough. There was only so much a slave could take from her Masters - even if she wasn't collared by anyone.

"Stop it, please, just stop it." Sitting up, she pushed away from both men. Her words silenced the two men instantly. Standing on trembling legs, she didn't bother to hide the tears streaking her cheeks. "Sir, if Master doesn't want to talk about it, it's his decision. Eventually he'll tell me about Simone or he won't. I won't push him to relive that particular nightmare."

Narrowing her eyes when Master's chest puffed out, she felt the sting of fresh tears. "And you, Master. I didn't think you'd stoop as low as using something in Sir's past to verbally wound. I thought you were different."

The look of smugness fled Dominic's face. "Kalinda..."

She shook her head. "No...I don't want to hear it. If this is the way our relationship between you two is going to be, I don't want any part of it. It'll tear me apart if I become a bone of contention between you." She clenched her hands before turning to leave the apartment. "I need some time alone to reevaluate my options."

Behind her she could hear the scrambling of the men as they vaulted off the futon.

"Kalinda, you can't leave..."

"*Chérie*, think about this...the danger..."

She stopped by the door before looking over her shoulder. "Don't worry about me. I'm just going down to Caelan's. I'll be safe. I'm not stupid, especially after all the trouble that you've both gone through to make sure I'm safe. I need to talk to Nisey, *and* I don't need company. Caelan will keep me safe." She quietly shut the door behind her as a fresh wave of tears blurred her vision.

\* \* \* \*

Standing in the middle of the living room, Dominic stared at Josh who was clenching and unclenching his fists.

"Is that the way you normally let her talk to you?"

Dominic shook his head. "I don't demand 24/7 submission, Josh. She knows she can speak her mind without fear of retaliation. It's one of the founding principles of our relationship. Without it, it never would've lasted the first six months of our relationship. If I didn't offer her more than a shoulder to cry on and a flogger to sting when she felt blue, it would've been over once I helped her through the pain of your rejection. But she knows not to talk to me with disrespect."

Josh began to pace the floor. "So what are you going to do about this outburst? Climb back behind that wall of yours? And who the hell is Simone?"

Rubbing his fingers over his eyes, Dominic realized he had no other option now that Kalinda had let 'the cat out of the bag' so to speak.

"Simone is my Linda. She decided that even though I'd offered her my collar, she didn't want a Dom who put his family first. She walked out with Katrina bearing down on us, left my collar on my kitchen table after only wearing it for two weeks - with a note telling me how she couldn't be my slave if I wouldn't put her above my family. Katrina was coming and my mom and sister wouldn't leave...I couldn't go without them...it didn't matter in the end though...they lived in St. Bernard Parrish." He took a deep breath before continuing.

"Since I lived in Slidell, the normal bridge I used to go into the city was the I-10 Twin Span Bridge. It had collapsed and I had to be rerouted. When I got near St. Bernard, the Reservists informed me that the entire Parrish had been evacuated to the Super Dome. By the time I got there, they weren't letting anyone leave. I searched high and low for my family but they never made it. Later, once the flood waters receded, they found their bodies in a car which had been caught in the path of the surge wave which took down the levee near St Bernard. They never had a chance. "

The other man stopped. "Jesus fucking Christ! I'm so sorry..."

A shrill scream from the hallway cut Josh off. Both men froze. Kalinda!



## Chapter Thirteen

Struggling against the hold the man had on her, Kalinda stumbled down the stairs leading from Caelan's house. She prayed that her Masters had heard her scream before the man had shoved the cloth in her mouth. It was hard to believe that the man who'd threatened her would be so bold as to grab her coming out of her own home - especially when it was certain that there the men would be at their most alert.

"Stop it! Before I cut you." The feel of the sharp blade pressing against her side, had her stilling. She didn't recognize the voice in her ear, but from his size she figured he was one of the three men who'd broken into Caelan's two days ago. "That's right, little girl. You come nice and 'docile like' with old Bertie, and I'll make sure nothin' too bad happens to ya. Boss has a beef with your Master - not you." His breath pounded against her ear. "In fact, Boss says I can have you after Raphael gets done poundin' on your luscious little body - well that's if there is anything left to have. But being the pain slut you are, I'm sure you'll get off on it. I know I plan on it. Nothing better than fucking a cunt that's delirious with pain."

Fear was a living breathing thing inside her. More than anything she wanted to struggle against the man, but knew if she did the likelihood of her getting badly cut was high. With the location of the knife under her lowest rib in her kidney area, she didn't think she would bleed out, but it would be a painful way to go if Master and Sir didn't find her in time. Her eyes went wide when she saw the dark sedan he was hauling her towards. It looked like a million other cars that drove around Chicago. There was nothing distinguishing about it at all. She was so fucking screwed if the man got her in it.

Behind her she heard the slamming of the front door followed by the sweetest sound she'd ever heard - Josh's and Dominic's raised voices. It was hard to believe just minutes ago the raised sound of them had her fleeing. Now relief surged through her. Yes, they'd heard her. She whimpered when the man pressed the knife even harder against her ribs.

“None of that, girlie. Get your ass in the car.” Over his shoulder he called out. “Grab them!”

She had a brief glimpse of several men surrounding the front door of Caelan’s home. Her eyes welled with tears when she saw the gleam off the guns. Within moments, the door slammed shut as the retort of a gun filled the night air. Her muffled scream made the man sitting across from her laugh. “Don’t you worry none - my men have orders to take them alive. Boss isn’t done with them yet.”

She fell back against the dark leather seat in relief. At least the men were still alive, which meant they still had a chance.

“I bet you’d love to know what this is all about huh? Or perhaps even who I might be?”

She glared at him before closing her eyes. She didn’t need to know who had taken her to know he was a dead man, or was gonna wish he was dead by the time that Dominic and Josh got done with him.

“Open your eyes, bitch. No woman ignores me.”

She jumped when his open palm found her cheek. Pain blossomed before radiating down her neck. Tears of anger welled in her eyes. Screw letting the men kill him, when she got free she would do it herself!

\* \* \* \*

In the other car, Dominic grunted when another well placed blow landed on his ribs. After tossing Josh into the trunk of the car, the men had shoved him face first onto the floorboard of the limo. He’d barely got the glimpse of a man in the darkened corner before two of the men followed him in and proceeded to start kicking the living hell out of him. He prayed that Josh still had his phone with him and that the men hadn’t confiscated it.

“Enough. I want him coherent enough to understand what is happening to his slave.” The cool sound of the voice brought temporary relief until one of the men dragged him off the floor of the limo to roughly hurl him against the opposing seat.

He wheezed, trying to ignore the pain in his ribs. He had feeling that one or more of them were broken. It’d felt like the bastards had

worn steel toed boots. Pressing his hand against the worse of his aching ribs, he tried to ignore the pain. "Who the hell are you?"

"You may call me, Mr. Brown, Mr. LaFontane...or may I call you, Dominic? I do like being cordial despite the trying circumstances we find ourselves in. I was hired to do a job...one that I'm extremely good at. So you and I are going to have a...shall we say "discussion" before we attend what I believe in your world is called a "play party?" Rather interesting monikers you have in your world. Now let's begin, shall we?" The well modulated voice was pleasant as if he was merely inquiring about the weather. A light flared as the man lit a thin cigarillo. For a brief moment, Dominic caught a glimpse of blond hair, steel colored eyes, and a thin but athletic body. "Time is of the essence, Dominic - so let's 'discuss' this situation you find yourself in."

*"Va te faire voir!"*

"Such language, Dominic. William?"

Dominic never saw the blow coming until it was too late to avoid it. He spat out blood from his busted lip. Perhaps telling the man to kiss his ass hadn't been his best move, but it didn't stop him from calling the man an asshole. *"Trou du cul."*

"Tsk-tsk. You are a slower learner aren't you, Mr. LaFontane?" The man leaned forward and into the passing lights of city streets. "Unfortunately I don't have time to teach you properly about foul language. So I will make this simple. The next time you curse at me, Dominic I will take it out on Ms. Doherty's flesh. From my understanding your little submissive has a taste for the flogger, so she may love what my man's cat o'nine tails is capable of."

Dominic swallowed his curse. "You realize that once I get free you will pay dearly for dragging my slave into this matter, don't you?"

The man smiled at him. "Bravo, Mr. LaFontane. You managed to threaten me without cursing. Perhaps you can be taught." The end of the cigarillo flared before a ring of smoke filled the interior of the car. "Now, as I said I've been procured by a very upset individual. It seems you made a few enemies before you left Los Angeles, Dominic. Ones that are willing to pay my very steep price to have you dealt with."

“Glad to know that whoever hired you thought I warranted this kind of attention. Why don’t you let my slave and the other man go? You don’t need them now.”

The man chuckled. “I’m sorry, Dominic, that isn’t what I was paid to do. The other man was unfortunately in the wrong place at the wrong time. Collateral damage you might say. He should’ve picked better acquaintances than you and Ms. Doherty. You and your lovely slave, on the other hand, have been my intended targets from the beginning.”

Dominic had to fight to control his anger as a thought struck him. “So you were behind the robbery at my storage unit?”

“But of course. It’s amazing what a hundred dollars will procure. I needed you out of town when your slave was picked up.”

“Too bad you didn’t realize what you were getting into when you broke into Caelan’s house.”

A heavy sigh came from the shadows. “Yes, indeed. It was rather unfortunate. I expected better quality out of the gentlemen I hired, but alas it is hard to find good help these days. Not to worry they won’t repeat their mistakes. A 32 caliber bullet is quite remarkable as a teaching tool...well at least to others. Not many men want to fail me because I won’t hesitate to kill them.”

Dominic groaned inwardly. Whoever this Mr. Brown was - he meant business.

“Now, as for what is on the agenda for the rest of your short evening? Well I’ll leave that as a surprise. I do quite honestly never know exactly what my Raphael has planned. He is quite creative with that whip of his. All you need to know is that you pissed off the wrong people with your crusade in Los Angeles to shut down the Gilded Lily. The higher ups didn’t appreciate you trying to ostracize them within the BDSM community. Honestly though, I do find their “trade” quite uncouth.”

“Yet you took a job from them.”

“Of course, Mr. LaFontane. Their money is green and spends just as well as an honorable man’s...easier in fact.” The man leaned back. “Now since we have some time to kill while Raphael sets the scene for us, why don’t you relax?”

Dominic fell silent as the limo glided through the night. *Please God, let Josh still have his phone with him.*

\* \* \* \*

Caelan cursed when his call to Josh went straight through to the other man's voice mail. "Why in the hell aren't you picking up, you stubborn Englishman?" All of the men, including Jude, had agreed earlier in the evening that until his company got all of the cameras up and running to call in every four hours. When Josh had missed his call in, Caelan had begun to worry. Especially when he called upstairs to Kalinda's landline and had the same negative results. What relaxation he'd achieved the past hour in the playroom with Nisey was gone.

Pacing back down the hall towards his bedroom, he tried to calm himself down. After realizing the pointlessness of trying to reach Josh again, he hung up his phone before dialing the direct number which Jude had given him. The man answered on the second ring.

"Yeah?"

If he hadn't been so worried, he'd have taken offense at the man's brisk tone.

"We've got an issue. Josh didn't make his call in nor will he pick up when I call." Caelan kept his voice pitched low since Nisey was still sleeping in their rumpled bed mere feet away.

"Well it is nearly ten at night, Caelan. Did you perhaps think that he might be sleeping or busy with his slave?" Jude's voice seemed hostile.

Caelan stilled. Something had happened with Jude. He'd been very cordial and accepting of the lifestyle when he'd been over earlier to discuss his specific installation. It royally irked him to hear it now when Jude was far from their home. It was one thing to run up against prejudice from those outside the lifestyle, but another to take it from someone who was involved in it, even if the man was just on the fringes.

"I don't know what the hell your problem is, *pet*, but both Dominic and Josh love Kalinda. The last thing they'd do is endanger her or not follow through with what they agreed to - especially when it



comes to her safety. Now get your ass over here. There is no answer at her apartment phone either. The last thing I want to do is enter Kalinda's apartment without back-up. Nor do I want to leave my own slave unprotected."

"Fuck! I'll be there in ten minutes." The click in his ear had him closing his phone only to meet Nisey's frightened eyes. The look she gave him, told him she'd heard his side of the conversation with Jude.

"Something's happened hasn't it?" She moved to leave their bed.

"I don't know, *grá*, but it'd probably be a good thing if you started a pot of coffee. Jude will be here shortly."

She nodded before sliding off the bed, not a bit self-conscious about her nudity. When she passed him to head to the kitchen, he tugged her into his arms. "It'll be okay, Nisey. If she's gone, we'll find her." Even though he knew he didn't need to reassure her, it felt good nonetheless. Squeezing her bare ass, he groaned when his cock hardened when she rubbed against him shamelessly. His unruly body didn't care that he needed to find his sister and her Doms. "God, you are such a tease, Nisey." He pulled back before smacking her ass. "Now go put some clothes on and start the coffee." She giggled before scurrying into their walk-in closet to get dressed.

Less than ten minutes later, there was a knock on his front door. Cautiously opening it, he found a disheveled Jude standing impatiently in front of him with a laptop case slung over one shoulder and another dark bag on his opposite one. While he had the look of preparedness, Caelan had expected from a man of his profession, there was a different aura about him. Caelan idly wondered if the man had another run it with Olivia. Jude had the same look in his eyes that he'd had earlier after dealing with her. If there was ever a man who was confused about his need to submit to a woman, it was this man.

"So are you going to let me in, or just stand there staring at me?" Jude's snarl had him stepping to the side.

Within moments, Jude was sitting at the table with his laptop open. As his fingers flew over the keyboard with familiar ease, Nisey

placed a cup of coffee within easy reach before she returned to Caelan's side.

"So what are you doing?" Nisey asked as the silence lengthened.

"Using the SIM card on Josh's phone to triangulate where his phone is. Before we go busting into Kalinda's apartment, let's make sure that we have a reason to worry first."

A curse erupted from Jude when the screen flashed. "Damnit! I was hoping that he was too busy to answer the phone. But it's going south on Lake Shore Drive towards the Near North. It looks like they're exiting at North Avenue."

Caelan frowned. "What the hell is he doing? The only reason he'd be headed that direction is he was heading home or going to Olivia's."

After clicking a few keys on his laptop, Jude stepped back from the table. "Let's go upstairs. It looks like someone entered the outer door security code just before nine, but the security system on Kalinda's door hasn't been activated." He headed out of the kitchen.

When Nisey moved to follow, Caelan stopped her. "I want you to stay down here. If you see or hear anything suspicious I want you to go downstairs and lock yourself in the playroom. Understand?"

She crossed her arms over her chest. "Caelan..."

He brushed a quick kiss across her pouting lips. "Do as I say, *grá*. I know you don't like it, but I couldn't bear to have something happen to you. I need you safe."

Uncrossing her arms she wrapped them around his neck. "I'll be careful, *Máister*. If I hear anything, I'll go to the playroom, but you better come back to me unharmed - or I'll take that flogger to your sexy ass after you heal up."

A low growl rumbled out of Caelan's throat. He smacked her ass with one hand. "Try it and see what happens, slave."

"You coming Doherty?" Jude's call came from the living room.

"Your promise, Nisey?" He stared deep into her eyes. If anything happened to her, he didn't know what he'd do."

"Yes, I promise, *Máister*." She pressed her head against his chest before releasing him.

\* \* \* \*

Jude was beyond pissed. After he and Caelan had confirmed that Kalinda's apartment was indeed empty with nothing more than a light on over the kitchen sink, they'd come back downstairs. Who'd ever taken her and the men, had done so quietly, while still leaving Kalinda's and Josh's cars behind. His fingers pounded on the keyboard as he accessed the mainframe of his firm's security network. Pulling up their account was easy, but looking for the microscopic electronic footprints within each part of Caelan's unique system was not as easy. Someone had to have hacked his network to get the master override code for Caelan's keypad, or it was someone who'd had access to the very confidential information for Caelan's setup from the beginning.

After dialing Keith's number only to get his machine, he had a sneaky suspicion it was the latter. The idea that his best technician would betray him in this way had him furious. He'd taken Keith in off the streets, helped him pay for school, then after he graduated offered him a job at his company.

"Is there anyway to trace Josh's phone?" Nisey was nearly in tears.

"Yeah. I figured out how they got in without setting off your alarm, but it doesn't do much good now. Either my system got hacked or Keith gave them the code." He pressed a few more keys. "Okay, it shows his cell phone location near...aw hell - he's at Olivia's."

Jude glanced over at Caelan. "He didn't mention taking Kalinda and Josh to the club, did he?"

"No, and from the screaming going on upstairs earlier, I doubt Kalinda was in the mood tonight to submit to either man." Nisey answered before moving closer to him to look over his shoulder. She frowned. "Why did the screen just go blank?"

Jude cursed. "Let's go." Standing back up, he snapped his laptop closed. "His phone was just turned off or disabled. We're out of time." He hefted his laptop case and bag back on his shoulder. Both Nisey and Caelan followed him out. "You drive." Jude tossed his keys to Caelan. "I've got some calls to make."

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda swallowed when she felt the car come to a stop. Looking outside the car, she saw a familiar building. Had the idiots actually thought to bring her to Olivia's? She gave a quick prayer of thanks. The other woman would know within moments of her entering the club that something was seriously amiss.

"Ah, I see you recognize the club. But don't expect to get a reprieve here. Boss always makes sure things go his way - especially when the client wants the target to be completely and utterly humiliated. Your little Domme friend has already been taken care of. Raphael made sure of that." He opened the door before climbing out. "Come on." When she shook her head, he reached back in the car to grab her ponytail. She refused to cry out as her scalp burned. Stumbling from the car, she was tempted to kick, bite and scream at the man until she saw a battered, bleeding Dominic standing next to a well dressed slender blond man who was holding a gun pressed against his side.

"That's what I thought. You settle right down when he's around. I'd heard about that back in L.A. How the terror of the BDSM club came to heel whenever Dominic LaFontane entered a room. Kinda of sickening to watch it now though - considering what Boss has in plan for the pair of you." He tugged her forward. "Let's get this show on the road." She stumbled after him, until they were less than ten feet from Dominic and the man.

"I got her Boss. I did good, didn't I?" The man, for the first time since he'd grabbed her, seemed nervous.

"Yes, Mr. Dunkin, you did. Why don't you take the lovely Ms. Doherty inside? Mr. Raphael is waiting for her. We'll be along shortly."

"What the hell!" Her curse was cut off when Bertie hauled off and belted her in the mouth.

She stumbled again and almost fell before he jerked her back upright.

"I'm sorry, Boss, she didn't know any better." He yanked on her arm before dragging her towards the building.

\* \* \* \*

Dominic bit the inside of his cheek as the man dragged Kalinda into Olivia's. He refused to give the man the satisfaction of seeing his helplessness.

"Such a handful. I can see how you're attracted to her despite her filthy mouth." Stepping back, Mr. Brown handed Dominic off to the two brutes that had kicked him earlier. "Escort Mr. LaFontane into Olivia's - there has been a room made available for his use."

Each man took an arm intent on dragging him towards the entrance when Mr. Brown stopped them. "Make sure he's tied tightly. The last thing I want is for him to interrupt Mr. Raphael's fun."

"Yes, Boss." The man on his right answered before high-stepping him towards the building.

Dominic's eyes slowly adjusted to the darkened interior. He was shocked to see the change in atmosphere inside the club. Earlier when he'd been here, there had been the sounds of laughter as Dom's joked with each other, the grunts of slaves being flogged, and multiple cries of pain and ecstasy. Now it was eerily silent.

As he was marched past several of the staff, they avoided his eyes. *What the hell was going on here? Where was Olivia?*

He soon found out when he was lead into a playroom. On one side there for them all to see was Olivia. Her bound hands were hooked over her head. She was stretched out until at this point she was barely touching the floor with her toes. Her dark hair was disheveled, while her clothing was ripped until the pale curves of her breasts had been exposed. The dark bruising on her face told the story of how she'd struggled before being placed in the restraints. The need for blood was in her eyes. He winced. Whoever had done this better pray she didn't get loose.

He grunted as his ass hit the hardwood seat of a ladder-back chair. With efficient movements the two men secured him.

"All right Boss, he's secure."

"Good job, Mr. Carson. You may go for the moment. Wait outside the door please. I don't want Mr. LaFontane's punishment interrupted."

“Of course, Boss.” He heard the click of the heavy door shutting behind the man.

He glared when Mr. Brown had the audacity to sit down next to him in a plush chair. “Comfortable?”

“What do you think?” Dominic resisted the urge to curse at the man.

“I do believe it’s time for the show to begin.” He nodded towards the St. Andrews Cross in the middle of the room.

He paled when the man he remembered from the Gilded Lily came into view. A few steps behind him was Kalinda. She’d been stripped of the shorts and t-shirt she’d been wearing earlier. With her dark hair pulled up into a high pony tail, wearing nothing at all - not even a thong, and the submissive bend of her head, his dick hardened despite the circumstances. What man wouldn’t get hard seeing his submissive in such a pose?

When Kalinda gave a muffled protest, Mr. Raphael gave her a curt order which Dominic couldn’t hear. She seemed to move awkwardly before finally approaching the cross.

“Arms, slave.” The harsh command had her lifting her hands into position. He was glad she couldn’t see him. Her humiliation would be less if she didn’t realize he was here. He hoped against everything that was holy that Josh had been able to call the ‘Calvary’ in.

“So this is your plan Mr. Brown. To whip my slave in front of me? To make her relive the nightmare she’s just gotten over? Damn if you aren’t sadistic.” He braced himself for a blow which never came.

Mr. Brown smirked before he leaned forward to pat Dominic’s cheek. “No, Mr. LaFontane, I am much better at my job than that - as is Raphael. He’s going to make Ms. Doherty enjoy every last minute under his whip, until she’s all but renounced your claim on her.”

Dominic froze - this was the last thing he’d expected. “What makes you think that she’ll ever do that?”

“Because he won’t let her come until she does. He will strike every available inch of her skin until it is a rosy hue before attaching the naughty little nipple clamps she so loves. Do you honestly expect her to hold out against her favorite toys?” The smug grin on Mr. Brown’s face was disconcerting as he sat back. A low gasp from

Kalinda filled the room. Closing his eyes, he fought the need to see exactly what the man was doing to Kalinda.

“Open your eyes, Mr. LaFontane, or I shall cut your eyelids off. One way or another - you will watch this.” The humor had fled the other man’s voice, sending chills down Dominic’s spine. He slowly opened his eyes and wished he hadn’t. The man was kneeling between Kalinda’s widespread thighs with his mouth buried in her pussy. The loud slurping noises coming from Raphael and Kalinda had him ready to tear apart the chair to which he was bound.

“That’s a good boy, Mr. LaFontane, watch as he arouses her. I do believe she is enjoying the feel of his tongue against her pussy.”

\* \* \* \*

Humiliation filled Kalinda when she felt the traitorous flesh between her thighs respond to the flick of the man’s tongue against it. Despite the fact her mind wasn’t willing, her body didn’t care that a man that wasn’t ‘Master or Sir’ was teasing it. She knew from the directions the man had told her when he’d stripped and prepared her, that she was to do exactly as he’d told her if she wanted her men to get out of this alive. Still she found it hard to accept her body’s willing response to the feel of his tongue against her bare folds. When she felt the familiar pinch of a clamp around her clit, she moaned audibly.

Behind her the man chuckled loudly, obviously for its effect on the other two men. She knew from what he’d told her, after he’d knocked out Bertie that he had to make this scene look realistic. If he didn’t, he’d blow months of undercover work for naught. “Such a horny little pain slut, aren’t you, slave. Your cream is already coating your thighs.”

She wanted to rail against him, knowing that either one - if not both of her Masters were watching the scene. This wasn’t the same as her time in the playroom with her brother. She wasn’t teasing her men this time. She was being used to torture them.

When the man came around to the front of her, she saw the small clamps he held in his hands. She shook her head ‘No!’ as he reached through the slats of the cross to fondle her nipples. “I’m

sorry, I have to do this.” She cried out as the pinch of the clamps had her womb tightening.

She gave a sigh of relief when he stepped back removing his body from hers. As she heard the crack of a whip, she pressed her face against her arm. She tried to mentally brace herself for the first stroke of what she was sure would be the nasty cat-o-nines which hung from his belt. When the stroke finally landed, she cried out with relief. Even without seeing what he was using, she could tell that he was swinging a flogger. She could handle the flogger no matter how vicious he got.

“Count off, slave.” His unhappy reminder had her obeying.

“One,” she gasped as another landed. *How long is this gonna go on?*

\* \* \* \*

Caelan glared at Jude in disbelief. “What the fuck do you mean, we can’t go in there yet!”

Jude held his hands up. “Hey man, just wait a minute until my friend gets here.” He shifted uncomfortably in the passenger seat of the car. He’d been stalling since they’d pulled into the lot twenty minutes ago. First he’d claimed he wanted to do a security check via his laptop of Olivia’s. Caelan had to admit he’d seen the validity in checking the cameras before entering the club. They needed every advantage they could have. That was until he saw the camera mounted in Olivia’s private playroom. There in living color he could see his sister strapped to a St. Andrews cross being flogged. This wasn’t anything like watching Dominic or even Josh flog his baby sister. They did it out of love, affection and lust for her - not as a tool for torture.

He was just getting ready to say screw it and leave the other man behind when a sharp rap on the driver’s side window startled him.

“Thanks for not blowing this operation, Caelan.” Peering up into the darkness, he finally recognized the man in front of him. It was the police officer who’d taken Nisey’s statement earlier.

“You better explain damn fast. That’s my sister in there.”



“I know.” He squatted down next to the car. “I’ll give you the fast and dirty of it.”

Caelan crossed his arms over his chest. “I’m listening and this better be damn good.”

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda felt as if she was being tortured, her pussy ached to come, and each stroke of the flogger had her arching back in anticipation of the next stroke. The man had been whipping her steadily for a while now. In the back ground she could hear the curses coming from Dominic. She gasped as a particularly hard stroke hit her ass just right. She hovered on the edge of orgasm. She fought it hard, but unfortunately the man seemed to realize how close she was.

“Beg for it, slave. Admit that I own you, then and only then will I let you come.” The harsh tone of his voice had her trembling.

“No...I can’t!” She fought the tears threatening to overflow. It had to almost be over, or she was going to die. She couldn’t betray Master and Sir this way.

“You will.” He leaned forward as if to nip her ear. His voice was almost a whisper. “You’re doing good, sweetheart. Just a bit more and it’ll be over. Don’t give in too soon. This has to be believable.”

“No....” She struggled against the bonds.

He stepped back. “Oh yes. You will submit to me, slave.” His arm flew again and again. For a brief period of time, she forgot that it was make-believe. Every stroke of his flogger tormented her, pushed her higher until she was willing do anything if he’d only let her come.

Just when she was ready to give in, he stepped close one final time. “So close aren’t you, slave? All it takes is three little words. You know them. Give them to me.” His voice lowered as he licked her cheek. “Now, sweetheart, let’s finish this.” As if seeing the distress in her eyes, he gave a smirk before backing away far enough to grab the clamps attached to her nipples. His voice rose. “Tell me what I want to hear.” He tugged hard on them before releasing them. He made eye contact with her. She knew it was time.

“Yours!”

He gave one more vicious tug on the clamps leaving her 'teetering' on the edge of an orgasm before stepping back. Her wail of frustration was faked this time. She screamed at him as he left her side. "You sadistic asshole get back here!" Tears streaked down her cheeks. "Please...you can't leave me like this!"

\* \* \* \*

The man called Raphael turned his back on the screaming slave. It'd been close, but he'd stopped from making her come like he'd promised her. He never hated himself as much as he did now when he saw the look of devastation on the bound man's face. He had to finish this. Once it was over, he was retiring. He was getting to old for this shit. Keeping his face composed he approached the blond man.

"It's done. She is mine now."

"Mr. Raphael, you didn't complete your task. She didn't come. Her humiliation has to be complete."

Raphael raised a brow. "She will eventually. As her new owner, I determine when she comes, and when she doesn't. Look at him. He's been beaten. What you wanted has been achieved. Dominic LaFontane will no longer give your franchise any more trouble."

The man studied him a moment before looking over at Dominic. The man had tears running down his face. "Indeed he has. My partners and I are eternally grateful. I will let Mr. Dvorak know that you performed admirably tonight, and the position of Head Dom at the Gilded Lily is yours."

"Somehow I don't think you can assure me of that, Mr. Brown. The competition at the Gilded Lily is cutthroat. Anders won't take me on my word." Raphael kept his tone arrogant as the man expected.

"Really, and what would convince Anders of your right to that specific position?"

"A paper signed by one of the founding members of the Gilded Lily stating the position is mine, and since your client is conveniently absent..."

Mr. Brown took a piece of paper out of his pocket, scribbled on it, then handed it to Raphael.

"Will that do?"

Raphael barely glanced at the paper in his hand. "Like a note from you is going to mean anything..."

Mr. Brown smirked. "It should, considering that I am the sole owner of the Gilded Lily."

"Really?"

"Yes." The man looked entirely smug.

"Good, in fact perfect. Mr. Brown, you are under arrest for several counts of solicitation and first degree murder." Raphael smiled as Caelan, Jude, and some Chicago cops burst into the room.

## Chapter Fourteen

Moving stiffly, Kalinda exited the spare bedroom at Caelan's. She wasn't sure what day it was. The nightmares of what had happened at Olivia's had continued to plague her. Without her Master or Sir's presence to stop them, the nightmares had nothing on the memories which haunted her during her waking hours. Even when she tried not to dwell on them, they swamped her when she least expected it...

*"Yours!" She couldn't believe that he'd forced the plea out of her mouth but she needed to come so badly. Raphael gave one more vicious tug leaving her teetering on the edge of an orgasm before stepping back. Her wail of frustration wasn't faked this time. She screamed at him as he left her side. "You sadistic asshole get back here!" Tears streaked down her cheeks. "Please...you can't leave me like this!"*

*But his presence was gone while she was left stretched on a rack of agonizing need. At this point her body didn't care that Raphael wasn't her Master. Struggling against her bonds her only thought was of finding relief. Not only did her pussy feel agonizingly empty, her nipples ached and her clit was throbbing. All it would take is one well placed blow for her primed body to explode.*

*She didn't know how long she dangled on the cross trapped in her body's needs until she heard the soothing sound of Josh's British accent.*

*"Shh, Spitfire..." His hands went to the straps binding her to the cross. She bucked when his clothed body brushed her bare one.*

*"Please, Sir....please!"*

*"God damn it, hold still, Kalinda." His frustration at her constant wiggling was obvious but she could care less. "Son of a bitch." His hand slapped her ass causing her world to shatter as hard wracking pleasure spilled over her. She barely heard the scream that flew out of her mouth. Her body was still cresting when she felt a pair of powerful arms lifting her from the cross.*

*When the pleasure finally released her from its embrace, she opened her eyes to the sight of Jude freeing Olivia from the manacles where she was hanging, while Josh held her on his lap. From the boneless way the woman was slumped Kalinda had a feeling she was still out of it. She pushed the blanket away from her shoulders before looking for Dominic.*

*"Shh, Spitfire, everything will be okay. He'll be fine." Josh rubbed his hand over her back to reassure her. Looking over his shoulder, she scanned the room for Master. Other than a chair with cut ropes lying on the floor, it was as if he'd never been present. She paled when she saw a small spatter of blood on the back of the chair.*

*"Sir, where's Master?" She searched his familiar blue eyes frantically. They were sad, as if he had a secret he didn't want to tell her.*

*"He'll be home soon, Kalinda."*

*"Tell me what happened!"*

*"I'm sorry, sweetheart. He was shot."*

*"No!" Her scream was muffled against his chest as he struggled to keep her from hurting herself once again...*

*"Are you okay, Sis?" Caelan's voice jerked her back to the present. She looked up into his dark eyes before shaking her head.*

*"Has he called yet?" It was the same thing that she asked him every day for the past week, ever since Dominic had come home from the hospital. Dominic had told her he'd call when he was ready for her to come back. So far there had been no call.*

*When he shook his head, she felt the familiar burn of tears against her lids before some strong righteous anger took over.*

*"We'll just see about that." She pushed away from the island before leaving the kitchen returning to the darkened guest bedroom. She'd had enough of this. Even if she'd fucked up, she was finished with waiting for an invitation from her Master. He'd holed up in her apartment by himself - because he didn't want her to be disturbed at night each time he had to get up for his painkillers. Now she knew it had been nothing more than an excuse. He was hiding from her.*

*Wrenching the shower on, her anger built and strengthened as she stripped out of her clothes.*

*If the punishment I accepted from Josh wasn't enough to atone for the fact that I begged another man for release, then Master is going to have to get off his lazy ass to fix it. I'm through with keeping my distance. As soon as I finish my shower, I'm going upstairs to get some answers from his stubborn Cajun ass. If he thinks he can shut me out, he's in for a surprise. He's my Master. I'll be damned if I'll let him walk away from me.*

\* \* \* \*

Caelan watched as Kalinda walked back into his spare bedroom. Something had to be done about this. It had been nearly two weeks since the kidnapping and bust at Olivia's. He'd never thought he'd see her control her impulsive nature, but Dominic's refusal to see her had temporarily taken the wind out of her sails. His sister had been quiet the first couple days while keeping tabs on Dominic through Josh, but she'd become more irritable as the days had passed. When one week had turned into nearly two, he'd witnessed his sister's growing aggravation. It didn't take much to set her off. In fact Josh had made himself scarce after she'd torn a strip off his hide last night. Grabbing his keys, he hollered for Nisey. When she came into the kitchen still looking incredibly ruffled in his t-shirt, he smiled.

"Morning, *Máister*." She wrapped her arms around his waist.

"Good morning, *grá*." He pressed a kiss to the top of her head. "I need you to do something for me."

She yawned as she stepped back. "Of course."

"You've got to stall Hurricane Kalinda until I come back downstairs."

Nisey cocked her head before a grin tugged at her lips. "Hurricane Kalinda?"

He leaned over to kiss her lips. "Yeah. She's pissed Dominic still hasn't called. If the look she had on her face before she headed back to take her shower was any indication, as soon as she gets out Dominic is gonna wish he'd never tried to shut her out."

Humor crinkled the corners of her eyes. "So you want me to stall her while you..."

“...go upstairs to warn him that all hell is about to break loose.” When Nisey crossed her arms over breasts and glowered at him, he winced.

“Why should you warn him? He’s the one who chose to shut her out.”

He cupped her cheek. “Because he’s my friend. While I agree with you, we Doms have to stick together.” He gave her another quick kiss. “Plus I need to make sure that the apartment is in at least decent shape. She’s gonna go through the roof if he’s let it go to hell.”

Just then, Caelan heard the shower shut off. “Fuck! Stall her.” He raced out the front door. Rushing up the stairs to Kalinda’s apartment, he didn’t bother knocking on the door. He simply slid the key into the lock and let himself in. His nose wrinkled as the putrid smell hit him. Looking around, he couldn’t remember ever seeing his sister’s apartment such a filthy mess. There were take-out boxes scattered across every available surface. The garbage in the kitchen was overflowing. He knew that Josh had been dealing with a very stubborn Cajun, but this dirty hodgepodge was ridiculous. If his sister saw this mess, she’d go through the damn roof. Calling out to either Dominic or Josh, he quickly yanked the bag out of the can before grabbing a new bag from under the sink. After tying up the one bag, he dragged the can out of the kitchen to begin gathering up the smelly Chinese takeout boxes.

“Damnit, guys! Kalinda is on her way up...get your asses out here.” From the back of the apartment he heard a muttered curse before the sound of ‘man stumbling out of bed’ reached his ears. In his rush around the futon, he nearly tripped over the partial six pack of beer. That’s when he saw it. Tipped on its side on the coffee table a three quarters empty bottle was dripping beer into Kalinda’s prized teacup rose bush.

“Son of a bitch!” He was just reaching for the bottle when Kalinda stormed into the apartment. Behind her in the open doorway, Nisey wrung her hands.

“I tried, honest!” The tears in her eyes were nearly heart breaking.

Kalinda looked around the living room while Caelan held his breath. Her eyes seemed to take in every surface. When she didn't say anything for a moment, he thought perhaps, by some miracle, everything would be okay. That was until her eyes landed on the bottle dripping beer into her rose bush. He watched in fascination as her face flushed before her hands landed on her hips. He'd obviously thought too soon and very wrong.

"Dominic Martíne LaFontane, get your ass out here!"

A low grumble filled the air as Dominic slowly entered the living room. He was wearing nothing more than a pair of drawstring sleep shorts. His chest was bare, exposing the white bandage high on his left shoulder.

"Just who the hell do you think you're talking to, *chérie*?" His dark eyes were bloodshot.

She paled but held her ground. "The stupid ass Cajun who's supposed to be my Master." She ran her eyes up and down his body. "One that looks a little worse for wear too."

"Which is exactly why I didn't want you to see me like this." He turned to head back down the hall, his steps slow. "Leave, Kalinda."

\* \* \* \*

Gritting his teeth against the pain in his shoulder, Dominic tried to make it back to the bathroom where his pain meds were without jarring his shoulder. He knew he had just been a total ass to Kalinda, but he hadn't been able to stop himself. Before he'd been released his doctor had told him that surgery might be required to permanently repair his shoulder, but he needed to run a few tests to determine if it would be required immediately or could be postponed for sixty days. Last night he'd found out that if he wanted any movement at all in that shoulder he'd have to go under the knife almost immediately. With that one call, Dominic had seen his dream of sharing Kalinda with Josh going down the drain. After his experience with Simone, he wasn't going to chance Kalinda walking away from him when the going got tough - instead he was going to do the walking. She had Josh waiting in the wings to take care of her. In fact, when Josh came home from work today, he was going to



tell him to take Kalinda back to his condo. As soon as the doctor gave the okay for travel, he was heading back out to California to reevaluate his options. *The other man should happy about it. He's getting what he wanted from the beginning - Kalinda.*

He was just entering the bathroom when a pair of slender arms wrapped around his waist from behind. He stiffened. He should've known that Kalinda wouldn't leave without a knock-down, drag-out fight. It was the primary reason why he'd avoided calling her.

"What part of leave didn't you understand, Kalinda?" He hardened his heart against the soft gasp against his back. In his sleep pants, his cock stirred. Even in pain the feel of her pressed against his back had him longing to throw her over the nearest flat surface to fuck the hell out of her. Reminding himself that it was no longer a possibility was difficult. "I meant it. This thing between us is over."

Her arms dropped from his waist. "Why, Master? Is it because of what happened at Olivia's?" The catch her voice had him calling himself every bit of a fool. He knew from Josh that she'd felt guilty as hell about responding to Raphael's touch. She'd thought that the fact the other man had made her beg in front of her Master would be detrimental to their relationship. If he hadn't been shot, he'd have been the first to reassure her that it wasn't the case. While he hadn't known that Raphael had been an undercover operative, he knew that there had been one in the Gilded Lily's organization. All he had to do was wait for the operative to tip his hand. He'd been giddy with relief after he'd been introduced to the operative in the hospital, who had assured him that nearly half of what he'd seen was faked. His 'subbie' was an excellent actress.

"Is that the reason, Master?"

The uncertainty in her voice was killing him. "I don't want to be your master anymore, Kalinda. It's over."

When it grew silent behind him, he thought perhaps she'd left.

"Turn around." Her order came out brittle sounding.

"Why can't you just let this go?" He slammed his good fist down on the bathroom counter.

"Not until you can look me in the eye when you tell me we're through. I've gotten the Dear Jane letter once damn it. If you're going

to dump me, then at least be a big enough man to look me in the eye when you do.”

He squeezed his eyes shut against the pain her confession brought. Had Josh actually broken it off with her in a letter? No wonder she'd gone off the deep end. Turning to face her, he took in the vulnerable expression on her face before he did the one thing he'd sworn never to do. He lied to her.

\* \* \* \*

Dominic was packing his things when he heard a throat clearing behind him. Without looking over his shoulder, he answered. “You're early. I'll be gone shortly, Kalinda.” Before she left the apartment, she'd told him she wanted him gone in an hour.

“Exactly what the hell did you do, Dominic?” Caelan's voice was cold.

“It's between your sister and me.” He zipped the toy bag shut after removing Kalinda's favorite flogger and her anal plug. Placing them with the remote on the bedside table, he looked around the room to see if he'd missed anything. His heart nearly broke when he saw the white peachskin dress she'd worn only a week before. He'd had the world at his feet then.

“What about me?” Josh's voice had his head lifting. He'd hoped that he'd be gone before Josh had made it back over to check on him.

“What about you?” He used his good arm to lift his duffel off the bed. He moved to leave the room only to find Josh blocking him. Evidently Caelan had called the other man after Kalinda had fled downstairs in a fit of angry tears. “Move, Josh.”

Josh narrowed his eyes at him. “No. You can't seriously be thinking of doing this to her. It's bad enough I fucked up two years ago, but at least I had honorable motives for doing what I did. You're just hurting her to avoid the chance she might walk away when you need her. She's not fucking Simone!”

Even though the other man had hit the nail on the head, Dominic denied it. “You don't have a fucking clue what you're talking about. At least I had the decency to look her in the face when I broke it off.

How could you kick her out of your life with a fucking letter? If I were her I also would've run as far and fast as I could." Dominic used the bag to push past Josh.

Josh grabbed him by the front of his shirt before slamming him up against the hallway wall. The sound of Kalinda's knick-knacks rattling were unheard by him as bone searing pain enveloped Dominic. "Like you are? I never figured you for a coward or a quitter, LaFontane."

"I'm not but Simone..."

"Get it through your thick fucking Cajun head. Kalinda would never leave you just because the going got tough. She's as true blue as they come. Why the hell do you think I left her a letter before running like hell? I spent the next three months refusing to return her calls while moving from town to town so she couldn't find me. I had to force her out of my life because if I'd simply told her that I wanted her to experience other Doms, she'd have laughed in my face before worming her way deeper under my skin and into my heart. She is *not* Simone!"

Dominic hissed when the pain in his shoulder quadrupled when Josh shook him. Sweat beaded on his face as he tried to deal with the agony, even as he'd realized the other man was right. He'd let his own fear of being abandoned fuck him over. His beautiful slave would never leave him - unless he threw her out. *God, I fucked this up.*

"So, you had better listen to me and listen good..." Josh's continuing tirade jerked him out of his thoughts. "...this is not happening, you arrogant bastard! You dragged me back into this relationship kicking and screaming. I'll be damned if you're gonna bail on me now."

Dominic could hardly believe what he'd just heard, especially when Josh leaned until their faces were mere inches apart. "That's right, you ass! You have just as much of a relationship with me as you do with her. Not only have I've wiped your ass for the past two weeks, I'm the same man who you begged to just give this threesome a chance. I'll be goddamned if I'm letting you walk away now."

Gritting his teeth against the pain in his shoulder, Dominic tried to push back against Josh's hold. A sharp groan escaped him when the other man pushed back.

"Quit struggling, you fucking idiot. All you're doing is hurting yourself - and I'm just enough of a dominating asshole to not care."

"Like I fucking didn't know that!" Dominic had to close his eyes against the pain at Josh's blatant reminder of why he had chosen the other man as his third. "Even if I wanted to get her back, it's too late, Josh. She'll never forgive me. I hurt her - badly."

Josh sighed. "You royally fucked yourself. From one fool to another, welcome to the club." Dominic stumbled when the other man released him, before picking up the bag which had hit the floor during their tussle.

"The club?" Dominic cringed at the thought that they actually needed a club to commemorate the fact they'd both hurt Kalinda.

"Yeah, the one that I'm starting right now - the "Get Back in Kalinda's Good Graces" club. Our first move is to move you into my condo. Does she expect you to go back to California?"

He nodded. "Yeah, she told me to take my toys and go home because she wasn't going to play with me anymore."

Josh winced. "Ouch." A grin slowly crossed the other man's face after a moment. "We're going to give her exactly what she wants."

Dominic tried to make sense of what Josh was saying. "I'm going back to L.A.? How does that..." He winced when Josh threw an arm over his shoulders.

"Tell me, where is your home right now?"

Dominic prayed for patience. "As of right now? No where. I gave up my apartment in LA when I went back two weeks ago."

"I'm not talking about a physical location, Dominic. Ever hear the expression home is where the heart is?"

As he followed Josh out of the apartment, he frowned. "Yeah, what of it?"

"It's simple. Kalinda is our home - even if she doesn't realize it. Now we simply have to convince her."

Hope flared through him. "Fuck waiting. I'm sure we can seduce her into taking us back." He moved across the vestibule with every

intention of reclaiming their woman.

“Not so fast, Romeo.” He came to a stop when Josh grabbed the back of his shirt. “It’s going to take more than a sexual seduction to get her back.”

“Like what?” He looked over his shoulder at the other man.

Josh gave him a huge grin. “Get your good duds ready, because we’re going courting. We’re going to seduce every part of her: mind, body and soul until she begs us to take her back.”

Dominic scowled at him but turned to follow him out of the house. “Let’s pray you’re right and we don’t end up on our knees begging.”

Josh laughed as they walked towards his car, but Dominic didn’t feel as confident as the other man was about getting back in Kalinda’s good graces. He’d seen the look on her face when he’d lied to her. She wouldn’t be forgiving him anytime soon.

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda slowly trudged back up the stairs to her apartment. Not only were her eyes bloodshot from her crying jag, her head was pounding. Even though she’d called Dominic every name in the book while telling her friend Nisey what had happened, she could feel the huge hole in her heart that he’d torn out when he’d tossed her out of his life.

Tears welled in her eyes again when she entered the quiet apartment. She could smell the lingering scent of Stetson mixed with Burberry Brit. It only reminded her of what she’d lost this morning. *God damn them! Why the hell did they have to give me a taste of heaven before jerking it away?* If she’d thought it would do any good, she’d have thrown a real temper tantrum about how unfair the whole situation was.

Deciding it was time to pull herself up by her bootstraps, she forced the thought of the two men who’d made her feel so complete from her mind. It was time to move on. Taking in the mess of her apartment, she rolled up her sleeves. The first thing she needed to do was clean up the mess that Dominic had left behind. While she’d sworn not to think about him anymore, she found the apartment’s clutter out of place, as he was as much a neat-nick as she was.

She was in the process of running the vacuum when the phone rang. She glanced at it but didn't feel like talking to anyone, so she let the machine pick it up. She'd just turned off the vacuum to attach the crevice tool to edge around the coffee table when she caught the tail end of the message.

"...so Mr. Fontane, it is of the utmost importance that you schedule this surgery as soon as possible. Please call our office at..." The woman's voice rattled off a local phone number.

She wasn't sure how long she'd stood there in total shock before she dropped the crevice tool to run into the kitchen. Hitting the play button on her machine, her heart raced. After she'd listened to the recording in its entirety tears poured down her face. Even though Dominic had pushed her out of his life, she had to know. Reaching for the phone, she dialed the one person she knew that would tell her the truth. He was nothing if he wasn't brutally honest.

Listening to it ring, she waited impatiently for Josh to answer. After the third ring, she heard the clatter of the phone before a distant but grumpy Cajun drawl filled her ear.

"Yeah, I got it...only a fucking Englishman would hide the god damn phone in a drawer...I don't care what kinda of fucking armoire it is...it's still stupid...damnit I am answering it..."

She clenched the phone tighter in her fist when Dominic finally spoke into the phone.

"Hello?" She closed her eyes against the need to rail at him for not telling her about his surgery, but realized she no longer had that right. It figured that he'd be at Josh's. The bastards had a tendency to stick together. Pulling her anger tightly around her, she spoke briskly.

"Call your damn doctor, Mas.." She slammed the phone down as the word Master slipped past her lips. Almost immediately her phone began to ring. Without even looking at the caller ID, she reached down and yanked the cord out of the wall.

\* \* \* \*

"What the hell is her number!"

“Whose number?” Josh came further into the living room, concerned by the frantic look on Dominic’s face.

“God damn it. You don’t even have caller I.D. What’s Kalinda’s home number? Fuck it - I’ll call her cell.”

Josh grabbed the phone from Dominic. “Slow down, talk to me. Are you sure that was Kalinda on the phone?”

Dominic took a deep breath. “Yeah. She told me to call my damn doctor. The only number the doctor’s office has is hers.”

Josh tilted his head in confusion. “You gave the doctor’s office Kalinda’s home number, but you don’t know it?”

“Don’t look at me like that. You were the one who filled out all my forms at the hospital. When the doctor asked if the numbers on my file were okay for contact, I said yes.”

“All right! Jesus, don’t bite my fuckin’ head off. Why don’t you calm down before you call her back, Dom? If you call now, you’re going to scare the piss out of her.”

He waited while the man took several deep breaths, before finally extending his hand for the phone Josh was holding.

“I think...”

Dominic growled. “Don’t fuckin’ think. Give me the damn phone!”

Josh shrugged. “Fine, it’s your funeral.” He tossed the phone to the man. “But ten to one she’s not going to answer it.”

“She’d better.” Dominic paused before locking eyes with him. “She called me Master, Josh.”

“Good. It means either one of two things. She’s so in the habit of doing it, she hasn’t broken herself of it, or she still sees you as her Master. For your sake I hope it’s the later.”

“Me too!” Dominic hit star 69 on the phone before listening to it ring on the other end. When it went to voice mail, his shoulders slumped after he left a short message for her to call him at Josh’s. “She didn’t answer.”

Josh sat down on the couch next to him before putting a hand on his right shoulder. “Don’t give up. It’s only the first day. We’ll wear her down.”





# Chapter Fifteen

*Three Months Later*

Kalinda rushed to the bathroom. The nausea that her doctor had assured her would be gone after her first trimester had lingered. She'd been hoping that he'd be right, but at sixteen weeks she was still suffering. After ungraciously puking up the bland toast and weak tea she'd just eaten, she brushed her teeth. She was just rinsing with Listerine when she heard someone knocking on her door. She frowned after looking at the clock on the counter. It was only eight in the morning. Who the hell was banging on her door this early on a Saturday morning? No one other than her boss knew where she'd moved.

Wiping her mouth on the towel hanging from the rack, she walked into her living room. Peeking through the hole on her new apartment door, she sighed when she saw Nisey and her brother standing impatiently in front of her door.

"Open up Kalinda, before I call the manager to let me in." From Caelan's tone, she could tell he was serious. Perhaps leaving 'lock, stock and barrel' while he and Nisey were on a well-deserved two week vacation in the Bahamas hadn't been her brightest idea. How the hell had he found her so fast? She knew he'd only been home for a few days. She expected at least a couple more days - if not a week - before he figured out that she was no longer residing in the apartment upstairs.

Glancing down at the thin cotton nightgown she wore, she almost went to get her robe when she heard the scrape of metal against metal. She stared in disbelief when the knob turned and her brother walked in pocketing the thin metal lock picks. Behind him, Nisey glared at her. Shifting her gaze from her friend back to Caelan, she sighed. He looked beyond pissed. Her stomach lurched. Even if she hadn't been pregnant, that particular look would've been enough to turn her stomach.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, Kalinda!"

Her stomach heaved threateningly. "Getting sick, damn it!" She mumbled before quickly scurrying back down the hall to the bathroom. She barely made it. Kneeling in front of the cool porcelain, she rested her cheek on the seat after she finished. God she needed to brush her teeth again.

"Kalinda?" Nisey's hand touched her shoulder. "Are you okay? Did you pick up a bug or something?"

*Or something is right. But how the hell am I supposed to admit that I'm nearly four months pregnant without a clue to who the father is?* She opened her eyes. "I haven't been feeling the greatest this morning, Nis. I'm sure I'll feel better later." She slowly stood. "Now if you don't mind, I'd like to brush my teeth and get dressed before the Inquisition starts."

"Okay, girl, I'll go wait with Caelan in the kitchen. Do you want me to make you some tea or something?"

When her stomach grumbled warningly, Kalinda shook her head. "Naw. Just go keep Caelan occupied until I'm dressed."

\* \* \* \*

Caelan looked up from the coffee he'd just started to see Nisey walking into the kitchen. "Is she okay?"

"I think so. She's getting dressed right now." She came over to lean against him. "She's different, Caelan, but I can't just quite place my finger on what's changed."

He wrapped his arms around her. "She's been different ever since Dominic got shot."

"I thought we agreed not to talk about that." Kalinda entered the kitchen wearing jeans paired with a bulky black IIT sweatshirt. On her feet was a pair of fuzzy argyle socks.

Caelan released Nisey. "And you promised to talk to them in return. Have you?" He knew damn well she hadn't. He hadn't been happy, when he returned with Nisey to find not only a pissed off Josh but an edgy Dominic on his doorstep, wanting to know where the hell he'd sprinted Kalinda off too. Evidently instead of talking to the two men, both still very much in love with her, she'd moved without telling

anyone. It had cost him a pretty penny to bribe Jude into tracking her down. He was not quite satisfied when her face flushed.

He watched as she walked over to the fridge to pull out a bottle of water. "You're avoiding the question, Kalinda."

She took a sip before sitting down across the table from him. "That I am, because frankly my relationship or lack of relationship..." she swallowed roughly. "Let's face it, big brother, I'm a grown woman who needs to stand on her own two feet."

Caelan sat back as the emotions he knew she had hoped to keep hidden crossed her expressive face. "You can't even say their names, can you? How long are you going to punish them? Haven't they done everything in their power to make you see what a mistake they made?"

She rose slowly from the table. "Whether or not they are sorry is a moot point, Caelan. They want the one thing I can't give them."

He stood when she headed out of the kitchen. "It's time for you to leave, Caelan. I don't feel well - I'm going to go lay back down."

She was almost out of the room when he caught her arm. He was furious. "What exactly do they want, Kalinda? Cutting? Fireplay? What is it that those bastards want that has you backing away from them?"

She reached up to cup his cheek. "Nothing that drastic, big brother! They want the one thing they burnt out of me: my submission." She stood on tiptoes before he felt her lips brush his cheek. "Now take Nisey home. I'll be fine." He watched as she disappeared into the bedroom. What the fuck was he supposed to do now?

\* \* \* \*

Caelan stared moodily at the shifter of Aberfeldy Scotch in his hand. After his fiasco with Kalinda this morning, he'd taken refuge at Olivia's with several of the other Doms. They had gathered in one of the private lounges. Olivia sat on a sleek leather chair with Jude kneeling at her feet, while Gabriel was lounging on the sofa a few feet away with Sara cuddled on his lap. If Nisey hadn't had to go into

the office, he'd have had her tucked against him on the chaise lounge next to the large sofa.

"I just don't get it, Olivia. How the hell could her need to submit be gone? It wasn't even two months ago that she was threatening to come here to find a new Dom!"

Olivia absently toyed with Jude's hair before focusing on Caelan. "What happened two months ago aside from Dominic having his first shoulder surgery?"

He winced as she brought up the names of one of the two men he'd been trying to avoid all day. How was he supposed to tell either of them to quit trying to get his sister back? Both men were obsessed with her. In fact he'd had to do some quick maneuvering when he'd first entered the club to avoid the main floor, after spotting a familiar blond haired man whipping a restrained slave. After his confrontation with Kalinda this morning, having another with Josh was the last thing he needed.

He took a swallow of his drink. "Hell if I know. One moment, she's all hell bent on finding a Master who would appreciate her submission, then the next she's shutting herself off from everyone. Christ her moods have been so mercurial for the past two months, I'm starting to think she has permanent PMS."

Olivia nearly choked on the water she was drinking. "Did you say she's been moody?"

"As all hell! I wish I knew what was going on in her head. She's never acted this way in the past - even when she left for L.A."

Olivia wiped her mouth off then glancing over his shoulder before refocusing on him. "I don't know if this means anything or not, but she came to cancel her membership about two months ago. She told me, due to medical reasons, it wouldn't be safe for her to play before long."

"Damn it! She was sick this morning when I found her. Fuck! I should've asked her what was going on instead of jumping on her about avoiding Josh and Dominic."

Gabriel leaned forward. "Quit beating yourself up, Caelan. You're not a mind reader. I'm sure if she had something life-threatening she'd have told you."

Caelan groaned. "Like that's reassuring."

"Mistress, may I speak?" Jude's formal request seemed loud in the room.

"Of course, *pet.*"

Jude sat a bit straighter. "I'm sorry to intrude on this conversation, but from what I'm hearing are you sure that she's not pregnant?" When the sharp inhalations filled the room, he lowered his head. "I'm sorry Mistress."

Olivia tipped his head up. "Nonsense, *pet.* Why would you draw that conclusion?"

"You stated she withdrew for medical conditions that would be affecting her in the near future, while Master Caelan has stated she's been moody. Add that to the fact she's avoiding Masters Josh and Dominic, but is refusing to find another Master leads me to think that she may be pregnant and doesn't want them to find out."

Caelan groaned. "Son of a bitch, I bet she is! It would make sense."

"I hate to be the bearer of bad news but who's going to be the one to break it to Josh and Dominic. They deserve to know." Gabriel squeezed Sara. "I'd want to know right away if I were in their shoes. If she is...she has to be at least three to four months along."

"She's pregnant?" The deadly furious British voice from the door had everyone who was sitting in the room turning to look at the man standing there. Josh's eyes were hard while his nostrils flared. At his side his hands were clenched.

"Josh, think about this. Don't go off half cocked." Olivia's plea fell on deaf ears.

He strode into the room to plant his feet in front of Caelan.

"Where the hell is she, Doherty?"

Caelan sighed weighing his options. If he told Josh where Kalinda was, there was every possibility that his sister would never speak to him again, but if he didn't, he had a feeling the other man was prepared to beat the information out of him.

"What are you planning to do, Josh? I'm not going to willingly endanger my sister." It took all of his internal fortitude to hold his ground when Josh growled at him.

“I’m gonna bring that stubborn little bitch home where she belongs. I’m done playing her game, Caelan. She belongs to Dom and me.”

“What if she can’t offer you her submission any longer, Josh? Do you still want her?”

Josh’s eyes darkened. “Even if she won’t submit to us, we want her.”

“All right. I’ll tell you where she is on the condition that she calls me in the morning.”

“Done.”

Taking the paper out of his wallet containing the address of Kalinda’s apartment, Caelan prayed he was doing the right thing before handing it to Josh. The other man strode out of the room so focused he didn’t even say ‘good-bye’.

\* \* \* \*

Taking a couple of deep breaths, Josh unlocked his SUV. Once inside, he hit the blue tooth button on his phone before dialing his home number. Throwing it in gear, it was all he could do to keep from squealing the tires. After the second ring, Dominic picked up.

“Done already?”

In the background Josh could hear the sound of the professional wrestling Dominic was watching. “Shut that shit off. I need you to get the playroom ready. I’m bringing her home.”

He could hear Dominic’s breath catch. “How did you convince her...”

“I’m not going to give her a choice. This has gone on long enough. She’s ours and it’s high time she accepted it.”

“Finally! That’s what I’ve been wanting to do since you talked me into courting her stubborn ass. What changed your mind, Josh?”

Josh pulled to a stop at a red light before answering him. “She might be pregnant, Dom.”

“Son of a bitch! Bring her ass back where she belongs. I’ll be waiting.” The click in his ear had Josh smiling.

“Oh, Spitfire, you’re going to wish you hadn’t kept this from us, if you are indeed pregnant.”

\* \* \* \*

Kalinda was lying on the futon under her favorite fleece blanket to ward off the chill of the early fall weather. She really missed being able to cuddle up to her personal heaters. She placed her hand over her tummy to reassure herself that the small baby bump was still there. This child was all she had left to remind her of her Master and Sir. When she first heard the noise, she assumed it came from the television set. She had been mindlessly watching Professional Wrestling trying not to think of all the times she'd watched it with Dominic when her front door was kicked open. Sitting up, she screamed when Josh swept in, picked her up off the futon, blanket and all, to cradle her against his chest before carrying her out of the apartment.

"What the hell! How did you find me? Put me down, you Neanderthal!" She smacked at the hard plane of his chest.

"No! Are you pregnant?"

She gaped at him as he strode towards his running SUV. She bounced when he set her down on the seat. Despite her trying to stop him, he still managed to latch her seatbelt before he gazed into her furious eyes. Without thinking, she lowered her gaze.

"I'm waiting for answer, slave. Are...You...Pregnant?"

"Good grief, Josh! This is ridiculous! I'm going back inside." She reached for the seat belt to unfasten it.

"Do it and you'll find yourself draped over my lap getting your ass paddled so fast your head will spin." She tried to find humor in his eyes, but realized she could not see anything other than his determination. Her hand dropped from the buckle. He wouldn't hurt her, but he was more than capable of doing what he'd threatened.

"Good girl." He shut the door before rounding the truck. She caught her breath when he slid in on the driver's side. The scent of Burberry Brit teased her nose as he shifted the truck into gear. It didn't take her long to realize he wasn't taking her to his condo or Caelan's house.

"Where are we going?"

"Home."

“But...” she tried to protest.

“Quiet slave! Unless you feel like answering my question? I might be tempted to go easier on you if I knew you were pregnant.”

“Yeah right.”

The sound of his hand hitting her exposed outer thigh had her inhaling sharply. Pleasure followed quickly after the crack of pain when his hand rubbed over the spot he’d just struck.

“I’ve tolerated a lot from you, slave, over the past few months. It ends tonight. You’re coming home to Dom and me.”

“Tolerated? I’m not the one who kicked you out, Joshauh Redding! Both times I was the one who got kicked to the curb!”

“Touché...but that ends tonight. Now sit back and be quiet.” Josh leaned forward to click on the radio. As the soft sound of jazz filled the interior of the vehicle, she shut her mouth. She’d have plenty of time to do her screaming when they got to where they were going. She might as well only do it once, since she just knew that Dominic would be there.

\* \* \* \*

Dominic met them at the door when Josh walked up carrying her against his chest. The house, located less than a mile from her brother’s home, was perfect. It was what she’d imagined when she dreamed of sharing a home with either Dominic or Josh. His arms tightened around her as he stepped through the open door. It was evident he wasn’t taking any chances with her running off. She half expected Dominic to take her from Josh, but he didn’t. He merely held open several other doors as Josh maneuvered his way down into the basement. He finally placed her on her feet just inside of what was obviously a playroom. It was similar in structure to her brother’s with the addition of a whipping post in the middle of the room, instead of the St. Andrews Cross.

“Strip, slave.” She jumped when she heard the command in Dominic’s voice. Looking at him, she noticed he was a bit more slender than he’d been the last time she’d seen him. She briefly wondered how he was doing physically after his surgery. She’d snuck up to the hospital the day of his surgery, but had left before



he'd awakened from the anesthesia. She just hadn't wanted him to be alone.

"I said strip."

When he repeated his demand, she had to fight her instinctive need to do exactly as he asked, but she somehow managed to stand her ground. "No."

Her pussy flooded when she saw him holding her favorite flogger. It was the same one she'd given to Caelan to return to him when she'd found it along with her anal plug next to her bed after he'd left. It'd royally pissed her off when she'd found them. In fact she'd taken the plug out to the kitchen before feeding it to the garbage disposal. Unfortunately for her now, it seemed that her inability to destroy the one object that'd had brought her so much pain and pleasure in the past was coming around to bite her in the ass.

"If we have to strip you, you will be without clothes for the rest of the weekend." The promise in Josh's voice had her shivering.

"No. I don't do this anymore."

"Like hell." Dominic squeezed her nipple between his fingers. His evil smirking grin, as it hardened under his grip, had her closing her eyes against the pleasure it set off within her. "Last chance, *chérie*. Either you strip now or we do it for you."

She shook her head before trying to step back from Dominic's hold. She inwardly groaned when she backed into Josh. *Fuck, I'm so screwed.*

"Not yet but you will be, slave," Josh growled in her ear.

*Ah hell, I said it out loud!*

\* \* \* \*

Catching Dominic's eyes over Kalinda's head, both men proceeded to strip their lovely little slave out of her sloppy sweatshirt and pants. As each piece of flesh was revealed, they tweaked and nipped at it before they soothed away the pain with gentle caresses.

When she was finally nude between them, they led her to the whipping post. She had expected Josh to bind her to it, but he stopped to cup his hand over the hard swell of her belly. Naked she

had no way of denying her obvious state. “You never answered, slave. Is this Dom’s and my baby?”

Looking from one man to the other, she wasn’t sure how to answer. “I...don’t know...which one of you is the father.”

Dom’s hand moved to cover the other side of her small swell. “It doesn’t matter, *chérie*. We’ll both be his or her Daddies. We both love you.”

She sighed longing more than anything to take what she knew they were offering. They’d take care of her and their unborn child, but what happened when she refused to submit to them again? She just couldn’t do it - offer everything she was and then have them move on. The price for a bit of security now wasn’t worth the pain she knew would follow. “I love both of you more than I can say...but it doesn’t change a thing. Please give me back my clothing. I’m more than willing to let you be part of the baby’s life, but you have to let me go.”

She winced when both men stepped back from her.

“Like hell.” Dominic’s voice was firm while his eyes promised her a spanking if she tried to run. She looked beseechingly at Josh. Perhaps she’d have better luck with him seeing reason. Instead she found the same determination in his gaze. His response proved how right she was.

“Not in this lifetime. I let you go once. Never again! You’re home - all you have to do is accept it. But until you do, we’re going to give you a bit of incentive to stay.” Josh grabbed both of her hands. Before she could stop him, he had them bound to the whipping post. She tugged against the bindings to check their strength. When they held firm, she felt like cussing. She should’ve expected it. Josh had always tied a mean knot, even if he wasn’t into Shibari like Dominic was.

“Damn it! Let me go!” She glared at both men.

Dominic stepped up against her to thumb her nipple. “We’re going to clear the air between the three of us. Then afterwards, you’re going to give us your submission, slave.”

She hardened her jaw. “I don’t care if you clear the air or clean the kitchen, I won’t submit. Never again!”

“We’ll see.” She caught her breath when he tugged on her increasingly sensitive nipple. “I’m sorry I lied to you, Kalinda. I let something that happened in the past dictate how I reacted to you. I was scared you’d leave like Simone did...so I left before you could.” He took a deep breath. “I’m assuming your brother has kept you in the loop about my initial surgery, but I will probably need another couple before I’m back to normal, along with some extensive physical therapy. The bullet shattered my collarbone just above my rotator cuff.” He absently rotated his shoulder before continuing. “I went through the first without you by my side, and as much as I value my relationship with Josh, I’d much rather wake up from the anesthesia seeing your beautiful face than his ugly mug.” He pressed his lips against hers. “Please don’t leave me again.”

“I...I...” The tears in her eyes made him blurry. Even without the details of what his former sub had done, the only thing she really needed was his promise to never again be as cruel as he was the morning he’d broken it off with her. A tear slid down her cheek. She nearly sobbed when he released her nipple to capture the droplet with the tip of his finger.

“I’ll even tell you what happened between Simone and me if it will make you stay.” The huskiness of his voice told her how close he was to his own tears. She shook her head while trying to find her voice. There was no need to have him relive what happened during Katrina. She loved him just the way he was. Her Master.

“I don’t...”

“Oh my God.” The agony on his face, as Dominic stumbled backwards from her, made her realize that he’d obviously misinterpreted her response. He turned away from her. If her hands had been free she’d have grabbed him. Luckily for her - Josh’s were. He placed a firm hand on Dominic’s shoulder to keep him from leaving.

“Wait, let her finish.” He turned to Kalinda. “Go ahead, Spitfire.”

Taking a deep breath, she willed Dominic to look at her. When he didn’t, she gave a deep sigh. “Please look at me.” When he finally did, she could see he was trying to hide behind his Master’s façade, before he straightened to look her in the eye. She loved him all the

more for it. It took a strong man to face his fears. "I don't care what happened in the past with Simone." She lowered her head submissively. "As long as you can promise to never force me to go away again, I'll stay...Master." Her voice broke on the term of respect.

"Promise? I'm not perfect, I may backslide - but I'll have you and Josh to keep me from fucking up that badly again." He cupped her cheek.

She nodded. "That's good enough for me, Master."

He rubbed a thumb over her lip. "Are you sure you don't want to know..."

Her tongue darted out to taste his thumb before releasing it at his groan. "If you never want to talk about what happened during Katrina, that's fine. There's no reason for you to relive it just to satisfy my curiosity."

She saw the surprise on his face. Evidently he hadn't expected her to know that much. "Subs talk, Master. I don't know the particulars, nor do I care to, unless it causes you to throw me out of your life again."

He shook his head in denial. "It won't." He closed his eyes. "How could I have ever confused you with Simone?"

She shrugged. "I don't know."

He sighed before wrapping an arm around her. His head dipped to her ear. "But there is one thing I do know, *chérie*, is whatever happened with Josh needs to come out in the open, so we can start our new relationship with a clean slate."

Kalinda stiffened before shaking her head. *I can't do it.*

"Are you safe-wording on me, slave?" She jerked before looking up. The vulnerable man she'd just reassured was gone. In his place was the formidable Dom who'd rescued her from the Gilded Lily. She wet her lips, trying to ignore the way her body responded to the emergence of her stern Master.

"No, Master." Her voice was low.

"Then I expect an answer. There can be no secrets between us. I've heard Josh's side of it. Now I want to hear yours."

She shook her head before answering. "I can't."

“You will.” The hard tone should’ve warned her, but she was so wrapped up in her own pain she wasn’t aware of Josh giving Dominic the flogger, nor the look they’d exchanged. A muffled cry escaped her when he brought the flogger across her ass. A whimper forced its way past her tight throat even as her body rejoiced at the familiar feel of leather striking her flesh.

\* \* \* \*

Using his good arm, Dominic gritted his teeth against the tugging he felt in his opposite shoulder when his body followed behind the swing. At first he hadn’t noticed, but after several minutes of plying the flogger across her back and buttocks while avoiding her stomach, the tightness of his left shoulder had become noticeable. But no matter what pain it caused he was going to finish this. Both he and Josh had discussed it during their time away from Kalinda. They’d agreed upon the method they would use when dealing with their slave’s reluctance to talk about what happened with Josh. She couldn’t heal if she refused to talk about it, or give Josh the forgiveness he knew the other man needed.

Observing the bright red marks on her skin, he paused. “Are you ready to talk, slave?”

“No, Master. I need more...please.”

Her breathing was ragged from the pain coupled with its resulting pleasure. She truly did have a love affair with the flogger. He handed the flogger off to Josh before taking the short single tail whip he’d specifically ordered to use in their playroom. It was designed to not exceed the dimensions of the room. Testing the supple leather against his own arm, he slashed it for a few moments to loosen the tight muscles of his back. If their little subbie needed more to be able to enter sub-space so she could deal with what happened, he was more than happy to send her there.

The first crack of the whip against her back had her crying out. Standing just off to the side of her, Josh gave him a nod. With her pregnancy, Dom was going to have to be careful with the use of it. Stroking across her back several more times, he stopped when Josh held up his hand. By that time, she was openly sobbing. Dropping

the whip to the floor, he moved forward when Josh released her wrists from the whipping post. Following the man over to the loveseat they'd installed in the playroom, he grabbed the soft blanket off the back of it while Josh settled down with her on his lap.

After wrapping it around her, he squatted down in front of them placing his arms over Josh's thighs effectively trapping Kalinda between them. When he saw her tear streaked face, it took all of his self control to pull his inner Dom back out.

"Now, tell me, slave."

"It...I..." She flicked her tongue over her lips. "Can I have a drink, Master?"

He reached behind him to grab the bottle of water sitting on the small table they'd placed in front of the loveseat. He slowly unscrewed the lid. Her eyes locked on it as he continued to hold it.

"You're not going to give me any until I've told you, are you, Master?"

"No I'm not, slave. Not until I hear what happened between you and Sir."

"Okay." She closed her eyes once before opening them to glance up at Josh's hard expression. Dominic knew the other man wasn't looking forward to this but it needed to be done.

"When Sir first took me under his wing, he showed me the ropes - taught me how to kneel, stand, and crawl like a slave along with the safety rules. He did this before he even once tied me up or used a flogger on me. He told me he wanted me to trust him before we became intimate. Finally after several weeks of training, he deemed I was ready. He'd tied me to the St. Andrews Cross in Caelan's playroom." She took a deep breath.

"Go on, slave. This sounds like what any good Dom would do with a newbie. This can't be why you went off the deep end."

She nodded before continuing. "I never knew what true erotic pain was until that night, Master. He used the flogger on me until I was dripping with need but felt strangely centered. That's when he stopped. He knelt to lick at my pussy. At the first touch of his tongue, I exploded. Before I could even understand how or why I had climaxed, he was deep inside of me. When it was all over Sir had

filled me full of come, and I was so exhausted from physical pleasure, I was barely aware of him taking me down from the cross.”

“It sounds like he gave you exactly what you needed.”

She nodded. “Yes. Just like now, he wrapped me up in a blanket, cuddled me while talking to me about how proud he was of me. He wanted to make sure I’d gotten everything out of my first flogging on a St. Andrews Cross. Up until then, all of our play had been at Olivia’s and never on a cross. Spanking benches and whipping posts were our norm. He’d saved the cross for a special occasion. It was my birthday present. I even thanked him for it as we talked. I guess we spoke for a long time because the next thing I knew I awoke in my bed.”

Dominic watched as Josh pressed a kiss against her temple. “It wasn’t really all that long, slave. You’d found subspace for the first time on the cross, before coming against my mouth and then again around my cock. That would have been enough to make even an experienced sub tired.”

“Go on. Tell me the rest. Acknowledge what happened, so you can accept that it’s in the past, and we three can get on with our future, slave.”

“When I awoke the next morning, I wasn’t sure what to expect. I’d kinda of hoped that with it being my birthday, Josh might have decided to stay the night...”

“I did, slave. I left early but I stayed until the sun rose. I didn’t want to leave.”

She looked up at him. “Then why did you?”

“Truthfully - because I was scared.”

Disbelief crossed her face. “How could you be scared of me? As a Dom you held all the power.”

He covered her belly with his hand. “Only what you give me, Kalinda. After our first time, I knew I was going to want it all the time. You were young and needed a chance to explore.”

“Yeah right! That’s bullshit. You sent me away to get more experience because I didn’t please you.”

“No, I didn’t.” Josh’s tone was hard.

Sitting back on his haunches Dominic watched as the two most important people in his life struggled with their past. He wasn't needed - but he wasn't going to leave. He'd see this through for all their sakes.

"Then what do you call that damn letter you left me? 'Sorry, babe, but you need more experiences before I'll consider offering you anything more. Why don't you explore while you're in L.A.' You didn't even sign the damn thing! What the hell was I supposed to think?" She pounded on Josh's chest. He let her work all the built up anger out until she was once again sobbing in his arms. Rubbing her back, he shushed her.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Spitfire. At the time I cared enough to not tie a young twenty-two year old to my side. You needed a chance to grow up - hell, even grow into your sexuality before accepting me as a permanent part of your life. For Christ's Sakes, I'm twelve years older than you, I felt like a cradle robber because I wanted you as my slave."

"So it's our age gap you objected to?" She rubbed her face against his chest before a giggle escaped her. "You do realize that there is always gonna be twelve years between us, don't you?"

He chuckled. "Yes. I do. But I'm through being noble, slave. I want you. Between Dom and me you're going to be so satisfied that you'll never have to worry about being alone again."

Her eyes welled with tears. "Are you sure, Sir - both you and Master want to keep me - not just because of the baby?"

"Oh yeah."

A soft tap on her thigh had her looking over at Dominic.

"Did I just hear you put yourself down, slave?"

She giggled. "I do believe so, Master."

"Then get your ass over the spanking bench. You know the rules." She scrambled off Josh's lap.

Dominic looked over at Josh's grinning face. "She's absolutely incorrigible."

Josh clapped a hand over Dom's shoulder. "But she's all ours."



# Epilogue

## *Thanksgiving*

Kalinda moaned at the hands brushing against her skin as they tested the tightness of the ropes wrapped around her body. She could hear Sir and Master's low pitched voices as Master guided Sir through his first attempt at shibari. They were once more in their playroom. They'd decided with the fact that they were joining Caelan and Nisey for Christmas in Ireland that they would enjoy Thanksgiving at home. After enjoying an early brunch with her brother and friend, the three of them had driven the ten blocks back to their home. Moments after she'd entered the house, she'd found herself stripped before being ordered to the playroom. She jerked when she felt a hand slap her ass.

"Some one's not paying attention." She could hear just a bit of humor in Sir's voice.

"Sorry, Sir! I thought that you were the one who's supposed to be learning. I'm just a teaching aid."

Her smart-ass remark got her a strike from the flogger held in Dominic's hand. She moaned softly. God she loved it when her Master went 'alpha' on her ass.

"Bad slave. Perhaps for that comment, I should release you and send you to your room."

Immediately all humor fled her. Under normal circumstances, she shared the huge California King bed that Dominic had brought out from L.A. with both of her men, but they kept a small room off of their bedroom for her to use when their sheer masculinity and dominating personalities overwhelmed her. They'd set the room up as a safe haven for her that they wouldn't violate, unless there was a dire emergency. By threatening to send her to her room, she'd be spending the night alone whether she wanted to or not.

"I'm sorry Master." She bent her head in submission.

“Apologize to Sir.”

“I’m sooo sorry, Sir.” She kept her head bent, hoping that her apology wouldn’t suffice. They’d taken to punishing her for her smart ass mouth during scenes. Her pussy moistened at the thought. Due to her condition, her men had been taking it easier than she wanted. That was until she’d dragged Sir and Master to Dr. Sanchez’s office to find out what would be acceptable. The consensus the doctor had come to, as long as there were no direct blows to her abdomen or she wasn’t putting weight on it, they could enjoy any of their normal sexual kinks. So they’d come up with a new punishment for her. If she smarted-off to them during their scenes, she’d receive five strokes for every time she broke the rule.

“She sure doesn’t sound sorry does she, Dom?” Sir’s voice was closer than she expected.

“No, she doesn’t.” Dom’s hand reached out to tweak her ass.

“I think we need to finish tying her up. We can attach her to spanking bench with this right?” Sir tugged on the rope winding around her body.

Her heart plummeted. The spanking bench was one of Sir’s favorites, but since she’d gotten so large with her pregnancy she hadn’t been able to use it.

“Sure, with the modifications I’ve made, it should work perfectly.”

She gasped as they led her over to the bench in question. Her face flushed when she finally had a chance to see the modifications that Master had made to the bench. Instead of looking like a standard saw horse, Master had used a thick padding over the top of it along with a new addition - a small padded shelf several inches lower than the top of it. When she bent over it the shelf would perfectly support her swollen belly and the padding would cushion it like the soft feather pillow on their bed upstairs did her head. So this is what Master had been working on in the playroom for the past several days.

Several minutes later, Kalinda found herself comfortably strapped to the spanking bench. While her arms were stretched taunt, her men had made sure there would be no undue stress on her belly. Inside her womb, their little daughter and son jockeyed for position.

Even their babies knew that their mother was excited. They soon settled down though, when she felt the coolness of the anal plug that Sir had bought to replace the one she'd fed to the garbage disposal, against her asshole.

A low moan ripped free when it popped through her ring in a smooth motion. As soon as it was seated to the hilt she exhaled loudly. She loved the feel of having the plug in her almost as much as having either Master's or Sir's hard cocks. She shrieked when the plug came to life inside of her. *Fuck they're gonna torture me tonight!*

"Damn, maybe we should've gagged her, Dom. She's gonna be loud."

When the cane landed on the fleshy part of her ass unexpectedly, she proved them right when she screamed. The burn of the supple crop had her thighs wet and it was only the first stroke.

"Fuck, that was loud." The rueful sound of Master's voice next to her made her realize it was Josh who delivered the stroke. With his shoulder still in a sling from his most recent surgery, there was no possible way for him to wield a flogger or a cane.

"Why don't you gag her?" Sir's suggestion had her whimpering. When she heard the rasp of a zipper near her head, she was ready to plead with Master to fuck her mouth.

"Open wide, slave." His command had her parting her lips eagerly. She loved the taste of her Master's cock. Just as the head of his cock touched her lips, she felt the heat of Sir's body touch the back of her thighs and buttocks.

"If you make Master come before I'm through with you, more than your ass will be warm, slave."

She moaned her understanding while her tongue washed over the crest of Master's cock. Master's hiss and the slight buck of his hips against her tongue had her sucking him deep inside while Sir's weight kept her grounded. A muffled moan escaped her when the plug inside of her flared to life, while Sir's fingers brushed aside the knotted rope over her clit to pinch and squeeze the hyper-sensitive nub.

"Damn, that's hot." The desire in Sir's voice along with the knowledge that he was watching her every suck, lick and nibble on

Master's cock had her pussy dripping. For every downward motion of her head, Sir forced her closer to climax with his talented mouth and fingers. The stinging bites along her shoulders only drove her desire higher. When she sucked Master's cock deep into her throat, his hand fisted in her dark hair. "Stop!" His voice was raspy as he jerked his thick cock from her mouth. She moaned in disappointment when Sir's weight lifted from her at the same time.

"Please!" Her cry of protest turned into another shout when her ass lit up again. Her thighs quivered as the pleasure-pain from the cane nearly drove her over the edge.

"How many times did she mouth off?" She barely heard Sir's question to Master before her ass lit up again.

"Twice." Master's reply had her panting. She had eight more strokes coming. She just wished that Sir would get on with it instead of waiting, but experience told her if she tried to force the issue there was a chance he'd deduct strokes, instead of adding.

She yelped when the cane landed on the top of her back twice before moving back down to her ass. Inside her rectum the vibrator pulsed randomly and she began to beg.

"Please...ah...I...this...ah...another..." her voice broke off as she clung by her fingertips to keep from coming. "Oh, God...please...let me come!" Yanking on the restraints holding her tied to the spanking bench, she squirmed trying to get friction against the knot which had slid back to rest over her clit when Sir had removed his hand.

"Don't you dare come! A good slave knows she has to wait until her Master gives permission." A sense of déjà vu washed over her. They were the same words he'd spoken in the Caelan's playroom so long ago. Just as then, her approaching climax stalled.

"Oh...God! Please Sir...Master...let me come!" Her sobbing must have had an effect on her men because a flurry of strokes followed as Sir dished out the final strokes of her punishment. Tears of frustration were running down her face, when the sound of the cane hitting the floor echoed through the room. A moment later she felt the brush of a cock against her lips. Instinctively she opened her mouth and sucked it in deep, not waiting for the order.

“God damn it, Josh, hurry the fuck up!” Master was evidently on the edge too. She protested around the cock in her throat when the plug was yanked out of her ass. Her protest turned into a squeal when Sir’s wet cock forced its way deep inside of her without any preliminaries. He sank deep inside of her in one hard thrust. She bucked back towards him the best she could, as she was still restrained. A hand slapped her ass before her world narrowed down to the two cocks burrowing deep in her body. God she loved it!

When one hand squeezed a nipple hard and another found her clit, she lost her grip on her orgasm. She tried to stop it, she honestly did...but the nip of Sir’s teeth on her shoulder had her wailing. She heard the vague order to ‘come’ from one of the men as all of her muscles tightened and her world flew apart. Hard, agonizing pleasure whipped through her body as she gave power and submission over to her Master and Sir. Dark spots appeared before her eyes when the hand between her thighs gave her clit a hard squeeze.

“Come again, slave!” Sir’s hard voice gave her no other option as the brutal pleasure increased. The playroom was filled with male shouts as first Sir filled her ass full of cum, then Master’s cock exploded in her throat. She backed off him enough so she could taste the salty discharge as he shot another rope of seed into her mouth.

\* \* \* \*

“Shhh, *chérie*.” Dominic’s voice rumbled under her ear. They were no longer in the playroom. After their explosive release, Josh had carried her back up the steps, where they’d tumbled into their bed.

She sighed with pleasure. Behind her she could feel the delicious heat radiating off of Josh. With Dominic still wearing the sling the majority of the time, he normally ended up on the bottom of the Kalinda sandwich so he could lie on his back.

“Is she awake?” Josh’s voice was rough with sleep before he moved away.

“I do believe so.” Dominic slowly eased out from under her. She awkwardly tried to sit up, panting as her swollen belly made her

progress slow. Several hands came to her rescue and within moments she was leaning against both of her men and the headboard. She smiled as two hands, one dark and one fair covered her distended belly. As if realizing their fathers were present, the twins kicked out at their hands.

She gave a soft laugh when she saw the wonder in both Dominic and Josh's eyes. If there was ever going to be a more devoted pair of fathers it was her husbands. She been shocked when she'd come home one night a few weeks after Josh had stormed into her apartment to find her bags packed and two nervous lovers pacing. When both had dropped to their knees, she'd been confused. It was a sub's place to be on her knees, not the Masters. Her eyes still grew misty when both of the men in tandem asked her to marry them. She'd told them that she'd marry them both in a hot New York minute if she could, but didn't honestly know how she was supposed to choose between them, so she'd rather not get married. That's when they pressed and asked her if it was possible - would she? Gazing down into both of their eyes, she had nodded.

Less than two hours later she found herself wedged on a plane with not only her mates but her family - her mother, her brother and Nisey. It seems as if the men had started making the arrangements the moment she'd agreed to move into their home with them. By the time they had landed in Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan Providence - located in central Canada, her head been in a whirl. They had made arrangement to have a minister marry the three of them in the only providence that had legal polygamy. With her brother giving her away, Nisey as her bridesmaid and her mother in attendance, Kalinda committed her life to Dominic and Joshua becoming, Kalinda Redding-LaFontane. While there was still an ongoing debate in the courts whether or not her marriages to the men were legal or not, she would always consider both of the men as hers.

"Such deep thoughts, *chérie*." Dominic's voice drew her out of her reminiscing.

"I was just thinking about our wedding. I still have a hard time believing that both of you actually married me." She laid her hand

over the two hands lying on her stomach. The matching braided wedding rings done in platinum, rose gold and yellow gold gleamed in the soft light. The three rings also matched the slender braided collar around her throat which showed all that not only was her heart taken but so was her body - given freely to her Master and Sir.

**The End**

## *ABOUT DAKOTA TRACE*

Dakota is a simple Midwest girl, who has found her passion in storytelling at a young age. Her father was always saying she was making up the craziest stories. Most remained unwritten though as writing wasn't Dakota's strong suit. That all changed in junior high when she took her first typing class. Problem solved for the dyslexic Dakota. There was no stopping her after that. She wrote her first novel her freshman year about a girl who could speak to animals on an old electric IBM typewriter and never looked back. Writing in several different genres, she is now a published author with multiple books under belt. When Dakota isn't writing she's a crazy mom of three wild Indians who are posing as children, a loving wife to the man of her dreams and a full time student.

To find out more about Dakota visit her at [dakotatrace.com](http://dakotatrace.com).