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# SUBMISSION

Surrender, Book One

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Blushing Books

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.  
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## Chapter 1

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**T**hree potent and tempting men were coming for Bree Debussey, perhaps within the next hour or maybe the next few minutes. She wasn't certain regarding the exact timing. However, they would arrive in her club tonight to take, use, and command her into fulfilling their basest carnal desires. Before long, they'd have her stripped and bound, her nudity theirs to view and enjoy... or possibly share with her patrons.

Her palms grew damp and her heart raced.

She lowered her head but couldn't stop her increasing dizziness. A foolish reaction considering how eager she'd been to get herself into this potential mess.

Months before, she'd obligated herself to Lucius, Tav, and Cody, knowing full well what they wanted in return for the funds she needed to make Surrender a success. Their ironclad demand? Once her private Malibu club was up and running, she'd submit fully to them orally, vaginally, and anally. No different from the influential women who frequented this place. A haven where they could forget helming corporations, or

working as physicians, attorneys, and financiers who bossed men around, which was so sweet. Until it wasn't.

Even ballsy babes longed for a take-charge guy, perhaps two or more, in their beds. Once those women entered Surrender, alpha males assured they yielded to masculine needs, and if they didn't...

Punishment was definitely on the menu.

Her inner thighs tensed.

Discipline was a daydream she'd enjoyed more than once during countless, lonely months when she, Tav, Cody, and Lucius had worked together in San Francisco, building their fortunes in hedge funds. At the time, she'd wanted each man separately—and together. The mix didn't matter. She craved their male heat and scents yet hadn't allowed herself to indulge. One guy was bad enough when it came to inevitable heartbreak. But three at once?

Uh-uh. No damn way. If she'd learned anything from her mother, it was to avoid lusting too deeply and never to fall in love. Those reactions were for fools. Being wiser, Bree had sought one goal: to make as much money as quickly as possible and leave poverty in the dust.

At twenty-nine, she'd attained her goal though not by a wide enough margin to get her club up and running without risking everything she'd fought so hard to earn. To lose it all on a new business venture wasn't something she'd wanted to chance, and so she'd asked around for silent partners. The kind who provided needed cash and nothing else. No suggestions, mansplaining, or demands to run her business their way.

The perfect arrangement.

When Cody, Lucius, and Tav learned about her dilemma, they'd kicked into friend mode and offered as much financial assistance as she needed—then far, far more. They didn't expect their money returned or even periodic dividends, just her in their

arms. On their non-negotiable terms. Proving they'd wanted her physically as much as she had them.

An offer she should have refused, or even laughed at, but didn't.

And now, their wanton games, starring her as the prize, would begin shortly, lasting until God knew when.

*I can't do this.*

Already her panties were wet from anticipation, need burning her skin. She didn't want to consider what she might be willing to offer them, in a few hours, for a kiss or caress, their big bodies pressed against hers, their rigid cocks filling every orifice, taking her with a right she'd given them.

She pressed into her leather chair and gripped the arms, looking for an out before things even began, let alone went beyond restraint and her heart got pulverized, her dignity shredded. Given her trembling legs, too many steps separated her from the office door for a quick escape. Even if she managed to flee into the night and drive off, she wasn't entirely certain she wanted that.

Stay or go. Two simple yet impossible choices. Yet she needed to make up her mind.

Her intercom buzzed. She flinched.

"Bree?" Jacquie Reynolds, her always-efficient secretary, sounded breathless.

*Join the club.* It took a moment before Bree's heart quit slamming into her throat and she could get her voice to work. "Yes?"

"Your guys just entered the club."

Her pussy creamed. She frowned. "They are not my guys."

"If you say so, but I'm tracking them on the monitors. I've never seen men so focused or determined."

Bree's mouth went dry. "They're in a freaking sex club. Holly's barely dressed."

"Yep. She's the hostess with the leastest, as far as clothing goes, but they're not looking at the teeny-tiny top barely covering

her boobs or the shoelace that doubles for a G-string she's wearing farther south. Lucius is speaking to Holly. For the record, his eyes haven't dipped past her nose. My guess is she could burst into flame and he wouldn't notice. Tav and Cody aren't even glancing her way. They keep shifting from foot to foot. Either they're impatient or they're... wait. Lucius isn't talking to her any longer. Now, all three guys are..."

"I don't need a blow-by-blow." The suspense might kill her.

"You're sure? You'd prefer they pop in and just start this thing they have cooking with you?"

Bree regretted having shared a chocolate and merlot dinner with Jacquie, getting buzzed, then spilling her guts about the guys that she ached for when she shouldn't, and their lusty plans for her. "What are they doing now?"

"They're approaching the ballroom."

The decadence there should stop them for a while, the outrageous slave auction totally shameless and super popular, giving her time to regroup, if she was lucky.

"Oh wow, they're on the move again." Excitement rang in Jacquie's voice. "Okay, they're working their way through the crowd."

Bree leaned up. "To get closer to the stage?"

"What stage?"

"The one in the ballroom."

"They didn't get anywhere near that entrance or go inside. As far as I could see, they didn't even look in that direction. They're parting the crowd now like Moses through the Red Sea and barreling toward your office."

*Moses? Barreling?* Bree guessed the guys were walking normally. At a stretch, they might be striding. Jacquie planned to write an erotic romance someday and had trouble keeping perspective on the real world and regular guys who weren't heroes. "Are they tossing clients aside?"

"Not yet."

Bless her heart, she'd missed the teasing. "So what are they doing?"

"Putting on speed. I'm guessing their ETA at my desk isn't too long. Seconds past that, they'll be opening your door. You ready?"

*No—yes—crap.* Reality warred with hope, neither winning. "Ah..."

"Gotta go." Jacquie had lowered her voice considerably. "They're here."

Bree's pulse raced.

Muted voices sounded outside her door. The gushing, high-pitched one belonged to Jacquie. The rumbling one had to be Lucius.

The intercom clicked on. "Ms. Debussey?" Jacquie not only sounded pumped, but like she was fighting the giggles. "Your visitors are here."

Too late to turn back now. The guys had arrived for their spoils. Males weren't easily dissuaded during a rut. Females either. An eerie serenity settled over Bree and mingled with something akin to joy—the proverbial calm before shit hit the fan—which allowed her to speak with confidence. "Please send them in."

"Yes ma'am."

Footfalls neared the door. The knob turned.

Bree stood.

Lucius entered first, the alpha, his gaze settling on her, pinning her to the spot. There was craving in his dark brown eyes.

Her bones went soft.

He grinned.

*Aw hell.* Despite being effortlessly hot, he wasn't totally smug, genuine affection on his face. Honestly liking that, she smiled in return and could never tell him to leave no matter how crazy their agreement was. He was simply too beautiful for her to do

anything except enjoy his presence.

Tonight, he'd tied back his shoulder-length hair, the same cocoa color as his eyes. Coupled with his bronze complexion, stubble, and smoldering sensuality, he could have been a pirate from way back when, except for his exquisitely tailored suit. The clothing tamed him. Somewhat. At six-four, he'd always towered over her, deliciously imposing but not scary, his shoulders broad, manner confident.

Little wonder. He was a Kontos, Greek-Americans who owned substantial property in San Francisco. Filthy rich from birth, Lucius could have skated through life on his family's wealth and connections but had carved a place for himself at Mortganson Capital where she'd also worked.

At thirty-two, he'd already reached a billion in net worth, or so the rumors went.

His bucks didn't matter to her. She liked him as a person.

Their former work friendship, and good manners, demanded she round her desk to shake his hand—or throw herself into his arms. Despite her mounting passion, she couldn't get her legs to budge. “Lucius.”

“Bree.” Delight sounded in his voice.

Something inside her turned over at his response, making her too vulnerable. Steeling herself against it, she feigned mild interest when she wanted to know everything about him since they'd last spoken. “Have you conquered the world yet?”

Playfulness filled his eyes. “Working on it. At least one small corner.” He gave her a knowing look and stepped deeper inside.

Tav Sutherland shouldered his way in from behind. “About time you moved.” He looked at her, anticipation sparkling in his dark blue eyes. Slightly shorter than Lucius, and a year younger, Tav had dressed down this evening, as he always did for every place he went, no matter how fancy. Although T-shirts and jeans weren't allowed in Surrender, he'd made up for the casual attire by donning a suit jacket, the garment a probable leftover from his



college days. He looked as if he couldn't have cared less as to its dated style. Typical laid-back Tav, lightyears from Lucius's take-charge attitude.

Oddly enough, Tav's easygoing nature made her yearn as much for him as she did Lucius's dominance. "That's new." She gestured to his close-cropped beard.

He stroked it. "I've been camping." According to Mort-gan's office gossip, his favorite pastime.

She guessed sex was right up there with it. His wavy black hair appeared finger-combed like he'd rolled out of his sleeping bag and off a woman. Perhaps several, since he took everything in his stride, no worries, commitments, or regrets, the same as Lucius and Cody. Three of a kind. Nice, decent men who weren't looking to find forever after with a woman they considered a work buddy.

She wasn't up for that game either. Jealousy over who they might be with next wasn't a right she had in this arrangement. It was about fucking, having fun—nothing more. She reined in her emotions and buried them deep. "I like your new look."

He beamed.

His joy at her approval touched her more than it should. She shook her emotions off and craned her neck. "Is Cody back there?"

Despite being an adrenaline junkie, he was the quietest in the group, also at thirty the youngest, and pushed past Tav, their height identical. "Hey." He offered a broad smile.

Pleasure filled her. "Hi." Blond, tanned, and muscular, Cody Pell could have been the poster boy for the all-American male, right down to his preppy blazer, plaid tie, khakis, and freshly shaved face. "Break any bones lately?"

His laughter filled the room. "Nope, though I did twist my shoulder while I was zorbing." A sheepish look crossed his face. "The hill was kind of steep."

Knowing him, the hill was likely a good-sized mountain.

Even though she hadn't a clue what zorbing was, she adored the fire in his eyes, a gutsy look and manner having no equal. At Mortganson, she, Lucius, and Tav toiled as hedge fund managers, taking the slow, steady approach to building a client's wealth and their own prestige. Cody preferred trading, thriving in an atmosphere that demanded lightning-fast decisions and embracing huge risks. For him, they'd always paid off. She'd never had any doubts. "Glad you're still in one piece."

"He wanted to stay alive for this evening, and beyond." Lucius closed the door. "We all did."

As one, they faced her, shoulder to shoulder, blocking the only exit, feet planted apart, the prominent ridges behind their flies impossible to miss.

She should have glanced elsewhere, but couldn't, her blood thickening, her good sense straining for control. To her surprise, caution won out. "We need to talk about this."

No one made a sound.

Fine. She'd handle things. After rounding her desk, she leaned against it before her legs gave out. "Prior to anything happening we need to set some ground rules."

Lucius crossed to her, a mountain of a man, his leather and tobacco scent wafting close, followed by his heat.

Mesmerized, she dug her fingers into the desk and lifted her face to his.

"Ground rules?" Amusement shone in his eyes, rather than worry over her nixing the plan. "Such as?"

His proximity overwhelmed, words escaping her. She lifted her shoulders.

Tav joined them. "Regarding this?" Mischief sounded in his deep voice. He pulled handcuffs from his pocket.

Frowning, Lucius elbowed him.

Cody neared, but kept his peace. However, he did smile at the cuffs.

If he'd had his way, he'd probably fuck her raw while they parachuted to earth then take her next as they shot rapids. Luckily, she found her voice and straightened. "That and other things."

Lucius pressed close, his thighs to hers, cock nestled against her pussy, his hand cupping her neck. "Like this?"

He captured her mouth, their lips fitted perfectly, his bristly cheeks scraping hers, tongue plunging inside.

*Gawd.* She sagged against him, powerless to resist his strength, scent, and taste. Something minty but also unique, a flavor belonging to him alone.

She gripped his lapels, needing them to keep steady, and to get closer. The moment she had, she ground indecently against him.

A breath couldn't have slipped between them, her breasts crushed to his chest, not allowing her to inhale fully.

Who the hell needed air?

He deepened his kiss, taking rather than asking, using, enjoying, his roughness a thrill rather than something to worry about, and precisely the behavior she required.

Yet she still desired more.

Once she pulled the leather tie from his hair, she drove her fingers through his thick, silky locks.

A lusty grunt rose from deep within him.

She'd rarely heard a better sound.

He tempered his passion, gentling the kiss.

That was awesome too.

They enjoyed each other as she'd wanted from the moment they'd met, her feelings for him building each time he smiled at her or they shared laughter she'd tried to avoid, their friendship deepening despite her attempts to keep an emotional distance. During those empty days when she'd denied herself physical contact, she never would have believed a kiss could be so wondrous.

The world faded away, sounds retreating, leaving them clinging to each other, savoring closeness and intimacy.

Wasn't enough. If possible, she would have crawled inside his mind, heart, and soul. Barring such nonsense, she stopped herself from coming on too strong.

He struggled for breath, the same as her, then pulled his mouth free and gulped air.

Lucky him. She couldn't draw in enough to clear her head.

Tav slipped his arm around her waist and pulled her in to him.

Whatever air she'd taken poured out and mingled with his, his mouth on hers, tongue slipping inside, his beard rasping her skin.

Her knees sagged, bumping into him, his fresh, woody scent surrounding them, bringing to mind a forest, reclining on fragrant grass, leaves floating down, sun winking through countless trees to bathe their naked flesh.

She wreathed her arms around his shoulders, wanting him as a shelter against doubt and everything bad.

Holding her in a firm but gentle embrace, he angled his mouth for greater penetration, his passion as deep as Lucius's, yet also carefree. As if necking with her here was the most natural thing in the world, even though she'd kept her distance when they'd worked together. Not once sharing a meal unless they bumped into each other at lunch in the employee break room.

Those times had prepared her for now, their intimacy exciting yet comfortable and necessary.

Unable to resist, she pushed his tongue from her mouth and filled his instead.

Rather than protest, he allowed her to enjoy his clean flavor and suckled her deep.

She hadn't expected anything less from him. Tav took life as it came, greeting whatever was in his path. For the moment, she was his sole focus and wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

He eased her closer, his strength impressive yet subdued. His effort at containing it making him tremble.

She wanted him as unleashed as Lucius would be.

And Cody.

He separated her from Tav.

“Hey, I wasn’t finished.” Tav shot him a look.

Cody shrugged. “You are now.” He grasped her wrist.

Surely, he wasn’t going to kiss it. He’d never seemed the romantic type to her.

And wasn’t now.

After he’d trapped her against the wall, he held her wrists above her head and cupped her breast.

Her nipples peaked, straining against her suit jacket.

He thumbed one rigid tip, his lime fragrance and sweet breath stoking her desire.

She wrapped her leg around his and pressed her cunt to his rock-hard cock.

His grin spoke volumes. “Bad girl.”

“You think?”

“I know.” He brushed his lips over hers, their softness and heat striking, his smooth cheeks a balm, his tantalizing foreplay increasing her excitement.

Whoever thought wild monkey sex was the only way to go for a good time hadn’t experienced this.

Impatient for his tongue, she parted her lips, welcoming him inside.

Forever a maverick in their group, he declined her invite and licked her lower lip then kissed her chin, cheeks, nose, and eyelids.

Impassioned lovemaking couldn’t have pleased her more than his tenderness. Scarcely able to breathe, she yielded, willing to give him whatever the hell he wanted and then some.

Pleased sounds poured from him, as arousing as his husky voice. He claimed her mouth, his hard, deep kiss a surprise.

Similar to the dazzling plunge awaiting riders once they'd reached the highest point on a rollercoaster—or the thrills he enjoyed during extreme sports. Tranquil moments interspersed by stunning ones.

Their tongues danced. Hell, they boogied for all they were worth, his taste different from Tav and Lucius, indescribable yet glorious.

She tightened her leg around his.

He tried to pluck her nipple through too much fabric and succeeded.

Her skin tingled, and her heart caught. Much more of this and she'd be a goner, unable to think, reason, or protect herself from inevitable heartache.

Another lesson she'd learned from her mother's countless missteps with men.

Alarms sounded in Bree's head.

Cody's kiss intensified, insisting on everything she had to give.

*No, no, no. Not yet.* Certainly not here with Jacquie outside, her ear likely pressed to the door, so she could listen and enjoy.

Needing some control, Bree tore her mouth from his.

He blinked slowly, his eyes unfocused, and then he stepped back, surprise and disappointment on his face since she hadn't resisted the others.

She didn't want to do so with him either, but Tav and Lucius had already plowed through her defenses, leaving her few options except to beg them all to do her right here and now. After which...

No way did she want to consider her sexual hangover. It would happen soon enough.

Lucius shouldered past Cody to reach her.

She sidled away, a second turn so soon with him and the others not in the cards. To keep him from following, she held out her hand.

Now he wore a wounded-puppy look.

Men. They simply didn't get it unless a woman spelled out everything. "As I said, we need to set some ground rules first."

Tav nodded agreeably and rocked on his tennies.

She stopped herself from smiling.

Lucius planted his hands on his narrow hips. "I take it you know what you want."

Not even close. "I thought we'd discuss matters over dinner." After several slugs of booze, she might be able to settle and think clearly. They'd only been here a few minutes and her brain had turned to goo, her lips felt swollen, and her cheeks stung from Tav's beard and Lucius's stubble. "Surrender does have a five-star restaurant."

Cody bumped Tav's arm. "What do you want to bet that's not why the other patrons are here tonight or any other night for that matter?"

Tav laughed.

Lucius stepped closer to her. "What happens after dinner?"

Her stomach fluttered at his deep baritone. James Earl Jones had nothing on him.

He cocked his head, waiting for an answer, his hair swaying.

God, she loved that and would have given up several decades of her life to bury her face in those fragrant locks. "That's where the ground rules come in."

"Yours, not ours?" Tav hooked his thumbs in his front pockets. "Do we get to veto stuff we don't like?"

"We do." Lucius arched one eyebrow and spoke to her. "It's only fair."

Given their lust, she figured they wouldn't go along with watching Lifetime movies and munching on chocolate anytime soon, not that she'd prefer those treats to them. Still, she needed to keep this from going overboard too fast and focused on Tav. Like her, he'd clawed his way out of an impoverished childhood, which made him more careful than Lucius, who'd known nothing except wealth, and Cody, too,

both his parents renowned physicians. Tav and she instinctively understood each other. “What would you want to veto?”

Tav held up his hand and ticked off fingers as he spoke. “Us leaving here without you. You leaving without us. Us doing nothing except talking. Us not kissing again. Us not getting naked.” He held up his other hand. “Us not—”

“I get it, all right?” His discretion had faded since they’d last seen each other. She rubbed her temple. “Let’s have a drink.” Several in fact. “And dinner. We can discuss the particulars then.”

The guys exchanged frustrated glances.

She supposed they’d expected her to greet them naked in here, a bed replacing her desk, BDSM tools hanging from the walls rather than pricey Victorian artwork and photos depicting nude women enjoying themselves as Queen Victoria had never imagined or wanted.

If these upcoming trysts, or whatever they were, turned out well, Bree might be game for anything. At present though, she needed some guidelines and inclined her head to the door.

Lucius strode toward it.

Footfalls sounded outside, scampering away. Jacquie.

Frowning, Lucius turned the knob, looked around the jam then regarded Bree from top to bottom and back up to her breasts where he lingered, his thoughts unreadable.

She guessed they were in the gutter, the same as hers. Again, she struggled not to stare at his fly. “After you.”

His smile was slow and sexy. “That’s not how it works.”

Cody leaned closer. “Out of bed or in.”

Tav chuckled and made a sweeping gesture for her to exit first.

Following their lead would have been easier and far more satisfying. She could have drunk each one in as much as she desired without them knowing.



Her legs had rarely felt as rubbery, her face so heated. Hopefully, no one would notice her blush.

Jacquie pretended to work at her computer but did look up, her eyes rounding.

So much for no one noticing. “If anyone needs me, I’ll be in Chasteté.” French for chastity, one of the few places in Surrender where guests had to remain dressed, unless they used a private dining room. Those were always popular and usually booked.

Lucius cleared his throat.

Jacquie’s pale cheeks pinked up, a perfect color complement to her black hair, cut Cleopatra style, and the diamond stud in her nose. Almond-shaped grey eyes gave her an exotic flair, her pouty mouth an innocent look. Quite the contradiction, especially with interest flaring on her pretty face as she regarded Lucius. Her desire didn’t abate as she next took in Cody and Tav.

Lucius spoke to her. “What Ms. Debussey meant to say is we’ll all be in the restaurant. Right, Bree?”

Already he’d pulled rank. It should have pissed her off royally. Instead, she got too warm, her thoughts growing fuzzy again. “Of course.”

Tav scratched his beard. “About anyone needing you...”

“Oh, don’t worry.” Jacquie’s grin showed most of her teeth. “I’ll say Ms. Debussey’s busy until further notice. Take all the time you want or need. I have your back.”

Bree frowned.

Tav gave Jacquie a wink.

Cody smiled.

Jacquie giggled.

Understandable for a twenty-six-year-old who was getting her first taste of what sexy, powerful men were like. With any luck, she’d at least stay put during the remainder of her shift, not trying to see what was up, or going down, by repeatedly strolling into the restaurant.

Like a good girl, Bree led the way.

Men dressed in expensive suits and women in shimmering evening wear populated the get-acquainted areas on the ground floor, decorated to resemble a Victorian palace: the cherry wood dark and gleaming, chandeliers abundant, furniture upholstered in rose or lilac velvet, lighting subdued, the milieu decidedly erotic.

Anyone planning to indulge in twosomes, gangbangs, and orgies had to march up one flight. For more intense activities? She'd relegated BDSM and fetishes to the third and last floor.

Voyeur areas occupied all locations. For the shyer types, there were single rooms.

She figured her guys—as Jacquie had dubbed them—wouldn't opt for privacy this night or any other. Her heart skipped a beat.

Several women stopped sipping their champagne or mixed drinks, hunger and appreciation in their eyes as they regarded them.

She glanced back.

The others' attention was on Cody, Tav, and Lucius. Little wonder given their male allure.

However, her guys didn't notice anyone except her, instead staring at her legs, ass, and hair.

Buoyed by their devotion, but hardly gullible, she hustled them past the other female patrons, not that she or her guys could hide in the throng. Each of her men was too good looking and she was the only female dressed in business attire, the outfit still offering sexual appeal. A deliberate decision on her part.

Her black jacket dipped to a low V in front, the sleeves three-quarter, her slim black skirt inches above her knees, her four-inch heels sporting cut outs on the toes. Technically, businesslike yet also provocative and feminine. The holy trifecta.

There was a reason to dress for success. Despite women clad in scanty gowns or silky jumpsuits boasting halter-tops, a few men still glanced at Bree. Mainly those who weren't kissing or

fondling females on the sofas, chairs, humongous ottomans, or against the walls, as others watched and enjoyed their drinks.

A few patrons gathered together, the groups mostly one woman and several men. They spoke quietly, perhaps arranging a meet upstairs in the BDSM rooms.

For those who hadn't yet decided on their game plan, the surroundings encouraged passion—not the base kind, not yet, but rather a slow build to an exquisite evening. To set the mood, classical music played, something French and dreamy, heavy on flutes and strings. If nothing else, Surrender was about fantasy.

A male voice called out, followed by others. Whoops and whistles joined the cries. Lucius took Bree's hand and led her away from the restaurant toward the other sounds.

She held back.

He looked over. Cody and Tav eyed her too.

Time to explain. "The restaurant's over there." She pointed.

Lucius inclined his head to the newest whistles and applause. "What's causing the ruckus?"

Not anything she wanted them to see. "An event. It's nothing."

Tav stood on tiptoes and craned his neck. "Sounds like fun to me."

"I'm game." Cody took her other hand, his palm calloused from sports.

He and Lucius led her toward the ballroom.

Tav clasped her shoulder, making his claim.

If anyone here thought the guys were nuts for corralling her like this, they didn't show it, having their own seductive play to indulge in: couples, threesomes, and more, fondling, kissing, pleasuring, then racing toward the sweeping staircase to rooms they'd booked.

Upon reaching the ballroom, Lucius and Cody stopped.

Tav halted too late and bumped into her, his stiffened cock smacking against her butt cheeks. Rather than backing up, he

pressed forward, looking past her at the stage. The same as Lucius and Cody.

Excitement whisked through her, leaving weakness and wanting behind.

Each gripped her fingers tightly. Not enough to harm, but she certainly couldn't run.

A good move on their part considering what she hadn't wanted them to see.

A platform bathed in golden light dominated the stage, a nude woman displayed on it, an elaborate feathered mask hiding her face, shackles holding her arms above her head, flight and modesty impossible. The stand rotated slowly to afford the audience a view from every direction to display her breasts, pussy, and ass.

Up there, she had no protection as she did at the Los Angeles music conglomerate she ran. As the youngest CEO in company history, she'd catapulted numerous kids to stardom in hip hop, soft rock, country, jazz, and soul. She was a one-woman American Idol and The Voice, her compensation proving it.

Tired of bad boy rockers and good ole country stars who cheated worse than politicians, she'd approached Bree about coming here to get down and dirty, and to submit. Something she wouldn't remotely consider during business hours. But in a dream world...

A staffer dressed as a slave trader wielded a riding crop, using the device to part her legs and further exhibit her.

Moisture glistened on her shaved pubes, arousal plumped her delicate folds, her nipples constricted, breathing strained.

A tuxedoed MC stood to the side. "Opening bid is ten thousand."

Several shouted the amount.

The MC scanned the crowd. "Do I hear eleven?"

No one balked at the price. For it, the winner could do whatever he wanted with his new 'slave', her approval secure and

complete whether the evening included indulging a fetish, BDSM, voyeurism, spanking, roll playing, or everything combined. Given those ground rules, men talked over each other, driving the price up to twenty thousand and beyond before the platform completed one revolution.

Tav whistled through his teeth, his breath skimming Bree's ear.

Cody snuggled closer, their hips touching, her breast grazing his arm.

Lucius squeezed her fingers. "Now there's something I hadn't thought of."

Before they got too frisky, she needed to make them stop. "I am not doing that. Ever."

"Understood when it comes to your clientele." Lucius's smile crinkled the corners of his eyes.

She yearned and wilted against him but kept her head. "Not with you guys either."

"You're just shy." Cody nuzzled his face to her cheek. "You'll get over it now that we're here."

"And staying." Tav eased her butt into his thick, hard cock. "Don't you worry, we're not going anywhere."

Lucius touched his lips to hers, stealing her breath. "Our games have only begun."