
FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS

Club Risqué - Book Five

POPPY FLYNN



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Taryn Tanita Trent, Trinity, as she was known to all, both in and out of work, took a good look around at the buzzing activity of the club where she was the assistant manager.

Club Risqué—this new manifestation was really quite different from the original club, a thousand miles away on the south coast, where she had first learned about the BDSM lifestyle, earned her submissive stripes, and progressed on to bar manager.

The original club had much more of an old school, exclusive 'men's club' vibe, all sedate luxury and sumptuous extravagance. This new club had been born from the ashes of the kink club, 'Perversions', when Joel and Jake Blackwood, Logan Thornton, and Connor Griffin, the co-owners of the south coast club, had bought the struggling, mismanaged nightclub and revamped it into its current guise.

The name might be the same, but this place was just as far apart in character as it was in distance. This incarnation had a young, starkly industrial vibe and a unique two-tier membership system.

On the ground floor was a nightclub with a bar and a dance floor like no other. The heavy beat of grunge music might blare out just like any other disco but hung on multi-level, suspended platforms, above the sea of undulating bodies on the dance floor which seemed to ripple and surge rather than dance. There was an eye-opening plethora of enticing, X-rated displays, depicting every kind of BDSM and kink fuelled fantasy you could imagine, from bondage to sadomasochism, to straightforward pole dancing or explicit sexual acts.

Right now, overhead, there were six different platforms in play, each in a different location, at a different height. Each was picked out in a luminous ball of light to showcase the scene taking place. Looking to the closest, she saw two subs dressed as kinky schoolgirls, being caned simultaneously over the top of their stockings and suspenders by a bare-chested 'headmaster' wearing a pair of tight leather trousers and a mortar board. To her left, a far more intense scene was playing out. Two naked submissives on this platform, both male and female, along with a Domme dressed in figure hugging PVC and thigh high black boots. The girl had her arms stretched high above her head, fastened to a chain, a ball gag in her mouth, and her ankles attached to a spreader bar. On his knees in front of her, the male submissive was feasting, his scrotum having been pegged by the Mistress who targeted random slaps on each of them with the riding crop she carried.

The sound system was cleverly rigged so that the erotic sounds of moans and screams, slaps and lashes were pitched distinctly above the blare of the music, creating a subliminal, erotic music of their own. It was all here for anyone to enjoy; for a price, of course.

And that was just for the voyeurs. It was on the second floor that things got serious. That was the true domain of the Dominant and the submissive members of Club Risqué.

Down here, was just a bit of fluff, a nice little earner and

maybe an entry level taste of the true lifestyle that took place behind steel doors, stringent biometric security, and thorough membership checks.

The upper level was where you would find the serious lifestylers, in amongst the multitude of themed rooms and the open plan area filled with spanking benches, St. Andrew's crosses, and all manner of other apparatus of the finest quality. The play-room up there was fondly referred to by everyone as the 'dungeon', despite the fact that it was upstairs.

Satisfying herself that everything was running smoothly down below, Trinity made her way up there now. The lower level had a bar manager and a second assistant manager of their own, solely for that floor. Trinity, herself, oversaw both levels, but most of her responsibilities rested on the upper floor, under the watchful eye of the club's executive manager and psychologist, Micah Flynn.

And therein lay the difference between this and most other clubs—the fact that they had a head shrink on board and every member had to undergo a psyche evaluation before their membership was approved.

Of course, besides their name, there was one significant factor that united the two clubs, regardless of their outward differences, and that was the owner's commitment to the tenets of 'Safe, Sane and Consensual' and R.A.C.K—risk aware consensual kink. They weren't just buzzwords and slogans, they were the embodiment of a sacrosanct belief in the protection and enrichment of the alternative, often misunderstood, lifestyle they held dear.

Upstairs, Trinity took a quick look around the dungeon floor, just to satisfy herself that everything was in order. Her staff was dedicated and thorough, but Trinity liked to have her finger on the pulse. She smiled as she watched Master Storer stalk across the dungeon floor...that is if it was actually possible to 'stalk' in an all singing, all dancing wheelchair. But even if he was techni-

cally gliding, stalking was most certainly his intent. A disproportionate dwarf with Osteogenesis Imperfecta, Master Storer was a distinctive and popular character amongst club members and a poster boy for physical diversity within the lifestyle. This was truly a place where you could say with complete honesty, 'anything goes.' There was no judgment here, no body shaming, no discrimination. It was a place where those whose desires might be seen as taboo in the outside world could come together to play and relax without fear of retribution, knowing that privacy and security was assured.

Trinity checked in with all the Dungeon Monitors, those dedicated men and woman who kept their fingers on the pulse of each and every encounter and scene within the club, checking to ensure that nothing ever went too far, and skirting the shadows in the unlikely event that somebody safeworded because a scene was getting out of hand. Or the opposite, a sub who didn't use a safeword—a specifically designated word designed to call things to a halt—when they should. It wasn't unheard of. A lot of subs felt strongly about not wanting to let their Masters or Mistresses down, so they endured more than they should in a misguided effort to make them happy. It was a false positive, though; no Dom wanted a sub that placed themselves in jeopardy, whether physical or emotional. That was likely to disappoint them all the more. So far, Trinity had never seen it happen here, though.

All of the members here had to undergo a meticulous and thorough Dominant or submissive training program before they were allowed to participate. It was one of the things that kept incidents to a minimum. A good Dom instinctively knew just how far he could push a sub without stepping over the line. A good sub understood the importance of negotiating her limits and knew when to slow things down before it all went wrong.

It was a different kind of dance, one of responsible accountability by both parties, and the trust and belief that each participant would honour their commitment to the concept of the

power exchange. Wherein, the submissive, by mutual agreement, gives over some degree of authority to the Dominant in exchange for the Dom taking some degree of responsibility for the sub.

It was a balance that was quite breath taking when it was done properly and a philosophy that was at the very heart of the BDSM lifestyle.

Trinity made her way down the hall to her private office. She needed to check on the video feeds for the downstairs platforms and the individual playrooms. Those rooms were all themed. There was a chic French boudoir and the staid headmaster's study with a row of canes displayed behind a huge desk, a meticulous medical room featuring a recliner complete with stirrups. A jail cell, medieval turret room, a wet room, a throne room, a boardroom, and the high-tech suspension chamber. Every conceivable kind of fantasy could be played out within these walls, but absolutely no one was above surveillance.

The rooms all encompassed viewing areas, both within the room, itself, and through the huge floor to ceiling picture windows, but they could all be made private through the closing of doors and pulling of drapes for those who didn't display exhibitionist tendencies. But, no matter what, every inch of the entire club was rigged for video monitoring from the public areas to the car park and every nook and cranny in between.

The only places that were exempt were the private offices and the toilet stalls. Even the locker rooms were covered. Discretely, of course.

With a light tap on her door, Trinity's boss walked in. Micah Flynn was panty melting hot, seriously ripped, and exceptionally skilled in every area of his expertise, from business, to psyche, to dominance. He also looked like your quintessential surfer dude, beach bum. If there was ever a stereotype for the saying 'looks can be deceiving,' then Micah Flynn was it. His naturally streaky blond hair was long and curling and his muscular frame could

probably put a few body builders to shame. He looked like he had muscles on some of his muscles, and he was in equal amounts as cheery and easygoing as he could be serious and contemplative. The man was a chameleon, and even Trinity wasn't entirely sure which incarnation most closely reflected his true character.

"Everything okay, sprite? he asked, using the nickname that only he could get away with.

"Yep, everything is smooth sailing right now, boss."

"Then why are you looking so tired?"

Trinity swung her office chair from side to side and shrugged. "I don't know, to be honest, Micah. I am feeling a bit wrung out, but it's not really anything I can put my finger on. Perhaps it's just because things have slackened off a little, at last, after getting this place up and running, and I finally have the chance to stop and think about being tired," she suggested jadedly.

"Or maybe it's because you haven't had a session for a couple of months," Micah countered. "I've been unusually tied up since I became Cha-cha's training Dom, but Jake Blackwood has taken over that responsibility now, so perhaps we should schedule a get-together."

Trinity stretched her back in an attempt to ease her shoulders. Yeah, maybe Micah was right and that was just what she needed. He circled behind her and placed his big hands on her shoulders, kneading the tight, knotted muscles in her slight frame.

As a couple—not that they were one—they looked incongruous. Trinity was as slight as Micah was built. While he did a good impression of a modern day He-man, Trinity was more like a contemporary version of Tinkerbell—only without the curves, which was kind of sad.

She was used to being referred to as a fairy due to her tiny, dainty stature. She barely topped five feet tall and, if she felt like it, she could buy clothes from the children's sections marked for

ten-year-olds. She had long since accepted the fact that she was never going to grow up to be tall and curvy and instead made the best of what she'd gotten, just as she'd embraced the realization, five years ago, that she identified as a service submissive.

In that respect, working at Club Risqué was her dream job. True, things had been a bit dicey in those early years, since she'd been a big hit with the Daddy Doms, but, as much as she lived to serve, being a little was *not* in Trinity's make up. To that end, she had cut off her long, fair hair, dyed it poppy red, and styled it in a pixie cut which suited her delicate elfin features and huge silvery eyes. The decision had also served to sever one of the final strands from her past.

Ironic, though, that she had come to *find* herself and embrace her individuality in the very lifestyle that had caused her so much emotional anguish, in those days before she had discovered submission as a means to sate her servitude, rather than have it taken advantage of. Fate could be a downright bitch sometimes.

Trinity sighed as Micah's clever fingers unknotted the tension she hadn't realized she was carrying. She didn't answer him straight away, though, instead, doing a little digging of her own.

"So, what's the deal with Jake taking over Charlotte's contract then? I honestly thought you might decide to take things a step further with Cha-cha," she queried, reverting back to Charlotte Chapman's club name.

Micah's fingers stilled for a moment and Trinity turned her head and looked back at him, but he didn't look at all upset, just contemplative.

"I did consider it, believe it or not, but I knew there was a high probability that she'd end up making an emotional attachment to any Dom she was paired with for a significant amount of time and I wouldn't be able to give her what she needed. It wouldn't have been fair to either of us."

"God forbid that any sub might fall in love with her Dom," Trinity said cynically, but Micah didn't deserve that criticism; he

was no more detached than she was, herself, and he'd done the right thing by Charlotte, by not giving her false hope where none existed. *Every woman should be so lucky!* And that thought was beneath her. Whatever blame she might lay at the feet of her ex, being upfront about his intentions certainly wasn't one of them, but that was a road she certainly didn't want to go down.

She shook herself sternly and hurried on. If Micah had picked up on her barb, then he didn't call her on it.

"So, you think Jake is the right match?" she asked dubiously. She had known both the Blackwood cousins since the day she had walked into the original, south coast Club Risqué to book herself onto one of their submissive training courses. She got on well with him and had even scened with him on the odd occasion, and, while it was no secret that Jake was ready to settle down, his relationships always seemed to crash and burn because of the giant chip he still carried on his shoulder, despite his gregarious character.

"They have history," he revealed. "And Charlotte is already in love with him."

Trinity raised her eyebrows in surprise and tipped her head back to look at Micah where he towered above her. "Really?" she squeaked in surprise. "Well, I never saw that coming!"

Micah gave a boyish grin and leaned down to lay a quick peck on the end of her nose.

"Take my word for it, sprite. If Jake's jealousy was anything to go by when he discovered I was Charlotte's training Dom, then theirs will be the next lot of wedding bells we'll hear.

Trinity shook her head in disbelief and climbed up out of her chair. Micah's arms immediately came around her and he nuzzled his lips into her neck. "So, how about arranging to meet up sometime soon?" he queried again.

Trinity turned in his arms and pushed against his broad chest, so she could see his face. "Do I detect a hint of desperation

there, Sir? she asked, raising a single eyebrow. "I assumed you and Cha-cha had been tearing up the sheets."

She and Micah shared a unique, and very private, understanding where they each agreed to scratch an itch every once in a while, nothing fixed or consistent. Trinity couldn't cope with anything too specific, and that wasn't what Micah wanted, either. They didn't even play together within the confines of the club. Theirs was just a mutual pressure release arrangement that absolutely nobody was aware of, and they were both happy to keep it that way.

He spun her back around and bit into the fleshy part of her neck where it met her shoulder. "No intercourse clause." Micah's laughter rumbled against Trinity's back. "Remind you of anyone?"

Trinity tipped her head to one side, closed her eyes and smiled, enjoying Micah's carefree humour. She enjoyed his company and appreciated his good looks. In him, she found a kindred spirit. It was as if both of their subconscious had recognized each other from the first time they'd met, and they enjoyed a healthy, but intermittent, and definitely no strings, sexual relationship, which suited both of their needs completely. Because, as Micah was so quick to tease her about, her own limit list also included intercourse as a soft limit and by negotiation only. Trinity was what was known in the lifestyle as a service sub; she gained her satisfaction by providing for a Dom's needs or advancing their goals. In the club environment, rather than a personal one, that generally meant being available in a more supportive capacity, like volunteering to be the guinea pig for a Dom who was honing his skills and needed to practice. Making herself available to out of town guest members, who didn't have time to trawl the submissive pool, and occasionally providing personal services such as massages was also in her description. Trinity was fairly flexible. She wasn't really a pain slut, but, since she found her pleasure in providing what a Dom needed, she

could tolerate deeper levels of discomfort for those whom she understood truly required that kind of physical release.

In its own way, her agreement with Micah was just as service related. He didn't want the strings of a committed relationship, for his own reasons, and it was awkward for him to scene at the club, since he was the manager. So, she met his physical needs occasionally and that, in return, fed into her own desire to serve. It worked for them because they were both open and honest and on exactly the same page. And because, despite their friendly relationship, there was not an ounce of sexual chemistry between them.

That wasn't to say that they couldn't please each other, because that was far from true. Micah was a skilled and attentive lover and he could reach just far enough inside her psyche to hone into the things that made her feel not only needed but also appreciated. There was simply no spark between them at all. Their time together was really quite clinical and unemotional. They brought each other pleasure, and then they walked away. It was an odd arrangement, and maybe not one that a lot of people would understand, but it worked perfectly for them. There was no drama or jealousy when one of them scened with somebody else or took on a client or a trainee. There was simply a mutual appreciation when they were together and acceptance when they were not. It gave each of them exactly what they needed without the danger of attachment and, for the both of them, each in their different way, that was a significant attraction. Sadly, maybe the biggest one they shared. But the truth was, for both of them, sometimes there was just a straightforward physical need for a little human contact and connection. That they could find those things with each other, safely and satisfactorily, without the necessity of trawling for hook-ups or dodging bullets if things went wrong, was a real bonus.

Trinity peeled Micah's roving fingers away from where they spread across her upper midriff and lower abdomen. There was

a time and a place, after all. And in her office with the door unlocked was not it.

"Fine," she agreed. "When are you free next?" Since they both worked on each other's day off, there was never an evening when they were both off together, unless it was one of the nights the club was closed, and that was less and less often now that training classes were in full swing.

"Sunday," Micah growled, nibbling on her ear regardless of her obvious attempts to pull away. "And stop trying to avoid me or I'll put you over my knee right now."

Trinity just laughed outright. "That no intercourse clause in your trainee sub contract really must be putting a strain on you," she teased.

"Too right!" Micah grumbled. "Do you have any idea how difficult my job is sometimes?"

"My heart bleeds for you, *Sir*." Trinity stressed the honorific with good-natured mockery.

"Brat!" Micah growled.

Trinity laughed all the harder. If there was one thing she most certainly was *not*, it was a brat.