



Any Which Way

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Category: Romance

Description: Three years ago my wife and I completed our perfect relationship when the man we didn't know we were looking for entered our lives.

Our days have been full of love and laughter while equally steamy nights often leave us gasping for lungfuls of air for a totally different reason.

Still, we can both feel him slipping away, hiding something big. And when it bubbles to the surface, it has the potential to tear our relationship apart.

But then, a flyer for a body liberation workshop catches my attention on the community board of my tea shop. And with it comes renewed hope for our broken partner and for our relationship.

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Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:31 am

I've always believed my final seconds on Earth would be preceded by a slow-motion montage of momentous moments from my life.

Everything from the half-accurate medical shows on television to my sister, who had her own brush with death, claimed I'd see a freeze-frame of the exact moment I first laid eyes on my wife.

That I'd see possible future children and long-lost pets.

Important occasions for family and friends and those I've loved throughout the years.

Fucking liars. Every single one of them.

Beneath my feet, the step stool wobbles. I know I shouldn't be standing on the top step, both my wife, Eleri, and our partner, Kai, yelling at me more than once for putting myself in danger.

Before I can regain my balance, I'm falling the few feet to the carpeted floor, a storage tote tumbling from the shelf along with me as my fingers reach out, hoping to find anything to stop the inevitable.

The lid falls off, no match for gravity or my clumsiness. The contents scatter around me. Pictures float on the air like confetti. A yearbook nearly misses my eye, hitting me on the side of the skull. Hats and scarves, a few paperbacks, and various odds and ends thunk and thud.

"Brynn!"

I hear my name being called from two directions in the house, and if it weren't for the fact that I knew both Eleri and Kai were home, I'd certainly think I had a head injury.

Eleri's feet thud up the stairs, and I know she's taking them two at a time with her long, dancer-like legs I've always envied.

She's in the guest room in seconds, taking in the scene as Kai comes to a stop behind her no more than half a minute later.

He freezes as he takes in the remnants of my disaster, at the mess of his belongings that lie scattered haphazardly across the room, me included.

From somewhere above me, one lone last picture floats from the heavens, the crowning cherry on top of the proverbial sundae, landing image-side down on top of my face.

And when I refocus my eyes, seeing the image before me, I do what any logical woman would do after finding her boyfriend of three years—her Dominant of three years — photographed in more scandalous and risqué lingerie than she'd ever dare wear herself.

I scream before passing out, certain I'm Heaven-bound.

I've no idea how much time has passed when I blink my eyes open, both Eleri and Kai slowly coming into focus. We're in the bed I share with Eleri, and I'm sure it's Kai that carried me to the one space in the house where we all comfortably fit.

The gentle palm of my wife's hand sweeps across my forehead.

I turn my full attention to her and the worry etched across her brow.

Her long, straight hair hangs in a sheet around her face.

I only see the fear that mixes with the worry once she pushes it behind her shoulder, giving me an unobstructed view of her strong features that somehow radiate warmth despite their severe lines.

“I already know you’re punishing yourself in your head over that little stunt with the step stool more than I ever could.

But if Kai feels differently, we’ll address that together when I come home tonight.

I’m going to get you some Advil and water.

You’ve got a pretty good bump forming already. ”

Brushing my fingers against the spot where the yearbook smacked into my skull, I wince at the pain. “Jesus, Kai, how many kids were in your graduating class? That book had to weigh at least ten pounds.”

Eleri’s low chuckle stays in the room even after she’s left, the sound both enchanting and genuine. Whether she’s actually laughing at my joke or at my poor attempt at using humor to deescalate a sensitive situation remains to be seen.

Kai moves on the mattress next to me, his words a command that I wouldn’t be able to disobey if I tried. “Look at me, Brynn.”

I do, and the eyes that look back at me nearly break my heart.

“The picture you saw... The pictures in that storage tote... That’s not the man I am anymore. I was young, and it was before I met you. Just a phase, really.”

Three years with Kai, and I know with near certainty it's the first lie he's ever told me.

Situating myself against an extra pillow as Eleri reenters the room, I take the offered glass of water and pain relievers, dutifully swallowing the pills to ward off the oncoming headache that has already begun to form.

They're both always urging me to be myself.

To seek out the most authentic version of who I am, even if it sometimes comes at the expense of time, resources, and in many cases, money.

Or, like today, my safety and their sanity.

Most people are lucky to find one person to share that bond with. Somehow, I found two.

"I have to get to the shop," my wife tells me.

She sweeps a few stray curls away from my eyes that must have escaped my elastic during my tumble.

A deep furrow of concern still mars her beautiful face.

"You going to be okay if I step out for a few hours? I can always call Polly and see if she can stay late."

Finishing the glass at my wife's urging, I place it on the nightstand. "No, I'm okay. Promise, it's just a little bump. And Kai's here all day in case I end up needing anything."

My smile is weak, despite my truth. I am okay, but if I could have my wife with me all the time, I absolutely would.

Eleri gives me a sweet kiss before repeating the gesture with Kai.

And that small kiss is all it takes to turn my smile into something genuine.

Simply put, I love love.

Of course, being in love is amazing. And seeing the two people that I care for most share that bond makes me want to burst with joy at times.

But it's so much deeper than that. Watching people love one another, truly care for one another...

It's the most beautiful thing in the world, and I want to experience it in as many forms as possible while I'm alive.

I wait for Eleri to leave, giving Kai a few moments to settle.

It's rare he and I spend time alone in the room Eleri and I call ours but not unheard of.

Just as it's not odd for one or both of us to sometimes spend time in the separate room Kai keeps in the home the three of us share in Ellison Harbor.

"Are you sure you don't want to..."

I don't get to finish, Kai cutting me off. "Were you trying to snoop in my belongings? You're never going to put so much as a toe on the top rung of the stepstool again, are you, little troublemaker?"

Ugh . Even now when my mind is scattered like a handful of hay in the wind, his voice goes straight to my core, commanding every ounce of my attention when all I want to do is confront him about what he's hiding away in those plastic bins.

“I suppose not.”

It might not have been my intention to sneak a look inside his private belongings, but I'm sure as hell thinking about it now.

His derisive snort has me stifling a giggle.

“You might be sporting a goose egg on that cute noggin, Brynn, but don't think for a second that I won't turn that ass rosy red if you continue to sass me.”

I squeal, trying to catapult myself off the bed. Kai's faster, grabbing me and tackling me to the mattress as I explode into a fit of giggles. “No! I'll never step on the top rung of the stepstool again!”

Kai might win this round, the pictures I saw pushed somewhere to the back of my mind as his fingers find their way under my shirt, tickling my sides as I squirm and squeal.

But of everything my relationships with Eleri and Kai have taught me, it's that communication is paramount. And even if I'm afraid of confrontation, at the risk of keeping both my lovers happy, a little discomfort is worth it in the end.

Besides, even Kai and his teasing fingers can only keep me distracted from the truth for so long.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:31 am

The late morning sun pours in through the oversized storefront windows of Steeped in Pride.

All around me, people bustle about. Several couples sit at cozy bistro tables to the left of the entrance, a nearby counter serving as the point of sale for patrons choosing to dine in.

To the right, a small retail section carries a wide variety of teas—both loose leaf and in the more consumer-friendly tea bag—along with small gifts and gizmos for the sophisticated and novice tea drinker alike.

An aroma of peppermint and bergamot collides in the air with the scent of the baked in-house pastries and scones. While they would normally have me salivating, today they do little to bring forth any appetite.

It has been nearly two weeks since Brynn's performance of Swan Lake —also known as her tumble off the stepstool and into a mountain of photos neither of us ever expected to find.

And in those two weeks, I have been able to sense the walls going up around Kai all while Brynn desperately tries to claw them down.

Something has to give.

I can't keep living in a house where both my long-term partners are unhappy.

Not even a first date with a beautiful new woman has been enough to make Kai smile

the way he normally does.

Nor has a new painting project or puzzle helped Brynn to stop the nervous energy that seems to radiate off her in waves.

Thankfully, I don't have time to further spiral when a beautiful woman I recognize as Ryan steps up to where I am standing at the small check out podium on the retail side of Steeped in Pride.

We don't cross paths more than a few times each year, but as both the owner of the building I rent space from as well as the owner of Glittering Vices, we've become casual acquaintances over the years, and I always make a point to keep her favorite darjeeling tea on hand.

"Anything else I can get for you?"

Her smile is near blinding in a way that I know instantly makes people feel at ease.

As I place her items in a canvas tote and run her card, she takes a flyer from a folder and places it on the podium.

"Actually, I was hoping I might be able to leave you with a flyer for your community board for my upcoming workshops."

I pass over her tote before reaching for the flyer, quickly reading its contents as a plan begins to form in my mind.

"This is a fantastic idea. My partners and I have been to Glittering Vices several times and have always enjoyed ourselves and the performances. In fact, could I grab a second one of those?"

“Got someone in mind you think could benefit from learning the art of radical self-love and acceptance?”

I can’t help but smile as she hands over a second flyer. “As it happens, I think I just might.”

I’m thankful the morning passes quickly after Ryan leaves, a steady stream of customers coming and going.

With my store manager, Polly, and two other employees, we handle food and beverage orders for the cafe and retail shop while chatting with both new and returning customers.

I order inventory for the upcoming summer and place the last of the spring products on sale.

And when I look up after a particular busy stretch of the early afternoon to see Kai leaning against the far wall of the tea shop, I smile, excited to share a quick lunch with him before he returns to his office.

His strides quickly eat up space between us, and before I can open my mouth to say hello, he lifts his hand to present me with a beautiful bouquet of flowers I hadn’t previously seen.

Peonies and ranunculus in shades of pale pinks and purples mix with light yellow carnations.

Bits of greenery fill in the spaces between the blooms, and a thick butcher’s paper holds the bouquet together tied with a ribbon from the local florist.

“Please tell me you have some of those cinnamon-toffee bagels? It’s all I’ve been

thinking about since you texted me.

” His smile is enough to melt the panties off most women.

Clearly, not even I was immune to his charms, and now here I am three years later not just sharing a partner with my wife but sharing a man with Brynn.

Our relationship developed much slower than the initial one that grew between Kai and Brynn, but over time, he’s become just as important to me as Brynn is, and I couldn’t see myself existing without either of them in my life.

We grab food from the counter and take a seat at one of the small tables.

Thankfully, the rush has passed, only a few stragglers still shopping on the retail side of the store.

Kai takes a bite of his bagel, managing to cram about a quarter of the dough into his mouth in one bite.

Meanwhile, I pick at my food, silently praying I’m not misreading the situation we’ve found ourselves in, that I’m not about to send not only my relationship with Kai to a watery demise but Brynn’s relationship with him as well.

I take a bite of my croissant, a healthy serving of chicken salad heaped between the layers of flaky pastry I normally can’t get enough of. “We can keep pretending nothing happened, that nothing has changed in the last few weeks. But I really don’t think that’s going to solve anything, do you?”

The bagel halfway to Kai’s mouth pauses, a chunk of toffee falling to the table below with a hollow thud as I continue to stare at him, waiting.

Finally, he gives in, speaking first. “Eleri, please , can’t we just forget about it?” His voice is hushed, like he’s afraid people are listening in on our conversation.

“No, I don’t think we can. There are very few boundaries between you, Brynn, and myself, and disregarding this— whatever even this is—would be breaking one of the few rules we have established to always be open and truthful with each other.”

Kai holds my gaze, his dark brown eyes holding on to something that looks a lot like shame.

Reaching across the small table, I place one hand on his while continuing to speak, hoping to show him it’s okay.

That he can be vulnerable with me much the way Brynn is often vulnerable with both of us as her Dominants when we not only scene at the dungeon, but when we’re together in the bedroom, too.

“If you would really rather not talk about it, I’m not going to push you.

That’s not my place. But I think there is a reason why you’ve held on to those pictures, Kai.

And maybe you owe it to yourself to explore that more in depth. ”

We eat without speaking for a few minutes, letting the sounds of the shop act as our soundtrack. Nearby, the sound of a spoon clinks against an antique teacup. Polly’s laughter drifts through the space as she talks to a customer, and an ad plays over the radio for a local cat beauty pageant.

It’s enough to break the tension, both of us turning toward the speaker to be sure we heard the radio advertisement correctly.

“I am not taking Brynn,” I tell him.

Incredulously, he scoffs. “Like I would miss the chance to see who takes home the crown for Ellison Harbor’s fiercest feline. I’ll get her and I tickets tonight after work.”

The rest of the meal is filled with easy back and forth.

Kai eats a second and then a third bagel, and not for the first time, I wonder how the man manages to keep his physique while juggling a successful career, multiple partners, and a busy social calendar of events.

Of course, I know it’s in part to his early morning workouts, but while he is still young and into staying fit, I’m content with my slim yet not quite as athletic build that shows my age as I creep closer and closer to forty.

I probably should feel guilty at suggesting one more thing to add to his busy plate, knowing he’s already pressed thin...

But I don’t.

For some reason, my intuition whispers that I need to push just a little harder.

Knowing Kai needs to get back to his office soon, I muster the strength to talk about the pictures one last time, hoping a different approach will work better.

I take the flyer from Ryan that has been in my pocket since this morning.

Smoothing out the creases in the paper, I slide it across the table.

“What’s this?” Kai takes the paper, scanning the words much as I did earlier. “Oh,

cool, so that's where the summer performers come from. We should check out a few again this year. I always love to watch what they come up with."

"I was thinking that this year, maybe you could check out the classes."

His eyes snap to mine as his jaw tenses. "I don't need to learn how to love myself, Eleri. I'm perfectly fine with who I am."

"Then don't do it for yourself. Do it for me. Fuck, Kai, do it for Brynn. You and I both know this is tearing her apart. She feels like she betrayed you, but she doesn't know why."

"What if doing these classes has the potential to change everything?"

I smile, hoping it's reassuring. "Isn't that better than everything staying like it is now?"

Kai groans. "You're infuriating when you answer a question with a question."

"Yeah? Well, you're kind of cute when you're flustered." I wink, only half in jest. The blush climbing his cheeks is cute, and not for the first time since seeing the photos of him in lingerie, I let my mind drift to what the scene would look like in real life.

He takes the flyer, folding it back into quarters before sliding it into his tailored suit pocket as he stands. "No promises."

Together we walk to Kai's car, the afternoon sun like an old friend as it envelops me in its warmth.

And when we reach his sleek, black Mustang, Kai takes over for the sun, wrapping

me in his arms. He presses a kiss to the top of my head, a move that isn't hard with our height being as similar as it is.

I spread my palms out over his broad back, loving the way it tapers into his narrow, toned waist. He's strength and power, masculine without the toxicity that so often comes free with an order of male.

Brynn and I have to send his four sisters thank you gift baskets.

Their influence on Kai's upbringing helped to turn him into the human he is today.

Our lips meet in a gentle kiss, unspoken words passing between us. Kai drops his forehead to mine.

"Thank you again for the flowers. I love them almost as much as I love you."

"I love you, too," he responds. "And I will think about what you said. That's all I can promise for now."

And if that's all he can promise in the moment, I'm more than happy with having that as a place to start.

Page 3

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With gentle fingers, I trail over the smooth surface of the glossy four-by-six-inch photograph. It's me, nearly identical hair and beard to what I have now. Slightly skinner and way naiver about the world that lay ahead of me.

The delicate fishnets I wear in the picture hug everything .

My heavy cock lays against my stomach in the photo, the crisscross pattern running from the tips of my toes, trailing up my legs, and only coming to a stop to sit low on my hips.

They're the only stitch of clothing I wear as I lay stretched out on a plush bed covered with pillows and blankets as gentle light illuminates me from a nearby bedroom window.

I miss the version of the man staring back at me.

I don't remember the exact moment I decided to lock him away, decided being soft wasn't going to get me what I wanted in life.

Instead, each experience I had over the course of a few years stacked on top of one another like a clumsy toddler playing with a pile of wooden blocks until they came crashing down around me.

The man in the photo in front of me—the man who loved to feel decadent fabrics against his skin, who craved submission at the hand of a strong yet understanding woman... That man doesn't exist in this life.

But if the flyer Eleri gave me last week for the Glittering Vices workshops is to be believed, there might be a way to find my path back to the version of myself I've slowly begun to crave while still staying true to the man I am inside today.

With unsure hands, I unfold the paper, smoothing out the creases which have etched themselves into the sheet as if part of its very essence.

Words dance across the glossy flyer— liberation , freedom , expression, self-love .

Together, they swirl with the words dancing through my brain, the fundamentals of trust , communication , and honesty that Brynn, Eleri, and I expertly built our relationship upon.

I sift through a few more pictures of younger, lingerie-covered me as the flyer continues to taunt me with its inanimate yet somehow mocking tone.

Hidden mementos of a time before I met the women who hold my heart.

Silks and delicate lace, bright neon colors and muted nudes.

They're all mixed into the stack of photos I hold in my trembling hands.

Knowing the love Eleri and Brynn have for me, it should be easy to take this next step, to confide in them.

But though I have learned to excel in my role as a dominant, though I have given numerous partners the freedom to be their true selves and let go, I am rarely able to do the same for myself.

Especially now, after I've kept this part of myself from them since the day we began our relationships.

“Honey, I’m home!” Brynn’s sing-song voice brings an instant smile to my face despite the storm raging in my stomach.

I look between the photos in my hand and the doorway to my room, knowing my gorgeous girlfriend will be crossing the threshold into my space in less time than it takes to recite the badass monologue the president gave before the climactic battle in Independence Day. The original, of course.

Taking the few moments I have, I tuck the pictures under the flyer, making sure that they’re photo side down. God only knows I don’t want to be the cause of Brynn fainting... again .

Her smile radiates warmth, brightening the space the second she walks into my room.

“To what do I owe the pleasure? I was excited when I saw your car in the driveway. The great Kai Soren home in the middle of the day ?” She exaggerates the end of the sentence as if I’ve never left the office before five in the evening.

Though truthfully, she may be right. I can’t remember the last time I made it home for dinner with both Brynn and Eleri. Hell, half the time, I only see Eleri in passing. I’d love to see her more. To touch her just as much as I do Brynn, to feel Eleri touching me.

But first thing’s first.

Meeting Brynn halfway across my bedroom, I pull her into my arms, slanting my lips against hers as I delve into her shoulder length hair with my hands. She startles for half a second before melting into my body, her lips parting with a surprised gasp.

We break apart, her breaths unsteady while her plump lips already show the barest hint of being kissed. “I wanted to make sure I got to spend some time with you before

you went to volunteer tonight.”

“Well, lucky for you, I don’t have to go into the shelter tonight to take pictures of the animals.

” Brynn does a little dance that’s supposed to be silly, but it only serves to wake up my cock for the first time in what feels like weeks.

Even now, she is effortlessly sexy, effortlessly herself in a way I both admire and envy at times.

I only wish she saw it in herself the way I do.

“For the first time in seven years, there are no animals at the shelter! Some big-shot athlete shared a recent post online, and it went viral. They’ve had such a generous influx of cash donations and supplies that donations are now being routed to other local area shelters.”

“You mean a post you created. Don’t be so modest, Brynn. You’re the one who made that happen for everyone involved. You should be proud of yourself.”

Her nose wrinkles like an unpleasant smell is in the air instead of the ever-present smell of clean cotton that follows Brynn wherever she goes. “I am proud. It’s just...”

I don’t give her time to finish, knowing she’ll only further disparage herself and her successes. “One more negative word about yourself and I’ll make you write lines every night for a week.”

“You wouldn’t dare .”

Of course, I actually would dare. And with a simple arch of my brow, my intention is

made clear. Hey, I didn't say I didn't want to embrace my dominant side at all. And Brynn's responsiveness makes it so appealing.

Moving our conversation along, I guide us back to the topic I hope to discuss with Brynn.

We're close, still just a few inches between us.

I reach out to link my fingers with Brynn's, instinctively looking for something to ground me to this moment before my nerves lift me off the ground like an overpriced, helium-filled balloon.

"Actually, this works even better. Unless you already have plans? There's something I've been wanting to talk to you about, something I want to show you."

Brynn laughs, the sound echoing through my room like music on the wind. "As if plans would keep me from whatever this is." She waves her free hand over my body. "It's not every day you exude anything other than confidence."

I don't crack a joke, causing Brynn to sober. The color drains from her eternally bronzed skin. "Oh, my God, Kai. Is everything okay?"

Christ, now I've gone and made the poor woman think I'm dying or some shit.

"Fuck, shit, yeah. Everything's good. I'm good. It's about..." I meet Brynn's eyes as I rub the back of my neck with my free hand, knowing it's now or never. "It's about the pictures."

Her eyes go wide, an innocent look I'm used to seeing feigned in the heat of particularly bratty play. But now, the innocence wars with an inquisitiveness I know is sincere.

I'll give her credit. Brynn isn't one to hold her tongue. But she waits, giving me the time I need to compose myself before I launch into the carefully practiced monologue I may or may not have performed in front of the bathroom mirror earlier today.

Which of course, I forget every word of the second I open my mouth, blurting out the first thing that comes to mind instead. "I used to sell my services as a submissive to wealthy women seeking companionship as a way to put myself through college."

Jesus Christ, Kai. You have two gorgeous women you love, a net worth of three million dollars, a double master's degree, and countless other fulfilling things in your life. Why is a little bit of vulnerability driving you to the brink of insanity?

"Okay ..." she responds slowly. "You know that's nothing to be ashamed of, right? For about six months, I sold my panties to people on the internet. Sex work is real work. I'm surprised you, of all people, have an issue with it."

"No, I mean—wait... What? We're totally coming back to that at some point." I try to comprehend everything she just said while maintaining focus on the conversation at hand. "That's not what I mean. Just... sit down with me."

We settle onto my bed, smaller than the king mattress in Brynn and Eleri's bedroom. I could have easily fit a king as well, but I wanted to keep my space cozy and low maintenance, sometimes needing a calm place to retreat after particularly stressful days full of meetings.

Brynn positions herself on her side, eagerly waiting for me to begin while I lean my head against the headboard and close my eyes.

Her fingers find my forearm, and the gentle circles she draws against my skin relax me enough to finally tell Brynn about the one part of myself I've kept from her until now.

“Three semesters before I was supposed to graduate with my bachelors, I lost all the scholarships I had been awarded. It was my own fault. I had been in a car with a friend who had been drinking, and we got pulled over. Hindsight, I’m forever grateful nothing worse happened.

Hell, I might not have been the one behind the wheel, but I would have still been just as responsible had something serious occurred, and that alone was enough to sober me up for good.

I couldn’t live knowing I took someone’s life because I was some stupid, reckless kid.

Anyway, I had been at Ellison State on a full-ride athletic scholarship, and everything was gone. ”

Chancing a look at Brynn, I find she’s watching me with rapt attention.

There is no judgement in her eyes. Honestly, I don’t know that Brynn could truly judge someone poorly if she was forced to.

It’s simply not in her makeup. I keep going before I lose my nerve—something that rarely happens when I’m feeling fully in control. Right now, though, I’m anything but.

“I was such a shithead my entire life. Gave my parents so much hell. You and Eleri always joke about sending my sisters gift baskets. But I can’t give them all the credit.”

“What does this have to do with the pictures?”

Her impatience brings out an honest grin. “You’re a little shit. I was getting there.”

Brynn giggles, the dimples on either side of her smile popping. “Sorry.”

“ Anyway , as I was saying, I knew plenty of girls who had gone to websites looking for arrangements of companionship in exchange for money. I figured, what the hell. If women did it, why couldn't I?

If there was one thing I refused to do, it was to let down my parents again.

I couldn't let them see me as a failure my entire life.

The scholarships I had were the only thing I had going for me.

My sisters were always hitting home runs while I was barely able to make it to first base.

“It didn't start as something sexual. I did things like accompany women to charity galas, pose as dates for weekend long company retreats—that sort of thing.

It paid well, and I was able to cover my college expenses without my parents finding out that I had lost my scholarships.

But as expensive as my undergrad was, my graduate wasn't any cheaper. ”

“You kept doing it?” Brynn asks. “The whole companionship thing?”

Again, it's asked without judgement, as if she's not exactly sure how to word her question. And that's perfectly fine with me. I'm happy she's open to even hearing this story at all.

“I met a woman who asked me if I would be interested in a different type of relationship.

It was the first time I heard the term power exchange .

Of course, I had known of BDSM, mainly what I had seen in movies and television, but she wanted something completely different than what I knew.

She wanted to pay me for my companionship, but she expected me to wear certain things, to present myself to her in specific ways.

“Not necessarily high protocol but the closest I’ve ever come.

Day after day, I would go to class and devote myself to becoming the best I could be before falling into her arms each night.

She quieted my mind with skillful hands and reassuring words in a way I have never known.

I grew accustomed to the feel of lace on my body.

What started as something foreign began to feel like a second skin, and when she asked if she could take photographs of me in the outfits she painstakingly picked out, I didn’t hesitate to say yes. ”

The way Brynn’s focus is on me, one would think she’s watching a riveting documentary on the lesser known bizarre sea creatures of the deep.

Although, come to think of it, she usually passes out about halfway through those things, claiming the British narrator’s voice is the only thing that helps her fall asleep.

I hold the pictures out to Brynn.

She hesitates.

I give her a gentle nod of reassurance.

Brynn pushes herself into a seated position atop the bed before taking them with the care of an inexperienced glassblower working on their first masterpiece.

And then, as she thumbs through the pictures, I do the only thing there is to do.

I wait.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:31 am

Watching Kai as he demo-tops at our local kink club has been one of my favorite activities since the moment I first met him.

Tonight, as I watch uninterrupted while Brynn plays with several other kitties and pups in a section of the club reserved for pet play, I'm no less in awe of the man than I had been that very first time.

He carefully wields two floggers, working over the backside of a person fully at his mercy.

His partner is cuffed to a wooden saltire, the person's body lashing against each fall of the methodical flogging Kai provides to the beat of the music.

It's practiced yet chaotic, carefully planned yet spontaneous. Powerful yet controlled in a way that intrigues submissives while making our fellow dominants want to up their game.

And in a few short days, he's turning all that beautiful power over.

Turning himself over.

To me.

Last week, after Kai spent time sorting through the pros and cons of participating in a body liberation class with Brynn, he surprised me by agreeing to give at least one month of classes a go.

I was further delighted when he opened himself to me, sharing much of the same story he had with Brynn.

Vulnerability has never come easy to Kai, so the rare moments he gives that side of himself over to me are extra special.

And when he asked me the question that still takes my breath away when I think about it, asking if I would spend the weeks he spent at class as his Dominate, we both found ourselves surprised, staring at one another with wide eyes and equally shocked expressions.

Shortly less than three years we have been together, and until the question passed his lips, I had never considered it. But once the seed had been planted, I couldn't get the idea out of my head.

It wasn't about the pictures.

Of course, I can't deny the thought of Kai's body wrapped in delicate fabric makes my stomach flutter in a way I haven't come close to feeling since I went bungee jumping in Costa Rica on spring break my senior year of college.

But more than the adrenaline I am always chasing, it's the allure of the man I love being vulnerable enough to admit he is overwhelmed and that he wants me to be the person to help clear him of his heavy mind at the end of each day.

Having that power over another human is heady, an honor.

It's one of my favorite parts of the relationship I share with Brynn.

And now, Kai is asking me to be the same anchor for him.

How could I have possibly said no to that?

The song in the club changes to something faster.

A loud thump-thump-thump that reverberates through every bone in my body.

Not for the first time, I wish there was a playspace where lifestylers could go in the middle of the afternoon.

To hell with all these young kinksters starting parties when it's already past my bedtime.

Something soft bumps into my leg, causing me to jump in surprise. I look away from Kai, down to find Brynn nuzzling against my calf. She's adorable in a light pink bodysuit, fluffy tail wrapped around her thick waist, matching ears, knee pads, and coverings on all four limbs mimicking paws.

"Hey there, Kitten."

Brynn stands from the floor, stretching out her muscles. "Sorry I startled you. I thought I could sneak over here all gracefully, but maybe I'm getting a little too old to be crawling around on my hands and knees."

"I was seriously just thinking the same thing about the music volume in here."

We laugh before settling back into the energy of the club, and as hard as we try to equally take in all the activities happening around us, both of our eyes continually pan back to Kai.

He sees us watching from across the room and shoots us a wink. It's silly and sweet, everything Kai is beneath the surface of the award-winning, multi-million dollar app

developer he is to the rest of the world.

“Are you nervous about this week?” My wife pulls me back to her with the question.

It might be hard to hear Brynn over the sounds of the club, but the hesitation on her cherubic face shows me even if she’s the one asking the question, Brynn needs to hear the answer to feel reassured herself.

I move to stand in front of Brynn, wrapping my arms around her waist. She tilts her head back, bringing her eyes to meet mine, waiting until I speak.

“I’m nervous about living up to Kai’s expectations.

I’m a little concerned that I’m not going to be good at topping him the way I am when it comes to providing you with all the facets of our dynamic that we both find fulfilling.

I’m worried you might resent me for agreeing, for taking away some of the routine you thrive on.

There are a million things that I am nervous about, but none of them have anything to do with you, our relationship, or our love for one another. ”

Brynn gives me a goofy smile, and I know I’ve said the right thing.

Slowly, I drag a finger down the front of her sheer bodysuit stopping at the band that holds her fluffy, white tail in place. “Now, are you ready to have a little bit of fun with me, Kitten?”

She melts against my body, trapping my hand between our torsos like the pliant little kitten she portrays. “I’m always ready to have fun with you.”

I reward her with a chaste kiss—the barest press of my lips to hers. “Good girl. Why don’t you head to the changing room and grab my toy bag. I’ll meet you at the bench.”

It only takes a few minutes for Brynn to return.

I don’t miss the way she unassumingly turns heads as she winds her way through the club on her way to where I stand at a vacant spanking bench.

My chest thrums with an electric energy, the knowledge that of all the people in the world, she chose me as one of the few people to truly hold the key to her heart.

After handing me my bag, Brynn gives the bench a final wipe down, discarding the antibacterial wipe into a nearby trash bin before returning to stand in front of me, waiting for further instruction.

“You’re so obedient tonight. Is there something special you’re hoping for?”

She doesn’t answer, only watches as I remove a crop from the bag, placing it on a small table to the right of the spanking bench. Toy after toy, I line them up until I reach into my bag, pulling the last item from its depths.

“You brought all my favorites.”

I place the last toy on the table with the rest of the implements, not revealing exactly which, if any of them I plan on using. Motioning to the bench, I encourage Brynn to take her position. “Up you go, Sweetheart.”

Brynn crawls onto the spanking bench, her legs and arms flayed to either side of the center of the black, padded material.

I lean over her body, running a hand down her spine, signaling our scene has begun.

Thanks to our years together, we work fluidly when it comes to planning and executing our scenes.

And while limits and expectations are ever changing, we have a good grasp on the basics of what each other desires at any given time.

New dynamics and relationships can be fun, but in my opinion, there is nothing more exhilarating than truly knowing my partners.

Next, I work on securing each wrist to the heavy shackles attached to the wooden frame before repeating the process with Brynn's ankles. I certainly can't have her trying to squirm away from me.

Checking one last time, I slip a finger between her skin and the cuff, making sure it isn't too tight. "All good?"

"Green, Mistress."

God, the way I ache when she calls me Mistress. I will never get enough of it.

Between Brynn's legs, I can already see the spot where her arousal has begun to soak through the thin fabric of her bodysuit over the course of the night.

The club never fails to drench her pretty pussy.

I want to lean down and press my mouth to her covered cunt, licking and teasing before inhaling her scent deep into my lungs.

But first, my beautiful wife craves something else.

I start by lightly trailing my short nails over her exposed skin. Over her arms and legs, the arches of her feet, up one side of her neck, and down the other. Alternating the pressure, relaxing Brynn with praise as she fully sinks against the bench.

Next, I reach for a simple black flogger, warming Brynn's skin up as I deliver gentle yet effective swats to her upper back, her thighs, and her gloriously rounded ass that's on full display for my eyes as well as those of anyone who happens to stroll past our scene.

And though I can't quite hear her quiet moans over the sounds of the music and our fellow club-goers, I know this is just her warm up and that she'll be singing for me by the time I'm through.

A cutting board much more suited for a fancy kitchen is my next tool of choice.

It makes a delightful swoosh as I test it out, swinging the mid-weight toy a few times to make sure it's comfortable to use.

I lightly run my hand around the edges of the board as I check for splinters.

As I do, I circle the bench, admiring Brynn's beautiful body on display.

I crouch in front of her, loving the huge smile on her face. "You look so beautiful. You're already drawing a crowd."

Brynn blushes, her cheeks pinkening nearly enough to match her bodysuit. "Thank you, Mistress. I'm happy my outfit pleases you."

"No, sweetheart. It's not the outfit. It's you .

You're beautiful all on your own. Every time you feel a tool against your skin

tonight, I want you to repeat that mantra to yourself until it's branded into your soul like you're branded into my heart.

Now tell me, Brynn. What are you going to repeat to yourself? ”

She hesitates for a moment, pulling her full bottom lip between her teeth as she seems to weigh her words. “I am beautiful exactly as I am. I am worthy of being loved exactly as I am. I am loved exactly as I am.”

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We kiss, hard and messy. Brynn tries to chase my lips as I stand to my full height, pouting when she doesn't get her way.

“Don't be sad. It's time for your favorite part.”

With that, I leave her staring ahead at the club goers who have gathered nearby to watch.

The first few hits land on top of her bodysuit. Nevertheless, Brynn flinches a bit with each one, acclimating to the weight and feeling of the wood against her skin.

I slide a hand over her ass and between her legs, using the moment to equally tease Brynn's pussy while unsnapping the three buttons holding back all her smooth skin from my hands, my tools, my marks .

Finally, I have her bare bottom and her glistening cunt on display. Brynn's tail hangs loose to the side, just waiting to be used as a soft treat between blows of the wooden paddle.

Striking without warning, the first hit lands on the left side of her ass. I watch in awe as her skin ripples around the wood, as the naturally tan skin of my wife pinkens. It's like the first time.

Every. Single. Time.

I fall into a rhythm, spanking and praising Brynn as she twists and turns with each blow I land.

I pay attention to the places that make her squirm when I don't hear her repeating mantras of self-praise and reward her with gentle touches and soft kisses along her now fully reddened backside when each completed phrase reaches my ears.

Kai joins the small crowd standing off to the side, waiting for permission to enter our space.

I love that he respects both of us enough to understand that despite all three of us having equal say in our dynamics, entering a scene without permission goes beyond the limits of any dynamic and crosses into potentially unsafe behavior.

It's easy to assume everyone holds the same regard for personal safety both in and outside of kink settings, but with nearly two decades in the lifestyle, I've seen things that I only wish I could forget when it comes to lack of safety and personal boundaries.

But with Brynn spread out in front of me like a feast and one more toy to play with, I urge Kai over, loving the rare opportunity we get to play together in a space with actual furniture designed for our flavor of adult activity.

"What do you have going on with our girl?" He drops a kiss to my lips before walking around to stand in front of Brynn.

In the past, I always assumed in settings where the three of us played together, that Kai defaulted to me since I was older and had more years in the lifestyle.

Now, as I think about the new roles we'll be taking with each other in a few short days, I wonder if that has more to do with the secret side of himself he's been missing for years.

Fingers dancing over the implements, I choose my final toy of the night.

Nearly two feet long and polished red, the fiberglass cane has a thick rubber handle for easy gripping.

Brynn might love it for the heavy thud as it lands against her body. Different from most rattan canes, it's sturdy and packs a wallop. But what I love most are the beautiful marks it leaves behind.

"Nine tonight, Brynn. Do you know why?"

"One for every time I spoke poorly about myself in front of you since I last promised I wouldn't do it, Mistress."

I smile at her response despite knowing she can't see my face. It's an improvement over the last time we were here. And that time had been an improvement on the time before. Lightly, I drag the black tip of the cane over her body. Preparing her without letting her know exactly when I'll strike.

"That's right, Brynn. You are so worthy of the love that you attract.

You are beautiful exactly as you are. Look at everyone watching you.

I'm sure they can all see it. Now focus on Kai and count out loud for me.

When we're done here, we'll go home and take care of that aching backside before we handle the other ache that's low and deep in your belly.

You feel it, don't you? The ache you know will only go away when one of the two of us is buried deep inside you? "

Despite her loose and pliant body now closely resembling a ragdoll, Brynn manages to nod.

And with that, I land the first of the last nine strikes across the middle of both of her cheeks. Immediately, Brynn bucks against the restraints, and I'm glad I had the wherewithal to cuff her to the bench.

"One!" she screams.

The next two come in quick succession—one to the top and bottom of where the first fell.

We continue with four and five, her voice breaking as the tears begin to flow.

Brynn's voice is hoarse on the next. "Six!"

Her ass is gloriously red. Striped like a candy cane I want to take between my teeth and bite. I already can't wait to watch as the bruises change, a kaleidoscope of colors only for the sacred few to see.

"Three more, baby. Remember this feeling next time you want to talk badly about yourself. Here we go."

I lay them over her ass one right after the next, my cane staying in place until the last number leaves her lips on nothing more than a sobbed, "Nine."

With tender touches, I massage Brynn's thighs, watching as the last dregs of adrenaline leave her body. I uncap a bottle of soothing lotion, preparing to provide a small bit of aftercare before we leave the club for the short drive home, but Kai stops me at the last moment.

"Go give her the words she needs to hear. I've got this."

Quickly, I drop my forehead to his. "I don't know how, but I think I manage to fall in

love with you more every day.”

We work in tandem. Kai massages Brynn’s wrists and ankles as he uncuffs each one before tending to her tender backside.

Finally, he finishes by clasping her bodysuit and covering her with a warm blanket.

The entire time, I shower Brynn with words of affirmation and kisses over every inch of her tear-stained face, instilling in her even a fraction of the beauty I see in her each and every day.

And when we fall asleep in a pile of limbs hours later, all of us are sated, our bodies heavy and well used from expressing love.

I can’t help but let my mind wander to what exactly is about to change, excited to see the version of both of my partners that will bloom over the next few weeks, and even more excited to love them into the next season of their lives.

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The last time I found myself standing outside the large brick building of a club before it opened to the general public, I had been nineteen, recently lost my dad's credit card, and was desperate to find it before I had to face the consequences of not only losing it, but also of drinking underage with money meant for emergencies .

Now, as I stand outside Glittering Vices, hat pulled low on my brow while trying to psyche myself up to go inside for my first Body Liberation workshop, I almost find this to be more nerve wracking.

Finally, knowing it'll be even more awkward if I'm late, I walk to the door.

It's not uncommon for me to see the front of Glittering Vices unlit during the daytime with Eleri's tea shop right next door.

Still, when I reach the front and am greeted by a pixie of a human with hot pink hair who ushers me inside after checking my name against a clipboard, I can't help but feel like I've intruded on some secret society and that, just maybe, I shouldn't be here.

I don't have time to further second guess myself before another employee appears out of nowhere, pointing to a staircase tucked into the corner of the club.

Following their instruction, I take the stairs until I'm on the second level of the club.

I walk down the narrow hallway past what seems to be a small workroom.

A single white feather floats out of the room and into the hallway, and I don't know if

it's a good or bad omen of what's to come.

Laughter swirls into the hallway from the last door, and I reluctantly walk into the room to find three people already in the open space.

The first I recognize as Ryan, the owner of the club as well as the building Eleri rents that happens to be part of the same complex next door.

And while the other two people are strangers, I have a sneaking suspicion that when Ryan McKenzie is at the helm, people never stay strangers for long.

"Hi there," Ryan greets me. "We're waiting on one more, and then, we'll get started."

It's less than five minutes later when we do just that. Myself and three other students stare ahead at Ryan as she eagerly looks us over with a glimmer in her blue eyes that speaks of nothing but trouble for the four of us at her mercy.

"I'm proud of each of you for showing up tonight for your first class.

While I might have grown up with Glittering Vices as my backdrop, I know how difficult it can be to step outside of your comfort zone, to put yourself out there.

And tonight, each of you took a step toward doing just that.

Over the next few months, we're going to get to know one another.

But perhaps even more exciting and more importantly, you're going to hopefully walk away with a deeper understanding of yourself, as well.

You're going to learn Burlesque is a vehicle for both physical and mental transformation.

We're going to highlight the things you might currently see as flaws in ways that might seem scary at first. I'm going to teach you to convey emotion with your bodies through props and movement.

And when we put all the pieces of a performance together, it's going to create magic that's downright alchemic. ”

We take a few moments to introduce ourselves to the group, and it's just as painful and awkward as I remember it being during every group project ever assigned to me throughout my academic tenure.

Even knowing that I can choose to never perform outside the walls of this classroom is of little consolation when it dawns on me that these strangers will be seeing me in a way exactly zero people have ever seen before.

“Now, since we're focusing on the basics tonight, we're going to head back downstairs in just a few minutes to view a few performances together. But I wanted to at least give you a glimpse of the classrooms this evening since this is where the bulk of our activity will take place.”

Ryan leads us back to the main level of the club after a brief tour of the workroom and an even quicker introduction to Cypher, claiming if she didn't hurry us along, the costume designer and stage manager would keep us with stories of the club all night.

She leads us to a cluster of small tables near the front of the stage.

Draped in shimmering gold fabric over black tablecloths, ornate gold roses and flicking lights sit atop each one as if beckoning quiet lovers to share intimate moments between performances.

And while the girls and I have been here for bands and live music several times, I

make a note to bring them back for a burlesque show again sometime soon, even if it's not me on stage.

“The first thing I’m going to ask you to think about tonight is exactly what you’re looking to get out of performing at Glittering Vices.

Are you looking to learn to love and appreciate a body you’ve never quite felt comfortable in?

Are you reclaiming a part of your soul that has long since been forgotten?

Many times, that’s a great place to start when getting in touch with your burlesque persona.

And while there are many facets to performing this particular type of artform, an amazing persona is an absolute non-negotiable.

Now, a few students who are in my advanced classes have graciously volunteered to perform for you this evening in order for you to get an idea of the spectrum of creativity.

So please, keep those questions in mind as you take in what they have been working on.

And now, for our first performer of the night... ”

As the last word leaves her mouth, the lights in the club dim, and the thick, velvet curtains of the stage part to expose a single person in the middle.

Aside from feet, their entire body is obscured by feathers that have no worldly purpose being as large as they are.

If it weren't for the fact that they were stark white, I'd be slightly concerned the club was hiding a closet full of Muppet pelts somewhere, Big Bird being bludgeoned to bring this production to life.

A slow, bass heavy song fills the room as a spotlight illuminates center stage. It reminds me of something played at the dungeon, perfect to get into a good rhythm with my floggers. But here at Glittering Vices, I'm not supposed to be thinking of that side of myself.

I turn my attention back to the person on stage just in time to see the figure drop the feathered fans nearly as large as their body.

And I stare straight ahead, mouth suddenly bone dry.

Because it's Brynn on stage in front of me.

Gone are the white feathers. My sweet, angelic Brynn looks like she's been dragged through hell only to conquer it and become its ruler.

I'm fucking here for it.

My cock begins to thicken behind the denim of my pants. I watch with my hands clenched into white-knuckled fists, knowing I'd be kicked out if I dared to fist my cock and stroke myself to climax while my girlfriend danced on stage like a goddamn vixen. Glittering Vices isn't that type of club.

I've watched Brynn bottom at the dungeon more times than I can count.

Eleri and I have taken turns with her, pushing her to give us orgasm after orgasm until she was a sobbing, sloppy mess.

From the second she wakes up to the moment she closes her eyes—I've been there for both as well as every moment in between, yet I've never been as turned on by her as I am right now.

So much blood has rushed south to my groin that I can't even begin to fathom what she's doing here...

on stage . Somewhere in the back of my mind, I remember her talking of dancing in her teens and early twenties.

But this... fuck . This is hotter than anything I ever conjured in my mind.

Lips the color of a bold summer sangria stand out against her skin.

Her normal slightly wavy hair is wild and unruly, and every inch of her body sans her face and hands are covered in a delicate black mesh.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of various sized crystals reflect the spotlight like a disco ball.

Larger gemstones clustered together to hide her breasts and the delicate place that rests between her thighs before radiating out over the remainder of her form in a deliberate yet sporadic pattern that accentuates every curve of her body.

What looks to be fur covers her wrists and ankles, her bare feet nearly lost beneath the soft fabric.

Brynn becomes one with the music in a way that fully hypnotizes me. She teases in a way that's playful while bordering on erotic, her body a tool that amplifies her performance. And I'm sure if I could tear my eyes from her body, the few other students in my class would also be staring.

But there is no fucking way I can make myself look away from her for even a nanosecond.

I expected all burlesque performances to involve some sort of campy striptease.

For breasts to be in my face and tassel-covered nipples to be blowing in the breeze.

But there is none of that with Brynn's performance.

Instead, it's catlike in a way not much different than when we play pretend kitten at home.

Brynn crawls across the stage. She sways her thick hips, the gentle roll of her soft lower stomach sparkling with well-placed gemstones. I make a mental note to ask Cypher if they created this costume. If they did, I'm sure as fuck sending them a gift basket in thanks.

My girl uses the stage to her advantage, covering the space with a sensuality that has me craving the control she uses for the wide variety of moves. What would it feel like to have her execute that control over my body instead of our normal other way around?

Would she even want that?

Would Brynn and Eleri ever have the desire to top me together?

My mind continues to race throughout her performance.

And it doesn't fucking stop for the rest of the night.

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Being back on stage was electric .

It had been years since I danced in front of anyone but casually for Eleri, yet when I saw the flyer for the workshops at Glittering Vices, a pang of longing hit I thought had long since been pushed aside.

And when Ryan showed as much enthusiasm for the idea of my somewhat impromptu performance after I explained I once took dance classes under her late mother's tutelage over a decade earlier, I knew it was meant to be.

The entire experience filled me with such a renewed sense of joy that the energy still radiated through my system nearly three hours later.

It was like being a kid on Halloween who ate all their candy within hours of coming home and tearing off their costume.

I was practically bouncing when I walked in the door of our house.

I immediately knew I would return to dance at Glittering Vices again.

Truthfully, I think I knew it wouldn't be my last time performing the second Cypher showed me the black catsuit that miraculously fit my body like a second skin instead of an off the rack extra often reserved for girls with short legs and just a little extra thickness around the waist.

Of course, my routine tonight had been rushed, something easy I remembered from my years of dancing and nowhere near perfected thanks to the very short rehearsal

timeframe I had been given. But that wasn't what tonight's performance had been about.

The cold sensation of an ice cube against my bare ass makes me yelp, pulling me back from the fantasy of performing on stage for far more people than I did tonight.

I make to move but refrain at the last second, rigidly locking every muscle of my body into place.

“This is usually the best way to shut your mind off when it's racing. The way to remind you to slow down and breathe. But I see tonight, not even serving as your Mistress's loyal and most prized possession is doing the trick.”

Eleri's voice is thick, her steely words shooting to the place between my thighs.

I want to press my legs together, to find a small bit of friction.

But my wife anticipates my move, placing her porcelain teacup and saucer on top of my flattened back.

She follows by placing a glass of ice water next to the saucer.

The temperature of the cold glass against my skin sends a chill down my spine, but I hold steadfast, locked in a battle of wills with my own body.

She pads around to stand in front of where I kneel on all fours.

Staring straight ahead, unwavering in my stillness, I can just make out the tips of her toes as they peek out from under her tailored slacks.

Electric blue with specks of silver. The same color as her eyes, as a clear night sky

over an endless sea.

“Being on stage made you feel powerful in a way you weren’t expecting, didn’t it?”

I’ll never know how in the hell this woman gets in my head to know exactly what I’m thinking. But I guess that’s just one of the reasons I fell in love with her in the first place.

“Go ahead. You can speak.”

A second voice answers before I’m able to formulate exactly what I want to articulate in response. “What are we speaking ab... Well, hello, beauties. Sorry to interrupt. I’ll get out of your way.”

Every inch of my skin breaks out in goosebumps at Kai’s voice. It always has. But tonight, it’s because of something entirely different. Of the thoughts I’ve been having about him lately that are vastly outside of my normal desires.

Still, I remain motionless, unwilling to spill a drop of the liquid in the drinkware carefully balancing on my back like two tiny circus performers walking a tightrope.

“You’re not interrupting at all. I was just having my evening tea.”

Eleri’s feet leave my field of vision, and I briefly wonder if it’s weird that I find myself missing her toes before I snap back to the task at hand.

I hear the sound of the pair kissing before Eleri says something to Kai low enough that I’m not able to decipher. I’d stomp my foot about it if I could. But again, here I am.

Less than a minute passes before two sets of footsteps return to where I hold my table

pose, the perfect serving station for my wife's evening tea.

"Slowly lift your head for your Mistress. Be careful not to spill a drop or there will be consequences."

I do as Eleri asks, my gaze sliding over two pairs of feet.

Over two long pairs of legs.

I look up, up, up until finally , I reach their faces.

"Would you like to hear about Kai's class? I, for one, am very interested to hear about his first night." Eleri nods, granting me permission to speak.

"Yes, Mistress. I would like to hear about his first night, too."

A wicked smile spreads across my wife's face, and not for the first time since I became her submissive, I wonder what I've just gotten myself into. "That's exactly what I thought."

Eleri turns her attention to Kai. "I think it's only fair we level the playing field. After all, starting today, I'm calling the shots for both of us, aren't I? Take off your clothes, Kai. Fold them and place them on the couch. Then kneel for your Mistress."

I expect him to protest. To put up some sort of resistance.

Instead, Kai simply begins to undress, following the command from Eleri.

He shucks off his shirt before he works his pants down his thighs.

Plain black boxer briefs hug his body, and I have only the briefest moment to be sad

he isn't covered in delicate lace before his underwear join the rest of his clothing, leaving him as naked as the statue of David in a room full of clothed observers.

With an easy fluidity, Kai drops to his knees. He spreads them wide, his cock already hard and heavy between his legs. His palms come to rest upturned atop his toned thighs in a common symbol of willingness while his back remains straight.

Stilling myself from wanting to reach out to touch him, I take in a shallow breath, being sure not to disrupt the delicate serving ware still resting atop my back.

“Don't you both look so beautiful at my mercy?”

It's a question neither of us bother to answer, knowing our voices aren't needed.

Our Mistress continues. “It's truly an honor that you've both entrusted me with this job, and it's not one I take lightly.

Brynn, love, every day I wake up next to you is a gift, and one day, you're going to finally see yourself for the beautiful, complete woman you are just as the rest of the world already does.

Kai, sweetheart, I see you. I see the dedication you give to every single aspect of your life.

To your relationships and business, to every project you take on.

You give and give, rarely taking time for yourself.

That you would allow me the privilege of being the one to take some of that burden from you, giving you a place to truly feel at rest... It's intoxicating.”

Eleri walks to the edge of the sectional in our living room.

She sits on the ground with her back against the couch, spreading her thighs wide.

Fully clothed, she has an advantage over the two of us.

But from the way my pussy clenches and Kai's cock bobs in my periphery, there is no doubt we're both fully enjoying the slight humiliation of being on display for her wandering gaze.

"Kai, come sit between my legs. Brynn, hold your position, and do not speak unless I directly ask you a question."

Of course, that makes me want to ask a million questions, starting with how this has anything to do with Kai's class. But I don't, remaining still as Kai begins to rise from his place next to me.

He crosses to Eleri, taking his place between her legs. She encourages him to recline with his back against her chest. And when she reaches around his body with one hand, circling her long, skillful fingers around his hard length, I'm not sure which of the three of us is in for the most trouble.

But I can't wait to find out.

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The smooth skin of my Mistress's palm wraps around my thick cock. I hiss into the otherwise silent room. It shouldn't catch me by surprise, Eleri making their intentions known the moment I walked into the living room just a short time ago.

Still, I've been rock hard since the second I saw Brynn on stage earlier this evening. And now, with the addition of the boa-like compression of a silken palm, my tip leaks, aching for a release I have a feeling is miles away.

Warm breath fans over my ear, the voice of one of the two people I love more than any other huskier than I ever recall. "Look straight ahead into Brynn's eyes."

I do as I'm told and am met with a current of electricity that sparks between us despite the few feet keeping us apart.

Pouty lips are barely parted. The same red stain as earlier still beckons me, and the wild, tousled hair that fell around Brynn's face in tumultuous waves now is held back from her face with a single rhinestone clip.

And when we lock eyes and she smiles at me with love, acceptance, and a hint of desire, every single doubt I ever had about sharing my true needs with Brynn and Eleri disappears, leaving me to wonder why I didn't confide in them from the get-go.

"Now start at the beginning and tell us all about your first class." My Mistress's thumb traces over the tip of my cock, spreading the precum that has continued to leak.

Their touch is like lava, spreading over my entire body.

“If you come before you’re done with your story, I’ll be forced to put you in a cage as punishment.

And I’d much rather praise you for a job well done. ”

My head drops backward, landing against Eleri’s chest. She chastises me for breaking eye contact with Brynn, one hard squeeze to my cock that borders on painful.

Gaze locked back on my other partner, I take a deep breath, trying to compose myself when all I want to do is erupt from one simple touch.

“It... it was good.” I try to keep my voice steady, but Eleri’s hand begins to move up and down my length.

They trail their fingers over the sensitive skin of my sac, gently pulling when their entire hand surrounds me.

Sucking in a deep breath, I outline the events of the night—my arrival and tour of the building, the way we returned to the main floor to watch several performances.

The entire time, I focus on Brynn, holding her eyes as she maintains perfect posture for our Mistress.

“And when the curtain finally rose?” Eleri asks, continuing to tease my swollen, leaking tip.

I moan, and they have the audacity to laugh.

Momentarily, I think of chastising Eleri, but I quickly remember I asked for this. I asked for them to take control, to provide me the mental break I am forever unwilling to give myself.

Focusing all my attention on Brynn, who still holds form on her hands and knees, I force myself not to explode under the gentle ministrations Mistress taunts me with.

They've all but taken my voice, and they damn well know it.

Yet when their nails scrape down the length of my cock and I jerk forward only to be restrained by Eleri's free arm wrapping around my waist, I know my quiet mind comes at the price of my Mistress's desires.

"The curtain, Kai. What did you think when it rose and you finally set eyes on the first performer of the night?"

Brynn's eyes roam my body, watching every reaction with fascination as her wife's hands torment me with the sweetest pain I've ever felt. Her breasts hang heavy, her nipples dark and tempting. My cock pounds with the need to come, my mind waging a war I'm unsure I can win as I hold off my release.

"It was Brynn." They're the only words that I manage as Eleri's fingers continue teasing around the tip of my cock, sinking further over my shaft until my tip hits their palm.

A pearly bead leaks from my head, and Brynn licks her lips in response. I can't tell if she's hoping for me to break, spilling my seed before I have a chance to be inside of her, or cheering for me to last, desperate to taste one of her favorite treats off my sweat soaked skin.

"I've never seen her look as beautiful as she did on stage." I look deep into Brynn's eyes, still speaking as her lover—as her Dom, despite being at the mercy of another. "I've never been more proud of her. Watching her perform was breathtaking. Brynn, baby, you are breathtaking."

She beams at me, taking in a satisfied lungful of air.

The delicate saucer and teacup on her back rattle before settling into the quiet surroundings of the living room as she stills her body.

Her brown eyes are glassy, having fully settled into a space where her discomfort is overruled by her urge to please.

Brynn continues to watch as Mistress teases me again and again, pushing me until I'm nearly ready to combust before backing off each time.

My balls ache, my shaft so hard I could take it into battle in place of a sword and win against any enemy as a last resort.

My words become incoherent as I try to explain to the pair just how gorgeous Brynn looked as she crawled across the stage, as she dominated the stage with an energy I'd never known she possessed.

Without even realizing that I'm doing it, my hips twitch, looking for further friction when Eleri stops their borderline painful tease.

And when my thighs tremble, a bead of sweat working its way down my face as Mistress once again uses my own precum as lube, my eyes roll back in their sockets, and my cock jerks, the signs of release barreling toward me so violently fast I can nearly taste it.

Somehow, I manage to make it through, glossing over the rest of the performances, our gentle stretching warm up, and the introduction to the basic movements of burlesque.

I've never felt so out of control of my own body, being edged more times than I can

count while trying to maintain a coherent train of thought.

A gentle breeze would be enough to set me off.

My eyes are wet, and I know I have mere seconds to go before I begin to cry from the sweet, sweet torture.

As if recognizing how close I am to losing my battle, Eleri releases their hold on my body, both from around my waist and my cock.

I sink back against them, going boneless.

Finally able to breathe, I suck in air as I take in my throbbing cock, willing the blood flow to return to the rest of my body.

“Don’t get too comfortable. You still have someone to satisfy. Give Brynn an orgasm with your mouth, and then, you may take your own relief. Crawl to her and taste what she’s been saving for you.”

I do as I’m told, crawling the few feet until my face is even with Brynn’s ass.

I remove the teacup and saucer that have been sitting atop her back before lowering my mouth, tasting her from behind.

She falls forward, ass in the air to give me better access.

She’s soaked, and I revel in the taste of her arousal as it coats my tongue, lips, and chin.

My hands spread her wide, and I pull back long enough to see her cunt pulsing, searching for anything to grasp. Unable to deny Brynn anything, I acquiesce, sliding

two fingers deep inside as I return to my feast.

Brynn falls apart mere moments later, her taste flooding my tongue and her sounds echoing into the room around us.

And when she's sated, ass still high in the air, I chance a glance at our Mistress, who has since removed their own clothing.

Eleri gives me a small smile. It's gentle and sweet and at odds with the wicked person who edged me until I saw stars just a few minutes earlier.

"I've always thought you were beautiful, Kai.

But when you give yourself over to me, you're downright ethereal.

Thank you for trusting me with this side of yourself. "

"Thank you, Mistress." The response is automatic, as if a practiced skill. And not for the first time tonight, it has me wondering if this is the place I belong permanently. At the feet of one lover, while providing the same solstice and submission I crave to another.

Their hand cups my cheek, and I happily nuzzle into the warmth. "You've done a wonderful job this evening. And as much as I'd love to see you whimpering for me while locked in chastity, I did promise you a reward."

I hiss when they wrap their palm around my cock once again, taking me by surprise.

"Look at that desperate, wet mess just waiting for you. Go ahead, sweet boy, slide your cock inside our woman."

After a punishing kiss the likes of which I've never quite shared with Eleri, I do exactly as they command, once again taking my place behind Brynn. I slide into her cunt with ease, the heat of her channel engulfing me in flames that attempt to take over my entire body.

Brynn moans beneath me. And as Eleri sinks to their knees in front of their wife, they urge her back to all fours.

“Use your words, Sweetheart. Tell Kai what you need. Tell your Mistress what you need.”

“More. I need more.”

Eleri kisses Brynn just as deeply as they had me.

“It wasn't enough to serve me tonight. It wasn't enough to watch with an ache between your thighs while Kai was edged time and time again. You still need more, don't you?

You want to be so overwhelmed with sensation that you can't think?

That you can't exist but as a tool for our pleasure? ”

“Yes, please.” It's a whimper, a near sob.

And knowing again what it feels like to be but a toy for others, Eleri having me in the same position just a few short minutes ago, I can't deny Brynn another moment.

I slide almost all the way out before slamming my hips forward, bottoming out with one full thrust.

She screams into the room, but the sound is muffled by Eleri pushing Brynn's face between their legs to feast. And when my gaze snaps up to Eleri, they grin wickedly before beckoning me forward.

With Brynn's face still messily buried between Eleri's legs and my own pace staying steady yet slow, we somehow manage to meet in a messy kiss.

One of their hands presses against the back of Brynn's head, holding her in place against their cunt.

The second comes up to gently caress my cheek.

It's almost comical how sweet it is in comparison to the sexual act happening.

But any sense of humor disappears when they speak.

"You're beautiful, Kai. It's okay to be yourself, to want the world to see you for who you are. "

They go to pull back, but I stop them at the last moment, my hips stuttering for a few seconds, slowing to a stop. I don't say it, but I hope Eleri can read my face, reflecting the very same words they just said to me.

We break apart, my thrusts slowly resuming. But I don't take my eyes off my Mistress, holding on to the gravity of the entire situation.

Brynn explodes around me without warning, a second orgasm that had been building behind the first for the better part of an hour shattering her body.

She sags against her wife, and with Eleri's help, we reposition Brynn so she is spread out on the carpeted living room floor like a buffet only the two of us are lucky

enough to indulge in tonight.

Eleri climbs atop their wife, grinding themselves against Brynn's mouth, chasing their release while my own thrusts pick up pace. We barrel together toward something unknown, our eyes locked on one another, our lover between us, exploding in tandem.

And when we crawl into their bed hours later, the three of us sated and worn, I'm thankful to my Mistress and my submissive. And for the space between the two of them in which they allow me to drift off to a soundless sleep, my mind finally at peace.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:31 am

I had never quite grasped Einstein's theory of relativity when I was first presented the idea back in high school.

Though as the weeks passed us by, Kai's solo performance at Glittering Vices slowly creeping up on us, I began to understand what good old Albert had been talking about all those years ago.

The hours seemed to fly with the brevity of winter's chill in a lazy, tourist-driven, summer-filled town.

Each day, Brynn, Kai, and I went our separate ways. We worked hard during the daylight hours before falling into bed each evening, often all together in a shared bed with increasing frequency.

With two submissives, I was a stronger Dominate than I had been a few weeks prior. But even more importantly, I was a better lover to both my partners. And that was my end goal each and every day.

Of course, there were still times when I worried I wasn't enough.

Days when I felt I couldn't juggle my own needs, let alone the needs of my lovers.

But I was open and honest with Brynn and Kai in the moments that happened, and as with all aspects of our relationship, we flourished under the open communication our relationship had initially been built upon.

Besides, it had been the same communication we needed to rely on when Brynn and I

first opened our relationship to others. It had been strong communication that opened us up to the trial dynamic we had immersed ourselves in over the last few weeks with the man we love.

And that communication continued through the tough conversations I had with my partners recently about wanting to express myself differently in the bedroom.

While extremely difficult at the time, it had left me feeling more in touch with myself than I had in years, the simple adjustment to gender neutral pronouns while being intimate helping to settle me in a way I hadn't realized I had been searching for.

Most recently though, communication is exactly how we find ourselves on the last Saturday of June, surrounded by thousands of friends and strangers, Ellison Harbor Pride in full swing.

Brynn saddles up next to me, her face covered in enough glitter to make a disco ball jealous.

Her hair is up in two space buns, small tendrils of escaped hair sticking out all over the place.

She wears a tiny rainbow crop top that reads I'm with them and an arrow pointing to the left and right.

Cut offs hug her hips, and sneakers way too white to be in a grassy field have her standing a few inches shorter than me.

A sleeve of colorful temporary tattoos cover her right arm, the pansexual flag, BDSM symbol, and polyamory flag among them.

She beams at me, her smile more radiant than the glitter reflecting in the late-

afternoon sunlight.

I can't even be mad it'll be over the house for the next six years, at the least.

"I told you it would be a great day!" Brynn nearly shouts, the sound of the parade making its way down Main Street approaching the strip of grass where vendors have set up their various wares for the Pride Marketplace making it necessary to speak louder than normal.

Handing over a small bag of tea to the customer who just finished paying, I turn my full attention to Brynn, pulling her into my arms. "And you were right, as you always are."

Her self-satisfied little smirk has me squeezing her sides, sending her into a fit of giggles.

Brynn wheezes as she laughs, a sound that echoes around us despite the ever-increasing volume as the parade approaches our booth.

"Stop! Ohmygosh..." The words trail together as she continues to gasp for air.

I acquiesce, remembering that Brynn has been downing huge, souvenir-cup-sized sugary lemonades all day.

And that, accidental or not, any instances of watersports would likely end with Steeped in Pride being asked not to return as a vendor next year.

It's one of the few events I do outside of the physical store each year.

But giving back to the queer community has always been important to me, and I'd like to stay in good graces with the organizing committee.

Growing serious, I turn to my wife, hoping my sincerity shines though.

“Truly, Brynn, thank you. When Polly broke her ankle last week, I thought for sure I’d have to back out of having a booth at Pride this year.

But you stepping up to help run the booth and then pulling double while I ran back to the shop when the registers went down...

I know all the stress and anxiety that came along with it couldn’t have been easy for you.

Still, I don’t know what I would have done without you.

Today or any other day for that matter.”

“Lucky for you, I don’t ever plan on making you find out.”

Surprising me before I can respond, a shrill whistle pierces over the sound of the bass thumping down the parade route, the sound belonging to only one person we know.

Together, Brynn and I turn toward the float that’s nearing our booth.

And when I manage to tear my eyes from the sight long enough to look at my wife, her eyes are just as wide-eyed as my own.

A basic box truck has been completely transformed.

Wrapped in the colors of the rainbow, bold text reading Ellison Harbor Chamber of Commerce is proudly stamped on the side.

Three flatbed trailers are pulled behind it, each one more elaborately decorated in a

cacophony of color than the first. Momentarily, I wonder if the entire thing is OSHA compliant, but I'm knocked from the thought when a flying prophylactic nearly smacks me in the face.

Truly, there is no place like Pride.

I recognize our town mayor standing next to a fierce drag queen in heels I'd never dare attempt to walk in on the first of the three trailers.

Several other business owners and employees from boutiques and restaurants on the same street as Steeped in Pride wave flags representing all facets of the queer community on the second.

Music pours from the floats, a techno, upbeat mix of classic queer anthems that have me tapping along to the beat.

And on the last of the floats, surrounded by more members of the local business community, is Kai, representing not only Steeped in Pride but Soren Enterprise, his app development company.

My mouth goes dry, not expecting to see him in anything other than the dark wash jeans and black harness he often wears at the dungeon.

The jeans are the same, slung low on his trim hips.

And though I can't see his feet from my viewpoint, I'd almost guarantee he's barefoot, dirty parade float floor be damned.

But that's where the similarities to the man I know stop.

A tight, fishnet top stretches across his broad chest and down his arms. Tiny

gemstones catch the sun, sending a rainbow of shimmers out across the sea of spectators as the parade float is towed along its route.

Kai's face shows the hint of his beard, growing back after being clean shaven just this morning.

A full day of sun has tinged his nose pink, and when my eyes reach his face and I take in the dark kohl lining his already endless eyes, I gasp at the same time Brynn squeals.

"That's our man!" Brynn's voice somehow reaches Kai.

He winks before blowing us a kiss as the parade continues on its way, tossing out more condoms as he goes. I only hope he doesn't cause someone to lose an eye before the day is through.

Brynn and I watch as the rest of the parade passes, everything from additional condoms and candy to branded lube being thrown from floats and handed out from people walking along with companies and organizations looking to show love to our community.

We score countless coupons to local and national businesses, a random demo CD from an up-and-coming musician, tickets to an improv show, and even a chance to win free pizza delivery for an entire year, which would serve us well on nights when we've indulged in a few too many adult brownies and the munchies kick in.

As a natural introvert, moments like these often leave me feeling exhausted. But when it comes to Pride, the energy alone is almost enough to keep me going for the next twelve months—with the coupons and freebies a welcomed additional benefit.

What can I say? I love a good discount just as much as I love being around the

overwhelmingly positive environment the day brings.

Waving to friends in the parade, meeting new customers who are visiting from out of town, showing people what a thriving queer community looks like.

I don't take it lightly that not too long ago, many people in the queer community didn't live to see the age I am now.

Knowing I'm defying the odds simply because I choose to live authentically along with everyone else celebrating Pride today?

It's... devastatingly beautiful.

Slowly, the day dwindles, the last people leaving as the sun dips below the horizon. Brynn and I break down the Steeped in Pride booth, taking extra care with the retractable banners that never seem to fold into place as well as they did the first time.

"Maybe next year, I'll walk in the parade, too. Kai looked like he was having a blast today."

Brynn laughs, a cheeky little smile appearing that only comes out right before she says something extra sassy.

"I'm surprised you've never volunteered before, Ms. Spring-Break-Your-Sophomore-Year-Of-College.

Seems like it would be right up your alley as long as we can find the right top for the occasion! "

I groan at the memory, knowing I never should have mentioned the one time I entered a wet t-shirt contest... and won, thank you very much.

But in my defense, it had been on our third date, I had desperately been trying to impress Brynn, who had been nothing more than a customer who sometimes came into the cafe where I worked at the time, and I hadn't known then that my now wife had a mind like a goddamn steel vault.

"Keep that up and I'll spank your ass red when we get home," I tell her in response.

She only laughs more. "Oh, like that's such a threat."

Tossing the last of the vendor items from our booth into the backseat of my SUV, I press Brynn against the closed passenger side door, stopping her before she can slide into her seat.

I kiss her hard and fast, the entire thing taking less than thirty seconds before I'm leaning down, speaking into her ear.

"I've been thinking about an extra special way to torture you ever since I set eyes on Kai earlier today.

Pretty soon, you'll see just how threatening your Mistress can be. "

And as I walk back to the driver side of my vehicle, I'm confident the only sound out of Brynn is a squeak that sneaks out at the same time as the first of many multi-colored fireworks erupts across the darkness, the end of another year's Pride being written across the sky.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:31 am

I once read on a bottle of soda that the human body has over seven trillion nerves. And right now, as I watch Eleri ride Kai's face with wild abandon, a vibrating wand pressed against my pulsing clit with implicit instruction not to come, my wife is on every single last one of mine.

Eleri's head is thrown back, their long hair wildly tangled from the marathon fuck-session we've found ourselves in over the last however many hours.

I don't know if it's because Kai's performance is in just a few days at Glittering Vices, our time in this new dynamic rapidly coming to an end, but there's a frantic energy in the air that none of us can seem to get enough of.

The days since Pride have shifted us, and I'm not sure I want it to go back to how it was before.

"Brynn..." My wife's voice is husky.

I snap my eyes open, willing myself not to come apart at the seams.

Kai is barely recognizable. His head of dark hair peeks out from between Eleri's thighs, which are holding onto him with a vice-like strength. One of his muscled arms reaches up with a large palm, holding Eleri loosely around the throat while the other hooks around their thigh.

He's at my wife's full mercy, Eleri controlling the pressure and stimulation Kai is forced to provide them with as they rise and lower their body to his eagerly waiting mouth.

Eleri's hands are equally as busy. While one tangles roughly in Kai's hair, the other trails over the hand Kai holds around their throat. Eleri takes what they want, grinding against Kai as I continue to try and hold off my own release.

Briefly, I run through a list of everything that has ever made me dry heave. Praying, pleading, begging the Gods to let me hold on, to not disappoint my wife, my Mistress, by coming before I am given permission.

But they look soooo good together, and I'm forced to do nothing but watch as I'm pushed to the brink by the cruel toy between my legs.

Eleri's breasts bounce as they nearly hypnotically ride our partner's face, the pair's combined moans echoing into the room.

Somehow, Eleri still looks graceful despite the depravity of riding a man's face to the point he is forced to do nothing but submit while his cock sits hard and leaking against his flat stomach.

I married a bombshell, and I'm in a relationship with another.

Sometimes, the Gods do play favorites.

"Right there. Don't stop." Eleri chants the words, closer and closer to their release.

I want to hold my own so badly. Hold back my orgasm as they have demanded of me.

But I make a crucial mistake and lock eyes with Eleri as they crest the wave of their pleasure.

Eleri's mouth drops open, brow furrowing as they ride the aftershocks against Kai's tongue, his legs squirming beneath their heavy, orgasm-laden limbs.

And that's the last thing I remember before I lose the battle.

The vibrations against my clit continue to be merciless.

If I thought I could deny it happening, I would.

But warm liquid pools between my legs, soaking the misplaced, wooden kitchen chair that hasn't left our bedroom since the night of Pride before dripping onto the floor below, giving me away.

I silently chastise myself for being both blessed and cursed with the ability to squirt.

Around us, the room goes nearly silent except for the sound of the vibrator still tightly held against my cunt with two strategically placed hook-and-loop fastener straps.

I'm over-sensitized. My entire body is reeling from the extreme orgasm followed by an immediate onslaught of sensation again and again and again.

Goosebumps break out across my skin, more fluid trickles from between my legs, and tears start to flow as a second orgasm slams into me even more powerful than the first.

"Our darling girl made a mess."

Somehow, I manage to focus on the voice through the heaviness that has settled over my body and mind.

Eleri.

I focus on her words as the tears continue to fall, as the wand continues to torment my

drenched slit, as everything around me increases in intensity to nearly unbearable levels before suddenly going silent.

I hover on the edge, somewhere between desperate to come again and equally as anguished with the thought of being forced to stop.

“Though I understand why you couldn’t wait, I was quite looking forward to rewarding you tonight. But you couldn’t help yourself, could you, my needy little pet?”

The wand quiets, but Eleri doesn’t undo the straps holding it against my body or remove the toy. Instead, they push it against my clit. And when I whimper in response, my wife laughs.

Kai still lays nearly lifeless in a heap on the bed. His chest rises and falls as if he’s slowly replacing all the oxygen his body lost while Eleri was perched atop his face.

“Look at him,” they say, low enough that only I can hear their words.

“It’s been incredible to mold Kai into an obedient submissive.

To help him learn to quiet his mind much in the way you first asked me to help quiet yours.

It’s always my honor to serve as your wife, partner, and Dominant.

And after the years we’ve spent together, I know when I need to push you.

“Brynn, baby, you have always seen and accepted every side of me, embraced me, loved me. Trust me to do the same with every side of yours, even if it’s something you don’t fully understand yet.

I don't love you only when you're my submissive or only when you're my wife.

I love you because of who you are as a whole. ”

Eleri walks behind me, standing with their front pressed against the chair I'm still seated in.

They trail their fingers over my naked body in light strokes, teasing in near ticklish touches.

Their lips press kisses to my skin—across my shoulders, into the gentle slope where my neck begins, against my cheeks, atop of my head.

Every inch of my exposed flesh breaks out in chills from not knowing what Eleri plans to do or what they plan to say. They've had an uncanny ability to read me since day one. And while it's never quite unsettled me, sometimes, I do wonder if I married someone with telepathy.

“I've watched you over the last few weeks, too. Of course, you know I'm always watching you. You've always been so goddamn beautiful that it's hard not to stare.”

Seductively, my wife walks back around to the front of the chair so we're facing one another.

They swing one long leg over the chair, straddling me with their naked body.

Our torsos press together, the heat of our combined cores a near inferno despite the wand still between us.

I'm honestly surprised it doesn't begin to melt.

Then again, I'm halfway between here and Heaven, so I'm not sure I'd be the best judge of anything other than the pleasure coursing through my body.

Eleri crashes their lips against mine as they simultaneously circle their hips against the toy. They catch my surprised moan in their mouth, echoing it back to me in satisfaction before pulling away.

"I can see the cogs in your brain turning a mile a minute, sweetheart. Just because this exact situation and scenario might be coming to an end doesn't mean there isn't an amazing future for all three of us.

It might simply take some time to figure out what the new normal looks like going forward.

Any which way the cards fall, we'll figure it out together. We always do."

My eyes still water, though now their tender words are just as much the catalyst.

"I love you, Mistress."

They give me a reverent smile that melts me further.

"I love you too, pet." Raising their voice to be sure Kai can hear, they continue.

"What do you think about taking a shower with me? Kai can kneel on the carpet outside our shower and watch with his hands tied behind his back. Maybe I'll strap the wand to his thigh and see if he can last longer than you. "

From his place on the mattress, he whimpers.

And then, we do just that.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:31 am

Until the moment mere seconds ago when my name was announced over the impressively crisp sound system, I truly didn't know if I would have the courage to step out onto the stage at Glittering Vices with an audience packed full of familiar faces.

Sure, I had done some relatively impressive things in my short life.

For example, finding two women I wanted to spend my life with while fostering other relationships that could potentially continue to develop romantically wasn't something that had been on my radar when it happened.

Neither had been developing and selling my first app, starting a company that continued to flourish after five years, or serving as a member of the board of our local chamber of commerce.

And it had been one thing to dance in front of a few people.

Ryan and her incredible lessons and staff truly seeming to transform everyone into a more confident version of themselves over the course of the weeks we worked together.

I even became accustomed to seeing the version of myself reflected back at me from the large, mirrored wall in the practice classrooms above the main floor of the club.

A softer, more vulnerable man who wanted so much to care and provide for those he loved just as much as he yearned to let go of the responsibilities and headspace that kept him busy more hours than he cared to admit.

I owed my performance to that version of myself.

I owed my performance to Brynn and Eleri, too.

Of course, it had been Eleri who initially formed the plan to approach me about the class, but once I decided I was in, both Brynn and Eleri were involved almost every step of the way.

Brynn spent late nights after my classes at Glittering Vices helping me perfect moves, her time dancing helping me to look more polished than I ever thought possible.

Eleri and I listened to hours of music, both while together and apart, finding the perfect score to bring my final performance to life.

The only detail I managed to keep hidden from the pair was the final piece of my costume. The final piece of my transformation .

And now, as I stand center stage, the opening notes echoing into the otherwise quiet venue, I only wish I could see their faces in the audience, that I could see both of their accepting, loving auras as I face the fear of stage fright the likes of which I have never felt before.

But the bright lights are near blinding. It's only me and the music.

Actually, maybe not being able to see anyone in the audience is for the best.

Waiting for my count as the music starts, I hesitate for less than a second before coming to life alongside the music.

The jacket I wear is inky black as dark the deepest parts of the sea with gold brocade detail painstakingly sewn on top.

I look more the part of a ballroom dancer ready to take on a powerful paso doble with high-waisted black pants and a tight-fitting shirt than a man about to shed his inhibitions to his lovers, his teacher, fellow students, and half the town.

It's as intentional as the dance moves I start with, wanting to fully lean into the sensual and emotional side of my performance.

I use the stage to my advantage, parading around with deliberate, sharp movements that match the pizzicato string music from the live band.

My body tells the story of my day-to-day life—the way I've always felt tied to my work, my commitments, and my desire to hold control in the aspects of my identity that somehow always come back to the ways in which I still feel inadequate.

Nearing stage right, I encounter an oversized prop chosen specifically for my performance.

A gold, gilded cage more ornate than anything created to hold actual birds.

And as I enter into its confines, the closure snapping shut behind me, I smile to myself at the irony, knowing my dick is locked in chastity beneath the layers of my costume.

It wasn't something I had planned on wearing underneath my dance clothes, but I'd found the longer I explored the dynamics of chastity and staying locked away, the heightened my other senses became.

And tonight, knowing one of my partners sat in the audience with the key on a delicate chain around her neck made me feel closer to both Eleri and Brynn while the stage continued to separate us.

Throughout the venue, the music of the orchestra changes as the spotlight carefully trained on me turns red.

With the help of a quick release harness of Cypher's design, the bolero-like jacket is ripped from my body, disappearing from view of the audience while leaving me in the black pants and shirt.

It's still me, still my story. Only now, through the moves I orchestrate, it's more languid and fluid. The dance of a person going through the motions of everyday life while still hiding pieces of the man they've always needed to be.

I incorporate moves Ryan has guided us in learning over the last few weeks, staying aware of the confines of the prop I'm moving within.

My body grinds and gyrates against the walls of the cage, reminiscent of the way my hips greedily thrust in Eleri's palm earlier this morning prior to being locked away.

Trying to jump to life at the memory, my cock throbs beneath its cage, and I'm reminded that if I ever plan on coming again without a miserable, ruined orgasm, I first have to make it through the rest of this performance.

As if knowing I need to continue before I inadvertently burst or forget what the fuck I'm doing on stage, the music shifts again.

And I know this is the moment I have been most afraid of since the idea of this performance started to take shape in my mind just over two short months ago.

Pairs of hands reach into the cage from multiple directions, their owners masked under the darkness of the rest of the stage and their near solid-black clothing.

They belong to other performers of Glittering Vices—students of the body liberation

workshops I've been taking, of Ryan's ongoing classes, even one or two members of the staff.

Together, the collective group tears at my carefully constructed shirt and pants, shredding them away small pieces of fabric at a time until I stand in my final nude bodysuit, chest heaving, music silent, in what looks to be a tattered heap of my former self.

The spotlight dims as if the performance is about to end, but the orchestra picks up softly, the red light shifting upward as white feathers begin to fall from the domed ceiling of the cage.

I watch as if in awe. As if these feathers falling from Heaven are beckoning me to break free of my cage.

Truthfully, it's not all an act.

Because I am in awe of the fact that this is my life.

That through all my fuck ups and shortcomings, through my near disastrous youth and constant fear of failing others, I've truly found my place among my two lovers who not only accept me any which way I choose to be, but truly continually push me to be the best version of myself.

Slowly, the cage door that once kept me prisoner lowers as the feathers continue to fall. The light, still tinted red, continues to brighten.

I step out of the cage, one foot slowly followed by the other, strutting across the stage with newfound confidence until I stand in the center, facing the audience head on in what appears to be nothing but a second skin.

And when the light quickly shifts from red, transforming into a bright, white spotlight, tiny pieces of sheer, reflective fabric shine the light back out across the audience like a funhouse mirror full of endless twists and turns.

It's evocative of the dichotomy that runs through me each day.

The harsh mirror-like shards that cover my body over the delicate layer of mesh.

Only with a little luck and gentle prodding from the people I love and those I've come to call my friends do I finally feel like the two sides can be at peace with one another.

For the first time since I took the stage, I can see the eyes of the audience.

Ryan stands near the back of the club, her arms wrapped protectively around a beautiful blonde, both women with huge smiles on their faces. But it isn't them I'm searching for.

Continuing to look with haste, I find Brynn and Eleri at a small table closest to the front of the stage. I laugh to myself, knowing it's the first place I should have looked, Brynn always wanting to be up close to the action.

Of course, she has noticeable tears in her eyes.

Brynn's emotion and joy plays across her face as she mouths, "I love you".

Eleri, ever the more stoic of the two, gives a small, approving nod that means just as much as Brynn's outward emotion.

The pair are holding hands across the table, simply staring at me in awe as the rest of the audience applauds and cheers.

Somehow, despite the commotion all around and a stage still separating us, it's as if we're the only three souls on Earth.

Still, while I'm eager to make my way to the dressing room and return to my street clothes so I can join them to take in the rest of the evening's performances while soaking in the afterglow of my own, I'm even more excited for when we finally get to go home later tonight.

And not just because I'm as desperate to get out of the cage constricting my cock as I was to get out of the cage holding me back on the Glittering Vices stage a few short moments ago.

Though, I mean, that's absolutely a consideration, too.

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The newly delivered armchair that sits in the corner of our bedroom is much more cohesive with the overall decor than the kitchen chair we had become so fond of over the last few weeks.

Tonight, though, it won't be used as a place to sit restrained while I'm forced to watch as my lovers play. Some say baseball is the great American pastime. Generally, I think it's watching the people you love experience pleasure, seventh inning stretch or not.

Our clothes are scattered around our bedroom—a tailored suit jacket and pants belonging to Eleri along with her merlot-colored lace cami that had me staring at her cleavage all night.

My accurate down to the last sequin flapper dress I wore will have to be dry-cleaned because I somehow managed to get cheese sauce on it at some point during the night.

But that's a problem for future me. And Kai, who generously offered to pay to have the rented costume laundered.

I'm naked and in bed alone, aside from the pearl necklace still looped around my neck hanging all the way down to my navel. I kind of want to wear it every day because it makes me feel fancy, but I know I'll have to take it off soon.

It's late, and I should be exhausted.

But after surprising Eleri with a Roaring Twenties themed party at Glittering Vices for her fortieth birthday, I have enough adrenaline coursing through my body to keep

me awake for a week straight.

Kai enters the room he now shares with us full time, his own tired face perking up when he lays eyes on me. “Well shit, it’s not my birthday, but I feel as if I’m the one about to get a present.”

Eyeing the door, I shush him before throwing a small yet very stretchy item of clothing toward him, happy to still hear water running on the other side of the ensuite bathroom door a few feet away.

I remove the pearls, leaving them on the mattress.

“Come on,” I whisper. “We probably only have a few minutes until she’s out. ”

“What are you up to, troublemaker?” He’s quieter but still not as quiet as I’d like him to be.

My wife has a ton of talents, her uncanny ability to hear anyone over the sound of anything one of their more inconvenient traits when I’m trying near silently to stealthily get Kai to follow my plan I once again might have forgotten to tell him about ahead of time.

Hastily, I pull out a matching garment to the one I tossed at Kai and begin to pull the fishnet body suit over my curves, only stopping to look at Kai when I again notice he isn’t moving.

“Stop. Looking. And. Get. Moving,” I hiss out on a whisper, tugging the wrist length sleeves over my arms.

He tugs his bottom lip between his teeth for a second, looking over me as he begins to undress. “I didn’t think you exploring a more dominant role with others would have you bossing me around. Am I going to want to start to call you Mistress next?”

“Managing a team of two people is highly me being dominant. Now hurry!” I say, referring to the remote, full-time social media job I recently started working for the same celebrity who reposted my viral animal-shelter content months back.

Finally, Kai finishes undressing, leaving his pants, shirt, and suspenders on the floor with the rest of the garments already there.

He slides his body into the matching lingerie before crawling across the mattress to where I sit.

We kiss, and it’s nearly enough to knock me off my knees while distracting me from the fact Eleri will be walking through the bathroom door in mere minutes.

“You look incredible,” he tells me.

Flaws and all, for the first time in my life, I’m finally starting to believe it.

“So do you,” I reply with honesty. “I love that I get to see this side of you, that you trust me enough to know you’re safe with me just like I’m safe with you.”

“You’re always safe with me, baby.”

Pausing again, we smile at one another, the reverence and love flowing between the two of us stronger than a current pulling a swimmer out to sea.

“What’s the plan?”

“I don’t know. I just thought she’d really like to see us in matching sets.”

The voice of Eleri answers, and we both snap our heads toward the sound of the bathroom. “And that I do. It looks like I’m about to have my hands full with double the trouble tonight.”

Their hair is still wet, already combed and braided into a single tail that hangs down the middle of their back. A towel wraps around their body, and several droplets of water cling to the tops of their gently sloped shoulders.

Suddenly, I'm transported back to the day we met.

To our wedding day.

To the first time they met Kai.

The first time I watched Eleri and Kai's lips meet.

Every small detail of our time together flits across my mind.

And it brings me back to the moment at the end of spring that brought us to where we are now.

At the time, I thought my life was about to explode. That at the least, I was about to lose my relationship with Kai. And that at worst, I would lose not only him but my marriage to Eleri, too.

I'm reminded of the night Eleri and I spent together, locked inside our bathroom, both of us in tears as they tried to put into words how out of touch they had been feeling within the confines of their own body when we were intimate.

Of all the nights one or both of my lovers have held me, essentially putting the pieces back together time and time again after a failed project, job interview, or friendship attempt gone wrong.

I'd go through every bit of that fear again in a heartbeat so long as it led to where I am now.

Coming to stand at the foot of the bed, Eleri looks back and forth between us. I'm still haphazardly sitting on the mattress, Kai next to me on his hands and knees where we had been meshed together in a passionate kiss a few seconds ago.

My wife drops the towel around their body, the cotton fluttering to the ground below us. Climbing atop the mattress, they ask the question that starts all our scenes that are spontaneous, directing it to both Kai and myself at the same time. "How would you like to play?"

And I don't know if it's the intensity of the energy swirling around us, the connection I share with both Kai and Eleri, the slight silliness of the matching lingerie Kai and I wear, or the fact that it's Eleri's birthday that has us sneaking a look at one another out of the corner of our eyes before answering in tandem, "Any which way you'd like, Mistress. "

THE END