

The Daddy Games
A Filthy MFM Romance
By JB Duvane

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This book is a work of fiction and is intended only for adults over the age of 18.

All characters are 18 or over.

THIS IS A SAMPLE AND IS NOT FOR SALE

ABOUT THE DADDY GAMES
(Games Series Book 1)

Two dominant men.
Hundreds of submissive women.
A kinky, x-rated reality show.
The only word to describe it?

Epic.

Graham:

The three of us are college buddies.
Equal partners in a multi-million dollar business.
Until one runs off with everything.
The other one has an idea.
How we can get some money fast.
It involves a live-streamed competition.
A lot of naked girls.
And sex.
It also involves Aubrey.
The daughter of another college buddy.
I don't want to admit to myself how much I want her.
But now that she's here, and she's in the contest...
she's mine.

Aubrey:

After being dumped by my boyfriend for not letting him take my v-card,
I need a change.
I want a man who will make me want to submit to him.
Make me want to give it all up for him.
But first, I need to figure out who I am,
and what I want.
I entered The Daddy Games for the money,
and to find out if being a sub is really me.
What I didn't know was how much I would love it.
Or how far I would go to win.

If you don't like foul language, don't read this book.

If you don't like gratuitous adult content, don't read this book.

If you don't want to read about one woman and two men getting nasty and filthy and having an awesome time together, absolutely do not read this book.

The Daddy Games is a very steamy standalone MFM romance novel of 52k words. Some scenes are dark and may not be suitable for everyone.

Chapter 1

Graham

I lean back on the couch, slouching down so that my eyes are a little closer to the same level as my cock. I'm watching the head disappear in between the soft, pink lips of a leggy blonde and my brain is exploding.

There are so many moments I fucking love about a new girl. The first contact that sends a flash of chills across the surface of my skin. The moment before the first kiss—that lingering, cock-stirring intensity that occurs when I am mere inches from a gorgeous, porcelain-skinned face. I can smell the sweetness, feel the heat radiating off of her. My fucking brain can feel the kiss happening even before our lips touch.

Then there's the actual kiss. It usually starts out kind of slow—a hand on the face that wraps around to the back of the head and some eye contact. Because, lets face it, you don't want to dive in with your mouth wide open and have the girl think you're a lunatic. Plus there's still a question about chemistry at this point. Not that lack of chemistry has ever stopped me from getting my dick sucked or from plowing a girl from behind. But chemistry really tells me a lot about how to proceed. I'm always going to be in control, regardless of who else is involved. I'm always going to want to restrain her in some way, even if it's just her body caught between mine and Kyle's. But if the chemistry isn't there, I might decide to let her do all the work.

I love that first moment when I get to see the tits for the first time. My cock just about busts out of my pants when they pop out—when I get to see if there was any false advertising or if they really are as big as they look. I'll already know at this point if they're fake at this point, and while I'd rather the tits I squeeze and grope are real, implants won't be a deal breaker. Nothing is a deal breaker when I get to this point. If I'm already this close to a girl—if my tongue has been inside her mouth and my hands are on her tits—she's mine. Well, she's both of ours, really, if I happen to be with Kyle at the time.

The moment when the pussy makes its appearance is always a favorite of mine, too. And like with the tits, there's not much that will dash my spirits. I'm partial to a fully lasered or waxed pussy. Not shaved. I don't want to feel any stubble and I don't want to see a rash or run my hand over those godawful bumps. If it's going to be perfect it's got to be as smooth as silk. Don't get me wrong. I'll take a landing strip or a triangle, and I've even been known to go down on a well-trimmed bush. I can be very generous when I want to be. But

nothing gets me harder than watching a woman play with a smooth, glistening pussy.

After I've seen it all and I've decided the direction things are going to take, there's another level of firsts waiting. The first time I pin her, to the wall or the bed or the floor, or, if I'm at his place, between myself and Kyle. That look in her eyes the first moment she understands what kind of game we're playing. The first spanking or slap. That sharp sucking in of breath when a hand comes down on her round ass for the first time.

The moment when the head of my cock squeezes through the tight opening of her pussy or asshole — especially when I can feel the insane tightness of the other hole being filled — those are all incredible firsts too. But holy shit that very first touch of a girl's lips to the head of my cock, that is as close to heaven as I think I've ever been in my life. When those lips part so effortlessly and slowly — stretching to accommodate the growing thickness of my cock head, then let it slide right in ... perfection. If a girl really knows what she's doing she'll twirl her tongue around the very tip while the head moves into her mouth. She'll move one hand up and down the shaft and cup my balls — very, very gently — and she'll keep her baby blues right on mine.

I put my hands behind the back of my head as I watch my cock disappear into the hot blonde's mouth. Then I move my eyes up a couple of inches and watch as Kyle plows into her from behind. I think he's fucking her pussy, but I'm not completely sure, because what I'm really watching is those ass cheeks. I'm watching them jiggle with each thrust and with each smack Kyle gives them with his hand. I can't decide what to keep my eyes focused on — her lips or her jiggling ass — so my eyes flit back and forth, the tension building every single time they land on one or the other.

At blow jobs this girl seems to be a hands-down pro. She takes it very slow. Doesn't rush a goddamned thing. She touches me through the pants at first, rubbing her hands up and down my hard-on, with wide eyes on the bulge like a kid in a candy store. She unzips my pants slowly, her teeth hooked on her bottom lip and a smile curled up at the corner of her mouth. She pulls my black boxer briefs down in one swift movement, so the big reveal is just that, my massive cock popping out and springing up into the air and revealing just how fucking turned on I am.

Then the warmth of her breath just before her lips make contact, and everything after that is hazy blur of my shaft and her straining mouth and those eyes and the soft wet hole I'm falling into. Then there's a whole new layer of turned on when I watch Kyle sink his cock into her from behind and I hear and

feel that moan emanating from deep inside her.

We have no idea she's going to be this good before we get back here. As far as we can see, she's just a girl in a bar. But there are ways I can tell—cues I pick up on—that let me know if a girl will be open to being dominated. She might not always be a full-on submissive, but I can usually tell if she'll let me throw her around a little. I can see in her eyes if she'd like it.

It's a little different when there's two of us going after the same girl, but not that much. There were at least ten other girls in the bar tonight, hanging on every word Kyle said and flirting with both of us like crazy. But this one fit a lot of my specs after just a couple sentences, so I decided we should give her a shot.

Kyle's the big talker. He's the one that zeros in on a group of girls and lures them over to the table. I don't have to lift a finger at this point. I just sit back and watch. I like to watch. I especially like watching my cock disappear down the throat of a hot, eighteen or twenty-one year old blonde, but I'm getting ahead of myself. What I like during the pickup is that I don't have to do a whole hell of a lot to make it happen.

The beautiful thing about a girl this age—especially when she's around a man my age—is she'll do just about anything to please that man. To please *me*. I'm not ancient or anything. I'm not even forty yet. Just shy of it, actually. But she doesn't know that. She doesn't know anything about me other than I have more money than she's probably ever going to see in her life. Plus I'm easy on the eyes—we both are—or so I've been told. I guess the girls are suckers for those laugh lines that start appearing around mid-life, but hell if I can see the attraction.

If it isn't her that comes home with us it's going to be one of the other girls in the bar, and she knows that. And she's one-hundred percent correct on that count. Kyle and I are not leaving empty handed.

I'm not interested in repeat performances. I'm all about first times these days. So when I go to a bar with Kyle, which is at least a few nights a week, I'm looking for something new. I find that double-teaming a woman tends to deflect any emotional attachments that might form on the woman's part, but especially mine. I don't need any of that.

It's not that I'm incapable of holding an in-depth conversation or experiencing emotions. I've been married, I've been in love. I just don't want any of that right now. I want the physical experience. I want to fuck and then get the hell out. And if I can turn her attention to Kyle, all the better.

That's why I like having Kyle around. I never know exactly when it's going to happen, but whenever I'm with a new girl and I've reached my limit, I don't want to look at her or talk to her or even think about her anymore. I want her

and any trace of her presence to be gone. It might be after the first time or the second, or even the third time in a night that we fuck. But once the party's over for me, it's really over.

And I just now reached my limit with the blonde. I'm glad to see that Kyle has already finished after I shoot a stream down her throat. I honestly wasn't expecting it to happen so suddenly, but as soon as I come, I see that hopeful look practically spilling out of her dewy eyes, and I can't deal.

"That was great, but I've gotta get up early," I say, and watch every trace of happiness slip away from her face. Kyle gives me a death stare but I look away.

"Really? Did I do something wrong?"

No, but you are right now, I think, lifting my ass and yanking my trousers up.

"No, that was great. I'm sorry, Beth —"

"Angie."

"Angie. I'd love for the three of us to get in bed and fuck the night away, but we've got a meeting first thing in the morning and I just know none of us would get a wink of sleep if you stayed." I give her my most dazzling smile. "I don't know about Kyle, but I only have so much self control."

"Okay." She sounds like a girl that just lost her doll. She stands up and pulls up her micro-dress, then holds onto my shoulder while she slips into her five-inch heels. "Maybe tomorrow night?"

"Sure. Kyle'll give you a call or text or whatever," I say as I usher her to the door. "Here's some money for a cab." I reach into my wallet and hand her three one-hundred dollar bills.

"Oh, no! You don't have to give me this!"

"Just take it. I'll feel better knowing you got home safely," I say, my fake smile fading fast.

"Okay, Graham. I had a really nice night." There's that hopeful smile again. "Talk to you tomorrow, Kyle?" she says as I stand there, holding onto the door and looking down and wishing she was already on the other side. "Totally! Goodnight, Angie," I hear from behind me.

As I shut the door I realize that the last fifteen minutes succeeded in making me feel like more of an asshole than I have in the six years since my divorce and all I want is a drink. But I know Kyle is pissed.

"What the hell, Graham? I thought you were into her."

"I *was*. I had *fun*." I realize the emphasis I was putting on the words only make me sound like I'm trying to convince him that I'm not lying. Or convince myself.

"Then why did you chase her out of here? I wanted to keep having fun. We

don't have a meeting in the morning."

"I'm just tired, okay?" I say as I set my drink on the coffee table and flop onto the couch. I like these arrangements we have, but I have to admit, it's so much easier with prostitutes or sugar babies—girls that know up front that it's just about sex. When they look at me like they're expecting to cuddle in my arms all night I swear I feel like jumping out of my skin. I like having Kyle around as a buffer, but lately, more often than not, it winds up like this. With me irritated and Kyle disappointed.

This all started after my divorce. Before that I'd been a one woman man for years. My wife was everything to me. And since then, I haven't wanted to think about anything even remotely resembling a relationship. Not after the hell she put me through. She was the one who stopped wanting sex. She was the one who cheated. She was the one who took me for everything I had. She was the one that ruined everything. At least I didn't have to pay alimony. But after the divorce was final I was destitute. It's taken me years to get it all back and I'm sure as hell not giving it up for a woman again.

But it's not just the money. It's the way I felt for so long after it was over. And that pain was ten thousand times worse than the shitty way I feel right now after kicking a girl out after sex. I'm never letting that happen to me again. It's just not worth it.

I still prefer to pay for sex. It's just easier all around. But it's hard to resist a bar pick-up when I'm with Kyle. He makes it so easy. Plus, it's always nice to have a young girl who isn't taking money up front. I know one of us will eventually be giving her a wad of cash at the end of the evening, but for at least a little while I can pretend that it's more than money she's interested in. And yes, I realize exactly how fucked up I am.

Chapter 2

Aubrey

"What's wrong, Aubrey?" Breanna knows it's me, but I haven't said anything for at least thirty seconds after she picks up the phone. The only sound on my end is the jagged inhalations of breath as I try to get my words out.

"D-danny dumped me and he's ... he's kicking me out," I sob into the phone.

"What? You're kidding! I thought you guys were really happy. What happened?"

"I ... thought so ... too," I say with a breath in between just about each word. "I mean ... we had fights every once in a while. But that's totally normal ... right?" I had spent all morning questioning every decision I've ever made to the point where now I feel like I have no conviction whatsoever. I just want to crawl in bed and pretend the world doesn't exist for the rest of my life.

"Did he say why?"

"Yeah." I'm actually kind of embarrassed to tell my best friend the reason he gave me. I've never said anything to her about my stupid secret and I'm worried what she'll think. I'm still so confused about my feelings and I'm totally afraid she's going to think exactly what Danny thought. That I'm a tease. "He said he couldn't deal with not being able to ... to fuck me."

"Wait, what? You guys never had sex? Like, at all?"

There it is, that tone I was dreading.

"Well, we had sex. Just not—"

"In your pussy?"

"Yeah!" I say, gaining back a little bit of conviction. "I mean, it's not like we didn't do lots of other stuff. I told you some of what we did. I sucked his cock all the freaking time, and I let him fuck me in the ass whenever he wanted."

"Oh wow, then what the hell was he complaining about?"

"He said he thought I was messing with him—that I was just a tease and that he wanted to find a girl who really understood the meaning of submitting to him."

"What the hell did he mean by that?"

As relieved as I am that Breanna understands what I mean, this is another thing I don't particularly want to discuss with her. She knows that I'm kinky. We've talked about how we're both submissive and how interesting it is that our own personal definitions of that word mean different things to each of us. But because I'm feeling so insecure about everything right now, answering this

question makes me feel like I have no freaking idea what I'm doing. Like my version of submissive is somehow wrong because Danny said so.

"That if I was really a sub I would do anything he wanted just because he told me to, I guess."

"What the fuck? He's a total jackass, Aubrey! That's not the way it works! You have to have an understanding between the two of you. The scenes aren't just about what he wants, end of story. That's messed up!"

"Thank you for saying that, cause I swear to God I've felt like the biggest loser on the planet for the last hour. He told me that I've never been the kind of submissive he wanted, that I probably wasn't even a sub at all, and that seriously killed me, Brea."

"Wow, Aubrey, that's harsh. What did he even mean?"

"I don't know. I asked him to give me examples and he wouldn't. He said I would know how to be a true submissive if I really was one."

"Oh my God, Aubrey, that's horrible. He's a complete asshole. He is so not worth crying over."

"I know, Brea, it just hurts. I thought he loved me. I really thought he understood me. And now I find out that all this time he's been thinking the exact opposite—that everything I am is wrong. It makes me feel like I'll never know if someone is being honest with me ever again."

"God, that's awful. I'm so sorry. But you have to know that he's just one guy. Well, one type of guy. There's plenty of guys like him out there, unfortunately. But there are other types out there, and I swear you'll find one of the good ones."

"I don't know, Brea. I mean, most guys actually do want to fuck a girl's pussy. Especially kinky guys."

"Not necessarily. There are plenty of people who do BDSM scenes that don't even involve intercourse at all."

"Really? What do they do?"

"Whatever they're into. They make the arrangements beforehand. If both people are into rope work, and that's all they both want, then the sub is tied up. If it's pain, then the sub is spanked or paddled or whipped or whatever. If they both want the experience of the sub being tied up and having pain inflicted on them, and they both want something sexual to go on, then they do all of it in the same scene. But it's an agreement, not a surprise. And no one's desire is more important than anyone else's. Unless that's the agreement."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. But isn't it different in a relationship. I mean, I think guys expect that their girlfriend is going to want to fuck them."

"Well, yeah, probably. But if he really loves you he'll talk to you about it—ask

you why and figure out things that work for both of you. Did he ever do that?"

"Not really. But if he asked me why I'm not sure if I'd know exactly what to tell him."

"How come?"

"Well, it was mostly a feeling I had."

"What do you mean?"

"He just didn't seem like he would have been a very good ... you know ... lover. I told you that I sucked his cock all the time. Well, he hardly ever went down on me."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. He would tell me to masturbate, which I liked to do, especially when he was deep throating me, but it wasn't all I wanted. I tried to tell him how I felt but he would always say that he was tired and that he would go down on me next time."

"Oh my God, that is so lame. How freaking old is he?"

"Yeah, exactly. He's twenty-two."

"That's more than old enough to know how lame that is, Aubrey."

"I know! I seriously feel like, in the back of my head, I've been saying 'hell no' to giving my virginity away to Danny mostly because of how immature he is."

"No shit. I'd be saying that too. I can't believe you never told me any of this."

"I've been so messed up about it. There was a part of me that thought there was something really wrong with me. But for the last year I've been feeling like what I really want is an older man. Someone who knows what the hell he's doing, in bed *and* with his life."

"Yeah, I hear ya. I've been pretty much waiting for a man like that to come along myself."

"I mean, I swear to God, Brea, if I found a really manly, serious, responsible, sexy, adult man, I *would* do anything he wanted. I feel like I would be the ultimate submissive. Not 24/7 or anything like that, but, oh my God, Brea. I seriously fantasize about doing anything a guy like that wanted."

"Damn. Anything?"

"It's pretty much my dream. But now I'm scared that it's just something that's in my head and not really who I am. I'm afraid that Danny is right about me."

"Don't even think that. He doesn't know you better than you know yourself."

"I know you're right. I just want a chance to prove it to myself. What I really want is to feel like I have no choice in anything — that no matter what a man asks me to do, I'll do it. But it's the *feeling* of having no choice that I want. I want

someone to make me believe that I don't have any say in the matter even though I know I do. Like I'm giving myself to someone completely and trusting my entire being with them. I'm there for them and they can use me and take care of me like I belong to them, and in return I'll do anything for they want. Gladly. You know what I mean?" I feel like I'm bearing my soul to Brea, and while it's uncomfortable, it feels like a huge weight is being lifted off me.

"God that sounds so hot. Do guys like that even exist? Guys that can actually make you feel that way?"

"I hope so. At least it's what I've always fantasized about." But as the words come out of my mouth I don't feel so sure about it. I'm still in the whole mindset Danny put me in and from this place everything feels hard and impossible.

I don't even know how I'd find someone with my exact same interests. Someone who has the vibe I'm looking for and who wants the same things as I do. I usually only get that sort of feeling when I look into the eyes of older men, and even then, definitely not in all of them.

There was actually only one man who ever made me forget everything around me. When I looked into his eyes, I swear to God I would have done anything he asked me to, no matter what it was. Right there and then, in my dad's office, I would have crawled across the floor if that man had asked me. For years I've fantasized of him telling me what to do, and I've had orgasm after orgasm to the sound of his deep voice in my ear while I imagined him watching me. But that was a long time ago and I'm afraid there are no other men like that on the planet.

"So what are you gonna do?"

"Huh?" I ask, snapping out of my memory of the deepest, darkest eyes I've ever seen up to that point in my life, or since.

"For a place to live."

"Oh, that. Well, how would you feel about having a couch guest for a little while?"

"My couch is your couch."

"That's awesome, cause I don't have any money for my own place right now and I don't have anywhere else to go. I just paid my half of the rent here last week."

"Oh my God, you should get your money back from him. What an asshole!"

"No, I don't want to mess with that. I'm just gonna pack up the few things I have around here and get out. I just want a clean break. No drama."

"Okay, well, if you need any help, let me know."

"I should be fine. It's just my clothes and my laptop. You gonna be around

this afternoon?"

"Yeah, I'll be here all day. This is gonna be fun, girl! We can have a pajama party!"

"Be sure to have some alcohol ready, cause I'm gonna need a big drink when I get there."

Chapter 3

Graham

"What's up!" I raise an eyebrow at Kyle when I walk into my office and see him sitting behind my desk with his feet up. "You're late for our *meeting*, dude!"

"We didn't have a meeting," I say, setting my coffee down on the desk and taking off my jacket.

"Yeah, I know, but I have an idea I really want to bounce off you. I think you're gonna love this."

Over time I've grown a little wary of that claim. Kyle constantly has ideas he wants to 'bounce' off me and while some of them turn out to be incredibly lucrative—like this consulting firm we co-own with another college buddy—most of the time he just wants to find any excuse to surround himself with naked girls.

He has literally tried to get me to throw parties for college students right here in the company gym. I mean, it is an enormous space with special lighting and massive TVs lining the walls, and not to mention an insane sound system, but I'm not interested in turning this company into a hotbed of orgy activity.

"Is this another party idea? I told you, it's not a good idea to have parties on company property. Why don't you have it at your condo? You can have wall to wall naked girls there." I ask, pushing his feet off my desk.

"No, this is so much better than a party! I'm telling you, you're gonna love it."

"I'm all ears."

Kyle gets up out of my chair and turns around to face me when he gets to the other side of my desk. "Picture this," he says with his hands splayed out in front of him. "A bunch of girls lined up outside the gym door."

"Not the gym again. I told you, Kyle, I'm not interested in using this company to get you laid—"

"Just wait, man! It's not a party. As I was saying ..." he says as he gets back into a zone where he seems like he's picturing the whole thing in his head. "A bunch of girls lined up outside the door, waiting to come in—one at a time—and audition to be *your* girlfriend." He emphasizes the word *your* by pointing his finger at me. Like that is somehow going to sell his idea.

"I don't want a girlfriend, Kyle. You know that."

"Okay, sugar baby, whatever! What I'm saying is ... *we* are the ones doing all the choosing." He moves his finger back and forth between us when he says the word *we*, like he wants to make sure I understand which 'we' he's referring to.

While I watch him I wonder how many cups of coffee he's already had this morning.

Kyle continues. "We make a literal call for an audition—you know, like for a commercial or something. We post it to sites online where the type of women we like congregate. We give out the specs—what we're looking for down to the freaking letter. Submissive, athletic but curvy, long hair—these are just my specs, you can list your own. We'll get responses from all over the country, all over the world, even! We can require anything we want without sounding like a couple of jackasses because it's an *audition*. Then we come up with some stuff for them to do—dance, wiggle around, whatever—and sit back and enjoy the show."

I stare at Kyle for a moment. It's way too early for this. I didn't sleep as well as I'd hoped after bringing the blonde home last night and I haven't even had my coffee yet. "And what exactly is the point of all this? I don't understand how this will be any different from picking up girls in a bar?"

"It's different because we narrow down the playing field immediately—before they even get here. We don't have to ask 'are you into being spanked?' Because they wouldn't be here if they weren't."

"Are you still drunk from last night? What kind of commercial audition would ask for girls who want to be spanked?"

"I'm not saying it's for an actual commercial. I was just giving that as an example. Come on, think about it. These girls will all know ahead of time that the audition will lead to fucking, and we can indicate that it might lead to other stuff."

"What kind of other stuff?"

"Well, you know, relationship stuff ..." I roll my eyes and Kyle puts his hands up like he's trying to keep me calm. "Or in your case sugar baby stuff ... whatever. What I'm saying is we bring the girls we want to us and let them do the work of impressing us with their ... talents ... so to speak."

"Where the hell is all this coming from? You don't have any problems finding hook-ups. Neither of us do. Between the two of us we're with a different girl every night of the week. What more do you want?"

Kyle flops down onto my leather couch, the wind in his sails finally knocked down a couple notches. "I don't know, man. I'm getting tired of the whole bar scene."

"Really? You looked like you were having fun last night."

"Yeah, it's okay. I mean the flirting is fun, and the fucking is fun, but ... I don't know. It feels like it's too much goddamned work for not enough payoff. I'm getting too old for the whole bar scene anyway."

"You're thirty nine, Kyle, same as me."

"Yeah, exactly. And I should be starting to settle down. Or I should at least have a nice little submissive at my feet on the regular. Maybe even chained up in the basement," he says with a grin. "I'm kidding. I'd only put her in the basement for an hour a day, tops."

I drink my coffee and scroll through my email while Kyle sits there, regaling me with his captive girlfriend fantasies. "Then find someone online. Go to one of those BDSM sites you're always talking about and put up an ad."

"Yeah, but that's no fun either. Seriously, it's like weeks before you find out that everything they said on their profile was a pile of horse shit. And this chick last night? When we were in the bar she was all '*Oh yes Kyle, I want you to choke me. Oh yes, Kyle, I want you to spank me hard.*' But when we got her back to your place she wouldn't even let us tie her up. She said it was *too soon*. What the fuck does that even mean? I was still horny when I left your place last night."

I sit back in my chair and eye Kyle while he pokes around on his phone. "So what did you do?" I ask.

"I wound up watching this sick Japanese horror movie when I got home. Check this out." Kyle hands me his phone and I watch a girl with long, black hair vomit into a dog food bowl and set it on the floor for — what looks like — a crazy man, who commences to lap it up.

"What the hell are you showing me this for? Jesus, Kyle!" I throw his phone across the room and it lands in his lap.

"Nasty, right? That is one messed up movie! It's actually where I got the idea from."

"The audition idea? Oh, awesome. And is this vomiting chick the one that passes the audition in the movie?"

"Yeah, she's a real nut job too."

"And this is what you want us to do."

"Well, it's a movie, Graham. What are the chances of something like this happening in real life?" he says as he points at his phone.

"Okay, let's see." I lean back in my chair and touch the tips of my fingers together while I pretend to be deep in thought. "We do an open call for young women who would be willing to travel across the country for an audition where the requirements are that they have big tits and like to be spanked. Um, yeah, I'd say the chance of drawing a few crazies is pretty good."

"Come on! It's a brilliant idea, you know it is! We don't even have to ask the spanking question. We can word it so that it's really refined. I mean, we're a couple of refined dudes, right?"

I smirk at him, but don't say anything. The thing is, the idea doesn't actually sound half bad. It sounds a hell of a lot more like a fantasy than something we could actually pull off, but he does have a point with leveling the playing field up front. I don't want to admit that to him, though.

"You could invite what's her name," Kyle says with a stupid grin on his face.

"Who?" I don't even have to ask. I know exactly who he's talking about.

"Your girlfriend. Aubrey."

Aubrey is the daughter of a college friend of ours. And she's about half my age. I made the mistake of telling him once, *once*, that I thought she was hot, and that was enough to ensure that he never let me forget. Not that I could forget about her anyway. Especially after Kyle showed me her profile on Smackmatch, one of the BDSM hook-up sites he used to frequent.

"She's not my girlfriend, Kyle."

"Yeah, but you know what she is? *She's* a sub."

"Will you drop it?"

"And she's your type."

"Kyle."

"And she was checking you out big time, Graham. I swear her eyes were glued to you like —"

"Kyle! Will you drop it with her, please? I am not inviting Blane Weaver's daughter here so she can answer a bunch of your stupid questions and win the grand prize of sucking my cock."

"Why not?"

"I said, drop it!"

"Okay, okay, no hot Aubrey. But you will consider it, right? I think it's a seriously awesome idea. Just think about it. Let it marinate for a while."

"I don't know, Kyle. Maybe."

"Listen, I'll come up with a detailed plan. You won't have to do a thing. What I'll do is, I'll draw out exactly what steps we take before hand—where we could post the audition notices, what we ask, how we get them here, etc. If you don't like it we can scrap it. Or keep working on it until you do like it. We can do anything we want! We can totally make this idea work for us, man!"

"Why exactly do you need me to be involved in this? I mean, why don't you just do it out of your own apartment since you're the one that's so jazzed about the idea?"

"Cause I want us to do this together. Doesn't it sound like it would be fun?"

The look on Kyle's face gives me a bad feeling. A pang in my stomach that I get whenever he asks me a favor. The pang that is almost impossible for me to

ignore and that makes it really hard for me to say no to him. "I don't know if I would use the word fun —"

"Besides, can't you picture the gym all tricked out with special lighting like when they do the hip hop cardio classes in there? Maybe a stripper pole set up for one of the audition numbers? You and me, sitting there, sipping some cold ones and having a bunch of girls doing everything in their power to impress us. Can't you see it?"

"Don't you think they're going to want money?"

Kyle quickly sat forward on the couch. "You know, that's not a bad idea. The winners get a prize of some sort in addition to sex with us. Now you're thinking! I don't know why I didn't come up with that earlier."

"Hey, it wasn't a suggestion. It was really more of a con — like as in a list of pros and cons? Con number one: girls might not be interested in stripping for us for free."

"Point taken. I'll get back to you on that. It should probably be something big. But that's nothing we can't handle. In the meantime, business as usual." Kyle stands up and heads for the door, then stops and turns back. "I'm telling you, Graham, you won't regret this. I think this could be my best idea ever."

"Yeah, sure. What about Peterson. Don't you want to involve him in your big sex scheme?"

"Eh, he's never around. I haven't seen him in the office for, like, a week. Have you talked to him recently?"

"No. I was wondering where he was with that indie whisky company out of Arkansas."

"What did they want?"

"They hired us to do market research and ad consulting. Also revamping their website. That's why Peterson was taking care of it. It's a small gig, but they seem like a pretty cool little company. He told me he was putting a team together and we'd all be having a video conference sometime this week. Are you planning on talking to him?"

"Yeah, I guess. He owes me money from last month's poker game and he hasn't paid up yet."

"What do you need his money for? You're a freaking millionaire, Kyle."

"Hey, money is money. And I gotta get what's mine," he says as he spins three-hundred-and-sixty degrees in front of me, then gives me two finger guns when he's facing me again. "Actually, I wound up having to shell out a lot more this last month than I'd planned. I paid cash for the Lambo, then had to pay off my Amex and totally forgot about a bunch of charges."

"Seriously? You don't keep track of that stuff?"

"Not as well as you and Peterson. I can only hope to be even half as responsible as the two of you one day." Kyle gives me a mocking bow, then stands up. "Anyway, I'm gonna be glad when we go over the last quarter and get our payouts. I need money for my condo fees and my rent. How much do you think it's going to be this time around?"

"I don't know. This was a really good quarter. There's still some accounts being settled, but I think we're looking at at least two-fifty."

"Million?"

"Yeah."

"Each?"

"Yep."

"What?! Holy shit, Graham. I never would have guessed that this business would be pulling in almost eight-hundred million a *quarter* back when we started it. Seriously, it blows my mind. This is five times as much as we pulled in last quarter. We've only been at this for five years and we're killing it. What are the projections for the whole year?"

"Well, if things keep up with the way they have been with new European accounts we should be looking at just over three billion."

"How is that even possible! Jesus!"

"Well, it's not just income from the accounts. The projections include investments too. Especially the crypto-currency trading we've been doing lately. We're gonna find out more about that at the meeting on Friday."

"Awesome! Okay, I'll catch ya later."

"See you later, Kyle."

Kyle walks out the door and for the next hour I can't get the conversation we just had out of my head. Not about the money. After the first million, the money that was pouring in just became numbers on a page to me. What I can't stop thinking about is that damned audition idea. And Aubrey. I'd tried to wipe the memory of her out of my mind over the last couple years, and for the most part, I've been successful. Except for the part I don't even want to admit to myself. That whenever some random chick is sucking my cock, it's Aubrey's face I see.

I'm left sitting there at my desk with the image of me and Kyle sitting in a dark room that's lit with swirling, multi-colored spotlights, and a line of girls waiting to strip for us. Girls that all have Aubrey's hypnotic blue eyes and long, dark hair. And as much as I complained when Kyle brought it all up, I don't hate the idea. In fact, the more I think about it, the more I kind of love it.

Chapter 4

Aubrey

I've been sleeping on Breanna's couch for a couple nights and I still have no idea what I'm going to do. Brea says I can stay on her couch for as long as I need to, but I feel bad. I know she likes having me around, and I love living with my best friend, but Breanna also has roommates and I get the feeling they aren't as thrilled as she is.

"Why don't we get a place together?" she suggests while she's getting ready for work.

"With what money? I have nothing and no one seems to be hiring. I've gone to every store in this stupid town and emailed my resume to every local ad I found online. I'm seriously considering doing some camming, but I don't even have any space to do that here."

"You can use my room! Seriously, do it in here while I'm at work. I don't mind at all."

"Thanks, Brea. I appreciate it. I just wish things were going better for me right now. I feel like such a loser."

"Why? Because an asshole dumped you? That's silly. I'm serious, Aubrey, there are tons of guys who would kill to go out with you, or see you naked, or tell you what to do."

"Yeah, but I don't want just any guy telling me what to do. I mean, I have to be into the guy. There has to be a vibe there."

"Have you checked out any BDSM dating sites lately? Like Smackmatch or Domlife? You might find someone you like on there."

"No. I'm just not feeling it."

"What you're feeling is sorry for yourself. Your job while I'm gone today is to sign up to start doing some camming and message at least one Doms on one of those sites. I'm going to check your progress when I get home tonight and I'd better see some results, young lady."

"Ha ha."

"I'm serious. I'm not gonna let that jerk-off, Danny, keep you in a funk. He's not worth it. You are so much better off without him and you deserve to be appreciated. Now get on that computer and find someone to tell you what to do in bed!"

I laugh out loud at what Brea says. She's being silly, but she's also right. I need to get over Danny, like, now. All I'm doing by feeling bad about what he

did to me is continuing what he started. I'm treating myself like shit and I know I don't deserve that. "Okay, I will."

"Yay! You are gonna rock the camming world, Aubrey. Dudes are gonna be lining up to slip you their tokens," she says with a big grin.

"I'll believe it when I see it."

After almost an hour of scrolling through the profile pics on Domlife, I'm pretty much ready to give up. It seems like it's just the same bunch of guys that I saw the last time I was on here. There were the young guys who are trying to look tough, the scary guys who looked like they were about to snap someone's neck, and the old, fat, bald men who always seemed to demand a very specific type. Young and skinny, with long, blonde hair. I mean, I find it odd that these men feel like it's perfectly fine to have requirements that they themselves don't even fit. I sigh as I remember why I stopped coming to these sites not long after I made my profile a couple years ago.

I don't even have a picture of myself up. I uploaded one when I made the account, but within the first couple days I was barraged with over one-hundred emails. It's pretty common on those sites for the men to have profile pictures up but not the women, so I pulled mine down, but I still got about twenty emails a day for at least a month. The guys on those sites really come across as desperate sometimes.

It's getting late and I haven't even signed up at any of the camming sites yet, and I promised myself that I would message at least one guy before Brea got home.

On the twenty-third page of profiles, I finally come to one that looks promising—a mid thirties guy with dark hair who lives not too far away, in the valley. He looks nice, like he isn't trying to appear tough with a leather jacket or a scowl, and he's actually pretty attractive. I don't even think about what I'm going to say. I just message him some general stuff about myself—age, weight, interests, and that I'm a sub—but I don't mention being a virgin. I don't feel like that's something I want him to know unless we're actually going to get down and dirty. I figure we'll have time to go over more details if and when I decide to meet him. I hit send, log out of the site, and get the hell out of there.

I spend the next hour creating an account on the one cam site I know is halfway decent—or at least isn't owned by a scamming perv—then go back to check on my private message to the Dom.

I suck my breath in a little when I log in. I have a red envelope at the top right corner of the screen. I click on it and read the short message. The guy

thanks me for contacting him and tells me he'd love to know more about me. He says we could talk on the phone or even meet up in person—in a public place—if I'm comfortable with that. He gives me his private email address and tells me to email him a picture if I'm okay with that—which I am. I just don't want it on my profile for every weirdo to see.

I'm totally nervous about emailing this guy, but I'm also really curious. I want to see if there is a guy out there who I can connect with. A guy who will make me *want* to submit to him. Someone who treats me well and makes me feel safe, but then can make me feel like he's taken it all away in a split second. Someone who dangles me off the edge of a cliff, but then has the ability to pull me back to safety after he makes me come.

God, I'd give up my virginity for a guy like that in a heartbeat, I know I would. It's not like I find it special or sacred somehow. I wasn't brought up religious, although I was taught that a girl's virginity is something that can only be taken away when a man's cock is inserted into her vagina. Now that I'm an adult, I don't buy that crap at all. But I do feel like that idea fits together with why I've stayed a virgin for so long.

My wanting to find a man to submit to, and my waiting to let a man stick his cock inside my pussy. Those things are special in a way. Or at least they can be. But maybe it really has to do with trust. Because I know that if I felt that way about a man—if I let myself go to a place where I would do whatever he asked, no matter what it was—that I would be able to trust him with my entire body. Every inch of it. I'm not sure if it's even possible for me to find a man like that online. And I seriously doubt it can happen over just one date, but I also know I have to start somewhere.

I email a picture to Trey—that's what he tells me his name is—of me sitting in a dark bar with my knees pushed together and a shy smile on my face. There's a flash going off so my skin is glowing and my eyes are almost closed. I've always thought the picture made me look the way I wanted guys to see me—especially Doms. Sweet and pretty and demure. I know it's a bit of an act, because it's not the way I am all the time. But it's how I want to feel when I'm being a sub.

I rarely felt that way with Danny, though. I always felt kind of desperate when I was with him. I'm sure that he truly believed that I was the lucky one. That I should have been thankful that he was gracious enough to stick his cock in my mouth. Ugh. I tell Trey that I'd be happy to meet him at a coffee shop or a bar and that we can get to know each other better that way, rather than over email.

He emails me back almost immediately, which sets off a bit of a desperation

red flag in my mind. But I decide to give him the benefit of the doubt. It is hard to find someone you find attractive enough to message, let alone interesting enough to meet in person. And when you do, a lot of times you want to grab onto that teeny shred of hope so it doesn't slip away.

He says he wants to meet tonight. He has a place in mind and it's not too far. He suggests we get something to eat and a drink and see how we feel about continuing on. Even though I'm really nervous to get back out there so soon, I agree. I know this will be good for me. I don't know about what he says about continuing on, though. But I figure I'll just take it one step at a time.

I get dressed—not too slutty but definitely not sweet and demure. I want to be myself the first time I meet this guy. I don't want to be a sub right off the bat, and definitely not his sub. Not yet, anyway. I still feel a little sad and wounded over Danny, and more than anything right now I need to do start doing things just for me. Things that make me feel better about myself, regardless of how they make anyone else feel. And right now, meeting this random dude from a BDSM site online is totally for me.

I leave a note for Breanna and head out to meet Trey. He's already there when I get to the restaurant and he stands when I get to the table. He shakes my hand and sits down and I feel a little flustered. He's very nice and very respectful and I can feel that I immediately like him. I just can't tell if I *like* like him.

It's not that I'm expecting instalove or an insta-connection. I mean, I do believe those things can happen, but it's not very realistic to go on a date with those expectations. So I try to relax and not get too wrapped up in this first guy.

"Aubrey," he says, smiling and seeming pleased with what he's seeing. "A beautiful name for a beautiful woman."

A little cheesy, but I let it slide. He does have nice eyes—dark and intense. As well as dark hair. Two major pluses for him in my book. "Thank you," I say. I don't know what to do with my hands so I sit on them while Trey asks me questions about myself. He's tall and sort of intimidating and the way he looks down at me makes me feel like a little girl. I kind of like it.

I tell him about my experience as a sub, or lack of experience since Danny was my longest relationship and he never even attempted to do anything other than exactly what he wanted. In the middle of my rambling story about my relationship, I let it slip that I'm a virgin and I can tell that I have just become a hundred times more interesting to Trey.

I guess maybe it's because I'm not a guy, but I've never understood what the big deal was with virgins. I don't understand why guys seem to get all worked

up over them when it's such a silly thing. A certain specific body part is inserted into another specific body part. Big wow. But after I say the magic word, I can definitely feel that the atmosphere at the table has shifted. He is leaning in closer to me and his eyes have developed an almost predatory quality. Each word that comes out of his mouth is deep and measured and intent, like he has know what he was going to say in this situation for a long, long time.

There is a part of me that's excited by him. I like the way he's looking at me — the intensity in his eyes and the way he speaks in a commanding tone, even when he's speaking softly. I wonder if I could do it, let him have complete control of me. I look into his eyes and imagine saying yes to every single thing he tells me to do. But as I try to picture myself giving everything of myself to him, I just can't.

"Would you like to go back to my place," he asks. He's practically hovering over me now. I feel like a cartoon mouse about to be eaten by the cat that's been chasing me for the last fifteen minutes. He's clearly savoring every second of my rapidly beating heart and my wide-eyed stare before he pounces on me and devours me whole.

"Okay." The word comes out barely above a whisper.

On the way over to his house I'm talking to myself out loud in my car. Saying things like *You don't need to do this tonight, Aubrey*, and *It's okay to take it slow*. But the minute I get inside his house I start to panic. As soon as he looks at me I know there's no taking it slow.

"Jesus Christ, you are so hot, Aubrey," he says as he pins me to the wall next to the door. "I seriously didn't think I'd find someone like you online."

He presses himself up against my body so that I can't move, then he grabs my wrists and pushes them into the wall above my head. I can't deny that I am totally turned on. He's hot and he's sexy and I can feel his kisses all the way down to my pussy lips. My body starts to melt as his mouth trails down my neck, and when he reaches that super sensitive spot right at my shoulder, I moan.

"You like that, you little slut?" he says as he grabs a fistful of my hair and pulls my head back. "You're mine now." I can see in his eyes that he's serious. They suddenly have a scary quality that makes me feel like I might have made the wrong decision.

"Hey ... Trey," I say, squirming to try and get free. "This feels like it's going a little too fast."

"Oh, no you don't. You're not getting out of this so easy," he says as he yanks my head back. "And it's Sir. Say it!"

"Sir." I can't believe he's doing this and I can't believe I actually call him that word. I haven't agreed to call him Sir or Master or anything. I haven't told him what I want. I have no idea what he's going to do to me. But I'm too scared to say any of those things to him. I hate myself so much for letting him take control like this. I want to stop him, but I can't.

"Get on your fucking knees, you little slut." He pushes me down and starts to undo his pants. I'm down on the floor and a huge cock pops out and he forces it into my mouth while holding the back of my head. I'm up against the wall again and this guy is fucking my face.

He's thrusting into me harder and deeper than any guy ever has and it scares me, but I just let it happen. I keep hoping that something is going to kick in, that I will go back to being turned on, but I don't.

I don't understand it. Everything this guy has done so far has felt amazing, but now nothing feels right. I wanted this. Part of me really hoped that if I found a guy who made me feel certain things that everything would just fall into place. Plus, I thought he understood what I was telling him about Danny. I thought he knew that I needed to take things slow.

I just don't understand why everything suddenly feels so different. I liked this guy He's hot and has a total Dom vibe that I was into at the restaurant, but somehow everything has changed and now I'm just praying for him to finish.

I feel him shoot down my throat and when he pulls his cock out of my mouth, he pushes me over and to the side. I'm not very steady after what just happened and I wind up on my hands and knees on the floor. I see my purse next to me and grab it, then pull myself up the wall. "I need to leave," I say as I turn the doorknob, my hand visibly shaking.

"Just hold on a minute," Trey says as he pushes the door closed with one hand. He's standing behind me and he's keeping me from leaving and I'm really scared now. "I thought you were into all this. Were you just feeding me a bunch of bullshit?"

"I'm not feeling very good. I just want to go, Trey." He's just standing there, breathing on my neck, but not touching me or saying anything. "You had some fun, didn't you?" I'm trying desperately to keep the situation calm so I can just get out the door. "Maybe we can do this another time. When I'm feeling a little better. I just want to go home now, okay?" I close my eyes and silently pray that he lets me open the door.

He kicks the door and I jump. "Fucking fine!" he yells. I don't even turn around. I just pull the door open as fast as I can and run out. I hear the door slam behind me when I get to my car and I'm shaking as I pull away. I'm so

fucking glad that I'm not in his house anymore that I can barely focus on driving my damned car.

When I get back to Breanna's I knock on her door. I can't bear the thought of crying out on the couch in the living room with her roommates still up.

"Oh my God, Aubrey, what happened?"

"Nothing," I say. I jump face first onto her bed, then put one of her pillows over my head.

"You went out with one of those guys from Domlife tonight, right? I saw the site up on your computer. Did something happen?"

"I don't want to talk about it," I say from under the pillow, then feel my head become exposed as it gets pulled off.

"I can't hear you with this thing covering your head. What happened, Aubrey?"

I roll over on my back and look up at the ceiling. "I don't know. I thought I'd be into it, but I wasn't." I feel so stupid and ashamed, but I know it's better to talk about it with Brea than to wallow.

"Into what?"

I can feel the tears running down the sides of my face again. I'm so fucking embarrassed I just want to die. I want to hide from everyone and hope that the whole world just blows up in the next few days so that I don't have to deal with whatever the hell is going on in my crazy head. "I don't know, the guy, I guess. Maybe the whole thing." The idea that I don't know exactly what it is that bothers me or what I actually want is the worst part. It makes me feel like I don't know myself at all. That maybe I never will. "The guy was hot, and he seemed nice —"

"Show me his profile."

I sit up and grab my laptop off the bedside table. "I mean, I know it all happened kind of fast, but I thought maybe it would be fun. No big deal, you know?" I'm talking and typing at the same time. "He started kissing my neck and that was nice, and he had me pinned against the wall, which I was into, but then something changed."

"With him or with you?"

"Both, I guess. I just didn't feel like continuing."

"But he did?"

"Yeah."

"Did he?"

"Yeah."

"Did he force you?"

"Yeah, well, kinda. But that's what I wanted, Brea. That's why I feel so confused. That *is* what I wanted —"

"But then you didn't," Brea said. "That's not cool of him to keep going if you changed your mind."

"I know, but that's not why I'm upset, really."

"What then?"

"I'm upset because ... now I feel like I don't know what I can trust ... inside *me*."

I get to the site where I'd found Trey and see that there's another red envelope in the upper right corner of the screen. I click on it and see a new message in my inbox. I wonder if it's Trey again, writing to tell me what a loser I am, but it's from someone else.

"I think you can trust yourself, Aubrey. You gotta give yourself a break. You just met him. He wasn't the right guy for you —"

"What the hell?" I say, cutting Breanna off. "Check this out."

"What is it?" she asks as she scoots next to me on the bed. "An invitation to an audition?" she reads out loud. "Who is this from?"

I scroll to the bottom, then back up to the top to read the whole thing over again. "It says it's from Daddy K and Daddy G. Who the hell are they?"

"Click on their profiles. There should be something on here about them."

I go to their profiles. "They look like every other Dom profile on the site, except they don't have the same kind of profile pics that the other guys do."

"Yeah they both look like stock photos or something. Go back to the email. I want to read it again. Did it really say something about five-hundred-thousand dollars?"

"Yeah, it says here 'An audition for the chance to experience a night—or more—with one of two of the most eligible Daddies in the United States, as well as a cash prize of five-hundred-thousand. There will be two winners and each candidate will compete in a variety of tasks, each determining her skill level as a sub as well as her compatibility with Daddy K or Daddy G.'"

"Wow, do you think this for real? Why did they send it to you?" Brea asks.

"I have no idea. I haven't logged on here in months. I don't know what to think of it at all. How would I even go about checking something like this out?"

"Hey, go to the general forum and see if it's posted there."

I click around until I find the place where general announcements are posted and one of the top posts is about the same event. "Here it is. Holy shit, it's got over one-thousand comments!" I scroll down and Breanna and I read through them all, mostly out loud to each other.

"It looks like pretty much everyone is asking the same question as us."

"You can all rest assured ladies," I read out loud from user Daddy K. "This offer is legitimate. Auditions begin next Friday." I scroll down a little further but that's the end of the thread. "That's all there is."

"Maybe they'll post more tonight or tomorrow."

"Yeah, I hope so."

"Are you thinking about doing it?" Breanna asks.

I look at her, feeling like a completely insane person because I had a feeling the second I read the email that I knew exactly what my answer was going to be. But now I'm positive. "Yeah, I'm gonna do it."