

# An Encounter at Members Only

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God. It was almost too much, servicing three Doms at once. Elle nipped the cock that was in her mouth, was rewarded with a hard jerk on her hair -- and a pair of simultaneous thrusts into her pussy and ass, She wished she could moan, beg...whatever it took to gain release. Two hands squeezed her breasts. Another two stroked her inner thighs, driving her higher. So high she was going to dissolve into an orgasmic puddle of jelly.

She glanced at the solid mirrored wall. The sight of them, one masked Dom beneath her, one laid out over her ass, and the other thrusting deep, then deeper down her throat had her so, so hot. So desperate for relief. Every nerve in her body twitched as the Doms moved in perfect synchronization.

The Dom using her mouth came first, spewing his creamy release deep in her throat, withdrawing and holding his cock for her to lick clean. So salty. So male. She tightened her pelvic muscles to hold her other Doms inside her throbbing holes as she performed the submissive task with her tongue on his slippery, still half hard cock.

"You may come, slave," said one of them, tugging her nipples hard, driving every thought from her head. There was only feeling, sensual sensation as her pussy and ass were pummeled, each stroke going deeper, dragging her over the edge. Her ass tightened, her pussy twitched, and at the feel of heat as they both sank balls-deep inside her, she screamed.

Couldn't help it. It had been weeks -- no, months -- since she'd come to Members Only, gone down on her knees and sucked three club members' exposed cocks before begging them to give her what she needed. Months since she'd come so hard every inhibition was forced out of her head, since she'd succumbed to a ménage with masked strangers.

Why the hell couldn't she feel like this with the gentle lovemaking of a good friend... a potential life mate? How was it she couldn't enjoy sex unless her lovers applied enough force to knock out her deep fear that enjoying sex was wrong, to silence her mother's chiding voice that had rung in her ears since she was a child?

Elle closed her eyes. Breathed deeply. Shuddered as the aftershocks of her orgasm surged through her body. She wanted to give more. Give it all.

But not to the faceless Doms who'd just fucked her so thoroughly. Not in a mirrored observation room at her BDSM club.

She wanted one man to whom she could give it all: love, passion, and obedience. A man like the rancher she'd been dating now for nearly a year. Pity that man didn't seem to want to own her. He treated her as an equal, not the slave she needed to be to find sexual satisfaction. And she hated that he was so gentle and loving, almost as much as she despised herself for needing this -- this sexual kink that it took to make her come.

That night at her condo, Elle sat at her computer. What was it she really wanted? For a long time she stared at the screen, surfing on myspace.com. At <http://myspace.com/rxdom> she found what sounded like a fine compromise. Maybe someday she'd find him.

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