

Three's Company
Including “Ménage” and “Trinity”

Carolyn Faulkner

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Menage

Carolyn Faulkner

Chapter One

“C’mere and sit on my lap, bare-bottom girl.”

Finally, I heard those low, soft words from behind me that set me free. My hands unclenched from atop my head, and I drew a sharp breath from the pain in my shoulders as I dropped my arms to my sides on the way to that welcoming embrace.

Brian always smelled wonderful to me – except when he was sweaty from a run. Settling myself comfortably on my side with my aforementioned bare butt snuggled against the rough denim of his jeans and my forehead tucked against the side of his neck, I inhaled deeply, smelling layers of leather from his vest, sunshine, and fabric softener flavored with my – and his – favorite cologne. Two large, well-muscled arms closed around me, holding me tightly but pleasantly. I marveled, not for the first time, at how comfortable it was to be held against him like this, considering his iron hard 6’4” frame seemed at first glance given more to professional wrestling than succor.

My eyes were pressed tightly closed against the warm flesh of his neck and I sighed deeply as he delved a large paw into my hair, brushing it gently away from my face. Even the steady ka-thump-ka-thump-ka-thump of his heartbeat seemed tailor made to reassure me.

Warm, soft lips pressed a light kiss just below my jawline, and I felt the rumble of his low growl as I heard the words. “You know why you were sent to the corner, now, don’t you?”

Not particularly anxious to respond, especially when I know I’m wrong, I squirmed within the safety of his arms, finally nodding slowly. He waited a moment, and I knew what he was listening for. “I’m sorry, Brian. I didn’t mean to be bratty like that.”

A broad, strong hand rubbed just the right spot of tension out of my back. “I know, Honey. That’s what corner time was made for – bratty little girls.”

An indelicate snort came from across the room, behind Sunday’s sports page. “No, that’s what a session over your lap is made for, Brian. You’re too easy on her.”

As if in response, my vulnerable posterior was immediately covered by Brian’s palm. I stayed carefully still, waiting. Andrew was much more of a disciplinarian than Brian was. Together, they struck a nice balance. Had I sassed Andrew, I would have spent 30 minutes in the corner with my hands on my head and a well-blistered bottom to cry about, I had absolutely no doubt about it. Despite the differences in their size – Andrew was of a more average height and build – they both wielded either hand or implement with wicked expertise against my two nether cheeks.

Brian’s silence was a matter of concern, as if he were mulling over Andrew’s contention that he was too lenient with me. I began to resign myself to the idea of a thorough spanking when I heard, “I think you have a point, Drew.” Thick fingers contracted on my tender flesh, and I held my breath, expecting any second to be told to assume the position, face down over his lap. “Gabrielle, go make a mark in The Book.”

I did as I was told quickly, glad for the reprieve although it was simply a delay of the inevitable. Next week’s Friday session with the two of them was going to be a bad one if it was only Sunday and I’d already earned twenty strokes. Andrew caught me on my way back from the office, where my beautiful leather bound punishment book was kept in the desk the two of them shared. He pulled me against him, saying, “You’ve been out of sorts today, Love. Feeling ok?” I nodded. “It must be PMS, then.” Drew patted my bottom and ducked when I swung a playful

smack at him. It amazed me – the two of them knew my body better than I did. “Is that one of the new dresses we bought?”

Of the two, Drew paid more attention to my physical appearance than Brian did. He had surprised me when we were first dating by actually ENJOYING a shopping trip, and making helpful, constructive comments about what I looked good in. Made me wonder seriously if he was gay, except that he couldn't color coordinate separates if his life depended on it. With his encouragement, I tried on fashions I would never have given a second look – like the deep maroon velvet swing dress I was in. It was scoop necked, revealing a healthy amount of my burgeoning cleavage, and draped elegantly from there to not quite mid-thigh. If I had my hands over my head, as I had a few minutes ago, my bare butt was pretty much hanging out.

“Turn around,” Drew commanded, and I obeyed instantly. He squatted down and lifted the flowing skirt to my waist. “Your bottom looks fairly well healed, but I want you to continue to take the extra vitamin C.”

“Yes, Sir.” Last week's punishment had been considerable, and, although he never let it deter him from the administration of a thorough spanking, Drew always worried about the bruises it sometimes created. He stood up and turned me, letting his hand run over my hip to cover my shaved mound possessively, then slowly stroke up to a ripe, bare nipple.

“I heard you ask Brian for permission to get up in the middle of the night last night. Couldn't you sleep?” Brian had denied that permission, and had assisted me to sleep by wringing several exhausting orgasms from me; his mouth planted firmly where Brian's hand had roamed seconds ago.

“No, I couldn't.”

“Then you need to take a nap today, don't you?” Of the two, Brian was also the control freak. He knew that I hated to sleep during the day, that I was afraid I'd miss the opportunity to do something exciting with either or both of them, and that I felt we didn't spend enough time together as it was. Plus the fact that being put to bed for a nap made me feel babyish. He knew all these things but they didn't phase him. “Dinner tonight is pizza – of course,” one of our many traditions is Sunday night pizza: no fuss, no muss before the workweek “so you can nap from one to five. Come get me at 12:55 and I'll put you to bed.”

I wanted desperately to sigh exasperatedly, but I didn't want to push it. “Yes, Sir.”

“Brian, she's going to nap from one to five. Please don't disturb her,” Drew announced, turning away from me with a quick kiss to wander over to the computer. Brian was now buried in the sports page Drew had abandoned.

“Good idea. She was up till all hours last night.”

It was Sunday, and, within reason, I could do whatever I wanted until the dreaded naptime. I read on the couch like a lump, getting absolutely nothing accomplished of any merit. It felt good. The magazine section of the Sunday paper had an article on polyamory, and until I read it, I never knew there was a technical term for our little “arrangement”. What we had, we got by fate. Accident, even. Luck. And damn good luck for me.

Drew and Brian had been friends forever. When Drew and I began to date, and I naturally saw Brian from time to time. Eventually, we became a friendly threesome – we all had a lot of the same interests and had a lot of fun together. Drew and I moved in together and lived as a couple for a while. When Brian's lease was up, Drew asked if I'd mind him moving in for a while, until he could find another place. I had no objections, although I worried some because Drew and I were just beginning to explore the idea of him disciplining me, and I didn't think I

wanted anyone else witnessing that. I figured we'd put it on the back burner until we were by ourselves again.

Things settled into a natural routine. I work at home, and ended up doing most of the typically "female" things – cooking, etc. Both men were – and still are – extremely appreciative of my cooking talents, and for clean, folded laundry. Cleaning talents have never – and will never – be my forte. Andrew tends to excel and be more concerned about general cleanliness, so he evolved into the vacuuming/dusting expert, and Brian naturally gravitated to more outdoor duties, lawn mowing, etc. The three of us together make an excellent, complimentary team.

The menage idea was something the two of them cooked up all by themselves one weekend when I was visiting a friend out of state. I came home and they both looked at me with a horribly expectant, hopeful expression, and I knew something was up right there.

"We want to talk to you," Drew stated, grabbing my hand and dragging me into the den. The two of them sat on either end of the sofa, and I sat in a recliner to one side. I figured that Brian had found someone else, and was maybe going to ask if she could move in with us. Or maybe he was moving out. I never expected what happened next. Drew's next few words made my jaw drop as I blushed furiously.

"Remember how before Brian came we were talking about me spanking you?"

"DREW!!" I couldn't believe he was saying this in front of Brian.

He cut through the hysterics I was going to have. "I told him. We've talked about it this weekend. We both want to discipline you."

I gulped, mouth agape. "Huh?"

Brian grinned. "A bit much to deal with all at once, huh?"

Rarely at a loss for words, I sputtered. "Both - wha - how - ?" I stopped trying to be coherent, and turned to Drew. "Are you crazy?"

"No, I'm a realist. I've seen how he looks at you. He's my best friend. I love both of you."

My eyebrow shot up at this. "And you two..."

"Are never going to have a physical relationship," Brian supplied. "We're both firmly hetero, and we both want you. I could probably try to steal you away from him, but then we'd all end up miserable. I love the idea of spanking you. It's something no other woman I've been with has been into, but it's something I've always been aroused by."

I was floored. I sat back and rocked in my recliner, not saying anything.

"Look. We know this is a lot to take in. It's not like there's some kind of time line here. And we're not forcing you into anything. If this sounds like something that might appeal to you, then we'll go with it. You're the one who would be submissive to two masters – you know how I hate that word, but for lack of a better one. I know you think I'm a sex fiend, and Brian is probably even a little moreso."

Drew was a highly sexed man. If the average American couple was having sex four times a month, then we were packing a lot of months into our weeks. It was not usual for us to have sex twice a day – morning and evening. If either of us had been away on travel, Drew would often wake me up by bringing me off then we would make love for an hour or so in the middle of the night. Between the two of them, I would probably barely be able to walk!

I was still quiet – quite frankly, I had one foot halfway out the door. Brian seemed to sense that. "Drew, why don't you give me a minute alone with Gabby."

He leaned forward, hesitating. "Are you ok?" he asked, and I knew he was genuinely concerned.

I nodded, and he left, closing the French doors behind him. Nervously, I cleared my throat and fiddled with my hands, finally clenching them over my stomach.

Brian moved to the nearer end of the couch but didn't try to crowd me. "Why don't we cut to the chase, hmmm?"

I blinked up at him.

"Doesn't the idea of having 2 men in bed with you, both trying their best to bring you off, sound the least bit exciting?"

I couldn't help it. I bit. "Now that's a man's argument, right there." I got up from my chair and paced to the bow window, staring out at nothing. "It's every man's fantasy to have multiple women in bed. Frankly, it's never, ever been my fantasy to deal with more than one man at a time."

Brian followed me, keeping a careful distance. "I doubt you'll have any problem handling the two of us. I don't mean to make you even more uncomfortable, but it's not like this house is particularly soundproof."

He let that sink in, and I blushed from the roots of my red hair to the frosted pink tips of my toenails.

"And Drew and I did some talking this weekend..."

"I'll kill him."

"Don't blame him. We were pretty drunk when we started talking. But we sobered up when we realized how perfect this arrangement would be for the three of us."

I snorted.

"You've always wanted to buy a house. We – the three of us – with our pooled resources, could buy a gorgeous house. There'd always be someone around – I know how you hate to be alone when Drew's traveling."

"I have that now, with you living with us."

Brian caught my arm. "I can't live here anymore without wanting to hear you moan for me like you do for him."

I jerked my arm away. "Don't touch me, Brian. I can't handle it."

"Why?" he pressed. "Do you find my touch distasteful? Am I ugly to you?"

"No, I never said that."

He drew a deep breath. "Have you ever thought about being with me?"

"No," I told the lie with a completely straight face. "But you've obviously been doing some thinking about me."

"Yeah, I have," he admitted baldly. "I don't think I've ever been so jealous in my life. What you and Drew have sexually is something anyone would envy."

"Jesus, has he ever got a freaking big mouth."

Brian grinned. "He never said a thing to me until this weekend about your sex life, Honey. But dammit, sometimes that man can barely walk in the morning. And, like I said, this house isn't soundproof by any means."

"Lovely." I curled up in my favorite chair, comforting myself.

His big face, with its neatly trimmed goatee, appeared directly in front of me as he squatted down. "I told Drew while we were drinking that I was going to move out. That's how this whole thing got started. He asked why, and I told him it was because I thought I loved and I knew I wanted you, but I didn't want to hurt either of you. This is what we came up with to keep us together. It's your decision, because – especially if we get into a discipline situation – you are going to be center stage. We are both firmly heterosexual, so don't worry any on that score. And

we would both be completely faithful to you. All of our attention would be on you, and you would be subject to those attentions. If you decide to go along with this, I think we need some time to get used to each other before we get into a discipline scene, but I do love the idea of tanning your bottom when you get bratty, which you do frequently.” A big, meaty hand patted my knee in a kindly fashion. “Take your time, then let us know what you decide.”

It took a long time for me to decide. Several months. I know both men were pretty on edge about it, and I know I was doing my level best each time Drew and I made love to be completely quiet, which he, of course, took as a challenge to make me cry out. My relationship with Brian, which had had almost brotherly or at least neutral overtones at first, had taken a different turn. Every look he sent me was sexually charged. He would deliberately place himself in my way, so I had to brush against him to get by. He began kissing me hello and goodbye like Andrew did – at first mere pecks on the cheek, then more serious kisses, testing the waters – oh, God, I had a hard time with the idea, but when he held me against him, I couldn’t help but respond. I could see how it affected him when Drew and I went into our room together and he went to his lonely bed.

That was how I let it begin – I felt so sorry for Brian being alone at night that I let him sleep on the other side of me one night – with the firm understanding that I this was not an invitation to have sex with me, at least not at this point. I think the sigh of relief was audible between the two men. I loved sleeping with them from that first night. It was like having two organic furnaces – one on either side of me. For someone who lives in a cold climate who is always cold, it was a dream come true. I woke up that first morning on my side, sandwiched firmly between the two of them, Drew against my back and Brian’s back against my cheek.

We all slept together from that point on, but the physical side was very gradual, and I was thankful that Brian set a very slow pace. It was several more months before, while Drew was away on travel, Brian and I made love for the first time. It was fantastic. I have always been extremely selective in my sexual partners – although I’m very responsive once I get there, I tend to be a sexually reticent person in general. But these two I have lucked out on. Their sexual styles are similar – aggressive and wonderfully goal-oriented, and very concerned about the pleasure of the woman they’re with. Now I had two of them concentrating just on me. We jelled nicely.

The discipline/submission elements that have now become firmly entrenched in our relationship were entered into gradually, and with my complete cooperation. I am a spoiled brat, admittedly. I like to have my own way, and I can be irresponsible about my health and money, particularly. I have always felt a distinct lack of discipline in my life – which the two of them were more than eager to provide. To me there were two advantages to it – rules and a certain amount of structure helped me keep an even keel emotionally. Brian and Drew set down specific rules for my behavior, and breaking those rules results in a spanking, or corner time, or early bedtime, etc. The second advantage was that all three of us found the disciplinary element almost unbearably exciting.

At first, my spankings were much less disciplinary than they were a prelude to exhausting sexual marathons. As we settled more into it, they got stricter, which was what I preferred. I wanted a punishment spanking to be a punishment spanking, not some pretend swats and then a roll in the hay. Each of them took this idea to heart in their own way.

Drew is the type of person who takes his responsibilities very seriously, and this was no exception. His spankings are very purposeful and almost frighteningly thorough. He is a nonsense disciplinarian and can be very creative, coming up with punishments that are not

always spankings but manage to teach me a lesson anyway – lines, essays, denial of privileges, making me do some odious chore that he knows I hate.

Brian is very comfortable with being a father figure to me, and fathers naturally discipline their daughters. He is really no less strict with me than Drew, but his approach is different. He thinks of me as “daddy’s little girl”, and this works really well sense he’s really big and strong and I’m smaller and weaker. There are some aspects of that type of relationship that I am more comfortable with and some less.

Both of them tend to baby me, and even spoil me in some ways. Christmas and my birthday are times when I am showered with presents. If I am seriously ill or hurt, I have two worried people dancing attendance on me. They are both very physical – in sexual and non-sexual ways. It’s very rare for me not to be touching or touched by someone almost all the time. Their favorite rule is that I must be accessible to either of them at any time, and thus, unless I’m going out, I may never wear underwear of any kind. And, of course, unless I am sick or have another very good reason, I am never allowed to deny them access to any part of my body. As a result of this rule, almost every room or piece of furniture in the house has been “christened”, including the huge oak dining room table.

“Gabby.”

“Gabby.”

I jerked awake, as if out of a dream.

“I’ve been calling you for a half an hour,” Drew was not known for his patience. He tapped his foot. “It’s time to tuck you into bed for your nap, but you were supposed to find me, weren’t you?”

I knew that tone. I was in for it. “Yes, Sir.”

Andrew pushed my legs off the couch and reached to his left, opening the top drawer of the end table to take out the wooden paddle that was always there, ready for use on me for any little indiscretion. In consideration for my comfort, he put a throw pillow over his lap, then carefully positioned me over it. I was not going to be very comfortable regardless of the pillow in a few minutes. I felt the cool air touch my bottom as he bunched the pretty red velvet at my waist, then began to spank me with a solid, inexorable rhythm.

That solid oak paddled had holes in it designed to increase the sting, and, believe me, they worked!! It was Andrew’s implement of choice and he wielded it with terrible accuracy. I was bawling from early on, barely registering Brian’s tsk at my bad behavior as he came in and sat in his favorite chair.

“Someone’s been a naughty girl, I see.” He went on reading his paper while my bottom was tanned thoroughly.

“When I tell you to come and get me at a certain time I mean then, not when you get around to it! Do you understand me?” He didn’t give me time to reply - not that I could have really, I was crying much too hard – just kept right on paddling until his arm got tired, I guess.

Finally, I felt him lean over and put away the paddle, but he kept me in place for a moment, with his big hand over my poor swollen bottom. “Now, young lady, you’re going to march into your bedroom and get into your pajamas. But don’t bother pulling the bottoms up past your knees, because I’m going to come in there in a minute and give you a good hand spanking for sassing Brian. I’m getting sick and tired of your bratty attitude and neither one of us will take any more of it.”

He helped me up as I tried to choke back fresh sobs at the idea that he was going to hand-spank my tender butt in a few minutes. “Go. And you’d better be in position when I get in there, or I’ll get my belt.”

“In position” meant lying on my tummy with my pajama bottoms at my knees, on top of the covers. I just made it when I heard him turn the doorknob. He wasn’t giving my nates much of a chance to cool down. I was still hiccupping irregularly. Drew bent and gave my bottom a cursory inspection, then began spanking me. He blistered me from the top of my butt, down both legs, concentrating most of the smacks right at the crease where my bottom met my thighs. I was literally wailing before he was through.

As I slowly came to my senses, he offered me a cool glass of water then slipped my pajama bottoms off entirely, leaving my mottled and swollen butt exposed beneath the short top. He pulled a sheet over me, put a sleeping mask on me and kissed my cheek again. “I hope you’ve learned your lesson, Sweetie.”

“Yes, Sir,” I snuffled, knowing I wouldn’t have any trouble getting to sleep after crying so exhaustively from my punishment.

“That’s my girl. Sleep. I’ll come and get you when you can get up.”

I was asleep before he left the room.