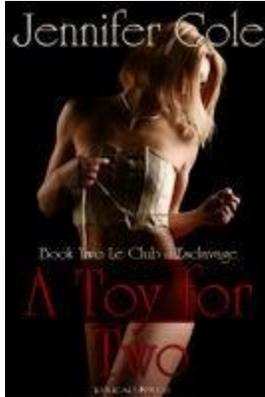


A Toy for Two by Jennifer Cole



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Book #2 - Le Club d'Esclavage Series in Print

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Will Megan play it safe, or follow her heart and become a toy for two?

Megan Washington is the perfect daughter...as long as she keeps her wild streak hidden. Only after a trip to Le Club d'Esclavage does she give free reign to her sexually adventurous spirit.

Troy Simon and Ransom Seager need the ideal partner, and not just any submissive will do. Their third must match their passions and indulge in the roleplay both men find so arousing. With trust building and temperatures rising, will Megan's powerful politician father destroy the growing bond between these three hearts?

Warning, this title contains the following: graphic language, explicit sex, ménage a trois, bondage, the use of sex toys, m/m, and nontraditional sexuality.

Excerpt

Troy Simon took the stairs two at a time toward his suite on the third level of the building, which housed the personal living quarters of a few of the staff.

The grin curling his lips brought back memories of an afternoon in junior high, when he and his best friend Davey got caught peeking into the girls' locker room.

For the first time since reaching puberty, Troy found himself on the brink of losing control of his libido. It had been a long time since a woman brought his body to total attention with just a smile. Hell, she hadn't even made eye contact with him. It had been her animated interaction with Ransom alone that stimulated him in all the right places.

The sight of Ransom speaking with Megan at the bar now had Troy's balls pulsing like never before. Despite him and his lover going "both ways", during their five year commitment neither had ever expressed a desire to bring a third into their relationship. Let alone a woman.

The waves of Megan's long sandy blond hair reminded him of strands of silk. Big brown eyes may have hidden a deep, dark secret from someone untrained to spot it, but Troy recognized it.

Restrained passion. If he were to wager a guess based on the glimmer he saw, he suspected she repressed her sexual appetite. That was because Megan had yet to find the right men.

Written all over her delicate features, Troy read sub. Under the right circumstances, the beauty would give herself to a suitable Master, completely. Pausing outside the sound proof steel door to the playroom in his suite, Troy drew a deep breath, hopeful he would be awarded the opportunity to test the woman's sexual limits. If all went well with his lover...

Giving the knob a turn, he pushed open the door and his breath caught in his throat. Flames from dozens of lit candles flickered, creating a warm glow about the room. Combined fragrances of vanilla, musk and feminine arousal scented the air.

In the center of the room bound hand and foot to a St. Andrews Cross, was Megan Washington. Blindfolded, clad in a skimpy pair of violet panties with matching bra, stockings, and heels. She looked simply delectable.

Though several yards separated them, Troy caught her fragrance in the air, and he momentarily savored the sight of her heaving bosom. The sound of harsh breath told him she hadn't heard him enter.

Or perhaps she had.

On the ground to Megan's left Ransom knelt. The firm cheeks of his ass seated on his heels, knees slightly spread, hands rested palms up on the tops of his thighs, eyes lowered.

His lover had done well.

"Well, what do we have here?" Troy asked and pushed the door closed behind him.

The sensual gasp of surprise slipping from Megan's full lips sent a shiver up the length of Troy's spine.

Troy delighted in the stiffening of her body as Ransom answered.

"I've brought you a present, Master."

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