



THE CONSTANT CONCUBINES

A TREVOR GANTT EROTIC MYSTERY
BY GEMMA STONE

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

The Constant Concubines
A Trevor Gantt Erotic Mystery

by

Gemma Stone

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Chapter One

Cherry Hill

Trevor Gantt knelt behind a naked henna-haired brunette on his bed. He had tied her hands together with white plastic clothesline and lashed her to the headboard of his brass king-size bed. Reaching around her body, he roughly fondled her breasts, pinching her nipples and twisting them. As he rubbed his nine-inch erection between the cheeks of her buttocks, he growled in her ear, "This is what you want, isn't it, slut? You want me to fuck you with my big, hard cock from behind like the bitch you are."

"No, please, let me go," the woman pled, shaking her head.

"You know I'm not going to do that. I can't." Gantt stood and, walking to his desk, he picked up a black flogger with fifty soft leather tails. As he struck her ass with the whip, raising red welts, he asked, "You know you want it, slut. You want me to get you good and marked up and then fuck you like a dog."

The woman tugged at her restraint and thrashed her head violently from side to side. "No, let me go! Please don't rape me! No!"

Gantt thrust his hard penis into the woman, ramming it into her vagina. Whimpering, she said, "I can't! I can't! Please don't make me."

"You know you want it, whore. Tell me what you want, or I'll stop," Gantt snarled ceasing his motion.

The woman moaned loudly and bucked on Gantt's tool inside her. "Please, Master, fuck me, and use me as your whore. You know how much I want it and need it. It's all I'm good for."

"That's better," he said, as he resumed pumping her hard.

"Oh, my lord! Oh, my! Oh, GAWD!" the woman screamed as she climaxed. Gantt continued his motion until he shot inside her.

"There, bitch, now you've been baptized."

Later as the couple basked in the post-coital glow, as the lovers' limbs intertwined and her head rested on his chest, Trevor said, "Look, Barbara, I don't mind, but I thought you'd move past this rape fantasy after the first couple of times." "I'm sorry, but after those initial encounters, I discovered I enjoy the fantasy of being forced, the illusion of questionable consent. I'm just sorry this will be one of our last times."

The confession stunned Trevor. "Last times? What do you mean? I thought you counted on these sessions."

"Oh, I do! Don't misunderstand me. It's just that they have laid me off at work. I live paycheck-to-paycheck. I'll have to sell the house. Ashley and I will have to move away," replied Barbara.

Trevor had not expected this. He not only had an ongoing BDSM relationship with the woman in his bed, but he claimed her daughter Ashley's virginity and had been training her as his slave. Though he acknowledged that his relationship with the barely legal eighteen-year-old, a girl young enough to be his daughter, was unconventional, the opportunity presented by that eager and randy young woman, a blank canvass whom he could make into anything he wanted was too delicious to pass up.

"Barbara, you know I'm a man of means. I could pay your bills until you find another job."

"Oh, Trevor, I could never let you do that. I can't accept charity. Besides, Middlefield is a small town. Who knows if I could even find other work here? The most likely outcome is we'll have to move away."

Trevor understood Barbara's pride. He did not want to humiliate her—at least in a nonsexual sense. His interest in helping her was, however, genuine. As was his desire to keep her—and Ashley—close at hand. "Then go ahead and sell your house. You can put the money in the bank. I'm sure Virginia—with the relationship you and she have—will help you invest it."

Virginia Dowd, the owner of the First Federal Bank of Middlefield, was one of Trevor's two collar slaves. The other was Emma, the young submissive who resided in Trevor's caretaker's guesthouse. When he moved to town Virginia had been topping Emma before he captured both of them. The younger woman had acted as his sidekick in his investigation into the death of his college friend Scotty Meserve. Emma wrote BDSM fiction for a living. The murder had given her new inspiration, and she had turned her hand to erotic mysteries. Trevor liked to refer to her as his Dr. Watson. Scotty's death inspired her fictionalized novel, *The Case of the Cold Lover*. Virginia and Barbara had shared a bed under Trevor's directing gaze on many occasions. Trevor continued talking, trying to talk himself around to a plan that would keep mother and daughter in town, while preserving Barbara's self-esteem. "OK, I'm just spit-balling here. I'm sure it would just be temporary. What if you and Ashley move in here at Cherry Hill?"

"Oh, we couldn't do that."

Trevor worried that this was more than simple integrity on Barbara's part. He thought she might not want Ashley around him on an everyday basis. "Why not? I have tons of unused space around here. You'd have your own bedrooms, and I could give you more room beyond that if you want. You could move all your furniture in and we'd recreate your home in Cherry Hill. I don't use the second floor at all—or hardly ever."

Barbara's countenance brightened. "You don't think it would be too much of an intrusion?"

"Nonsense! I'd welcome the company."

"But you have lots of companionship. You have Emma and Virginia. They are at Cherry Hill all the time."

"Neither of them live here. You would, however, have to put up with their comings and goings," Trevor said, trying to paint a realistic picture of what life would be like. He decided he had to be frank. "I'm sure you may have

suspected, but I have continued to see Ashley since the two initial encounters of which I know you are aware. I've been training her in D/s." He did not go further. He was prepared for her to be incensed and erupt, in spite of the fact that they were naked and in his bed, their legs locked together. Instead, the only reaction he got was a wry smile. "I did *not* know. She hasn't let on to me in any way. I'd be lying, however, if I said I haven't seen a change in her—a positive change."

Trevor expected her to continue and lodge at least a modest protest of the continued violation of her teenage daughter, but the woman in his bed said nothing more. Emboldened by his lover's silence, he decided to put it all out there. He knew full disclosure was the only way forward, if he wanted to achieve his aim. "I have to tell you, though, if you and Ashley do move in here, you will both be subject to all the same strictures as Virginia and Emma. I would collar you both as my slaves. Can you accept that for her?"

Barbara belied the fact that from Trevor's meager information she knew he had already enslaved her daughter. He had done the same to her, too, in all but name. "If you say you have already been educating her in submission and that she is receptive and educable, I suppose it would be OK." She was deliberate in her understatement.

"On the property here," he continued, "you would both be required to adhere to my policy of enforced nudity. You would both be naked and collared at all times. How would you cope with seeing your daughter naked all the time—and me seeing you both naked?"

"Ashley and I are naked a lot at home, anyway. We're used to it. And you've seen us both bare. It doesn't seem like a big deal to me."

"This would be, however, in an explicit sexual situation daily."

"I think we'd get inured to it in short order."

This is too easy, Trevor thought. She either was angling for this all along, again pimping her daughter out for her own sexual pleasure—or she's truly desperate about her possibilities. I'm sure she doesn't want to dislocate Ashley in the middle of high school. "There is one other thing I must insist upon. I will have to alter my ordinary policy of 'all doors open.' My door will always be closed when I am having sex with either you or Ashley. I'm not going to traumatize her and condemn her to years of therapy because she saw her mother having sex. And I am certainly not about to let you see anything she and I do."

Barbara was laughing, but she slapped Trevor's pec and said, "You *are* a sick, twisted pervert. You raped my virgin daughter and then forced yourself on me, too."

Trevor laughed. "It's true. Why would you want to move in with a man like that?"

Barbara's face fell. "I'm in a spot." Reaching over and stroking his dick, she smiled and said, "I suppose there will be some fringe benefits, though."

"I know you're stuck. So it's settled then?"

"Is the second storey totally empty?"

"Yes, I haven't gotten around to furnishing it yet. It's got a drawing room, three bedrooms, and a bath."

"Sounds perfect. I'll talk to a realtor and list our house today. Can we move in our furniture this weekend?"

"I'd prefer you do it on Monday. I have certain weekend routines, I'd rather movers not see," he said, smiling. "If you are unemployed, there is no way I can let you pay for that. Call Two Men and a Truck. Give them my name and number. Have them do all your packing, too. I'll pay for everything."

"That's so generous. Thank you. How can we ever repay you?"

"I'm sure I'll think of something," Trevor said as he fondled Barbara's breast. *Yes, I'll find a way for you both to repay me, he thought. But now I need to find a way to explain this*

change in living arrangements to Virginia. Emma, he knew, would pose no obstacle.

Just before five o'clock, Trevor watched a naked Emma Ward traverse the greensward between her caretaker's cottage and his home. He met her with a glass of pinot grigio.

Handing her the wine, he kissed her.

"Are we eating outside, Master? Shall I set out the plates and silverware?"

"No, I have something more elaborate planned. I'm cooking it in the kitchen. You can set the dining room table." He took her hand. "But that can wait a little while. Come into the living room. I have something I want to talk to you about."

Walking into the next room, the pair stepped to the couch and sat.

"What's up, Master?"

"Your friend Ashley's mother was laid off from her job."

"That's terrible!"

"I'm sure it will not take her long to find something else, though this is a small town. What I wanted to discuss with you is that, until Barbara has a source of income again, I have offered for her and Ashley to move into Cherry Hill."

"That's great!" Emma enthused.

"Then you don't see a problem?"

"I don't know about Barbara, but it will be nice to have Ashley around more."

"I'm glad you feel that way. I agree, and I hope Virginia approves, as well."

Trevor went out to the foyer and poured himself a scotch.

Turning his head over his left shoulder, he hollered, "I've got to get back to dinner. Come on into the kitchen."

Just as Emma headed toward the kitchen, the door opened.

It was Virginia. As Trevor had ordered her, she stripped outside before entering the house and left her clothes in her car. Entering the kitchen with Emma, she said, "That smells good. What is it?"

Trevor had not heard her come in. At the sound of her voice, he started and almost jumped. Turning away from the range, he went to her, caressed her face, and kissed her. "Hello, slave. To answer your question, it's kidneys Turbigo. It's kidneys, sausages, and onions in a rich tomato sauce. There's debate over whether it was named for the site of a French battle, as was Chicken or Veal Marengo, or if it was first prepared at a brasserie on the Rue de Turbigo in Paris. Either way, it's a classic French dish. I'm glad neither of you are squeamish about offal.

"On the side, I'm doing wide egg noodles and parsnips cooked in avocado oil with dark agave nectar. And I'm opening a bottle of 2015 Opus One, a winery founded as a partnership between Robert Mondavi and Baron de Rothschild. It's one of the most expensive wines from California. The 2015 goes for three hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"What's the occasion for such extravagance?" asked Virginia.

"Do I need an excuse to pamper my two women?"

"You are a fine cook, Master. It's a good thing, however, you're fucking a banker, because your math sucks. You're missing two."

Trevor did not say anything. He tilted his head and gave Virginia a quizzical look.

"Barbara and Ashley Comstock?" Virginia's tone screamed, "Duh?"

"Oh, yes. Then let's just say, 'For my two *favorite* women.'"

Virginia looked skeptical but otherwise kept any thoughts to herself. "Emma, you'd better get the table set. I'm almost ready."

Trevor had hardly used Cherry Hill's dining room since he moved in. When he lived in New York, however, he delighted in giving dinner parties for which he reveled in cooking elaborate, multi-course meals. His dining room furniture was genuine, antique Duncan Phyfe, the fruit of years of

painstaking accumulation. The table was long enough to accommodate three harp-backed chairs on both sides with two more, one on each end. There was also a sideboard, a break-front secretary, and a silver chest. When entertaining in New York, he would sit at the head of the table, nearest the kitchen door, in what he called the “fetchin’” chair. This dining room wasn’t configure for that. So, he sat in the middle seat on the side by the door with a naked slave on either side.

As they ate and sipped wine, trying to sound casual, Trevor said, “You know it’s funny you should mention Barbara and Ashley Comstock earlier. Did you hear that Barbara got laid off at work?”

“No, I hadn’t. What’s she going to do?”

“She’s a single parent, so it’s tough. She’ll have to find another job to support herself and Ashley. This is a prosperous area, but it doesn’t have a huge population. They might have to go elsewhere.”

Virginia paused and then said, “Well, let’s hope something works out for her.”

“She’s worried about losing their house. I told her to talk to you and put it on the market, and I said in the short-term, they could move in here.”

“That’s very kind— Wait a damned minute! I knew you were up to something with your fancy food and expensive wine! So you’re going to have your nubile BDSM protégé and her horny mother moving in with you full-time? And in a state of perpetual dishabille, as you require of Emma and me, I suppose.”

“Uh, yes,” Trevor stammered, “but it’s not what you think.”

“Oh, it isn’t, is it? Just what is it?” demanded Virginia.

“You know I never use the second floor. You’ve never even seen it, and it’s completely unfurnished. They can move their things in there. I’ll hardly ever see them. It will be as though they had their own apartment.”