



Goner

*One holiday night with her and
I'm a goner.*

fiona cole

Goner

A Voyeur Holiday Novella

Fiona Cole

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To the readers.

Thank you for loving the Voyeur world as much as I do.

Foreword

Goner was originally published in the limited print charity anthology, Twelve Naughty Days. While it is the same story, this version includes more than five-thousand added words and a different beginning with more visits from your favorite couples from the Voyeur world.

I HOPE YOU ENJOY!

Chapter 1

Atlas

“I’M GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO FINALLY MAKE IT,” IAN SAID.

“You’ve praised this city so much. How could I not visit you in Cincinnati?”

He extended a glass across the kitchen island, and I gratefully accepted, already anticipating the warm amber liquid on my tongue.

“It’s no New York, but I find that to be a plus.”

“We’ll see,” I challenged. “I’ll have to do some exploring during my stay.”

“I’m sure Abby or Brianna would be happy to show you around. Or maybe both,” he suggested.

I scoffed over his bouncing brows and smirked. “I’m good. I don’t fuck where I eat, and two associates of Carina’s is too close.”

“Carina will be devastated. Ever since she met you in London, she’s determined to find you a woman.”

Another scoff. “I’m quite content with an ever-changing variety.”

“You say that, but it’s only because you don’t know.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” I brushed him off, already having heard him gush about how he used to be a playboy until Carina came along. “So, tell me about this charity event at the sex club.”

“It’s not a sex club, and don’t let Daniel hear you call it one. He gets touchy. Also, we should keep that on the down-low

tonight around Abby and Bri. They're not members, so we have to respect the NDA."

"But if they want to donate a hefty sum of money to our charity, they can join the conversation at any time," a deep voice said behind me.

"Erik," I greeted. "It's good to see you."

He shook my hand before accepting his own drink from Ian. I'd met them both when they opened an office in London. We ran in the same circles and eventually formed a friendship. After Ian and Carina had their twins, I decided to make the trek to his part of the woods. And lately, somehow, two of the most fascinating cities bored me. All of it blurring into one mundane day after the other—one similar woman after another.

All I need is a little break—a little change of scenery, I thought.

"You, too. You remember my wife, Alexandra."

"Nice to meet you," the petite, raven-haired woman greeted before addressing her husband. "I'm going to let you men do your guy thing and go find Carina."

With a kiss that bordered inappropriate, she left.

"I knew we'd be able to entice you here with the promise of a night at Voyeur," Erik said.

"And for a good cause. How could I not support a charity that helps victims of sex trafficking?"

"Exactly," agreed Ian.

"Add in the promise of live porn and sex, and I'm all over it."

"No promise of sex," warned Erik.

"Oh, trust me, I'm sure I'll be able to find a lucky lady to fuck."

"Well, then. Sorry to interrupt." The soft words stroked up my neck with a bite of annoyance. It coiled around my muscles, urging me to turn to find out if the woman was as enticing as her voice.

Dark brown eyes greeted me first, tempting me to fall headfirst into the rest of her.

Full lips above a slender neck that tugged my gaze to the shadowy curves peeking from between the deep vee of her cream sweater. Visions and ideas flashed in my mind like they hadn't in months.

What did she taste like? What colors did her lips turn when they stretched tight around a cock? How hard would I have to spank her to turn her warm, honey skin red? The words clamored on my tongue for freedom. They almost escaped but were halted by the clearing of a throat.

Prying my eyes away from the length of her body, they crested the sharp line of her jaw, back to the brown depths. Somehow, despite not having a single feature wrinkled or clenched, annoyance oozed from her pores. Disdainful judgment hung from her neutral lips. With just a flare behind her eyes, she burned me with her dislike.

She probably wanted me to shrink back and fumble over my words to repair whatever image she had of me.

Except...I didn't care.

In fact...I *liked* it.

I *liked* the thought of all that cold, rich-bitch attitude writhing wildly underneath me. The colder her stare, the more I craved it.

Abby and the other girl had barely sparked an interest, while this woman practically set me on fire with five words and an impressive, haughty glare.

Wanting to see how far I could push her, I tipped my lips to a taunting smile. "No need to apologize. I'd be happy to have you join our conversation."

"No."

Not *no, thank you*. Not a rejection with a polite smile. Not a soft dismissal with an excuse to join later. Nothing that you would expect in a social situation. Just a simple, blunt, cold no.

My cock twitched behind my pants.

Fuck, this woman called to me.

“Excuse me,” she said blandly. Making sure to not allow even a single brush of our clothing, she curved her body away from mine as she reached beyond me to grab a wine glass and bottle from the counter, leaving just as quick as she came.

“Who the fuck is that?” I muttered.

“Amara,” Ian answered. “Carina met her at a business conference a couple years ago, and they’d made fast friends.”

“Dear, God. I think he’s drooling,” Erik teased.

“Who the fuck wouldn’t be?” I responded unashamed.

“See, this is how it starts,” Ian explained. “Next thing you know, you’ll be in love.”

A bark of laughter broke free. “Yeah, fucking right. All I want is to bend her over and fuck that sass right out of her. So, the next thing I know, she’ll be begging for more.”

Both men snorted and shook their heads, meeting each other’s gaze with some unspoken conversation that looked heavily tinged with doubt. Did they know something I didn’t? Maybe. But I also knew that I could be one determined motherfucker when I wanted something.

And I couldn’t remember the last time I’d wanted a woman like I wanted Amara.

AMARA

THE DAY HAD BEEN SHIT. Hell, the whole week had been shit, and walking into the kitchen to hear the arrogant shit being said was the cherry on top.

No.

The real cherry on top was the way my nipples pulled into tight, painful buds of need when the man spewing so much

arrogance turned and looked me up and down like a fucking dessert he was deciding if he wanted or not.

Hard. Fucking. Pass. Sir.

At least, that's what my morals said. Everything else almost begged to be the lucky lady he fucked. All that masculinity lording over me? Yes, please. Especially when his lips barely tipped, and sheer arrogance flared behind his eyes—a hint of blue in the dark depths. That kind of confidence came from a man who took pride in making a woman crumble under the pleasure he dished out

But... looks were deceiving, and I was in no mood to find out. All I needed was to give in and then discover his roguish smirk was a cover for being a minuteman. I'd rather not fuck at all than have the hope of an orgasm, only for it to be taken away. Besides, a cold shoulder of rejection could do a man with that much confidence good.

"You found the wine," Carina cheered.

"I always do." I smiled and sat in the empty chair. "You didn't have to get this for me. I can always bring my own."

"I know, but it's your favorite, and I know your week has been shit. It also meant you got here sooner for dinner. More time to chat."

"Here, here," Alexandra cheered with a raised glass.

I filled my wine more than halfway before joining the clinking cups in camaraderie.

"By the way, this is Brianna and Abby. They work at the office."

I greeted the two women on either side of Carina. "Does that man also work at the office with you?"

"I wish," the redhead, Brianna, gushed. "He'd be the perfect eye candy to make a day at work a dream."

"And that soft British undertone?" Abby joined in. "Staff meeting attendance would be at an all-time high if he led them."

All the women giggled, and I forced myself to join in. Usually, I loved gossiping about delicious men, but something bitter twisted in my chest at the thought of this woman throwing herself at him.

Internally rolling my eyes, I took a long swallow of my wine.

Jesus. This week must have been taking more of a toll on me than I thought if I'm having tinges of possession over a man I've said less than ten words to.

Get your shit together, Amara.

"Are you seeing anyone?" I asked.

"No," they both answered.

"Well, then you should go after him. He'd be lucky to have a chance with either of you."

"Or both of us," Abby muttered, leaning into Carina.

The women laughed, and I think I may have heard a molar crack.

My inner voice couldn't even find words to help me. Instead, all I heard was internal screaming.

All I could do was put this moment of insanity down to an utter lack of sleep, stupid men with inflated egos, and other people's mistakes causing me to lose client opportunities and bonuses. Not that I cared about the bonus—I had plenty. I just liked winning. I liked the rush of success, and I *hated, loathed, despised* failure—whether it was my fault or not.

What a stupid fucking week.

The two women stood up, pulling me from my inner turmoil. "Bathroom break," Brianna explained while Abby held up her ringing phone.

"So, how are you and Ian?" Alexandra asked once the women left.

"Fantastic," Carina answered with a dreamy sigh. "Sleep deprived and worn the fuck out, but happy."

“Babies will do that to you,” I said. “Where are they, by the way? Audrey promised me a new hairstyle the last time I saw her.” I laughed, remembering the stern little girl studying my hair with her own brown ringlets in her eyes. She’d explained how she would work me up with a wave of her hand but that she didn’t have time then, and I’d have to come back.

She may look like Ian, but that girl was all Carina.

“With the in-laws. They’re giving us a night to sleep.”

“Ohhh. Sleep...” Alexandra hinted.

“No, seriously. Just sleep,” Carina said, laughing. “Besides, we’re attending the charity event this weekend at Voyeur.”

“I can’t wait,” I groaned. “Alex, you going?”

“I’m not sure. It depends on if Hanna is going. Erik isn’t going to take any chance of running into his sister at Voyeur.”

We paused, imagining the fiasco, before falling into laughter.

“That’s a bummer, though. It’s supposed to be amazing. More taboo. More promiscuous.”

“How do you get more taboo than live porn?” Alex asked.

“Usually, the performances are behind closed doors, and any extra activity among members is held subtly or in the shadows. For that night, it’s whatever, wherever.”

“Oh, yeah,” Alex breathed.

“And the theme is Twelve Naughty Days of Christmas, so we get to dress up in slutty costumes,” Carina explained.

“I can’t wait,” I said. “I’ve had a French maid outfit I’ve been dying to wear. It will be perfect for three French hens.”

“So, you’re going?” Alex asked.

“Yeah. I volunteered to work that night.”

“Why do you work there again? Your day job pays you more than enough,” Carina said.

“Yeah, but it’s not as exciting or fun. Or sexy. And I get to do sexy things without the complication of a relationship. The

real question is, why wouldn't I want to work there part-time?"

"That's a fair question—Oh." Alex jumped with wide eyes before digging into her back pocket for her phone. "I should take this."

She followed the same path as Abby and left me alone with Carina.

"Are you excited about the event?" I asked. "Anything special planned?"

"Actually..." she started.

"What? You can't leave me hanging."

"We don't really have anything planned, per se. We were just talking about it, and one thing led to another. We got swept up into the idea and started talking about possibilities."

"Ohhh," I hummed. "Do tell."

"I mean..." Carina blushed, and I scooted to the edge of the seat, *needing* to know now. "I don't know. It's just—I don't know."

"Don't you dare back down now."

"Ugh. Fine." She huffed and rolled her eyes but kept going. "I don't know. It's just that Ian and I are both so possessive of each other, we said we would never share, but there's something alluring about it. But when push comes to shove, we know that neither of us would be able to handle watching another man or woman touch the other."

"Ian does go all caveman," I agreed.

"And I would claw a girl's eyes out if they even dared."

"But...?"

"But we were talking, which is about all we can do with the kids sapping all our energy," she deadpanned. "And we started creating this fantasy of him watching a...a *woman* touch me."

"Oh." The word slipped free, carrying my excitement and encouragement to tell me more.

“I don’t know.” She waved the thought away with a giggle. “The best part was when he very, *very* hesitantly asked me if I wanted to see a man touch him. The fear in his eyes...” She broke off into a fit of laughter, and I could only imagine.

“The man would do anything for you. He was probably scared to even offer.”

“Exactly, but I’ve been there and done that. No, thank you. Man or woman doesn’t matter. Ian is mine and only mine.”

“So, what about you? Did he like the idea of a woman touching you?”

“Yeah, but it was just the heat of the moment,” she dismissed.

“You know, you could always talk to Daniel and see if he could set up a special scene for you two?”

She paused, a small smile creeping along her lips. “Yeah. Maybe.”

“Babe,” Ian called from the kitchen. “The oven is beeping.”

Carina rolled her eyes. “Is there a fantasy at Voyeur that he can turn off the timer and pull the food out of the oven?”

“I mean...Daniel should at least try and create one. Women would be lining up.”

We both laughed and headed to the kitchen toward the group of men.

Toward Mr. Arrogant and Sexy.

And conceited, I reminded myself. *Focus on the most likely inflated ego.*

I hung on the edge of the kitchen, sipping my wine, wanting to observe instead of putting myself to the test under the fire of his gaze. But luck wasn’t on my side because as soon as Carina interrupted their man-talk, he turned, zeroing in on me.

Butterflies fluttered in my stomach, but I ignored them, offering the same cold stare from earlier. In return, he offered the same smirk.

On cue, my nipples pebbled. *Traitors.*

Thank goodness for spilling coffee on my blouse this morning, forcing me to wear a thick enough sweater to hide my arousal.

He'd taken one step, his intent to prowl closer to his prey, when Brianna came back, intercepting his attack. His gaze bounced between me and her. His struggle to be polite but continue on his path was cute. So cute that I couldn't help but allow a barely there smile to curl my lips. Allowing a slight raise of my brow in victory before turning away to claim my seat at the dinner table.

He had a woman for the night practically begging for him to fuck her. Leaving me free to enjoy my meal in peace.

Or so I thought.

Chapter 2

Amara

“IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?”

I looked up, up, up past the sharp line of his clean-shaven jaw and into the shadowy blue depths of his eyes. Shocks of energy zipped down my spine to my core, and I struggled to remain aloof.

“Unfortunately, not.”

“Good,” he responded joyfully. As if I begged him to sit beside me, he pulled the chair out and made himself comfortable. “We didn’t get to properly meet earlier. I’m—”

I whipped around, giving him my full attention. “I really don’t care who you are. I don’t plan on being some *lucky woman* for you to fuck, so let’s not waste time.”

Most men shriveled at that point. Or snapped at the blatant rejection.

But this man? He smiled. Actually, fucking smiled.

“No names it is. Although, I do know yours, but I’m okay with keeping mine to myself.”

“Good.”

Despite the arctic blast I kept sending his way, he continued to chat amiably next to me. The more he talked, the more I understood that this wasn’t about the sex. This was about winning something you couldn’t have. Not about getting laid for the night. If that was all he wanted, he could have either Abby or Brianna. They’d vied for his attention since we sat down.

If I wasn't so determined to beat him at his own game, I'd take a moment to congratulate him on his ability to deflect the women's obvious attention while still fighting so valiantly for mine.

No, this man wanted me for the simple fact that I refused to fall at his feet. I was a challenge. Sadly for him, after the week I'd had, I was more determined than him to win this challenge.

More like sadly for us.

He oozed sex appeal, and my body responded as if he had been made just for me. No matter how many times I jerked my hand back after each *accidental* graze or diverted my attention to anyone else at the table, my pulse hummed with want. My senses attuned to the deep resonance of his voice. My core softened and tightened as if preparing for this man.

By the time the plates cleared, my nerves fired on high alert, making me both exhausted and energized.

It was...exhausting.

And exhilarating.

And I needed to go.

I needed sleep and a clear head. This week had worn me down, and every time this man ran his fingers through his dark hair, pushing the strands back off his forehead, I failed to resist the urge to take in his thick bicep straining against his shirt.

"Can I get you a drink?" Carina asked.

"Thank you, but I think I'm going to head out," I said, offering an apologetic smile to the table.

"You sure?" she asked.

"Yeah, it's been a long week, and my bed is calling my name."

She offered a commiserating grimace before standing. I said my goodbyes, pointedly ignoring Mr. Dark, Handsome, and Arrogant beside me. I had just turned to head to the door when his soft murmur reached my ears.

"Scaredy cat."

The insult was barely a whisper issued only for me. I should have ignored it—pretended I hadn't even heard it.

But I couldn't.

Turning back just enough to face him, I softened my cold shoulder, switching it out for a seductive heat I knew melted more than a few people. His gaze morphed from taunting to an inferno in seconds. If my look melted, then his ignited. Before he could read anything on my face, I simply raised a brow, letting the ice slide back in place.

“Goodbye.”

And then I left.

I'd just headed down the sidewalk to my car when I heard a door open and close.

Deep inhale.

Clenched jaw.

Eyes forward.

I would not stop. I would not look back.

I knew who it was without having to look. Instead, I kept my pace even and steady—the strike of my heels on the pavement never changing. Of course, it was only a matter of time until he caught up to me, with his long legs eating up twice as much space as mine. I'd arrived late and had to park further down, where the streetlamps grew further apart.

I'd just made it to my car when he finally broke the silence.

“Are you running?” The deep timber crept through the dark night and stroked up my spine like a promise.

It annoyed me.

It turned me on.

It annoyed me how much it turned me on.

I whipped around, barely able to make out his face in the shadows. “Are you following me so you can take advantage of a woman alone in the dark? Hmm? Are you going to force yourself on me?”

His laugh rumbled in his chest.

I should have been scared. I was alone at night on a quiet street with a man who could easily overpower me. We stood in a large gap without lights, making it hard for anyone to see. All he had to do was pin me to my car, slip his hand over my mouth and take me. No one would know.

With each of his slow steps closer, my heart thundered harder.

I should have been scared...but I wasn't.

Once he stood less than two feet away, I could see the lascivious smirk on his lips, and still, my body hummed.

"Something tells me that you'd like me forcing myself on you. Maybe you'd even find it fun."

My pussy clenched at the quick flashes in my mind. I *would* like it. But I couldn't tell him that. Lifting my chin higher, I did my best haughty stare. "There's nothing fun about ignoring a woman's consent."

"Unless she gives consent for you to ignore her consent. Right?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Another deep laugh that sounded more like the warning growl of an animal about to pounce on its prey. "You don't like me very much."

"No. I don't."

His head tipped. "Why not?"

"Because I've been let down by enough egocentric men this week, and I don't need to add another one to the list just so he can prove something to himself."

"C'mon, Amara," he crooned, taking another step. "Why don't you let me help you relieve some of the stress coiling your muscles so tight."

Yes, fucking please.

The thought of rough, wild sex, followed by many orgasms, sounded like heaven. The perfect release. Yet, still, my chin

remained high—my cold shoulder still in place, if not a little weaker than before. “You’ve been trying awfully hard tonight. Must be hard on your ego.”

“My ego can handle it,” he assured with a tempting smile. His eyes skimmed down my neck, over my chest like a physical caress before returning back to mine. “Imagine how hard I’ll try to make you come.”

“So arrogant.” I’d meant for the words to be a sneer; however, I missed the mark when instead, they fell breathlessly from my parted lips.

“Confident,” he corrected. “And I have the cock to back it up.”

Get in the car. Walk away. Don’t say another word. Ignore him.

The instructions barely made a sound past the pulsing heat whooshing through my veins before fading completely.

Yes. Do it. Fuck him. Take. Take. Take. Let go.

Faster and faster, the urgency to act beat like a drum, consuming my senses. I couldn’t think—couldn’t focus on anything but him and relief. With a deep breath, I slid my eyes closed. Like a door to a rowdy party, I slammed it shut, muting all other noise but one.

“Fine.” I opened my eyes in time to catch the slight twitch of his brows. I liked that I surprised him. I liked the calm that settled with my decision.

“Fine,” he repeated slowly, as if confirming he heard the correct answer.

“Today is your lucky day. Fuck me.”

He smiled and hummed before tipping his head behind him.

“My hotel is that way if you want to follow m—”

“No.”

“No?”

I taunted with a hint of a smile. If he thought he was surprised by my giving in, I couldn’t wait to watch him react to my demands. If we were going to do this, then we’d do it my way.

“C’mon, Mr. Confidence. Fuck me,” I said again, shifting to lean back against my car.

To give him credit, only one brow arched in question. “Right here?”

“Do you need a bed to be good enough?” I challenged.

“Hardly,” he bit out between his clenched jaw.

“Then fuck me. Right. Here.”

I held my breath, wondering if he really was all talk.

One.

Two.

Thr—

He snapped into action, pinning me to the car with one lunge. I gasped, giving him the perfect opportunity to lean in and take.

Before his mouth could land on mine, I tipped my head back out of reach. “I said fuck me. Not kiss me. I don’t need foreplay. I need you inside me.”

With a growl, he bared his teeth like an animal, leaning in again. This time to bite along my jaw and score his teeth along my neck.

I arched back, gasping the cool night air into my overheated body. I hadn’t even noticed how cold it was until his heat consumed me, setting me ablaze and leaving trails of smoke with each whimpering exhale.

My hands fumbled at his waist, tearing at his pants. Now that I’d accepted my fate, I couldn’t move fast enough to get it. With deft fingers, he unfastened my pants first, whipping me around to face the car before I could finish with his.

I braced myself against the metal, absorbing the chill into my scorched skin. One of his hands worked to shove down my pants while the other finished unfastening his. In seconds, his heated length pressed against my bare ass. I moaned in anticipation.

“Need to taste your pussy,” he breathed against my ear.

“No,” I gasped. I needed him now. I needed him to fuck me *now*. With my eye on the prize, I pressed back against him, wedging his length between my thighs, and taunted the ego that got us there in the first place. “Or do you need help to get me going because that cock you promised isn’t actually good enough to get me o—”

The sharp bite of pain between my legs cut my words off into a cry. One hand clamped around my hip while the other slapped over my mouth as he forced himself past any resistance.

His heavy pants caressed my cheek, shifting to a grunt once his hips pressed tight to my ass. “Fuck. Fuck,” he huffed. “So goddamn bossy.”

He slid back barely an inch before shoving back in. Another sharp edge of pain. Sinking into his grip, I closed my eyes and let the sting bloom to an ache for more.

Out and in.

Again and again.

Pulling back further each time until the slap of his skin against mine echoed into the starry sky. Cum leaked between my thighs, but still, each thrust stung with the way he stretched me. I rested into his grip, closing my eyes, searching for the orgasm I desperately needed.

The hand on my hip shifted up my stomach and around my breast. I barely felt the comforting touch until knives of pain shot from my nipple to my pussy.

“Focus,” he commanded. “Focus on the way my cock forces its way into your tight little cunt.”

I whimpered. The string between my nipples and core pulled tighter, his words twisting the chord connecting it all. Another savage pinch around my tip ripped a cry from my lungs.

“I don’t need a bed to fuck you, and I don’t need anything other than my cock to make you come. I just needed to know if your cunt was sweeter than your attitude, and I wanted a hotel so I could pull my hand off your mouth and listen to your desperate cries of pleasure.”

Both hating and loving the filthy conceited words, I pushed back on him while nipping at his palm.

“Fuck,” he grunted.

Releasing my mouth, he slid his hand around my neck.

I barely knew him.

He was a stranger.

We were in public on a dark street.

And he had his hand around my neck...and I loved it.

“Yeah. Push back on me. Fuck my cock, baby. Show me how much you want it,” he gloated.

“Such a dick,” I gasped.

He didn't even bother responding, letting his vibrating laugh against my back do all the talking.

“C'mon. Come for me.”

His hand abandoned my nipple to sink down my body. Without mercy, he pushed between my folds and circled my clit in tight, quick circles.

My teeth sunk into my bottom lip so hard I expected the coppery taste of blood at any second. Anything to stem the scream of pleasure pouring from my soul.

“Fuck. Yes. Yes.”

Pleasure built in my hips, expanding out from between my legs. So close to exploding.

“So fucking close,” he groaned.

Right there.

Creak. Shuffle. Thud.

We stopped moving. Everything stopped. My heart. My breath.

We both looked to the left to find an older woman on her doorstep a few houses down.

The thrum of blood pulsing between my legs ebbed. I squeezed my thighs, desperately trying to hold it there even as it started to fade.

“No,” I whimpered.

“Just wait,” he said, still holding himself inside me—still keeping his finger on my clit.

I was so fucking close. Just one more second.

I rocked my hips, trying to gain any kind of friction.

“Fuck. Stop. God,” he groaned. “Unless you want that woman to die of a heart attack when she finds me coming inside you, please fucking stop.”

I grumbled, unable to form actual words.

“Maybe she’ll go the other way,” he offered hopefully. “Just stay with me.”

As soon as he said it, she descended her steps and turned fucking right.

Just like that, any hopes of an orgasm vanished.

Now, this? *This* was the fucking cherry on the cake for the week.

Chapter 3

Amara

“HOLY SHIT. MR. I-OOZE-SEX-FROM-EVERY-INCH-OF-MY-HOT-as-fuck-body just walked in,” Charlotte swooned, not even paying attention to the bar top she was wiping between us.

“It’s got to be a bitch to sign a name that long,” I deadpanned.

“I’m serious about this one, Amara. He looks like he could be a good boy with his hair pushed back. But that scruff screams, I’ll have you calling me daddy by the end of the night.”

I huffed a laugh, reaching across the bar to grab a bottle and help her pour drinks. The cool air in the club brushed against the exposed curve of my bottom from where my skimpy outfit rode up.

“Oh, my god. He just looked you up and down like he had a filthy fantasy he’d been holding onto just for you.”

“Well, then he can pay to watch me perform that fantasy.”

“Are you not even going to look at him? He is...” She faded off into a moan.

After the first ten guys she’d gushed over, I’d stopped turning around. The disappointment of not finding who I wanted plagued my ego. Each of her gasps sent my heart into overdrive, and flashes of what would happen if it was *him* flooded my mind. Just to be dashed a moment later when all I saw was a mediocre stranger.

Not that I wanted it to be him.

I didn’t. I didn’t. I didn’t.

Maybe if I said it enough, I'd believe it.

Then there'd be another gasp and another ridiculous jolt of hope and another wash of shame.

I didn't even *like* him.

I giggled. *Him*. I didn't even know his name, and I'd refused all week to ask Carina about him. After we'd almost been caught, I'd left him high and dry, dismissing his attempts to finish what we started. I'd ached from being so thoroughly fucked and just missing my orgasm, but driving away from his slacked jaw had created a victory I hadn't expected.

I'd won...kind of.

Which is why you're still aching days later, hoping like a needy little girl for some man to show up and finish what he started despite turning him down.

The struggle was real to keep from hitting my head on the counter, hoping to knock some sense into this portion of my brain I didn't know existed until him. The one that could usually be shut down by work and life.

"Seriously, Mar. Ung," she moaned.

I wasn't going to give in and look but something tickled against my spine, gliding all the way down like a tease promising more if I just took a peek.

It's not him. He's probably back to wherever he came from and fucking five women at once. That's the amount of females it would take to handle his ego. It's. Not. Him.

However, as soon as I turned, my eyes locked on his.

Thud. Thud. Thudthudthudthudthud.

My pulse thundered in my ears, blocking out the noise of the crowd.

Even across the room, under the dim lighting, my gaze met his as if we were the only two people there. His stare consumed me, squeezing my lungs, stealing my breath. The impact shocked me so intensely that I wanted to look away—give myself a chance to breathe—but he locked me in place.

Even when he tipped his head to the side and raked his dark gaze down my body, I couldn't move. I stayed captive to his perusal, my body burning everywhere he looked. My nipples hardened as if rising for attention.

"Jesus," Charlotte whispered. "I could come just from watching him watch you."

When his eyes finally reached mine again, they held a promise that he would make me come a thousand different ways if I let him finish what we started. All I had to do was go to him. My mind blared sirens, warning to look away—to get more than the tiny panting breaths of oxygen to my brain. It screamed, *do not go*. Yet, that silly part of my brain took over, and my muscles clenched, ready to close the gap.

"We're supposed to make other people come while they watch us," a deep voice cut in.

It was exactly what I needed to pull me back to reality. I blinked, breaking the hold he had over me. "What?" I asked, turning back to the bar.

"You okay?" Daniel asked, studying me with his intense blue eyes. "You look a little flush."

I was just about to assure him I was fine when Charlotte spoke for me. "She's probably burning from the inside out from the way that man was staring at her. Hell, I'm all hot and bothered."

Daniel looked over my shoulder, and I couldn't resist the temptation—wondering if he was still waiting for me to follow through. But he was gone. The familiar disappointment sank into my chest, except this time, I was different. This time, I knew he was there, carrying the chance of more with him.

Warning sirens blared, finally breaking through the rush of adrenaline. With a deep breath, I pulled my shoulders back. This man would not control me—he would *not* win.

Trying to pull off an aloofness I was beyond feeling, I shrugged, avoiding Daniel's all-too-knowing look. "I'm good. Just some guy probably checking out if he wanted me to perform for him tonight."

“That so?” he asked with a subtle smile. “You know, you could always be a member tonight and not an employee.”

“No, thanks.”

Daniel owned Voyeur, the high-end club you came to create and watch your most detailed sexual fantasies come to life.

“We both know you don’t need the money,” he said.

“Yeah, with your fancy pants business job,” Charlotte chimed in.

“And we both know you could use a steady guy in your life.”

I scrunched my nose. “Ew. No, thank you.”

He laughed, letting it go.

Daniel was my boss but had become my friend more than anything else. Which was why he kept trying to push me to find someone, claiming I was too young to give up on a relationship. Ever since he got married, he went from the forever bachelor who rolled his eyes to the matchmaker of the club.

“You know I don’t have time to date.”

“You might have more time if you didn’t work here,” he countered.

“Yeah, but then I’d have to take the time to get to know them and see if we’re compatible. And don’t even get me started on trying to find out if he knows what foreplay is. No, thank you.”

“Ugh, remember that one guy you saw?” Charlotte said. “So hot with that deceiving smirk that made more promises than he could keep.”

I shuddered. “Clammy hands man.”

“Such a disappointment.” Charlotte shook her head as if mourning the greatest loss of all time.

Daniel grimaced but looked ready to put up another fight.

He knew why I enjoyed working at Voyeur part-time even though I had a corporate job as a sales manager at a

biotechnological company. He knew how much I craved the outlet of sex—of stepping outside my box in the kinkiest way—to save me from the stress of work.

“You know I’m happy where I’m at. While you may be in blissful heaven, I’m good being single. No letdown, no heartache, no waste of time.”

As soon as I signed the NDA for Voyeur, I made the decision to not bother with anyone I found attractive, promising to shut them out with the same control I used to get as far in life as I had.

It’d worked—until *him*.

“Also, performers and members aren’t allowed to be intimate,” I reminded Daniel as if he hadn’t created the rule himself. Really, I needed to remind myself to combat the instant connection that had me questioning my control.

“Which is why you could be off tonight,” he suggested.

“Yeah, right. There’s no way I’m missing your version of a charity gala,” I scoffed, gesturing behind me. “Where else am I going to see a woman wrapped in five golden rings or that guy with a strategically placed drum? It’s like Halloween in December.”

He nodded, taking it all in. “It did turn out pretty good, didn’t it?”

“Yup. And according to Jackson, the donations are still rolling in for Haven.”

Daniel’s wife, Hanna, ran a rehabilitation center for people rescued from sex trafficking, and Daniel did everything he could to support the woman he loved.

“Still—”

I held up my hand. “Besides, I have a special job tonight.”

He winced. “That’s right. Thanks for doing that, by the way.”

“Any time, boss. I love them, and I’m always happy to make a fantasy come true.”

“Speaking of, they’re over there.” He gestured to the raised area along the wall on the other side of the room. “Why don’t you take them some drinks—on the house.”

“Yes, sir.”

He mixed a lemon drop with sugar on the rim and poured two glasses of his top bourbon.

“Three?” I asked.

“They have a friend with them tonight.”

Oh fuck.

There was no way it wasn’t him, and I was about to walk right into everything I’d been avoiding. But I had a job to do, and it wasn’t to become a puddle of goop at some guy’s feet because just his stare made me wet, and I’d been dreaming of him since I walked away.

“Have fun,” Charlotte said with a sly smile. “You’re one lucky bitch. They’re both hot as hell.”

“Oh, I plan to.” With a playful flip of my hair, I easily lifted the tray of drinks and made my way through the crowd.

The current floating from person to person carried a higher energy—sexier. The room hummed with it, bringing each customer’s skin alive. Their eyes gleamed with a wild light—their smiles tinged with devious joy.

Voyeur was known as the place to be if you wanted to not only watch but also be seen. Only employees could perform in the private rooms, but patrons could do as they wanted everywhere else. Just usually with discretion. There was something to be said about hiking your dress up just enough to let a man slip his cock into you and fuck you softly—with someone five feet away. Were they watching? Did they know? Did they like what they saw? Would you get caught?

It all added to the tension Voyeur promised.

Partners slid hands under clothing on the dance floor.

Men and women spread their legs for others in the seats tucked off to the side.

Lovers bit their lips, holding back their cries as they fucked in the dark corners.

Not tonight, though.

Passing the tables in the middle of the room, a woman sat on top, leaning back with her mouth open in pleasure. More than two sets of hands roamed her body, tugging her top down and plucking at her nipples. All while her dress bunched at her waist, and a dark head worked between her thighs.

It was exactly what Daniel promised. A night of lust, passion, and immoral delights. Members chomped at the bit to pay the astronomical price for the special event—ready to support the good cause.

Making it across the room, I smiled when I saw the happy couple.

“Your drinks,” I greeted.

I passed the glasses to two of my favorite customers—Ian and Carina Bergamo.

“Yum,” Carina exclaimed, chasing the sugar-lined rim with her tongue.

“Thanks, Mar,” Ian said.

“That last drink is mine.” His voice came from just out of my line of sight.

The deep timber stroked my neck, sending chills down my back, urging me to turn and find the man it was attached to. Just as it had the first time, his voice called to me—wrapped around me—demanding I stay right where he wanted me. With a deep breath, I slipped my professional mask in place and faced him.

If I thought he was addictively captivating before, it was nothing compared to seeing him enmeshed in the sexy atmosphere at Voyeur. I looked up, up, up, finding the same dark eyes with hints of blue sparking with the all-too-familiar arrogance.

It was that gloating confidence that made it easier to ignore the broad shoulders, salt and pepper scruff that had been missing

before, and lips that promised sin. It was exactly what I needed to keep at least some control over myself.

“Here you go.” I passed him his glass, making sure not to brush my fingers with his. His gravity begged me to curl up at his feet. If I touched him, my resolve to keep my distance may shatter.

“Amara, you remember Atlas,” Ian said.

Somehow, the odd name suited him—unique, unlike anything you’d known before. *Atlas*. I repeated his name in my mind, wishing I could feel the way it fell from my lips. “I figured you would have gone back home—wherever home is for you.” I hoped it was far, far, far away from here. Somewhere that wouldn’t have him coming back to chip away at the thin veneer holding me in place.

“Nah. This is much more interesting than New York.”

New York didn’t seem far enough, but beggars couldn’t be choosers.

“And what’s so interesting to you about Cincinnati?”

“Right now?” He took his time to answer, wrapping those lips around the edge of the glass like he was making love to it. When he pulled back, his tongue chased the liquid, and I hated the urge to climb on his lap to do the same. “You.”

“Oh, god,” Carina groaned.

I forced my own scoff to hide the shameful way my core clenched over the corny line. Jesus. What the hell did this man do to me?

“Also, Ian told me about Voyeur—so I figured I’d come check it out myself. Why not be charitable at the same time?”

“How gallant of you,” I deadpanned.

“I do my best,” he responded with a wink.

Fuck, I hated how much I wanted to simper under his attention—from a stupid, pretentious wink. Disgusted with myself, I managed to shift most of my attention away. However, even out of the corner of my eye, he was all I could see. Apparently,

leaving him behind and putting as much distance between us as possible hadn't been enough to fortify my defenses. In fact, they practically stood like fractured sugared glass, one soft blow from crumbling.

"So, what day are you dressed up as?" I asked Ian.

"I'm a lord leaping."

"Oh, well then, let's see some leaps. Show me what you've got," I taunted.

His friendly smile turned wicked. "Oh, I'm leaping for my wife, all right." He leaned back, spreading his legs to showcase the impressive length pressing against his pants.

I attempted to join Carina in rolling her eyes, but Atlas's deep chuckle tickled down my body, plucking at my nipples before dipping in my core. I barely managed to contain the shiver of pleasure.

"And you," I asked Carina, taking in her lacy French maid costume, similar to mine. "Are you one of my French hens?"

"Close. Except, I'm very obviously a maid milking," she explained, gesturing toward her full breasts spilling over the edge of her outfit.

"Duh. And how are those beautiful babies?"

"Great," she said with a dreamy but exhausted smile. "But I am very ready for a night to remind myself that I'm a sexual woman."

"A night we all deserve," I said, lowering my eyes to crest over the lush curves of her body.

Trying to replicate the way Atlas looked at me, I took my time, letting her feel the caress of my gaze as if it were my hands.

"I'm glad you're here," Carina said softly.

I ascended her body and made it to her mouth just in time to watch her swallow and lick her lips—a sign of arousal but also nerves. Of course, when I met her eyes, nothing showed except bold sexiness.

"I wouldn't let my job make me miss this," I assured.

“Your job? Is this not your job?” Atlas asked. I’d been so focused on Carina that I had a whole ten minutes of blissful ignorance—a break from the fiery heat he kept pouring gasoline on.

“It is, but only when I want to.”

“And what do you do when you don’t want to work here?”

“Sit at home with a glass of wine,” I answered.

“Sounds boring.”

“Which is why I work here part-time.”

“Part-time?” he asked.

I almost laughed, realizing how little we knew about each other despite knowing how he felt inside me. He was taking advantage of our current intimate group to get the information I refused to give at dinner. Part of me wanted to shut him down again but having Carina and Ian listening so closely kept me in check, not wanting to explain later why I was being so cold.

And as much as I hated to admit it, maybe, *just maybe*, something in me wanted to give a little more about myself. It had to be the night—the thrilling, adventurous atmosphere urging me to give in. It was the only thing that made sense to explain my weakened defenses.

“I have a big girl job that takes up most of my time elsewhere.”

“Then why add this on top of it?”

I searched for a polite answer, but why bother. It didn’t help that my body pulsed for *more, more, more*. It didn’t help that every time I met his gaze, I imagined falling into the dark depths of the ocean with him, letting him have all control.

“Because I like to fuck.”

The over-confident gleam flickered with shock, sending waves of victory through my veins.

But just as quickly, the shock faded into a more devious smirk than before. I’d thought I was winning, but in reality, I’d

handed him a weapon that may defeat me.

His tongue dragged across his lip. His chest rose as if trying to inhale me from the short distance. He looked ready to pounce.

“I love this song,” Carina said.

I latched onto the perfect interruption, not knowing how many more saves I had left.

“Wanna dance?” I asked Carina.

She looked to Ian, who gave a subtle nod before standing.

Time to perform.

I held her stare as she closed the small distance between us, taking in the soft, dark waves caressing her shoulders. I sank into the deep blue waters of her eyes and imagined how soft her full lips would be on mine. I softened my body to match hers, wondering how far she’d go.

Usually, customers couldn’t touch performers, but Carina took my suggestion from the other night and asked Daniel to create a special fantasy for her and Ian. Since I performed with both men and women and knew the couple well, Daniel came to me.

She slid her hands up my arms and around my neck, pulling me in. I lost myself in the soft touch—*almost*.

Despite my best efforts, Atlas’s attention sat around my neck like a hand, letting me know he was still there. I should’ve tried harder to push him out, but honestly, having him watch me with Carina only made me hotter.

I *liked* being watched. I liked being watched by *him*.

Something about his stare—his whole being—pulled at me in a way most didn’t. It was so different and left me unsure anymore if I wanted to pull it close or shove it away. The alarms started again. On the one hand, I liked the way he looked at me. Like he’d fuck me all week but never stick around. On the other hand, something about the way my body couldn’t ignore him had me wondering if maybe I wouldn’t want him to go.

Which was how I knew that truly giving into him, letting him have all control, would be like being cold and walking into fire. It'd feel so good—so warm—but it would burn me in the end.

Chapter 4

Atlas

LEANING BACK IN MY CHAIR, I WAS THE DEFINITION OF A MAN relaxing without a care in the world. Like my hand wasn't squeezing the tumbler of amber liquid so tight I feared it would shatter at any moment.

And when I caught Amara glancing my way out of the corner of her eye, I almost lost it. She wanted me to watch—she *liked* it. Fuck, this woman would be the end of me. Hell, she almost killed me after she walked away without even finishing what we started.

I'd spent the last week in Cincinnati looking around every corner, hoping to catch a glimpse of her dark hair and sassy mouth. Then Ian briefly mentioned we'd see her tonight, and I hadn't been the same since. When was the last time I'd craved a woman for more than a night or two? Never.

Speaking of, I glanced to Ian, gauging his reaction to me watching the show, but his eyes never left his wife. He mentioned tonight was a special night for Carina, but I hadn't known the details.

Carina wove her arms around Amara, brushing her fingers through the long dark curtain of hair draped down her back.

"I thought the customers weren't allowed to touch the performers," I uttered to Ian.

"The owners have a soft spot for Carina, so when she said she wanted to make me watch her play with a woman, they made it happen."

“Fuck,” I breathed. For the first time, I understood why Ian pushed for everyone to be in the same marital bliss. I never wanted to settle down, but I’m sure a woman like Carina could even make a priest leave his position.

Even still, with the two coiled around each other and no space between their swaying bodies, I couldn’t look away from Amara. I raked my gaze over her long, lean limbs—her petite frame and full breasts. Fuck me, her breasts were what men dreamed of—what I dreamed of. As soon as I saw her, I wanted to command her to come with me so I could finish what we started. I’d tell her to open her mouth and wrap those full, ruby lips around my head when I finally came.

I barely breathed through the first song of their dance, impatient to find out how far Carina would go. What did Ian really mean when he said she wanted to play with a woman. Only seconds into the next song, I found out.

Carina unraveled her arms from around Amara’s neck. One dropped to Amara’s thigh. Her finger glided up the firm line of her leg, almost like a tease. I was so entranced, on the edge of begging her to push it up her skirt, that I almost missed Carina’s other hand stroking along Amara’s collarbone before dipping between her breasts. Her fingers deftly tugged at the white ribbon of her top as she kissed her way down her neck.

Amara tipped her head back, exposing the elegant neck I imagined bulging from my cock in her throat. Her plush lips parted, and her brow furrowed. I didn’t know where to look first. I wanted to watch Amara’s face transform from pleasure, but the way Carina’s arm flexed had me dropping my attention to find her hand had vanished under Amara’s skirt. Her breath hitched, and I imagined Carina’s fingers gently brushing against her swollen, wet clit.

“Yes. Do it.”

The breathy plea urged my gaze up just in time to watch Carina gently tug the flimsy material of Amara’s top aside. Just enough to expose her nipple. The two women never looked away from each other as Carina dropped her head and flicked her tongue against the hard tip.

“Yeah, baby,” Ian encouraged.

I barely heard it because as soon as Carina closed her eyes, Amara’s deep brown eyes locked on mine—holding me in place. Her tongue slid across her lip only to be replaced by her teeth, trying to hold back her soft whimpers. Even when her lids slid closed for a long blink, I never looked away. Even when she fell back to lean against the table, and Carina kissed up and down her neck and back to her breasts, I couldn’t.

Her breathing worked harder—faster, and I had to clench the leather arm of the couch to stay put when all I wanted to do was shove Carina aside and give Amara more—to give her everything she denied me.

I wanted to rip her whole damn outfit off and feast on her breasts.

I wanted to bite her nipples until they were swollen and red, just for me.

I wanted to wrap my hand around her slim throat and hold her in place while I roughly fucked three fingers into her tight little cunt.

I wanted her cum to drip down my hand and use it as lube to jack myself off.

Amara’s jaw dropped open over a quiet whimper as her body trembled from her orgasm.

I wanted to make her scream.

My cock pulsed with an uncomfortable desire only she could ease.

Usually, I didn’t care if I had a woman. I could take it or leave it and just wait for one of the many other options to come along. But electric currents sparked through my veins, racing my heart into overdrive—like if I didn’t have her, I’d die.

I rubbed at my chest, knowing that there was no leaving Amara again. Not until I truly had her.

Carina pulled her hand out from Amara’s skirt. My mouth watered, seeing all the sweet cum coating her fingers.

Not even bothering to look my way, she turned to Ian. “Want a taste?”

He looked about as on edge as me but did nothing to hide the wild glint in his eyes when he looked at his wife. “The only pussy I want to eat is yours.”

Her lips twitched as if holding back a satisfied smile.

“Then I guess it’s all mine,” she taunted.

Just before she could bring her fingers to her mouth, I snatched her wrist gently. The last thing I needed to do was piss Ian off by being rough with his wife. I was already walking a fine line with my next move, but I *needed* to taste Amara.

Carina raised her brow and slowly faced me with a look that screamed, *what the fuck do you think you’re doing*.

“I’d love a taste,” I explained.

I shifted my attention to Amara, still leaning against the table, still flush—still on edge. I held her gaze as I dragged my tongue along Carina’s fingers, collecting every last drop. I didn’t hide my moan when that first spicy-sweet flavor burst on my tongue. I didn’t bother hiding my smile either when I watched her squirm.

“Atlas,” Ian threatened.

With a gentle kiss to Carina’s hand as thank you, I let her go and faced Ian’s glare. I should have been concerned, Ian was a good friend, and I knew how selfish he was with his wife, but I couldn’t bring myself to care with the taste of Amara’s cunt still on my tongue.

“Your pussy must be his favorite food to pass up on such delicious, sweet, tangy cum,” I said to Carina.

“It is,” Ian assured.

Carina glanced at her husband before turning back to me with a devious smile. “Do you want to taste it, Atlas?” she asked, the pure definition of Eve tempting Adam with the forbidden.

Before I could answer, Ian cut in. “I told you before, *wife*, I don’t share.”

Dismissing me, she faced Ian with her hands on her hips. “Then take me somewhere and eat my pussy before I let someone else do it.”

He rose from the chair, towering over her. “Hellcat,” he growled just before bending down and hoisting her over his shoulder.

With a quick nod and a promise to see me later, he left. Leaving just me and Amara, who had covered her nipple but still leaned against the table.

I started at her feet and took in her body, unsure if I’d ever get enough.

“Want me to give you a real orgasm,” I asked when I met her eyes again.

“I’ve already had an orgasm,” she said like it was the only argument she needed to turn me down.

“Did you?”

“Trust me, I don’t fake coming for anyone—even customers.”

“I have no doubt,” I assured. Taking my time, I leaned my elbows on my knees and let her look at me—let her read the dirty things I wanted to do with her written all over my face. “I also have no doubt that you need a lot more than gentle nibbles and soft strokes to *really* come. What she gave you was a ripple in the water. I want to make you come so hard the ocean swallows you whole.”

Her eyes darkened, and I couldn’t wait to see how dark I could make them as I played with her body. Before, I’d barely seen anything in the shadows of night, pressing her up against the car. I needed more. I needed it all—to see every inch. My muscles clenched in anticipation, my mouth already stretching into a smile. She wanted me. She *had* to stop denying us. She *had* to say yes.

I was already trying to decide whether I would eat her pussy right there before taking her somewhere private or if I’d wait

until I had her alone to fully enjoy her.

“I can’t.”

Her answer halted all plans like a record scratch. I blinked a few times to make sure I saw her correctly as she stood upright and started tying her top back together. Had I read her wrong?

Hell no. I know I hadn’t.

Was she really going to keep walking away? Why? Was she so stubborn?

“You want to, though,” I said, pulling her gaze back to mine.

She held my stare, and I held my breath. She *had* to say yes.

Except, again, she didn’t. She didn’t answer at all.

“I should go make sure all my customers are taken care of.”

She turned before she could watch my jaw drop—*again*—at her quick dismissal.

My mind scrambled to rearrange around her exit—rushing to come up with a solution. Part of me considered letting her go—finding another woman to fuck, but I hadn’t become the CEO of an international company by giving up—I sure as hell wasn’t giving up now. I would *not* let her do this again.

The round curve of her ass peeked out from under the frill of her costume with each step away from me. Before she made it too far, an idea hit me.

“One last thing,” I called out.

She turned slowly but didn’t come back.

“Are you performing tonight?”

“Yes.”

My smile grew slowly, victory already surging through my veins. “Good.”

I brought the last of my forgotten drink to my lips and took my time imagining all the things I’d be doing to that sweet ass later tonight.

If she wanted to use her customers as her excuse to leave, then I'd become one.

I managed to wait all of fifteen minutes before setting out to find Daniel. Ian said he made shit happen for Carina, so I'd make sure he made shit happen for me. Sure, I'd only met him a handful of times when he and his business partner ventured to New York with Ian, but I was determined. I spotted him at the corner of the bar at the register, away from the busiest crowds.

The perfect place to talk.

"I want to fuck one of your employees."

"No. Now, fuck off," he answered without even looking up.

I placed flat hands on the counter as if staking my spot and letting him know I wasn't leaving. "I'm serious."

"Me, too. I don't run a prostitution ring."

"Good to know. But I am dead fucking serious about the French maid—Amara."

Finally, Daniel looked up, leveling me with his piercing blue eyes. He closed the register and studied me. I stood still, letting him gauge my request. Something flashed behind his cold eyes that had me wondering if he possibly had feelings for her.

Despite barely knowing Daniel, I knew enough from Ian that he was married and was a good man. No, if he cared about Amara, it wasn't romantic.

I held steady, unblinking, letting him know I wouldn't back down from this. His glower softened at whatever he saw behind my eyes. If it was anything like the desperate need to have her thrumming in my bones, I wasn't sure I wanted to find out.

With a heavy sigh, he broke our staring contest and rummaged around the register for a paper and pen. He didn't say a word until he scribbled something on it and folded it before passing it to me.

“If she gives her consent, then give her this,” he explained without letting the paper go. “I’m trusting you won’t read this.”

“I’m trusting it’s not a note telling her to report me,” I tossed back. Who the hell knew what he wrote? Maybe it was something that threw me under the bus.

“I can promise it’s not that.”

“Good. Then I can promise I won’t read it.”

He nodded and let it go, watching while I carefully tucked the note away in my breast pocket.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome and good luck. You’re going to need it.”

I smiled confidently the entire way to the back hall, where the iPads were to create my fantasy for the night. Scrolling through the selections like I was at a buffet for every sexual delight, I tried to imagine Amara in every one, but my mind kept coming back to Carina’s lips sucking on her tight nipple.

Scrolling past the gang bang, student-teacher, questionable consent, masturbation, and every other fantasy I could dream up, I found what I was looking for.

Three French Hens.

Perfect.

Chapter 5

Amara

“YOU READY?” SASHA ASKED WHILE ADJUSTING HER BREASTS to make sure they were on perfect display.

“Hell, yeah. How ’bout you, Katrina?” I asked the other woman waiting outside the door with us.

“Fuck, yes. I’ve been wanting to play with your tits for a long time.”

“I guess today is your lucky day.”

“They really are epic,” Sasha gushed.

I dramatically preened under their compliments.

When Daniel hired me, he informed me I would have mostly the same partner throughout my employment. It created a level of comfort and added to the reality of each scene. Beau was my male partner, but when I wanted to do more, he set me up with Sasha, the blonde bombshell at Voyeur.

I’d never performed with Katrina, but we talked all the time when we were there. When Sasha and I discussed the charity event, Katrina offered to join us for our three French Hens. She was the perfect middle to our threesome with her pale skin like Sasha’s and her dark hair like mine. I’d always found her exotic beauty attractive.

I’d been excited about the prospect, but after the small orgasm from Carina, and the offer from Atlas, my blood hummed with the need for more.

Atlas had been right; I needed more than soft pets and sucks. In the end, it only left me more on edge than I’d been when I

started. I stood on the precipice, and I felt wild enough to jump.

“Customer is ready,” Andy, the guard outside of our room, announced.

“Let’s go.”

We paraded into the bedroom, ignoring the Voyeur watching from the darkened corner of the room. Customers had the option to watch from a private room through a one-way glass wall or be in the room, mostly hidden from sight.

I loved when they chose to be in the room. I loved knowing they were there to watch me.

“I think we should help the new maid relax,” Sasha started.

“Oh, I love that idea,” Katrina concurred.

“But this is the owner’s bedroom. Shouldn’t we go somewhere else?” I asked, feigning innocence.

“Oh, no, sweet girl,” Sasha coaxed, stroking a hand over my hair. “This is the only room that has toys for us.”

“Toys?” I asked. “What do you do to relax?”

Katrina pressed her front to my back, reaching around to untie the bow between my breasts. “Why don’t you let us show you?”

Her lips sucked the lobe of my ear, ending with a sharp bite that shot straight to my nipples, just in time for her to tug the lacy material away to present them to Sasha.

“Look at those pretty tits,” Sasha whispered. “They look so hard, it hurts. Let me kiss them better.”

Katrina kissed down my neck while her hands cupped my curves and offered them up for Sasha to flick with her tongue. The two women worshipped my body as they slowly undressed me. I slid my eyes closed and tried to imagine what the Voyeur saw. Three beautiful women with soft curves pressed together, full lips against silky flesh, elegant fingers caressing every inch of skin.

I tried to see it, but when I closed my eyes, all I saw was Atlas leaned back in a chair, his legs spread wide, doing nothing to hide the long, hard length pushing against his slacks. When the girls shifted me to the bed, I opened my eyes and froze. The dark eyes I'd just imagined watched me now as if I'd conjured him.

Sasha and Katrina hadn't noticed my shock and continued to guide me back on the bed, but I could barely focus on anything but him. He hadn't turned the lights all the way down, leaving enough light to let me know it was him watching me. When his lips tipped in the most devious, gloating smile, I should have rolled my eyes and ignored him. Instead, my pussy gushed, imagining those filthy lips following through on the promises they made earlier. *Fuck*. Why hadn't I let him go down on me before? Maybe then I wouldn't be so enraptured with the thought of it all.

Katrina held my wrists and directed them over my head to bind them to the bed.

"What are you doing?" I asked breathlessly.

"Helping you relax. You worked so hard today," Sasha explained while she hooked her fingers in my panties and tugged off my last remaining piece of clothing. She spread my legs and pressed featherlight kisses down my thighs. When she dropped low enough, Atlas came back into view, just in time for me to watch him stroke his length through his pants.

Yes. I loved how affected he was. I bit my lip, holding back the demand he take it out and show me. It was bad enough I kept looking at him. I'd completely ruin the scene if I actually spoke to him. Our job was to perform and act like the Voyeur wasn't there—but I couldn't look away. Sasha's soft tongue pressed between my pussy and licked all the way to my clit with a hum of pleasure. I almost forgot about Katrina until a sharp twist to my nipple brought my attention back to her.

"These fucking tits," she murmured. "I've been watching them bounce with every step you took, and all I wanted was to rip your shirt off and play with your nipples until you come. Would you like that?"

“Yes,” I breathed. “Please.”

She leaned down and sucked my hardened bud, letting me relax before biting the tip. I cried out, jerking closer for more.

“But first, a toy.” She held up a vibrator with a flat larger base.

“What is that?” I asked, playing the part of the innocent new maid.

“We’ll show you,” Katrina said, passing it to Sasha. “Why don’t you put it in, and I’ll stay up here.”

Sasha gave me a devious wink and flicked her tongue in the perfect spot. She adjusted her body enough to create a view. It should have turned me on that one woman played with my breasts, and another ate me out. All while slowly working a toy up my ass, but what had me on edge the most was the hungry look of the man across the room. He saw it all, and I loved it.

Fuck, this was torture.

I couldn’t take it.

My body trembled. I writhed on the bed, pushing hard into Katrina’s hands—harder against Sasha’s mouth, moaning when the toy stretched me with a pinch of pain. All under his gaze. The abyss lay ahead, and I bent my knees to jump—to let it swallow me whole.

“Stop.” The deep voice crossed the gap and lassoed me in place, keeping me from falling over.

“What?” I shrieked.

Voyeurs weren’t supposed to talk. Even more shocking was how Katrina and Sasha listened.

“What are you doing?” I asked them.

“Leave,” Atlas commanded.

“What?” I cried again.

I stared slack-jawed as both women got up, giving me a little finger wave and devilish smile before leaving.

“Untie me,” I ordered in the most serious voice I could muster when my body was on fire, and I wasn’t even sure myself if I wanted him to obey.

He chuckled softly, rising from his chair and prowling toward me like a lion to its prey. The arrogant look was back in full force, and the stubborn part of me wanted to wipe it off his face. I jerked my arms and twisted my wrists, trying to loosen the ties.

“Look at those tits bounce. I think I’ll fuck them first.”

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” I asked on the edge of pleading.

He stood at the side of the bed, taking his fill of my body laid out like a sacrificial virgin on the fluffy white bedding.

“I know you want me,” he started, holding up his hand to halt any denial I was ready to shout. “And I am uncharacteristically desperate to have you.”

My rebuttal died in my throat at the confusion marring his face when he confessed how out of character it was for him.

“And I know what you’ll say. Performers can’t sleep with customers, but I have approval.”

He tugged a piece of paper from his pocket and unfolded it before holding it up for me to read.

If you want it, go for it. -D

Daniel. He’d gone to Daniel all so he could be with me. Despite how hard I attempted to shut him down—despite how many times I walked away, delivering blow after blow to his ego—he still kept coming.

Warmth bloomed in my chest. Many men had wanted me and tried to take me home from Voyeur, but none had put in any work to have me. It almost felt like Atlas had gone to my father for permission, like some archaic belief that women could be traded without consent. I wanted to laugh, but it turned me on too much.

He tossed the note away and leaned over to brush the stray strands of hair off my face. Without touching me, he placed

both hands on the bed on either side of my body and pinned me with his stare. “So, what will it be? And before you answer, know that if you agree, we will be finishing this time. No running.”

My pussy ached—but so did my chest, and that was causing the most hesitation.

If you want it, go for it.

And I wanted it. So bad.

No running.

“Yes,” I whispered.

His smile was slow, baring his teeth like an animal, and I couldn’t wait for him to eat me alive.

Chapter 6

Atlas

“I’M GOING TAKE YOU EVERY WAY YOU TRIED TO DENY ME before. I’m going to make you scream. Over and over and over again,” I promised. “But first, I want your fucking mouth.”

She lifted her head off the mattress, getting as close as her restraints would allow. “Then take it.”

“So, sassy with those pouty lips. I can’t wait to watch them stretch around my cock and hear them beg for more.”

“We’ll see.”

I merely smirked at her challenge and stood upright to shed my jacket. Taking my time, I didn’t say a word as I unbuttoned my cuffs and rolled my sleeves to my elbows, letting her take the time to imagine and wait for my next move.

Before she could anticipate it, I shoved my fist in her hair and jerked her head back, holding her in place, giving her time to tell me to stop. When her lips stayed closed, I leaned down to lick first the top and then the bottom.

“Open,” I ordered.

As if against her will, her lips parted. Again, I licked the top and bottom, sucking the full soft flesh between my teeth. Finally, her tongue came out to chase mine, and I pounced. I pulled her hair tighter and took her mouth. I pushed my tongue against hers, eating the moans falling from her throat. Needing more, I reached down her body to smack her pussy. She screamed and jerked her legs closed, but I was ready for it and held my hand tight to the wet heat. I continued to kiss her until

she relaxed her thighs and delivered a softer smack this time, eliciting a softer cry. Maybe even a plea, but I couldn't stop kissing her long enough to let her beg. Not yet.

My cock brushed the edge of the bed, and I came embarrassingly close to coming. I'd been dreaming of getting back inside her heat as soon as I left it, but I needed her to get off first, so I had more time to play. We'd both have multiple orgasms tonight; I just needed hers first.

"So fucking wet," I muttered, dipping my fingers between her folds only to drag it up to her clit. "I knew you needed more."

She rocked her hips, and I stroked her with tight, fast circles, making her come in less than a minute. Before she could even come down from her orgasm, I pulled back to strip the rest of my clothes.

"Oh, god. Yes," she panted, eyeing my thick shaft.

"First, I'm going to slide between your tits, and that pretty little mouth of yours is going to suck on the head until I'm ready to spill my cum down your throat."

I climbed on the bed, throwing my leg over her body, resting my cock in her cleavage, and grabbed her chin to look at me. "Are you going to swallow my cum like a good girl?"

Her eyes blazed with fire, but she nodded.

Reaching back, I swiped my palm between her legs and collected her cum to use as my lube. Her lips parted as she watched me stroke myself inches from her face like she was silently begging for a taste against her will.

Cradling her curves in my palms, I pressed them together around my length and moaned at the first stroke between the soft flesh. As I told her she would, she leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the head of my cock, sucking hard. I almost came right then and there with one single push, but I grit my teeth and held back, not ready for the sight of her ruby-red lips stretched wide to be over.

Pulling back, I circled my thumbs over her hard nipples, groaning when she jerked up, her soft body brushing against my balls.

Another suck. Another push. Another circle. Again and again, until I couldn't hold back anymore. Watching her for any cues of discomfort, I abandoned her breasts and gripped her jaw. I dug my fingers into the joint and held her mouth open.

“I want to watch my cum fill your mouth.”

She held my stare, her eyes blazing with a silent chant. *Do it. Do it.*

I jerked my cock frantically, panting just as hard as her. With my cock at the edge of her lips, she flicked her tongue against the head, and I was a goner. My chest vibrated with the rapid beat of my heart, and groans of pleasure were ripped from my soul. The orgasm hit me like a freight train. Through it all, I never looked away as rope after rope of cum pooled against her tongue.

“Swallow,” I ordered when the orgasm finally abated enough for me to speak.

The minx that she was, did as I commanded but took the time to give one last suck to my head to collect every drop, sending another shudder of lightning through my veins.

“Mmmm. Not bad.”

I growled, thinking of all the ways I could make her pay for the feisty comment. She knew what she was doing, pushing me to react—issuing a challenge with a single raised brow and quirk of her lips.

But I had more important things to get to. “My turn.”

I slid down her body, sucking one nipple, and harshly twisting the other. Her whimpers urged me for more with each bite down her flat stomach until I wedged my wide shoulders between her slim thighs. I hovered my mouth over the sweet scent of her pussy, drooling at the soaking, pink folds. She shuddered when I blew softly against the swollen nub. Just when she expected me to eat her out, I adjusted my plan, throwing her off when I flipped her over and jerked her knees under her.

I kept her too far back for her to get her elbows under her, so she was forced to keep her chest to the bed, arching her ass up

for perfect display. And between it all sat the purple circle wedged tight in her little ass. I considered abandoning my original plan and tugging it free just to replace it with my cock, but now that the edge of my need had been softened, I could think clearer—I could take my time.

The golden color of her skin extended to every hidden place on her body—a perfect canvas. Without warning, I smacked my hand across one cheek, listening carefully for her response. A shocked gasp. Quickly followed by a shuddering whimper.

“Look at that,” I said, stroking my palm over the perfect red print blooming against her skin. The first time I saw her, I wondered how many smacks it’d take to create such a rosy blush against honey skin. Now that I knew, all I wanted to know was how dark I could make it and how long it would last. Goddamn, what I wouldn’t do to make it permanent. “Like a brand, marking you as mine.”

Still soothing one side, I smacked the other. Next came a frustrated growl of pleasure that sank into my skin, marking me in her own way.

“Do you like that?”

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Hmmm, I’m not sure I believe you,” I taunted. “Maybe I should stop.”

“No,” she cried out.

“Well, let me see for myself.”

I swiped my palm between her legs, collecting her cum, making sure to brush her clit on the pass.

“I bet each slap causes this dildo to move just enough to torture you.”

She rocked her hips, pressing her forehead to the bed. “Please, Atlas.”

The begging was too much. I slapped her again and again. One after another until she was nothing but moans, whimpers, and pleas. When pleas turned to desperate begging, I gave in, gripping her hot, red cheeks. I pulled them apart and dropped

low, finally tasting the pussy that had been haunting me for days.

The cum I sucked from Carina's fingers had been good, but nothing compared to the fountain of cum spilling from Amara's cunt. She screamed, pushing back against my mouth as I sucked on her folds, drinking every drop. She writhed, losing her rhythm.

"Fuck, you taste so goddamn good."

Her opening fluttered, and I knew she was close. I landed one last blow directly over the dildo and latched on to her clit, sucking. Screams filled the room, wrapping around us like an orchestra created just for us.

"Can't wait anymore. Need you," I muttered, ripping a condom open. I didn't even bring her down from her orgasm, didn't even wait for her orgasm to finish. I gripped her hips too tightly and damn near roared as I watched inch after inch sink into her.

"Fuck, yes. Fuck. Let me in," I ordered, fighting against her pulsing cunt.

She pushed back as I pushed forward, my balls resting against her wet folds.

"Goddamn, Amara. You're so fucking tight. Two cocks stretching you open. Your pussy swollen and wet."

"I can't," she whimpered.

"Oh, you will. You'll come on my cock."

"I can't," she said again.

I chuckled. "Let's see, then. Shall we?"

I slowly eased out, leaving just the head inside before shoving in roughly. Without finesse, I continued to rut against her, fucking her up the bed like an animal. When she had enough slack, I gripped her hair and pulled her up, giving me the perfect view of her bouncing tits.

"I can't, Atlas. Please. I can't."

Despite her whimpers for mercy, she held herself on her arms and pushed back for more.

Sweat glistened down her back as we both raced toward another orgasm. I dragged my hand down her damp flesh to between her cheeks, gripping the toy and turning. She screamed and squeezed my cock so hard that she almost pushed me out.

She became a mass of unintelligible cries and shouts as I slid the dildo in and out of her ass, fucking her ass just as hard as I fucked her cunt.

“Fuck, yes. Fuck back on my cock,” I groaned. “I’m gonna come. Gonna come inside you.”

“Yes, yes,” she chanted through gasping breaths.

Her hands balled into small fists in the sheet. Her cries stopped for only a moment—a calm before the storm—right before she did exactly as I promised she would. She screamed my name—a wild animal lost in the chaos of pleasure I gave her.

I abandoned the toy and held her steady as she lost control.

“Oh, yeah, baby. Milk my cock. Squeeze me. Make me come.”

“Atlas. Atlas,” she cried, yanking me over the edge with her.

I fell forward, wrapping my body around hers, thrusting hard and deep inside, spilling every drop until I had nothing left.

When the ringing abated enough for me to hear only our matching gasping breaths, I collapsed to the side, barely having the strength to reach up and untie her.

I slid free from her pussy when she rolled to face me. Soft hands tugged the condom off my softening cock, sending an aftershock through my over-sensitized body. I expected her to get up, toss it, and leave. Instead, she didn’t even leave the bed. She rolled away before rolling back against my side, sliding in as if she was a puzzle piece I didn’t know I was missing.

The uncomfortable warmth from earlier flooded back—except this time, it wasn’t as uncomfortable as before. It...fit. She fit. And I wanted more.

“I’m here four more days, and I’d like to spend it inside you.”

“I’m more than a pussy,” she reprimanded, dragging her finger over each ridge of my abdomen.

“Don’t worry, I want your ass and mouth, too.”

Her finger froze, and she tipped her head back to glare.

“Fine,” I sighed dramatically. “I guess I should feed you too to keep our energy up.”

Her plush lips pursed together, not satisfied.

“And I guess I’ll also need someone to show me around so I can get the best of the city.”

Her mouth instantly softened into a victorious smile. “Good. How do you feel about ice skating?”

“I like it less than sex,” I grumbled, realizing my future probably held more touristy things rather than burying myself inside her every second I got.

She shifted to her elbow, her full breasts swaying before pressing against my chest. “Maybe if you’re good, I’ll let you feel me up if you catch me when I fall.”

She delivered a teasing flick of her tongue against my lip. Before she could pull away, I shoved my hand in her hair, holding her in place so I could deliver a taunting bite in return.

“Maybe if you’re good, I’ll find a quiet corner to eat your pussy. And if you’re really good, I’ll even let you come. Or maybe I’ll have to get you back for when you left me hard as a fucking rock.”

“Asshole,” she scoffed.

But her eyes blazed with fire, and I knew then, this wouldn’t be my last trip to Cincinnati. Not as long as Amara was here waiting for me.

Rolling her over, I pinned her hands to the bed and stared down into her dark eyes. She immediately parted her legs and thrust up, sliding her wet heat along my length—and I knew then, with her, I was a goner.

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About the Author

Fiona Cole is a military wife and a stay at home mom with degrees in biology and chemistry. As much as she loved science, she decided to postpone her career to stay at home with her two little girls, and immersed herself in the world of books until finally deciding to write her own.

Fiona loves hearing from her readers, so be sure to follow her on social media.

authorfionacole@gmail.com

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