



SHE WHO WATCHES



ELANORE BAILEY

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Dedication

To those who have encouraged and supported me.

~You know who you are.

Preface

She Who Watches was initially written for the episodic nature of Kindle Vella. If you are unfamiliar with Kindle Vella, chapters are considered episodes, and the preferred word count per episode is between 600 and 3000 words. I found my sweet spot to be between 700 and 1300. I hope you enjoy She Who Watches, an explicit and graphic story. I intended to give this story the right amount of spice, a great plot, and a female main character that you will hopefully come to love. With that said, I hope you enjoy...

Table of Contents

Chapter 1	Light My Fire
Chapter 2	Should I Stay or Should I Go
Chapter 3	Closer
Chapter 4	Killer Queen
Chapter 5	Do Not Disturb
Chapter 6	Friday I'm In Love
Chapter 7	Paradise By The Dashboard Light
Chapter 8	Follow Me Down
Chapter 9	Here's To Us
Chapter 10	Wicked Game
Chapter 11	Every Rose Has Its Thorn
Chapter 12	I Want You to Want Me
Chapter 13	Light My Fire
Chapter 14	Man That You Fear
Chapter 15	I Get Off
Chapter 16	Another Life
Chapter 17	Hands to Myself
Chapter 18	Call Me Little Sunshine
Chapter 19	Whole Lotta Love
Chapter 20	Nothing Else Matters
Chapter 21	Take Me To Church

Chapter 1

Light My Fire

I never thought I would grow up and find a job in the sex industry. This was supposed to be a temporary gig. However, the money is so good that even though I recently graduated with my master's in business, I still have not even attempted to find a job that would utilize my degree. So when Jennifer came to me and told me she was an escort, I was intrigued but not interested. Don't get me wrong, to each their own. She makes good money at it. But I couldn't see myself enjoying sex so much if someone was paying me. That's when I joked that I could get paid to watch people have sex. Little did I know what pull Jennifer had within the business already. The next day I had a phone call from Marilyn asking if I would be interested in trying out my idea.

I remember thinking no one would pay that kind of money for that. Boy, how I was wrong.

Tonight my customers must have a fetish for school girls. Because here I sit in an antique chaise lounge that I call my office space. The woodwork on this chaise has been updated and refinished with silver leaf. The seat cushions and the recamier are upholstered with gorgeous black velvet material and as soft as butter. As the customer requested, I am wearing a long, pleated, plaid skirt with a form-fitting white button-down shirt. My bra is black lace and can be seen through the material, but that was also at the request of my customers this evening. My legs are covered with white thigh-high tights, and I wear plain black Mary Jane shoes. To round out the outfit, my wig this evening is blond pigtails. I look like a modest Brittany Spears from her *Oops I Did it Again* days.

The clients were willing to pay the customary two hundred dollars for the first thirty minutes and the required hundred dollars for every thirty minutes after, in addition to the

hundred-dollar costume fee. And these two must plan on going for a while because they have paid for my services for 4 hours. So tonight, I will earn a thousand dollars just from these two, and since these guys wanted to start early, I could have another client after the four hours are up if Marilyn ends up scheduling one.

I must admit that these two have some self-control because they have been in that bed playing for almost an hour, and there has been no full-on penetration yet. The woman is lying on her back with her head hanging off the bed. Her eyes are focused on me, and I can see the lust and desire in those dark, beautiful eyes. Her man is between her legs, using his tongue to elicit the most sinful moans from her. Once in a while, he comes up for a breath, licking his lips while staring at me. These two like being watched, and they like that I am focused one hundred percent on them.

This couple has allowed, in their contract, for me to touch myself if I so choose. Negotiations on my behalf are done through Marilyn. The couple has been informed that the likelihood of that occurring is small, but I appreciate them allowing me the choice. I have learned over time that this is a challenge for some clients. If I don't touch myself, more than likely, they will be reserving my services again in less than a month to see if they can get me hot enough that I will touch myself.

Don't get me wrong; I get wet as hell watching. I often grab my breasts or cross and uncross my legs, but I prefer to hold off on my pleasure until I am alone. Sometimes It just takes a quick trip to a private location like the bathroom once I have left the clients. Sometimes I head home and wait till I am warm and toasty under my sheets with my favorite personal massager. However, I can tell from the look in both of their eyes that we will be in this room again very soon.

The room we are in this evening is my standard room. This condo is used for services obtained from Veiled Shadows. Jennifer, Marie, and I work from this location, and we each have our dedicated rooms set how we like them. Jennifer and Marie entertain as escorts and are often used as arm candy for

the elite at black-tie events or parties out on the town. They return here, though, when more has been negotiated. I am usually here every night I work unless the client requests another location and pays for the charge that goes along with that.

The woman in front of me is about to shatter. Her breaths are quicker, the muscles in her shoulders are tightening, and her moans are more like a cry that verges between pleasure and pain. Then, without warning, she leans up and grabs her partner by the head, pulling him tighter as she screams in pleasure while grinding on his face roughly. Once she found her release, she lets go of him and lays back down, head hanging off the side of the bed and licking her lips while looking at me. I take my eyes off her face and look at him. He is kneeling. His face glistens with the juices of her orgasm, and his eyes are narrowed as he looks directly at me. He reaches down and grabs himself forcefully, tugging, then he grabs her by the hips and angles her hips up to him. Using the head of his penis, he rubs her pussy several times and slides in, going deep as he can hit. She bows her back and grabs the blankets with he hands.

He is as beautiful as she is, with his tan skin, muscles, and five-o'clock shadow. His eyes never leave mine as he makes her scream in ecstasy. His lips are parted, and his snarl looks primal as he works in and out of her. Typically my clients do not watch me. Usually, I am not the focus of their attention when they are here. My clients are usually here to experience the thrill of being watched in a controlled environment. But this couple is different; their eyes never leave me. She, once in a while, will look away or close her lids in pleasure but not him. His hooded eyes remain on me. I feel like he imagines my body is the one he is ripping apart with each earth-shattering orgasm I witness her having. And I realize I want to be the one splintering to pieces at his hands.

My clients use all of their purchased time. They break occasionally but never stop touching each other, and his eyes stay on me. If it weren't for him being so damn hot, I would have probably thought him creepy. Instead, it turns me on and requires all of my restraint not to touch myself. To obtain the

release I so desperately need. He can probably sense and see my arousal. My breathing is slightly faster than usual, and I am sure my pupils are dilated.

When time is up, they dress, thank me from across the room, and walk out with James. James is one of Marilyn's security details that ensures her girls are treated well. I walk over to the dresser to check my phone that I stash in the top drawer. No messages from Marilyn, so that means no more clients tonight.

I walk into the bathroom to change so I can head home for the evening. But first, I need a release, so after removing my clothes, I quickly work my swollen clit and put myself over the edge in sixty seconds or less. Then, with my eyes closed, I remembered what he looked like staring at me and how he worked the length of his cock with his large hands. Damn him. My clients usually don't haunt me like this.

Chapter 2

Should I Stay or Should I Go

As I walk into my actual apartment, my phone rings. I'm relieved to see Jennifer's name on the screen.

"Are you done for the evening?" I asked. We have done this since she first told me she was an escort. At the end of every evening, she calls or texts me to let me know she is ok.

"Yea, I am done." I figured you would be at the condo, so I went there after I was done with my client, and you were already gone for the evening." Interesting, she didn't have to take on extra duties this evening.

"No, I decided to head home after my couple was done. I want to curl up with a book and a glass of wine." And my vibrator, but Jennifer doesn't have to know about that.

"Why don't you come out with me this evening? It's only 10, we can hit the clubs, and I can have you home before dawn." I paused for a second too long because she must have sensed my hesitation. "I know you don't have anything better to do, and it would be good for you to let off some steam with some random stranger or at least by grinding on some poor pathetic frat boy on the dance floor." My girl knows me too well.

"Fine. Where do you want to go?" I could use a few drinks, and maybe I could get lucky and find that random that I could use to itch this scratch. The time I took for myself earlier let the pressure off, but the tension was still high.

"I will swing by with an Uber and pick you up. Then, we can go to Ecstasy." She had me at Ecstasy. She knows that my favorite club. The dance floor is extra dark, the music is more on the rock side, and the bartenders, bouncers, and staff make sure that the girls there are cared for and safe.

“Sounds good. I need to freshen up. Text me when your close and I will meet you outside.”

Twenty minutes later, a black four-door sedan pulls up to my apartment building, and Jennifer and I are headed to Ecstasy. When we arrive at the club, we pass the line, hug Bruno, and he ushers us into the establishment.

Ecstasy is definitely on the darker side. The building was once a gothic-style church, but the congregation left years ago. The owner then scooped the building up and started working the miracle that is Ecstasy. The stained glass windows were left in place but blacked out from the inside. The hardwood floor was refinished in what appears to be a light grey finish, and the booths that are along the walls are made from pews that once were used by the parishioners. The walls and everything else is black. Random lights of blue and green cut across the floor, and where the altar once was is now the bar.

Jennifer and I make our way to the bar by skirting around the dance floor. I look forward to the eventual bump and grind, but first, I need a few drinks. The dark atmosphere that is Ecstasy calms me. It gets me into a mental state that I like. I forget about what is going on in the world outside this deconsecrated church. Even though the feeling only lasts until the consequences are felt. And those consequences can vary depending on why I choose to escape. The only time I feel this free, with no consequences, is when I am curled up with a good book.

I sit at the bar with Jennifer and watch the dance floor. Watching the crowd move with the music's beat lifts me. It's rhythmic, intoxicating, and electric. The mass of people moves as if they are a synchronized unit though most have no clue whom they are dancing with. A shot of tequila and a long island iced tea later, and I am ready to join the lemmings on the dance floor.

Jennifer grabs my hand and pulls me behind her as we make our way to the center of the excitement. Once she feels we are in a spot that she deems appropriate, she lets go and starts to move. I close my eyes and take in the lyrics and the beat of Dead Man Walking by Jelly Roll. I move my body

from partner to partner. Their hands caress my body as I caress theirs, then move on to the next. My body is already tight from work, and the feeling of sex and desire with so many people nearby reminds me how much I needed that release earlier. Finally, I decided to go to the bathroom and see if I could get five minutes alone. Just the idea of making myself orgasm in this club turns me on.

Not far from where I was dancing, a hand grabbed my wrist and pulled me away from my destination. I am pulled into the hard chest of a man, and he reaches his other hand up and places it under my chin to lift my head. “Hey beautiful, I saw you on the dance floor and had hoped I could get a moment to speak with you.”

It takes me a second to realize who is holding me close. And the second it registers, it is him; my blood begins to heat. “You?” I said as I tried to take a step back. I should probably run, but other thoughts were running through my mind.

“Please don’t run. I don’t want to chase you.” He said as he caressed my cheek. “You know, the whole time I was fucking her, I had imagined you in that bed with me.” My heart rate began to pound as the realization hit me that he recognized me without the wig.

“How did you know that was me?” I couldn’t deny it. One thing I was was a terrible liar. “And why are you here.” Though I knew I should have been scared, freaked out, and worried, and trust me, I was all those things. Part of me was also incredibly turned on, especially when I thought of everything I had watched him do earlier this evening. “And where is your wife?” That woman had to be someone to him; she had been with him less than two hours ago.

“Is that really what you want right now? To know the answers to those questions?” He asked as he pulled me closer and lowered his mouth to my ear. “Or can I help you with something else right now, and we can talk about the details later.”

Chapter 3

Closer

His hand rubbed between my legs as his tongue explored my neck right below my ear. I was looking for a release tonight, be it with someone or with myself, and this sexy, sinfully delicious man was causing my body to experience all kinds of feelings. We moved with the music in the shadows. He held me with one arm to keep me close to him. His other hand played with the waistband of my jeans before slipping between them and my flesh.

I worried that someone might see us for a few seconds, but then one of his fingers slipped into my center. He shuttered as his finger glided back and forth, slick with the evidence of my arousal. I adjusted myself to help guide him to that spot that would cause me to shatter. “Oh fuck.” he growled, “Is this how wet you have been since I left you this evening, beautiful?” He asked as he found my clit and placed just the right amount of pressure on it to make me cry out.

Before any real noise could escape, he covered my mouth with his in an intense kiss. His finger continued to work me, bringing me closer and closer to the edge. As my climax neared, I ground myself in an attempt to make the release come sooner. Then, just as I was about to explode, his hand stilled; he nipped at my earlobe and whispered, “One of these nights, I am going to tear this pussy up just like you watched me do to someone else this evening. But it won’t be tonight. Tonight is just for you.” Then he began to stroke me with a skill I wasn’t sure a man could possess. I wasn’t sure if his fingers brought me over the edge or the promise he had made, but I shattered right there into a thousand tiny shards.

My knees went weak, but he held me up with his hand, still pulling the orgasm from me. Once I was back in my own body, I looked up at his face. His brown eyes were shadowed

and appeared almost black. He wore a feral smile that reminded me of Sylvester the Cat as he realized that Tweety bird was within his grasp.

“That, my love, is just a taste of the things I will do for you,” my stranger said as he removed his hand from my jeans and placed the two fingers that caused my out-of-body experience in his mouth. Now that was even hotter than what happened, and I was ready to go again. But instead, I raised my arms and gripped his shirt at his shoulders. He appeared to savor the flavor, slowly removing his fingers from his mouth and then licking their tips. “Peaches...” he said with a moan, then licked his lips as if to savor every drop he pulled from me.

“I will tell you when it is time for you and me to play again, but I think I may just like having you watch.” He said, then he kissed me deep and hard. I didn’t want him to stop. I didn’t want him to pull away from me. My hands had never left his body but moved up and wrapped around his neck. We kissed for several moments, and then he turned me so my back was against the wall. He slowly pulled away from me, smiled, and headed into the crowd. I stood there, unable to move, barely able to stand, watching him disappear.

I needed to sit, so I headed to the bathroom with an entirely different purpose this time. Once in a stall, I sat on the toilet and breathed for about thirty seconds. Had that just happened? Did I let some client who found me at a club finger-bang me while the DJ played High on Me by Saliva? Though there was a twinge of fear in the back of my mind, I could not get over the fact that he not only rocked my world but shattered it. I pulled out my phone and sent a message to Jennifer. I needed to get out of here.

Me: I am going to send for an Uber. If you want a ride, meet me out front in 10 minutes.

Jennifer: I am good. Found me a cowboy for the evening. I think we may make it to the Rodeo ;)

I knew what that meant. It sounded like Jennifer found herself a friend for the night.

Me: Be safe and text me when you get home.

Jennifer: I will be, and I always do.

I was always happy for Jennifer when she could experience the pleasure of sex on her terms and not as a business agreement. However, I often worried for her. If I were on her side of the trade, I would be less inclined to have fun on my own, but that has not been the case for her.

I ordered my Uber and headed outside to catch my ride. I kept looking at people in the street to see if he was still near. Was he watching me? If so, that would not only be creepy as hell but hot as fuck too. When my phone alerted me that my Uber had arrived, I verified that I had the right vehicle by checking the license plate and shooting Jennifer a quick picture of it. I've never had an issue with an Uber driver, but it was always best to be safe.

Inside the vehicle, I thought of my mystery man. Was this a chance meeting at the club, or had he been following me? I will pray for a chance meeting because I don't know if I can handle the implications of having my own personal stalker. Unfortunately, the run-in at the club kept replaying in my head, and I could not break the loop. Eventually, I caught myself in such a daze that I was getting ready to play with myself in the back of the Uber.

I shook my head and rolled down the window while being grateful that my Uber drive was one of those quiet ones. He kept his eyes on the road and didn't try to initiate a conversation. I had just enough alcohol on board that I would have been talkative, and no matter what, I am sure he didn't want to hear about my evening.

Once home, I lay in my bed thinking of him. I replayed the memories of watching him with that woman. The way she moaned as he satisfied her. The look on his face when he released. The way his muscle moved when he moved. Then I replayed the scene at the club. The feel of his breath against my neck. The way he brought me to the edge stopped and then threw me off of it. How exhilarating it was to shatter with so many people who could have been watching. The way I watch

people. I played with myself doing my best to imagine it was him. Wishing it was him.

I had always wondered why people paid so well for me to sit there and watch them experience their most intimate moments. And within three minutes in a dark corner of a club, I knew why. So when I return to work tomorrow night, I will better appreciate what my clients are paying for.

But what I didn't know was his name.

Chapter 4

Killer Queen

I originally had one set of clients on the books for the night, but when I woke, I had a message from Marilyn telling me that she had added another client. No special costume requests, though, so I could dress as I wished. I choose a pair of black leather pants, a black cami with a loosely knit gray sweater, and a pair of silver flats. When I arrived at the condo, Jennifer was already there, sitting at the kitchen table, having a cup of coffee and reading a book.

She must have been engrossed in the book because she did not look up when I entered the room. “Did you have fun last night?” I asked, breaking her concentration and scaring her enough to cause her to jump.

“Oh, What? Sorry, I didn’t hear you when you came in. I was getting to the good part.” Jennifer said as she raised her eyebrows to emphasize the good part.

“I asked if you had fun last night?” I said, laughing at how ridiculous she looked when she did that.

“Eh. He was fun for a while, but I went home alone. He started to talk about how many kids he wanted and what he wanted in a wife, and I was out.” She rolled her eyes so hard I could have sworn I heard them hit the back of her head. Jennifer and I were alike regarding the plans of husbands and families. Neither of us was in a hurry to settle down, get married, and have kids. I was ok with it never happening at this point in my life, but I was also wise enough to know never to say never. “So, what do you have tonight?”

“I have two sessions. The first is a party of three, and the second is a couple. The party of three has asked to start at 6:30 but for me to enter at 7. So they should end at 9. My couple won’t come until ten and are scheduled until 1 am.”

“That sounds kinky. Do you often get requests like that? Coming in late?” Jennifer was interested now. I could tell because she bookmarked her place and sat the book down in front of her.

“Not normally. But I have had it once in a while. Usually, it is requested by people who need to get things started before I come into play. They fear they may have issues initiating if I am there watching from the beginning. However, this is my first time with them requesting it with a party of three. Usually, when I have more than two clients in a room, normally they don’t have trouble initiating, but it’s fine with me. They are paying for my time either way.” I sat down at the table with a cup of coffee.

I wanted to tell Jennifer about the club last night so badly, but I decided to hold off. He was a client first, making this a little tricky for me. Clients were usually off-limits. That was a personal rule, not one set by Marilyn. Many of her girls return to clients later out of their desire. But I have never done that, and I don’t want to go breaking that rule now. Though I kind of already did last night.

“How about you? What is your evening looking like?” Before I blurted out my thoughts, I needed to get the topic off of me, which was him and had been him since I left here last evening.

“Tonight is a money maker for me. John is my security, so we will be back around 10 am tomorrow.” Money Maker is what Jenn and I started calling her overnights. She was booked with a single person all night, and it was an off-sight overnight. She usually brought home about two grand on a money maker.

“New client or a repeat?” Jennifer had a couple of repeat clients that took her overnights. Some senators, local government officials, and a few business people were just a few.

“Repeat. It’s Mr. Orange tonight.” We never use real names when discussing clients. Even between ourselves. We always use some code name, and Mr. Orange was called this

because when he first started setting time up with Jennifer, he had a terrible habit of obtaining spray tans and always appeared orange in color. She told me that after one of their evenings together, she brought up tanning beds and how she hated when people became too tan because she felt it hid their natural glow and beauty. It worked because there were no more spray tans after that.

“That’s good. You know I worry when you have new ones”, and I did. Jennifer was like a sister as much as she was my friend. And no matter how used to this life, things happen, and we must be careful.

“Don’t worry, you know I will,” Jennifer said as she got up and walked over to me. She kissed me on my head. “You be careful with that menage. You may end up letting loose tonight.”

“Not gonna happen,” I said as I smiled at her. After last night I would be good for a few nights. It will take a good bit to get me strung that tight that I would give in during a session.

“Never say never,” Jennifer called as she left the condo’s kitchen. At that, I laid my head on the table and sat there for a moment. Never say never is also what Jennifer always says when I say I would never get involved with a client.

I remained in the kitchen until it was time to get to work. Usually, I would be waiting for my clients in my room. But tonight, I would enter at a later time. James would tell them upfront to stay off of my chaise. I would hate to interrupt them to make them move off my perch, but I would. Most people were drawn to the bed. It was a metal four-poster bed that was made for kink.

The metal was the color of rubbed oiled bronze, and unlike the four poster beds you read about in fairy tales, this entire bed was made of metal and was strong enough for suspensions and hanging slings at all points. The metal tubes that made up the posts also formed a canopy, creating a grid at the top with attachment points at each intersection. There were also attachment points along the headboard, where the food board

would be, and along the sides of the bed. We ordered it from a company specializing in beds for those who preferred sex on the kinkier side. Marilyn and I decided to get their most extensive and exquisite bed to accommodate all clients. We also used only the crispest white sheets and thin white comforters. The contrast was startling and gorgeous. But it also assured the clients that we were clean because nothing was hidden with white sheets.

So while I waited, I did my best to distract myself from last night's encounter, which was a total failure. There was just something about that man that made me wet, and I couldn't help it. So I stared at the clock on the wall waiting for seven o'clock to come so I could get this evening over with and go home and take care of myself yet again.

Chapter 5

Do Not Disturb

The party of three was underway when I walked into the bedroom. I glanced at the bed momentarily and noticed that one male was lying on the bed stroking himself, his head buried in the vagina of the woman sitting on his face. She was facing away from the door, but I could tell by the movement of her head and the look of pleasure on the man standing before her that she was doing an excellent job sucking his cock. I made it to my chaise and started the session by sitting in the corner of the high side. These three would make it challenging to keep my fingers to myself tonight.

After a while, the trio decided to change positions. The male on the bottom continued to stroke himself slowly and steadily as she raised off his face. She moved down the length of his body before turning, positioning herself on all fours. The male that was fucking her mouth just moments before positioned himself behind her and thrust into her so that I even jerked a little. She released a sound that bordered on the cry of pleasure and pain. She then took that other guy's cock in her mouth and took the entire length of him, and held it there. I was starting to wonder if she could breathe because I was sure he had to be blocking her airway. After a few moments, the guy railing her from behind reached down, grabbed her by the hair, and started to bring her head up before shoving her back down. This time she gaged, and I could see the tears start to slip from the corner of her eyes.

The woman began to work the cock with her mouth. She would switch between sucking and licking. She would tuck the cock under her neck and lick his balls or at least the parts she could reach. I could tell he liked how she was working him because now and then, his body would jerk the way one's body does when it is receiving immense pleasure. Finally, the

male punishing her from behind slowed his assault and reached around, grabbing her breasts and pulling her off the other man's cock and her back against his. Once she was completely against his chest, he dropped one hand and began to work her clit as he continued to sensually stroke her from the side of her breast and down to her abdomen with the tips of his fingers.

She was close to orgasm. I had learned to see the signs over the years, and she was so close. Her pupils were dilated, her respirations increased, and I could see her heart rate was rapid by the pulsing of her jugular vein. I shifted in my seat, waiting patiently for her to find her release. Suddenly I thought back to last night and that earth-shattering orgasm I had at the club. I was brought back to the scene before me when she screamed. I looked to see that man open his mouth and bite down on her neck as if he were Dracula. I was freaked out the first time I saw something like this happen. But I learned that the increase in pain on top of the pleasure would often bring women to a second orgasm; in her case, that was true. Her body began to convulse again, and he covered her mouth when she began to scream.

As soon as she seemed to collect herself, she stood up and turned around. She raised one leg over her partner's shoulder and shoved her pussy into his face. He licked and sucked, and I saw the juices dripping off his chin. Eventually, he tapped her thigh, and she lowered her leg and walked to the bed's headboard. While waiting for her partners to adjust, she reached down and began playing with herself. She was gorgeous, and she knew exactly what she liked because, within seconds, she had herself orgasming again while her partners and I watched. The one male continued to work himself, not moving from his original position, while the other man went to her. She then raised her arms and grabbed the beams across the bed's canopy.

He grabbed and lifted her by the ass, settling her on his cock. Then, as she supported herself from above, he rammed into her again, and it was so hot to see these two together. They had chemistry and knew what the other wanted. Watching the two of them was so sexually intoxicating that I

didn't realize the other man had finally changed positions. That he was now kneeling on the bed, stroking himself. It wasn't until I felt the eyes on me that I realized this and that it was him.

I was surprised and realized I had let that emotion show on my face because he smiled at me and winked as he continued to work his length.

As I watched him play with himself, I reached down, grabbed one of my breasts, and squeezed. I could handle over the clothes because even Mother Theresa would not be able to sit here and watch this man and remain pious. I could tell from the look on his face that he knew that just the mere sight of him caused me to soak my underwear. However, when I felt the surge of pleasure from my hand gliding across my fully covered clit I realized what I was doing and stopped. I quickly crossed my legs and grabbed onto the back of the chaise. I watched him pull on his cock for at least a minute or two before I looked up and into his eyes. He got off on me watching him; that much was true. But what surprised me was that I liked watching him. I sat there imagining how he could torture me with his cock. And how much I truly desired to feel him fill me up.

At some point, the other two must have finished because it wasn't until they walked in front of me to leave that I remembered they were still in the room with us. The moment they were out the door, I was free until 10 pm, and I knew very much how I wanted to spend my time between now and then, but I also knew better than to act on that desire.

“Are you ready to be part of the action and not the witness?” he asked me from the bed.

“Sorry, I have more work to do tonight. Maybe some other time.” It took all restraint I had to say that and not do what my body wanted me to do.

“I think you will find that your next client, the one set to arrive at 10, is already here.” The smile that he had at that moment was borderline psychopathic. This man may be psychopathic if he has arranged all of this.

“Why? Why are you doing this? You were here last night. And again tonight, not to mention the club. Have you been stalking me?” I didn’t want to know the answer, but I had to ask.

“I wasn’t. But that doesn’t mean I am not going to start. Last night and this session, and the club, were all coincidences. But the rest of the evening. That was all because I wanted to ensure I had all the time I needed with you.” How were we having this conversation? He was still hard and occasionally tugging on his length, and I kept catching my eyes drifting down to watch. And he caught me. “Let’s talk about that later. I have this room until this session ends and then again at 10. You can either play along or sit there and watch.”

Chapter 6

Friday, I'm In Love

“What exactly do you mean by play?” I was more than curious. Part of me wanted to play, part of me wanted to do so much more, and yet another part wanted to walk out of this room and leave him lying on the bed alone.

“I think you and I need to get to know each other. So we are going to play a game. We will ask questions of each other. Whoever answers will answer with a truth and a lie. Then the other guesses what the lie is. If we guess wrong, then we get to go again.” I can handle this.

“Well, you have about an hour, so you might as well start.” I saw the surprise in his eyes, and then he realized that this session ended at nine.

“Ok, I will go first then. What is your perfect date?” He had changed positions deciding to lay on his stomach facing me with his head supported on his hands. I never went on dates, so I needed to figure out how to answer the truth part of this. So finally, I decided on something cliché that I would enjoy.

“Well, truth or lie, the first part of the date would have to involve food. After dinner, I want to go to a hockey game or a loud rock concert.” He eyed me for a few minutes thinking through my reply before he called out what he believed to be my lie.

“Hockey game is the lie.” he smiled at me. “I have not known you for 24 hours yet, but I have seen nothing to indicate that you are a sports fan. A woman who would choose to go to a hockey game on a first date would be the kind of woman that would bleed for her team. However, you don't appear that way. Plus, last night, I found you at Ecstasy. And

that is a club known for its metal.” I was impressed with his reasoning, so I just smiled and nodded.

“How very observant of you.” I said in the flattest; I am bored with you, voice I could muster. “tell me how many women you have stalked over the years.” He laughed at that, and I must admit his laughter was amazing.

Once he was finished laughing, he smiled at me and then winked. Next, he started tapping his fingers and mumbling numbers to himself, and finally, he spoke up and said, “zero or one.”

His answer surprised me, but I schooled my face. “zero is the lie.”

“Oh, it would have been the lie before last night, but I have decided to stalk you if necessary. I want your attention, and I want you under me. And once I decide what I want, I get it.” And I had to admit that there is a demented, twisted, sick part of me that was turned on by that confession, and that part of me wanted to play this game.

“What if I don’t want to be under you?” One of these days, maybe, but I decided here and now to make Mr. Twisted work to get what he wants.

“Oh, you know that is exactly what you want. Though it may be true, you may rather be on top. But I know you want me. I felt that between your legs last night. And I would feel that want between your legs again tonight if you allowed me to touch. However, I can understand why you may be afraid to admit it to yourself. But don’t worry. It will happen. I promise you that. And when it does, I will make you feel pleasure like you have never imagined. I will shatter you into a million pieces, then pick you up and do it again.” I didn’t know what to say after that. So I sat there a minute, collecting my thoughts before proceeding with our game.

“Other than being a voyeur, what other kinks make you come.” Oh, he is going there. Guess maybe I should tell him the truth.

“I have never experienced kinks before, to be honest. But you also deserve an answer so you can guess which one I think about trying the most. Praise kink or Impact play.” The truth was that while I have had multiple partners and multiple one-night stands, I have not been with anyone whom I felt like exploring that side of my sexuality with.

“I want to say that I hate hearing that. But I will admit I like the idea of being the one to introduce you to some kink. You look like a woman who would enjoy many kinks if properly introduced, and now I know I need to do that for you. But I will say for you that praise kink is a lie. You are too strong and independent to want or need praise. But I believe you would enjoy me slapping that ass of yours. Slapping it once to bring the blood to the surface, then smooth the sting with a rub until I slap it again, causing you to cry out in pure bliss.” And damn if he wasn’t right. Time to cross my legs again.

“What is your name?” That is something I have yet to learn and probably should know. Then, if he attacks me in a dark alley, I can let the police know who it is. Though I am sure I won’t be stupid enough to walk in a dark alley, and if I were, I probably wouldn’t make it to the police to tell them anything.

“Figured this one was coming. Kiren or Kelly? Which is the lie?” I didn’t feel like either of these was the truth, but if he made the rules, I could only hope he would follow them.

“Kelly is the lie.” I had no idea this was true, but I had to pick something. He would try to trip me up and probably think that I would pick the second name given, so he made sure he gave me the real name first.

“Very good,” Kiren said. The game continued back and forth for some time. I learned that he preferred cats to dogs, which I thought was strange. He also worked as an executive though I never did ask for what. He was unmarried, had no children, and loved to go to the theater to watch movies, including old, re-released movies. Then the buzzer chimed.

“Well, time is up,” I said as I got up and headed for the bathroom that was off from the playroom.

“No, it isn’t. I have you until midnight.” Kiren said as he walked over to where I was standing.

“What do you mean you have me till midnight?”

“I wanted more time with you, Edith, so I booked you until midnight. That was my first stalker action.” Kiren said with a wink.

“Then I guess you do have me till midnight. But that time starts at 10 pm. It is 9, which is when this session was scheduled to end. It looks like I have an hour’s break. I will see you back at 10.” I walked into the bathroom and shut and locked the door behind me. I stood there waiting for him to try and open the door, but he never did.

Chapter 7

Paradise By The Dashboard

Light

Thankfully when Marilyn set this condo up for Jennifer, Marie, and me, she ensured each room used for clients had multiple exits. I left the bathroom through this exit and went to the kitchen to get something to drink. I had a lot to process and needed space to do it. This had to be the strangest situation I have ever been in, and I needed to figure out how I would handle it.

In the kitchen, James is sitting at the table eating a sandwich. He looks up at me when I enter with concern apparent on his face. The boys, as Jennifer and I like to call them, take their job and the safety of us girls seriously. “Everything is fine,” I say as I walk to the fridge and pull out a Coke.

“You sure? You usually don’t use the back exit to your room often.” James says as he sits up straighter and takes the whole of me in.

“Yea, just a twisted client that booked two back-to-back sessions. I don’t think he thought I would leave the room between the 9 and 10 o’clock break.” So I said as I sat down at the table and replayed the last few hours in my head. The sex that he and the other two had in front of me. The game he and I played once the other two clients left and the desire I had for him.

“What do you mean, the twisted client? Do I need to step in?” He went to get up from the seat.

“No. No.” I said as I motioned for him to sit back down. “I don’t think he wants to hurt me, or I would have been out of the room sooner. But he wants more from me than to watch.” I

have always been grateful for James. He was usually assigned to me and was the male version of Jennifer regarding how comfortable I was talking with him.

“What a way to pick a girl up. Have sex with other people in front of her. Maybe he feels that he needs to prove his stamina.” He leaned back in his chair and put his arms behind his head. Relaxing into the conversation. “Guess the real question is, what do you want?”

“I know what I want. But I don’t know if it is the right thing to do.” I put my elbows on the table and rested my head on my hands.

“What do you think he is after? A taste and then on to the next, or do you think we want to stay for the whole meal.” I never really thought of what his true intentions were other than getting his cock between my legs.

“I don’t know. I would say he is just after a taste, but at the same time, I am not so sure of that.” I sat there and chewed on my lip a bit, thinking through what his intentions could be. I could ask at 10.

“And what about you? Do you want a taste and only a taste?” He raised his eyebrow quizzically.

“Ugh, I don’t know. I want a taste. But normally, I don’t taste that which can find me. I am all about the one and done with no chance of a text or a call later. I am afraid if I taste, then that stuff I am not good with might be required.” I was afraid of a relationship though I don’t know why I feel that is what Kiren is after. He never once mentioned anything other than sex. Sex I could handle. Sex I could enjoy. But for some reason, sex was not what I thought this was leading to, and ignoring that gut feeling would be stupid.

“Hell, go for it,” James said, and I looked up with a look of shock on my face. “Seriously. You are young and don’t seem to have fun for yourself. And it’s not like I don’t know what you do in that room every night we are here. Who wouldn’t want to sample some of the products every once in a while?” I continued to stare at him in disbelief that he was being this

blunt. “If you need backup, let me know, and I can tail you; your nights off are also my nights off.”

James didn’t realize it, but he gave me an idea. I could pull something together that would allow me time to figure out what to do.

“I couldn’t ask you to do that on your night off, but I have an idea. How would you like to go to The Regent tonight? I noticed that they were playing the original Top Gun. So if Mr. Twisted wants to get to know me, we are having dinner and a movie.” I said as I smiled, got up, and headed back to the playroom.

“Fine by me. But where are we getting dinner?” James said as he placed his dirty dishes in the dishwasher. Even though a housekeeper came daily at 10 am, we always tried to keep the place on the neater side.

“I have a craving for pancakes. So he will be treating the two of us to Denny’s.” Pancakes were my go-to food group. Usually, at the end of the night, James and John would escort Jennifer and me to Denny’s if we wanted to grab a bite.

“You are going to make Mr. Twisted pay for me as well?” he asked with a tilt of his head.

“Of course. Tonight you and I are a package deal. If he can’t handle that, then maybe he can’t handle me.” Kiren had no idea what he was getting into.

“Can I ask him all those weird questions as a father should? Or would that embarrass you?” James was old enough to be my father; he and John both were.

“Ask all the questions you want. Make him as uncomfortable as possible with the interrogation.” I knew that I was safe no matter what with James. But I also knew that.

“Sounds good, but I am driving. At the end of the night, I will drop him off here, and then I will take you home. He does not need to know where you live. But, if you decide to let him know, then he can find out.” I walked over to James, threw my arms around him, and squeezed him tight.

“Thank you, James. Thank you for just being you.” James patted my head though he didn’t say a word. He knew that saying it was nothing would downgrade my thanks, and he knew sometimes it was that father figure I needed, and over the last few years, he has stepped in as that person on more than one occasion.

Chapter 8

Follow Me Down

I returned to the playroom to find Kiren lying on the bed, still naked. “What were your plans for the next few hours?” I asked as I grabbed his clothes from the shelf and threw them at him.

“Well, we were gonna just sit here and look at each other,” Kiren said as he grabbed his clothes.

“Well, now we are not. Now you are taking James and I to Denny’s for pancakes, and then the three of us are going to The Regent to watch Top Gun.” So I said as I walked to the closet and grabbed a pair of jeans. I stood facing the closet, kicked my silver flats on, removed my leather pants, and started putting the jeans on.

“Are you sure that is what you want to do?” I heard Kiren say from across the room. I could feel his eyes staring at my ass as I undressed.

“Absolutely,” I said as I turned around and smiled at him.

“Can I ask who James is?” He was finally putting his clothes on. At first, I didn’t respond because I was once again enjoying watching his body move.

“My security detail. You wanted to get to know me, so I am allowing that my way. Do you want to use the restroom? I figured you may want to clean up a little?”

“That would be amazing, love,” Kiren said, and I motioned him to the bathroom door.

Fifteen minutes later, Kiren and I walked out of the condo to meet James. I had no clue what I was doing, but I also figured it was worth a shot. Maybe Mr. Twisted wasn’t horrible, and maybe I could have fun.

“So what’s the plan since you hijacked my evening,” Kiren asked as he grabbed my hand on the elevator. It felt natural for his fingers to be entwined with mine.

“Well, James is going to meet us outside. We will go to Denny’s and the movies. I thought I already told you this.” I knew what he was getting at here, but I wanted to make him spell it out.

“I got that. But James, will he spend the whole night with us?”

“Well, seeing as we will not be spending the whole night together, I don’t see how James can spend the night with us. But he is going to dinner and the movies with us.”

“Damn it, Edith, you know what I mean. Will he be sitting at the table eating dinner with us?” I had to laugh because I had aimed to get him riled up, and it worked.

“Yes. Think of James as our escort for the evening. He will go where ever we go. He will sit with us at the table and eat pancakes. He will sit with us at the theater, drop you off once the night ends, and then take me home.” He didn’t seem agitated, but I would know my answer if he became that way.

“Well, I haven’t had a chaperone for a date since I was thirteen. But we all do things we don’t want to get the things we need.” His words surprised me, but before I could ask what he meant regarding things we needed, James was holding the back door to the sedan open.

Throughout dinner and the movie Kiren was the perfect gentleman. Not only was he kind and respectful to me, but he was also that way to James. I could have sworn the two of them swapped numbers while I went to the restroom after they had a lengthy discussion about some sports team that did not interest me.

“Wow, that movie always gets me going,” James said as we left the theater. “You kids, wait here, and I will go get the car and bring it around,” James said as he walked off.

I started to follow him, but Kiren grabbed my wrist and held me back. The minute James was out of view, Kiren had

me against the theater wall, his body pressed close to mine.

“You know, I like Dad, but I want some time with you,” he said as he raised his hand and placed his palm against my cheek. “I don’t think Dad will let me know where you live, so when do I get to see you again?” His breath was hot against my ear, and his thigh was pressed tightly between my legs. He was teasing me with the friction the movement of his leg caused.

“Maybe I should have you set up another personal session.” He laughed softly in my ear and nipped my ear lobe. Although, if James didn’t get the car around here soon, he would find out where I live tonight. I had some willpower, but this was asking too much.

“If I must, I will book every night for a week to have you to myself.” Then he slowly licked the sensitive skin below my ear. My legs began to feel like rubber, and I heard the honk. With a groan, Kiren stepped back from me.

“That must be James,” I said, just a little breathy and still stuck to the wall. I must admit I was disappointed that James had shown up already. I liked the feelings that Kiren caused, but I didn’t like not knowing what to do.

“Dad has impeccable timing,” Kiren said as he grabbed my hand and walked toward the sedan. He opened the back door like a perfect gentleman and helped me into the car before getting in himself.

“Any change in plans,” James asked once we were in the car and moving. I knew what he was asking. Kiren had me against the wall. He knew that we had a fantastic night. Hell, he was probably ready to take Kiren home himself. But I was not ready to jump in yet. If this were just about sex, I would say let’s go for it. But it did not feel like it was about sex. So I felt we needed to do a little more to get to know each other.

“No change in plans.” I held my hand out to Kiren, who looked utterly devastated. “Give me your phone.” He looked at me for a few seconds, pulled his phone out of his pocket, and handed it over. Thankfully it was an iPhone. That meant I knew how to use it and confirmed that we were a little more

compatible. I took the phone and texted myself to have the number, then programmed my name.

When James arrived at the condo, Kiren leaned in and gave me a chaste kiss. “Text me when you get home. I want to ensure Dad doesn’t do bad things to you.”

“Shut it,” James said from the driver’s seat, “or the next time I see you, I’ll mess up that pretty little face.”

“I think Dad likes me,” Kiren said. Then he closed the door to the car and tapped the window right before we took off. I sat back in the seat with my head back, replaying events throughout the night. The feelings that Kiren elicited in my body. I continue to think about what I have seen him do and what I want him to do to me.

“So what are you going to do, Edith?” I could see James’ eyes in the rearview as he looked back at me.

“What do you think? Is this one a keeper, or do I throw him back?” James loved the outdoors, and I thought he’d appreciate the fishing reference.

“Oh, I think he’s a keeper. He wants more from you than sex, so you must be ready for that.” I groaned and closed my eyes. That was the problem. I would have sworn that I would not want to have a relationship yesterday. But now I wonder what a relationship would be like, or at least a relationship with Kiren.

And if I did try this out, how could a relationship work with my job? I was not yet ready to give that up.

Chapter 9

Here's To Us

My phone had been silent all evening, so once I got home, I looked at it and saw that I already had three missed texts from Kiren.

Kiren: Do you miss me yet?

Kiren: We should go out and spend some time together without Dad.

Kiren: Do you think you can sneak out of the house tonight?

I smiled to myself, then set the phone on the counter. Once I was finished getting ready for the evening, I grabbed my phone and went to lie on my couch with my fuzzy blanket, a hot cup of tea, and a book. I viewed the texts from Kiren over and over again before I decided to reply.

Me: Not tonight. But tomorrow I am free. What are you thinking?

I sat there staring at the phone, waiting for the bubble to show that he was typing. Finally, after a minute, I realized what I was doing, sat my phone down, picked up my book, and started reading. I didn't need this uncertainty in my life. I didn't want to wait around a phone and wonder if he would text me back.

When my text tone finally went off, I dropped the book and grabbed the phone.

Kiren: No, Dad?

I laughed and thought he'd shit if I said I would bring James again.

Me: No, Dad. Just the two of us. What are you thinking?

I was curious about what he would come up with for our night out. Denny's and a movie were not my dream date, but it turned out well for a quick decision. What I wanted to explore most was those last few minutes outside the movie theater. I wanted to feel his hands on me, the noises he would make when I finally had my way with him. One perk about my job was viewing all kinds of things and seeing how people reacted to them.

Kiren: How about I give you a dress code? You follow it. And leave the rest up to me.

Me: A dress code? Do I appear to be the type of person that takes orders blindly?

Kiren: I want you in a short dress, preferably black. No heels. And I want your hair up.

I was picking out my outfit in my mind as I was reading the text. I liked where this was going, but I still needed to figure out exactly where that was.

Kiren: One more thing...

Me: What is that?

Kiren: Make sure you leave your panties at home. I don't want anything getting in my way.

That last text lit a fire I loved but hated to feel, but I would not give in that easily.

Me: We will see. Where shall I meet you?

Kiren: Oh no, that won't work. I'll be picking you up, so I will need an address.

Me: What time?

Kiren: 5 pm

Me: I will text you my address at 4 pm. Good night

I then placed my phone in focus mode and returned to reading my book.

The next afternoon I took my time getting ready. The black dress I chose had a tight bodice that was low cut with a shear

fabric covering the rest of my chest's exposed flesh. One thing Kiren would learn about me was that heels were not a choice most of the time. Flats were my thing, so demanding that I wear flats did nothing but make me happy. I chose black ballet flats with a sheer black ribbon that wrapped up my calf before I tied the ribbon into a bow.

I piled my hair into a messy bun that only took thirty minutes to perfect. My makeup was light, and my jewelry was simple. I had a silver cuff bracelet and a pair of silver stud earrings. As for the other request, I ignored it. The black lace panties I wore were not much, but they were on me. It was a little presumptuous that he thought he would find out if I were wearing underwear, but at the same time, I hoped he did.

I had texted him my address at 4, just as promised. At 5 pm, I grabbed a light black cardigan on the way out of my apartment. I was supposed to meet Kiren out front of my building. When I walked out of the building, I was surprised to find Kiren standing next to another man wearing a black suit, holding the back door to a black limo.

As soon as he saw me, his eyes lit up and appraised me, and a big smile crossed his face. He liked what he saw. I also enjoyed the view from where I was standing. This beautiful man wore a well-fitted suit with a thin black tie. He didn't shave, and the scruff on his face added to the sex appeal.

As I neared, he held out his hand, and I placed mine in his. He raised my hand to his lips and kissed me gently, never taking his eyes off me. "You are gorgeous," he said, motioning me into the limo. "It will take all of my willpower to control myself."

His words made me blush, but I wasn't ready to tell him I would give in to him yet. "Careful, or I'll have Daddy come chaperone us," I said as I positioned myself next to the opposite door, adjusting my skirt to cover my thighs.

"That's fine. You know I don't mind if others watch." He said as he sat next to me. "Did you follow all of the directions?" He asked as he placed his hand on my thigh.

I gently placed my hand on his stopping his progress of moving my skirt up to see if I had left a particular article of clothing at home. “Nope, I decided not to follow that directive. If you were well-behaved, they could be easily removed later.” At first, he looked hurt, but then his eyes lit with mischief. I could almost hear him mentally saying challenge accepted.

“You do not like to submit much, do you? Have trouble taking orders?” He looked at me intently, like my answer would illuminate who I was.

I thought about the answer. I always followed orders well but hated being told what to do. “Depends on why the orders are given. If the orders make sense and are given for a reason, like work or an assignment, I have no issue following them. But if the orders are ridiculous or just to be given, like telling someone not to wear underwear, then yes, I have an issue with following them.” I knew he wouldn’t like what I said, but I also knew that I was not the one if he wanted a meek, submissive woman. “So, where are we going tonight?”

“Let’s just say it’s dinner and entertainment.” The smirk he gave me let me know I was in for one hell of a night.

Chapter 10

Wicked Games

“So seriously, what will we be doing for dinner?” I was starving, but I didn’t want to tell him that. I was so nervous about the date that I forgot to eat anything significant.

“I have reservations for us at Table 2. I figured after pancakes and sausage at Denny’s last night, it was safe to assume you are a carnivore.” Table 2 was the premier restaurant in the city. They served just 20 couples a night, and word on the street was that reservations were made a year in advance. Not to mention that the cost was about \$500 a person. The menu was either meat or vegan, and the chef never told you what the menu was. My shock must have been apparent because Kiren laughed. “I have connections. I am more than just a beautiful body and a madman in bed.”

“I don’t know if I would call you a madman. I mean, I have seen you in action.” I couldn’t help the sarcasm. I figured I would pay for that comment but I couldn’t help myself.

“Oh, you don’t know? I feel like you’re playing me. But don’t worry. Soon enough, you will call me all things, and madman will be one of them.” His voice was low and sultry. He leaned close to me, his lips near my ear. His warm breath caused chills to run through my body. I straightened my spine and crossed my legs tightly, ignoring the feelings.

The limo pulled up to Table 2, and the driver opened the door for Kiren and me. We walked into the restaurant and were immediately greeted by the host. “Mr. Black, It’s so nice to see you again. Would you like to have your normal table?”

“Yes, thank you, Alfred. That would be perfect. Please meet my friend Edith, and she is joining me tonight. I notified Chef she would be coming with me to ensure he had enough.”

Kiren said as he placed his hand on the small of my back and guided me through the restaurant behind Alfred.

“Yes, Chef did inform us that you were bringing a friend. It is very nice to meet you, Edith,” Alfred said as he pulled my chair out for me to sit at a table tucked into the corner. I smiled and sat, not knowing what to do. This interaction threw me. The pieces of a puzzle I was attempting to put together in my mind. Who was Kiren? How did he have enough sway to get us reservations at Table 2 on such short notice?

Lost in my thoughts, I missed the conversation between Alfred and Kiren. Once I was finally paying attention, Kiren squeezed Alfred’s shoulder before sitting down at the table with me.

“Have you ever had dinner here?” he asked as he took the bottle of wine from the ice bucket and began to pour our glasses.

“Ah, no. I would never have been able to get reservations at a restaurant like this.” I gestured to the room. Like the name, every table had just enough space for two people. The restaurant felt like a replica of a speakeasy from the 1920s, with metal, wood, and leather being the primary textures throughout the space.

“Well, tonight, you are to be spoiled.” He reached across the table and took my hands in his.

“If you say so,” I said, looking up at the waiter who came to our table to place the first course.

Dinner was delicious, as one would hope for the cost of the meal. Kiren was easy to talk to, and I enjoyed our discussions. We discussed books, music, and even some TV programs we enjoyed.

“So you know what I do for a living. What is it that you do?” I was curious about how he could afford this meal.

“Let’s not talk about me right now. We are here to have a great time?” Interesting. He does not want to talk about himself. Maybe he is in the witness protection program, or he places people in the program.

“So you’re in the mob or are part of the cartel?” I hoped he would ease my concern about those two.

“Absolutely nothing as nefarious as that,” he laughed. “So, are you ready for the rest of the evening?”

“I had to ask about the mob. You never know these days.” I smiled, still worried about what the answer may be. “What will we be doing for the rest of the evening?”

“That is still very much a secret. But before we move forward, I need to ensure you are ok with a few things.” Holding my hand, he used his thumb to rub little circles into my flesh.

“Ok, what do you need to ensure is ok?” I didn’t know why he was secretive about his job and the evening.

“Well, I know what you do for a living, but are you... reserved, outside of the office?” I couldn’t understand what exactly he was asking.

“Are you referring to sex? Do you expect me to have sex with you this evening, Kiren?” I was not opposed to it, but I thought it was pretty forward for him to assume it would occur. “You do realize that this is technically the first date?”

“No, I am not expecting it, though I have to be honest, I am not against the idea. Tell me if you are up for it at any time, and we can scratch whatever itch you may have.” He bit his lip for just a moment before a smirk appeared. I was up for it but needed to hold out and make him work harder. “But I am asking, are you comfortable around sex outside work? Of course, I want to take you somewhere, but sex-like acts will occur with others.”

“Oh, I am comfortable around it, even out of work. But I can’t imagine what that would do with our date.” What would he do, take me to a strip club on our first date? He seems open, but I didn’t figure he would think that would be first-date material because I didn’t think that was first-date material.

“You will see. I hope to broaden your horizons. And maybe I can get you all hot and bothered that you need me to help you out.”

Oh, he is determined to get me into bed tonight. So I had to decide whether to give in to my desire or make us both wait a little longer.

Chapter 11

Every Rose Has Its Thorn

We pulled up to what I could only describe as a mansion in the middle of nowhere. The driveway up to the house was lined with trees, and once we arrived, there was a valet to take the car. I still had not figured out what Kiren did for a living, but I was starting to worry that I may not like it when I did learn.

“What is this place?” The grounds were immaculate. The house looked like one I had only ever seen in movies and magazines. It resembled one of those plantation homes with multiple floors and a large front porch with columns. Ferns were hanging at intervals between the pillars, and fairy lights gave the place a whimsical look.

“This, my friend, is a playroom for us tonight.” So we walked up the two steps to the house, and the door was opened by a man in actual butlers attire.

“Are we in Gotham? Is this Bruce Wayne’s mansion?” I asked as I leaned closer to Kiren’s ear. He chuckled and smiled at me.

“Oh, you have never seen anything like this in a Batman movie, that is for sure.” He led me through the door and into the entryway, which made me immediately think of the grand staircase in the titanic. The butler who opened the door took our coats, and another man who appeared to be a house staff member approached us.

“Good evening, sir. How would you like to proceed this evening?” Kiren looked at him and smiled.

“My friend with me is new to our events. So let’s start her off slowly and begin on the lower levels, and we can approach

the upper levels if we find it is needed.” The gentleman nodded and motioned toward a door on our right.

“Please enjoy your evening, sir. And as always, please let us know whenever you require assistance.”

“What are we going to do here?” I asked as we headed toward the door on the right.

“We are going to enjoy ourselves. But at any time you want to leave, let me know, and we will leave. I only ask that you keep an open mind.” And with that, we walked through the doors.

I first noticed that we entered what appeared to be a long corridor. It had to be close to the length of a football field. People were milling about the corridor. I then noticed that some people were looking at the walls or maybe pictures on the walls. Then I realized that all of the walls were glass. The ones closest to me were opaque. “What is this?” I walked up to the glass wall on my right.

“This is Petals. It is a safe space for people to explore their sexuality. A club of sorts. You can learn, try or watch anything you can imagine here.” He walked to the nearest glass wall and appeared to hit a button next to the glass. Almost instantly, the opaque glass was transparent, and I could see what was happening on the other side.

There was a bed in the middle of the room, and a couple was obviously in the process of being intimate. The couple was covered with sheets, though, and only a little could be seen. “This is the viewing area. Before being placed into an assigned room for the evening, you must let management know what you plan to do. The more vanilla acts are placed at the beginning, and those considered more extreme are towards the back. Its management’s way of saying viewers discretion is advised.” He again hit the button, and the glass once again fogged.

“You brought me to a sex club for a date?” I should have felt insulted, mistreated, or something that wasn’t good. But instead, I felt intrigued and curious to see and learn more about this club.

“Well, I figured if any woman I may have ever dated, you would appreciate it the most,” I smirked and tilted my head to look at him.

“Dated? Who says we are dating?” “I did not know how I felt about that declaration. Dating someone meant a commitment, and I was unsure if that was something I wanted.

“Well, I figured we made it to third base; that had to mean something.” He reached down and grabbed my hand, and pulled me close. My body was flush against his, and his lips were nearing mine. I had to tilt my head to see his face, and I was sure he would kiss me. But, instead, he nipped at my bottom lip before pulling away laughing. “We can talk about all of that later. There is still so much more to show you.”

Kiren guided me down the corridor past two more windows; we were now in the center of the corridor. The glass to the right was already transparent, and I could see a man in the room staring at a woman that he was in the process of tying to a large tripod that was extended in the center of the room. The woman wore no clothes. The ropes currently crossed across her chest. One foot was suspended, and another on the floor. Her hands were tied behind her back. Though the scene in front of me was not something I was familiar with, the work's beauty and intricacy was hot. Her pink nipples were hard and could be easily seen since the rope work accentuated her voluptuous tits.

The man stared at the woman while holding more rope in his hand. It appeared that he was admiring his handy work. Then, he moved through the room, looking at her from different angles, before taking the rope and returning to work.

“What is this?” I asked as I walked closer to the wall to understand better what the man was doing.

“He is a rigger. Someone that likes tying people up with intricate knots.” Kiren said as he approached me and placed his hand on my lower back. “Do you see the beauty in what he is doing?” He whispered the sentence close to my ear, his nose lightly touched my neck, and I could feel my core begin to heat.

“Yes, I do see the beauty. But is there pleasure in this for her?” I had seen a lot of things in my room back at the condo but never this. I had clients who used rope, but it was always for positioning or restraints and involved sex at some point.

“I have been told by the women who give themselves to a rigger that it is a mix of pleasure and pain. They have so much trust in their partner that giving up all control to someone else is a pleasurable experience.”

“Are you a rigger?” I turned and looked up at Kiren. I was afraid of the answer. I was afraid he would say yes.

“No, ropes are not my thing. I am lucky to tie a square knot.” He said as he brought his hand up to my cheek.

His thumb gently caressed my lips. I wanted to take his thumb into my mouth. But instead, I asked, “Then what is it you like to do?”

“Well, Princess, I thought you would never ask.”

Chapter 12

I Want You to Want Me

I stared at Kiren, waiting for the answer. But he just stared at me like he was assessing me. “What is it?” I asked, finally too curious not to ask.

“You’re just so beautiful. I am unsure how well you will handle this, and I hope you handle it well. I want you to want me.” His eyes were so sincere; the look he gave me almost melted my heart. I was not doing well staying clear of my pseudo-stalker. In fact, I want to keep getting closer and closer to him.

“Flattery will get you everywhere.” Kiren’s thumb was still on my lips, so I used my tongue to wet my lips and his tongue in the process. Spending just a bit more time than needed on his thumb.

“Well, Princess, are you flirting with me?” He leaned down with his lips so close to mine. I focused on his lips, how gentle they looked, how good they would taste, and then I leaned up and kissed him. It took only a nanosecond for Kiren to embrace me and pull me tighter. Our tongues explored each other’s mouths, and our teeth nipped on the lips of the other. I felt Kiren’s erection begin to harden, making me feel more powerful. I reached up, held his head to me, and ground into him, so he knew I was aware of what was hardening between us.

It was Kiren who pulled away. “Now, Princess, we have much more to explore and learn. Then you can explore me all you want.” Then he grabbed my hand, and we started to walk down the hall.

At the end of the hall, a few people were watching the activities in the room nearby. One couple openly fondled each other as they watched what was happening behind the glass. Another woman was nearby, but she seemed busy watching and rubbing herself. Once we were near, I could see what everyone was watching.

The scene was something that I would watch when I had multiples at the condo. Five people were enjoying each other's company on a couch in the center of the room. There were three females and two males. Not only were the actions that these five were taking core clenching to watch it was like watching a live masterpiece being created.

At one end of the couch, a female crouched over the head of a female lying down on the couch. The one lying down on the couch had one of the men between her legs pounding into her. The other female was standing in front of that male with one of her legs resting on his shoulder while he licked and pleased her clit. The last male was back at the woman squatting over the other woman. He was getting his dick sucked in what appeared to be a well-received manner.

Just watching this brought me pleasure, like when I was at work. The only difference was that I was not at work, so there was nothing except myself to hold me back. I was too early in the evening to be burning with need this bad. So I began to softly caress Kiren's hand with my thumb though I did not realize I was doing this at first. I only realized when Kiren looked at me, and the hunger in his eyes was greater than any I have ever seen in a man or a woman. And I knew that hunger was for me.

"Is this what interests you?" I asked while holding eye contact. I needed to know if this was a game or something more. I needed to know if I was going to get hurt.

"To be honest, Princess, many things here interest me. But nothing here interests me as much as you." His lips were on me in an instant. Claiming, demanding that I give him the attention he so desperately wanted. It was then that I let go. I didn't care where, but we needed to go somewhere. I was a good girl long enough, and I needed him desperately.

I pulled back slightly, just far enough to whisper, “Where can we go?” Kiren won, and he knew this place. He would find us a place to go.

“I have a spot for us. But we need to finish the tour first.” At this point, he kissed me along my neck, and I was near combustion. I knew that I had always intended to give in to this man. I knew it from the first night I watched him from my chaise. I would allow him total control, and I wanted to do that right now.

“So what’s next on our tour then?” I asked as I pulled away if we had to finish the tour before I could be alone with him and then finish the tour we would.

“The second floor,” Kiren said as he directed me toward the stairs at the end of the corridor. These stairs were not as grand as the ones in the entrance but were beautiful in their own right. They appeared to be black wrought iron and spiraled to the second floor.

The second-floor corridor was a bit brighter than the first floor and I noticed immediately that the walls were not glass. “What happens up here?”

“This is where our private sessions occur and classes are held. The rooms up here are all occupied tonight, or I would show you one, but each room is large enough to hold a king-size bed, a large couch, and a minibar and still allow for some open space for activities.”

“Private sessions? Classes? I thought this was a club, not an academy.” I asked as we walked down the corridor. One thing I noticed more in this corridor than in the last was what appeared to be security guards. “Are those security guards?” They were all dressed in black suits and resembled the cast of *Men in Black*.

“Yes, those are our paid security detail. You see, not everyone is always honest with who they are, and though we have a zero-tolerance non-consent policy, we run into troublemakers occasionally. These guys essentially take out the trash.” I nodded in agreement and could see how security

would be needed. Hell, Jennifer and I have our security detail back at the condo, so I know how needed they are.

“The classes, though, are a group activity if someone is interested in a certain kink, and the private lessons are something someone can purchase outside of the group to work on or improve their knowledge and skill with the kink. This side of the house is based on learning, exploring, and experimenting with sexuality. The other side of the house is for those who know what they want, and we can explore it some other time. I hope”

We were at the other end of the corridor, and I could see the grand staircase. This floor did not have a barrier between the staircase and the corridor like the floor below. We left the corridor, and I thought we would be going back down the stairs, but instead, Kiren headed for a door at the top of the stairs. “My suite,” he said as he opened the door and motioned for me to enter.

Chapter 13

Light My Fire

It took a few moments for his words to make sense to me. Then, I quickly turned around and looked at Kiren. “Your suite?”

“Yes, Princess, my suite. Does it meet your approval?” Kiren walked into the sitting area and over to a kitchenette to the room’s right. In shock, I stood where he had left me and looked around the room. The space that I could see was massive and all open. There was a sitting area with a plush brown soft leather couch and matching recliner. To the right of the sitting area was the kitchenette that Kiren was now in, which had a small dining table, a full-size fridge, and a stove with a double oven.

“As in, you own it? Or as in, you have rented it?” I asked, still trying to process what I was seeing.

“As in, I own it.” He brought the drink back and motioned me to follow him to the couch and have a seat. Still, in awe at what I was hearing and everything I had seen, I blindly followed him and had a seat. I took one drink and set the glass on the beautiful live-edge wood coffee table.

“Kiren, I need you to start from the beginning and explain what we are doing here.” I wanted answers and so much more.

“Well,” he said as he placed his hand on my thigh at the hem of my dress. “We are here because I find you irresistible.” His hand moved slowly up my thigh, taking my dress with it.

“We are here because I have not been able to get you out of my head since that first night you watched me fuck Isabel in front of you.” he leaned in toward my ear, his hand creeping closer and closer to the moisture that I knew was present.

“We are here because I have never tasted anything as sweet as you later that night in the club.” He nipped at my ear lobe and applied gentle kisses to my neck.

“We are here because I want you to scream my name when I cause you to come harder than anyone has ever made you come before. We are here because I will worship every inch of your body until you forget the name of every man you had before me.” So many logical things that should have been asked went through my head. But I didn’t give a shit at this point. I needed him; I wanted him.

I reached up, wrapped my arms around his neck, touched his lips, and kissed him deeply. After a moment, I broke the kiss just long enough to stand and straddle his lap. I wanted to feel his body close to mine, and sitting next to him on the couch was not allowing me the closeness I needed.

Once on his lap, he pulled me to him and went for my neck. Lightly kissing the space behind my ear, training kisses towards my collarbone, and occasionally biting my neck just hard enough that the pain-pleasure threshold was met.

“Not here,” Kiren said as he suddenly stood, lifting me with him, and carried me across the room. I didn’t know where we were headed, and I didn’t care. The only thing that mattered to me was this man and this moment.

The next thing I knew, I was lying on a soft bed with this beautiful man above me. Kiren was looking down at me, smiling. His lips were swollen from the assault they had been doing to me. I feel this is right, that us right now, right here, makes everything right in the world.

“I am not sure about this,” Kiren said as he dipped his head and nipped at my bottom lip before kissing me again.

“Not sure about what?” I managed to get out between kisses and the moans that his hands elicited from my body.

“I am not sure that you and I should do this.” Though he spoke those words, he didn’t stop. Instead, his head moved lower toward my breast as he grabbed on with one of his

hands, the other he took into his mouth and bit through the fabric of my dress.

“I think it’s a little too late for that,” I replied as I reached and ran my fingers through his hair, holding his head close to my body. I didn’t want him to move away from me. I felt that his absence would cause a chill I may never recover from. I had never felt like this with anyone I had ever been with, let alone a stranger that walked into my life less than 48 hours prior.

I could feel his erection digging into me. I reached between us and made quick work of unfastening his pants. Once I freed his cock I grabbed it with just enough pressure that he moaned against my mouth.

“Oh god, Edith” His voice was so full of need that it made me want to see what other sounds I may cause him to make. None of this was right, yet it all felt so damn good.

I wanted to feel his body against mine. So I reached up with both hands and started to unbutton his shirt. But before I could finish, he grabbed my wrists and brought them above my head. Then, using one hand, he pinned my arms above my head.

His other hand moved to my neck. He wrapped his hand around my neck, placing just the slightest pressure. I was surprised by how much this one action turned me on. I raised my hips to meet him and tried to get some friction where I needed it the most. “Good girl, now try to remain still as I take what I want.”

I then felt his hand slip between my legs. The barely there lace underwear I wore this evening was soaked from how wet I was. Kiren moved the thin fabric to the side and slowly teased my entrance. I again raised my hips. “No, no, princess. Remain still until I say you can move.” He placed just the right amount of pressure on my clit with his movement that I about came undone right then.

“Good girl,” he growled. Suddenly his touch was gone, but I could hear fabric wrestling.

“Are you ready?” He asked as I felt the slightest pressure at my entrance. I wrapped my legs around his back, allowing me the ability to push myself into him just enough. “Oh fuck” he said as he finally let go of my wrist and thrust all the way into me.

“You didn’t remain still.” He was fully seated in me at this point but not moving. No thrusting or teasing. Just a sense of fullness and the desire to move my hips.

“I’m tired of listening., I said as I took the opportunity to push him over and position myself on top of him.

Chapter 14

Man That You Fear

Now that I had control of the situation, I decided to take what I could get. I started to grind slowly but quickly found that I needed more. I leaned toward Kiren, placing my hands on his chest, which allowed me a different angle. I knew I would not last long at this rate, but I didn't care. I wanted to be greedy, I would take what I could get, and then we could work on his needs.

“Fuck” As I growled, Kiren grabbed me by the hips and began to pound into me. It took seconds for the orgasm to grip me. I felt the pleasant tingle begin at my toes and rip through me as I shattered.

Before I could settle from the first orgasm, the second one snuck up on me. Then suddenly, Kiren let out a groan. “Fuck me, Princess,” he said as his orgasm took hold.

At this point, I couldn't even think straight, let alone hold my head up. I laid my head on Kiren's chest, allowing myself to settle back into reality. I didn't remove myself from Kiren, and he didn't seem to be in a hurry for me to move either. Instead, he gently caressed my arm, allowing me the time I needed to pull myself together.

“Why?” I said after a few moments, and I was sure I could speak. “Why do you call me Princess?” I wondered about this since I realized he had often used this endearment.

“Because I want you to know what you are to me. I want you to know though crazy it may sound, that I plan to spend the rest of my life ensuring that you are pampered and pleased like the princess you are. I know that you think this may be a little crazy, and I understand that it is. However, when I take over Marilyn's operations, you can continue to work if you want, but only if you come home to me.”

It took a few moments for what he said to hit me. “What do you mean take over Marilyn’s operations?” I said as I jumped off of him and sat on the bed.

“I am buying Marilyn out. Well, at least the company I own is. She came to us weeks ago.” Was he serious? He had to be; why would he lie? I felt like my heart would beat out of my chest.” Did she not tell you that she was looking to sell?”

“Wait, the company you own, what company? And no, she has never mentioned it.” Shit, what the hell was going on. I jumped up from the bed and looked down at Kiren. I knew it was a power move but didn’t know what else to do. “So what is this? A tasting? Checking out the products before you buy?” My heart rate and breathing increased as I realized I had been used.

“No, no. Nothing like that” Kiren was out of the bed, now pacing in front of me, naked. “Well, the first time I ended up in your room was a test. I was trying to see what this service was and how it would fit in the grand scheme. But you were there, and I couldn’t keep my eyes off you. You caused something in me to awaken. Then later that night, I was at the club in my office and saw you in your friend walk in. I watched you from my office until I went down and decided to look for you. Then I found you, and I couldn’t keep my hands to myself. I needed you then, and I need you now.” He appeared sincere.

“I don’t know how I feel about this. I need some time to think. I need to process.” I looked at myself in a mirror to ensure my clothes were adjusted correctly and noticed my hair’s mess. I pulled my hair up into a messy bun to leave without looking like I had just had the best sex of my life. But then again, most people would probably walk out looking like that. “I need to leave,” I said as I made my final adjustments. I could see Kiren walking to me in the mirror. I turned to make a stand, but he was already there, and I turned right into him.

“Please, let’s talk. I know this all sounds crazy, weird, and impossible. I am sure you feel like you have been lied to, and I guess in a way you have, but that was never my intention. You were never my intention. This...” he said, motioning to the bed and me, “was never my intention. He grabbed me and

kissed me as if his life depended on it. And in a way, it had because that kiss melted my soul, and with that, my anger also melted.

It was just a kiss, but I could feel the desire building in me again. This pull toward him was there, and I didn't want to let go. I didn't want to be away from him. I realized if I didn't stop this and stop this now, we would end up back in that bed again. I could feel that he was ready as his erection became more pronounced.

"I don't know what it is about you," I said as I pulled away, placing my hands on his shoulders to keep some distance between us.

"Is that a good thing, or should I be concerned?" He lowered his chin to my hands and rubbed his cheek across my hand.

"I need to go. I need to leave and think and figure things out" So I went to step away from him, and he stepped into me and pulled me close.

"But you want to stay" he began to leave a trail of kisses between my collar and jaw. Goose bumps broke out over my body, and I raised my hips to meet him, and he snickered. "I told you that you wanted to stay."

And I did. Boy, I wanted to stay, but I had to figure things out other than sex. I needed to figure out if this connection was enough or if this was it. I needed to figure out what I would do for a living.

I stepped into him, ducked under his arm, and got away. I started to back towards the door, not taking my eyes off him. "Kiren, please get dressed and take me home" I placed my hand on the doorknob of his suite and walked out, shutting the door behind me.

"How am I ever going to survive this," I asked myself as I descended the steps so I could wait for Kiren.

Chapter 15

I Get Off

Once out the door, I realized how beautiful the night indeed was. The moon was full, the sky was clear, and with no city lights around, it looked like all the stars could be seen from here. I could hear the insects, the slightly warm breeze, and the smell of fresh honeysuckle in the air, and it was the perfect setting for so many beautiful things to occur.

“You should check the sky on a night like this in the garden.” I heard Kiren say from behind me. “It’s even more beautiful and relaxing than standing here, in the driveway.”

“Maybe on another night, you know, when I know the real reason I am here and what others are doing to play with my life,” I said as I turned to face Kiren. “So, where are you parked? I am ready to go.”

“Edith, I swear it’s not like whatever you think.” He was gorgeous, bathed in the moonlight, yet I couldn’t trust him.

“Let’s go, Kiren. Once we are in the car, you can explain what it isn’t like, but I feel like I have given you enough tonight.” I gave him a part of me that I don’t usually give. Sex is one thing. I have had my share of one-night stands or friends who were there for sex and sex only. But, Kiren felt different; he made me feel that he was different.

“Ok, we can talk in the car.” Kiren started to walk toward a line of cars, and he walked up to a black SUV and opened the passenger side door for me. Straightening my spine, I walked over to get into the passenger seat. Kiren grabbed my wrist and then pulled me to him. He let go of the door to the SUV and walked me backward until I bumped into the SUV seat.

“You see, Princess, here’s the thing. I don’t want you because of your job, and I don’t want to just fuck with you. I

want to experience everything with you, and the sooner you accept that, the better we will all be.” Kiren put one finger up to my lips to symbolize me being quiet. “Now, I want you to sit back on that seat and do two things for me.” I nodded and sat on the seat sideways. “First, I want you to be very, very quiet” Then I could feel his hand brush against my inner thigh. “Then I want you to spread those legs so I can taste you.”

Kiren squatted between my legs, raising my skirt with his hand. I was so turned on that I could not look at anything but him. I didn't give a damn that we were outside in a vehicle with the door open. The anticipation of knowing what would come soaked me, and I knew he would like that when he found it.

He moved the thin material of my underwear to the side for the second time tonight and used his thumb to apply pressure to my clit. It was already swollen and sore from our earlier antics that just the tiniest bit of pressure caused me to jerk and cry out.

“No, no, no Princess. You have to be quiet.” he moved his thumb away from my clit.

“Please,” I whispered as softly as I could allow, wing him to hear me still.

“Do you promise to behave and follow the rules?” I nodded my head yes.

“Good girl,” he growled as he lowered his head, spread my legs further apart, and buried his face in my vagina. He lapped at me in slow, smooth motions, taking my clit between his front teeth briefly before letting go. I wanted to scream. Instead, I shoved one fist into my mouth and bit down while grabbing his head with my free hand and pushing him further into me, trying to get more pressure on my clit. This experience would not last long, and I felt like this was solely for me and my pleasure.

As I shattered again, Kiren stayed in place and licked up every drop he could get. Finally, satisfied, he stood up and brought his lips close to mine.

“Damn it, Princess. You taste like peaches and me, and there isn’t nothing sexier than that.”

I didn’t say a word as he unbuttoned his pants, positioned himself between my legs, and, without a second’s notice, shoved his cock so far into me I was sure he had to hit something solid on the other end. This was not lovemaking, this was pure and unadulterated fucking, and I loved every second of it.

“You are mine, Edith” He enunciated each word with a push of his cock into me. “I will worship you every day. I will please you every day. I will ensure that you know you are mine every day. And I will make sure that the thought of that pleases you.”

The second I felt his cock quiver with his release, my orgasm took over. He held me to him and pulled out slowly. He then cupped slowly with his hand and looked into my eyes. “Edith, you are mine from this day forward.” He kissed my forehead, helped me correctly position myself in the car seat, and ensured that the seat belt was fastened before walking to the driver’s side.

Most of our drive was in silence, but as we got closer to my apartment. I kept replaying the last few days and situations between Kiren and me and had to laugh. I felt like I am living in the Halestorm song I Get Off. And Izzy Hale is right; nothing is free, so what will my cost be for this relationship? And am I ready to pay for it?

Kiren finally spoke up. “Do you want me to join you in your apartment?”

“We have a lot of things to discuss, Kiren, so yes, if you are open and honest with me, please join me in my apartment.

“That will be my pleasure.”

Chapter 16

Another Life

“So, how do you see this working out, Kiren?” I asked as I locked my apartment door behind me. “You come into my life, stalk me, fuck me, take my job from me. Where are things going between the two of us?” I was tired of fucking around, and I felt like I deserved these answers.

“First, I was not stalking you intentionally. I explained that it may have appeared that way, but that was not the case. Second, yes, I enjoy fucking you, and I plan to do that many, many more times. Third, I am creating an internal list of all the places and things I want to try with you.” Even though my back was to him, I could still feel his eyes boring into my back. And I wondered if he knew just how wet those words made me. “And lastly, no one ever said anything about you losing your job.”

“What do you mean?” I asked as I finally turned to face him.

“I said that you are not losing your job. On the contrary, you’re valuable in the trade, and you have a following that talks and brings in more. So removing you from your position would not be a wise business decision.”

“So explain to me then what it means for Marilyn and you to be in negotiations? What does that do to Jennifer and the other girls and me?”

“That is what I want to discuss. I have ideas. Of course, I have been in the trade for years. But you have also been in the trade from a different perspective, and I found that you had a Master’s in Business, so I thought you could help me.”

“But you don’t know me. You know what I look like, how I taste, and how I fuck, but you don’t know me, so why do you want my opinion?” None of this made sense to me.

“Edith, I told you that you are mine. You are not going anywhere. I don’t need to get to know you. There is something about you that I can not get enough of, but I can understand where this could be strange for you, hells it’s strange for me.” Why did I feel he was telling me I would spend the rest of my life with him? Why did this scare the shit out of me yet make me want to run and jump on him screaming yes?

“Ok, so what do we do? About my job? What are your plans?” Let’s start the conversation at a place I can understand. I walked to my fridge, grabbed a couple of beers, and sat at the kitchen table. I placed one of the beers on the seat across from me, inviting him to sit.

“Well, your program, I think, needs to move away from the condo.”

“Nope, not going to happen. I stay where Jennifer stays.” I said as I crossed my arms, shaking my head.

“Hear me out. You and Jennifer can come to the mansion and work. We can set you up there. We can use the condo to test new services before we decide to make significant investments in them.

“What about James and Jon?” They had been with us for years. I didn’t want to lose them either.

“If you want to keep them, you will, though I am sure Dad will have questions of his own.”

“And Jennifer? Can she do as she has been, or will you need her to do something different?”

“Well, I will let that be up to you and Jennifer. First, we can discuss the options that Petals has, and then we can see where she wants to fit in.” I liked the idea of giving options to Jennifer and not forcing this on her.

“And what about me? Can I continue what I do?”

“Do you want to?”

“Yes, I like my job. I like watching and knowing that they see me watching. There is no greater turn-on than that.” Just thinking of my job turned me on. “I enjoy the sounds, smells,

and looks on the participant's faces." As I was talking, Kiren got up from his seat and walked over to stand before me. "I like being a standard in their most intimate moments. The feelings I get when I hear a female scream her orgasm or the whisper of a man telling her how tight she is. Those are the sounds that wake me up and keep me alive.

"And what do you do, Princess, when the tension becomes too much?" Kiren gently guided me out of my seat to stand before him.

"Well, I let the tension boil and boil inside of me. I watch them and allow my pussy to ache with the need to be touched, but most of the time, I deny myself that touch. I wait until they have each climax and the time is up. Then I see myself to my adjoining bathroom and slip my hand into my pants." I pulled the dress off before him and slipped my hand into my underwear. "I then take one finger and run it along my already-soaked slit." Kiren watched me act out every step as I described it to him. "Then I take that soaked finger and apply just enough pressure to my clit, and then I slowly rub my clit until I decide to return to the warm, wet slit." At this point, I was ready yet again. I wanted him so badly to be inside me.

"But right now, Kiren, I wast something else from you. Can you help me what that?" I had a game in my head I wanted to play, and I needed him to play along.

Chapter 17

Hands to Myself

“I want you to unbutton your shirt for me.” I decided I didn’t want to stand anymore, so I went to the chair I was sitting in and turned it to prop my foot up on the table. By the time I was in place, Kiren had his shirt off. “Now, I want you to remove the clothes from your lower half.”

I moved my underwear to the side to give Kiren a view of what I was doing. He quickly unbuttoned and lowered his pants and boxers, but his eyes never left my hand. “Good,” I said when I saw he was already hard. “Now, stroke yourself until I tell you to stop. But I want you to start at the base and work your way up, making sure you pay attention to the head of your cock as well.” I visibly saw Kiren shiver, so I knew he was enjoying this as much as I was. I watched him work his length briefly before moving my eyes to his. The lust that was in his eyes said it all. I could ask this man to do anything, and it would be done.

When I noticed his gaze drop to my hand, I slipped two fingers in, removed them, and brought them to my lips. I tasted myself, savoring the flavor before returning them to my aching core. “What do you think I should do, Kiren? Do you think I should continue with my job? Or should I give it up? Should I give up the rush, the ache, the pleasure my job provides me?”

Kiren was silent for a beat, though he continued stroking himself as he was told, then walked over to where I sat. He reached down and stood me up, bringing me close to kiss me while his erection played with my stomach and his hands dug into my ass. Then he lifted me, and I wrapped my legs around his waste. “You continue your job under one condition,” he said as he walked me through my apartment.

“What is that?” I asked breathlessly as he laid me on my bed and stood above me.

“That your observation room is built next to our suite, and instead of you going to a bathroom to chase your ache away, you come to me and let me worship you. You let me fuck you, lick you, and worship you until you find the release you need.” This man though I have only known him for mere days, knew what he needed to say to drive me wild.

I jumped up and grabbed him, pulling him to the bed. “Make me scream your name, and you have a deal,” I said as I slid down his body and took his cock into my mouth. I worked him, enjoying the sensation of knowing I caused him to spasm like that each time I felt his cock jerk.

“Edith,” he growled as I felt the orgasm hit him, and I swallowed everything he gave me.

“Wrong name, the wrong person screaming,” I said as I looked down at him and licked my lips.

“Don’t worry, we are not finished yet,” Kiren said as he stroked his still-hard cock. I looked at it, then looked at him with a raised brow. Could he be ready to go again? “Get on your knees.”

I did exactly what he said. As I felt him get closer, I shook my ass a little, then laid my upper body on the bed so I could turn my head and peak at what he was doing. Then I felt his fingers between my legs working my clit, causing the tension and heat to build between my legs. Finally, I felt the head of cock tease my entrance. I wanted him deep inside, and I wanted it now, but he would be a tease. So I waited and timed it right; the next time he came close to entering, I slammed my ass back before he could pull away.

“Fuck Edith” he grabbed my hips and slammed into me again and again. This was our third or fourth session this evening, but damn, I could do this for days.

“I love hearing you say that. I love the way you call out my name in pleasure.”

“It’s you that needs to be screaming, though,” Kiren said as he reached around and began to work my clit. The steady pressure, the mix of slow and fast, and his relentless pounding through me over the edge.

“Kiren, Fuck, I’m coming,” I screamed before I buried my head into the mattress and bit down on the sheets. But he didn’t let up; he kept pounding me until I shattered again, taking Kiren over the edge with me.

“Sleep Princess. We can discuss business tomorrow.” Kiren said as he covered us in blankets and wrapped his arms around me. “Tomorrow morning will be the best morning ever for me.”

“Why is that, Kiren?” I said sheepishly.

“Because tomorrow, I get to wake up next to you.”

Chapter 18

Call Me Little Sunshine

I woke up with the sun coming through my window, feeling the warmth of it on my skin. I could also feel the warmth of Kiren's body next to mine. It was a strange feeling, the comfort I had with this man, not to mention the number of earth-shattering orgasms I had in a single day. A shadow passed and blocked the sun; I opened my eyes to Kiren staring down at me.

"You are gorgeous," he told me as he reached and brushed strands of my hair away from my face.

"You are not so bad yourself." I raised myself and brought my lips to his. Kiren pulled me closer to him and deepened the kiss. His touch made me forget everything else that happened in the world. I wanted to stay in this bed with him and have us explore each other's bodies more than we already had. But I knew that I couldn't. I knew we needed to settle the issue of the condo.

Though it hurt me too, I pulled away and got out of bed. I was completely naked, and Kiren's eyes never left me. I stood before the window, the sun to my back, to see Kiren's face.

"We need to talk."

"Can we talk later? Right now, you look good enough to eat." He started to remove his covers and move toward me.

I put my hand up to stop him. "No, Kiren, we need to talk. We need to figure all this out about my job, Jennifer, the guys, and the condo. And if we continue this path," I said as I gestured to the bed. "Nothing will get done, and I will be useless to you and unable to walk."

“Ok, we will talk. But first, we shower, and then I will take you to dinner tonight after we talk.” I knew where this was going, but I couldn’t help myself from falling for it.

“Ok, shower first. Then we talk the condo, and then we go to dinner.” I turned away from him and headed into my tiny apartment-sized bathroom, knowing he would follow. I turned the water on and let it warm as I gathered everything I needed.

I heard his feet pad softly on the tile floor before I felt him wrap his arms around my waist. The press of his hips into my backside let me know just how ready he was for this shower. I pressed my ass against him and wiggled just a bit. His moan was pure desire, and knowing I did this to him was amazing.

“Remember, you need to be gentle. You have already used me and abused me.” I said as I straightened and went to step into the shower. Kiren stepped in behind me, pulling the shower curtain shut so the floor would not be soaked.

“Now we can’t have you sore. How about you show me where it hurts,” he said as he backed up from me, holding my shoulders so he could look at all of me. In this setting, he was even more handsome with the water rivulets running over his muscles. Like I was compelled to comply with him, I ran my hand across my chest, stomach, and legs.

“How can I make that feel better?” Kiren slid one of his hands between my legs and gently slid his finger along my already aching clit. “Is this what you need?” All I could do was gasp as he placed a little more pressure right where I needed him to. “I know what may make it feel better.” He said as he stepped into me and kissed my neck. “How about you sit on my face and let me lick it until you come on my face?”

Kiren lowered himself into the tub, lifted my leg, and placed it on his shoulder. “Hold on, Princess.” Then he licked my already-soaked slit. This would not take long, and if I learned anything over the last twenty-four hours or so, I never did with him. He licked and sucked and, every once in a while, nipped at my clit. I felt my orgasm building up as he reached up and inserted two fingers in me. It took him only a few moments to find my g-spot and throw me over the edge.

Thank god we were in the shower because I know I soaked his face with that release.

He stood up, and I pulled his lips to mine and kissed him deeply. Right then, I didn't care what the outcome with the condo was as long as I had him worship me as he had been doing.

Chapter 19

Whole Lotta Love

“So, where are we going for dinner to discuss the business arrangement?” I asked Kiren as he drove off from my apartment. After fun in the shower this morning, he left to go home and do whatever he needed.

“Actually, we are going to talk business first,” Kiren said, reaching over and placing his right hand on my knee.

“Where are we going to talk business,” I asked as he slowly moved my skirt up my thigh.

“We are going to go to the Condo. I already called Marilyn and asked her to get Jennifer and your security detail to discuss plans.” At this point, his hand was so close to my pussy that the anticipation had me breathless.

“And what plans are those?” He began to rub my clit through my underwear.

“Fuck me,” I groaned as he continued to work my clit, and I could feel my underwear soaking with how wet I was becoming.

“Oh, Don’t worry. I will do that again later tonight. But first, we must ensure you soak my fingers before we arrive at the Condo. How about you help me? Reach down there and move your underwear out of my way.”

I immediately complied, and the feeling of his fingers against the flesh of my pussy was just as amazing as it was the first time.

“Now, as I continue to rub your clit I want you to use your right hand, and with two fingers, I want you to fuck your pussy for me.” I did as I was told as Kiren continued to apply pressure to my clit. “How does that feel?”

“Amazing,” I whispered as the orgasm already began to build.

“You are amazing, Edith. You are always so fucking wet for me. I think of this pussy all of the time since the moment I saw you. I was hooked once I had my first feel in that club, and I am addicted to the feel and taste of you.” Kiren removed his hand from me, and I was about to cry out and ask him to continue when I took his fingers and placed them in his mouth. “I love the taste of you,” he said as he reached back over and began to work my clit again.

“Are you ready to come, Edith?” he asked, and again I made some noise that I hoped was a sound of affirmation. “Does it get you wet knowing that the guy in the pickup truck next to us can easily look over and see you and me working that beautiful tight pussy?” I had not thought of that until he mentioned it, but it increased my arousal. “Does the knowledge that at any time we could be pulled over, and the officer at my window would be able to smell the sex in this car?” Again I made a sound of agreement.

“Your eyes are closed,” Kiren said, and they were. Instead, I was focusing on the pleasure and the orgasm that was about to occur. “Open your eyes for me, Edith.”

And I did and noticed that we were the first car at a stop light, and people were walking in front of the car and by the car as they were crossing the busy intersection. “Come for me, Edith, come for me, and let these people see how I can make you shatter.”

And I did just that. Not caring who saw me or who heard me. My pussy clenched, and I slipped my fingers back in one more time as, for the hundredth time since our first time the night before, I shattered in the front seat of the car and stopped at the intersection downtown in front of all of the pedestrians. And I was not quiet. Thankfully the light had turned green, and Kiren went through the intersection before I could tell if anyone knew exactly what had just occurred.

“Now, use your dirty little mouth to clean off your fingers before we get to the condo.” Without hesitation, I looked over

at him and did just that, slowly liking them clean as he watched as much as he could.

“We may have to skip dinner tonight. I may have to get something served to my suite for you, and I will have to feast on that pussy.” Kiren said as he parked the car in the parking garage for the Condo.

I smiled at him and started to get out of the car. He met me at my door and grabbed my hand to help me. As we walked toward the entrance, I leaned over and whispered in his ear. “Why wait when my playroom is right upstairs.”

Chapter 20

Nothing Else Matters

“Looks like my favorite son has finally arrived,” James said as Kiren, and I walked into the room. “I didn’t think you were one to keep us waiting.”

“Look, Dad, I know you missed me, but you must watch your attitude. You never know when my decision will be what nursing home you will be placed in.” A smile spread across James’s face, and I could tell that these two would be fast friends.

“So what’s the secrecy about?” James asked as he looked at Kiren and me, then the rest of the room, which consisted of Jennifer, John, and Marilyn. Kiren looked at Marilyn and nodded his head. The tension in the room was palpable. My friends knew something was happening, and I wish I had known more to calm their fears.

“No secrecy, just some changes,” Marilyn said. I had never noticed it before, but she looked tired. “I have decided to leave the business.”

The faces of those in the room were of utter despair. Jennifer, John, and James didn’t know Kiren would take over. They only heard that their lively hood was done for.

“Wait, wait,” I said as I stepped forward, pulling Kiren. “You guys are fine. We are all fine. We all have jobs, right Kiren?” That got their attention.

“What is going on?” Jennifer asked. I noticed that she had reached out and grabbed John’s arm. It was subtle, but I saw it and would save that thought for a later day.

I smiled at Jennifer. I didn’t know the answers but knew she would be fine. So I smiled, and I hoped she found it comforting. “Kiren, tell them what is going on.”

“What does Mr. Creepy have to do with this?” James asked, and I smiled at the nickname I had given Kiren just days before.

“Well, Mr. Creepy,” Kiren said, “Is the owner of Petals. A pleasure club of sorts that serves the needs of the wealthiest and most private clients on the east coast. And I want all of you to work for me. As I have acquired Marilyn’s business, I have acquired you as well, and I hope you will stay and work for Edith and me.” I turned and looked at Kiren, obviously shocked by his choice of words.

“Wait. What do you mean?” I couldn’t have heard him right. How would they work for the two of us? Kiren was the owner, and I was his; I don’t know what I was.

“Well, we were going to discuss this over dinner, but I need help running what I will acquire from Marilyn, and I want you to be that person. You have your MBA, you already know the business, and I am sure that Jennifer, John, and Dad won’t have an issue working with you.” So I was honored and excited and scared.

“But what about my part of the condo? My playroom?” I wanted to explore the business and utilize my MBA, but I enjoyed my job as she who watches. So I didn’t want to give that up.

“Oh, you get your playroom. We may bring it to Petals, so you can be a little closer when you are finished for the evening.” And I got hot just thinking of what he was referring to. He wanted to ensure I was near so he could scratch that itch I desperately needed at the end of a session. I smiled at him, my cheeks heating at the thought.

“Ok, kids, don’t make me tell you to find a room,” James said from the corner. “But I think we have more to talk about. What do you see happening with the rest of us?”

“Well, I want to know what you want to do for me. I have many positions that I could fold you into at Petals. If you want to continue what you’re doing, fine, but if you want to explore something else, I am game for that. You will see at Petals that

we realize that there is something for everyone, and if one person likes something, you know others like it as well.”

“I want to be a dom,” Jennifer said quietly. “Can I do that?” I never knew that about Jennifer, but I could see that in her.

“Absolutely. We always have a waiting list for men and women who want to come and scene with a dom. But it takes time and dedication to be a dom, know the boundaries and limits and practice the needed control. So if you want this, we can have you, apprentice, with one of our experienced doms. Do you have any experience?”

“A little but nothing that I would consider placing on an application,” Jennifer said. I caught the glance she gave John, and I questioned that relationship. But, unfortunately, it looks like my friend, and I have to talk later.

“All right. We will discuss your pay later, but it will not be less than you are currently making.” Kiren said as he reached his arm out to Jennifer to shake on the deal.

“How about you, John? Do you want to stay on the security side, or would you like to move to the entertainment side? Although I am not afraid to say it, you are a good-looking man, and the women whom frequent Petals would eat you up.”

John looked at Jennifer as if waiting for her to permit him to speak. And then she nodded. John straightened his back and then went to speak. “I wouldn’t mind continuing to do security if that is what you need. But I am also a pretty good submissive if you need one.” I schooled my face to ensure that the shock did not show on my face. Finally, however, it was James who spoke up.

“Do you two have something to tell us?” James asked, looking at John and Jennifer. The two of them looked at each other, and both started to speak and then stopped.

Finally, I interrupted, “you don’t have to tell us anything you don’t want to. But we are here if you want to talk.”

“Dad, that leaves you,” Kiren said, walking over to James and rubbing his shoulders.

“Oh, Don’t you worry, son? I am not going far. I will stay as security to ensure you care for my girl there.” James said as he smiled at me. And I was glad that James wanted to stay with me. That brought me comfort and peace. Nothing else matters when you know your family is cared for and safe. And the people in this room were not just my friends. They were my family.

Chapter 21

Take Me To Church

Six months later...

“Stop,” I said as I tried to escape Kiren.

“Seriously, Princess. Do you want me to stop” he asked as he continued trying to crawl under my wedding dress.

“Someone is going to hear us.” I know I should be trying to stop him, but I don’t want him to stop. We just said our vows and were ready to leave the bathroom to meet our guests at our wedding reception.

“You’re my wife now. I don’t care if anyone hears. I will consummate our marriage now, and then we can head to the reception.” I knew I was already soaked for him. I also knew I didn’t wear any panties under my wedding dress for this reason.

“Fine, but promise me one thing,” I said as I grabbed the skirts to my wedding gown, raising them to give Kiren the access he wanted and the view that would seal the deal. “You have to eat my pussy until I come, and then you have to fuck me.” Kiren smiled and nodded as he dropped to his knees.

“You little minx, you are not wearing any underwear,” Kiren said, and he wasted no time. He planted his mouth right on my pussy, going straight for my wet slit with that fantastic tongue of his. I needed this; I needed him. He lifted one of my legs and placed it on his shoulder, giving him even more access to the hole he was desperate to taste. I dropped the fabric of my wedding dress, grabbing Kiren’s head with one hand, allowing me to grind into his face while I placed the other fist in my mouth to help quiet the moans and screams I knew were not far off.

It took everything in me not to yell out when he nipped at my throbbing clit, setting off an orgasm that was intensified due to our precarious situation. Someone would be looking for us soon as it would be noticed that the bride and groom were missing from the reception.

“You taste amazing. Maybe even more amazing now that you are mine,” Kiren said as he cleaned me up. Standing, he brought his lips to mine as I worked his belt to undo his pants. I needed this man twenty-four hours a day. I could never get enough of him, and I wanted more now. After finally undoing his belt, I worked his pants down, feeling his cock press against me.

“I am going to fuck you against this wall now, wife. Raise that dress so I have the access I need.” Then he bit me on my neck, and I moaned. Kiren placed his hand over my mouth and whispered, “Now, we don’t want our guests to know that I am fucking you while holding their champagne flutes, do we.” Honestly, I didn’t care at this point. I just knew that I needed his cock in me. I needed to feel him fill me up. But I nodded no because I knew that was what he needed.

“Good, now I will uncover your mouth. You’ll hold that dress until I lift you against the wall, and then you will be quiet as I fuck you until you see stars. Do you understand, wife?” I answered with a smile, grabbed the skirt of my dress, and raised it above my hips. Kiren lifted me and placed my back against the wall. Are you ready, wife?” But before I could answer, he shoved his cock into me so forcefully that I involuntarily let out a whimper. “Shhh or I’ll stop.”

I wouldn’t say I liked the threat, but I knew he would. So I occupied my mouth with his so our kisses would drown out the sounds of pleasure I was making. Kiren reached down between us and played with my clit throwing me quickly over the edge. I bit down on Kiren’s shoulder, knowing the slight pain it caused would help bring him to his climax. As my pussy clamped down on him, I felt Kiren shutter, and then I could feel him fill me up.

He kept me against the wall, buried deep inside of me. “I can’t wait to make you come like that every day for the rest of

our lives,” he said as he nuzzled my neck. I felt super sensitive, and having his cock still seated inside of me was not allowing me to come down quickly. I was ready to go again.

“We should go great, our guests.” I finally said as I was able to breathe normally once again. “Can you get me a towel so I can clean up,” I asked as he removed himself from me and ensured my legs would hold me up.

“No towel.” He kissed me passionately, then grabbed my chin, so I was looking into his eyes. “You will walk around with my cum coating your thighs until I can get you alone again and clean them with my tongue.”

I smiled at him as I straightened my skirt. “Well, let’s go get this reception over with, so I can get cleaned up I said. I kissed him on the cheek and then walked out of the bathroom to join our guests at our wedding reception.

Acknowledgment

Thank you to those who have supported me in this crazy adventure. To my husband for supporting me and allowing me to bounce ideas off you. To my girls for reading and encouraging me to continue writing. To the one who created my logo, you are a queen. Finally, to those on Facebook, TikTok, and Instagram who have read my Vella's, liked my posts, and gave me some love - Thank You!!! I may write for myself, but that's only because I know that there are others like me, and I am not alone in this world.

About the Author

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Elanore lives in a small West Virginia town with her husband, son, and fur children. She always dreamed of being an author and finally took the plunge utilizing Kindle Vella as a platform to experiment and explore what she enjoys. Elanore loves to write romance with a lot of spice. *She Who Watches* is her first published novella. However, Elanore has several works in progress, with a second Vella already published with three episodes released weekly titled *Ella Ever After*.

You can follow Elanore on social media to keep up with her current projects and see what is to come.

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