



Chapter 23

I sat at the vanity and applied my makeup with precision. Heavy smoky eyes. False lashes that made my eyes look enormous. A deep red lipstick that would leave marks wherever Julian wanted them. I sprayed perfume across my throat and between my breasts, ran my fingers through my hair to tousle it into deliberate waves, and stepped into a pair of black stilettos with sharp, lethal heels.

I looked at myself in the mirror.

I looked expensive. I looked like a woman who was worth every cent Julian had spent on me. 2

Whoever this Leslie was, she would have to work very hard to outperform me. 3

The doorbell rang thirty minutes later. 1

I heard Julian's footsteps cross the living room. I stayed in the bedroom, sprawled across the center of the king-sized bed, one leg bent, the strap of my garter belt visible against my thigh. I arranged myself like a trophy waiting to be claimed. 4

The bedroom door opened.

Julian walked in first, wearing nothing but black briefs and a white singlet that stretched across his chest. His arm was hooked with hers. 2

Leslie.

I had looked her up while I was getting ready. Twenty-five years old.



An escort with a reputation that had reached even my ears. Incredible long legs that looked like they belonged on a runway model. A beautiful, round, youthful face with full lips and wide, innocent eyes. Full breasts that strained against the fabric of her dress. Wide hips that swayed when she walked. 4

The dress she wore was white. It was more of a suggestion than a garment. A thin, stretchy material that clung to every curve of her body, with a neckline that plunged almost to her navel and a hem that barely covered the tops of her thighs. I could see the outline of her nipples through the fabric. She wore no bra. I could see the dark shadow between her legs through the thin material. She wore no panties either. 6

She was a walking invitation.

I sat up on the bed, my eyes moving from Leslie's face to Julian's.

His lips curved up in a smile. He brought his cigarette to his mouth, took a long drag, and then tilted Leslie's chin up with his free hand. She opened her mouth obediently, and he blew the smoke directly into it. She held it, swallowed it, and exhaled through her nose like she had been trained to do exactly that. 8

He kissed her, deep and possessive, his tongue sliding into her mouth. 1

Then he dropped the cigarette onto the floor and crushed it with his bare foot. 3

I got off the bed and began to walk toward him.



Leslie dropped to her knees before he could even tell her to.

She knelt on the floor in her white dress, her hands finding the waistband of his briefs, her eyes looking up at him with the practiced adoration of a professional. 1

I stopped beside them.

Julian looked at me, then at Leslie, then back at me. 1

"Let's see what you both can do," he said. 1

Leslie's fingers hooked into the waistband of his briefs and pulled them down. 1

His cock sprang free, already hard, thick and veined and heavy. I had seen it many times, had taken it in every position he demanded, but seeing it beside Leslie's youthful face made something twist in my stomach. She was younger than me. Prettier in that fresh, unspoiled way. I could not let her outdo me. 8

I reached out and wrapped my hand around his shaft before she could.

I stroked him slowly, my thumb circling the head, spreading the bead of moisture that had already gathered there. He let out a low, approving sound, his hand coming up to cup the back of my head. 4

But Leslie was not waiting. 2

She leaned forward and took the head of his cock into her mouth. 2

Her lips wrapped around him, her tongue pressed flat against the



underside, and she began to suck him with a rhythm that told me she had done this hundreds of times before. Her cheeks hollowed. Her eyes stayed locked on his face. She was performing for him, and she was good at it. 