

Chapter 24

I did not let go. I kept my hand wrapped around the base of his cock, stroking what her mouth could not reach, my fingers moving in counterpoint to the bobbing of her head. We worked him together, her mouth and my hand, and Julian groaned above us, his fingers tightening in my hair. 4

"Yes," he breathed. "Just like that."

Leslie took him deeper. Her nose pressed against his pelvis. She held him there, her throat working around him, and I felt his cock pulse against my fingers. 2

I leaned forward and pressed my mouth to the spot where her lips met his shaft. I kissed him there, my tongue tracing the vein that ran along the underside, and Julian shuddered. 2

Leslie pulled back, gasping for air, a string of saliva connecting her lips to his cock. 1

I took over immediately. 2

I wrapped my lips around him and took him into my mouth, deep, deeper than she had gone. I had learned how to suppress my gag reflex years ago, for men exactly like Julian. I swallowed him down until my nose brushed against his pelvis, and I felt the head of his cock press against the back of my throat. 4

He groaned, loud and raw, his hand fisting in my hair.

"Fuck, Sera. Just like that."



I stayed there, my throat clenched around him, my tongue working the underside. Leslie watched me, her lips parted, her hand moving to stroke his balls in a rhythm that matched my bobbing head. 1

Julian let me work him for a long moment, his breathing growing ragged above us. Then he pulled out of my mouth, his cock slick with my saliva, and grabbed me by the hair.

"On the bed," he ordered. "On your hands and knees."

I scrambled onto the bed, positioning myself on all fours, my ass in the air. I felt the cool air on my wet cunt through the thin lace of my panties. He hooked his fingers into the strings and pulled them aside, exposing me completely. 1

I heard the sound of his hand slapping against Leslie's ass.

"You too. Get up on the bed. Face her."

Leslie climbed onto the bed, her white dress still clinging to her body, and knelt facing me. Our eyes met. Hers were dark and empty. She was a professional. She was here to do a job. 2

I looked away. 2

I felt Julian step behind me. His hand landed on my ass, squeezing, and then his fingers slid between my legs, checking how wet I was. They found me slick and ready, despite my resentment of the situation. My body did not care about my feelings. My body wanted what it wanted. 1

"Good girl," he murmured.



He gripped my hips, positioned the head of his cock at my entrance, and thrust into me in one brutal stroke. 1

I cried out, my fingers gripping the sheets. He was thick, and he filled me completely, and the sudden stretch of my walls around him sent a jolt of pleasure straight through my core. 3

He began to move immediately, hard and fast, his hips slapping against my ass with a rhythm that was punishing and perfect. I braced myself against the mattress, my breasts swinging beneath me, my moans pouring out of me with every thrust. 3

"You like that, Sera?" he grunted, his fingers digging into my hips hard enough to bruise. "You like getting fucked while another woman watches?"

"Yes," I gasped. "Yes, Julian..."

He drove into me deeper, and I felt my orgasm building, hot and fast, coiling in my belly. 1

But he stopped. 1

He pulled out of me completely, leaving me empty and aching, and I whimpered at the loss. 1

"Not yet," he said. "Your turn, Leslie." 1

Leslie moved into position without a word. She lay on her back, her white dress bunched around her waist, her legs spread open. I could see everything. Her pussy, bare-shaven and glistening wet between her thighs. 2



Julian knelt between her legs. 3

He did not prepare her. He did not tease her. He gripped his cock, aimed it at her entrance, and drove into her with the same brutal force he had used on me. 2

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