

# The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

## Chapter 11: LITTLE BOBBY AND AN UNEXPECTED NEWS

Abigail

The intercom crackled to life on my desk.

"Miss Kellerman. My office. Now."

I rolled my eyes at the ceiling of my office for the past two weeks. Two entire weeks of Finnegan Wolfe barking orders at me like I was some intern instead of the executive assistant who kept his entire schedule from turning into a mess.

*Did he really not recognize me?* I had stewed on that question like some mad woman every single day in the past two weeks. I mean sure I had changed my hair from that awful crimson to my natural dark waves. I had switched perfumes too-but come on!

*His cock had been inside me. Deep inside me.* In an airplane bathroom where he'd pinned me against the wall and fucked me until I couldn't remember my own name.

How could he not remember? Those hands had gripped my hips, fingers digging in hard enough to bruise as the thick length of his cock sunk into my pussy, filling me up- god I wanted to be back there again, listening to those sexy grunts as he rammed into me, hard and fast getting all my juices dribbling-

"Miss Kellerman, spacing out wasn't on the job specifications for being my assistant. Are you there or shall I ring HR?"

His cold formal voice sliced through my thoughts and my lips curled in a sneer.

*He makes me want to throw my stapler at his head.*

"Of course, Mr. Wolfe." I kept my voice as professionally neutral as I could even though I hadn't heard a single word he'd said. "I'll be right there."

The intercom clicked off.

*Asshole.*

I pushed back from my desk, smoothing my black skirt. It had ridden up my thighs, showing off my porcelain thighs. I'd bet he would lose his mind if I walked into his office like this with my skirt half way up my ass.

*More like he would fire me.*

I chuckled at the thought as I headed for the door leading to his office.

Life was so fucking unfair. Why on earth does an asshole like him get to be so gorgeous? It was a crime, a felony.

His sharp jaw, those broad shoulders and his thick, huge, lovely cock. Men like him were supposed to have tiny dicks. Case in point, the blundering excuse of my ex-fiance.

He didn't look up from the document he was reading and just sat there behind his massive desk, his pen scrawling across the page. I gave a sigh, watching his forefinger and thumb grip the pen.

*He could grip my nipples like that.*

Pinch and pluck at them while grinding his thick cock between my ass cheeks. My tits ached and my fingers twitched with the urge to give them a good squeeze.

Another sigh left my lips and those sexy emerald eyes finally flicked up. They met mine, held for half a second and then flicked away.

"The Mitchell file." He reached for a folder on the corner of his desk. "I need the cost analysis from the construction company by the end of the day. Also, get me an update from the designer, he has twenty four hours to turn in what he has worked on or he can kiss his job goodbye."

"Of course, boss." I muttered, stepping up to take the folders from his hands.

Our fingers brushed and my breath snagged.

Just a touch. It was barely anything. The barest graze of his rough fingertips against mine as the folder transferred from his hand to mine.

But my entire body lit up like he had plugged me into an electrical socket.

Heat flared low in my belly and my breath caught. For one second, I was back in that bathroom, screaming as he made me cum hard.

I yanked the folder away so fast papers nearly slipped out.

His face scrunched up in annoyance and desperately, like an idiot, I looked for any sign that he had felt it too. That tiny muscle jumping under his jaw, meant he was either furious or-

God, what was I thinking? He was my boss!

My boss who apparently had the memory span of a goldfish because he didn't remember fucking my brains out thousands of feet in the air. And, I wanted him to.

"I want the updates today, not in two weeks, Kellerman, move the fuck along." He grunted, dismissing me.

I turned on my heel and walked out, absolutely not thinking about how those hands had gripped my ass while he... I had to cum. I had to use little Bobby.

The door to my office closed behind me with a soft click and I slid the lock in. My bag sat on my desk and I fished out my small orange vibrator. *Little Bobby*.

Maybe bringing a sex toy to work was insane, but I'd known he would frustrate the shit out of me today, like every other day and still leave me wet and aching for him at the same time.

I perched on the edge of my desk, my skirt hiked up around my hips and pushed my black lace panties to the side.

The vibrator hummed to life on the lowest setting. I pressed it against my clit and gasped, snapping my eyes close.

I wished he would have grabbed me in the office. His hands spread across my thighs, running a finger between my quivering wet cunt lips, his eyes dark and hungry, like he wanted to devour me whole.

I increased the speed and ran the vibe in circles over my clit. My tits heaved and strained against my shirt.

"Ohhh," I moaned, bucking my hips against the toy.

His cock pushed into me. That first brutal thrust that stretched my pussy. My walls clinging to his dick as he rammed into me so deep I swore I felt him in my throat.

My head fell back. The vibrator pressed harder, faster. I was close. Right there on that edge.

"Cum,"

His deep voice filled my head and I let out a small wail. Almost there, oh god, and- Nothing.

I hovered right there. Right on the damned edge. My thighs were shaking, pussy clenching and needed coiling in my belly so tight it hurt.

*But I couldn't cum.*

"Fuck." I hissed out between clenched teeth, pulling the vibrator away.

Another failed attempt at an orgasm in two weeks.

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"You ordered Thai?!" I squealed excitedly, walking through the door of the apartment.

Annette stood in the kitchen, dumping pad thai onto two plates. She had some black slacks and a tank top on.

"Of courseeee! Welcome home babes, those are for you." She jerked her chin toward the coffee table.

There were about two dozen roses in a crystal vase that probably cost more than the flowers.

I didn't need to read the card sticking out of them to know who they were from.

"That walking STD sent you flowers." Annette scoffed, handing me a plate when I scooted over to her. "I told the doorman to burn them, but he said it was against building policy."

"He couldn't even get me my favorite." I hissed, holding up the plate to my nose. Oh hell yeah, that smelled delicious. "I hate roses. They smell like funerals."

"What do you like again? Peonies?"

"Peonies." I grabbed a fork and stabbed a piece of chicken. "Which he would know if he'd ever actually listened to me instead of-"

The intercom buzzed.

"Miss. Kellerman?" The doorman's voice crackled through. "You have another delivery."

"Ooh, now he's definitely overdoing it," Annette drawled. "What does he think, some flowers would make him forget you caught him in a freaking orgy?"

"Must be some kind of mind erasing flowers," I laughed dryly.

"Should I send the delivery person up?" The doorman asked again.

I glanced at Annette and she shrugged, shoving some chicken in her mouth.

"I'll come down." I set the plate aside on the counter with a click and grabbed my keys.

The elevator ride down felt longer than usual. Probably because I was mentally composing ways to tell Drake to fuck off and die.

*Dear Drake, I hope your dick falls off. Love, the woman you cheated on.*

*Dear Drake, your flowers suck and so did you.*

The lobby was empty except for the doorman and a delivery guy in a muddy brown uniform holding a small box.

That shit had better be expensive jewelry because I would, in fact, keep it and pawn it off at some shop for money.

"Miss Kellerman?" The delivery guy checked his tablet. "Sign here, please."

I scribbled something that vaguely resembled my name and took the box.

Now this was weird. There was no sender or card, no label except my name on it. That was very unlike Drake, he liked to make sure I knew it was from him, the pompous asshole.

"Thanks." I tucked it under my arm and headed for the elevator.

I pulled back one corner of the tape and lifted the flap-

A chill swept down my spine.

No. My hands shook as I ripped the box open completely and gasped, clamping a hand over my mouth.

*No, no way!*

An old and crinkled newspaper sat on top. The edges crumbled slightly where my fingers touched it.

*LOCAL COUPLE KILLED IN TRAGIC ACCIDENT.*

The headline screamed across the page in bold black letters. Under it, was a photo of my parents. Young and smiling, my Dad's arm around Mom's shoulders, both of them looking at the camera like they had their whole lives ahead of them.

My vision blurred.

I blinked thrice. Big fucking mistake. The moisture gathering at the corners of my eyes spilled over, running in hot lines down my cheeks.

"Hugo and Isabella Kellerman died instantly when their vehicle left the roadway. Investigators believe speed and bad weather conditions contributed to the single-vehicle accident. The couple's nine-year-old daughter survived with minor injuries."

My fingers crumpled the edge of the paper. I knew this. My parents died in an accident fourteen years ago and while I was in the car with them, my memories of the accident were hazy. That wasn't what had me shaken up. It was the red pen marked under the title on the newspaper.

*They were forced to lie to you.*

## The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Abigail

A shrill sound filled the air jolting me from my sleep. I slapped my phone, half-asleep and held it up. The screen lit up with a notification.

*REMINDER: Drake's birthday - Today*

My fingers tightened around the device, knuckles turning white. The plastic case creaked under the pressure. The wall across from my bed looked incredibly appealing right now, specifically as a target for hurling this piece of shit device and watching it explode into a thousand satisfying pieces.

*That fool.*

The jeweler's receipt was still in my email. I had spent three thousand dollars on a custom Rolex for that pig shit. It was supposed to have an engraving on the back that read '*All my love, forever yours*'.

*Forever my ass.*

I kicked off the covers and stumbled toward the bathroom. A dull bass sound thumped through the apartment walls. Annette's workout playlist, some upbeat pop monstrosity with lyrics about living your best life or some such bullshit.

The bathroom mirror showed my hair pointed in like seventeen different directions. Dark shadows bloomed under my eyes.

I grabbed my toothbrush and squeezed the tube of toothpaste a little too hard. The minty glob shot out, half hitting the bristles of my brush, the other half splattering across the counter.

"Fuck." I glared at the stain, ignored it and dragged the brush over my teeth.

*...Four years and she still can't even give a decent blowjob...*

The toothbrush slipped from my grip, bounced off the counter with a clack and skittered across the tile floor.

"Are you fucking kidding me?!"

I bent to grab it. My skull connected with the towel rack with a resounding *thunk* that sent stars exploding across my vision.

"Son of a bitch!"

"Abby?" Annette's voice cut through the pain. The music had stopped. "Are you okay in there?"

I straightened, one hand pressed against the throbbing spot on my head. "Just peachy."

She appeared in the doorway, barely covered in yoga pants and a sports bra.

"Baby girl." She murmured, raising her brows. "You've been in a bad mood since you got that package yesterday, Abby."

Chills ran down my spine. My throat tightened and closed up like someone had wrapped both hands around it and squeezed.

*Don't think about it. Don't...*

"I respect your privacy, you know that," Annette continued, taking one step into the bathroom. "But I really need to know why you are so upset."

Everything. Everything I thought I knew was gone. Heat prickled behind my eyes. My vision blurred as the words I had read on the papers flew around my head.

"Oh my gosh, are you okay?" Annette's sneakers squeaked on the tile as she rushed forward.

Her arms wrapped around me and pulled me against her chest. "You never cry! What's going on? Is it from that rotten pig? He's nothing you hear, me? Don't even think about him, he's not worth an ounce of your thoughts!"

A dry laugh bubbled up my throat and I pressed my face into her shoulder, fighting the tears back. "It's not even that, Annie I-" I trailed off, stalking out of the bathroom to grab the box from the closet and handed it over to her.

She scanned some of the papers in the document, eyes widening in disbelief. "No fucking way-"

"Yeah, my thoughts exactly," I said dryly, dragging a hand down my face.

"Murder? They think your parents were murdered, Abby! Who the hell sent you this? It better not be Drake's idea of a prank or I'll hang him by the balls," She spat and my chin wobbled slightly.

Drake's birthday, finding out this, too much was happening all at once and it frustrated the shit out of me. I dug the heel of my palm into my eyes to keep the tears from falling.

"Shit, I'm sorry Abby," She murmured, dropping the box on the bed to pull me into her arms. I buried my face deeper into her neck, needing to be held together before I fell apart.

"We'll figure this out okay? I'll track down the sender's address on the box so we can know if it's legit,"

"Thanks Annie,"

She grabbed my hand, helping me sit on the bed and I watched her rummage through her massive purse that sat on the dresser. "I might have something that'll make you feel better."

"Ta-da!" She held up two sleek black cards."

I blinked, confused. Was I supposed to know what the cards were?

"Uh..." I blinked. "You're a magician now?"

She swatted my arm, giggling. "No, these are exclusive passes to Sanctuary."

"Sanctuary?"

"Babes, it's fucking amazing!" Her eyes went wide, gleaming with excitement. "It's this exclusive sex club that opens once a month. You can fulfill literally any fantasy. Like, any. You want to get tied up and edged for three hours? They've got a room for that. You want two guys at once? Three?"

You'll get folks who will rock your world so hard you'll forget your own name. Heck, if you want someone to worship your feet while reciting Shakespeare? Probably available, honestly."

"W-What?" I stuttered, floored by the words slipping out of my best friends' lips.

"And get this," She bounced on her toes.

"Everyone wears masks. It's completely anonymous. No one knows who you are. You could run into your dentist and never know it was him while he's going down on you."

The mental image made me wince. "Ah come on, Annie. Not the dentist, eww."

"There's an entry fee," She grinned, waving the cards like flags. "It's a bit pricey, but masks, Abby! No judgment. No expectations. Just pure, mind-blowing sex with whoever you want, however you want it."

It sounded... hot. Scrap hot, it sounded exciting. But also terrifying. What if it turned my world upside down? Just like the package? My stomach clenched. The box materialized in my mind again. The contents made no sense. They couldn't possibly be real. Someone was messing with me. That had to be what this was.

I already had enough world-changing events to last a lifetime. Drake cheating was event number one. Getting railed in an airplane bathroom by a stranger who turned out to be my arrogant asshole boss, number two.

The package... A sex club honestly sounded like a lot right now.

"Baby girl, I hope you aren't overthinking this." Annette's voice pulled me back. She tilted her head, cupping my face in her palm.

"I don't think I'm up for it." I wrapped my arms around myself. "Maybe find someone else?"

"No way," Annette shook her head, her ponytail swishing. "You're coming with me tonight. The club opens like twice in a month and I am not leaving you stew all by yourself especially after everything,"

"Ugh," I muttered.

She nodded. "Exactly what I thought."

Drake would turn a year older and I could be at an exclusive sex club instead, getting my pussy drilled by someone who actually knew what the fuck they were doing.

I would worry about the package later. I just needed to.. to forget, for a night. Just tonight. When Annette tracks down the address, we'll see it wasn't legit and it's probably just Drake trying to throw a tantrum like the dick he was.

My lips curved into a small smile.

"You know what?" I grabbed the card from her hand. "It sounds perfect. How much is the entrance fee? I'll use the refund from that piece of garbage's gift to pay for it."

"After all," I continued, "I need to work on my dick-sucking skills anyway."

Annette squealed, grabbing my shoulders and bounced us both up and down like we had just won the lottery. "That's the fucking spirit! Make a video and send it to spite him!"

"An audio would do fine. Can't wait to see the look on his face when he hears me suck someone's dick." I cackled and for a while the excitement washed over me.

I turned the card over in my hands. stared at it, my pulse picking up. Tonight, I'd walk anonymously into a sex club, no heartbreak, just a mask and getting my wildest sexual dreams fulfilled. I had no idea he would be there too.

## The Stranger Behind My Orgasm

Finnegan

Her lips pressed against my cock through the fabric of my pants, brushing a soft, teasing kiss that sent every nerve ending in my body into overdrive. My spine went rigid, shoulders locked in and my breath got trapped somewhere between my lungs and throat.

*Red.*

She knelt before me on the plane. It was dark and for some reason I wouldn't see her eyes, but I could see, feel, everything else- especially that gloriously hot mouth teasing at my cock.

My hand shot out, fingers tangling in that gorgeous red hair, winding the silky strands around my fist. She purred and the sound vibrated against my cock straining to be let out. My hips jerked forward involuntarily and a low grunt left my lips.

She kissed me again, those plump lips pressing against the massive tent in my pants. Her tongue darted out, traced the outline of my cock through the fabric.

Fuck.

Heat pooled low in my belly, coiled tightly and dangerously. My grip on her hair tightened and the little minx gave a breathy moan as she kept kissing and teasing.

"Please? Please let me have your cock, sir," She whimpered, looking up at me. I still couldn't make out what the color of her eyes were and I would if I could think straight, but I needed that mouth wrapped around my cock, or I was really going to lose my shit.

I let go of her hair, the soft silky strands sliding through my fingers. Her hands immediately went to my zipper. The metallic sound made my cock pulse harder- knowing she was closer to getting my cock already had my nerves shot as hell. God, who was this woman and what was she doing to me?

A deep groan left my throat as she reached in, soft, slender fingers wrapping around my throbbing cock, pulling me free. The cool air hit my heated skin for half a second before her mouth was on me.

*Christ.*

Wet, silky wet heat wrapped around my shaft and like some teenager, precum spurted down my dick. Her pink velvet tongue stuck out and swirled up the veiny shaft, teasing my skin before those lips stretched around my girth, taking me in deep.

My breath snagged, another groan slipped from my lips as my cock hit the back of my throat.

*Sweet lord in heaven, she was killing me.*

Her clothes had vanished, somewhere, somehow. She knelt naked between my legs now, those perfect breasts that I had groped and squeezed on the plane bouncing with every movement of her head.

My eyes locked on them, watched them jiggle as she sucked me harder, took me deeper. Her nipples stood peaked, dusky pink, practically begging for my hands.

But I couldn't move. My fingers dug into the armrests. My lungs burned from holding my breath. It got expelled with a hiss when her tongue swirled around the head of my cock, traced the ridge and licked against that sensitive spot just beneath the tip. White spots exploded behind my eyelids.

My hips jerked forward, pushing deeper into her mouth. She hummed around me, the vibration shooting up my spine like lightning.

*More, baby, I needed more.*

I fisted her hair again, holding her in place as I thrust, hanging on to her silky hair like my life fucking depended on it. My naughty Red moaned, taking every inch of my cock.

The feel of her throat constricted around my length ripped a guttural sound from my chest. Those breasts kept bouncing. So fucking hypnotic and beautiful. I wanted to reach down, grab them, feel their weight in my palms again. I wanted to pinch those nipples until she moaned around my cock.

My breathing came harsh and ragged. The pressure at the base of my spine intensified, coiled tighter, ready to snap. She hollowed her cheeks, making wet little noises as she sucked harder. Her hand wrapped around the base of my cock, stroking what her mouth couldn't reach, cupping my balls-

God, yes!

I thrust again and again, using her mouth, chasing that release that hovered just out of reach. My balls tightened. The tension wound tighter, then her tongue did something devastating, licking down my cock straight to my balls and the coil snapped.

"Red!"

My eyes flew open to meet the darkness. A dim light from my bedside drawer reflected a bit of my bedroom ceiling. The familiar weight of my duvet tangled around my legs. Shit! It was just a dream. My cock throbbed against my boxers, achingly hard, the fabric damp with precum. I could still feel her mouth on me and those perfect tits bouncing.

With a groan, I shoved my hand into my underwear. My fingers wrapped around the length of my cock, all slick and hot, and I pumped fast and hard.

I closed my eyes and she was there again. On her knees. Those lips wrapped around me. Those breasts jiggling with every movement. I needed to find her. I would pay anything to get to touch her, hold her while I sink into that tight cunt again.

My hand moved faster, grip tightening around my shaft. The friction sent sparks up my spine, making me throw my head back, grunting for her. My other fist twisted in the sheets. The memory of the way she'd felt around me, hot and tight and perfect. The sounds she had made. The way she had begged for more.

*...I want you to fuck me, fast and hard...*

The orgasm slammed into me. A deep roar left my lips, every muscle in my body going taut as I came hard. Hot cum surged from my cock, spilling over my fingers, my abs, the waistband of my underwear.

"Red," I panted, dropping my head back against the pillows, chest heaving, hand still wrapped around my softening cock. My heart hammered against my ribs.

This was spiraling. I just touched myself to a strange woman I met on a plane. I had to have lost my damned mind. Throwing an arm out, I grabbed a tissue from the nightstand, wiped my hand and stomach, then I reached into the drawer.

My fingers found the black card immediately, smooth and cool against my palm. The word *SANCTUARY*

embossed in silver lettering caught the dim light from my lamp.

Henry had pressed it into my hand months ago when we were drinking at his house.

"When you're ready," he had said with that knowing smirk. I had rejected his idea like it burned me. *A fucking sex club?* I could only imagine the PR nightmare if it ever got out.

But what the hell was I supposed to do? My fist could only get me so far. It was nothing, nothing, compared to the feel of a glistening, wet hot cunt greedily gulping down my cock. The image of Red riding my cock filled my head and I gritted my teeth.

Victoria was fucking half of New York behind my back anyway while I tortured myself with guilt. Red had cracked something open inside me.

My phone buzzed on the nightstand. I grabbed it, squinting at the screen.

*Mother calling...*

It was barely past five in the morning, why on earth was she calling so damned early? My jaw clenched hard as I swiped right to respond.

"Finnegan." Mother's voice was cold as always. I could hardly remember a time when her voice was warm and inviting... No wait, I could. She would smile and her dark eyes would light up, but it was never for me.

Never for me.

"Mother. It's five in the morning."

"I'm aware of the time. I'm calling about the charity gala next month, the one honoring your father's legacy."

Of course she was. All she ever cared about was the family legacy, money and him.

Gritting my teeth, I shoved the covers off me and slid out of bed. "What about it?"

"You need to bring Victoria. If you attend alone, it would be disastrous. People are already talking about the state of your marriage and some already think you're divorced."

My free hand curled into a fist. "The state of my marriage is none of their concern-"

"Everything about this family is their concern," she snapped. "We have a reputation to maintain. We've been over this, you cannot divorce Victoria, we-"

"Is that all you called to say, Mother?" My grip tightened around the phone. I would not be having this same conversation with her.

She scoffed. "Maybe if you spent less time at the office and more time reminding Victoria why she married you, she wouldn't be seeking attention elsewhere."

My brows shot up. So it was my fucking fault? Was it my fault that a woman who promised to spend forever with me was cheating on me?

My blood boiled and the urge to let loose the anger I had been clamping down on for decades, pushed and teased at my skin. I should put her in her place. I wasn't five years or a bloody teenager anymore, dammit, she had no say in my life.

Instead, I bit out in a clipped tone. "Is there anything else, Mother?"

She gave a huff and the dial tone reached my ears. I stared at the phone in my hand as the screen went dark.

It didn't sting, knowing that my mother cared more about her reputation and wealth and less for the pain and hurt I was going through.

It didn't. It burned, it boiled and rolled in my veins that she had the audacity to blame me for Victoria cheating.

I grabbed the black card that had fallen on the bedsheet, holding it up.

*Fuck it.*

Tapping rapidly on my phone, I pulled up Henry's contact. If I couldn't find Red, I'd find someone else. Someone to take the edge off this hunger gnawing at my insides.

*Me: When does your club open?*

His reply came almost immediately. I glanced at the time display at the top of my phone. It was some thirty minutes past five am.

*Henry: Well, well, well. Finnegan Wolfe finally taking me up on my offer? I'm thrilled, brother. The club opens tonight, thank God for wonderful timing or you'd have been sorry you missed it.*

*Me: Oh fuck off. Why are you awake?*

*Henry: Same reason you're awake. I'm getting some snuu snuu.*

My brows furrowed in confusion. If I said I understood half the things Henry said, I would be lying to myself.

*Henry: I'll handle everything. Just show up okay? Live a little, Finn. You've been through enough hell. How's the old witch?*

*Me: Still kicking.*

*Henry: Well, Damn that's a shame.*

I set the phone down, turning the black card between my fingers. I never made decisions recklessly. Henry was the co founder of the club and I could trust him but going to a club was a big fucking deal.

So was dying of blue balls....

## **The Stranger Behind My Orgasm**

Abigail

"Sign here and you'll become a full member of Sanctuary."

The voice came from behind the partition over the desk. The room I was in was completely bare except for the huge desk in the middle of the room and the partition above the desk. Annette was right. The club really took anonymity to the next level, even their workers were hidden or wearing masks.

The receptionist or whoever it was that was behind the partition slid a document and a pen across the desk. My hand trembled slightly as I picked up the pen.

The black lace teddy I wore under my coat felt like I was naked already. The fabric barely covered my ass, the cups pushed my breasts up until they almost spilled over, and the thin straps dug into my shoulders.

I was dressed like sin and I was about to walk into a sex club.

*Holy shit.*

The consent form and NDA sat in front of me, filled with dense paragraphs of legal jargon about boundaries, safe words, discretion. My eyes skimmed over the words quickly.

*"What happens in Sanctuary stays in Sanctuary."*

My pulse hammered in my throat. Heat pooled low in my belly, a mix of nerves and anticipation and raw, aching need. I wet my lips, suddenly feeling parched. I needed tonight, I needed a distraction so bad. I signed both documents with a flourish.

A sleek metal bracelet slid across the table toward me and the name Aphrodite was engraved in elegant script along the band.

*The goddess of love and sex.*

A chuckle slipped from my lips. The minute I left this room, I was no longer Abigail Kellerman, I was Aphrodite. Damn right, I am. The bracelet snapped around my wrist with a soft click and a shudder rippled down my spine as if I had just crossed some invisible line.

"Welcome to Sanctuary, Aphrodite." The voice behind the partition held a note of amusement now. "Enjoy your evening."

A door to my right opened. A man stepped through, wearing a sleek black suit and a plain black mask that covered his entire face.

He gestured toward the open doorway. "This way, please."

I rose, my heels clicking against the floor as I followed him. My coat swayed around my thighs with each step. We stopped in front of an elevator. The butler pressed the button and the doors slid open.

He stepped aside. "Enjoy your evening, Aphrodite."

I stepped into the elevator. The doors closed. My reflection stared back at me from the polished walls of the elevator.

My dark hair tumbled over my shoulders, the preppy golden mask covering my face, showed my dark eyes all dilated and my lips pursed. The coat barely concealed the lace teddy I had under.

Annette had gone ahead of me because the registration process took almost two hours- they had to verify my ID and make sure I was clean health wise. *Wouldn't want their clients catching STDs, would they?*

The elevator doors slid open and the music hit me first. Deep, pulsing bass that thrummed through the floor and into my bones. Red and gold lights bathed everything in liquid fire.

Holy smokes. What in the erotic fever dream?

The arena stretched before me. Velvet couches were scattered across the place. There was a bar along a wall and a dance floor that definitely was not a dance floor.

On a velvet couch near the entrance, a woman bent over the armrest, her fingers clawing at the cushions as the man behind her had one hand fisted in her hair, yanking her head back.

The other gripped her hip, fingers digging into flesh hard enough to leave marks and he slammed into her. Her whole body jolted forward, her breasts swayed, nipples dragging against the velvet.

*Smack!*

The wet sound of him driving into her carried over the music. Her mouth hung open through the silver mask covering her face, the eye holes lined with crystals, small breathing slits at the nose, a delicate opening for her mouth that let her moans spill out freely.

"Yes! Fuck, yes!"

He yanked her hair harder, pushing his cock deeper. The slap of his hips against her ass echoed, matching the bass of the music, pounding through the floor. Sweat gleamed on her spine, dripped down and I watched a bead slide down the curve of her back, disappear where his cock sunk into her pussy.

My nipples hardened into aching points against the lace and a lump worked down my throat. To my left, two men occupied a black leather couch, one sprawled back, legs spread wide, his head thrown back against the cushion while the other knelt between his thighs, his head bobbing.

The wet sounds hit me, slurp, slurp, then a gag as he took it deeper. Spit dripped from the corners of the mouth opening in his red leather mask and dripped down onto the other man's thighs.

Heat pooled between my legs. My pussy clenched. The tiny scrap of lace covering me was already damp. I took a few steps further in, trying to breathe.

"Oh my god, I'm gonna cum," On the dance floor, a woman straddled a man's lap, her back turned to him. She rose up, her thighs flexed and the muscles in her ass tighten, then slammed back down on the cock impaling her.

The man's hands gripped her ass, fingers digging in, spreading her cheeks wide as he thrust up to meet her. Their hips met with wet slaps.

She ground down in slow circles, her pussy swallowing his cock deep, then lifted and dropped hard. Men gathered around them stroking their dicks, urging her to ride that cock harder.

She gave another loud scream, and a stream of her cunt juices squirted in the air. Some of the men watching moved closer to get their cocks in the falling stream of her cunt juices, groaning as they coated their balls and shafts with her juices.

The man behind her, pulled her in for a kiss, Their masks pressed together and tongues found each other through the openings, sliding together messily. Spit glistened on their chins.

I moaned, cupping my tits through the teddy. My nipples were thick and needy, my pussy clenched jealously at the sight. I wanted to be railed like that, to be fucked until I couldn't think straight.

The scent in the air wrapped around me, thick, musky, the unmistakable smell of sex and sweat. It coated my tongue when I breathed through my mouth and my head spun. My thighs pressed together, wetness slicked between my legs- need to find a man ASAP.

"Abby!"

I turned to see Annette skipping toward me, her mask was white with gold accents and if we hadn't left home together, I probably would not have recognized her. She wore a crimson bodysuit that left absolutely nothing to the imagination and heels so high I had no idea how she was walking.

The bracelet on her wrist read *Hera*.

"Can you believe this place?" She grabbed my hands, bouncing on her toes. "It's like every dirty fantasy I've ever had come to life. Okay, so listen, the private rooms are through those doors over there if you find someone and want more privacy.

"The bar has everything, alcohol, water, lube, condoms, whatever you need. There are staff everywhere if you need help or feel unsafe. The safe word is 'Safe' and everyone respects it. Got it?"

"I don't know," I whispered, unable to take my eyes off the woman on the dance floor. "Holy shit, is she going to take another cock in an ass?"

"Maybe," Annette drawled. "Listen, I have to go."

"What?" I tore my eyes away from the woman back to Annette. "You can't leave me on my own. I just got here!"

"I'm sorry," She groaned, pouting at me. "But Zeus was already so impatient, I told him to wait until you arrived before-"

*Who the fuck was Zeus?*

A hand appeared on Annette's waist.

She gasped, spinning around to look up at the man standing behind her. My jaw dropped to the floor. He was tall, built like a fucking Greek god, wearing black leather pants and a bronze mask. His bracelet read Zeus.

Of course.

His hand slid lower, gripping her hip possessively. "Ready baby?"

Annette's breath hitched. She looked back at me, eyes wide and gleaming with excitement behind her mask.

"Have fun!" She squealed as Zeus steered her away, his hand now firmly on her ass.

"Traitor!" I yelled after her, grinning like a mad woman. Maybe there was something in the air, but I needed to find someone like Zeus quickly.

My body thrummed with anticipation. My nipples hardened against the lace. The ache between my thighs intensified. I drifted toward the bar, my eyes scanning the room for anyone who would fuck my brains out. My eyes glazed over a man wearing a black as night mask, moved to another man then immediately slid back to him.

No fucking way. It couldn't be. Was that... Was that Finnegan?

## **The Stranger Behind My Orgasm**

Abigail

It was in fact, Finnegan. He sat on a large leather couch near the back of the arena, his powerful legs spread wide with one arm draped along the back of the seat.

A glass of amber liquid, whiskey, probably, dangled from his other hand. I would know that imposing figure anywhere. He dripped of power and that rare dominance he seemed to exude without having to lift his finger.

*What was my boss doing here?*

A blonde woman sat next to him, her fingers trailing up his forearm, her body angled toward him like a sunflower thirsting for the sun, which was hilarious considering Wolfe was cold as fuck, except of course his body. There was nothing cold about his gorgeous, magma hot body. The black mask covered his face completely, just like everyone else's, but I knew.

I knew the way he sat, all confident and commanding, like he owned every inch of space around him. I knew those broad shoulders, the way his shirt stretched across his chest. I knew those hands, the same hands that had gripped my hips on the plane, that had made me cum so hard I'd seen stars.

*And I knew those eyes.*

Even from across the room, even through the mask, I could see the sharp green of them as he watched the blonde's fingers trail higher. So he came to clubs like this? Was that blonde his regular partner like Annette and whoever the hell Zeus was?

Jealousy slammed into me like a physical punch to the gut. I should be the one trailing my fingers over his shoulders like that.

The blonde leaned closer and whispered something in his ear. He didn't pull away, just took another sip of his whiskey, his gaze sliding lazily over her body.

*Fuck that.*

I stormed toward a standing gold mirror nearby and checked my reflection. The mask covered my face perfectly with delicate swirls that made my eyes look darker and more mysterious.

My hair fell in waves over my shoulders. The coat hung open, revealing the black lace teddy that barely covered my tits. I hadn't used my perfume tonight because I was paranoid about remaining anonymous and boy was I thankful for that.

Behind me the woman getting her pussy and ass pounded by two men threw her head back in a loud shriek.

"I'm cumming!!!"

My lips curved into a smile. *So will I, lady.* My eyes found Wolfe again. He had fucked me once. He was going to fuck me again.

I shrugged off the coat and let it fall onto a nearby chair. Cool air hit my skin and my nipples peaked harder against the lace.

I could do this. I just needed to disguise my voice.

I thought back to childhood, to some animated character from those late-night shows Annette and I used to sneak to watch. Jessica something, she had that sultry, breathy voice that had made even cartoon characters seem hot.

I could manage that.

As if on cue, the music changed into something slower and the bass vibrated through my chest, down between my legs.

I circled around the back of the couch, my heels clicking against the floor. The blonde was still talking, her hand on his arm.

I leaned down from behind him, his scent immediately teasing my nose, and let my breath ghost over his ear.

"You look bored," I purred, pitching my voice lower than my normal tone.

He stiffened, turning his head slightly toward me. I ran my hand down his shoulder, over his chest, feeling the hard muscle under his shirt. My lips brushed against his neck lightly and my pussy clenched. He smelled so fucking good.

"And how would you know?" He murmured, turning fully to face me. Those emerald green eyes gleamed behind the mask. The blonde next to him huffed but I couldn't care less.

Would he recognize me? I counted to five, holding those green eyes that were usually cold and let out a breath when he didn't seem to recognize me.

My other hand came around, fingers trailing down his other shoulder, over his chest, then lower. His cock already strained against his slacks and my mouth watered. His abs tensed under my touch as I moved down, down, until my palm pressed against his thigh, so close to the massive tent his cock had made in his pants.

*Let's see how indifferent you are now, Mr. Wolfe.*

God, I've wanted to touch him like this for two months. Every single time he was a jerk, I'd wanted to grab him by the tie and kiss him, just to remind him it was me on the plane.

Would he fuck me if he knew it was me? No he wouldn't. I had spent two months around him, and I knew the man who had fucked my brains out on the plane was not the same man who ordered my ass around and belted out strict rules back in the office.

"Tell me, Ares," I whispered against his ear, reading the name on his bracelet. "Do you like it when someone takes what they want?"

His grip tightened on the whiskey glass.

I squeezed his thigh hard, digging my nails slightly through the fabric before cupping his cock.

A low sound rumbled from his chest.

The blonde stood up with a huff and stalked away.

"I've been wet since I saw you," I purred against his ear, making my voice soft and breathy, fondling his cock greedily. He was so thick and hard against my palm. "Thinking about your cock drilling my slippery wet cunt, until I milk every single drop of your cum, would you like that, Ares?"

Finnegan gave another grunt, spreading his legs wider, his eyes still fixed on my face as I stroked his cock. He was so close, too close. What if he recognized me? A bit of panic flared through me, I tried to pull away but his hand clamped over mine, raising my wrist up to read the name of my wrist band.

He chuckled. "The goddess of sex?"

"One and only," I flashed him a grin, strutting slowly in a catwalk around the side of the couch until I stood directly in front of him now. His eyes lifted, traveled up my legs, over my hips, lingering on my tits before finally meeting my gaze. Heat blazed in those green depths.

Music pulsed through me as I moved, rolling my hips to the bass pulsing through the floor. My hands slid up my thighs, slowly, deliberately, over my hips, traced my waist. I stepped closer, between his spread out thighs.

"What if I told you," I purred, sliding my hand up his thigh, closer to his cock and leaned down so my lips were right by his ear, "that I came here tonight hoping someone would pound my pussy so hard, I would forget my name?"

"We can't let your hopes be dashed now can we?" he murmured, hissing when my hand brushed over his throbbing cock. He shifted, spreading his legs wider. I turned around and pressed my ass back against his cock, grinding down until I felt every thick inch of him through his pants stabbing against my pussy.

Yes. This. This was what I needed. His free hand landed on my hip and gripped hard. I bent forward, all the way up with my ass in the air, giving him a perfect view of the tiny scrap of lace barely covering my drenched pussy.

"See?" I glanced at him through my legs. "I'm all soaked for you."

*I've been soaked for you for months.*

His eyes were locked on my pussy as I pushed the lace aside and worked a finger into my sopping wet pussy, sinking it down to my knuckles.

My tits ached at the look on his face. He groaned, reaching out to grab a handful of my ass and squeezed. Then in a flash he ripped the lace thong barely covering my pussy apart.

I squealed when he picked me off the floor and dropped me on his lap. My bare, streaming cunt right above his cock. I closed my eyes when his cock stabbed against my clit through his pants sending delicious hot waves of pleasure up my spine.

"Fuck," he groaned, his head falling back against the couch. My hands found his thighs. I gripped them, used them for leverage as I started riding, rolling my hips in circles and dragging my pussy over his cock.

"You're so hard," I purred. "Is that for me? Or were you already hard thinking about fucking that blonde?"

"You," he growled in a strained voice, wrapping his arms around me, grabbing at my tits as I humped his cock like a bitch in heat while his other hand came up and wrapped around my throat.

He can't know. He can't ever know I was Abigail Kellerman. But what was one little lie just so I could get another taste of him? Just one more.

"Keep moving," he growled against my wrist.

"Dance, Aphrodite,"