



# WATCHED

How far would you go to be seen?

SUZANNE JEFFERIES

## Deleted Chapter ~ Erotic Romance

Sophie keeps her eye on the side door. Evie doesn't come back.

The lights flicker on and off, mimicking a seventies discotheque as the levels of raunch unfold round her. A couple grunts and fucks as Donna Summer feels the love. Another woman is waxed up, ready as the main course in a spit roast on the viewing platform.

A man lurches up to her. "Get a drink?"

They shouldn't let men drink here. Drunk, octopus tentacle arms wrap around her, pulling her close to his dry breath.

She pushes him back. Not for nothing do her colleagues call her the Iron Elf. A lifetime of rolling on mats with men three times this one's size has left her more than capable.

Another glance at that closed side door. She's not coming back. *You let her go, remember?*

Sophie steps past the man and heads to the bar that's tucked away from the main floor action. It's quieter there. The music drops to a slow steady base. A thin trickle of cigarette smoke undulates past her as she takes up a seat on one of the stools. There's a couple down the other end of the bar, speaking close and quiet. Sophie swallows back the yearn that's arrived fully formed and pregnant in her throat.

She knew the score. Evie was...fun.

It was always going to end.

The bartender walks towards her. She's older, with a wig that's blunt cut bob perfection. Her braces cover her nipples, and her breasts are full and round despite the elastic pushing them flat. She's everything Evie's not. Available to Sophie's needs for starters. "What can I get for you?"

"Dirty martini."

The bartender turns and opens the fridge and selects a chilled glass. Her butt's smaller than Evie's, flatter, but the slope from her waist into that ass is long and languid, a casual elegance. Sophie fluffs out her hair and crosses her legs, resting forward on the counter.

Did she really think that there could have been something more with Evie? Yes. Fool. What's the one rule she always had? No straight women.

And she'd let Evie waltz in and shatter any resolution she had.

Fool.

The bartender shaves ice into the glass, and slides it across to Sophie. "There you go."

Their eyes meet. Her eyes are wide and warm brown. Not as luscious as Evie's but beautiful in a kind of well-worn way. Did she like women? Or did she just like to play that she did?

Sophie picks up the glass and touches the tip of her tongue to the cool liquid. Perfect.

She drains it. "May I have another?"

The bartender with the luscious breasts and the flat ass takes the glass and starts the process all over again. Gin, vermouth, the shaker, the chilled glass, the ice shavings, the drizzle of olive juice that makes it dirty. Evie liked it dirty. *Likes* it dirty. A simultaneous wave of regret and a twist of lust clutch at Sophie.

Hopefully, the second martini will provide the hit the first one missed. *Oblivion sought here.*

Another martini lines up. This time she sips it. Warmth slowly seeps into her limbs. Finally. Her attention drifts across the bar. In the mirrors behind the rows of bottles, consenting adults frolic and grind in their giant playground. Maybe she'd been wrong to bring Evie here?

No. That wasn't the problem.

The couple at the end of the bar kiss. The kind of kisses that are more tender than passionate. He's cradling her face, and her hands are in his hair. Sophie can't stop watching them. What are they doing here? Behind her, somewhere in that melee of lights and smoke and lust, a woman is on all fours, every orifice stuffed with cock and cum. And yet here, as she watches this delicate declaration of love with lips and murmurs, she's aware of her intrusion into their privacy. Their fragile cocoon of love that they're making.

She turns away, embarrassed and finishes her drink.

Another slides forward.

The bartender shrugs. "On me."

Sophie glances over the older woman. There are echoes of Evie in her movements, the way her hands are turning that cloth into a glass, removing the traces of water. The way her fringe brushes against her eyebrows.

Evie wouldn't sleep with him, would she? *Yes, yes she would.* Straight, remember? That's what happens with experimentation phases...you're part of the apparatus to their final result. Verdict: still straight.

Sophie pulls the martini glass to her, accepting the gift that confirms her suspicions. "Thank you..?"

"Maria."

"Thank you, Maria."

They both smile. Sophie runs her finger round the rim of the glass, picks up the cocktail stick and slips the olive into her mouth. Maria watches her every movement. The alcohol rushes to Sophie's groin.

Evie and her were never about happily ever after, were they? And she'd only herself to blame. Her gaze travels over Maria's breasts and the heat stoking between her legs kindles.

This time when she sips her drink, she makes sure Maria's eyes are on her as she slips her tongue into the salty liquid.

Maria's voice is husky. "Can I get you anything else?"

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"My place is round the corner." Sophie's coat covers the worst of the cold night air. From the steam rising from Maria's words, it must be close to freezing but those four martinis dull her nerves to anything else.

Maria's hand occasionally slips over Sophie's ass as they walk, testing its firmness. Sophie can barely keep her feet in line on the pavement, her heels too high as she stumbles into the no doubt bad decision she's about to make. Wasn't Evie a bad decision? She was. And Maria?

She's still in her wig that shines synthetic under the streetlights. Her faux leopard-print coat swoops round her, an exotic predator in lipgloss and coconut scent. Who gives a fuck about bad decisions when they look that seductive?

A taxi clicks past them on the deserted street.

Maria leads her down an alleyway and out into a street that's dark and desolate. Sophie follows her into a building that reeks of yesterday's garbage. The overhead fluorescent turns Maria's hair purple, and Sophie stifles a giggle. What the fuck is she doing?

Forgetting.

Nah. An *adventure*.

Maria turns toward her. Her dark eyes are heavy with lust and no doubt whatever she smoked when she slipped out for her break. "Open your coat."

Sophie's heart races as the game begins.

Her fingers push the buttons out of their slots. It takes her far longer than she'd imagined. Martinis aren't exactly known for their clarity inducing properties.

She spreads her coat, trying not to feel like a dirty old man at a bus stop. Maria swallows. She closes the space between them. Her finger trails from the top of Sophie's bodysuit, over her breasts, and down to the v between her legs. Sophie sighs and closes her eyes as the woman moves the tip of her fingernail over her clit.

"Greedy little cunt." Maria flicks her finger against her swollen flesh. It stings. It feels good. "Come, my greedy little cunt. I want to do things to you."

Sophie is limp at the prospect. This is exactly what she needs.

Maria winds her through the depressing gloom of her apartment block until they reach her place. It's open-plan with cheap carpet, and an even cheaper fold-down couch.

The door shuts after Maria lifts and pushes the mechanism. Sophie lets her coat drop to the floor.

She waits for the game to continue. She's not disappointed.

Maria slides off her own coat, until she's once more the woman behind the bar with the fabulous breasts restrained by those braces that Sophie can now see are candy-striped. What do her nipples look like under those tight straps?

"Open your legs, Sophie. Can you do that for me?"

A flood of wetness rushes between her legs that she spreads eagerly. Maria walks round her, inspecting her, weighing her up. She roughly pulls the gusset of her body suit to one side, exposing Sophie's naked waxed cunt that's desperate for attention. Maria's fingers ghost over her clit that's straining for touch. So close. Then, she snaps away. "Wait here, greedy little cunt."

Sophie closes her eyes, then hurriedly opens them again as the world spins. There's a celebrity gossip rag on the coffee table together with a packet of something that looks like blow. What am I doing here? Adventure. Getting. Laid.

She sways on her high heels as Maria returns with a vibrator. "Bend over the back of the couch."

She does as she's told.

"Wider." Maria's voice drops. "Show me your beautiful greedy little cunt."

Sophie shudders as Maria trails the vibrator up her leg. She's so wet, the vibrator almost slips right out again. Switch it on, she wants to cry. But it's not part of the game.

Maria's lips touch her ass cheek and kiss gently. The vibrator shallow dips in and out of her. Fuck. Frustration grips her as she sinks her fingernails into the couch that's slippery-slidy with wear.

"You want me to make you come, little blonde one?"

*Fuck, yes.*

Maria switches on the vibrator hovering at Sophie's entrance as her fingers find her clit and squeeze. Sophie gasps. All of her concentration gathers to that space between her legs, that lump of flesh that screams for release.

"How much do you want it?"

So much. So *so* much. "Please."

The vibrator switches off. Sophie's breathing hitches and her heart races. This is what she needs—someone to tell her what to do, to make the bad stuff go away. To make Evie go away.

Maria hisses. "Did I say you could speak?"

Sophie's hands clench and unclench. She wants to rub herself on this stinking couch until she comes and comes and comes. But she remains still, silent, waiting as the arousal runs down her thighs.

God, this woman with her shit hair and her gin soaked eyes knows exactly how to please her. Pure pleasure. Experience with a capital 'E'.

"Turn around for me."

She does as she's told and her cunt squeezes at the sight of the nipple clamps in Maria's hand. So reminiscent of that time with Evie when they'd celebrated. A pang of sadness echoes up from her gut. Maria pulls down the bodysuit's straps, freeing Sophie's nipples that are hard.

*Tighter*, she wills as Maria traps her small nipples—boys nipples, that's what her first girlfriend had said to her. Too many memories slide into focus, her alcohol border failing. Fuck that girlfriend and unhappy women like Evie who don't know what they want, and who disappear down alleyways behind sex clubs with young boys with hard cocks. Fuck them.

A spasm of exquisite pleasure as Maria perfects her work and her nipples are squeezed into submission by their tiny iron prisons. A thin metal chain connects each clamp to each other and to another chain that Maria can tug on as she wills. Each pull makes her clit harder, bigger, greedy for more. She's right—she is a greedy cunt.

*Fuck you, Evie, I wanted more.*

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Two hours later, Sophie's cunt is sore but sated. The martinis grip lessens and she takes in her surroundings. Stained sheets, empty whisky bottles, and any number of butt plugs, vibrators and clamps that have pinched, revved, and rubbed her to climax.

For two hours, she has been Maria's willing biddable slave.

And yet, Maria's nipples still remain hidden under those braces.

It's not enough.

The woman next to her, the *stranger* next to her, mews in her sleep like a kitten.

There's an absence there, a void of feeling.

And with Evie?

Her heart squeezes, and she's forced to confront what she's been trying so hard to ignore, to repress. Love leaks out where she holds tight onto her slippery grip of control.

She rearranges the bodysuit that she wore for Evie, a dull lump of pain swelling in her chest. It had all been for her. Everything. A last attempt to bring her back.

She finds her shoes, and retrieves her coat. She cannot get out of there fast enough. It's a shit heap. She's a greedy little cunt for thinking she could ever want more.

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## Chapter One

“Can I help you with that, ma’am?”

I stumble in carrying acres of marked term papers and glance at the young man standing too close to me.

Cameron Slade is tall, preppy, and has honey-brown eyes. His skin is so young and unblemished it shines.

“Thank you. I’ve got it.” I pull slightly away from him. The sweet smell of deodorant and well-soaped skin wafts my way.

Cameron Slade. Always wearing a winning smile, he’s cocky, so sure of his whole twenty or so years. And he displays all those things I was coming to value later in life—kindness, consideration, helpfulness—things I’d wished I’d valued sooner.

I dump down the papers, and set to that afternoon’s task. *Catcher in the Rye*.

“Do we have to stay the whole four hours?” asks one of the students.

“Only if you want to pass.” I didn’t want to stay the whole four hours, either. On such a late-week afternoon you could almost see the tumbleweed drift across the empty campus. “I promise I’ll try to get through this quickly. Let’s start by looking at some of the themes.”

One huge clean board in front of me, one long, long afternoon. I take a deep breath. The room is stale with over a thousand student tracks worn into the threadbare carpet. An air-conditioner shudders to a halt. Showtime. “Dichotomy, is what they call it. Nuns who like sexy books, prostitutes who don’t like to swear.” I squeak the black marker over the whiteboard, listing the contrasts I want them to grasp—lecturer/student, old/young, married/single.

“Married.” I’d used this concept to describe myself as every part of speech for so long. “And what is Evie? She is married. And how does she define herself? *Married Evie, Evie got married, Evie’s marriage.*” I stop lecturing and look out at those

achingly young faces—young, young, young. I face my future—old, old, old. And divorced.

“Are you okay, ma’am?” Cameron frowns at me. He sits front center, just under where I stand, and has chosen that moment to pull his sweater off, revealing a glimpse of taut young flesh. *Ma’am*. If marriage was a shield against temptation, the word *ma’am* was the reminder that age was the real barrier. Ma’am *was* my mother. Now, it’s me.

Students glued to their phones amble in late, shuffling to seats at the back of the lecture hall, never to look up again. There are rows and rows of heads that tilt to look down at their laps at the slightest vibration of those goddamn phones. Some are still switched on and their beeping and twinkling sounds page the students to another place, far away from here. The front row is different—eager students who engage, debate, or sometimes not, but keen nonetheless.

“Ma’am?” He’s waiting for my answer.

“Yeah, all good. What can you tell us about how Holden feels about his sexuality?”

Cameron Slade. He’s broad-shouldered, a young man who’s entered his twenties, unsure about the man’s body he’s inherited. He has a walk that staggers slightly. A limp? Always in jeans, always long pants, and always wearing the same sneakers. His hair is styled forward with gel. Sure, he’s cute.

I noticed. I always notice the cute ones. Who wouldn’t? All that youth as fresh as squeezed milk in a pail. Soft, creamy lushness right there under my nose. Tempting, sure. But I require a mental connection of sorts to accompany the physical. Sapiosexual, it’s called. To be turned on by smartness, intelligence, the thrill of the quick wit, the erudite, and the well-read.

Like Sophie? Had she ever read *Catcher*? I doubt it. And yet, she’d been sharing my bed for a few months now. Sophie could probably teach these young faces looking at me more than I ever could.

And Cameron? He looks at me, his pen scratching down notes. He raises his hand and answers questions. Cameron smiles at me.

I smile back, turn away in that disconnected way a lecturer does. I'm always the center of attention, but no one is really noticing. No one is watching.

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