

A woman in a dark bikini is lying on a white fur rug. A spotlight is shining on her from the upper left, creating a dramatic, high-contrast scene. The background is dark and textured.

WATCHED

How far would you go to be seen?

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Sophie keeps an 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 oiled and served up as the main course in a spit roast on the viewing platform.

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

Drunk, octopus tentacle arms wrap around her, pulling her close to his dry breath.

They shouldn't let men drink here.

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 jerk's size has left her more than capable. He doesn't try again.

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

Sophie 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 a seat. 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 strolls over. She's older, with a wig that's blunt cut bob perfection. Her braces cover her nipples, and her bare 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, 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.

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.

Greedy fool.

The bartender shaves ice into the glass, and pushes 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 well-worn way. Did the bartender like women? Or did she just like to play that she did? Like Evie.

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.

Evie wouldn't sleep with him, that young guy, 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.

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, this delicate declaration of love with lips and murmurs...I'm *intruding*. The fragile cocoon of love that they're making transfixes her.

She turns away, embarrassed and finishes her drink.

Another martini 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 turn that cloth round the insides of the glass, removing the traces of water. The way her fringe brushes against her eyebrows. The way she slips glances Sophie's way, then smiles.

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

"Maria."

"Thank you, Maria."

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.

"I like your one-piece."

“My friend dared me to wear it.”

“A dare?”

“I like games.”

“Me too.”

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

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?”

“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 lip-gloss and coconut scent. Who gives a fuck about bad decisions when they look that seductive?

A taxi clicks past them on the deserted avenue.

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. A *game*.

Maria's 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, surrounded by unopened post that's collecting in slush piles at the foot of the fire escape.

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.

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? Playing a game. 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.* 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. To feel good again.

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 dope-soaked eyes knows exactly how to please her. Pure pleasure. Experience with a capital 'E'.

"Turn around for me."

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 rolls through her 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.

Maria pushes Sophie onto the couch and spreads her legs. Past, present, and future are all chained together in her clit, her cunt. She grinds her hips.

Evie is forgotten. Maria is forgotten. All of her existence rests in the need for release.

Maria's mouth closes over her cunt, and her tongue works over her clit, as her fingers push in and out of her wetness. Sophie's orgasm pushes further, higher, tighter as Maria expertly maneuvers her nipples, her clit, her cunt—a slut marionette under her control.

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 failed last attempt to bring her back.

All the orgasms, all the games, haven't filled the space that Evie's left.

She finds her shoes, and retrieves her coat. She cannot get out of there fast enough. Stripped away from her need, Maria's place is a shit heap.

The morning after is bleak and regret-sodden. But not for last night with Maria. *A game.*

Sophie re-wraps her heart in denial, and sets out into the chill.