

Encounter: Voyeur (DarkNovice)
Isabella Jordan

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Voyeur

Nick made his way upstairs, glass of blood in hand, to find a bed and get ready for the day to come. He'd prefer to be heading for a bed with a beautiful, warm body or two in it, but all things in good time.

The sound of moaning came from the top of the stairs and Nick felt himself harden. Drew was already busy with his little human for the night it seemed.

A flood of envy colored Nick's mood as he considered his friend's latest acquisition. Drew's tastes were very similar to his and it wouldn't be the first time Nick found himself wanting his friend's latest find. Often Drew shared them with him. And if Nick really wanted one, he only needed to wait. Eventually Drew would move on and they were his for as long as he wanted.

This one, Gail was her name, was different. Drew knew it as well as he did. There was something about her... an innocence, an ingénue's face. So rare. Those blue eyes were breathtaking beautiful, fringed in dark lashes the same color as her dark hair. Such emotion behind those eyes.

Ah, if only he'd found her first. He just knew that Drew would be ever the gentleman for the longest while.

Such a waste.

Turning to head back down the stairs, he sucked down his drink and headed out of the house. Finding a tree in a most convenient location outside the bedroom window where Drew was occupied with his little beauty, Nick scaled it easily.

He could imagine what was going on in that room. More fun to watch. Drew had opened the window to provide him with a view after all. Nick didn't think for a moment that was unintentional.

And good timing it was. Drew had the girl spread beneath him. She was all long graceful limbs and smooth, white skin. Her breasts were small but they suited her with perfect, tiny pink nipples at their center. Nick wondered what they'd taste like as he watched Drew suckle there, his friend's fingers already pulling down her jeans, her panties.

Her little fingers were clawing at the coverlet beneath her. Soft pink lips parted as she gasped out her pleasure, begging in so many ways for her sweet release. Drew lingered at her breasts for a few minutes more before he trailed kisses down the flat plane of her stomach.

Nick shook his head, chuckling. He would have had the girl coming by now. He knew he could undo her so easily, with just his words or a few simple touches. Her nipples would have been so sensitive by the time he was done, she'd be screaming his name.

And one day she would scream his name. He'd already decided that. No matter how long he had to wait.

Drew must have heard him because he cut his gaze to the window. Nick saluted him, knowing his friend could see him in the darkness. With a slight shake of his head, Drew gently pulled the girl's lower body across the bed, giving Nick a view of that sweet little pussy, all glistening and ready. Nick's mouth watered as his friend spread her thighs wide, showing off the deep pink center of her pleasure.

Wrapping his arms around her thighs with his fingers spreading her petals wide, Drew began to devour her and Nick couldn't help it, he freed himself from his jeans and began to stroke his cock as he watched.

Nick couldn't wait to taste that pussy and now he was fairly certain Drew would allow it at some point. Like the rest of her, it was tiny and he'd be willing to bet she was so tight inside.

As he watched his friend's tongue lap at her, circle her clit with maddening slowness, he continued to smooth his hand up and down his cock. He took it easy. He wanted to draw it out and nobody did it better than he did.

There it was, Nick thought. The girl's eyes flew open in wonder when Drew slid two long fingers into her slick channel, finding that sweet spot inside that would make her fall apart. The girl watched Drew, mouth agape, as he continued his campaign to bring her to release.

Nick smiled. What he wouldn't give to be in there, right now. He had a good use for her mouth. His control slipped for a second just picturing those lips wrapped around his cock, those amazing eyes staring up at him through her lashes.

Better yet, he wanted her to himself, on her knees before him, naked and bound. He'd fuck her mouth until she begged him wordlessly for more and then he'd fuck her pussy until her voice was gone from screaming his name.

"Drew! Oh yes!"

Her cries were high, musical to Nick's ears. It was a sound he could get used to. He watched Drew work her with his fingers while he tongued her clit, bringing her to one orgasm, then another.

It was about time.

Nick loved the way her face flushed, that delicate pink that stained her tiny ears, her chest. Her nipples were little points as she writhed on the bed, riding out her carnal bliss. Nick yearned to know what she'd look like with her limbs stretched tight, at his mercy. How much could she endure? How much could he endure of having that beautiful gaze on himself as he fucked her into oblivion?

Drew shed the rest of his clothing at supernatural speed, positioning himself at the girl's entrance with her legs wrapped around his waist before she seemed to realize what was happening.

Her desperate moans as his friend's cock sank into her had Nick tightening his hand around his own member, quickening his strokes. How tightly did she fit around Drew? How tightly would she squeeze him? He watched her grab for Drew, pulling him down to her for a kiss, which his friend accepted.

No, Nick wouldn't allow that. He'd pin her little hands to the bed and stay above her so he could enjoy every emotion that flitted through those beautiful eyes, so he could hear every whimper. More than that, he wanted her to watch him, to know who brought her to heights of pleasure no one else could. He wanted her to know he owned her.

Smiling, he watched his friend's hand slide between their bodies to manipulate her clit. There. Gail was coming again, screaming now.

Good. Good. The sounds were a delight. And Drew knew what to do there as he kept her on the edge, not letting one orgasm bleed into the next. Rather, he let her come down just enough to teeter of the edge of the next until it was excruciating and she'd be begging him for the next one.

And she begged as Drew continued to pound her into the bed. "Drew, please," she pleaded mindlessly.

She would wish for him stop. She would wish for him not to stop. How sweet her juices must be coating Drew's cock. That was one of Nick's favorite parts. Once he'd reached his end, he'd taste those juices. Then he'd taste her blood. There was no sweeter taste in the world to him. And her scent. He'd give anything to be able to breathe her in at that moment.

Drew was shouting out his own end, Nick reached his only seconds later. But he was quiet. Always quiet. He didn't want the petite beauty in the room to know his intentions just yet.

Oh, he had plans for her.

Once he'd straightened himself up again, Nick quietly climbed from the tree. Now he could rest, prepare for Isaac.

And he'd prepare for the time when little Gail would fall into his lap. A month from now, a year from now. It didn't matter. He'd wait.

And once she was his, well, he'd dominate her. He'd master her. And he had the sneaking suspicion it would take him some time to explore all the possibilities with the beauty whose eyes would haunt him until that day.

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