We Only Have ‘til Dawn

A Short Story
New Year's Eve 2013 was supposed to be a quiet, uneventful affair for Jaime. She was happily preparing for her rare and uncharacteristic night in alone. Her suitcase was packed and ready for her trip tomorrow, the flat was tidy and the huge bag of peanut M&Ms was waiting patiently on the coffee table for her to devour once she’d slipped into her cozy pyjamas and fat dressing gown.

She was, strangely, looking forward to saving some money and feeling sprightly and fresh on New Year’s Day. This was a first for Jaime; she had celebrated New Year’s Eve with her friends for as long as she could remember, and given she was only twenty three – that was really saying something.

She’d had an influx of calls and messages, begging her to join the fun and see in the New Year with her friends, but she had promised herself that this year would be different; she wasn’t going to spend a fortune on a ticket for a jam-packed event that left her fighting to get to the bar to buy an over-inflated drink that was so petite it may as well have been served in a shot glass.

She wasn’t going to have the fatless, bony, exposed part of her foot punctured by some drunken girl’s stiletto heel, or have her own suede shoes ruined by lager and Guinness spillages. She wasn’t going to get so drunk that cigarettes suddenly seemed like her long lost best friend that she just had to keep going outside to reconnect with. She wasn’t going to make a fool of herself by getting irrationally emotional at countdown, happy to see in a new year but so sad to see the last one go, sadder still to be fucking single again – man-less, snog-less, fuck-less at New Year.

That’s right, 2014 was not going to start with injuries or polluted lungs or hideously unnecessary outpourings of love for her friends, and depression about having an action free vagina. For Jaime, January 1st 2014 meant bright eyed and bushy tailed early starts, taking control and being a healthy and happy human being.

Yes, and the end to 2013 would be spent at her flat, alone, getting fat on a packet of peanut M&Ms. Yay, jazz hands, overwhelming excitement…

As she settled on the sofa and flicked through her T.V. entertainment options having ripped open her bag of colourful deliciousness, she momentarily closed her eyes, resisting temptation to check her messages, knowing that her inbox would be full of persuasive peer pressure.

She tucked her feet underneath herself, wriggling into the warm sofa and finding her comfort, all the while - successfully ignoring the irritating tune her phone made every time it received a message, and the music and laughter coming from other flats in her building and outside on the street.

She was determined not to give in. Nothing would make this girl sway. Nothing. Even if she really, really, really wanted it to. Nothing.

“What a load of shit,” she said aloud as she continued to look through the channels, somewhat perturbed that the stupid fucking people at these stupid fucking channels hadn’t helped her out in any way by putting something remotely interesting on.

It wasn’t making her feel any better for having chosen to stay in, but still, it was the plan and she would execute it because she could really do with saving that money right now and having a hangover tomorrow would be hugely inconvenient.

She finally stumbled across an old black and white Christmas film that seemed appropriate for her evening, and so she sat back to relax as the very ‘PG’ content unravelled.

10:30pm and the M&Ms had been destroyed. Jaime groaned as she stirred for about the twelfth time since she first dropped off in front of the television and wondered why the night was going so damned slowly. She knew she wasn’t tired enough to drop off into a deep sleep lasting the whole night, but couldn’t the naps she’d been taking have lasted a little longer and swept her into the New Year?

She turned to lie on her back and shook her head as the credits rolled, resting her hand on her forehead. “So. Fucking. Boring.” she mumbled before taking a deep breath and looking around the room. She swung her legs around and sat, hunched over, tapping her fingers on her knees, wondering what would amuse or tire her until it was time to pass out.

When she decided it was time to raid the kitchen cupboards to see what sundries she had left, the landline rang. She thought for a moment before lifting the handset; if it was a friend asking her to come out, she didn’t want to answer because she knew she’d have
trouble succumbing at this tediously mundane stage of the evening.

But her friends never call her landline; they always use the mobile number... so it was probably her parents. Or what if it was her Nan calling? She couldn’t miss that, so with confidence that it was safe to do so, she picked up.

Fuckers.

“Jay! Where you at, brother?”

“Oh dear god.” She said as she shook her head. “Hello. As you know, I’m a girl but whatever. I’m not coming out.”

“Aww, don’t be such a spoilsport, we miss you,” her friend whined jovially across the line. “It’s great here – you should so come.”

“We want Jay, we want Jay...” A chant broke out in the background of the phone call. Jaime knew she was going to have to be really strong.

“No, I can’t come. But thank you for thinking of me.”

“Of course we’re thinking of you! We want our Jaime here! There are loads of blokes...” Tempting... but no. “It sounds like great fun, it really does, but I have to stay in. I really need to stay in.”

“Oh come on, I’ll buy you drinks; you won’t spend much I promise. No one is on the door so you won’t need a ticket, you can drive here and stay at mine after; it’s only a walk away. Then get a cab to get your car tomorrow.”

“I’m going away tomorrow, remember?”

“Oh yeah – well just make sure you get back in time. You’ll be fine. Come!”

Jaime sighed loudly and shook her head. This was so tough; sitting at home alone was so damned boring. She could hear the music and festivities in the background and it was enticing... magnetic, almost.

“You can throw on a dress and some make-up and be here in fifteen minutes. We want to see in the New Year with you!” her friend slurred. Jaime wanted to be slurring, too. Jaime wanted to be in the pub, doing all those things she really didn’t want to be doing. And the fact was, she really could just throw on a dress and some make-up and be there in a few minutes because she’d had a bath and washed her hair already that night.

“Pleeesease?” her friend begged.

“Oh god, I really shouldn’t. I’m supposed to be staying in. It’s late already...”

“It’s...” there was a clumsy, clattering pause, “it’s ten thirty seven. That is not late. Get your glad rags on and get over here, sharpish. The Swan, Market Street... be here, baby!”

“Ugh.” She was losing the fight. She was losing to her friend and she was losing to herself. In her head, she was already at The Swan, partying the night away. It was going to be done. “Okay, but I’m not getting rat-arsed and I’m not staying up until dawn and I have to be home early. Okay?”

“Woohoo! She’s coming!” her friend yelled to the other members of her group. “Be as quick as you can, okay?”

“I will, I’m literally throwing something on so don’t expect anything other than mediocre.”

“Be quiet, see you soon. Par-tay!” She said before hanging up.

Jaime returned the receiver and sighed for a moment, building up the oomph to get going before jumping up from the arm of the sofa and rushing to the bedroom to pull something glitzy and easy from the wardrobe.

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It must have been a world record. She was out of the house and in her car, on the way to Old Market Street within twenty minutes. She thought parking would be a nightmare, but she managed to find one last spot in the car park – somebody must have just left. It was a local pub but she hadn’t been here for years so she had no idea what to expect inside, but she knew that task number one was to get straight to the bar for a drink.

Walking through the doors, she was hit with an exciting ball of heat, noise, music, bustle... exactly what she wanted not to want. But did. She didn’t even begin to start looking for her friends, the wait at the bar looked like a feat in itself so she decided to get stuck in there first.

She managed to wriggle through a few men until she could at least see the optics and staff moving around behind the bar, and then stood patiently waiting for the queue to move forwards.

As she turned to look at the people surrounding her to check for talent, she felt someone grab her wrist and yank her forwards towards the bar until she gently bumped up
against it.

“Whoa!” she cried out, slightly disoriented, looking up to see who had pulled her from impatience, and came across a stunning smile; a large, rough and ready type of man with perfect white teeth and sexy coarse stubble. He had the kindest eyes in a captivating shade of blue.

“Don’t get lost in the crowd, beautiful. What can I get you?” his voice was grainy and deep and his thick accent made her lady bits sing ‘Hallelujah’ with incredible clarity. He was smiling at her, at her, and she wanted nothing more than to smile back at him for the rest of her life. Who was this delicious Australian creature?

“Oh… erm… I’ll have… oh shit I don’t know.”

He laughed, keeping his eyes on her face and he bent down to rest his forearms on the bar as if the place was empty and he had all the time in the world. “What’s your name?”

“My name? Oh, it’s Jaime.”

“Jaime… nice, suits your face. Anyway, hi Jaime, I’m Jake. So, you think you want wine or spirits?”

“Vodka, definitely.”

“Okay, a vodka girl. Juice or soda?”

“Um… I think juice.”

“Cranberry… orange?”

“Erm… not orange.”

“Okay, a Cosmo it is.”

“I don’t know what that is…”

“I think it’s a drink that a Jaime would like.”

She grinned; she liked this guy. “Okay. I’ll have two then please.”

“Coming up.”

Jaime stood back and watched as Jake moved around the bar fluidly, mixing something just for her. She observed as he interacted with his fellow bar staff, smiling and joking – he had sex appeal coming out of his ears. Yes, he did.

She had been single for a long time, and she craved some hot, sweet passion – but Jaime wasn’t looking for a boyfriend, a little ‘relief’ would suffice.

He didn’t take long to return to her with the two Cosmopolitans, and as he did, he placed the drinks in front of her and crossed his arms, nodding once. “What’s the verdict?”

She grinned before picking one up and taking a long refreshing gulp through the straw, she had been gasping after rushing around to get here. It was delicious, a new drink for her and definitely her new favourite. “Oh wow, it’s luscious, thank you! Good call.”

He grinned and gave her a cheeky wink, which sent a tingle or two down her spine.

“Good. Enjoy – hopefully I’ll see you again for another one shortly.”

“Well, I haven’t paid yet. How much do I owe you?”

“On the house, Jaime. If I don’t see you before, enjoy the countdown.”

“Oh, er… thank you so much, that’s…” and with that, he was gone, approaching another customer at the other end of the bar.

Jaime stood there, stunned for a moment. She had unintentionally jumped the queue, met a super-delicious Australian called Jake, fallen a little bit in love, and been given two drinks for free! She had to wonder how on earth he makes any money for the pub if he just hands over free drinks to every remotely attractive girl that approaches the bar. Still, it helped her out; she didn’t want to spend too much in the first place so she was two drinks richer than she would have been otherwise.

She snapped back to the present and squeezed herself and her two drinks… or one and a quarter drinks by that point, through the crowd to attempt to find her friends.

The place was rammed so she wasn’t expecting to find them immediately, but when ten minutes had past and she had circled inside at least four times and the smoking area twice, she began to get a little confused.

“You alright? You’re looking a bit lost there, only a couple of minutes to go.” The hot barman surprised her from behind as she stood at the top of a short flight of steps, looking over the lower area of the pub.

“Oh! Hi! Actually, I am a little lost, I’m supposed to be meeting my friends here and I haven’t found any of them yet. It’s bizarre because there are about twenty of them!”

“Really? That’s strange – are you sure they’re here?”

“Yeah, I only just spoke to them before I left - they told me The Swan on Old Market Street.”
“Um... you don’t suppose they meant The Swan on Market Street? It’s a mistake a lot of people make.”
“What? Is there a Swan on Market Street?”
“Yeah, I’m afraid there is.”
“Well, fuck.” She closed her eyes and shook her head in disbelief. She made the naughty decision to sack her night in and meet her friends for a cheeky New Year celebration, only to find herself in the wrong pub, without her friends at two minutes to midnight. It was punishment for making the wrong decision, she was sure of it.
He laughed and placed a hot, masculine hand gently on her shoulder. “Listen, you’re never going to make it to Market Street in time. How about you drink in the New Year with me? I’ll keep you company.”
“Really? Won’t your boss get pissed off?”
“I’m managing the place, don’t worry about it.”
“No, listen – I’ll just shoot off, I don’t want to keep you from your friends and stuff. Thanks for the offer though.”
“Jaime, I may have just met you, but there’s no way I’m gonna let you see in the New Year alone, on your way home. And anyway – I’m going back to Australia next week, celebrate my last night of two thousand thirteen in England with me. Come on, come with me.”
Jake grabbed her hand and tugged her over to the far end of the bar on the upper level of the pub. It was rammed everywhere, but there were a few less people up there so they could stand in relative comfort and have a drink with one another.
“Drink up, we’ve got about... one minute. I’m going to make us another one.” He said with a cheeky smile as he shot behind the bar like a flash and began to mix up another delicious Cosmo for each of them.
Jaime stood staring at him doing his thing, wondering what on earth she was doing and how the hell her night had ended up like that! But she told herself it was okay, she could see in the New Year with the hot Australian and then disappear off to Market Street to meet her friends, or just go straight home again. It all seemed like a bit of a disaster for Jaime, and she was certain that this was a sign that she should never have given in to the temptation in the first place.
“Made it!” Jake said with a huge grin on his face as he returned to Jaime and slammed two drinks down on the bar, but he wasn’t finished. He grabbed two shot glasses from beneath the bar at the speed of lightening, and quickly filled them with a syrupy, clear liquid.
“When we’ve said ‘one’, we’re going to do the shot and down the Cosmo... got it?”
“What?” I can’t do that!” Jaime cried as the crowds began chanting from ten.
“Yeah you can! Lets do this, Jaime!” he shouted through the noise. “Say goodbye to two thousand and thirteen! Bye-bye!”
He was so playful that Jaime couldn’t resist enjoying these few minutes she had with him, and ‘fuck it’ she thought, why not. “Okay, bye-bye two thousand and thirteen!” she cried, waving her hand in the air.
“Good girl!” he yelled. “Come on! Four...” They continue to count together, shouting each number at the top of their lungs. “Three!”
“Two!”
“One!”
“Happy New Year, Jaime! Ready? Shot!” he roared, before they both picked up their shot, banged the glass on the bar and threw it back. “And Cosmo! Down in one!”
Jaime shook her head and winced as she dropped her shot glass on the bar and picked up her Cosmo, ready to wash the taste of that pungent Sambuca from her tongue.
She began to down it with Jake, grateful for the refreshing flavour of the cranberry after the strong, neat liquor she’d just ingested. It was a lot easier than she had expected and as they both slammed their empty glasses down on the bar, they laughed energetically together.
“And Happy New Year to you, too, Jake!”
He smiled at her slowly as if contemplating something, before taking her by utter surprise and slipping a firm hand around the back of her neck and pulling her face towards his.
She hardly had a moment to understand the situation at hand, and as she tried, he pressed his full, soft lips against hers, cool and sweet from the drinks he had just consumed. She had no choice, this guy was kissing her and she was going to damned well enjoy it.
After the initial couple of seconds of shock elapsed, she closed her eyes and began to
kiss him back. This Australian could kiss! His tongue moved so perfectly rhythmically with hers, sensually stroking and caressing. His hand gripped her neck so tightly, she felt massively overpowered, but one hundred per cent safe, at the same time.

He shuffled closer as he kissed, grabbing the waist of her dress in his spare fist and pulling her tightly against him. His hand slipped around to her lower back and pushed her into his body. They fitted together like two pieces of a jigsaw.

She sighed loudly as her body melted against his, she hadn’t kissed anybody quite this way for a long time, he knew what he was doing and she was thoroughly enjoying how he lavished her with this passionate intensity.

He slowed gradually and moved his head to a more central position as he opened his eyes and ran the tip of his nose up and down hers, gazing into her eyes. She gazed right back without hesitation.

“Got a boyfriend?” he asked with a smirk, a little after the horse had bolted, making her giggle.

“Nope.”

“Good job.” Slowly he pushed his chin forwards again and pressed their lips together for a very soft, slow peck. “Stay with me a bit longer?”

She tilted her head, narrowing her eyes. “Why?”

“Um… because I like you and I don’t want you to go yet.”

“Simple answer.”

“I say it how it is. So what d’ya say?”

She paused for a moment, smiling, contemplating what best to do. “Hmm. Okay, but just so you know, my friends are going to kill me.”

He chuckled. “Well you tell them to come and talk to me. I’m just going to sort some stuff out back here,” he said, pointing towards the bar with his thumb, “don’t go anywhere. I’ll be back in a minute.”

Jaime nodded affirmatively and Jake disappeared to do whatever he needed to do behind the bar. She took this time alone to get her phone from her clutch to text her friends, to make them aware of the situation so that they didn’t worry.

“Well, shit,” she said to herself as she opened the screen. Thirteen missed calls and nine text messages. She was going to be in trouble. She sent a short message to one of her friends, saying that she went to the wrong pub but bumped into someone and was staying to have a few drinks with him. They didn’t have to know she didn’t actually know him. She apologised for causing any worry and signed off saying that she might join them in a while, leaving it without an opening for a reply or a definite plan.

She locked her phone and buried it inside her clutch, mentally switching off so that she didn’t have to deal with any questions while she was having one-on-one time with Australian Jake. He was smoking hot and snogged like a divine being sent to earth with one purpose - to alleviate frustration amongst unsatisfied young ladies. And he could have alleviated Jaime’s frustration in any which way he liked at that point.

“Jaime,” he said with a huge, beautiful smile as he returned to her side, “glad to see you stayed.”

“Thank you, I wasn’t really too sure what to do, but I thought… why the fuck not.”

He laughed loudly and put an arm around her waist. “Why the fuck not indeed! Here, I brought you another drink.”

“Thank you,” she said as she slid the drink towards her and stirred it with the straw.

“So, er, how long have you worked here? I haven’t seen you around.”

“No, I’m a relief manager so move around from place to place. I’ve been here a few months though. I’m going back home next week.”

“Excited?”

“Yeah,” he said with a downward smile and a nod, sipping on a bottle of water, “it’ll be good to see the folks back home again. I’ve enjoyed my time here though, I like the lifestyle of what I do.”

“That’s good.”

“Yeah. So why did you come out so late?”

“I wasn’t supposed to come out at all, actually, but my friends were extremely persuasive and managed to get me throwing some last minute slap on and running out of the house. But I ended up here…” she said with a giggle.

“And I’m glad that you did.”

The talk flowed freely for a short while before Jake had to pay some attention to
patrons and staff, but he still managed to juggle all of that with keeping Jaime company, all the while encouraging her to stay at the bar to keep him company.

As he had explained, he wasn’t a local and hadn’t been in the area for a long time, so he hadn’t made a solid group of friends - just acquaintances and colleagues, so he was able to give full attention, aside from sporadic work duties, to Jaime.

Time seemed to go quickly for her, and before she knew it, the lights were switched on and the patrons were being asked to leave the pub. Jake was walking around, doing whatever it is that relief managers do, and so Jaime slipped off of her stool and retrieved her jacket from the nearby peg.

As she slid her arms inside the sleeves, that new favourite accent of hers was in her ear, whispering sexily, “Don’t go just yet, stay and have one last drink with me. Just me.”

“Oh… really?” she asked, feeling quite excited to be the only one allowed to stay behind.

“Yes, really.”

“Um… okay then. But I really can’t stay late, I have an early start tomorrow.”

“That’s cool. Take a seat, I’m just going to let the staff go and do a little bit of clearing up, then I’ll be all yours.” He pointed to a cluster of leather sofas and chairs that a member of the bar staff had just returned to the floor in preparation for the normal pub day tomorrow, and she sat down, feeling a little awkward all alone.

She was definitely a little tipsy, if not a lot tipsy, and wondering if she was going to get to kiss hot Australian Jake one more time after closing. She’d certainly welcome another hot smooch, and given that he had asked her to stay, she was pretty sure that he’d enjoyed round one enough to give round two a good going.

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He was finished with the dismissing fairly quickly and before she knew it, he was sitting on the sofa next to her, handing her a drink.

“That was quick!”

“What can I say? I’m an impatient man. So, Jaime, how the devil are you?”

She laughed, feeling fully relaxed all of a sudden. “I’m fantastic, how are you?”

“All the better for your company. Finally we have some peace and quiet.”

“Do you do this sort of thing often?”

“Naa, not really. Sometimes friends of the staff stay late, but I told them New Years was going to be a tight operation. Most of them had house parties to go to anyway. But that’s really not what I want to talk to you about.”

Okay, what would you like to talk to me about?” she asked, grinning, turning her body in her seat to face him.

He paused for a moment; looking from her perfect, almond-shaped eyes to her full cleavage, enticingly on display in the low cut dress that she wore with poise. “I’m not sure I want to do much talking at all.”

She giggled. “Is that so? And what exactly would you like to do instead?”

He sighed deeply, visibly relaxed into his seat and locked his eyes with hers. He tilted his head to one side as he began. “Well, I’d definitely like to kiss you again. That’s happening. But aside from that…” he paused again and dragged those sexy blue eyes from her face to her feet and back again, slowing at all the important parts to really take them in, as if he was looking at her with x-ray vision, his eyes burning through her clothes and focusing on what he imagined to be her beautifully tight and willing body, “I’d like to slip my hand inside your underwear and touch you until you cry out. I’d like to hold your breasts in my hands and slowly suck your nipples until my cock is so rock solid, I can’t take anymore.” His face and hands moved as he spoke, his eyes closing, really expressing his deep desire to execute these wicked intentions.

Jaime gasped aloud in disbelief, not quite believing the man has just been so downright brazen, and before the state of shock fully set in, he continued. “That’s when you’re going to unzip my pants and take a hold of me in your tight fist. You’ll enjoy how I feel in your hand, you’ll run that hand firmly up and down my thick cock and feel it swell even more. I’ll be kissing your neck, my hand up your skirt, my fingers inside you, pushing slowly, feeling your hotness as you get wetter and wetter.”

Jaime’s mouth remained involuntarily ajar and after a short silence, she took a long loud breath in, clearing her throat and shaking off the throbbing down in her knickers. “Good. God.” She said slowly. “I… Jesus…”

Jake smirked as he let her process all that he’d said and formulate her response. He
clearly knew he’d shocked her and appeared to be enjoying every last second of her reaction.

“Jake, I… I’m not sure what sort of impression I have given you, but I… I’m just not that kind of a girl, I…”

“Jaime,” he said as he took her hand in his and sat forward in his seat, talking quietly, “I never said that you were. These are just the things I’d like to do with you. I never said we were actually going to do them, did I? Relax; we can have fun talking about things we don’t actually have to do. You might like it.”

“Um… I’ve never done that.”

“There’s a first time for everything. Let’s have a shot.”

He stood up, leaving her flummoxed in her seat, how could he have just said all of those highly sexual, erotic things and then just changed the subject and gone to the bar for a fucking shot? “Hey, come on,” he said, disturbing her bewilderment, and she looked over to the bar, still utterly perplexed.

“Don’t freak out about it, it was just words. Come, let’s do a body shot.”

She cleared her throat again and stood up, straightening her dress and moving awkwardly to the bar, desperately hoping that the embarrassment from the wild heat surging from her undercarriage wasn’t radiating from her face. “Um. Okay, what’s a body shot, exactly?”

“I’m going to take shots from your body.”

“Oh!” she said with a smile. “Interesting!”

“Yes, and as your perfect chest has been teasing me somewhat this evening, I’d like to start there if you don’t mind.”

“Um…” she hesitated, but intrigue fought through and she felt a sudden urge to give something wild a go. “Okay, just tell me what to do.”

He handed her a shot glass. “Put this in there,” he said, pointing to her full cleavage, and she giggled.

“Right…” she took it from him and began to slowly ease it between her breasts, Jake watching intently as her soft, plump flesh moulded around the small glass. He groaned quietly as the bulge in his trousers visibly expanded.

He took a bottle of his preferred liquid and walked around the bar to stand in front of her, gazing down. He lifted the bottle, looked into her eyes briefly and then began to slowly fill the glass.

The silence in the room was seductive, the sound of the alcohol splashing into the glass was inexplicably suggestive and it was all Jaime could do to refrain from moaning loudly as she grabbed the edge of the bar behind her, with both hands.

As the liquid reached the top of the glass, Jake continued to pour until it gushed over the rim and ran in channels sensually down the soft skin of her breasts. Jaime gasped excitedly, surprised by how turned on this whole situation made her.

Maybe it was all the talk of a moment ago, maybe it was just the feeling of warm alcohol pouring over her skin, maybe anticipation of what was coming next… who knew? But she wouldn’t have wanted to change places with anyone at that moment, it was one of the most arousing situations she had ever found herself submerged in.

He didn’t take his eyes off her wet breasts once as he returned the bottle to the bar. He leant down with pure hunger in his eyes and ran his hot, velvety tongue over her glazed chest, lapping the alcohol from her skin, cupping the undersides of her breasts in his palms as he did.

She dropped her head back and whimpered as her nipples puckered inside her bra. He slid his tongue just inside the neckline of her dress to the unexposed skin ensuring every last drop of liquid was absorbed, and when satisfied, he ran it slowly up the centre of her deep cleavage until he reached the shot glass. He took it capably between his teeth and slowly eased it out, and as the full flesh bounced back into place, he leant back slightly, so as to avoid smacking Jaime in the face, and knocked it back.

Jaime’s eyes opened and she lifted her head to look at him in absolute amazement. Never in her life had she felt as uncontrollably libidinous as she did at that moment. He grinned back at her, cheekily. “Delicious, thank you.”

She had been rendered speechless, yet again.

“Would you like one? I can’t say I’ve got anything half as attractive to rest the glass in, but I’ll happily pour you a shot the old fashioned way…”

“I, er… I think I’ve probably had enough. Will you be… having another?” She spoke timidly, but was secretly hopeful.
“I’d like another.”
“Will it be another body shot?” she asked, shyly, and he grinned.
“Er... would you like that?”
She looked down as she nodded. “Yes.”
“Well, okay then. I think we’ll leave your chest to dry this time, so why don’t you hop up on the bar and we’ll try something else?”
“What? Like sit on the bar?” she asked, befuddled.
“No. Like, lie on the bar.”
“What?” she cried. “Really?”
“Yes, really,” he said, earnestly.
She paused for a moment before nodding again, eyeing up the bar and pushing herself up onto it with her hands and arms, twisting and landing on her bottom. As Jake moved behind the bar, selecting a different drink, she positioned herself so that her head wouldn’t hit the bar-top till when she lay back, and raised her legs to rest horizontally along the bar.
Slowly, she lowered herself backwards until she was lying flat, her hands on her stomach nervously.
“Relax, if you don’t like it, we don’t have to...”
“No!” she stopped him. “No, I want to.”
He grinned and approached her with the bottle. He placed it next to her on the bar and scanned her body before lowering his head to meet hers. He gently placed his lips against Jaime’s and kissed her softly, relaxing her completely.
She raised an arm and wrapped it around Jake’s neck, pressing his face against hers, willing him not to stop as her tongue found its unexpected solace with his. He knew how to move it, he knew how to seduce her with it, he knew every tiny little thing that ‘did it’ for Jaime.
She was surprised when she felt his fingertips run up her leg as their lips moved together, but she wasn’t alarmed when they caught the hem of her short dress, nor did she stop him when he slowly inched it up her thighs. She swooned as she felt the palm of his hand run across her pubic bone to yank up the other side of her dress.
He continued to move the dress north - up her lower body, as he kissed her, smoothing his hand over her supple stomach until the fabric was skirting her ribcage. At this point, he broke the kiss, immediately moving his lips to her stomach, kissing gently, fully appreciating her delicately smooth skin.
Goosebumps ran up her spine and she arched in delight as his lips danced on her body. She raised her hands to her head and stilled with two fistfuls of hair when he lifted away to grab the bottle of liquor.
“Mmm...” he mumbled as began to pour and watched the fluid splash into her belly button. It wasn’t especially deep, but not so shallow that he couldn’t fill it with a substantial mouthful.
Again, Jaime sighed aloud when she felt it trickle down her side and onto the bar beneath her; she knew that he’d be licking her belly button and stomach with great ardour very soon, and she was more than ready.
She’d never done anything like this before, especially with a man she didn’t know, but Jake had something about him, something that made her wholly exhilarated; invigorated; energised! She wanted that night; she wanted a little passion, a little excitement in her life. She wanted a taste of Australian Jake and she wanted it for one night only. She wanted it there and then.
He pressed one hand on her thigh and the other on the ruched fabric of her dress, just beneath her breasts, before reaching down with his head and licking one side of her waist slowly, all the way up to her navel.
Once there, he pressed his lips around it and sunk his tongue into the soft hollow to generate a sensual, strong suction to slurp his tipple. Jaime cried out with pleasure as a sharp tingle ran straight from her centre to her clitoris in a split second. “Fuck!” she gasped, as she arched her back, pointing her toes.
“Mmm...” he moaned as he continued to suck and lick the sticky residue from her body. He was clearly revelling in this, just as much as Jaime was.
Gently and slowly, he ran his hand up her thigh as he lapped her stomach, caressing her body in as many ways as was physically possible, and she lay back and indulged in it, forgetting that she’d never have done anything like this before.
She melted into the hard, wooden bar beneath her, succumbing to the amorous mood.
that filled the empty pub. No one else was there, the bar was dimly lit and the blinds closed. Nobody could see in, nobody could disturb… it was just Jaime and Jake - two strangers, alone together, creating their very own lust-filled, seductive atmosphere.

His tongue and mouth began to move faster and harder on the skin of her belly as he moved both of his hands to skim her waist, pushing her dress further up her body, above her bra.

They moaned in unison as he grabbed hold of her body tightly and swung her around until her legs were dangling from the side of the bar and she was in a seated, upright position. Clutching her around the neck at the base of her jaw, he pulled her face to his and kissed her wildly, forcing his way between her thighs with his torso until she wrapped her naked legs around his hips.

Having a man between her legs was a welcome and satisfying surprise, but having that man between her thighs made her wetter than she could ever remember being. Her knickers felt drenched pressed against her, his groin pushing at her pelvis and up against the gusset of her underwear.

She wanted nothing more than for him to explore her and appreciate her readiness. She was already appreciating the feel of his excitement through his jeans between her legs, and she was nervous but wired at the prospect of unbuttoning those sexy jeans and setting him free in her hand.

It had been some time since she had set a man free in her hand. He took his hands from her neck and reached around to unzip her dress. He held her arms, guiding them upwards before taking the bunched fabric and lifting it over her head.

She didn’t feel anywhere near as nervous as she normally did, semi-naked, in front of a man for the first time. There she was, sitting on the bar of an empty pub with an incredibly good-looking man in front of her - removing her clothes and licking her flesh, and all she felt was excitement and passion and hunger. (Sexual hunger, of course – Big Macs couldn’t have been further from her mind.)

He tossed her dress behind him onto one of the leather sofas and stepped back, silently, simply gazing at her smooth body - wearing nothing but matching lace underwear. He exhaled loudly, pursing his lips and he shook his head subtly. It was obvious that he found her overwhelmingly attractive, and that, in turn, spurred Jaime on.

He took her heeled feet in palms and stepped forwards, running his fingers slowly up her legs until he reached the apex of her thighs, where his eyes fixed on her full breasts. She slowly dropped her head backwards, revelling in his attention, and swung it from side to side, letting her long hair swish against her back, inviting him to help himself to her chest. And he did.

As his lips lavished her skin with affection, his hands ran firmly around her sides to her back, where he seemed to simply click his fingers for her bra to magically burst open. Jaime was amazed at how easily he unfastened the two metal clasps that even she had trouble with sometimes, but she quickly shook all practical thoughts from her head and went back to revelling in the contact and affections of the delicious Australian.

“Jaime…” he croaked, manipulating the aching flesh of her breasts in his strong hands, and the sound woke her from her sexual trance; there hadn’t been any noise, other than the hypnotising melody of quiet moans and kisses for the past few minutes.

She cleared her throat and lifted her head. “Yes?”

“Are you okay? Is this okay?”

“Yes,” she said, immediately, reiterating it with another, “yes.”

“Are you sure?”

“Shh.” She said, closing her eyes and clutching his neck, forcing his face forwards towards her breasts, impatiently.

He chuckled softly and complied, toying with each nipple in turn, with his teeth and tongue.

Jaime cried out as she felt her intimate muscles tighten, aching for him to touch her, to relieve her of that torturous need. She irritably clutched his shirt and pulled at the sides, needing him to be as naked and hot against her, as she was.

He slowly eased away from her chest and smiled up at her face for a few moments, the obvious impatience on her face amusing him tremendously. He fingered the buttons on his shirt and released them one by one, agonisingly slowly.

It was too much for Jaime, she hadn’t had any real excitement in her life for… well, forever, and that was her moment, she was about to let go, to let loose, un leash her inner
minx for the first time in years… and he was making her wait!

Zealously, she leant forwards and took his belt in her fingers and began to shakily unfasten it, needing to speed up his deliberately casual disrobing.

“Hey… slow down,” he said, amused. “We have all the time in the world.”

“No, we don’t, I can’t stay long,” she whispered, breathlessly, speaking the truth but hoping it would speed him up a little. “I’m going away with work tomorrow, we only have until dawn and it’s already…” she paused and looked around to find a clock.

“Relax, I’ll make sure you get away on time. Now…” he flicked his final cuff button and slipped his shirt from his shoulders, exposing his stunningly muscular torso, “are we leaving those on… or taking them off?” he asked sexily, smiling, pointing to her knickers.

His playful manner made her swoon a little more and she giggled quietly, knowing what she wanted.

“Off?” he asked, and she nodded, shyly. “Well, okay then.”

He stepped forwards and kissed her gently on the lips as he slipped those warm fingers inside the lace at the top of her underwear. As he tugged them down, she lifted herself with her hands so that he could slip them past her bottom, and as she lowered herself immediately, he slid them down her legs and over her stilettoes.

“Leave those on, yeah?” he asked, pointing at her shoes as he held the thin lace in his palm.

“Okay.” She wasn’t thinking as much about her shoes, as the wet underwear in his hand, and whether or not he had even noticed that they were soaked through. She was embarrassed and praying that he’d just drop them, preferably gusset down, onto a shaded area of the floor or even better, over on the sofa.

“Good.” He placed both hands on the bar either side of her, and as Jaime was well aware, the lace knickers were still firmly in his fist. He took the empty hand from the bar and lightly touched her between her legs, making her gasp loudly.

“I’ve been wanting this since the minute I set eyes on you,” he whispered as his fingers effortlessly slid inside her lips to glide over her clitoris. “Fuck, Jaime, you’re so wet. It feels amazing.”

She felt vaguely embarrassed, but couldn’t focus on that with his fingers so delightfully controlling her desires, caressing her most intimate of areas with perfection. He was obviously extremely experienced.

She looked at his face to discover his eyes exploring hers, and in that moment, he sunk his fingers deep inside her, slowly but forcefully, watching how she managed her pleasure. “Oh god!” she whimpered, loudly, grinding her hips against his fingers uncontrollably.

“Fuck,” he whispered, “you look so hot when you’re enjoying what I do to you.”

She continued to look at his face as he slowly worked his fingers inside her, forcing herself not to come right away, she could have easily burst the moment he pushed inside her hot centre. Her own moisture was turning her on immensely, she didn’t think she’d ever been this way with another man, she couldn’t remember physically needing someone the way she did at that moment, with Jake.

He grinned cheekily as they looked at one another, the solace he offered her undeniable on her face. They could both hear his fingers moving inside her in the stark silence of the room and he growled in satisfaction.

It was both arousing and embarrassing for Jaime, she liked that she could hear such an erotic act purely due to her own excitement, but it was embarrassing that she was just so wet!

It was made slightly easier for her, by the clear gratification on Jake’s face; he must have been enjoying it, but nothing could have prepared her for what came next. The mortifying moment he lifted his fist, still staring directly into her eyes, and pressed her sodden knickers into his face.

“Oh my god, no!” she cried out, torn between the pleasure she felt and the embarrassment of having him not only feel, but smell her so intimately. She grabbed his wrist but she wasn’t strong enough to pull his hand away. “Please don’t do that…” she begged, distracted by his fingers pulling out of her completely, and then immediately pushing back inside. “Oh fuck…” she whispered, bowing her head, closing her eyes and desperately trying to compose herself.

“Don’t, it’s amazing. You feel amazing, you smell amazing, and this…” he held up her underwear, “is absolutely amazing. Don’t be nervous, you have no idea how hot this is. There’s nothing bad about it at all. I want this. Just enjoy it. Please?”
She frowned, still thoroughly distracted by his fingers, and succumbed. She nodded. ‘What the fuck’, she thought, she’d already got naked on a pub bar with a stranger, why not have him sniff her knickers, too?

He slipped his fingers out of her again, and smoothly circled her clit, flicking it every now and again, making her entire body jolt, much to Jake’s satisfaction. It seemed as if he was in this for her pleasure, not his own. Not once had he asked her to touch him or encouraged her to pleasure him in any other way. Even when she unbuckled his belt, he stopped her.

But she wanted to pleasure him; she wanted to feel him harden in her hand, just like he had described so erotically on the sofa, earlier. She wanted him to be just as fulfilled as she was.

“Jake,” she moaned, as he continued with his rhythmic seduction. “I want to touch you.”

“No.” he responded firmly, moving down to kiss her breasts and gently suck her nipples before removing his fingers from her drenched cherry.

He nonchalantly dipped his sticky fingers inside his mouth and appeared to suck every trace of her off, which would usually mortify Jaime, but watching him do it as if it was a wholly fundamental phase in the ‘fucking a girl on the bar’ process, stimulated her enormously.

She wasn’t really thinking about what was coming next, but when he forcefully grasped her inner thighs with his strong hands and pushed them apart, surprising her yet again, she cried out and began to whimper in anticipation. He yanked her pelvis towards him, forcing her to fall backwards, landing on her elbows and forearms, and his mouth pounced, sucking, licking and lavishing.

Jaime instinctively pulled her ankles as far back as possible and grabbed them with her hands so that she was as open to him as she could get, and he groaned loudly as he sunk his tongue inside her, fully devouring what he had had a mere taster of, moments earlier.

As his tongue flicked between her entrance and her hard clitoris, Jaime could feel him bringing her on, she was well on her way and in the rigid position she was stuck in, it was too difficult for her to try to wriggle to keep it away.

“Oh god,” she cried between moans, her wails becoming louder and louder as his plump lips sucked gently on her clit. “Oh fuck, Jake, stop!”

“Come, babe.” He mumbled against her, the abrasive tone of his deep voice vibrating against her tender skin. “Come on my face, come in my mouth.”

“No, no…” she moaned, desperately wanting to save it, knowing that if she came then, she’d never have been able to come again if they fucked afterwards.

But his dirty talk; his rough, dominant approach was too much, mixed with the unforgiving, restrained physical position she found herself in, she wasn’t strong enough to hold back and it took just a few more words to detonate the almighty explosion deep within her.

“Come all over my fucking tongue.”

She wailed loudly and clenched her eyes as the burst slammed into her body, his hands tightly clenched around her thighs adding to the shattering pleasure as it ripped through her.

He moaned with her as he felt her peak against him; because of him, and he lapped up every moment of it, tasting her; absorbing her; ingesting her.

“Oh, fuck, yes!” she shrieked, panting as she finally began to come down from the highest point which seemed to last forever, given her past experiences.

“Fuck, yes, indeed,” he said, amusingly, still gently kissing her, knowing she’d be too sensitive to continue licking.

He remained between her legs as she calmed, kissing her inner thighs, brushing her skin with his tongue, satisfied as he listened to her pant. “You’re so fucking sexy, Jaime,” he whispered.

“Ha…” she responded, unable to say much more, trying to get over the huge blast that her body had just endured. She didn’t think she’d ever come that hard in her life.

Gradually, she came to and released her ankles, feeling somewhat exposed with her vagina wide open for the world to see… okay, so maybe it was just Jake, but still, it was all right out there.

She sat up a little, wriggling her thighs away from him until she was seated appropriately on the bar. She was slightly perturbed that she could feel the grain pattern of
the wood against her vagina lips, and at the back of her mind found herself grabbing a hot soapy sponge and scrubbing the bar down before the patrons arrived later in the day. But Jake didn’t seem to be too upset by it, and she had just had the most amazing, explosive orgasm at his hands… or mouth, so she tried to forget her obsessive compulsive ways for a moment.

“That was… incredible.” Jake said with a smile as he leant forward so kiss her lips. She welcomed his advances wrapping a hand around the back of his hot neck.

“You’re telling me,” she smiled, her tone low and sexy, “I, er, I’ve never come like that before.”

He raised his eyebrows and smirked. “On a bar?”
Jaime laughed and tapped his arm playfully. “No, I’ve never come on a bar before, or in a pub, but what I mean is – I’ve never come from, um, you know; the tongue.”

Jake’s smile was broad and childlike. “Oh really?” he was clearly proud of his accomplishment. “Well, I’m glad to have been able to help you out with that.”

“Thank you,” she giggled.

“You’re welcome. So…”

“So…” he paused for a moment before doing that thing he was so damned good at. He grabbed her jaw with both hands and pulled her face to his, kissing her passionately, exploring her mouth with his tongue, as he had just been doing so efficiently with her cherry.

She could taste herself on him and it was surprisingly arousing, it reminded her of his capabilities, his unique and competent technique that made her scream.

She held his face in her hands as they became immersed in another lascivious embrace, her legs clamped around him again, his hardness pressing through his jeans into her groin. She was marginally distracted by the thought of his jeans becoming marked by her excitement, but as with always with him, she soon forgot all about it.

She bit his bottom lip gently as he moved away slightly before pulling him back to her, letting him know how hungry she remained for him. He growled, thoroughly turned on, and pushed himself further into her pelvis.

She ran her fingernails over his thick, strong shoulders, roused by the heat of his skin. He, in turn, took her rounded buttocks in his hands, lifting her slightly off the bar and squeezing them sensually.

She couldn’t stop imagining what it would be like to feel him push inside her whilst grabbing her bum like that, pounding into her over and over. She needed that, too, she seemed to be needing a lot that evening, considering she hadn’t even known she’d have been getting anything remotely like it until a couple of hours ago.

She couldn’t control her hips as they ground firmly against him, the flies of his jeans were chafing against her sensitive parts - but she couldn’t stop herself.

His kissing became rougher, more amorous, more intense, if at all possible. His tongue was ripplesingly against Jaime’s and she couldn’t have needed it more. She wanted him inside her; she needed to feel him deep inside her.

She whimpered loudly, seemingly spurring him on. He released one buttock and immediately filled the hand with one of her soft, full breasts, massaging it firmly in his palm, moaning loudly as his throbbing cock pressed painfully against his jeans.

“Fuck,” he said, impatiently, reaching down to unbutton his fly and release himself, and before he could even lower his trousers, he held his hard wood in his hand and guided himself to her.

“Oh god,” she cried in anticipation as his tip pressed against her, “yes, I need to feel you, every inch of you.”

He grabbed her by the back of the neck, pushed his lips against hers vigorously, and thrust his thick, stiff cock inside her - not fully, just deep enough for her to cry out.

“You feel so ready, so hot… I can feel how hard you came for me earlier… fuck it’s good,” he panted, before pulling himself out just a little and then, without warning, driving himself hard inside her, making her yelp loudly.

“Oh fuck, do it again!” she cried, “It’s so good, so fucking good, do it again!” she demanded, and obediently, he complied, pulling out slowly and slamming back into her, watching as her body arched backwards and jolted harshly with each thrust.

“It hurts, but it hurts so perfectly, don’t stop – I need more…”

“You have no idea how fucking good this is for me, you’re so tight, so wet, babe… you’re so fucking hot inside.”
“Uh huh, yeah…” she whimpered through a series of shallow pumps and as he growled loudly, forcefully, he pulled out again and repeated his merciless, deep thrusts that made Jaime howl so desperately.

She remained on the bar as Jake pounded into her naked, firm body. Semi-naked and slick with sweat, his jeans still loose around his hips, he looked rampant and primal, nothing could have stopped him as he revelled in the moment, absorbed all the dark, erotic elements that it entailed.

He grabbed her backside, just as she’d wanted and pulled her against him as he buried himself repeatedly inside her heated, taut cavern, basking in its tantalising appeal.

He kissed her neck as she arched again, and as he rammed her hips against him, he hoisted her up by her bottom and swiftly, effortlessly carried her to the far wall, thumping her against it. Without pausing, he continued to thrust inside her even harder and stronger than before, the wall creating a resistance behind her, enabling him to plunge inside her with maximum force.

She cried out in desperation, she couldn’t cope with the immense, overwhelming sensation of his considerable shaft bruising her repeatedly, she needed to come again, and she knew, for the first time, that it could happen – with Jake inside her like this.

His accomplished, skilful technique was something she’d never known in a man before. She assumed he must have been a little older than the other men she’d been intimate with, but he was also so much sexier; he was confident and headstrong. He knew what he wanted and he got it. That in its self made her sexually ripe for him, let alone his incredibly capable oral performance.

He held her neck with one hand and pushed her head backwards, holding her against the wall, it was forceful, but not brutal or unwelcome at all – it helped sturdy her, root her against the rigid surface so that he could fill her entirely. It was sensual, electrifying. Different.

She could feel her peak nearing as Jake’s pace quickened, his arousal evidently progressing. Watching him appreciating her body, turned on by her, only encouraged the onset of her impending climax.

“Ah shit, Jake, I’m going to come again,” she whined, her pitch high and frenzied.

“Fuck yes, come, Jaime. Do it all over me.”

“Oh god, oh god… oh god…” she cried, the spasms fast approaching, her feet tingling as they fought to remain hooked behind his hips. Her short, sharp pants hardening him further. “I want you to come,” she begged.

“I will,” he muttered, “but I want to feel this first. Do it for me Jaime,”

“Yes, oh god… yes!” she yelled, as the crux approached, the sharp spasmodic waves seizing control of her centre.

Her toes curled and her fists coiled, taking his taut flesh, pinching it, involuntarily. That final surge breaking through whatever composure she may have still been holding on to, making her grunt with animalistic passion, as his hardness remained, riding hard and deep inside her.

His breathing began to fluctuate, his forehead glistened with sweat and his eyes narrowed languidly as his arousal came to a head. Jaime’s mouth curled into a small smile as she watched him begin to come undone, immediately after her own orgasm, and just as his eyes closed and a pained expression grew on his face, his lips pursing, she made the split-second decision to push him away in his weakness, forcing him out of her wet core.

Before he had even a second to question it, she had dropped to her knees, her warm mouth around his throbbing hardness, sucking him forcibly as her fingers toyed with that soft, delicate spot behind his balls. He cried out as his seed gushed into her mouth and down her throat, and she moaned deliriously as she sucked and swallowed every last drop as it pumped into her.

His legs shook and he whimpered quietly as she licked his tip gently, softening her tongue so it cushioned his over-sensitised flesh.

“Whoa…” he whispered, breathlessly, and Jaime giggled, taking him slowly from her mouth. She looked up at him from her kneeling position and smiled, satiated.

“I wasn’t expecting that,” he said with a small chuckle.

“I know. Me neither, but I felt a sudden need. It was good for me.”

“It was unbelievable for me. I don’t think I’ve come that hard in a very long time.”

“That makes two of us,” she said, satisfied, still smiling.

She rose from her knees to her feet and held his face, kissing him slowly. He was still disoriented and dazed. “I’ve had an amazing night. Thank you so much.”
“I, er… wow. I’ve had a wicked night. I’m so glad we met,” he ran his hands up and
down her bare arms.
“Me, too. It’s pretty late, I should get going.” She kissed his cheek and wiggled free
from his embrace, heading to the bar to collect her underwear. She stuffed both her
Sambuca-covered bra and damp knickers into her handbag, and then walked purposefully to
the sofa for her dress.
“You, uh… you’re going? Right now?”
“Yeah, I have to, I’ve got to be up for a business trip tomorrow with work. Thank you so
much, though, I haven’t had a night like that for… well, forever. It was incredible.”
He nodded silently with a slight smirk on his face, it was clear he wasn’t used to women
walking out on him. He was probably a lothario that broke women’s hearts all the time. “You
don’t want to stay a little longer?”
She stepped into her dress and looked up at him as she slid it past her hips. “I can’t,
but I would have loved to if I wasn’t away tomorrow.”
He nodded. “That’s okay, I understand.”
“Women don’t say goodbye to you often, do they?”
He chuckled, slightly embarrassed. “Er… actually, no. They don’t. And I must admit, it’s
turning me on a little.”
Jaime laughed. “I’m glad I can offer you a new experience, just as you did, me.”
“Let me zip you up.” He pulled up his jeans and buttoned the fly as he walked over to
her and put his hands on her waist, turning her. He brushed his lips over the soft skin on her
neck as he slowly fastened the zip. “When do you get back?” He whispered.
Jaime turned to face him. “I’ll be gone for a week, so you’ll be gone by the time I get
back, right?”
He nodded. “Right. I was hoping I might get to see you again before I go.”
“That would have been nice, and had you been staying here, I would have really liked
to get together again. But you’re moving back to Australia and we’ll probably never see each
other again. Tonight was my first one night stand, and one I know I’ll remember for a long
time.”
“Me, too! It’ll be hard to stop thinking about it.”
She smiled, affectionately at Jake and paused for a moment. She knew he wasn’t a
relationship kind of guy, so she wasn’t going to imagine what ‘could have been’ had he been
staying in the U.K., but he was a lovely man and she did feel affectionately towards him, for
showing her something entirely new. She took a deep breath and looked around her,
breaking the silence. “Okay. Well I ought to book a cab.”
“I’ll do that,” he said, helpfully, and walked behind the bar to get the phone. He speed-
dialled a cab as Jaime gathered her belongings and sat down on a barstool.
As he spoke to the cabbie, she looked at her surroundings, taking in all of the details of
the place in which a spontaneous and wild, impassioned fantasy had come to life. She
wondered how many women dream of a situation like the one she had just found herself in.
She felt free; different, she was energised and excited. She’d just done something she
had never even dreamed about, with a gorgeous, kind-hearted stranger and she was so
grateful to him, for showing her something so new and invigorating, and for making her feel
like the most attractive woman in the world, whilst doing so.
“It’ll be here in five,” he said, making her jump a little.
“Oh! Great, thank you. That’s fast.”
“Yeah, I was expecting a longer wait. Listen, could I possibly take your address?
There’s something I’d like to send to you.”
“Um…”
“Oh it’s nothing weird, don’t worry. I’m not a stalker.”
She laughed, not for a second did she think this beautiful man would want to be
stalking her from Australia. “Of course.”
She wrote down her address for him, and before she knew it, the cab was waiting
outside.
“Thank you, again, Jake,” she said, as they stood by the door. “I’m really glad I fucked
up and found myself in here tonight. With you.”
He laughed. “I’m glad, too. Tonight was one of my best nights in England, so far. I will
remember you, and if I ever return – I’ll be knocking on your door for a rematch.”
She grinned. “You’ll be more than welcome.”
They kissed one final time, and she slipped out of the doorway and into the waiting
vehicle. It was almost dawn, so she only had a few hours until she needed to be at the airport.
She looked up at the clear, dark, January morning sky and smiled at the huge, shimmering stars. "Well hello, two thousand and fourteen. I like you already."

###

Dear Jaime,

Please find enclosed DVD for your arousal. Rest assured; it’s the only copy – you have my word (except maybe the other one in my suitcase. So fucking HOT).

Fond wishes,
Jake x
P.S. Isn’t CCTV a wonderful thing?
About the author

*We Only Have 'til Dawn* is Dani Lovell's first short story, and her fourth published book. She is also known for her bestselling Sexy Series, including Sexy Berkeley, Sexy Summers and Sexy Hart.

Although British, Lovell has quite an obsession with all things 'Stateside' and often dreams about the fabulous trips she'll one day take across the pond.

Lovell lives in Hertfordshire, UK, with all of her fictional men (in her head, of course) and her real-life family.

If she's not working on her latest novel, you'll find her taking care of her children, planning her latest fantasy vaycay or eating her weight in goat’s cheese.

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**Coming next:**

Book four of the Sexy Series; Sexy Love - The story of Alexia and Sebastian.

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