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(Pokémon) Go For Me

"It's weird, that's all," Holly murmured, trying to avoid the pothole obstacles blocking her path to the local pub.

"Weird like a twenty-eight year old playing Pokémon Go?" Sassiness slipped from each syllable Meera spoke. Best friends with attitude were hard to find but impossible to ditch. "Explain this daft phone app game to me again. And if it helps, pretend that I give a shit."

Holly focused on stopping the hem of her summer dress flipping up in the breeze. Her lace knickers were the sort you wore to bolster your mood on a crap day but she didn't want to display her blue wares to the neighbourhood. "You know I'm only playing it because I'm bored and waiting for my new job to start. It gives me an excuse to get out and do loads of walking."

"Bollocks does it. We both know that's not the real reason you're playing." *She always knows how to catch me out.* Meera, a Cambridge trained psychologist, could analyse people within seconds and always knew the buttons to press to get a reaction. *Especially when it comes to me.*

"I don't know what you mean." Playing dumb was the only option she had. Occasionally she sneaked a look at her phone, trying to see if any digital creatures were popping up nearby.

"Why else are you obsessed with that game? And don't give me some crap about how it reminds you of your childhood. I'm talking about our dear friend Lewis." Meera grabbed her mid stride, yanking her shoulders and swivelling her so that they were face to face. Eyes bored through her, daring her to share the truth.

"Fine," Holly replied with a shrug, before rolling her baby blues dramatically. "Playing the game makes me feel closer to Lewis. It's the sort of thing he would love playing and he probably would have tried to make me play with him." *Which I secretly would have loved doing.*

"Because he was an immature nerd who didn't know when the best thing that could ever exist in his life was staring him in the face?"

Don't rush to his defence, he doesn't deserve it. The tearful days and nights after he'd made it too difficult to be in a relationship with him were testament to that. Holly ran a hand through her thick dark hair, frustrated by all that resided in her head. Unanswered questions crossed her consciousness before being replaced by more unfathomable anxieties.

"I just don't understand what went wrong," she finally drawled.

"He was one of life's many dickheads," Meera replied, the impatience in her dark almond eyes adding to the beauty that shone wherever she went.

But Lewis wasn't a dickhead. The evidence was in his behaviour over the time they'd spent together. The "immature nerd" had been there for her during the months of redundancy; letting her weep when her nose was rubbed in the prospect of being without a job. Sad days were transformed into happy memories due to the hours they spent in stitches of laughter. The instances when they'd try and outwit each other now brought a pained smile that poked at her heart.

Their day at the fair on the edge of the local beach where he'd failed miserably in winning her a stuffed Pokémon character, a Pikachu, replayed in her mind most nights. It made it that bit more difficult to battle the tears.

"Everywhere we go together makes it a better experience," he'd told her that day. The words were etched on her mind like a tattoo. It wasn't just those words either. "I adore you," was something he said often, usually when drunk. *Was that a lie?* There

had never been a man in her life as genuine as him. *Was I gullible, believing a loveable geek like him couldn't charm me with lines?*

"I'm still waiting for you to explain this game to me." That was Meera's way of dragging Holly from the overthinking funk that pulled her mind in circles.

"Okay, so you open up the app and walk around. The different creatures, Pokémon, appear on your screen in a variety of locations and you have to swipe these balls to catch them."

"It sounds lame."

Ignoring the justifiable opinion or the way Meera's long legs swept them quicker to the pub than Holly could keep up with, especially as her head was still buried in the game, she continued. "There seem to be more Pokémon near poke stops, random places mostly in town and city locations, and sometimes people set lures."

The summer breeze was picking up and happily Holly felt the heat of the day finally ease from her body. The hot summer was glorious but made walking around and searching for creatures uncomfortable.

"These lures are set for half an hour by other players and they attract more Pokémon. Part of the fun is going to where these lures have been set."

"What you're telling me is that it's all about balls and being lured somewhere in order to get a poke? No wonder you like it, you dirty bitch."

"Yeah, whatever," she joked back, but her heart wasn't in the banter.

I miss my rude, filthy side.

But Holly had closed herself off to that as well since Lewis had forced the end of their relationship. Orgasms had become dull and without him seemed a waste of time and energy. Sometimes Lewis used to send her a text and she'd be dashing home to get herself off or rushing to his, if he could get out of work. The day she straddled him as he sat in the driver's seat of his car had nearly ended in public indecency; hot fast sex right outside his office. But they'd managed to hold off.

"Hard-core grinding doesn't count as serious foreplay," she'd whispered, before sliding her hand into his boxers.

Other nights his tongue would linger on her clit coaxing her climax closer, sensually bringing the tip of his muscle to her swollen bud until, just when she thought she couldn't take any more, he'd force her higher, sucking it with abandon. The wails of pleasure would blast silence from her flat until the neighbours banged on the wall, demanding they reduce the volume of their passion. It didn't stay quiet for long, though. The attention he gave her nipples was worthy of an Olympic gold medal.

Holly's phone vibrated in her hand, reminding her that there were Pokémon nearby and needing to be caught.

"Someone's put a lure on Jynx's," Holly said. Jynx's was the pub they'd been heading too, sadly also a location where she'd shared many joy filled brunches with Lewis.

"I'm guessing we're back to your weird thought; that maybe Lewis is setting these lures in places that you and he had dates and where you had significant times."

"I never said that."

"But you're thinking it. I can tell." *How does she do that? Of course it's not anything to do with him. He made it obvious I'm not what he wants.*

"It's just a coincidence," she shrugged.

"Of course it is," Meera was humouring her. "After all, any player can set lures, can't they?"

"Yup, and there must be thousands of players in this town alone."

"Indeed."

“So it’s just a coincidence... Except you’re wishing it wasn’t.” There was no point arguing. “You need to move on. How about you pick up some random guy tonight and bang his brains out.”

“Yeah, maybe.” But Holly wouldn’t do that and they both knew it.

Stepping into the pub Holly’s mind vibrated in time with her phone, only it wasn’t digital creatures residing there; memories from her past were electrifying every sense. The smell of bacon sizzling in the kitchen and the plush red leather booths reminded her of the morning Lewis and she had sat in such a booth after they’d first had sex.

The date had started at a mini golf course. It was a foolish thing for two grown adults to enjoy but Lewis had an endearing way of making everything, no matter how silly, fun and worth spending time on. Sometimes he made it foreplay too.

Holly remembered how she’d bent over in her short denim skirt, hoping he’d attempt to look beneath it. Occasionally she’d feel his eyes on her arse, willing her to bend lower, hoping that her bare skin and the teasing angle of the cheeks would give him the treat he had to be longing for.

“I’ll help you with your swing,” he’d offered. They both knew she didn’t need it but clearly he couldn’t resist the pull of his “helpful personality”.

Moving behind her, his hard body pushed against hers. It wasn’t the only solid thing she could feel either. The erection he was wielding was trying to find a new home against her bum cheeks. Unfortunately for him, the denim of her skirt and his own shorts were thwarting its intentions.

“That’s quite a club you’ve got there. I should probably hide if you start trying to swing it,” she teased.

“I think your support would be needed if I did, I suspect you have more control over my little balls than I do,” he quipped.

Casually, Holly had ground herself against him. The heat from his body made her strappy top cling to her curves. “Your hands are wrapping very tightly around the club. Do you always wrap your club with such skill?”

“I can see down your top from this angle,” Lewis had whispered in her ear turning their game from innuendo to seduction. “And I can’t wait to wrap my tongue around your nipples and lick them gently. They’re hard for me. You want me to touch your breasts and there’s no hiding it.”

Holly had jumped away at that point but his grin and the cheeky twinkle in his eye made her burn with a rosy glow. Lewis knew the effect he was having on her and was delighting in it.

Throughout the game they’d tried to find ways to put each other off. Holly had nibbled at her lip, dragging it into her mouth before sucking her finger under the pretence of indecision on a shot. The times she slid unnecessarily close to his body when crossing to the next hole never failed to produce a noise of anguish from Lewis. His groans were a turn on she couldn’t resist.

“Sorry, did I touch you?” she’d ask, grabbing a feel of his erection as she did.

The soundtrack to their flirting were the squeaks of the sails of a white windmill on hole six and the bubbling water hazard on hole eleven. Those were the sounds that still brought memories of him flooding back to her.

“I can’t seem to keep my hands on the ball,” she’d comment, as it fell from her delicate fingers to the green pitch. Seductively she’d bend over at the waist to pick it up, her bum in the air and the knowledge that her pink French knickers would be on display to him.

Lewis hadn't backed down from her challenges either. At times he'd brush a finger under her top and down her naked back while whispering, "Do you think I need to work on my stroke?"

On the last hole she lined up her club, desperate to be victorious in their battle of wills and holes. She'd underestimated his competitiveness. Bending slightly she suddenly felt cold hard metal sliding across her inner thigh. In surprise she'd jumped, screwing up the shot.

"Sorry," he'd joked, unhooking the end of his club from under her skirt, letting it swiftly brush her crotch before he did. "I must have slipped. Maybe something wet got to its hard length."

Holly had tried her hardest to look annoyed but it was futile. The fun game that had started at mini golf had turned into a fuck fest by the time they got back to her house. Lewis had been just as incredible with the stroke of his club as she'd hoped. For a loveable geek he knew how to handle himself and her.

Sitting in the pub with Meera, she made the most of the Pokémon popping up sporadically on her phone. A Jigglypuff and Squirtle appeared on-screen. Holly made no rush to catch them instead laughing internally about the night Lewis had told her that her boobs had a Jigglypuff way about them when he buried his head between them. He'd even told her once that he'd love to see her Squirtle. *You must forget about him, this isn't helping.*

The men around her, sitting at various tables or lounging near fruit machines, with their muscles expanding beneath luminous vests and thighs trying to break free from their denim shorts, did nothing for her. *When did men become so preened and appearance obsessed? Was finding a normal guy, who chucked on a retro t-shirt and a pair of jeans before heading out, too much to ask? A spray of musky deodorant was good too. That always got her pheromones bouncing. The guys nearby were attractive, some even had bodies that got her curiosity spiking, but they weren't Lewis. One particular coiffured guy, with a perfectly cut beard that added mystery to his dark brooding looks, flipped her a smile. He's not a loveable geek, though.*

Sandy hair that had her reaching for a brush and a cute face that made her smile even when he was winding her up were all she wanted. *But you can't want it anymore, he'll never be yours again.* Even for a complete nerd he had a great body, which he tried to hide under his baggy t-shirts and loose fitting jeans. The fun she'd had tracing his chest with her fingers, watching the muscles ripple and contract when she hit a sweet spot, still made her grin wistfully.

"Are you smiling at that guy over there? Good choice, he's hot. Maybe if you show him a bit of the Holly charm you can get on that."

"Nah, I'm okay. You can have a go if you want." It was easy to talk about guys like fairground rides when you didn't care about them.

It turned out Meera did want him and after some coy giggles and sly touches they were heading back to her house. The lust-filled laughter as they headed out brought aches of jealousy to Holly's belly. *Not that I want him, I just want that feeling again.*

Holly meandered in the direction of her own place, stopping off at the local supermarket for ice cream. Another poke stop and another place that held a fond memory of her time with Lewis. *I need to get a fucking life.*

This had been the location of their first meeting. Just a chance moment in time, the sort you can never plan for but still changes your life forever. It had been a late night shopping kind of evening preceded by a shit day at work. The house was lacking in alcohol due to a flurry of crap days and so Holly found herself searching for a wine

that would take off the edge of her stress while not giving her a blinding hangover the next day.

Out of the corner of her eye her inner geek saw the Star Wars toys perched on a shelf. No one knew about that side of her then. Even Meera would have been shocked to find the secret collection of figures, including those she'd pilfered from older family members, residing in a special box in her bedroom.

New movies were being released and so a whole host of new characters were on sale. The small plastic things were a waste of her well-earned money but it didn't stop her coveting them. Her collection was missing a BB-8 droid and there was just one left, standing on the shelf and taunting her. There was no one she knew in the vicinity of the aisle, so this was the time to grab the item before the mocking could begin. Within several short steps she'd made it to the figure. *BB-8 will finally be mine.* Her hand reached out to grab this craved prize but an unwelcome stranger beat her to it. His thick hand was there before she could even get a touch of the packaging.

"That's mine," she snapped.

"I don't see your name on it. Unless your name is BB-8. To be fair you look more like a double D than a double B." The ballsy reply and ensuing geeky laugh had come from a mouth that carried a deep, local accent. "Wow, I never make jokes like that, sorry, I don't know what came over me. It's still my droid though."

Looking up, Holly had been ready to go to war for something she could probably get in a couple of weeks on eBay. That was until she saw the stares of a cute sandy haired guy with a smile that she wanted to taste. Chocolate brown eyes challenged her stance, bringing out a cheeky smile that she fought unsuccessfully to hide.

"My eyes are up here," she quipped, although his eyes hadn't actually left hers once. "Surely you don't want me to use the force on you?"

"You don't have the force. I dare you to try and use it, you're no match for me." She probably would have walked away, going to the wine aisle, if he hadn't given a wink as he dared her. There was something irresistible about his challenge.

Maybe he hadn't been expecting her to accept his dare or maybe the laces on his red converse pumps were undone but as she stalked her prey, stepping closer, he scooted backwards and tripped. The sight of him sprawled on his back and looking up at her in wonderment was something she could happily get used to.

"And that is the force in action," she joked, while bending down and swiping the figure from his hands.

Somehow, even with the glee causing her to bumble around, she'd managed to get halfway down the next aisle before he caught up with her. The sound of her giggles had drawn him quickly to her location.

"Now I've got you."

"I'm pretty sure you've got nothing. I'm the winner in this game and BB-8 is coming home with me."

"Lucky droid. Well, if I can't have him can I have something else?"

She rolled the words around her mouth before confidently easing them out from between her lips. "Depends what the something is."

"I would like to go on a date with the most stunning Star Wars fan that ever existed." He faltered for a moment, "Unless you're not buying that for yourself but your bodybuilding boyfriend who is waiting for you at home."

"No, I'm completely single. And you are quite the charmer."

"Honestly? I'm terrified of women as beautiful as you, your eyes alone are hypnotising but I have to ask you out. You deserve to be treated like a queen and I want to be the guy to attempt to do it." He paused, a confused look crossing his face.

“Sorry, that's really cheesy but I might never meet you again and my life would be worse because of it. You have to say yes, you just have to.”

It had seemed simple. Their first date was arranged for the following evening. Over time it became apparent that Lewis hadn't been lying; he wasn't particularly good at charm, frequently saying random things and freaking out when more than one beautiful woman was in a room. *But when we were alone he excelled and I fell for him quicker and harder than expected.*

Looking at her phone she could see that the supermarket also had a lure on it. That tingly feeling of suspicion was creeping up on her. Quickly she looked left and right, expecting to see someone she knew watching her but the only one staring was a trolley boy at the end of the freezer aisle.

“Excuse me, madam, are you Holly Piper?” A chill crawled up her bones.

The boy had the look of a teenager who was doing his best to deal with all the shit puberty left behind. Spots were scattered across his face, some picked too many times, leaving little pits in his skin. The crippling shyness that went with such stages in a guy's life were evident in the way he diverted his gaze from her eyes.

“Yep,” she answered, before chastising herself silently. The boy may have been a nervous teenager but he had no business knowing her name.

“You dropped this.” Ash Brock, that's what his name badge said, handed her a receipt from a pub nearer town, Samuel Oaks. Another location from her greatest hits with Lewis.

Holding it gingerly in her hand she recalled the last time she was there. It was the night Lewis' band, or rather the band Lewis played bass for, did a gig. Looking up, with the intention of handing back the receipt, she realised the mysterious Ash Brock had disappeared. Holly searched all the aisles close to where they had chatted but he was gone.

What the fuck? It's too late for trolley boys to be playing games with me and it can't be my receipt, I haven't been to Oaks in months.

Memories of time spent with Lewis and the hurt that continued to spread through every vein clouded her reasoning skills. Instead of getting safely home, spontaneously she jumped on a bus and headed into town. It was 10pm but time had become another aspect of this evening that could be ignored easily. The night felt like a dream of painful and yet happy experiences visiting her like ghosts. Was she meant to learn something or just take the hint and move on? Maybe I'll know when I get to the end of whatever game life is playing with me.

Loading up her Pokémon Go app as the bus came to a stop, she was unsurprised to see a lure on the pub too. *Nothing special about that*, she attempted to convince herself. *There are players of the game everywhere. It isn't that great a surprise.* But it didn't stop her curiosity for what she might find in the pub or where she might locate the next lure that resided on a location of significant memories.

Stepping into the dark dungeon-like pub, familiar scents hit her nostrils. Spilt beer and sweat were a mainstay for Oaks but that wasn't the only scent trying to infiltrate her mind and give birth to more memories.

I must be tripping. The smell of Lewis was near, it was real, so close that she could imagine his lips on hers, his body pressed tightly to her body. Occasionally she caught a whiff of his natural scent. It couldn't be that someone had the same aftershave because Lewis refused to wear it, even though his family insisted on buying it for him. It must be someone else with the same deodorant, similar washing powder and body

smell. There had to be a simple explanation. But the explanation didn't matter, only the effect it had.

Standing at the beer splattered, scratched up bar it was like history was repeating but only for Holly and only in her mind.

Several months earlier she'd heard Lewis and the rest of the band play a song called "The Pied Piper." It was about a Siren that had enchanted a normal, lowly man, tempting him to follow her anywhere. This Siren didn't do it to hurt him but instead to lead him to greater things, to show him what he could achieve if he trusted her. *I hadn't known nerds could be in bands, especially shy ones like Lewis, but he was.* That song had been written for her. The thought sent shivers across her bare arms. Once upon a time he treated her with such love that she hadn't realised it could come crashing down so brutally.

Later that same night Lewis had played the song again, only this time with his acoustic guitar not his base, and he'd sang the words to her himself, as she lay on a blanket hidden in the park. The stars had been a sheet of light above them and the noiseless air had made her feel they were the only people left on the planet. Lewis was no lead singer but when he sung those words it was as if he used the full capacity of his heart, encapsulating all he was feeling.

"I will follow you for as long as I draw breath.

For you, Pied Piper, are my life, my love, my death."

The dark tones threading through the words brought power and mystery to the song. That was the night Holly thought she might be falling in love with Lewis. It should have been something she feared, especially with what was to come between them, but that was a gift only hindsight could bless her with. Every moment with him had been unpredictable, like small birthday presents left to be found and enjoyed. When she was with him she experienced a cocooning safety that was accompanied by a warmth that never left.

They'd made love in the park that night. The blanket of stars above them made it sound like a cliché but it hadn't been to her.

"Please play me a song," she'd requested. The skill of his fingers strumming acoustically against his precious battered guitar made her want to dance. So she did. Moving like someone who had no past or future, she got caught up in the melodies lifting into the atmosphere around them.

The dancing hadn't been sexual at first, instead an expression of her joy in his presence. But his eyes were on her, soaking up her beauty. The more he played with an awe-filled expression the more she wanted to please him. Sensuality dripped from her limbs and her movements easily drew his attention.

Laughter quickly faded and was replaced by hard notes and dark suggestion. Twirling around, stripping unnecessary clothing from her body, she'd felt like a liquid of pure sexuality. Lewis had helped her feel that but instead of expecting her to be grateful for what he'd done, he basked in her beauty and worshipped her with his voice.

The breeze had flipped her soft dark hair, adding to her allure. He sang the words of Kings of Leon. "Revelry" was a song she would only ever associate with that moment. Goose pimples had covered her tingling skin as the haunting words echoed around them. Each note beckoned her closer to the man who had taught her what longing felt like; she was immersed in it, for him. It was a role reversal; he was her Siren now. Lewis' voice beckoned her until she joined him on the blanket and lay in wait for him.

Slowly, he'd put the guitar to the ground and kissed her now near naked form. Holly was his instrument, her body had replaced the strings he stroked and the tune that she responded with was one of pleasure. The tongue that had versed melody now lapped her clit with abandonment, coaxing forth her own song.

Lewis traced every inch of bare skin with his mouth that switched between licks and soft bites. He nipped at her inner thighs making her writhe beneath him. The devilish smile was proudly displayed when she cried out.

"Tell me how much you want me, sing my name like I sing yours." The luscious mouth she could spend hours kissing had hovered above her clit, sharing its wet heat, reserved for her alone.

"I could bury my face here for all eternity." Sensual moments seemed to bring out his poetic side.

My loveable geek has the skills of a wordsmith. She'd sighed with contentment until his lips latched on to her sex. Lewis' delectable mouth sucked with the fervour of a starved man, until she came hard against his face.

"That's just for starters," he teased, grinning hungrily at her while his chin glistened in the moonlight from her juices.

Beckoning him higher with a tilt of her head, he'd climbed up her body like a man rushing the last metres to the peak of a mountain that had been his only goal for a lifetime. The need for glory shined from his eyes.

The speed with which he stripped and wrapped his erection in a condom only sought to heighten her arousal. Every movement laden with intent.

"I adore you, Holly, and you made me hard as hell," he'd whispered gruffly in her ear. The time for poetry was gone, blood no longer rested in his mind to create masterpieces, it was rushing downwards at breakneck speed.

Fascinated by the way his hard member shuddered and throbbed, she wrapped her hand around it.

"Always hard for you," he grunted against her neck, an expression of the need that had formed deep inside him. Her belly flipped and danced in time with his shudders.

It was like he knew what she needed to hear before she did. Any insecurities were washed away by his words.

"Always for you."

Slowly, she lined his cock up with her entrance. Lewis was on the edge of control, shaking perceptibly, as he waited for her to guide him inside her.

"Show me how much you adore me, make me come," she'd whispered against his burning skin. Sinking into her wetness, her muscles had allowed him access before contracting around him, pulling him deeper and joining them as one.

The strokes of his erection against her inner walls had been slow at first, drawing them to revel in the pleasure neither had experienced with other partners.

Each push was deeper than the last until he filled her completely.

In that moment, ecstasy heightened and focused her senses. Holly was more aware of the flutter of his kisses against her neck, the musky scent of his body joined with hers had her salivating and the stars shining through the blackness above them seemed brighter than before. The night was imprinted on her soul.

In her impatience, she'd pushed her crotch against him, forcing him to thrust quicker. Release would be hers and she couldn't wait. The soft strokes soon became the hard pounding of a man bested by his own lust and the need to satisfy. Holly opened herself up to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and willing him on with her pelvis rocking in quick rhythm with his.

With the last gasps of air, he slammed inside her, bringing a wail of joy that must have mirrored the desires of the celestial beings above them. The stars sparkled as she hit her orgasm, every fear and uncertainty was eclipsed by the ecstasy that filled her veins and brought a rush of pressure to her brain, exploding in light and sound. No man had made her come as hard as he did, it was like her heart might break and her body fall apart and yet he held her together.

That night wasn't the exception with Lewis, it was the rule, and when he came inside her with a roar of a man reaching paradise their bond fused them.

"You're stupid," she whispered to herself, trying to rid herself of the memory that was like a gremlin on her shoulder. "He's gone and he's probably happy with some other woman. A woman that isn't you."

The past had drawn her back to the park like it was the genuine Pied Piper. Glancing down at her phone, she saw a lure here too.

"Just a coincidence," she murmured, but it was getting harder to believe.

On the grass, right where Lewis and she had made love, was a blanket. Sitting on it without thought of who it belonged to and why it was there without its owner, she wondered again what had gone wrong between them.

Cracks had begun to show when they'd discussed going on holiday. It had seemed fine initially but then the four day bank holiday weekend they'd planned had turned into three long days. At first she'd wondered if the thought of spending many days alone with her had been abhorrent to him but she'd dismissed it quickly.

"You're just being silly," she'd told her worried image in the mirror. But the thought continued to nibble away at her. *He said he loved me, why wouldn't he want to spend three days with me?* To top it off the weekend was also supposed to be the opportunity to celebrate her birthday.

I tried not to let my plans get crazy, she considered, as a lone tear slipped down her cheek, but things between them had continued to get worse. Each day had made him edgier, each conversation threatened an argument.

Days before they were due to go on their weekend away, he'd told her he might be able to get tickets with his uncle to the football. It meant their holiday would only be two days.

"But why can't you tell him no? Why can't you say that you already have plans?"

"It's complicated. Don't worry, Holly, I might not even get the tickets. I just wanted to warn you in case we have to change our plans. That's all."

The possible reduction of their holiday to two days without a satisfying explanation created a chasm in her understanding of him. It was a chasm too large to ignore and the end of their relationship ensued. Instead of heading to a secret cove for happy hours spent with the only guy she could testify she loved, she spent her birthday sobbing on Meera's shoulder.

They hadn't been in contact since the day before they were due to travel. Although, a present that could have only been from him, had arrived on her birthday. It was a two foot version of the BB-8 droid that she'd managed to win from Lewis the night they'd met. This one had Holly Piper engraved on it. The card, attached to a string around its neck, said "This one has to be yours, it has your name on it. Love you always."

It had sat in the shed at the bottom of the garden, untouched and ignored since. A painful reminder of the man she loved and had thought reciprocated her feelings. Not that she had a clue what to do with the thing anyway. Bin it or leave it there? Indecision

and pain had collectively broken her decisiveness and so the keepsake remained in the shed.

Holly's energy was sapped from an evening spent trawling around town and poking through her emotional baggage. Lying down on the mysterious blanket she felt something hard jabbing her in the back. Scrabbling underneath the blanket, the strands of grass thwarting her hunt, she expected to come across a hard stone that had sneaked onto the green. A squeak flew from her mouth when she felt the pitted texture of a golf ball.

Cradling the luminous pink object in her hand she spied some familiar markings.

"Weedle's Mini Golf" was imprinted on the surface of the ball.

"That was where we had our date," she said. "This night officially just got fucking weird."

Should I call Meera? That would be a major cock block. She'd probably be rocking the world of the guy from the pub right now. Instead, Holly did the only thing that made sense to her exhausted and curious brain. In reality, she knew it was ridiculous but reality wasn't figuring much at this point. Without second thought she headed to Weedle's Mini Golf, just as her phone registered the hour of midnight.

I shouldn't be able to get in here at this time. But the wrought iron gate had swung wide open. The sign that shook in the breeze coaxed her closer. *I don't even need to check if there's a lure here.* But she did anyway. She was an addict to the app and to the game this night had become.

Pink petals fell from the Poke Stop on her screen. Someone had been luring her to different locations all night, knowing what would draw her closer and choosing the significant times of her life with Lewis. *But is it him luring me or someone else?* The question brought out a tremble. *Is this a trap I've been walking into willingly?* she wondered, scanning the different holes and obstacles in the mini golf course.

Hole number one was set up for play. A ball had been positioned at the tee, a club resting on the ground next to it. Holly warily looked around her, expecting to see eyes watching her every move but there was no one. *I swear I can smell Lewis again.* The heady, intoxicating scent seemed to follow her around like incense, penetrating her mind and body. It made her long for sweaty nights and positions that tested the power of her muscles.

Picking up the club, she remembered the way Lewis' hands had covered hers on their date. The combination of the cold steel and the smells around her caused her imagination to come alive but was it just her imagination? *I swear he's here with me.*

Something bright and yellow caught her eye. A giant cuddly Pikachu waited for her at the end of the short patch of green. It was like the Justin Bieber of Pokémon, the one people coveted and the one he'd failed to win for her at the fair on their date. But this Pikachu was four foot tall and staring back at her, daring her to accept it. Red circles on the cheeks of its yellow fur were meant to be like pouches that could spark with electricity when fighting. The big smile it was proudly displaying was pissing her off, although really she was more pissed off at Lewis, if that's who had put it there.

"You're messed up," she whispered to herself before hollering, "What the fuck do you want now?"

Her question echoed around the semi darkness.

Turning in full circle, Holly took in her surroundings. The brightly coloured clown acting as an obstacle at one hole and giant windmill at another took on a macabre appearance in the darkness. The place didn't have a theme, just a jumble of items obtained from other businesses. Lights had been added temporarily around the

course, presumably for that night's activities, seeing as the attraction wasn't usually open after dark. Strange shadows bounced out across the course.

Her question was ignored or not heard. Waiting alone, a night chill creeping between her legs and through the thin material of her summer dress, Holly began to fear her surroundings. *Why did I come here? I could have been lured by the tricks of a psychopath.*

In the past she would have called Lewis to come and rescue her. When she was down or scared he would be there for her immediately, by phone or text, depending on what was needed. *But that was before our fight and before he moved on. This has to be his doing?* But the certainty was no longer there.

A new shadow started moving closer from behind a tree, except this wasn't another obstacle attracting the lights. It was a person, a guy, but was it Lewis?

"Pikachu can be difficult to find in Pokémon Go. I thought you might need it," he called out. The familiar tones made her quiver. The muscle memory at hearing his voice brought forth a yearning more powerful than she'd expected but she hadn't forgotten how much he'd hurt her. *I'm damaged goods because of him.*

"I've already got it. There's a trick on the game, a secret way to get it when you first start."

"I never was very good at tricks."

I still can't see him but his voice is as clear as when he used to growl in my ear, indulging me with words of seduction, pulling me to climax.

"No, you were too busy fucking with my head."

Bitterness that had seeped from her pain was flung at him. It had been building, squashed down and unshared for too long. Like gas leaking from a stove, building slowly until one small spark ignited it and killed all in its wake.

"I'm sorry."

"I don't care. You don't get to say you're sorry, give me a toy and think that could possibly make everything okay. You hurt me, Lewis. You made me feel accepted, safe and loved. I thought it was okay to be me because you loved, even adored, the real me. And then you rejected me with all the cruelty you could muster. You were callous and if I'd seen you in the street over the last month I would have ignored you because I wish you'd never existed in my life."

The gas was leaking now and she couldn't hold on to her vehemence any longer.

"I know." Lewis' face was being touched by some of the light now. It blessed his gorgeous features and internally she smiled, against her will. *I've missed that face. But I must stay strong. I have to remember the endless tears and the pain that made hairline cracks in my heart.*

"How was the football with your uncle?" It was a dig and she hoped he knew it. "I trust you had lots of fun on that weekend."

"We didn't go, he didn't get the tickets."

Holly huffed loudly. "What a waste of time."

"Us or the argument?" He stepped closer, even at his metre distance she felt crowded. *How can I still love this bastard?*

"All of it; the break up, the way you treated me, it all seems like such a waste of effort and sadness." But she didn't know. Now faced with him, her heart thudding in her chest, she couldn't deny how much she'd missed him. "Not that it matters. You made it obvious that I didn't matter to you, it was all one sided."

"I adored you. I still do." His reply was soft and he was now standing directly in front of her. Heat crept up her skin. *I could reach my hand up and touch his fluffy hair but I*

must resist. He may have brought a lot of joy when we were together but he nearly broke me too.

"Then how could you do what you did? You treated me like I meant nothing to you."

"Because I was a dickhead." Lewis' body seemed to collapse on itself, limbs being dragged into invisible oblivion.

"Explain what you mean." She wanted to rush to him and offer him comfort but he didn't deserve it. "It's not enough to just call yourself a dickhead."

"I was scared, stupid, inexperienced and immature."

"Tell me something I don't know," she replied flippantly. Curiosity ate at her, though.

"I thought a holiday together meant something significant."

"It did. It meant that we liked each other and wanted to spend time together."

She could smell him stronger now. Memories of their times together flashed back. Nights he was deep inside her drawing a climax from her shaking body, the smile he gave her across a busy train station that made her think there was no one else but them, and the nights he danced drunk around the bedroom to make her laugh. *You can't keep thinking about this.* But the memories continued. The way his chin rested on the top of her head when they stood listening to bands, the kisses he tenderly dropped on her lips in public, the ease with which her hand fit into his, the times he'd whispered he loved her and the silly photos he texted to her on crap days at work.

Lewis still held her heart tightly in his hand and as much as he'd hurt her she didn't want him to return it. "What did you think it meant?"

"That we were on the road to marriage. I'm not ready for marriage, not yet."

The lights around them that swayed in the breeze shone on his hair, highlighting the strands of gold beneath the sandy colours. *I want to run my hands through it. I always want to touch him when he's near.*

"It was just a weekend away."

"I know. I've had chance to think about it. I even told my parents about you. They thought I was an idiot for agreeing to go to football with my uncle when I was meant to be going away with you."

"You were an idiot."

Lewis laughed, but there was more strain to it than merriment.

"I got scared. I've never been in a relationship before. I've never felt for anyone like I do for you. The unrequited love of my past never involved having to think of the future with someone that loved me. I didn't know what I was doing. I presumed that soon we'd have to get engaged, then a wedding, babies and everything else. It was like my life was being mapped out and I wasn't ready. The responsibility of it all terrified me."

Holly softened while he continued to plead with her, begging her for forgiveness. *What do I do, should I forgive him?* Making him beg further wouldn't rid her of the hurt but it would take time for her to forget the tears shed over his actions. Was there a chance they could begin again?

Lewis' arms opened tentatively while he looked at her mystified, unsure what her decision would be. Holly made him wait a little longer, watching him suffer, agony still etched across his face before making her decision. In one step she was against him and slipping between his open arms. Lewis set his chin on the top of her head.

"You're an idiot," she said in exasperation. "You should have told me this. You don't need to overthink everything about us."

Pot calling the kettle black, maybe. She thought she'd done something wrong, she'd questioned her actions endlessly. *I forgot to think about him and how new it all was for him.*

"And now?"

“Now I realise how foolish I was. I need you. My days aren’t right unless you’re in them. Can we give you and me a second try?” She recognised the fear behind his eagerness.

Standing back she studied her loveable geek. Maybe one day they’d be married with babies or maybe their relationship would come to a natural end but right now there was no denying it, being with him was what she wanted.

Nodding, she eased her lips to his. There would be time to talk more later, discuss the hurt and thrash out how to stop a struggle like this happening again but, for now, being so close to him and feeling his warmth against her form was sending her heart into overdrive.

Fingers that could deftly manoeuvre a team of FIFA football players via a games console threaded through her hair, causing sparks of desire in her nerve endings.

“Yes,” she exhaled into his mouth. There were questions she attempted to form in her mind; how had he got the mini golf to open, was there anyone around? But none of it mattered when arousal filled every vein and her body quivered against him.

Edging him backwards, she lightly pushed him to the ground, making her intentions clear.

“You want to do it here?”

Holly nodded slowly, aware that her teeth were showing beneath the edges of her smile. Every part of him brought her joy but she’d never been as hungry for him as she was in that moment. The days without him made her want to consume him in a frenzy. She forced herself to relish every touch of his skin, each tickle of her senses. It was foolish to hope the intimacy would heal the last month of suffering but she had faith anyway.

The look of awe was on Lewis’ face again as his eyes swept up her form. Her feet were either side of him, her body poised and ready.

“What do you want?” *I’m offering him the world, will he take it?*

“I want you to scream my name until you’re hoarse. I want the wind to pick up the sounds of our love making. I want it to carry to those who will have blessing in their lives because they’ll learn what pleasure is just by hearing us.”

“How poetic,” she teased, her belief in their immediate future aiding her in relinquishing her fears, helping her to be whole again.

“And I want to be inside you.” His longing touched her more intimately than any of the recent touches she’d tried to give herself.

“You’d best take my knickers off me then.”

Leaning forward his lips brushed against her skin, worshipping the only part of her he could reach with his mouth. Lewis’ hands reached round and slowly slid up her calves, resting temporarily on the backs of her knees where he drew soft circles with the tips of his fingers.

It was as if everywhere he touched became an erogenous zone but only because of her lust for him. The hands slid higher, reaching under the hem of her flimsy dress before slowly caressing her bum cheeks.

A finger leisurely stroked across her lace covered entrance. Holly hissed in surprise.

“You’re meant to be removing them, not enjoying how they feel,” she said between gritted teeth.

The only response was another lazy stroke before he grabbed the waistband and dragged the lace down.

Lewis allowed her to step out of them before returning his hands to her arse. With great control he squeezed each cheek, as if discovering each fleshy handful for the first time.

“So soft,” he whispered. “Like two sexy peaches.”

Holly giggled until he eased his head under her dress and gave her clit a quick lick.

“Hmmm, very wet and juicy,” he murmured, before suckling gently, causing her to buckle against his mouth.

“Lewis,” she pleaded.

“I’ve missed this. I know not having it was my fault but I need this.” Pressing her bum firmly he pushed her hard against his mouth.

Holding and caressing his head between her hands didn’t stop the earthquake like shakes of her body as he lapped at her. Lewis was like a man kept prisoner for decades finally facing a pure stream of refreshing cold water that dripped down his throat with ease.

Each gentle touch of the tip of his tongue caused her body to hum with need. Anticipation held her tightly as he darted his thick muscle inside her. Holly tried to hold the orgasm and just enjoy the moment but his tongue snaked inside, massaging her like it was created for that purpose alone.

Easing his head away he made one request. “I want to be inside you when you come. I want to see your face when you scream my name.”

I can't deny him anything. Kneeling down she straddled him, his hands continued to roam, massaging her bum while she ground against his hardness beneath his jeans.

His reaction was ecstasy laced with a desire deeper than she’d seen before. “I come alive with you, Holly. I don’t just mean during sex. My life is empty without you. I need you to be whole, both of us to be whole. I’m sorry for what happened, I really am.”

Putting a finger to his lips to quieten him had a different effect to the one she was expecting. Lewis captured her hand and brought his lips to the pulse point on the inside of her wrist. “I will be yours for as long as you want me. You’re my Pied Piper,” he said between kisses.

Smiling brighter than a blinding sun, she used her spare hand to unfasten his jeans before sliding her hand inside and wrapping her hand around his swollen member.

“No boxers today?”

“I tried to be more adventurous for you.”

“I don’t need adventure, I just need you,” she smiled serenely. “Although it does make for much easier access.”

Lewis released her long enough to grab a condom from his wallet and help her push his jeans down to his ankles.

“Would you put it on? I love watching you do it.” Ripping the foil with her teeth, she delighted at the way his erection pushed at her lips.

“Impatient little fucker, isn’t he?” she joked. Grabbing him roughly, she felt his whole body flinch and squirm as she pushed the rubber the whole way down his length, giving his balls a cheeky stroke. It was his turn to hiss.

Grinding against him brought him deliciously hard against her sensitive clit. The excruciating need emblazoned across his face gave her power, replacing the fear and sadness that had been buried deep for the last month. His eyes squinted against her glow.

Reaching for him, knowing he was already close, she lined him up between her lips.

“Now,” she requested.

The furrow of confusion didn't last, need overtaking any other thought.

Quickly he thrust his pelvis up, penetrating her in one movement. The feeling of being suddenly full nearly triggered her orgasm but she held it at bay, temporarily.

Not yet, she thought, basking in the pleasure of his erection that pushed into her at increasing speed. Holly rocked against him, her legs acting as leverage. Lifting slightly before slamming down, she felt the fraught pace of his surging body. Lewis' cries of ecstasy filled her heart, yanking her orgasm closer once more.

Nature was joining them like an orchestra preparing for the grand finale of a concerto. Wind rushed around them while birds rustled the leaves in the trees. The beauty was lost on her, it was him that held her raptured.

"Come for me, Holly. Throw your head back and come with me inside you. I want nothing more," he demanded. Slow, gentle lovemaking would keep them enthralled later in his bed, where his strong arms would cocoon her while their mouths indulged on each other's bodies. But for now they were two people who needed to revel in each other's climax.

Once more she lifted herself and dropped back down as Lewis drove hard, like a beast, inside her. The savage thrust of his body brought an explosion of electricity to her nerve endings. In surrender, she arched her back and rode the swell of desire with vigour. The blinding lights were now within her head and, as she came, she screamed his name.

Lewis' loud grunts matched her screams in fervour and he shook, bucking against her, his orgasm turning him into a creature that breathed a fire of passion as he clung to her body. Maybe drawn by a need for refuge, he sat up and held her tightly, their convulsing form turning them into one, wrecking their bodies yet provoking a deeper hunger for more.

The climax left them out of breath and temporarily in shock, flowing from their bodies and taking the rush of ecstasy that had saturated them with it.

"I'll never let you go again," he whispered, before kissing her with a sensuality that had not been fully formed when they were together previously.

They held each other a little longer, shocked by the passion that had united them, scared about what being separate entities might do to them, until lights began to flash from the car park of the mini golf course.

"I don't want to spoil the moment but I think we should get out of here soon. I think the lure I set for you has attracted others. I don't want anyone else to get a Slowpoke when you're around." It was a lame Pokémon pun but it still made her laugh, while she rolled her eyes.

Holly swiped her knickers and cuddly Pikachu while Lewis quickly redressed. They headed out the gate, hand in hand, ready to try a bit of a future, two loveable geeks together.

Thank you for reading Go For Me. If you enjoyed it please take a moment to leave me a review at your favourite retailer.

Here is the first chapter of my next book, the first standalone book in the Trying Every Angle erotic romance series, The Scarlet Figure.
Coming soon.

**Trying Every Angle:
The Scarlet Figure**

Chapter One

“No, no, fucking no!”

“What are you moaning about now?” An amused face peaked round the door.

Sophia yanked at the scarlet fabric but it continued to grip her upper thighs like the hands of a horny man on a bad date. Sheer willpower didn't seem to be enough to make the Bodycon dress move lower on her slim legs; maybe Olympic style tugging would help!

Nicky appeared swiftly behind her, grabbing her by the wrists, holding her still and inadvertently making her breasts thrust forward. Chestnut waves rested on top of breasts that still carried a hint of tan from the summer.

“Don't you dare rip my 'pulling dress'. You look fantastic. I know it's not ideal for a work function but as you don't have any nice dresses, then it will do. Besides you should be able to sell the art work by the curve of your arse alone,” Nicky berated, as she gave Sophia's bum a careful sweep of her hand before moving it down to toned thighs where the scarlet stretch fabric ended.

Sophia glared back at her through the mirror. Nicky knew even a touch like that pushed the boundaries of her comfort zone.

“I look like I should be selling myself on a street corner!”

Sophia watched the way the combination of restrictive material and plunging neckline pushed her breasts up and together. Her boobs looked like they were waving to their own audience. At least it held in the slight podge of her stomach. It was a constant frustration that her body refused to hit size ten and the flat stomach look she desired and exercised for.

“So, are you saying that when I wear it I look like a hooker?”

“No,” Sophia sighed, “it suits you.”

“So, now you're telling me that I always look like a prostitute? Well, I must give a great impression. Nice; thanks! Maybe I shouldn't let you borrow my dress. You can attend the exhibition in your granny pants instead.”

Sophia nervously checked Nicky's reflection in the mirror and looked for signs of sincerity. A pink tongue cheekily peeked out at her.

“Sorry, Nicky. I'm an awful friend. I throw myself repentantly at your feet, begging for your mercy. Can you ever open your heart to forgive my errant ways?”

“You can stop your **dramatic** ways for a start,” she huffed, straightening the wide shoulder straps that came down to form the suggestive neckline. “And don't flash those Bambi eyes at me, either. You use them every time you want your own way. You know I can't be angry when you show those bad boys.”

Sophia's giggle danced between them. Nicky couldn't help but chuckle.

“You look amazing and not cheap or trashy. But let's ask a man's opinion. Oi, Ryan!” she hollered in the direction of the corridor. “Come in here, we need you.”

Before Sophia could protest Ryan's blonde, surfer waved hair swept into the room, attached, of course, to his sun kissed body. Baggy shorts rested casually on hips that drew the eyes to Ryan's perfect V lines. Nicky's fuck buddy was the sort of guy that couldn't help but enter your fantasies but he also displayed the outward intelligence of a Labradoodle puppy. *I swear he only owns shorts that make you imagine him naked!*

“I'd do her,” he said, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, looking her up and down as if she was a sandwich on sale at a supermarket.

Sophia rolled her eyes. It wasn't a massive compliment; he'd “done” or rather slept with a lot of women in his twenty-nine years. Stepping closer, his hazel eyes had

Sophia blushing as they traversed every inch of her body. Uncomfortable with the attention she found herself involuntarily tightening her stomach muscles.

“But she needs to wear sexier knickers than whatever pants are going on under there.” Sandy brown eyebrows were raised quickly a couple of times in a suggestive manner. “Or maybe try none at all. You don’t need them with that dress if I remember right.”

Before Sophia could form enough words to declare that she was a decent lady with no intention of going commando, Ryan seized Nicky and swept her over his shoulder. Long athletic legs had them disappearing from the room in seconds. Nicky laughed and squirmed, clearly in her element but jealousy bit at Sophia’s stomach. *Don’t be a sodding idiot, you don’t fancy Ryan, he just reminds you of what you do want; a gorgeous guy slinging you over his shoulder and anywhere else he wants.*

“Don’t struggle, Babe. We’ve got unfinished business and seeing that dress again has reminded me of the night I ripped it off you with my teeth.”

“Told you it was a lucky dress,” Nicky shouted, as she was hauled down the corridor. “And he’s right about the knickers. Now, whatever you do tonight, don’t behave yourself!”

Nicky’s bedroom slammed shut and in moments the laughter turned into moans. Noises of sexual pleasure reverberated around the house.

Sophia sighed as she raked up the hem of the dress, reaching underneath to grab her black cotton pants. *No one’s come close to making me moan like that.* Even when she’d had fun with her favourite eight inch vibrating friend she hadn’t uttered a peep. *Maybe I’m one of those women who doesn’t enjoy sex. Maybe I can’t even moan.* Still, it wasn’t like she had a chance of finding out.

The only men I attract are freaks, weirdos and those with more baggage than Heathrow, she thought, yanking her pants down and tossing them in the wash basket before grabbing her coat, bag and keys. *Can’t change your mind now about your first commando experience.*

Even more noises filled the house from Nicky’s room as Sophia padded down the corridor, heels still hanging from her fingers. One sentence that caught Sophia’s attention had her wondering what passionate orgasm-filled sex could be like. Ryan’s growled words resonated through her as she drove to the art exhibition.

“I’m going to touch and taste every part of you tonight, your mouth, your neck and your nipples. I’m not going to stop licking your dripping, aching pussy until you’re screaming this place down.”

The visual of that experience had Sophia’s pulse beating out of control. *Nicky’s a bloody lucky woman!*

Sophia observed the guests again as she walked through the busy cloisters of the cathedral. Art wasn’t her thing and those attending the exhibition were easily more fascinating than the work on the walls. Delicate fingers fiddled absentmindedly with the ornate edge of a silver tray holding the canapés as she watched those around her. Older ladies chortled with laughter and clutched their throats to draw attention to the expensive pearls adorning wobbling, turkey necks. Some guests wouldn’t even look at her as she politely handed out food; they’d swipe an hors d’oeuvre with their veiny, wizened hands treating her as inconsequential but showing all the pretence that they cared about the charity hosts.

The funniest, however, were the portly men who’d chance a canapé from the serving plate while saying, “I really shouldn’t, I’m meant to be watching what I eat.”

They'd follow up their reasoning by ramming a third and then fourth spinach and feta parcel into their oversized gobs.

Sophia loved the charity she worked for and the work she did. Sadly, fundraising events were essential for the charity. Serving food to the guests, particularly those who came to be seen and for any freebie they could get their pampered mitts on, was a drain on her patience.

Just force a smile and get on with it, she thought as she offered canapés and laughed at inane jokes. *Doesn't stop me wishing for my cuddly pyjamas and a cosy bed, though.*

"Aren't you a sexy little minx?" A man with ruddy cheeks and a red throbbing nose, that betrayed his many years and a lifetime of too much alcohol, stepped in front of her, blocking her exit down the corridor.

"Would you like something to eat?" She thrust the plate in front of him, trying to divert his attention with food so that she could make a swift escape.

Leering closer he ignored the canapés. Bloodshot eyes loitered on her boobs.

"Is everything here on offer tonight?" The alcohol from his breath wafted into her face.

Keep the nausea down, she thought, as she pursed her lips together, holding back the grimace that was desperately trying to replace the plastic smile that had served her so well that evening.

"I'd pay handsomely for the right item," he said as his fat sausage-like fingers moved closer to the tray, or rather what was beyond it.

Sophia stepped back anxiously. *What could she do to get away from him?* The man, whose approaching fingers continued the pretence of choosing food, salivated at the prospect of touching something else. Drool gathered in the corners of his mouth and fingers inched dangerously close to her chest as he continued to close the distance between them.

I shouldn't have come to this event alone, Aidan thought to himself, striding towards the cathedral. It was a mesmerising but foreboding building and in the dusk its presence rose out of the grounds. It loomed in front of him like a warning, promising him that something was going to happen tonight that he couldn't predict or prepare for.

Aidan shook the feeling off. *I should know better than to let my imagination run away. Coming here is just keeping a promise to a friend; although turning up with a woman on my arm, and not alone, would make this obligation go a lot quicker.*

The volatile Bianca was the last woman he'd had on his arm. Thinking back to the explosive bedroom antics and how just a look or the flick of her tongue across her lips could instantly make him rock hard was easy. Once upon a time, the memory of what else she could do with her lips would have required a shift of his trousers to make him more comfortable, but now it left him cold.

Unfortunately, Bianca Tandy was bat-shit crazy and while her impulsiveness had initially seemed attractive it had terrified him over time. The she-devil constantly tried to force her position in his life, attempting to drive everything and everyone else out.

The difficult but inevitable break-up had finally been executed in public and away from valuable things, for fear of her taking a golf club to his new silver 4x4 or worse. If anyone questioned him he'd said it had ended because they weren't well matched but, in fact, the nail in the coffin of their fling was when he found out Bianca was lying about being on the pill. The harpy had tried to get pregnant by him more than once, partly so

she could hogtie him for good. Babies weren't something he wanted and it had cemented the decision to finish with her.

Thankfully, that mad bitch is out of my life for good now. Doesn't stop me wishing for a date tonight, though.

Aidan entered the cathedral. He had a deep appreciation for the building. It displayed a mixture of violence and beauty and spoke deeply to his own past and soul. Today, he was an artist at an exhibition but in a few days he'd be an artist of a different kind. Every piece of strength and aggression in his muscles would be put to expert use as he battled adversaries with the Giants. Power, adrenaline and brutality would roar through him as he sprinted around a rugby pitch.

These are the good things. I don't need to think about the future and what happens next, he reminded himself after a day of avoiding the one person whose presence in his life haunted him. *Life is good, it couldn't be better.*

"Well, apart from right this second," he whispered, as his eyes swept the odds-and-sods that liked to frequent this sort of event.

Looking across the room, his eyes caught those of a perky, plump blonde lady. The make-up caking her face didn't hide that she was a little older than his thirty-five years. *Not bad looking though,* he considered looking her over, as she strode fervently towards him.

"Hi, I'm Tasha." An annoying childlike giggle sprang from her mouth. "You are hot! Like really hot! I guess you get that a lot."

"Umm..."

"I get it a lot too."

Confident women were usually a turn-on but she was off the scale. Wild eyes were upon him and for a brief moment she reminded him of Bianca, it wasn't a good comparison.

"So maybe we should go out some time, unless you don't think I'm attractive."

I can't keep up with her brain!

"I err..."

Bottle blonde hair was flipped so violently in his direction that he worried what marks she might have left across his face.

"You think I'm ugly don't you?" she said, with a pout. That sort of pout had been pushed in his direction before. Flirting women used it on him all the time because they thought it made them look coy and cute when really they looked like deranged ducks.

"I was going to say..."

"I can prove to you that I'm beautiful **all over**. I know you want me, all men do."

Seduction dripped from every pore as she moved closer. Like a snake slithering nearer its victim every change in movement was unexpected and completely unnerving.

Aidan had given up trying to speak; she wasn't listening anyway.

"Call me. You don't want to make me angry now do you?" she growled, as she slipped what he presumed was her business card into his trouser pocket. Blue, overly-made-up eyes narrowed aggressively as she took the chance to roughly stroke her hand across his clothed cock. Flinching in shock he was left with only one thought, *this woman is scaring me shitless!*

Tasha strode away and Aidan turned quickly, realising too late that he should have watched where he was going rather than making sure Tasha wasn't coming back. A woman's soft form was blocking his path, scarlet flashed in front of his eyes. *Shit, I'm going to push her to the ground.*

A lifetime of rugby skills took control as he wrapped his hands around her supple contours. The dress was like a second skin. *I might as well be touching the naked curves of her body.*

Everything turned to slow motion as he watched the hem of her dress sliding up her thighs. The warmth of her body radiated through him, her body moulded to his hands.

At this angle I'm getting an incredible view of her pert, curvaceous bottom, he thought happily. It was a struggle not to ease a hand gently across it, to stroke his palm along one perfectly formed cheek and find out if it felt as good as it looked. Eyes and body relished every sensation of the moment until an outraged feminine voice cut through his imaginings.

"Will you put me down? Arsehole!"

The scarlet beauty wriggled in his hands but he stubbornly held her firmer.

"I think you forgot to thank me for rescuing you," he whispered in her ear. She froze for a heartbeat before resuming her bid for freedom.

Sophia's fruitless efforts were giving him an unexpected thrill as she tried to wrestle herself from his hands. Every movement of her fight caused her skintight scarlet dress to climb a little higher.

I still want to see her face, he thought as her sensuous curves piqued his interest.

Aidan leaned forward and pulled her towards him, wrapping an arm around her body so he could peak down the front of her dress.

Damn I want to see more of what she'd hiding down there, he thought trying to examine her sensuous breasts a little closer. Moving her resulted in an ear drum piercing squeal that forced his arms away and freed the promising beauty, *for now.*

She almost hit the ground as he let go. Aidan smiled smugly while she forced her feet onto the cold stone floor before spinning around and eyeing him accusingly. Looking him in the eye was an issue for her due to being over half a foot shorter than his six foot two inch height, but he admired the aggressive way she lifted her feminine chin to meet him. A lack of composure combined with the frustration emanating from her. There was a rampant fire burning in her dark eyes. He was dazed from his responding arousal.

Don't give away anything, he compelled his dick, which seemed intent on getting hard with every flick of her eyes.

Flushed cheeks and red, moist lips caught his attention while the spotlights of the Cathedral highlighted the gold strands of her hair, matching the flecks dancing in her eyes. She was beautiful and yet as he watched her struggle awkwardly with the hem of her dress while still trying to balance the silver plate he could see she was oblivious to it.

"Why would I thank you?" Her voice dropped but still hissed every word. "Your massive body was the reason I fell."

Ha, she'd said massive! Devilish and ready to tease, he couldn't stop himself. "So you noticed my body then?"

The responding sigh was laced with exasperation, which stretched his grin further. *I don't care that my face hurts from smirking, I haven't had this much fun in ages.*

Fiery eyes narrowed a little before they dipped, looking down his body and pausing at his crotch. There was a dazed look etched on her face.

What is this fuckable dream thinking? He wondered, as his own imagination spiralled with possibilities. *Does she want to see more, is she thinking of what I can do to her, being pressed against me as I move my hands slowly up her body? God, my cock's swelling,* Aidan realised.

Don't cheer, he shouted silently at himself as he realised she'd noticed the tightening of his trousers and the reason for it too.

"I have eyes as well, although I wonder which of us is enjoying the view more."

Winking, he looked into her embarrassed doe-eyed expression and watched as she blushed as red as her scarlet dress.

About Rebecca Chase

An English rose with a taste for sex and romance. Rebecca Chase started life as a superhero but found she liked stockings more than tights so writing erotic romance was the obvious next step. When she's not busy going on amusing and thrilling dates with sexy suitors, she's whacking shuttle cocks, dancing the night away, watching rugby men battling with balls and finding interesting story ideas in everyday life.

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