

Strangers in Paradise

By SITTING

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On the eve of her sister's wedding, Ash finds the release she's been subconsciously craving...

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/strangers-in-paradise.aspx>

According to the perfect blonde stewardess, it was exactly 17:43 local time when our private jet touched down at *McCarran International Airport*. My older sister Madison, the reason behind the vacation, stretched and beamed at me.

"This is going to be great."

I shrugged. "Bit pretentious though. Getting married in *Paradise* of all places?"

She smiled again, "So? I don't care what people think. It's going to be perfect."

Yeah, you never care what people think. I begrudgingly quashed the thought and followed the crowd of guests out into the airport, picking up one of the tourist guides and glancing through it.

'*Although a very attractive town on the Nevada border*', the leaflet read, '*Paradise is not named after the topology but rather the casino. The name is in fact a corruption of the phrase 'pair of dice'.*' I snorted. Well, it was pretty much Las Vegas. I continued reading. '*For holiday-makers the main appeal is the Las Vegas Strip, most of which is contained in the town. Paradise is also home to some of the best known hotels in the region including Caesars Palace, the Bellagio and the MGM Grand.*'

That was where we were staying... There must be casinos nearby, right? I'd never been in one before and was suddenly excited as my mind flashed with clips of random movies I'd seen; *Casino Royale*, *21*, *The Last Holiday*... they made gambling seem so glamorous... maybe I could see if it was all it was cracked up to be...

“Ash!”

I was rudely jerked out of my thoughts by Madison yelling at me to pick up my luggage. Stuffing the brochure into my jeans pocket, I followed her.

“I thought this was meant to be a high-class thing.” I grumbled, “Couldn’t you have got someone to carry my bags?”

Madison laughed, clearly in high spirits, “You should have asked.” She clocked my distracted expression, “What is it? The car’s waiting.”

I looked on with interest as we passed one of the slot machines the airport housed, “Can we go to a casino one of these days?”

“No!” She pulled me through the crowds of people in search of the rest of our wedding party, “We didn’t come here to throw money down the drain.”

“Yeah.” I scowled as she ushered me into the limousine that awaited us on Wayne Newton Boulevard, “We clearly didn’t.”

“I wish you’d brought someone with you.”

Madison, her fiancé Sean, our brother Zac and I were at a small café in the town centre, three legged tables and wicker chairs completing the mock-Parisian look. Sean and Zac were inside, apparently bonding over croissants, while Madison and I were seated outside, discussing the wedding. It was a beautiful day. Not a single patch of white in the summer sky, the sun shone down on us, warm and soothing. Madison looked beautiful as ever, every bit the perfect bride-to-be. Her slim figure was accentuated by a sleeveless white dress, her feet clad in Armani heels, the emblem repeated on the oversized sunglasses she wore.

“Why?” I dipped my little finger into the whipped cream on my tarte tatin and licked it.

Madison shrugged “You just seem sadder than usual.”

I knew she was looking at me but the shades covering her eyes hid any expression. “You should have brought a boy. Someone to have fun with.”

I rolled my eyes. “There wasn’t space anyway. On the plane I mean.”

“We would have got another one. A bigger one.”

“Which would have cost a couple more thousand.”

Madison laughed, “Who cares? It’s my wedding. I want everyone to be happy.”

I laughed, “Yep. On your fiancé’s money.”

She sipped her cappuccino “Exactly.” There was a moment of silence before “Ash, do you think I’m marrying him for his money?”

“Yes.” My reply was instantaneous and there was a pause. I picked with slight guilt at the apple from my pastry and looked back at her. “Are you?”

She sighed, “When it comes down to it, yes.” She took off her sunglasses and our eyes met, her brilliant green ones sparkling in the sunlight. “Is that such a bad thing?”

I shrugged “Not really. It’s not as if anyone gets married out of love these days is it?”

We looked at each other for a second before Madison shrugged. “Yeah. I guess. Anyway,” She turned to look in her purse for her notepad, the pages of which were filled with wedding plans, every hour painstakingly detailed. “Your dress is an issue.”

I groaned and pulled my knees up to my chest, “Can’t I just *buy* something to wear?”

“No.” She said firmly, “The tailor is making it to fit perfectly. You have to look flawless!”

I laughed, “I *already* look flawless.”

“Right.” Madison’s emerald eyes ran over my tattered gladiator sandals, denim shorts and faded t-shirt before coming to rest on my unruly black hair. “You need work.”

I scowled, “But I don’t like that tailor woman. All she ever does is poke me with needles and mutter Italian insults and tells me to grow a bigger chest.”

Madison giggled, “Hate to be the one to verify it Ash, but you kind of *do* need to grow a bigger chest.” She pulled a green pen out of her purse and started writing before darting a mischievous look at me. “Maybe *then* you would have come with a guy.”

I sighed “Can we just drop the guy thing? We both know why I’m here alone.”

“Yep.” Madison looked uneasy as she gulped at her coffee, but seemed determined to make light of the situation. “You broke up with Joe because he wanted someone who was better endowed.”

I rolled my eyes, “No, I broke up with Joe, because *you* slept with him Madison. Don’t tell me you’ve already forgotten.” I took an annoyed gulp of green tea and almost choked, ruining my attempt at an exasperated attitude.

Madison sighed heavily and hid behind her dark glasses, turning back to the notebook and scribbling away in green biro. She still hadn’t even come close to apologising.

“Did you hear me?”

She scowled, “Yes, I heard you Ash, and if you’re not careful so will Sean.” She dropped her voice. “Then my dream wedding will all be over.” She tapped her pen on the notebook “Is that what you want?”

Oh my dear lord . I glanced across through the glass window to where her fiancé was obviously discussing champagne with the sommelier. “Obviously not.” I shook my head, and lowered my voice for good measure, “But can’t you at least tell me you’re sorry for what you did? Madison, of all the people to betray me, it had to be my own sister?!”

She looked up, “Oh come on Ash, if you think about it... I did you a favour.”

“A *favour*?” I stared at her impassive face, “By sleeping with *my* boyfriend, *you* did *me* a favour...?”

“Well, yeah.” She shrugged and tossed her silky blonde hair over one shoulder, “Ash, you’ve gotta ask yourself; if he was sleeping with your *sister* of all people, god knows who else he was getting it on with.” She smiled, “You finding out about me and him was probably the best thing that’s ever happened to you. Besides, he wasn’t good enough for you anyway. Seriously?” She smirked heavily, “The guy was like a one minute *fail*.”

“I give up.” I took another gulp of green tea, and tried to stop myself giggling at her blunt but very true comment “Half the time I can’t even tell whether you’re being a bitch or if this is just your personality.”

She laughed quietly, “Me neither.” Her BlackBerry buzzing on the table brought an end to the conversation and after a few minutes of frantic panicking down the line she rushed away to sort out a replacement photographer, Sean and Zac in pursuit.

What Madison didn't know, and what I had no intention of telling her, was that Sean was *already* fully aware of what had happened between her and Joe. A couple of weeks ago he'd tried to use it as some sort of a persuasion tool in a bid to get back at her, simultaneously attempting to involve me. "Think about how great it'd be, Ash." I recalled him saying, "Us two hooking up; we'd both settle the score with Madison. It'd be like killing two birds with one stone." I'd considered briefly, thought about how darkly tempting the proposal was but in the end I'd turned him down. Revenge might have tasted sweet but I knew it would have left me with a bitter aftertaste, a constant reminder to myself of just how vindictive I could be.

I took a thoughtful sip of tea. It was a messed up and somewhat farcical wedding, we all knew that, but somehow Sean and Madison were still going ahead with it. All I was meant to do was back Madison up and keep playing happy families.

The week wore on, days filled with incessant planning for the wedding, leaving no room for error. I'd never realised how much work went into one of these things. There were decorations to order, people to put up the decorations, caterers, bakers, florists, registrars, waiters: I didn't dare calculate how much the total cost would be.

Finally though, the date of the wedding seemed to get closer. The night before the big day there was a party of some sort, a chance for guests from either side of the couple to *mingle* as Madison put it. I was of course expected to be present, no matter how many times I pleaded to be allowed to slope off to one of the many glowing casinos that lined the streets of Paradise.

"You *have* to be there." Madison said firmly, as she inspected my appearance half an hour before the get together began "People would notice if you were gone." She reached to her dresser for a can of hairspray and proceeded to spray copiously unnecessary amounts in the general vicinity of my head, totally ignoring my strangled coughs. "Besides," She finally put down the can, "You have to be in the photos."

Like anybody cares about the photos, I thought grumpily as the hairspray fumes finally cleared. But half an hour in, it appeared that people *did* care about the photos, a great deal in fact judging by the number of cameras that were floating around the room.

I smiled for them. I stood with my arm around Madison as if everything between us was perfect. Photographs are never real. They don't remember the way the smile automatically drops from most peoples faces once the shutter's clicked. All the camera records is what people want. The memories they *want* to make, not the ones that are inescapable; already embedded into your mind, dark and endless. Eventually, after what seemed like half a million pictures, and another half-million theatrical

thoughts, I managed to excuse myself and headed in the direction of the door, looking to get some fresh air, well aware of Madison's voice floating after me, "Don't be long! You've still got loads of *mingling* to do!"

I hid my smile and pushed as politely as I could through the guests. Sean cornered me just before I stepped outside. "Have you changed your mind yet?"

I shrugged, "About what?"

He sipped at his drink. "My proposal."

"Right." I tried to think of an escape line. "You know, I have something to ask Madison...she was uh..."

He snorted, dismissing my attempt at changing the subject. "Come on Ash. She'll never suspect a thing"

I followed his gaze across the room to where Madison was touching up her makeup with the aid of a vanity mirror. For the first time in the last couple of years she looked painfully vulnerable.

Sean looked back at me. "It's tempting, isn't it?" He took a sip of the 800 champagne he was drinking and licked his lips, stepping closer to me, like a snake closing in on its prey. "It must be so *enticing* for you. Your one chance to get back at your big sister for everything she's ever done to you." His eyes met mine, dark, challenging. "Sleeping with her fiancé the day before her wedding." A smile crept onto his face, "Can you imagine that Ash? Revenge at its finest."

I scowled heavily, hardly daring to believe he was still trying this. "Sean, when I said no, I *meant* no. I'm not getting involved in the mess you guys have created. "

Sean appraised me, "You're not?"

I shook my head, "No. I'm not."

With a sigh, he finally walked away, pushing through the crowd, maybe going to join Madison for a dance, maybe looking for another girl to beguile. I couldn't have cared less.

Shaking my head, I finally made my way outside for some long awaited fresh air, but being Paradise, the air was most definitely *not* fresh. It was warm and dense, filled with a mixture of diffused perfume and smoke.

I smoothed down my dress and tried not to think about how much it had cost. This one was tailor made too; Madison had insisted. My watch told me I had two more hours left of this socialising. It was hardly a party.

My mind wandered inevitably back to the fresh exchange between Sean and I. *Fucking creep*. Half of me considered informing Madison of his amorous advances but I doubted she'd be particularly incensed. After all, she *was* marrying him for his money, not his fidelity. It was ridiculous, the way they carried on this supposedly happy relationship when in reality there was nothing between them. And if that wasn't enough, Sean was trying to get *me* involved in their crap. He was so self-obsessed it disgusted me. If Madison hurt him that much he could have left her, but no, he had to have the trophy wife, the beautiful object by his side. He was such a typical materialistic, messed-up bastard; I almost pitied Madison. Letting out a sigh, I tried to dispel the thoughts. In a few days all this would be over and we could go back to our respective lives.

Sensing that someone's attention was on me, I turned to see a tall man standing a couple of metres away. Our eyes met and I averted my gaze hurriedly before remembering that *I* was the one who'd caught *him* looking.

I sneaked a second look, trying to remember whether he was part of the wedding party. He certainly looked well-dressed enough but I couldn't place his face. The dark hair and designer stubble seemed a little too well-done, even for *this* wedding.

I opened my mouth to say something and then chickened out before finally bottling up the courage to speak. "Hi."

He turned to face me, "Hey."

"Are you here for the...ah... wedding?"

The stranger shook his head, "No. I'm here on business."

"Really?" I raised an eyebrow. "Must be a fun job."

He shrugged, "I get by." I waited but he didn't divulge any more information.

"So, I take it you *are* here for a wedding."

I shrugged, "Yeah. My sisters. It's tomorrow."

There was a moments silence before “I’m Tyler.”

“Ash.”

He sighed, stuck his hands in his trouser pockets and waited for me to say something else. I didn’t.

“You don’t look particularly overjoyed.”

I looked up, “Really?”

“Yeah. In fact you look quite positively under-joyed.”

His words brought the recent memories rushing back and I shoved them to a far corner of my mind.

“That’s not a word.”

He ignored the remark. “You’re in Paradise.” He sat down next to me, “If you can’t be happy here, where else are you going to smile?”

I shrugged, “It’s not like *real* Paradise. It’s not even named after Paradise.” I tried to remember what I’d read in the tourist guide but he got there before me.

“Although a very attractive town on the Nevada border, Paradise is not named after the topology but rather the casino. The name is in fact a corruption of the phrase ‘pair of dice.’” He pulled the holiday-maker brochure out of a blazer pocket and offered it to me.

I rolled my eyes, “I’ve seen it already.”

Half-turning on the bench, he faced me. Out of the corner of my eye I watched as he rolled a cigarette.

“Want one?”

I shook my head. “I don’t smoke.”

“Wise of you.”

I turned to look at him as he lit it, the flame from his lighter burning bright in the heavy darkness.

“Your sister’s wedding, huh?”

He took a deep drag as I watched warily, unsure of how to respond.

There was a minute of silence and then “How about I hear your big story?”

I frowned, “I don’t have a big story.”

He laughed quietly, “You don’t?” Our eyes met and I shrugged, before shaking my head. He flicked ash off the end of his cigarette and eyed me, “OK, so maybe not a *story*, but there must be some reason as to why you’re sitting out here wearing custom made Versace, your body weight in diamonds, and yet you’re still looking like you could kill someone.”

I frowned, “How do you know it’s custom...”

He cut me off before I could finish, “I just do.” He smiled reassuringly, “Go on then.”

I shook my head, “I was just thinking.”

“Oh yeah?” He leaned forward. “About what?”

The smell of smoke became heavier and my mind was suddenly transported back to the few times I’d smoked during high school. It hadn’t been bad at all. Just slightly bitter. Maybe I *should* have accepted a cigarette.

“About what?” Tyler repeated patiently, “What were you thinking about Ash?”

I blinked “A lot of things.”

He laughed softly and I noticed his teeth. They were perfect in a not too perfect way. White but not ridiculously straight. Kind of like John Barrowman. Come to think of it, *he* had pretty nice teeth too. Tyler’s voice interrupted my ridiculous thoughts. “What’s with the sense of mystery?”

I sighed “I’m not doing it on purpose.”

“You’re just intriguing me even more.”

Our eyes met and I sighed again. “It’s nothing. I was thinking about teeth.”

“Really?” He raised a disbelieving eyebrow. “Got a dental appointment?”

I snorted. “No. I was thinking about John Barrowman’s teeth actually.”

“I don’t believe you.”

I pulled a face. “Why not?”

“Thinking about John Barrowman’s teeth wouldn’t make you look like that.”

I frowned, “Look like what, exactly?”

He shrugged, “You have this...annoyed look about you.”

His expression was unfathomable and I waited for him to continue.

“It’s your eyes really.” His fingers came out, pushing my hair away from my forehead before gently grasping my chin, tilting my face up towards his. “They’re a gorgeous colour. Just...” He paused, irises fixated on mine. I couldn’t look away.

“Just...what?” I breathed out.

“Just... cold.” He whispered, so quietly I barely heard, “They’re a *cold* colour... *icy* blue.”

Huh? Talk about ruining the bloody moment. I pulled away and stood up. “Icy blue? What like an Ice Queen? Some evil person?”

He looked genuinely surprised, “No. I didn’t mean it as an insult.”

I frowned, “So why did you say it?”

Standing up, he shrugged, green irises coming back to rest on my blue ones, “It just makes me wonder.”

There it was again. *That* look. “Stop being so cryptic. What do my cold eyes make you wonder?”

The corner of his mouth twitched skyward into a wry smile, “A lot of things. But mainly whether I could warm them up.”

“Why don’t you try?” The words were out of my mouth before I could stop them. *Oh my dear lord. Did I just say that?*

“Is that an offer?”

I frowned. “You’re the one who made the offer.”

He stepped closer towards me, removing the distance between us, “And you’re accepting the offer?” He was so close, all I could smell was *him*: The smoke, the cologne, the shampoo, all merging into one intoxicating scent.

I stared up at him and he stared back down, “You haven’t said anything yet,” he murmured quietly, “But your eyes are speaking volumes.” His hand came out again and he ran a single finger down my cheek, down to rest at the pulse on my neck.

My heart was pounding at an alarming rate and I knew he felt it too.

“Too alive to be an Ice Queen.”

I breathed out, tried to calm down and enjoy the moment but it was all I could do to keep my eyes open. Taking the ice queen to a whole new level, I just wanted to melt into him.

“Why don’t you come back to my hotel?” He breathed the words out. “It’s only an hour or two away.”

An hour or two? Too long, far too long. I knew Madison would probably already be wondering where I was and I couldn’t just go AWOL on the eve of her big day. Ignoring the somewhat wild fantasies playing out in my mind, I shook my head.

“No?” Tyler sounded amazed, “You sure?”

I risked a look at his face, “I can’t. The wedding and stuff; I can’t just leave.”

“Oh.” He looked disappointed. *I* felt even more disenchanted than the day the secret identity of *Santa Claus* was revealed to me. Tyler tapped his foot. I tapped mine and searched my deflated self for an exit strategy. And then a couple of minutes later, he spoke. “I have a car.” I looked sharply back up at him. His green eyes were alight with renewed excitement.

“A car?”

“Yeah.” He took my hand, “It has backseats.”

I felt my pulse quicken and silently told myself to get a grip. “Backseats?”

“Yeah.” His voice dropped again, “Your sister won’t miss you for an hour or so will she?”

An hour or so?! I dared to hope “I doubt it.”

His lips curved into a smile, “Good.” I felt his fingers take mine, and then we were walking. Walking fast. I almost tripped over in my heels such was the speed at which he hurried me over to the parking lot.

It was with a small fear of being discovered that I hesitated “What if someone sees us?”

Tyler looked unabashed “I have tinted windows.”

Oh . He finally drew to a halt in front of a silver car in the corner of the parking lot.

“I just hope the chauffeurs gone home.” He said with a small grin, “Sometimes he hangs around too long.

Oh my god, I hope he’s not bloody serious . “You have a chauffeur?” I tried to act like I wasn’t insanely curious. “Nice car by the way.”

“Isn’t it?” Tyler glanced nervously over his shoulder as he courteously opened the back door for me, “It’s the new BMW. It defies the dictionary. A coupe is a car with two doors. This is the first coupe ever with four doors.”

“That’s...uh...nice.” My mind went into overdriven confusion; *why is he talking about cars?* He slid in next to me and shut the door. We were in. I barely had time to acknowledge just how nice the interior was before we were kissing, his mouth on mine, lips hard and determined, so unlike anything I’d ever known. I wanted to savour it and kiss him slowly, feel every last part of him but of course we were moving way too fast. Some part of me heard the locks buzz and then Tyler’s hands were on my waist, his mouth still attached firmly to mine.

“Y’know, this thing has an eight speed automatic gearbox.” He’d moved on top of me, kneeling on the edge of the leather seat, his voice muffled into my neck “It shifts like lightning.” *Is he still talking cars?* I locked my fingers around his neck and kissed him, trailing my lips down the rough stubble to his neck.

"It's got advanced suspension." I was vaguely aware of him pulling off his blazer and tossing it onto the driver's seat, his mouth moving back up my neck to my ear.

"I don't know what that means." I had an insane desire to giggle at the bizarre conversation.

"It means," Tyler continued, his fingers locating the zip at the side of my dress, "That it corners fluidly. Smooth ride." He pulled the zip down, his hands admiring my bare skin, lips and teeth grazing around my ear.

"Smooth ride, huh?" I wondered if this was some advanced version of dirty talk, "That's good."

"Very good." Tyler murmured, his breath warm and husky, "Guess how many miles per gallon it does?"

"I have no idea." His mouth found mine again and we kissed hard.

"Fifty point four."

I giggled breathlessly, "Are you a car salesman?"

His hands tugged gently at my dress, pulling it away from my body. "No."

I thought back to his pressing questions, "A psychiatrist?"

He chuckled softly, "No."

"What then?" I shivered as he pulled the dress away, somewhat thankful that the car was fairly dark.

He unbuttoned his shirt "A model."

I stared at his perfect chest. "Oh."

He laughed quietly, "Problem?"

"No." My eyes moved up to meet his, "No problem."

He leaned closer to me, shrugging the shirt off his shoulders, "Good." His teeth were on my ear, grazing softly as he whispered, "Tell me what you want me to do to you." His breath was warm and I

could feel his chest against mine, all firm muscle. "Tell me *exactly* what you want." I felt his lips on my neck and his hand on the inside of my thigh, inching dangerously upwards.

"I..." The words didn't come. His mouth pressed harder to the hollow of my throat, both of his hands now creeping silently towards the inevitable.

"You don't say much do you?" His murmur was soft as his fingers reached my panties, pushing them slowly to the side as I breathed out hard, trying not to push against him. I felt the tip of his finger touch me ever so gently.

"You're wet." His lips moved away from my neck then and he straightened up, looking me in the eye, his finger sinking slowly inside me.

"Oh god..." The feeling was delicious and him watching my reaction even more so.

"You want me to fuck you?" His voice was hoarse, eyes expectant.

"Yes." I gasped the word out as he pushed a second finger inside me, curling it up, his eyes alight with lust and excitement.

"Take my pants off." He whispered the command and I reached forward, eyes never leaving his as I pulled at his belt, unbuckling it as quickly as I could in the dark of the car. "Hurry up." I pulled fumblingly at his zip, my breath catching in my throat as I pulled the pants down, simultaneously removing his boxers.

His fingers slipped out of me and I felt them curl around the waistband of my panties, quickly removing the material as he kicked off what was left of his own clothing.

I ran my hands down his smooth chest, palms pressed flat against the hard muscle, vaguely wondering whether I'd ever see anything so beautiful again. I could feel Tyler's eyes on me, could feel his heart beating under my touch, and found myself wondering how on earth this had happened.

"What are you doing?" His voice cut into my thoughts.

"Thinking."

He laughed, "Don't."

I considered for a minute before deciding he was right. It was easier not to think.

“Okay.” I slipped one hand daringly down past his flat stomach and ran my fingertips lightly across the hard length of his cock. I hoped to god that he wouldn’t end up being a one minute fail.

His shadowed face dipped as he bent to kiss me again, his hand pulling mine away from him before he took hold of my legs, pulling them up slightly off the leather seat, the small distance between us evaporating. I felt the head of his cock right there, on the brink of entry. We stared at each other, mouths agape, bodies tense with expectation and then with a low groan, Tyler pushed his length inside me. I breathed out a moan, my eyes closing as I held the sensation and then he pulled out before slamming in again, filling me completely, surpassing all my expectations.

His hands gripped my waist, holding me in place as he paused, his breathing hoarse and barely controlled “You okay?”

I nodded and then he was moving again, slamming deep inside, hitting me in all the right places, his hands beginning a rapid exploration of my body, fingers moving down my neck and arms before coming back up and admiring my chest, relieving the ache that had unknowingly haunted my body.

“So beautiful...” Tyler grunted out the words, his hips moving athletically back and forth as he speared repeatedly in, eyes roving over my body as if afraid he would forget it. The dark green irises rested on my chest and he let out another hoarse sigh, “Perfect.”

“Really?” Some insecure part of me wanted to believe that he meant it, that he wasn’t just saying the words as he would have done any other time he fucked. “Do you really think so?”

His hand moved to the small of my back, lifting roughly as he slammed home again, “Course I do. I wouldn’t say it otherwise.” He thrust in extra hard as if to add effect to his words and I cried out, reaching up in a daze, exploring his face with my hands, feeling the prominence of his cheekbones, the smooth nose, stubble-lined jaw. Touching his mouth, I felt his lips part slightly and then his tongue flickered out before he took my fingertip in, sucking it hard, the shock in my eyes spurring him on. I pulled my hand back slightly and he released the finger, laughing quietly as *his* finger moved down between my breasts, pausing in my navel before descending to my clit, circling slightly, his low grunts echoing in my ears. My legs wrapped instinctively around him, the relentless pounding never ceasing as I ran my fingers through his thick dark hair, tugging on it slightly, pulling him down so I could kiss him again and let his tongue explore my mouth, the flavour of tobacco still lingering. His spare hand moved from my back to my hair, entwining with the long black tresses, pulling hard as he slammed into me faster and harder, his breath catching in his throat, his finger pressing hard onto my clit.

“Tyler...” I didn’t even know what I intended to say but he cut me off with another kiss, his mouth hot

and rough on mine, lips pulling hard as a low growl grew somewhere in the depths of his chest. I could feel the sweat prickling on my body, could hear my own raucous gasps and knew we were close to the end. Tyler's finger was moving expertly on my clit, his eyes gazing into mine, wild, almost animalistic, daring me to look away. I could feel the orgasm creeping up on me from some hidden location, sending waves of hot climatic excitement to every last part of my body, making me wrap my legs tighter around this stranger's waist as I tried to absorb his violent thrusts.

"Come on Ash." My eyes snapped back to his intense green gaze. His teeth were clenched, the muscles tensed in every part of his beautiful face, "Come for me baby. Come all over my cock..."

"Fuck..." I whimpered out the profanity as his words triggered the orgasm, waves rushing through my perspiration soaked body, white hot and icy cold at the same time; my legs wrapping even tighter around him in some insane attempt to press my thighs together, my pussy clenching hard down onto his wonderful cock. Tyler's face was buried in my neck as he peaked, a growl reverberating from somewhere inside his body as he sank into me for a final time, shooting up, neither of us particularly concerned with the consequences. And then, as the sensations slowly faded, it was over. For the first time in weeks, sinking back into the leather seat of this man's car, I felt at ease.

Nobody moved for a minute. My mind was lazily considering the implications: *So he wasn't a one minute fail! Should I tell anyone? Will I even see this guy again?*

Tyler lifted his head from my neck and pressed his forehead against mine, eyes still burning bright. "Don't." He whispered the word.

"Don't what?"

"Think." He kissed me softly, "Just relax."

His irises stared into mine for a long while before, "Your eyes are warm now." He smiled, "Warm like a summer sky."

Heaving himself off and out of my body, he slumped next to me as I dressed as best as I could in the back of the dark car before hesitating with my hand on the door. There didn't seem to be much else to do or say. "Bye then."

"Wait." Tyler leaned forward, between the front seats and fumbled in the glove compartment for a pen and some paper. "I'm not letting this be a one time thing. At least leave your number."

I scrawled down the digits, hardly daring to believe he was still interested.

“I’ll call you.” He said finally, “Tomorrow night?”

“Yeah.” I gazed at him like a fool “That’s...that’s okay.”

“Good.” He leaned forward and kissed me for the last time, “Maybe this time we’ll have a date or something.”

“Yeah.” I paused, “Can we go to a casino?”

He laughed then, carefree, his eyes sparkling with some emotion I didn’t recognise, “We can go anywhere you want baby.”

The END