



Yvette Noire

*Wanna
play?*

A **wicked** tale of love, lust, betrayal
and revenge

Wanna Play?

A wicked game of love, lust, betrayal and revenge

YVETTE NOIRE

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1 Warming up

Chanelle Maddison sank effortlessly into the arms of the attractive blonde stranger whisking her away in the back seat of a taxi... reaching under her skirt to remove panties that it turned out weren't even there.

They began kissing passionately, Chanelle inviting the warm tongue into her mouth, a feeling of excitement growing within — one so surprising she felt compelled to resist, at least momentarily.

It was pointless though as she quickly surrendered to the moment, feeling more relaxed than she'd ever felt in her life, enjoying the soft caress over her breasts, fingers arriving at her nipples more quickly than anticipated.

“What are you doing?” she whispered vacantly but there was no response — only more kissing, more touching — the pleasure centres of her brain opening up almost as quickly as her legs!

Chanelle had no idea how she got herself into this mess and more importantly she didn't care, which was unusual.

A classic control freak, Chanelle always cared... about everything, how she looked, being punctual, getting it right, being as damn close to perfect as any flawed human could expect.

But such concerns were far from her mind now, along with all thought in general, melting into the night air like the brightly coloured ribbons of light streaming past her car window.

The late-night cab ride would be the beginning of a journey more

unexpected than the fingers now dancing around between her legs, hunting for wetness, delivering waves of pleasure each time they hit the mark.

It was a far cry from anything she might have anticipated that day, which was in every other respect a perfectly normal Friday.

Yes it was all so very ordinary but something *was* different, Chanelle waking with a sense of foreboding, of dread even.

Finally here, her inner voice whispered. *So what are you going to do?*

A wicked smile crept over her face as she imagined what it might feel like to hold him in her arms... to kiss him.

Chanelle quickly ushered the rogue thought away, disappointed she'd even conjured it up, happy to be distracted by her morning routine, pulling her long dark hair into a high ponytail and painting on her big brown cat-eyes and tasty red lips.

The girl was drop-dead gorgeous — a real class act, something everyone could see... everyone but Chanelle, who was more prone to notice her flaws than her features, oblivious she was a babe and a hot one at that.

She slipped on a pair of black lacy panties to go with her silky push-up bra, clasped at the front to accentuate her cleavage. Then she sashayed her way into a stretchy blue number that hugged her slim hourglass figure perfectly.

She added a blazer to the mix and Italian black pumps — impossibly high but surprisingly comfortable... or as comfortable as killer heels could ever be.

All up she looked decidedly sexy but still classy and professional, which was important to Chanelle because her career meant everything.

It wasn't just about looking the part either, it was about living and breathing it.

She'd already achieved a lot in her twenty-nine years, leading the marketing team for a global construction company and fast-tracking her way straight to the boardroom.

But the same could not be said of her personal life, which was on a different path entirely, dating a casual entertainment — one she could take or leave at will.

She was proud of her status as the ultimate 'ice queen' and with good reason — trust a scarce commodity as far as she was concerned, particularly when it came to men.

But there was one man threatening to intrude upon her safe little world and *he* was the reason this Friday was different.

In the crisp morning air, as she made a hasty dash to the office, coffee in hand, meetings on her mind, Chanelle had no idea just how different this day was going to be. No idea at all!

2 Game on!

“Shall we go through the park?” asked Hayden Wolfe, with an inviting wink that was too damn hard to resist.

“Why not?” Chanelle replied, smiling sweetly but sounding disinterested.

“Yes!” he mocked, fist pumping the air, making them both laugh as they strolled along the winding path around the lake.

With Latin good looks that contrast his piercing blue eyes perfectly, Hayden’s disarming smile could open legs the world over... and he’d certainly given it his best shot to do just that, everywhere he went!

In fact the handsome thirty-year-old barely had to put any effort in to get the babes. But when it came to his beautiful manager, Chanelle, he struggled to even get the time of day out of her, no matter how much effort he put in... and Hayden put in a lot of effort!

“Did it shrink in the wash or do you just not know what size you are?” she had teased earlier that morning when her normally suited up colleague arrived in a casual Friday T-shirt.

They’d both laughed out loud and that seemed to set the tone for the day, it was hardly surprising Chanelle was happy to take the long way back to the office, particularly after having a little more to drink than they probably should, lowering their inhibitions to dangerous levels.

“Happy with the way things turned out?” Chanelle asked.

“Sure, why not,” he replied, trying to make eye contact.

When she failed to oblige, Hayden decided to ask the one question that had been bugging him since they met.

“So how come nothing’s ever happened between us?”

Chanelle wasn’t sure how to respond.

His tone was playful but the subtext spoke volumes — this wasn’t a casual question, or not as casual as he made out.

He *really* wanted to know.

After all, he had no trouble bedding most of the girls at work — course he’d want to know why Chanelle was so immune to his charms.

But his gorgeous manager never seemed particularly impressed by popularity or good looks, refusing to join the near-constant bevy of girls vying for his attention.

“You’re such a slut, like I would ever,” she replied condescendingly but whimsically added, “Though you never know, maybe one day...”

Figuring his chances could be on the up-and-up, Hayden angled their walk towards a particularly secluded location in the park — the site of the infamous ‘Notting Hill’ bench.

“Hey isn’t this *the* bench?” Chanelle asked as it came into view.

“Yep, the most romantic bench in the world,” he boasted.

“It’s not romantic! That’s the ‘break-up’ bench,” she teased and Chanelle was right.

Built to replicate the park bench from the movie Notting Hill, it was commissioned by a well-to-do suitor planning an elaborate proposal.

Refused by his lady love, the bench was promptly donated to Perth’s beautiful Queens Gardens, where it became notorious as *the* break-up bench by those in the know.

Unaware of the full story and having brought plenty of girls there for a snog, in Hayden’s experience it *was* a romantic bench.

Pushing past the surrounding foliage, Chanelle took her place on the seat, Hayden sidling up next to her, close enough to smell her hair.

With the effects of the wine now in full swing, Hayden was keen to push the envelope.

There was a sense of excitement when Chanelle was near, fuelled no doubt by her mysterious immunity to his charms, making her the one conquest outside his reach.

It didn’t just rattle Hayden, it got under his skin big time.

As they sat together in the dappled light, all he could think about was how much wanted to get into her pants.

“Actually I’ve got a question for you too,” she mused. “What makes you so damn popular with the girls anyway?”

“You mean apart from my good looks, unbelievable physique and awesome personality?” he bragged unashamedly.

They both laughed out loud then Hayden continued.

“I know how to look after a woman’s needs. I think you’d be impressed, especially with my hands... I’m really good with them.”

Chanelle smirked, leering at his crotch while raising an eyebrow to indicate where she figured *his* hands spent the majority of their time.

“No not just on me,” he protested. “I’m good with my hands on the ladies.”

“Wrong answer... It’s not your hands that would impress me, it would have to be your mouth!”

They laughed again then went quiet, Hayden more determined than ever to put the moves on, but he was about to be surprised.

“Wanna play a game?” she asked coquettishly, daring him with her own enticing wink.

“I’m in!” he responded way too fast to look cool, all the while losing himself in those big brown eyes of hers. “So how does your game work?”

“It’s an easy enough game but you might struggle to keep up, what with that weird hand thing you’ve got going on.”

They chuckled again but started looking deep into each other’s eyes, smiling like a pair of Cheshire cats.

“The game’s simple, all you have to do is keep your hands on the bench. That’s it,” she explained cryptically.

“What?” he asked with obvious confusion on his face but rising interest in his pants.

Chanelle took his hands and planted them palm down on the seat, one either side of him.

Her touch felt electric and not just on his hands.

“Okay, now all you have to do is keep them there, no matter what I say, no matter what I do. You win if you succeed but the game ends as soon as you move your hands so don’t fuck it up Hayden,” she warned.

“Sounds like a pretty sucky game to me,” he quipped.

“Is that so?” Chanelle purred in a sultry tone he’d never heard from her before — and he liked it!

She got up to leisurely make her way round the bench, leaving a single finger behind to run its course along the length of his shoulder and up his neck as she positioned herself directly behind him.

Her finger sent a quiver through his body, confirming this game was *definitely* worth playing.

She leaned in, her long ponytail tickling Hayden’s neck as her bright red lips whispered, “Don’t think you’ll win this one big boy.”

Her warm breath danced around his ear, raising the hairs on the back his neck and sending a powerful message to his already partially-aroused member.

Her short dress had been driving him crazy all day, showcasing her hourglass figure and her long, long legs, bolstered by the high-heeled stilettos she was so fond of wearing.

But it was her smell and those welcoming breasts pushing lightly against

his back that really challenged Hayden's ability to keep still while her fingers slowly made their way down his chest.

"Chanelle... what are you doing to me?" he whispered, feeling a little out-of-his-depth for the first time in years.

Her fingers soon arrived at the bulge in his pants, seductively caressing the outline of his shaft.

Hayden began squirming, Chanelle smiling.

"Remember... game ends if you move your hands," she cooed defiantly, sending quivers down his spine, hardening his resolve in every sense.

As she made her way back round the bench, Hayden looked like a deer in headlights, watching her ease her tight little skirt up till the teensiest hint of black lacy nickers came into view.

Her hands were gliding all over her body now, caressing each delicious curve. She cupped 'the girls' then pulled the top of her dress down to reveal that sexy bra and a cleavage most women would die for!

He gasped as she forced his legs apart with her knee, his cock now hard and obvious through his pants.

"Oh you seem a little aroused," she teased, kneeling as she playfully ran her fingers along the outline of his throbbing erection, his hands transfixed to the bench like they'd been nailed there.

Her mouth was so close Hayden could feel her hot breath through his pants as she tormented him by licking her luscious lips, hinting at what was to come.

Hayden swallowed hard, his pants almost bursting at the seams.

He knew he was in trouble but he didn't want her flirtatious 'game' to end, at least not anytime soon. He was hooked and he was pretty sure she knew it.

Then, instead of unzipping him, Chanelle crawled up his body like a stalking cat, wrapping her arms round his neck and nestling his face in her cleavage.

Hayden couldn't resist 'motor-boating' briefly but with their faces parallel and her lips closer than ever, it took all the willpower he had to keep from grabbing her and kissing the fuck out of those forbidden lips.

"I'm so horny and wet right now!" she whispered in his ear, frustrating the hell out of the man.

"I want to hold you so bad," he whimpered.

"Don't do it Hayden... or the game ends," she threatened, holding his hands firmly in place with hers.

Chanelle was in control of everything now and Hayden was loving it as much as he was hating it!

Straddling his lap, her panties in clear view, moisture seeping through the gusset and pointing to the sweet spot, if only he could avail himself of it.

"Please... please..." he begged, feeling like everything from the waist

down was throbbing beyond belief.

Then, finally, she let her lips touch his for that long-awaited kiss.

The chemistry was instant and undeniable, shockwaves going through him as they pashed the hell out of each other — hearts pounding, bodies inexplicably drawn together.

He wanted to pull her off the damn bench so he could have his wicked way with her but any movement on his part was quickly quelled by Chanelle's determination as she put her hands back on his, holding them in place.

She was clearly enjoying it but seemed frustratingly determined to neither extinguish nor surrender to the fire between them.

"I'm good with my mouth too, Chez," he finally volunteered. "Let me show you... please!"

She only laughed.

"Have to wait and see what I decide," she teased with confidence.

The game was in full swing now, neither of them sure exactly where it might take them but both eager to find out.

3 *Spectator sports*

On the other side of Queen's Gardens, taking in the afternoon sun, a buxom blonde was strolling aimlessly and smiling each time she looked at her mobile, which she did frequently.

The day was simply glorious, the gardens surprisingly empty but for a small group on the far side, setting up chairs and meticulously wrapping white ribbons around a make-do archway.

What a lovely place for a wedding, the blonde noted before glancing back at her phone, her bottom lip bulging with disappointment, inner voice shrieking, *Where the hell is he?!*

She twirled round scouring the terrain, the only people in proximity an elderly couple feeding titbits to the park's resident black swans.

The male glanced over at the scantily clad twenty-five-year-old, who was for all intents and purposes the epitome of white trash, prancing around in shorty-shorts and stiletto bootlets.

Her pretty green eyes were hidden behind large sunnies, her face partially obscured by an over-sized blonde beehive.

But nothing could disguise her massive breasts, which were on display in a tiny titty-top, the words 'TASTY TREATS' unapologetically strewn across her chest.

It was a strange getup for a walk through the park, her presence seemingly at odds with the serene garden setting in which she found herself.

And yet there she was, making her way along the winding path around the lake, playing hide-and-seek with the rays of sun streaming through the

canopy of trees.

“Enjoying the view?” she called out to the old man leering her way, raising a middle-finger to make clear her annoyance — the unwelcomed gesture prompting the old couple to move on, taking the family of swans with them.

That was fine with ‘Trashy’ whose attention soon returned to her phone as she continued her journey round the lake.

Seriously, where the fuck is he?! she sulked, raising the sunnies off her nose momentarily to squint at the tiny screen, her fake lashes providing little protection from the glaring sun. *He’s got to be here, somewhere...*

The sassy blonde eventually detoured off the beaten track, through the manicured lawns and towards the sound of laughter coming from dense scrub at the far end of the park — the same scrub shielding Notting bench from the rest of the world.

Intrigued, the girl crept closer, eventually into the foliage itself, crinkling branches and leaves in her wake, trying to make sense of the strange scene coming into view.

A young couple were on the bench, kissing up a storm, the heat between them so intense they were virtually smoking!

It looked like the female was the aggressor of the two, her companion oddly rigid, sitting upright, hands by his sides — his body language suggesting complete disinterest in his attractive seducer.

That’s certainly how it looked to the blonde voyeur watching through the bushes.

You’re a hungry skank, aren’t you? she smirked, quickly settling in for the show.

Then the blonde suddenly recoiled as she realised these were not just random strangers — in fact she knew one of them quite well. Caught off-guard Trashy wanted to look away but felt compelled to persevere — her eyes glued to the two figures like her life depended on it.

Thoughts raced through her head — what was going down in that secluded location? Should she interfere? Should she confront them?

But before a decision could even be made, it was the blonde herself who became the subject of unexpected scrutiny.

“Oi missy, what’re you up to in there?” came a stern voice from behind.

Swivelling round, Trashy found a pair of coppers staring straight at her, their presence a definite shock to the system.

“What!? Oh hi officers,” she responded nervously, trying to collect herself.

“Mind stepping outta there missy?” suggested the younger of the two, sounding like she’d take no prisoners.

The blonde complied immediately, awkwardly making her way over to them, her stilettos sinking deep into the soft soil with every step.

Should I tell ‘em what’s going on over there? she asked herself but soon thought better of it, figuring no good ever came from volunteering information to cops.

“Did *they* put you up to this?” Trashy indignantly suggested, pointing at the elderly couple by the lake.

The officers took a fleeting glance but soon returned their harsh gaze to the blonde before them, neither acknowledging her accusation.

“What exactly are you up to?” asked the one in charge.

“Nothing, officers, absolutely ‘nada’... just waiting for a friend.”

“In the bushes?” he pressed on caustically.

“No, not exactly... been waiting a while so I got creative, figured I’d lose myself in nature, take a moment to smell the flowers,” she replied, failing to sound the least bit convincing. “Is there a problem officer? Am I not allowed to smell the flowers?”

The coppers exchanged a knowing glance before returning their focus to the blonde.

“Smelling flowers huh? Is that what you’re calling it?” the other remarked, narrowing her eyes.

“Maybe you’d better give us your name missy?”

Trashy rolled her eyes then sheepishly replied, “Kandi.”

“Kandi who?”

“Kandi De Lish.”

“Really?!” the copper snapped back sceptically. “That your real name?”

The girl sighed, trying to work out what to say next when the police radio thankfully interjected, the second officer taking the call then giving her partner a quick nod to indicate their services were needed elsewhere.

“Alright, we’ll have leave it at that for now Kandi. But how ‘bout you meet your friend out in the open like a normal person,” he snidely suggested.

Kandi nodded, forcing a smile onto her pouty lips then headed off in the opposite direction, wishing she could fly like the wind to get away more quickly.

The sassy blonde soon left the park but the tawdry images of the couple canoodling on that secluded bench played on her mind the rest of the afternoon, and with good reason.

4 Instant replay

Back from lunch, Chanelle went straight to the ‘Ladies’, butterflies fluttering around her insides like there was no tomorrow.

Her cheeks were flushed, skin glowing, pupils wide-and-black — undoubtedly the result of her visit to the park.

You go girl! her inner voice applauded.

The celebration would be short-lived though, a barrage of doubts ready to question her actions and remind her men could never be trusted.

But Chanelle took a deep breath and pushed back, the aftermath of her dalliance too delicious to let such thoughts get the better of her now.

She straightened her dress, trying to look less dishevelled than she felt, her mind drifting back to the park, to the moment she finally gave Hayden permission to touch her.

Dragging him off the bench and into her open arms, she devoured him, planting endless kisses on his lips, becoming wilder and more passionate as her impetuous seduction continued.

“God you’re hot,” Hayden moaned, helpless to her charms, which must have been quite a change for the confident ladies’ man.

“Shut up and kiss me you fool,” she cooed, regaining dominance by rolling on top, her skirt riding up to fully expose her tiny black panties.

Hayden caressed her back, fingers inching slowly down her spine, goosebumps accompanying his every move.

How can this feel so good! she wondered as his hands approached the fun park between her legs, her panties provided little protection from his

wayward fingers, which soon wriggled past to make contact with the softness beneath.

There they rested passively but deliberately, just inside her panties.

Chanelle's heart began to flutter as he continued his invasion, stroking gently... softly... teasingly.

"You're so wet," he confirmed looking lovingly into her eyes. "Let me get you off babe, I promise it'll be good."

"Not yet lover boy," she purred — Chanelle *did* want to come but she was savouring the moment. "We do this on my terms or not at all!"

To put the brakes on, she sat up, trapping his errant hands with her thighs.

Hayden's desperation was more than apparent now, his hard body sweating through the T-shirt, which was sticking to the outline of his abs in a way that made him look absolutely scrumptious!

Chanelle finally reached down to unzip him, releasing his cock, which bobbed around in front of her like a 'Jack in the box'.

"Time I had my wicked way with you," she smiled seductively.

"Yes please..." he replied. "Don't think I've ever wanted *anyone* as badly as I want you now!"

His confession only served to excite her more as she slowly slithered her way down his body like a sexy python wrapping itself around a hapless victim.

By the time her mouth reached his erection, it was burning up — the heat so intense she could feel its radiant warmth on her face even though she was inches away.

She grabbed his cock firmly at the base, allowing her steamy breath to lavish his member, both teasing and tormenting him at the same time.

Hayden was mesmerised.

"I'm gonna cum," he warned.

"Don't worry, I've got you," she winked, tightening her grip to throttle him so tightly he couldn't possibly shoot his load even if he tried.

All the while, her mouth mocked his hard-on, her gorgeous red lips looking ready to swallow his boner whole only to pull away at the last minute, time-and-again, till Hayden had no choice but to beg.

"Chanelle, please, please..." he moaned but she continued teasing, refusing to take him into her mouth, her firm grip preventing ejaculation when everything in his body seemed to shout 'let me cum'.

"I can't take it, this is so good... augh and so bad," he whimpered as she continued her exquisite torture. "Please, please..."

Still holding tight, she crept up his body till their faces met.

"Kiss me babe," she demanded and he complied with enthusiasm, his strong arms finally wrapped around her petite frame.

By then, even Chanelle could take the teasing no more.

So when he gently laid her on her back, she acquiesced completely, allowing him to unclip her bra, exposing swollen breasts with erect nipples.

Hayden's wayward hand was back at it too, fingers intruding from both sides of her panties, stroking her wet mound.

Chanelle was on fire, her body welcoming his touch, a massive orgasm building within as he kissed his way down her body, slowly and with pinpoint accuracy.

Soon he was at waist level then hips then kissing through her panties, melting her insides and evoking a sexy clenching sensation within that felt as involuntary as it was delicious.

But Hayden took his time of it, letting his hot breath forecast the arrival of a warm tongue where it was needed most... or should that be 'moist'?

Finally he pulled her now drenched panties to one side so his lips could finally taste her soft sweet flesh.

Chanelle gasped — her long awaited orgasm gaining momentum.

"Oh Hayden... make me come you animal!" she panted, arching her back in anticipation.

But to her shock, he wasn't having a bar of it.

After making him suffer her relentless teasing, denying his satisfaction, her compliant victim wasn't giving her a free pass now.

Instead, he let his hot tongue rest still and motionless on her clit while Chanelle wriggled beneath, trying to instigate the final small movements needed to get off.

He'd driven her to the brink but was now stubbornly refusing to take her over the edge.

"Please, please, get me off..." she insisted.

"I can't hear you," he mocked.

Chanelle was going crazy, desperate to come — she could stand the teasing no more!

"Hayden, I'm begging you..." she repeated, sounding breathless, almost frantic. "I've gotta come! NOW!"

He finally had the upper hand but her sweet begging was too delicious to ignore, her juicy puss so bewitchingly horny and ready to explode!

So he pressed tongue against her clit, circling till she came hard... again and again — introducing her to the joys of multiple orgasms!

It was amazing and she knew it!

Exhausted and out-of-breath, Chanelle lay back, letting Hayden crawl up beside, his hard-on holding fast throughout the entire ordeal.

She looked into his eyes with a heightened sense of infatuation.

"I'm good with my hands too," she smiled, reaching down and barely touching his scorching cock before it too burst with euphoric bliss.

Back in the office, Chanelle could still feel the wetness between her legs as she revisited their hot encounter in her mind. It was enough to bring her back to the brink with quivering flashbacks so intense, she felt weak at the knees.

But she was determined to regain her composure — after all, she was back at work now and about to meet with the Regional Manager.

Get it together girlfriend! her inner voice scolded, as she patted down her juicy bits with a soft tissue.

Then, on the spur of the moment, she removed her panties altogether, giving her puss a chance to breathe, hoping perhaps against all reason that being panty-free might reduce the persistent wetness returning in waves each time she let her mind drift back to the park.

Besides, she had a better use for her knickers now — certain it would make the remaining hours of the day way more exciting.

5 Treatment time

Kandi climbed onto the bench bed in the small stark room, the unmistakable odour of disinfectant sickeningly strong.

It was a familiar smell, one Kandi found somewhat comforting as she lay there starkers, shorts and titty-top relegated to the plastic chair in the corner.

The white modesty sheet left for coverage remained by her side. She didn't need it as she lay back, legs open, fully exposed and ready for action.

She should have been prepping herself, mentally at least, for something most women consider an ordeal but all Kandi could think about was that sleazy scene she happened upon at the park.

Stupid coppers! she lamented, so preoccupied she almost forgot to organise the most important part of her treatment — something she soon rectified, grabbing her mobile to text Skullsy:

'Need to get on ASAP, CU in 1 hr?'

A 'thumbs up' emoji quickly confirmed he had it covered.

Good old Skullsy, she smiled then began browsing her socials till a knock at the door intruded, eliciting an unintended but familiar sensation below.

"Okay to come in?" came a giggly voice through the crack in the doorway.

"Yep," she replied, confirming she was ready for the obligatory torment she wouldn't miss for the world.

A middle-aged Asian lady entered the room, smiling and bowing submissively, her hair pulled into a tight bun making her look clean and clinical, which was obviously her intent.

"Time for treatment?" she announced, though the way Ling-Ling said it

sounded more like a question.

“Can’t wait,” Kandi retorted sarcastically.

After 20 years in the biz, Ling-Ling had seen it all and then some.

She wasn’t the least bit perturbed by Kandi’s penchant for nudity, nor her obvious desire to savour the exquisite pain of treatments.

Given the number of hours collectively spent together, Ling-Ling knew more than she cared about Kandi, who was the perfect client from her perspective — obsessed with being hair-free and willing to pay a packet to stay that way.

The only real surprise was her refusal to even consider laser hair removal, mostly because she treasured her treatment time with Ling-Ling, who she thought of as an old friend rather than a lowly service provider.

That view was not shared by Ling-Ling.

Kandi winced slightly as the hot wax was spread across her mound, delivering a welcome searing sensation into every nook and cranny.

It felt like a cleansing of sorts, followed by the swift sharp pain of hair being ripped out at the roots. It was an agonizing ritual that stung to high heaven, leaving a residual tingling sensation in its aftermath.

Kandi associated that ‘afterglow’ with being pristine and sexually desirable, making it a joy to endure.

Waxing to her bum crack was harder to tolerate but Kandi obediently got on all fours when asked.

“Why you so quiet today?” Ling-Ling enquired, making small talk.

“Something happened at the park today,” Kandi fessed up.

“Do tell, have all ears,” Ling-Ling replied with feigned interest.

Her comment opened the floodgates to Kandi’s sordid tale about the poor young man being taken advantage of by a dubious female attacker.

“It’s was just hideous!” Kandi insisted.

“I not so sure,” Ling-Ling interjected. “Men like sex, always they like sex. He probably glad it happen.”

Kandi was mortified!

“No he wasn’t!”

“Maybe so... maybe no. Why you even care ‘bout guy in park?”

“Because I know him okay,” Kandi finally admitted, annoyed by her technician’s cavalier attitude.

“Oh, he Kandi client?” she laughed openly.

“No! Well yeah, kind of, I mean it started that way but no he’s not a client, not anymore,” Kandi replied, sounding irritated.

“Ah he boyfriend now?”

“No not exactly. Look I don’t wanna talk about it okay...” Kandi blurted, killing the convo so she could reminisce about the first time she’d laid eyes on the man, which was long before the park incident.

Kandi could remember everything about that night — what he was wearing,

his smell, how charming he was and, of course, that disarming smile of his.

Kandi was wearing her hair down that night, thickened by a multitude of extensions she'd clipped in, a regular feature for her along with thick fake lashes and makeup so heavy it could make a drag queen blush!

She was by far the most popular entertainer at the Gentleman's Club where they met, Hayden attending a buck's night, Kandi dancing up a storm on her regular Saturday nightshift.

Kandi caught his eye immediately with her enormous fake breasts overflowing the tiny ill-fitting bra she'd squeezed them into — so much so it was hard to tell if her boobs were trying to get out or trying to get back in!

That was her trademark look, one Kandi combined with the teensiest G-banger and heels too high for the average woman walk in.

Then again Kandi was not your average gal!

But her most impressive feature had to be her ludicrous flexibility, honed through years of professional dance training. It made her a star performer at the club, renowned for spreading her legs so far apart she could effortlessly do the splits in any and every direction.

Kandi could even contort herself into a pretzel shape, allowing her big, curvy butt to sit atop her head. This would be impressive for any dancer but for Kandi to achieve this, with her sexy plus-size figure, now that was something to behold!

Given the chance to chat up the gorgeous blonde, Hayden went all out, charming the hell out of her, neither particularly surprised to end up together that night, Hayden drunk as a skunk, Kandi off her face on a cocktail of booze and ice.

"Can I get you a drink sugar?" she offered back at her place.

"That'd be great," he winked, openly eyeing her up-and-down while she giggled uncontrollably. "And feel free to get into something... er... more comfortable."

Kandi smiled seductively as she slipped out of her slinky black number, her massive boobs barely contained in her tiny post-performance bra.

Her G-banger left nothing to the imagination, which is just how she liked it, though she did adjust the garment slightly to keep her pussy contained a little longer, at least as much as the G-string was capable of.

She grabbed a couple of beers, Hayden taking his in one hand while grabbing the front of her G-string with the other, pulling her in to him.

Kandi swooned with delight, landing on his lap and instantly sucking face while the man ripped off her constricting bra like a seasoned pro.

"Ooh you beast," she laughed, lifting her legs high in the air to pull her G-banger off entirely.

Hayden didn't miss a beat, latching onto her puss and eliciting squeals of delight, heavy breathing and finally a well-earned orgasm that quite literally blew Kandi's mind.

“Fuck me any way you want, every way you want,” she moaned and he willingly obliged, starting with doggy then graduating to backdoor action, at her request.

“Harder! Harder!” she screamed enthusiastically.

Hayden grabbed her enormous breasts, banging them together like a set of massive udders, squeezing her nipples hard enough to make Kandi cry out in a mixture of pleasure and pain... repeatedly.

By now nothing was too rough for the girl... or off limits — her stamina showing no signs of abating. Though ridiculously drunk, Hayden finally blew his load then simply collapsed on top of her, completely spent.

But with her ice-fuelled endurance, Kandi could go for hours more and began goading.

“Don’t stop now sugar, I wanna come again... you’re so fucking hot, you gotta do me some more.”

“Sorry gorgeous, gotta sleep now,” he muttered before rolling over.

“Come on Hayden, I’ve gotta have it,” she pleaded incessantly but his only reply was the sound of snoring.

Looking at the new man in her bed, Kandi was too wired to doze off so she decided to do ‘em both a favour, embedding herself in his socials and linking her mobile’s tracking app to his phone — she was no amateur when it came to romance.

“I’ll always know exactly where you are now sugar,” she smirked as the poor boy slept it off... and she was right.

Kandi certainly had no trouble finding him in the park that afternoon, making out on the not-quite-secluded-enough bench.

“So how you know boyfriend in park?” Ling-Ling asked out-of-the-blue, bringing Kandi back from her sweet little daydream.

“Oh tracked him on my mobile,” she distractedly admitted.

“Ah you stalking him?”

“What? Er... no not exactly,” she protested.

“Sound like stalking to me Kandi. Maybe he no like being stalked but yes like girl in park.”

Kandi was horrified by her assertion.

“All done now, time to go,” she smiled insincerely. “See you in six week.”

With that, Ling-Ling exited the room, leaving Kandi stripped of all unwanted hair, and quite a bit of her dignity too.

A slightly perturbed Kandi was soon dressed and out the door, feeling clean and ready-for-action but still ruminating over her unfortunate discovery at the park.

6 *Passing the baton*

The boardroom was one of the more formal settings in the office, its large oblong table holding pride of place, overshadowed by the beautiful city skyline seen through the windows gracing the entire length of the room.

The view was simply exquisite and Hayden had often used it as a welcome distraction during tedious presentations or overly long meetings.

But it wasn't the city view distracting Hayden on this occasion.

With Chanelle sitting directly opposite him, *she* was his major distraction, his eyes irresistibly drawn to her legs, which could clearly be seen through the glass top table.

She had them crossed tightly... alluringly... those high heels accentuating her shapely calves, which flowed perfectly to the top of her thighs and beyond to the sweet spot of the universe.

"Thought you might like to hold onto these for me," she whispered in his ear upon arrival, discretely passing him her panties.

He scrunched the still moist item in his hand then transferred it to his pocket, letting his fingers linger on the wet patches then discretely sniffing them — another chance to savour the sweet smell of Chanelle.

Alone in the boardroom, they exchanged a knowing glance that provoked a not-so-hidden smile from each of them.

They were soon joined by Eric Compton, a dweeby but competent young man who wore ill-fitting suits and round 'Harry Potter' specks. The combination made him look closer to twelve than the seasoned thirty-four-year-old he really was.

Accompanying him was Regional Manager Ted Neilson, whose expertise and leadership had made the once modest construction firm a force to be reckoned with, particularly in the south-west of Australia where Perth office was king.

Overweight and well into his sixties, Ted was cursed with a propensity to leave his glasses anywhere but on his face, though he definitely needed them. But on this occasion he arrived glasses on, taking his place at the head of the table, as he always did.

"Hayden, can't believe it's already your last day," he began, dragging Hayden's focus from Chanelle's thighs, if only momentarily. "You've been a great asset old man and I'm sure you'll be missed."

"Oh shucks," Hayden responded with his customary good humour.

"Looks like you'll have some pretty big shoes to fill here Eric," Ted continued, shifting his attention to the newcomer.

"Righteo," Eric cringed, looking disconcerted. "Gonna give it my best shot Ted."

"Aw you'll do fine," Hayden piped up encouragingly, "Chanelle's a great boss... she'll make a man of you."

"That I will," she chimed in and they all laughed.

With the pleasantries out the way, Hayden distributed his handover notes, going through the action list, answering their many questions, particularly those from Eric who was as desperate to comprehend as he was to impress.

All the while, Hayden couldn't shake the thought of Chanelle's naked pussy barely hidden under that skirt, hoping she might deliver a 'Sharon Stone' moment so he could revisit the promised land, if only visually.

And he was in the perfect spot to benefit from such a move, smack bang opposite her and in point-blank range, his eyes fixated on the prize.

As the meeting progressed, Hayden's commentary waned as the others took over, trying to work out how best to manage business without him.

Hayden was mesmerised watching Chanelle's every move as she took charge of the two men either side of her, one her superior, the other her new protégé as his replacement.

He felt a twinge of envy watching Eric, noting both how nervous he was and how eager, hanging on her every word.

That's when it began dawning on him he would soon be a million miles away, starting his new job at the interstate office.

The thought unnerved Hayden more than he cared to admit.

Chanelle's got this and Eric's a lucky bastard falling under her tutelage, he told himself. *Can't believe she picked today of all days to put the moves on, when I'm half-way out the door!*

His eyes drifted to the window, the vista offering some relief but Hayden's thoughts soon returned to Chanelle... to her beautiful eyes, the way her hair cascaded down the side of her face, that wicked smile, her bitching bod!

From there, it didn't take much for him to think back to the first time he'd laid eyes on her — dressed to the nines in her stylish pinstriped suit.

Hayden was captivated the moment they met, particularly because she didn't respond to him the way other girls did — her face didn't light up from the mere sight of him.

"Thanks for coming in Mr Wolfe, great to finally meet you," she warmly greeted, reaching out to shake his hand, her soft skin feeling slightly electric even then.

"Call me Hayden," he instinctively replied. "Good to meet you too."

"And you can call me Chanelle."

The two were soon chatting like old friends rather than first time acquaintances, Hayden attracted to her looks but also her sharp wit and confident demeanour.

A classic cad, it didn't take long for him to start picturing her naked.

That's also when he decided he'd just *have* to bed the woman, whether he got the job or not. Since he usually fared well with the babes, it wasn't so much a case of *if* but *when* as far as he was concerned.

Hayden left the interview actually caring whether he got the gig — it was a company going somewhere, a role he could sink his teeth into but oh that Chanelle... she was something else!

When she rang to offer him the job, Hayden was over the moon, accepting immediately.

That's also when he began fantasising about her in earnest, her gorgeous dark hair, beautiful cat-eyes, pert breasts and that hourglass figure — so perfect it made every outfit she wore pop.

Once they began working together, Chanelle proved a formidable adversary, more exciting as a colleague than he could ever have imagined. She was a sultry vixen — always warm and endearing yet so deliciously out-of-reach and unattainable.

It was like a red flag to a bull... the chase was definitely on!

Every day he turned up eager to see her, to hear her thoughts, plan their marketing campaigns and have the best time ever getting the job done.

But behind it was a constant yearning to spend more alone time with the girl, to get under her skin, to find out what lay beneath... especially if it might involve her lying beneath him one day!

The more disinterested and aloof she remained, the more he coveted her.

But after two years, he finally accepted defeat... convinced he had no chance with her romantically.

And so when the interstate promotion came up, he threw his hat in the ring, partly because he couldn't take the sexual tension anymore, unreciprocated though it appeared to be.

But today's encounter at the park changed everything, leaving his head spinning, along with his heart.

Watching Chanelle go through the handover notes, looking as devastatingly attractive as always, he couldn't stop thinking about all the fun they'd had working together and how much he was going to miss that... how much he was going to miss *her*.

It felt *so good* to finally be in her arms, kissing her everywhere, captivated by her wicked game and thrilled to be getting her off... repeatedly!

Hayden didn't want it to end — not then and not now either!

Then, suddenly and for the first time ever, Hayden realised Chanelle was the one — that she might actually be the girl he'd been looking for his whole life!

It was the most exciting thought he'd ever had but also the scariest!

Then Chanelle glanced over and their eyes locked.

Hayden felt a bolt of lightning go through him.

"Whatta *you* think Hayden?" she asked, oblivious to his inner turmoil.

Hayden realised he hadn't heard a thing the past half hour, that's how lost he was in his train of thought.

"Sorry, what was that?" he replied awkwardly.

"The action plans? Can they be amalgamated?" she clarified.

With that, he was catapulted back to the present, instantly elaborating on the approach that might work best for her protégé.

The conversation was sobering but Hayden remained perturbed, his feelings for Chanelle something he never imagined he'd have to contend with.

Chanelle — the person — actually meant something to him, the sexual attraction was simply the icing, it was no longer the cake.

"All okay Hayden?" Ted inquired, noticing something odd about his demeanour.

Hayden took a deep breath and responded with his famous smile in place.

"Yeah, all good... guess reality's starting to hit that I'll be gone soon."

Chanelle smiled back at him warmly, lovingly... but her eyes looked sad, maybe even sadder than his.

"Actually I think it's starting to hit all of us now," she sighed, her tone appropriate to the occasion.

In a way, it seemed like Hayden and Chanelle were the only ones in the room, such was the spark between them every time their eyes met.

I think I'm falling for you, Hayden said in his head, wondering if she could hear him, knowing she could not.

The thought absolutely petrified him — after all, Hayden had never actually been in love before, not like this anyway.

Then suddenly another thought broke through his defences, one that was even more terrifying.

What if this is it! What if Chanelle really was just playing, nothing more... and worse yet, what if I don't even get the chance to tell her how I feel?

The thought devastated him and suddenly all he wanted was a few more minutes alone with his girl — to kiss her, to taste her, to feel the undeniable

chemistry and, most of all, to find out how *she* really felt about *him*.

As the meeting drew to a close, he stayed behind to chat with Ted as Chanelle escorted Eric to his new desk, just outside her office.

Neither of them made eye contact as she left the room... it was just too hard.

7 Eye on the prize

Skullsy's arrival could be heard long before his V8 Mustang rocked up blaring AC/DC's Highway to Hell loud enough to drown out his hotted up engine.

"Going my way sexy?" he called out from behind his nasty dark sunnies.

"You betcha," Kandi giggled, sinking down low to hop in.

"Your place or mine hot stuff?"

"Depends, have you scored?"

"You betcha," he mimicked, bringing a smile to both their faces. "Gear's at mine."

"Then yours it is," she replied enthusiastically.

Skullsy revved the 'beast' and took off like a bat out of hell, navigating the backstreets of Perth to arrive at his dingy little hideout. There he dug into his drug supply to give Kandi a nice little hit of 'smack', administering it personally, first to her then to himself.

"Ah... that's so much better," she murmured melting into the couch, high as a kite. "You're the best Skullsy, you really are..."

"Another happy customer," he chuckled, sprawling out beside her.

Skullsy soon handed her a joint, which she puffed on then snuggled in close, resting her head on Skullsy's chest, her blonde beehive tucked in under his chin.

It felt good to have her in his arms but he knew that's was as far as it went — tattooed heathen thugs just weren't her style.

And as head bouncer at the club, that's exactly what Skullsy was — an

inked up thug with a scruffy goatee and blond mangy hair that always looked like it needed a good wash.

But underneath it all, Skullsy had a heart of gold and was a pretty decent bloke, perhaps the nicest guy she'd ever fucked, not counting Hayden of course... then again Hayden wasn't all that nice to Kandi.

But Skullsy was.

He always came through with the goods, happy to give his favourite girl free drugs when the chips were down and never ever hassled for sex.

That's not to say he didn't want to root her cause he certainly did!

They'd actually screwed numerous times over the years... but only when Kandi initiated it, each time a one-off she didn't intend repeating.

It wasn't as though Skullsy was a dud root either — he was hot in the cot and girls really dug him. But not Kandi, who was too busy chasing the suit-wearing 'straighty 180s' frequenting the club — always bitterly disappointed when the hot sex on offer failed to convert randoms into boyfriends.

All the while, Skullsy stayed on the sidelines, watching her heart get broke time-and-again, turning to him for consolation, nothing more.

It was a real pity too, because he'd always had a thing for her, from the day she first walked into the club in the skimpiest denim shorts and that crazy tank top.

He was sitting at the bar at the time, chatting to club manageress Delilah and he felt an instantly attraction.

"Hi I'm Kandi," she announced, like no last name was even needed. "Heard you might be looking for dancers?"

She directed her enquiry straight to Skullsy, unaware Delilah, the painfully thin redhead beside him was the one doing the hiring.

"If it were up to me, you'd already be dancing here hot stuff but you'd best talk to Delilah, she calls the shots round here."

Delilah laughed.

"Is that so? I wish," she joked. "So you wanna be a dancer huh?"

Kandi beamed back, nodding enthusiastically and following Delilah's cue to 'come with' like an exuberant puppy dog.

The two settled into a corner booth, after making their way past a few lone customers, each one more creepy than the last.

They spoke briefly then Kandi hopped onto the stage to do a quick demo, which included her signature move — turning herself into a human pretzel.

Delilah was duly impressed.

A former dancer herself, she was well into her fifties but looked and acted a lot younger — a pasty insincere smile plastered over her face so much of the time, it was hard to tell what she was thinking, or if she even *was* thinking.

But Delilah was a smart cookie and prided herself on knowing exactly what the customers were after, largely from personal experience.

Like most Americans, she had a penchant for stick-thin dancers with big

tits and bubbly personalities.

Kandi exhibited at least two of those traits, with her joke big boobs pushing their way out of every outfit she wore and a temperament so exuberant she could raise a smile at a funeral!

But she was on the larger side for a dancer, which left Delilah cold.

Her dance moves were exactly what you expect from a filth dancer but could someone her size really make it at the club?

She wasn't convinced, telling Kandi she'd be in touch as she showed her the door before asking Skullsy for his take.

"She'll do well here," he confidently predicted. "Guys like variety and Kandi brings that in spades. She's got the moves, the looks and a sexy kind of uniqueness about her."

"Unique good or unique bad, like a fucking freak show! You know, in a 'can't believe someone that size can work a pole' kinda way?"

Skullsy rolled his eyes.

"No, Dee, unique good in a 'smoking hot, gotta get me some of that ass' kinda way."

She remained doubtful but Delilah really trusted Skullsy so going against her better judgement, she gave Kandi a shot.

Skullsy never told Kandi any of this of course, he wasn't that kind of guy.

In fact most of the behind-the-scenes favours he did for the girls were kept on the down-low.

But once Kandi joined the fold, he *loved* watching her dance, slinking onto the stage like a cat then gyrating with the bravado of a supermodel on steroids.

With ever-increasing confidence, Kandi became one of the club's biggest earners, with regulars galore and repeat businessmen at her beck and call.

She immediately warmed to Skullsy too but never seemed to notice the special attention he gave her... or if she did, she never acknowledged it.

"I know Hayden's the one, why can't he see that too?" she blurted out as the drugs began to wear off.

"Oh Kandi, you gotta forget that loser, he's no good for you," Skullsy replied, treading carefully. "It's like the Stan thing all over again."

The mere mention of Stan instantly enraged her.

"He's nothing like Stan!" she protested. "You don't know shit Skullsy!"

He didn't respond, he knew there was no point.

Skullsy was pretty sure her infatuation with Hayden would go the same way as all the others — with Kandi left alone and heartbroken.

But with her becoming agitated, he decided to offer up some ice and they soon got back to blobbing out.

Then Kandi leaned in with affection as she asked, "Hey sugar, can you to do me one more tiny little favour?"

"Course hot stuff, whatever you want?"

She smiled seductively as she whispered in his ear but what she said shocked the hell outta him.

“Jesus Kandi... no!”

“Oh come on sugar... whadda you care? Just get it for me and I’ll do the rest all by my lonesome,” she coaxed, sounding like a spoilt brat.

“No way woman! This could land us both in deep shit,” he insisted but Kandi wasn’t taking no for an answer.

She climbed into his lap, kissing Skullsy repeatedly as she reached into his shirt to tweak that pierced nipple of his just the way he liked it.

“Please, please... pretty please...” she urged between kisses.

Skullsy knew it was a bad idea but he couldn’t bear turning his favourite girl down, especially with her seducing him like that.

“For fuck’s sake, alright. But this has to be a one-off and no-one can know I got it for you okay? And I do mean no-one!”

Kandi’s eyes lit up and she showed her appreciation by giving him the best BJ ever!

Whatever her evil plot was, she would soon have the means to bring it to fruition. Skullsy knew she was in love with that bum and love can make you do crazy things. He just hoped this one wouldn’t get out of hand.

8 Over in a flash

Chanelle had always been a daddy's girl.

There was no denying her early childhood was awesome, with trips to Disneyland, toys galore and even her own pony!

Though her parents fought like cats and dogs, they kept their turmoil well-hidden from their one-and-only, who was happy to believe Santa was real, the world full of fairies and that her parents really loved each other.

But everything changed when she turned eight.

That's the year her parents stopped playing pretend and split up for good.

Her mother retained custody but quickly disappeared into a haze of boozy lunches and society events while her father became fun 'weekend daddy', every other weekend... sometimes not even that often.

The rest of the time Chanelle pined for him and his treasured visits, only to find she had to share daddy with a revolving door of women who were always glitzy, always glamorous and, most annoying of all, always around.

A consummate ladies' man, Patrick Maddison taught his daughter to be independent, instilling in her the fundamental belief she was too good for any man — his training so effective, Chanelle couldn't bear relying on others, not ever... and especially not men.

Another by-product of her childhood was an obsession to please daddy, something she couldn't shake even as an adult.

So when Patrick invited her to dinner that Friday night, she didn't hesitate, even though it meant missing Hayden's farewell.

To compensate, she'd taken him out to lunch, just the two of them.

She hadn't planned on stopping at Notting bench, nor on playing the erotic 'game' that transpired — both spur of the moment decisions fuelled by the wine, or at least that's what she told herself.

When Chanelle first met Hayden, there was an obvious spark but as soon as they began working together, she put the brakes on big time, not even allowing herself to fantasise about him.

It was like she had a switch in her head, or more accurately in her heart — one she could literally turn on and off at will.

As their working relationship flourished, the chemistry between them intensified but Chanelle kept her cool... and her distance, frustrating the hell out of Hayden.

Only in his final week did she relent in any way, admitting to herself at least that there might be something there... something powerful and exciting... something that made her heart flutter and her panties wet.

At the park her desires got the better of her, which she was only prepared to allow because she knew he was leaving the state.

Back at the office though, Chanelle sobered up quickly, from the wine *and* from the endorphins summoned by her post-orgasmic bliss — her deep-seated trust issues quickly resurfacing.

So she retreated to her office, hiding from Hayden as much as she was from her own feelings.

Don't worry, he'll be gone soon, her inner voice assured but instead of reducing her anxiety, it made her feel worse... sad worse... like she wanted to cry worse!

Chanelle didn't do crying.

Not since she was 10 and couldn't stop crying when daddy missed her birthday weekend.

It was then she promised herself she'd never cry again... and she'd kept that promise all these years, even after the incident in high school — the one that secured her throne as the ultimate ice queen.

But today's events were nothing short of extraordinary, and unexpected!

During the handover meeting, as she looked at her handsome comrade, Chanelle's heart felt like it was being ripped from her chest.

But two hours later, all she wanted to do was disappear — away from Hayden and away from the overwhelming emotions she was struggling to contain.

So she remained holdup in her office, hiding from his smile and from the accusatory gaze she feared might be found in his eyes.

By four-thirty, she'd calmed down, safe in the knowledge he'd soon be gone and she'd be busy with the London videoconference, the one she'd strategically booked at five — her *official* 'out' from attending his farewell.

Then Hayden walked into her office and sat on the edge of her desk, virtually in her lap.

"Hey beautiful," he began with that self-assured smile of his. "I'm *so* hoping you're gonna reconsider and come for drinks."

Chanelle sighed then slowly turned to look up at him, not sure what to say, feeling conflicted, uneasy, even lost.

But as soon as she laid eyes on the man, everything changed.

To her surprise, a cheeky grin crept over her face, spurred on by a surge of tingling excitement deep within.

It was the same playful chemistry she experienced at the park — it was back and so was her confidence!

"Hey you," she cooed, swivelling round, her long luscious legs eased apart just enough to expose a hint of thigh gap and a glimpse of her naked pussy, with that small tuft of dark hair pointing straight to the promise land.

"Glad you came to find me..." she purred, then with complete bravado added, "Been missing you already."

"Been missing you too Chez," he whispered back in a sombre tone, his eyes now locked on hers.

"Look, can't come to your farewell, you know that," she replied matter-of-factly, like she couldn't care less.

"I know you weren't planning to but I was hoping you'd reconsider?" he pushed on.

"Why would I?"

"Ah... I thought after our visit to the park you might..."

"Might what?" Chanelle rudely interrupted.

"Err... thought you might wanna spend some more time with me?"

"No way José," she came back dispassionately, giving him a suggestive wink at the same time that only served to confuse him more.

"Not even if I beg," he suggested, bringing a smile to both their faces. "Coz I'm totally prepared to beg, as you know."

Chanelle leaned back and provocatively lifted her stilettos right onto the desk next to him.

She managed to accomplish this with a surprising degree of grace and only the teensiest bit of pussy peek, just enough for Hayden's cock to twitch as it grew harder in his pants.

"Sorry hon, would if I could but I can't," she flippantly replied. "Got a prior engagement plus we already said our goodbyes... at the park, remember."

"Listen babe..." he began but she immediately shut him down.

"That's no way to talk to your boss Hayden."

"I don't think you're actually my boss anymore Chanelle."

"Knock off isn't till five so by my reckoning, I'm your boss for another twenty minutes or so... after which, you'll be dead to me," she teased, narrowing her eyes to drive home the message.

Hayden looked completely devo.

"There you are old man," Ted intruded from the door, his arrival triggering Chanelle to drop her feet to the floor.

Ted didn't seem to notice, or if he did, was way too polite to say anything.

"Team's waiting to take you to the pub."

"Oh yeah, course," Hayden grinned, jumping to his feet as well.

"Chanelle, you coming?" Ted asked.

"Sorry, got the London videoconference at five," she replied, sounding as businesslike as ever.

Ted nodded.

"Oh right... pity you can't make it but appreciate your dedication. We'll be at the pub for a while so feel free to join us later if you can."

"See what I can do," she responded dryly.

"Meet you at the lift Ted, just saying my goodbyes here first," Hayden explained and Ted nodded, leaving the two alone, the rest of the staff 'cat calling' from the lift lobby, eager to get the party started.

Hayden's focus returned to Chanelle, who was starting to look sheepish.

"Is this really it Chez? I mean are we really just gonna say goodbye like nothing ever happened?"

"Guess so..." she confirmed, sounding unsure, her big brown eyes starting to glass up with what appeared to be tears.

Oh God I'm not going to cry am I? her inner voice shrieked in horror, her trusty defences beginning to crumble. *This just won't do!*

With that, she jumped to her feet, avoiding eye contact and giving Hayden a quick superficial hug.

"Come on, I'll walk you out," she offered, marching him to the lift lobby, their approach coinciding with the arrival of the elevator.

The team packed themselves in till only Hayden and Chanelle remained outside, at which point, she could avoid his accusing eyes no more.

"Bye I guess," he said, sounding as confused as he looked.

"Bye Hayden, I really will miss you," she finally admitted with complete sincerity, her voice cracking slightly as she said it.

With that, she pushed him into the lift, putting on a brave face for the few seconds more it took for the doors to close.

9 Mind games

Don't believe everything you think... because sometimes your mind can play tricks on you.

That's how Hayden felt, like his mind was playing tricks on him, not knowing what to believe as he made his way down to the pub, surrounded by well-wishers determined to make his the best send-off ever!

And why not?

Hayden was a popular guy — his good humour and 'can do' attitude endearing him to friends and colleagues alike. He had a knack for making people feel special, which was not lost on the ladies who buzzed around him like bees to honey.

But he was also a real heartbreaker, never short of pussy and somehow managing to stay on good terms with all his exes, which had to be a miracle given he was quick to dump any girl the minute things got serious.

"What can I get you old man?" Ted asked as they sidled up to the bar.

"Just a beer thanks," Hayden replied before making his way over to the big table overlooking the beer garden at the Royal Hotel.

Ted brought two massive jugs of beer over with him and ordered some wine, ensuring booze aplenty for the team.

"I guess this is where I say a few words," Hayden hollered over the rowdy cheers, which soon settled. "I've really enjoyed my time in the Perth office. Everyone's been super nice to me... well except maybe Eric here, pushing me out the door to nab my job."

Eric flushed red as everyone laughed, him included.

Hayden continued for a bit longer then finished off cryptically adding, “Chanelle’s certainly taught me a thing or two along the way, as recently as today.”

Then Ted took over, noting Hayden’s many accomplishments and raising his glass for a final toast. “Onward and upward old man. To Hayden...”

“To Hayden!” the others yelled accompanied by the sound of clinking glasses.

The night was young and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves, everyone but Hayden, who was still focused on Chanelle as he downed one beer after another, ignoring the banter surrounding him.

All the positive, passionate feelings he’d had for the girl began dissipating, leaving a big empty space, one that would quickly be filled with a sense of betrayal rooted in his long ago past — his home life growing up a stark contrast to the happy-go-lucky nature he displayed to the outside world.

Brought up by a single mum with a taste for violent boyfriends, she’d leave her son with relatives for weeks at a time while she partied down like a maniac.

Their reunions were always joyous but short-lived and random, Hayden quickly learning relationships were superficial and temporary at best.

His looks ensured girls were always in abundant supply and therefore completely dispensable.

And that seemed to work fine for him... until Chanelle came along.

Without meaning to, without even realising it, Hayden had become emotionally invested in his beautiful manager, in essence because she was *so* enticingly unavailable. That made her a safe target, a soft target — one he could let himself care about knowing nothing would ever happen.

Then when it did, he was completely caught out.

Hayden was just coming to terms with this ‘new’ sexy Chanelle — a playful vixen toying with him mercilessly like a cat with a mouse — when everything changed again.

Her cold superficial goodbye outside the lift doors felt like she was dumping his ass — opening old wounds, deep wounds, wounds he didn’t even know existed.

For the guy who’d never been dumped in his life, it came as quite a shock.

I thought what we had was real... I thought you were real, he put to her in an imaginary conversation happening in his head. *Who the hell are you Chanelle Maddison?*

Suddenly all Hayden could think of was the way she’d used him for her sexual pleasure only to callously throw him aside.

Fuck this and fuck you Chanelle, you’re not getting away with it, not this time... he told himself, leaving the table abruptly, mobile in hand, looking like he was taking or making a call. Hayden was on the warpath, revenge the only thing on his mind as he left the venue for parts unknown.

10 Not over till it's over

Chanelle returned to her office completely deflated, feeling like the meanest woman in the world.

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, the tears she'd held back since the age of 10 arrived 'en masse'.

What have I done? What the hell have I done!? she admonished herself, realising for the first time that all she really cared about, and perhaps had ever cared about this much, was Hayden – handsome, sweet, adorable Hayden!

And so it was even more inconceivable that in their final moments together, she'd treat him like he meant nothing to her at all.

It was a travesty and she was a monster!

At five on the dot, she wiped away her tears and hooked into her obligatory videoconference.

The meeting was dry and boring, her UK counterparts slowly going through a tediously agenda when something flew past, landing on her keyboards.

It was her discarded panties.

"Hayden!" she gasped, turning to see him in the doorway, his face black with rage — a look she'd never seen from him before.

And yet the sight of him ignited a feeling of excitement within, goose bumps exploding all over but most especially down there.

He'd come back for her and maybe, just maybe, she could correct the terrible wrong she'd done him — then all would be right with the world again.

She mouthed the words 'I'm sorry' and he gave her a half-wink then slunk

into her office surreptitiously.

“And the Australian sales figures Chanelle, how are they looking?” came an annoying voice from the other side of the world.

It was the chairperson prompting for a response.

“Oh yeah, sorry, I have those right here...” she replied sounding flustered, her attention reluctantly drawn back to the screen.

But, from the corner of her eye, she could see Hayden closing the door, and locking it, even though there was no-one else in the building.

Hayden pulled his T-shirt off, casually tossing it into her lap, his devilish smile making her heart flutter once more, his sculpted six-pack feeding her hunger for his touch.

But Chanelle soldiered on with her meeting till the sound of unzipping attracted her attention once more, as Hayden dropped his pants.

Fully-naked, the man was a sight to behold, his well-sized cock firm but not yet fully-erect, looking so damn delicious she could hardly wait to wrap her lips around it.

Godd he's hot! her inner voice sang, Chanelle thankful he was out of webcam range, even if he wasn't outside *her* range of vision.

“Um, I'm going to have to cut this a bit short guys, something's come up at my end,” she told the meeting participants but the Chair wasn't having it.

“You're the one who scheduled this meeting, you could at least take us through next year's projections.”

“Oh yes... course,” she obediently replied as she fumbled through the folders on her desk while Hayden strategically grabbed the very one she needed, holding it audaciously in front of his crotch.

She reached over, her eyes first narrowing in defiance then softening as if to say ‘please give me my folder’.

Hayden conceded but launched a new offensive of this own... stealthily dropping to his knees.

Chanelle gasped as he slipped under her desk, removing her stilettos as he began to sensuously kiss her feet. His warm lips triggered an exhilarating sensation within, one her pussy welcomed, albeit reluctantly given the circumstances.

Chanelle made a half-hearted attempt to push him away but Hayden would not be deterred, his kisses travelling slowly up her calves, making her body shudder on the outside as well as the inside.

His delicious seduction was hard to resist, Chanelle cooperating as he pushed her legs apart to expose her naked pussy, his wayward tongue free to continue its journey upwards — slowly, seductively, irresistibly.

Chanelle cleared her throat a few times, trying to keep it together but his touch was intoxicating.

“I'm sorry Pete, I really must go,” she insisted in a breathy tone that made no sense at all to those listening from the other side of the world.

“Not just yet, I have a couple more questions,” the Chair demanded, forcing a frustrated and desperate Chanelle to persevere.

Hayden paused his invasion just long enough to smile up at her, resting his head on her lap, his breath taunting her nether regions, challenging her eager puss to remain patient, defying her authority in every way.

She reached down to run her fingers through his hair, tickling his ear with her manicured nails, preparing to push him away if things got too heated.

But Hayden would not be deterred, caressing her inner thighs with his soft fingers, circling like a shark and provoking an electrifying sensation that was hard to resist and near impossible to subdue.

She quickly became more breathless, arousal skyrocketing as she fumbled through the never-ending questions from the stupid Chair.

All the while, Hayden edged closer to her clit, teasing and tormenting without mercy, kissing and gently tugging on her soft flesh with his teeth.

Chanelle could barely stand it, rampant desire permeating every inch of her being.

“I’m really sorry Peter, I *have* to go! Please just email through the rest of your questions and I’ll get back to you over the weekend,” she asserted forcefully.

Then, without waiting for a reply, Chanelle terminated the video link with a click of her mouse, promptly wrapping her legs around Hayden’s head.

“Get me off you insane bastard,” she swooned, leaning back in her chair and grabbing his head with both hands.

Hayden dutifully complied, losing himself in her pussy and taking her quivering bod to new heights of ecstasy.

“I hate you for making me feel so good... but don’t stop... please don’t stop,” she cried. “Never stop!”

“I had to come back...” he murmured throughout. “I couldn’t leave things that way...”

“Oh Hayden, I’m so sorry,” she whispered affectionately. “I was wrong to let you go. I’m yours now, I’m truly yours...”

She reached into her handbag for a condom while pushing Hayden onto his back, his erection flying high and throbbing expectantly.

“Your turn now lover boy,” she purred as she climbed on board.

Chanelle’s insides were quivering as she slowly eased him in, spasming relentlessly around his girth, completely engulfing him.

Then for good measure, she seized his hands from her waist and forced them down either side of his head.

“Fuck me, Hayden, fuck me hard!” she coaxed and the two humped like a pair of teenagers in the back of a car.

The fire between them was undeniable, even magical.

Finally spent but completely enamoured, they lay together on the floor till Hayden’s damn phone interrupted them.

“Oh fuck, it’s Ted,” he winced, looking at the screen with dismay. “They must be wondering where I am...”

11 *Surprise surprise*

It was nearly eight and Kandi's fanny was still smarting from her waxing... or more accurately 'stingling' — a cross between stinging and tingling she'd coined to describe the residual effect of a full Brazilian.

It wasn't an entirely unpleasant sensation, nor a good one... but it was certainly familiar.

Dressed to the nines in a figure-hugging, low cut number, Kandi looked nothing short of blatantly slutty. She'd also chosen to go pantie-free, less 'stingling' that way and also the option to flash her gash, should she so desire.

Her hair and makeup were simply divine and she even painted her deathly long fake nails race-car red to match her lips.

All-in-all, Kandi looked and felt like a million bucks... ready to implement her devious plan, the one concocted earlier that day while high as a kite.

Skullsy had taken some convincing but he came through with the goods, Kandi never doubted and now had her secret 'weapon' carefully hidden in her tote.

With that, she was 'locked and loaded', ready for action and sure she was gonna to get *exactly* what she wanted tonight.

Kandi grabbed her mob and opened up the stalking app to ID Hayden's current location — the Royal Hotel... he'd be easy to find there.

A quick cab ride later and she was just where she wanted to be, looking across the bar at a half-drunken Hayden partying down with his friends.

She grabbed a drink then hoisted herself onto a barstool directly across from her intended target... in plain sight but just outside earshot.

Hayden could *feel* her gaze even before he looked up to see Kandi there, displaying her pearly whites and batting her eyelids flirtatiously.

In truth she would have flashed more than just a smile but she didn't want to create a scene... she did after all care for the man.

Hayden skulled the rest of his beer and instead of pouring another, marched over to the bar.

"Kandi, what a surprise?" he began sarcastically, failing to sound the least bit surprised. "This just keeps happening, doesn't it?"

She giggled playfully, seemingly oblivious to Hayden's annoyance, or at least willing to pretend she was.

"Good to lay eyes on you, sugar," she cooed impishly, "Wouldn't mind laying something else on ya too... whadda ya say stud?"

Hayden rolled his eyes — something Kandi did see but didn't register.

"Um yeah that sounds great and all but I'm here with colleagues so not gonna happen tonight."

Kandi pulled sad face but wasn't giving up that easy.

"Oh come on, sugar, I don't mind waiting till they're gone. I'm happy just sitting here all on my lonesome... especially if it means we get to hang later?"

"Sorry Kandi but no," Hayden insisted, this time more forcefully. "Look you're a hot chick and I think you're awesome, I really do. But you and me, we're not a thing... and we're never gonna be."

Kandi was mortified, his comment knocking the wind right out of her.

"Sure, I know that," she meekly replied, pretending she was on board. "I just thought we could have some fun tonight, you know, get a bit cosy on one of our late night adventures."

"Um... not sure how it is you keep turning up when I least expect you but it's starting to creep me out so our late night rendezvous are no more."

Kandi wasn't as surprised as she made out.

Truth is this wasn't the first time Hayden hinted at wanting to cut contact.

Though they'd screwed numerous times since meeting, cracking on had become near impossible the past few weeks but Kandi figured he'd cave soon.

Only three weeks earlier, she'd toddled over to his, eager to rumble after a text exchange that started with 'no' but ended with Hayden messaging:

'Super busy, living on coffee and sugar
hits just to make it through'

To Kandi that was as good as an invite, figuring *she* was the sugar hit he was after.

But when she showed up forty-minutes later, wearing nothing but a faux fur coat and killer heels, Hayden looked dumbfounded.

"Come on, you know you wanna..." she laughed pushing past him at the front door then dropping her coat entirely.

“Kandi, you’re so bad,” he sneered, grabbing her hand to drag her over his knee where he promptly administered a good old-fashioned spanking.

“Ooh, I love it when you punish me,” she giggled, so turned on she was virtually oozing love juices even before he started whacking her. “Been very bad you know, I may need a good thrashing and then some.”

She egged him on till her pert butt turned a ripe shade of crimson.

Then Hayden threw her onto the bed and stripped off, revealing a hard-on made for fun.

“Oh sugar, you look *so nasty!*” she giggled, spreading her legs to give him a front row seat as she pleased herself incessantly.

Hayden was a patient man, letting her come twice before fucking her stupid well into the wee hours of the morning.

“Time to go,” he promptly directed as soon as it was over, showing Kandi the door.

“Feeling better after your sugar hit?” she teased before leaving. “Coz I’m totes up for another hit anytime soon.”

Hayden looked confused and frankly told her their little interludes were ‘surplus to requirements’ — ie not needed and not going to be welcomed again.

But tonight at the pub, it was clear Kandi still wasn’t getting the message.

“Seriously girl, no more surprise visits or late night fuck-fests. This shit has got to stop,” he insisted.

“You’re breaking my heart, sugar,” she pouted mournfully, convinced now she’d *have* to use her secret weapon and glad she had it with her. “I can take no for an answer but you gotta at least let me buy you a drink?”

Kandi reached for his hand but Hayden pulled away.

“Don’t need you to buy me a drink, got plenty of drinks at the table. Thing is this is my farewell.”

“You leaving work?” she asked with genuine astonishment.

“Yep and not just work, I’m going interstate too. Got me a new gig in Adelaide, I start Monday.”

Kandi was rocked to the core!

How could Hayden be planning to leave the state?

What if she hadn’t shown up at the pub, would he even have bothered to tell her at all?

“Sorry Kandi, this is it for us. I’m going back to my table now and I’d really appreciate it if you just left, okay?” he more or less demanded, walking away as abruptly as he’d arrived.

Kandi swivel round, taking in a couple of deep breaths, trying to regroup but feeling just devo. She needed time to think, to digest what had just happened.

So she ordered herself a bottle of champers and sat back, trying to work out her next move, determined to extract her pound of flesh one way or

another.

After all, Kandi still had her secret weapon at the ready and was now raring to use it.

12 Dinner admission

Chanelle usually loved having dinner with her father however tonight was different, or more accurately Chanelle was different tonight — her heart still racing...

At the restaurant, she joined Patrick and his latest squeeze Gretchen, an ageing German beauty with striking blue eyes and a ghastly fake tan — one that clashed horribly with her platinum bob, doing little to disguise her age, which was well-and-truly north of forty.

But what Gretchen lacked in looks, she made up for in the bedroom — something Chanelle became privy to while visiting Patrick's mansion late one evening.

His home was a prominent structure on the foreshores of West Australia's beautiful Swan River — so impressive locals referred to it as the 'white house' because of all the white pillars. Access was via large electric gates — designed to keep people out rather than encourage visitors.

Inside though, was as tranquil an oasis as you could ever expect to find in the heart of South Perth, with its Balinese-inspired garden and decadent infinite pool that seemed to disappear into the river itself.

While visitors had to rely on the good graces of those within to gain entry, Chanelle had her own key and let herself in, planning to surprise her father on his return from a business trip.

As she walked down the echoey hallway, Chanelle heard Gretchen's voice resonating from the library.

"Darlink, you know me, I am always looking for bad girls but she must

have some meat on her bones, not one of those stick figures...”

Curiosity quickly got the better of her as Chanelle peeked through the crack in the door, finding Gretchen on the phone, laughing and playful.

“I see someone on your website I like, Savannah. Is she available tonight? It will be an outcall darlink, to a hotel room.”

What’s she doing? Chanelle wondered.

“No darlink, we won’t be using credit cards, cash only...” Gretchen continued, sounding quite businesslike while negotiating something that appeared to be anything but.

“Yes of course darlink, I understand the need for security. Savannah is welcome to call you when she arrives, to let you know she has the money and is safe...”

Chanelle had heard enough, pushing the door open to confront the lady of the manor.

“Hi Gretchen,” she announced, glaring unforgivably.

“Sorry darlink, I will have to call you back,” Gretchen blurted out, hanging up to greet her surprise visitor with open arms. “I wasn’t expecting you schatzi. What are you doing here at this hour?”

“What the hell’s going on Gretchen?”

Patrick was due any minute and Chanelle couldn’t wait to blow Gretchen’s cover but their conversation soon changed everything.

With her customary German frankness, Gretchen didn’t sugar-coat a thing, explaining she often procured ladies for Patrick’s entertainment, well for both of them really.

“What?! My dad doesn’t need to pay hookers for sex,” Chanelle gasped.

Gretchen couldn’t help but laugh.

“Darlink, he doesn’t pay hookers to have sex with him, he pays them to *leave* afterwards, no strings attached.”

“How would you know?” Chanelle quipped.

“Darlink, how do I know? How do you think we met?” Gretchen mocked. “I was Patrick’s madam, now I’m his girlfriend.”

Chanelle was mortified!

The idea her father was *that* type of man repulsed her... but then a strange thing happened.

Suddenly all kinds of memories started to make sense.

The anger her mother harboured towards him during the divorce, the number of women coming-and-going from his life in quick succession, the late night ‘meetings’ he attended at all hours.

As it came together for Chanelle, it actually brought her and Gretchen closer too — though neither ever told Patrick about that conversation.

Their new standing also made the regular dinners more palatable, fun even, though centre-stage was always reserved for Patrick... and Chanelle never gave up hanging on his every word.

But tonight her father's engaging banter seemed mundane at best — the only thing on Chanelle's mind was seeing Hayden again.

"You're so quiet tonight darlink, something wrong?" Gretchen asked out-of-the-blue.

"Oh I'm just thinking about a colleague of mine — Hayden," she responded absentmindedly. "Today's his last day and I was thinking I should have gone to his farewell."

Patrick was surprised Chanelle would even care about the departure of her colleague, alerting him that this guy might be more than just a co-worker.

"What's the deal with this Hayden? Are you two dating?" he asked.

"What? No... well maybe?" she cringed, a not-so-hidden smile creeping over her face, accompanied by blushing that was both noticeable and completely out-of-character.

"Chanelle, darlink, if you like this boy, you should be at his party," Gretchen intervened. "We can catch up another time."

"Really? I could still make it there if I left right now," she admitted, sounding way too cheerful for Patrick's liking.

"You go and enjoy darlink, that's what life's about," Gretchen smiled.

With that, Chanelle raced out the restaurant, feeling the kind of excitement only a genuine first love might evoke.

13 Making a move

“Who dat?” Eric asked, pointing to the blonde bombshell at the bar, the one clearly putting the moves on Hayden.

“Just some chick I met at a buck’s night, she’s nobody,” Hayden replied, quickly losing himself in conversation with the office girls next to him, or at least pretending to — the smell of Chanelle’s sweet snatch still on his mind, her lacy panties back in his pocket.

Hayden couldn’t have been happier he’d returned to the office to see her again — the payoff well worth the effort.

But Ted’s annoyingly-timed call precluded the chat he was so eager to have — where he planned to tell Chanelle he was falling for her big time.

Instead, they found themselves hastily cleaning up, Hayden returning to the pub, Chanelle off to dinner.

“Come to drinks when you’re finished, I’ll wait for you,” he’d urged at the time but she declined.

“Don’t worry Hayden, I’ll definitely catch you tomorrow,” she promised, her wicked smile getting yet another rise out of him. “Don’t know what this is between us but I’m willing to find out. I really am.”

With that, she threw her arms around him for on more long, luscious kiss, before leaving the building.

Back at drinks, Hayden continued joking with the team but was feeling increasingly uncomfortable.

Over at the bar, Kandi was getting plastered and looking at him with venom, like she wanted to kill the man.

Even in his drunken state Hayden could tell it wasn't smart hanging around any longer.

So when Kandi next visited the 'Ladies', he suggested the team grab dinner at a different venue.

By the time she returned to the bar, they'd hopped into a series of cabs, leaving the scene of the crime and leaving Kandi behind to wallow in her own misery, which is exactly what she did.

14 Gone guy

Chanelle was hot to trot when she arrived at the Royal, which was busy that night so it took a few minutes for her to get her bearings, searching every section till she finally realised Hayden was gone.

Deflated and confused, she took a moment to work out her next move, plonking herself on a bar stool.

“You okay? You look a little lost,” came the voice of a helpful stranger.

“What? Oh no... just hoping to meet some friends but I guess they’ve already left,” Chanelle idly replied.

“You look like you could use a drink? I’ve got a bottle of champers, how ‘bout I give you a glass?”

“Thanks but I really should go...” Chanelle responded sounding less than convinced.

“Come on girlfriend, a drink ain’t gonna harm ya. Maybe I can help you work out where your friends are,” the woman insisted in a friendly, trustworthy tone.

By then, Chanelle didn’t have the presence of mind nor the energy to struggle — it was getting late and it had been a very eventful day.

Plus that drink did sound kind of appealing.

Perhaps it would give her the Dutch courage needed to call Hayden outright, which she was now pretty keen to do.

“Okay sounds good,” she conceded and the stranger returned almost immediately with a bubbly glass of champagne.

“Here you go sugar,” replied Chanelle’s new friend. “My name’s Kandi,

what's yours?"

Forty-five minutes later, Chanelle found herself whisked away in the back seat of a taxi, headed to places unknown... or at least unknown to her.

Kandi started kissing her confused companion — and that's not all she did.

Her hands were all over Chanelle, making their way south, reaching under her skirt to remove panties that it turned out weren't even there — panties that were still securely stowed in Hayden's pocket.

"What are you doing?" Chanelle whispered vacantly but there was no response — only more kissing, more touching, the pleasure centres of her brain opening up almost as quickly as her legs.

Chanelle couldn't believe what was happening but even more surprising, she didn't seem to care — thoughts and fears melting away in the warm night air.

"Don't worry, I've got you sugar," Kandi whispered as the taxi disappeared down a side street, city lights streaming past the car window like brightly coloured ribbons dissolving into no-man's land.

15 Fright night

Hayden was completely inebriated by the time he hit the sack, the room spinning around him.

A few hours later, his ears were pricked by an incoming text.

Still woozy, he had just enough wits about him to realise it might be Chanelle, which was all the incentive needed to reach for his phone.

He was beyond delighted to see the incoming message was indeed from her, asking:

‘You up?’

Hayden replied immediately.

‘Up for anything with you beautiful’

The next SMS arrived with a photo of her pussy.

He was a little taken aback — not figuring Chanelle for the type to send pussy-shots but pleased she had and he duly responded with his own dick pic.

When she didn’t reply immediately, Hayden texted again.

‘Dying to see you babe!’

Her answer came in the form of another saucy pic, this time with a vibrator in play, and Hayden responded with glee:

‘Yummy! Where you at gorgeous?’

When she failed to reply, he was tempted to call but it was super late, or ridiculously early, depending on how you look at it and he figured she may

have fallen asleep, so he messaged her one last time:

‘Text me when you’re up babe and I’ll
show U a good time’

With the room still spinning, Hayden soon dozed off only to be interrupted by another text.

He dove for his phone, her one-word message: ‘Enjoy!’ undoubtedly referring to the surprise attachment.

You beauty... a video, he noted, perking up instantly.

The bright little screen was small but Hayden would not be deterred, squinting and leaning in for what he hoped would be quite the show.

He wasn’t disappointed.

Chanelle was centre stage, her long dark hair seductively strewn across a white fluffy pillow. Her eyes were barely open if at all but her luscious red lips were unmistakable, her stunning face as lovely as ever, almost serene.

Gawd she’s hot, he smiled, reaching down to grab his member, which was stiffening fast.

The vision panned down to her breasts, which were natural and therefore inclined to lay across her chest, rather than upright as was often his experience with fakes.

“Hmmm... how I’d love to feel those right now,” he said out loud, watching on as a hand with long red fingernails began caressing her breasts, tweaking her nipple slightly before attaching a metal clamp to it.

So you like it a bit rough when you’re on your own, he reasoned, super-turned on, as much by the manner in which she was pleasuring herself as the fact she’d bothered to send him a video.

It felt special, deliberate and kind of nasty too!

The camera made its way along a chain that connected the first clamp to a second, which was promptly attached to her other nipple before being pulled on... hard.

“Go easy on ‘em girl, they’re my favourite fun bags,” he blurted, turning up the volume as he continued stroking his erection.

That’s when he detected the sound of a woman giggling in the background... and it wasn’t Chanelle.

Momentarily confused, he focused in hard, trying to work out exactly what *was* happening on the other side of that little screen.

Girl-on-girl action? he wondered. *Wow Chandelle does wanna play!*

The vision soon travelled down to her beautiful pussy — open and inviting, legs wide apart, and Hayden was again hooked, watching a tongue swoop in to circle around menacingly.

Though he was enjoying the show, he couldn’t help noticing how quiet Chanelle was, no heavy breathing and none of the delicious sounds he’d come to expect, particularly when he was last at the helm.

Then, as the camera panned back, Hayden realised whose rogue tongue was violating this oddly passive Chanelle.

It was Kandi!

“Fuck!” he yelled out loud. “How’s this possible?!”

He jumped out of bed and ran to his laptop, downloading the video in full to watch it again on a bigger screen.

This time, what he saw unfolding was an uninvited sexual intrusion on a seemingly unconscious Chanelle!

The video ended with Kandi looking to camera, laughing as she announced, “Chanelle wanted you to know she’s with me now sugar and you can just get fucked, but not with either of us, we’re busy!”

Hayden felt sick to the stomach.

How the fuck did that bitch get with my Chanelle? he asked himself.

Nothing made sense anymore. How did Chanelle even know Kandi?

Hayden ran to the bathroom and threw up, head still spinning but this time not from the alcohol. He jumped into a cold shower desperate to sober up, thoughts running through his mind at lightning speed.

What the hell was going on?

“FUCK!” he yelled at the top of his lungs, drowning himself in the harsh cold water. “FU-U-U-UCK!”

16 Day break

The sun travels a long way to get to the west coast of Australia, traversing the entire country to bring Perth to life each morning.

The same could not be said of Kandi's apartment, where the sun seldom visited. Existing in a state of perpetual darkness, her den of iniquity was a dank, dark place, blinds drawn, windows firmly shut, keeping the outside world comfortably at bay.

Given she worked nights, Kandi had little use for daylight, often joking her perfect man would be a vampire — preferably a handsome one from the *Twilight* series.

The only time Kandi ever saw daybreak was after a long, hard shift as she scurried back to her apartment, back to the safety of her seclusion, back to black.

Chanelle on the other hand was your quintessential morning person — never prone to sleeping in, not even on weekends!

But this morning was different.

This morning Chanelle was lost in a slumber so deep she was virtually unconscious, languishing in a stranger's bed with no idea where she was or how she got there.

What Chanelle didn't know, what she couldn't know was that her drink had been spiked the night before, though she was *never* the intended target.

But for their chance encounter at the Royal, she wouldn't be in this predicament and even Kandi wasn't sure what to do with her now.

The person *she* wanted lying there helpless on her bed was not Chanelle at all — it was Hayden.

The same Hayden who was now frantically calling Chanelle's mobile, desperate to reach her.

You can sweat on it a bit more sugar, Kandi mused, grabbing the phone to block his number.

Though she didn't know *exactly* who Chanelle was, she did recognise her from the park so it was clear Hayden had something going on with the bitch.

That's why she pounced, giving Chanelle the spiked drink she'd procured from Skullsy.

Feeling like she had the upper hand for a change, Kandi decided to text Hayden one last time, using Chanelle's phone, just as she had when she'd sent through the naked images... and that raunchy video.

Not interested in hearing from you
ever again. Kandi told me all about you
and we are over now fuck head!

Sitting on the bed next to Chanelle's motionless body, Kandi pressed send, determined to break Hayden's heart forever... to show *him* how it felt to lose the one you love.

After all, he'd be leaving soon so all she had to do was keep Chanelle captive for a few days, maybe just a few more hours... and he would never see either of his girls again.

Sleep you little skank, she smiled, glancing at her unconscious victim. *Sleep and all will be revealed when I choose to wake you... and not before.*

17 Mixed messages

The cruel text fell hard upon Hayden's heart.

Did Chanelle really want nothing more to do with him?

Hayden tried calling her again but it went straight to voicemail, as it did every time he redialled.

So he tried texting for what felt like the umpteenth time that morning.

Still no response.

Then he noticed something unusual — an icon next to his texts indicating his messages weren't being delivered.

Was her mobile off?

Can't be, Chanelle's phone was never off!

Had she blocked his number?

All the signs were there but why would she?

Finally, Hayden did what he hoped never to have to do again — it was time to call Kandi — she was the only one who could give him answers now.

So, with his fifth coffee growing cold in its cup, a disturbingly sober Hayden bit the bullet, dialling Kandi's mobile, holding his breath as it just rang out.

Fuck not you too! he groaned, completely defeated.

But Hayden wasn't giving up that easy, calling her again moments later.

This time she did pick up.

"Oh hi Hayden... wasn't expecting to hear from you sugar!" she smirked, her light-hearted tone almost whimsical.

"Hi Kandi... good to hear your voice," he began.

"Aw ain't that sweet but shouldn't you be packing for your move sugar?"

"Yeah I'm doing that but... um... thought I'd reach out and see how you were after the way we left things last night."

Hayden wasn't interested in her wellbeing, but it seemed like a good 'in' and he really needed a way in at this point.

"Oh I'm fine sugar," Kandi snidely remarked. "Had a great night without you actually so no need to worry 'bout me."

"Hmm... yeah you seemed to have a good time. Didn't realise you knew Chanelle..."

"Shazza, oh yeah, we're old mates... been buds for years," she smirked. "D'ya know her too?"

"Yeah kinda... we used to work together," he replied. "So what gives with you two?"

"Oh we like to fool around a bit sugar... actually we played just last night..."

"Yeah, so I gather... I've seen the video."

"Really?" Kandi's sarcasm was palpable. "So Shazza *did* send that to you? She said she was gonna but didn't really think she would."

Hayden could tell she was toying with him but he knew he had to persevere, there was too much at stake.

"Interesting little show you girls put on. I *really* enjoyed it," he continued fishing.

"Cool, and Shazza told me about your little fuck-fest at the park yesterday. Sounds like you had quite a lot of fun with her too."

"Actually thought of taking *you* there Kandi," he volunteered, determined to get under her skin. "Wouldn't mind hooking up with you again before I go, if you're interested?"

"Oh I'd totes be interested," she eagerly responded. "But I thought you weren't into me anymore sugar."

"Don't be ridiculous Kandi, course I'm into you," he insisted. "You're super-hot but I was with colleagues last night. Couldn't talk with them around, you understand. But I'm free now..."

"What about you going away?" she sulked, her bottom lip bulging.

"Sure I'm leaving but I'll only be a plane ride away. And it's not forever..."

"Really?"

The hope in Kandi's voice was clear as day now. She'd taken the bait and Hayden knew it, all he had to do was reel her in.

"Course, I'll be back before you know it. Or you could come visit me?" he suggested, adding, "But what's the deal with you and Chanelle, is there something I should know? You haven't just been stringing me along when you're really only into chicks?"

"What? No, she's just a fling," Kandi piped up instantly. "What about

you and Chanelle, what's she to you?"

"Told you we worked together and played a bit. Didn't know she was into women though... kind of makes sense now," he taunted.

"Let's stop talking about her, I want to talk about us," Kandi quickly changed her tune and that's when Hayden knew he had her for sure.

"Sounds good, actually I'm just round the corner... why don't I pop by right now," he suggested.

"Err that'd be great but I'm... ah... not home right now," Kandi nervously responded.

Hayden could tell there was no truth to that statement.

"You're not still with Chanelle are you?"

"What? No, Chanelle left hours ago," came her shaky reply.

She's at Kandi's for sure, he surmised then openly asked, "Really, you sure 'bout that?"

"Look, I've gotta go... I'll call you back soon okay sugar," Kandi replied before hastily hanging up, unsure what her next move should be.

18 *Breaking the spell*

Though Chanelle was still in a mist, she could hear voices off in the distance... a long way off.

Perhaps an argument of sorts but it would require a lot more concentration to confirm that... and concentration wasn't coming easy.

So she kept floating, drifting, head in the clouds, not a care in the world till she heard something that did prick her ears — the word 'Hayden'.

It was a man's voice... speaking in anger — not Hayden's voice, some other man. It triggered a sense of concern strong enough to encroach upon her bliss, piquing her interest just enough for words to form in her mind.

What's going on? she heard herself ask followed by the next logical question, *Where's Hayden?*

Chanelle felt herself coming back into her body as she tuned into the heated debate, which now seemed to be in a less distant location.

"For fuck's sake Kandi forget about that loser! This is serious, you could go to jail!" a stern man's voice warned.

"He could be here any minute," the female implored. "I just need some time alone with him, Skullsy — a couple of hours, that's all I'm asking."

"No! I'm not taking that girl outta here all drugged up like a zombie."

"Please, you gotta help me," she pleaded.

"No Kandi, no!" the man stood firm. "This Hayden guy's gonna become your worst nightmare when he finds out what you've done!"

The voices went back-and-forth as Chanelle struggled to return to a state of genuine consciousness.

What are they on about? she wondered then, with a sense of trepidation, she asked a more important question... *Wait, where the hell am I?*

Suddenly Chanelle realised she had no fucking idea where she was... or how she got there!

She tried opening her eyes — it was hard and not particularly rewarding, everything murky and out-of-focus.

She blinked a couple of times, encouraging her blurry vision to restore itself till she could finally make something out of the shadowy darkness — a window with curtains drawn, a tall cupboard, a closed door.

That was enough for her brain to start rebooting proper, words flowing more readily now, internal dialogue arcing up along with a sense of actually being present rather than lost in the clouds.

It took Chanelle a moment to get her bearings then she realised the voices were coming from the other side of that closed door.

She tried sitting up but it proved too difficult, so she leaned on her elbows as she started piecing thoughts together.

She was in a bed but whose bed?

She was completely naked, so where were her clothes?

“Come on, be a sport and get rid of that bitch for me,” begged the woman, sounding even more desperate. “I’ll totally make it worth your while, I promise.”

Who’s she talking about? Who does she want to be rid of? Chanelle asked herself then it suddenly dawned on her. *They’re not talking about me, are they?!*

A surge of adrenalin coursed through her veins, giving her the strength to jump out of bed, landing on the floor like a crouching tiger.

She looked over at the door — there was a lock on the inside, so she crept over and turned the latch, listening intently for a moment — good, no reaction, they hadn’t noticed.

Safe now, but for how long?

Her eyes darted round the room, taking stock. Piles of clothes lay in disarray over the floor, one looked like her dress, so she grabbed it only to find the garment in tatters, torn apart and unwearable... her bra too.

Shit!

Chanelle grabbed another dress, a tasteless polka dot and slipped it on. There was a mobile on the bedside table, she grabbed it and switched on the screen.

Yes! My phone... awesome!

Chanelle could see numerous texts from Hayden, with messages asking if she was okay then she saw a text from herself she knew she never sent.

“Not interested in hearing from you ever again. Kandi told me all about you and we are over now fuck head!”

What the? And who the hell is Kandi?! she wondered.

Chanelle hastily texted Hayden.

'Babe it's me, ignore last message,
didn't send it. Confused, don't know
where I am. HELP!'

But before a reply could even arrive, her mobile went dead — the battery had run out.

Fuck! her inner voice howled, panic setting in.

She ran over to the window and peeked behind the curtains.

The sunlight hurt her eyes but Chanelle persisted — it was important to work out where she was.

Damn it's a high-rise, she lamented. *No getting out this way...*

Chanelle couldn't seem to think straight, her head was pounding, struggling to remember anything from the night before.

With the voices still arguing loudly just outside, she sunk into a ball in the corner of the room, frightened now, really frightened!

19 Cavalry arrives

As soon as Hayden arrived, he could hear the argument ensuing inside.

"If it's that fucking important, just call the jerk now and tell him you'll head to his," Skullsy yelled, sounding pretty much at his wits end.

"What about *her*?" Kandi retorted. "You still gotta get rid of *her*."

Is she talking about Chanelle? Hayden wondered. *Oh my god, have they hurt her?!*

He immediately began pounding on the door, hollering, "Kandi, it's me Hayden... let me in NOW!"

"Fuck! He's here," Kandi whispered, eyes wide with fear, looking to Skullsy for a solution he couldn't possibly have in mind.

"I know you're in there, I can hear you!" Hayden continued. "Let me in right now or I'm calling the cops!"

Chanelle heard the commotion from the bedroom and quickly realised this was her chance to get away... maybe her only chance.

"Hayden! Hayden!" she called from the top of her lungs. "I'm here! I'm in here!"

Determined to shut her down, Skullsy ran over only to find the bedroom door locked from the inside.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he muttered under his breath, kicking the door forcefully.

It held fast but he scared the hell out of Chanelle, who escalated her cries for help, Hayden still banging away, residents emerging from their apartments to see what the commotion was.

"We're gonna have to let him in," Skullsy admitted.

"You can't," Kandi implored, slipping between him and the door, tears welling up as she begged. "Please don't..."

But with Hayden not letting up and Chanelle screaming uncontrollably, Skullsy knew it was up to him now — he'd have to get this crazy situation under control, and fast!

So he pushed Kandi aside and, in a serious calm tone, called out to Hayden.

"Calm down mate. If you stop banging, I'll let you in. There's no need for cops, everything's fine. Just calm the fuck down."

Kandi was mortified but didn't interfere, leaving Skullsy to clean up the mess, just as she always did.

"Okay, I'm calm, I'm calm. Now let me in," Hayden responded, sounding like he meant business.

"And no cops right?" Skullsy emphasised.

"Yeah alright, no cops... I want in though."

Skullsy opened up, the two men eyeing each other down momentarily, neither sure what would happen next.

"Hayden, are you there?" Chanelle called out and he instantly ran over to the door, keeping one eye on Skullsy.

"Yeah, I'm here, everything's gonna be alright ... I promise," he assured her. "Just stay put, I need a minute to suss things out."

Chanelle took a deep breath and sank back to the floor, listening intently to what was transpiring on the other side of her barricade.

"What the fuck's going on Kandi?" Hayden demanded but no answer was forthcoming, the blonde bombshell frozen with fear, unable to speak, unable even to think.

"Listen mate, I know this looks bad but it's not what you think," Skullsy piped up. "Your girl's fine, nothing bad's happened, it's just a little misunderstanding that's all."

Hayden's suspicion eased slightly but he remained sceptical.

"Kandi helped your girl out last night, that's it," Skullsy continued in a monotone voice that sounded reassuring, even believable. "She had a bit too much to drink so Kandi brought her home to sleep it off. Isn't that right Kandi?"

"Um... yeah, that's right...I was helping her out last night."

Hayden didn't know who Skullsy was, or care, but his story seemed at least plausible.

Then again, when you're as wired as he was, you'll believe just about anything if it makes a worst case scenario disappear.

"I just wanna get Chanelle and leave," Hayden responded, speaking directly to Skullsy, not even making eye contact with Kandi.

"That's fine, there's no problem here mate. You guys can leave anytime," Skullsy reassured him. "You girl got a bit spooked this morning and locked

herself in the bedroom. Just get her to open up and you can both leave together.”

Hayden knocked softly on the door.

“Chanelle, it’s okay. Let me in babe.”

She opened up and he put his big strong arms around her, holding on like there was no tomorrow. She lost herself in his warm embrace — exhausted, confused but finally, finally safe... at least for now.

“I’ve never been happier to see you,” she whispered. “Let’s go”

They headed for the door, only to be confronted one more time by Skullsy.

“We good now mate?” he asked.

Hayden nodded.

“And no cops right?” Skullsy reminded him once more.

“No cops, all good,” Hayden agreed, albeit reluctantly, not entirely sure he would keep that promise but willing to pretend at least, so they could just get outta there.

“You’re never gonna talk to me again are you?” Kandi snivelled through her tears as Hayden walked past.

He didn’t even bother acknowledging her as he headed back into the real world with his treasured Chanelle in his arms.

20 Safe haven

Chanelle tilted her head back, welcoming the soft droplets sprinkling over her face, breathing in the steam like it was a health tonic.

While her mind was clearing, strange recollections seemed to be fighting their way in, with snippets and scenarios she couldn't quite place and didn't fully understand.

Hayden held some of the answers, of that she was sure, and she probably should have quizzed him in the car.

But something made her hold back so when he asked, "Where to?" she simply whispered, "Home baby... take me home".

The drive to her upmarket townhouse was a quiet one, neither of them sure what to say then, when they arrived, Chanelle simply asked, "You're coming in aren't you?"

"Course," Hayden replied, smiling broadly.

"Make yourself at home," she mumbled, slipping out of that ghastly polka dot number like it was a perfectly normal thing to do in front of him.

Then she disappeared into the bathroom, leaving the door wide open — saying nothing, giving nothing away.

Hayden heard the shower come on but waited a few moments before finally approaching, desperate to look at her, to know she was okay.

Chanelle's pert breasts looked delicious, wet and glistening in the dappled light shining through the enclosed garden feature.

She could feel his eyes upon her long before she looked up to see him there — it brought a warm tingly sensation to her heart, body and soul.

Then she smiled and with obvious affection.

It was the first real smile he'd seen from her in what felt like an eternity and his face light up accordingly.

Chanelle wiggled her finger, beckoning him to join her and Hayden chuckled, a playfulness returning between them as he ripped his clothes off to step into the shower with her.

In that moment, that glorious, magical moment, the heat between the two reigniting like a massive bonfire — their feelings stronger than ever, more intense and absolutely compelling.

Words weren't needed anymore, their warm embrace under the shower spoke volumes.

Their bodies were having the conversation now, drawn to one another like powerful magnets, eager to be intertwined and completely connected.

Hayden reached down to kiss Chanelle softly on her lips.

It was the most gentle, tender kiss she'd ever had, gazing into his eyes like a love-struck teenager.

Their arms were soon wrapped so tightly around each other it was hard to tell where one began and the other ended.

The second kiss felt even better than the first, Chanelle's body overrun with a sensual tingling sensation, all over but especially down there.

Hayden planted another kiss on her sweet red lips, lingering and delicious, the kind you dream of but rarely experience in real life.

As their passion grew, Hayden shifted his attention to the nape of her neck, worshipping it like a precious treasure.

Finally Chanelle broke the spell, whispering, "Wash me."

Hayden slavishly complied, lathering her hair with shampoo and piling it high on her head. She let him do all the work, watching at times but closing her eyes too, completely secure in his presence.

She loved it — feeling pampered, worshiped and, most of all, completely safe.

He kissed her gently throughout, running his hands all over her body, first with shower gel, then with the handheld.

The burning desire she'd experienced in her office returned, her loins aching for his attention, nipples hard, breasts bulging forward, desperate to feel his caress.

But it was her eager, willing puss that longed for his attention most — tingling with anticipation as she brushed her crotch against his hard, attentive cock.

Hayden soon got the message, sliding down to spray a river of warm water all over her mound.

The sensation was breathtaking, more stimulating than a vibrator set on 'high'!

She gasped openly making Hayden hesitate momentarily then, as she

leaned back, opening her legs wider, he knew all was well.

In fact, it was better than well, it was fucking amazing!

Chanelle's moans became louder, her eyes locked on his, her insides starting to shudder, an orgasmic crescendo well on its way.

"Ah... ah... ah!" she moaned, face flushed, eyebrows scrunching, lips engorged and red. "Oh you're so good baby, I love it!"

Her climax soon arrived, and it was incredible, only to be followed by a second then third, all in quick succession.

Then she reached down to put her hand under his chin and bring his lips up to hers.

A compliant Hayden acquiesced immediately, dropping the handheld to wrap his arms securely around her frame, kissing her even more passionately.

"Let's go to bed," she whispered with a smile that was matched by his.

There they lay, together in each other's arms, bodies entwined with the false hope they might never again be parted.

And so, as their breathing began to sync up, Hayden and Chanelle dropped off, allowing sleep to steal more of the precious few hours they had left in each other's company.

21 Afterthoughts

Kandi was a mess — crying, screaming, hitting out, mostly at Skullsy since he was the only one there.

While he wasn't sure exactly what went down between her and Chanelle the past 24 hours, he knew he'd saved the day. He was right to expect some gratitude but none was afforded him, mostly because Kandi was inconsolable.

But Skullsy did his best to console her anyway, ever hopeful she might finally notice he was her rock, the only one there no matter what.

He was kidding himself, the woman had taken him for granted for years and today would be no exception.

"D'ya need some drugs pussycat?" he gently asked, cradling her in his arms.

"Yeah, that'd be good," she sniffed. "The hard stuff, Skullsy, get me the hard stuff."

He knew exactly what that meant — she was talking smack time.

The drugs did the trick though, easing her despair by delivering that familiar numbness she could rely on to make everything better, at least temporarily.

"You're the best Skullsy," she murmured, snuggling into the crook of his arm.

As the hours went by, he listened patiently while Kandi lamented her love life and all the men who'd done her wrong, who'd left her, who'd hurt her.

It was a woeful tale — one Skullsy knew only too well.

Hell he'd been there for half of them and the others, well he'd heard all about them too, especially Stan Weinberg, a club regular and an unpleasant one at that.

The girls referred to him as 'Weinstein' because he looked and acted like the trashy Hollywood producer Harvey Weinstein, right down to the creepy requests for free massages and other 'extras'.

Though balding and overweight, Stan splashed the cash around big time, which is all it took to compensate for his unpleasantness.

When he laid eyes on Kandi, the new stripper on the block, he was instantly obsessed.

Returning night-after-night, Stan set out to romance the new girl, with trinkets, champagne and lots tips till Kandi finally relented.

It was early in her stripping career, when she still had personal rules about not dating customers, so it was quite the coup when she finally went home with Stan, who was a seasoned performer in his own right.

He knew only too well what could be achieved with a little deceit and a whole lot of compliments.

A few short weeks later, when he suggested Kandi quit her job and move in with him, she didn't even hesitate.

The girls were happy for her of course — after all, she'd bagged herself a rich one, creepy though he might be.

But Skullsy wasn't convinced.

"This is all too bloody fast for my liking," he grumbled at the time.

"What can I say Skullsy... when you know, you know," came her elated reply, adding she was even giving up the drugs.

It was wishful thinking.

Things didn't go too well with Stan... he wasn't the knight in shining armour he pretended to be, kicking her to the kerb soon after.

Kandi returned to the club, where she was welcomed by the girls and customers alike. She tried contacting Stan a couple of times after that, but he completely ghosted her.

It was quite the blow having her 'happy ever after' ripped away so abruptly and so cruelly!

But Skullsy was there to pick up the pieces, as he always was and as he was today, cuddling her in his arms, wiping away her tears.

"It's never me," Kandi sulked despairingly. "Fucking arseholes! Why's it never me Skullsy, why?"

This was usually when he said something comforting like 'they're the ones missing out, you're fantastic' or words to that effect.

But he didn't feel like towing the party line this time round.

In truth, Skullsy was sick to death of her bitching about her love life when the answer was so damn obvious — it was the men she picked, the kind who were always going to use her then dump her like a piece of trash.

He'd finally had enough of her pity party, his patience running short, so he decided to put his cards on the table.

Kandi was sobering up, not enough for the pain to set in but enough for Skullsy to have the talk he'd already waited way too long to have.

"I know how you feel kitten," he began softly, "Exactly how you feel."

Kandi looked at him with disbelief.

"No you don't!" she snivelled.

He took a deep breath and continued.

"Yeah reckon I do Kandi. You see all this time I've had my heart set on someone too but it's never me for her. I'm always there but I may as well be invisible."

Kandi sighed, blinking innocently as she gave him a sluggish hug.

"You poor bastard, I had no idea. And you're so great to us girls... you deserve better Skullsy."

"We both do."

"So who's the stupid skank breaking your heart?" she asked, genuinely oblivious as only Kandi could be.

"Why it's you hot stuff... it's always been you," he admitted with such sincerity he didn't even seem stoned anymore.

Kandi pulled away immediately, shocked, really shocked.

"Me?!"

"Yep, always been you," he repeated. "Surely you knew or at least suspected?"

She sat up and looked Skullsy straight in the eye.

It couldn't be true — *she* couldn't be the horrible bitch breaking his heart?

"We've fooled around plenty of time but you've never wanted to be with me for real," he sighed. "Why is that?"

"Fuck off Skullsy!" Kandi blurted out, her fury now apparent even if completely incomprehensible. "This is shit, I can't believe you're even saying this to me. And now, of all times! Why are you saying this crap? Fuck off and get out!"

Skullsy was shocked — Kandi's response more brutal than he'd ever expected, than he ever deserved.

"You want me to leave?"

"Yeah, get out, get the fuck out! And never bring this shit up with me again you fuck head!" she yelled, completely blowing up.

Then in a cold, heartless tone, added, "But leave the drugs here."

Skullsy'd always given Kandi exactly what she wanted and today would be no exception.

"Take your stupid drugs," he muttered, emptying his pockets to leave two little baggies containing the remnants of smack and ice he'd brought in earlier. "Loved you since the day we met. Figured you'd come round sooner or later but I ain't waiting anymore Kandi."

“Good!” she screamed back. “I don’t want you to wait, you piece of shit bouncer! I hate you, d’ya hear me. H-A-T-E, *hate* you!”

Skullsy was stunned, marching out and slamming the door hard behind him.

His confession absolutely infuriated Kandi, who burst into tears once more, not even sure why.

The most dangerous lies are always those we tell ourselves... and Kandi had been lying to herself about Skullsy for years.

He *was* in love with her and it was not as unrequited as she so desperately wanted to believe... or his confession wouldn’t have made her so damn angry.

22 Taking it on the chin

The drive back to his filthy hidey-hole only took 10 minutes but that was time enough for Skullsy to re-think his entire life.

He was done pining for that skanky mole, indulging a one-sided love affair that went into overdrive the first night he took her home — Kandi looking to feel better, Skullsy furnishing them both with a line of coke to get the party started.

“Don’t let that idiot footy loser get you down hot stuff. So he wanted a slimmer bird, so what,” he told her. “I still reckon you’re the hottest chick in the joint and I get a hard-on every time I look at ya!”

She smiled but reached down to check anyway and yep, as promised, his cock was hard.

“Wanna a lap dance?” she purred invitingly.

“Fuck yeah. If you wanna throw one my way, I am in,” he eagerly replied.

Kandi turned the lights up then began dancing up a storm, treating Skullsy like *he* was the pole on centre stage, rubbing her breasts against him, loosening her clothing and eventually dropping one item after another to the floor.

Pretty soon all that was left were her hooker-heels and the smallest G-banger imaginable, which she promptly pulled to one side, exposing her fully Brazilianed gash.

“Oh man, you’re good Kandi, real good,” he cheered, trying real hard not to come in his pants!

“But wait there’s more,” she beckoned, pulling the G-string off entirely to spread her pussy lips apart. “Shall I keep going?”

"Yes please," he panted, watching her every move like his life depended on it.

As Kandi played with herself, Skullsy could see the wetness increasing all over her mound... and he was pretty sure he could smell it too.

The 'entertainment' only got better when she grabbed his hand to drag him into the action, so he could *feel* her excitement, his fingers happy to loiter with intent.

Kandi then unzipped him, allowing his hard cock to fall out so she could wrap her lips round it, deep-throating him like he'd never been blown before.

His balls soon exploded and she smiled as she swallowed, making it look like the yummiest treat she'd ever had.

Skullsy was stoked and keen to keep going so he put out more lines and they took turns snorting cocaine till they were both completely wired.

"Wanna fuck?" she nudged.

"Do I ever!" he winked, leading her straight to his bed to root the hell out of her, the two making quite a night of it!

By dawn they were both ready to collapse, Skullsy inviting her to crash with him.

"Naw that's okay, gotta get home," she replied.

That was the first sign this was just a casual fuck to her.

The second came when he asked if she wanted to grab dinner some time.

"Thanks but that'd just be weird, Skullsy. You know, like we're dating or something," she laughed callously.

Skullsy took it like a man — he could tell the sex meant nothing to her, she was just using him to make herself feel better after being rejected at the club.

He told himself that was okay with him and to a degree it was.

But as the years went by, watching Kandi get her heart broke time and again by absolute dickheads, it became harder to silently watch on from the sidelines.

The woman had *really* got under his skin and it took a lot of effort to keep his feelings in check.

Luckily Skullsy had all the drugs in the world to do that with and Kandi would occasionally throw a treat his way — a fuck or blowie, usually in return for a particularly good deal or some other favour.

But he wanted more.

And he'd listened to enough of her heartaches to know *she* needed more too — more than she was getting from the dickhead losers she kept dating.

When he professed his feelings, Skullsy wasn't expecting her to run into his arms or anything... that was fair enough.

But her horror and anger towards him — that was just unfathomable, if not downright cruel!

After all he'd done for that bitch... all the drugs he'd given her, all the

lifts back-and-forth, all the times he'd made everything right again.

It was the wakeup call Skullsy needed.

On the drive home that morning, he felt more sober than he'd been in years.

What a waste of space, he told himself. Selfish fucken bitch! Can't believe I spent all this time pining for her!

With the events of the past few hours ticking over in his mind, Skullsy knew she'd have no qualms handing him over to the cops, should they be called.

And that was a distinct possibility, given the scene that had just transpired, let alone what Kandi may actually have done to that poor unconscious girl?

Certainly Skullsy had no idea what really went down and that worried him.

Even worse, looking round his bungalow, at the clutter, the filth, drug paraphernalia everywhere, it dawned on him what a mess he'd made out of his life.

Hell if the cops come here, they wouldn't even need a reason to bust me. This place is a crime scene waiting to indict me. And there's no way I'm going back to the big house.

As the hours drifted by, Skullsy felt an overwhelming desire to purge himself, to face his demons and bring the whole fucking mess to an end, once and for all.

Sure there were people he could have called, who would talk him down, remind him this was just a momentary blimp in an otherwise awesome existence.

But he didn't feel like talking right now, hell he didn't even feel like breathing anymore.

The thing about Skullsy was when he made up his mind about something, he stuck to it.

He knew what he had to do now and nothing or no-one was gonna get in his way!

23 New dawn

Chanelle awoke, this time with a deep sense of security, confident all was well with the world... or at least with her world.

She opened her eyes slowly to find herself in her own bed, her beloved Hayden by her side — peacefully watching her sleep.

“You’re awake,” he whispered as their eyes met.

Chanelle smiled.

“Didn’t realise I’d fallen asleep... what time is it?”

“Almost three...”

Chanelle crunched her face with annoyance, disappointed to have lost so many hours of her Saturday, especially given Hayden’s impending departure.

“It’s okay, I fell asleep too,” he fessed up, gazing so intensely at her, she could feel the chemistry sparking up between them again.

It was a nice feeling.

“How long’ve you been watching me?” she asked.

“Not long,” he whispered. “You’re so beautiful when you sleep.”

“That’s what mothers say about their babies,” she laughed.

Hayden chuckled but his eyes looked sad.

“You’re just as beautiful when you’re awake too,” he offered up with a wink — the same playful wink he’d given her at the park.

Hayden reached over to cradle her face in his hand, leaning in for a soft, sweet kiss, lingering just long enough for her heart to skip a beat.

How could this handsome, brilliant, wonderful man, who was dotting on her, pleasuring her to within an inch of her life — how could *he* be leaving?

It was just inconceivable... incomprehensible... and too excruciating to be true.

But it was true, no matter how determined she was to pretend otherwise.

"I'm famished," she blurted out, attempting to lighten the mood.

"Me too," he chimed in. "Uber Eats?"

"Naw, I reckon I can do one better than that," she laughed, grabbing her Kimono dressing gown, which she didn't bother doing it up too tightly, leaving plenty of cleavage on display and a bit of muff too.

"Bacon and eggs?" she suggested and Hayden nodded, putting his jeans on and following her to the kitchen like a devoted puppy.

Chanelle wasn't known for her cooking skills and in the bright light of the kitchen, clambering to come up with a breakfast fit for a king, the two began joking and laughing as they always had at work — Hayden teasing, Chanelle giving as good as she got right back at him.

It could have been just another day at the office, such was their rapport, but it was not a normal day and they were far from the office now.

The reality was the day was getting away from them and yet they persevered with general chitchat, appearing as carefree as they come devouring their late afternoon 'breakfast'.

Chanelle cleared the table, Hayden helping with the washing up, standing side-by-side at the sink. It felt like they'd been cohabitating for years — a strange sense of 'déjà vu' forecasting a union that was always meant to be and could easily last forever.

It was a compelling notion but a disarming one too.

"Coffee?" Chanelle asked, breaking the spell.

"Boy reckon I'm gonna need something a bit stronger," he joked. "Don't s'pose you've got some beer have ya?"

She laughed, opening the fridge to grab a couple of Heinekens.

Hayden pulled up at the dining table and she came over to sit on his welcoming lap, his hand resting casually on her hip, setting off another surge of tantalising verve.

It was like a charge of electricity passed between them every time they touched, a sensuous fire that refused to be quenched.

Chanelle leaned in, arm around his shoulder, resting her head on his as she finally started the conversation she could no longer avoid.

"Thanks for saving me today."

"Thanks for letting me save you," he replied affectionately. "I was so worried about you babe. I was going crazy last night..."

"I was worried about me too," she admitted. "I don't even know how I ended up there really?"

"Neither do I... should we trace back your steps?" he suggested — Hayden was always a methodical problem-solver and today would be no exception. "Where'd you go after the office?"

"Well first I had to catch my breath cos I was so... um... in awe of the crazy monkey sex we'd just had," she admitted, smiling as she looked deep into his eyes. "Then met up with the 'olds' for dinner but I left early so I could go to the Royal."

"You came to the Royal?" he interjected. "When?"

"Dunno, round nine-ish I guess," she replied. "But you weren't there... why weren't you there Hayden?"

"Babe, I'm so sorry, we left to go to Frenchies for dinner then pub crawled our way through the night," he explained. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"What?" Chanelle was perplexed by his question. "Kinda wanted to surprise you. It was a last-minute thing. Didn't occur to me you wouldn't be there."

Hayden let out a big sigh.

"There's a reason I'd left..."

Chanelle's curiosity was piqued and she leaned away slightly to face him, remaining on his lap but starting to feel a tad less comfortable.

"There's this woman who's been kinda stalking me I guess?" he fessed up, as much to himself as to her. "Her name's Kandi and she's the girl who looked after you last night."

"Kandi huh?" Chanelle repeated slowly — *yes that was her name... the girl at the bar... AND in the apartment*. "So that was her place I was at?"

Hayden nodded, looking pained.

Chanelle stood up, extracting herself from the security of his lap.

She needed some physical distance to continue this conversation and walked around the table to sit opposite him, tightening her kimono in the process, cleavage no longer on display.

"Ah-huh," he squirmed. "I didn't really, you know, realise she was stalking me. I just kept bumping into her... she'd just turn up wherever I went so I guess that makes her my stalker?"

Chanelle took a moment to think back on exactly what happened at the bar. She could recall now that the Kandi girl approached her as soon as she arrived.

But why?

"How'd you meet this Kandi?" she asked, eyes narrowing slightly.

"Err, she's a stripper. I met her at a mate's buck's night..." he sheepishly admitted.

A fucking stripper, seriously dude?! she thought, becoming agitated but maintaining a calm exterior.

Chanelle had always been a woman's woman but she'd never mixed with strippers before and was slightly repulsed by the notion Hayden was being stalked by one.

"D'ya sleep with her?" she asked, the warmth now completely drained

from her face.

Hayden nodded, unable to hide the look of guilt plastered on his.

Chanelle turned away.

It was all too intense, too real... she felt like Hayden could see right through her, into her soul.

While that was a huge turn on when making love, she wasn't so keen on it now, during one of the hardest conversations she'd ever to have.

"Look, she didn't mean anything to me. Kandi was just a casual fuck... that I kind of repeated a couple of times," he cringed.

Chanelle felt like the wind had been knocked right out of her.

It wasn't a one-off — Kandi was a repeat offender! He was that into her.

"When Kandi rocked up at the Royal, she was eyeing me down, making me feel uncomfortable," he continued. "I tried to get her to leave but she wouldn't so I left, and the gang came with."

Chanelle nodded slowly, avoiding eye contact as she started piecing things together — Kandi was Hayden's jilted lover, he fucks off to Frenchies, she stays behind fuming, just in time for Chanelle to arrive on the scene.

"That's the girl who approached me... at the bar," she mumbled, looking perplexed even as she recounted her version of events. "She was friendly, a little too friendly. I was shocked when you weren't there... was gonna call but this girl, this Kandi, kept talking to me, distracting me."

Hayden was watching Chanelle intently.

She, on the other hand, was looking everywhere but at him, only glancing occasionally in his general direction and refusing to make eye contact even when she did.

"She wanted me to have a drink with her then she gave me a glass of champagne," Chanelle admitted.

"Kandi was trying to get me to have a drink with her too," Hayden scowled. "They said *you* got drunk and she took care of you. Is that right? Did you get drunk?"

"I had a few sips but that's it. I wasn't going there to get drunk, I was trying to find you remember," she replied, realising for the first time, *yes, it was the champagne, it must have been spiked!*

"So if you only had one glass, how did you end up at Kandi's. You don't think maybe she put something in it?" he innocently asked.

"Yes, that's exactly what I think. She must have drugged me," Chanelle replied, annoyed it had taken him so long to work out what was already blatantly obvious to her

He reached for her hand but she pulled away, her face inscrutable.

"I'd never have left if I knew you were coming," he explained. "I'm so sorry Chanelle. I feel like this whole thing's my fault."

She wanted to console him, to make it better but Chanelle was too angry — she felt betrayed, even though it really wasn't Hayden's fault exactly.

But were it not for him sleeping with that blonde bimbo, Chanelle would never have been exposed to the peril that had befallen her.

She swivelled round so she didn't have to face him, most especially so she didn't have to look into his handsome eyes, which she feared might melt her heart again.

"It's not your fault Hayden," she replied coolly, coming off both forced and insincere.

"Then why are you pulling away from me?" he whispered.

"I just need a moment..." she sighed, still looking away, feeling so exposed, so vulnerable, it was hard to hold it together. "So this Kandi chick was there... stalking you... I get that. But how'd she know about me?"

"Whadda you mean?"

"Well she obviously knew who I was or why would she have approached me," Chanelle reasoned. "I mean the damn woman drugged me Hayden, why would she do that to a complete stranger unless she knew who I was to *you*?"

Chanelle was right and Hayden knew it.

"I haven't slept with her in weeks and, well, you and me... we only just started seeing each other this way so I couldn't have told her about you cos there really wasn't a 'you' to speak of till yesterday," he replied. "But what did *you* tell her about us?"

"What? I didn't tell her anything about us, why would I?" she countered.

"Well no reason I guess but did you maybe mention us being at the park that afternoon?" he persevered.

"No, of course not!"

"Well Kandi knew about the park cos she told me... on the phone."

Chanelle was taken aback.

"You spoke to her on the phone?" she interjected, speaking slowly and deliberately.

"What?" Hayden seemed surprised by her question.

"Last night, when I was... I dunno passed out in her trashy little flat... You spoke to Kandi... on the phone... when I was there?!"

Hayden nodded sheepishly.

"Not last night exactly, more this morning. When I couldn't reach you on your mob, eventually I rang her..."

Thoughts went rushing through Chanelle's mind at such lightning speed, she was starting to feel like her head was full of cottonwool again.

"Only because I was desperate to reach you..." he implored.

The whole business was starting to stink to high heaven, Chanelle's sense of betrayal getting the better of her. Then she asked the one question that would blow everything out of the water.

"You were desperate to reach me so you rang Kandi," she pushed on. "What in the hell made you think I'd be with Kandi when you didn't even know I'd gone to the Royal?!"

Hayden swallowed loudly — this was the moment of truth and he knew it.

“Because of the video...” he mumbled under his breath then, clearing his throat, openly admitted. “She made a video and sent it to me, on your phone... Kandi was in the video with you...”

Chanelle recoiled with horror.

“There’s a video!” she replied despairingly. “A video of me with Kandi! What the hell!”

24 *The awful truth*

Chanelle ran to her phone and frantically scrolled through the messages.

And there it was — the dreaded video Hayden promised she'd find.

"Is this it?" she demanded, holding her mobile up to him.

He took a cursory glance and nodded.

Chanelle's face dropped, then in a quiet, serious tone she asked, "Is it bad?"

Hayden nodded once more, confirming her worst fears.

"Do I want to watch this?" she persevered reluctantly.

"I don't think it's the kind of thing you'd ever *want* to see," Hayden conceded. "But you probably need to know what's on there so yes, you should watch it."

Part of her wanted to hit delete, to be rid of this monstrosity without letting it permeate her consciousness.

But instinctively she knew that would be a mistake.

She'd always valued the truth so even though this would be a hard one to face, Chanelle was hell-bent on seeing it through.

So she hit play.

It's quite something to see yourself secretly recorded while someone sexually assaults you, which is *exactly* how the video looked to Chanelle.

Her eyes widened as she watched it while her heart sank.

She wanted to stop almost immediately but forced herself to soldier on — as she had so many times before, from welcoming her father's latest squeeze to working when she had the flu.

Soldiering on was what she did best — she knew how to force herself to do the unwanted and the difficult but she would have to dig deep to see this one through.

When it was finally over, Chanelle was in shock, trying to piece together what she saw on the screen with the strange recollections flooding back as a series bizarre broken images.

The nipple clamps, her clothes being cut off, the cab ride where Kandi began her assault.

It felt like all that must have happened to a different person but Chanelle knew for sure now it actually happened to her.

She looked up at Hayden with anguish.

She could tell from the look on his face he too was reeling but she hadn't the strength to deal with that now so she spun around, hiding from his penetrating gaze once more.

"I know this is a lot to take in but please don't turn your back on me... on us," he implored. "Not now, not today."

Chanelle took a deep breath but she couldn't turn around, tears welling up, mind racing at lightning speed.

All was lost, the specialness of their time together, the ecstasy of their lovemaking, the strong — no not strong — the ridiculously overpowering feelings they shared for each other, even they seemed lost in this dreadful moment.

Fucking hell, what do I do now? she asked herself, the thought triggering those tears to start in earnest.

That's when Hayden put his strong hands on her shoulders and swivelled her round so he could hold her proper.

She resisted briefly then simply gave in — to him, to the tears, to everything.

"Oh babe, I'm so sorry," he lovingly whispered. "I never wanted you to get hurt, ever! What can I do to help?"

As angry and confused as she was, Chanelle felt safe in his embrace.

It somehow did feel better that he was there, holding her, consoling her, whispering sweet nothings into her ear.

Even the crying didn't feel as bad when she was in *his* arms.

"My sweet darling, I'd do anything for you," he continued in a soft, soothing tone. "Please forgive me."

Chanelle dropped her phone, she didn't even want the device in her hand anymore after seeing that horrendous video!

That's when Hayden swept her into his arms, carrying her to the sofa where he sat her on his lap, holding her like a baby.

Chanelle didn't struggle.

She was relieved he was there caring for her, allowing her to continue sobbing as he cradled her in his arms, kissing the tears right off her cheeks

while stroking her head affectionately.

Then, in the midst of all the horror, just when Chanelle thought she would *never* be whole again, Hayden kissed her — sweetly, tenderly, on her lips.

She was desperate to feel better, to get a grip, to end her pain... and the kiss felt good.

In fact it felt damn good!

Sure there were problems to solve, plans to devise and a separation to endure in the not-too-distant future but suddenly all she cared about was feeling good *right now*.

So she wiped away the remaining tears, along with the anger in her heart, and she kissed Hayden back — lovingly.

In that moment, she forgot her troubles just long enough to be seduced again by the only person she'd ever loved so completely — her valiant, dedicated Hayden.

25 Cutting the deal

“Welcome to the club,” Delilah smiled, greeting the well-dressed stranger with suspicion, and rightly so.

Women rarely frequented the club on their own... unless they were looking for work or looking for their husbands.

This one didn’t seem to fit either bill — confident, smart and way too upmarket to be a dancer.

Yet there she was, dressed in a leather trench coat and sporting a blonde bob that framed her face perfectly, dark sunglasses hiding her eyes... and her identity.

It had been a strange night all round and this was the second unusual event Delilah had to contend with.

The first was Skullsy’s unexpected disappearance — seeming to drop off the face of the earth without warning and on Saturday night — the busiest night of the week!

Kandi’s persistent hounding didn’t help either, pestering her with questions about his whereabouts while getting completely plastered.

A drunken Kandi was the last thing Delilah needed to cap off a difficult night as she ushered the blonde into her back office.

“Quite the place you’ve got here, darlink,” she began with a slight accent Delilah couldn’t quite place.

“Care for a drink?” she offered but her guest declined. “Well then, what’s a nice girl like you doing in a club like this?”

The woman smiled but kept her lips closed, it was not a toothy smile,

more a knowing one.

"Darlink, I'm here on business... you have a dancer, name of Kandi... Kandi De Lish I believe?"

What the fuck's Kandi done? Delilah instantly fumed, politely asking, "Now why would you be interested in knowing that?"

"Darlink, darlink, don't worry, there's nothing to be concerned about," the woman quickly assured. "I'm here on behalf of my client. He's seen the Kandi girl on your website and asked me to come by and negotiate a little entertainment."

Delilah was intrigued.

Customers often sought more from the girls than visual entertainment, that wasn't unusual. But they rarely got another person, let alone a woman, to do their bidding for them.

In fact, it had never happened before as far as she could recall, increasing her suspicions.

"Really? So what exactly would your client be after?" Delilah boldly asked.

The stranger smiled again, lips tight, face indiscernible, giving nothing away as she continued.

"My client greatly values discretion darlink. He's interested in a private show with your Kandi dancer. He has a penchant for girls with some meat on their bones, not one of those stick figures. I understand Kandi fits the bill perfectly."

"Hmm... yeah she does. Kandi's quite special that way," Delilah agreed.

"So darlink, can you confirm her availability for a private show this evening?"

"Absolutely. In fact she's doing her set right now if you'd care to take a look?" Delilah volunteered, becoming more trusting by the minute now she knew the woman was there to negotiate a business deal.

"That won't be necessary darlink, I take your word for it."

"We have a more discrete entrance out the back and individual rooms for privacy. Your client's more than welcome to settle in for his 'show'. Is he outside?" Delilah asked.

The woman shook her head.

"Perhaps I've not been clear enough Darlink," she replied. "My client has a very high profile and coming into a club of this sort, well it's really out of the question. He is after an external engagement."

"Well I'm not sure I can help with that," Delilah came back, apprehension returning. "Our girls don't do outcalls... for safety reasons. I'm sure you understand."

"Darlink, darlink I understand completely," she smiled again. "My client realises this is not a *normal* service but he is willing to make it worth your while..."

The visitor reached into her stylish Prada bag and pulled out two

envelopes, which she placed in front of Delilah.

"There's two-thousand dollars in each of these, one is for you darlink... to address any concerns about organising a private show," she explained. "The other is for your Kandi girl, as a deposit on tonight's entertainment."

Delilah picked up the envelopes and looked within to find each contained a wad of hundreds.

"Very generous," she granted, smiling broadly, teeth and all.

"Don't worry," the woman continued. "He's only looking for a show. He knows your girls don't provide 'hands on' services."

Delilah felt assured enough to smile again, all the while nodding her agreement.

"He's organised a room in a nice hotel and he would like Kandi to visit him there. The entry card is in the second envelope."

Delilah checked to find the key card and address enclosed, noting it was a fine establishment, not some seedy dive on the outskirts of town.

Her client was definitely a class act.

"In the room Kandi will find another envelope with a further two-thousand dollars," the woman explained. "He's a big spender and Kandi could earn considerably more tonight if she plays her cards right. But I leave that to her to negotiate... and to my client of course."

It sounded like a pretty sweet deal and a great opportunity for both Delilah and Kandi to make some extra moolah.

"What about security?" she enquired.

"Darlink, Kandi is free to call from the hotel as soon as she arrives, to let you know everything is okay," the blonde confirmed, sounding like a seasoned professional when it came to this kind of thing.

"And what's your client's name?" Delilah probed, figuring no answer would be forthcoming but feeling she should at least ask.

The woman smiled once more but shook her head.

"No names, darlink, no details, all cash. And please be clear with Kandi the importance of her discretion too. Do we have a deal?" she asked.

Delilah agreed, more than happy to rid herself of a very drunk Kandi for the rest of the night while earning a big wad of cash for herself.

"Oh and I'd appreciate it if you don't mention my visit. I'm sure there's no need for Kandi to know about me. I think it would just be cleaner that way, don't you darlink?" the blonde suggested before escaping out the big red doors and into the dark night.

26 Experience shows

“I may be many things Hayden Wolfe but victim is not one of them and I don’t need you or anyone else to save me from anything!”

Chanelle’s words echoed in Hayden’s ears long after she’d said them.

Alone in his apartment, packing for a relocation he now regretted accepting, Hayden went back over their argument in his mind.

“What the fuck?! Did you do this?” Chanelle implied more than asked as soon as she saw the damning post on his Facebook page.

“God no! I would never post something like that!” he protested immediately. “Especially not of you but I don’t put naked shots of anyone online. It must’ve been Kandi.”

“How could she?! She doesn’t have access to your Facebook account does she?” Chanelle snarled back, grabbing his phone to check the image library.

The photo in question wasn’t there but she *did* find something else, something even more disturbing, if such a thing were possible.

“Is this a... ‘stalking’ app?” she asked incredulously, holding the phone up to him.

“Oh my god, that bitch!”

Hayden was mortified, Kandi more devious than he ever imagined, though it did explain how she was able to find him whenever and wherever.

He took the naked shot of Chanelle down immediately, changing his password in the process and disabling the stalking app but the damage had already been done.

“Look Chanelle we’ve got photo and video evidence of what happened

last night... what Kandi did to you. With the Facebook post and stalker app, we can prove it was premeditated," he offered up reassuringly but his words fell on deaf ears.

"And what exactly do you suggest we do with all that crap Hayden?" she asked, face solemn, eyes accusatory.

"Well go to the police of course," he replied. "They'll arrest her. She's broken the law, Chez... there are consequences for doing that, maybe even jail time!"

"Are you serious?!" she gasped. "The last thing I want to do is talk to the police about this. I can't get caught up in a salacious court battle with the likes of Kandi!"

"But you're the victim here!"

"Nup, not happening," Chanelle insisted. "I've been down that path before and I ain't doing it again."

"What do you mean?" Hayden asked innocently, looking longingly at his girl while she went back to avoiding eye contact.

Chanelle sighed then told him a sorry tale — one that would tear at his heartstrings even more than the situation in which they found themselves in now.

His beloved girl had been date raped at the tender age of fourteen, was it any wonder she'd become an ice queen?

Worse still, when she tried to pursue justice, Chanelle was told no crime had even been committed because she failed to say no and they were both under-age at the time.

"I was shattered Hayden, totally and completely shattered... and I don't intend putting myself through *anything* like that again."

"Oh babe, I'm so sorry but it won't be the same this time... I'll be there with you," he volunteered, ever hopeful.

"No Hayden, I won't do it," she whispered then callously added, "Perhaps you should go, don't you have a plane to catch tomorrow?"

"What?! I'm not leaving now!" he replied. "Not with all this is going on! I want to protect you not desert you!"

And that's when she said it, the awful words that made Hayden feel like he meant nothing to her, less than nothing.

"I may be many things Hayden Wolfe but victim is not one of them and I don't need you or anyone else to save me from anything!"

Her voice was cold and hard, her eyes dark and remote but they softened slightly as she pleaded, "Just go, please."

The thought of leaving went against every fibre of his being but it didn't seem like the right time to defy her. So Hayden put his big strong arms around Chanelle once more, holding on so tightly he could feel her heart beating in her chest, and she his.

"I've never felt like this about *anyone* before," he whispered, hoping for a

response that didn't come. "Call me later, please?"

He could feel her head nodding her agreement so he slowly released his embrace.

It was but a shred of hope, one he was determined to hold onto for dear life — only to find it dissipating in the hours that followed, as Hayden returned to his apartment to begin packing his life away.

That's also when he began plotting his own revenge against the evil monster he feared may have cost him the love of his life — he was going to make sure Kandi paid and big time.

The idea of extracting revenge briefly made Hayden feel good, but not nearly as good as his last encounter with Chanelle, which went way beyond anything he might have imaged possible.

It was different to the other times they'd made love, more primal and unbelievably enthralling, Chanelle slapping him hard across the face several times before grabbing his hair and pulling him in for a stolen kiss.

As she did so, something was triggered within him — something he'd never experienced before.

Sure he'd had rough sex many times but the girls were always the passive ones, lapping it like sex toys designed for his amusement, nothing more.

But he'd never had a woman return the favour, turning the tables on him, taking charge in every sense of the word.

After Chanelle saw the wretched video, that's exactly what she did — forcing herself on him and forcing him to perform to her satisfaction.

"Make me come... hard," she demanded, slapping his face again and again as he went down between her legs, pulling him up by his hair to prolong the foreplay and delay gratification for both of them.

Chanelle was like wild animal, taming the savage beast and instilling an insatiable desire to satisfy her and her only.

The more he tried to pleasure her, the more punitive her treatment became, never once letting up on the forced seduction he'd long ago succumbed to.

Hayden had felt so incredibly guilty, he welcomed her brutality, certain she had a right to hurt him, perhaps hoping it might somehow be cathartic too.

Or at least that's what he told himself.

But the truth was being punished by his beloved Chanelle was an unexpected turn-on he couldn't wait to repeat.

Hayden was hooked... and more importantly, he knew it, unable to stop thinking about their encounter, imagining Chanelle in a black leather corset, riding crop at the ready, him her humble and depraved sex slave ripe for the picking.

He was just about to jack off to this wonderful fantasy when his mobile rang, changing everything.

“Chanelle, you called!” he slobbered, elated beyond belief.

“I’m out the front,” she replied, sounding more like her old self, confident, happy, even playful. “I have a surprise for you, one I think you’re gonna like...”

27 It's showtime

Kandi was thrilled about the mysterious gig, her imagination running away with her the minute she heard about it.

Admittedly, she didn't know Delilah had pocketed most of the cash, leaving a mere five-hundred in Kandi's envelope while promising an additional two-grand upon arrival.

"And don't forget, you gotta split everything with me fifty-fifty... tips and all," Delilah added — price of doing business with her, after all she did set it up.

Fuck you Skullsy, Kandi mused during the cab ride over. *And fuck you too Hayden. I'm gonna meet a real man — rich, famous and into me! Doesn't get better than that...*

Kandi made some final adjustments after looking herself over in the elevator's full-length mirror. Her gold Lycra dress fit like it'd been painted on, her massive boobs bulging at the seams while she struggled to keep the ridiculously short skirt from ridding up.

It was as revealing an outfit as you could get away with in public and Kandi knew it!

Looking so damn fine, he won't know what hit him! she told herself, confidence rising, bolstered by the heavy-duty painkillers she'd washed down with half a bottle of tequila before leaving the club.

That was still fairly sober by Kandi's standards mind you — just numb enough to be devoid of fear or hesitation as she arrived on the 18th floor.

She let herself into the room only to be shocked by what she found!

Instead of the handsome stranger she anticipated would greet her, the lavish room was empty but for an open laptop, strategically positioned on the desk facing the bed.

An envelope lay on the keyboard containing the two-grand, as promised, along with a message reading:

‘Looking forward this so let’s get this party started! Press <enter> when you’re ready to begin.’

It was a no-brainer; the guy was clearly on the other side of the screen.

Given the ridiculous expectations Kandi’d built up in her mind, it came as quite a blow.

But money was money and he’d certainly kept his end of the bargain in that regard so Kandi rang Delilah straight away to give her a heads up.

“He’s not even in here Dee,” she complained, enthusiasm waning. “He’s got a laptop set up so looks like it’s going to be a cam session... yeah got the cash... naw, I’m fine, I’ll head home when I’m done, no need to wait up.”

Suspicious by nature, Delilah insisted Kandi call her back when the show was over, but she refused point blank, easier to pocket any extra earnings that way.

Then Kandi pressed ‘enter’ after striking the most suggestive pose she could in front of the laptop.

The screen remained black but a voice came over the speakers.

“Howdy precious,” the client pipped up in a thick Texan drawl that reminded her of the actor Matthew McConaughey so that’s who she pictured from that point on.

“I’ve been *so* looking forward to this sweet-cheeks.”

Kandi giggled, uncrossing her legs to spread ‘em wide apart, exposing the teeniest of G-strings covering the mere essence of her fun park.

“Me too handsome...” she purred, leaning in to showcase her massive cleavage. “So you gonna let me see you too sugar?”

“Sorry precious, I’m gonna have to pass on that, least fer now.”

“Aw really? Come on, be a sport... I’m all wet just thinking ‘bout you and I know my show’ll be even hotter if I can see you watching,” she coaxed, determined to catch glimpse of her invisible suitor.

“Well I’m mighty glad you’re wet sweet-cheeks but gonna stick to just watching *you* fer now. I can see them long legs of yours are spread wide open but you still got on all yer clothes... surely that ain’t necessary anymore?”

Kandi could tell he was eager and she was keen to milk it for all it was worth.

“So what do I call you sugar?” she asked coquettishly.

“Well let’s just say I’m ‘John’ fer now precious,” he replied.

“You over in the States John?” Kandi enquired, running her fingers playfully back-and-forth along the length of her inner thighs.

“Not gonna tell you exactly where I am sweet-cheeks but I may be closer

than you think, let's just leave it at that."

I'll bet he's in the hotel, she thought, her hands travelling up her waist to caress her curves seductively before cupping her boobs, jiggling them around like a pair of massive melons.

"My little show gonna turn you on so much you'll wish you *were* here John," she teased.

"Oh I think it might darlin', I think it might. So why don't you put on some music and start doin' yar thang for me precious."

Kandi put on some hip-hop well-suited to her brand of filth dancing then started the show.

With her back to the laptop and legs wide apart, she bent all the way over, exposing her gorgeous butt with her hairless pussy protruding conspicuously from both sides of her G-banger.

"Bet you'd like to spank this, wouldn't ya John?" she taunted playfully, twerking before giving her posterior a couple of loud wacks, cheeks wobbling exquisitely with each strike.

"Oh yeah sweet-cheeks, you got that right," he egged her on.

Kandi slithered her way out of the dress, making it look way harder than it really was to release herself from the tight Lycra.

Then she turned the moves on in earnest, displaying all the prowess of the headlining stripper she was, running her hands alluringly over all the good bits and pulling her bra cups down to release the 'girls' without actually removing the offending garment.

Her G-banger was soon off, displaying a moist inviting gash.

Along the way, John delivered a series of cat-calls and wolf-whistles, yelling out, "Yeeha sweet-cheeks, you're so hot when you spread 'em like that."

Naked but for her hooker heels, Kandi hopped onto the bed to showcase her flexibility, doing the splits in every conceivable direction and turning herself into a human pretzel — her pussy facing the laptop front-on no matter where the rest of her body lay.

It wasn't long before she reached into her bag of tricks, eager to introduce sex toys to the routine.

Kandi was so turned on by her own antics, she went off like a firecracker once the vibrators went on.

There was something about not seeing John, not knowing who he was, that made the whole thing more erotic and deviant to her — and she was loving it!

John 'woo-hoeing' throughout, calling out, "Fuck that asshole darlin', stretch her out, stretch her good."

"Let me come for you again sugar," she moaned. "I wanna come so bad..."

"Go for it precious," John encouraged from behind the screen.

“Fuck yeah, oh gawd!” she cried out, her pussy getting the better of her, coming so hard, her vibrator actually fell out!

No-one cared, least of all her.

Then Kandi just lay back seductively, catching her breath, looking longingly at the secretive laptop.

“Felt so good,” she purred, her flushed face hiding nothing. “Only wish you could be here too John, that would be so much better...”

“Wish I was there too darlin’,” he howled. “You’re smokin’ hot sweet-cheeks! You really are.”

“I’ll bet you’re hot too John,” she winked, fishing for more information.

“Well I’m not so sure about that darlin’ but it’s damn nice of you to say,” he retorted, the mood shifting to what seemed like it might actually pass for a proper conversation.

“You know, if you are closer than I think, do ya wanna come join me maybe?” she cautiously suggested.

“Well what I lack in good looks I certainly make up for in wallet size and my wallet’s bursting with cash I’d love to shower you with,” he teased. “But what would it really take fer me come join you precious... or should I say how much?”

28 Party on

“Okay sugar, how about three-grand?” Kandi carefully suggested. “Maybe a little more if you wanna play *with* rather than just watch...”

“I could be tempted sweet-cheeks but I reckon I’d need to know a little more ‘bout you... before I let *you* get to know *me*,” John replied.

“Well whadda you need to know, sugar. I’m an open book?” she cajoled, blinking seductively at the screen.

“Let’s start with yer name. I know Kandi’s gotta be a stage name coz no daddy’s calling his li’l girl Kandi, lessen he wants her to grow up to be a stripper... So tell me, what’s yer real name precious, yer whole name?”

It’d been quite some time since anyone asked Kandi a question *that* personal and she cringed on the inside.

But the idea of getting more cash outta this guy was too enticing.

“It’s Narelle. My real name’s Narelle Pincer.”

“Aw what a bi-u-ti-ful name, Narelle. Very southern-like and I lerve that in a gal,” John replied. “I’m Buck. But I ain’t givin’ you no last name, sweet-cheeks. It’s just Buck fer now okay?”

“Yeah Buck, that’s ace,” she happily agreed.

“Now you frum these parts Narelle or further out yonder? Tell me, where’d you grow up at?” he probed.

“Oh a far off country town you never even heard of Buck,” she replied, starting to become coy.

“Try me precious, kinda like to know...”

“Northam,” Kandi offered up, sounding forced. “I’m from a nothing little

place out in whoop-whoop called Northam.”

“You got family in them thar parts or are they big city folk like you now?” he continued, angling for more.

“Naw, they’re all still in Northam, Buck. They don’t like the big smoke but they’re pretty well-known in their neck of the woods. My dad’s the local mayor actually,” she confided, becoming uncomfortable but determined to see this through, to get her just deserts. “So how about it Buck, you gonna come up and see me or what?”

The laptop went quiet but Kandi stayed the distance, gazing provocatively at the screen as she licked her lips seductively.

“Gotta admit, I’d lerve to come up darlin’ but gonna need you to do one more little thing fer me first.”

“What’s that Buck? You know I’d do anything for you,” she openly flirted.

“Now I’m not saying yer dirty or nothing’, least not in a bad way, but I’m kinda fussy ‘bout me gals,” he explained. “So I’m gonna need you to wash up darlin’ and scrub yourself real thorough like.”

Kandi cocked her head, eyes narrowing with confusion while she pretending not to be fazed in the least, encouraging Buck to continue.

“I know you got on all that lovely makeup and all but I’m gonna need you cleaned up good and proper before I join you. Whadda ya say Narelle, d’ya think ya could do that fer me darlin’? Could ya?”

“That sounds just dandy Buck, just dandy,” she smiled, taken aback by his request but thrilled he was definitely on.

“Okay, you go ahead and wait fer me in them thar tub, all hot and steamy like,” he instructed. “And point the laptop at the door too precious, so I can see you go in.”

Kandi hopped off the bed and blew Buck a kiss as she closed the bathroom door behind her.

She was so excited she was nearly jumping out of her skin, though in fairness, some of that may simply have been the effects of coming down, her painkillers wearing off, withdrawals from the harder stuff setting in proper.

But none of that mattered now.

Kandi figured she had it in the bag so she showered like a trooper, pulling her hair extensions out, makeup gone, body pristine.

Then she just lay in the tub and waited expectantly.

It wasn’t long before she heard the hotel room door slamming shut.

He’s here, she thought. *Finally here!*

“Hey honey, are you home?” Kandi called out in her own mock American accent but when she failed to get a reply, she called out again, this time without the accent. “Hey sugar, you here?”

Still no reply.

Kandi stayed in the tub a bit longer but her patience soon waned then she finally peeked around the bathroom door.

It was then she discovered the laptop gone, along with all her clothes, her handbag and even her high-heeled shoes!

There was nothing left, not even her well-earned two-and-a-half-grand!

“What the fuck?” she yelled at absolutely no-one since she was clearly alone. “You fucking fuck head!”

Without her bag, Kandi didn’t even have her precious mobile, which meant she couldn’t call Delilah because she couldn’t remember her number, or anyone else’s number for that matter — bar one.

The only phone number Kandi knew off by heart was Skullsy’s and when she tried him on the room’s phone, there was of course no answer.

Exhausted, confused and coming down badly, she raided the mini bar, throwing pillows around in a fit of rage.

She had nothing now, no money, no clothes, no prescription painkillers — just a room for the night and no idea how the fuck she was going to get home.

It was all too much and she began crying.

“What do I do now?!” she sobbed pathetically into the one remaining pillow she failed to throw on the floor. “What the fuck do I do?”

Eventually, thankfully, sleep overcame her, or Kandi just plain passed out, who could tell?

Either way, all was revealed in the morning when a man quietly let himself in.

He abruptly opened the curtains, the harsh sunlight instantly waking Kandi from her slumber, leaving her both confused and surprised.

She sat up, squinting, trying to make out the figure... feeling like death warmed up and slightly embarrassed by her dilapidated state.

“Buck?” she mumbled, barely coherent. “That you?”

“What the fuck have you done you stupid bitch?!” came the irate response.

It was a man’s voice, an angry man.

He did not have an American accent.

He did not sound like Buck.

But it was a voice that instantly struck the fear of god into her, a voice she knew only too well the moment she heard it.

It was her ex Stan Weinberg and he sounded mad as hell!

29 Sweet surrender

Chanelle felt snug as a bug, all curled up in her bed with her handsome 'Prince Charming' spooning from behind, holding on as tight as he could to her warm, soft body... and to the dream of a future together.

Hayden was everything she never knew she wanted and then some.

Lying there, she felt a radiant glow burning within, his cock hard, reaffirming the control she had over him — in all kinds of ways but most especially sexually.

That's why it made no sense at all that hurting Hayden could bring *such* pleasure!

Slapping his face, tormenting his nipples, forcing him to beg — all of it fuelled a raging passion within, one she dare not examine too closely, not even in the privacy of her own mind.

And yet Chanelle had to admit, to herself at least, that she really did enjoy torturing the man.

Even more surprising, he seemed to relish it as much as she did, if not more!

This incomprehensible but undeniable truth felt raw and gritty, compelling and addictive, their lust unleashing sexual inclinations neither expected but both found impossible to ignore.

"Love you so much," he whispered in her ear for what seemed like the millionth time since collapsing in bed together.

"What am I gonna do without you?!" she murmured, not expecting a response, not even looking for one as she rolled around to face him.

"I don't have to leave," he volunteered but she pressed her finger against his lips to silence him.

There was a magnetic chemistry between them like nothing she'd ever experienced before and yet Chanelle refused to even consider the notion of Hayden forgoing his promotion.

"Honestly..." he began once more but determined to shut him down, she leaned in and let their lips touch.

It was enough to set off those familiar goose bumps that seemed to escalate each time they touched.

Chanelle manoeuvred her way on top, straddling Hayden and allowing her soft mound to brush seductively against his cock.

The sexual tension soon intensified with the feel of his skin against hers, his tongue in her mouth, his smell, his everything.

Hayden began caressing her breasts, stroking her back, teasing her soft, moist gash, Chanelle in a state of hyper-arousal now, one where *everything* he did provoked an erotic response!

He soon slid her onto her back, kissing her face and neck, toying with her nipples and fingering her pussy... all at the same time.

Chanelle was in another world, the sensations so intense it felt like a complete body orgasm... with no end in sight!

Hayden continued pleasuring her, his mouth lingering at each erogenous zone, her response confirming every move he made was the right one.

Finally his mouth reached her pussy — hot breath teasing, his touch electrifying and that tongue, oh my god that tongue!

She gasped as her body twisted with pleasure, inhibitions completely gone, Hayden latching onto her clit with a gentle sucking motion.

She somehow found the presence of mind to reach down and run her fingers through his hair before grabbing on for dear life, pulling hard to deliver the treasured pain she knew they'd both come to adore.

"Ah... A-a-a-ah! OH — yes, fuck YEAH!" she screamed as a massive orgasm took hold, doubling over and releasing his head from her thighs as well as her clasp of his hair.

"Oh, I can't stand it, I love it... don't stop... never stop..." she moaned.

When her crescendo finally abated, Hayden fell back on the bed and Chanelle crawled in close, her body radiating satisfaction from every pore, her pupils wide-and-black, lips so full she had 'trout pout' — at both ends.

It took her a moment to regroup but when she did, Chanelle was transfixed by his patient, beckoning erection, determined to consume it whole.

So she eased him into her drenched pussy, which welcomed every inch of it!

She was so engorged, his member felt like it was stretching the hell out of her insides — in a good way... no in the *best* way possible, with every move

bringing waves of pleasure.

Even twitching as he inhaled seemed to send shockwaves through her body, let alone the effect his massive thrusts were having on her.

They were soon lost in a frenzy of lovemaking, going hard and fast, slow and deliberate, then fast again till he could hold back no more.

“Oh babe, I’m coming, I’m coming,” he growled.

“Do it, babe... come for me!” she cried, planting her fervent lips on his to share a passionate kiss as he blew his load.

Their bodies remained intertwined, pushing, squirming, desperate to tease out every possible sensation from their amazing coupling.

It was wild and crazy, explosive and exhilarating, arousing and gratifying — all at once!

Their breath finally began to slow, blood returning to their heads for the first time in what seemed like forever.

Eventually, Hayden’s habitual erection gave way, discretely slipping out to rest benignly alongside her.

That was Chanelle’s cue to slink into his powerful arms, laying her head on his chest where she could hear his heart beating loudly.

“Speechless... I’m just speechless,” she purred, lost in an afterglow that felt like it would never end.

At the same time, a sense of apprehension began to rise within — a type of foreboding, knowing the wonderful sensations they were sharing now would soon be curtailed... perhaps wondering if this could even be real.

Maybe it was the uncertainty in the air that had seduced the two of them into playing a crazy game of ‘chicken’, waiting to see who would fold first when it came to their grandiose ‘sex-capades’, pushing the envelope further each time they played.

But there was more to it than the physical element.

There was also a strange almost perfect love story unfolding at lightning speed — one threatening to swallow up their individuality at the very moment their independence would be needed most.

That time arrived more quickly than either would have liked.

Standing together at the airport terminal late that afternoon, the pair could barely choke back the tears as the final boarding call intruded upon their safe little cocoon.

Finally, unfortunately, the reality of their imminent parting could no longer be denied.

“I can’t just leave like this,” Hayden protested, the pained look on his face pulling at Chanelle’s heartstrings.

“I don’t want you to go either,” she admitted. “But this is such a great opportunity. You gotta take it. I’d never forgive myself if *I* was the reason you didn’t.”

“But all I want is to be with *you*,” he insisted looking at her with absolute

and complete devotion. "Don't you understand, I love you woman!"

Chanelle sighed, her eyes no longer able to mask her sorrow, her heart barely holding together.

"I wanna be with you too babe. But it's not a bad idea to have some time apart, to see how we feel and to give our bodies a break... you know I can hardly walk after this afternoon's delight," she laughed, forced though it clearly was.

Hayden smiled back but it was a sad smile.

Then he scooped her into his arms one last time, twirling her round like a ragdoll, all the while kissing her passionately.

Chanelle responded with equal measure, desperate to hold on for dear life but forcing herself to release him at the end of that wonderful kiss.

"I think I love you too," she finally fessed up. "Feels like I've always loved you and I always will!"

"So how can I be leaving right now?" he sighed.

His obvious lament warmed her heart, as well as her pussy, which was still tingling wildly as it seemed to almost continuously whenever they were together.

"We'll work it out, I know we will. But now's not the time for that," she maintained, sounding more like his boss for a moment than his devoted lover. "Remember you're only a plane flight away. And this won't be forever, we'll see each other next weekend."

"If not sooner," he optimistically suggested.

And with that, they bid each other farewell with one more long passionate kiss, losing themselves in a warm embrace that would soon be interrupted by a callous crew member tapping Hayden's shoulder, seemingly without the slightest compassion.

Hayden released his girl, looking longingly into her beautiful eyes, which appeared to be glassing up.

Then he bravely turned away and walk straight through the gate.

Chanelle spun round too, planning to leave but, in the end, waited till his plane actually took off.

Only then did she allow herself to cry openly, no longer caring who might see, as long as *he* didn't.

My heart will stay broken till I'm in your arms again, her inner voice proclaimed, tears streaming down her cheeks, pussy still smarting from the best sex of her life!

Could they really last a week? Would they?

Neither knew for sure.

It seems that game of 'chicken' can work outside the bedroom too, as they would both soon discover.

30 Lock-up

After a night in remand, Kandi was climbing the walls, more sober than she'd been in years and completely freaked out!

She'd never been arrested before, let alone locked up, and as far as she was concerned, there was nothing good about it.

The stark two-by-three cell was abominable, with its single bunk bed and metal toilet — both as unpleasant to use as they were to look at. The constant light from the caged fluoro was unbearable, particularly given it was on 24/7.

But it was the rank odour that offended her sensibilities most — a combination of urine and disinfectant with another strange scent, one she had trouble identifying.

It was the persistent, unyielding smell of fear, and the air was thick with it.

As harrowing as her surprise incarceration was, nothing was more distressing than Stan's ridiculous accusations!

"Arrested! How the fuck d'ya get arrested?" Delilah sneered when her wayward stripper finally called.

"It's all Stan's fault," Kandi replied. "Why'd you even book him for that show?"

"Whatta you talking about? Stan who?" Delilah snorted, incensed at what appeared to be an accusation of sorts.

"Stan! Stan Weinberg, my fucking ex..." Kandi blurted. "He was the secret client right?"

"What?! I've got no idea what you're talking about Kandi. All I know is you owe me a grand from last night's show," she snapped back. "If you think

you're gonna to get out of paying me with some story about Stan, then think again my girl. I get my cut of the cash or you ain't got no job here!"

"There *is* no money, Stan stole it!" Kandi howled indignantly. "Then he got me arrested! I'm still in lock-up. I can't get you any money when I'm stuck in here!?"

Calling from jail — still in there, Delilah thought, abruptly hanging up. *What's that little skank up to!*

Looking like a deer in headlights, Kandi pleaded with the cell sergeant for a second call, one he grudgingly agreed to against his better judgement.

This time she rang Skullsy but when he failed to answer, she left a pitiful message on his voicemail:

"I'm in police custody Skullsy, you gotta help me, I'm begging you!"

Kandi couldn't sleep that night, her mind racing, body aching, anxiety through the roof as she tried to work out how she got into this mess and, more importantly, how she was going to get out of it.

The next day she was brought before a magistrate, accompanied by a disinterested court-appointed lawyer.

"I didn't *do* anything Judge... *I'm* the victim here!" Kandi implored but no-one was listening. "I was tricked by Stan Weinberg. I never did the stuff he said, you gotta believe me!"

The problem was Kandi's version of events just didn't ring true.

Plus there was evidence, a whole lot of it linking her to the crimes for which she'd been charged — identity theft and extortion.

Stan's bank records showed a large sum of money transferred from his account directly into hers during the wee hours of Sunday morning. He also had text messages from Kandi as good as admitting the crime and insisting he meet her at the hotel.

He had no trouble proving who the *real* victim was and Kandi had... well... nothing — no possessions, not even a clear recollection of the night's events, given how drunk she was at the time.

The magistrate granted bail at a very achievable ten-grand but with Skullsy unresponsive, Kandi's bank account frozen and Delilah not even taking her calls, there was no-one to post bail.

So the poor girl remained in lock-up till Thursday morning when she was finally released on remand.

"You've been lucky this time round Narelle Pincer," the cell sergeant told her. "I suggest you get your sorry ass outta here and make sure you front up to your next court hearing."

"I'll be there," she promised, pointlessly adding. "I really didn't do anything. I'm being framed and I'm gonna prove it too."

31 *New beginnings*

First day in a new job's always the longest of your life, the first week the longest week.

Combined with relocating *and* leaving Chanelle behind, Hayden was simply reeling — the days a whirlwind of meets and greets, the nights long and lonely.

Chanelle knew it had to be harder on him than it was for her.

After all she had everything and everyone at her beck and call — everyone except Hayden that is.

And as she discovered almost immediately, all work and no Hayden made Chanelle a dull girl!

She missed *everything* about that punk — his smile, his jokes but most especially his touch — the same touch that melted her heart and kept her insides in a perpetual state of excitement.

But knowing he was suffering made their separation almost unbearable, so much so Chanelle started leaving work early, which went completely against the grain but felt totally worthwhile the minute she heard his voice, saw his face and those sad, longing eyes of his.

That was enough to sustain her but it was a different story for him.

By Thursday, Hayden could barely stand it and began texting mid-afternoon, desperate for her sweet words to comfort his aching heart.

‘Hey babe, how goes it?’

His text arrived at what would be early afternoon for Chanelle but already late in the day for him.

With no immediate response, he soon texted again, this time more playfully:

‘Hey babe, thinking of you... can still smell your deliciousness on those panties you left me. Wish you were in them now so I could have my wicked way with you!!!’

But when she again failed to respond, Hayden felt uneasy.

They’d been exchanging risqué texts all week, Chanelle usually starting the thread with provocative lingo that never failed to get a rise from him.

Why no reply today? he wondered.

What started as a fleeting thought quickly became an obsession, forcing him to check his mobile repeatedly before texting again:

‘Hey beautiful, wassup? All okay?’

As it turned out, something *was* wrong — Chanelle hadn’t even seen his texts because she didn’t have her mobile with her — she was in the Intensive Care Unit, which didn’t allow mobile devices.

“Will everything be okay?” she asked a passing nurse, who stopped momentarily but offered little comfort, simply stating, “Let’s wait for the specialist shall we?”

Chanelle’s offsider Eric was sitting patiently outside the ICU and *he* was the one in possession of her mobile.

Though he wasn’t a nosey guy by nature, he’d heard the messages arriving, instinctively peering down and reading each one as it popped up briefly on her screen.

From there, it didn’t take a genius to work out Chanelle and Hayden were definitely an item.

You old dog! he thought — after all, Chanelle was hot property and Hayden by no means the only one vying for her attention.

Eric was caught out a few minutes later when Hayden rang outright and felt compelled to pick up, cringing as he greeted his colleague.

“Hayden, mate, how goes it?”

“Oh hey Eric, I’m good. How’re you doing?” Hayden replied, sounding cagey. “Don’t tell me Chanelle’s got you answering her phone now, what gives?”

“Well kinda but not really. It’s just I saw it was you and since she’s not available...” Eric responded, cryptically adding, “Um, not sure if I’m meant to tell you what’s going on?”

Hayden knew Chanelle never let *anyone* answer her phone, not even him! This unexpected change in behaviour was more than concerning, it was downright disturbing.

“Look mate, Chanelle and I are pretty tight. I think if something’s up over

there she'd want me in on it. Can you maybe get her for me?" he urged.

"Ah, not really mate, she's in Intensive Care," Eric winced, his apprehension palpable. "Don't allow mobiles in there, which is why I've got hers. Can I help maybe?"

Hayden's heart stopped as he held his breath — the love of his life was in intensive care!

How could it be?

What the hell could have happened since last night when Chanelle sounded so sexy and playful during their evening chat?

32 Unwelcome home coming

Kandi had nothing with her when she was arrested, not even her keys so she had to get the building manager to let her back into her apartment.

Only then did the full extent of what had transpired become apparent.

Her place was a mess, furniture in disarray, shit strewn everywhere.

A shocked Kandi headed straight for her cash stash, only to find her life savings of the nearly forty-grand gone — her place completely ransacked!

“Fuck!” she screamed as she pulled apart her mattresses, desperate to find the money. “Please be here, please be here! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!!!!”

But there was none to be found, not even in the cookie jar in her kitchen!

The only saving grace was finding her handbag on the floor, which Kandi rifflled through immediately looking for her phone.

Yes! Thank fuck I still have you, she thought pulling the handset out only to discover the screen smashed beyond repair, her mobile dead.

“You fucking kidding me?!” she screeched at the top of her lungs. “Mother fucking MOTHERFUCKER!”

All her contacts, passwords, emails, the lot — irretrievably gone.

It was as though her life had been erased, along with all the apps she’d amassed over the years.

That meant the stalker app synced to Hayden’s mobile was lost, along with Stan’s deets, which she’d held onto for no particular reason other than she already had them.

Going through her purse was not much better, her ID missing, credit cards gone along with every last penny!

It was clear Stan had got her and he got her good!

Heart sinking, head throbbing, Kandi went straight for her prescription painkillers only to find they too were missing, boxes left behind to pour salt in the wounds.

Even her booze was gone, empty bottles in the sink, flies buzzing around like vultures picking over a dead carcass.

Kandi was beyond distraught!

She felt violated, destitute and completely defeated.

"Why me?" she sobbed inconsolably. "I've never hurt anyone in my life. I don't deserve this. I'm the nicest person you could ever meet. Why's all this happening to me?"

Then, in the midst of her despair, Kandi heard a knock at the door, well more of a pounding really. She dragged her sorry ass over to peek through the peephole, only to be stunned once more.

"Open up Narelle, we know you're in there!" an angry man shouted. "Open the door you selfish bitch!"

"Narelle, it's your mother. Do what your father says and open up!" she implored, sounding just as angry.

Kandi was panic-stricken.

"Go away!" she cried. "Can't see you right now."

"Narelle, how could you?" her father roared. "Sending that video to the entire family, posting it on the town's Facebook page. That filthy smut... what's wrong with you?! Have you lost your mind?!"

Video? Kandi wondered. *What are they talking about?!*

"All those years of dance classes and you waste your talents making pornos," her mother screamed despairingly, not caring what the neighbours might think, not even caring what her daughter might think.

"Are you a whore now, is that what you've become?!" her father bellowed. "Degrading us like that, how could you do this to your own mother, to your family?!"

Kandi was confused... she hadn't made any pornos and she most definitely hadn't posted anything on the hometown Facebook page!

It was a small country town where everyone knew everyone else — she'd never have 'outed' herself that way, let alone humiliated her family.

And then it dawned on her — was Stan behind this too?

Oh my god, did he film me at the hotel? she wondered. *Shit, he must have... then posted it online?! Fuck, fuck fuck! What kind of an evil monster does that!?*

"Have you no self-respect, no dignity!" her father hollered on. "You're dead to us now. Too cowardly to even face us. I never want to see you again! You hear me Narelle — NEVER EVER EVER!"

Kandi sunk to the floor, waiting for the horrendous banging to end.

Sure she hadn't had a lot to do with her family since moving to Perth but she never wanted to be excommunicated, let alone for the whole town to see

her 'perform'.

Finally the unbearable yelling stopped and Kandi heard footsteps as her parents walked away.

Only then did she burst into tears again, completely distraught.

She couldn't understand why Stan would have been so cruel, so vindictive.

After all, *he* was the one who dumped *her*, not the other way around!

He had no reason to attack her like this — nothing made sense anymore.

But with no-one by her side and nothing to make her feel better, all the girl could do was cry her little heart out, wondering how she was going to get 'out of it', in every sense given she was out of drugs and out of money.

33 Recovery mode

The sun was disappearing into the Indian Ocean, the sky a glorious pink glow destined to fade fast, just in time for the streetlights to come on.

That was Kandi's queue to finally wipe away the tears and pull herself together, in time for her treasured darkness to fall upon the city.

She was tired, hungry and desperate to feel better.

But with all her money and drugs gone, she had but one choice left — front up to the club and beg Delilah to let her dance. She was even prepared to cough up the thousand bucks she knew would be demanded... whatever it took to get her job back.

Kandi threw herself into recovery mode, showering the jail grime off, putting tea bags over her eyes to reduce the puffiness and styling her hair into as many curls as she could muster, hoping to compensate for the tresses of hair extensions lost at the hotel.

Then she spent the next hour getting her makeup just right — fake lashes in place, lips so bright they looked on fire and slipping her way into the sluttiest outfit she could amass capped off with her trademark black thigh high boots.

Kandi was finally ready to face the world once more — she had to be.

Her mind was sharp too.

The vagueness brought on by her constant intoxication well-and-truly worn off during lock-up, replaced by a level of coherence she hadn't felt in years.

Confidence slowly returning, she grabbed her empty purse and wandered

down to the taxi rank at the end of her street.

There was only one cab waiting but that's all she needed — a ride back to the club and back to her wonderful life as a hard-core stripper.

Kandi leaned in to the driver's window seductively, allowing her abundant cleavage to dangle like bait on a hook. Then with the sweetest smile imaginable she purred, "Hey sugar, how's *your* night going?"

Her intended victim, the taxi driver, was big Maori mama who reeked of coffee and smokes. She looked like a hard woman but was at least willing to smile back, front teeth missing entirely, eyes popping out of her head.

"All the bitta for seeing you," she replied in her thick New Zealand accent.

"Cool, hey I'm a bit skint right now sugar... any chance of a quick lift to Northbridge?" Kandi optimistically suggested.

"You work thir lovey?" she enquired, her smile transforming into a lecherous grimace — she was clearly a dyke.

Kandi nodded, batting her eyelids and giving the woman a quick half-wink.

"Won't take long sugar, you don't mind do you?"

"I'm heppy to take you but you heve to pay."

Kandi sighed.

This was clearly going to be harder than first thought.

"Got no cash or cards on me sugar," she cringed. "Come on, do a girl a favour? I'd *really* appreciate it."

The dyke rubbed her chin, looking Kandi up-and-down, sizing her up.

"Maybe you cin pay some other way ..." she suggested looking sleazier by the minute while pointing to her crotch. "Perhaps we cin have some fin together?"

"Can't I just show you my tits?" Kandi countered but the driver shook her head.

"Cim on girl, won't take much to make me heppy."

Desperate and out-of-options, Kandi caved fast, nodding her agreement as she jumped in the passenger's side — she didn't mind doing sheilas, it's just she preferred to be paid or watched when it happened.

The driver took her down a dark side-street, pulling up in a secluded laneway.

"Ectually, wouldn't mind seeing them titties after all, they look enormous!"

Kandi pulled her top down, unhooking her bra and releasing her massive melons all at once.

The driver tried cupping them but her hands weren't *near* big enough to accomplish that!

"Hivy aren't they," she relished, jiggling 'em around then leaning in to lose her face in that ridiculous cleavage. "I'd eat 'em for dinner bit there's too much for one meal!"

Kandi laughed.

"There sure is sugar. Now what can I do to make you 'heppy'... wanna

eat me out or get eaten.”

Taxi girl's eyes lit up.

“Both I think, maybe in the bick seat of the car,” she suggested.

The dyke was clearly an older gal so Kandi let her lie back, pants round her ankles, while she slipped her G off and went into a classic sixty-niner.

“Yis, yis, yis,” the woman cried out, climaxing quicker than either expected.

Kandi wiped her mouth, ready to dismount when the driver grabbed her hips, pulling her crotch down again.

“You don't have to finish *me* off,” Kandi laughed but taxi girl wouldn't hear of it.

“Six is six and it ain't over in my books till we both git off,” she replied enthusiastically, sucking Kandi's clit into the gap between her teeth where her tongue could molest it feverishly.

It was a surprisingly nice sensation — the woman certainly knew her stuff! Kandi gyrated somewhat, moaning loudly as she popped her cork.

“Cin go again if you want,” the woman volunteered but Kandi declined.

“Sorry but I really gotta get to the club.”

Taxi driver was a sport about it, driving her straight there.

“In case you need a fribee again sometime,” she cheerfully offered, handing her card over.

Kandi smiled.

“You never know, you're pretty good with your tongue sugar,” she admitted with a playful wink.

“Difinitely and you know how to make a girl heppy too!” the driver laughed.

With that, Kandi fronted up to the doorman who let her through the club's big red doors, with a nod and a wink.

I'm back sugar, I'm back! she told herself, actually starting to believe it.

34 *Unexpected rendezvous*

Chanelle's smile was both welcoming and welcome, her big brown eyes sparkling in the afternoon sun, a strong breeze toying with her hair the way she toyed with Hayden's heart — mercilessly.

There was definitely a sense of excitement in the air, of complete abandon.

Hayden was simply captivated, as he always was in her presence, eager to throw his arms around her petite frame, to kiss her soft lips and whisper sweet nothings endlessly into her ear.

But before any of that could happen, she took his hand in hers, igniting that familiar spark he felt every time they touched.

"Come hither my sweet," she cooed with a cheeky grin on her face.

"Gladly," he smiled back, encouraging Chanelle to take the lead, eager to see where they might go this time round.

It felt *so* good to finally be together again, and in Queens Gardens of all places — the scene of their first sexual encounter.

The star-crossed lovers made their way round the lake and back to the seclusion of Notting bench. It seemed to take them back in time too, neither sure what would happen next.

"Can't wait, I just can't wait," she purred, leaning in for a rushed kiss before dragging them through the foliage, which seemed thicker than during their previous visit.

"I can't wait either," he reassured, not that assurance was even needed.

With Notting bench coming into view, the sounds of birds chirping became louder, foreshadowing the level of privacy they were likely to be afforded.

Once there, Chanelle pushed Hayden onto the bench and climbed into his lap, a mischievous glint in her eye, the shoulder strap on her floral dress slipping down revealing so much cleavage he could almost see her nipples.

Finally they began kissing in earnest, Hayden's heart pounding out of his chest, his pants feeling the familiar strain of yet another Chanelle-inspired boner.

"Shall I keep my hands on the bench?" he mocked, keen to obey her every whim and fancy.

"Not this time lover-boy, I've something special in mind... Now cover your eyes."

"Wow, taking it to the next level," he teased then obediently placed his hands over his eyes, determined to play along with this exquisite new game as eagerly as he had to the first.

But losing vision, even voluntarily, was a strange sensation, one that heighten his other senses — smell, sound, taste and feel.

It increased his arousal too, as Hayden waited for the unexpected, comfortable to dwell in the unknown as long as she was by his side.

That was the thing about Chanelle, she always knew how to up the ante in ways that constantly amazed him, never failing to intrigue *and* arouse!

"Trust me?" she asked playfully.

"Always my love, always," he replied, trying to quiet his mind, focusing on the sensations around him... and his growing excitement.

Her warm breath was on his neck, her lips brushing softly against his then disappearing as mysteriously as they'd arrived. The smell of her hair attracted his attention, its softness tickling his chest as his beloved hovered around him.

Then a warm wet kiss finally arrived, spiking his interest and sending a shockwave through his entire being.

She tasted delicious, her tongue toying with his, her body leaning in enticingly — the hairs on the back of his neck standing at attention, along with the boner in his pants.

Her lips slipped away momentarily, drifting to his neck where they would first kiss then bite in delicious succession. Hayden was completely seduced as she slid down his body, caressing his chest, loitering on his nipples, tweaking with delight.

Eventually she slipped off entirely, planting herself between his legs, which she parted with a light tap on each inner thigh.

Hayden could feel his zipper being pulled down, hot breath finding its way through his pants, long fingernails tickling and teasing his erection.

"Oh Chanelle, what are you doing to me?" he whispered but no reply was forthcoming, only more teasing and more of that delicious, indescribable sexual tension they were both mesmerised by.

Hayden leaned back, losing himself in it all only to have Chanelle extract

herself entirely mere moments later.

Where had she gone and what was she planning next?

Hayden didn't know, and he didn't care either, the mystery only added to his excitement.

"Anticipation's killing me babe," he whispered and it felt like he could *hear* her smile — she *was* enjoying herself, of that there was no doubt.

So he remained patient, cock hard, so ready to come he was afraid he might explode the minute she fondled him.

To calm down, he concentrated on his breathing — slowly in-and-out, in-and-out — just as his cock hoped to do in the not-too-distant-future. It was riveting, even hypnotic, time drifting by, his amplified senses on high alert — ready, open, urgent.

But seconds soon turned to minutes, then tens of minutes and yet Chanelle remained elusive, invisible and completely untouchable.

So much so Hayden began wondering if she was even still there!

She's testing me, he concluded. *She wants to see how obedient I can be?*

Determined to excel at her latest challenge, Hayden kept his eyes covered, arms tiring, arousal in a holding pattern with no end in sight.

Finally he had to speak up.

"Babe, what are you doing?" he murmured but there was no reply, only the rustling of wind through the bushes.

Hayden's resolve began to waiver and he called out, this time louder.

"Babe? You there?"

Still no reply, not even the sound of Chanelle breathing.

That's when he noticed her irresistible smell seemed to have vanished too, taking with it the erotic spark he felt whenever she was near.

It was disconcerting, worrying even, undermining his resolve entirely till he lowered his hands and opened his eyes. It took a moment to adjust to the light then he realised Chanelle was nowhere to be seen.

Hayden zipped up his fly and did a full three-sixty, carefully checking the broader surrounds.

Had the game turned into hide-and-seek?

Was he now supposed to search for her?

Unsure but determined, Hayden made his way out of the foliage and into the park proper.

It was empty, completely abandoned but for the black swans and ducks swimming in the lake, looking back at him with curious amusement.

"Chanelle, where are you?" he shouted out, looking in all directions.

She wasn't in the open, in the bushes or near the lake.

Is this how the game's supposed to go? he wondered, quickly losing interest in playing at all then, thankfully, the sound of laughter drew his attention.

It was coming from behind, from the direction of Notting bench, back in the secluded garden where the game had begun.

Instantly relieved, he made his way back through the foliage, which seemed even thicker this time round.

But he smiled broadly when he saw Chanelle on the bench, her back to him, her long dark hair flowing in the wind.

“You cheeky monkey,” he scolded, reaching for her shoulder.

But when she turned, to his horror, it wasn’t Chanelle at all!

“What the fuck!” he gasped. “Kandi! How’d *you* get here?!”

Kandi pulled the long brown wig off and began laughing.

“Hey fuck head,” she sniggered, glaring unforgivingly. “It’s your turn to suffer now! Karma’s a bitch ain’t it sugar.”

“What the hell are you talking about?! And where’s Chanelle?” he demanded.

Then, without warning, Kandi pulled a knife and lunged at him.

It jolted Hayden back to reality, his heart racing faster than ever as he found himself back in his Adelaide hotel room, alone and abandoned.

It was all a dream and a bad one at that, leaving the poor boy more than perturbed.

The room was pitch black apart from the green haze emanating from the electric clock on his bedside table. He glanced over to see it was four in the morning, which meant it was well after one in Perth and way too late to try Chanelle again.

This must be what hell feels like, his inner voice lamented and he wasn’t far off.

Being separated from his love and unable to reach her really did feel like hell on earth to Hayden.

What he didn’t know is *he* would soon be indisposed, unreachable and on an unexpected journey — one neither he nor Chanelle could have predicted.

35 *Return of the prodigal son*

“Well, well, well, look what the cat’s dragged in,” scoffed Delilah when she laid eyes upon her truant dancer. “You’ve got some nerve showing up like this. And you’d better have my money too or I’ll be kicking your ass to the kerb!”

Kandi gave Delilah her best conciliatory smile, ready to plead her case and do *whatever* it took to get her job back — after all, she was desperate!

“Don’t worry Dee, I’m totally gonna pay you, I just don’t have a grand on me right now,” she explained with uncommon humility. “My apartment got broken into, they took all my cash Dee, honest... everything’s missing, even my credit cards!”

Delilah sighed as Kandi continued to plead her case, finally relenting.

“Alright, I’ll let you dance but I want at least three-hundred off your debt tonight. And no trouble from you either. That means no drinking, no drugs on prem and no shit in general. You got that?”

“Oh yes, Dee. Thanks so much, Dee. You’re the best, you really are!” Kandi rejoiced, giving Delilah a huge hug — one that was merely tolerated, not returned. “Honestly you won’t regret this, I promise!”

Back on stage, Kandi felt alive again, all eyes on her as she drank in the attention!

The music was thumping, spotlight unforgivingly bright, making her feel like the star stripper she’d almost forgotten she was.

The men seemed more eager than usual too, stuffing fivers and tens into her G-string as she opened her legs gratuitously before them in a surprising

number of different directions, each one more suggestive than the last.

There were even a couple of twenties wedged into her tiny G-banger — proving Kandi was on fire... and she knew it!

At the end of her set, she moseyed onto the floor, soliciting private lap dances from willing customers — the main way to generate income offstage.

With her seductive brimming-with-confidence smile and bubbly personality, Kandi picked up three consecutive lap dances almost immediately, hitting her three-hundred-dollar target within the hour.

To celebrate she decided to make good on her debt.

Rest of tonight's earnings will be mine, she told herself, spotting Delilah in a corner booth, laughing with a handsome clean-cut gent, one who was *totally* Kandi's type.

"Sorry to intrude Dee but I got that money for you," she sang impishly, batting her lashes more than usual when her eyes met those of the handsome stranger.

"Well 'bout time," Delilah teased, in a tone that remained friendly but still somewhat condescending.

Truth is she was actually quite impressed to be getting three-hundred-bucks out of Kandi so soon, noting out loud, "You *are* doing well tonight."

"Sure am!" she smiled back, aware she was now being eyed up, Delilah's companion licking his lips at the sight of her... or so she thought.

"You gonna introduce me to your handsome friend?" Kandi suggested, starting to feel a strange sensation that rarely came over her — a mixture of shyness and self-consciousness.

Both Delilah and her companion seemed perplexed by her remark.

"I'm pretty sure you don't need an introduction Kandi," Delilah mocked. "You know this guy better than I do... it's Skullsy?!"

"What?" she said incredulously, doing a double-take. "No way!"

"Yes way," he laughed, the sound of his voice removing all doubt as to his identity. "Didn't recognise me huh?"

"Skullsy, is that really you?" Kandi asked superfluously, her eyes wide with astonishment.

In fairness Skullsy did look quite different.

His long ponytail and goatee gone, replaced by a crewcut and clean-shaven in a way that accentuated his strong chin and chiselled features, something Kandi never realised he had.

"I don't believe it! What've you done with yourself?" she continued, trying to suppress her obvious excitement at meeting the 'new' Skullsy. "You look... amazing! You're a new man!"

Skullsy was as chuffed by her unexpected attention as was he was miffed.

In all the years he'd pined for the girl, she'd barely given him the time of day.

And now, after straitening his act ever so slightly, suddenly she was drooling all over him.

“Yeah well don’t get too excited,” he warned, a familiar glint in his eye — one that now made Kandi blush. “It’s still the old me on the inside.”

“Don’t make me tell you to get back to work Kandi,” Delilah interjected, baffled by her reaction to Skullsy... and just a tad annoyed on his behalf, well-aware of his long-held crush on the girl.

“Sorry, yeah I guess my set’s coming up,” Kandi smiled, still feeling weirdly shy but eager to spend more time with him. “I’ll catch you a bit later hey Skullsy?”

He nodded, making a clicking sound as he crooked his hand into a gun salute gesture that Kandi took to mean ‘you betcha’.

With that, she headed backstage, heart racing with new found excitement, pussy squirming in a way she’d never experienced before in his company.

On stage, Kandi could barely keep her eyes off him, dancing for one man and one man only — Skullsy, every move directed towards him, ensuring he got best view of everything.

She wasn’t even doing it on purpose!

Skullsy certainly enjoyed the show but remained cool towards Kandi the rest of the night, and tight-lipped about his mysterious disappearance.

While he was no longer interested in her romantically, Kandi remained on his mind all the way home and he even jacked off fantasising about fucking her stupid before dropping off to sleep.

His residual attraction to Kandi would take a while to subside.

But as far as Skullsy was concerned, he had all the time in the world for that to happen.

After all he had his whole life ahead of him and he wasn’t planning for Kandi to be any part of it.

36 *Surprise reunion*

Chanelle had always been heir apparent to Ted's 'kingdom' — his obvious successor as Regional Manager — so she of course took it upon herself to swing into action Friday morning.

"Brought you a coffee," Eric cringed at the doorway, handing over the paper cup. "Again so sorry about yesterday..."

"You should be! Panicking the interstate staff like that, not to mention answering my phone, which you will *never* do again, right?" she coolly responded, eyes narrowing, still clearly seething.

Eric nodded then scurried away, feeling the fool and well aware his 'faux pas' was unlikely to be forgiven anytime soon.

But Chanelle moved on quickly, scouring Ted's calendar, trying to work out which meetings to take, which to postpone and who to simply email, based on their perceived importance to the business.

By 10am she was on her fourth coffee with a six-week action plan under her belt, one that included contingencies to cover any potential delays in Ted's return.

The woman was on a roll, texting Hayden early too:

'So sorry about yesterday, stupid effing
Eric! Can't wait to see ya tonight
though! Head straight to mine as soon
as you land'

A little surprised there was no immediate reply, Chanelle was soon distracted by news Managing Director Ivy Powers would be flying in.

Chanelle's early start paid off nicely too, with everything well-and-truly under control, allowing her to safely coast till an unexpected call came her way.

"Howdy darlin'," a familiar voice beckoned from parts unknown. "Buck here, just wondering how my favourite gal's doin'?"

Chanelle smiled.

"Well Buck, I *really* wasn't expecting to hear from you! I'm doing fine, just fine. And you?"

"All the better for hearin' your bi-u-ti-ful voice, sweet-cheeks," he responded, his strong Texan drawl as apparent today as it had been the previous weekend. "Now what would my gal be fixin' to do fer lunch?"

"Well Buck, like to say having it with you but we both know that ain't gonna happen," she laughed.

"Don't be too sure 'bout that darlin', I may be closer than you think," he kidded back.

It was the same line Buck had used on Kandi and Chanelle certainly recognised it. But before she could even respond, a soft knock at the door changed everything.

As she swung round, Chanelle couldn't believe her eyes — it was Hayden — handsome, sexiest-man-on-earth Hayden Wolfe!

Her heart didn't just skip a beat, it began dancing playfully in her chest as she dropped her phone to scamper into his loving arms.

"Oh my god Hayden! You're here, you're actually here!" she exclaimed before pressing her soft lips hard against his, goose bumps exploding all over her body. "How's this possible?"

"Oh babe I couldn't wait till tonight, not after yesterday's scare," he replied, kissing her repeatedly. "I was so worried 'bout you, even after I found out it was really Ted in the ICU."

"So sorry babe, really am," she cried between kisses. "But you're mine again now..."

"I'll always be yours," he whispered back. "My beautiful girl! I'm here for you babe."

Maybe it was his words, maybe just the feel of his body against hers, but her insides began melting, yearning to experience more of those glorious orgasms Hayden seemed to deliver so effortlessly and without fail.

She quickly dragged him all the way into her office, closing the door and locking it.

It was then she turned to face her man front on, eager to take in the handsome devil before her — his piercing blue eyes sending shockwaves through her entire being.

His penetrating gaze could undress her at the best of times but now, in this moment, she felt naked and exposed, even with all her clothes on, drunk with euphoric, electrifying anticipation.

Eager to pounce, she wrapped her pins around him as he cupped her butt cheeks with his hands, kissing her passionately throughout.

The last time they'd been alone in her office, they'd made wild crazy love.

The recollection of that encounter seemed to fuel their passion this time round, his fingers quickly finding their way past her panties and to the softness that lay beneath.

As he gently stroked, Chanelle's kisses gave way to moans of pleasure and a skyrocketing expectation to climax immediately and incessantly. He lowered her onto the desk, freeing her hands to rub his rampant hard-on through the outside of his trousers.

"Oh baby, you're driving me crazy!" he murmured, his fervent reaction sending Chanelle into overdrive.

Tremors took hold of her insides, climbing her thighs, making their way through her belly and into the sweet spot. Her breathing became laboured as she began arching her back with the first signs of a massive orgasm fighting its way to fruition.

"Fuck me babe, gotta have you inside me right now," she demanded, somehow managing to undo his fly, unleashing a massive boner made for fun.

Then suddenly an unwanted knock intruded from the other side of her locked door.

"Just a minute," she clumsily called out, as a reluctant Hayden extracted himself from their loving embrace.

"Everything okay Chanelle?" came the voice at the door.

It was Ted's PA Sarah, only doing her job of course, though her timing could not have been worse.

"All good, be right there," Chanelle replied, whispering to Hayden, "This ain't over yet sweetheart."

He beamed back as the two quickly adjusted their clothing, his smile making her heart flutter... or maintaining the flutter that pretty much began the moment she saw him.

"Still can't believe you're here?" she smirked, reaching for the door.

"Me neither, but I managed to get a lift with Ivy in the company jet," he revealed, looking sheepish.

That certainly got Chanelle's attention and she kept the door shut a few moments longer while she regained her composure.

"Seriously?!" she gasped. "So Ivy's here already?"

Hayden nodded, a pained look on his face — one Chanelle ignored as she finally greeted their unwelcomed visitor.

"Yes Sare? What is it?" she asked matter-of-factly.

"Hayden you're back!" Sarah exclaimed, surprised to see him there. "Boy have you been missed! Wouldn't believe what's happened!"

"Hi Sare, you mean 'bout Ted? Yeah just awful isn't it?" he acknowledged,

his dashing smile making both girls giddy.

“What’s up?” Chanelle interjected, sounding more than a tad annoyed.

“Oh sorry Chanelle, Ivy’s in Ted’s office. She’s asked to see you immediately,” Sarah replied, eyes drifting back to Hayden, cheeky grin on her face, one Chanelle barely noticed as she raced out the door.

“Wait Chanelle, there’s something I’ve gotta tell you,” Hayden called out but she was already gone, leaving him alone with Sarah.

“Hope you’ll be staying for a bit?” she cheekily suggested.

“You never know, Sare, you never know,” he replied, looking surprisingly disappointed for a man who’d just scored the hottest foreplay ever!

37 *Back on the grid*

“Need to see your ID missy, can’t sell you a phone without it,” insisted the annoying little man behind the counter, holding hostage the second-hand iPhone Kandi had her little heart set on.

“But I’m paying cash and I have my own SIM card!” she griped, eyeing him up-and-down, trying to figure out how to get the best of him.

The guy was skinny and scruffy, his pasty white skin drawn and grey, his eyes decidedly glazed, like he’d taken too much of whatever medication he was on... or should be on.

“Look sugar, I don’t have any ID on me right now but I really want that phone. I’m sure we can work something out, can’t we?” Kandi flirted outrageously, unzipping her hoodie just enough for her oversized cleavage to spill out nicely. “Look I’m super open-minded and I *really* need that phone.”

The guy’s eyes were already popping out of his head but Kandi’s final remark really brought them to life. He gave her a wink then tipped his head towards the other customer in the store.

They’d clearly have to wait for him to leave.

Kandi busied herself looking at jewellery till the lone customer disappeared then her friend behind the counter flipped the ‘back in five minutes’ sign round and locked the door.

“Okay, phone’s yours but this is what you gotta do,” he sneered before explaining in intricate detail exactly what would be required.

This was gonna be easy.

The man took her to the staff toilet, which was even more disgusting than

the front of the hock shop, if such a thing were even possible.

Kandi skipped in, leaving the door slightly ajar, and stood at the basin, checking her makeup in the cloudy mirror. Then she took her hoodie off, leaving only her black lacy bra and jeans so skin-tight they looked painted on.

"I can't believe how great my tits look," she told her reflection, sounding both sexy and enthused, caressing her cleavage before seductively flipping her breasts out. "I'm just glad no-one can see me doing this..."

She began tweaking her nipples before letting her right-hand slide all the way into her jeans.

"Oh that feels good!" she cooed. "Damn these jeans are tight, I can hardly *feel* myself. Seams are digging in, riding into my juicy bits. I just don't think I can stand it anymore."

With that, Kandi peeled her jeans down to her knees, revealing her bright red G-banger while her fingers snuck inside it.

Behind the door, peeking through the crack with glee, her private voyeur was getting quite the show, cock in hand, masturbating furiously.

"Gawd I'm so turned on right now," Kandi moaned. "I just hope no-one catches me out. It would be so embarrassing... But I just can't stop touching myself, feels so fucken good and I'm *so* fucking horny!"

Suddenly the man burst in, cock out, angry look on his face.

"Ay, what're ya doing?" he demanded indignantly. "This is a public toilet, anyone cudda come in!"

Kandi feigned shock.

"Shit, I didn't know you were there! How much did you see?"

"I saw *everything*!" he replied. "Absolutely everything... and I'm not the only one. We've got security cameras recording everything that happens in there."

"Oh no, you mean you've filmed this!"

"Sure did and I'm prepared to release it."

"No, you can't, please! I'd get in a lot of trouble if my husband saw that," she implored. "He's very jealous and I'm not allowed to touch myself — ever! That's why I have to pleasure myself away from home. You can't let him know about this... *please!*"

"Is that so?" the man smirked, still pulling himself off and clearly enjoying the farce.

Kandi reached out to grab his T-shirt, pulling him in close.

"There must be some way I can change your mind," she winked, pushing her huge breasts into his chest while reaching down to wrap her fingers around his erection.

"Urgh..." he slurred. "Whatta ya doing?"

"Making friends," she smiled. "You seem awfully turned on, maybe your cock would like some titty-action. I'm totally into that you know. Love having a man spoof all over my boobs..."

“You mean you’d like me to wank off on your tits?” he coaxed.

“Sure would sugar, I’d *love* that!” she replied, kneeling down till her breasts were at boner level.

From there, it didn’t take long for Kandi to get the poor loser off, blowing his load all over her melons.

“Oh no, you’re not going to make me lick that up are ya?” he persevered.

Kandi laughed.

“Well I wasn’t gonna but now you mention it, does sound kinda kinky. After all, you’re the one who messed ‘em up, least you can do is clean ‘em with your tongue.”

The creepy man eagerly lapped up every skerrick.

Kandi got the phone she wanted, at a nice little discount too, leaving a very happy shop owner in her wake.

Back at the flat, she inserted her old SIM card into her new mobile, which she plugged in to charge.

“Damn!” she grumbled, momentarily annoyed to discover her contacts hadn’t transferred over — she’d have to add them manually.

But her number was the same, mobile plan automatically shifting to the new handset, which meant Kandi had a working phone now — she was back on the grid, with all the benefits that entailed.

While sorting her phone was the priority that day, Skullsy had remained on her mind and not just because of his ‘makeover’.

No, the main reason he stayed front-and-centre was because Skullsy had turned Kandi down for what she was pretty sure was the first time ever!

She didn’t take well to rejection and she had no intention of taking it at all from Skullsy, not lying down anyway.

He won’t know what bit him, she smiled to herself. Skullsy’s mine now, he just don’t know it yet.

38 Losing the battle

Ivy smiled warmly as she reached out to shake Chanelle's hand, pulling her in slightly.

"Good to see you again," she affirmed, looking exquisite in her sleek designer outfit, short silver hair swooped elegantly to one side.

"Good to see you too," Chanelle pipped up.

"I'm only sorry it's under such unfortunate circumstances," Ivy continued. "I imagine the past twenty-four hours have been quite trying."

"Hasn't exactly been good but we're taking it in our stride," Chanelle volunteered.

It was strange seeing Ivy behind Ted's desk but Chanelle knew her presence would be short-lived — the 50-something corporate high-flyer never stayed long in Perth and today would be no exception.

"Well we just have to get on with it, don't we?" she acknowledged, sounding flippant — people were just numbers to Ivy and she made no secret of it.

"I guess so," Chanelle conceded. "But let me assure you, everything's under control here, still waiting for news on how Ted's going of course."

"I spoke to his wife this morning, she mentioned how grateful she was you accompanied him to the hospital," Ivy replied, her face remaining stoic. "It was a massive stroke, which means Ted's likely be out-of-action for quite some time... if he comes back at all."

Her words knocked the wind right out of Chanelle, who thought of Ted as both mentor and friend.

But with his demise came opportunity, something Chanelle was keen on so she quickly pulled it together, hoping Ivy didn't notice her discomfort, which she didn't.

"I'm here to sort out the acting arrangements and I'm sorry to say, the interim plan may not come as good news," Ivy began. "You see I've asked Hayden Wolf to take the reigns as acting Regional Manager till a longer-term solution can be sorted."

"What?! You're putting Hayden in charge!" Chanelle blurted out, stunned by her announcement.

She'd heard the Managing Director favoured men in senior roles but this was the first time Chanelle saw it for herself — a capable female leader being professionally snubbed in favour of a junior manager just because he's male!

"Yes, he'll be in charge for now," Ivy coolly reiterated. "It's simply the most expedient way to move forward at this point, I'm sure you understand."

"Are you serious?!" Chanelle replied, struggling to contain her anger.

"Very serious, I can assure you," Ivy continued. "You've done an excellent job Chanelle and it's been duly noted. Please don't view this acting arrangement as a reflection of your perceived value to the company."

"Excuse me but how's this *not* a reflection of my perceived value?" she quickly interjected. "Sounds like a massive vote of no confidence to me!"

"Well you're wrong," Ivy cut in, regaining control of the conversation and continuing in her calm, matter-of-factly tone. "I need you in your current role for now, particularly with Ted gone."

"Sorry but I just don't agree with this approach," she protested, glaring at Ivy with much less respect and admiration now. "I've been with the company much longer than Hayden and I've worked more closely with Ted than he *ever* has. I know all the ins-and-outs of the business."

"Which means you'll be well-placed to support Hayden while he's acting," Ivy noted, narrowing her eyes in a way that said 'don't mess with me' more clearly than words ever could.

"I appreciate this isn't ideal from your perspective Chanelle but I'm not about to reconsider. Let me remind you this is but an *interim* arrangement and not one that's up for debate."

Chanelle had no choice but to accept Ivy's decision, her mind drifting back to sweet innocent Hayden, too busy ravishing the living daylights out of her to give her a heads up.

Arschhole! He should have told me himself, her inner voice grumbled.

Fifteen minutes later, she found herself standing next to Ivy in the large conference room as she announced Hayden's promotion to the broader team.

The rest of the afternoon was a blur, Ivy prepping Hayden after handing him the action plan Chanelle had so diligently put together that very morning!

39 Time out

Skullsy's eyes locked onto the faded photo in his hand, a familiar sense of regret creeping in.

"You deserved better mate, you really did..." he said out loud, looking at the two young men with their surfboards — fit, suntanned and as carefree as they come.

It was a reminder that Skullsy was once a winner filled with all the hope and determination of youth.

He was even known by a different name back then — Robbo, or more accurately 'Robbo and Damo' since the two were inseparable, growing up in Margaret River, a close-knit community where everyone knew everyone's business and nothing stayed secret for long.

Robert Skullerman, Skullsy's real name, and Damien Waters met in pre-school and quickly became best buds and avid surfers, as most of the local lads did.

They often did odd jobs to earn a crust, which they promptly spent on surfing paraphernalia, music and small amounts of weed — good quality stuff, the area was known for it.

Their lifestyles were about as idyllic as it gets but that was a long time ago, before the pain set in and the drugs took over, changing Skullsy's life forever.

It almost felt like that past belonged to a different person now, fond memories destroyed by a terrible tragedy no-one saw coming.

"Hey sugar, where the hell are you?" a voice called out, breaking his spell.

It was Kandi, banging on the front fence.

Skullsy sighed, putting the photo back into the large wooden box from where it came before heading outside.

"I wonder what brings you to this neck of the woods," he mocked – pretty sure he knew exactly why she'd turned up.

Kandi was after drugs and Skullsy was her most reliable dealer.

"Little piggy, little piggy, let me come in!" she teased.

Skullsy wasn't amused but he did unlock the gate, allowing her through, looking as glamorous as always — or more accurately like a street hooker trying to make a mark... but then again, when didn't she look like that.

"Keep it down woman, you know I don't like attracting attention," he scolded.

"Sorry Skullsy. Tried knocking but you didn't answer. Don't mean to annoy you sugar."

His new clean-cut look took her breath away — guns a blazing, six pack on display, given all he had on were his jeans.

Once inside his place, Kandi was shocked!

His hidey-hole was clean and tidy, something she'd never seen before!

"Wow, you *have* cleaned up your act..." she noted, coyly looking over at her handsome compatriot, heart pounding loudly, insides tingling. "This place looks as amazing as you do."

Kandi was flirting openly now but Skullsy wouldn't bite, maintaining a cold, hard exterior, which couldn't have been easy with her smiling at him that way, fingers toying with her long blonde locks.

"Where d'ya want me, on the sofa or should we go straight to the bed?" she cooed, hoping he might actually take her up on it... or at least smile back encouragingly.

Skullsy did neither, heading for the kitchen instead and putting the kettle on.

"You want cuppa?" he asked with overt disinterest.

"What? A cup of tea?" she countered.

"Or coffee... I have both."

Kandi shook her head slowly, wondering why they were even still in the kitchen rather than moseying onto the comfy sofa.

"D'ya see I'd called? Texted too you know..." she queried, raising an eyebrow only to find herself blushing when their eyes met.

"Yep, sure did. I know you been trying to reach me," he replied, his voice as devoid of emotion as his face, which was stoic and completely unflustered by her presence.

This caught Kandi off-guard.

"Why didn't you pick up?" she asked outright.

"Taking a break from using so no point calling you back," he explained. "Not looking to score right now, not for me and that means not for you either."

Kandi crooked her head, intrigued as much as she was disappointed.

"That doesn't sound right... what gives sugar? What's going on with you... and with us?"

"Nothing's up with me and nothing's going on between us either Kandi, as you made abundantly clear not so long ago," he replied callously. "There's never been nothing between us remember."

His words burned like a hot poker through her heart.

In that moment, the awful fight came back to mind, the one where Skullsy professed his love, and she suddenly realised just how cruel she'd been.

Had she regretted it?

Not in the least... not till she saw the 'new' Skullsy that is.

Only then did everything change for Kandi.

Suddenly *she* had feelings, strong ones that had probably been there all along, suppressed by the drugs and also by her fears — and there's a lot to be fearful of when you've been dumped as many times as Kandi had.

"Look Skullsy, I was out-of-my-mind when I said that shit," she opened up. "Hayden had just run out of my place with that skank. I was angry, confused... I shouldn't have said that stuff and if I could take it back I would sugar... honest."

Her lament seemed genuine, eyes welling up with tears that quickly ran down her cheeks, leaving a noticeable trail through the thick foundation on her face.

It was hard to see her that way because there was still a part of him that wanted to comfort her, as he'd always done, to fix things or at least try to.

In the end, his sympathy got the better of Skullsy and he swallowed her up in his big tattooed arms.

Only then did he notice Kandi trembling and, perhaps for the first time ever, realised just how truly vulnerable and weak she was.

"It's okay kitten..." he whispered as she wept in his arms. "I don't wanna hurt you, I just need some time to get *me* sorted. Being straight's brought up a heap of shit I've waited too long to deal with."

Kandi leaned away slightly so she could look at him.

She never imagined Skullsy to be someone who needed to 'deal', he was always so strong, so in control... and so much fun.

Who was this new Skullsy and what could he even have to deal with?

40 Reaching out

A couple of wines later, watching the sun set from her back veranda, Chanelle was finally starting to unwind, glad she'd left the office early and without saying her goodbyes.

The professional slight was bad enough but what really bothered her was the idea *her* man would now be at Ivy's beck-and-call, which sparked a sense of jealousy, one that had nothing to do with the workplace!

It was just too awful to be true, and yet it was true so an exhausted and disillusioned Chanelle let her thoughts drift back to happier times... to how good it felt to be in his arms, his soft lips pressed against hers, the amazing orgasms his touch elicited, repeatedly and without fail.

She placed Hayden front-and-centre in her mind's eye, imagining him kneeling and begging for forgiveness, his eyes looking straight into her soul.

Her little fantasy seemed to work wonders, awakening her pussy, which was soon wet and tingling.

Chanelle slunk down in her deck chair, opening her legs and encouraging her hand to wander into her panties, imagining it was his hand doing what it did best.

He was kissing her now, quickly working his way down her neck, stopping to molest her nipples in the most delicious manner before creeping slowly down her body to the promise land between her legs.

She was finally feeling good, at least initially but her efforts were in vain – while thoughts of being with Hayden never fail to arouse, tonight her fingers feel impotent and clumsy.

With the sexual momentum dissipating, Chanelle's thoughts soon returned to the office, to the last time she saw him, sitting with Ivy, hanging on her ever word.

Fuck him! her inner voice grumbled. *Ivy's such a cougar-come-snow-leopard-wannabe, dressed all fine in her designer threads, trying to look half her age. Loser!*

Chanelle extracted her hand from her panties and had another sip of wine before reminding herself *when the going gets tough, the tough get going*.

It was time to end her pity party once and for all, so she grabbed her mobile and sent the text she'd been waiting all day to send:

'Hey Buck, wanna play? If you're still
closer than I think, get your ass over to
mine right now!'

Then she went inside, selected her best bra and nickers and slipped on her favourite little black dress — the one that made her look and feel like a superstar.

With stilettos at the ready, Chanelle freshened her makeup, put on her brightest red lippy and waited for the doorbell to ring, which wouldn't take long — of that she was sure.

41 *On the night shift*

The lights shone brightly as Kandi took to centre-stage in her red latex catsuit, devil horns attached to a headband that allowed her long blonde locks to trail down her back.

The music was thumping, all eyes on her, but instead of drinking it with her usual gusto, Kandi was lost in her own little world, ears still ringing.

“Aren’t you coming in sugar?” she’d asked Skullsy when they pulled up in his shiny black Mustang.

“Nup, taking a break from work too,” he flinched, waiting till the last possible moment to share what could only have come as bad news to her.

“What?! But you gotta come to work Skullsy,” she implored. “You’re the rock us girls rely on, and... well... I need you.”

Her pleas went unanswered as the man she’d only just realised might actually be the love of her life readied himself to drive away.

“I’m heading to Margaret River and I’m going tonight. Head’s in a bad space and gonna stay that way till I sort my shit out,” he confessed.

“Take me with you,” she blurted out suddenly.

“What?”

“I’ve been an idiot and I’m sorry. I knew you had a thing for me but I was hung up on what a perfect guy *should* be. I didn’t realise *you* were that perfect guy all along,” she insisted. “But I do now so take me with you Skullsy, I wanna come with.”

He wanted to believe her, to make things right between them and deep down he still wanted the damn bitch to be his... but Skullsy would not be

swayed.

He was planning to confront those who'd done him wrong, who'd blamed him for Damo's death and never gave him a chance after that.

The night of the accident was like any normal Saturday night, Damo keen to drag race along old Caves Road.

But he was plastered that night, super-plastered.

So Skullsy took the wheel instead and, when the others lined up to race Damo's hotted-up WRX, he went for it.

The first run went fine but on their second, the back wheels spun out, catapulting the car into a tree and killing Damo instantly.

By comparison Skullsy was barely hurt, his injuries so minimal they seemed to mock the severity of the crash.

In the aftermath that followed, Damo's family shunned him, banning him from the funeral and having nothing more to do with him or his family.

Skullsy never told anyone Damo was drunk that night, or that he might actually be responsible for the accident, having reached over to press his foot to the metal, making Skullsy lose control of the car.

It was the kind of stupid thing a drunk 18-year-old does with no idea of the consequences.

Skullsy kept Damo's secret — it somehow felt more honourable to shoulder the blame but that decision cost him two years in jail.

That's where he was introduced to the hard stuff, prison providing easy access to heavy drugs.

It changed his life forever, turning Robbo into the guy who would from then on be known as Skullsy.

Upon his release, he headed to Perth, finding his niche as head bouncer at the Gentlemen's Club.

He never returned to Margaret River, never confronted the others or dealt with the grief of losing his best mate that terrible night.

I guess you could say that's when Skullsy stopped dealing in general, apart from dealing drugs that is, which became a mainstay of his lifestyle.

But Kandi's attack on Chanelle changing everything, convincing Skullsy to run, rather than risk another brush with the law.

This time he ran *to* Margaret River, not from it.

He was only there a couple of days but it was long enough to get clean and to realise his salvation would only come from *facing* his past, not hiding from it.

And he was finally ready to do that.

He didn't want Kandi tagging along — this was a journey he needed to take on his own.

"Sorry hot stuff, you can't come with," he repeated, looking into her sad green eyes with such determination there was no room for doubt. "I'm not saying never, just not today Kandi, okay?"

She burst into tears but got out of the car then Skullsy drove off, leaving her to drag her sorry ass through the big red doors.

On stage, the searing lights felt like they were burning a path straight through her, catcalls from the customers as inaudible as the men were invisible — though they were sitting right there.

Kandi gyrated with the audacity of the seasoned stripper she'd become but all she could think of was Skullsy and whether she'd ever see him again.

The night was young, the music pumping and the stunning twenty-five-year-old with the biggest boobs in the joint kept dancing, money pouring in as it always did on a Friday night.

In many ways everything was finally coming together for her after a dreadful patch.

But Kandi didn't care anymore because without Skullsy in her corner, she felt more alone than ever — truly, completely and absolutely alone.

He'll be back sugar, her inner voice promised. And when he is, Skullsy will be yours... at least I hope so.

42 *Welcome visitor*

When Chanelle opened her door, she burst out laughing — the sight of the Stetson cowboy hat gracing her visitor's head was positively comical.

"At your beck and call, sweet-cheeks, so glad to get your text," he announced in his full Texan drawl, keeping the smile on her face and igniting just a tad of interest below.

"Good to see you again," she admitted. "Been quite the day... quite the week really! But now I just wanna play."

It came as welcome news, the Stetson quickly tossed aside as Chanelle threw herself into his arms for a surprise peck on the lips, one that didn't last near as long as either would have liked.

"This won't be an easy night but I promise it'll be harder on you than it will be on me," she whispered in his ear, making both their hearts skip a beat.

"I'd expect nothing less precious," he replied, promptly dropping to his knees, arms outstretched, ever hopeful she might fall right into them.

She didn't but and she gave him a playful wink, adding, "It's time to let loose Buck."

All the while, Chanelle's mind was racing... back to the previous weekend, when Buck first reared his ugly head, admittedly at her behest.

It was well after midnight by the time her half-baked scheme came together — designed to claw back her power and neutralise Kandi's.

She'd arrived sporting a short blonde wig, originally bought for a Halloween party. She coupled it with an alluring leather trench coat, one that hugged her figure like it was made for her, and *only* her.

“Got a surprise for you darlink,” Chanelle announced in an outlandish German accent, perfected impersonating her father’s latest squeeze Gretchen. “Just remember, you know nuzink... nuzink ... but you will know something soon.”

The two laughed out loud, her partner in crime responding with his Texan drawl in place, “Well howdy me darlin’, pleased to see ya’ll.”

“Oh my god, you’re such a hoot!” she joked then, impersonating his accent, added, “You’re gonna come in mighty handy tonight, me thinks.”

She set up a laptop on the table and logged onto a corresponding laptop placed in the hotel room Kandi had been summoned to attend.

As they awaited her arrival, Chanelle spilled her guts, explaining she’d booked Kandi for a private show, one she was glad to pay for so she could extract revenge on her unsuspecting prey.

“I just need you to pretend you’re the client and talk her into doing lots of nasty stuff,” she explained. “I’ll record Kandi’s performance, given she’s got vision of me. It’ll even up the score, give me some bargaining power.”

“Oh precious, there’s so much more we can do with this set up,” he replied, and together they cooked up a scheme more devious than either might have come up with on their own.

Chanelle’s accomplice got quite the show out of Kandi, with toys at the ready and plenty of open leg work, all conveniently caught on webcam.

He was the one who came up with the idea of sending her to the bathroom, allowing them to discretely return to the hotel and steal her stuff, taking their plan to a whole new level.

Leaving Kandi naked and defenceless in the tub, the dynamic duo used her own key to enter to her flat, ransacking everything of worth, from the money hidden between her mattresses to destroying her ID and credit cards.

But it didn’t end there, not by a long shot!

They went through Kandi’s mobile and computer, deleting all her images, not just those of Chanelle. Everyone and everything she’d ever photographed, and possibly ever cared about, gone with the press of a button — from both devices and the cloud.

But the *pièce de résistance* came when they launched the stalker app on her phone.

There they found and deleted Hayden’s profile, including all his passwords — ensuring he would never again be stalked by Kandi.

That’s also how they found out about Stan — his name, mobile and passwords all captured on the same little sinister app she’d used for Hayden.

“What a monster!” Chanelle concluded after seeing a host of texts between Kandi and Stan, making clear who he was to her or, more accurately, who he *had* been. “She’s done this before, stalking men is just her MO!”

“Kandi De Lish you got no idea who yar messing with!” Buck smirked. “Or should I say Narelle Pincer?”

That discovery alone destroyed any remnants of sympathy Chanelle may have had for her attacker and, from that point on, the rest of the plan wrote itself.

Using her phone, the gruesome twosome logged onto Stan's bank account, transferring a large sum of money directly into Kandi's account, leaving behind a convenient electronic paper trail.

Then, just to be sure, they texted Stan, pretending to be Kandi, threatening him if he didn't meet her at the hotel.

Their final act of vengeance was to post the footage of her 'performance' on her hometown Facebook page, after sending the video to all her contacts!

Then they smashed her mobile beyond repair and got the hell out of there, taking Kandi's computer with them, only to dump it in the river.

"Man, she's so fucked up right now," Chanelle laughed, surprised by the degree of malice she felt towards her attacker-turned-sitting-duck.

But it was worth it to feel vindicated and once more in control of her life.

Chanelle figured the cops *would* be notified soon but instead of her fronting up at the station with a host of accusations, it would be Stan.

"We've done the world a favour tonight sweet-cheeks," her handsome associate confirmed, possibly even happier than she at what they'd accomplished — the night's escapade bonding them like never before.

"You can drop that ridiculous accent now Buck, I want my wonderful Hayden back," she rejoiced and he instantly complied.

"I can sleep easy now, knowing you'll be safe, even if I am all the way over in Adelaide," he conceded.

Chanelle looked back at Hayden, grinning warmly.

"Me too handsome, me too."

Wreaking this kind of havoc was *so* out-of-character for Chanelle, it made her question who she was and what she was capable of.

But a week later, with Hayden kneeling before her once more, looking at her with those handsome longing eyes, begging for forgiveness, she was finally ready to move on.

"I hate you right now but I love you more," she admitted, stamping all over the Stetson on the floor, instantly destroying any semblance of the cowboy hat.

"You're next," Chanelle smirked, looking every bit the dominatrix from hell. "You ready?"

"Am I ever," he smiled, his heart racing like he'd just run a marathon.

"Then let the games begin," she cooed, allowing the strap of her dress to slip off, exposing a black lacy bra struggling to contain her bountiful breasts.

Hayden swallowed loudly, eager to rip that dress right off and kiss every inch of her body.

Chanelle could feel the chemistry too, arcing up with an intensity she'd never felt before, Hayden's eyes delivering a very welcome erotic charge to

all the right places.

She reached back to unzip, allowing her dress to fall delicately to the floor, exposing a bod made for sin, her breathing heavy too now, desperate to touch Hayden and be touched by him.

But there was one more thing to confirm, to make right before giving in to her desires.

“I wanna make one thing crystal clear. You may be in charge in the office... at least for now,” she purred. “But I will *always* be in charge everywhere else, especially in the bedroom.”

Hayden smiled.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way Chanelle” he confirmed. “Now that’s a game I will *never* tire of playing, as long as I’m playing it with you!”

43 Fly by nighters

High above it all, cruising at around 30,000 feet, Ivy Powers was comfortably reclined in her executive Lear jet, watching the stars twinkle through her window, feeling content and satisfied.

It had been a long day but a fruitful one.

As she began dozing, her mind returned to the moment she told Chanelle the bad news about Hayden becoming *her* boss.

Ivy *lived* for moments like that, those precious little opportunities to know she was truly alive by exerting her will upon others. Sure she was just looking after business, juggling resources best she could in Ted's absence.

But deep down, under all the layers of life and the many heartaches she herself had endured, Ivy had become a harsh mistress.

As she made her way back to Sydney, Ivy felt good — damn good and completely alive... amusing herself wondering which of her hapless protégés would bend first and who might actually break.

She smiled as she toyed with the idea of bedding one or even both of them in due course.

As the plane disappeared in the night sky, Chanelle and Hayden had no idea what its next visit might bring.

But for tonight, that didn't matter, they were finally reunited — together and ready to indulge their every fantasy... and that's all they cared about for now.

About the author

Yvette Noire is a freelance journalist and professional writer whose erotic short fiction has enthralled private fans for years.

Open-minded and sexually permissive, Yvette first turned to writing erotic fiction for personal entertainment, sharing it exclusively with her broad inner circle, their feedback informing her writing style, ideas and scenarios.

As interest in her erotic fiction grew, Yvette began a private writing service, which allowed her to explore sexuality in all its forms through conversations with hundreds of people willing to candidly discuss their interests.

This included speaking with everyday people but also those living on the fringes of society — sex workers (and their clients), strippers, erotic performers, sex party aficionados, swingers, BDSM proponents and the LGBTIQI community.

For many, it was the first time they'd fully disclosed their inner-most desires and sexual fantasies with anyone!

Yvette rewarded their candour by writing personal short stories that would bring their forbidden scenarios to life.

In writing her first erotic novel, Yvette wanted to explore how our desires mould and shape our sexual leanings as well as our relationships, for good and for ill.

Now based in Australia, Yvette relishes every opportunity to take fantasies, desires and sexual indulgences to their natural conclusion through her writing. Her style is sassy and sexually-liberated, merging the realms of fantasy and sex play seamlessly as she takes her characters to illicit highs and lows.

Yvette believes we all play games but it's the sexual ones we savour most.

Her goal is to rock the world of erotic literature to its very foundation, bringing new levels of sophistication to existing themes and introducing fresh ways to indulge sexual fantasies safely and provocatively.

To find out more about Yvette, visit her website — yvettenoire.com

