

Morning

Sara Winters

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What the hell is his name? Dooley? Drew? Something forgettable. Something erased from memory by the time I downed my third royal flush shot and the hottest guy in the club pulled me onto the dance floor to grind under the flashing lights. The generic club tune is thrumming through both of us hard enough I feel it in my bones, but I still hear clearly when he leans close and whispers, “Can we go somewhere?”

Yes, please and thank you. Another few minutes grinding against him and I would've had a mess on my hands. He seems to sense it, smiling as he leads me from the dance floor and out into the surprisingly crisp air of an early October night. Twenty minutes trying to restrain myself in a cab and then I am unlocking the door to my tiny apartment, my new acquisition hot on my heels. The door hasn't fully closed when Emmitt – ? – pulls me close for a kiss. I've been dying to kiss him all night. Fantasizing about what he could do with those lips had me hard, straining against my jeans.

His lips are so goddamned soft when he kisses me I have to pause a second for a breath. It's been so long since I've done this, nearly six months, and I want to make sure I can make it past the fun groping stage. A little distance between myself and that hot body of his is in order.

“Come back here.” I lead the way to my bedroom, thanking all the gods I'd been prepared to take someone home. The place is having one its rare clean days, not that he can see it since I don't bother to turn a light on. Doesn't matter. We can see the bed with the moonlight coming in from the bay windows. He pauses long enough to pull off his tight t-shirt and toss it onto the floor before he's all over me again, all soft lips and taut arms and smooth, muscled chest. I squeeze his ass and he grinds his hips against mine, separating our mouths to tug at my shirt until I release him long enough to get it off.

He smiles when he has my shirt off. I'm not nearly as muscular as he is, but he clearly likes what he sees. He runs a hand down my chest, before settling it on my belt buckle. He jerks me forward until our lips meet again, hungrier now that he has some skin contact. His hand slips to grip my cock through my jeans and I thrust into the touch, once again sure this will end before he gets me out of my pants. Damn if I care at this point. I don't get this lucky very often and if I do come all over myself like some randy teenager, I'll do anything it takes to make him stay anyway. Something in the way his dark green eyes flash at me, with that predatory gleam that says I'm in for the ride of my life. I'm not going to let this chance get away from me.

“So, what do you want to do?” he asks. Hot breath whispers against my skin before he sucks on my neck hard, sending blood rushing straight to my cock. My hips thrust involuntarily again, seeking more friction.

“Anything you want,” I whisper.