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Natalia Eserina

*Bad Guys
Night fantasies*

*A boring evening can be an
unpredictable game for you*

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«Издательские решения»

Esenina N.

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Crazy accident! I find myself in the arms of an overbearing and incredibly attractive man. At night, all cats are gray and black, but he determines who I am and, like a predator in an ambush, begins to hunt, seducing, enchanting, arranging holidays and giving gifts. Refusing to accept the fact that we cannot be together. He is the elder brother of my fiancé.

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Bad Guys Night fantasies A boring evening can be an unpredictable game for you

Natalia Esenina

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Chapter 1

Several times in my life I felt such love and gratitude that to say thank you seemed commonplace, as if this was not enough. I am in the same situation now, when it comes to you, my readers. You are the only reason why my dream of becoming a writer has taken on a real shape. I assumed it would be amazing to finally devote myself to the cause that I love so much. But I could not imagine how eclipsed and outweighed the pleasure of writing that indescribable bliss that I feel when I hear that you like my books, that they do not leave you indifferent, or that your life has become a little better after reading them. Therefore, the admission that I simply do not know how to thank you so that this is enough comes from the very depths of my soul, from the very heart. I added these words to my book with a link to a blog post, hoping that you will find a moment to read them. This is an honest and sincere expression of my appreciation. I love all of you together and each individually.

Head slightly dizzy, but with happiness. I can't even recall the name of the drinks that Sean orders for us. I just know that they are delicious. And to hell strong! Wow!

– Well, when will the stripper come? I am ready for dancing! – Sasha screams – crazy, she is not her own to young men barmaid. We work together at the Archie Sports Bar in Leon, Mexico. Sasha and behaves wildly in normal surroundings, but if she finds herself in some strange new institution in a city like Atlanta, and she turns into a real tigress – a complete fly away. Rrr-rav!

Sasha looks at me and smirks. In the dim light, her whitish hair acquired a yellowish tinge of urine, and a devilish glow glistened in pale blue eyes.

I am on my guard and ask in surprise:

– What?

– I talked to the manager. He will come to check if Sean will help the stripper to pull off the foul rags that will be on him. – Sasha laughs furiously. I also can not help laughing. She will get anyone.

“Archie will beat her if she finds out that she was tearing off clothes from another man, even if it was at a bachelorette party!”

“He doesn't know anything.” What's happening behind his doors remains in the office, Sasha casually throws.

“Maybe you want to say: what's going on outside the cabinet door?”

“That's exactly what I said.”

I grin:

– Oh, okay.

Watching her apply to her neurotoxic drink, I chuckle and give preference to water. Someone must maintain clarity of mind, at least partially. May it be me. Tonight is dedicated to Sean. I want

to send her into married life at the highest level. I doubt that the indispensable attribute of the best possible party is dragging half-dead guests to the house or scraping vomit out of the shoes of the hero of the occasion.

A knock on the door of one of the offices makes everyone turn their heads. The girls immediately begin to laugh, scream and hoot.

Good God, I hope this is a stripper, not a cop or someone worse!

The door opens and an incredibly handsome guy enters the room. It seems I have never met such people. He looks a little over twenty, he is tall and complex as a football player – wide chest and shoulders, muscular arms and legs, thin waist. From top to bottom, dressed in black. But most of all, the face is impressive.

Well and drop dead handsome!

Dark brown hair is cut short, chiseled features. The guy examines the room. I can't say what color his eyes are, I can only see that they are dark. He opened his mouth to speak, but then he just got a look at me, blinked and froze.

I look into his eyes, as if hypnotized, I still can't determine the color, but it seems that the irises are almost black. Light pours from a doorway behind a stranger, and his eyes look like ink puddles. The guy bends his head slightly to one side and watches me.

Because of this, I begin to get nervous and at the same time get excited. Why – I don't know myself. There is no reason for either nervousness or lust. But I experience both.

I tremble with a small tremor, everything is compressed inside, I feel hot.

We continue to look at each other when Sasha gets up, pulls the guy into the room and slams the door behind him.

“Well, Sean, let's put your lonely life on the joke, as expected.”

The rest of the girls begin to scream and cheer her up. Sean smiles, but shakes his head.

– Never! This is not for me!

Two of the future bride's girlfriends are persistent – they surround Shawnee and try to pick her up by her arms.

She leans back and shakes her head more actively:

– No no no. I do not want. Do it yourself.

Sean begins to twist his arms to free himself, but his girlfriends clung tightly to his thin wrists. The unfortunate woman looks at me, her wide-open brown eyes tell me everything I need to know: the idea itself drives her crazy.

– Katie, help! – I raise my hand, asking with a gesture: “What do you want me to do?” She nods toward a handsome man looming behind Sasha. – Do it you!

– Are you crazy? I will not undress the stripper!

– You are welcome! You know, I would do it for you.

What is true is true. Damn it!

What the hell is the most awkward and shy girl in the world getting involved in?

And as usual, I reply to myself: “Because it is easy to give in to everything.”

Gathering air into my chest, I get up and turn to our Cool Stripper, intentionally slightly raising my chin. He continues to follow me with steaming charcoal eyes.

I take a step towards him, he very slowly raises an eyebrow.

It throws me into a fever.

“Must have been drunk,” I think. – And there is”.

Feeling that I am blushing, and slightly gasping for breath, I take another step.

Cool Stripper backs away from Sasha to better see me. He folds his arms over his chest and waits; one eyebrow remains curved in amazement. He is not going to alleviate my fate. I have to handle it myself, as Sasha asked.

Here, as if on command, the music that had been dancing in the room all evening became louder. The song is sexy, with heavy bass. Music in the mood, that’s for sure. It seems that every alarming beat of my heart is emphasized by the rhythm, while in the meantime I move closer and closer to these velvet eyes.

So I stop right in front of the stripper. You have to look up. This one was head and shoulders taller than me – I was only five and a half feet tall.

Nearby, I see that the guy’s eyes are brown, dark brown, almost black.

Perverse.

I’m wondering why this word came to my mind when the girls start chanting in chorus so that I pulled off the guy’s shirt. I look uncertainly into their excited faces, then I turn to the stripper. He slowly opens his arms and spreads his arms wide apart.

He grins at the corner of his mouth. Both facial expression and body language challenge me.

I understand: he thinks that I dare not. And perhaps no one would dare.

That is what makes me determined.

Succumbing to the relaxing rhythm of the music, I put a smile on my face and stretch out my arms to pull the Cool Stripper’s shirt tucked into the pants from under the belt.

Chapter 2

Damn it, yes she is beautiful!

Between locks of black hair eyes sparkle brightly, possibly green; a small, deftly worked body, and the habits of a modest woman. I wish we were in this room alone.

A smile never leaves her lips as she runs her fingers across my waist, releasing a shirt from her trousers. Here the shirt is pulled out, and the girl begins to lift her up.

But it stops. For a fraction of a second, she hesitates. I see it. She tries not to pretend that she is not confident in herself and what she is doing.

I look down into those wet eyes. Let her not stop. I want to feel the touch of her fingers on the skin. Therefore, I tease her in the hope of waking up a cat, which, ready to bet, is hiding in her somewhere deep inside.

“Come on,” I whisper. “Have you already gotten yours?”

She looks at me, I hold my breath and wait for someone to take. In admiration, I observe how the balance of power shifts, and this change is reflected in her eyes. They become a little brighter, more fun. I had never seen anyone gain courage. Something did not allow this girl to retreat, to surrender. She accepts the challenge. That turns me on damn.

She stares into my eyes and pulls up the edge of the shirt; leans toward me, I catch the light scent of perfume. The smell is sweet and slightly musky. Sexy like herself.

The girl has to snuggle up to me and stand on tiptoe, stretched out to the string to take off my shirt over my head. I feel her breasts rub against my chest. I could ease her task, but I do not. I love the way she winds around me. I will not miss such a pleasure.

Having pulled off a shirt, the girl steps back and gives me a look. Shyly. It is obvious. It seems that she wants to look at me, but she is a little embarrassed, which makes the moment even more exciting. I am sure that the eyes of everyone who sits in the room are riveted to me, to us, but I only feel her gaze. Like tongues of fire, he licks my body, burns, I feel it. Or at least I think so.

I take a deep breath, and the girl's eyes fall on my stomach. Then, for a moment, a little lower. She looks there longer than she should, but not at all as long as I would like.

I'm starting to get up.

The girl's eyes widen, she opens her mouth just enough to stick out her tongue and quickly lick her lips. I grit my teeth, before I want to press her to me and dig into this seductive mouth.

The room lights up. This is enough to dispel the obsession.

I hear a man's voice, a man's voice long ago got me.

– Buddy, what the hell? – This is Nick.

I know why he is angry.

It's hard for me to tear my eyes from the girl's eyes. Enthusiasm slowly flares up in them, and I want to see how far I can get it. But I'm not looking for her anywhere. Instead, I turn my head and look first at Nick, and then at the salivating women. Game over.

Damn it! And you could have a good time.

I smile at those whose attention is focused on me:

“Lady, this is Nick.” Today he will entertain you.

All eyes turn to Nick, he closes the door behind him and bypasses me. I look at the girl who holds my shirt in her hands. She is stunned. And not because of a trifle.

– What are you doing? How is it – will he entertain us? – the girl asks, casting a confused look on me.

I do not answer immediately; soon she will understand everything herself.

She looks at Nick, trying to make a complete picture of what is happening from individual pieces.

“Which of you, beautiful ladies, is the future bride?” – asks Nick.

And then I see it comes to her. Her eyes widen again, and even in the dim light, I notice how paint fills her cheeks.

She looks at me and frowns.

“If he is a stripper, then who are you?”

– I'm Cash Ner Club Owner.

Chapter 3

What was left for me? With his mouth open, I stare at the owner of the establishment, I struggle with the urge to crawl under some table. I've never been humiliated like this before.

I hear the girls cackling around Archie, but these sounds barely penetrate my brain. Each cell of gray matter concentrated directly and directly on the guy standing in front of me.

And then anger grips me.

“Why did you let me do this?” Why didn't he say anything, didn't introduce himself?

He smiles. Smiles, damn him! For a second I get distracted – I notice to myself that the smile is awesome, but then the feeling of humiliation returns and overshadows everything.

– Why say something when it's much more fun to allow yourself to undress?

– Hmm, this is completely unprofessional, firstly.

– Why? The girls ordered a stripper. Who cares who I send?

– Not in this case. You deliberately deceived us.

He chokes on a chuckle. A hell of a laugh! Here is the impudence.

– I don't remember that I promised to send an honest stripper. Only diligent.

I purs my lips. You can go crazy.

As if nothing had happened, as if he was not standing in front of me without a shirt, the guy folded his arms over his chest. This movement draws my attention to the beautifully defined pectoral muscles and a tattoo that covers one side almost entirely. I can't make out what is shown, but part of the picture captures the left shoulder, as if long curved fingers are holding onto it.

The guy clears his throat and my eyes flare up at his face. He smiles wider than before, and I involuntarily frown. I can't think clearly while he is standing in front of me in this form. The lack of a shirt is very distracting.

“Don't you think you should at least get dressed?”

“And you don't think you should at least give me a shirt?”

I look down, and for sure: in my fist his black polo shirt is clamped. I throw it at him with anger. And he catches.

What the hell!

It's strange, even though rage is boiling inside me, I can't understand that it infuriates me so much. I'm just crazy, that's all.

"You got so excited!" Maybe I should have removed something from you? – says this insolent, putting a shirt over his head.

– And what would change from that?

Besides that, there would be ten times more shame.

The guy freezes and smirks a sort of smug sexual grin. I do not want to succumb to her charms, but it seems I can not resist.

– If I undressed you, you wouldn't be so mad now, that's for sure.

It becomes dry in the mouth, in the brain, as if cameras were pulled out of the darkness by a flash, pictures flicker: here he takes off my blouse, pulls it over my head, his hands on my skin, his body is pressed to mine, his lips are so close that I can almost try taste them. All that is needed is for all anger to be forgotten.

I look at the guy with his mouth open – again, and he tucks his shirt in his pants. Having completed the task, takes a step towards me. I stand motionless. His grin turns into a seductive bend, from which my knees weaken. I am completely fascinated and confused by the excitement of his whispering. The guy says right in my ear:

"You'd better shut your mouth and not tempt me, otherwise I won't resist a kiss." And then you really will have something to worry about.

I draw in air. It was not his phrase that shocked me, no. I really want him to do what he says. It is a fact. Just thinking about it makes my stomach tense.

The guy leaned back and looked down at me. I don't know why, but I tightly pressed my lips together.

He noticed.

Heck!

Disappointment rolls across his face in a wave. And it causes me some kind of perverse joy.

"Then maybe another time," the guy says and winks at me. Coughing, takes a step back and looks to the left. "Lady," he says, nodding to the girls who do not pay the slightest attention to him, because they are watching Archie, teasing Sean with his already naked torso. Then my unlucky partner looks at me and says, intentionally with a southern accent: – Ma'am.

He nods abruptly, turns, opens the door and leaves the room, quietly pretending to be behind him.

Never before had I been so tempted to rush after anyone.

* * *

With difficulty I open my eyelids, preparing for the fact that sharp knives stick into my head. However, the clear September light pouring into the room through the window does not cause pain. A strange case: a hangover, which has not happened before. But I'm glad.

Nevertheless, pain is felt – it is evoked by memories of the humiliation experienced last night. They come back to me very quickly, along with the image of Cash, the dazzling owner of the club. Picturesque details pop up in my head – a tall strong guy with a beautiful face and perfect body. And a smile to die for. I roll onto my stomach and bury my face in the pillow.

Oh my god, he was so awesome!

Even now, I regret that he did not kiss me. Stupid, but it could make my debacle not so... complete.

Scolding himself, I turn back onto my back and turn my eyes to the ceiling. I am smart enough to realize when I lose because of my serious weakness alone. When I think of his dark eyes that prompt me to undress him, my pulse accelerates and heat spreads throughout my body at the thought of touching his lips to my lips – these are sufficient grounds for the joy that I will never see him again. He is the embodiment of what I need in this life no more than a hole in my head – a love interest in a bad guy, another one.

As always, reflecting on an ideal nightmare relationship, I recall Derk. The cache reminds him a lot. Smug, sexy, full of charm. Obstinate. Rebellious.

Smoothie.

Gritting my teeth, I crawl out from under the covers and plod into the bathroom. I throw Gabe out of my head, I do not give this bastard a single chance for at least one second of my life.

Having poured enough cold water on my face to feel at least half human, I go to the kitchen with the wrong step. I walk through the living room. Luxurious designer furniture, tastefully selected pieces of art in the right places – everything is past consciousness. For almost two weeks now, as a friend, with whom I rented a room, faded somewhere, and I had to move to my rich cousin Dore. Finally, I got used to the kind of luxury in which another part of humanity lives.

“Well, sort of,” I think, stopping to look at the wall clock for two thousand dollars.

About eleven. I'm a little angry with myself for having overslept most of the weekend, so I enter the kitchen grumbling and bristling. Dora sits by the kitchen island, throwing her long bare legs one on top of the other and putting them in the direction of a guy nestled in a high chair. This sight does not improve mood.

I look gloomily at my broad, pulled in lazy back and powerful shoulders, at dark blond hair. For about half a second I figure out what I'm dressed in (boyish shorts and a top on thin straps) and how I look (matted black hair, sleepy green eyes and barefoot makeup). Wouldn't I go back to my room? The question was dropped because Dora spoke to me.

– Here you are, Sleeping Beauty! – She smiles warmly at me.

This is suspicious.

Dora never meets me affably. Never. On it you can safely put the trifect on the sweepstakes.

Trifect – a type of combined bet in a sweepstakes. In this bet, the player tries to guess the winner, as well as the second and third prize winners in the race, race or race. The payout of the prize is made only if the three horses indicated in the rate of bet come to the finish line first and in that order. – she will take the first three places in corruption, arrogance and malice. If I had any other option of gaining a roof over my head, I would certainly use it. Not that I'm not grateful to her. I am grateful. And I express my gratitude that I pay my part of the lease, which Dora does not care about at all (her father does it), and not her soul in a dream. I consider this a great generosity on my part.

“Good morning,” I say, uncertainly, in a hoarse voice.

The broad shoulders that block Dora turn to me with a light brown head. Cash's vicious dark brown eyes freeze, stop breathing.

This is Cash, the owner of the club yesterday.

I feel my jaw drop and my stomach sinks somewhere under the floor. I am surprised and confused, but it amazes me the most how much more attractive it looks in daylight. Secretly, I hoped that my reaction to Cash last night was caused by alcohol, coupled with the fact that I took off his clothes.

Obviously, neither one nor the other had anything to do with my experiences.

- What are you doing here? I ask embarrassedly and see how he frowns slightly.
- Sorry I did not get it?

He looks at Dora, then at me again.

- Wait a minute. Nick, do you know her? – Dora asks; the warmth in her voice was gone.

Nick? Nick is Dora's friend?

I do not know what to say. My stupefied mind is not able to put pieces of the puzzle in place.

“Yes, it seems,” says Cash / Nick with an impassive expression on his face.

As soon as I realize what is happening, amazement and embarrassment give way to rage and indignation. More liars, I hate only liars. Liars disgust me, they just infuriate me.

I automatically suppress anger. Now, keeping calm does not cost me much work – the result of many years of training in swallowing my own emotions.

“Oh, how?” Do you always forget so easily the women who undressed you the night before?

A spark flashes in his eyes. What is this ... laughter?

– Believe me, I would not forget that.

Dora jumps off the chair by the islet and assumes a warlike pose with his fists on his hips:

– What the heck? What’s going on here?

I never get stuck in a relationship between couples. What they do without telling each other is their own business. But here is a special case. I don’t know why, but it is.

“Maybe because she is my cousin,” I tell myself, although I myself know that Dora and I do not like each other, we have nothing to lose.

Another thought flashes through my head: “You are upset because you were easily forgotten by the guy with thoughts about which you woke up today.” I decisively dismiss it, hanging the label “bullshit,” and move on.

First I turn to Dora:

– But what. This same Nick came to Sean’s bachelorette party last night and impersonating a club owner named Cash. – Then I turn to the impostor in question. Although I try, but I can not resist the mocking tone. – And you? Are you Cash or Nick? Don’t you think that could be more original? Calculation would be verified, or what?

I had no doubt that now Dora would bring forth righteous anger at Cash / Nick, and that immediately would begin to repent or at least get out to justify what he had done. But she got what she least expected.

They both began to laugh.

My confused look only seems to enhance their fun. And the anger in me grows accordingly.

The first to speak Cache / Nick:

“I suppose Dora didn’t have time to tell you that I have a twin brother?”

Chapter 4

I observe how the whole gamut of emotions is displayed on the face of this cute girl. Embarrassment, anger, chagrin, pleasure, then embarrassment again. The final chord is complete bewilderment.

– Are you kidding.

– Hardly. Why make up such a story?

She continues to stunned at me.

“So, then you’re Nick.”

I nod:

– Right.

– Cache and Nick.

I shrug:

– Our mother liked country music.

“And Cash is the owner of the Sunset Club.”

– Exactly.

“That excuses you.”

– Strictly speaking, no. In any case, no. Anyway.

– And nobody fooled me.

I am laughing:

– Yes, nobody fooled you.

She bites her lips without opening her mouth, the news digests. I don’t think she guesses how sexy and charming.

The excitement subsided, the girl takes in air and asks a question:

– Can I start all over again?

I grin:

– Sure.

A dazzling smile immediately appears on her lips. Beauty puts forward her hand, saying:

“You must be Nick, Dora’s boyfriend.” I’m Olivia, a little dumb cousin of Dora.

I grin again:

“Nice to meet you, Olivia.”

“I doubt that you have at least something stupid.”

The girl nods with satisfaction, turns and goes after the coffee pot. What remains for me not to follow her is to stare at the beautiful blonde sitting in front of me. Looking at Marissa, I always saw an elegant, stately, luxurious woman in front of me. But this morning I discover that I want her to be a cute, disheveled, fiery brunette.

Damn it! This is bad!

Chapter 5



– Oh my God! It can't be! Are you serious? Muttered Sean, chewing on the wedding cake.

The crumbs fly out of her mouth, and that makes me laugh. Going with Sean to try wedding cakes is great fun, it's better only my role at the bachelorette party.

"I wish it was a joke, but no." It was terrible! "I feel my face flush with shame at the mere mention of the story of Nick."

"It's good that it was a brother, and not the one with whom you frankly flirted."

I slap Sean's hand:

– I did not flirt with him frankly!

"No, but I did."

"Of course I ..."

"Don't even try to lie to me, stupid girl." I know you too well. He has everything a bad guy should have. I wonder how it was you who didn't grab your legs around him, didn't bite your lips at him and did not turn your whole body around him right there and then.

"God, Sean, you're talking about me like a whore."

– About the whore? True? – She looks at me skeptically.

We both sneak with a laugh. Seeing red fondant from the cake on Sean's teeth, I start to laugh out loud.

– Shut up. It's a bad word, "I explain, imitating my mother.

She was a model of stiff integrity. The words "whore" and "slut" had no place in her vocabulary. But the words "divorced" and "abandoned" place was found.

"Don't even hint at her." Crazy! – says Sean.

– You know, it's really scary. You're talking now, and your teeth are as if you just ate someone's liver. – Food coloring looks like fresh blood.

– I ate. It was delicious. With chianti and horse beans, "she says in the voice of Hannibal Lecter and makes a strange sound, sucking in the air.

We both laugh, the fashionably dressed saleswoman frowns at us disapprovingly.

"You better shut up." I'm sure that being thrown out of the wedding cake shop a month before the wedding is unfortunately.

Sean meekly smiles at the saleswoman and tells me, barely moving her lips:

– If you had a piece of coal, we would bend it, put it in her ass and in a couple of days would get a huge diamond out of there.

“You know what, Sean, I’m sure that it takes much more time for coal to turn into a diamond than a couple of days.”

– Not in that ass.

Throwing a sidelong glance at the strict lady, I change my mind:

“Maybe you’re right.”

– That’s what, while all this sweet and brain-friendly food is circulating in our blood, let’s make a plan for you to take Nick away from Dora. I think it will be the best wedding present – to see how the face of this smug whore changes.

– What? Are you crazy? I’m not going to take anyone away from anyone.

– And why? This guy is the one you always wanted.

“I know,” I say with a sigh.

And Nick knows. He is incredibly beautiful, charming, probably smart, successful, reliable, firmly on his feet – all this my mother has driven into my head since childhood, convinced that my father is deprived of such qualities. And most important: Nick is not a bad guy. I can disagree with my mother in many ways, but I know for sure: with regard to men whom I should lay eyes on, she is right. I found evidence of her innocence over and over again. Maybe someone like Nick can help the facts get to my avid heart. Until now, it seemed like falling in love with bad guys is my destiny.

“And what, what’s the problem?” Go and get it.

– It is not that simple. If only because I myself am not like that.

Sean drops the plug and looks at me viciously:

“And what kind of person are you?” Not one who takes what he wants? Who seeks his life? Who does everything to find happiness? Oh no. You’re not like that at all. You are a sufferer. You need life to pass you by, because you no longer want to take risks.

– The desire to get an education to help my father does not make me suffer.

– No, but deleting everything else from life in order to return to Paris does.

– In his life there was already a woman who left him. I do not want to be second. – The sharpness in the voice cannot be hidden.

Sean pisses me off.

– Living your life does not mean abandoning someone.

“That’s exactly what she said.”

There is nothing to answer Sean.

* * *

Taking a basic accounting course in the first two years of college was a real feat. But still, despite the light schedule, I am very tired today. And there are reasons for this. It’s Friday night. Ahead of the weekend.

He also sucks.

I would like to think: this is just a fear that you will have to go home and work until Monday, but I know the reasons are a little deeper. All this stupid conversation with Sean while we tried the cakes.

“This guy is the one you always wanted.”

Every day it becomes more and more clear. I sigh.

This week, Nick came to Dora every night.

The more I listened to his speeches, listened to his laughter, watched how he behaved, the more I wanted to be a man merciless in the struggle to fulfill my desires.

But I am not like that. Dora has a monopoly on this. Yes, she and my mother.

If I ever decide to steal, Nash will be my first thieves’ booty.

I hear his deep voice, he is talking with Dora. No doubt they have grandiose plans for the night. Their chic life is the material from which fairy tales are created. Unfortunately, my life is anything but a fairy tale.

Having resolutely shook my head, making my eyes clouded with tears, I pull my tail on the top of my head and look at myself in the mirror. Dora’s work clothes are a thousand-dollar suit and shoes from Prada. And mine are black shorts and a T-shirt that says “Take me.” Those like me are not destined to live in a fairy tale.

I’m glad I hear the front door slam. At least now, on the way to the exit, I do not have to go past this dynamic duo. Well, a crappy weekend, but it has only just begun. The last thing I need to see right now is how they drag themselves apart.

I give the sweet couple a minute or two, after which I take my purse and keys, throw a bag with a store of things overnight on my shoulder and head for the door. Thinking that I had to go to the bathroom before leaving, I look up and see Nick sitting in his polished car and talking on the phone. Not looking where I’m going, I forget about the curb – and this ends in a fall.

I probably would have been able to keep my balance if it weren’t for a bag full of jam. Since she suffered the wrong way, we both could no longer be stopped.

I fall upside down into the parking lot, imagining myself as some kind of cartoonish wheel from a cart that rolls and threshes like flails, arms and legs.

Hop! – Again I look like a fool. And besides, in the eyes of Nick.

Will my eternal embarrassment ever end in front of this guy?

A thought flashes through my head as I try to rise. Nevertheless, I do not have time to get out of the straps of my purse and bag with things, when they grab me under my armpits and put someone's strong hands on my legs.

I find myself face to face with Nick. His dark chocolate eyes.

Chapter 6

I follow Olivia out of the corner of my eye, and meanwhile I am heading towards the federal highway. I know, I run into problems: to get so far as to spend a little time with this girl!

Of course, I would help any woman in such a situation. But would you go this far? Probably not. Would he himself insist on this? Definitely not.

Why couldn't you just wait for the tow truck and leave?

I have no answer to this, but it seems to be because there is something in it ...

She's pretty, that's for sure, although a little out of my taste. The complete opposite of Dora is in almost everything – in the physical sense and in all others. And although Dora suits me in all respects, I am not attracted to her as much as to this girl.

And this is not good.

I know.

And still I am here. I'll drive her through half a staff, like I'll bring her to work. While my girlfriend is waiting for me.

Damn it! Dora!

I pick up speed on the acceleration lane and turn to Olivia:

“Do you mind if I call Dora?”

She smiles and shakes her head.

I press a couple of buttons on the dashboard to turn off the speaker. I do not want Olivia to hear our conversation.

– Where are you? Dora asks, barely having time to pick up the phone.

“Olivia won't start the car.” I will take her to work and I will be right there.

– At Olivia? My cousin Olivia?

– Sure. Who else?

“And you're taking her to work?” In Mexico City?

– Yes.

Silence greets me. I know what Dora is with other people. And I am fully aware of how she is now holding back anger and sarcastic comments against me. She is great at polishing the facade.

She understands: our relationship will end if she does not restrain herself. That's why she is silent until she takes control of her emotions.

"It's awfully nice of you to help her." I just didn't expect this. She's not a stranger to me, but I would never ask you to change plans like that because of her.

"I know I wouldn't ask." But it's not difficult for me. True.

New pause.

– Oh well. Then, I guess, we'll see you in a couple of hours.

– See you later.

I put the phone on the stand and notice: Olivia is looking at me carefully.

– Is something wrong? – I ask.

– Here I am about the same. Is she furious?

– Not. Why should she freak out?

"Do you even know who you're meeting?"

I can not help laughing.

"She's not so bad." She endured it with honor.

– Hm.

"You obviously don't like each other." Why do you live with her?

I glance at Olivia and see how she falls off her face.

"I say like an ungrateful bitch." And she is your girlfriend. Sorry.

Damn, I hit her.

– Please do not apologize. My thoughts did not blame you. Just curious how it all worked out.

"Didn't Marissa tell you?"

– Not. She did not extend this.

"Prices," Olivia mutters to herself under her breath. I pretend that I don't hear her, and I have fun. – The girl with whom we have been renting housing for the past two years, suddenly fell apart and went after her boyfriend to Colorado, without even warning me. It was just the time to renew the lease, and I did not have enough money to pay one. So I had to settle somehow differently. My best friend offered me a sofa at home, but she gets married next month, so nothing happened. Only the

hostel remained. Until Marissa's father offered me to live with her. He doesn't take as much from me as I would have to pay for a room and board in college, and this is great, because such expenses are a big problem for me. I have a very modest budget, although Ted pays me pretty well for working in a bar. – She looks at me, and I nod understandingly. “Maybe, in my words, it's unlikely, but I'm really very grateful.” I just had a hard week.

“So you work at a bar?”

– Well yes.

“May I ask why you go so far, although there are probably a dozen bars in the city where you could be taken?”

“Ted pays better than in all the other places I checked.” Many of his girls are asking for a weekend, so he pays me on top for work every weekend. I've been working there for two years, and I've known half of my life with Archie. He knows that I will always be there.

“So it's good that I forced you to agree and drove you to work.”

She is grinning. Such a sweet, sexy grin. I want to kiss Olivia.

This is not good.

“I suppose I owe you one.”

“Do not hesitate, I can figure out how you will repay me.”

Buddy, are you already flirting?

It seems to me that the last words were ambiguous. But the saddest thing, the hint really was. There are tons of things that I would love to ask her to do for me. Or with me. Or let me do with her.

Olivia's grin grows into a broad smile.

“Let me know when you come up with something.”

Wow! She is flirting with me too!

I have to think it over. Do not give in. But I can not. I can't do it at all!

It's time to change the subject.

– That's what. I don't know how much my brother pays, but I'm sure that it's above average. Why don't I talk to Cash about you? Maybe he has a place?

Panic on Olivia's face

– Not!

“Okay,” I say, slightly shocked by her reaction. “May I ask why?”

She sighs and throws her head back on the headrest, closes her eyes.

– This is a rather long and shameful story.

– Is it related to how you took off his clothes?

Olivia raises her head sharply and turns to me with wide eyes:

“Did he say anything about this?”

“No, you yourself mentioned it that first morning, remember?”

Olivia calms down:

– Oh yes. It’s true.

– So, because of one such insignificant incident, you will refuse to work, which is much closer to home and also better replenish your budget?

– Well, the question of the possible replenishment of my pockets remains open. You don’t know how much he pays.

“I can almost guarantee: this will be enough to interest you.” He has a very big club.

“Hm,” Olivia says.

“Well, at least think about it.” If you don’t want me to force you again. I can draw you into it, you know.

Olivia gives me a look and smiles. And I want only one thing – to pull over and drag it to your lap.

“I changed my mind, maybe you’d better make me make you.”

What are you doing, boy?

Olivia raises her head from the headrest, then turns it to the side:

“Are you flirting with me?”

I shrug. She is so open. I like it.

“Do you mind?”

“Dora is my cousin, you know.”

“But you barely tolerate her.”

“That is not the reason.” I’m not one of those girls.

I look at her. And I have no doubt in her for a second. She may think that Dora is a bitch, but she will never do anything to intentionally hurt her.

“You may not believe me, but I know you’re not one of those.” I am very well versed in the characters of people, and I have not the slightest doubt that you are not one of these girls.

Olivia frowns:

“Then why are you flirting with me?”

She is serious. Not smiling, not teasing me, but not condemning me either. She’s just curious.

I am fascinated and for a moment completely honest with her:

“I can’t seem to resist.”

Chapter 7

How did I succumb to his persuasion?

I am standing in front of the entrance to Leon, looking at the sign for a long time. You have to smile. “Leon”. Double. Deuce. Twins. It seems cache is impudent in all aspects of life. And smart.

Damn it!

The sun shines with might and main, and in the parking lot is empty. I have serious doubts about what to prepare for. From Sunday evening, when my father threw me home, Nick constantly pestering me with ideas to get a job in a club.

Although Nick and Cash do not seem to get along very well, Nick offered to bring me in and officially introduce me to his brother. Stubborn idiot, I refused to even find out what kind of work it was. But now, in the light of the approaching weekend, with horror I think about the need to go to California again to Ted, and the work with Cash inspires more optimism.

Unfortunately, Nick again had to leave the city, so anyway you have to go alone. I also have a back thought. Why am I so eager to stay in the city on the weekend? To see Nick, otherwise he is completely restricted to travel abroad.

Well, you dumbass! How can you play with fire?!

I sigh and step over, discussing with myself what to do. I look with lust at my car. Nash brought in a mechanic who fixed everything before I returned home on Sunday. It turned out that something was wrong with the spark plug. Only. It seems so he said. And yet ... He fixed the car.

I sigh.

It is the thought of the opportunity to see Nick more often – he will sometimes drop in to check how I do – pushes me towards the door.

I open it and enter the dark interior. Even in the middle of the day, light barely penetrates through small windows high above the ceiling.

The bar looks completely different without flashing lights and a crowd of people sandwiched by the walls. The high-legged tables are clean and empty, the black floor is polished to a shine, some quiet instrumental music murmurs in the columns, and the only lighting in the whole room is the illuminated display cases with liquors located behind the counter.

Nick said Cash will be here all day, but I’m starting to think that I had to set a specific time. I just don’t know where to look for him.

Slippers quietly click on the heels, I walk around the room, go up to the counter and put out a chair to sit, hoping that Cash is watching the room, since the door is open.

And I almost swallow my tongue when suddenly the owner of the institution sticks himself out from behind the counter.

“You must be Olivia.”

“Holy mother of hell!” I say, clutching my chest to calm my heart.

He is laughing:

– With such a language you will take root here.

If I had not been very dumbfounded, I probably would have objected to his remarks. But instead, I laugh:

“You brought out the worst in me.” What can I say?

Cache is dressed in a black T-shirt, muscular arms are naked, an intricate tattoo is visible on the left side of the chest. I try not to think of him as a guy who looks down on drooling, but that’s exactly what obsessively gets into my head.

Damn it!

He puts his elbows on the bar and leans closer to me:

“That’s because you did not give me the opportunity to bring out the best in you.”

Cash’s voice is low and quiet, eyebrows arched almost like the first night – defiantly and with a hint of obscenity. My pulse quickens.

Good God, he’s even more groovy than I remember!

Somehow I managed to convince myself that he was not as attractive as Nick; of the two guys, bad – he, therefore, I like less. Oh my god, I was wrong!

I am desperately trying to gather my thoughts and this time make a good impression. It is clear that I have only one chance to correct the original.

I politely smile and answer:

“Well, it won’t be difficult if I start working for you.”

The cache leans back and grins wryly:

“Already threatening sexual harassment?”

“No ... I ... of course not!” I ... didn’t mean ... actually I wanted to say ... – The sound of an airplane falling from the sky is heard in my head; speed increases, the liner crashes into the mountainside ... an explosion.

Shut up, Olivia! I beg you, just shut up!

– Do not go back down! It only became interesting!

Gathering air into my chest. It's easier for me, and at the same time I'm a little annoyed.

He's teasing me!

“Are you always so mean?”

– Evil? – with an innocent face, asks Kash. – I AM? Nah.

Smiling, he puts his palms on the counter, rises, throws his legs over it and jumps to the floor next to me. I blink for a second in the hope that the look of his biceps and triceps, playing under smooth skin, will not erase forever in my memory. I think I was late because this vision was the last before my eyelids closed.

Damn it!

“Nick said you worked at the bar?”

I open my eyes and see Cache. He looks at me, stands so close that I distinguish a barely noticeable line where the black pupil ends and the almost black iris begins. What a delightful eyes!

Cash's eyebrows rise – with a hint.

– Sorry? – I do not understand.

– Nothing. I don't think it matters. If you are always so charming and sexy, no one will care if you get a drink quickly.

From these words I flare slightly. They should not give me pleasure. But they deliver. Very little.

– It's not a problem.

– What? Your sexuality No, I see it.

“I didn't mean it that way.” For two years I worked at one of the most popular sports bars in California. So I can stand at the counter and with you.

Cache crosses her arms over her chest and falsely smiles:

– Are you sure?

I feel my back straightening out by itself.

– I'm sure.

“People who come here want to be not only served, but also entertained.” Do you think you can handle it?

What does this mean? I admit to myself that I have no idea, but my mouth is already open.

– No problems.

“Then you won’t mind if I arrange ... an audition.”

Cache trails off, in the silence that comes, I feel a chill creep across my back. I clearing my throat and extracting a reserve of courage from the depths of my “I”.

– Listening? And what will it be?

A few seconds, the cache does not respond. It was enough for me to distort everything inside. And so that I remember all the types of listening that I know (a couple of them enthralled me).

Turn on the brain, Liv! He takes too much on himself!

Cache laughs:

– Nothing too creative. I do not want to tempt fate for claims of sexual harassment. Until.

“Are you trying to expose me?”

– Oh, stop it. Do you want to say that you have never worked for a person who likes you? I can bet with girls like you, this happens all the time.

The mouth is ready to crawl out in a silly smile, but I restrain myself. I can’t allow Cache to understand: I am pleased to hear how he admits that he likes me, especially since “pleasant” is an encrypted “gasping with delight”.

– With girls like me? – I ask as calmly as possible.

– Yes, with people like you. “Cache half covers his eyelids, which makes his eyes heavy, half asleep, like in a bedroom, and his voice is like silk sheets on which, in my imagination, he is sleeping. – Naughty, sexy, damn showy. I swear there is no man you can’t circle around your little finger.

Cache looks at me as if she wants to undress right here and now – in an empty bar with dim lights and soft music. And some small part of me wants him to do just that.

I snort.

Oh my god, I snort!

– Hardly.

“Yes, you just say that, but I can bet you can get any guy you want.” – Discussing me, he bows his head to one side. It feels like he’s weighing me, appreciating. “But maybe you don’t know yourself well?”

“I ... I ... don’t understand what you’re talking about,” I say, and I hate myself for making my voice sound like I’m suffocating. The cache should not know how it affects me.

“Hm,” is all that Cache said. He tries to count me for a few more seconds, and then smiles. This is a polite smile that says he is back to business. Well, at least as much as he was busy with them. – So, listening. Can you take the shift tomorrow night?

It’s disgusting to ask Archie, but I don’t want to quit until I get a job here. So one of two things remains: either call Archie, or let this audition go downwind. The choice is small.

– Sure. What time do I have to be here?

– At seven o’clock. Then Leon will have time to show you everything before opening at nine.

“That sounds good,” I say, nodding. Silence stretches between us, I do not know what to decide. “Well, I think I’d better go so you can get back to work.”

“You don’t want to ask about money?” Nick said one of the reasons for this.

Oh shit! Wow, so burst, forgot to ask about payment!

I feel like blushing. I pray that it will be dark enough here, let Cache not notice, and if he does, let him attribute this to the fact that I am not comfortable talking about money.

– Yes it is.

“How about two dollars an hour beyond what the current employer pays you?”

My jaw almost falls off.

“You don’t even want to know for a start how much they pay me?”

The cache frowns:

– Nope. I feel that you are worth it.

“Don’t push me,” I mutter.

He laughs again:

– Oh, there will be a lot of pressure. Does this bother you? This weekend is full of people.

I want to tell him that I was already here, but then he can remember how I undressed him. Nothing to it.

Too late.

“You only saw the one above,” Cache says and winks.

I should have thought that I couldn't get out of here without a hint that evening.

“Can we forget what it was?”

Cache's face blurred into a devilish smile.

“Never in my life.” – He starts to go back – from me, from the entrance to the bar. – See you tomorrow evening. At seven o'clock.

“Should I wear something special?” Or...

“I'll send something to your house.” Size six?

For some reason, the realization of how accurately he measured me with his gaze – even the size of his clothes determined – causes a fever in all parts of the body, where I kind of should not feel it.

– Yes.

Cache winks again, then turns around and disappears behind a barely visible door behind the bar.

Chapter 8

Hearing the door slam behind Olivia, I smile.

It is annoying that I had to shorten the interview, but it was clear to me how this girl was spinning me to make me do stupid things and carry complete nonsense. In a way, I like it. I like her.

Olivia is a complete contradiction. I can swear that she is drawn to me, but she opposes. I can say for sure that she is modest, but she tries not to show it. And how did she make a determined face before accepting the challenge! This is damn exciting! I want to provoke her to see how far she goes.

I know this sounds like a perversion, but it is. In her reaction to my ridicule, there is something that makes my secretion in all organs intensify. One thing is clear: if Olivia is around, I will be guaranteed a very informative weekend!

I sit down to write a post to Jesse, the shopkeeper who supplies me with uniforms. I can't help but think how Olivia will look in tight black jeans with a lowered waist and a white tight-fitting top. I do not want the workers of my bar to look like whores, but I do not mind if they show a little naked body and mouth-watering mouths. This increases booze sales. And in the case of Olivia, it will bring me a lot of pleasure personally.

I can't wait for tomorrow evening. Olivia has already begun to act out a sexy cutie. And when she gets into the appropriate atmosphere, I will specially make sure that she spreads her wings. It's been a long time since I was so amused. I'm already thinking about what to ask her to do at the audition.

Chapter 9

I wake up from a cell phone call. I tear my eyes and look with a muddy look at the clock by the bed. Four minutes past seven. Morning Who can call me in such godless wounds?

I look at the glowing screen of my mobile. The number is unfamiliar, and I wonder whether to answer or not. I reached for the phone precisely because the bell rang so early. I always feel a slight alarm if the phone rings at an unusually early or late time.

– Hello? I say. The voice itself seems hoarse to me.

– Olivia?

A shiver runs down my back. This is the cache. The sound of the voice conjures up an image of a beautiful face with a bold smile and seductive breast contours. Unexpectedly for myself, I feel that I am melting.

– Olivia? Cache says again.

No, it cannot be a cache. This must be Nick. The owner of the nightclub had hardly woken up. Unfortunately, I feel the same delight from the appearance of Nick's mental image and the prospect that he is calling me.

How everything is running, I myself could not imagine!

– Yes.

A low, rumbling laugh.

So dirty sexy!

– This is Nick. Sorry to call so early, but I'll leave almost all day and want to find out how things are going in the club. Did you get a job?

– No worries. True. I appreciate your interest. Well, in truth, tonight I'll have some kind of audition.

“Ah,” Nick holds out understandingly. “Cache wants his staff to entertain guests with pleasure.”

For the first time I remembered that it was Cash who sent the stripper then, and I was seized with real horror.

Good God, I can't show striptease!

I sat in bed:

– What the heck! He doesn't think that I will undress, huh?

Laughter again.

– Not. If you yourself don't want to.

– Oh my god, no!

“I don't think so, especially after your first visit to The End.”

There is irony in the voice.

Cache told him! Damn it!

I think it's time to change the subject.

– Then what does it mean to “entertain guests”?

– Let's define it this way: you should not be timid in front of the public. Do you have an order with this?

Yes, I'm really a little shy, but that in no way makes me weak. Honestly, Nick hinted at me a little.

“Believe me, Nick, I can do what any other girl can do.” No problems.

Well, that may not be entirely true. But damn me if I ever admit it!

– Then you will have no problems. With your appearance and character, you kill everyone there.

I like this remark. Although I do not hope that Nick pays attention to my appearance. But how joyful it is to hear what turns out to be. It means that I am not indifferent to him, which is really bad, but I feel not so alone in my affections. Although still nothing will come of it. He is busy.

Damn it!

I hear the muffled tone dialing sound as if someone else was calling Nick.

“Just remember the devil.” This is Cash, “Nick says, and then mutters absent-mindedly: “I wonder what it was that he rose to such an early age?”

It's funny, but I thought to myself the same thing. After a couple of seconds, Nick clears his throat and continues:

“Well, good luck anyway.” Actually, that's all I wanted to say. Lie back in bed. Relax and wake up beautiful. Not that you need it.

I smile with might and main like a madwoman, choking on laughter, but I manage to resist.

“Thank you, I will.”

“Sleep well, Olivia.”

He hangs up. The skin on my arms and chest is still covered in goosebumps. I love the way Nick pronounces my name.

“Where did he get my number from?” I guess.

I lie in bed for a long time, look at the ceiling and think about Nick. I wonder what it feels like to look at the ceiling, lying next to it. My eyes slowly close when I imagine Nick falling on me, covering my body with his own and squeezing his hips between mine.

Such thoughts take me back to sleep.

* * *

The “end” looks almost the same as yesterday, only a little more light burns inside and voices are heard. Two voices – and one belongs to the person who is clearly on the platoon.

“So I have to mess with some kind of dropout?” Oh shit! I’m the eldest here. He could at least consult with me.

I see who the voice belongs to – some panicle in long whitish dreadlocks and with a flat tattooed arm. She waved a rake in annoyance and yelled at a kid who looked no more excited than a tank.

“Cool off, crazy,” he says good-naturedly. I can only see the dark-haired nape of the guy, in his voice you hear a barely restrained laugh. – He said she is experienced. Maybe she won’t have to drag her so long.

– If she is going to be paired with me, then she will either be the best, or I will not work with her.

“Well, you are such a sweet, complaisant beer girl, you know yourself.”

She, who had turned away to pour something behind the counter, turns to him so abruptly that I hear dreadlocks whipping the boy’s face.

“What did you call me?”

The guy throws his head back and bursts into laughter. Loud. I expect that now she will scratch his eyes, but instead, to my surprise, she smiles. And this is the end of the incident

Without giving myself time to think about the possibility of a retreat, I collect the last ounces of courage that I have, clear my throat and begin to move to the bar counter.

Both heads turn and follow my approach. When I come up, I notice that the girl, although endowed with demonic temper, is pretty beautiful. She has large almond-shaped eyes and puffy red lips. And boy ... wow! He is also handsome.

It looks exotic. Maybe a Hawaiian, or maybe a Cuban. The skin is caramel-colored, soot-black hair and the same black eyes. And the smile with which he turns to me? Holy sinners!

What is it? The country of failed fashion models?

I try not to be embarrassed by my appearance. Not so open clothing, at least it does not cause discomfort, but I still feel ... anxiety. Jeans move out, revealing a decent part of the abdomen, and the top is probably one size smaller than I usually wear, and leaves a hollow between the breasts open for sight. As a result, there is nothing particularly terrible, but attention is provided to me, there can be no doubt. That's why I'm nervous.

I do not stick out of the top as frankly as that girl, whose cheerful tits are probably artificial. She has everything bare that is possible, and I'm even slightly proud of my forms. If I have something special, it's chubby buttocks.

I smile broadly and hold out my hand.

– Hi, I'm Olivia. And you, probably, Nellie, “I say, turning first to the girl. Obviously, if I can have problems with someone here, it's with her.

“I could say that I was waiting for you, but I will not say: I only recently found out that I will deal with you, therefore ...”

She is annoyed – yes, but not hostile. I take this for a good sign and begin to enter the game as a linebacker.

– I will try to quickly figure out everything. Fortunately, I have a lot of experience working in a bar, so ... – I say, following Nelly's example without completing the sentence.

She nods, but a smile expresses obvious doubt.

– We'll see.

– Well! I exclaim enthusiastically. “I look forward to when we begin.” – I quickly turn around to the guy, direct his outstretched hand in his direction. He continues to smile.

– Olivia.

“Pablo,” he says gently, and mischievous sparks sparkle in his eyes. Again and again you meet people who immediately become attached to you at the first meeting. I have no doubt that I like Pablo. He doesn't even try to hide it. And why should he hide? There is probably not a woman on the planet who can resist the spell of a guy like him – a swarthy, hot, outspoken, with a wicked smile. – The evening has become much more pleasant.

Oh, he seems to be causing me problems!

“Maybe for me, too,” I reply with a playful smile.

The ability to flirt with him is a clear sign that nothing can happen between us. These are the guys who tie me into a knot, like Cash and Nick – that's cause for concern.

– Turn your sweet smile to customers – it will be more correct, but better learn how to serve a drink, – Tarin sharply throws and leaves.

Pablo makes a soothing gesture and rolls his eyes.

– Do not pay attention. She has an eternal period. When the customers turn up, it will become more pleasant.

I smile and nod, but whisper to myself: “Praise be to the Almighty!”

“Maybe her dreadlocks are overtightened?” I mutter softly.

Pablo laughs:

– Heck! Beautiful and fun. I can’t wait to see what else is hidden behind this sexy smile.

“Nothing as charming as yours, I’m sure.”

Pablo, not ceasing to smile, nods:

– Oh yes yes. We get along.

Chapter 10

I am rarely afraid of work, but usually I don't feel that kind of impatience either. I wait until the place is filled with visitors, and then I go to see how things are going with Olivia. I deliberately give her time to get comfortable and appear only after that. I understand that she can get nervous.

I know she wants me – at least I think it is. But she doesn't seem to want to want me. This alone arouses interest in me.

I am not against the cat-and-mouse game that we started. I agree to play a little to get her to bed. As for women, instincts, as a rule, do not deceive me, and now all my gut says: she is worth it to tolerate.

I take the first step and look around at the ocean of heads. Eyes immediately rush towards the bar towards Olivia.

I instantly distinguish her from the crowd, partly because I'm a couple of inches taller than the tallest person between us, and partly because a small circle of men has gathered around Olivia. Already.

She smiles at the customer, mixing rum with Coca-Cola. I watch how a girl takes a credit card from a guy and passes it on the receiving device with such confidence that she did it every day for many years.

Olivia is good. And I am satisfied. I would have left her anyway, but it's nice to know that the girl was standing.

Oh yes, standing. Exactly.

I want to dream about how I will put her on the bar, when the club is empty, I will pull off her clothes and put her smooth skin on. I mercilessly cut off these thoughts and return to a more urgent matter – to listening. Olivia should not know that there is no need for this. I would still take her to work. But the audition will take place anyway, for the most part for my pleasure.

I pave my way through the crowd to the end of the long, straight bar where Olivia stands. I stop behind the semicircle of the men surrounding the girl and wait until she looks up and notices me. When this happens, I see her freeze for a moment. It is almost imperceptible, so much so that I doubt if anyone else paid attention to it. But it didn't hide from me, which is important.

Olivia nervously licks her lips and smiles. I wink at her just to see how she reacts. She freezes again, paint fills her cheeks, but then she looks away and looks down for a second. I think Olivia herself does not realize that she is frowning.

Damn I like it! She reacts to me even when she does not want to.

I don't know why she is trying so hard to isolate herself from me. I'm not such a bad guy: I'm healthy, in great shape, I own a successful business, have no debts and, damn it, are pretty attractive in appearance. At least that's what they say.

I go to the bar, put my elbow on the counter and turn to the group of guys:

– Do you know what will happen now guys? Listening to the new barmaid.

There are joyful exclamations. Olivia has already secured fan support. She's going to finish me off.

I hear how offers are streaming on all sides: let them dance on a stand, let them sing, make their way through a dense crowd, but then two words become more audible, and now they are repeated in chorus like rech:

– Body shot! Body shot! Body shot!

Olivia follows with interest how her fate is decided.

– Let there be a body shot! I shout.

I look at Olivia and raise my hands with palms forward:

– So the bar decided. – Olivia nods to me, smiles timidly and wipes her hands on jeans. – Choose a victim.

She bites her lip and looks through the counter at all the guys who stare at her. I know for sure that any of them would like to be lucky, but Olivia is a smart girl. She understands: there is more to this listening than meets the eye. She weighs the pros and cons and prepares a decent response to the challenge.

Olivia already worked in a bar and should know: drinking at work is strictly forbidden, which excludes Pablo and Nelly from among the applicants. She probably also knows that involving customers in such games is also discouraged. She scrolls through the options in her head.

A smart girl.

Listening in my bar is always looking for a way to make people happy without breaking any rules. I am by nature a violator of prohibitions, but I am strict with my employees. This bar gives me a living, among other things. I can not allow lawsuits, self-mutilation and scandals.

I watch how Olivia assesses the situation. When her eyes fall on me, I understand: she realized that there was no other option. I'm not sure if I really saw a flash of delight on her face, or just my fantasies. But what I definitely noticed was how she again gained courage. And it's as sexy as before.

Olivia gives the guys around her a charming smile:

“I think those who do this will be my boss?”

Good-natured jokes come in, I get a few playful punches and slaps on the back. In an atmosphere of malicious envy and universal enthusiasm, I nod to Olivia.

I reach out through the bar. She looks at her, gathers air in her chest, and with a sliding movement puts her fingers on my palm, puts her knee on the edge of the rack and climbs up. I support her and say:

– Free the rack.

All the guys pick up their glasses, giving Olivia a place.

– Pablo, one body shot “Patron”! – I shout to the bartender.

He quickly leaves the company of the girls he was talking with, pours a drink and brings us along with salt and two slices of lime, but he does not leave, but says to Olivia with a smile:

– Lie down, beauty. I’ll cook you.

Usually the bartender does it. But I, as a rule, am not a participant in the process. For some reason, I want to cook Olivia myself.

The girl lies down and fidgets slightly to get comfortable on a solid bar counter.

I smile tightly, watching as Pablo runs a slice of lime on Olivia’s bare stomach, circling around the navel. The girl looks at him with a smile. The bartender is almost drooling. I grit my teeth, feeling jabs of jealousy.

What the heck? Where did it come from?

Anyone will tell you that I’m not jealous. In the world there are so many women craving for affection to curl up a ram’s horn because of any one. Envy is not characteristic of me at all.

Usually.

Pablo enjoys it – it moistens Olivia’s skin, sprinkles salt. Nelly turns on the music: when the body-shot is performed, it is always “Fill me sweet.” As a result, all those around turn on and immediately understand what is happening. I never attached much importance to this, but today, while the music for the winding was playing, I felt what relish. I wouldn’t refuse to pour something sweet on Olivia, so that later I would lick it all for a long, long time.

I’m ready to rush Pablo, but then he finally gives Olivia a glass and brings a second piece of lime to her mouth. I can’t help but smile when Olivia takes a slice from his fingers and inserts herself into her mouth. Probably, the attraction that I see in Pablo’s eyes is directed in one direction.

It amuses my pride.

Olivia turns to me, anxiety in wide-open eyes. I bend over and whisper in her ear:

– If you are completely unpleasant, you can not do this.

I unbend and, holding my breath, hopefully waiting for an answer: courage should prevail.

This is what happens.

Olivia slowly turns her head from side to side and, wriggling, moves closer to me. Eyes sparkle with determination. There is a challenge in them. Everything in my jeans shudders.

I smile at her and speak loudly enough so that everyone around can hear:

– Okay. You yourself asked.

They cheer me up.

Moving to her waist, I bend over and touch my tongue to my stomach. From sour-salty taste saliva liberates abundantly. I close my lips and swallow it, and then I kiss the whole belly of Olivia and lick around my belly button.

She lies perfectly still while I eat salt. It's over, I raise my head and see how Olivia reaches for me. This is such a subtle movement.

Olivia smiles impudently on me, rolls to her side and jumps off the rack to take up her workplace.

– Well guys, who should update?

And now the work in the bar “End” is in full swing. Now my only concern is to keep Pablo away from Olivia.

Chapter 11

My first thought on leaving is about Cache. Licking my belly. Climbing tongue into the navel. And then looking so languidly into my eyes.

God, I was ready to swallow it right there, on the spot!

Damn bad guys!

I blame everything on hereditary weakness for them, because reason insists: you need to look for someone more suitable. Like Nick.

Nick.

To myself, I even sighed on behalf of only one. Nick is as gorgeous as a brother. It is natural. They are twins. And although there are fewer extremes that attract me like a bee to honey, he is endowed with many traits that are very pleasant to me.

The phone rings. I look at the screen to read who it is, but the name along with the number does not appear, so I do not know the caller. I'm thinking whether to answer, but I've woken up already, what's there.

– Hello?

“Good morning,” a rude voice growls at me. In a split second, I not only recognize him, but also react. Everything in my stomach trembles with joyful excitement.

“Good morning,” I return the greeting. This is the cache.

“I expected to talk to you yesterday, before you left.”

This phrase provokes an unpleasant thought about last evening: shortly before the last group (guests) fell out of the place, Nelli disappeared behind the door, which, as I saw, was used by Cash, and neither she nor he showed up. Pablo explained to me what to do when closing, and when we were done with everything, he suggested that we go to the car. I agreed. She was annoyed and was not going to sit and wait for Cash, like a little dog. Even if he gave me a job. This is a fundamental point. I remember, I even thought: Yes, he is the same as all the bad guys – a lover of fun, turn his head and, in the end, change.

Not that he shows by his appearance: I, they say, remain faithful to some beautiful lady; however, I would not be too surprised if he had someone.

Throwing these thoughts out of my head, I remind myself that I do not care about Cache. He is my employer, and that's it. The end of the story.

“I didn't mean to interrupt you with Nellie,” I explain, hating myself for the caustic tone. “Pabdo showed me what to do.” Nothing wrong.

– Pablo, then?

I wonder or is his voice saturated with poison now?

– Yes. He is a great guy.

The cache grunts and pauses, after which it continues:

“Nelly is worried about something; she wanted to discuss this with me before tonight.” Actually, that’s why I’m calling you.

I feel relieved. Instantly. And I hate myself for that. The conflict of feelings annoys me. But even worse, now I’m thrilled. This bell foreshadows the evil.

– Any problems?

“Listen, I’m not one of those who will beat around the bush or get into other people’s strife, so I’ll tell you frankly.” Nelly doesn’t want to train you. She doesn’t have any special reason, she just doesn’t want to. I will not say what I think about it, it does not matter. It is important that I want you to work at The End. I know you have a special work schedule. If she cannot work with you, these are her problems, let her seek other activities that will make her happy.

“So what does all this mean?” What do you want to say?

“Well, when I said all this to Nellie, she decided to stay.” So you will study yourself. If you want, Nellie will deal with you. If not, I will do it.

The pulse quickens from the mere thought that I will spend so much time with Cash, and even in such close communication.

– Maybe this Pablo will work out with me?

Long pause. Finally, cache responds. The voice is harsh.

– Not. Pablo will not do this.

Thousands of thoughts swarm in my head, not the last of them, which makes me smile: is Cache jealous of me for Pablo?

– I do not know what to say. That is, I do not want Nelly to think that I refuse her services. But I won’t let myself survive. At the same time, I would not want her to have problems because of me.

“Her task is not to love you, but to show how to do things.” Is it because of this she may have problems?

Doubts are minimal. Regardless of what we have with Nellie, I know that if Cache starts working with me, it does not bode well. I’m just not responsible for myself if he is around.

“Well then, let Nelly deal with me.”

– That’s good. But if she starts to get you, immediately come to me.

“I will come,” I agree, not for a second intending to do so. No, I’ll deal with Nelly somehow. Either we get along, or we have to learn to work with someone we hate.

I run my hand through my tangled hair, hoping that in the end it will be the first, and not the second. It’s awful, terribly hard to work with someone who cannot bear your spirit.

“Nellie took leave tonight, so you don’t have to go to work until next weekend.” Unless you want to take an extra shift on Wednesday when Nelly is working.

Actually I need money. Classes in college will only begin on Thursday at eleven, so that I can somehow settle down, the main thing is that this does not become a habit.

– Wednesday is good. I can handle.

“Fine,” Cache says. Judging by the voice, with a smile. I am glad that he did not perceive my refusal of his services as a mentor as an insult.

I swear he has such a powerful ego that he did not think for a second to be offended.

– If you need something, call. My phone is always with me.

“How did you find out my number?”

“From one ass ass named Nash.”

– Donkey ass?

– Yes, ass ass. Do not say that you yourself do not consider him a donkey ass!

From the awkwardness I laugh:

“Hm, well, I don’t think his ass is a donkey.” With me he is always very nice.

“Of course, dear.” You are so amazing. What man will not be nice to you?

– There are many of those.

“They’re all donkey asses,” Hochmit Cash.

“And they too?”

– Yes.

– What today, all the ass asses all without exception?

“Yes,” cache repeats abruptly. – The word of the day is pipifax.

I laugh this time sincerely.

– That’s for sure?

– Yes. And what was the word of the day yesterday, you better not know.

– No doubt. And then suddenly the eardrums burst.

Cache’s voice is quieter and softer.

– No, you can blush.

I am silent. I feel a pleasant fever pouring on my face. It becomes clear: no matter how I poke around, knowing that you do not expect good from this guy, it will be almost impossible to resist him.

Damn it!

“Have a nice day, Olivia.” Waiting for you on Wednesday.

With these words, Cache hangs up, and I, limp, remain lying in bed and immersed in thoughts of what would happen if I stopped resisting.

* * *

Just left the shower, I hear voices. It’s unusual. You can’t confuse Dora’s unsettled screech. Oddly enough, the second voice, also voiced in elevated tones, belongs to Nick. I hide behind the door, leave it slightly open and turn my head to the crack with my ear.

You are a shameless, mean spy.

I choke on a laugh. But I’m not giving myself a break. To impersonate so to impersonate.

“You can’t dump this at me at the last minute!” I already had plans, and I don’t even have anything to wear! – I can say for sure: Dora is still trying to stay calm, and this is proof of how much she likes Nick; so she tries not to show her true nature. Although I can not judge how she manages to mislead him. It would be interesting to see how long Nick would start to follow her if she began to show herself in all its glory.

– If I knew that I would be back, I would have warned. I wanted to surprise you. – Nick raises his voice just to shout down Dora’s screech.

“Well, what should I do now?!” I can’t cancel the meeting with dad. He already ...

“It doesn’t matter,” Nick consoles her. “I can invite someone else.”

There is a long pause, filled with such tension that I feel it even through a closed door.

Hand over a little, Nick! She’s about to explode!

– Who do you think?

Dora's voice is as cold as ice. Interestingly, Nick knows this tone and its meaning?

"I have no one; I did not know that you could not go." Although, I think I will be able to persuade someone. No worries.

I almost laughed out loud. No worries. I swear, Dora is already smoking.

I almost feel the smell of boiling brains while she tries to think of someone to make her a safe rival, who is reliable enough and at the same time so unfortunate that she has no plans for the evening and will agree on everything at the last minute.

"What about Olivia?" I am sure she will be happy to go with you, especially now that you have become her benefactor.

My jaw drops, and on the face, I know this, an expression of deep resentment appears. Oh my God! So the loser is me!

"I appreciate your offer, but doesn't it work on the weekend?"

"If she got a job with Cash, who knows what her schedule is."

"Well, I won't wake her up to ask about it." I think she worked late yesterday.

"Yes, but she will not refuse." I will ask her myself.

Nash starts to say something, but the way he cut off the phrase told me: Dora was gone. I quietly close the door and stomp into the bathroom, as if I had just finished taking a shower ... But I actually finished.

– Olivia? Dora calls out to me, knocks loudly on the door and opens it, without waiting for me to answer.

I bite my lip so as not to growl: "Here is a witch!"

"I'm here," I say in a sharp tone.

The door opens wide and Dora comes in, stomping loudly. She has an expression of disgust on her face. She does not spend time on courtesy.

"Do you work tonight?" If not, I need you to go with Nick to the show. You owe it to him.

How similar it is to Dora: to launch heavy artillery from a swoop – accusations of ingratitude and blackmail.

What an honor it is for me to be related to the devil's mistress herself.

Carefully suppressing the urge to grunt loudly, I reply:

“Actually, I’m not working tonight.” True, I can’t go. I am very sorry, but I have nothing to wear to fulfill such interesting duties.

Dora dismisses:

– You’ll wear something from mine. I’m sure you won’t stay naked.

I just heard how she complained that she would not have time to buy a new dress for this occasion, and now I am absolutely convinced that I can be sent ... whatever.

“Well, if Nick doesn’t care how I look ...”

Dora rolls up in a subtle, derogatory laugh:

“Olivia, I’m sure Nash won’t look at you closely.”

I will be honest. I am enraged. Fury, damn it! It is at this moment that I decide to surprise everyone, especially Nick. Dora will regret this day ...

Even if I have to follow the example of a girl in pink and sew myself a new dress in just seven minutes.

All this happens inside of me. Outside, I smile sweetly at Dora:

– In that case, I will be happy to go.

Dora turns around and leaves without saying either “thank you,” or at least “kiss my ass.”

I hear her tell Nick that I will go, and she will try to do everything so that I look presentable, and I can not help thinking: it would be nice to pierce this cold-cold heart with a knife for chopping ice and wash off with impunity.

For this, I could get the Nobel Peace Prize. Or at least a thank you call from the Vatican.

This time I don’t care about hiding a contemptuous grin.

Chapter 12

I wait until Olivia leaves the bedroom, and I can not get rid of a slight sense of shame. I should not be so happy that I will spend the evening with her.

And I rejoice. It is impossible to deny it.

– Nick! – calls me Olivia.

I turn to the door to her room. From that place in the living room where I stand, I can see this door. She is ajar, so I only hear Olivia's voice, but I don't see her myself.

– Yes?

“Promise me that if you are embarrassed in this dress, you will go alone.” I swear I won't be offended.

“Olivia, I don't care what you are...”

“Promise me right away, or I won't leave at all.”

Is she stubborn? Well. Who would have thought. But actually I kind of like it.

I am laughing:

– Alright, alright. I promise: if I think that I am ashamed of you, I will go alone.

The door closes, a long pause follows, and suddenly the sash flies to the side. The sight that catches my eye takes my breath away.

Dora above Olivia. And slimmer. But Olivia has more rounded shapes. Much more. And every bend of her body is impeccably emphasized by the dress in which she is dressed.

It seems like I used to see Dora in him, and she looked great. But not like that.

The material is the thinnest, dark red color. It flutters from the stream of air raised by the door, which the closer pulls to the box with a choked pant. Olivia stands motionless, giving me time to evaluate herself, and then begins to move towards me. Watching her, I clench my jaws so as not to stand with my mouth open. A haze-like fabric adheres to the body, clearly outlining all forms. With the same success, she could be naked.

Mother of God, I would like it to be so.

I shake these thoughts out of my head, knowing that they will not bring me to good.

Think it over, man! Think it over!

Olivia stops in front of me – pure grace and fragrance. The open chest and shoulders seem to radiate a gentle glow in the dim light. I so much want to touch her, caress that I clench my fists to hold on.

“You look amazing.” – The voice sounds intense, I notice it myself.

Olivia’s face is sad.

– Dress tight. I shod higher heels to adjust the length, but I can not do anything else.

I see that she is seriously upset, and I want to smile, but I do not. You should not smile when you are saddened by a woman.

“Dora is much thinner than me,” Olivia says, with one hand shaking. “And I just don’t have anything to ...”

I take Olivia by the shaking hand and put the index finger of her free hand on her lips:

– Quiet.

Olivia immediately subsides. Yes, I could silence her in a hundred different ways and without touching, but I chose this one – everything is better than kissing her, which I really want.

Oh my god, how I want to kiss her!

It takes me a few seconds to distract from how her juicy lips parted slightly. It would be so easy to stick a fingertip between them, to feel the warmth of her mouth, the moisture of her tongue.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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