

DANGER, WORD GAMES!



EVE SUMMERS

Red Rose™ Publishing

Danger, Word Games!

By

Eve Summers

Dedication

*To the men who know how to
use words,
and to the women who see right
through them.*



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The chocolate cake in her mouth was like a perfect blow job, and her latest guy looked hot in the tight black jeans, his long hair a lion's mane on his shoulders. Her Mr. MaybeRight.

Life was good.

"I love you," he murmured, and she froze. Alarm bells slashed into her brain, clenching her thoughts, turning her stomach into gelatin.

Almost retching, she pushed away her bowl. Why had she never before noticed the fecal attributes of chocolate? Well, now she'd remember. And of course, she had already learned the hard way that some words were like shit, too.

"I love you," he repeated. "I know we said we wouldn't do the clichés, but--"

"Don't." She stood up, crumpled the napkin in her quivering fist, threw it onto the table. "And don't call me again. Ever."

She stormed out of the restaurant. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him hurry after her. She took refuge in the ladies' room. When she stopped shaking, she stood in front of the restroom mirror and ran cold water over her wrists.

Damn, damn, damn. She should have known to call it quits after that first night together with Mr. MaybeRight. It was only the shape of his arse that made her stay in the bedroom once she'd seen what he had in mind for her.

The restroom mirror scowled back at the memory. The candles had been the first thing she'd noticed when she walked into Mr. MaybeRight's apartment: tall, thick and waxy candles, phallic both in shape and texture, lined both sides of the passage. He'd taken her hand like in the trashiest Hollywood tearjerker and led her along the candle-lined isle to the bed. The bed was sprinkled with rose petals, covered thick with their softness and scent.

She should have known then, but the petals reminded her of the naughty teenager fantasy in *American Beauty*, so she'd decided to give him the benefit of the doubt - just in case all those romantic overture were meant with a wink. After all, she had warned him she wasn't into romance. But when he'd presented her with a silk designer scarf tied around a perfect single rose, the saccharine had finally got to her.

"Look," she'd said to him. "I appreciate the gesture. But don't do it again. I like you enough to sleep with you anyway, without the bribes."

He'd nodded. "You are so beautiful. Always beautiful. Especially when you're angry."

She had almost left then. Left him in his bed of rose petals, next to the wine cooler. Briefly, she'd considered conking him over the head with the bottle of French champagne (her favorite, she'd noticed, and her resolve had weakened). Or perhaps throwing the ice cubes into his lap. Why was he being so obtuse?

“And another thing,” she’d said instead. “Don’t compliment me all the time. I don’t want words. I don’t need them.”

But that last one had been a lie. She needed words. Words were her life. In fact, words were larger than life. The words that she sold to newspapers and magazines for money like a common prostitute, the words she wrote for herself late at night, the words her father never spoke to her. Words of gold, words like gold, golden words, cheap alloy.

The restaurant’s restroom mirror was still sneering at her. She retouched her lipstick, enjoying the creamy sensation on her mouth. Her heels clanged on the marble floor as she re-entered the lobby.

No sight of Mr. MaybeRight. Good riddance.

“Call me a cab,” she said to the passing waiter.

The boy, he couldn’t have been more than twenty-five, eyed her with a grin. “You are a real cab,” he said, his face deadpan.

“Cute,” she found herself smiling back. Here was a man who understood the value of words. “Now if you could perhaps order me -” she checked herself, “order one for me?”

He pressed a button in the wall. “And now you will give me your phone number,” he said. It was a statement, not a request.

She shrugged, not yet sure whether she was amused or irritated by his rudeness. It was better than Mr. MaybeRight’s cordiality, at any rate. Good

manners were dishonest by their very nature. She smiled at the waiter. “Do you always work this fast?”

“My favorite opening line is ‘Suck my cock’.”

She wanted to ask him why, in that case, he hadn’t used it on her, but the taxi had arrived just then, so she tossed her business card at him and hurried out, careful not to look back.

The following morning, she received an apologetic phone call. From Mr. MaybeRight, who was now Mr. MaybeRight-Not. When she heard his voice, she realized she’d been waiting for another one, an arrogant voice that would say ‘suck my cock’.

“Don’t be sorry. I was the one who walked out,” she reminded Mr. MaybeRight-Not. And he said he knew, and he apologized again. She hung up on him then, feeling a little wistful about those gorgeous black jeans tight around his assets, but infinitely more relieved, and turned her mind back to work.

“A Valentine’s Day fantasy that would appeal to our target audience,” her editor had requested. “Five hundred words, two hundred dollars.”

Easy money. Easy, boring words.

He led me into the bedroom, her fingers drummed without interest into the word processor. *The floor was covered in rose petals and red candles*. Silly, she berated herself, how can the floor be covered in candles? But she knew the readers wouldn’t even notice the sloppiness of her writing. Most people didn’t know a

thing about grammar nowadays. *A perfect heart-shaped balloon floated above the bed. A bowl of sugared strawberries awaited on the bedside table. He took my hand in his and pressed a padded gift box into my palm.*

At least Mr. MaybeRight-Not had provided her with material for an article. That was more than could be said about most men she dated, even for Mr. MarriedWithChildren, who had abused the L word, the L word that was so abundant in everyday language it couldn't even be sold anymore.

Except perhaps for Mr. GoldDigger... he had provided her with enough words to write a whole book... words like "soul mates", "from the moment I looked into your eyes, I knew you were the one", "I want to make babies with you", "together until after wrinkle time". When she asked him what he wanted for dinner or in bed, he'd inevitably reply: "your choice, darling". And then there were the throwaway one-liners: "you are wonderful" or "it's you" or just "you" delivered with a puppy look.

At the time, she had drunk his words in, temporarily blind to their clichéd patina. Only when he'd disappeared with her savings ("to start my own business, darling, it wouldn't be fair to marry you while I'm a nobody and you're a successful career woman"), did she discover that his words of gold were certified at zero carats. She couldn't sell them. Her editor said they were too Mills and Boon even for his undiscerning target audience.

Mr. GoldDigger had taught her that Mills and Boon was not the way she wanted to go, ever again. Mills and Boon words had too much power. She needed to be in control.

And now she was writing about champagne chilling in a bucket and sugary strawberries, while her head echoed with another word construct altogether: *suck my cock... suck my cock.*

What would the arrogant boy's Valentine's Day fantasy be, she wondered. Something to do with body paint and ice, perhaps. Or black leather. Or posing naked in front of a floor-to-ceiling window....

The phone rang again. Goodbye black thongs and ice cubes.

"Yes?" she snapped. She wasn't going to take kindly to another disappointment. Oh well, the price we pay for flaunting our phone numbers. "Hello?"

"Did you seduce that cab driver on the way home last night?"

His words quickened her breath, pulsed in her ears, made her feel aware of every inch of her skin. "Ah, Mr. Arrogant," she said, taking utmost care to conceal her delight. And then, before she could stop herself: "What is your favorite Valentine's Day fantasy?"

"I don't do Valentine's Day."

Of course. What had she been thinking? Romance was certainly not his middle name. Yes!

"In that case," she continued, "I'd like to -"

“I don’t actually care what you’d like. What *I’d* like is *you* to entertain *me*.”

So different from the golden “I want whatever you want, darling” and the overused abused L-word.

“How charming!” She pressed her fingers into the edge of her desk to stifle her rising need. She hoped she didn’t sound too eager when she continued, “So what can I do for you?”

“You can amuse me by sucking my cock. We’ll take it from there.”

What could a girl possibly expect from a guy like that? Selfishness for sure. But also honesty: words that would - for a change - keep their value. And a fucking good time. Literally. No white picket fences and joined accounts and washing dirty socks with the likes of Mr. Arrogant. A perfect match.

“Hmmm,” she pretended to consider it. “I thought that one was your opening line. What took you so long?”

“I go easy on older women.”

Yep. She would definitely get honesty.

“And wrongly so,” she heard herself say. “Older women have already learnt to swallow.”

She heard his quick intake of breath and savored her triumph. Two could play that game, the dangerous game of words.

“Careful that you don’t swallow your pride,” Mr. Arrogant aimed for playful, but she heard the insistent mating call in the timbre. “Deep-throating is a fucking hard business.”

“I like fucking hard.”

“Good,” his voice was low, urgent, straight from the loins. “When are you available?”

The throbbing space between her legs felt empty and she imagined it the exact shape of his cock. There was only one answer she wanted to give.

“Now.”

No Mills and Boon. No happily ever-after. No living for tomorrow. The time was right now. A one night stand. It might last the lunch hour, a month, or a year, but it would remain a one night stand as far as expectations and romance were concerned.

“Now works for me, too,” he said. He sounded more composed now. “But, you understand, no strings.”

“Oh, that’s a pity,” she teased. “I have a four-poster bed that simply lends itself to strings.”

Again that quickly caught breath. He cleared his throat. “I can’t wait to fuck you.”

They were on the same wavelength, all right.

The End

Author Bio:

Eve Summers believes that words are the greatest aphrodisiac, and the best lover is the one who will play with your mind. (It doesn't hurt if he's tall, dark in the expensive-chocolate way and extremely handsome.)

Stay tuned as Eve has some more great books coming out soon from Red Rose™ Publishing

Also writing as Yvonne Eve Walus

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