

Wings of

HOPE

NOVA BLAZE

Inhalt

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DEDICATION

For my husband. Sorry hun.

IMPRINT

IMPRINT

Wings of Hope (Beachside Britons #2)

By Nova Blaze

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KAPITEL EINS

1 - ENISSA

I hated it when someone called me during my coffee break. Mr. Weiss was an important client from Germany, so it was impossible for me to avoid answering his call. Nevertheless, I hated it. It was the only time that I had to myself during the day, and there was nothing more irritating to me than cold coffee. I hated it.

As Herbert Weiss wanted me to walk him through the documents I'd requested he supply - for the third time - I gave him a summary and informed him that I would ask my assistant Lucy to send him the list again as soon as possible.

"Miss Rouhani, I wanted to express my gratitude for your assistance, it is very kind of you. It is very much appreciated," he droned on once more, but I was distracted by the tinkle of the bell and my attention drifted elsewhere. Two men were just entering the café, both wearing the light blue shirts of the RAF day wear and berets. The base was close after all, so I knew I wouldn't have seen many soldiers around here, but if I had ever seen the guy on the left before, I would have remembered him.

There was something about his large build and intense eyes that intrigued me, and when I looked over at him he seemed to stand in a bright spot light drawing all looks his way.

He was tall, at least 6'3, and thanks to the shorn hair and shaved cheeks, nothing took any attention away from a handsome face, startlingly grey eyes and soft lips. Broad shoulders, shapely pecs and strong biceps strained against his shirt. And that beret. Whew, I'd have to start fanning myself in a minute if he didn't leave soon.

“Miss Rouhani?” Oh shit, I’d completely forgotten my client. “Mr. Weiss, I’m sorry, the connection must have been lost,” I lied, trying to tear my eyes from the hot soldier who was queuing for a coffee now.

“I assure you, Mr. Weiss, I am fully connected.”

“I’m sorry, it had to be a problem on my end then, well it wasn’t really important anyway. Your assistant will get in touch?”

I confirmed, he thanked me and we ended the call. Mr. Blue Sky by the Electric Light Orchestra started up in my ears again, as I picked up my cup to finish my coffee before it got too cold for my liking.

Despite me doing my hardest to not look, my eyes flitted back to him and oh shit, he looked right back at me. A tiny smile played at his delightful lips and neither of us looked away again until the guy he was with elbowed him hard in the ribs. He flinched, then realized it was his turn and he quickly ordered a drink. I couldn’t help but watch him wait for his coffee to be prepared. His profile was beautiful and I cursed myself as I imagined what it would feel like to run my fingers over his short black hair. It would feel amazing, I was sure of it.

For a minute or two I contemplated getting up and asking him for his number. Then I remembered that I was technically still seeing Ryan. Damn. Before I could make up my mind, the two men left.

A tiny smile appeared on the face of Mr. Blue Sky as he looked back at me for a

moment, then he was gone. The town wasn’t very big, but since I had never seen him before, chances were slim that we would run into each other any time soon. I ought to hang out at a bar that I knew soldiers frequented. I ought to end things with Ryan as well. Being so interested in a stranger when you were dating someone was certainly not okay.

In fact, I decided right then and there that I’d have a drink at the Greyhound tonight. I knew that putting myself out there

would not hurt. I wouldn't even mind if he didn't show up. If he didn't, I could at least enjoy the live music and all the other hot soldiers that hung around the bar.

I decided it would also be a good idea to have a few drinks to help me relax before I spoke to Ryan. It was going to be hard for him but I owed him the truth. When he got over the shock of it, I hoped that he would forgive me.

Sighing, and regretting that I hadn't dared to get his number, I got up and made my way back to my office. I was the youngest partner in a law firm that dealt with the founding of companies, it wasn't like me at all to shy back from a challenge. I grumbled inwardly, asked my assistant Lucy to send the list to our elusive client, and told her I'd be out of the office early today.

I left my place at six p.m., took an Uber back to my place, showered, shaved (you never knew), and put on my new favorite dress, a deep burgundy midi dress that complimented my dark hair and eyes perfectly. After an Uber ride back into town, I visited the Greyhound, a cute pub that used to have live music almost every night, and that was so close to the RAF base that about 80% of its customers were soldiers.

I entered the bar, sat down and ordered myself a G&T from the nice barkeeper. Although he was not there, the bar was still pretty quiet, barely 6.30. The barkeeper who introduced herself as Alison struck up a conversation with me as the bar was still fairly quiet, and we talked between her customers. I had no idea whether Mr. Blue Sky, as I had decided to call him until I had found out his name, had appeared yet, as I was sitting with my back to the door.

2 - Conor

At that moment, I was speechless. “Con, what’s up?” Parker elbowed me hard in the ribs.

“Ouch, shit, what?” I hissed and turned around to face my friend. “Are you trying to kill me?”

In response, Parker snickered, raised his chin at the barista, and rolled his eyes. “Place your order already, asshole,” he said, rolling his eyes as he stood to pay for his own coffee. I apologized to the barista, ordered myself an iced coffee, and paid with my smartwatch.

After moving over to wait for our drinks I felt the eyes of the woman in the smart floral dress burning a hole in my back. She was drop-dead gorgeous with her plump lips, long dark brown hair tied back, the equally dark eyes framed by thick black lashes. And that 12 had caught me staring. Great.

The barista who seemed to be flirting with Parker handed us two coffees to go and wished us a good day. I couldn’t help but turn around quickly once I was at the door. She was still looking at me, eyebrows slightly raised in interest.

“Go get her number if you want,” Parker grinned while taking a sip of his coffee. “Nah,” I nodded to the door. “Let’s go.” She looked way too sophisticated to be someone to date a soldier, and I didn’t want to risk a rebuff. What would a woman like her want with me?

I lived in the barracks, was training, and was in the line for deployment sooner than later. Nah, I definitely wasn’t boyfriend material, and I’d never been much interested in quick fucks.

I mean sure, I liked sex as much as the next guy, but to me it was always just another release valve for stress or a way to relax and forget the bullshit of day-to-day life. Somehow it never seemed like something that would bring a woman closer to me emotionally. I craved connection more than quick physical gratification. It made everything so much better when

you had someone by your side that you could trust and feel close to you.

Dating was always a challenge for me because it seemed so one-sided these days. Nothing ever lasted more than a while before it became uncomfortable. Eventually one or the other of us would tire of the constant drama and move on with our lives. They usually expected too little from me, a nice body to ride and warm them at night, but hardly ever wanted any emotional involvement with me.

After we left, we got in our car and carried on with our day. Parker and I had flight training in the afternoon, but by the time I touched down my Hawk T2 and had received a briefing from my instructor, night was falling. We quickly showered and headed back to the barracks for dinner. Most people were already seated at the grey plastic tables when we got there, laughing and chatting as they ate their food.

“Con, you in for a couple of beers down at the Greyhound?” Beau, another guy from our team, called across the room once Parker and I had sat at our table. I wasn’t much of a drinker anymore, but yeah, I was gonna tag along. It was always fun to hang out with the guys after a hard day of training. Just to get out and see something else for a change. The Greyhound was the nearest pub where most of us went for a chilled night out. We decided to meet in the car park in an hour.

After dinner I dressed in clean jeans and a black Mustang shirt, and my signature black-on-black Chuck Taylors, before heading out to meet the other guys.

It was still early when we got to the Greyhound and the place was just starting to fill up for the night. A lone guitarist was playing in the corner of the room, drowning out most of the noise from the other patrons in the bar.

We had barely made it to the pub when a pretty girl with short blonde hair, and pierced ears began hitting on Beau. Beau Hamilton was always surrounded by women, it really wasn’t fair. I wasn’t bad looking but she barely took any notice of me. My thoughts drifted back to the woman I’d seen at the

café this morning. I should have gone over there and introduced myself properly, I thought as I took the first sip of my beer.

As Parker clapped his hand on my shoulder, he led me into one of the free booths. We talked about the training flights, mine having gone especially well today. I was hoping that I would be assigned a placement soon where I could progress to a Typhoon, my dream jet.

I'd been flying with the Falcons for a year now and I was ready to go solo in my Hawk T2, and finally get the chance to show off in front of the rest of my team.

Parker chuckled as the bar got fuller by the minute. "Seems like everyone wants to have a drink tonight," he said. I looked around the other guests as I gazed around them. As I approached the bar, there were some people that I recognized as RAF members, a group of middle-aged people playing darts in a corner, and a few people sitting at the bar.

Having my eyes flit over a woman with a dark hairstyle in a high ponytail, I did a double take, as I looked at her. She wore a snug dress the colour of red wine and chatted animatedly with the barkeep. I knew immediately that I had found the same woman as earlier in the café. "Be right back," I told Parker, downing the rest of my beer as I got up and walked towards her.

While sidling up next to her, I double-checked. It was indeed her.

The woman's head spun round, and it took her a moment to recognize me when I asked nonchalantly, "Hey, are you following me?" "You wish, I guess." She winked. "Yes, you are absolutely right, how did you know?" I replied with a grin, making her laugh. Her delicate nose and thick black lashes made her look even more beautiful up close.

"What are you drinking?" I asked, tilting my chin at the glass in her hand.

"Gin and Tonic," she cocked a perfect black eyebrow at me, and I signed to the barkeeper to get me one, too. I felt

emboldened by her confidence; she had this wild air about her and was not afraid to show it, which I found incredibly sexy.

“Mind if I sit for a moment?” I asked when the pretty red-haired bartender came back with our drinks. She smiled at me and I gestured to an empty chair next to her.

“Help yourself, you can stay as long as you like,” a tiny smirk grazed her mouth. The bartender placed a glass in front of me. “Cheers!” I said raising my glass to hers. We clinked glasses and she took a sip from her drink.

“You’ve never been here before, have you?” Pursing her lips at my question, she swirled her drink around in her glass before answering me.

“What makes you say that,” she paused and took a drink of her drink as she looked at me intently with her big dark eyes.

There is no doubt in my mind that I would remember you,” I said as I looked up at her and our eyes locked. They were a deep, rich chocolate brown, and I wanted to sink into them.

She’s one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever seen in my life, I thought in awe. The corners of her eyes crinkled into a tiny smile, and then a mischievous gleam flashed through them. “Well, I certainly remember you as a soldier boy!” she said laughing, almost under her breath so that nobody else could hear her.

“So, what brings you here this evening?” she asked after a slight pause. Her manicured fingernails clacked lightly on the glass in her hand as she gave me a knowing look. Did she think I was here trying to get some action with her? I thought to myself. Probably, but I wasn’t going to let that happen. Not tonight anyway. I wanted to learn more about her and get to know her better first, and then we could take it from there.

“Actually I just fancied a few beers after a hard day’s work.” She chuckled softly at this. “And I couldn’t think of a better place to come than here. What are the chances of running into you here of all places? Luck seems to be on your side tonight, doesn’t it?” I added, trying to sound nonchalant

about it when in reality I was feeling quite pleased with how things had turned out.

“What’s your name?” She asked after a slight pause. I hesitated for a moment as I was still unable to take my eyes off her gorgeous face. She seemed to be just as taken with me as I was with her. “It’s Conor.” I replied as I held out my hand for her to shake. She reached out and placed her right hand in mine. Squeezing it gently, I looked down at her long, slender fingers, tips painted blood red in my huge hand and smiled to myself.

“Nice to meet you, Conor. I’m Enissa.” She said with a smile as I raised her hand to my lips and brushed my lips across her knuckles. I felt an instant connection with her, not just physical attraction, but an emotional one as well.

“What line of work do you do?” she asked, eyeing me speculatively from under her long lashes, and gently freeing her hand out of my grip. She wasn’t going to make it that easy for me. “I’m training to be a pilot,” I told her proudly. My eyes were somehow glued to hers and I felt my blood heat as she leaned in towards me the longer we talked.

“Oh really?” She raised an eyebrow at me. “That’s a very interesting profession.”

“You bet! I’ve always dreamed of flying and now I’m living that dream.” I beamed at her as I took another sip of my g+t. “Must be very exciting for you,” she murmured appreciatively.

We talked for hours, about the RAF and what it was like to fly. I told her about my dreams of one day becoming a pilot of a Typhoon, and she listened with rapt attention. She told me about her job as a lawyer, and of the kind of jobs she had done.

As the night drew to a close, we both realised we had to leave. She held out a slender hand to me. “Gimme your phone, soldier.” I raised an eyebrow but did as she requested, handing it to her with a smile. She navigated to my address book and added herself to it. Then she handed it back to me. “Call me, soldier,” she said softly, her voice low and inviting. “I will, I would love to see you again. Soon.” I smiled brightly at her

and nodded my head. "I'll be waiting, soldier." Grabbing my hand she led me out into the evening air. I could see the moon overhead and it was starting to get late.

watched as she left. I smiled to myself. Maybe, just maybe, I could be the kind of man she was interested in.

3 - Enissa

I let go of his hand once we were out in the dark. “Are you flirting with me, soldier?” I asked and took a step closer to him. He didn’t answer for a few seconds, but his eyes were fixed on mine. Running his fingertips lightly over my forearm, he leaned in to whisper in my ear. A slight shiver ran down my spine as his warm breath caressed my neck, and I shivered again involuntarily at him being so close to me.

“So what if I am,” he backed away, only a little, flashing his dazzling smile at me. I clenched deliciously at the burning look he was giving me. Oh shit. How fucking gorgeous could someone be? And why on earth was I still seeing Ryan, when that specimen existed in my town? Before I could ask him why he was looking at me like that, he pulled me close.

“Well, for starters, you don’t even know me,” I said to him as he kissed my neck softly. He chuckled softly into my hair. “We can certainly change that,” he mumbled, his voice a hint too suggestively, and I couldn’t help but laugh again. A blush appeared on his cheeks, barely noticeable in the fluorescent lights from the sign over our heads but definitely there. So cute. He raised an eyebrow and smiled at me, and I felt myself melt. “Okay then, you’re on, soldier boy.” “We’re gonna go on a date, soon. The best first date you’ve ever had,” he whispered into my ear once more, then he kissed it softly. A soft moan escaped me as he pulled back from my ear. His hand came up to cup my cheek and Conor rubbed his thumb across my bottom lip.

I smiled up at him and let my eyes wander down to his lips. They were sinfully perfect. I could just imagine how they would feel against mine. My own lips parted slightly as I inhaled sharply at the thought of them touching mine. My entire body began tingling with anticipation as I pulled his face closer to mine and leaned into him. “I really want to kiss you right now, Enissa,” he whispered, causing me to shiver again involuntarily in his arms. I nodded imperceptible and closed my eyes as our lips met. It was the best first kiss I had ever received in my life. He was gentle and sweet, but demanding at the same time.

He pushed me back gently against the wall, sheltering my back from the cold brick with his warm hands, never breaking our kiss, and I revelled in the sensations coursing through my body. After what seemed like an eternity, he broke the kiss and looked down at me, a wistful smile on his face. “Wow,” he chuckled. “I didn’t think it’d be this great.” I laughed with him and kissed him softly on the lips once again. I needed to get going soon but I didn’t want to end the evening just yet. I wanted to spend more time with him and I wanted that feeling I’d just experienced to last for a long time. Maybe forever. “Hey, you wanna grab a bite with me after this?” he asked, pulling me away from the wall where I’d been leaning against it for so long now. “I need to get back to base before midnight and you need your sleep, too, but I’m not ready to let you go yet.” I grinned at him and nodded. This was all happening way too quickly for me and I was having a hard time processing it all. But it felt so right that I wasn’t even worried about it. I knew deep in my soul that this was something special and that I would fall in love someday. I just knew that I was already falling in love with Conor when I saw the way he looked at me the first time we met. I just couldn’t help myself. “I’d love to,” I replied. Putting an arm around me, he led me down the street toward a cute little burger place where we found a cosy spot in a corner booth near the window. We spent the rest of the evening talking and laughing together as the food arrived. Around ten o’clock the manager came over to our table and told us that the restaurant was about to close for the night so we should finish up soon if we wanted dessert. The way Conor looked at me then made my heart skip a beat. I knew what he thought. We definitely wouldn’t get the kind of dessert we were both actually craving tonight. Instead we ordered a slice of cake to share and sat quietly together for a few minutes, sipping on coffee and devouring the cake as if we were the only two people left on earth. I was in heaven.

We shared the bill, something I loved because Conor was no one to feel threatened in his masculinity simply because I wanted to pay for my own food. Why on earth was I only meeting him now? And damn it, I was technically still in a relationship. Once we’d said our goodbyes to the kind waiter,

we left the restaurant together arm in arm. The cold air outside was refreshing as we strolled back to the Greyhound.

Rowdy people were hanging around the pub entrance, but no one bothered me in his company. He was unbelievably tall, and so fucking beefy. I had never cared much for muscles in men, but realised the error of my ways as I was trying hard not to stare at the veins running down his arms, clearly visible despite the coarse hair covering his skin. Every time he moved, what looked like a hundred sinews and tiny strands twisted and turned under his skin. Good god, I wanted to run my fingers over his biceps, trace all those bumps, and map them like a cartographer mapped new territory.

“Thanks for a lovely evening, Enissa.” He looked down at me, a smile that made my knees go weak playing at his mouth and those grey eyes. God, he was stunning.

I quickly ordered an Uber, thankful for the few minutes we had left in each other’s company.

“You have my number, call me, okay?” I mumbled, leaning into him and pressing my body against his. This wasn’t enough, it couldn’t be all I would get from him. This was not how I wanted things to end between us. I needed more; I needed him. I wanted him to want me as much as I wanted him. “Hey,” he said softly, bringing me back to the present with a tender kiss on my lips. “I’ll see you soon, okay?” he murmured in his deep voice as he caressed my hair.

“Yeah, I’d like that,” I smiled up at him tentatively, wondering who the hell I was, and what on earth had happened to Enissa Rouhani.

Next moment my Uber pulled up next to us.

“Goodnight Enissa,” he mumbled, leaning in to press a soft kiss on my cheek.

“Good night, Conor,” I whispered, and climbed into the car.

Before I knew it we were back at my apartment, and the driver had collected his fare

and left.

Next morning I got up with the sunrise and did my usual morning routine before

getting ready for work. I went into the bathroom to get ready for the day and when I came out of the shower I heard my phone vibrating on the nightstand.

Conor: Good morning beautiful, I hope you got home safe last night!

I caught myself staring at the text message for a few minutes, a sheepish grin on my face before replying.

Enissa: Good morning Conor, I did make it home safe thank you :)

Tonight I would end things with Ryan and soon I hoped I was going to see him again...the thought made my heart skip a beat.

Conor: So, about our date? When are you free this week?

Enissa: Maybe we could do something tomorrow after work? About 6?

Or was tomorrow too soon? It was too soon I thought, surely we could wait a few

more days and then see each other again, I'd be fine. He didn't reply straight away. Okay, too soon. He probably thought I was desperate or clingy.

Conor: Sorry, I quickly had to check my roster - I don't think I can make it tomorrow night, I'm sorry. What about Friday? Would that work for you?

Enissa: Friday is fine.

Conor: I'm sorry. I'd love to see you tomorrow but I'm on night duty. I'd have to be back on base at 7pm and I'd quite like to spend more than an hour or two with you...

A giddy feeling crept over me as I imagined spending the whole evening with him... maybe even waking up next to him in the morning. God, that was a bad idea! I knew that I shouldn't get myself all worked up about seeing Conor again so soon but I couldn't help it.

Enissa: It's okay, I understand. 'd quite like a proper date, too.

Conor: You have no idea how happy I am to hear that, gorgeous. Shall we make a plan? I'll pick you up at six? I can't wait to see you then.

I loved how he wasn't holding back or playing it cool with me. He was really making me feel special. I couldn't wait to meet up with him again.

The day at work was uneventful, Lucy handled the phone and I got to catch up on some paperwork that had been piling up over the past few weeks. I wrapped up work in the early afternoon. On the way back to my place I made a quick stop at the gym, then headed home to change before meeting Ryan in the evening. I'd forgotten all about my text conversation with Conor until I opened my phone a few hours later to see a message from him.

Conor: Hey Enissa, sorry if this comes off as clingy. You were on my mind and I wanted to get in touch.

God, he sounded so sincere and vulnerable, it made me melt inside.

Enissa: Please don't apologise, I love hearing from you. I'm sorry I didn't get back to you sooner but I was too caught up in my work and didn't check my phone much at all. How was your day?

He replied instantly this time and I let out a little squeal of delight as I read his message.

Conor: It was okay, memories of last night carried me through ;) Thinking back on our kiss has me curse my roster for the next few days.

Taking a deep breath, I replied with a mischievous smile on my face.

Enissa: I caught myself reminiscing about that, too... I'm really looking forward to seeing you on Friday.

Conor: Me, too. Can't wait.

I arrived at the bar early, ordered myself a glass of coke and waited for Ryan to turn up. He came sauntering through the door a few minutes later looking every bit as dishevelled as ever. Presenting him with my cheek I waited until he'd sat down next to me. "Hey, Niss, how are you?" he asked in a sugary-sweet voice as he reached across the table and wrapped his hand around mine. His brow furrowed in confusion as I carefully extracted my fingers from his grip. "Ryan, I have something to tell you..." I began, pausing for a moment to collect my thoughts before continuing. "I don't think this between us is working anymore."

He looked at me with wide eyes as I went on to briefly explain my reasons for ending things with him. I knew he wasn't in love with me, it had been convenient, for both of us. I couldn't bear to see him hurt, though, so I sucked it up and went through with the breakup rather than making him suffer through it. "I'm sorry, Ryan, but I just can't do this anymore." He looked crestfallen as I spoke the words and was silent for several minutes after I finished talking. Then he got up, took his jacket and headed out the door without saying another word. Wow, that went well. I felt guilty for hurting him, but at the same time I knew that I needed to take the high road and not let my emotions get the better of me.

Once I'd finished my coke, I paid and made my way back home. Conor messaged me a little while later to say goodnight. My heart skipped a beat when I saw his name pop up on my screen and I felt sure I'd made the right choice. I climbed into bed with a big smile on my face and was soon fast asleep.

4 - Conor

My God, she tasted so sweet. I wanted to pull her into my lap and never stop kissing her. Ever.

Her arms moved from the front of my shirt up to wrap around my neck holding me tight. I needed her closer still, moving my hands to her back. I pressed her body to mine. A low moan escaped her lips. And I knew in an instant I. Was. A. Fucking. Goner.

We broke apart after a few minutes, or hours, of fierce kissing, hearts beating fast, foreheads leaned against the other trying to catch our breaths.

I was dying to touch her, coax another moan from her throat, but didn't want to do so in front of her neighbours.

“Do you want to see me again?” I asked hoarsely. Enissa laughed and buried her face at my neck. “What a question, Conor, yeah, yeah of course I do.” Reluctantly we disentangled ourselves, laughing as we went.

“Let's make it soon, okay?” Her blush made my cock harden still more, if that was even possible.

God, I wanted that woman so badly, I felt half blind with need but had to rein myself in. I needed to do this right, I didn't want a quick fuck. I wanted the fucking package deal.

I promised myself I'd get her into the bedroom soon, even if I had to chase her around like a horny puppy dog first.

“Good night, Conor,” she said quietly, pecking me once on the cheek and squeezing my hand. “Good night,” my voice was still hoarse with need. Fuck.

She got out of the car, walked towards her building, then turned back. She seemed to contemplate me before she rounded again and disappeared inside the house.

I didn't leave straight away, first I had to calm down a bit, get my head on straight. A few minutes later my phone beeped. It was a text message from her.

Enissa: Are you on the way home?

For a moment I considered lying. But then I decided against it. What the fuck did I have to lose? I had no time to lose with her, I could receive my orders any day now, and

could be headed to Iraq within days or weeks. Might as well see her one last time before everything changed, and then take her to bed as soon as my tour was over.

Conor: Nope, still outside in my car. I'm too stunned to drive yet.

I didn't bother with emojis, there was no need to soften the message or make it seem ironic. I meant it.

Enissa: The code is 37525. 3rd floor. Come up?

Conor: Yep. I'm on my way.

I didn't need telling twice. Wrenching open my car door, I ran to the door and fumbled the code into the small type pad at the entrance. The elevator took a few minutes to arrive and I was so fucking aroused that I punched the stupid button about fifty times. When it finally arrived on her level I was practically tearing off my clothes by the time the door slid open.

Finally, the doors opened on the 3rd floor. She stood in her doorway, waiting for me, a burning look on her face. Stalking over, I pulled her into my arms so enthusiastically, that her feet left the floor momentarily. She cupped my face in her hands, kissing me deeply and running her hands over my hair and down around my neck as I deepened the kiss. Enissa wrapped her legs tightly around my hips, grinding herself against me as her tongue explored my mouth. I grabbed her ass with both hands and pulled her closer to me, pushing back against her holding on for dear life.

I pulled back slightly, gazing into her eyes as she bent her head to kiss me again. Carrying her inside I kicked the door closed with my foot, not once letting go of her or ungluing my lips from hers.

She hadn't changed out of her dress yet, and I gladly assisted her. Opening the zipper in the back and pushing it down her arms, and her upper body so that it pooled around her waist and she now sat on my hips wearing only a blood red bra.

“God,” I groaned, fitting my lips to her neck. “You are so fucking beautiful, Enissa,” I mumbled as I trailed kisses down her sensitive skin. She smelled of her own sweet scent and a hint of a heady perfume.

Pulling my face back up close, she cupped my cheeks in her hands and gently kissed my lips once again. God, she was beautiful and she was mine! Setting her gently down on her feet, I quickly began to strip myself of my shirt, lapping up the sigh of pleasure she gave at the sight of my body like a bloody dog receiving praise from its master. “Like what you see,” I asked in a rasping voice.

She laughed softly, running her fingers lightly over my abs and chest before squeezing my nipples between two fingers. I groaned desperately. “Yeah,” she whispered, tracing the muscles under my skin with her fingertips. “Yeah, I do,” she affirmed again, leaning in to press a kiss to my chest, first on one nipple and then on the other. “If you do that again, this is all gonna be over way faster than you probably want it to be, honey” I groaned again.

Leaning forward I grabbed her hand and held it against my chest, forcing her to feel it pounding for her. Enissa laughed softly, her fingernails digging carefully into my skin. “Better not risk it then,” she mumbled and I claimed her mouth again, my tongue plunging deeper this time, harder, more demanding. She moaned in response and the electricity between us seemed to grow even more intense. The air around us crackled with it and I felt the sparks of desire begin to spread throughout my body, setting every nerve ending in its wake on fire.

My hands came up to cup her soft breasts, rubbing her hard nipples through the lacy fabric of her bra. “God,” she moaned, breaking the kiss and tilting her head back to give me better access.

“Fuck me!” she gasped as I ran my hands down the curve of her belly, marvelling at the softness of her skin beneath my fingers. “Yes!” I growled, pulling her back into my arms and taking possession of her mouth once more.

“Bed, now,” she panted after a few minutes of me caressing her sensitive flesh, and together we stumbled through her sprawling flat, landing on a large comfortable box spring. I retraced my steps from a few moments ago, this time with my tongue. Enissa arched her back to give me even more access to her body, and I gladly answered.

Undressing her slowly I made my way up her body until my mouth was once again pressed firmly against her heated skin. She groaned with pleasure as I licked my way down her stomach, pushing her panties aside, her legs apart, and dragged my tongue between them, finally tasting her swollen pussy for myself. God, she was soaking wet for me and I fucking loved the taste of her.

Desperate fingers clutched at my too short hair, and she bit her lip hard to keep from crying out as I parted her lips and buried my tongue deep inside her. As my tongue glided over her clit she began to tremble, her breath coming in gasps as she reached one hand up to the back of my head and pulled my mouth closer still. Curving two fingers inside her tight little pussy I began to push them against her magic spot, gradually increasing the pace of my strokes until she bucked against me in a glorious release, her back arching and my name on her lips as she fell apart on my mouth.

“Oh fuck yes!” she gasped after she regained some composure, pulling my head up to claim another long kiss. “That was so good,” she smiled against my lips. “My favourite dessert,” I chuckled with a naughty twinkle in my eye. She cocked an eyebrow at me and huffed a deep sigh. “Now for the main course,” she purred, eyeing me with heavily hooded eyes, then she let her legs fall open in an unmistakable gesture.

“Make love to me,” she whispered softly, her voice taking on an erotic rasp as her pink tongue darted out to wet her full lips. “Yes, Ma’am.” I answered reverently, unable to resist the delicious image her words conjured in my mind.

Getting up from the bed, I struggled quickly out of my dark jeans and the black boxers. My cock was already rock hard, standing proud and throbbing with the desire to make my sweet Enissa come for me again. Her eyes widened as she saw

what lay beneath my clothes, and her gasp of delight made my cock swell even firmer.

I took a condom from my trousers, rolled it on, then lowered myself between her legs, running my hands up and down her smooth splayed legs. She was still trembling from her orgasm and her pussy felt just as hot as it had done before I'd tasted it. I ran my thumb over her throbbing clit. "God," I groaned again when I felt her slick, sweet little cunt under my fingers. "So wet, Enissa, you're so wet for me. Such a proper, professional woman at work, and so fucking hot for my cock in the bedroom." My hands gently spread her legs wider apart. Holding them down and exposing her core to me.

She whimpered softly when she felt my eyes linger on her glistening pussy. "I'm so wet for you baby, please make love to me now," she moaned, reaching up to fondle her hard nipples with her fingers. "You're right, I'm starving for your big cock inside me right now." I slipped one finger inside her tight cunt and started to move in and out very slowly. "More, Conor, please fuck me harder and faster." In response, I added another finger and moved them faster in and out of her slick cunt. "Oh God! It feels so good," she panted as I thrust my fingers deep inside of her.

I pulled my fingers out when I felt her clench around my hand and I heard a strangled sound escape from her throat as my cock slid against her pussy lips. "Yes, please, Conor!" she cried out as she reached down to touch my cock against her. "I need your cock in me so badly, Conor. Please, don't make me beg, just," I slowly sank my cock into her pussy and heard her cry out in surprise when I filled her completely in one deep thrust with my thick, pulsing cock.

I gripped her hips and started to fuck her hard and fast, slamming into her again and again until her body was writhing on the bed and she was sobbing under me, red fingernails digging into my back as I fucked her deeper with every thrust of my hips against hers. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled my head down so that we were kissing as I continued to pound into her warm slick pussy. Her skin was so soft against

me and her moans of pleasure were music to my ears as I dragged my cock deep inside of her over and over again.

Kissing her deeply I angled my hips so I would hit her g-spot with each stroke and then pulled her close to me as I continued to thrust into her. "You are perfect, Enissa," I groaned against her lips and I felt her tighten around me, her moans and cries echoing in my mouth. "Oh fuck yeah!" she screamed out in ecstasy as her orgasm ripped through her body and she collapsed back onto the bed, panting heavily as I held onto her tightly and kissed her roughly. One last thrust and I came inside her as well, feeling her body shudder around me as she came again and then slumped limply into my arms, exhausted and spent and so fucking satisfied.

I just lay there next to her with my arm draped across her chest, stroking her hair and running my fingers through her hair as we both recovered our breath.

She looked absolutely stunning, with her flushed cheeks, bright eyes, and dishevelled hair. I slung my arms around her, pulling her up against my chest. "I'm glad you changed your mind," I chuckled. "Me too," she replied softly, nuzzling her head against my shoulder. "I've decided I'm no masochist," she giggled into my neck. Pressing my lips to her forehead I decided not to say anything. Instead, I simply breathed in the scent of her skin and inhaled deeply. It was even better than I'd imagined and I sighed happily. Wrapping my hand around her waist, I could feel her jump slightly. "What's wrong?" I asked gently. She sighed and shook her head. "Nothing." "Tell me," I prompted, holding my breath in anticipation. She hesitated for a moment before raising her head to whisper in my ear.

"Conor," her breath tickled my skin and sent shivers down my spine. "I think I'm falling for you." My heart skipped a beat.

"Funny," I said, lifting a hand to cup her cheek. "I think I'm already there."

I leaned in to kiss her, and the world melted away around us. I felt like I did when I was flying, as if nothing else

mattered.

All I knew was that I adored her, and I wanted to spend a big chunk, if not the rest of my life with her. I knew it was way too soon to tell her but I didn't care. We pulled away, and she smiled up at me. "I love you," I muttered, and she gasped. "I love you too," she whispered back. I'd found the one.

We stayed together for the rest of the night, talking and laughing, just happy to be in each other's presence. We were so in love, and I knew that I was the luckiest man alive. I thanked the stars for bringing us together, for allowing me to find her when I hadn't even been looking for someone. She was my world now, and I was hers. I never wanted that feeling to end.

But of course it would, it always did and we then had to go our separate ways. I would see things I didn't think I was prepared for and she? She'd be on her own. Here. Perhaps getting back together with that ex-boyfriend of hers. Raleigh or whatever his name had been. Looking up at the ceiling I couldn't help thinking, hoping that maybe we could've been something more.

5 - Enissa

God, he was even hotter than I had remembered, and he was clearly flirting with me again. He hadn't stopped since we'd met at the bar, and I wasn't used to a man so bluntly showing interest and speaking his mind. For a moment I'd thought he was going to kiss me as he'd taken me in his arms and pressed my body against his. Even though I wasn't used to men this forward, I couldn't stop myself from flirting back. When his eyes had met mine earlier in the evening, I'd been struck by the intensity of his gaze.

I enjoyed it, though. Not having to guess, no poking and prodding if they were free, or available at all. Ending things with Ryan had probably been the right decision, long overdue, too. We had no future, I'd known that for a while now but had been too chicken to tell him. Sitting next to Conor in his light blue shirt, sleeves rolled up to his elbows, ripped forearms on display, I thought I'd made the right choice. I felt safe with him, wanted by him. I didn't want our future to be clouded by a secret I was hiding from him, I needed to tell him about Ryan before we moved on and God, I hoped it wouldn't mean the end of our budding romance. I'd begun to find my feelings for Conor growing stronger as the hours passed, and it scared me a little. Even though we'd met only once before I had craved his presence. I'd never felt this strongly about anyone before, but I knew I had to tell Conor the truth before we started dating exclusively.

He parked his car in front of a Japanese restaurant I'd never been to. It was a beautiful place with sleek modern decor and soft lighting.

"There's something I need to tell you before we go in," I said, taking a deep breath and turning towards him in my seat.

"Oh no, you have a boyfriend?" he rasped a hand over his brutally short hair. He shrugged his broad shoulders. "Well in that case I'll take you straight home again. I don't do that." My heart sank as I noticed the disappointment on his face.

I grimaced. "No, I haven't got a boyfriend. I was seeing someone when we met but I ended things two days ago. We weren't right for each other and-" Conor put a hand on my knee to stop me from talking. He looked hurt and it was killing me. I hated seeing him like this. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner."

"You are serious, right?" Conor stared at me and I nodded. "I wanted you to find out from me, not by accident somehow." The honest and dazzling smile that appeared on his face then made me swoon all over again.

"Shall we get going then? I'm starving," with this he unbuckled his seat belt, left the car and opened my door for

me.

“Let’s,” I smiled, took the arm he offered and we entered the restaurant.

A man in a dark suit and sleek black hair hurried over as soon as he saw us.

“Con,” he called, pulling my companion into a hug and slapping his back.

“Ishido, mate, good to see you, this is Enissa.” The tall Japanese kissed me on both cheeks.

“It’s lovely to meet you, my dear. Follow me, I’ve booked the best table for you.” Conor winked, took me by the hand and we were led to a table in a quiet corner. Outside the large windows, we overlooked the whole town sprawling at our feet. It was beautiful.

Ishido brought us two glasses of sake along with the menus, and we dove in to choose.

“Cheers,” Conor smiled and raised his glass to me. “To my beautiful date.” I felt myself blush slightly. I really wasn’t used to being so openly courted.

“And to mine,” I replied, cleared my throat, and took a mouthful. Another man came over to take our orders. “How was your day, by the way? Sorry, I was distracted earlier.” Smirking slightly, I told him about my fairly uneventful day. I’d worked a bit in the morning, then I’d spent the rest of the day being nervous about the date and getting ready, I didn’t tell him about that though.

We talked a bit about work, our hobbies, and even our families. Conor had a younger sister, who still lived in the town where they’d grown up. He was interested in my work, and quite impressed I thought. His questions were all very genuine and he seemed to be really interested in learning more about me. We ate dinner; the food was delicious and the sake didn’t stop flowing!

“You know it’s really not that big a deal,” I grinned embarrassedly.

“It’s nothing compared to flying an actual plane, or fighting in a war or something.” He just shrugged. “Somebody’s gotta do it.” Yeah, but why you, I wanted to ask.

Before I could though, our food arrived.

“God, that looks amazing,” I blurted out, which earned me a proud grin from Ishido.

“We went to school together,” Conor explained. “We’ve been friends for ages, I come here about once a month. The sushi is just the best. Enjoy,” he smiled and picked up his chopsticks. Once a month? For his dates? Was he serious about this? I had thought he was but right now I couldn’t tell.

The food was delicious though so I decided to concentrate on my full plate for now.

“Okay, you weren’t lying, that’s the best sushi I’ve ever had.” He grinned and picked up another piece with his chopsticks. “Told you so, how do you like the California roll?”

“So good,” I munched. Then, before I could stop myself, I blurted out that next time I was going to take the dragon roll he had chosen.

His lips pursed in a mischievous smile. Then he picked up a bit with his chopsticks and offered it to me. “You can order whatever you like next time we’re here, and the next, and the next,” he winked. “Try it, it’s awesome,” and I did, our eyes locking for a brief moment.

I had no idea what he was doing to me, it felt like I was falling head over heels with no safety net to stop me. He struck up a casual conversation afterwards, asking me about my friends, my studies, what music I enjoyed and the kind of food I liked other than sushi. I was so comfortable around him, and I loved watching him. God, he was so bloody handsome, I couldn’t wrap my head around it. After we’d finished eating he leaned across the table and took my hand in his. His thumb rubbed gently over the back of my hand, sending tingles through my body.

It was extremely late when we left. He saw me into his car again, then got in himself. In silence, he drove us back to my place. I had no idea what to say. I didn't want him to leave, but at the same time had no idea if taking him upstairs was a clever move. Did I want to rush things? Make it awkward?

He parked his pickup in front of my building, killed the engine and shifted in his seat.

"Thanks for tonight, I haven't had this much fun on a date in a long time," I said. His voice was quiet. "Me neither." He reached for my hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. "It was great seeing you again," he said softly. "Any chance you wanna repeat that?" I couldn't help but grin at him. "God yes," I said, mirroring his reply from a few days ago.

We both moved in at the same time.

One of his hands came up to cup my cheek, the other taking hold of my hip, sending shivers down my body. My fingers curled in his shirt and we kissed for the first time today. A tiny sigh escaped me. He tasted so good, my breath actually hitched in my throat when our tongues met. I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him closer. God, it felt so good to be in his arms. He made a small noise in the back of his throat as he nipped playfully at my bottom lip.

"I think I'm gonna have to ask you out on a second date soon," he said, his voice low and husky. I smiled, my heart racing. "I think that's a great idea." He pulled me back towards him, crushing me against his chest. I didn't protest; in fact I found myself enjoying it a little too much. After a moment he broke the kiss and pulled back from me slightly. I was out of breath, staring up at him through the darkness of the car.

With a tender kiss on my forehead, he hopped out of the car and opened my door for me. Okay, so we wouldn't end up in bed tonight. Unsure if I liked that or not, I pecked him on the cheek, turned and left. Conor watched me enter my building. He didn't leave until I was safely inside, then he drove off. My heart was still pounding as I entered my apartment. I had no idea what was happening between us, but I knew I wanted more. I was falling for him hard and fast, and I

had a feeling he felt the same way. Only time would tell if we had a future together, but for now, I was happy to just enjoy this moment.

The next day, I got a text from him.

Conor: Dinner tomorrow? Same time, same place? I need to see you again.

I couldn't help but grin. "Yes," I wrote back. And so our story began.

4 - Conor

My God, she tasted so sweet. I wanted to pull her into my lap and never stop kissing her. Ever.

Her arms moved from the front of my shirt up to wrap around my neck holding me tight. I needed her closer still, moving my hands to her back. I pressed her body to mine. A low moan escaped her lips. And I knew in an instant I. Was. A. Fucking. Goner.

We broke apart after a few minutes, or hours, of fierce kissing, hearts beating fast, foreheads leaned against the other trying to catch our breaths.

I was dying to touch her, coax another moan from her throat, but didn't want to do so in front of her neighbours.

"Do you want to see me again?" I asked hoarsely. Enissa laughed and buried her face at my neck. "What a question, Conor, yeah, yeah of course I do." Reluctantly we disentangled ourselves, laughing as we went.

"Let's make it soon, okay?" Her blush made my cock harden still more, if that was even possible.

God, I wanted that woman so badly, I felt half blind with need but had to rein myself in. I needed to do this right, I

didn't want a quick fuck. I wanted the fucking package deal.

I promised myself I'd get her into the bedroom soon, even if I had to chase her around like a horny puppy dog first.

"Good night, Conor," she said quietly, pecking me once on the cheek and squeezing my hand. "Good night," my voice was still hoarse with need. Fuck.

She got out of the car, walked towards her building, then turned back. She seemed to contemplate me before she rounded again and disappeared inside the house.

I didn't leave straight away, first I had to calm down a bit, get my head on straight. A few minutes later my phone beeped. It was a text message from her.

Enissa: Are you on the way home?

For a moment I considered lying. But then I decided against it. What the fuck did I have to lose? I had no time to lose with her, I could receive my orders any day now, and could be headed to Iraq within days or weeks. Might as well see her one last time before everything changed, and then take her to bed as soon as my tour was over.

Conor: Nope, still outside in my car. I'm too stunned to drive yet.

I didn't bother with emojis, there was no need to soften the message or make it seem ironic. I meant it.

Enissa: The code is 37525. 3rd floor. Come up?

Conor: Yep. I'm on my way.

I didn't need telling twice. Wrenching open my car door, I ran to the door and fumbled the code into the small type pad at the entrance. The elevator took a few minutes to arrive and I was so fucking aroused that I punched the stupid button about fifty times. When it finally arrived on her level I was practically tearing off my clothes by the time the door slid open.

Finally, the doors opened on the 3rd floor. She stood in her doorway, waiting for me, a burning look on her face. Stalking over, I pulled her into my arms so enthusiastically, that her feet left the floor momentarily. She cupped my face in her hands, kissing me deeply and running her hands over my hair and down around my neck as I deepened the kiss. Enissa wrapped her legs tightly around my hips, grinding herself against me as her tongue explored my mouth. I grabbed her ass with both hands and pulled her closer to me, pushing back against her holding on for dear life.

I pulled back slightly, gazing into her eyes as she bent her head to kiss me again. Carrying her inside I kicked the door closed with my foot, not once letting go of her or ungluing my lips from hers.

She hadn't changed out of her dress yet, and I gladly assisted her. Opening the zipper in the back and pushing it down her arms, and her upper body so that it pooled around her waist and she now sat on my hips wearing only a blood red bra.

“God,” I groaned, fitting my lips to her neck. “You are so fucking beautiful, Enissa,” I mumbled as I trailed kisses down her sensitive skin. She smelled of her own sweet scent and a hint of a heady perfume.

Pulling my face back up close, she cupped my cheeks in her hands and gently kissed my lips once again. God, she was beautiful and she was mine! Setting her gently down on her feet, I quickly began to strip myself of my shirt, lapping up the sigh of pleasure she gave at the sight of my body like a bloody dog receiving praise from its master. “Like what you see,” I asked in a rasping voice.

She laughed softly, running her fingers lightly over my abs and chest before squeezing my nipples between two fingers. I groaned desperately. “Yeah,” she whispered, tracing the muscles under my skin with her fingertips. “Yeah, I do,” she affirmed again, leaning in to press a kiss to my chest, first on one nipple and then on the other. “If you do that again, this is all gonna be over way faster than you probably want it to be, honey” I groaned again.

Leaning forward I grabbed her hand and held it against my chest, forcing her to feel it pounding for her. Enissa laughed softly, her fingernails digging carefully into my skin. “Better not risk it then,” she mumbled and I claimed her mouth again, my tongue plunging deeper this time, harder, more demanding. She moaned in response and the electricity between us seemed to grow even more intense. The air around us crackled with it and I felt the sparks of desire begin to spread throughout my body, setting every nerve ending in its wake on fire.

My hands came up to cup her soft breasts, rubbing her hard nipples through the lacy fabric of her bra. “God,” she moaned, breaking the kiss and tilting her head back to give me better access.

“Fuck me!” she gasped as I ran my hands down the curve of her belly, marvelling at the softness of her skin beneath my fingers. “Yes!” I growled, pulling her back into my arms and taking possession of her mouth once more.

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she giggled into my neck. Pressing my lips to her forehead I decided not to say anything. Instead, I simply breathed in the scent of her skin and inhaled deeply. It was even better than I'd imagined and I sighed happily. Wrapping my hand around her waist, I could feel her jump slightly. "What's wrong?" I asked gently. She sighed and shook her head. "Nothing." "Tell me," I prompted, holding my breath in anticipation. She hesitated for a moment before raising her head to whisper in my ear.

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All I knew was that I adored her, and I wanted to spend a big chunk, if not the rest of my life with her. I knew it was way too soon to tell her but I didn't care. We pulled away, and she smiled up at me. "I love you," I muttered, and she gasped. "I love you too," she whispered back. I'd found the one.

We stayed together for the rest of the night, talking and laughing, just happy to be in each other's presence. We were so in love, and I knew that I was the luckiest man alive. I thanked the stars for bringing us together, for allowing me to find her when I hadn't even been looking for someone. She was my world now, and I was hers. I never wanted that feeling to end.

But of course it would, it always did and we then had to go our separate ways. I would see things I didn't think I was prepared for and she? She'd be on her own. Here. Perhaps getting back together with that ex-boyfriend of hers. Raleigh or whatever his name had been. Looking up at the ceiling I couldn't help thinking, hoping that maybe we could've been something more.

3 - Enissa

What on earth had just happened? We'd said goodbye and I had actually called him back? I was amazed he'd obliged but then again, I knew he spent the bigger part of the evening with a hard one. Ever since I'd returned from the bathroom and our eyes had met and, oh God, the look he'd given me had aroused me, too.

Right now I was lying with my backside nestled at his cock, completely content and happy. We were in love, but it wasn't weird at all – maybe this was just what we'd both been waiting for.

Every now and then Conor trailed another lazy kiss on my bare back or my shoulder. “Do you have to return to base tonight,” I asked quietly. I wasn't sure if he'd fallen asleep or not after he'd fucked me so hard and deep that was sure that if I still had tonsils I'd have felt his unbelievably thick cock brush against them. Not complaining, though. Not at all. I hadn't had a lover like that in years, perhaps ever, and this was exactly how I wanted to spend my nights from now on. In his arms. With him inside of me. I knew it couldn't be. He had to return to base, had night shifts and flight training and stuff, so it wasn't realistic to think that we could ever spend this much time together. But I had to believe it was possible. After all, we both seemed to want this. This closeness, the intimacy. So why not make it happen?

“Nope, but I can leave now if you want me to,” he mumbled and squeezed me to him as if to say it was fine. Okay, there I went. I shook my head and turned around at him.

“Wanna stay the night?” I felt myself blush a little. “I do, yeah,” he pulled me into his body, his face hidden in my hair, and a sigh escaped him. Searching for his lips with mine in a sweet kiss, we lay in each other’s arms until long past midnight. Kissing and making out, touching and enjoying the feel of the other’s naked body against our own, until we were both so blissed out that we simply fell into a deep sleep.

When I woke up the following morning, the sun was already up, shining brightly through the window to my left.

Conor and I awoke exactly as we’d fallen asleep. In each other’s arms, so close that not even a sheet of paper fit between us. For a moment I thought I needed to get up, but then I remembered it was Sunday. I dozed off again, finally waking up at around half past nine.

“Good morning,” he mumbled into my ear, his voice raspy from sleep. “Good morning,” I turned around to face him. Goodness me, he was drop-dead gorgeous with his stubbly cheeks, hooded eyes, and his soft, kissable lips.

“What are you thinking?” he asked softly, trailing his long index over my cheek. It made me want to cry or die, it was just too perfect. He was. He was so good, too good. As soon as I said, “That I enjoy waking up next to you,” his face lit up with a smile, pulling at his full mouth, his deep, thoughtful eyes sparkling with something that scared me in the best possible way.

“Not just you,” he mumbled, pulling me in for a long kiss. Sliding my leg over his, I pulled his body closer to mine, making a deep groan rumble in his chest.

I had no idea why I wasn’t holding back with Conor. I was usually guarded around men, especially the ones I’d only just met but with him, it all felt so natural. Did love at first sight actually exist? Because if it did I was sure I was experiencing it at the moment.

Letting my hands wander down his body, I traced the lines of his taut muscles, marvelling at his strong build, the solidness of his six-pack abs and the smoothness of his skin. I felt a light twitch under my fingers and looked up to see Conor

smiling at me, his eyes gleaming in the sunlight that streamed into the room through the open curtains.

He sighed softly against my lips when I curled my fingers around his cheeks. We hadn't spent much time familiarising ourselves with our bodies last night, full of need as we had been. Now, though, was the time to get to know him better. His skin was smooth and soft, quite a contrast to the roughness of his stubble. He felt so good under my hands, I could hardly believe it. He ran his fingers through my hair, pushing it gently back from my face. "You are so beautiful," he whispered. "I've never wanted anyone the way I want you." He leaned in closer, nuzzling my neck as I rested my head on his shoulder and continued to explore him. I groaned as he kissed my collarbone and gently bit down on it. I was so turned on by the feel of his mouth on my skin.

My fingers trailed down his back and he shivered. When I nibbled his earlobe, he flinched and moaned as if this was sending sparks of pleasure through his body. I hoped he liked it as much as I did. He kissed me back, his hands exploring my body, learning me as much as I was learning him. His warm breath on my neck made me shiver and I gasped as he touched me in all the right places. We moved together, our bodies in perfect harmony. Every touch, every kiss, every moan was like another piece of the puzzle that made us whole. I gasped as I felt his fingers slide inside me, finding me wet again for him. His little slut, desperate for his ploughing just like he'd teased last night. He hadn't called me that yet but I knew he would before too long. Hell, I wanted him to call me that now! I pulled him on top of me and started grinding against him, sliding myself up and down on his length until he was rock hard once again. I wanted him so deep inside of me that he would feel every single inch of my pussy on him and I knew if I took him like that, he would take me just as deep in return.

"I need you," he whispered into my ear. "So bad, Enissa." The way he said that sent shivers down my spine. "Get a condom," I told him. He laughed, but complied with my request immediately. When he took it out, I was again shocked to see how big and fat his cock was. I'd seen it before, but it was still hard for me to wrap my mind around it.

Kneeling down on the bed, he pulled me up on his lap and started thrusting inside me. He split me open with his length, filled me and pressed my body against his. The hand that wasn't holding onto my arse came between us to pull my pussy open, bring my clit against his hard stomach. I gasped as it hit the sweet spot, digging my heels into his arse and arched my back as he thrust harder and harder up into me. I wasn't even sure where I was anymore - all I knew was that I felt like I'd never been more alive in my life.

"You're so tight, baby," he grunted against my neck. "I love your perfect tits and I love watching them bounce as I fuck you." I could barely breathe. I was so close... so close... And then he came inside of me with a shout, shooting his cum deep into me taking me with him over the edge.

He lowered us back onto the bed, our foreheads still touching as our breathing slowed back to normal. We stayed like that for a while, just holding each other, letting our bodies recover from the mind-blowing orgasm we'd just had. Finally he pulled me off his cock and got up to go to the bathroom. When he returned, he had a warm washcloth in his hands that he gently ran over my skin. It felt amazing and sent a rush of tingles through my whole body. Then he put it down on my bedside table and crawled back into bed with me. Pulling me close, he kissed me deeply, rolling us around so that my back was on the bed and he came to lie between my legs.

"You make me lose my mind, Enissa," he said, running his hands over my hips and gently pushing them apart so that he could caress my pussy. My skin felt hypersensitive to his touch. I loved the way he made me feel. I wanted to feel him inside of me again. I wanted his hot cock deep inside me again and again. He turned me over so we were spooning and he slowly ran his hand up my inner thigh and then back to my clit. I felt a rush of heat spread through my body as he touched me, making my nipples stand at attention and my pussy throb with need. Then he moved his fingers back up and into my pussy, making me moan loudly in reply.

He started to stroke my clit lightly with his thumb, I gasped softly as he circled it.

I couldn't take it any longer. "I need you inside me. Now," I moaned. "I'm on contraception, please, Conor. Fill me with your cum, I need your dick inside me."

Conor cursed under his breath, then moved the tip of his cock to my entrance. I could feel myself opening for him as he began to enter me slowly, moving deeper and deeper until he bottomed out inside me. Oh God! That was so fucking good. It felt so fucking good to feel him inside of me like this. He began to move in and out of me slowly, making me writhe on the bed beneath him as I arched against his chest. I kept waiting for him to thrust deeper and harder into me, but he stayed right where he was, moving steadily in and out. It wasn't enough and he knew it, he knew I was greedy, but he liked it if I begged him to fuck me hard. I didn't know much about Conor yet but this I was certain of. "Conor, please, harder!" I whispered urgently. He chuckled and reached down between us to grab hold of my stiff nipple and tweak it with his fingers. Fuck. I groaned loudly. He started to speed up a little now, thrusting in and out of me with long, deep strokes that drove all my other senses out of my head. All I cared about at that moment was his hot cock inside me, the thick length that would be filling me with his delicious cum, make me drip with his seed. And I was going to get it all. I felt him harden impossibly inside me as he reached his peak and began to shake against me as he unleashed his load deep inside me. Fuck. He was moving faster through his own orgasm, not slowing or softening but pounding into me frantically, burying himself deep inside of me over and over again until I fell the fuck apart. I felt weak and helpless beneath him as I came for him, bucking wildly against his invading cock as wave after wave of pleasure rippled through my desperate body. When it was over, he collapsed on top of me and we lay there in silence for a while, catching our breath. I was covered in sweat and my hair was matted to my brow as we lay there panting against each other. Finally, I said, "Wow. That was...intense." He laughed quietly and said, "Yeah." Then he kissed me again, so gently and tenderly that it nearly broke my heart in two. We lay there for a few minutes, his arm around me, holding me tightly to him. Then he said, "I'm sorry I made you wait so long. Did you enjoy it?" I grinned at him weakly and nodded.

“Perhaps I’m a masochist after all.” He shook his head and smiled at me. “Don’t be silly, honey. You’re no masochist. You’re a greedy little slut who can’t get enough of my hot cock between her legs,” he muttered, nipping my bottom lip gently. I kissed him softly once more. “You may be right there, soldier.” “You know what we should do now?” he asked, pulling away from me slightly so that he could look at me. I shrugged my shoulders. “Have a shower and a massive breakfast.” “Brilliant idea. That involves getting out of bed, right?” I laughed. “It most certainly does.” He sat up suddenly, pulling the covers back around me. “Stay for a while, I’ll go make breakfast for you.” He bent down and kissed me once again before leaving for my bathroom again. I stayed in bed for a while longer before finally getting up to shower and clean myself up.

His scent still lingered in the air and I felt the anticipation of another pleasurable encounter course through my body as I showered and washed myself clean. Then I climbed back into bed to wait for him. My whole body was humming like a live wire by the time I heard him open the door and enter the bedroom. My heart leapt into my mouth as I saw him standing there in the doorway, looking at me hungrily. He smiled when he saw me looking at him and he walked towards me slowly, put the laden breakfast tray down on my bedside table and wrapped his arms around me. “I can’t get enough of you, Enissa,” he whispered against my lips as he bent down to kiss me again. “You’re like the perfect drug, hooking me ever more with every taste I get. And I know I should try and control myself but all I wanna do is spread your legs wide and cram my cock as far into your sweet pussy as I can get it.” I moaned softly as he dragged the covers back over me, exposing my naked body to his hungry gaze. “Oh yes...” he continued in a low voice. “I’d love nothing more than to sink my cock deep into your tight wet pussy, fucking you so deep until you come all over me.” I was moaning even louder now as he pushed my legs apart and slid his huge throbbing dick into my warm wet pussy. I was so ready for him and I eagerly let him push his cock inside me deeper and deeper until I could take no more. We didn’t take long to come this time, our bodies tuned into the same frequency that had us tip over within minutes and

soon we were lying together, our bodies entwined and resting. As we lay in each other's arms afterwards, I knew I had found something special with Conor. I realised that this was only the beginning of a beautiful journey we were about to embark on together.

This was love, and I knew that I would never let him go.

liked the way his eyes twinkled with mischief, it lent him an air of an overgrown schoolboy.

“So, since I take it you're not the kind of woman that likes being addressed as babe, will you tell me your name?”

“What kind of woman am I then,” I asked, ignoring his question.

“You're the witty kind, the clever, no bullshit kind, and also the kind that robs men of their sleep at night,” he muttered, deep voice cutting straight to my bone. His eyes were boring into mine and I felt more heat erupt in my core. My God, I wanted to text Ryan that we were over, and take that one home with me.

Chuckling, he leaned in again. “And I take it you're not the kind that takes a man she's only just met home on the first night, so will you please stop looking at me like that. You're getting my hopes up, amongst other things, not sure my ego can take it,” he smirked and winked.

I, who was never lost for words, was momentarily lost for words.

“What’s your name then, soldier,” I asked after a few moments to gloss over the hungry stare I must’ve given him.

„Conor, but everyone calls me Con.”

„You Irish?”

“Half. Me mum’s English, I grew up here.”

“I’m Enissa.”

“Nice to meet you, Enissa. That’s a pretty name, I’ve never heard it before.”

“It’s Persian, my parents emigrated from Iran. They live in France now,” I added, finishing my drink.

“Can I buy you another on

, Enissa?” I liked how he pronounced my name, with a tiny Irish lilt. “Wanna get me drunk,” I cocked an eyebrow at him.

“No,” he answered immediately. “I just like talking to you, and want you to stay a bit longer.”

„Conor, but everyone calls me Con.”

„You Irish?”

“Half. Me mum’s English, I grew up here.”

“I’m Enissa.”

“Nice to meet you, Enissa. That’s a pretty name, I’ve never heard it before.”

“It’s Persian, my parents emigrated from Iran. They live in France now,” I added, finishing my drink.

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“No,” he answered immediately. “I just like talking to you, and want you to stay a bit longer.”

I felt myself flush, and was positively flooding my panties now. Shit, I needed to text Ryan. What was that guy doing to me? I usually wasn't the love at first sight kinda girl, and maybe it wasn't that, but Conor really got to me.

"Go ahead then," I winked, trying not to laugh at the relief on his face. He ordered two more. We talked about our jobs for a bit, he seemed very impressed with me being a lawyer, and I found out that he was on his way up the chain of command in the RAF, having enlisted for long term service.

I knew what that meant. Deployment. Abroad. Long distance relationship. Possible heartache. Was I up for that, and did I have to worry about any of it? I had no idea if he was even interested in more than just a quick fling.

Conor and I had been dating for a couple of weeks, and we were both excited to see each other for our first date this week. God, I had missed him so much but with my quick business trip to Germany and his working schedule we hadn't been able to see each other in days. Today we only had a few hours until he had to be back at work for his last night duty in a row.

We decided to have a picnic in the park together and I was looking forward to lounging in the sunshine with him, to kiss and cuddle. As much as I loved sleeping with him, every minute spent with him was a gift. I couldn't remember ever being this happy and content in my life. Whenever something funny or sad happened, whenever I felt excited about something or was mad about a customer my first impulse was to tell him, have him share in my feelings or ground me. He was my earthing, a bastion of calm in the stormy sea of my mind.

Conor arrived with a basket full of goodies - sandwiches, salads, and some freshly baked cookies. We laid out a large plaid blanket that he'd been given by his best friend's nan on the warm grass and settled comfortably on it. Once he'd put the basket aside, Conor pulled me against his chest and kissed me deeply. "Hey," he mumbled at my lips, brushing another

small kiss on them. “I missed you, babe,” drawing me in closer still, he pressed his mouth firmly back on mine.

God, I’d missed him, too. Sliding my arms around his neck I held onto him. Con lowered his back down on the blanket, taking me with him, groaning into the kiss when our hips slid against each other. He was rock hard at my core. Not wanting to hump him but needing to up the friction I pressed my hips to his. “We gotta stop now, Enissa, or I’ll have us arrested for public indecency any minute now,” he huffed, rolling me gently off his body onto the blanket and kissing me once more.

Sitting up, he rasped his hand over his brutally short soft brown hair, shifting to adjust his cock. “Talk me out of my stupid ideas next time, babe,” he grinned ruefully. “God, I missed you way too much, no scrape that, I missed you not nearly enough.” Leaning in he pulled me close for a long, sweet kiss that melted my insides into a blissful little puddle of happiness. Together with the sunshine on our skins and the soft breeze playing with my floaty dress, my hair and rustling in the leaves of the beech tree over our heads it was perfect.

I wanted to freeze life at that moment, wanted us to stay forever together in the sun, with no deployment looming over our heads, although perhaps a little more privacy because I knew exactly what he meant about his stupid ideas. It had been his suggestion to go and have a picnic in the park, tormenting both of us for yet another day.

I was addicted to him, addicted to the feel of him in me, bare, for we hadn’t used a single condom since our first night together. I’d decided to change from the pill to an implant to make it a little more foolproof. A part of me was elated by the idea of starting a family with Conor, of becoming Mrs. O’Sullivan at some point and making beautiful babies with his grey eyes and my dark waves. But not right now. We needed time to grow together, we needed our relationship to survive his deployment and then, perhaps, we’d get married.

“What’s on your mind, Enissa?” he mumbled, brushing my bottom lip with his thumb to get me to look at him. Fuck, tears threatened to spill out of my eyes and I bit the lip he’d just

caressed hard to keep them from falling. “Hey, babe,” strong arms gripped me and pulled me against his chest so that I came to sit with my back against him and his legs were caging mine on either side. He hugged me to his body, peppering my cheek and ear with tiny butterfly kisses.

Overkill. A sob rose up in my chest, a sob I couldn’t keep in for the life of me and before I knew it I was sniffing and crying in his arms. Conor whispered soothing little nothings in my ear, cradling me to him and just let me cry. “Sorry,” I hiccuped once I’d quietened down a bit. “I didn’t mean to be a killjoy.” He huffed. “You’re totally not a killjoy. What’s wrong? Tell me, okay?”

With a deep breath, I half turned around at him. “I’ve, well it’s stupid, I’ve just been thinking that I hope this between us, that it survives you being away.” By the end I was crying again, feeling stupid and relieved at the same time. “Look at me, Enissa,” he muttered and waited until I’d done as he asked. “I’m no psychic but I promise you I’ll do whatever is in my power so that our relationship survives this. I know I’m going to miss you like crazy and I’ll probably go mad from the withdrawal of not having you close and not being able to speak to you whenever I want or make love to you for months.” He groaned desperately. “But I’m not interested in anyone else. There is no one I want. No one but you. And if you feel that too, then we’ll be fine. It’s going to be fucking hard but we’re going to be fine. I promise.” His warm lips pressed on mine, catching me in freefall and anchoring me to him.

He pulled away slowly and looked at me fiercely with glistening eyes. “I love you so much Enissa. And I would marry you tomorrow if I could,” he said wryly before kissing me again. Holy shit. I stared at him open-mouthed. Had he honestly just said that?

“I mean it,” he mumbled as he kissed my neck, making me arch my back slightly in his grasp. He paused, pursing his lips and then casually slipping a hand under the hem of my dress. As he slipped his hand higher I stiffened in anticipation and groaned softly when his trailing fingers finally reached my

pussy. He didn't waste any time. Shielding us from view with his broad back, he could simply be kissing me, nobody would know what he was doing to me.

As I moaned into his mouth, I felt his fingers start to slowly move inside me. I watched him through my closed eyelids and could feel myself getting more and more turned on by what was happening just now. Anyone could see, but he was behaving utterly oblivious to it. This was just between us... nobody else could possibly know... I moaned again and moved my hand from his chest to his crotch that was hidden by the folds of my dress and gently started to massage him through his trousers, running my fingers over his rigid cock.

I could feel myself getting wetter by the second as he continued to suck on my neck. He held me close to him, resting his chin on my shoulder as I leaned against him and smiled into his eyes. "You'll be the death of me," he whispered against my ear before pulling away long enough to kiss my mouth again. "I'll do anything you want me to do - anything." "The thing I want you to do would go a little far in a public park, Conor." He laughed and pulled me onto his lap so that I was straddling him. He started to gently cup my breast with his free hand while I continued to stroke him hidden from view below my dress. "God, I wish I could fuck you right now," he breathed. "You're so wet, babe, so fucking wet for me." He trailed kisses down my throat, murmuring appreciatively as he ran his tongue over my collarbone.

We were sheltered from view by a grove of trees. What was the worst that could happen? We might be caught, but he wouldn't care. As he continued to run his hands over my body I couldn't help wondering how he was going to react to what I was about to do.

Undoing the first button on his jeans earned me a deep growl from him in response. I smiled wickedly at him and reached for the zipper of his fly. Slowly, I slid it down and he gasped as he freed the hardness of his cock. He was drooling with desire and still hidden under my dress.

Lifting myself up a little, I guided his hard-on into my waiting pussy and I moaned in pleasure under my breath at the

sensation of him sliding deep inside me. I squeezed my legs around him as hard as I could and was rewarded with a strangled groan from him. “Stop! God, Enissa, what are you doing?” he asked breathlessly. “What does it feel like, Conor?” I mumbled and pulled back slightly to look him in the eye. “We’re in public. People will see us.” “They won’t see a thing,” I replied with a sly grin.

“We’re just two lovebirds kissing and sharing an intimate moment together in the park, that’s all.” He smiled back at me and gently bit my lower lip before raising his head to devour my mouth once more. “You’re crazy,” he huffed, “I love it.”

Taking up tiny movements, I began grinding my hips against him, just rocking imperceptibly, driving him deeper inside me with each movement. I could feel myself starting to lose control as I ground myself into him harder and harder. “Take it slow, babe,” he murmured into my hair but I couldn’t. Instead, I leaned up and pressed my lips against his again before taking him even deeper inside of me.

I was close, so fucking close. It was too hot, the thrill of excitement at having him buried inside of me while we were sitting in the bright sunlight in a public park was too much to contain. I was going to come any time now. “Conor,” I gasped as I felt the climax tear through my body, clinging to him tightly as my muscles squeezed him powerfully, setting him off as well.

We stayed like that for a long moment before he finally broke the kiss and pulled me off his wet, softened cock. “I’m going to get cum on your plaid,” I blushed but Conor only chuckled. “Then I guess I better get you home so we can clean up a bit.” I just nodded my head in agreement, not even questioning that he had to be at work in about an hour and a half, and we kissed again briefly before we packed up and he started to walk me back to the car.

Once we’d reached my building, we quickly made our way upstairs to my apartment where we stripped off our clothes and were back in my bed again within minutes. “I can’t survive today without coming inside you again,” he groaned as he buried his face between my thighs and started sucking on

my clit. “I’ve been driving myself crazy with thoughts of you all week.”

Fuck me, he was good. Damn good. I ran my hands through his short hair and pulled him tighter against me as he continued to work on me, and I moaned around his thrusting tongue as I came for a second time that day, remembering that we’d just fucked where everyone could have seen us and that he had to leave in a little over an hour.

Crying out loudly, my pussy contracted around his increasingly frantic licking. I could feel him getting more and more excited as I orgasmed around him, riding the wave of my release until he pulled away from me. A soft whimper escaped me as he went to pull off his clothes and got back into bed.

His thick cock was already hard and standing at the ready as he gently pulled me around on my hands and knees so that I was facing away from him. Then, without warning, he pushed his cock into me with one swift movement and pinned me down with his weight. It felt so good to have him back inside me, and despite my exhaustion from two gut-wrenching orgasms in the past thirty minutes I arched my back to give him access to my most sensitive spot.

He thrust into me hard, pummelling his tip into my cunt over and over until I screamed out in pleasure. He kept fucking me harder and harder until he came with a loud groan, shooting his hot cum deep into my womb and sending me over the edge yet again. Pulling out and splattering his warm cum across my arse, he lowered himself on the bed next to me and pulled me into his arms. “I love you so much,” he whispered into my hair, pressing a kiss on my sweaty brow.

“I love you, too, Conor,” I replied, smiling up at him.

I would have loved to take him back to my place but he had to work early in the morning and I had my meeting with my German client to attend. My assistant Lucy had already sent me the documents I needed to review and I had to get going.

It was a beautiful day and a wonderful date, and I was looking forward to the next time I got to see Conor. I hoped he could stay the night then. I missed his beautiful naked body in my bed, his arms around me and the sound of his moans when he was in me. "I miss you already," I said as I turned around to leave him. He smiled and said goodbye, hugging me tightly to his broad chest. I felt a rush of warmth and passion inside my chest as he kissed me once more on the lips and disappeared into the park. I walked back to my car with a huge grin on my face. I couldn't wait to see him again, feel his huge cock inside of me. The thought of it made me clench as I headed home to get ready for work.

I felt way too horny to meet with Mister Weiss today but I couldn't possibly reschedule, seeing as he'd travelled all the way from Germany. I was nervous too, even though I was used to having meetings with clients like this and I knew I could handle it.

At home I stripped naked and got in the shower, thinking about Conor's fat cock, his body pressed up against mine, his strong hands gripping my thighs as I had ridden him harder and harder until we'd both come at the same time. It had been perfect every time. I felt like that tonight too but had to wait just a little bit longer before I could get laid again.

Groaning, I began to touch myself, running my fingers over my nipples and down my stomach to my slick pussy. It felt so good I had to stop myself from coming right then and slow down. I worked my clit, then took the shower head and directed the spray right on my swollen clit until I was groaning in pleasure. Then I spread my legs apart so I could give myself a good finger fucking while thinking of Conor's hard cock buried deep inside me. It felt so fucking good, I could hardly stand it.

Pacing myself again I pushed the shower head back into its holder, angled my hips and let the hot stream of water pour down over my core while I slid my fingers in and out faster and faster until they were coated with my own juice. I came so hard I cried out in the most blissful pain as wave after wave of my gut-wrenching orgasm flooded my body. By the time I was done, I was shivering uncontrollably from the exertion and the fierce pleasure of it. God, Conor was in for a treat the next time he showed up! Just thinking about it got me excited all over again and I couldn't wait for him to come back over. But first I had to go to work and I had to make sure I got there on time. I quickly washed myself off, feeling every inch of my body as the water ran down my heated skin.

I got out of the shower and towelled myself dry before getting dressed and leaving for my office, with a little more swag in my step than usual. Not that people noticed or anything; I just felt a lot more confident when I was all satisfied but still horny and drenching my panties.

I arrived a little early for my meeting so I left a note on my door letting my assistant Lucy know I would be back in a few minutes and went for a walk around the office to clear my head and get the blood flowing.

Mr. Weiss was punctual as ever and I got straight down to business without wasting any time. By the end of the day, we had agreed on everything and we were ready to start the work on the new project by the end of the month. No matter how much the man got on my nerves, this was fantastic news and I couldn't have been happier with the progress we'd made.

I let Mr. Weiss invite Lucy and me for an early dinner, had a gin and tonic and was back in my apartment at half past seven as planned. I poured myself a drink and sat down on the sofa to watch a bit of TV before turning in for the night. I was feeling pretty exhausted after my long day at work but I would've given anything to have my hot soldier with me tonight.

The ache between my legs was a physical pain and I felt an overpowering urge to give myself another orgasm to relieve the tension before I crashed out on the sofa. I needed Conor

like I needed air to breathe and I was dying to get his hands on me again just to feel his strong body against me once more. The thought of him touching me while I teased myself with my fingers was making me so wet that I was sure I wasn't going to last long.

Pulling my knickers aside so I could feel the full sensation, I let my fingers find their way to my aching clit and began gently rubbing it back and forth as I pictured Conor's face between my legs and I let out a deep moan of pleasure as my climax began to build. I slowed my movements down until I felt myself losing control completely and then I slammed my finger hard against my swollen nub and came with a scream as waves of pleasure rushed through my body.

Enissa: Good night, Mr. Blue Sky. I already miss you and wished you could be here with me now.

It took him a while to reply. I knew he was on duty and hardly ever had access to his smartphone but I was thrilled to hear back from him nonetheless.

Conor: I miss you too, babe! Are you going to be OK? Wish I could take care of you x

Enissa: I'm fine; I just feel a little lonely without you there to keep me company.

Conor: God, babe, I wish I could be with you right now but I'm going to have to get some sleep and take care of a few things before I'm done for the day. Wish you were one of them

I chuckled at his joke but God, I wished I was, too. He was all I could think of and I was thinking about how good it felt to be in his arms as I drifted off to sleep.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful. Deciding to stay a little longer in bed than usual I grabbed my favourite toy from the bedside table and began pleasuring myself while I watched the sunrise outside my window. My fantasies were full of Conor and I couldn't wait to see him again. Shit, what was he doing to me? I hadn't exactly been chaste before I'd

met him but now I felt close to bursting every time I thought of him.

Closing my eyes I imagined his mouth sucking my clit instead of the rose gold toy I was using while I teased my nipple with my other hand. I came so hard my toes curled and a blissful smile spread across my face as the wonderful feeling washed over me, my pussy clenched around the memory of his hard length deep inside me.

9 - Conor

Fuck. My commanding officer had informed me during the debrief that day. I needed to see her as soon as possible.

Quickly I retrieved my phone from the locker, sent a message, then dashed into the shower. When I returned to my room, she'd replied and told me to come over.

“Can't wait to see you, soldier x“ she'd written and uneasiness spread through me like an illness.

The door code admitted me to her building and I trudged up the stairs, dragging my feet because I had no idea if I still had a girlfriend when I left the house tonight.

Enissa waited for me in the doorway. She wore smart dark blue trousers and a sleeveless blouse. And that smile I loved so

much. Getting up on tiptoes her lips found mine. “Finally,” she mumbled against my mouth but I was too preoccupied to respond.

“Conor?” She dropped back down on her feet to look at me. “Is everything alright?”

I didn’t answer. “Can I come in?”

Her eyes narrowed as she stepped aside to admit me.

“What’s wrong, Conor,” she asked again as we’d entered the living room and I’d plopped down on her elegant sofa.

“Come here,” holding open my arms I invited her into a hug. I needed her close, just one more time. How selfish of me really.

“You’re scaring me,” Enissa laughed uncertainly. I simply shook my head, pressed my lips to her temple, then leaned back.

“I’ve got news from my commander today.” Her eyes widened at my words. Had she guessed already?

“What is it,” she whispered.

I swallowed. That was it, I knew it. “I’m getting deployed. In six weeks.”

For a while she didn’t say anything, she simply stared down at her fingers, probably contemplating how best to get rid of me. Then her slender hand slid into mine.

“Well,” she breathed, “we always knew it was coming. How long will I have to make do without you?”

Now it was my turn to stare. We hadn’t been going out for long, a little more than eight months. But she’d said she was going to wait for me.

“I’ll be gone for half a year,” I told her quietly, and she groaned. “God, half a year without naked Conor? Does the RAF hate me that much?”

I couldn’t help but laugh, and pull her close.

“Were you worried I might ditch you?” Enissa scrutinised me through narrowed eyes.

“Me? Nope.”

“Liar,” her soft lips found mine for another long kiss. “You know when we first talked in that bar, I knew you’d be getting deployed eventually. I had plenty of time to think about it, and I’ve decided to me we’re worth it.” She shrugged. “Don’t you?”

Groaning I slid on the floor to come kneeling at her feet.

“Enissa, the idea of leaving you is torture to me. I’d wait six years for you if I had to. I love you,” I took her hands in mine and kissed them. “Marry me,” I blurted out, on a whim but also not really. The idea had lain dormant in my mind for the past couple of weeks.

“What?” Her mouth had fallen open and she stared at me out of large round eyes.

“Marry me,” I repeated. “You’re the only woman I’ll ever want, and I want to be able to call you my wife.”

“Conor, you’re crazy,” but the look on her face didn’t match her words. She looked touched, close to what I thought were happy tears.

“You haven’t even met my family, and I don’t know yours,” her voice trailed off.

“Well we can change at least the last bit this weekend. Pack a bag and I’ll take you to the seaside. I don’t want to marry your family, though. I want you. Forever. What do you say? Will you do me the honour of becoming my wife?”

“This is crazy,” she breathed.

“It is but I mean it. I never meant anything this seriously in my entire life. I should have bought a ring for you,” I said, smacking my palm to my forehead. “A really nice ring, I meant to but-“

“Stop,” Enissa grabbed my forearm and held onto it.

“Conor O’Sullivan, if you really think me saying yes depends on a stupid ring then-”

“So you’re saying yes,” I interrupted her, making her sigh exasperatedly.

She contemplated me again.

“Only if you’re taking me to the seaside. And if we get married we’ll do it before you leave,” she choked on the last word.

“Whatever you’re asking, I’ll do it. Let’s get married tonight if you want to.” I got up and pulled her into my arms, kissing her for a long, long time. “God, I’m the luckiest man alive,” I sighed, still cradling her against my chest.

“Yes, you are,” she laughed, and we kissed again. We spent the rest of the night making phone calls, texting family and friends, and deciding on a date for our wedding. The next morning we set off for the seaside, both of us happy and excited. I still had to go off to war, but I knew that Enissa would be waiting for me when I came back. It felt different this time. I had someone to come home to, someone to love me, someone who loved me back. No matter what happened, I knew I’d be alright.