

Jamie's World

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(FINISHED) Jamie's a manipulator. A puppet master you could say, and we are all merely his puppets. Nora is his recent plaything but she doesn't seem to mind him pulling on her strings.



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Chapter 1: Jamie's World

I'm sat in my lecture hall trying to concentrate on what my Professor is saying but I find just staring down at my intertwined fingers more interesting. My eyes shift to Jamie's back and my stomach twists a little. He seems to have that effect of me. I'm not too sure if it's a good thing or a bad thing just yet.

Jamie's a manipulator. A puppet master you could say, and we are all merely his puppets. He's extremely complex so you never really know what's going to happen next. He keeps you on your toes. He seems like your typical introvert but if he wants to, he can be the complete opposite. There are many sides to him and I have no idea which side is the real him. I don't think anyone does. He's like an actor, playing the role of a different character when he feels like it. Rumours spread about him but because he's so sly, no one knows if they are a hundred percent true. Apparently, he was the mastermind that caused his parents to get a divorce. People say he simply did it so that he could get two Christmases. I think it's true. Also, words have gone around saying that he assisted a depressed boy in his high school to commit suicide and spoke at his funeral as if he was his best friend. I believe that too. He probably bought him the noose.

I think he does have a heart even though it's hard to tell sometimes. I think, in his own twisted way, he actually thinks that he is helping the people he meddles with. Like the depressed boy for example, I bet he thinks that what he did was right because it ended his suffering. I don't think Jamie is a happy person. I think he's lost in this world. That's maybe why he tries to control it and make it his. His world that he can mould and shape into something that could possibly make an actual heart-felt smile twitch on his thin lips.

Everyone is intrigued by Jamie. Despite these rumours knocking about, people like him. I don't blame them. He has this way of drawing you in and when you realise who he really is, it's too late. He's got you. That's how he got me.

My phone vibrates in my pocket, snapping me out of my trace. I pull it out and look at the screen. It's a text from Jamie. *'Are you wearing any panties?'*

My stomach contorts and I glance up at him. He sits in the row to the left of me, three seats ahead. He still has his back to me. He has his head bowed, looking at his phone under his desk.

'You told me not to' I reply.

A few seconds later, my phone buzzes again, *'Show me'*

I furrow my brow and look around the full lecture hall which contains over forty students sat in eight rows of five. I shuffle in my chair and Jamie must hear because his head moves to the side and one of glistening blue eyes glances down at my desk. I gulp, spread my legs and lift the hem of my dress up a little to expose my naked pussy. His face is expressionless and he turns back to the front.

He sends me a text, *'Good girl'*

When we leave the lecture hall, he grabs my hand and steers me out of the building. He always moves with so much velocity, as if he is constantly late to catch a train. He pushes people in the corridors aside like they are worthless. No one steps up to him though, they just watch in silence as he rushes past with me being dragged behind.

Jamie and I are both twenty, studying psychology at University. He always tends to wear the same sort of clothes. A top, then a checked shirt, then usually a grey jacket and then a leather jacket over the top, jeans and

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converse or vans. I'm sure he wears so many layers to put emphasis the fact that I wear so little. He tells me to wear short dresses and skirts because I have an amazing pair of legs and they shouldn't be hidden. I do what he says. He sniggers when other boys around the campus check me out because he knows that he has what they want. Me.

I'm pulled around the corner of the building and I hurry my footsteps so the space between us shortens and my arm doesn't feel like its being yanked out of its socket anymore. His hair is dark, short at the sides and lusciously curly on top. The curls blow off his forehead in the wind. He pulls his grey hood over his head. My dress flaps around my thighs as we move.

We turn down the back of the building where the asphalt is covered with empty condom wrappers and syringes. A guy with long black hair and a black hoodie is leaning against the back wall. When his dark eyes spot us, he pushes himself off it and swaggers over to us. Jamie drops my hand and I step back, knowing my place. Jamie pulls out a small plastic bag of pills and he exchanges them for a roll of cash. The other guy that I think I have seen wandering the corridors stuffs the bag in his hoodie pocket. Jamie counts the money then gives him a subtle nod. The guy nods back then leaves. Jamie watches him until he's round the corner then looks back at me. The shadow of his hood covers his eyes.

Jamie gets most of his money dealing drugs. His amount of buyers seems to increase weekly because he knows how to play people. He somehow convinces them that drugs are the solution to their problem. Failed an exam? Pop some pills. Got dumped? Pop some pills. Your grandma's terminally ill? Pop some pills. That's how I first was put on his radar. I was such a wreck when my mum and dad got divorced and he noticed. He's like a sniffer dog. He can sense weakness and vulnerability. I bought some pills off him but never took them. Not that that really mattered. He had noticed me. Let the games begin.

"Want to grab some lunch?" he lifts the roll of cash, "I'm paying"

He has such a soft, soothing London accent so even when he is saying something threatening, it sounds like he's just offering you some more wine.

"Why did you want me to not wear panties?" I ask, looking around the empty, closed off space we are currently standing in. Walls tower on either side of us and the shadow of the building makes what happens down here hidden. I ask the question because usually when we find ourselves in a place like this, he ravishes me.

A smile tugs on his lips. He has two faint lines of a moustache, a goatie and a fuzzy line just under his chin. It tickles me when I kiss him.

"I wanted to test you"

"Test me?"

He nods slightly, "To test how far I can take you before you stop obeying me" he steps closer to pass me but pauses by my side and brings his lips to my ear, "You passed by the way"

Comments welcome! *cough* Please comment *cough* :D

Chapter 2: Jamie's World

We're sat in the Uni grounds eating lunch at an outside table. I'm people watching whilst I eat my banana but I can feel Jamie's eyes on me. I glance at him. He's staring at me so intently as if I was a show on prime time telly. He's slouched back in his chair with his hands in his pockets.

I raise my eyebrow, "What?"

"A banana. Really?"

"Yeah..."

He rolls his eyes, "Got any more penis shaped foods on you?"

"Unless guys have started growing impressive twisty pasta shaped dicks, no" I reply, "Why?" I look at my banana then to him, "This turning you on?"

He huffs, "No"

"How about if I do this?" I start to jokingly lick up the side of my banana and swirl my tongue around the tip, fixing my sexy eyes on him. His emotion is completely impassive. Then my eyes flicker to a guy behind him who I seem to be entertaining much more. I quickly bite off the part in my mouth and look down, completely mortified. Jamie turns round then starts laughing.

"Shut up" I mumble, my mouth full of banana. He just laughs even more.

"So," I say when his laughing begins to simmer, "Got anything planned?"

He shrugs, "Might make another video"

Jamie makes these very creative but incredibly disturbing cartoon sketches of people being brutally murdered or going insane or something else that's equally creepy.

"We've got that assignment to do" I say, finishing off my banana and taking out my pasta.

"Oh, shit, yeah..." his eyes wander around the sky as he thinks. They are so fascinatingly blue that they look like the sky is reflecting in them. "I'll get round to it sometime"

"I'm starting it tonight"

"Well you would wouldn't you?"

I just smile sheepishly.

All my work is sprawled across the floor of my room and I lie on my stomach with my ankles crossed in the air, twiddling my pen between my fingers. It's been two hours and I've written about a hundred words. My brain is drifting and I am finding myself staring blankly at my wall. I blink hard, *focus!*

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My phone starts to buzz next to me, Jamie's calling. I answer it.

"I miss your pussy" he states.

"I'm doing my assignment" I reply, propping the phone on my shoulder as I sieve through my sheets.

"I know"

"Not having fun with your video?"

"I decided not to do one"

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I thought I'd better get my head down and do that assignment"

"That's a surprise"

"I've been at it for hours. I should get a reward, right? For all my hard work?"

I roll my eyes, "Your at Uni, you are supposed to be doing work"

"I'm on a break. I can't focus"

"Neither can I but I'm still going"

"Take a break, Nora. You'll tire yourself out. And that's my job"

I push my notes into a neat pile, "I want to get it over with. You're distracting me"

"Oh c'mon, don't you miss my dick?"

I exhale a sigh, "This might come as a surprise to you, Jamie, but I have other things on my mind"

He laughs a little, "Liar"

"I'm hanging up now"

"You just said yourself that you can't focus. It's probably because you know I'm only a floor away"

"You think very highly of yourself, don't you?"

"Tell me it's not true"

I sigh and stare at my door, chewing my lip.

"It has been a while..." I admit.

I can almost hear him smile down the phone. "I know, I've been neglecting you haven't I? I'm sorry about that. Let me make it up to you"

I can't suppress the ear to ear smile that stretches across my lips. I twirl my long, dirty blonde hair around my finger. "Fine. Come round"

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I jump at a heavy knock at my door. My eyes narrow curiously. I pick myself off the floor, cross the room and open it. Jamie is stood there with his phone to his ear,

"One step ahead of you" he says.

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I hang up my phone and place it on the little table by my door. I put my hand on my hip and look into his crystallising eyes.

"You were still going to come even if I said no, weren't you?"

He snaps his phone shut, slips it in his pocket and peers at me, "I knew you were going to say yes"

He pushes me back into my room and slams the door shut. I gasp when he grabs my hips and pivots me round so I slam my back against the wall. I'm trapped between the wall and his body. My heart flutters when I feel his breath on my neck.

"How long has it been?" he whispers, stroking my ass.

"Sixteen days" I reply and elongate my neck, welcoming his kisses.

He laughs lightly. "Counting the days?"

I smile when he peers up at me, "Maybe"

The touch of his cold fingertips on my bare thighs sends shockwaves through my body. He gingerly strokes them up and down, edging slightly closer to my pussy every time. His nose nuzzles into the curve of my neck, his lips barely grazing my skin. I bring my finger under his chin and tip his face up so he is forced to look into my eyes.

"Kiss me" I say softly. He holds a stony expression that makes my heart freeze but then he presses his lips onto mine, his bottom lip overlapping mine. I hold the sides of his face as he continues to stroke my thighs past the hem of my dress and push my tongue into his mouth. His tongue pushes back as if to fight my invasion. A gasp shoots out of my mouth when his fingers finally find my pussy.

"Still no panties?" he smiles into my eyes. I just shrug and bite my lip coyly. His lips press hard back against mine and our tongues now intertwine vigorously, his clearly fighting for domination. His fingers stroke up my wet slit to my clit and I moan into his mouth as he starts to circle it. I spread my legs wider and his lips trail down my neck. My hand slips up the back of his head and I grip his hair as my irregular moans escape me. He picks up the pace with his fingers, making my body writhe and rub up against the wall. I'm so wet. My juices trickle down my inner thighs. My stomach twists and flips and it feels like butterflies are swarming through my body. The feeling covers my skin in goosebumps.

His other hand tugs at the collar of my dress, attempting to unbutton it. His jaw clenches with frustration as his fingers fumble unsuccessfully. I know that face. The wild eyes and the flared nostrils. I quickly help him open my buttons to expose my dainty pink bra which covers my small but perky breasts before he punches a hole into the drywall. He yanks down the left cup and nibbles my hard nipple as his finger trails along my slit then pushes into my slick hole making me let out a shaky gasp. I push myself into his hand as he pounds his fingers into me. His hot tongue swirls around my nipple and I press his head closer to my skin. His beard tickles my breast. My other hand claws at the wall behind me, searching for something to grab hold of as he stretches my hole with a second finger.

"Oh...fuck...*Jamie*" I moan, "*Jamie...Jamie*"

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He nuzzles the curve of my neck and hooks his fingers so they hit that special spot which makes me knees turn to jelly. He drills them into me faster and faster. His body writhes with mine as he pushes them in deeper.

"Moan for me you dirty whore" he growls.

My eyes roll to the back of my head as his hot breath tickles my neck. His dirty talk does incredible things to me. My gasps and moans reach hitch as I feel my orgasm building.

"Yes...Jamie...Oh...*fuck*...yes!"

My ass bucks as the tidal wave of pleasure crashes over me. My breasts slam into his chest and my knees buckle as my juices cover his hand. He pulls his soaked fingers out of me and smears the tips on my lips before pushing them into my mouth. I run my tongue between his fingers, lapping up my own sweet juices. Once he takes his fingers away, they're replaced with his tongue. He kisses the juice off my lips and pushes my tongue against his. He then pulls away and rests his forehead against mine with his hands on either side of my face.

"I like making you moan" he whispers, looking into my eyes. They are so blue, they are almost blinding when they are this close to mine.

"I like it when you make me moan" I reply and unzip his fly. "But now it's my turn to make you say my name"

A smile plays on his lips as I stick my hand down his boxers and find his cock. He's already semi-hard. I wrap my hand round his shaft and start to stroke it up and down tenderly. I watch as his eyelids grow heavy and a guttural moan escapes through his lips. I was an innocent little virgin before I met Jamie. The most intimate touching I had ever had was holding hands. It's hard to think about that sad little boring life before I met Jamie. I lick the top row on my teeth with a grin as I watch his eyelids flicker. Then I feel something vibrate against my hand. Jamie's eyes shoot open and he fumbles around in his jeans pocket and pulls out his phone. Without even registering me, he holds it to his ear.

"Right, mate, this better be good" he states. I can hear the voice on the other end but the words are muffled.

"Urghh. Seriously? *Now*?" his jaw locks in anger. "Fine. Yeah. I'll be right there. Right. Bye" he hangs up and shoves his phone back into his pocket, hitting my hand through the thin material. I gulp and pull my hand out of his jeans.

"I've gotta go" he runs his fingers through his bouncy curls and looks at the door, "But this is to be continued. You owe me that reward"

He turns back and his bright eyes shine at me. I nod in silence.

"Right" he nods, "See ya." He grabs the back of my head and plants a heavy kiss on my forehead before leaving out the door.

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I wake up late, get dressed and head to the library to find some information for my assignment. I grab a book and sit alone at a table. The book is helpful and I manage another couple of paragraphs before I'm startled by someone slumping down on the chair beside me. One of my friends peers over my shoulder and looks down at my book.

"You do know that's not in for another two weeks, right?" she asks.

I laugh a little, "I know."

She leans back and studies my face. "I'm going shopping with Sophie, want to come?"

I look back down at my assignment then at her.

She laughs a little and rolls her eyes. "Look, I'm going to meet Mike's parents this weekend and I would *really* love your opinion on what clothes to buy."

I smile at her, "Okay, sure, I'll come."

"Great," she gleams and gets up. I shuffle my notes into a pile and shove them into my bag.

"You're really only just meeting his parents now?" I ask as we slip through the library door.

Her eyes widen a little, "Yeah, I've been trying to hold it off for as long as I can. From what Mike's told me, his mum's a real bitch."

I laugh a little, "Why? What's she like?"

"Apparently, she doesn't think anyone is good enough for him"

"I'm sure she'll love you." I wrap my arm around her and squeeze her a little.

"She'd better," she huffs, "Has you mum met Jamie yet?"

"No."

"No?" her eyebrows furrow, "Why not? You two have been dating for like six months."

I shrug, "She's been focusing on her own relationship with this new guy. She doesn't even know about him."

"Crikey." Her eyes widen. She pushes the door into the Uni's main building and we head down the corridor to leave out the back door. It's a little short cut we found.

"What?" I ask.

"I dunno...It's just...Jamie is someone you kind of need to know about. Especially if your daughter's dating him," she replies as she pushes her way past people.

"What's that supposed me mean?"

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She splutters a little, "Well...y'know...Jamie is...well...*Jamie*. Look, there's Sophie. Sophie!"

I look to where she's waving to and Sophie comes running over, dodging the passing people.

"Hey guys," she smiles, tucking her curly red hair behind her ear.

"Nora's mum doesn't know about Jamie," Kelly quickly states.

Sophie's eyes widen as she turns to me, "Are you *serious*?"

"Yeah...what's the big deal?" I ask.

"Well...Jamie's...very...*different*. He's one you need to keep your eye on," she explains warily.

"Yeah. Exactly." Kelly nods.

I just shrug because I know exactly what they mean but don't want to admit it.

"Nora!"

My stomach twists and both the girl's eyes widen.

"Speak of the devil," Kelly mutters.

I spin round and see Jamie stood down one of the side corridors. He nods upwards, signalling me to come over. I turn back to my friends. They're eyes are fixed on me.

"Are you going to go over?" Sophie asks.

I chew my lip. "I'm sorry guys. Rain check?"

Kelly sighs, "Sure."

I hug them both then head to Jamie. When I reach him, I notice he's stood in front of the men's toilets. He kicks backwards and knocks the door open.

"You owe me that reward, remember?" he says and pushes me in.

Thankfully, it's empty. I'm shoved into a cubicle and he locks the door behind us. He shuffles around me so we are facing each other on either side of the cubicle. His blue eyes are transfixed on me as he unzips himself and pulls down his snug white Calvin Klein boxers, freeing his cock. I look down. He's soft but I know that with my touch, he won't be for much longer.

"Go on then," he urges. His voice snaps me to attention and I quickly wrap my hand around his shaft, working on it the way I had last night. His eyelids flicker and he drops his head back. I let out of a little sigh of relief when I know I'm doing a good job. I can feel him growing harder in my hand and soon he is fully erect. He grabs my hair and I wince in silent pain as it is tugged away from my scalp. He pushes me down and I drop onto my knees. The cubicle is quite narrow so my ass is pressed against the side and I am forced to stare at his cock only a mere inch away from my face. Before he grows impatient, I lick and kiss his head and bring my hands to his balls. He groans a little then grabs the back of my head and pushes his cock into my mouth until it hits the back of my throat. He keeps hold of my hair as he fucks my mouth. His groans are making me wet

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and my swollen clit is begging for some friction but I daren't touch myself because this is my time to make it up to him. He thrusts into my mouth faster and faster, shaking the cubicle. My eyes widen at the sound of footsteps outside but Jamie doesn't seem to notice. I can see the shadow of feet outside the door but Jamie continues to groan with his head dropped back in ecstasy. He lets out a sharp, guttural moan and his cum shoots to the back of my throat.

He puts his finger under my chin and tips it up so I'm looking at him.

"Swallow it," he says and I do. The salty liquid runs down my throat.

I wipe my lips and get back to my feet. He pulls his boxers back up and zips his jeans. I go in to kiss him but he opens the door and slips through the gap. I follow him and my heart flips as when I see the two guys at the urinals, looking back at me with greedy eyes. My cheeks flush and I shamefully look down at the floor. Jamie grabs my hand and yanks at it, making me look up at him. He nods up with a grin to the guys at the urinals then leads me outside.

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"So, I got a dress for Mike's parents, no thanks to *you*," Kelly says, taking a sip of her coffee.

"I'm sorry about that. What's it like?" I say, attempting to show the friendliest smile I can muster.

"It's really *cute* actually. Below the knee, nice and modest," she replies. I can see the judgement in her eyes as they trail down my outfit. It's only a pair of cut off denim shorts, my top half is fully covered, but she looks at me as if I'm strutting around in a bikini. "So, what was so important that you had to cancel on me then?"

My stomach flips as I search my brain for a decent answer. Not going shopping with my friends because my boyfriend wanted a blow job was *not* a valid excuse.

"Erh...he needed help with his assignment," I rush.

Her eyebrow rises, "Since when did Jamie care about work?"

"It took me by surprise too." I shrug and sip my hot chocolate. We're sat in a little cafe just outside our halls. We usually go here to have a catch up seeing as though most of my time is either spent with Jamie or with my nose in a book.

"I haven't seen him around for a while. Where is he?" she asks, furrowing her brows.

"He's round at his mums," I say. Another lie. He's actually gone somewhere with one of his dealer friends to try and lure in some more buyers. He's been gone for just over a week now. I've finished my assignment.

"Oh." She nods, thankfully satisfied with my answer.

"Are you going to that dance tomorrow night?"

"Yeah." She grins, "Can't wait to see Mike in a suit. He looks gorgeous."

I laugh a little as her eyes glaze over, probably thinking of him. "Well, I hope you guys have fun."

She blinks hard then looks at me. "You're not going?"

"No," I sigh, "Dances aren't really Jamie's thing."

I have a slight feeling that he scheduled his drug trip so that it would purposely overlap the date of the dance.

"But are they your thing?" she presses.

I just shrug. "I guess, I haven't really been to many to be honest."

She half frowns and glances down at her watch. "Oh, crap! I was supposed to meet my tutor like ten minutes ago." She quickly chugs her coffee and pants, sticking her probably burnt tongue out. "Gotta run." She jumps to her feet, "Good catch up though." She smiles and rushes in for a hug. It's so quick that I have no time to hug her back before she's speed walking down the street.

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I amble about in the town centre, window shopping because I only have about thirty quid in my pocket and I have time to kill. I find it very sad that this is what I resort to when Jamie is not here. Wandering round like a loner. But I'm not alone. I can feel someone watching me. The hairs on the back of my neck stand on end and I quickly pivot round. My heart thumps when I see a guy a few steps behind me, eying me up and licking his teeth. I recognise him from somewhere but I can't quite place him. He's got short ginger hair, grey eyes and big shoulders. I pretend like I was looking past him, turn around and continue walking. Footsteps clap behind me getting closer and closer.

"Nora?"

I spin round and he stops abruptly.

"What?" I snap. It's not unusual for someone I don't know to know my name. Because I date Jamie, everyone around here seems to know who I am.

He smiles a little, but it's not a friendly smile. It's the smile that most guys show when they look at me. As if I'm a piece of meat they want to devour.

"Did I hear that Jamie is out of town?"

"I don't know." I raise an eyebrow, "Did you?"

He laughs into my eyes. "You must be pretty lonely," he says, edging closer.

"I'm fine." I narrow my eyes a little.

"Are you sure you don't want some company?" he glances down the narrow side street beside us. "I know you're not shy about doing it in public places."

My eyes widen and my stomach twists. I know who he is now. I know where I recognise him from. He was one of the guys at the urinals.

I fold my arms across my chest. "Y'know, just 'cause Jamie's not here, doesn't mean that I'm not going to tell him about this."

Worry lights up in his eyes but he tries to keep his strong composure. "This can be our little secret."

I laugh, "Oh, no it's not."

His jaw sets, "He won't believe you."

"Oh," I smile, "Yeah, he will."

"Are you seriously going to tell him?" he asks, clearly panicked.

"I dunno," I shrug, "Maybe. Maybe not."

He gulps, "Please don't. It was just a joke. I know your Jamie's girl. I'm sorry."

I bite my lip with a grin at the fear in his eyes. It feels good to be Jamie's girl.

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"Well, seeing as though you said sorry. I guess I'll let you off."

Relief washes over his face but his eyes widen and he cowers when I step closer to him. "But if you dare say anything like that to me again, I'll let him beat you to a fucking pulp. Got it?"

He nods rapidly and steers himself in the other direction.

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I'm wandering around my room with a duster, going over all the surfaces. I really need to clean this place more often. I run the cloth over my desk and gust of dust particles blows off and swarms in spirals in the glare of the sun coming through the window.

My phone starts vibrating on my bed and I drop down on my mattress and answer it.

"Hey." Jamie's silky smooth voice sends shivers of pleasure up my spine.

"Hey," I reply.

"I miss you."

"Miss you too. When are you coming back?"

"Hopefully tomorrow."

"Where are you now?"

"In this shitty little B&B all alone in this double bed..."

I smile so wide it creases my eyes and I twirl a strand of hair around my finger.

"Where are you?" he asks.

"In my room."

"Alone?"

"Yeah." I swivel round and lie on my bed with my head on my pillow. "Why?"

"I wish you were here with me. Do you know that we haven't had sex in twenty...*five* days?"

"I'm very aware of that."

"So am I."

I can already feel my stomach contorting and every cell in my body dancing.

"So, if I was there with you, what would you want to do to me?" I ask.

"Oh, I want to do *a lot* of stuff to you"

"Oh yeah? Like what?"

"I want to fuck your tits"

I gasp and laugh a little.

"But I'm still fully dressed" I say.

"What? You're not naked?"

"No. Are you?"

"...Maybe"

"Well...how about you undress me then?"

"I would love to. What are you wearing?"

I look down my body. "A top and some shorts."

"Got any sexy underwear on under them?"

I laugh a little. "Nope. What's the point of me buying lingerie when you just rip it off me? You've already torn two of my bra's and obliterated a pair of my panties"

I have a pair of crotchless panties in my drawers. They weren't crotchless when I bought them.

"I'm sorry...I get a bit carried away."

"Yeah you do," I laugh.

"Just so you know, I have a mega hard on right now."

A let out a spurt of laughter, "Really? I hope it's because you've been thinking of me."

"Of course, who else would I be thinking of?"

I shrug then realise I'm on the phone so I add, "I dunno."

"Are you wet?"

Butterflies swarm through my body. I can feel my panties sticking to my pussy. "No," I lie, "You might have to help me out with that."

He laughs a little. "Well, first, we're going to have to remove that top of yours."

I lay the phone on the pillow by my ear and slip my top off over my head.

"Removed," I inform him and pick the phone back up.

"What bra are you wearing?"

"My red lace one"

"One of my favourites."

"I'm surprised you haven't ripped it already."

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He laughs. "Well, even though I love it so much, that's going to have to go too."

I bite my lip and take it off.

"It's on the floor."

"Where it should be."

"Now what?"

"Your nipples are hard, aren't they?"

I glance down, "Maybe..."

He laughs, "I thought they would be. Rub your tits for me."

A moan seeps out of my mouth as I feel my juices coat my panties. He must have heard because he laughs a little. "Do you like that?"

I place the phone by my ear and start to rub and tug at my nipples, imagining they are Jamie's hands. "Keep talking."

"Take off your shorts."

I slip them off.

"Matching panties?"

"How did you guess?" I smile.

"Take them off too."

I do and drop them to the floor. Now I'm lying on my bed completely naked.

"I bet you're so fucking wet right now."

I squeeze my nipple and let out another moan.

"Spread those fine legs of yours."

I do and tuck my knees up.

"Rub your clit for me. I bet its feeling left out."

I trail one of my hands down my stomach and cup my soaked pussy. My finger finds my clit and I start to rotate it. A breathy moan escapes my mouth.

"Oh, yeah. Keep moaning for me, baby," he says.

I circle my clit faster and faster. My body writhes with my motions. My ass bucks against my bed as my whole body seems to flush and sizzle with pleasure.

Jamie's World

"Jamie," I breathe, "Keep talking."

"Keep working on that clit for me, baby. I wish I was there with you to help you out."

I gasp and moan at the sensation of my orgasm building. Jamie moans down the phone which drives me wild.

"Oh...God...Jamie...I'm close"

"So am I," he breathes, "Stick your fingers into your glistening pussy hole for me."

My fingers get swallowed by liquid heat and my body quakes.

"Jamie...I miss you so much," I moan as I grind my hips and pump my fingers.

"I miss you too. Cum for me."

My stomach twists and my body convulses as I'm brought to my peak.

"Oh, Jamie!" I cry as my ass bucks against my bed and my juices gush onto my hand.

"Nora, keep moaning for me baby, I'm so close."

I keep fucking myself with my slick fingers and moaning into the phone.

"Oh...there...yes...*fuck!*" he groans and his breath catches in his throat. I pull my fingers out and melt into my mattress.

I grab a tissue and wipe my wet fingers then grab my phone and put it to my ear.

"Well, that was fun," I giggle, my chest still rapidly rising and falling.

"Not as fun as when I actually get my hands on you."

"I can't wait." I grin.

"I bet you can't. I've got something special planned."

"Really? What?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow when I see you. I've got to go now."

"You're such a tease."

"Aren't I?" he laughs, "Right. I'll see you tomorrow. Bye."

"Bye," I say and he hangs up.

Chapter 7: Jamie's World

Jamie sits at the foot of his bed, staring out the full-length window to the building on the other side of the grounds. I'm kneeling behind him.

"I'm so glad you're back." I wrap my arms around his waist and plant a kiss on his neck. He stays silent. "Aren't you happy to see me?" I nuzzle his ear softly but there's still no response. My hands trail down to his fly. My heart leaps when his hands lock over mine. He finally turns his head and looks at me.

"Not yet."

"Then when?" I pull my hands back to my sides.

"Soon. I told you I've got something special planned."

"And you said you'd tell me when you see me. Well, I'm here."

A smile plays on his lips.

"Very well then." He turns back to the window and stands. He walks over to the window and I follow him. "Her," he says, nodding outside. I follow his eyes and see a girl in her kitchen eating at her table.

My eyebrows furrow. "What do you mean?"

His smile grows bigger as he stares at her. She's tall and slim with long, straight brown hair that falls down to the small of her back. Her skin is a few shades darker than mine, like she's just been on holiday somewhere sunny.

"I mean-" He finally pulls his eyes from her and sets them on me, "She's the something special."

My stomach flips and my eyes dart between her and Jamie.

"You mean... like...a *threesome*?"

He smiles. "That's exactly what I mean."

My eyes widen as I look over the grounds to her. She gets up off her stool and moves to the sink. The sink is directly under the window so we have a full view of her cleavage as she cleans her plate. I wonder how many times Jamie has sat on his bed watching her.

"But, Jamie, I'm not a *lesbian*."

"I think we've been together long enough for me to know that."

"I'm not attracted to girls."

"Are you saying that she's not attractive?" He raises an eyebrow but doesn't take his eyes off her.

"Well...no." I look at her, "She *is* pretty."

Jamie's World

"Then what's your problem?"

I shake my head in disbelief. "Jamie, I don't *do* girls."

"Exactly, you've never tried it. You might like it."

I splutter a laugh of derision. "I've never gone sky-diving either but I know that's not my thing."

"Oh, c'mon, Nora." He looks at me and wraps his arm around my waist, giving me a squeeze. "Take the leap."

I raise an eyebrow.

He laughs a little. "See what I did there? Humorous word play."

I roll my eyes and look back at her. My heart drops when I see the empty window.

"How do you even know she'd be interested anyway?" I flicker my eyes to him.

"She's bi. Up for anything. And I've seen her checking both of us out on numerous occasions. I'm sure I could talk her round."

"What's her name?"

"Nina," he says with glazed eyes.

"And when is this going to happen?"

"Tomorrow night if all goes to plan. Are you warming to the idea?"

I grimace. "I'm not really fond of having to share you with anyone but it's been a long time. I guess this is better than nothing."

He turns and wraps both of his arms round me, dropping his chin on my shoulder.

"It's going to be worth the wait. I can promise you that."

I sit in my kitchen, chewing my lip while Jamie works his magic on Nina. There is no doubt in my mind that she won't agree to do it. No one can resist Jamie. My hands run through my hair when I think about what's going to happen tomorrow night. I've never done anything with a girl before. Is it weird that I'm a bit excited? In that nervous sort of way though. Like when you're queuing up for a really big rollercoaster at a theme park. The butterflies in my stomach are doing a weird sort of dance that is making me jittery. My feet keep tapping against the floor in irregular beats.

I'm halfway through eating my noodles when I get a text from Jamie. *'Everything is sorted. Be at mine for nine tomorrow night'*

Oh boy. Looks like I'm not going to be sleeping tonight.

Chapter 8: Jamie's World

I'm staring at my reflection in the lift as I travel down to Jamie's floor. My heart is beating double-time when I knock on his flat door. He has a key to my flat but I don't have one to his. He probably has too many secrets to hide from me.

He opens the door and trails his eyes up my bare legs, up my dress then finally to my face.

"You came. I thought you'd have second thoughts," he says with a slight smile.

"Well, I'm here aren't I?" I say, not sure of which emotion to convey.

His smile grows wider. "You sure are. Come in."

I do and he leads me to the living area. He takes a seat on the sofa and pats the spot next to him. I sit and look around the empty room.

"Are your flatmates in?" I ask.

"They're all out for the night. I thought it'd be best to do this on a day when they're all out. We'll be making a lot of noise." He winks and my stomach twists.

"And where's Nina?"

"She'll be here soon." He relaxes back into the sofa, "Eager to get going, are you?"

"No...I was just wondering," I mumble and cover my arms over my chest.

He lifts his hand and strokes the back of my head making me look at him. His blue eyes are soft and maybe a little concerned.

"It'll be fine, Nora. In fact, it'll be more than fine."

"Okay," I say just to try and bring the conversation to a close. I don't want to talk about it. The more he talks about it, the more real it feels and it scares me.

A knock at the door startles me. Jamie laughs a little and places a cold hand on my bare thigh, "It's just the door. It'll be Nina. Stay there."

I just nod and he leaves. I listen to their muffled brief conversation before they both come in. My heart pounds when I see Nina. She's wearing a skin-tight black dress which stops halfway down her thighs and a pair of black wedges. She's wearing nude make-up but still manages to look absolutely stunning. I fidget awkwardly on the sofa. Her beauty makes me feel uncomfortable. She's far prettier than me. No wonder Jamie has noticed her.

"Hi," she smiles, twisting on her wedge.

"Hi," I reply, not making eye contact. Jamie stands by the door, watching us.

"I brought wine." She shows the bottle she had hidden behind her back and lifts it for me to see.

Jamie's World

"What are we celebrating?" I ask, finally look her in the eye. Her irises are the colour of dark chocolate.

She grins, showing her immaculate white teeth. "This fucking awesome night." She turns to Jamie, "Shall I get some glasses?"

"Sure." Jamie smiles and gestures over to the kitchen.

She grabs three and sets them on the coffee table and they both join me on the sofa on either side of me. I feel claustrophobic between them.

Nina moves and I flinch a little. She pours her glass and looks at me concerned.

"Are you okay?" she asks, pouring another glass and sliding it closer to me. I feel Jamie move behind me. He pulls a strand of hair away from my face and tucks it behind my ear.

"She's just a little nervous," he says, "She's never done this before."

My stomach knots and I turn to him. "Have you?"

A smile plays on his lips, "I did have a life before I met you, Nora."

"I bet you did," chuckles Nina. Jamie flashes a smile to her. Why do I feel like I'm the third-wheel here?

"C'mon, Nora, drink up. We can't have those nerves getting the way," she says and lifts the glass to my lips. I splutter a little and grab it off her, taking a sip. "There you go," she says like she's praising a child.

As I continue to drink my glass, Jamie and Nina flirt over my shoulders. They sip at their glasses and I pour myself another. I try to keep drinking until everything seems fuzzy but Jamie puts his hand over my glass before it touches my lips and takes it off me.

"Easy there. Don't want you throwing up and spoiling the night."

I grit my teeth. "If you two are so worried about me spoiling this then how about I just leave and let you two get on with it?"

I get to my feet with my nostrils flared with anger. The room tilts a little. Nina and Jamie also stand with wide eyes.

"Whoa, I'm sorry, Nora, I just wanted this night to be special," says Jamie.

I turn to him. "Special? All I wanted was a night with my boyfriend and you thought the only way to make it special was to include another person?" I choke up a little but I try to force the lump down my throat.

Nina presses her hand lightly on my back and I turn to her. Her eyebrows are furrowed.

"Nora, I just want this night to go well because well... I've been thinking about this...*a lot*. And I bet Jamie just wanted to spice things up a bit for you. If you don't want to do this, that's fine. But I promise you, I won't make you do anything you don't want to do-" *But Jamie will*. She smiles a little, "If you just give this a shot, you might enjoy it."

Jamie's World

"Exactly," says Jamie and I spin round to him, "That's exactly what I said yesterday. You don't know until you've tried it. Shall we go to the bedroom before you change your mind?"

"Hold on," says Nina and Jamie's jaw tightens. "Nora?"

I turn back to her. She holds my forearms and looks deep into my eyes, "Are you sure you want to do this?"

I gulp. I can feel Jamie's eyes on me.

"I'm sure," I nod with a weak smile.

"Great!" cheers Jamie and pushes me a little towards the door. They both follow me into Jamie's room. He walks ahead and Nina grabs hold of my wrist and yanks me back. She tucks my hair behind my ear and whispers, "I'll take the lead, but if I do anything you don't like, just tell me, okay?"

I nod. I'm starting to warm to her a little. She walks ahead, still holding onto my wrist and sits me down on his double bed. She sits beside me and glances back at Jamie. He's sat on his chair by his desk with his eyes fixed on us.

"He'll enjoy this," she whispers and places a hand on my bare thigh.

I found this super sexy picture of Aaron Johnson and just had to share it XD In my head, this is what Jamie looks like :D

So freaking yummy!

Chapter 9: Jamie's World

Warmth spreads through my body at her touch. She has such smooth skin and her hand isn't cold like Jamie's. I'm staring down at her hand on my thigh when her other hand touches under my chin and tilts my head up so I'm looking straight into her shining, chocolate eyes. They flicker down to my lips and my heart seems to stop when she leans in. Her lips press against mine and a cold shiver runs down my spine. But not the bad kind. Not the kind I was expecting. I can taste her lip balm. It takes like apples. It's a gentle kiss at first but then she parts my lips with hers and slips in her tongue which I gladly invite. My heart fumbles. I wrap my arms around her neck and draw her in closer. Our breasts press together and her hand slides up my thigh, sending shockwaves through my body. My eyes flicker open and I glance at Jamie. He's leaning back in his chair with his hands down his jeans. He's completely transfixed. His eyes meet mine and he gives me a gentle nod.

I focus back on Nina. I bring my hand up her back and unzip her from her dress. I feel her lips smile against mine and she breaks the kiss to slip it over her head. My eyes lock onto her black strapless bra which is pushing her breasts together, creating a fantastic cleavage. She glances down at what I'm looking at, smiles then continues to kiss me. I can see Jamie tugging at himself in the corner of my eye but I know he wants more of a show so I place my hand over Nina's and guide between my legs.

"Looks like you're enjoying yourself after all," she breathes into my mouth as she hooks her finger round the waistband of my panties. Butterflies swarm in my stomach and I lift my ass off the bed a little so she can tug them down my thighs. She pushes them to my knees and they drop to the floor. I swivel round, kicking off my dolly shoes and kneeling on the bed facing her and she does the same, kicking off her wedges. I spread my legs and she receives the signal. She slides her hand back up my thigh, under my dress and to my pussy which is already wet with anticipation. She strokes up and down my slit tenderly and draws me closer with her other hand so she can kiss me. Our lips lock and her finger begins to work on my clit.

I let out a broken gasp and I grab the back of her neck and kiss her hard. With her other hand, she tugs up my dress and I help her pull it over my head. I continue the kiss which has become much more urgent and moan into her mouth as her finger works faster and faster. I pop open her bra and throw it aside. Her breasts are a similar size to mine so they are not too intimidating. I glance at Jamie and he narrows his eyes a little at me, scrutinizing my moves. I quickly cup one of her breasts and begin to massage her nipple the way he does to me. It seems to have the same effect and I smile and moan into her mouth as she makes the same noises. I lean down to kiss and lick her other nipple and her finger slips into my slick hole. I moan into her breast and begin to grind against her finger. She begins to pump then in and out of me as I trail kisses up her neck to her lips. I kiss her and push my tongue against hers as I ride her fingers.

"Oh...*God*," I breath as the sensation of our breasts sliding together flushes my body.

"Oh, *Nora*," Nina moans into my mouth which drives me crazy.

She slips her fingers out of me and unclasps my bra. I throw it to the floor and she pushes me down onto the bed so my head drops onto the pillow. She licks and nibbles my hard nipples which makes my body tense with pleasure, before her lips begin to trail down my stomach to my pussy. She spreads my legs and tucks my knees up on either side of her head. I gulp hard and close my eyes. My whole body quivers when her tongue delves between my pussy lips and starts circling my clit. One of my hands grabs the side of the headboard and my eyes roll back. My body convulses with pleasure when her fingers return to my hole as her tongue stimulates my clit, rolling it between her tongue and teeth. I turn my head to see Jamie but he's just a hazy blur as I moan in ecstasy and push myself into Nina's tongue and fingers. I run my fingers through her silky, smooth hair and push her closer to my pussy. I feel her smile and I rock back and forth in a delicious daze.

Jamie's World

My head snaps back and a broken, drawn-out moan escapes my lips at my orgasm as I feel myself clench around Nina's fingers. I'm panting for breath and I glance down my body. Nina is kneeling at the foot of the bed. She wipes her mouth with the back of her forearm then sucks my juices off her wet fingers with a smile. I smile back and prop myself up on my elbows, looking into her eyes. She leans over me to kiss me-

"Wait!" Jamie bellows. My heart jumps and we both snap our heads to him. I had completely forgotten he was even there. He's stood in nothing but his tight white Calvin Klein's that can barely contain his erection. He wears a stony expression as he looks straight at me and says, "I don't want to miss out on all the fun."

Chapter 10: Jamie's World

Nina drops back, sitting on her ankles and stretches a hand out towards Jamie with a coy smile.

"Feeling left out, were we?" she teases. Jamie's jaw tenses in frustration but she doesn't seem to notice. I do though. And I've learnt to never make him do that. I bring my knees to my chest and hug them as if they are some protective barrier. He steps closer and closer to the bed, making my stomach twist more and more like a balloon animal. He takes Nina's hand and moves round behind her, turning her round with him until she has her back to me. He mounts the foot of the bed, kneeling in front of her and grabs the sides of her face. I watch as he begins to kiss her. My heart plummets to the ground. I watch as he slips his hand down her black panties and starts making her moan and she puts her hand in his boxers and does the same. They both moan into each other mouths. Nina lifts herself up a little and I can see the outline of Jamie's knuckles through her slightly parted thighs. But that's not what is cutting into me. It's the fact that Jamie's eyes are stuck to mine. As he kisses her, he watches me over her shoulder. His bright blue eyes glistening in the grey-dark of the room. Only the wall lights at each side of the headboard are on and they highlight his face with an eerie orange glow. He's doing this to spite me. He didn't expect me to have so much fun with Nina. He didn't *want* me to have fun with Nina. So now he's taunting me. Making me feel like an outsider at my own party.

But I'm not going to sit here and watch my boyfriend making out with another girl. I flip my legs over the bed and push myself up, searching for my clothes.

"Where are you going?"

I turn back to see Nina's beautiful glistening eyes on me. She holds out her hand with a soft smile, "Don't worry, I haven't forgotten about you."

Warmth spreads through my chest and she gently tugs me back down to the bed. I see Jamie's eyes narrow behind her but I brush him off. She pushes me back and drops on her hands and knees over me. She starts to teasingly nibble and suck my lips. I run my hand through her hair and push my tongue into her mouth. Our tongues dance together and she slips two fingers into my pussy. My eyes flicker to Jamie. His jaw clenches and he grabs Nina's ass.

"Buck your ass," he orders and slaps her a little. She smiles against my lips and does. She lets out a heavy gasp and rests her forehead against mine as Jamie pulls down her panties and enters her from behind.

She gasps and moans as Jamie rocks her back and forth against him and her fingers work faster and faster into my slick pussy with the same rhythm. I shuffle down a little so I am pressed harder into her hand and I start to rub and kiss her breasts. I grip her thighs with mine and grind my hips against her fingers as Jamie fucks her. Her moans are getting shorter and sharper.

"Faster...harder...I'm cumming," she moans and Jamie thrusts her against him harder. She screams in pleasure at her orgasm and I can see her juices trickling down her inner thigh.

I pull her head down and kiss her as I can feel another orgasm building.

"Oh, *Nina*," I moan into her mouth.

"*Nora*," she smiles and nipples my lip. "Hey!" she yelps when she is flung off me and is replaced with Jamie. He drops down over me, slamming his hands onto the pillow either side of my face and staring wickedly into my eyes. He presses his lips hard against mine. My body melts into him and butterflies swarm around my

Jamie's World

stomach. His still rock hard cock presses into my belly. But this is the first time I have ever felt like I could have the upper hand and I'm not going to let this opportunity slip through my fingers. I lock my thighs around his and roll him over so I'm straddling him. He looks completely confused as I pin his wrists by each side of his face and press my lips against his. He pucker them at first, not allowing my tongue to slip between them but as I rock lightly, making his cock slide up and down my stomach, they open a little as he gasps so I take advantage. He succumbs but he wriggles his wrists out of my grasp. He pushes roughly on my shoulders making our kiss break.

"Sit on my dick," he breathes.

I hover over cock and begin to stimulate my clit with his head. He groans a little as I rock gently back and forth. My stomach flutters and I turn to see Nina watching me with eager eyes. I smile at her and she comes closer. She grabs the back of my neck and pulls me in for a kiss. As our lips lock, I guide Jamie's cock into my soaked entrance and let out a satisfied gasp into Nina's mouth as I feel myself stretch around his impressive length.

"Nina," Jamie groans.

She pulls away from me and we both turn to him. He's looking at her with heavy lids and waves her over.

"Come here. Sit of my face."

She flashes a glance at me then licks the top row of her teeth with a grin.

"My pleasure," she says, slipping her panties off and throwing her leg over his head so she is straddling his face and looking towards me.

I watch as her face twists in pleasure which makes me ride Jamie even faster. We gasp and moan as we watch each other. She rubs her hands over her pert breasts, squeezing her hard nipples and dropping her head back as Jamie laps at her pussy.

"Oh, *Jamie*," she sighs.

I stroke Jamie's chest, running my finger along his abdominals and creating lazy circular patterns around his nipples. As Nina grinds against his face, I can see his lips glistening with her juices when he stops for air. I lean forward and kiss his three, small, circular birthmarks that he has just above his right nipple. He has more of them down his forearm which I like to kiss and nibble from time to time. While I do this, I can smell Nina's arousal. I sit up again and lean back, digging my nails into Jamie's strong thighs and rocking against him making him moan.

Suddenly, Nina's sun-kissed hand grabs my arm and presses it my hand against her breast. I look up to her smiling at me. I begin to rub her the way she had been doing to herself and she does the same to me. Her warm hand cups my breast and her thumb rubs my sensitive nipple. Her other hand wraps around my neck and her lips crash back against mine. Our tongues push against each others in a fit of ecstasy. Everything is happening all at once. I am finally being pounded by Jamie after a twenty six day dry spell and I'm having my first lesbian experience, which, I'm not going to lie, is fucking incredible. Both her hands trace each of my breasts and I do the same to her. We both writhe together as we ride Jamie. My skin flushes and my eyes roll back as I feel another orgasm building. Nina's lips trail down my neck to my breasts where she rubs and squeezes one nipple as she circles her hot, wet tongue around the other. She rocks against me and moans into my skin as she bucks her ass and spreads her legs wider for Jamie's tongue to delve in deeper.

Jamie's World

"Jamie...yes...there...oh...God...Jamie...keep going," she moans, making my stomach contort with pleasure. "Nora, you look so fucking hot right now."

Broken, short gasps begin to escape my lips as I begin to reach my peak. Nina's hand trails down my stomach and her fingers find my clit. My orgasm cascades out of me as she begins to circle it whilst kissing my breast and moaning.

"Oh, Jamie, *Nina*," I cry as I feel Jamie's hot cum shoot inside me. Seconds later, Nina wraps her arms around my neck and presses her breasts against mine. She pushes herself up by my shoulders, digging her manicured nails into my skin as she has a shaky orgasm. She's panting heavily and our slick bodies stick together. She tilts her head slightly so it knocks against the side of mine. My hair is stuck to my face with sweat and the heat radiating from her body is making me light-headed. I push her lightly away from me and lift my leg over Jamie so I'm sat beside him. He has his hands pressed into Nina's thighs to allow himself some air space as he tries to regain his breath. Nina follows my lead and gets off him, sitting on her ankles in front of me. Jamie props himself up on his elbows, Nina's juices cover his lips and chin. He licks most of it away but uses the back of his arm for the rest. He pulls his boxers up and sits against the headboard, looking at me. His curls are tousled and spring up every which way making him look wild and unkempt.

"So," he pants, "was that worth the wait?"

I smile and glance at Nina. Her chocolate eyes shine at me.

"Definitely."

Chapter 11: Jamie's World

I'm sat in the lecture hall lazily tapping my pen against the side of my head and trying my best to focus on the work but my eyes always seem to wander to Jamie's back instead. I manage to jot a page and a half of notes down before we are dismissed making me smile proudly as I tuck my notebook into my bag.

Jamie's arm snakes around my back when I get out of the room and he veers me away from the crowd of people.

His hands cup either side of my face and he gives me a peck on the lips.

"Last night was fun" he whispers.

"Yes it was." I smile. I had seen Nina as I made my way to the lecture hall. She bit down on her lip to suppress a grin when her eyes met mine, then she turned a corner and vanished.

"You surprised me."

"Oh?" I raise an eyebrow.

"Yeah. You were a lot more into it than I expected."

I shrugged. "It surprised me too."

"I want to take you to dinner tonight."

"Really?"

"Yeah." He kisses me again, "I want to spoil you."

I'm guessing that drug money is burning a hole in his pocket.

I grin into his eyes. "I would love that."

"There's just one condition."

"Oh?"

"Wear something sexy for me."

"Of course." I push my lips back against his and I can feel him smile.

"I'll meet you at the restaurant."

I raise an eyebrow. "Why not go together?"

"I've got some stuff to do first and I'll be round there so it would just make things easier for me."

"Oh, well, as long as it's easy for you," I laugh.

Jamie's World

"Get off the bus by the old church and then call me. I'll direct you the rest of the way."

"Okay. What time should I get the bus?"

"About sevenish."

"Okay. Well, I'm just nipping to the library. Want to come?"

"Boring," he yawns. "I'll see you later."

He spins me round and slaps my ass.

"I want to see those legs tonight."

I look at him over my shoulder. "You won't be disappointed."

I've showered and done my make-up. I decided to try out Nina's style of nude but sexy make-up. It doesn't seem to have worked as well as my complexion isn't as flawless as hers so I add smoky eyes to draw attention away from the spots that linger round my hairline.

I curl my hair and brush is out so it has a slight wave to it and slip into my dress. It's a red skater dress with a high neck and a short hem which shows off my bare thighs. I rubbed some cream on my legs which has given them a healthy shimmering glow. Fake tan does not work for me because my skin is so fair. I just end up looking like a wotsit. I slip on some beige wedges and pin some of my hair out of my face, shove my purse in my bag and leave, locking my door behind me.

As I stand at the bus stop I curse under my breath because it is freezing and I didn't bring a jacket. It's already dark out and I'm stood in the street alone. Thankfully, I'm not waiting long for the bus but it's not that much warmer.

The old church looks eerie in the dark. Lights are dotted around the grass around it, pointing up at the cross that sticks out of the top of the spire. A shiver runs up my back and I lean against the low wall as I call Jamie.

"You at the church?"

"Yeah," I reply. "This restaurant better not be far."

"It's not, don't worry. Take a left round the corner."

I start walking. "Okay."

"Okay. Now, you should see a side street on the opposite side of the road. Go down that."

I grimace when I find it. "It's almost pitch black down there"

"Trust me. It's a short cut. Don't be such a wuss."

I grit my teeth and cross the street. "If I get brutally murdered, it's your fault."

Jamie's World

He laughs, "You'll be fine."

My hand clasps my elbow and I hug myself to try and keep warm as I enter the dark abyss.

"Okay...I'm walking."

"There should be another alleyway coming from that. You found it?"

I stop and turn. "Yeah."

"Go down that. It's on the other side."

I let out a sigh of relief as my wedges clap against the cobbles.

"Okay. I think I'm going to survive," I say as I see the light at the end of the alleyway. Jamie doesn't answer. All I can hear is wind coming from the other side. Fear coils around my heart. "Jamie?" No answer. I start to panic. "Jamie?"

Footsteps clatter behind me. As I twirl to see who is there, I'm pushed in the back and slammed against the wall. Luckily, I flip my palms up just in time so I don't crush my nose. My heart is beating double time. I open my mouth to scream but a hand claps over it. I'm trapped in suffocating silence.

Chapter 12: Jamie's World

"Shhh." Hot breath tingles my ear.

My eyes widen.

"It's only me."

The hand carefully leaves my mouth and takes the phone out of my hand, switching it off. I'm shaking like a leaf.

"J-Jamie?"

I slowly turn my head a little and see Jamie's blue eyes glowing in the darkness. A slight smile twitches on his lips as he presses his hard chest into my back.

"Jamie, what the fuck?!" I grit my teeth and try to wriggle free but he has me pinned against the wall with one hand on my hip and the other pressed into my back. His lips graze my bare shoulder and up my neck making me quiver and my eyes roll back.

"Your adrenaline's pulsing through your body," he whispers into my ear. "I can hear your heart beating."

"You scared the crap out of me."

He murmurs a laugh and brings the hand that was on my hip to my neck to tuck my hair behind my ear. He presses his lips softly on the curve of my neck. "Your fear has amplified your sense of touch."

I let out a breathy sigh as his other hand slips down my back to my bare thigh. His cold skin seems to sting mine. I watch as he takes in my outfit.

"You're right. You haven't disappointed me."

"I told you." I smile.

His lips graze my earlobe. "Spread your legs."

I gasp. "What?"

Both his hands cup my inner thighs and push them apart. My wedges slide along the cobbles.

I bite down on my lip as his finger traces my inner thigh. I close my eyes as I feel myself getting wet. Soon his finger is hooked under my panties and yanking them aside.

I flutter my eyes to the light at the end of the alleyway which leads to a main street.

"Someone might see," I whisper.

He laughs a little and brings his lips back to my ear. "That's the point."

His finger traces my swollen pussy lips.

Jamie's World

"Jamie...we can't..."

"Don't pretend to be a good girl, Nora. We both know you like to be naughty."

My eyes roll back as his finger finds my throbbing clit and he starts to rotate it. I let out a breathy moan and spread my fingers over the brick wall. I buck my ass and start to grind against his fingers. My stomach flutters and I quickly clap my hand over my mouth to stifle myself.

"Don't do that." He yanks my hand back and pushes it back against the wall. "I want to hear you moan."

"But we might...get caught," I breathe with heavy lids.

"You're a naughty girl, Nora. I know you want to get caught," he says as he tantalizes my skin with the grazing of his lips on my neck.

I begin to let my moans seep through my lips and he pushes his finger into my wet hole.

"Oh, God," I breath. He begins pumping his fingers in and out of me. My hand leaves the wall and I slid it up the back of his hair, gripping his curls. I can see him in the corner of my eye. His blue eyes study my face as I moan with pleasure. He pushes another finger in and a quaky moan makes a smile curve on his lips. He tucks my hair back behind my ear as it has fallen back over my face and he finally presses his lips firmly against my jaw-line.

He bends down a little and pushes his knees into the backs of mine, making then buckle so my pussy presses harder into his hand. My cheeks are flushed and my whole body feels like its on fire even though moments ago I was begging for a jacket. My fingers twist into his curls as his body writhes with mine.

"Say my name," he whispers into my ear. "I want people to know who's making you cum."

"Jamie!" I moan, not even caring about how loud I am anymore. "Oh, *God*, Jamie!"

I push myself into his fingers and grind against them as he fucks me with them slow and deep, hooking his fingers and finding my sweet spot.

"Oh...Jamie...Yes!"

He kisses me again on the jaw and then my neck.

I drop my head back onto his shoulder. "Oh...Jamie...I'm close...keep going."

He rubs his slightly stiff cock against my ass as he pushes his fingers deeper into me. My eyes roll back and he presses his lips millimetres away from my lips as I reach my shaky orgasm.

We're both panting heavily. He presses his forehead into the back of my head and pulls his fingers out of me, making my panties snap back into place. I hear him sucking his fingers clean. A shadow penetrates the light at the end of the alley and my eyes flicker towards it. I see the outline of a man. He's stood still, looking this way. I gulp and I hear Jamie laugh.

"Seems like you've caught someone's attention," he whispers.

Jamie's World

"Shhh," I hiss and watch as the man wavers for a couple of seconds before continuing past the opening. I can finally relax.

Jamie leaves my back and straightens his shirt.

"So." He looks at me. I turn and pull down the hem of my dress. "The restaurant is this way." He presses his hand into my back and gestures to where the man had been.

"Oh, so we really are going for a meal? You didn't just do all this to get me down a dark alleyway?" I raise an eyebrow as we walk.

He laughs a little. "Of course. That was just a little fun."

Jamie's World : Chapter 13

In the restaurant, Jamie had reserved a table at the back. We had a pleasant conversation as we ate and every so often I felt his foot stroking up the inside of my leg, which I continued to ignore.

"Why me?" I ask on the way home. We decided to walk. Jamie shrugged off his jacket and wrapped it around my shoulders.

"Why you, what?"

"Why are you with me?"

His forehead wrinkles. "That's a bit of a weird question."

"I know," I sigh. "But I see girls trying to flirt with you everyday and I just wonder why you've stuck with me all this time."

"I'm not *stuck* with you, Nora. I want to be with you."

"But why?"

"Why does there have to be a reason? I like you. Isn't that a good enough reason?" he says with flared nostrils and gritted teeth. My eyes widen and drop to the floor.

"I'm sorry I asked," I said but my heart was fluttering a little. He has never said that he liked me. We never really officially started dating. I had bought the drugs from him behind the University building and he kept his tabs on me. He started being everywhere I was. He never spoke to me, just watched me. Then one day, when I was leaving my halls to grab a taxi to meet a friend, he grabbed me and yanked me into a dark area of the grounds. Next thing I knew, we were making out. Things continued to happen like that. I would leave to catch up on some work and I would never even make it to the library. Instead, I'd be half naked in a supply closet tossing him off. He took my virginity after a few weeks of this. Then we actually started having conversations and people started to notice us together. Before I knew it, we were a couple.

After finding out that he had been watching Nina, I had a feeling that he was cheating on me with other girls. Not that I blame him. He's the notorious *Jamie*. And I'm just plain old me. I'm surprised he's bothered with me for so long. I thought he'd move on to someone else by now.

He kisses me good-bye in the lift and steps out on his floor. I continue the journey to my flat and get into bed. It's only nine o'clock but I feel that it's nice to get an early night every once in a while.

I stay in my flat all day doing work and Jamie calls me while I'm eating my tea.

"Hey" he chirps.

"Hey," I reply with a mouth full of pizza.

"Fancy going town tonight?"

Jamie's World

"A meal and a night out? Boy, you are spoiling me aren't you?" I tease after I swallow.

"It's what I do," he chirps.

"So what's brought this on?"

"Nothing. A few of my mates said they've been to a few pretty good clubs. Apparently a lot of the campus go there, so are you up for it?"

"Yeah, sure. I've been working all day. I'm in need for a little fun. But no funny business like last time, okay? You scared the crap out of me."

He laughs. "Cross my heart."

"So, what's the plan?"

"I'll drop by your flat at ten and we'll take a taxi."

"Are your mates coming with us?"

"No. I might see them there though."

"Okay. I'll see you at ten."

"Don't forget to wear something sexy."

"Do I ever?" I laugh and hang up.

It's just gone half nine and I'm finishing up my make-up. I've decided to go for a pair of leather-look black shorts which are too short for modesty and a sort of transparent black and white stripe top which you can see my black lace bra through. My long dirty blonde hair has that sort of tamed bed-head look and I clip part of it behind my ears to keep it from falling down my face.

I slip on my black heels and grab my bag. After double checking that my purse, keys and phone are nestled inside, I give myself a once over in the mirror I sit and wait for Jamie to drop by.

Jamie's World : Chapter 14

Jamie sits awkwardly still in the taxi beside me. Usually his hands are roaming everywhere. At this point I would be playfully batting his hands away and telling him to stop even though what I really want is for him to have his wicked way with me, despite us not being alone.

Our hands are stamped at the door and he pulls me into the club that is filled with gyrating sweaty bodies and groping men. The strobe lights flicker, highlighting Jamie's face neon pink and green every few seconds. He's wearing a grey denim shirt with darker jeans and shoes. It's one of the very rare occasions that he gets separated from his leather jacket.

"Get the drinks. I'm just nipping to the loo," he says before he disappears into the crowd. I know he had probably brought some gear and he has gone to try and sell some so he'll be a while.

I squeeze my way to the bar and get two Jack and cokes. I can sense people's eyes on me but I try to ignore them. They probably belong to some sleazy guys.

"Hey."

I turn to see a guy next to me with thick-rimmed glasses and coiffed dark hair.

"Hi..." I reply.

He leans against the bar with a bottle of beer in his hand. He tilts his head slightly, inspecting my face.

"Nora, right?" He points his bottle at me.

"Yeah." I show a half smile to try and not be rude.

"You're dating Jamie, aren't you?"

I sigh. He must go to my Uni.

"Yes, I am." I sip my drink and wish Jamie will hurry up.

"What's it like?" he continues, raising an intrigued eyebrow.

"Why do you want to know?" I start on the defensive. Something I have learnt to do when being asked about Jamie.

He shrugs. "Just curious. Wanted to know what he's like, y'know?"

"Why? Do *you* want to date him?"

He splutters a laugh. "*God* no. I'm as straight as a ruler. I've just heard some things about him."

"Everyone has heard things."

"Exactly. Are they true?"

Jamie's World

I glance over his shoulder catch Jamie pushing his way back through the crowd. He brushes his curls from his forehead but they just bounce back.

I nod over. "Why don't you ask him yourself?"

His eyes widen under his glasses and he turns.

"Hey, Nora," Jamie says when he reaches us. He looks the guy up and down. "Who's this guy?"

"I have no idea," I say.

"That so?" He raises his eyebrow. "You best not be bothering her."

"No, no, I wasn't." He waves his free hand in front of his chest and backs away slightly.

Jamie narrows his eyes a little.

"Was he bothering you, Nora?"

"Seriously, dude. It's fine. I'm going." The guy rushes before disappearing into the crowd.

Jamie smiles proudly and grabs his drink from the bar.

"Cheers." He clinks his glass against mine and takes a gulp. "Wanna dance?"

"Sure." I grin and take the last swig of my drink.

He presses his hand firmly into my back and guides me to a space in the gyrating crowd. I spin round so my back is to his chest and we start to roll our hips together. He has his glass in his hand and sips at it every now and again but keeping most of his focus on me. People watch us but I'm used to it. Seeing us out in public is like spotting endangered animals in the wild. Jamie enjoys the attention, I can tell. And to be honest, I don't mind it too much either. Jamie's hand slips from my hip, up my side to just under my breast.

He presses his lips to my ear, "You look so hot."

I grin and pull his head over my shoulder so my lips meet his ear.

"You don't scrub up too bad yourself."

Three Jack and cokes later, we're still dancing in the centre of attention. The strobe lights bounce off everyone's sweating bodies. The mix of the insane amount of body heat, the feeling of Jamie rubbing up against my back, the alcohol and the thumping baseline of Snoop Dogg's 'Sweat' is making me unbelievably horny. Jamie's hands roam around my waist area and one of mine clasps over one whilst the other runs up the back of his head. He presses his lips into my neck and his hot, wet tongue licks up to my earlobe making my eyes roll back.

I know I told him no funny business but the thought did pop into my mind that I'm sure we could find a dark side street somewhere round here. His hands slip up my top and his usually icy cold hands are a touch warmer but still send shivers all the way through my body. I buck my ass more so it is pressing into his crotch. My hand grips his hair and pushes his head down a little. He kisses me on the shoulder and the tip of his nose grazes the curve of my neck. Every touch is driving me crazy and the fact that lots of eyes are on us just seems

to be turning me on even more.

"I want you so bad." I say into his ear.

"Want to get out of here?"

"So badly."

He grabs my hand and steers me through the crowd with his usual 'I own this place' walk. He calls for a taxi and ten minutes later, we're in the back of it. A thin coat of sweat gives his forehead a light sheen. My heart is racing and my breathing is already elevated just with the anticipation. He staring into my eyes and his cold hand squeezes my bare thigh. A mixture between a moan and a squeak erupts from my mouth making him chuckle. He leans close to me and I get ready to greet his kiss but instead, he brings his lips to my ear.

"I'm going to make you cum so hard you won't be able to walk straight for a week," he whispers.

My eyes roll back and I let out a moan as I feel my juices wetting my panties. I grab his chin and kiss him hungrily. He kisses me back and his tongue explores my mouth. I need him so fucking much. My lower half feels like it's on fire and my stomach is doing crazy somersaults. I grab his hand and hitch it higher up my thigh. At this, his lips break from mine and he looks into my eyes.

"Not yet," he says.

"But I want you so bad," I breath.

He shows me a crooked smile and his thumb trails across my jaw. My skin dances under his touch.

"I know you do. But we're not alone."

I glance up at the rear-view mirror. Our taxi driver has his keen eyes on me, making my heart flutter with excitement at how naughty my thoughts are.

"I'm sure he won't mind," I whisper, turning back to Jamie. I kiss his earlobe softly.

"But I do."

I withdraw my lips and look back into his eyes. "You didn't care in the alleyway yesterday."

"But I do now, okay? I want you all to myself tonight."

I frown and pull away from him, dropping my back against the back of the seat in a huff like a child that hasn't got her way. His hand is still on my thigh and he squeezes it to make me look at him.

"You're mine, Nora. All mine."

My heart flutter and I can't help but grin.

After that, we're sat in silence. The taxi stops outside our accommodation and Jamie pays the man, probably with his drug money.

He glances at me every so often in the lift.

Jamie's World

"My place," he says as he presses the number for his floor.

He unlocks his door, grabs my hand and drags me to his room. He flings the door open and pushes me inside.

Jamie's World : Chapter 15

"Get on the bed" he orders and I do. My heart is bouncing all over the place. I sit at the end, kick off my shoes and extent my arms to him but he just stands there. "Take off your shorts and tuck your knees up"

I do and I kneel on the bed. He strolls over to his desk and sits on his chair. My forehead wrinkles.

"What are you doing? Get over here."

He just stares at me with those cold, stony eyes.

"Rub yourself over your panties." He glances down.

My stomach twists and flutters. "What? Stop messing around Jamie-"

"*Do* it," he cuts me off with an edge of frustration in his tone.

I gulp and do what he says. I rub two fingers up and down the crotch of my panties. Jamie watches me intensely and I can feel myself getting wet.

"Good girl," he coos and unzips his jeans. My heart flutters a little, expecting him to come over and jump on me. But instead, he pushes them to his knees and shoves his hand down his boxers.

"Take off your top," he orders and I quickly unbutton it then discard it. "And your bra."

I unclasp it and it joins my top. He starts to stroke his obvious erection under his boxers.

"Stick you hand in your panties and play with yourself."

My hand shakes a little as I slip it down my panties and begin to circle my clit. My eyes roll back a little and a moan seeps out of my mouth.

"Are you wet?"

I nod and drop my head back.

"I want to see. Take off your panties."

I pull my hand out and slip them off.

"Lie back and tuck your knees up."

I drop back, tuck my knees up and spread my legs so he has a full view of my glistening pussy.

"Stick your fingers into your hole. I want to watch you fuck yourself."

I gasp at his dirty mouth and cup my pussy. I stick two fingers in and start to pump them in and out. I hear Jamie murmur a laugh.

"Rub your tits for me too."

Jamie's World

I start to flick and tug at my hard nipples as I spread my legs wider and ride my fingers, letting breathy moans to pass my lips. I peer down my body and see Jamie smiling and tugging at his cock. This is clearly some sort of power game. He knows how much I want him so he's purposely showing me what I'm missing.

"Fuck me, Jamie. Please, I want you so bad," I moan, bucking my ass and arching my back.

"I know you do," he laughs.

"Then get over here. I need you inside me." I grit my teeth. Watching him pleasure himself is driving me crazy.

"You can't always get what you want, Nora."

"Uhh." I clench my eyes shut. "You are such a fucking prick."

He laughs. "Well talking like that is definitely not going to get you what you want."

I peer at him down my body and narrow my eyes. "Just..fuck me, Jamie. Please?"

He lets out a guttural moan and smiles at me. "God, you're so sexy when you beg for it."

"Please..."

"Don't you think it's hot? Me watching you pleasure yourself?"

I groan and my head tips back. He was right. Although I would rather have him inside me than my fingers, feeling his eyes on me is making the warmth between my thighs intensify greatly.

"You know what would be even hotter...?" I say through a dry throat.

"Me fucking you?"

"Uh huh." I nod and look down at him.

He pushes down his boxers and exposes his stiff cock. I moan at the sight and drill my fingers harder. I can feel my orgasm building in the pit of my stomach.

"Jamie...I'm close...please...fuck me," I breathe and look down the length of my body to him.

He smiles a little. "I wanna see you cum."

I clench my inner muscles and push a third finger in making my whole body writhe as my orgasm washes over me. I feel my juices coat my hand and I drop my head back, panting. Jamie lets out a guttural moan and I pick my head up just in time to watch him shoot his seed all over the floor.

Panting, he sorts himself and pulls up his jeans. I pull out my fingers and sit up. He approaches me, fully clothed while I sit there without a stitch on me.

He smiles a little and grips my wrist. I watch as he brings my hand to his face. My juices are trickling down my knuckles. He sticks my wet fingers into his mouth and my heart does summersaults as I can feel his tongue licking them clean. He takes my now saliva coated fingers out of his mouth and he drops my wrist. He

stares down at me and I impatiently wait for round two.

"Get dressed and get out."

My heart sinks.

"W-what?"

His jaw clenches. "You heard me. Get dressed and get the fuck out."

He shoves me on my shoulder roughly. With my heart in my throat, I hurriedly pull on my shorts and top, grab my underwear and shoes and head for the door. He grabs my arm and twirls me back round. My heart thumps with excitement but he just yanks my panties out of my hand. He lifts them to his nose.

"Mmmm. I'm gonna keep these."

Oh my God. This guy knows how to play me just right. He's able to make me moan without even touching me. The heat between my thighs is unbearable as his blue eyes stare deep into mine. Why does he have to be so fucking hot?

"What are you doing?" he asks, snapping me out of my trance. I blink at him. What am I doing? Have I done something wrong? "I said get out."

He grabs my arm roughly making me groan at the pleasure-filled pain. I'm spun back round and he pushes me towards the door.

When I reach it, I dare a look back. He smiles at me wickedly.

"Good girl."

My heart flips and I leave.

Jamie's World : Chapter 16

The more I think about Jamie's stupid little trick last night, the more the anger in my stomach seems to burn. I'm sat at my desk in my room with my laptop in front of me. I have a Word document open but I'm just staring at the white screen. He texted me a few minutes ago telling me to meet him in a cafe nearby for breakfast. I told him I would but I still have an hour to kill.

My phone vibrates next to me and I see my mum's picture light up on the screen.

"Hey," I chirp when I answer it.

"Hey sweetie. How's my favourite daughter?"

"I'm your only daughter," I laugh.

"And that makes you my favourite."

"I'm fine thanks, mum. How are you?"

"I'm dandy. I haven't seen you for over two months though, sweetie. I was wondering if you wanted to stop by this weekend."

I pause for a second. "...Why?"

"What do you mean, why? Because I haven't seen you for ages and I miss you. Isn't that a good enough reason?"

I sigh. "Okay. Yeah, sure, I'll stop by."

"Well don't sound too excited..."

I laugh. "I'm sorry. I'll come by Friday night but I'll have to be back for Monday."

"That sounds fine to me. I'll see you Friday sweetie!"

"Bye mum," I laugh at her cheeriness.

"Bye!" she says before hanging up.

I quickly get dressed into a pair of shorts and a long sleeved shirt. I shove my hair into a pony-tail and put on my boots. Even though it was planned, I'm glad I ended up being ten minutes late. I push open the door to the cafe and see Jamie waiting on a small table for two in the corner. He looks up at me and nods me over.

"I ordered you a croissant and a cup of tea. They'll send it over soon," he says when I sit down opposite him. I just scowl at him in response. He studies me. "What's up with your face?"

"I'm pissed off with you," I snap just as the woman sets the warmed up croissant and my tea in front of me. I thank her with a smile but she can't get away fast enough.

Jamie's World

"Why are you pissed off with me?" he asks but I can tell he isn't interested.

My jaw hangs open. "Why? What do you mean, why? Don't you remember last night?"

"Of course I do," he shrugs and takes a bite of his scone.

I raise my eyebrows and wait for him to continue but he doesn't.

"You were a complete ass," I finally say.

He raises an eyebrow. "I thought we had fun."

"Toying with me then telling me to fuck off was not fun."

A smile twitches on his lips. "It looked like you were having fun from where I was."

I just scowl at him and spread my jam onto my croissant.

"You can be a real dick sometimes," I mumble.

"Don't pretend like you don't like it." He winks which makes my heart pound. I quickly look down at focus on my food as I feel my cheeks burning up. We stay silent for a couple of minutes, eating and sipping at our drinks.

"So, got anything planned for the weekend?" he asks, bored of the silence.

"Yes, actually," I smile, happy that I actually have something to talk about. "I'm going home. My mum wants me to visit."

He nods, "Sounds fun"

"Yeah," I grin. "It will be nice to catch up."

"Maybe I should tag along."

I almost spit out my tea. "What?"

He shrugs. "Doesn't she want to meet your boyfriend?"

My mouth clamps shut and his eyebrow rises.

"You have told her about me, haven't you?"

"Erhh...not really." I show him a weak smile.

His eyebrows furrow with concern. "Why not?"

"I dunno." I shrug nonchalantly, "Just never came up."

"Well then, it's decided, I'm coming with you."

Jamie's World

"That's not decided." My eyes widen.

He shows me a warm smile. "Awh, c'mon Nora. I'd love to see the tree from where my beautiful apple had fallen."

I pull a face at being referred to as an 'apple'.

"I don't know..."

"C'mon, Nora. I'm sure you're mum will love me." He grins making a knot in my stomach tighten.

"You really want to come?"

He leans closer to me. "I really do."

"Well then." I let out an unsteady breath, "I guess that's decided then?"

"Yep," he smiles. "Relax, it'll be fun."

Jamie's World : Chapter 17

I rest my head on Jamie's shoulder and look out of the train window. It's a two hour ride back home and I wish it was longer. My mum is going to meet Jamie. I glance up at him. He has his earphones in and I can hear his music buzzing. His eyes are down, looking at the screen on his phone. It's been around forty-five minutes and we've spent the last half an hour in silence. I nuzzle back into his shoulder and watch out the window again.

Will he be sleeping over at my house? Will my mum even let him stay? Will she throw him out? He's my first proper boyfriend so I have no idea how my mum is going to react. I had a boyfriend in primary school but that was primary school when the boys used to play kissy cats and the girls would run away screaming like they have the plague even though they secretly want to get caught. My mum probably thinks I'm still an innocent virgin. How wrong she is.

I wince at a jab in my stomach. My eyes flutter open and I blink hard when I see Jamie's icy eyes looking down at me.

"We're getting off at the next stop," he says.

I push myself off him and arch my back, stretching. I must have dozed off.

I get up and Jamie follows me to the door and we step off when it opens. As usual, Jamie darts ahead with his super speed and try and keep to his tail. My house isn't too far away from the station and is only a ten minute walk away but thankfully Jamie has to slow down because he has no idea where he is going.

He stays by my side as we walk and he lets out agitated huffs every now and again because he is being forced to walk at a *normal* pace. My heart does a funny flip when I turn a corner and see my house. We stroll up the road and I veer up the drive.

"We're here," I say and stop at the door. Jamie eyes up the house and gives me a nod of approval. I smile and press the door bell. Seconds later, the door swings open and my mum grins at me. Her shoulder length brown hair is lighter than usual and she's wearing a simply grey shirt and jeans. But what gets my full attention her black eye.

"Welcome home, sweetie," she gushes.

"What the hell happened to you?" I step up the step and study her eye. She wafts me away and smiles.

"Oh, that? I slipped in the bath, that's all," she explains then turns to Jamie. Her eyes widen a little then an ear to ear smile spreads on her lips. "And who is *this*?"

I furrow my eyebrows sceptically but she clearly doesn't want to talk about it. I step back down and stand beside Jamie.

"Mum," I exhale, "This is Jamie, my boyfriend."

"Oh! It's a pleasure to meet you." She gleams.

Jamie nods with a smile. "The pleasure's all mine"

My forehead wrinkles and I glance at him. He actually sounded genuinely charming.

My mum presses her hand to her heart.

"Oh, well aren't you handsome."

"Mum."

"Oh, sweetie," she sighs, "C'mon in."

We both step in and she shuts the door.

"So, how long have you two been together?" she asks.

"Six months," Jamie replies before I even have a chance to open my mouth.

My mum's jaw drops.

"Six months? And you never bothered to tell me?"

"I think she's ashamed of me," Jamie says and looks at me.

"Ashamed?" my mum gasps and gestures to Jamie. "What is there to be ashamed of?"

Jamie shrugs sheepishly making me scowl at him.

"Well." She claps her hands together. "I'll finish up with tea and you two go get comfy in the living room. It seems like we have a lot to discuss." She arches her eyebrow at me. "Shepherds pie is okay for you isn't it, Jamie? I've made plenty enough to go round."

Jamie smiles at her, "That sounds great."

"Great." My mum smiles and then gestures for us to go into the lounge. I follow Jamie with my tail between my legs as she wanders off into the kitchen.

"Your mum seems nice," Jamie says when he drops onto the sofa. I sit beside him and tuck my knees up.

"Yeah..." I reply sceptically, "And so do you."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means...why are you acting so weird?"

He looks taken back. "What do you mean? I'm not acting weird. I'm just being polite."

"Yes, exactly. You're not polite."

"I can be polite. I just want you to see that there was no reason for you to keep me from your mum. I'm a delight. You'll see."

I lean back into the sofa and look at him. "Why does that scare me?"

He laughs a little. "Because you're a worrier"

Jamie's World

My mum shouts us into the dining room and we take our seats next to each other. My mum places the plates in front of us and gets our drinks before sitting on the opposite side of the table.

"So, I'm guessing that you go to Nora's uni then, Jamie?" she starts.

"Yeah." He nods and shovels another forkful in his mouth.

"Studying...?"

"Psychology." He smiles.

"Oh! The same as Nora."

"Yeah, that's how we met," I quickly reply. Jamie arches his eyebrow at me and I just show him a fake smile. "We're in the same class."

"Oh." My mum nods, "So what are you planning to do after you leave?"

"I'm not too sure really but the human brain fascinates me," he replies.

"Ah, same as Nora then."

"You basically forced me to go to uni," I say.

"And you'll thank me for it later in life." She points her fork at me.

I just roll my eyes and keep eating. For a while all I hear is forks scraping plates and people chewing. My heart thumps and my body tenses when I feel Jamie's cold hand on my bare thigh. I glance at him but he's got his eyes on his food. I let out a steady breath and continue eating. But then his hand starts caressing my inner thigh and is slowly trailing up to my skirt. I show him a quizzical look but he seems to still be taking no notice of me.

"Are you still enjoying uni, Nora? You hardly ever call."

I blink hard and turn to my mum.

"Yeah, it's fine. Everything's fine."

"Good." She smiles and continues eating.

"How's Tony?" I ask.

She nods. "He's good. We're good. He's gone out of town for the weekend for business."

Oh, now I understand why she wanted me home. She was lonely.

My eyes widen as I feel his cold fingers reach the waistband of my panties. Again, I look and he is just moving food around his plate. What the hell does he think he's doing?! My mum is *right* there! His fingers slip under my panties and I bite down on my lip when I feel myself getting wet. I quickly look down so my mum doesn't see my flushed cheeks which always seem to come hand in hand with the somersaults in my stomach. His cold fingers slide down to the moist heat of my pussy. They hook between my lips and find my

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clit. My eyes roll back and I let out a breathy moan. Suddenly, I remember where I am. My eyes hit my mum who's looking back at me with a raised eyebrow.

I quickly scoop up a forkful and hold it up to my lips.

"This is lovely, mum." I show her a weak smile and try to suppress another moan as Jamie's skilled fingers start to rub my throbbing clit. Jamie smiles a little.

"Yeah, it's delicious Mrs. O'Donnell."

"Oh please." My mum waves him off, "I haven't been Mrs. O'Donnell for months. Please, call me Kath."

Jamie nods with a smile. I try my best to keep my mouth filled with food as Jamie continues to work his magic. I spread my legs wider and, noticing the invitation, his slick fingers enter me. I gasp and quickly look down to my plate.

"Mmm," passes my lips making Jamie chuckle.

My mum smiles, "Is it really that good?"

Jamie turns to me, "Yeah, Nora, is it really that good?"

I try to scowl at him but my eyes roll back and my eyelids flutter as he hooks his fingers inside me.

"It's great, mum, just...great," I try to smile.

She nods appreciatively and places her knife and fork on her empty plate. She glances at Jamie's plate.

"Are you finished?" she asks.

"Not quite." He looks over at me. Now my back is arched and I'm chewing my lip so hard I think I'm going to draw blood soon. My face is well and truly flushed and I am grinding my hips against his fingers. What am I doing?! I can't help it!

A moan escapes me when I feel the usual contortions in my stomach. I'm going to reach my peak and soon. I show Jamie worry-filled eyes which just makes his smile grow twice as big. My hands press onto the side of the table awaiting my incoming orgasm. But then he pulls his fingers out of me. My whole body slumps down into the chair. I look over to my mum. She's too busy eying up Jamie to notice my heavy breaths.

"Okay, Kath, I'm all finished." He flashes her a grin.

"Great." She grabs his plate and turns to me. "All finishes sweetie?" Her eyebrows furrow as she studies me, "You're looking a bit peaky. Are you okay?"

"Fine, I'm fine." I rush and push my plate towards her, "Finished."

She presses the back of her hand onto my forehead. "Whoa, sweetie, you're burning up."

Jamie shows me a smug smile when I wave her off. "I'm fine, honestly. I'm fine," I say, clearing my dry throat.

Jamie's World

She gives me a worried look then piles up the plates and heads to the kitchen.

"You two can go and escape upstairs if you like." She says without looking back.

"Are you sure?" I ask.

"Of course, of course."

I look back at Jamie. He's just looking at me with a stupidly happy grin on his face.

Jamie's World : Chapter 18

I push Jamie into my room and shut the door behind us.

"What the hell were you doing?!" I snap in a hushed tone.

He just grins and wanders around my small lilac bedroom, eyeing up all my little bits and bobs.

"What do you think I was doing? Pleasuring my girlfriend."

I clap my hands over face at the memory. "My mum was right there! She could have seen my orgasm face!"

Jamie chortles and spins round to face me. "Now that would have been funny but a little too obvious. I liked watching you squirm."

I clench my jaw. "You're an ass."

His eyebrows dance. "Don't pretend like you didn't like it. You're the one that spread your legs for me."

I fold my arms across my chest and huff. "I guess I got a little carried away..."

"Yea you did." He grins and saunters over to me. He grabs my ass and gives both cheeks a squeeze. I watch as he leans in to me. Our lips connect. The kiss is soft at first but quickly becomes urgent. I grip his face on either side and devour his mouth hungrily. His hands slip under the hem of my skirt and stroke my bare skin just under my ass. I moan softly into his mouth and he does the same. But it soon stops when I feel his fingers slipping into my panties.

"Whoa," I push him back. "My mum's downstairs."

"So?" he says, watching my lips.

"So, from now on you need to keep your hands to yourself," I say and pull his hand out from under my skirt.

"Awh, c'mon." He cups my chin with his fingers and pecks my lips. "I want you, Nora. Seeing you getting all flushed at the table got me go fucking hot." He pecks my lips again.

"My mum's downstairs," I repeat in a whisper, trying to ignore the warmth that has spread between my thighs.

"We'll be quiet," he whispers. He places his hands firmly on my hips and turns me slightly so my back is to the edge of my bed. "I know it's hard for you but you did well before. I know you want me." He tilts my head up so our eyes meet. "I can see it in your eyes."

"We can't..." I protest half-heartedly.

"We can," he whispers back and plants another soft kiss on my lips. His hand slips up my side and presses down on my shoulder making me sit on the edge of the bed. I watch with heavy breaths as he lowers himself down until he's kneeling in front of me. His hand slide up my thighs and his fingers hook around my panties making me moan inwardly. I lift my ass a little of the bed so he can tug them down. He yanks them off my ankles and discards them. The room is so quiet. My bedroom has always been such an innocent place. I used to sit on this very bed and scribble the names of my crushes in notebooks with hearts around them. That was

before Jamie came into my life.

I suck in a sharp intake of breath as he spreads my legs. A crude smile lifts one side of his lips as his eyes focus under my skirt. He moves in closer. I bite down on my lip as his warm breath tickles the skin on my inner thighs. His lips trail up my thighs, his beard tickling the skin. Then he plants a kiss my wet pussy lips causing me to let out a pleasure-filled whimper. His hands press on my knees and force my legs even wider until it hurts. His hot, flat tongue licks up my slit then hardens when it reaches my throbbing clit. A soft moan escapes me and I drop my back onto the bed. I watch his bouncy, dark curls bob between my legs as he laps at my pussy, leaving kisses and nibbles. His teeth find my clit and it feels like an electric charge searing through my body. I quickly grab a fistful of my duvet and shove it into my mouth to contain my moans. My other hand blindly finds Jamie's head and I lace my fingers in his curls. As I bite down on my duvet, I push Jamie closer to me. But he wants to be in control. I feel his hand leave from where it was rested on my knee. His fingers hook mine and yank them from his head. My hand fumbles then grabs the edge of the bed. I squeeze the mattress and the duvet in my mouth as he starts rotating my clit with his hard tongue. When I start to grind my hips and rock against his tongue, his hands reach around my waist and hold me still. My toes curl and my head becomes fuzzy. I'm close. I bite down harder on the duvet and clasp my hand over the other. My whole body judders at my release and thankfully my elated moan is muffled.

But I have no time to rest. Soon Jamie is on top of me, kissing me hungrily. He only breaks away so he can shift my body so my head is at my pillow. I watch as he fidgets with his jeans with one hand whilst his other is pressed into my pillow, keeping him steady. His dark curls fall down and tickle my forehead. Once he successfully pulls them down and tugs his hard cock out of his boxers he resumes our kissing, pushing his tongue deep into my mouth. I moan into his mouth and clutch the back of his head with both my hands. He yanks my legs apart and pushes up my skirt. His cold hands tingles my knees and run up my thighs. One hand hooks under my knee and hitches it over his waist as he pushes himself into me. My fingers grip tightly into his curls as I suppress my moaning. My inner walls clench his length as he starts pumping into me vigorously. I have to unlock my lips from his to catch my breath but my breathing is short and sharp and loud and I quickly cover my mouth with my hand. The back of my head pushes into my pillow as my back arches with pleasure. Jamie's sharp breathes will give us away too but I know there is no way he would allow me to gag him with my hand so I grab the back of his neck and force my lips onto his. Luckily, he accepts and his tongue roams around my mouth. Even though I'm trying my best to stay quite, I can't help but get lost in what is happening. My hands begin to search his body, wanting to feel every inch of him as his muscles tense at every thrust. One hand snakes up his shirt and brushes up his abdominals as the other slips down his jeans and squeezes his tight bum through his thin boxers.

I wince at the noise that is beyond my control. My bed is not the sturdiest as is rocking slightly causing it to creak a little. *Please let mum be watching T.V on full volume.* If she came in I think I would actually die of embarrassment. Quickly, that thought gets knocked out of my head when my eyes roll back at the glorious sensation that scatters through every inch of my body when Jamie's cock hits just the right spot. His lips pull away from mine and start to trail down the curve of my neck. My body writhes with pleasure against the mattress and I quickly quieten my moans with my hand. But Jamie has other plans. He lifts his head as his icy eyes narrow slightly into mine. His hand leaves my knee and I clench my thighs around his waist, rocking my hips against him after he's stopped thrusting. He tugs my hand away and presses it into the pillow. I try to replace it with my other hand but he does the same with that one so they are both pinned by my head. My rocking stops and he slips out of me.

"What...are you doing?" I pant.

"I want you to moan for me." He kisses my neck.

"I can't. My mum will hear."

Jamie's World

"I know." His nose trials up my neck and he nibbles my jaw line. "The fear of being caught...remember?"

"The fear of being caught?!" I echo, "Isn't it enough that we're having sex while my mum is *right* downstairs?"

"I thought it would be. But I miss hearing you say my name." He grins.

My eyes narrow. "You want me to say your name? How about this then? Jamie, stop taking the fucking piss!" I snap.

He just smiles and presses his forehead onto mine. His cold fingers tilt up my chin and he kisses me softly. I moan a little and run my now free hand up his neck. My legs wrap tightly around his waist and I guide him into me. We both break the kiss and moan with our jaws agape then he returns to his rhythm whilst I press into his shoulders, enjoying the ride. My heels dig into his ass as he pounds into me, giving me some power over the strength of his thrusts. I let a few soft whimpers release into the air but when I feel my pleasure mounting, I press my head into his chest to muffle myself. We reach our climax at the same time and I make sure that our mouths have crashed together just at the right moment.

His spent body melts into mine. He drops on top of me with his head over my shoulder. I lie there, struggling to regain my breath and listening to our hearts beat as one.

Jamie's World : Chapter 19

Jamie is asleep with his head pressed into my pillow. I look at the clock on my bedside table. It's only half past eight. I swing my legs over the bed and get to my feet. I've got a major case of dry-mouth and I really need to quench my thirst. My footsteps creak the floorboards when I tip-toe across them but luckily, Jamie doesn't wake. The more he sleeps the better.

I wander across the landing but pause when I hear my mum downstairs talking. She's on the phone.

"No...I know...I just haven't had time...Nora's here... I want to spend time with her."

I sink down onto the top step and listen in. She sounds distressed, on the verge of tears. I clutch my chest. My heart aches at the sound.

"I'll do it before you come home...yes, I promise... No, Tony, I know...I won't let it happen again...I know it was my fault...I'm sorry."

I carefully make my way down the stairs and pause in living room. My mum is in the kitchen, I can see her through the open door. She's leaning against the sink with the phone tucked between her ear and shoulder. A dishcloth is in her hands and she is nervously pulling out the threads. Her hands are shaking profusely.

"I'm sorry, Tony...yes, I'll get it done...no, you don't need to come home early...its fine...honestly."

I make my way to the kitchen door. Her eyes find mine and go wide. They're red from being so close to tears.

"Okay, Tony...I'm going to have to go...okay...bye."

She hangs up and places the phone on the counter. She sniffs and wipes her dry eyes. A fake smile pastes across her face.

"Hey, sweetie."

"Mum..." I reply cautiously.

"Yeah?"

"How did you get that black eye?"

She laughs nervously. "I told you, I hit it on the edge of the table."

"No, you said you slipped in the bath."

Her eyes widen but then she tries to wave me off dismissively. "Shower, table, same thing. Not to worry."

"Tony did it, didn't he?"

"What?! No."

"Mum."

Jamie's World

She sighs and her whole body slouches. "It was my fault, not his."

"What? You accidentally walked into his fist?" I snap.

"Nora, he just lost his temper, he apologised, we've moved passed it."

"It didn't sound like you've moved passed it," I nod down to the phone. "You sounded scared, mum. Are you scared of him?"

"We're just going through a rough patch, sweetie. We'll clear it up."

"No, mum," I tense up. "He hit you. You need to get rid of him."

"It was a mistake, Nora. People make mistakes. It only happened the once. Seriously, I'm fine. He loves me."

I look deep into his eyes, "You can find someone better, mum. Just because dad walked out, doesn't mean you should give up."

"I haven't given up, I have Tony."

"You're only with him because you don't want to be alone. Please mum, listen to me. He *hit* you. That's just the start. And don't say that it's not because I could tell by the fear in your voice when you were talking to him that you know it too."

"It was an accident," she concludes. And by the glazed look in her eyes, I know he has warped her. She walks over to me and twirls me round. "Now go back to your room. Jamie can sleep in there tonight with you," she steers me into the hallway, "but no x-rated stuff under my roof, okay?"

"But mum, you have to listen to me-"

"No I don't, Nora. This is my business." She pushes me towards the stairs. "Let me deal with it, okay?"

"But you're not seeing sense, mum. He's in your head-"

"Nora, pleasure." She lets out a haggard sigh, "-go back upstairs."

I grit my teeth and stomp up the stairs. I slam my door shut behind me and Jamie jolts up to a sitting position. I had completely forgotten he was there.

"You left?" He blinks hard and rubs his eyes.

"Oh, God," I slump onto the edge of my bed and drop my head into my hands.

"What's up?" He shuffles over and looks over my shoulder.

"Tony hit my mum." I sniff and look up at him. His bright blue eyes stare back at me. "That's how she got the black eye."

"Oh, Nora..." He rests a hand on my back but I jump to my feet.

Jamie's World

"I can't believe she's still with him after he did that too her." Tears pool in my eyes and I let them fall. "I tried to make her see sense but it was no use."

"Let me guess," says Jamie, swinging his legs over the side of the bed, "she told you that it was a mistake? That is was her fault? That it would never happen again?"

My blood runs cold. "Yeah...how do you know?"

He sighs, "Because I heard the exact same thing from my mum."

I gasp and sink down onto the bed next to him. "Your dad...abused your mum?"

He nods, "And me."

My heartstrings twang when I look into his eyes. There is so much pain in them. How have I never seen that before?

"You know the birthmarks that you love so much?" he asks. I nod. "Yeah, they're not birthmarks. They're from when my dad liked to use me as an ashtray."

I gasp. My stomach lurches. I feel sick.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

He shrugs. "It's not something I really like to share with people."

"So what happened? With you dad, I mean. Did your mother leave him?"

"Eventually." He nods. "After he put her in hospital, I took matters into my own hands."

I gulp. All the rumours that have been spread around uni rush into my head. "What did you do?" *Did you kill him?*

"I called the police. He got put away. Still there now. I hope the bastard rots in there."

A tear drops down my cheek and I plant a soft kiss on his cheekbone. "I'm so sorry you had to go through that."

He shrugs. "I'm just glad it's over."

"Y'know, people at uni have been saying that you broke up your parents so you could have two Christmases."

He laughs a little. "Yeah, so I've heard. It's better than the truth though, aye?"

I nod and rest my head on his shoulder. "So are all the rumours complete bullshit?"

"What other rumours?"

"Oh," I begin to make slow circles with my finger on his thigh, "someone said that you helped a kid commit suicide."

Jamie's World

"No, that one was true."

My heart thumps against my chest and I spring up, looking directly into his eyes.

"What?"

He laughs a little. "Don't act so surprised, Nora. You know me better than anyone."

I gulp. He's right. I shouldn't be surprised. I had thought it was true right from the very start. But after everything he had said about his dad...I thought that maybe I had found his true core and all that other stuff was just a facade.

"You actually *killed* someone?"

He lets out a sigh and relaxed onto his elbows. "I didn't kill him. I just helped him make the discussion."

"But...why?"

"Because it was the only option."

"The only option was for him to kill himself? I don't believe that."

"Nora." He shifts his weight onto one elbow so he's looking up at me. "You clearly don't know the full story."

"No, I just know the important part. The part where you helped someone commit suicide."

"He was depressed."

I laugh in disbelief. "A lot of people are depressed. They go to meeting. They take medication."

"He had tried all that, it didn't work."

"But there was still no need-"

He straightens up and looks into my eyes. "The guy was a good friend of mine. And I was his *only* friend. He was a loner. His dad left his mum when she found out she was pregnant. His mum despised him because he blamed him for everything bad that happened to her. His mum was an alcoholic that could never keep a job. They had barely any money. People at school picked on him because he always had greasy hair and smelled due to his mum not being able to pay the water bill. He hated himself because everyone hated him. He had hit rock bottom. There was no way he was going to be able to pick himself up."

"There is always another option" I shake my head.

"Do you know why I spoke at his funeral?" he asks, I stay silent. "That's because I was the only one who would. I was the only one who cared. His mum was so high she couldn't string a sentence together. There were no tears. I had ended his suffering. And if you think that that was the wrong thing to do then you are just being naive."

I look down to the floor. Silence fills the room. I'm lost for words.

Jamie's World : Chapter 20

Jamie and I decided it was time for bed. The earlier conversation hung heavily in the air and seemed to suck all the energy out of the room. We curl up in my bed. I've slipped into my cotton shorts and a vest and Jamie lies in just his boxers. He takes the role of the big spoon so I'm nestled close to him. His arms wrap around my stomach and his curls tickle my neck. He gives me one last kiss on the shoulder before he drifts into slumber. I listen to his steady heartbeat drumming into my back and the soft sound of his breathing as I still lie awake.

I couldn't leave tomorrow. I couldn't leave my mum alone with that monster. I tilt my head so I see Jamie. He looks so beautiful when he sleeps. So soft and gentle. The total opposite of what he is like when he is awake. I sigh. Sure, Jamie isn't my Prince Charming but he has never *hit* me. Even though he is pretty unpredictable, he understands that that is a line that should not be crossed. At least, I think he does. He should after everything that he told me about his dad. If any of that was even true.

The rapid churning of my mental cogs must have tired me out because I wake up to daylight. Jamie is no longer my big spoon and is instead turned to face the wall spooning my duvet and leaving me in the cold.

My mum almost pushes me out the door when I try to convince her that it is best that I stay. She told me she'd be fine and I was worrying about nothing. Jamie stood in silence beside me, pretending he had no idea what all the fuss was about. After about a twenty-minute argument, I gave in. She shut the door in my face and refused to let me back in.

I cried at the train station. Jamie held me close to him to try and contain my quaking body. He assured me that everything will be fine as I curled my fingers into his shirt but I think he was just saying that to make me feel better and stop drawing unwanted attention to us. I was quiet on the train for about the first half an hour and then reality set in again. Tears poured out of me once again and I had got on Jamie's last nerve. He screamed at me so loud that everyone in our cabin stared and cowered back into their seats. I stayed quiet for the rest of the journey.

He follows me back to my flat and sinks onto my bed. I stand by my door.

"I can help you if you'd like," he states. It's the first thing he's said after he lost his temper.

"What?" My voice comes out uneasy and shaky.

"With your mum. I can help you."

I let out a snort of derision. "No you can't."

"Yes I can. I helped my mum see sense; I can make your mum too."

"You're not going anywhere near my mum."

He scowls. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means I don't want you near my mum. She's clearly deluded which I know is the type of person you love to mess with."

Jamie's World

The muscle in his jaw flexes. "I would never hurt someone you cared about."

"You hurt someone you cared about."

He jumps to his feet and storms up to me with his hands balled into fists. My stomach twists and I fall back into the wall with wide-eyes set on his overpowering frame.

"I thought we were done talking about that?"

"It's not something that can be quickly regarded and forget about."

He lets out a steady breath and stretches out his fingers.

"Do you have a problem with what I did to Kevin?"

Cold shivers run up my body. "Was that his name?"

He just nods. My stomach churns.

"I knew it was true..." I admit, "-but I was hoping I was wrong."

"And now you know you were right. What does that mean now?"

I suck in a shaky breath. "It means I need to stay away from you for a while."

He closes his eyes and he inhales deeply through his flared nostrils. He's trying to calm himself down. He does this sometimes when I get him angry. I am always thankful.

"How long is a while?"

"I don't know."

He gulps and opens his eyes. They stare into mine making my blood run cold.

"I opened up to you yesterday, Nora. And then you shut me out? How is that fair?"

I open my mouth to respond but my throat is dry. I clear it and manage to whisper, "I'm sorry."

He pushes me aside and opens my door. "You will be hearing from me soon so you'd better get your act together."

I just stay silent in the corner. He narrows his eyes as he studies my face then leaves, slamming the door so hard it makes me shudder.

Jamie's World : Chapter 21

I start to focus back on my work. Jamie and I haven't spoken for a week though we have seen each other almost every day in lectures. I had flashed him an apologetic smile to which he turned his head and looked back at the board. My assignment is finished and I am now in my room staring at the wall. I miss him. I shouldn't after everything that I have heard but I do. He was broken. Everyone could see that. He wasn't a happy person and suddenly it all made sense. His dad abused his mother. Witnessing that must have messed up his brain. He got abused himself. That must have hardened him. The psychologist in me is intrigued. It explains why he seems like an emotionless husk most of the time yet every now and again some of his humanity shines through.

I shouldn't have shut him out. He had opened up to me and I had left him to deal with the emotional turmoil all by himself. I had finally looked upon the real Jamie and I had tossed him aside. I'm a horrible person. My knees tuck up to my chest and I wrap my arms around them. He must feel so alone. That's why he wants to shape the world around him. His view of the world has been distorted by his tragic past. He is an unhappy person. And I may be seeing things through rose-tinted glasses but at times, I thought I had changed that.

My phone vibrates across my desk and I jump to my feet. My heart skips a beat when I see Jamie's name lit up on the screen. My shaking hand grasps it and I hold it to my ear.

"Hello."

"Hey," he replies casually. The sound of his voice soothes me. I have missed it so much. "Time's up."

"What?"

"Time's up. Come to my place."

My heart fumbles and my thighs clench together and the sudden warmth between them.

"You can't order me about," I reply, slipping into my teasing tone. It is insane how easily Jamie can get me from being mad at him to being mad *for* him.

"Are you disobeying me?"

"What if I am?" I grin.

"Well...I would have to punish you."

"How exactly?"

"Get over to my place and find out."

I laugh and drop onto my bed. "You can't get me that easily."

"*Crap.*" He sighs, "Just come over. I want to do something."

"Do something?" I ask, intrigued.

"Yes. To you."

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A slight moan seeps through my lips as the possibilities fill my mind. He must hear because he laughs.

"There's plenty more where that came from."

"You can't just call me up and expect me to drop everything and see you."

"Yes I can."

"Oh, really? How's that?"

"Because you're mine."

My pussy starts to throb with need. I don't know how long I'm going to be able to keep this up for.

"I'm yours? Does that make me your *sex slave*?"

He laughs lightly. "If you want to be."

I twirl my hair around my finger. "If I'm your slave, what does that make you?"

"Your Master."

My eyes roll back and I sigh with a smile.

"So get your tight little ass down here so I can have my way with you."

"Yes Master," I coo and disconnect the call. I almost run out the door, not caring that I'm not wearing shoes. He's only a floor away. Excited butterflies fill my stomach. I have missed him so much.

Jamie's World : Chapter 22

"Part of me was expecting to walk into a room full of whips and chains," I muse. Jamie had left the door to his flat unlocked and so I strolled into his bedroom freely. He's sat on his bed wearing nothing but a black pair of boxers. He smiles and stands.

"You were the one who sent our conversation down that road."

"I know." I grin sheepishly.

"And you know I'm not into all that BDSM." He crosses the room and grabs my hips, pulling me flush against his bare chest. "I think you've been reading too much Fifty Shades of Grey."

I laugh and wrap my arms around his neck. "As if I read that shit. I don't need that, I have you."

He grins and pushes me back against his wall. My hands grip the back of his head and he crashes his lips against mine. My whole body feels like it's on fire as we devour one another. We're both breathing heavily, moaning into each other's mouths. His cold hands run up my thighs and push up my dress. My lips only part with his long enough for him to pull my dress over my head. We're both in our underwear. My hands run down his torso. I can feel the slightly bumpy ridges of his cigarette burns and my stomach twists. But quickly his hand grabs mine and he yanks me down his room. He sits at the edge of his bed and pivots me round so I'm stood in front of him. His beautiful blue eyes are at my hip level. I gaze down at him and run my thumb down the side of his face, along his jaw line, to his chin, marvelling at the incredible man sat before me. He doesn't notice though. He's too busy smiling at my panties. He grips the back of my thighs and pulls me closer to him. I gasp when his lips press ever-so-gently on my stomach. His light sprinkling of kisses start and my navel and works down to the waistband of my panties and then run along to my hip. He stops at my hip bone and grabs the waistband of my panties with his teeth making a happy sigh. He pulls at them then snaps the elastic back onto my skin making me gasp and a pleasurable shiver run right through my body. He smiles to himself then gets back to kissing; now working on my thigh. His lips follow the outline of my panties. They are so agonisingly close to where I want them to be that it's driving me crazy.

"You're wet. I can smell you."

A moan seeps through my lips and I run my fingers through his bouncy curls. He licks up the apex of my thigh then starts to suck on a section of my skin so hard I suck in a breath through gritted teeth. When he pulls away, the spot is red and throbbing.

"What an interesting place to put a love bite," I say as he marvels at his work.

His hands run up the backs of my thighs and he looks up at me. "This body is mine. No one else will see this but me. You're all mine, Nora."

I swallow an inward moan. My body aches for him.

"Do what you want to me, Jamie."

He smiles. "That was the plan."

I gasp when he grabs my hips and spins me round so my back is to him. I can feel his hot breath on the backs of my thighs. I shiver when his cold fingers curl under the waistband of my panties and he yanks them down

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until they drop to the floor. He runs his tongue up the under curve of my ass and nibbles at my skin making me let out excited yelps and giggles. I then feel his hand. His hand in the place I've been craving. It slips between my thighs from behind and his fingers meet my warm, slick entrance. My eyes roll back and I moan when he pushes two fingers into me. I grip his shoulder to keep me upright as he thrusts his fingers in and out of me. I rock my hips as he brings me closer and closer to my peak. My breathing is short and sharp and just before I cum, he pulls out of me.

"Jamie..."

"Shh..."

He spreads my ass cheeks and pushes his wet fingers into me. I suck in a breath as I feel myself expand around him. He parts his fingers and moves them around, filling me awkwardly. He slowly pulls out of me and I see him lean across his bed.

"What are you doing?"

He opens the draw by the side of his bed and pulls out some lube. My eyebrows furrow with confusion and I watch curiously as he squirts it onto his hands. That's when I realise that his boxers are no longer present and he is rock hard. He runs his hands over his impressive shaft then looks up at me. I tear my eyes away and look into his eyes.

"Turn around," he says and I do. He's never used lube before. He's never needed it. Unless...

He grabs my hips and pulls me down so I'm squatting over him.

"Are you going to fuck me up the ass?" I ask, slightly flustered. He grins when I look over my shoulder.

"That was the plan."

I feel his head at my hole and I squeeze my eyes shut. We've never done this before but I've heard that it hurts. His soft lips press into my back.

"Relax."

I let out a steady sigh and my shoulders sag.

"I'll be gentle," he assures me and starts to probe my entrance. Slowly, he pushes himself inside me. My inner walls tense at first, refusing his invasion but then relax, allowing him fill me. I emit a broken gasp and a hiss at the mixture of pleasure and pain. He grips my hips and starts to pump himself in and out of me with slow, deep strokes. He groans.

"God, your ass is so *tight*."

Yes it is. And his huge cock is making me feel like I'm going to split in two. When he enters me, I suck in the pain that feels like his cock is a raging hot poker but then it all feels worth it when he pulls out because that's when the pleasure hits me. When he sees me enjoying myself, he starts to work harder, pumping faster and pulling me down deeper. My hands grip into his thigh so I have at least some control. I manage to slow down his heavy thrusts even if it is only a little. My nails dig into his cold flesh as my other hand runs up the back of his neck. Every couple of thrusts, he presses his lips into the curve of my neck which seems to sooth my pain for a short second but once his lips pull away again, the aching, burning sensation that was wracking my body

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consumes me once again.

"Jamie..." I pant, gripping his curls tightly. He snarls down my ear and pumps faster. "Jamie...stop..."

"Don't pretend like you don't like it. You're not squeaky clean anymore, Nora. You're my dirty little whore now."

His vulgar mouth sends butterflies swarming around my stomach and I can feel myself getting wetter. I have no idea what I'm feeling. Everything is a blurry mess. His cold, moist chest rubbing up my back and his warm lips pressing into my skin is getting me so aroused but with each thrust I'm trying my best to stifle the cries of pain and pleasure.

"Tell me how much you like me fucking you in your tight ass," he growls into my ear. My eyes clench shut.

"Jamie...stop...please..."

"Tell me!" he growls and forces me down so I take him in fully. Tears fall down my cheek as a cry erupts out of me. I can't take any more. In a panicked daze, I spin around and slap him across his cheek. His eyes roll in his sockets and his grip finally leaves my hips. I jump up and turn to him. He's breathing heavily. His nostrils are flared and he pushes his fists into his mattress. When he stands, I feel so tiny and helpless. Whimpers slips through my lips as I cower back. He strides over to me, his blue eyes ablaze with fury.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. Jamie. Please," I lift my hands to surrender. Fear coils around my heart when my back slams against his cupboard. He's still slowly gaining on me. My eyes flicker to his door but I'm frozen with fear.

"Did you just *slap* me?" he asks in a cool, collected tone which sends shivers down my spine.

"I'm sorry. I wanted you to stop. I'm sorry."

"You said I could do what I wanted with you. You said it. Do you remember saying that?" He tilts his head and looks into my eyes.

I nod and gulp heavily.

"Then why the fuck did you just hit me?!" he bawls and the next thing I know he takes a swipe at me. His palm connects with my cheek at such a force that I nearly topple over. I wince at the pain and clutch my throbbing cheek. Silence falls over us. We're both panting heavily. I slowly lift my gaze to him. He's frozen, staring at me with wide eyes. I take the opportunity to get as far away as him as possible. I grab my dress and throw it over my head. Even when I move past him to collect my panties off the floor by his foot, he still stays still, staring at the cupboard that I previously stood in front of. I step around him, keeping a wide berth then leave the room like it I was escaping from a fire.

Jamie's World : Chapter 23

I sat with my knees to my chest, shaking like a leaf. What the hell just happened? My cheek is red and hurts when I touch it and still throbs when I don't. It was just a slap. It had never happened before and he seemed completely stunned by what he had done. I shake my head to dissolve my thoughts. *No*. I had just gotten all high-and-mighty on my mum for staying with a man that punched her. I can't do the same thing. Was Jamie turning into his dad? Was this just the beginning? If I stayed with him, was I going to end up in the hospital like his mum? Deep down, I have always been afraid of Jamie. I've always been worried about pushing the wrong buttons and causing him to flip out. I had pushed those buttons tonight. My shaking hand covers my mouth to stifle my quaking sobs. Could I leave him? Could I really leave him? He had a hold over me, there was no denying that. And he only lived a floor away. And I see him nearly every day in lectures. My stomach churns when I come to the realisation that I will never be rid of Jamie. He will always be there. I was like a fly stuck in his web. He had me and he will only let go when he's finished with me.

I must have worked myself up to a state of total exhaustion because I awoke from slumber. My arms stretch over my head but they quickly recoil when the events of last night hit me like a brick wall. I flinch when I pass my roommate in the living area.

"Whoa, are you okay, Nora?" he asks, holding my elbow and looking into my eyes.

"Yeah, Ben, I'm fine." I show him a smile and he drops his hand. That's when I take him in fully. Dark circles hang heavy under his eyes and he walks to the counter with a dizzy sway. "You look rough though."

"That doesn't surprise me," he laughs and opens the fridge, only to close it again. "I've just got in. One helluva night."

"You're telling me," I mutter under my breath. I quickly snatch a breakfast bar from the cupboard and make my way back to my room.

"I'm going to bed soon and will probably be out for most of the day so no wild parties in your room, okay?" He smiles lazily when I turn round.

"I promise." I smile back and go back to my room.

I try to get my head down and work but the words just jumble into a black and white mess. My jaw clenches and I swipe the piles of paper off my desk in a fit of fury. What the fuck have I gotten myself into? My fingers run through my hair and I shake my head. I pull open my draw and take out small plastic bag of pills. *This was when it all went wrong*. If I hadn't been stupid enough to ask him for the pills, he would have never noticed me and I would have blended into the background, undisturbed. Sure, I enjoyed being in the spotlight and it did give me an odd rush of power. But what price does that come with? Being beaten up by my boyfriend? No thank you.

I snap the bag open and pour two on the pills onto my open palm. What am I doing? This isn't going to solve anything. *Your boyfriends just slapped you? Pop some pills*. My hand curls up into a fist, breaking the pills in my palm. He's in my head. He's always been in my head.

I jump at the sound of a large bang, making me throw the contents of the little bag into the air. The small white pills scatter over my desk as heavy footsteps sound outside my door, getting closer. Suddenly, the door swings open and I jump to my feet at the sight of Jamie. He stands, broad in my doorway, blocking out the light from the corridor. His glistening blue eyes are set on me and a crude smile lifts on his lips. He steps in

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and shuts the door behind him.

"Did you really think I was going to let you run out on me like that?" His head tilts, mocking me.

I step back as he steps forwards.

"Jamie, I'm sorry about what happened last night," I reply, trying to stay collected but my knees are shaking so much I think I'm going to collapse.

His eyes narrow at me. "I own you, Nora. When are you going to understand that? You're *mine*. Do you know what that means?"

I don't answer.

"It means you can't *fucking run away when I'm not finished with you!*"

His booming voice makes me feel like I've shattered like broken glass. I press my back against the back wall and he stands in the centre of my room with his hands balled to fists by his side.

"Y-you hit me, Jamie."

"I know I did because you fucking hit me first!"

"I'm sorry!"

He lets out a frustrated breath and shakes his head.

"First, you leave me when I tell you about my past. Then you *hit* me and walk out the door. What happened, Nora? Am I not good enough for you anymore? Did the buzz of being my girl wear off?"

"No." I shake my head vigorously. "I'm glad you opened up to me, Jamie. I'm just scared."

"Scared?" He edges closer. "Scared of what? Me?"

"I'm scared of what you might turn into."

His eyes narrow. "And what is that exactly?"

I gulp but it gets stuck in my throat. "Your father."

His eyes widen and his jaw locks. That's it. I'm done for. His whole body starts vibrating as if he's ready to explode like a volcano. In one swift move, his hand whips behind his back and then I'm staring down the barrel of a gun. I cower back but I have no where to go. He lifts the gun so it's pointing to my forehead.

"What did you just say?" he seethes.

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"Did you not hear me, Nora? *I said* what did you just say?" He steps closer to me but my eyes are focused on the run. All I can do is whimper in response. "Nora!"

"I'm sorry!" I finally wail, "I didn't mean it."

"Well you clearly did or you wouldn't have said it!"

"I'm sorry."

"You really think I'm going to turn into my dad?" he asks, studying my tear-filled eyes. I blink and let my tears fall, clearing my vision. A look of fear alights in his eyes. He looks at the gun and then steps back, horrified. "I'm turning into him," he mumbles, as if to himself. He shakes his head and clenches his eyes shut. "No, I can't." He looks back up at me with wide-eyes. The colour has completely drained from his face. The gun is now by his side. He looks down at it. "I hit you...I won't stop...I can't stop." I cower back into the wall as he swings his arm up and points the gun under his chin. "I have to end this. I can't hurt you, Nora. You're better off without me." His eyes redden and tears pool in them. I let out a hoarse sob.

"No, Jamie, you don't have to do that." I panic and step closer to him but he backs away, still holding the gun in place.

"If I don't do this, I'll hurt you, Nora. And I won't stop. You're right. I'm just like my dad...I won't stop."

"You will." I try to say as calmly as possible but my heart is drumming against my ribs and I'm shaking like a leaf. "Put down the gun, Jamie. I will help you get through this. I won't leave you."

The muscles in his jaw tighten and his eyes narrow at me, making my blood run cold. I freeze.

"You did this to me. You made me remember. You provoked me." He slowly lowers his gun. "You broke me, Nora." He points the gun to my chest. His voice is so cool and collected that it makes what is happening even more horrifying. I back up to the wall with my palms up.

"Jamie...you're not thinking clearly...please...don't do this..."

"You had me ready to blow my brains out. You had me thinking that I was the problem. But I'm not. You are. And it's time for me to fix that."

He shoots. The echoing bang of the gun shot wracks through my body. My eyes clench shut as I wait for my life to flash in the darkness. Something connects with my ribcage. The impact smacks me against the wall and my head crashes against the brick. I ready myself for my legs to collapse, for the liquid heat of my blood to soak my dress, for me to leave the world forever.

But none of that happens. I stay standing. My ribs throb at the point of the impact but it's not the side-splitting pain I thought. It's just a dull ache. Tentatively, my eyes flicker open and the light of the room consumes me. I blink down at my chest and press my fingers into the ribcage. I wince when I touch the tender spot and look down at my fingers that are coated in a green liquid. It's paint.

My eyes flicker up in confusion then my stomach knots when I see Jamie. As soon as my eyes find his, laughter erupts out of him, startling me. He drops the gun on the floor and rests his hands on his knees. He's

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laughing so much he can't even stand straight. He's almost lost for breath. The shrill noise bounces off the walls and it feels like it's crushing my heart.

"You thought..." he says through his laughing but has to stop to catch his breath. "You thought...I was going to kill you..."

Finally, his amusement subsides and he cools down. He still has a wicked grin on his face but the laughter has stopped.

"What...the...*fuck?!*" I manage to say, though my voice trembles along with my body.

He points to the gun on the floor. "Paintball gun."

My eyes widen with realisation. "That was all a *joke?*"

He gleams. "And a bloody good one."

"You had me thinking you were going to *kill me.*"

"I know." He half frowns and steps closer. "Was that really so easy to believe?"

I shake my head. "Just when I thought I knew you."

With one swift movement, he lunges at me and presses his hands on the wall either side of my head.

"What makes you think you don't know me?" he asks, tilting his head and staring into my eyes.

"Your dad...was any of that true?"

He shrugs. "Maybe. Maybe not."

His hands slide down my sides and I squirm at his touch. They brush against my ass and they stay there.

"And Kevin?" I stammer.

His eyes are on my lips. "Would it really make you feel better if that was real?"

"Was it?"

"It could be."

One of his hands stays on my ass as the other one slides up to my neck. His cold finger trials up the curve of my neck then his hand locks onto my jaw making me swallow a cry.

"And the scars?" I ask and nod down to his chest. He huffs a faint laugh and watches his thumb as it runs across my lips and then up my cheek.

"You wanna know how I got these scars?" he says, mimicking Heath Ledger's Joker with terrifying accuracy. The croaky, hoarse, voice he puts on makes me whimper and try and wriggle out of his grip but his chest is pressed against mine. I'm not going anywhere. "Some things are better left unsaid."

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"Why don't you let people know you? How dark must your secrets be to not let anyone in?"

"I'll tell you why, Nora," he seethes, baring his teeth and looking into my eyes. "Because when people get to know you, they can get under your skin. They can find your weaknesses and use them to their advantage. You know why I let all those rumours about me get around? Because they scare people. Because people don't know what I'm capable of. And you know what that means?" He tilts his head, searching my eyes. I stay silent, too scared to talk. "It means in the eyes of everyone in this shithole, I'm *untouchable*," he whispers the last word which makes me shudder. His hand moves back down to my ass and he pushes me against his pelvic bone. "Don't pretend all this bothers you because if it did, you would have left a long time ago."

His hands brush against my inner thighs then to my panties.

"Don't..." I whimper.

"I've corrupted you, Nora." He brings his lips to my ear. "And you've loved every second of it."

I suck in my moan and silently curse myself when I feel my panties dampening. His thumb hooks round the waistband of my panties.

"You didn't let me finish last night. You owe me."

Jamie's World : Chapter 25

He yanks down my panties until they drop to the floor. His hands slip between my thighs and pull them apart making me whimper and suck in a sob.

"Don't be like that, Nora." He whispers smugly into my ear. His cold fingers brush against my pussy lips. "I know you want this."

I moan and drop my head back against the wall. Why does he have to turn me on so much?! I want to kick his face in but at the same time want to fuck him senseless. He pushes his thumb into my love bite and I suck in a pained breath through my teeth, making him laugh. He unzips his jeans and lets them drop to the floor with a heavy thud. He releases his erection which was jutting out of his tight white boxers. Next thing I know, he grips under thighs and pushes me up the wall. I lock my ankles behind his back instinctively and he forces himself into me. A malicious grin fills his face when I cry out in a sordid mix of pleasure and pain. He pushes me against him hard and fast. I know this is another one of his power games. The devilish side of me wants to play too. After what had just happened, after him making me believe that I was close to *death*, there was no way I was going to let him win this time.

I begin to rock my hips against his which makes him groan. My hands work their way under the back of his checked shirt and find his cold skin that feels like marble. He hisses at the sensation of our skin touching. My hands must feel like lava to him. I splay my fingers and run them right up to his protruding shoulder blades. Our eyes connect. His widen slightly when I show him a devious grin. His eyes roll back and his teeth grit together as I rake my fingernails down his back. His back arches and tenses then relaxes again when my hands rest on his hips. His glistening blue eyes narrow at me as fury drives him to fuck me harder and deeper. Anger burns inside me like a white hot flame so I grab his face and crash his lips onto mine. Jamie has never been a kisser. It must be a far too passionate and loving action for him to feel comfortable with. And because of this, he grits his teeth even harder when my tongue tries to probe his mouth. My nails dig into the his jaw line making his jaw clench even more until the pain is too much for him and he cries out. My tongue slips into his open mouth, only to be pushed back by his. I circle my hips and push myself up and down on his cock, moaning into his mouth. He must be too caught up in our magnificent fuck because his tongue starts to dance with mine. He's still trying to dominate the kiss but the hungry, carnal sort of kisses Jamie and I very rarely get to share always send me wild.

"Harder..." I moan, "*Faster*."

Jamie has never liked being ordered about and this time is no exception. But he complies. Fuelled with anger, his thrusts become much more determined and vigorous. He's clearly trying to hurt me. I break the kiss and cry out in pleasure as I cum. He sniggers and presses his palms into my shoulders, locking me against the wall as he grinds his hips faster, snarling with rage and lust. My ankles push into his ass as he rocks back and forth. Next thing I know, he has his arms around me and he twirls me round. I latch myself onto him with him still inside me before he throws me on my bed. Before I even have chance to assort myself, he's on top of me, yanking up my dress. I kiss him furiously and push off his jacket. Our lips part so he can slip my dress over my head and I work on the buttons of his shirt. He pulls his shirt off himself and throws it on the floor with my dress. My heart is drumming against my chest and my body is pulsating with heat. My bra is next to go, he pops it open and yanks it off my arms.

He pushes me down onto the mattress and spreads my legs. I slip my hand down his back and grip his ass, pushing him into me. He tenses and fights back at first, but power play aside, we both want the same thing. He thrusts himself into me so hard it makes me cry out and tears to burn the backs of my eyes. He runs his hands up my breasts then starts to pinch my hard nipples. My back arches as his mouth joins in and he starts licking

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and sucking. His teeth graze my nipple then he bites down on the tender flesh just below. My hands ball into fists with fury. I lock my thighs against his, grab his sides and spin us round so I'm straddling him. He bares his teeth at me and hisses when I look down at him with a wicked smirk. He grabs my hips and slams me down on him. I rake my nails down his chest, over his scars, making him hiss in pain.

"How does it feel Jamie? Tell me how much you like having your huge cock in my tight pussy," I muse as I ride him. His eyes narrow and his jaw locks in anger. It's so clear that he is trying to withhold his orgasm. He doesn't want me to know what I do to him. I lean back and wrap my hands round his ankles, my hard nipples pointing to the ceiling. This position makes him moan and his eyes roll back. I grin to myself as I work on his cock which is doing wonderful things to me.

"C'mon Jamie. Cum for me. Tell me how much you love to fuck me."

My teasing is ruined when I reach yet another climax. My body sizzles with pleasure as my inner walls clench his length. I drop my head back and let out a high-pitched, shaky moan. When the wave of ecstasy subsides, I look back down at Jamie. He's grinning at me. I scowl back but he grabs my shoulders and spins us round. There's not room left on the bed and we topple off. My arm sticks out involuntarily and snags the cable of my bedside lamp, causing it to fall off the table. My back smacks against the floor and the lamp follows. The bulb bursts by my head and scatters glass over the carpet.

Jamie is on top of me yet again. Sweat is causing some of his curls to stick to his forehead and it gives his chest a light sheen. He grabs my legs and wraps them round his waist. His cock plunges into my depths right to his hilt and my ass bucks against the carpet. His nostrils are flared as his crystal eyes burn into mine. My hands wrap around his neck and I bring his lips to mine. He accepts the kiss and his tongue darts around my mouth. My back rubs up and down the carpet with Jamie's thrusts causing my skin to burn but I snap my eyes shut and try to force the pain out of my mind.

A knock at the door startles us both but Jamie's relentless thrusts don't stop.

"Nora, are you okay? I heard a smash...and there was a bang earlier." I hear Ben's voice sound from the other side of the door over our heavy breathing.

"I'm *fine*" I cry out as I cum yet again. My chest rises and my breasts slam against Jamie's hard chest. I hear Jamie laugh over my shoulder.

"Yeah, she's just having the best fuck of her life!" Jamie calls out, staring into my eyes. I grit my teeth and grip his neck tighter. I push him back so he slips out of me and he is kneeling in front of me. I stay connected with his body as he moves so he brings me up with him. When we are upright and I'm sat on his lap, I ease myself onto him again. He moans and squeezes my ass, pushing himself deeper into me. The manic rhythm starts again. We're both coated in sweat and our unsteady breathing tells me that we can't keep going for long. I need to make him cum fast.

My fingers lace through his thick curls and I pull his hair back making him yelp a little. I bring my lips to his shoulder and clamp my teeth into his muscle. He moans and drives himself harder and faster into me, rocking me against him with all the strength he has. I feel like I'm on fire. My juices are trickling down my inner thighs and I feel another orgasm building. My stomach knots and stretches and does crazy flips as Jamie moans and my slick breasts rub up and down his chest.

"Say my name," I moan, grabbing his chin and forcing him to look at me. His eyes narrow to slits and his jaw locks. He is fuming. I bring my hands to his soaked back and rake my nails down it again. He hisses with pain. I grit my teeth as I hiss, "Say my *fucking* name."

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His head snaps back and his body shudders. "*Nora!*" he moans when he finally gives in and his hot cum shoots inside me. Just hearing him shout my name sends me over the edge and I reach my peak yet again.

I slide off his lap and collapse my back onto the carpet feeling completely spent. He drops beside me. Our chests are rising and falling frantically and our ragged breathes fill the silence. My hair is plastered to my forehead. I turn my head to the side to see Jamie. A bead of sweat forms at his hairline and I watch it as it rolls round his temple then down his cheek. His eyes are staring at the ceiling, refusing to look at me. I tally up our scores in my head to see who won the power game. In a way, both of us did. Jamie got a point for making giving me three orgasms and I win for making him shout my name when he climaxed. Then I figured we both get an extra point for not passing out from exhaustion. My heart is pounding so fast I think it's echoing round my room. I have completely forgotten what I was so angry at him for. The only thought I have in my head is...angry sexy is fucking awesome.

Jamie's World : Chapter 26

I wake up on the floor, stiff and sore. My arm reaches out to my side and I feel the rough carpet. I turn my head and flicker my eyes open. I'm alone. My dress is lying over me, covering my naked body. I rub my head and sit up, wincing at the shooting pain that bolts up my side. I pull the dress off me and gasp at the ugly bluish-purple bruise that mars my body, just below my left breast. That's when the memory of last night hits me. The paint ball gun. Jamie shot me. He threatened to kill me. It was a joke. A sick and twisted joke.

When I stand, I grimace at what a mess my room is in. Pills and broken glass covers the carpet.

I shower, get dressed, have my breakfast and call my mum. I'm going home. I have to get away from Jamie. He is a psychopath. He pointed a gun at me and I actually thought he had it in him to end my life. If that didn't set alarm bells ringing, I didn't know what would.

"You look like shit," says Ben, eying me up in the hallway.

"Thanks," I raise an eyebrow.

"It sounded like things got pretty...wild last night, huh?" His eyebrows dance and he shows me a wide grin.

"You could say that," I mumble and head out the door.

I see Nina in the car park when I'm waiting for a taxi. Her eyes trail up and down my body and she twirls her long, silky hair round her finger. She asks me if I want to go back to her place for some more girl-on-girl action and I decline the offer. As much fun as that night was...it was something tried and tested and to never be repeated. Plus, I feel like I have just run a marathon. Every muscle in my body aches. I am in no fit state to entertain or *be* entertained.

The train journey is quiet and lonely but every moment in my life which doesn't contain Jamie feels that way so I try to enjoy it. How had I let him take over my life so fast? I sigh and rest my head against the window. My eyes snap shut and I try to hold back the tears. My life is so messed up. How had I not seen it until now? I knew the rumours about Jamie and I stayed with him. But if I knew they were true, I'd know what I was dealing with. We could work past it. But Jamie doesn't want to work past it. He's messed up and he likes it. He doesn't want to change. If he did he would let people in and understand the real him. He's so shrouded in mystery he is impossible to understand. He is beyond help.

There is no way I will truly be free of him. He won't let me leave, I know it. He won't let me go until he's finished with me. He won't like that fact that I have left him. I don't think he knows yet. He hasn't called. Maybe he's taking some time to cool off. Maybe he's aching as much as me and is lying low.

But will coming home be any better? Will Tony be there? I'm leaving one abusive relationship and entering another. I clasp my hands and hold them to my chest. *Please let mum have dumped his ass.*

Two hours later, I'm at my stop. I get off the train and head out of the station. Fear coils around my heart at what will be on the other side of my door. Mum had sounded so happy on the phone and said she was eagerly awaiting my arrival. Did that mean Tony wasn't there and she was lonely like before? Or did she want me home for back up when he starts throwing plates or whatever at her head?

I suck in a breath when I stand before my door and wait a few seconds to collect myself before I knock. Seconds later, the door swings open and there's my mum with a massive smile on her face. Her black eye has

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faded now but is still raised a little.

"I'm so happy you decided to stop by again, sweetie." She steps out and wraps her arms around me. "And here was me thinking you didn't care."

With her arms around me, I feel so safe. Everything I tried to bottle up quickly spills out and I start to blubber. Tears form in my eyes and fall down my cheeks. Mum must feel my trembling body because she pulls away and looks into my eyes.

"Nora, is everything okay?"

I nod and suck in a breath. "I've just....missed you."

She smiles and presses her hand to her chest. "Awh, sweetie, you only saw me the other week. And here I was thinking uni was going to change you. C'mon in, I'll get the kettle on and we can curl up on the sofa and have a good long chat like we used to."

I show her the biggest smile I can muster and step into the hallway. She shuts the door behind me and I shudder. *That's not going to keep Jamie out.*

Jamie's World : Chapter 27

I start to feel settled with my cup of tea warming up my hands as my mum and I share stories.

"Is Tony here?" I ask after a long conversation about my uni work.

"He's at work," she replies.

"Has he moved in?"

"He still has his own flat but he's here most of the time," she says and I grimace. "Don't give me that look, Nora. You haven't even met him. You'll like him, I promise."

My lip curls with contempt but I stay silent, sipping my brew.

"How's it going with Jamie?" she finally asks after an awkward silence.

My heart flips at his name and I contemplate my answer. I wanted to get my worries out of my mind because two heads are better than one but I couldn't possibly load all of that onto my mum, especially after what I had said about her and Tony. I didn't want her to know I was in trouble. I just wanted things to go back to how they used to be back when I was innocent.

"Everything's fine," I reply and look down at my lap.

"Great. He seemed like a very nice lad. I must have taught you well."

I laugh under my breath. Yeah, like mother like daughter.

We watch TV together for a couple of hours then I escape to my room to busy myself on my laptop. My heart thumps against my chest and fear coils around my heart when my phone vibrates next to me and Jamie's name lights up on the screen. With a shaking hand, I open the text.

'You weren't in the lecture, have I worn you out that much?'

I gulp and place my phone back on my desk, staring down at the blank screen. He knows I'm not there. He'll come to my flat and when he finds out I'm not there... I don't know what he'll do. To make sure I'm not tempted to answer when he calls me, I switch it off.

I'm listening to music with my earphones in and then turn them off to nip to the loo. I freeze at my door when I hear voices downstairs. There's a male voice. Tony. My stomach knots and my blood runs cold when his voice rises. Through the door, his words are muffled so I open it to listen.

"You're saying she's here? And you never told me? That's something I need to know, Kath," he says in a tone which made my jaw set in anger.

"She's my daughter, Tony, I shouldn't have to get your permission for her to visit. This is her home."

I step out of my room and start to head down the stairs.

"What if I want to come back from work and relax? I can't do that when you're entertaining guests, can I?"

Jamie's World

My stomach twists when I see him in our living room. He has his back to me. He's tall with longish black hair which flows to his shoulders. He's muscular too. Built like a truck.

My mum laughs a little but I can tell she's scared. Her face is pale as she looks up at him towering over her.

"She's twenty-one. She's no hassle. She spends most of her time in her room anyway."

"Mum?"

My mum and Tony freeze. Her eyes flicker to me and grow wide. Tony sniffs and turns. His jaw is set in anger and his nostrils are flared.

"H-hey sweetie," my mum says with a forced smile.

I lift my chin and glare at the man in my living room. "So this is Tony?"

He shifts awkwardly then turns fully to me, tensing his muscles as if to scare me. It doesn't work. After what Jamie did to me, I've learnt to never give in. And I'm not going to let this man treat my mum badly.

"You must be Nora," he says, giving me a curt nod.

"You need to leave."

His dark eyes widen then narrow. "*Excuse* me?"

"Nora, go back upstairs," my mum pleads, her eyes wide with fear.

"No, mum, I'm not going to let him talk to you like that."

Tony bristles and cocks his head, looking down at me. "Oh really?"

I clench my jaw. "You're not welcome here. Leave."

His eyes narrow a little. "I don't think that's for you to decide." He twirls on his heel to my mum. "Kath, do you want me to leave?"

My mum's eyes stare frantically into his. She gulps loudly and shakes her head.

"See," he laughs and turns back to me. "It seems like I'm staying."

My nostrils flare. "Leave. Now."

"Y'know-" He takes a lofty step forward, wagging his finger at me. "You've done nothing but ruin our relationship."

"And how exactly have I done that?" I scoff, trying to fight the urge to cower back.

"Your mum and I were perfectly happy until you taught her all that lip."

My heart flutters proudly for my mum. She has been standing up for herself. "Really?"

Jamie's World

"Yes, really." He scowls. "And I'm not too fond of what you've done to my girlfriend."

"Well, I'm not really fond of what you've done to my mum," I retort, squaring my shoulders. "Tell me, Tony, do you like women with black eyes?"

His eyes wide, rage burning in them. My blood runs cold and I cower back as he looms over me.

"Don't talk to me like that, little girl," he seethes.

My hands ball to fists. "Then stay the hell away from my mum."

Suddenly, his hand lashes out and crashes against my cheek.

"Tony!" My mum shouts frantically as I'm pushed into the side of the staircase. Tony has his hands on my shoulders, pinning me in place, his dark eyes digging into me. The blinding pain that crosses my cheek subsides and turns into a dull throbbing. "Tony, leave her alone!"

The front door swings open so fast it crashes against the wall. Tony and I both flip are heads round. My heart flips when I see Jamie, his blue eyes wide and feral.

"J-Jamie?"

"Who the fuck is that?!" Tony screams down my ear, pulling me up by the tops of my arms so my feet are lifting off the floor. I see my mum over his bulging shoulder, stood at the other end of the room, stuck to the spot with her hands clasped over her mouth and tears pooling in her eyes.

"Get off her!" Jamie screams, striding into the house. Tony lets out an animalistic growl and curls his fingers tighter into my t-shirt. My heart is pounding like crazy as I watch Jamie jump up behind towering Tony and wrap his arm around his neck, yanking him back. Tony's eyes widen. He drops me and staggers back but keeps his footing and fights Jamie off him. My heart is in my throat as I see Tony square up to him. He must be at least a foot taller than Jamie.

Jamie's blue eyes shine up at him with fear as he cowers back.

Tony cackles, "Not so tough now are you?"

He draws closer to him slowly, with his hands balled his sides. Panic washes over me and I fear for Jamie's safety. Suddenly, Tony lunges at him making me emit a terrified yelp. But Jamie is quick and grabs an ornament from the window shelf and smashes it down on Tony's head making him sway dizzily from side to side before toppling to the floor.

Me, Jamie and my mum all stare down at the body sprawled across the floor, our chest heaving. Jamie blinks hard, looks up at me and gulps heavily.

Jamie's World : Chapter 28

"*Jamie?*" I say breathlessly, pressing my hand to my chest and feeling my drumming heart. "What the hell are you doing here?"

My mum rushes down and starts to shake Tony's limp body. "Tony? Tony? Are you okay? Talk to me."

Jamie's blue eyes are alight with worry as Tony's head lolls to the side. Jamie blinks hard and looks up at me.

"Y-you weren't answering your phone. I stopped by your flat but you weren't there. I figured you'd be here."

"But why did you come after me?"

"You're mad at me, I get it. I wanted to put it right."

I jump at the sound of a guttural groan. My mum gasps. "Tony!" He answers with another groan. "I'll call an ambulance," she says and rushes off into the kitchen.

"You can't put it right, Jamie. You're messed up. I can't deal with it anymore. You need to leave," I say, sucking in a sob. I gesture to the door. "Leave."

His eyebrows furrow and his eyelids flicker a little. "But...I came back for you. I need you, Nora."

A lump swells in my throat. "You've got a funny way of showing it."

"Please..." He steps forward and I step back so my back is pressed against the staircase. He freezes. His eyes widen at my reaction. "...Come with me. Come back with me."

I shake my head. "I can't be with you anymore, Jamie. This was a bad idea from the start. One minute I didn't know you and the next...you took over my life. I'm finally seeing things clearly and...and I don't like it. You need to go. Now."

"I can't..."

"Go!" I scream from the very depths of me. His hands ball into fists.

"No!" he bawls back.

"Leave!"

"I can't!"

"Why not?!"

"Because I love you!"

We both freeze. The words hang in the air between us. Our eyes are wide, staring into each others. Realisation and fear swirls in his blue pools.

"You *love* me?" I scoff. "You're incapable of love, Jamie!"

Jamie's World

"No, I'm not. I thought I was. But I'm not. You've showed me that I'm not."

I let out an exasperated sigh and bow my head. I lift my hand and point to the door.

"...leave."

I hear him gulp. His footsteps make shivers crawl up my spine. I lift my head just as he is at the door. He turns to me then leaves, shutting the door behind him with a final *click*.

I shudder at the sound then all the tension leaves my body. I slump against the staircase and attempt to swallow the lump that has grown to the size of a golf ball.

"...Nora?" My mum's tentative voice penetrates the silence. I look up. She's at the kitchen door with the phone clasped to her chest in both hands.

"Is an ambulance coming?" I ask, brushing away a tear that has fallen.

She nods. "They're on their way."

"Good." I nod and spin round to head upstairs, not wanting to be near Tony even when he is unconscious.

"Nora?"

"What?" I stop at the foot of the stairs and turn to her.

"Why did you send him away?" she asks, hurt coating her voice.

"Because it's over."

"But...why?"

I sigh. "Look, mum, I know you like him but he's not the guy you think he is. He was just playing you, just how he plays everyone else. Just how he played me."

"He said he loved you, Nora."

"He lied."

"He sounded pretty sincere to me."

"You don't know him like I do."

She walks up to the dining table and takes a seat. "Then tell me."

My stomach twists. "It's best if you don't know, mum."

"But I want to know, Nora. You're my daughter. If there's something wrong, you should tell me."

I scoff and instinctively turn on defensive mode. "Oh yeah, like you told me when Tony was beating the crap out of you," I said, gesturing down to the limp body that let out a dull groan.

Jamie's World

Her jaw clenches and she sets the phone down on the table. "I'm not going with him to the hospital. When he leaves this house, he is out of my life for good."

My stomach flips. "What? Really?"

She nods stiffly. Tears start to pool in her eyes. "I forgave him for what he did to me, it was stupid, I know. But then he turned on you and..." Her tears start to stream down her face. "I can't believe I had let it go that far. I'm so sorry, Nora. I wanted to be strong but I'm just not. You stood up to him...I should have protected you but I just froze. I'm so sorry."

I rush over to her, lean across the table and clutch her hands. Her body is juddering as she sobs and squeezes my hands tightly.

"I get it mum. It's okay." My stomach twists at the memory of Jamie training that gun at me. "I'm here for you, mum. I won't let him hurt you."

She nods and pulls her hands out from under mine. "The ambulance will be here soon. You go, go back to Jamie. I have things covered here."

"No, mum, I'm not leaving you."

"It's okay. I'm okay. Go back to Jamie."

"No, it's over between us."

Suddenly, she grabs my arms and yanks me closer to her. Her grey eyes search mine, wide and frantic. "Go back to him, Nora."

"W-why? Why do you want me with him so badly?"

"Because he came back for you."

My stomach knots. Tears pool in her eyes again. "He stood up to Tony for you. If that's not love...I don't know what is."

My jaw sets. Everything flashes before my eyes. Jamie bursting in, tackling Tony; whacking him over the head. I shudder.

A heavy knock at the door startles us both. My mum bounces up. Lights flash outside and I can see the ambulance on the street. I sit down on the chair, feeling so confused and empty as my mum takes care of the medics. They file in and dump Tony onto a stretcher. A few minutes later, they leave. My mum stays at the door and watches watery eyed as the ambulance drives away.

The look on Jamie's face when he said he loves me plays on my mind. He looked so convincing but...he's Jamie. He had a knack for that. He makes people believe what he wants them to believe. After my epiphany and finding my hidden courage...am I really going to fall into another trap? My heart aches as if a fist has grabbed it and is slowly twisting it.

Was that the face of the real Jamie? There's only one way to find out.

Jamie's World : Chapter 29

I knock on the door. My body is shaking. Old tears stain my cheeks and new ones threaten to pool. Jamie's flatmate had let me into the flat. I told him I needed to see Jamie so he let me in. But, noticing my face, he faltered at his bedroom door so that he could eavesdrop. I narrowed my eyes at him and he shut himself in his room.

I jump at the creak of the door opening. Jamie is stood in front of me. His curls flop limply over his forehead. He's wearing a black polo shirt and jeans. My heart aches when I look into his blue pools. He just stares back at me absently. I open my mouth to speak but instead, a hollow sob escapes me. I quickly attempt to swallow it back down and I try again.

"You said you loved me."

The tears that I have been trying to hold back fall down my cheeks. My lip quivers. He sighs a little and gestures into his bedroom.

"Come in."

I do. A shiver runs up my spine when I pass him. He shuts the door behind me and I spin to see him.

"Turn around."

I show him a quizzical look. He just stares at me. Confused, I turn and face our reflections in his full length mirror. He comes up behind me and another shiver runs up my spine when I feel his chest on my back, but it is a different kind of shiver. We both look at each other's reflections. He brushes my hair over my shoulder, keeping eye contact with my reflection.

"Why are you here?" he whispers into my ear. My stomach knots at the sound of his silky smooth voice.

My throat suddenly becomes dry. I clear it. "Y-you told me you loved me..."

"I did."

"Do you?"

"I said it, didn't I?"

I scoff but then freeze when his eyes narrow a little.

"You say a lot of things, Jamie."

"That is also true."

My heart flips when I feel his hand graze my ass. My body flushes and I mentally curse myself at the warmth between my thighs.

"Do you actually love me or did you just say that so I would come back?" I rush.

His hand slips down my shorts and panties so his cold hand rests on my bare ass.

Jamie's World

"It worked, didn't it?" he says, still looking at my reflection.

"So...it's not true?"

"I didn't say that."

My teeth grit together. Fury burns in my stomach at how uncooperative he is being.

"Jamie, I came here to talk about this. I'm not leaving until this is all cleared up."

"Shhh..." He presses his lips to my ear, still holding my gaze as his hand travels lower. "The time for talking is over."

A mewl escapes my lips when he cups my pussy from behind. I'm so wet now and he smiles when he notices. His fingers find my clit and he flicks it. My body stiffens. My back arches against his chest and I suck in a deep breath through my teeth. He smiles and starts kissing my ear as he flicks my clit.

"Jamie...we need to talk about this..." I say half-heartedly as my eyes roll back with pleasure.

"We can talk later."

"You basically saved my life back there."

He laughs softly with his lips pressed to my ear. "I think that's a bit of an over exaggeration."

"No it's-"

"Shh... we're done talking."

His fingers then slip into my slick hole and hook inside me causing me to moan. My hand instinctively runs up the back of his neck and grips his curls.

We keep eye contact in the mirror as he pushes his fingers in and out of me. My hips grind against his hand and his chest rubs against my back. I see the determination in his face when he bends down a little and pushes his fingers deeper into me, finding my sweet spot and making my knees buckle.

"Jamie..."

He laughs a little and brushes his lips against my neck. I press my exposed skin closer to him so he kisses me. His eyes fall down my body, watching my chest heave then he looks to my reflection to watch himself as he licks up my neck to my earlobe. I start to grind against his fingers harder. As his fingers drill into me, my stomach contorts with pleasure but I am not being fulfilled. My moans start coming out breathy and desperate as I grind furiously against him. He sees my agitation and picks up his speed with his fingers.

"Jamie..." I cry, feeling his cock hardening as I rub against it.

I drop the back of my head on his shoulder and close my eyes as I feel my inner walls clench his fingers and my juices coat his hand.

His hot breath tickles my neck as he brings his lips to my ear. "Open your eyes," he whispers, still drilling me with two fingers. "I want you to see what I do to you."

Jamie's World

My stomach flips. My eyelids flutter open and my eyes roll forwards. I see my reflection. My cheeks are flushed, my chest is heaving. The glistening blue eyes of Jamie's reflection bore into me. I've never seen myself being pleased before. Jamie grins. His hand wraps around my throat as his fingers drill into me hard and fast. My face twists in pleasure and my jaw hangs open as a drawn out moan escapes me when I cum again.

Suddenly, he pulls his fingers out of me, spins me round and crashes me back against the mirror that is on the side of his cupboard. I yelp as he lunges at me, pressing himself against me, trapping me. He roughly tugs up the hem of my shirt and I lift my arms up so he can pull it over my head. My mind has gone completely blank. Lust consumes me. All I am thinking about is Jamie and what he's going to do to me. His hand snakes round my back and pops open my bra clasp so my bra joins my shirt on the floor. He smiles down at my naked chest and takes my whole right breast in his mouth without hesitation. My body convulses, smacking my ass against the mirror and making it wobble uneasily. He starts to suck on my tender flesh while his hand cups my other breast and his thumb circles my hard nipple.

I grab his slim waist and pull him closer to me so his erection is digging into me. The feeling drives me wild. I need him. He continues sucking my breast, running his tongue and teeth over my nipple whilst pinching the other. My moans are short and breathy. It's all too much.

My fingers hurriedly find his zipper. That's when I pause.

This is what he wants, a voice in my head says. He wants to distract you. Don't let him win.

I try to shake away the logic because what he is doing feels so good but the voice is right. Without conviction, I try to push him away. His body moves back but his mouth stays latched onto my breast. I grit my teeth and try to block out the sizzles of pleasure that swarm through my body. Again, I push him away.

"Jamie."

This time, he lets go. He smiles up at me, wraps his hands around my neck and leans in to kiss me but I push him back again.

"No."

His blue eyes stare into mine. My stomach flips. Part of me wants to cower back but I don't. I stand my ground.

"I came here to ask you a question and I'm not leaving until you answer me." I state, "With the truth."

He lets out an angered sigh, clenching his jaw.

"Last night, you said you loved me. Did you really mean it? Or was it just another one of your games?"

He evades my eyes and looks to the floor. Silence follows.

"Jamie."

My heart bounds as he throws his arms up, clasping the back of his head. His eyes flicker to me for a second. They are filled with distress.

"I can't do this anymore," he says, his voice breaking.

Jamie's World

He crosses his room and sinks onto the edge of his bed. I stare wide-eyed as he sits with his head in his hands.

"I can't do this anymore..." he repeats, his tiny voice muffled by his hands.

I gulp. "Jamie...?"

Jamie's World : Chapter 30

Tentatively, I pick up my shirt and put it back on. I make my way over to him and sit down beside him. He flinches when I touch his shoulder.

"Jamie..."

His body starts to judder and he mumbles something incoherent. Is he...*crying*?

"Jamie...what's going on?" I ask with an edge of panic to my tone.

He brushes his eyes with the heels of his palms and lets his hands drop between his parted thighs. His eyes are wet with tears as he stares at the ground.

"I can't do this anymore..."

"Can't do what? Jamie, you're scaring me." I squeeze his shoulder a little. He blinks hard and spins to me so fast it makes my heart stammer. He stares into my eyes like he's seeing me clearly for the first time.

"This isn't me, Nora. This never was me. I can't keep it up anymore. I'm falling apart. I can't..." He shakes his head. His lips wobble as fresh tears roll down his cheeks. He looks back down at the ground. "I'm depressed, Nora."

"What?"

"I'm depressed," he repeats a little louder. "When I was ten years old, I was diagnosed with depression. Why I was depressed, I had no idea. No one did. I was *ten*. My dad didn't beat me or my mum. My parents are still together." He sighs. My heartstrings start to twist. "I had a perfectly normal childhood. My brother turned out fine. But me...I was different for no reason. I always had this surreal feeling of not belonging...as if the world was trying to reject me. Nothing ever went right. I had no friends in school. I tried but...I just couldn't keep them. In college I stayed by myself but that was just as horrible. So when I chose to go to uni...I knew something had to change...so I changed myself." His tears have left streaks down his cheeks. His eyes are reddened when he looks to me. My heart skips a beat. He looks so different. So helpless and vulnerable. It makes my heart ache.

"So all this...you...you're not...the person I thought you were."

He gulps and shakes his head. "People would have trampled all over me if I was myself here, so I created a persona, something that made sure people stayed away. I needed to make myself feared."

"But what about me?" Tears now pool in my eyes. "You basically forced me into your life."

His eyelids flicker. "I saw something gentle in you...something I knew I needed in my life to make sure I didn't let things get out of hand. I needed you to ground me. To keep me stable."

I shake my head. "This is ridiculous. Your scars-"

"Were self inflicted," he cuts me off. My stomach flips and my eyes bug. The muscles in his jaw tense. "I wanted to see if I could feel anything. I have always felt so numb."

Jamie's World

"And..." I gulp, "did you?"

"Of course I did," he sighs and looks to the floor. "But I didn't experience real pain until you left me."

My brows knit together. "After I thought you were going to *kill me*. Was that just part of your *persona*? That was a sick trick, Jamie."

"I know, I know." He shakes his head. "But the real me kept seeping through so I always had to counter it with something drastic."

"And what was the real you?" I ask. "Because before that you *hit* me."

His eyes clench shut as if the words hurt. "I should never have done that. I got caught up in it all. But as soon as I did it, I knew I had gone too far. You saw the look on my face, I know you did, the look of fear, of fearing myself." He blinks hard and looks at me. "That was me, the real me. The weak me."

I shake my head. "This is rubbish. This is another trick."

His eyebrows furrow. His blue eyes bulge with anguish. "You don't believe me?"

I scoff. "Of course I don't, Jamie. I never know with you. You've got so many secrets and lies that it's hard to keep track. What about Kevin? Was any of that real?"

"Sort of..."

"Soft of?!" I laugh with disbelief. "What do you mean 'sort of'? It either is or it isn't."

His teeth grit together. "Kevin never existed but that doesn't mean the story was completely made up." The tensions in my shoulders sag as I listen with intrigue. He sighs. "Sometimes things got so bad I wanted to end it all. But I was too scared. I could never do it." His hands ball into tight fists. "I'd get so angry with myself. If only someone could have helped me get it over with... but I had no one close enough to do it for me."

"So...Kevin was you..."

He nods stiffly. "I may have tweaked a few things but pretty much." He peers up at me through his wet lashes. "Do you believe me now?"

My chest feels tight. "I don't know..."

He stands up and leans towards his drawers. He opens one up and throws something towards me. Instinctively, I cup my hands and a small bottle of pills drop onto my lap.

"Fluoxetine. Prescribed by my doctor," he states and sits back down beside me. I take the bottle and read the label. Sure enough, *Jamie Smythe* is printed on it. I set my jaw and pass the bottle to him. "This proves nothing. You're a drug dealer, Jamie. You could have easily gotten those pills and printed off a label."

He sighs and hangs his head. "God, I'm going to regret this."

I watch his quizzically and he shifts through his pocket and pulls out his phone.

"What are you doing?"

Jamie's World

He holds a finger up to shush me and he presses some buttons. It starts ringing. He puts it on speaker phone. *Mum* lights up on the screen. My heart flips when a female voice picks up.

"Jamie, hi, is that you? You haven't called in ages. I've been worried. How are you? How's uni? Have you been taking your medication? Oh, please tell me you have. Gosh, I should have never let you leave home. You should come back. Jamie? Are you there? Is something wro-" He hangs up.

"What did you do that for?" I blink, still totally mesmerized by the woman's panicked, rushed tone. He sighs and slips his phone back into his pocket.

"I was just proving a point. I'll call her back later."

I sit there in the sudden silence. My head feels foggy. Cold prickles my skin. Everything feels so wrong.

"So, all that what you just said is true?" I finally say in a hollow whisper.

He nods stiffly.

My chest constricts. My jaw sets. "And everything I knew about you before is a *lie*?"

His blue eyes stare into mine. "Most things."

I bristle. "And what's the exception?"

"I love you. That is true."

My heart literally skips a beat.

I cup his chin. He tilts his face into my palm as I brush away a fallen tear from his cheek. "That's why I came here in the first place. I needed to know you did because...even after all of this...after all that we've been through...no matter what I find out about you...truth or lies... I think...I think I love you too." I frame his face with both my hands. He closes his eyes and smiles contently. "I love the *real* you. Those tiny mistakes you were making when you let the real you show, those are the parts that kept me with you...well that and I was scared you might try to murder me or something." I laugh. He laughs too.

He kisses my wrist. "That would never happen. You mean too much to me. You're the only person that means anything to me."

I smile and brush my fingers through his curls. He smacks his lips and opens his eyes lazily. His glistening blue eyes are so close to mine that I can see my reflection in them. He cups my chin and leans closer. I pucker my lips as they meet his.

Jamie's World : Chapter 31

Our kiss is soft and loving at first but then he parts my lips with his tongue and it becomes and ravenous and passionate as they usually are. He breaks it and runs his thumb across my cheek.

"Take off your shorts," he says in a whisper, smiling into my eyes. My stomach does excited somersaults. I don't need to be asked twice. In seconds, I kick them off my ankles along with my dolly shoes. His arms snake around my waist. He lies back and pulls me on top of him. I moan into his mouth as warmth spreads to my lower half. He breaks the kiss to shift up his bed and place his head on his pillow. I smile up at him and straddle his waist. My lips tingle from our kiss and I'm hungry for more. I lean forward, running my hands up his sides and slithering my chest against his until my face reaches his. He smiles up at me and tucks my hair that is dangling down and framing his face, behind my ears. My hands clasp lightly around his slender neck and I resume our kiss. His hands rub up my ass. I smile against his lips as I feel myself getting wet with anticipation. Our tongues entwine. I inhale deeply through my nose and kiss him deeper. His hands grab my hips tightly making me break our kiss and yelp a little. I show him a quizzical look. His eyebrows dance as he pulls on my hips, guiding my up his body. I crawl up his body as he pulls me until I'm straddling his chest. I gasp and grip the headboard as he cups under my thighs and lifts me up over his head.

I let out a moan and tip my head back just at the thought of what is yet to come. My knees rest on either side of his head and I look down so I can see his brilliant blue pools he looks up at me from between my thighs. One of his hands brushes the apex of my thigh to my panties. I stiffen, gripping the headboard as he curls his finger and pushes them aside. My eyes roll back. He laughs a little and his hot breath tickled my now exposed pussy lips.

"Whoa, I really do get you worked up, don't I?" he muses and slides a finger gently down my wet slit.

I moan a response that was supposed to be an agreement before he pulls me a little closer and his flat tongue follows his finger. Tremors of pleasure rip through my body, making me quake a little. We've never done this position before. I figured it was because it gave me too much control. Is Jamie really giving me the reins? Is this the real him? I don't know but I like it.

A spark surges through me when he hardens his tongue and flicks my aching clit. My fingernails dig into the wooden headboard. My arms spasm and seize. He presses his hands flat on my ass, drawing my pussy closer to his face. My stomach flips and flutters as his hot, wet tongue probes my entrance. I rock slightly against him as his tongue pokes in and out. As I grind against him, his nose brushes against my clit, sending me sky high. He continues to fuck me with his tongue and soon the pleasure I'm receiving is enough to make me completely forget he is there and concentrate only on the tremors that flow through me. I start to grind more determinedly, rocking hard enough to creak the headboard. Jamie's fingertips dig into my ass as if to try and control me but my body stiffens and my orgasm cascades out of me as I cum onto his face. I feel him licking up my juices. It feels so good. I take one hand off the headboard and lace it through his curls and I ride him more. My thighs are now coated with my own juices. I can feel it as they rub against Jamie's cheeks. His stubble feels fantastic against me.

I mewl and moan as I grip his hair and grind against him, making sure his nose brushes against my clit each time.

"Oh God...*Jamie*."

He circles his lips around my throbbing clit and starts to suck it, grazing his teeth against it.

Jamie's World

"*Jamie!*" I cum again. My whole body sags. I release his hair and grip the headboard to get my balance. Jamie stops and shifts me down a little. My panties snap back into place and instantly become sodden. I straddle his chest then shimmy myself all the way down him until I'm on his waist. My juices coat his lips, chin and cheeks. I smooth his hair away from his forehead and lick my cum from his face. He smiles as I do this and when I dip my tongue to his chin, he quickly moves so I catch his lips instead.

I run my hand down his lean chest to his bulge that is threatening to burst through his jeans. I rub it hard enough for him to break out kiss and moan a little. I laugh.

"It seems like I get you worked up a little, too."

He laughs and looks lazily into my eyes. "You sure do."

I shift my way down his body until I'm facing his crotch. I idly unzip him and pull down his jeans and boxers until his cock springs free. He groans with heavy lids as I blow up the underside of his shaft. I giggle and wrap my lips around his head. His body spasms under me. I feel myself getting wetter as he groans. I lick him up and down, taking him fully in my mouth while I cup his balls I squeeze them tenderly.

"Oh..." He bucks his hips, thrusting himself deeper into my mouth. I smile to myself and continue to suck him. I swirl my tongue around his cock, feeling him, tasting him, *needing* him. I straighten my neck, relax and take him even deeper until I feel the salty taste of his pre-cum at the back of my throat. He grips the pillow behind his head and clenches his eyes shut, rocking into me slightly as I bob my head between his thighs.

"Nora...no...stop...wait...I'm gonna-"

His body spasms as his hot cum shoots down my throat. I feel him soften in my mouth. He sighs as he sags against the mattress. I slip him out of my mouth and climb back up his body. He frowns apologetically and smooths my hair down.

"I'm sorry. I tried to hold it back but you're just so good at that."

I laugh. "Don't worry. I like to taste you." I kiss him on the lips and rest my chin on his chest, gazing up at him. "We've still got time."

He laughs a little, making me vibrate on his chest. "Yes we do."

Jamie's World : Chapter 32

I sit up so I'm straddling his waist and pull my shirt over my head. I drop it to the floor and start to pull up Jamie's. He shifts his body and lifts his arms so I can pull it over his head. It joins mine on the floor. He runs his hands up and down my sides, taking in his view. I smile down at him, lean over and start to kiss the scars around his nipples. His fingers rake through my hair. I sit up, grab his wrist and kiss the ones that trail up his forearm.

"I'm really sorry..."

I smile against his skin and pull away. "There's no need to be sorry, Jamie, seriously, we can go again."

I lean down to kiss his lips but he pulls away. The worry in his eyes scares me a little.

"I'm not talking about that."

I sit up and tilt my head inquisitively.

He sighs. "I'm sorry I hurt you. When I hit you...and the paint ball gun thing..." he winces, "*God*, why did I do that?"

My heartstrings twang at the disgust in his voice. I run my finger gently down the side of his face.

"It's okay, you weren't yourself. I'm sorry I let you do it in the first place. I should have stood my ground."

He looks down at his chest. "You were scared of me, weren't you?"

I gulp. "A little..."

"A lot." His blue eyes flash up at me.

"It's in the past now," I conclude. "Plus, the sex we had afterwards really made up for it." My eyebrows dance.

He chuckles, making me bounce a little. "Yeah, it was pretty good."

"*Pretty good?* Angry sex with you is incredible."

He smiles. "You surprised me."

I feel my cheeks flush at the memory and I cringe at what I had said to him. "Yeah..." I clear my throat, "I don't know what came over me."

"We both got a little carried away."

I smile. I run my finger along his bottom lip but he parts his lips so it slips into his mouth. He catches my fingertip between his teeth, making me jump a little at the slight pain but it sends a tremor straight to my pussy. He releases my finger and lets it plunge into his hot mouth. He swirls his tongue around it with his eyes locked onto me. I watch my finger disappear between his lips and lick my own as I withdraw it.

Jamie's World

"I think you should be yourself from now on." I look at him. "But if you ever want to bring the new bad-boy version of yourself into the bedroom, I'm down with that." I smile and lower myself so my hard nipples rub up his chest.

He laughs. "Am I good?"

I press my elbows into his pillow either side of his head and run my fingers through his curls, staring down into his glistening pools.

"You certainly know how to keep it interesting."

He grins. "I aim to please."

"And that you do." I peck him on the lips.

I can feel him looking up at me as I languidly stroke his hair, watching his curls spring through my fingers. His hands explore my bare torso, running up my back and down my sides, setting my cells alight.

"Who was it last night who stormed into my house and saved me from Tony?" I ask and tilt my head down to look at him. His hands stop. He stares up at me. "The real you or your persona?"

His brows furrow. "I'm not sure. The only thing that was running through my mind was that I needed to protect you."

My heart flutters. "I think that was the real you."

He smiles. "I've never been so scared in my life so I think it was too."

"Would bad-boy Jamie not have been scared?"

"He doesn't know what fear is. It's the real me that's the pansy."

I laugh a little and stroke his hair. "You're not a pansy. That was the bravest thing I have ever seen. It's even more impressive to know that you were shitting a brick when you did it."

He smiles and arches an eyebrow. "You really want the real me?"

I slip my hands to his chest and run them down his body as I sit up. "You're my hero, Jamie."

He blushes and looks down. His body jolts and his jaw hangs open when I wrap my hand around his now rock hard cock. I wiggle my eyebrows up at him.

"And it seems like my knight in shining armour is up for round two."

Jamie's World : Chapter 33

He grabs my face and kisses me hard while I gently stroke his shaft. My heart pounds as rock music fills the air. Jamie's phone vibrates against my hand. I pull out his phone from his pocket and inspect the screen.

"It's your mum." I turn the screen to him. "She's probably worried sick. You should answer."

He takes the phone and chucks it across the room.

"*Jamie*." I stand and make my way across the room to retrieve it but his arms circle around my waist and he pulls me back to the bed.

"Leave it."

My back slams against his bare chest. He's knelt behind me. He grips me tighter and growls, nuzzling his face into the curve of my neck. I giggle and squirm playfully. The music stops.

One of his hands slips up my chest and the other trails down my stomach. One cups my breast and one slips under my panties. I brace myself against him and suck in a breath. He rubs his thumb over my hard nipple as his other rotates my throbbing clit.

My head tips back against his shoulder as my hips start to rock against his thumb. My eyes flutter closed as the pleasure consumes my body. He kisses my neck then up to my jaw line. Instinctively, I turn my head so his lips meet mine. His tongue probes my mouth. I suck on his lips and flick my tongue against his.

"So who will I be sleeping with today?" I ask, opening my eyes. He pauses. His eyes flicker from my lips to my eyes. "The real Jamie or your persona?"

He smiles a little and shrugs. "I dunno, maybe both."

I yelp with excitement when he pushes me onto my back so my head hits his pillow. He climbs over me and settles between my thighs. I glance down and see his fly hanging open and his cock on full display. My heart does flips at the sight.

"A threesome then?" I muse, looking back up at him. "I've never had one of those before...oh no, wait a minute..."

He studies my face as if unsure of which emotion to show.

"I'm sorry I forced that onto you."

I laugh. "Don't be, I enjoyed myself."

He frowns. "It was a risky move. I had no idea what I was doing."

My brows furrow. "What do you mean?"

"You were my first, Nora."

My heart pounds like crazy and my eyes bulge. "*What?* Are you serious?!"

Jamie's World

"Yeah," he laughs, slightly confused. "Why?"

I splutter. "Well...you're *amazing*."

He shakes his head with a smile. "That's just because you can't compare me to anyone else."

"No. I'm saying that because it's a *fact*."

He shakes his head again, looking away and containing a grin. Is he *blushing*?

After a short silence, I lift my hand and touch his face, making him look back to me.

"I want to make love to the real Jamie."

His eyes widen and my heart flips. We have never called it that before. It feels so...intimate.

Giddy butterflies swarm round my stomach as he tugs off his jeans and kicks them to the floor. I lift my ass off the mattress so he can remove my panties. His eyes trail up my body, I squirm at the heat that consumes me.

"Now, Jamie. I want you now."

He smiles and bends down, pressing his lips against mine. I moan into his mouth as I feel his head at my soaked entrance. One of his hands is pressed into the pillow as the other slides down my side to my hip. He grips it and eases himself into me. My back arches, lifting my chest against his. My eyes roll back. He breaks our kiss and watches me as my jaw hangs open and a drawn out moan escapes me. He pulls out of me slowly then pushes back in.

"You feel so good," he murmurs into my neck, running his nose over my skin. My heart fumbles. It's like being with a completely different person.

I rock my hips against him when he starts to build up momentum. He kisses my neck, my jaw line; my lips as he thrusts. I run my hands up his back to his neck then plunge my fingers into his luscious curls. One runs back down his back to his ass and I can feel his muscles tense as he thrusts. He feels so good inside me. The way he fills me and hits the right spot. My body convulses. Short sharp gasps escape me as I reach my orgasm. His blue eyes are on me as my face twists in pleasure. My breathing is frantic as the wave subsides. He smiles down at me.

"You look so sexy when you cum."

I smile up at him sheepishly and touch his face. "Now it's your turn."

He presses his lips hard against mine and starts to drill into me even harder. The wooden headboard slams against the wall as the bed rocks with us. I can feel my juices dripping down my thighs and down the crack of my ass. Our kiss breaks. He smashes his forehead against mine as his eyes clench shut. Tremors rack his body. His head snaps back and a guttural sound erupts out of him. He explodes inside me. My fingers curl into his tight ass cheek and his hair as I feel his cum fill me.

He drops onto my chest. We're both breathing heavily. Sweat coats our bodies making our chests stick together.

"I love you, Nora," he mumbles into my shoulder.

Jamie's World

My heart flutters. "I love you too, Jamie. I love the *real* you. Will you be the real you from now on?"

I feel his body tense against mine. My eyes widen. He lifts his head and looks deep into my eyes. His dark eyebrows are furrowed with worry.

"I don't know if I can. I have a reputation to uphold. I can't let them see my vulnerable side. It took me so long to be accepted. I can't go back to being the weird loner again."

"But you won't be alone." I shift my body so he rolls off me. We prop ourselves on our elbows so we're side on. "You'll have me."

He chews his lips and looks down. "I'll be myself with you...but not with them."

I smile. "That will work."

"But promise you won't leave me." His bright eyes shoot up at me. "Promise you'll stay...I don't know what I'd do without you."

I lean forward and cup his chin firmly. "I'm not going anywhere, Jamie, I promise. You can open up to me. We've been through so much. You can't scare me away that easily." I laugh. "I'm tougher than you think."

"I can't believe you have stayed with me after all what I put you through..."

I shrug. "What can I say? I'm a sucker for those beautiful blue eyes."

He smiles and lifts his hand to cup my jaw. His thumb brushes across my cheekbone as he looks deep into my eyes. "They're all yours."

THE END

Hi guys...it's finished! I'm actually pretty sad because I loved the characters in this story but oh well, it had to end somewhere :P Thank you so much everyone who has been reading, liking and commenting! All of your comments have been great :D This novel is also one of the most popular on the site which is just incredible! I can't believe it! I'm still pretty new to erotic writing so that really means a lot. Please let me know what you thought of the ending and the novel as a whole :)

Anyhooo, if you want to read more of my stuff, I have started uploading another novel called 'GOLDEN DELICIOUS' if you didn't already know :) I'd love for you to check it out and tell me what you think of it :D

All that's left to say is thanks again for sticking with this novel til the end and I hope to see you on my other works :) Toodles! xxxx

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