

INTERLUDES



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By Harmony Kent

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Hello, and thank you for purchasing *Interludes*. In writing this short story collection, I wanted to not only enter new waters (for me) in producing erotic romantic fiction, but also to stretch myself further (ahem) by setting specific word limits for each tale. With this in mind, I allocated a set word count for each chapter. 1000 for chapter 1, 2000 for chapter 2, 3000 for chapter 3, and so on up to 10,000 for chapter 10.

I would love to know what you think of the resulting book —what you weren't so keen on as well as what you loved, and what you might like to see more of from me.

You can contact me via my website at <https://harmonykent.co.uk>. And I would love it if you felt moved enough to leave me a book review on Amazon and Goodreads.

To hear about my newest releases, sign up for my mailing list at <http://eepurl.com/bQ0qwX>.

BOOK DESCRIPTION

A collection of short erotic fiction that will tickle more than your taste buds and wet more than your appetite.

With a range of genres and styles, this book has enough steam for everyone.

GREY MANCHESTER—contemporary romance in 1000 words. Will Nadine choose to drop her knife or her knickers?

DOUBLE TROUBLE—ménage à trois in 2000 words. After a dry spell, Sophia gets more than she bargained for with a solicitor and a teacher.

DRAGON KISSED—shifter romance in 3000 words. Jenna's life is fairly run of the mill until she has a flying accident. With a dragon. All is not as it seems in this fiery romance.

TRYST—contemporary romance in 4000 words. Polly pushes the boundaries on a workplace night out.

LOVE ON THE CORNISH LINE—contemporary romance in 5000 words. Becky falls flat on her face, and

madly in love. Her weekly commute home proves to be anything but routine.

THE INLAW—contemporary romance in 6000 words. At 43, amputee Carla never expected in her wildest dreams to be called a MILF by a hot young stud. Trouble is, he's her son in law's brother. And young enough to be her son. Sparks fly when she's caught with her hands in the biscuit tin.

NIGHT NURSE—contemporary romance in 7000 words. Denise has only weeks left to live. What constitutes life, though? What fills the yawning hours of empty days? Who are you once the chemo and the cancer have stripped you bare? What to do?—Go out on a slow fizzle, or with a big bang?

OVERBOARD—contemporary romance in 8000 words. When Stella falls overboard in the middle of the Pacific, she gets more than she bargained for. Sharks and storms not withstanding.

ALIEN LIAISON—alien romance in 9000 words. When the military transport, Lunas Two, crash lands on Zorth, Jay is given the job of liaising with the locals. She's seen plenty of aliens in her four years of service, but never one as finger licking good as Lemo. How far will she have to go to keep the peace?

SAVING FACE—historical romance in 10,000 words. Non-related step brother and sister, David and Annalise, break all the rules in this steamy historical romance. Forced to live apart from the love of her life and into an arranged and loveless marriage, Annalise has to grow up fast. When all is lost, will she be able to save face?

READER ADVISORY: This book contains explicit sex scenes and language hot enough to melt your Kindle. For mature readers only.

CHAPTER ONE: GREY MANCHESTER



Nadine Sparrow looked at the knife in her hands. Then her glance drifted through the window. Hailstone bounced on the crowded rooftops. Manchester—grey, noisy—a place that encouraged her irritability. Then she saw something in the distance, or rather, someone. The figure of Andrew Parker strode down the road. Full of purpose. Oh dear. Nadine gripped the knife and swallowed.

When Andrew's tall figure drew near, his cruel sneer came into awful focus. She glanced at her reflection in the glass. Skinny, brunette, and not pretty. The faded, yellowing bruise didn't help her appearance any. Lord, but she needed a G & T. Or, perhaps a whisky, early in the day as it was. This terrible weather made it feel a lot later, though. Even at two in the afternoon, she needed the lights on.

The hail sounded like hundreds of mice skittering across the roof tiles, making Nadine cross. With the back of the knife-hand, she rubbed at the dull ache that had settled in her forehead.

What did he want? With a sigh, Nadine went to meet him.

Due to the heavy, unrelenting hail, she waited in the doorway while he made his way down the short garden path. He stopped at the bottom of the low doorstep and looked up at her. His eyes glinted.

They stared at one another through lonely, hurt eyes. Could she cope with this today? What did he have in store for her? Nadine regarded Andrew's plump, pink lips. Absently, she fingered the knife.

'You'd better come in, I suppose.' She took care to shape the words on her lips for him.

He nodded and followed her down the hallway and into the kitchen.

She wanted to turn her back on him, stare out the window, something, anything, to avoid having to look at him. That wouldn't work, though. With a sigh, she leant against the old wooden worktop instead.

He stared at her for a moment, and then raised his hands. Ambivalent, torn between two kinds of passion—the angry kind and the aroused kind—she watched while he formed the signs he needed.

Youoweme,he said.

Nadine shook her head. 'I don't have the funds.'

He sighed, looked at the floor for a full five seconds, and then captured her gaze. Look,I hate this—us—I want ...He raised his hands in the air in a helpless gesture.

'What do you want?' Nadine asked. The metal handle of the knife felt hot in her hand. Why hadn't she put it down yet? What did she intend? Which kind of payment would she give him?

They returned to their silent stare-off, and Nadine felt even more ambivalent toward this man who had been her friend

since primary school. As a precocious five-year-old, his deafness had intrigued her and drawn her to him. She'd learned sign language for him, and how to lip-speak. Today, she deliberately withheld signing. Make him work for her words.

She hated that they couldn't yell and scream at one another when they needed to blow off steam. Well, she could yell at him, but his deaf-muteness always rendered her thunder pointless and ineffectual.

Frustration ... such an apt word. It described a multitude of feelings and unfulfilled want.

Noisy thoughts tore the taut silence asunder. Could she, in all fairness, continue to blame him for the attack? One punch—that's all. Self-defence. He hadn't heard her approach. She ought to have known better. His recent assault had left him jittery and vulnerable.

Nadine stared at his delicate hands, now clenched while his arms hung at his sides. She loved those hands. Those flexible fingers. The things they could do to her. A memory grew wings and fluttered in front of her. Their first time. His touch. The first time he'd touched her in that way. Two not-quite-sixteen-year-olds discovering each other. Discovering sex. Love.

She took a step forward, knife still gripped within sweaty fingers. Her pulse raced. 'I lied. I do have the funds.'

His eyes widened in question.

'Here's what I owe you.'

She took another step toward him. Stopped. Sidestepped so that the low wooden table stood immediately behind her. Eyes locked on his, Nadine reached behind her and placed the knife on the rough wooden surface. Then she reached

down to the knee-length hem of her skirt and pulled it up to her waist, baring her lacy panties.

Andrew stared, surprised and blushing. He glanced up at her.

‘Come and get it,’ she said with a smile.

I’m sorry, he signed.

At last. That’s all she’d needed—an apology. Why had it taken him so long? She studied his expression. Looked at what she’d taken as a sneer while he walked down the footpath. Her annoyance evaporated. He wasn’t a cruel man. Just proud and ashamed. And trying to make amends.

Nadine waved a hand to drag his attention from her crotch to her face. ‘Why did you start by going on about the money I owe you?’

He shrugged. Blushed some more. I needed an excuse to come and see you. He grinned and shook his head. Took a hesitant step her way. I’m sorry.

For reply, Nadine slipped off her underwear. Slid up onto the table. Beckoned him forward.

His blush deepened, but no longer with embarrassment. He came to her.

Nadine took hold of his waistband and pulled him in close. Hungry hands fumbled with his zip. Freed, his manhood stood at attention. Wet and ready and too impatient for foreplay, she manoeuvred until he lay at her slick entrance. In one smooth jerk, he thrust into her.

She gripped his hips and rocked with him. He set a hard, fast pace. Nadine arched her spine, threw back her head, and moaned with pleasure. He’d never fucked her before. It had always been slow and gentle—making love.

The skittering mice accompanied her screams as she came.

CHAPTER TWO: DOUBLE TROUBLE



Dr Sophia Cockle flipped off the light on the x-ray viewer and turned to her patient. The old man gave her a hopeful smile. She perched on the edge of a hard plastic chair and leant toward him. ‘Mr Dennis? Good news.’

‘Aye?’

‘Yes.’ She smiled. ‘It’s not broken. Just a sprain. I’ll have a nurse strap it up for you, and you can be on your way.’

‘Oh, thank you, Doctor.’

Sophia rose, gave the man a final smile, then turned and left the exam cubicle. A scan around A & E showed her that she had no pressing duties just now. At three on a Wednesday morning, the place stood nearly deserted. Her weekend shift would be a different story entirely. Might as well enjoy it while she could.

Coffee in hand, Sophia sank into one of the old faux-leather chairs in the break room and slipped her phone from her pocket. A thumb-swipe brought the screen to life. No calls. A dismayed sigh escaped her lips.

Until she’d met sexy, thin, Christian Sweet—a solicitor

with a passion for books—her life had been going nowhere. After allowing her best friend to set her up on a blind date, Sophia believed she'd found the one. Well, perhaps not. Why hadn't he called? Had she gone too far?

Divorced at forty-five with a twenty-five-year-old son who'd only just left home, Sophia's dating experience was limited. What was acceptable these days? She hadn't planned to have sex with the man. But —oh goodness—it'd been as hot as him.

Girl Town flooded just thinking about it. Parked in the bowels of a multi-storey car park, hidden in shadows, she'd gone down on him. Taken his thick length into her small mouth. Then he'd taken care of her. In the car. In a goddam car park, for crying out loud. And she had. Many times. He'd finger-fucked her, both front and back at the same time—a first. They'd ended up at his place, and rode all night.

A week, now, without a call. Not so much as a text. Sophia felt determined that she wouldn't be the one to cave and call him. As Emma, her BFF, loved to say: no shortage of burger to go with her fries. Which would be true, if she'd settle for fast food. However, she wanted the whole three-course meal, complete with candlelight and romance. At her age, she should know better.

Disgruntled, she dropped the offending mobile into her pocket and sipped at her Cappuccino. A couple of minutes' peace, and then Sister poked her head through the doorway. Sophia raised her eyebrows in question.

Becca grinned. 'Live one for you. Cubicle three. RTA. Possible dislocated shoulder.'

'Okay. Be there in two.'

Becca gave a last smile and disappeared. Sophia sighed and eased to her feet, half-full-paper-cup of coffee in hand,

and made her way to the medical station in Minors. As she set her drink down, she glanced across the large open space toward Majors. They seemed just as quiet tonight. File in hand, Sophia strolled over to cubicle three and pulled the curtain back.

Then she pulled up short. An Adonis of a man reclined on the exam bench, his baby-blues fixed on her as she stood there, gawping. It took a lot of effort to move her feet and walk into the small space. Even more application to hold out her hand and shake his.

‘Mr ...’ She glanced at the file. ‘Mr Greenaway. I’m Dr Cockle. What seems to be the trouble?’

He looked somewhat sheepish when he replied, ‘I had an argument with a lamppost.’

Sophia grinned and nodded. ‘No doubt the ice had a hand in it?’

He returned the grin and the nod, then winced and raised his good hand to his misshapen shoulder. Sophia put the file down and leant over him. ‘Let me take a look?’

He lay back and nodded again. With gentle fingers, she eased open his shirt and examined him. A definite dislocation, but she would have to send him to X-ray before manipulating it. Also, it being an RTA, she needed to do neuro obs too, as well as a general check over. Well, it would pass the time, and he wasn’t exactly hard on the eyes.

On Thursday, Sophia sat in the bar and waited, a little nervous. Why had she agreed to meet him? Roy Greenaway had turned out to be entertaining and easygoing. A school teacher by trade, he had no right to sport such ripped abs. It should be illegal. She shook her head and smiled. Of course, Emma had been all for this little tête à tête.

A nervous sip of Chardonnay later, and the door opened.

Along with the blast of icy air, in came Adonis —er, Roy. Oh boy, Girl Town was seeing plenty of flash floods these days. Sophia clenched her thighs together. No way would she make the same mistake again. No way. Uh uh. So not happening ...

The best intentions and all that. Was she having a mid-life or what? Sophia aimed the hot water from the shower head at the soreness between her legs. Roy made a good teacher—he'd taught her a lot last night. Better still, by the time she'd driven home, he'd texted her ... twice. She cursed the fact of her nightshift tonight. Between their joint schedules, they wouldn't be able to get together until Monday.

They exchanged messages all weekend, and even indulged in a bit of Sexting. By the time Monday rolled around, Sophia felt as horny as she ever had. Her alarm roused her at one p.m., and as much as she craved coffee, she had to take care of business first. On her back, she slipped a hand into her hot wetness and closed her eyes.

Her fantasy didn't go quite as planned, though. It started out okay, with Roy's face filling her mind's eye. Trouble is, at some point, he morphed into Christian. And then she had the two of them together. A flush of guilt crept up her neck and warmed her cheeks. Then she reprimanded herself, and told herself that it was only a fantasy, after all. It wasn't like she was doing it for real.

All of which would have been fine. A-okay. If he hadn't then rang. Why did she take the call? 'Christian. What a surprise.'

'Yeah. Sorry about that. I had this big case I had to work on. It's been mad. I kept meaning to ring, but then I'd get snowed under and, before I knew it, it'd be silly o'clock and too late to call.'

'Right. I see.'

'You thought I wasn't interested?'

Sophia cringed. 'Something like that.'

'I really am sorry. It was thoughtless. Let me make it up to you.'

'No, no. It's fine. Honestly. You don't have to make up for anything—'

'Of course, I do. I behaved like an asshole. Look, Sophia, I like you. We had a great night, and ... well, I want to see you again.'

OMG. She squeezed her eyes shut. Only one thing for it. 'Erm. I sort of went on a date on Thursday.'

'A date?' (Did you have sex?) The question within the question hung in the air.

'Yeah. Sorry. I thought, ... you know.'

'That I wasn't gonna call.'

'Yeah.' Shitshitshit.

Her fantasy, of the two men pleasuring her together, lodged in the front of her brain and promptly claimed squatter's rights. No shifting that one. What was happening to her? She'd turned into a nymphomaniac. Is that what three years of abstinence did to you? Was it normal?

Sophia cleared her throat. 'I am sorry.'

The not-quite-silence of an open line tugged at her guts. Then Christian said, 'So, it's serious then? You like him?'

'Oh. It's—it's early days.' Why did I say that? He just gave me out.

'So, we can have coffee, then? Please. My treat. Give me the chance to make it up to you.'

'Okay, sure.' Damn traitorous tongue.

And that's how come she found herself in this untenable situation right now. With this kind of idiocy, it's a miracle