



HEAVEN'S
DANCER

Author: Louise Kinnear

Chapter 1

There are some echoes in my head as I walk down the aisle towards the empty chapter of my life. The words continue to play over and over in my head as I take another step; as I take another step closer to...

Two years ago....

The entrance of Pretty Palace is lighter than the city of New York. I had my total

freedom at all times because I am single and free. I go out when I want to and I am always myself with my best friend Kevin. Kevin was a looker and had fantastic rhythm. We dance the whole night together.

I turn around and wave thank you to the taxi that just dropped me off at my favourite night club. I had to work late today hence the taxi ride this evening. The man at the door opened it as I got closer. “He is sitting in the dining area this evening.” he said as he pointed towards Kevin. Everybody knew us. We have been friends from a very young age. As I reached the table, he had our drinks already lined up before the dance floor officially opened. “Kev my best friend... you know just how to put a smile on a girls

face.” I said with a smile as broad as the London Bridge. He looked at me and said “You talk too much. Let’s do this!” he said as he stood up and we started our count down. “One is for pleasure, two is to make sure and three is for treasure.” We shot down the shooters like water. The DJ opened the dance floor with the first night of the evening. I normally started dancing the next song. “Kev, do you want some water?” I asked as I made my way to the bar counter. There he was, sitting and sipping a beer like a king. He sure had good taste. Oooo that man is hot; sad thing is, he knows it all too well. I stood at the bar with my extra tight skinny jeans, white skimpy shirt and legs loving high heel boots on. I can feel his eyes on me, but I do

not pay any attention. He had his chance in college and now that he is single, he wants to know me again. Nope, he is definitely not going to be a damper on my mood or my evening. I grab Kevin's hand as I made my way to the dance floor. I trust Kevin with my whole heart. Kevin has never tried anything else but be my best friend. I know where I stand with him. Kevin made it very clear that he is my friend and that is the way it must be. "I love this song" I shouted at the top of my voice. Kevin started his foot moves and I followed. This man can dance. He definitely has his dancing shoes on tonight. I lifted my eyes off the floor and saw that we were surrounded by people staring at us. This is fascinating and exciting all in one. The people

clapped their hands when we walked off the dance floor as the song ended. I grabbed his hand and squeezed it gently. “We were awesome” he said all out of breath. “We certainly are Kev, we certainly are!” I said. The evening continued with a lot of dancing and swirling and just having fun. As the DJ started a slow song, Kev and I walked towards the exit of the dance floor. I felt a hand grab my lightly. “May I have this dance?” the familiar voice said. I was not sure whether I should say yes or whether I should just walk away. “Go!” Kevin said and nodded. I know he was watching me to make sure he does not take advantage of me. “So how have you been since college?” Miguel asked. “I have been fine thank you.

Working and partying as a young lady should.” I answered him politely. “What are you doing on this side of town?” I asked. “Well, I had a feeling that you might be here.” “Oh please, don’t even go there.” I can feel the blood rush to my head. I just want to punch the daylights out of him. I have never fallen in love so hard with a man and no one has ever hurt me this bad like Miguel did. The nights of crying and being angry at myself, are over. “Miguel, I am not going to fall in your trap again. We can be friends and that is all this is. Friendship!” I said firmly. “Relax rosebud, it is just a dance.” He said pulling me closer to him. I pulled away and thanked him for the dance before I walked off the dance floor. I would rather walk away now

than slap him. He really pushes me to the limit. It takes all the will-power in the world to keep my sanity near him.

“What was that all about?” Kevin asked. “He just makes me so mad. I told him that we will not be more than friends again yet he still chose to call me rosebud and pull me closer to him. Can he really be that thick skinned?” I kicked off. “I wonder if he has any brain cells. Really, he just drives me so fucking mad... URGH!!!” Kevin laughed out loud and looked at me. “You do know that you are giving him the exact reaction he wants from you. Anger, tantrum and then you storming off the dance floor looking like an idiot.” He said. By now I am really fuming. Kevin is right; this is exactly what he wants.

“Well his little game has just turned. I will show him a thing or two.” I said sitting at the table with a huge grin on my face. “Don’t do anything you will regret Jane.” He said looking into my eyes. “Just be careful.”

Watching him dance with another woman made me even more persistent to get back at him. He is twirling her and swinger her from side to side. I can see that he is looking around for the next girl to con into his little love trap. But before he does, I want to get to him first.

As he walked towards the bar; I reached his normal spot first. I could see that he hesitated to continue his walk to get another beer. I think my smile convinced him

to come over. “Hey” I said but he tried to ignore me as he pulled the chair out to sit next to me. “I just want to apologize” I continued as I place my hand on his knee. He turned to me slowly. “What is your actual game Jane? I really don’t get you” he said. I looked at his face which expressed confusion at this moment in time. “Miguel, do you want to talk?” I asked him. He looks moody and his alcohol consumption is more than usual. “Do you really want to listen to me?” he asked all sarcastic. “If you need to talk, you know where to find me.” I stood up and walked back to the dance floor. That is the only place Kevin will be with this kind of beat playing. I joined him and started dancing. There are so many things that keep on

twirling in my mind. Do I move on and forget about Miguel, or do I give him the benefit of the doubt? Kevin pulled me in as the song changed to a slow song. This is the first but clearly he was either running away from another woman or he is going to give me the talk. “Miguel?” he asked. “No, it is not what you think. I just want to be friends. I don’t want enemies Kev, honestly...” I explained. “Jane, you know him better than anyone. He will hurt you Jane, you need to be careful.” Kevin has always looked out for me. I am so grateful to have him in my life. “Thank you Kev, I know you only mean well.” He gave me hug as the song ended and whispered “You know I care about you Jane. I am just worried of mending my best friend’s broken heart

again.” I pulled him in closer and replied “You know how much I care about you too Kev. You are irreplaceable.” He let me walk off the dance floor first by showing the way with his arm. As I pass him I can feel his hands on my lower back. He really knows how to send shivers through my body.

As usual we enter the restaurant area and order the next line of shooters. It is amazing that we walk in with money and we still leave with some change. With the amount of shooters that we normally drink, I would think that we would leave with nothing more than receipt slips. “This is for you Kev... One is for pleasure, two is to make sure and three is for treasure.” We shouted at the top of our voices. The restaurant is

normally full of drunken people by this time of the evening. It was totally buzzing.

“Can I talk to you now Jane... Please?” I heard Miguel behind me. I can feel Kevin’s eyes on me. He turned around to face Miguel and stared at him. If he had laser eyes, he would have been cut into a million pieces. I put my hand on Kevin’s to reassure him that I am fine. “Sure” I answered him. “I will not be long Kev. Have another shot for me okay.” I said as I walked towards the pool room door. It has been closed because they need to repair the mats on the pool tables which will be attended to sometime soon. I lean with my bum against the pool table and he is standing in front of me.

“What is bothering you Miguel? Spill the beans...” I said.

“I just wanted to thank you for being who you are Jane. You really know what buttons to press to get me talking.” He said.

“I have always just been who I am.” He really knew me and that scared me. He knows that it takes me forever to get over a man that hurt me hence Kevin’s concern.

“I had my heart broken Jane. The woman that I love moved on.”

He was truly sad. I pulled him closer to me and hugged him. “You will find someone that will love you for who you are. You just have to be patient.” He moved his hands up

and down my back, bringing back memories of the erotic nights still spiralling through my veins. He smells so divine; His muscular arms around me tightened and he turned his head towards my neck. Biggest mistake I made is to try and get his head out of my neck by pulling away and facing him. He moved slowly towards my lips and kissed it gently. I had nowhere to move. I was trapped between his fabulous body and the pool table. I cannot fight this. I had nothing to fight against. He tastes so good. I opened my mouth and kissed him passionately. My hands move into his hair, slowly behind his ears and the stop on his muscular chest. I want to push him away but on the other hand I am enjoying his tongue mingling with

mine. The familiar taste of the musk bubble gum floods my mind with passionate evenings spent with him. He is massaging my back as we kiss. He picks me up gently and placed me slowly on the edge of the pool table. I opened my legs for him to stand closer to me. At the same time I knotted my legs around him. I can feel his hard pecker through his jeans and it is pressing straight onto my wet crotch. His hands move under my skimpy white shirt as he made his way to my perfectly firm and perky breasts. I can feel how wet I am and I can feel how turned on Miguel is. This is not a good combination. He moves one finger under the body part of my bra strap and slowly lifts it up and over my erect nipple. The grip of my legs

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