

# **Waiting For Me**

**By Graeme Watson**

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## Chapter 1

Jamie Weston couldn't believe it had been almost four weeks since she had been unceremoniously dumped by Alasdair Roberts, her boyfriend of two years. For eighteen months they had lived together in a mixed student flat and as far as Jamie was concerned, they would be together until the end of the university year when they would both, hopefully, graduate: Jamie in Business Studies and Alasdair in Civil Engineering. Jamie hoped they would both get jobs in the same area so they could continue to live together. It, therefore, came as a great shock when Alasdair told her that he was going to live with another girl for the last few weeks of term.

Jamie pleaded with him to stay, but he was adamant. The new girl had a wealthy father who was a senior manager in a Civil Engineering firm. It was an opportunity he wasn't going to miss. And as a final parting shot, he told her that the new girl was much more adventurous in bed and did everything he wanted her to do without expecting anything in return.

Jamie was devastated. She thought they were both more than satisfied with their sex life. She was in love with him. He was her first real love although he wasn't her first lover. He ensured she had an orgasm most times, even if it was achieved manually after he'd had his. How was she going to get through the rest of the term, she wondered? Had she missed any signs that he was unhappy with her? She couldn't think of anything. Where had he met this other girl? And how long had he been seeing her?

It had been a Thursday night when he delivered the devastating news. She stayed in bed the following day and missed two lectures. She would borrow the notes from one of her female friends to catch up. She considered calling in sick for her Friday night waitressing session in the Hanover restaurant but she needed the money even more now that Alasdair wouldn't be contributing to the rent. There had been enough upheaval so soon before her finals; she wasn't going to add finding new accommodation and moving to that list.

That evening she worked on autopilot. She was good at the silver service that was expected in the Hanover and managed to smile at the guests at the right time. Afterwards, she couldn't remember a single diner she had served. She performed similarly the following night. Both nights she cried uncontrollably when she reached home. Her pain eased gradually over the next three weeks although she had a little wobble when she was asked to do an extra shift on Valentine's Day. Seeing so many happy couples was hard.

She was expecting nothing special about her shift on Friday 24th February and she was feeling almost cheerful as she walked into the dining room. And then she stopped. There at a table in the corner was Alasdair and a girl, presumably his new girlfriend. She was reasonably pretty but not overly attractive and kept touching his arm as she talked and he smiled at her all the time. He knew Jamie worked at the restaurant on Friday and Saturdays but normally he couldn't afford to eat there. Presumably his girlfriend was paying. Had he chosen this particular restaurant to rub her nose in it? She wouldn't put it past him. Please don't let me be assigned to his table, she pleaded silently. Almost immediately her prayer was answered and she was assigned tables at the other end of the room. At that stage, there were few diners present but there were several tables with 'Reserved' cards on them. One was for a table of eight. Jamie wasn't keen on large numbers at a table; there were usually fewer tips.

In the next few minutes, three of the 'Reserved' tables were occupied and she was busy taking orders. The food had just been served for these three tables when the party of eight arrived. Jamie did a double-take. She recognised one of the party. He was an up and coming front man for a group called 6Feet3. They had performed at the university back in October and they were good. Danny Cooper was the only one of the boy band '6Feet3' present and she didn't know any of the other guests. Her heart began to pound. She had never been so close to a celebrity before and now she was expected to take his order and serve him.

As she approached the table, he smiled at her. "It always makes the meal better when the waitress is attractive," Danny said to the rest of the table. "So I reckon we're going to have a great meal tonight." Danny had implied she was attractive. It boosted her ego. Oh, she wished Alasdair could have heard that and seen the smile she returned to Danny. He asked her what she recommended from tonight's menu. Unfortunately she hadn't tasted any of the meals but said the chef was fantastic and was certain any of the meals would be tasty.

"Any chance you're on the menu?" one of the others asked, but Danny told him not to be crude and apologised to her on his behalf. They had a leisurely meal of three courses and it was just after half past ten when they left. As Danny was leaving, he slipped Jamie a £20 pound note as a tip. As she was pocketing it she noticed there was a smaller piece of paper inside the folded note. She read it and blushed. 'Room 619, 11:15? Knock once only' it said. He was propositioning her. Would she go? She had always thought poorly of groupies who followed bands and slept with them if they could. But she had never been as vulnerable as she was then. It would only be one night. The band were performing the Saturday night and then moving somewhere else (she couldn't remember where) for their next performance. Danny had said she was very attractive. He had made her feel good throughout the evening. She thought of Alasdair. He would be going back to have sex with a girl who could never be described as fairly attractive. It would be something she could dream about for months after if she had sex with Danny.

## Chapter 2

At a quarter past eleven exactly she nervously knocked once on the door of room 619. It opened immediately and Danny welcomed her in. "You came," he stated surprised. "I wasn't sure you would."

"You invited me," Jamie replied, still nervous,

"Why do you think I did that?" He cocked an eyebrow and smiled.

"You wanted to have sex with me?" she whispered, not looking at him.

"No, not sex," he added smiling. She was puzzled; why then had he invited her? "I don't consider you like I do groupies. I don't know why but I think you're special. I want to make love to you. There is a difference - a big difference. But I want to get to know you a lot more first. If it was just sex, I wouldn't care if I knew nothing about you. Please remember - you are free to leave whenever you wish."

Why would he think her special? And what was the difference between 'making love' and just having sex? Did he say that to all the women he invited to his room? And yet he seemed sincere. She was confused.

For a few seconds nothing was said. "You seem nervous and yet you accepted my invitation. Why?"

"I've never done this before. Gone to a man's room. I'm not a groupie."

"If I thought you were I wouldn't have invited you. Please sit." She sat on a chair, still feeling nervous but reassured by his politeness. "Then why did you come?" He sounded intrigued. He sat on the sofa in the room and invited her to sit next to him.

"It's silly really. My boyfriend dumped me a month ago and he turned up at the restaurant with his new girlfriend this evening. Fortunately at the other end of the room. I wasn't jealous of her; she is fairly attractive but he didn't dump me for her looks but because her father can offer him a decent job after he graduates. When you made your comment when you arrived it was exactly the boost to my ego I needed. When I read your note, it further boosted my ego. I could be having sex with a much better looking man than my ex would be having with his new partner."

"Would it have mattered who the man was if he considered you attractive?"

"I can't really say if I'd've gone to any man's room; probably not. I'd seen your band in October and I liked the band a lot. I knew who you were immediately. Plus I appreciated your intervention when someone asked if I was on the menu. I'd have felt awkward if you hadn't said what you did."

"So, I was a knight in shining armour on two counts?" he grinned. "Maybe I shall make love to you twice." He moved closer to her and put his arm around her shoulders. She shivered slightly. "If you aren't comfortable with anything I do, please tell me. I don't want you to feel anything but pleasure while you're with me."

"Like I said. I've never done anything like this before. I don't know what to expect or how to behave. But you haven't done anything to make me feel uncomfortable."

"Good. Now tell me about yourself."

"Such as?"

"Who you are, what you like, do you enjoy waitressing? Anything that makes you who you are."

"My name is Jamie Weston and I'm twenty one. I'm in my last year at uni and graduate this year in Business Studies. I don't expect a first but hopefully a 2:1. I was with Alasdair, that's my ex, for a little over two years and we lived together for the last eighteen months. As I explained, he dumped me a month ago. Both my parents are alive and miracle of miracles, they're still together. I have an older brother who is doing dentistry. He's the brains in the family."

"That's a good start. But don't sell yourself short. I get the impression that you are pretty brainy too. Pretty and brainy. That's a good combination. What do you enjoy doing?"

"I like listening to music. I've a wide taste. I particularly enjoy going to see live bands but on a student's pitiful allowance I don't get to do it that often, I do waitressing to supplement my income and keep my loan as low as possible. Mostly I enjoy it. I like meeting people. All kinds of people although the prices here make the clientele mostly affluent. "

"What will you do when you graduate?"

"Get a job. What else? I'm prepared to move anywhere I can get a job. I'd even go home and live with parents if I found a job in their area."

"And the future? Marriage? A family?"

"Not for a few years. I want to see life a bit first. Do some travelling. Which reminds me. You will use condoms, won't you?"

"Of course. And do you use any other contraception?"

"I'm on the pill." Jamie was surprised how easy it was to talk to him about intimate matters. She liked him; liked him a lot and realised she was looking forward to him making love to her."

"Very sensible. Would you mind if I kissed you?" She shook her head and he held her head as he gently kissed her. He placed his tongue on her lips and her mouth opened to let him in. It seemed so delicate. Alasdair seemed to regard it as tongues fighting but with Danny, it was tongues dancing. Because of that, it was more erotic. As they kissed, he moved a hand to her breast. Again, it was gentle, but her nipples responded as quickly as they did to Alasdair's more urgent and rough handling. She began to realise how little experience she actually had with other men. She should stop comparing Danny with the few other lovers she'd had. Just enjoy it because it truly was pleasurable, she told herself.

Danny did nothing quickly. She felt treasured. When he eventually removed her white blouse, he appreciated her smallish breasts encased in her small pink bra. All the while he was kissing her and romancing her tongue with occasional changes to nibbling her ear. No one had ever spent so much time on foreplay before and she now knew that there was as much pleasure in the foreplay as in the act itself. When he removed her skirt, she was left in just her bra, a black thong and her tights. Her shoes had slipped off but she couldn't remember when. Despite being almost naked, she felt cherished and revelled in the attention and praise he lavished on every part of her body as it was revealed. This was a new experience that she would willing have repeated time and again. But would she ever find another man who would treat her as if she was the most beautiful being in the world?

In time he removed her tights, thong and bra, again praising every newly discovered body part. He kissed her from her lips through her breasts to her navel before transferring his attention to her feet. His kisses covered first one foot to her knee and then the other before he began to move from her knee up her inner thigh. She moved her legs apart so he could kiss between her legs. Alasdair hated kissing her there. He did it perfunctorily as he wanted her to let

him come in her mouth. That was her quid pro quo. She had never enjoyed a mind blowing orgasm that way with Alasdair but it was beginning to build due to Danny's ministrations.

His tongue licked her lower lips and it darted as far inside her as he could make it. And then he was flicking her clit with his tongue. She could no longer hold back her orgasm and it ripped through her like a tsunami. But that was not the end for her. While sucking her clit he inserted two fingers into her vagina and moved them to devastating effect. Her first orgasm had hardly subsided before a second one began to swell and burst. How could she survive so much pleasure? The orgasms kept bursting and still he refused to stop the pleasure she was experiencing. Never before had she had multiple orgasms. Never before had any man put her pleasure before his own.

When eventually he finally moved up her body, she was desperate to ensure he had as much pleasure as she'd had. Yet he was still fully dressed. "My turn," she demanded as she struggled to undo his belt and his trousers. He stopped her.

"There is no rush," he told her gently. "I enjoyed everything I did, as I hope you did too. Take your time and savour enjoying yourself as you pleasure me. I don't expect to get much sleep tonight but I do expect to enjoy every single thing we do." Trying to copy everything he had done to her, she slowly divested him of his shirt. Her kisses covered his body mirroring his kisses on her. It was a revelation. None of her previous lovers allowed her time to worship their bodies, apart from their penis. Once she was naked, they seemed to see no need for anything else before penetration or performing felatio. Danny responded lovingly to every kiss. He appreciated that she was showing him how much she wanted to make their time together special.

Once she had removed his trousers, she could see how aroused he was by the way his boxers tented. Again, following his example, she was in no rush to finish what they had started. When he was finally revealed in all his glory, she just had to kiss the tip of his erection. She wanted to take it deep into her mouth and bring him to an orgasm to match the ones he had given her. It took all her resolve to delay it by less than a minute. He wasn't the biggest lengthwise she had seen but he had by far the biggest girth. He sighed as she took him deep into her warm moist mouth. As she licked and sucked she held his balls in her hand. They seemed big and full, ready to release a torrent of sperm. As soon as she sensed he was approaching his orgasm, she released him and delayed it.

"You little minx," he smiled at her as once again she delayed his release. "When I come, you won't know what hit you." Her response was to take him into her mouth again and smile as she looked into his eyes. She was pleased that he was enjoying the frustration she was causing. The next time she sensed he was nearing his climax, she didn't stop and he filled her mouth as he emptied his balls of their contents. She swallowed the contents as wave upon wave filled her mouth. When he had no more to give she moved up the bed and kissed him.

"You are the sexiest woman I have ever known. I said you were special and you are," he told her as he held her in his arms. "And I still haven't made love to you. Oh this is going to be a night to remember."

"It's been an experience for me too. I've never willingly swallowed before but after what you did for me, there was no other way I could repay you. I'd willingly do it again. No man has given me even half the pleasure I've had tonight. I'm so glad I didn't chicken out. I nearly didn't come. Into your room I mean."

"But you've come several times since," he laughed. "Let me just explore and enjoy you delectable body while I recover my strength so I can make love to you."

Half an hour later, he was rigid again. "I'd like you to be on top first," he told her as he lay on his back. "I want to see your face when you come again and I hope you come again and again." She stood astride him and lowered herself onto his erection. It stretched her but slowly she accommodated him completely. "That feels good," he told her as his hands gently massaged her breasts. Slowly she rose above him before falling onto him. He smiled at the 'Ooh' that escaped each time she impaled herself on him. He rise and fall continued for a couple of minutes before she felt her orgasm rising. And she continued as it overtook her; first one wave, then a second and finally a third.

"Time for a change of scenery," he teased as he made her get into position for doing it doggy style. "You have the most wonderful front, but an equally gorgeous rear. And besides, it's time I did some of the work." He eased himself inside her and moved slowly. She had known what she could take when she plunged down onto him but he didn't want to risk hurting her. She wiggled her bum as he pushed into her. It was a new experience and he could tell she was enjoying their lovemaking. When she had had another couple of orgasms, he flipped her onto her back and entered her missionary style. She had lost count of the number of orgasms she'd had but felt it was time she again helped him reach another.

"Move over big man," she ordered him. "Time for round two". He protested that he wanted to come in her tight pussy and she promised him he would. She discarded the condom he had used and once again she brought him to the edge of an orgasm before leaving him hanging. The next time he approached an orgasm, she grabbed another condom and dressed him before positioning herself onto his rigid penis. Rather than just rising and falling, she moved in a circular movement. Moments later he filled the condom. She had never had sex without a condom but she wished she could have felt his semen rushing into her. It was wishful thinking and would have been totally irresponsible to suggest they dispensed with the condom the next time. For all she knew, he had an STD and she wouldn't risk getting pregnant. That didn't stop her wishing this was more than a one-night-stand. If it was a regular occurrence and she knew he was clean she might, just might, take a chance and feel him release himself deep inside her. She was convinced it would be something special.

After just cuddling and lightly kissing each other, he suggested they should have something to eat. Within twenty minutes, Room Service had delivered a plate of club sandwiches and a pot of coffee. As they ate and drank, he apologised that this would be their one and only night. Immediately after the gig that evening (it was now well past midnight) the band would climb aboard their bus and head off to the next venue. After a tour of the UK they were off to the continent for three months, then to the Middle East, Asia and Australasia for another five months before a two month tour of the US of A. It was a punishing schedule but they had to gain and keep fans all over the world if they were to stay at the top.

"Do you have any regrets about being famous?" she asked.

"If I wasn't famous you wouldn't be here, so how can I have any regrets? Mind you, if you were with me on all my tours, I'd be a wreck in no time; a very pleasant wreck; a very happy wreck. And I'd have written more songs about you than the Beatles ever wrote. "



"The Beatles never wrote a song about me."

"Ha Ha Ha," he said sarcastically. "I promise the next song I write will be about you. I already have an idea for one. It will be called 'Waiting for me' and it will be a hit. You are my muse." She asked how they decided on the band name. "Well, we are three men all around six feet tall. We thought of 3Men6Feet but it seemed clumsy. People knew we were men so we had no need to have it in the title. We played around a number of alternatives and that was the one we chose."

"Neat," she said. "I like it." They chatted about life on tour, college life and other things until the sandwiches were finished and the coffee cold.

"I promised I'd make love to you twice. It's time to keep my promise," he laughed as he picked her up and took her into the bedroom. As before, he began very gently, but as she was already naked, progress was much quicker. He didn't want to make her sore (he had asked and she said she was alright) so spent less time on the foreplay and moved quickly onto making love. They chose doggy style as he achieved greater friction and he felt he had penetrated deeper that way. As before, Jamie had multiple orgasms but Danny was reaching his much quicker. She was on about her fourth or fifth when he reached his. He checked his watch. It was just before a quarter to five. He suggested they should get some sleep as he had a gig to perform the next day and she had to work again the next evening. He didn't want her dropping things because she was so tired.

They fell asleep naked, his hands around her and holding a breast each.

She slept like a log and he woke her just before nine that morning. He had rehearsals to attend and she needed to get home and get some more sleep. Before she left his room, he told her there would be two tickets at the ticket office with her name on them. The show started at seven forty-five. He thanked her for an amazing time together and hoped she had enjoyed herself. "More than you will ever know," she told him as she climbed into the lift.

She hadn't admitted to him that she was sore but she was - very sore. It had been worth it. She went straight to bed. Sleep eluded her as she remembered in intimate detail what he had done to her. Now she had a standard by which to judge every other lover she had. Reluctantly she admitted to herself that she doubted any would come close to giving her the pleasure Danny had.

She must have fallen asleep at some stage as her phone woke her up. It was almost five in the evening. It was the manager of the restaurant calling to say she would not be needed that evening. She was too sleepy to ask questions and the call ended before she could ask why. She was about to try to go back to sleep again when she remembered Danny had said there would be two tickets for her that evening. She called her best friend, Amy, and told her she had two tickets; did she want to go? Amy said she supposed to have been going out with her boyfriend. She would go to the gig and make it up to him the next day.

As the two friends travelled to the venue, Amy was curious as to how Jamie had acquired two tickets for a show that had been sold out for two weeks. Jamie explained that she had been waitressing the previous night and had spotted Alasdair and his new girlfriend in the restaurant. She didn't think they had seen her but it upset her. And then Danny Cooper had come into the restaurant with several friends and she was their waitress. Jamie recognised him immediately and was temporarily star struck but he was very kind and friendly. At some point she mentioned having

seen Alasdair and his girlfriend but that Danny and his friends had cheered her up. Instead of giving her a tip, he told her he would leave two tickets at the box office for her. She was still nervous in case there was no ticket waiting for her; after all, she was probably one of many women he had slept with. Did he give all of them tickets?

Jamie approached the ticket office more confidently than she felt and asked if there was anything for her. She was handed an envelope. She and Amy walked away from the ticket office and Jamie opened the envelope. Inside were two tickets for the front row, fifty pounds and a letter. It said:

*'I remembered too late that you would be working this evening so I had a word with your boss and persuaded him to let you have the evening off. As no work equals no pay and no tips, please accept the enclosed as compensation. Enjoy the show. Danny.'*

So that explained the phone call and £50 was a little more than she normally earned on a Saturday night so she wouldn't be losing out. She wondered what her boss would say the next time she was at work. Would he know that she had spent the night with Danny? Would he care or would it affect her employment? They hurried to their seats. As soon as they were seated, they were approached and offered complementary drinks and food. Jamie had coffee and a hot dog while Amy had a Diet Coke and a bag of chips. No sooner had the food and drinks been delivered than the supporting act jumped onto stage. They were bearable but nowhere near the quality of 6Feet3.

After twenty minutes, 6Feet3 strode onto the stage. Danny was the front man and he welcomed the crowd, saying how pleased he was to be back in our city. "We are pleased to have some special guests in the audience tonight," he told everyone. Jamie began to blush hoping he wouldn't embarrass her. "They know who they are and I don't wish to embarrass them by pointing them out. So, let's get on with the show."

The band was brilliant. The songs were some of their first hits and a couple of new ones. After three-quarters of an hour there was a short break. Jamie and Amy were again approached and offered food and drink. Fortunately they weren't the only ones given special treatment so they didn't stand out too much. People might have wondered if they were the 'special guests' Danny had referred but with maybe a dozen people receiving complementary food and drinks, it was unlikely anyone would have suspected why Jamie was special to the band. Or to Danny.

The second half started much as the first half had, except a different supporting act came on. They were marginally better than the first act. Jamie wondered if the choice of supporting act was deliberate. Were they bad to make 6Feet3 look even better by comparison? Jamie didn't think so. 6Feet3 were great anyway. The girls enjoyed the performance and wearily made their way home; Jamie once more to dream of Danny, and Amy to consider what she would have to do for her boyfriend to make it up him missing a night of sex. She had a good idea what he would want and although she didn't much like the idea, seeing the show from the front row was worth it.

Jamie had completely forgotten Alasdair had dumped her. She couldn't care less. Her boss told her Danny had offered two tickets for his children. That was why he had let her have the evening off. No mention was ever made of her spending the night with Danny.

The rest of her course went by swiftly and successfully. She was awarded a 2:1 with which she was pleased.

## Chapter 3 - 2 Years Later

Easter was late that year. Calvin, Jamie's live-in boyfriend, had gone to the Algarve with some friends to play golf. Jamie had taken the opportunity to invite Amy, her friend from university, to stay for the holiday period. They had kept in touch but rarely visited each other, so Jamie was looking forward to catching up with her. Amy lived in the Scottish borders with her parents but had found a job in Carlisle, so it was a good four to five hours drive away. Nevertheless, Amy had set out at four in the morning and had missed all the holiday traffic. She reached Jamie just after eight thirty having had a relatively trouble-free journey.

"I didn't bring you a bottle of wine or chocolates or flowers," Amy explained as they hugged each other. "I've something I think you'll enjoy much more and can enjoy it often." And with that she handed Jamie a DVD and a CD. "6Feet3's latest album and a DVD of their US tour. I know how much you love their music, especially their more recent stuff. It's got a more Country and Western vibe with how the songs tell a story." Jamie was thrilled. She was planning to get the CD next week and didn't know about the DVD. "It's got 'Waiting for Me'. All their CDs do. I know how much you like that song."

Jamie had never let on that Danny had written that song for her, nor had she ever told anyone about the wonderful night they had shared. She looked down the list of songs, all written by Danny Cooper. 'I had a Dream', 'Lost', 'Empty Spaces' and 'Where Are You Now?' were all number one hits. In an interview with a TV channel before last Christmas, the interviewer had commented that they seemed to be about a lost love. "Was there a particular person who inspired them?" the interviewer asked. Danny had replied that his inspiration came from multiple sources, some from his own experiences and some from observed experiences of others. He wouldn't be drawn on which were based on his own experiences. Jamie was certain 'Waiting for Me' was his own experience. He had called her 'his muse'. Was she the inspiration for any others? She immediately played the CD.

Later that morning, Amy told her that she had some wonderful gossip. Jamie was intrigued. "Remember Alasdair?" Amy asked. Of course Jamie did, and not with any pleasant memories. "Well," Amy continued. "He graduated with a third, and only just managed that by all accounts. Still he got his job with the firm his girlfriend's father worked for. But he was sacked after less than four months." Jamie asked how Amy knew all this.

"By a very strange coincident. My cousin came to stay with us at the end of March. We were talking one day about life in university and I mentioned the tickets to 6Feet3. When I explained how you came by them and that you had seen Alasdair and his girlfriend just before you saw Danny Cooper, she stopped me and asked what Alasdair's surname was. When I told her it was 'Roberts' she burst out laughing. Unbeknown to me, my cousin worked for the same company and there had been a lot of unkind talk among the office staff about this Alasdair Roberts who boasted he was close to the boss and for that reason expected to be treated with more respect. Anyway, to cut a long story short, Alasdair was caught red-handed servicing a girl from accounts and it was in work time. He was sacked immediately for gross misconduct. My cousin doesn't know what happened to him but did suggest he wouldn't be getting a good reference."

Jamie laughed. "You get what you deserve in the end, I suppose," she shrugged her shoulders.

"And what about you?" Amy asked. "Are you getting what you deserve?" Jamie wasn't sure how to answer this. What did she deserve? Someone who loved her; treated her well and made her happy? Calvin loved her; he had told her that before he went to Portugal. She couldn't complain about how he treated her. It was considerably better than Alasdair had. And she supposed he did make her happy - most of the time. But he didn't excite her in bed the way Danny had. From time to time she still thought about that night. She could still recall each touch; each kiss; and the way he made love to her. Is that what she deserved or was it something that was a one-off never -to-be- repeated experience due a set of circumstances that were unlikely to be repeated? Would she have to settle for the 'average' rather than the 'superlative'?

"Oh, I'm pretty content," she replied. "What you read in novels is never true in real life. If we hanker after the sex the heroines experience we're bound to be disappointed."

"I certainly don't hanker after the kind of sex you read about in those '50 Shades' novels, although someone with his powers of recovery and his stamina would be a nice change," Amy replied. "Now, how about we get some lunch?"

Amy retired early that night and Jamie watched the DVD. Seeing Danny on stage again reignited the memories of their night together. And seeing him sing 'Waiting For Me' sent shivers down her spine. He was singing about a woman who gave him everything and he left her for a better life. He had no means of getting in touch with her and wondered if she was still waiting for him somewhere. She had certainly given all of herself to him and she felt he had given all of himself to her that one night. She hadn't expected him to come back to her and no, she wasn't still waiting for him.

As she watched, it struck her that Harry Bell, the drummer and Keith Willis, the keyboard player were both conventionally better looking than Danny, yet it was Danny who had always set her pulse racing and made her go weak at the knees, even before 'that night'. Besides scenes from the actual performances, there were also scenes on the tour bus and of them relaxing, being just tourists. In several scenes, there were girls hanging around them and the boys had their arms round some girls. Jamie was jealous but she knew she had no right to be. She was little more than one of the girls herself. It was almost what was expected of boy bands - girls throwing themselves at the boys and the boys doing what boys were wont to do in the circumstances. She felt a little sad as the DVD ended and went to bed to replay in her head her night with Danny.

Any slept late the next morning. When she joined Jamie in the kitchen for breakfast her first question was : "What's it like living with the boss?"

"Good," Jamie replied. "I was concerned that being together 24/7 might be a bit stifling, but at work he is very much the professional and the boss but once we get home he is the lover."

"Aren't you worried that if anything went wrong with either your job or your relationship the other would automatically suffer?"

"I hardly think that's likely. Calvin is nothing like Alasdair. We work well together both in the office and in the home. If I'm honest, and don't say anything to anyone, Calvin could be *the* one. I know we've only been living together

for a few months, but we already know what the other is thinking. We both trust each other, so you've nothing to worry about." Amy was pleased that Jamie was confident in her relationship, although Amy herself would never get into a similar relationship. She decided to change the subject.

## Chapter 4

Jamie woke after a disturbed night for which she could discern no reason. She knew she'd had a dream but could remember nothing about it. Looking at her mobile phone which she used as a clock she found it was 09:23, not too late or too early to get up and start another Sunday. Calvin was still asleep beside her. Deciding to get up and make them both a coffee, she slipped on her housecoat and made her way downstairs. While the kettle boiled, she turned the television in the kitchen on for no other reason except to provide some background noise.

Taking the coffee mugs back upstairs, she placed Calvin's coffee on his bedside table and woke him with a kiss. "There was a time," he grinned at her, "when you woke me with a blow-job. How about one now?" She pulled the bed covers back and satisfied him. She didn't expect him to return the favour as he immediately pulled his boxer shorts up. As she walked round to her side of the bed she turned the television on. It was almost time for the news.

The first item shocked her. Two members of 6Feet3 had been killed in a car crash in the early hours of the morning. "Please don't let it be Danny," she begged silently. The news reader continued: 'Harry Bell and Keith Willis were pronounced dead at the scene along with two unnamed females. Their car had crashed into a bridge outside York. No other vehicle was involved. It appeared that Danny Cooper had had a headache after performing the previous evening and had decided to go straight to the hotel and sleep it off. When told about the accident, he was devastated and declined to be further interviewed.

Jamie was relieved that Danny was safe; thank goodness for a headache. Nevertheless, she cried at the news. "No doubt they were drunk," Calvin commented. He had never been a fan of the band and couldn't understand why Jamie liked them so much. "Why do women hang around people like them? Why would they want to have sex with virtual strangers? They're tarts; nothing less than unpaid prostitutes. If you ask me, the world is a better place without them." Jamie was too upset to answer and it didn't appear that Calvin required an answer.

The news moved onto other stories but Jamie didn't listen. Her mood fluctuated from despair that 6Feet3 was no more and relief that Danny was still alive. He had been the main or sole songwriter. Hopefully, he would go solo after he had recovered from the death of his two childhood friends.

It was a few days later when another news program announced the result of the autopsy. Harry, who was driving, was nearly four times over the drink/drive limit and also had cocaine in his blood. Keith was three times over the limit and also had cocaine in his blood. Both the women who died with them, and who were from the York area, had alcohol levels twice the drink/drive limit. There were tearful comments from family members of the girls, both of whom were described as 'lovely, fun loving and devoted fans of the band'. Calvin felt no sympathy for them. "For fun loving, read sluts", he said to no one in particular. "They'd probably have had the claps or worse," he continued. "Who knows how many women they men had been with and what diseases they'd picked up and passed on to other stupid girls."

That was something Jamie had to agree with. After her night with Danny she dreaded finding she had been infected. Fortunately, tests showed that she was clean. They also showed she wasn't pregnant, another worry she'd had even though they used contraception.

Weeks after the accident, and Danny still hadn't made any public announcements. Rumours abounded that he was in rehab to get clean from either alcohol or sex addiction or both. When journalists asked the band's manager where he was, the manager said he had no idea. Danny wasn't answering his phone; he wasn't at his parents or at any of his known haunts. The manager claimed to be as frustrated by Danny's absence and silence as everyone else.

## Chapter 5

It was early May and approaching Jamie's twenty-fifth birthday. Calvin had been in a very good mood for almost two months although he had been away on several secret business meetings recently. When Jamie enquired what was making him so happy, he replied that he was planning something really special and she would know all about it when the time was right. And when he told her he was taking her out to celebrate on her birthday she became excited. It must mean he was going to propose to her on her birthday. How romantic, she thought. And she would definitely say 'Yes' when he asked. Would he go down on one knee? She hoped so and then dreaded the idea if it was in a public place. He had told her they were going to 'The Eagle', an upmarket restaurant, but she would have to make her own way there as he had one more business meeting to attend.

Jamie arrived at five minutes to eight. She never wanted to be late for anything and tried always to arrive a few minutes early. Calvin was already seated at the table, looking very handsome in his business suit. He greeted her with a smile, but no kiss. Somehow it reassured her that there would be no public proposal. He'd probably do it when they returned to their home. She asked how the meeting went. He told her to enjoy her meal first; then he'd explain everything.

Seated at another table opposite Jamie was a man with long hair, a beard and thick glasses. He was well dressed and alone and was uninterested in anything around him. As he sat and enjoyed a brandy after his meal he became aware that the women two tables in front of him was screaming and crying. "Why? Why are you doing this to me?" she screamed. The man with her seemed unperturbed. In fact he seemed to be smiling. The bearded man had to walk past the woman and her companion to go to the gents. On his way back, the man with the woman was getting up to leave.

"That should pay for the meal and I want you out of the house by Sunday evening," he told her loudly as he threw some notes onto the table. As the bearded man neared the woman he suddenly stopped. He recognised her. He sat down in the chair the other man had just vacated,

"Jamie? Jamie Stewart? It is you isn't it? What's just happened?" The woman looked at him blankly. She didn't recognise him and it made her nervous. "Do you remember February 24th 2012? The Hanover restaurant. I remember you vividly." It took a few seconds for Jamie to think why the date should be significant. "Waiting For Me'?" he added, hoping that would jog her memory. He was disappointed that she seemed to have forgotten the night they spent together. For him, it was something indelibly etched into his memory. When she remembered she looked at the man but didn't recognise him.

"Danny?" she whispered. He smiled and took her hand.

"I think we need to talk and I don't want to do it here. Can we go for a walk?" She nodded. "I'll just pay my bill."

He took her hand and guided her out of the restaurant. It was a warm and dry evening and they walked towards the river. "What happened back there?" he asked gently.

"I was dumped and sacked at the same time," she said glumly. "Anyway, where have you been and why are you in disguise?"



"It's a long story as, I guess, is yours. I heard the man say he wants you out of the house by Sunday. Where will you go?" Jamie had no idea. "I'm renting a small cottage a little out of town. I have it for another six weeks. You're more than welcome to stay with me. No strings attached. There's a small second bedroom. I'll be a perfect gentleman."

Jamie was relieved she wouldn't be homeless, at least for six weeks. She would need to look for another job but didn't expect Calvin to provide a glowing reference. "I don't want to go back there on my own. Can I stay at your place tonight?" She couldn't know how happy that made him.

"Of course. Do you need to get anything from your home tonight? I have a car and I'd go with you if it made you feel safer."

"Thank you. I think a change of clothes would be a good idea. If I turned up tomorrow wearing the clothes I'm in now, it would be tantamount to a walk of shame, but it wouldn't be, would it?" Danny shook his head and guided her back to his car. If she had expected it to be a luxury car, she would have been sadly mistaken. He pointed his car keys ahead of him and the lights flashed on a small car about five years old from the number plate.

When she had collected several items of clothing, washroom items and cosmetics he drove out of town to his cottage. "I should have taken my jewellery," she suddenly said. "I wouldn't put it past him to take it and sell it." Danny wondered if Calvin really would go back to the house before his ultimatum had expired. Jamie wasn't totally reassured but agreed to go and collect the rest of her things early the next day. Danny offered her some cocoa. He said it helped him get to sleep at night. Jamie accepted.

"My story is going to take quite a long time," Danny told her. "Perhaps you should tell me yours first and I'll tell you mine tomorrow." She took a deep breath before she began.

"I graduated as expected and applied for several jobs around the country. I hadn't any particular desire to be in any specific place. I had three job offers all in different towns. I chose here because I liked the man who interviewed me better than I liked the others. Not the best reason, I know, but he seemed really pleasant, plus he was only about five years older than me. I felt an immediate connection. And I fitted into the job and liked working there.

"My boss, Calvin, was frequently asking my opinion and making me feel valued. My ego was boosted, so when he suggested we went out for a meal one evening, I was more than happy to agree. He flattered me and made several comments about how attractive I was."

"And so he should," Danny interrupted. "You are incredibly attractive." She looked at him sternly. "Sorry for interrupting. Please go on."

"After a few more dinners or after works drinks, he asked if I'd like to see his house. I'd heard about it but never been there. Needless to say, the room he really wanted me to see was the bedroom. I hadn't had sex with anyone since you and thought 'why not?' It was better than with my previous boyfriend, but nowhere near as good as it had been with you." Danny smiled but didn't interrupt.

"After less than six months he suggested I moved in with him. I'd be saving on rent for the place I had and I couldn't see a problem. He was an attentive lover; he always made sure I had an orgasm, but only one a night and mostly with his fingers." She looked at Danny, remembering the multitude of orgasms he'd given her that one night they spent together. He returned her smile but again didn't interrupt.

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