

Sweet Little Lies



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A free publication in partnership with Tamarind Hill Press
www.tamarindhillpress.co.uk

**TAMARiND HILL
.PRESS**

First published in 2020
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London, United Kingdom

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Sweet Little Lies

Being popular and well respected in a small town meant always being on your game and never slipping up. So, when the hottest party of the year arrived on the first day of winter break, I knew couldn't skip it, no matter how much I wanted to.

Parties weren't my thing - they never had been but I always got roped into them. That being said, when the first day of the holidays came around, I found myself sitting on a lawn chair at half past ten at night with a badly made martini in one hand and a bored-er than life expression on my face. All around me were drunk teenagers who were either making out, smoking or skinny dipping with what seemed like a million other people in Millie Fefferman's giant heated swimming pool. Who has a pool party in the middle of winter anyway?

I knew I was out of place in the midst of a party palace but it was my duty to be there. I knew that if I didn't show up, I wouldn't hear the end of it. It wasn't until I saw the dark figure at the other end of the pool, also looking bored as hell, that I realised I was ravenous and I wanted to play. Since my ex-boyfriend had cheated on me and moved away, I hadn't really had a fling but I knew that a fling was just what I needed to get me out of my rut.

As I sauntered over to the very bored looking male, I realised who he was; slightly geeky, secretly attractive and highly intelligent, Eric Smith. I had seen him around school and town for years but I'd never spoken to him. My reputation made sure that anyone with a popularity rating lower than my own wasn't allowed anywhere near my social circle. I hated that rule but for some reason, I didn't ever try to challenge it. Until now at least. His eyes were kind of a sea foam colour, almost greeny-grey with a hint of hazel around the edges. They were framed with thick, unfairly luscious lashes and topped with thick, angular eyebrows. His strong jaw was framed with chestnut curls and brought to completion by a wide, thick lipped mouth that I could tell held secrets no one would ever know. He wasn't in my circle, I wasn't allowed to be with him but I wanted him. I wanted his secrets; I wanted everything.

He was wearing a grey and white striped polo shirt with awful looking beige cargo trousers and black boots with the laces undone. He appeared to be completely spaced out, watching the stars and I don't think he was expecting anyone to speak to him, let alone someone like me. I even hated how that sounded in my head: "someone like me". In this town, it was almost impossible to shake the stigma around popularity and how society sees you.

"Hey," I half-shouted over the music, forcing my way on to the end of his lawn chair and getting bathed in bright pink overhead lights.

"Hello?" he replied, a question in his deep, manly sounding voice.

"Look, I know we don't mix but I was wondering if you wanted to get out of here?" I asked, suddenly feeling completely nervous and afraid of the rejection, especially from someone as attractive as Eric.

His mouth turned up into a half smile as he stood up, took my hand and pulled me up with him, not even hesitating for a second. "Sure," he whispered, his hot breath brushing my face for a second before he pulled me away from the chair.

We ran through the house with our hands linked, dodging couples who were kissing and dry humping, smoking and dancing - people who didn't have a care in the world and I just wanted to be one of them. For once I wanted not to fall, not to get my heart broken and not to be in the spotlight. That's what Eric could offer, a fling and a way out. I would not get attached.

We found a bedroom upstairs. It was large and pristine and the bed looked like it had never been slept in, so that was fine by me. As soon as I closed the door, Eric was pushing me against it, kissing me hard. In that moment, I realised I had never been kissed that urgently in my life. He pulled off my sweater and began untying the knot at the back of my pink bikini. His warm hands grazed my back, sending a beautiful tingling sensation over my skin as he moved his lips from mine and began planting soft, gentle kisses across my jaw. He started nibbling my earlobe as the knot in my bikini top was finally conquered and I lost my cool as it fell to the floor, revealing everything I had to offer. Everything was too slow. I needed fast and sexual, not slow and sensual.

I pushed Eric towards the bed, planting my hands on his hips and then slowly dragging them along his waist to rest above his button. I undid it and the zipper in seconds, forcing his cargo pants down to reveal black boxers that were straining under the pressure of his still growing hard-on. "Now, that's more like it," I breathed as I pushed his shirt up and began trailing my tongue down his rock-hard abs until I reached the waistline of those tight boxers. I pulled them down, unleashing his magic and there it was, ready for whatever I was about to do, until Eric pulled me up to face him, breathing heavily.

"Look, maybe we should get to know each other first," he whispered, his hands on my face, making me feel like a million dollars but I couldn't let him get close this way.

"No. I can't, I just want a fling. Nothing more," I admitted, feeling abject shame at the way the words sounded coming out of my mouth.

He nodded. "Okay. At least let me tell you my name, it's Eri-"

I didn't let him finish. I don't know what made me do what I did next but it happened, nonetheless. I placed a finger on his lips. "I know who you are but tonight, just lie to me okay. Tell me your name is Jason and that you're from some far away land that I've never heard of, okay? Don't let me get too close, just tell me lies." There it was: my resignation to the fact that I couldn't get close to anyone. Here I was, asking Eric to lie, while I was standing almost fully naked in front of him, baring nothing but the full-blown truth.

"Alright, I'm all for that. I'm Jason, I'm from Neverland, a talent agent and a complete dickhead. Is that what you want to hear?" he asked, his hands grazing my waist.

"Yes," I replied, pressing my lips firmly to his as he spun us around and threw me down onto the bed.

The next hour was a hot, sticky montage of bodies, teeth, tongues and lips. My heart had never beaten so fast in my life but it felt so, so good. Eric's hands were those of a god, while his lips were those of a very skilled artist. He was everything I needed and this was why I didn't want that hour to end but eventually it did. I left him lying naked in the bed; I tried not to look back at his tanned, toned body but I caved, turning as I rested my hand on the door knob to take one last, longing glance at the Adonis that laid in front of me.

I spent the next few days thinking about Eric. My friends would catch me daydreaming and ask me what was going through my head. They'd ask me if I'd met a boy and I'd tell them no but eventually, I told them about Jason from Neverland. They assumed, when I told them, that the guy had given me a fake name on purpose. They had no idea that I was pining over a guy I had only ever spoken to once, a guy who wasn't even supposed to be a part of my circle and a guy who was never meant to be. They had no idea that I had discovered a quaint little book shop where the mysterious "Jason" worked and that I hid behind the shelves, watching him every day for a week before he caught me. When he did, he showed me the best time I could ever have asked for.

The night he caught me spying, we slept together in the book shop. We laid on a blanket surrounded by towers of books that he was supposed to be stacking and a frosty looking Christmas tree with bright, white string lights looming above us. He was staring at the yellowing ceiling and playing with strands of my hair while I traced circles on his bare chest. "Tell me lies," I whispered, feeling the adrenaline of my new drug begin to kick in as he began to speak in that deep, soulful voice of his.

"We are invincible. Immensity means nothing and the world bends at our will. Everything is ours if we want it. We will never see each other again after today." I sighed as he kissed my forehead and sat

up. "Why do you want me to lie to you?" he asked. "Most girls want a guy who tells them they'll be married in six months. Why don't you want that?"

"I've had that. It never works out and I always get hurt, so if I know you're lying to me from the get-go, I can handle it. It won't destroy me," I whispered, fiddling with the necklace I never took off before sitting up beside him. "I should go," I said, running a hand through his hair as I stood up and grabbed my clothes. Maybe I could do this unattached thing.

A couple of weeks went by and as we found ourselves in the blistering ice of early December, I realised I had a problem.

The agreement was so perfect for the shortest while. It worked so well while we were exploring new locations around town; coffee shops, restaurants, libraries and my personal favourite, the cinema but as the list of lies grew, something inside me stopped feeling content with them.

First he was a doctor, then a zoologist, then he lived in Switzerland and after that, he owned a remote island and was on the run from the law. Those sweet little lies were still so perfect, still exactly what I had been asking of him but suddenly they weren't enough. I had to do something about it, so I did.

It was on one of our very frequent trips to the cinema that it happened. The film had only been going for a few minutes and his large, rough hand was sliding carefully up my thigh, just the way I liked it. I could smell his aftershave wafting over me and realised it was the very scent of home. I had been so focused on not getting too involved, that I'd fallen deeper than I ever had with anyone else. I let his hand caress my thigh for a while before I turned my face to his in the almost-pitch black cinema and kissed him with all the passion I could muster. As his lips took control and his tongue grazed mine, I tried to fight off the tingles that were running through every one of my veins; I tried to ignore the sharp but pleasant pain that electrified my bones as I thought about the feel of his hands on my legs, my face and my waist. I tried to ignore the sensation of rightness as I climbed onto his lap and straddled him, my long platinum hair falling over both of our faces in a cascade of strawberry smelling strands. I had become used to this incredible feeling - it had become familiar and I had fallen in love. I had to tell him. I dragged him out of the theatre and over to a long, floor to ceiling mirror that sat opposite the doors we had just emerged from. My heart felt as if it was beating out of my chest as I stood there in front of him, fully clothed but emotionally naked as I said the words he never thought he'd hear me say. "Don't lie to me anymore. Tell me all the truths you've ever known. Tell me you want me or need

me; tell me we can be something," I whispered, feeling my own eyes widen with the adrenaline that was coursing through my veins.

He half smiled but his eyes were sad as he lifted a hand and cupped my neck, catching a few stray strands of hair between his fingers as he did so. His sea foam eyes stared into my own hazel ones and for the longest time, he was silent but then the truth spilled from his mouth like a cold, sharp waterfall of ice-cold water, finally waking me up from this perfect summer day dream. "My name is Eric Smith. I'm a gaming designer and I like you. I really, really like you, but I have to move away in a week for an amazing opportunity and I'm going to be gone for three years." He spoke so quietly but it sent a sharp arrow of pain through my heart.

I pulled away, shaking my head. "Jesus Christ. This is what I get for falling again." He reached for me, his fingers just brushing mine as I yanked my hand away. "Please don't. I need you to go. I can't let this go any further now. I can't see you anymore," I whispered as I ran from him.

I was halfway home before I stopped running, sweat dripping down my body and tears falling from my eyes. I felt as if my heart had been wrenched from my body and left in the cinema with Eric. I couldn't breathe at the thought of him leaving me and I knew I never should have tried to change my destiny. I should never have looked for something I knew I couldn't handle. A fling just wasn't my thing.

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Six days passed and they were some of the most miserable of my life. I couldn't stop thinking about Eric and every time I tried, something would remind me of him.

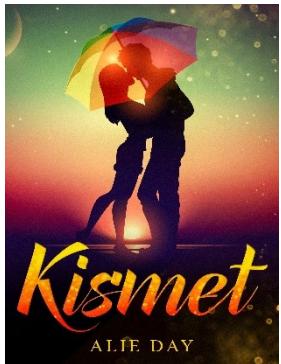
On the seventh day, I knew I had run out of time. If I was going to do something, I had to move fast.

I ran through town, stopping at every bus stop and train station until I found him, standing with his back to me, looking at departure boards. I ran over, calling his name. His eyes locked with mine and in that moment, I knew I was doing the right thing. "Tell me lies," I whispered, gazing into his eyes maybe for the last time before reaching up to kiss him. Then I heard him whisper in my ear, "I don't love you and I won't come back for you."

THE END

Books by Alie Day

Kismet



Nick Lacey is a good guy. If life were a comic book, he'd have been the nerdy superhero with a secret side of being a badass with a hidden past. When a fiery beauty moves to the town of Ravens End, Nick realises there's more to life than just getting by; sometimes you just have to live.

Sasha Santiago has always been the damsel in distress and she was not fond of it. She's passionate and imaginative with a heart full of gold. People are drawn to Sasha in a way no one can explain. One of those people just happens to be

dependable, good guy: Nick.

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