

A woman sat down next to him with a soft sigh. Out of habit, Colin glanced in her direction. She was a silver-haired beauty wearing an oversized white shirt over a tight black tank top and baggy jeans. The shirt was entirely unbuttoned, showing off her deep cleavage, which drew Colin's gaze straight to her impressive rack. He tore his eyes away and shifted his focus to the dark red lipstick decorating her plump lips, then to her clear grey eyes, framed by long, thick lashes and the smokey eyeliner, and finally to her pierced nose and a stud in her upper left ear. Despite the almost harsh style of her makeup, the woman had a pretty face. She looked like she had been crying, but she still looked stunning. Her expression was blank, making it impossible for Colin to tell what she might've been thinking.

"Hey, a round of the strongest stuff you've got," the woman ordered. The bartender gave a nod and went to make her drink. Colin kept staring at her, admiring her beautiful profile. This was the closest he would ever get to a gorgeous woman like that. Just sitting next to one felt like an honor.

"Ehm... Can I help you?" she asked when she caught him gawking, looking mildly irritated.

"Sorry." Colin averted his eyes and focused on the floor.

The woman accepted a shot glass from the bartender and brought it to her lips, downing its contents in one go.

"Jesus, that's strong. Got any more?" she inquired, looking less pissed off than she was seconds ago. The bartender shrugged and poured her another glass, which she gulped down as quickly as the first. When the man handed her another one, she took her time to sip it instead.

"I'm Evie," she said suddenly. Colin glanced at her, confused, but before he could respond, she cut him off, "I can feel you undressing me with your eyes. I don't mind, but if you wanna fuck, you better start doing something instead of just staring."

Colin's heart skipped a beat as he studied her face, but he found no hint of hidden jabs or sarcasm, only an amused, friendly smile. He blushed and smiled back hesitantly, unsure how to react to this bold invitation. He hadn't even considered having sex with her, but now that she offered, he realized he kind of wanted to do just that. It's not like he had anything to lose or any other options besides jerking off to porn, and it'd be nice to feel like a man again, to be held and comforted and treated with love... But that was just a fantasy. Real life wasn't anything like that, especially with him—he would just disappoint this woman.

"Sorry, what? Sorry, I'm kind of drunk and slow, haha..." He laughed awkwardly, hoping this weird misunderstanding would vanish into thin air if he acted like it didn't happen.

Evie leaned forward and cupped his chin, turning his head towards her. Her cool fingers felt surprisingly pleasant against his flushed skin. She stared directly into his soul. The intensity of her gaze made him shiver.

"You know, most men just say yes, but I like that you're shy about this," she whispered, leaning close enough for him to feel her hot breath brushing past his lips. "It's cute."

