

Jaimie liked these kind of jobs. They suited her particular brand of perfectionism. She and her team had worked non-stop for two weeks to get this restaurant ready, and the owner had been involved from day one. Karnchana was a billionaire, the recent and sole heir to the Montri fortune made by her father in project management software. She was also stunningly beautiful, half Thai on her father's side and with an English mother, who'd been a model. Jaimie knew all of this, because Karnchana's staff knew all of this. Karnie, as she liked to be called, didn't act like the princess she could be, and she didn't want her staff to feel intimidated by her. She wanted them to feel like she was one of them, so she'd gathered her staff and taken them away for the weekend to Paris on a team-building trip.

It worked. They loved her. And it didn't matter if you were a chef, a kitchen hand, a waitress or a bartender, the pay was way above living wage, and it was a pleasure to come to work. Although it had only been training so far, everyone seemed happy with their new positions.

Jaimie had enjoyed watching Karnie for the past two weeks. She was a diminutive 5'3", with a model's figure thanks to her mother. She wore skirts so long it was impossible to see her feet, almost making it look like she was gliding on rails rather than walking. She was elegant, yet down to earth. Other than her expensive taste in clothes, almost exclusively Armani, you'd be hard pressed to know that now her father had passed, she was the fifteenth richest person in Thailand. Her shoulder length dark hair looked so soft, Jaimie thought it could pass as silk, and her green eyes often looked mysteriously obsidian in the restaurant lighting.

Jaimie was all too aware of Karnie from the moment she'd introduced herself and held Jaimie's rough, work-worn hands in her own remarkably smooth ones. She was exactly Jaimie's type, and even though she'd been told by one of her chefs that Karnie was gay, she didn't quite believe it. But even if she were, Jaimie's professionalism would always stop her acting on anything.

"Jaimie, it's nearly six. Are you leaving soon?"

Karnie's honeyed tones startled Jaimie, and she dropped the screwdriver she was using. Karnie reacted in time to catch it, preventing it from smashing the vase it was headed for.

"Good catch." Jaimie descended the stepladder and held out her hand for the screwdriver. "I thought I might stay to make sure this was finished tonight, if you don't mind staying a couple more hours? I could come back tomorrow, but I figured you'd prefer it if everything was complete by tonight. Then all you'll have to do tomorrow is prepare for your VIP launch."

Karnie gently placed Jaimie's tumbling tool in her palm and smiled. "That would be really sweet of you. Are you sure you don't mind? It's Friday night—I wouldn't want to keep you from anything."

That sounded a little flirtatious. "Just an empty hotel room. They always keep."

"Have you eaten?"

Jaimie smiled at the question. She was tempted to say '*I'd like to eat you*', but stopped herself. She was sure Karnie had all manner of men and women throwing themselves at her petite Jimmy Choo's. "Not since breakfast, no."

"Well if you're working late, the least I can do is make you some dinner. I'd hate for you to waste away." Karnie touched Jaimie's bicep as if to emphasize her point. "You wouldn't be quite so good at your job if you ended up needing a man to do all the heavy lifting."

"That's okay. I'll grab some room service." Jaimie was confused by what appeared to be Karnie's sudden interest. Though they'd chatted often whilst Jaimie was working, and she seemed really interested in her craft, Karnie had never been anything but professionally detached. Jaimie raised her arm to inspect it and tensed her bicep. "And I don't think I'll be needing a man anytime soon." *Dammit, just couldn't resist.*

"You have to let me thank you—it's a Thai tradition. And you get to try out my new dish before anyone else, it's a new take on an old British favorite."

Karnie flashed a smile that would easily have Jaimie doing anything she damn well pleased.

"If it's a tradition, I guess it'd be rude of me to decline." Jaimie wasn't convinced there was any such tradition, but the job *was* nearly complete, so a meal with the client wasn't entirely unprofessional.

"Excellent. I have some paperwork to finish up and then I'll try out my new kitchen...and your handiwork."

Jaimie wasn't sure if Karnie meant the bespoke fittings she'd fabricated for the kitchen, or something a little more sexual post-dinner. Either way, she decided she wanted to find out. "And I'll finish up the last few things on the snag list."

Karnie turned and walked away, and Jaimie's gaze lingered on her waiflike waist and her pert ass, before she climbed the ladders and resumed her work.

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Jaimie packed her toolbox, grabbed her leather jacket and jogged down the stairs to the ground floor. She'd managed to fix the remaining items from the snag list with little trouble, so the restaurant was good to go for its launch night. As she made her way through the maze of tables and genuine Thai paraphernalia, Jaimie began to smell Karnie's cooking. She picked up scents of ginger and coconut, and her neglected stomach began to growl its discontent at being starved for the whole day.

"Perfect timing," Karnie said as she emerged from the kitchen, bowls in hand. She motioned toward a table where two Singha Gold long necks rested invitingly.

"That smells wonderful." Jaimie set down her toolbox, took the bowls from Karnie's hand and set them on the table. She waited until Karnie was seated before she slid in the booth, opposite her, throwing her jacket beside her. She looked for a fork before picking up a set of bright orange chopsticks and brandishing them over the bowl. "Is this a test? Because if it is, I'm pretty sure I'm about to fail." Jaimie managed to pick up a piece of sausage after chasing it around the dish for a moment, and offered it to Karnie. "For the lady."

Karnie placed her hand over Jaimie's and guided it towards her mouth. "No. You first."

Her touch nearly made Jaimie drop the chopsticks, but she managed to maintain her composure, opened her mouth and took the food. Karnie's eyes were fixed on Jaimie, waiting for her reaction.

"Oh. My. God. This is delicious."

"Yes!" Karnie slipped out of the booth, grabbed forks from the nearby serving trolley and returned quickly. "You really like it?"

Jaimie grinned widely at Karnie's child-like enthusiasm. "I really do. It's fantastic. Thai-style bangers and mash, you've made me fall in love with a very boring British tradition."

Karnie picked up her beer and offered it up for a toast. "To great food and even better company." When Jaimie didn't take the other beer, Karnie looked slightly worried. "You're not driving, are you?"

"No, no, sorry." Jaimie grasped her beer and the cold felt refreshing against her increasingly rising temperature. The food was spicy hot, but Karnie was even hotter. *Hot and distracting*. "Here's hoping the launch goes well tomorrow and this becomes the number one restaurant in London."

"Tomorrow will be fine—I'm just wondering how tonight will go."

Jaimie took a long drink of her beer, but when she put it back on the table, Karnie was still looking at her like she might be the next course. *Stop being such a pussy. She wants*

me...I think. “How do you want it to go?” Jaimie speared a chunk of sausage, dipped it in the creamy coconut mash and ate it, nodding appreciatively as the flavors tingled on her tongue.

“I’ve been watching you work. Every morning, you and your guys have come in around eight. They’ve left at four and you’ve stayed on for another couple of hours, going over their work and making sure everything’s perfect.” Karnie reached across the table, placed her hand over Jaimie’s, and gently traced patterns up and down her fingers. “We’ve spoken many times, and despite you knowing that I’m gay, you’ve never made a move, or even hinted at flirting with me. I wondered if I’d got you wrong, and maybe you were just a handy straight girl, but Frankie confirmed my original thoughts.”

I should give Frankie a bonus. Jaimie had continued to eat while Karnie spoke. The food was too good to let it get cold, and she was hungry. It was also starting to look like she might need her strength this evening.

“I didn’t know for sure you were gay. Just because someone else tells me something, doesn’t mean I’m going to believe it. It could just as easily have been wishful, and unprofessional, thinking on their part.”

“And now that I’m telling you I *am* gay, what do you want to do about it?”

Jaimie nearly choked on a chestnut mushroom, and took a swig of beer to wash it down. “Are you always this aggressive?”

“You call it aggressive, I call it forthright. I never beat around the bush when I see what I want. And I want you. I have since the moment you walked into my restaurant with your muscles bulging out of your shirt. You asked me how I want tonight to go. My answer is that I want to find out if you’re as much of a perfectionist in bed as you are at work.”

Jaimie smiled, knowing her answer would be the one Karnie clearly sought. Jaimie loved to discover all the ways a new lover could come, to take the time to learn all the special little touches and kinks unique to each woman. She simply wasn’t happy until her lover was exhausted and completely sated in her arms. “I like to think that I am...but there’s nothing like personal experience to determine your own answer to that question.”

Jaimie stood and came around to Karnie’s side of the booth. She leaned down, cupped her face in her hand and kissed her. Softly and gently to begin, before her tongue slipped into Karnie’s mouth, insistent and firm. Jaimie slid her hands down to Karnie’s neck and slowly pulled her cashmere scarf away. Karnie broke away, pressed her hands together and offered them to Jaimie, telling her exactly what she wanted. She grinned and wrapped the scarf around Karnie’s wrists, before pressing her to lie back on the coarse leather of the booth seating. Jaimie’s hands roughly explored Karnie’s body, squeezing her breasts hard enough

to make her gasp. She worked quickly down to the hem of Karnie's skirt, her fingers digging into Karnie's sculpted legs as she pushed her skirt up. Jaimie let out a breathy sigh when she discovered Karnie wasn't wearing any panties.

She pressed her body to Karnie's, and kissed her again. "Was I that much of a sure thing?"

"Would you feel better if I said yes or no?" Karnie spoke between breathless kisses.

"I'm not sure."

"I can tell you that I didn't take them off until I started cooking you dinner."

"That sounds like a sentence I could get used to hearing." Jaimie got down on her knees and pulled Karnie along the booth so her pussy rested on the edge of the seat. Karnie wrapped her legs over Jaimie's shoulders and her heels pressed into Jaimie's back. Karnie reached down with her bound wrists and wrapped her hands in Jaimie's short hair, as Jaimie circled her clit with her tongue. She slipped a finger inside Karnie's wet folds and kept a steady rhythm as she resolved to discover what Karnie wanted her to do with her mouth. She began with firm circles, which made Karnie moan lightly, but when she sucked at the same time, Karnie's hands tightened on Jaimie's head and her moans became instantly louder. Jaimie sucked her whole clit into her mouth, and flicked it firmly at the same time. Karnie writhed beneath her, making it hard to stay in the same place. Jaimie removed Karnie's hands from her hair and pressed them to her stomach, trying to keep her in the same position. The restriction made Karnie sigh deeply, and her hips thrust upwards.

"Oh God, that's perfect, Jaimie."

Jaimie removed her finger from inside Karnie and reached upward, placing her hand over Karnie's mouth. She slipped her finger between her lips, making her taste herself, and she groaned. Jaimie continued sucking on Karnie's clit as she fucked her mouth with her finger. She could feel Karnie's orgasm building and kept her rhythm. Her moans grew louder, and Jaimie suddenly wondered if Karnie had locked the front door of the restaurant. There was no telling who could walk through the door in London; a homeless guy, an eager patron, the paparazzi...Jaimie was certain Karnie wouldn't want her VIP night overshadowed by a tabloid expose of her having filthy sex with a contractor.

Jaimie lifted her head, despite sensing the familiar rise and throb of an imminent orgasm. "Did you lock the door?"

"Oh shit!" Karnie immediately sat up, her eyes wide. "Quick. The keys are over there."

Jaimie got up from her knees, wiped her mouth with a napkin and grabbed the bunch of keys sitting on the bar, where Karnie had pointed. "Please. Don't move."

Karnie raised her eyebrow, and pushed her skirt back over her knees. “Go secure the door!”

Jaimie turned the corner, and walked straight into Karnie’s mother. “Oh fuck! Sorry, are you okay?”

Mrs. Montri eyed her suspiciously, looking her up and down as if she were street trash. “Where is my daughter?”

“She’s just...we were having dinner. Let me get her for you.”

“I’m perfectly capable of finding my own daughter, thank you.” Mrs. Montri pushed past Jaimie and headed in Karnie’s direction.

“Mother. What are you doing here?” Karnie sat, poised and elegant, fork in hand and her scarf discarded on the far end of the table.

“Do I have to have a reason to visit my own daughter?” She sat in Jaimie’s seat and sniffed at the half-full bowl of food before pushing it away as if it offended her.

“You usually call first.” Karnie glanced apologetically at Jaimie.

Jaimie smiled ruefully. “So I’m gonna get going.”

“No, don’t go. You haven’t finished your dinner, and there’s still dessert.”

Jaimie was sure Karnie didn’t mean traditional dessert, but it seemed like her mother was in for the night and by the scolding look she threw Jaimie’s way, she had no intention of leaving her daughter alone with Jaimie.

“That’s okay. Thanks for the dinner—it was delicious.” Jaimie winked and smiled, hoping Karnie knew exactly what she was thanking her for. “Could I just have my jacket?” she asked Mrs. Montri. Karnie’s mother looked to where Jaimie pointed, picked up her jacket with the least amount of contact possible and dropped it into Jaimie’s hand. “Good luck with tomorrow. I’ll knock off the latch on the way out.” Jaimie picked up her toolbox and headed out, sneaking one last look at the beautiful Karnie before she rounded the corner. *I really would’ve liked to stay for dessert.*

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After having a few beers in the hotel bar in the vague hope she might find a suitable distraction to finish what Karnie had started, Jaimie gave up and went to her room. She pulled off her boots and socks, and tossed her jacket on the hotel bed. She flopped on top of it, face up. She unbuckled her belt, unbuttoned her jeans and slipped her hand inside her boy shorts. As she expected, she was soaked. She pushed her other hand up inside her shirt and

squeezed her nipple. Closing her eyes, she recalled the vision of Karnie on her back, legs wrapped around Jaimie's neck and her hands twisted in Jaimie's hair. She wondered if her kink stopped at bondage, or whether she was more hardcore. With the unbridled success of mediocre, desperate housewife S&M fiction, Jaimie was finding more and more women were interested in something a little beyond conventional in the bedroom. It didn't matter now. She'd never see her again. Tomorrow, Jaimie would pack up and head to Birmingham and another job.

For now though, as Jaimie played with herself, she could think about how Karnie might come for her, how loudly she could scream her pleasure, how many times Jaimie could make her orgasm before she became utterly exhausted.

She came quickly and quietly, and lay there for a moment, enjoying the steady pulsating of her pussy as she settled down. She pulled her shirt off and threw it toward the bathroom. There was a firm knock on the door.

"Room service."

Jaimie smiled. *I recognize that voice.* She peered through the peephole and sure enough, Karnchana Montri stood in the hallway in a black knee length Armani trench coat with a bottle of Veuve Cliquot in her hand.

Jaimie opened the door without bothering to pull on another shirt. She couldn't help feeling smug when Karnie gulped and the unmistakable look of lust settled in her expression. Karnie stepped into the room and immediately brushed her free hand across Jaimie's shoulders, along her pecs and down to her abs. The door opposite began to open and Jaimie quickly reached beyond Karnie to slam her door closed.

"I brought liquid dessert," Karnie said, her voice low and husky. She peeled off her coat and threw it onto the sofa. "I want to drink it off those Rocky Mountain abs of yours."

"I should maybe shower first."

"No. Don't. I want to taste it mixed with your sweat." Karnie pushed Jaimie backwards, kissing as they went. Her calves pressed against the bed, and Karnie pushed her hard enough she fell onto it. Karnie popped the cork on the champagne, knelt on the bed between Jaimie's legs, and poured it into the well between Jaimie's small breasts. She leaned down and lapped it up, tracing her tongue along Jaimie's chest to her nipple. The cold, bubbly liquid instantly made her hard and Karnie sucked her nipple into her mouth, nipping it gently, making Jaimie moan. She poured more on Jaimie's stomach, and it separated in rivulets along each rip. Karnie licked each one firmly, groaning appreciatively.

Jaimie ran her hand through Karnie's soft hair, desperate for her mouth to be on her clit. Karnie pulled up, and put the bottle on the floor. She stood and tugged Jaimie's jeans off, followed quickly by her underwear.

"I don't think I've ever seen such a perfect body." Karnie whispered as she knelt back beside Jaimie.

Jaimie croaked a thank you of some sort, but Karnie was so breathtakingly beautiful that she was struggling to find suitable words.

Karnie took what seemed like an eternity to stroke Jaimie's arms, starting at her wrist and working her way up her forearm, and along the line of her bicep to her shoulder muscle. She traced a line down Jaimie's collarbone, between her breasts and spread her hand wide to feel each bump and rise of Jaimie's abs. She stopped just above Jaimie's trimmed triangle of hair.

"How much do you want this?" she teased, her hand still cold from the champagne bottle resting on Jaimie's stomach.

Jaimie felt like she was on fire. "More than anything."

"Has a woman like me ever fucked you?"

"I've never met a woman like you before, let alone had her in my bed." It was the truth. Jaimie had sown her wild oats, and was still doing exactly that, but she'd never come across beauty this complete.

Karnie forced two fingers inside Jaimie, and her other hand pressed against her chest. She fucked her hard and fast, as brutal as she was beautiful. Jaimie gasped and twisted beneath Karnie's touch. She was already so horny from playing with herself and what Karnie had already done to her, that she knew it wouldn't be long before she was screaming her orgasm.

"You're so fucking hot. I've been dreaming about fucking you since we first met." Karnie's words were punctuated with her own gasps as she pushed her fingers deeper into Jaimie, who cried out with each thrust, getting closer to her release.

"Oh Christ." Jaimie screamed out as her orgasm exploded from her body. Her pussy gripped Karnie's fingers tight, keeping them inside as the throbbing increased then subsided.

Karnie pulled out and wiped Jaimie's come all over her abs, before bending down to lick it all off.

"You're a dirty bitch for a rich girl," Jaimie said, reaching for Karnie's hand.

"You're gonna spend the weekend finding out exactly how dirty this rich girl is..."

Thai-style Bangers and Mash

Serves two

Ingredients

4 x Cauldron veggie sausages
1 x medium red onion
5 x medium sized chestnut mushrooms
1 inch fresh ginger
1 tbsp Thai green curry paste
6 x medium potatoes
150ml light coconut milk

- 1) Slice veggie sausages into approximately 1cm discs, and finely chop fresh ginger.
- 2) Roughly chop red onion, and slice chestnut mushrooms.
- 3) Peel and chop potatoes into small chunks (for faster boiling).
- 4) Bring a pan of water to the boil and add potatoes. Simmer for 15 minutes or until cooked.
- 5) Add sausage and ginger to frying pan to brown for 5 minutes.
- 6) Add red onion to frying pan and continue to cook for further 5 minutes.
- 7) Add chestnut mushrooms and cook for 5 minutes.
- 8) Add curry paste to coconut milk, mix well, and warm in microwave for 1 minute
- 9) Turn frying pan down to lowest heat, and drain potatoes.
- 10) Mash potatoes with approximately 100ml of hot coconut milk until creamy and smooth.
- 11) Spoon mashed potato into two bowls, and top with the sausage, onion and mushroom mix.
- 12) Pour remaining coconut milk on top (using as much or as little as you wish).
- 13) Serve to your grateful, hungry lesbian, and she'll love you forever.