Wives v. Girlfriends

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Published by Orion

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KATIE AGNEW



Chapter Two

'You need to be in Marbella in thirty minutes.'

'What?' Grace Melrose mumbled into her phone, scrambling off her sun lounger and dropping her sunglasses and her iPod as she groped around for her watch.

Ouch. The sunlight hurt her eyes as she tried to focus. It was eleven thirty a.m. in Andalusia and Grace had enjoyed exactly one hour of her holiday – her first proper, non-working holiday in three years.

'I said be in Marbella by midday,' barked the voice. 'You sound half-asleep, woman.'

Christ! She had been asleep. She'd left her mews in Highgate at five o'clock this morning to catch her flight from Gatwick and she'd been at work until midnight last night. She'd only been at this pretty farmhouse in the mountains long enough to dump her suitcase, rummage for her bikini and collapse on a sun lounger by the pool, where she'd promptly fallen asleep. And now bloody Miles was on the phone. Already. She'd half-expected a call from her boss at some point during the week, but not yet. This was ridiculous. Grace sat back down and took a deep breath.

'Right, Miles. What exactly is it you need me to do?' Of course, whatever it was she would do it. There was no point in arguing. Arguing with Miles Blackwood was just a waste of breath.

Miles sounded mildly exasperated. 'I repeat, you need to be in Marbella ASAP. Some tasteless mansion in Puerto Banus I imagine. I'll email the address and your brief.'

There was no please. No thank you. There never was. Miles had the social skills of a five-year-old with ADHD. It didn't seem to matter how many awards she won, her best was never enough. Grace veered from loathing her employer with a passion to being in awe of his talent. Right now, as she gazed longingly at the turquoise pool and the breathtaking mountains beyond, she definitely hated him.

'I'm an hour away from Marbella,' she pointed out.

Miles tutted as if Grace was the one being unreasonable. 'I'll stall them. You've got forty-five minutes. Tops. Call me when the job's done.'

He was about to hang up when Grace interjected. 'Miles, just one question.'

'What?' he barked.

'Who am I doing this time?'

'Oh, yes, that. It's Jimmy Jones and Jasmine Watts.'

Damn! Grace had hoped that if her holiday had to be so rudely interrupted it would at least be for something worthwhile. She didn't mind doing celebrity interviews, as such. She knew that it was her knack of getting famous people to spill the beans that had propelled her career from local rag reporter to broadsheet heavyweight. And now she was the darling of the tabloids. But Jimmy Jones, footballer, and Jasmine Watts, glamour girl? Jimmy Jones was famously obtuse with the press and his fiancée Jasmine Watts was the 'It girl' for the chav generation. At least Jimmy had a talent, Grace supposed grudgingly, but Jasmine Watts was nothing but a walking, talking, blow-up doll. The girl had breasts like cantaloupe melons, legs up to her armpits, a footballer in her bed and vacuous nonsense in her oh-so-pretty head. It was hardly worth losing a day of tanning for that, was it? Not that Grace had met her before. But these girls were all the same. Flavours of the month, created for and by the public's ever-increasing appetite for new celebrities. They had no specific talent. They weren't good at anything much – other than shopping and, presumably, sex. Girls like Jasmine Watts made a mockery of journalism. Jasmine would have nothing interesting to say; Grace had been in her job long enough to know that.

She didn't automatically dismiss all celebrities. Grace had met countless intriguing, enigmatic and intelligent stars over the years, but glamour girls and footballers? She'd worked for the broadsheets. She'd interviewed prime ministers, presidents and terrorists. Just because she'd been lured by the money and profile of the tabloids, didn't mean her brain had evaporated. Grace made a mental note to talk to Miles when she got back about exactly how lowbrow she was prepared to go. Not that he would listen.

Grace stared at the contents of her Mulberry suitcase and sighed despondently. She was usually groomed to within an inch of her life, but she had no time to iron anything. Her white Ghost sundress was the least crumpled item and would have to do. Teamed with gold Jimmy Choo sandals and her new De Beers diamond necklace (a guilt present from her boyfriend McKenzie) it didn't look too bad. She brushed her sleek, short, blonde bob, dabbed on some lip gloss and she was ready for the off.

She checked her BlackBerry for instructions from Miles. Casa Amoura. Yep, sounded about right. At least it wouldn't take long to interrogate Mr

Jones and his WAG. There couldn't be much going on in their heads. Grace doubted they had a GCSE between them. If she was lucky, she would be back by the pool in time to soak up the last rays of the afternoon sun. She jumped in her hire car, Gucci shades firmly in place, the White Stripes blaring from the stereo, air-con blasting, and set off back down the winding mountain road towards Marbella.

Jasmine Watts was about to step into the shower when the bathroom door opened and her fiancé appeared.

'I thought you were still asleep, babes,' she smiled.

He looked half-asleep, with his blonde hair all mussed up and falling into those sexy greeny-blue eyes. But he shook his head.

'I'm awake and I need you to come back to bed,' he grinned.

He was naked. Bronzed, toned, honed and smooth like a statue of Adonis. Jasmine could see that at least one part of his anatomy was awake and raring to go. He grabbed her hand and pulled her back from the shower towards the door, but she held her ground.

'Jimmy,' she giggled. 'It's late and we've got loads to do today. We'd better get ready.'

He shook his head mischievously and tugged her arm.

'Jimmy,' laughed Jasmine. 'Stop it.'

But she didn't want him to stop it, really. He was so damn sexy. Just the touch of his hand on her arm was enough.

'Come here, gorgeous,' he said, pulling her towards him.

He kissed her neck just below her ear and she shivered with delight. His hands stroked her back and caressed her buttocks. Then he placed his hands round her waist and lifted her effortlessly on to the marble top by the sink.

'We really don't have time for this,' she protested, but he kissed her quiet. It was the kind of kiss that sent tingles right down to her toes.

When it came to Jimmy Jones, Jasmine was a pushover. She found herself melting under his touch as his kiss drifted down over her collar bone, round each erect nipple, her navel and – ahhh, bliss! – towards her pussy. She groaned in ecstatic anticipation of what was to come. Jimmy made love like he played football – instinctively, beautifully, perfectly. He pushed her thighs apart and started caressing the soft skin there with his tongue, coming close, but never quite touching the parts that really ached for him. She gasped.

'Oh God, Jimmy,' she begged. 'Kiss me there. Oh, yes, baby, just there.'

Her back arched involuntarily as he found her clitoris and her hands reached for the back of his head, stroking his hair and pushing his tongue deeper into her.

'That's it,' she panted. 'That's it. Oh! My! God!'

She threw her hands out and a bottle of perfume crashed on to the tiled floor, smashing into a million pieces. The air filled with the scent of vanilla and roses as Jasmine reached a crashing climax.

Jimmy looked up at her and laughed. 'Don't worry, darling. I'll buy you a new one.'

'I don't give a toss about the perfume,' she gasped. 'I just need you inside me now!'

And then he lifted her up and carried her to the bedroom, threw her on to the four-poster bed and pushed himself gently inside her. He stroked her breasts with his soft hands and stared right into her eyes as he slid deeper and deeper into her. She wrapped her thighs around his back, offering herself to him completely, swimming in his gaze, overwhelmed with love and desire. And then they moved as one, faster, harder, more desperately. Their mouths searched hungrily for each other. Jasmine felt as if her body was melting into his.

And then she was riding a wave, a delicious crashing wave and she was coming again, oh my God, and it was so perfect and she heard herself moan, too loudly, and she dug her nails into his back and squeezed her thighs and then she could feel Jimmy coming too, so deep, deep, deep inside her very core and oh …

It was when they made love that Jasmine knew she was doing the right thing in marrying Jimmy. The chemistry between them was unbelievable. She had never felt that way about any man before and as Jimmy gazed at her now, so obviously full of love, she felt certain that together they would conquer the world.

Afterwards, Jasmine gazed adoringly at the beautiful sleeping boy beside her. Jimmy always fell asleep after sex. Jasmine felt wide awake. Wide awake and tingling with the sheer joy of being alive and young and in love. In love with Jimmy Jones. And, what's more, he was in love with her. How lucky was that? Just silly little Jasmine Watts from Dagenham and here she was engaged to the most gorgeous and talented footballer of his generation. And it wasn't just Jasmine who thought that. She'd read it somewhere too. Yes, definitely, it was in the *Sun*, or maybe it was the *Mirror*. 'The most talented footballer of his generation,' it had said. 'George Best reincarnated for the new millennium.'

Sometimes Jasmine wanted to pinch herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming. Sometimes she wanted to pinch *him* just to check he was real. But he probably wouldn't like that. Jimmy wasn't very good with pain. She remembered the fuss he'd made when he'd bruised his metatarsal last

season. Bless him! But then he was only a baby, just twenty-one, three years younger than she was. So instead Jasmine busied herself with gently stroking his smooth brown chest and carried on gazing, patiently, until her fingers got restless and travelled south. That roused him and then he was on her and in her again …

'Fucking hell, babe,' said Jimmy when it was over. He was dripping with sweat even though the air-con was on full blast. 'You work me harder than the governor does.'

He had such a sexy voice. Even though he'd been scouted and moved south at thirteen, Jimmy hadn't lost his Glaswegian accent. Compliments sounded so much better coming from Jimmy's full lips than they ever had from the Essex boys she'd grown up with. And he was always complimenting her. She was so lucky to have a fiancé who respected her like that. Jasmine knew only too well that not all men knew how to treat their women with respect.

Jasmine smiled and smoothed his damp blonde hair off his face. He'd been growing it long all year and it suited him. Made him look a bit rock and roll. The advertisers loved Jimmy's new look too. In fact it had been a three-million-pound deal for a designer sunglasses campaign that had paid for this new place in Puerto Banus.

'I'm just making sure you keep your stamina up for next season, darling'.

Jasmine gave him one last squeeze before reluctantly peeling her bare legs off his. She didn't want their lie-in to be over, but there was work to be done. She got up, stretched and headed towards the ensuite. Her long hair felt damp and tangled and she was worried there wouldn't be enough time to wash it and get it dried. It was kind of her trademark – her mane – but it was so high maintenance. It was longer than ever now and Jasmine could feel it brushing her bare bottom as she walked.

'Where are you going?' demanded Jimmy.

'For a shower, remember? We've got that journalist lady coming in a minute and I can't exactly meet her like this!'

Jimmy's face fell. 'Oh, do we have to?' he whined.

'Yes we do. It's work, Jimmy.'

You could say what you liked about Jasmine Watts – and people often did – but she was proud of the fact that she worked her socks off. Jasmine never forgot where she came from and how fortunate she was to be where she was today. When she remembered pole dancing in that dodgy Dagenham club she couldn't believe only three years had passed. Now she was gracing men's magazine covers and being interviewed by award-winning journalists for national newspapers.

There was a knock on the door and Blaine, their manager, called, 'Ten minutes, guys.'

'Be ready in five,' promised Jasmine. And she was.

Jasmine had just secured her ample bosom into a tiny zebra print string bikini when she heard a car pull up on the gravel drive outside. Jimmy, who'd only just dragged himself out of bed, half stepped on to the balcony and strained to have a look at the newcomer without being spotted.

'What does she look like?' asked Jasmine, who was terrified of journalists, especially the female ones. They could be so bitchy!

'Quite fit actually,' replied Jimmy. 'Old, like. Thirty-ish. Mind you, can't tell these days, can you? She might be even older. But, yeah, she's quite a sexy bird, I'd say.'

'I meant, does she look *nice*?' said Jasmine.

Jimmy wandered back inside and shrugged. 'Yeah. A little blonde thing. Not in your league, obviously, honey. I mean her tits are nonexistent …' He put his arms around Jasmine from behind and playfully squeezed her famous breasts. Then he added cheekily, 'Nothing a decent boob job wouldn't fix, though.'

Jasmine hit him gently over the head with her towel. She wasn't the jealous type and she didn't mind Jimmy looking at attractive women. She'd been around enough men in her time to know that they all did it. But he hadn't answered her question.

'Does she look like a nice person?'

Jimmy looked perplexed. 'I don't know. You can't tell whether someone's nice just by looking at them.'

'Course you can,' said Jasmine, slipping on four-inch mules. 'It's written all over their face.'