

# Eat Pray Shag

SARAH BEGG

*Laura the Explorer Book 2*

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# 1

“I’m just going to put it out there. I’m really into anal sex.”

The lychee martini I was sipping burned the wrong way down my throat, making me choke.

“Sorry?” I managed to splutter out as I looked up at Tristan, the guy I was on a first date with, not sure if I was feeling indignant or incredulous—or perhaps both.

“Is it something you’ve ever done before? Because I’d really like to have anal sex with you. Tonight.” He leaned forward, an amorous gleam in his eye and an eager smile on his face.

Oh. My. God.

This really was *not* how I thought this date was going to go. I mean, honestly, from all the possibilities that run through your head when you organise a date with someone, having them proposition you for anal sex was simply not one of them. Sure, I may have imagined that he might turn out to be twenty kilos bigger than his profile picture seemed. Or that maybe he’d spend the entire evening talking about cars and suspension and paint work. I might have even deluded myself—just vaguely—into believing that he could be a prince from one of those Scandinavian countries, on holiday seeking his own Princess Mary.

A request for anal sex later tonight was *definitely* not on my list.

And he’d seemed so normal up until this point. Well, as normal as a guy sporting one of those metal earrings that stretched a big, gaping hole

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through his earlobe could be. I was determinedly *not* judging him by the earhole, though. Making sure I didn't even *contemplate* sticking my finger through it when he wasn't looking. Yet still, after ignoring what now appeared to be an early warning sign, my evening was deteriorating quickly.

Why was it so hard to find a normal guy for a casual fling? Surely that wasn't asking too much. Relationships were totally out of bounds for me, which I thought would have been right up the alley of most guys on Bumble. All I wanted was someone to have a flirt with, kill a couple of evenings with, and have a few rounds of brilliant sex, after which I'd never have to see them again. Surely not so hard, right?

But no. Here I was with hole-in-the-ear Tristan. And, shit, he was still looking at me and waiting for a response.

I cast my eyes around the bar, searching for a life raft. We were in a really trendy bar in Manly, just off the Corso, and for a moment I tried to mentally entreat the bartender to please, please, come over and interrupt this conversation. Unfortunately, he wasn't responding to telepathy.

I cleared my throat and met Tristan's eyes. "Is that so?" I said.

His smile deepened, like a crocodile sliding out of a swamp. "Lots of girls are really into it. It can feel great."

"Can it?" I asked innocently, and tried to look as if I were genuinely considering this. "I must say, you're very forward. Is this the line you use on all the girls you meet?"

Tristan shrugged, all confident ease. "I know what I want, and I'm not afraid to ask for it. Does that turn you on?"

Oh, for fuck's sake. This guy thought he was such a Romeo, didn't he? Was that what girls were meant to like nowadays—anal sex with a total stranger at the end of the night?

Well, let's be fair, maybe some girls *did* like that. And no judgement or anything, but as sexual adventuring goes that was one destination I hadn't visited. Nor was I certain that I ever *wanted* to visit. I mean, the *logistics* of it

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was enough to do my head in. Wasn't there a whole lot of prep work needed? Plus, even skipping over the experience itself, what happens afterwards? Was there some rule about who gets to run to the bathroom first? Honestly, you could have nightmares about that resultant horror show.

Seriously, why was I even here? No, wait, I knew the answer to that. Kalina, my flatmate, kept giving me all these stern looks about my lack of dating life. We have this challenge, see, where I was meant to be exploring as many sexual partners as possible to compensate for having spent ten years in a relationship with the one guy—my high-school-sweetheart-turned-husband—who then announced he was gay.

I supposed, in that regard, I perhaps should consider Tristan's proposal ... No! Couldn't do it. I just didn't think I was *that* much of an explorer. Not yet, anyway. (Ever? Oh God. Maybe I'd revisit the idea later.)

"Um, look, that might work with some girls, but I'm not sure I'm—"

"Oh, it does." Tristan shifted so he was a bit closer to me. "Come on, love, don't act so uptight. Isn't this why you came out tonight wearing such a sexy dress?"

I immediately felt my hackles rising. He didn't seriously just call me uptight while simultaneously slut shaming me, did he?

I felt like immediately storming out of the bar. There was no way I needed to waste any more of my time with this jerk. But then, another idea came to mind which made me pause.

Right. Game on. He asked for this.

Forcing myself to relax and appear nonchalant, I turned my most seductive smile onto Tristan. "You know what? It actually *does* turn me on."

His eyes sparked with excitement.

"I've never done that before, but I've always *wanted* to try it out," I continued. "It's a difficult topic to broach, though, isn't it? I mean, asking for something like that. Some guys might find it weird."

"I don't. I definitely don't. I find it super fucking hot."

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“Do you? How interesting. Why don’t you tell me what other things you find hot?” I smiled at him lazily, tracing my finger around my martini glass.

Tristan leaned in, the earlobe hole creeping uncomfortably close to my face.

“I like,” he said too loudly in my ear, “girls who ask for what they want. Who like having their bodies worshipped and teased and rooted roughly.”

Rooted *roughly*?

“Ooh,” I said a bit breathily. “What else?”

“Girls who take charge when they want. Girls who enjoy playing with a thick, long cock.”

I managed to prevent my snort of laughter and turned it into a strange little cough, instead, which I *think* he took to be a good sign.

“You sound like you know what you’re doing. I bet you know your way around a girl’s body, don’t you?”

“Oh, I do.” Tristan leaned back and leered at me. “I can go all night. No girl ever walks away disappointed after a night with me.”

*I doubt that.*

Tristan’s hand landed on my leg, mid-thigh, and crept upwards. I slammed my own on top of his, freezing it in place, and then placed my other hand on *his* leg and gave it a suggestive squeeze.

“My apartment is just around the corner,” I said, giving him my best sultry look. “How about you settle up the bill while I go to the bathroom, then we’ll get out of here?”

His nostrils flared and that crocodile smile came out again.

I tried not to jump to my feet too quickly. Taking my bag, I gave him a flirty smile before walking away towards the bathrooms. Turning back just before I was out of sight, I noted him watching me eagerly. Of course he was. He was probably imagining how hair-free my butt crack was going to be (ha!). Then I pushed my way into the dark concrete corridor and followed the signs to the bathrooms.

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What an arsehole. Ironic, I suppose. An arsehole that likes arseholes.

In the ladies, while I took my time touching up my lipstick and wiping the slight mascara smudges from under my eyes, I listened to the conversation of the two girls also standing before the mirrors. I'd noticed them earlier in the bar, mainly because one of them had the most amazing long mane of blonde ringlet hair.

"He's *such* a dickhead!" Ringlets was saying. "I can't believe he'd bring her here!"

"He's a cock-face," agreed the friend, who had one of those cool Brazilian accents. "Do you want to leave? I'll leave with you if you want to go."

"I can't leave. Sasha's *my* friend. He should be the one to leave."

"Excuse me." I couldn't help myself. And I had a feeling the two women would be interested in what I was about to propose. "Sorry to overhear, but I wondered if you might be able to do me a favour?"

"Sure," said the Brazilian girl easily. "What is it?"

"Well, the thing is, I met this guy for a date tonight and he's turned out to be an absolute jerk."

They tutted sympathetically.

"And I thought, since it sounds like you can't do anything about your own moron-guy, then maybe you'd consider doing something about mine?"

The girls glanced at each other.

"What do you have in mind?" asked Ringlets.

"Nothing drastic, but as you're walking back to your table, maybe you could ... spill this drink on him?" I suggested, picking up the half-full beer someone had left by the sink. "You'll know who he is. He's the one at the bar wearing a green checked shirt and he has one of those awful earlobe holes."

"It would be my pleasure," said Ringlets with a laugh, throwing her friend a gleeful look as she took the beer.

I left the bathroom with a smile, my only regret being that I wouldn't get to witness the action. Because as the door to the ladies swung closed behind

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me, I was presented with my escape route. If I turned left, I'd be heading into the bar and back towards anally-forward Tristan. But if I turned right, I'd wind up in a completely different restaurant. And Tristan would have no idea where I'd gone.

Of course, I tried not to look *too* smug as I strolled casually through the tables at Greektopia, wafts of garlic squid and fresh-baked pita washing over me. And then I was out in the warm evening air, a good street away from the bar on the Manly Corso, where Tristan was about to be coated in warm beer while he waited for a girl who was never coming back.

Luckily, he wasn't from around here. But I was. Manly was my town, and there were three friends waiting for me at another bar just around the corner.