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Smut Alfresco

TALES OF OUTDOOR ADVENTURE



Contents

Front Matter	3
<i>Title Page</i>	3
<i>Publisher Information</i>	4
<i>Introduction</i>	5
<i>About the Authors</i>	7
Smut Alfresco	13
<i>Being Free</i>	13
<i>When the Rains Come</i>	22
<i>Scorcher!</i>	34
<i>A Grand Day Out</i>	45
<i>The Mattress</i>	62
<i>Satisfied Customers</i>	74
<i>Little Wonders</i>	87
<i>Patches</i>	99
<i>Meadow</i>	112
<i>A Walk in the Country</i>	125
<i>Private Hideaway</i>	138
<i>Into The Woods</i>	153
<i>The Explorer Challenge</i>	171
<i>Shine</i>	183
Back Matter	199
<i>Also Available</i>	199
<i>About House of Erotica</i>	203

SMUT ALFRESCO

Tales of Outdoor Adventure

**Edited by Victoria Blisse and
Lucy Felthouse**

Publisher Information

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Introduction

by **Victoria Blisse**

Why Smut?

Smut is a word with negative connotations to some. It can be seen as something insulting, creepy and seedy. I'd like to change that perception to the light-hearted definition myself and many Brits hold for smut. Have you ever watched a Carry On film? Well that's smutty. It's sexy, humorous and fun. How about the old cheeky seaside postcards of the fifties and sixties? They're smutty too and that's exactly the feel we wanted to evoke in our Smut anthologies.

What is Smut Alfresco?

The call of the wild. We've all felt the need to get out into the great outdoors at some time or another. Smut Alfresco is stolen kisses in public, intimate moments in a corn field or slap and tickle in the woods.

It's kinky fun on a picnic table, being tied to a tree or bent over a stump. Liaisons behind the chalet on holiday, lustful games in the public park and desperate desire in the open air.

Winter, spring, autumn or summer it doesn't matter what the weather's like, it's all about getting out there and having fun! Rolling around crushing fresh green grass and releasing its aroma or crunching fresh fallen snow beneath well-wrapped bodies, whenever you feel the pull of nature or have the desire to make love in the great outdoors that's "Smut Alfresco."

This anthology

The stories in this volume feature a well-worn mattress, a skipping office worker and a rock star escaping from the public eye with his

lover. Group naughtiness in the sun, an exciting walk in the woods and celebrations in Africa when the rains finally arrive.

There's an interesting challenge involving maps and sex in the great outdoors, passion in the pumpkin patch, a moonshine smuggler colliding with a hot sheriff and wind-whipped desire in the Peak District. The stories in this collection will take you away from your mundane life and into the green spaces and beautiful places that lift the spirit and spark the libido.

About the Authors

Victoria Blisse

Victoria Blisse is a Mother, Wife, Christian, Manchester United Fan and Award Winning Erotica Authoress. She is also the editor of several Bigger Briefs collections, and the co-editor of the fabulous Smut Alfresco and Smut in the City and Smut by the Sea anthologies.

Victoria is also one of the brains behind the fabulous Smut by the Sea Event taking place at Scarborough Library (UK) on the 22nd June 2013. A day dedicated to erotica with a mini erotic marketplace and lots of author readings, fun giveaways and exciting talks.

She is equally at home behind a laptop or a cooker (She is TEB's resident "Naked Chef") and she loves to create stories, poems, cakes and biscuits that make people happy. She was born near Manchester, England and her northern English quirkiness shows through in all of her stories.

Passion, love and laughter fill her works, just as they fill her busy life.

KT Red

K T Red is the writer of a series of stories involving the misbehaving Sarah. Her stories are sexy, exciting, emotional and sometimes romantic featuring characters which are real people - flaws and all. Learner writer, hopeful romantic!

Cass Peterson

Cass Peterson is passionate about many things; writing, chocolate, wine, sunlit beaches, moonlit bedrooms and good romantic novels to name but a few. Unfortunately she has to spend much of her

time at the day job, but she tries to fit the other things in as often as possible.

She is a cat lover, an all-weather walker and an enthusiastic cook. Unfortunately her love of all things foody have made her rather rounder than she would like to be, but you can't have everything in this life, and the walking helps.

Cass likes to laugh, especially at Bill Bailey, Victoria Wood, Michael Palin and Eddie Izzard. She would happily live next door to any of these comedians.

Violet Fields

Violet Fields lives in Yorkshire with her lovely family and her little shadow, one year old Shih Tzu Betsy.

She loves walking in the local countryside with Betsy; with friends in the nearby Peak District; watching all kinds of cinema; attending weekly pottery and art groups and visiting the local pub with her mates; though not necessarily in that order!

Violet first realised she had a real passion for writing aged seven, when she totally confounded an infant teacher who told her to write a story about a grain of sand as a punishment, by really enjoying it!

Always one to push the boundaries a little, by her teens she was writing comedy plays with a few gentle innuendoes in them; one of which was produced as part of a district festival.

However, too soon work and family responsibilities took over and writing ambitions were temporarily forgotten.

When her children were small though, Violet obtained a BA (Hons) in Film Studies with Professional Writing from Sheffield Hallam University and a Postgraduate Certificate in Technical Communication from the same establishment.

Recently she joined the Romantic Novelists' Association and is currently writing a historical novel for their new writer's critique scheme under a different pen name.

'A Grand Day Out' is Violet's first foray into erotic fiction and she hopes very much that you'll enjoy it. Her new story: 'The Runaway Bride's Surprise' will shortly feature in House of Erotica's anthology 'Smut for Chocoholics.'

Nicole Gestalt

Nicole Gestalt has been writing erotica for many years. When Nicole is not writing she loves spending her time with her partner, walking and drinking lots of mochas, particularly if they have whipped cream on top. Nicole loves hearing from her readers and can be found at <http://www.nicolegestalt.blogspot.com>

Jacqueline Brocker

Jacqueline Brocker is an Australian writer living in the UK. She has published several short erotic stories with various publishers, and also self-published several works. Her first erotic novella, *Body & Bow*, is published by Forbidden Fiction, from whom she has two short stories forthcoming later this year. When not writing, or Scottish Country Dancing, she can be found reading by the banks of the River Cam.

Demelza Hart

After being abroad for much of her life, Demelza Hart now lives in a beautiful part of England with her young family. She recently made the move into published erotica after being one of five winners in a competition with Xcite Books. She has since had several stories published and accepted, both with Xcite and Total-E-Bound, and is now thrilled to be part of *Smut Alfresco*. When not writing or reading, Demelza is usually (in no particular order) singing, working, acting, friending, wifeing and mothering.

Bel Anderson

I write short stories for both the mainstream and erotic markets and have had several of my erotic stories published in anthologies.

I find writing erotica very liberating and have found that veering between erotica and my mainstream work keeps life interesting... I love the thought of people enjoying my words!

Jenny Lyn

Jenny Lyn lives in a swampy little corner of Florida with a very understanding husband, a musically gifted son, and a menagerie of pets. She's multi-published and loves hearing from readers. Find her at her website: <http://www.authorjennylyn.com>, and on Twitter @Jennylynwrites.

Wendi Zwaduk

Like spicy romance? So do I! Come along on this journey with me.

I've always dreamt of writing the stories in my head. Tall, dark, and handsome heroes are my favorites, as long as he has an independent woman keeping him in line. I love playing with words and letting the characters run wild.

NASCAR, Ohio farmland, dirt racing, animals and second chance romance all feature prominently in my books. I also write under the pen name of Megan Slayer. I'm published with Total-E-Bound, Changeling Press, Liquid Silver Books, Turquoise Morning Press, Decadent Publishing and The Wild Rose Press. Come join me for this fantastic journey!

If you like my work, tell your friends and email me (theauthorwendizwaduk (AT) gmail (DOT) com). I love hearing from readers!

Tenille Brown

Tenille Brown's smut is featured in over fifty print anthologies including *Chocolate Flava* 1 and 3, *Curvy Girls*, *Going Down*, *Best*

Bondage Erotica 2011 and 2012, Sapphic Planet, Suite Encounters, Open, Best Lesbian Erotica 2013 and Only You. She writes for Mischief Books and is editing her first anthology, *Can't Get Enough*, for Cleis Press.

Tilly Hunter

Tilly Hunter is a British erotica author and proofreader with a wicked imagination and a fondness for quirky stories of kinky fun in the great outdoors. Her work has been published by Xcite Books and the websites Every Night Erotica, Oysters & Chocolate and For The Girls. Her trio of BDSM fantasy stories, *Miranda's Tempest: Three Classic Tales with a Kinky Twist*, is out now from House of Erotica. When she is not writing she can often be found halfway up a mountain or curled up by her imaginary fireside with some knitting and a slice of cake.

Lucy Felthouse

Lucy Felthouse is a very busy woman! She writes erotica and erotic romance in a variety of subgenres and pairings, and has over seventy publications to her name, with many more in the pipeline. These include *Best Bondage Erotica 2012 and 2013*, and *Best Women's Erotica 2013*. Another string to her bow is editing, and she has edited and co-edited a number of anthologies. She owns *Erotica For All*, and is book editor for *Cliterati*.

Kay Jaybee

Kay Jaybee wrote the novels *Making Him Wait*, (Sweetmeats Press, 2012), *The Voyeur* (Xcite, 2012), and *The Perfect Submissive* (Xcite, 2011), as well as the novella's *Digging Deep* (Xcite, 2013), *A Sticky Situation* (Xcite, 2012), and *The Circus* (Sweetmeats Press, 2011). She has also written the anthologies *The Best of Kay Jaybee*, (Xcite, 2012), *Tied to the Kitchen Sink, Equipment*, (All Romance, 2012),

Yes Ma'am (Xcite e-books, 2011), Quick Kink One and Quick Kink Two (Xcite e-books, 2010), and The Collector (Austin & Macauley, 1st Ed 2008, 2nd Ed 2012).

Kay has had over 60 short stories published by Cleis Press (inc. Best of Best Women's Erotica 2, Best Women's Erotica 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2012; Best Bondage 2012, 2013, Sweet Love, Gotta Have It, Sweet Confessions), Black Lace (Sexy Little Numbers), Mammoth (The Mammoth Book of Lesbian Erotica), Xcite (inc. Ultimate Sin, Boy Fun, Power Play, Threesomes, Finger Music, Tricks For Kicks), Penguin (Oysters and Chocolate; Erotic Stories of Every Flavor), Seal (Oysters and Chocolate; Nice Girls, Naughty Sex), and Sweetmeats Press (Immoral Views).

Being Free

By Lucy Felthouse

Violet slammed down the lid of her laptop with far more force than was necessary. She flinched, thinking perhaps she might have cracked the screen or broken one of the machine's internal components. Then she shrugged, realising she didn't care if she had. It was her work's computer, after all, not hers. If it was fucked, they'd have to replace it. And it would serve them right, too. Bastards.

The reason she was pissed off was the fact she was in work at all. It was Saturday, and the previous afternoon her useless boss had dumped a project on her, stating it had to be finished by Monday, no matter how long it took. He'd then added that he was going away for the weekend, meaning it was all down to her. The selfish, disorganised wanker. It wouldn't be so bad, but she hadn't had a pay rise for two years, and when she went above and beyond for her job, she didn't get so much as a thank you, let alone get paid for any overtime. It wasn't the first time something like this had happened, either.

Well, fuck them. She wasn't going to be a doormat - or her boss' scapegoat - any more. Let them try and sack her - she wasn't doing anything remotely wrong, and they couldn't make her working life any more hellish than it already was.

She stood up sharply, sending her swivel chair careening backwards across the room until it hit the wall. She shrugged again, she still didn't care. Let it chip the fucking paintwork, or a bust a hole in the plasterboard. No one else was there, so nobody could prove or disprove that it had been an accident.

Pausing to switch the lights off - she was pissed off at her employers, not the environment - she left the offices, setting the alarm before closing the door behind her. Stuffing her access swipe

card into her handbag, she heaved a sigh of relief. There would probably be hell to pay for her stunt on Monday, but she'd worry about that then. Right now, she was just desperate to get out. Into the countryside, or, given she was in central London, to a green space, at the very least.

From where she worked, Green Park was probably the closest, but she figured Hyde Park and the adjoining Kensington Gardens were bigger, so she'd be more likely to find a secluded spot where she could just be by herself. The last thing she needed now was to have to deal with other people.

Unfortunately, that's exactly what she had to do as she stomped through the Soho streets to Tottenham Court Road Tube station, stood on the platform and waited for her train to take her four stops down the Central line to Lancaster Gate. As was usual in central London, it was crowded - the humid, clammy area full of workers like herself, artsy types, harassed mothers, students, and of course, the ever-present tourists. She glowered for the entire journey, fancying her bad mood had created a black cloud that floated above her head. The vibes she was giving off meant that she had plenty of room around her on the Tube - the one saving grace.

She was incredibly grateful when she arrived at her destination and was disgorged from the stuffy train carriage and onto the platform. Leaving the station as quickly as possible, she headed for the park's Marlborough Gate - a name she'd always found odd, as Marlborough Gate was closer to Lancaster Gate Tube station than Lancaster Gate was. She shook her head for the umpteenth time as she thought about the peculiarity of it all. Moving through the gate itself, the black railings with their spiked tops looking both imposing and impressive at the same time, she was already glad to be out of the hustle and bustle of the crowds she'd encountered since leaving the office.

Heading into the park, she made for the path that would take her past the Italian Gardens and in the direction of the Peter Pan statue. It was a grey and chilly day, so she met very few people as she walked alongside The Long Water and down to J.M. Barrie's monument.

Once there, she stood and admired it for a few minutes, thinking of the wonderful stories the character appeared in and imagining what it would be like if the character was, in fact, a real person. She would definitely like to fly away to Neverland with Peter Pan - she was sure that, even with the nasty pirates and the crocodiles, it would be much more pleasant than working for her current employers.

Sighing resignedly, she moved away from the statue and continued along the tree-lined path, taking the relevant turns at each junction which would take her towards the Round Pond. She didn't have an aim in mind, really, she was just wandering to clear her head and hopefully get rid of her foul mood. Wondrously, the fresh air, beautiful sights and sounds and lack of anything even remotely stressful meant her mood did indeed begin to lighten.

By the time she caught sight of the Round Pond, Violet felt considerably happier and began to hum a tune as she placed one foot in front of the other and grew closer to the body of water. There still weren't many people around, but she shared the occasional smile and nod with those she did see. She figured most folk, particularly tourists, would be at the other end of the park, close to Hyde Park Corner. It was amazing how getting out into Kensington Gardens had cheered her up - or it could just have been that she was away from the office, and the job she severely disliked. It was easy to forget she was still in central London, as the pushing and shoving were gone, and the noise was now non-existent, replaced by the tweeting of birds. She couldn't even hear the shriek of the ever-present sirens.

As she walked along the path that skirted the Round Pond, she glanced over towards Kensington Palace. She really must make an effort to go there one day. People rarely visited tourist attractions that were on their doorstep, and Violet was no exception. She'd barely done any of the things in London that people travelled for miles - even from other countries - to see, but she made a mental note to rectify that. Perhaps if she had a more interesting and varied personal life, she wouldn't find going to work so dull and hateful.

Today, though, she was going to stick with the gardens. She looked at what she could see of the palace beyond the barriers that

had been put up, grinned at the statue of Queen Victoria - a woman she'd always admired - then turned right up Broad Walk and began walking towards South Lodge, and the edge of the park. She'd hop back on the Tube at Queensway and head home.

Continuing up Broad Walk, she suddenly noticed how dark it had gotten. A glance up at the sky revealed some ominous-looking rainclouds gathering overhead.

Fuck. Just when my day was looking brighter.

She didn't have an umbrella, either. She picked up her pace, hoping to make it to the Tube station before the heavens opened. Unfortunately, she had no such luck. She hadn't gone much further when she felt the first spot of rain on her head, which was quickly joined by a second and a third.

Grumbling and swearing, Violet moved off the path and into a group of trees that were close together, hoping they'd provide a little protection from the precipitation. Leaning against a thick brown trunk, she gazed out from under the leafy green canopy and watched the footpath gradually grow darker as it became soaked. There were no people to be seen - somehow it seemed as though they'd all disappeared before the shower had arrived. Some sixth sense had driven them under cover, perhaps. She wished she'd been blessed with it - at least if she had, she wouldn't be lurking beneath a bunch of trees to avoid getting drenched.

As the rain continued to pour, she came to the conclusion that it didn't really matter if she got wet, anyway. She and her clothes would dry, after all. It's not like it was permanent.

Just then, the rain grew faster and faster until its movement was almost a blur and her eyes struggled to keep up with it. The droplets hit the path so hard that they bounced, and Violet was suddenly very glad that she'd found shelter before the tumult had begun. Yes, the torrential rain was forcing its way through the leaves and branches above her, finding its way onto her hair, clothes and body, but its power was considerably diminished by the time it reached her. It was more like a shower, and in fact, it was quite pleasant. Her handbag was made of leather, therefore the contents would not get

a soaking. So she had nothing to worry about. Instead, she actually started to enjoy herself. Sucking in the scent of wet grass and leaves, and the other indescribable yet pleasant smells of nature through her nostrils, her mood improved further.

As she grew steadily damper, watching the water lash the ground outside her copse, a feeling of euphoria spread through her body, easing into every cell and nerve until she suspected she would burst with the overwhelming joy. It was something she hadn't experienced for a very long time and it made her feel wonderful. And free. Free from the constraints and misery of her shitty job and the arseholes she worked with, and free of every other thing that got her down, big or small. Negativity bounced off her shield of ecstasy and she became invincible.

With it, the invincibility brought another sensation that had been absent for a long time. Too long, in fact. A throbbing between her legs, and a tightening of her nipples. Fuck, she was horny. She'd almost forgotten what it felt like. Being free had cast off all the crap that had stifled her libido and now it had come out to play at the most inconvenient time, not to mention place.

Violet tried to ignore the signals her body was screaming at her, instead focussing on the storm that continued to rage above her, the force of nature. It didn't work. Her body refused to be ignored. Her breasts tingled, her nipples chafing almost painfully against her damp clothes, and her pussy was making her garments wet from the inside. Even without touching it, she knew her clit was swollen and silently begging to be stroked, caressed. The obvious answer to her dilemma was to masturbate, but she couldn't do that, she was in the middle of a park, for God's sake. A public place, where anybody could see her. She had visions of being carted off to the police station by a couple of burly officers, who would then see her charged with indecent exposure.

The thought of the burly officers lingered in Violet's mind, and she imagined what they would look like. Tall, muscular, attractive. One would be sexy in a more rough-around-the-edges way, the other more traditionally good-looking. One blonde, one dark-

haired. Maybe once they got her to the station, they wouldn't charge her at all. Perhaps they'd lead her into an interview room, lock the door behind them, and proceed to do all matter of kinky things to her. Things that included handcuffs and truncheons.

Violet gasped, shook her head. Where the hell had that come from? She had no particular fetish for policemen, or indeed, being handcuffed and seen to with a truncheon. It seemed that her newfound freedom had sent her imagination into overdrive, as well as her libido.

She exclaimed again as she realised her hand was down her knickers. At some point during her kinky fantasy, she'd forced her fingers under the waistband of her trousers and then her thong, and was now cupping her mound, stroking the short wiry hairs adorning it. Shocked at her subconscious behaviour, she simply stared down at where her wrist disappeared into the black material. Apparently with a life of their own, her fingers delved deeper, pressing into the damp crack of her vulva. A moan escaped her lips as her clit was stimulated.

Moving to touch it properly, Violet was surprised at just how large her bud had grown, particularly as it hadn't been physically pleased yet. All of a sudden, the thought overtook her that she would do just that - pleasure herself. She glanced up and out from under the trees. There weren't even any civilian citizens around, never mind any belonging to the law. In order to get caught, there would have to be someone to catch her. And there was nobody. Not a single soul, and even if there was, they'd have to be really close to see what she was doing - otherwise the sheeting rain would impair their view of her and what she was doing with her hand in her pants.

She decided to take the risk, minimal as it was. She'd keep an eye out, and if she saw anyone coming, she'd stop what she was doing. It was as simple as that. Relaxing against the tree trunk, she shuffled her feet further apart to give her better access to her pussy. The rough bark of the tree trunk dug into her back, but she didn't care. Curling her fingers into her channel, she marvelled at how wet and warm it was. And tight, but then that was hardly surprising - it

hadn't been breached by finger, nor sex toy, nor cock for God knows how long. In fact, she wouldn't have been shocked to find it had healed up altogether, rendering her a virgin once more.

Pushing deeper, she coated her digits liberally in her juices, before pulling out and smearing them over her eager clitoris. A thrill ran through her at the touch, and her cunt clenched. Closing her eyes in bliss, they then flew open again as she remembered she had to keep them open, so she could see if anyone was coming. Duh. Blinking a couple of times to regain her focus, she kept a close eye on the surrounding area.

As it had been so long, she started off slow. Gently circling her clit, she became reacquainted with the long-neglected area, reminding herself how she liked to be touched. Where, how hard, and how fast. She had the hang of it within seconds, but deliberately didn't push on with the technique, because she wanted to savour the moment. To tease herself to a well-deserved climax.

Moving as slowly as she possibly could, Violet stroked and rubbed her most private parts. Each caress sent bolts of arousal zinging through her body, but she wasn't yet in any danger of coming. She hadn't yet felt the telltale signs that would signal the onset of her orgasm.

After several minutes of teasing her slick, silky pussy and distended nub that rested at the apex of her vulva, she couldn't hold back any more. It was driving her to the point of distraction. Gathering some more juices from her cunt, she lubricated her clit once more. Then, after taking a deep breath - the sound of which was drowned out by the sound of the still-relentless rain thundering against the trees, branches and the ground - and checking she was still absolutely alone, Violet began to stimulate her clitoris in earnest.

Although she'd believed it impossible, the bud grew further and throbbed beneath her touch. Seeking the tiny area that was most sensitive, she began to rub it, fighting the overwhelming temptation to squeeze her eyes closed as she friggged herself to climax. Her breathing grew faster, shallower, tiny puffs of mist appearing in the damp, chilly air before her mouth with each exhalation.

Before long, a sensation in her abdomen told her that her orgasm was on its way. Like a coiled spring wound tighter and tighter, the feeling grew, and Violet stroked faster, eager now to release the delicious pressure that was building inside of her. To burst the dam, to pop the balloon. Though given how long it was since she'd last come, she suspected it would be more like a dam. A really fucking big one.

The speed of her movements increased until she could do no more, and she hoped she would come before her arm, wrist and fingers started to ache.

Finally, the feeling in her tummy reached breaking point, and the bliss exploded out, radiating throughout her body, making all her hairs stand on end. She yelped as her pussy started to spasm wildly, more juices seeping out with every movement, and total and utter ecstasy took over her. Keeping her eyes open was no longer possible, and a string of unintelligible sounds spilled from her lips as waves crashed through her, eventually leaving her wrung out and gasping against the tree trunk.

When she regained control of her body, she pulled her hand from between her legs and wiped her wet fingers on her trousers with a shrug. What did it matter if they got a cum stain on them? They'd be going straight into the wash when she got home.

Relaxing against the tree for a few minutes more, Violet watched as the rain gradually slowed to a stop. Only then did she move out of the gloom of her shelter, across the wet grass and back onto the path. She looked up. The sky still looked grey, so there was a chance that this respite was only temporary. With that, she began to skip - such was her lightness of heart - along Broad Walk in the direction she'd been going before she'd had to take sanctuary from the weather.

She felt - and probably looked - like a child as she lolloped along, but she didn't really care. What were the chances she'd meet anyone, much less someone she knew? And if she did, well then, they'd get over it. She was skipping, not streaking.

She was almost at South Lodge when she spotted someone coming towards her. The thought passed through her mind that

she should probably start behaving like a normal person - before the aforementioned burly policeman dragged her off for a different reason altogether. Insanity, perhaps. The next thought was - *fuck it*. Skipping and being happy wasn't illegal, as far as she knew, so she carried on what she was doing, growing rapidly closer to the other person - a man.

Soon, they were mere feet away, and she realised that the man looked startled by her huge grin - particularly as he'd probably noticed that she was soaked to the skin. She gave him a little wave, giggled and continued skipping down the path which would lead out of the park and to the Tube station. When she got home, she was going to jump into a hot shower, then bundle up in her dressing gown with a hot chocolate and her laptop. Then she was going to open up Microsoft Word and draft her resignation letter. And, far from being worried about ditching a job she needed, she couldn't possibly have been happier. The new, light-hearted, smiling Violet would find another job in no time. No time at all. Her selfish, disorganised boss would have to find some other mug to dump his shit on. She was free.