

## “A St. Patrick’s Day Hall Pass”

By Jane Colt

The cute, freckled bartender with a brilliantly red, curly mane walked over to the table in the corner. It was occupied by a handsome, but solitary guy who had been watching the jovial crowd—particularly the gorgeous women—for the last half-hour. “You know,” she smiled, “it’s considered impolite to go into a bar on Saint Patrick’s Day and not participate in the festivities. Or, if you’re unhappy and your plan is to drown your sorrows,” she added in a fetching brogue, “you at least need something to drown them in.”

She handed him a large glass with a generous amount of a shimmering amber liquid. “A gift from Saint Patty. Down the hatch!”

He took the glass and obediently drank. “Thanks. Sorry for being such a lump.” He extended his hand. “I’m Daniel.”

“Mary Erin McLarney.” She took his hand, squeezed warmly, and added a welcoming smile. “Everyone calls me Molly.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Molly.” He returned her smile.

“So, what’s your story? You’ve been checking out my beauties at the bar, and they’d love the attention.” She nodded at the row of gorgeous women who were eyeing him with unfiltered desire. “You’re obviously looking for company, but you aren’t making a move. Want an introduction?”

He looked over at the women and sighed. The brunette with the emerald satin blouse and matching skirt shot him a naughty wink and crossed her legs. Her skirt rose up her thigh—revealing green garters. Glancing down, she smirked and

didn't even try to pull it back down. She then casually undid a button on her blouse—which gave him a peek of her matching lace bra. His eyes widened, and he gulped. His face showed a powerful mix of desire and anguish. “Thanks. But not tonight.”

Molly shrugged her shoulders and returned to the bar. She leaned in and said something to the bevy of beauties. They glanced back at Daniel, frowned, and headed back into the partying crowd.

Molly walked back to his table. “If you’re turning down *them* on the night when everyone’s Irish—which means everyone gets lucky,” she winked, “you need help.” She put a refill in front of him and returned to the bar.

Just then a guy burst in and rushed over. “Dude! Why are you hiding here when your bachelor party’s in the bar next door? The girls from another wedding just showed up and the bride’s looking for one last fling. She’s a real babe! We showed her your picture and she told us to give you these.” He held up a pair of white lace panties with “I DO tomorrow. But DO ME tonight!” written on the front.

Daniel’s face tightened and showed angst again. Beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead. He took a long pull on the drink and struggled to get out a reply. “No ... I can’t ... I told you earlier.”

His friend shook this head in dismay. “Pussy-whipped is one thing, D. But this? This is your last chance, remember?”

He finished the drink. “I’m sorry,” he said somberly. “I’m going home.”

“Your choice. See you at the wedding.”

Molly watched the guy stumble out the door then returned to Daniel. “I didn’t mean to eavesdrop, but now I get it. You dick and your brain are at war. It’s your last night as a free man, so you want to screw everything in sight. But you’re worried your fiancée will find out. Good man. Do the smart thing. Just say no.”

He laughed wryly. “That would be too simple. She gave me a hall pass.”

Her eyes widened. “She said it’s OK for you to have sex with someone else?”

“Yup,” he answered glumly.

Molly paused, then playfully slapped Daniel on the head. “Nice try, cowboy. I’m not buying. Do you know how many times guys have tried to pull that with me? You pretend you’re trying to resist temptation on your last night. You even have your bud stage that thing about the horny bride-to-be, whom you turn down. Then you come on to me, and I’m supposed to melt because you’re such a good guy. This isn’t my first Saint Patty’s Day, you know—all green beer and lust. I doubt you’re even getting married. The bet with your buds was about ‘nailing a hot bartender,’ right? You guys are all alike!” She started to walk away.

“Wait! I’m telling you the truth. See?” Daniel pulled out his phone and showed her the wedding announcement.

Molly studied the screen. “OK. You’re getting married tomorrow. Cute pic, by the way. She’s adorable. But no mention of a hall pass, *obviously*.”

He held his phone up again. “That’s here.”

She laughed dismissively. “That’s just a picture of the girl from the wedding announcement with a newspaper in one hand and a blurry sign in the other.”

“Zoom in on the paper and look at the date.”

“OK. Today.”

“Now the sign.”

“I, Emma Rodgers, do hereby give permission to my fiancé, Daniel Williams, to have sex with as many women as he wants tonight. It’s his last chance, so please fuck his brains out. Besides, he’s great in bed. You won’t regret it 😊!”

Molly smirked, as she handed the phone back. “It doesn’t get much clearer than that. Why the hesitation?”

Daniel frowned and ran his hand through his hair. “Partly, because it feels like cheating.”

“Trust me,” she laughed. “When a girl makes it *this* clear, it’s not cheating.”

“Yeah. I get that. But mainly it’s because she’s the only one I want to have sex with. I want *her*, not *it*.”

Molly smiled warmly. “That’s sweet. So what’s the problem. Just go home.”

He paused, then looked again at the women in the bar with the desperation of a parched man arriving at an oasis, “I’ve never done sport sex. I can’t help wondering what it would be like. I’m split right down the middle. Half of me wants to go home. Half of me wants a night of amazing, guilt-free, hot sex.”

Molly narrowed her eyes as she studied Daniel. “Who’s idea was this—yours or hers?”

“Hers.”

“Why do you think she suggested it?”

He hesitated. “She said it was because my ‘number’ is way lower than hers. It doesn’t bother me. But she said she doesn’t want me to have any regrets.”

Her face took on a knowing expression. “Do you have any other pictures of your girl?”

“Sure.” He handed her the phone.

She smirked as she scrolled through the photos. “Just as I thought. She’s hot! ... I love this one of her in the bikini. ... And a wet t-shirt contest. Beautiful tits! ... And this one of her in the shower. Great body! I’d hit that!”

Daniel blushed and snatched the phone back.

“Just what I thought. She’s not worried about *you* having regrets. *She* doesn’t want any regrets.”

“Huh?” He did a double-take so quickly his neck cracked.

“For a girl that hot,” she chuckled, “you don’t think this is a one-sided hall pass, do you?”

Daniel frowned. “I guess not. But she never said anything about wanting to have one last night with other guys.”

“Aw, that’s cute,” she patted him on the head, “and just like a man. You all think that once we get a taste of your magic dick, we can’t imagine being with someone else. Sorry to bust your bubble, cowboy.”

Daniel looked more than a shade worried. “Really? Are you saying—?”

Molly just rolled her eyes. “So now that you know your super-hot bride-to-be is having who knows how many ‘just one last times’ before tying the knot, what do you want to do?”

Daniel stammered and looked panicked.

She held out her hand. “Come with me.”

“Where are we going?”

“To save your marriage.”

As she led him past the bar, Molly called to the other bartender. “I’m taking my break. Be back in a few.”

She led him down the hall into a large storeroom with a couple of large, cushioned chairs in one of the corners. “This is where we get off our feet during long shifts. Tonight’s been a killer. You don’t mind if I relax a bit, do you?”

Daniel’s eyes went wide as she quickly pulled off her tight green t-shirt, pushed her short black microskirt and panties down off her hips, and sat in the chair. “Welcome to the Emerald Isle,” she said with a naughty smile. Spreading her legs, she revealed a tuft of bright green pubic hair and swollen, moist, ruby lips.

Entranced by the sight of the beautiful, naked woman offering herself to him, he was unable to control himself. He pulled down his pants, sheathed his cock with a condom, and plunged inside her with a primal groan of hunger and relief. “Oh fuck!” he cried.

As he pounded into her, she put her hands against his chest and pushed so hard he fell back onto the floor. She was on top of him in an instant, taking his cock inside her, and him riding mercilessly. “Your girlfriend said I was supposed to fuck

*you*, remember.” As she slammed against him furiously, it was clear he would climax quickly. He closed his eyes, bucked into her, and came hard.

When his breathing slowed and he opened his eyes, she smiled, dismounted and began dressing. “I can’t come as quickly as you, and I’ve got to finish my shift. So, my turn tomorrow, baby. OK?”

“Agreed.” He stood up and kissed her. “You were right. Role playing’s a blast. Sexy bartender and tortured guy with a hall pass. It was fun seeing what would happen. And the green dye job was a great surprise! What’s on tap for tomorrow?”

“On our wedding day? What do you think? The naughty bride. I hope you can keep up.”