



**Jokers Wild: Call Me**

Lena Matthews

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Email:  
[raven@lsbooks.com](mailto:raven@lsbooks.com)

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This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents and dialogues in this book are of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

## **DEDICATION**

This book is dedicated to three wonderful people. To D. for taking my call and putting up with my giggling in the name of research. To D.'s wonderful fiancé, my good friend Kimberly and also to my loving husband Leo, for being understanding, supportive and knowing how to take a joke. Thanks you three, you made writing this book fun.

## Chapter 1

“Men suck.”

Yawning, the male voice on the other side of the line gave a soft raspy chuckle. “Hello to you too, Kayla.”

“I just had the date from hell,” grumbled Kayla Martin. Then, as if she finally realized what time it was, she said, “Were you sleeping?”

Dylan Thompson blinked several times to clear his head. Turning over, he glanced at the clock on the VCR. It was only ten and he was already asleep. God, he was getting old. Sitting up, he leaned back against the couch and looked at the papers laid out around him. He was supposed to be working, but he had known that Kayla was going out on a date and he wanted to be up to talk to her when she came home. Nothing was as amusing as a recap of her dates.

“No, I was just finishing some last-minute work.” Running his hand through his short brown hair, he shook his head to clear his mind.

“With your eyes closed.”

Dylan chuckled. She knew him so well.

“I was just resting my eyes.”

“Sure you were.” she laughed. “I’ll let you get back to it then.”

“No, I wanted to talk to you.”

“I don’t know, I feel awful.”

“Why?”

“Because I woke you up just to bitch at you.”

“That’s what friends are for and besides, if I don’t get my nightly dose of Kayla’s Capers, my day would just be incomplete.” Sitting up on the couch, he pushed up and ran his hand down his bare chest. “So what happened, Kay?”

“I’m going to die a virgin.”

“Highly unlikely, since you lost your virginity when you were seventeen.”

“Well it’s grown back or something,” Kayla replied nonchalantly. “I read that it can happen. Born-again virgins or something like that.”

Dylan shook his head and smiled. Kayla was notorious for getting facts wrong, which was highly amusing considering her genius-level IQ. “Did you read the entire article or just the headline?”

“Umm, I don’t remember.” Kayla paused as if in thought. “But that’s beside the point. This guy was a complete loser.”

“Kayla,” Dylan said. “You met him outside of court, what did you expect?”

“Lots of respectable men are at the courthouse.”

“Yes, those are lawyers and judges, not people holding up their hands saying ‘no pictures, no comments’.”

Laughing, Kayla replied. “Shut up, he was not.”

Kayla’s snicker made him smile broader. Dylan loved the way she sounded when she laughed. It was a dry, hoarse sound that you could tell came from her soul. It was just one of the many things he liked about her; her voice, her laughter and her ability to make him hard with just a sentence.

"That was low," she said, once she got herself back together.

"In the five years that I've known you, have you ever had a good date?"

"Well... umm..."

Dylan could practically smell the smoke burning as she pondered her answer. "Yes, October nineteenth, my date took me to Disneyland."

"That was me, Kayla."

"Yeah, it was great."

"It wasn't a date."

"Sure it was. You paid and we had sex."

Shocked, Dylan didn't remember it that way. "We did not."

"I had sex with someone. Oh wait, never mind, I remember now, I masturbated. Sheesh, I'm depressed. The last time I can remember having sex was with myself."

It was late, it was dark, and Kayla was talking about sex. Dylan couldn't think of a better way to spend the night.

"Do you want me to come up?" he asked, sliding his legs over the side of the couch. Leaning over, he turned on the lamp and blinked several times, trying to get his eyes to adjust to the light.

Sighing Kayla replied, "No, you have to get up early in the morning."

"Well, I'm up now," he said as he stood up. Stretching his long, lengthy frame, Dylan ran his free hand through his hair again. Looking down, he noticed his normal reaction to Kayla and sex in the same sentence, an erection. "In more ways than one I might add, I think it's because you said masturbation. So what..."

"Now Dylan, why do all of our late night..."

"Or early morning," he interrupted. Kayla was a big fan of calling him, no matter what time it was.

"Pardon me," she chuckled. "Or early morning conversations have to end in..."

"So what are you wearing?" They both said at the same time. Smiling, Dylan walked into the dark hallway and entered his kitchen. Without turning on the light, he opened the refrigerator and rummaged through it, looking for a snack.

"And the answer is?" he asked, bending down, opening the fruit drawer and taking out an apple. Taking a huge bite, he shut the door and headed back towards his living room.

"Why?"

"You know why. I love your voice." One of the many things, he thought, sitting back down on the couch.

"You're very strange," she laughed. "Only you would think that my hoarse voice is sexy."

"I'm not strange."

"I sound like I need a throat lozenge," Kayla replied, laughing again.

"Oh no, it's very sexy." Just like the owner. Setting the apple on the table, Dylan gave another huge stretch and let out a moan of despair when he realized just how awake he was.

"I'm going to be up for hours now, thanks."

Kayla's voice was muffled and seemed as if it was in a tunnel. "What are you doing?" Dylan asked.

"Sorry about that," she said, coming on clearer. "I was pulling off my dress."

Giving a mock whimper, Dylan plopped back on the couch and stretched out. Kayla wasn't helping. He could just see her pulling off one of her multicolored disasters to reveal the lush body that he knew lurked underneath her horrible clothing. Kayla may not have an eye for fashion, but she'd caught his eye, and he hadn't been the same since.

Leaning back on the couch, he lightly scratched his hand down his flat stomach, which was sprinkled with light brown hair, and laid it loosely on top of his semi-erect cock. "Now you're just teasing me."

"No, if I wanted to tease you I would tell you about the pretty black lace panties I'm wearing."

This time he groaned for real, while rubbing his hardening cock through his boxers. "Now, we're talking. What are you doing now?"

Laughing, Kayla replied, "I'm about to go to bed. Alone. Again."

"Well, you know that your going to bed alone is only by choice." Even though he said it in a joking manner, Dylan was serious. He had a soft spot for her in his heart and a hard part because of her, several inches lower, all at the same time.

"You know what, D?" she joked. "One day you're going to say that one time too many and I'm going to take you up on that. And then where would you be?"

The image of Kayla straddling him immediately appeared in his head, causing his cock to harden further. "Hopefully underneath you, letting you work out some of that nervous energy."

"You make me feel good," she said, with a smile in her voice. "You're my best friend."

Groaning, Dylan let go of his cock. If there was anything that could still a hardening cock, it was being placed firmly back in the 'friend's only' category. "Now you've done it."

"What?"

"You've ruined my nap and my perfectly good erection," he moaned.

Amusement was evident in her voice when she said softly, "Good night, Dylan. Pleasant dreams."

"You're evil," he said as he hung up. Chuckling softly, he looked up at the ceiling, staring in her general direction. Taking another bite out of the apple, Dylan sat back down and groaned. "I'm might as well finish up," he muttered to himself, picking up a file.

\* \* \* \*

Kayla let herself into Dylan's apartment the next day with a surprise for him in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. Setting the black velvet bag on the kitchen counter, she headed towards his bedroom, where she heard him stumbling around. This was one of her favorite things about her days, beginning them with Dylan.

Working at home allowed her many luxuries, one of the big ones, being able to start her day with Dylan. It had become a ritual of theirs a couple years back, for Dylan to leave his door unlocked in the morning so she could just slip in and chat while he got ready for work. That, along with their nightly phone calls, was going to be one of the main things she missed whenever he finally moved out or got a steady girl.

Hearing him grumble, Kayla peeked her head in his bedroom and looked around the corner as she cheerfully greeted, "Good morning." It normally took him a few hours just to get moving, and it seemed like today wasn't an exception.

Dylan was getting dressed for work. Wearing gray slacks and a white collared shirt, he glanced up from the mirror on his dresser that he was using to tie his tie, and eyed her critically. Taking in her bright eyes and cheerful smile, he grumbled, "I hate you."

Laughing, she stepped all the way in the room and leaned against his dresser. Placing the coffee on the dresser, she stepped in front of him and pushed his hands away. Taking his silk tie in her hands, Kayla started fixing it. "No you don't."

That comment was as much a part of the ritual as the unlocked door. Dylan could never understand how she functioned on less than three hours of sleep. Her insomnia, which others might consider a burden, was what helped her when she worked.

Kayla could never get over just how attractive Dylan was. Not flashy like today's movie stars, but more regal, like stars from the fifties. She teased him sometimes by calling him Cary Grant, because Dylan could wear a suit like it was painted on.

Reaching around her, he grabbed the coffee cup and took a swig. Wincing at the bitter taste, he set it back down with a thump. Trying to push her away so he could finish the tie himself, Dylan and Kayla did a slapstick routine similar to an old episode of The Three Stooges for the rights to tie his tie.

"Your coffee sucks," he grumbled, as he gave up and let her finish.

"Aww, and I thought it was a vast improvement over yesterday's."

"Did you change the filter or the grounds?"

"No," she said, looking up at him with a puzzled look on her face. The idea of doing that never even entered her mind. "I thought the machine made it really fast for some reason this morning."

Shaking his head in disbelief, Dylan moved her out of the way and looked down to check his tie. Straightening it out, he glanced over at her and said, "I can read your future Kayla, and it has food poisoning written all over it."

Kayla followed behind him, drinking the coffee she had brought and watching the way his buns moved in his pants. Dylan set the briefcase and his jacket on the coffee table, opened the door, and picked up the newspaper that she walked over before she came in his apartment. "Hmm," he grumbled, causing Kayla to grin sheepishly in response.

Reaching over to her, he took the cup out of her hands and walked to the sink. "Hey, I was drinking that," she cried, as he poured it down the drain.

"And your medical insurance will thank me later." Rinsing out the cup, Dylan moved to his coffee machine and poured her a fresh cup of coffee.

"For your information I don't have medical insurance," pouted Kayla as she hopped onto the kitchen counter. She swung her legs back and forth, kicking them into his lower cabinets. Dylan stepped in front of her, raised his eyebrow, and handed her the steaming cup.

Kayla stopped kicking immediately. It was pure habit, nervous energy in motion. "Sorry," she muttered, wrapping her hands around the warm cup, inhaling the strong aroma. Taking a sip, she looked up in surprise, "This is better."

"It's amazing what fresh grounds and a new fresh filter can do," he smirked. Pouring himself a cup, Dylan leaned back against the counter and eyed her warily. "You're in an annoyingly good mood."

"I am, aren't I?" Kayla teased. "Last night after talking to you, I was inspired."

"I thought you were going to go to bed?"

"I couldn't sleep."

"Kayla..." Dylan warned.

"I can't help it." She shrugged. "When inspiration calls you have to pick up the phone."

"Inspiration huh?" he asked, his eyes gleaming "Look, if it has anything to do with masturbation and Disneyland, I don't want to hear about it, unless you videotaped it and did a sexy voice-over."

He was such a tease. Dylan was always making comments about how sexy her voice was and if she thought for one minute that he was serious, she would run full force and attack him. Kayla secretly wondered what Dylan would think if he knew that he was the star of some of her late night self-love sessions. Probably die laughing, she thought with a grin. "Well, I guess you won't get to hear about it then."

"Please tell me I inspired you to go to Disneyland."

"No," she grinned. Kayla loved talking to Dylan. He had a dry sense of humor that always made her smile, no matter how terrible she was feeling.

"And you couldn't take time to pull out the video camera?" he asked, sounding hurt.

"No, I'm rewiring my camera. Remember?" she reminded him, swinging her foot back and forth. Dylan reached out and grabbed her leg, forcing her to stop.

"What was your great idea this time, Professor?" Dylan teased, calling her by the nickname he gave her for her absentmindedness.

"When I got off the phone with you last night, I began to think of masturbation."

"Me too," Dylan mumbled.

"What?"

"Nothing, continue."

"And I started thinking of you and masturbation, and Eureka! *It* came to me." Kayla said, pointing to the black bag.

"What is it?" Dylan question warily.

"Open it up. It's my newest invention." She urged, dying to see his response. "I'm going to revolutionize the sex toy business."

"You're making a sex toy?" His voice thickened as he looked down at the bag in his hand.

"Yes," Kayla said. "I need you to help me test it out."

"Let me get this straight. You want me to help you with a toy?"

"Yes."

"What kind of sex toy is it?" he questioned.

"An anal vibrator."

"You want me to use an anal vibrator on you?" he questioned. A huge grin spread across his mouth as he opened the bag up and pulled out the anal plug.

"No silly." Kayla laughed. "I want you to use it."

Confused, Dylan looked up and asked, "On..."

"On yourself, of course."



## Chapter 2

Just when he thought that Kayla couldn't do anything else to shock him, she would up and trump him. It was official. She had finally lost her fucking mind. Dropping the plug like it was hot, Dylan looked at her like she had two heads. "Did you fall and hit your head last night on the way to your worktable?"

"Of course not," Kayla said, jumping down off the counter and picking it up. Examining it, she turned it over in her hand, looking it over. Letting out a relieved sigh, she looked up and smiled. "You didn't break it."

"Well give it to me and let me try again," he said, reaching for it. Maybe if he closed his eyes, he'd wake up and realize that it was all a dream, a horrible, twisted, deviant dream.

Kayla shoved the plug behind her back and frowned at him. "I spent all night working on this."

"Which is evident from the lack of sleep that must have gone into this hair-brained idea."

"It's not hair-brained. I did research and everything." Reaching into her back pocket, she pulled out some folded papers and waved them at him. "Look, it says right here that eighty-seven percent of men like having their prostate stimulated during oral sex."

"How many of those men are gay?"

"I don't know." Kayla shrugged.

"Well, go back and check your facts again, but this time use straight men."

Sighing, Kayla put her hands on her hips. "Dylan, straight men have prostates, too. You know?"

"Show me a straight man who will let you shove *that*," he said, pointing to her arms, "in their ass, and I'll show you a man who's really far in the closet."

"You don't know."

"And neither do you, Professor, but what I do know is that you're insane if you think I'm going to let you shove that in my ass."

"You say insane like it's a bad thing."

"When it involves my ass, it is." Moving back to his coffee machine, Dylan grimaced as he thought back to what she was trying to do. Just the thought of anything going near his ass was enough to make him wince. Kayla was going to be the death of him.

"I can't believe you're that upset about a little plug."

"I'm not upset Kayla, I'm amused." And he was. Only his little Professor would try to invent an anal sex toy. As far as Dylan knew, Kayla wasn't even into backdoor loving.

"Amused, why?"

"I'm amused that you would even think that I would do it."

"You didn't look amused to me." Tilting her head to the side, she smiled as she said, "I'd say more like neon green."

"Do you want me to kick you out?" Dylan growled jokingly. "And besides, if you're so cool with it, you use it."

“Dylan, I’m a woman.” Kayla said it as if she was exasperated, which made Dylan want to chuckle. As if he could ever forget that she was a woman.

“I’m very much aware of that.”

“Well in case you didn’t know, women don’t have prostates, therefore it won’t work for me.”

“What won’t work?”

“The Walnut Wand.”

What the fuck was that? “Walnut Wand?”

“Yes, this.” she said, holding the plug towards him again. Dylan had to force himself not to jump back. He didn’t want her waving that thing around him.

“Kayla, let’s say that even if I was a bit more open-minded, do you really think that I would let you stick anything up my ass that *you* modified? The last time I let you talk me into doing something, you wired my computer to every appliance in my house.”

“I was trying to make you more efficient.”

“Kayla, I couldn’t watch TV without my microwave going off.”

“I fixed it, didn’t I?”

“Don’t you see, if you mess something like this up, you just won’t be able to fix it? This is my ass we’re talking about.”

Kayla interrupted him with a sigh. “Fine, but this time it’s different.”

“Really?” he asked, as he leaned back against the counter. Grabbing his coffee, Dylan settled back and watched her. This should be great for a good laugh, he thought to himself. “How so, Professor?”

“I’ve been doing some reading online and…”

“Sure you did.” He laughed. Knowing Kayla, she had mixed up her facts again.

“Just listen,” she growled, squinting her eyes. “I’ve been doing some research on the male prostate and it’s the size of the walnut, which is where I came up with the name ‘The Walnut Wand’, and it’s supposed to be this big pleasure ball for men.”

Shaking his head, Dylan sat down his cup, and looked at his watch. If he didn’t cut this short, he would never get to work. Kayla would talk until Doomsday to try to prove her point. “Kayla, I’m not letting you stick anything up my ass.”

“I already have the prototype worked out; basically I just added a couple things to my butt plug.”

“That’s another thing I have to know?” he questioned, completely sidetracked now. “Where the hell did you get a butt plug?”

“The same place I got my vibrator.”

Kayla had a vibrator. Dylan groaned at the mental image that swarmed through his head. His little naughty Professor, pleasuring herself while he watched. Closing his eyes, Dylan tried to force his body to settle down. She was killing him. Literally killing him. He didn’t want to think about the fact that there was an anal plug less than two feet away from him. An anal plug that he could be using on his brown-haired vixen.

Dylan could just imagine her turned around on all fours with the plastic, pink, love toy lodged in her ass as he pleasured her from behind. Kayla had been the late night star of way too many of his fantasies to be talking about the toys she owned in front of him. If he wanted to salvage their friendship and what was left of their sanity, he needed to get out of there before he put her little wand to some real use.

“Is that a ‘yes’ groan or a ‘maybe’ groan?” Kayla teased, forcing a chuckle to escape from his tightly pressed lips.

“It’s an ‘I have to go to work before I do something that I’ll regret’ groan.”

“Like saying yes?” she asked, hopefully.

“No, like throwing that pink demon in my garbage disposal.”

“Dylan!” Kayla cried, aghast.

“Kayla,” he teased back. Damn, she was cute. Even when she was threatening his manhood she was cute. Lethal and insane, but cute nevertheless.

\* \* \* \*

There had to be a way to convince him to do it, Kayla thought as she tapped her finger against the plug. Maybe a trade of some sort. For heaven’s sake, it was just a little plug. Picking it up again, Kayla brought it in for closer inspection. Never having had anal sex herself, she wasn’t sure of the purpose of one for a woman, but for a man it made perfect sense.

Kayla had thought for sure that Dylan would at least consider using it. He was a healthy, sexually active man. He seemed very adventurous from the things he hinted at, so she didn’t understand why he would say no to this.

“You’ve had anal sex before, haven’t you?” she asked, as soon as he came back into the room.

Dylan paused in mid-step and looked at her, sort of shocked. “Is nothing sacred?”

“Between friends, never.”

“Yes, but as the pitcher Kayla, never the catcher.”

“You can’t tell me you never had a woman stick her finger up your...” She demonstrated with her hand as she spoke.

Dylan grimaced and shook his head as if trying to erase the image she was building. “As a matter of fact, yes, I can tell you that.”

Okay, this tactic was obviously not working. “I’m just asking for a favor,” she tried, using a different approach.

“Collecting your mail when you go out of town is a favor. Taping a program on the VCR is favor. This, this is just craziness.”

“What if I do something for you? I can update the computers for you at work.”

Chuckling, Dylan replied. “Not just no, but hell no. Kayla, you need to get some sleep because you’ve completely gone loopy.”

“I’m just trying to help.”

“And I understand that, baby, but there’s nothing in this whole wide world that will ever convince me to use that. When you make a blowjob wand, I’ll be the first person in line for you to test it out on. In fact, I insist that I be the only one.”

“You’re such a whore,” she teased. Damn it, he was cute. Even when he wasn’t doing what she wanted, Kayla couldn’t get mad at him.

“And you’re a menace with a screwdriver, but I still love you.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” Sighing, Kayla didn’t know what else to say. She didn’t want to be annoying, but she had really hoped he would be more open to it.

“Look Kayla, I know that you probably think right now that it’s a good idea. But I’m sure with a Valium, some sleep, and years of therapy, you’ll realize that it wasn’t.”

Smiling, she shook her head. “Thank you for being so understanding.”

"I'm trying to be. You know that I'm always here for you. When you wanted to test out the new fire alarm you made, who went and bought all those extinguishers?"

"You."

"And when you caught on fire, who put you out?"

"Shut up!" Kayla said over his laughter. "You make me sound like Fire Marshall Bill. I didn't catch on fire. I just got a little singed. But just like you're always there for me, I'll be there for you."

"Great, so if my asshole catches on fire, you'll put it out. That's very reassuring," he replied dryly.

"Come on, you know what I mean. Have you ever asked me to do something that I haven't done?"

"I can think of one or two things."

"Like what?" Kayla asked. She knew that she could be a tad demanding but she always thought that she and Dylan had an equal relationship. He was so damn giving that at times she felt like he gave too much, but she had always tried her damndest to be there for him as well.

"I seem to recall a phone call or two that left me high and dry."

"Come on Dylan, you know you're only joking about that."

"Am I?"

That gave Kayla cause to pause. She had always thought that he was joking. What if he wasn't? "Aren't you?"

Dylan didn't say anything for a couple of seconds. He just stared at her, forcing Kayla to really think back over his behavior, not that she needed much prodding. If for one second she thought he was for real, she'd be the first one naked.

"Of course I'm kidding," he said, ending the silence and her small ray of hope.

"I can see how you are." Kayla sighed jokingly. Great, two dreams crashed in less than fifteen minutes. "Well, when I make millions on this, don't say I didn't offer to cut you in on the ground floor."

"Fine. When you're the Butt Wand Queen, I'll say I knew you when. I'll even help you invest it."

"Walnut Wand, thank you very much." Feeling dejected, Kayla placed the plug on his counter and plopped down on the stool. "Well if you're not going to be my guinea pig, I guess I'll have to go find someone else."

"Good luck Professor, but I have to go. We'll talk about this later."

"That's not a no."

"Dream on, Kayla," Dylan replied, walking out of his kitchen, and into his living room. Putting on his jacket, Dylan bent over, picked up his briefcase and grabbed his keys.

They walked out the door together. Kayla headed towards the elevator as Dylan closed and locked the door behind them.

"Do you have your keys?" he questioned as he joined her at the elevator.

Kayla pushed the down button for him and leaned against the wall. Smiling, she nodded 'yes' as she waited for the elevator to arrive. Dylan gazed at her with a knowing look until she reached inside of her jean pocket and pulled them out.

"Sheesh," she muttered. "Lock yourself out of your own house a time or two..."

"Or nine?"

“Fine, OR nine and people never let you hear the end of it.”

“Sorry Professor,” he teased. “I shouldn’t have pigeonholed you like that.”

“That’s right,” Kayla said, nodding her head. “Let’s leave the past behind us.”

“So, yesterday is the past?”

“It was *yesterday*, hello.”

He snickered at her logic and just shook his head.

Kayla smiled at him innocently and asked, “Are we still on for Friday night?”

“Yes, the guys will be here at seven sharp. Which means I’ll call you at five and tell you that the poker game begins at six.”

“You act like I’m forgetful or something.”

“Or something,” he chuckled.

The elevator dinged its arrival and Dylan leaned over, giving her a quick kiss on the cheek before the doors opened. He stepped into the elevator and gave a polite nod to the elderly couple in the back.

“Was that really a no?” she questioned once more, as the doors began to slide together.

“It was a no,” he said, firmly shaking his head.

Now what am I going to do? She thought, watching the door close with a frown. That was really a no. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she had thought that Dylan would give in. He always had before. Maybe it was the laughter or the ‘hell no’, but something about this time made her realize that he was for real.

Heading up the stairs, she lacked the usual spirit in her jaunt. Opening her unlocked apartment door, Kayla headed straight to her favorite room in the apartment, her office. It was the place that she spent the most time and the place she was most comfortable in. Her office was kind of like her mind, jumbled but filled with ideas, but no ideas stood out as much as the wand did.

It was everything an inventor could want, easy to make, easy to market and easy to sell. All Kayla needed now was a break and a willing ass. Setting the plug down on her desk, she pulled out her notepad and began to sketch ideas. She knew that this was a good idea, but without a willing participant, she’d never know. It wasn’t like she could just pick up strange guys off the street and ask them to use the wand.

This is frustrating as hell, she thought, leaning her head against her propped up fist. Fixing computers and making things was her first love, being with Dylan was her second. Kayla was well aware of what people said about her behind her back, but it had never mattered to her because Dylan didn’t care about those things. He was the one secure thing she had in her entire life, and she wasn’t going to let a little wand come between them. If he didn’t want to use it that was fine, she’d just have to find someone else who would.

### Chapter 3

As Dylan set up the table for his monthly poker game, he watched Kayla across the room, flirting with his best friend and business partner, Chris Wilson. She had arrived on time for once, amazingly, and she looked fucking great.

Dressed in a short jean skirt and a black tank top, Kayla was playing up her advantage of femininity, or what she called her distracting factors, to a tee. Her hair was styled in a sexy little bob, and Dylan was beginning to get really irked that she had gone out of her way to dress up for these bozos when he looked at her bright shirts and saggy sweats all week.

Although he knew she was playing up her looks to take everyone's mind off the fact that she was a card shark, it still really chapped his hide. He didn't like the way the other guys were looking at her, not that they were checking out her face much, just her lush cleavage and sexy legs. *His* cleavage and *his* legs, Dylan thought angrily as he yanked the legs up on the folding table.

"Hey bud, we might need that leg," kidded his neighbor Dan from down the hall.

Dylan calmed himself by counting all the different ways in his head that he was going to strangle and maim her. First, she hadn't called him last night or come over in the morning like she usually did, and not one freaking phone call all day. Not an update on her toy, no emergency that he had to help fix, nothing.

That really bothered him. It wasn't like them to go a day without talking, and part of him was worried that he might have hurt her feelings by not supporting her newest project. Not that he had changed his mind about being her crash test dummy, but Dylan thought he might have handled it a little better.

After work today, Dylan stopped by her apartment to check on her, and she wasn't home. He had even let himself in with his key, to check if she was ignoring him, and to his relief she really wasn't there, but then that brought up a whole new set of questions. Like, where the fuck was she?

Dylan didn't know how much it bothered him that she wasn't around, until she wasn't around. So much of his time was spent talking to her, or about her, that he didn't know what to do when she wasn't around. It wasn't until she didn't show up that he realized how much he'd come to treasure their time together. For a while he had thought that it was just his attraction to her and their friendship that made him want to be with her, but then he realized it was something else.

He liked the fact that Kayla needed him. That he was the first person she called when something good or bad happened. It made him feel needed and important to her, so much so that when she didn't call he didn't know how to feel about it. All this time he had thought it was she who needed him, but now he was really beginning to wonder about that.

And then out of the blue, she showed up at his apartment like nothing had happened. Like the fact that they hadn't talked all day didn't bother her as much as it had bothered him. With a box full of hot chicken wings and a pocket full of cash, Kayla had just strolled in and made herself at home with his house and his friends.

“Let’s saddle up fellas,” Samuel, another player, said to the scattered players in the apartment.

Kayla walked over to the table with one hand on Chris’s arm, smiling, and that was enough to get his blood boiling. Before he could rationalize in his mind what he was doing, Dylan grabbed her other arm, and said over his shoulder, “We’ll be back in a moment, fellows,” and tugged Kayla to the back of the apartment to his bedroom.

Shutting the door behind them, he leaned back and crossed his arms across his chest.

Looking bewildered, Kayla frowned and asked, “What’s going on?”

“You tell me.”

“I don’t know,” she said, crossing her arms as well. “You’re the one who dragged me back here.”

“Where have you been all day?” he demanded, walking closer to her. Stopping directly in front of her, Dylan bent down, tugged on the bottom of her short skirt, and asked, “And what’s with this get-up?”

“I’ve been out working on my project, not that I have to explain myself to you bub, and for the record, you’ve seen this skirt a million times before. In fact, I wore it last week when we went out to lunch.”

“What proje... the butt plug?” he questioned loudly.

“Walnut Wand, and keep your voice down.” she whispered, looking over his shoulder at the closed door. “I don’t want anyone getting wind of it until I’ve had it patented.”

Shaking his head in disbelief, Dylan leaned in closer and lowered his voice. “I don’t think you’re going to have to worry about someone trying to steal your anal idea.”

“You never know.”

“I’m pretty sure it’s safe, especially from those guys,” he said, gesturing over his shoulder. “Unless you know something about them that I don’t.”

“Of course not. Don’t be silly.”

“Speaking of silly, I think you should back off of Chris.” Dylan couldn’t help the jealous tone entering his voice. If anyone was going to benefit from her excess of energy, it was going to be him.

“Excuse me?”

“Chris comes with a lot of baggage. Hell, we’ve been friends for close to eight years and there are still things about Chris that I don’t know. Chris never gets too involved or stays with one woman for too long.” And you deserve better than that, he added silently to himself.

Sighing, Kayla shook her head. “I’m not interested in Chris, Dylan. I was just being friendly.”

“Well stop it.”

“Make me.”

Dylan’s palm itched to do exactly that. The dare in her teasing tone was too much, especially with the way he was feeling right now. She didn’t know what she was getting herself into, with Chris or with him.

“Come on,” Kayla said, tugging on his arm. “Let’s just get the game started. This isn’t an eighteen-hour bra. It’s a wonder bra, and it’s squeezing the bee-jeezes out of the twins.”

Watching her walk out the door was the highlight of his day, he thought as he followed her out of the room. Her full, round ass swayed and the skirt clung to her like a second skin. Feeling his body beginning to respond to the sight of soft delectable rear, Dylan quickly thought of all things not erotic to try to clear his head.

Baseball, the smell of the men's bathroom, her cooking. Anything to get his mind focused, before his money wasn't the only thing he lost that night.

Taking a seat at the table, Dylan looked around at his friends, who were all glancing not so subtly at Kayla's pale cleavage, and cleared his throat. When everyone glanced his way, even an amused Kayla, he muttered, "Ante up."

\* \* \* \*

Kayla's winning streak that night had more to do with her bra than her brains. Every time she was backed into a corner, she would lean forward and squeeze her arms together, causing her breasts to swell and appear as if they were going to pop right out of her shirt.

Her only real competition that night was Dylan, who was onto her, but that didn't stop him from making a couple of bad moves either. All in all, she thought the twenty-dollar push up bra had been a wise investment. It had doubled her pocket that night. This bad boy, she thought amusedly, is getting hand-washed, and placed in a position of honor in the drawer.

Racking up her loot, she nodded and smiled as the guys made their way out Dylan's door. As the last sucker, as she referred to them in her mind, left, she let out a loud cackle that would have done the vilest of witches proud.

"I kicked ass tonight," she roared as she jumped up from the table. "Go Kayla, it's your birthday. Go Kayla, it's your birthday."

"You are a grifter," muttered a disgruntled Dylan as he slumped onto his couch.

Kicking his shoes off, he put his feet on the coffee table. Leaning back with his arms folded across his chest, Dylan watched with an amused smirk as Kayla did her victory dance.

Wiggling her hips and shimmying her breasts, Kayla slinked around in circles. Rubbing the cash over her chest, she laughed at his disgruntled look and flaunted the money in his face. Winning was great, being able to throw it in Dylan's face was priceless.

"Men are such idiots," she said, throwing her head back and tossing the money in the air. The money showered over her like green confetti as it floated to the ground, landing at her feet in a green puddle. Smiling, Kayla walked around the table and dropped down next to Dylan on the couch.

"Breasts are the best thing that God invented," she teased, laying her head on his shoulder. Rubbing her head against his neck like a kitten, she burrowed closer to him and inhaled his scent. A mixture of spicy cologne and after-shave lotion, Dylan smelled just like a good man should, intoxicating. It was a scent she couldn't get out of her mind.

Snorting, Dylan pushed the table forward and brought his legs to the ground. Nudging at her with his shoulder, he tried to dislodge her head.

"What, the poor baby upset that he lost to a woman?" asked Kayla in a babying tone.

"I didn't lose to a woman," he scowled. "I lost to a pair of tits."



Gasping in mock outrage, Kayla poked her fingers into his ribs and wiggled them. Knowing that Dylan hated to be tickled, she attacked him with relish. Groaning, Dylan grabbed her hands and fought off her advances. They wrestled, rolling onto the floor in their attempt to be the victor. Kayla landed on her back with Dylan firmly encased between her thighs and her arms held above her head in his strong grasp.

All laughter ceased to exist as they became aware of their potentially awkward situation.

"Just admit it," Dylan said softly, looking into her sparkling brown eyes. "You used your tits to unfair advantage."

"I didn't force anyone to look."

"As good of a player as you are," he commented, glancing down at her heaving breasts. "You wouldn't have gotten as lucky as you did if it weren't for these beauties. You used them to distract us. Admit it."

So he thinks the girls are beauties, huh? Kayla thought, looking at Dylan. His testosterone was higher than usual tonight, making the air around them sizzle. Kayla's breathing slowed as her arousal rose. The feel of Dylan, heavy and hard on top of her was having a dangerous effect on her ability to think. She had to admit, it was an image she could grow to love.

"Maybe a little." Sliding her tongue over her parched lips, Kayla moved a little, forcing her skirt to rise higher on her hips, and forcing Dylan to shift directly between her thighs. The obvious sign of his arousal was pressed firmly against the moist juncture of her center.

"Care to get up?" she asked, half-hoping he didn't. Kayla had been wanting him in this position for a while now and wanted to savor every second of it.

Pressing forward a little, he replied, "Not especially."

That works for me, she thought, resisting the urge to push back. "Are you willing to put your money where your mouth is?"

"You have all the money you're going to get from me tonight," he replied as he released her arms. Placing his arms on the side of her head, he pressed up and rose off her, giving Kayla an eagle-eye view of what she had been feeling moments earlier. Not only does it feel good, it looks damn good too, she thought as he offered her his hand, helping Kayla to her feet.

Pushing her skirt down, Kayla said, "We don't have to play for money."

Raising one eyebrow, Dylan looked intrigued.

"What are we playing for?"

Kayla walked towards the table and leaned against it. "Anything you want."

"Anything?"

"Yes."

Walking towards her slowly, a slight smile tilted the edge of his mouth. "Anything can be a dangerous wager."

"I'm in a dangerous mood," she taunted. His erection wasn't the only thing up tonight. So was her courage. "Not man enough to make it?"

"Darlin'," he drawled. "I'm more than man enough, and you're about to find out."

Facing each other, the desire trickled through the room, making it hard for Kayla to concentrate. Staring at his mouth, Kayla wondered what it would feel like pressed against her.

“One hand, winner takes all.”

“No backing out,” he demanded. “That’s the rule, Kayla. Me, you, and a deck of cards. Whatever the outcome, the loser has to abide by the winner’s wishes.”

“Yes,” she said hoarsely, hoping against hope that his wish had them doing things that she wouldn’t even be able to think about later without blushing. Clearing her throat, she asked, “What do you want?”

“A phone call,” he said, giving her a knowing look. “There are things I want more, like your body under mine. But I’m willing to be a gentleman about this. I won’t force you to sleep with me because of a bad hand, but before this night is over Kayla, I will know what you sound like coming.”

A phone call, well hell, at least it was a step in the right direction. “I accept.”

“What about you? What do you want?”

“You, as my test subject.” It was all or nothing, and if he accepted, Kayla planned to make it as enjoyable for the both of them as possible.

The smile that was forming on his lips quickly turned into a frown. “Hell no.”

“I’ll help distract you,” she said, walking to him and placing her hand on his cock. His cock twitched at her touch. Wetting her lips, she looked down at the bulge she was holding, and wondered if she would be the one who ended up distracted. “Remember, you only have to do it if you lose.”

Grabbing her hand, he forced it harder onto himself. “Then I guess I won’t lose.”

Releasing her hand, he walked around the table and sat down facing her. Kayla took the seat in front of him and shuffled the deck.

“One hand, five card stud, jokers are wild.” Kayla said, as she offered him the deck to cut.

Shaking his head no, Dylan watched intently as she dealt out the cards. Picking them up, Dylan composed his features, not letting on what his hand held.

Kayla looked down at her hand and groaned to herself. She had absolutely nothing. Her highest card was an ace, so technically she could deal herself four new cards and keep the ace, but she didn’t want to play that way. Keeping the ace of hearts and the ten of spades, Kayla set down the remaining cards in her hand.

Looking up from her cards, Kayla noticed Dylan watching her with an intense look on his face. He was hard to read, but he did have a lot more to lose, she thought with a smile.

“How many do you want?” she questioned nervously, tapping her toe to the ground.

“I’ll take one,” he said, sliding one card from his hand on to the table.

“One.” Kayla gawked.

“One.”

“Okay,” she said dealing him his card. “Dealer takes three.”

Dylan smirked as she picked up the three cards in front of her. Picking up the card, she added them one by one to her hand. A five of clubs, the ten of hearts, and the ace of diamonds. Two pairs, she thought excitedly to herself. She might just make out okay after all.

“Whatcha got?” she asked excitedly.

“Let’s place them down at the same time,” he said. Nodding her agreement, Kayla counted aloud. “One, two, three.”

They flipped over their cards at the same time. Kayla looked down at his cards and cried out in despair. Dylan had a queen of clubs and a nine. Four of them. Looking up from his cards on the table to the look of triumph on his face, Kayla felt like she was about to have a heart attack.

Leaning backwards in his chair, Dylan smugly flicked his cards closer to her, as if daring her to inspect them. Glaring at them, Kayla stood up and stepped away from the table.

At a loss for words, Kayla just stood as if in shock. When she finally was able to get a hold of herself, she looked back up at Dylan who had stood as well and was now leaning against his bar. He was watching her intently, and giving her an amused little smile. Raising one eyebrow, he reached over the side of the bar, picked up the cordless phone from off the charger, and said, "Call me."

## Chapter 4

This is not happening, she thought in a daze, as she stared at a smirking Dylan. Kayla could tell by the intense look in his eyes that he wasn't going to let her back down. No amount of pleading and begging was going to get her out of it. Turning away, she walked slowly to the door. Hoping against all hope that he would call her back at any second and say never mind.

As Kayla put her hand on the doorknob, Dylan called out from behind her. "Kayla?" Hopeful, Kayla turned around and smiled. "Yes?"

"I want you to take off your clothes before you call me. I want you naked and ready by the time you dial my number." Dylan walked towards her slowly with a sexy smile. Standing in front of her, nose to nose, he reached around her and pulled the door open. They were standing so close to one another that she could feel his breath on the side of her face. Turning his head until he was whispering in her ear, Dylan softly said, "I want you naked, wet and willing by the time you say 'hello', or else."

Lightly slapping her on the ass, he smiled wider as she gasped in surprise. Dylan placed his hands on her shoulders and turned Kayla back around, until she was facing the open door. Giving her a gentle nudge out the door, Dylan shut it firmly behind her.

Kayla walked to the elevator in a daze. Of all the stupid things to do, she couldn't believe she had lost, but the worst part was that it was her idea to make the damn wager. She would have never brought it up if she thought for a second that she was going to lose. The stupid, arrogant part of her that always got her in trouble never thought that she would lose, although another part of her had wanted to. This was all so crazy.

Even without the twins, she was normally a better player at poker than Dylan. Five-card draw was her game. Fuming, she punched the up arrow on the elevator. Usually she just took the stairs, but tonight she was going to take the longest route home.

The ding of the arrival of the elevator woke her from her daze and she slinked in apprehensively. This all seemed like a good idea at the time, she thought, for the hundredth time. She rode the elevator in silence, contemplating her situation, as it crept up the shaft to her floor.

Everything moves in slow motion when you're nervous, she thought. The doors slid open and she walked out of them, heading towards her apartment. Opening the door, Kayla made her way through her living room and straight into her bedroom.

Taking her shirt off, Kayla stood in front of her bed in a daze. She couldn't believe that this was really going to happen. Slipping out of her skirt, Kayla's mind was going a hundred miles per hour, thinking of all the good and bad things, mostly bad, that could come out of tonight.

Why couldn't they just have sex like normal people? Sweaty, loud, bondage sex. Nasty, I can't face myself in the mirror the next morning, sex. Not phone sex. What if she giggled? What if he did? What if it didn't turn him on like he thought it would? Why couldn't he just want to fuck her?

It wasn't like she didn't want him. Because she did, she thought, as she threw the now offensive, bad luck bra across the room. She wanted him more than she wanted a

new Mac computer, but she was worried that if something went wrong, then they would lose the best part of their relationship, their friendship.

As she slid her panties off, Kayla's stomach fluttered with butterflies. Part from nervousness, part from arousal. Kayla didn't know which sensation was the strongest.

A conundrum of emotions battled in her mind. Right or wrong, the desire to share something with Dylan so intimate and seductive overruled all forms of common sense.

Walking over to her nightstand, Kayla picked up the cordless phone and dialed Dylan's number. Here goes nothing, she thought.

\* \* \* \*

Dylan sat on his couch, drumming his fingers on the seat. He was already sporting an erection just from the thought of Kayla calling. He knew that this was exciting for her too, he just hoped that she would work up the courage to call.

Staring at the phone, Dylan estimated how long it would take for her to call. She had been gone less than five minutes, but that was plenty of time for her to get in her apartment and get undressed.

She isn't going to go through with it, Dylan thought disappointedly. He felt his desire ebbing, but he refused to allow Kayla to back out now. They were so close to something special here, and she was going to allow her fears to ruin it. Well, not if he had anything to say about it.

Standing up, Dylan headed to the front door, just as a ringing noise came from the couch. Smiling slowly, Dylan walked over to the couch and answered the phone.

"Hello."

"Dylan?"

Dylan could hear the question in her voice. Wanting to alleviate her fears, Dylan tried to calm his erratic heartbeat, and speak to her in a soothing voice. "Yes," he replied as he sat back down on his couch. His erection had jumped back to life as soon as the phone rang. It was amazing, he thought, how clairvoyant his penis was.

"I feel silly doing this," said Kayla softly.

"Don't back out now, Kayla," Dylan said quietly.

"It feels weird."

"Nothing can be weird between us, baby. Just go with it. Let your inhibitions go."

"Kay," she said nervously.

"Where are you?" Dylan asked, unbuckling his belt with one hand. His other hand was tightly gripping the phone. He couldn't believe that his fantasy was finally going to come true. Dylan stood up and unbuttoned his pants.

Walking down the hallway to his bedroom, Dylan pressed his ear harder to the phone, trying to ensure that he heard every sound that she made. Entering his room, he pulled the phone away, tugged his shirt off, and quickly brought the phone back up to his ear.

Pushing his pants along with his boxers to the ground, Dylan's member stood up thick and hard. Making his way over to his nightstand, he opened up the top drawer and extracted the oil he kept in there for extra lubrication. Pressing the phone between his shoulder and his ear, he dribbled a little oil into his palm and sat down on the bed.

Propping the plush pillows behind his back, Dylan brought his legs onto the bed, dropping one flat and leaving his other leg bent at the knee. Gripping his cock tightly in his hand, he settled back.

"In my bedroom."

"Did you get undressed like I asked?"

"Yes."

"Good," he said, stroking his erection. "Go stand in front of your mirror."

There was a shuffling noise, and Dylan heard a door shut. He knew that Kayla's full-length mirror was on the back of her bedroom door. Dylan closed his eyes and imagined her there in front of it.

"Tell me, what do you see?"

"I see me."

"Describe yourself to me," he said, running his thumb across the wet head of his cock.

"Dylan, you know what I look like."

"I don't know what you look like naked."

"I see my breasts."

"What do they look like?"

"They're full and heavy," she replied. "And my nipples are hard."

"Because of what we're doing or because it's cold?" he questioned

"Because of what we're doing," Kayla said softly.

"Touch them for me, baby."

"I am," she said. "I'm rubbing them between my fingers and tugging on them."

"What color are they?"

"Pink."

There was a moment of silence, as he envisioned her standing proudly and aroused in front of him.

"Are you hard, Dylan?" she questioned shyly.

"Honey, I was hard the minute you walked out that door. I've wanted this for a long time, Kayla. To listen to you as I stroke myself. To hear your sexy little voice while I come," he said, running his hand down his length. "To hear you come, screaming in my ear."

Kayla let out a soft moan, which caused his cock to jump in response.

"Lay down on the bed, baby and spread your legs."

The rustle of the bed covers let him know that she was complying with his wishes.

"Is this what you want, Dylan? Me touching myself as you listen."

"Yes," he said hoarsely "Are you wet?"

"Very."

"I've been wanting you wet for awhile, baby."

"I didn't know that," she said, with a catch in her voice. "Not wanting to sound too clichéd at this moment, but you had me at hello." She gave a husky little laugh. "I've wanted you since the first day I saw you."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm running my fingers through my pubic hair, lightly touching my lips."

Dylan's mouth suddenly went dry. Licking his lips to moisten them, he cleared his throat. Running his hand up his cock faster, Dylan asked. "Can you feel how wet you are?"

"Yes, you have me flowing," she panted into the phone.

Squeezing his aching cock, Dylan closed his eyes and tried to imagine Kayla in her bedroom, stroking her fingers over her pussy. Tightening his hand, he asked a question that he had been dying to know for a while. "What do you taste like, angel?"

"I ... I don't know."

"Taste yourself for me."

"Kay," she whispered. Whimpering, she let out a little moan, causing Dylan's cock to arch in response.

"What are you doing?" he asked breathlessly. Slowly pumping himself, Dylan ran the heel of his hand over the head of his cock, bringing the lubrication from the oil down farther onto his member.

"I'm caressing myself," she breathed into the phone, breathlessly. "Touching my outer lips, gliding my fingers across my clit." Moaning louder, she uttered, "sliding my fingers inside of..." Unable to finish the sentence, Kayla's cries of passion resonated through the phone lines, making the hairs on the back of Dylan's neck rise. Her voice, calling out to him, sent shivers of desire coursing along his body.

He could tell she was getting closer by the choppy sounds she was making in his ear. Dylan picked up his tempo, and felt the familiar tug on his testicles. Just when he was close to reaching his peak, Kayla cried out his name as she came.

"Fuck this," he muttered, dropping the phone. Grabbing his sweats out of his bottom drawer, he pulled them over his throbbing cock. Without putting on a shirt or shoes, Dylan grabbed his keys and slammed out of his apartment.

Taking the stairs two at a time, Dylan groaned in agony as his unfulfilled cock pulsed in pain. When he reached her floor, he stormed to her door, unlocked it, and slammed the steel door behind him.

Feeling like a man possessed, Dylan flung his keys on the floor, and strode down her hall. Kayla was standing in her bedroom doorway, pulling her robe on. She held the phone in one hand as she tried to gather the robe together with the other.

"What's wrong?" she questioned as he stopped in front of her. "It wasn't working for you?"

Taking the phone from her hand, Dylan let it clatter to the floor. Grabbing her hand in his, Dylan lifted her still-moist fingers into his mouth and tongued her essences. The tangy flavor of her sex mingled with the spicy aroma of her arousal sent pulsating shivers down his body.

Letting her fingers slowly slide from his mouth, Dylan looked into her passion-filled eyes, as he slid her robe down her shoulders onto the floor.

## Chapter 5

Dylan watched the robe as it fell down her body, revealing every inch of her lovely form. Kayla was everything that he thought she would be and more. Embarrassment shone from her skin, leaving it tinted red as she made to cover herself.

“Don’t,” he said huskily. Looking up into her eyes, Dylan’s desire for her poured from his. “Don’t be afraid of me.”

“I’m not afraid,” she denied. “I thought it was just going to be phone sex.”

“Did you really think I would be satisfied with just listening to you come? When I can be in here, inside of you, making you come.”

Dylan stepped forward, forcing Kayla to move backwards into her bedroom. His intense stare never left her face as he walked closer and closer to her.

“Do you have anything?” He asked, looking down into her upturned eyes. “I left the apartment in a bit of rush.”

“I’m on the pill.”

“Good,” he said, leaning down to kiss her. “Just so you know, I’m fine. I had a physical last month, so you have nothing to worry about from me.”

“Or me,” she whispered as his lips gently brushed hers.

“Baby, the only thing about you I’m worried about is if I’ll fit inside your tight little body. Anything else is of no importance.”

Bending down, Dylan moved in closer to deepen the kiss, but Kayla backed away a bit and pushed her hand against his chest to ward him off.

“I have a request.”

“Just one? I’m willing to do anything to you that you want. Whatever turns you on turns me on. I just want to hear you scream my name.”

Wetting her lips, Kayla desperately tried to rein in her desire. At the rate he was going she was going to dissolve into a puddle right in front of his eyes. She had never been this aroused in her entire life. Dylan had done more to her with a few simple words than her few boyfriends had done with their entire bodies. This man was lethal.

Clearing her throat, Kayla said breathlessly, “There has to be another night.”

Confusion flashed across his face. “What do you mean?”

“I know how you are, Dylan,” she said, holding up her hand to ward off any further comments that he might have made. “You lose interest real quick, and I refuse to be a one-night stand.”

Frowning in irritation, he pushed her down on the bed and knelt before her. Looking up at her full breasts, he reached out his hands and cupped them. Squeezing them between his hands, he brought his face forward and took her erect nipple in his mouth. Alternating between sucking motions and soft biting, Dylan had her creaming and soaking her bedspread.

Moving his hand, he slipped his fingers between her folds and caressed her engorged clit.

Arching her back, Kayla swiveled her hips as Dylan fingered her. Pulling back his head, Dylan looked as she gyrated herself on his hand. She was so hot, he thought, as she



fucked herself on his hand. He'd be damned if it wasn't the sexiest thing he had ever seen.

"If you think that I'm going to be happy with only one more time after this, then you're crazy."

Spreading her legs farther, Dylan pulled her hips forward so that her bottom was almost hanging off of the bed. He placed her legs over his shoulder, and took her pulsing pussy in his mouth. She tasted like heaven, he thought, as her buttery liquid poured on his tongue. Soft, wet, and creamy.

Separating her lips, Dylan firmly licked up one side of her pussy and down the other. Ignoring her clit, he licked her lips, stopping to tug gently on the soft light brown downy hair that felt like peach fuzz around her pussy.

Kayla lay back on the bed, and tried to scoot back, but Dylan stopped her by holding her legs tight.

Burying his head further in her pussy, Dylan flicked her clit with his tongue in rapid succession before finally taking the heated button in his mouth and sucking it. Kayla arched her back and dug her heels into his back. Twisting from side to side, Kayla tried to jerk away from the pleasure-pain radiating from her center, but Dylan held tightly to her thighs. He held her down as she came, shaking around him.

Moaning and arching, Kayla rode the orgasm washing through her like a tidal wave.

Kayla tugged at his hair and begged, "Dylan please, I can't take anymore. I ... I..."

Ignoring her, Dylan just grunted and moved his tongue in small circles inside her, licking, drinking from the fountain pouring out of her, like honey from a hive. Shaking and shivering, she slowly began to calm down as Dylan slowed down his strokes.

He loved the way she reacted to him. To hear her screaming his name as she came was the biggest turn on ever. She was such a vocal little thing, he could eat her sweet pussy for hours.

Pulling back slightly, he blew cool air on her clit, causing her to cry out again. Blowing soft cool air all around her moist opening, Dylan let her calm down before leaning forward again and attacking her clit with his tongue once more. Groaning, Kayla tried to pull him away, but Dylan grabbed her hands from his head and held them down by her side as he licked her into another mind-blowing orgasm.

As she shuddered in the aftermath, goose bumps broke out over her damp skin. Breathing heavily, Kayla lay limply as Dylan rose from between her legs and pulled his sweats down, past his bulging erection.

Kayla's eyes widened and she licked her parted lips as she got her first glimpse of his dick. He was long, thick, and hard. The purplish mushroom-head of his cock was glistening with pre-cum and gave his cock a sexy glow.

Taking it in his hand, Dylan pumped it a few times while watching her on the bed. "You taste better than I ever could have imagined," he said, as he climbed on the bed beside her. Scooting to the top of the bed Kayla bent over, took his cock in her hand and leaned forward as if to take it into her mouth, but Dylan placed his hand on her shoulder and held her back.

"I don't think so, love." Chuckling nervously, he said. "I won't last long inside that hot fucking mouth of yours."

"Get inside me," Kayla whimpered. "I don't care where, but now."

“That is a very dangerous offer, baby. There are lots of places my cock would just love to be. Places that would fit it like a glove, so be careful what you ask for.”

Leaning over, he took her mouth with his. Kayla could taste herself on his lips and tongue as he lapped at her. Pushing her back on the bed, Dylan shifted her while never taking his mouth from hers. He placed his hand under her leg, raising it higher as he laid his other palm down flat on the bed next to her hip.

Kayla closed her eyes as she felt the head of his cock at the entrance of her pussy. Kayla felt a slap against her clit. Opening her eyes, she saw Dylan with his cock in his hand. She couldn't believe it. He'd just spanked her clit with his dick.

“Now that I have your attention again,” he said dryly.

“What?”

Pushing his cock inside of her, he slid forward, lifting her leg to the top of his shoulder as he leaned over her. Kayla shut her eyes again, arching in pleasure as he pulled out and pressed in again.

“No, Kayla,” Dylan said roughly, as he plunged in deeper. “Keep your eyes on me... only me.”

“I can't...” she groaned as he moved in her.

“Oh, but you will if you want me to fuck you. I want there to be no doubts as to who is inside of you. I want you to know that it's my cock you're riding.”

Opening her eyes, Kayla watched Dylan's face as he fucked her. He stared down into her eyes, as he plunged in and out of her. Only slowing down to shift her leg as it slid down his sweat-glistened arm, Dylan never lost eye contact. He was deep inside of her, pushing her across the bed as he thrust within her.

Reaching up, Kayla grabbed the headboard to stop it from banging into her head. Her pleasure-pain sensor was off the chart as he drove deep into her soaking flesh. Sliding his hands under the small of her back, Dylan propelled her back against him, forcing her to give as good as she was getting. For every thrust he gave her, she pushed back into him, pushing him further into the recesses of her body, until the tip of his thick cock brushed against her cervix, causing her to come, screaming his name.

“God yes,” he groaned against her neck. “Fuck baby, come for me.”

Twisting underneath him, Kayla fought the pleasure until it overtook her, causing her to cry out and let go of the headboard. Wrapping her arms around him, she marked him with her nails as she dragged them down his back.

“Fuck me, fuck me,” she chanted over and over again, as he powered into her. Picking up speed, Dylan drove into her with all his might as he groaned loudly, “I'm coming.”

Crushing his hips into hers, he threw his head back and moaned as he came, spilling his seed into her. Leaning forward, he rested his head beside her while holding himself up on shaky arms.

Kayla lay as if in a daze, with her arms still wrapped around his wet, quivering body. She was completely amazed. She had never had three orgasms in one night, ever. Lying down on her breasts for a second, Dylan turned his head and blew on her softening nipple. It jerked in response, which caused his cock to twitch inside her.

“No... you've got to give a girl a moment,” she groaned, turning his head away from her nipple. “Get out of me.”

Chuckling, Dylan rose up and pulled his hips down, dislodging himself from her.

Groaning, he rolled over onto his back and lay next to her. His limp cock, still impressively thick, had left a trail of moisture between her legs.

Looking down, Dylan winced and asked, "You have something I can clean up with?"

Opening her eyes, she murmured, "The shower."

"Darling, I barely have enough energy to wipe, let alone move my tired ass all the way to the shower."

"Well, I guess you do deserve something for all your hard work," she teased, leaning over the side of the bed to pick up a discarded shirt she had on the floor.

Dylan cleaned himself, and then folded the shirt in two before slipping it between her legs.

Looking down, Kayla watched through half-closed eyes as Dylan wiped away all traces of his semen from her legs.

"You know, Dylan," she said, turning her head on the pillow until she faced him. "If I had been aware that you were that skilled three years ago, I would have called you collect."

Laughing, Dylan leaned over and kissed her softly on the lips. Kayla faintly smelled her essence on him, but the rest of the sexual aroma lingering in the air overpowered the faint smell of her. She took his tongue in her mouth and caressed it with her own. Dylan brought his hand up to her face and gently cupped her cheek.

"If I would have known that you tasted that good, I would have been eating all of my meals from between your legs."

Kayla blushed, which caused Dylan to burst out in laughter. "How can you still blush after what we just did?" he asked, amused

"It's because of what we just did I'm blushing. I would have never thought you were such a potty mouth."

"I do believe it was you screaming '*fuck me, fuck me*'."

"Shut up," she said, rolling onto her stomach and burying her face in her pillow. "I did not."

Leaning over her he chided, "Oh yes you did, my little fuck-baby. That was you who demanded that I fill you," he said, running his fingers down the line of her back to the crack of her ass. "In any place I wanted."

Tightening her buttocks, she rolled back around, this time bringing the pillow with her and lightly smacking him in the head. Getting up on her knees, she attacked him with glee. Howling with laughter, Dylan dodged the pillow as she pummeled him with blows.

"Shut up. Shut up. Shut up." She said, between laughter and swings.

Grabbing the pillow from a laughing Kayla, Dylan threw it out of the way before bringing her in for a hard kiss. Their laughter ceased to exist as they explored each other's mouths. Pulling away reluctantly, they looked into each other's eyes.

"Dylan?"

"Yes, baby."

"I don't want this to ruin our friendship," said Kayla with a trace of fear in her voice. "You're the most important man in my life and I would hate for anything to come between us."

Dylan glanced down between their bodies at his stiffening erection and back at Kayla with a slight smile and said, "Well, I can pretty much promise you he'll come between us from time to time, but nothing is more important to me than us being friends."

“I just don’t want things to change.” Sitting back down on the bed, Kayla looked up worriedly. “I hate change.”

“Life is full of change, Professor,” he said, sitting down so he was at her level. “But change isn’t always bad, and I can never go back to being just your friend, and neither could you. This is something so much better than simple friendship.”

“But friends foremost, right?”

Smiling at her, Dylan ran his fingers across her cheek, causing her heart to skip a beat. Leaning forward, he gently kissed her on the tip of her nose like he used to, and said, “Friends.”

## Chapter 6

Walking into his office building Monday morning, Dylan was in a great mood. Saying hello to everyone he passed, he smiled brightly and winked at his scowling secretary as he entered his office. Not even her sour disposition was enough to bring him down. Not after the weekend he'd just spent with Kayla.

Who would have ever thought that they would have such a great time together? It should have been obvious, he knew, seeing as to how much fun they had together with their clothes on, that they would match up with them off. Kayla, he thought, with a warm smile spreading across his face, was not only the best friend he'd ever had, but also the best piece of ass he had ever had.

She was willing, limber, and very, very accommodating. She wasn't too shy to try things, to suggest things, or to be assertive and take charge in the bedroom. It was a refreshing change from the previous women in his life, who didn't want to appear to be too bawdy. Kayla just didn't care. If she wanted something, she would ask.

He almost shit a brick, when in the middle of doggie-style Kayla asked him to spank her. It had taken all of his hard-won control not to come inside of her right then and there. He had been more than happy to comply, and when he came, he had damn near put his back out. Jokingly, Dylan had stated that he hadn't had that much sex since college, which brought out her competitive side and if it wasn't for liniment and the sauna in the tub, neither one of them would have been walking this morning. Last night in an attempt to get some rest, they had agreed to sleep alone. It was the first time since Thursday night that Dylan had actually gotten any sleep, only to be awoken this morning to her mouth on his cock. For once, she had used that key for something good. A blowjob was the best possible way to start a day, he thought smugly.

Sitting behind his desk, Dylan looked through the mail Mrs. Howard had dropped in front of him before demanding if he wanted a cup of coffee.

"That would be lovely," he replied, handing her his cup.

Grabbing it, she stomped, as was her way, out of his office, almost running headlong into Chris, who rolled his eyes as she grumbled at him for being in her way. Walking over to Dylan's desk, he leaned against it and frowned down at Dylan, who was still blissfully smiling.

"Either you've figured out some poor helpless soul you could pawn off Mrs. Howard on or you're coming up with ways to dispose of her body."

Laughing, Dylan kicked up his feet and leaned back in his chair. "Neither, my friend. I just had the best damn weekend of my life."

Smiling at Dylan's expression, Chris walked around the desk and sat in the brown leather chair facing Dylan. "Give me details man, and don't leave anything out. I want sight, smell, and sound."

"Well, a gentlemen never tells."

"And when a gentleman comes in this room, I'll understand," snorted Chris as he slouched down in the chair. "But until then, spill it."

"Let's just say I had a better time after the poker game than you did."

"Bullshit!" Chris said sitting up in surprise. "You and the Professor."

Grinning, Dylan nodded as Mrs. Howard came back into the room with his coffee. Placing it on the desk, she said, "Don't forget you two have an eleven o'clock in the conference room."

Nodding at her, Dylan kept his eyes on an amazed Chris. Laughing inside, he watched Chris try to pull himself back together.

"The Professor, but she's so..."

"So what?" Dylan asked coolly.

Chris noticed the change in Dylan's expression, and quickly backed down. "That's not what I mean man, and you know it. I dig her, I do. I've always thought she was great, I'm just having a hard time imaging you two together. You're so... you, and she's so not you. She's a great girl, funny, sexy in a Rainbow Bright kind of way, but not your usual type."

Bursting out laughing at his description of Kayla, Dylan couldn't help but understand Chris's surprised reaction. Even he was amazed at times, but it just felt right.

"Sometimes you have to go with what you feel, and leave common sense out of it."

"Well how did it feel?"

"Un-fucking-believable."

"Is that all the details I'm going to get?" asked Chris.

"Yes."

"You fucking suck," he groaned.

"As does she," pausing for the dramatic, Dylan added with a huge grin. "Very, very, very well."

"Now, now, now, gentlemen," said a slightly accented voice from the doorway. "Is that any way to talk about a lady?"

Dylan and Chris both jumped up at the sound of Eliza, Chris' secretary's voice. Dylan turned around and stared in horror as Eliza leaned in his doorway with her arms crossed. Dylan looked over at Chris and chuckled inside at the hungry way Chris was looking at her. Eliza was a beautiful woman, very exotic looking, with long dark straight hair and big hazel eyes. She was built like the proverbial brick shithouse, full breasts with a full bottom, and Chris wanted her bad.

"Eliza," Dylan said, moving from behind his desk. "What she doesn't know won't hurt me."

Laughing softly, Eliza walked across the room and stood in front of the desk. "Mmm, well, I hate to see a grown man cry, but I do have to look out for my girls." Looking coyly from beneath her full lashes, she turned on the charm as she slinked up next to Dylan. "Although I'm not above taking a bribe."

"Name it and it's yours," he joked in mock horror.

"Well, did I hear you correctly or did you two mention a poker game?"

"Yes, you did," replied Chris, coolly raising a black brow. "Why? Do you play?"

"I grew up with three brothers. There aren't many games I don't play, and play well, I might add. Do you need another player?"

"I don't know," Dylan said, crossing his arms. "We got pretty well duped by the Professor on Friday, so I'm not much on women players anymore."

"Is this Professor the one who gives good head?" she asked with a straight face.

"It's the first Friday of every month," Dylan quickly replied.

Laughing, she turned to Chris, and handed him his messages. “Would you like some coffee?”

“No,” Chris said, dragging his eyes from her breasts, “I’m fine.”

Turning, she headed out the door and down the hall. Chris groaned and plopped back in the chair. Dropping his head back, he mockingly cried, “Why?”

“You heard her, it was a do-or-die moment.”

“I get enough of her around here,” he said, lifting his head up and looking at Dylan. “And now you’ve invited her to our game.”

“Why did you hire her, if you can’t stand being around her?”

“Because I listened to the little head, instead of the big head.”

“It’s not like she growls at you, like some people,” Dylan said, gesturing with his head towards Mrs. Howard. The typing from the outer office suddenly stopped as if she heard them, then quickly resumed faster than before. Chris and Dylan both winced at the pounding of the keyboard.

Clearing his throat, Chris continued in a lower voice. “No, and she’s a good secretary. She always brings me coffee, she smells great, remembers all my appointments, and never complains when she has to work late.”

“So what’s the problem?”

“Have you fucking seen her, or does a woman have to wear neon colors to get your attention?”

Dylan punched Chris in the arm, and they both laughed. Rubbing his arm jokingly, Chris said, “It’s hard to work around someone that fucking beautiful. I can’t think, I can’t work, and she makes me feel like a blithering idiot.”

“I’m sure that’s not hard.”

“Shut up,” Chris said, standing up again. “I’ve got to roll, but I’ll see you at the meeting in a few.”

“Yeah, maybe we should take Mrs. Howard, instead of Eliza. I would hate for you to get too distracted.”

“Fuck you,” he mouthed at a laughing Dylan, before leaving his office.

\* \* \* \*

Two hours later, Dylan sat in the most boring meeting of his life. It was an important meeting, but dull never the less. He and Chris were trying to woo a client, and Chris was giving their usual spiel, while Dylan pretended to listen and take notes.

The Anderson Brothers owned the local amusement park, and it would be a big coup for Dylan and Chris to snag them as clients. This was the final of a series of meetings that would allow them to show the Andersons just what they could do for their business. As Chris moved to the overhead projector, there was a loud buzz from the intercom. Eliza voice’s came over the speaker.

“You have a call on line two, Mr. Thompson,” she said amusedly.

Chris shot him a scolding look, as he slid the first document onto the projector. Even Mrs. Howard seemed more put-out than usual.

“Take a message, please.” Smiling apologetically at the two men sitting across from him, Dylan tried to refocus on the meeting at hand.

“It’s very important sir. It’s Ms. Martin, from Martin Enterprises.”

Smiling, Dylan reached for the phone and said to the Anderson Brothers. "This will only take a moment. I'm sorry. Please continue, Chris."

Turning his back away from a glaring Chris, Dylan pressed line two and put the phone to his ear.

"Hello Ms. Martin. How can I help you today?"

"I have a big problem that needs your immediate attention," Kayla said softly into the phone.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"You can talk to me as I fuck myself with my vibrator."

All the blood rushed out of Dylan's head. Oh, my God, he thought as his penis leapt to life in his pants. This had to be a joke.

"Could I possibly call you back?" Looking down at his watch frantically, he said, "in let's say, an hour?"

"No," she said breathlessly into the phone. "I'll be done way before then. Don't you want to help me come?"

This is so not the time for this, he thought as he shifted in his chair, yet he couldn't tell her no. This was like a fantasy coming to life. Kayla managed to turn an ordinary meeting into the erotic dream of a lifetime.

"Well, let me transfer this call to my office and..."

"No, I want you to stay right where you are."

"But Ms. Martin, I'm in the middle of a meeting."

"And I'm in the middle of sliding this vibrator all around my clit."

Gulping, Dylan tried to still his racing heartbeat. He wasn't sure if he was in heaven or hell.

"Ms. Martin, I know this is important to you, but I..."

"And I'm all wet thinking of you..." Kayla interrupted. "Can I have five minutes of your time? You just need to answer yes or no."

Placing his hand over the mouthpiece, Dylan turned around and addressed the Andersons. "This will only take a moment, sorry."

Shooting Chris a pleading look for understanding, he turned back around and placed the phone to his ear. Just as the receiver hit his ear, he heard Kayla moaning. His cock tightened painfully in his pants, and he ached to reach in and rub it. Dylan felt the pre-cum slip out of the head of his cock, as he thought about the risk he was about to take to fulfill this fantasy.

"Yes," he said firmly. "How can I be of assistance?"

"You can help me decide how I want to do this."

"Okay."

"I've just lubed up my anal plug."

"The one you've been modifying?" Dylan asked.

"No, the one I bought today... along with a few accessories."

"Accessories?"

"Yes, like my egg, and some heating oil."

Dylan shuddered at the image in his head. Of Kayla spread out on her bed, with toys placed all around her, her small hand, rubbing lubricant up and down the plug before placing it into her rectum.

"I think you should go with the unmodified version."



"You want me to put the plug in?"

"Yes." Dylan gripped the phone tighter.

"Okay," she said. "I'm laying on my back, with my legs bent and my feet on the bed."

"Uh, huh."

"I'm placing the plug at my hole and," hissing, Kayla's voice broke before continuing, "pushing it in slowly. God..."

"Did you do it?" He demanded urgently. Looking over his shoulder, he lowered his voice and tried to cover his excitement. This was like every adolescent wet dream he had ever had. A sexy woman masturbating while he listened in. The only thing that made this better was that she was his sexy woman. His sexy woman who was going to get her ass spanked when he got home.

"Yes," she moaned, "It's in all the way."

"And how is it working for you?"

"It's full... so full, baby."

"I think the idea you had earlier sounds good to me."

"You mean the vibrator?"

"Yes, that."

"Do you want me to rub it on my clit?"

"Yes, I think that sounds great."

"Me too..." she gasped, as he heard a distant vibrating noise in the background.

He lowered his hand discreetly down into his lap, and squeezed his cock. The front of his pants had a small wet stain from all the pre-cum he was leaking. His heart was racing and his mind was in an uproar. He could hear Kayla moaning and chanting his name. God, he was going to come any second himself. He needed to think of something else for just a few moments, before he embarrassed himself in front of the Andersons.

"I'm getting there, baby," she whimpered into the phone. "I'm so close, I'm so close."

"Now put it in," he whispered softly into the phone, and clutched himself tightly as he heard her scream out in ecstasy.

"Oh God! Oh God, Dylan..."

"I'm here." He shuddered as she screamed his name. The need to jerk off was so intense that he had to stop himself from gripping his cock. He knew with a complete certainty that if he touched his cock, even slightly, he would come. He was almost coming just listening to her get off. His body tingled and his cock begged to be touched, but he rode it out as he listened to her come down from her orgasm.

Kayla panted softly in his ear and said his name, and he wanted more than anything to whisper words of endearments to her. To hold her as she shook in aftermath, and to pet her pussy as she slid the vibrator in and out of her. He needed to get out of here.

"So is everything good now?" His voice had softened, so he wouldn't disturb her high.

Chuckling softly, Kayla replied, "Better than good. Thank you, I couldn't have done it without you."

"No problem."

"I guess our little meeting is up."

"Yes, Ms. Martin."

“I’ll see you later tonight.”

“Sooner, I’m thinking.” Dylan said, getting back under control. His cock was still throbbing but his desire to erupt had dimensioned greatly.

“Really?”

“Yes. I think that that unmodified version should stay just where it is.”

Silence greeted him, and then Kayla hesitantly asked. “You want me to leave the butt plug in?”

“Yes.” Glancing back down at his watch, he said. “Let’s say we meet in two hours and discuss it.”

“You want me to leave it in for two hours?”

“I think you’d be wise to.”

“Uh oh.” She giggled. “It sounds like I’m in trouble.”

“Yes ma’am,” he said with a smile. “So I’ll see you in two hours, and I’m serious about my suggestion, Ms. Martin. I think you should comply.”

“I will.”

“All right then, goodbye.”

Dylan hung up the phone feeling better than he had in hours. Little Ms. Kayla thought she was running things, but she was in for a rude awakening. Turning back to the meeting, Dylan addressed the Andersons. “Sorry about that. I had to, umm, instruct a client on the right moves she should make.”

Nodding, they turned their attention back to Chris, who continued with his presentation. Dylan adjusted himself again, and thought of all the ways he was planning on making Kayla pay.

## Chapter 7

Kayla eased back on the couch carefully. It was a little harder walking around with a butt plug than she had originally thought it would be. With the research she had been doing on the Walnut Wand, she had thought it had sounded quite sexy. And for masturbation-play like this morning, it was, but for just walking around, it was a tad uncomfortable.

She felt like she was walking around with the world's biggest wedgie. Or a thong on two sizes too small. It did cause a funny sensation, but the majority of the feeling was discomfort. Sighing, she shifted the pillow behind her back and glanced at the clock on the television.

Dylan should be here soon, she thought excitedly. He seemed to really like the phone call this morning, although she probably should have called back once Eliza had told her that he was in an important meeting. But the thought of rattling his oh-so-tidy cage was a challenge she couldn't let slip through her fingers.

Kayla would never have thought phone sex could be so freaking hot. Just listening to him pretend to be all cool and calm when she knew for a fact that he was hot and bothered was a turn-on in itself.

This weekend had taught her several things about Dylan that she never knew before. He loved being in control and he was a complete audio-type person. He not only loved to hear her moan, he demanded it. He wouldn't quit until she clawed him and screamed his name, and damn, that man had a talented tongue. Not just for oral pleasure, but he said things that would make a sailor blush.

Making love to him was the most exciting thing she'd ever done in her entire life. Not only because he was damn good at it, but also because making love with someone you trusted, not only with your body but also with your heart, was almost too much to bear.

The trust that they had built up in their friendship over the years had enabled them to be more carefree in the bedroom. Just from conversations they'd had over the years, Kayla knew things he liked and didn't like. She wasn't as self-conscious about being nude in front of him as she would have been with a guy she had just met. She'd known for years that he thought she was attractive, and that little things, like her not being a size seven wasn't a big deal to him. He liked her as she was, and for that alone, Kayla loved him.

The doorknob turned, dragging Kayla from her thoughts. The sound of the door opening was more arousing than leaving the anal plug in had been. Dylan entered the room and shut the door firmly behind him, locking the handle as he closed it.

Loosening his tie, Dylan untied it but left it dangling off his neck as he walked towards her with an intense look in his eyes. Kayla's mouth went dry, and it seemed as if all the moisture that had been in her mouth was now gathering in the center of her thighs. Standing up carefully, she made her way over to him. The dress she'd pulled over her nude body was thin and light. It brushed across her tingling nipples, causing them to harden as it swayed around her body.

“Do you still have it in?” he questioned, as he stood in front of her. Taking her in his arms, he gathered her close and pressed her into his hard front.

Nodding her head yes, Kayla was awestruck at the domineering person who stood before her. It was like the Dylan she normally knew was gone, replaced by this stranger, this angry, aroused stranger.

“Good.”

Pulling up her dress, Dylan ran his fingers down her buttocks, cupping her full pale cheeks in his hands. Running his fingers up her crack, he took a cheek in each hand and gently pulled them apart. His fingers explored down her seam until they landed on the base of the plug. Almost hidden between her cheeks, the base of the plug was rectangular in shape, thin and short.

Brushing across it, he groaned and buried his face in her hair. Kayla wrapped her arms around him as he pulled her in closer to him. Breathing in deep, she was aware that the smell of her arousal filled the air. Her bare front rubbed against his crisp pants, his buckle, cold and hard against her stomach made her shiver. Not only from the feel of it, but from the thought of what he might do with it.

Kayla’s heartbeat increased as he stroked her ass and she gasped as he pulled back his hand and spanked her exposed rear. Trying to pull back, she pushed further into him as he raised his hand and delivered the same stunning blow to her other cheek.

“So you want to play games?” he uttered, pushing her back and looking into her upturned face.

“I thought that was what you wanted.”

“You were right, baby. It was exactly what I wanted.” Turning her around, Dylan moved her forward until she was facing a chair, and pulled her dress over her head. He forced her to lie against the cushioned arm, which exposed her ass to his view. “Now I’m going to give you what you wanted.”

A sharp smack forced her forward on the chair. Reaching over the pillowed back to steady herself, Kayla raised up on her tiptoes as he delivered another sharp blow to her tender ass. Rising up, she exposed her butt and her throbbing pussy clearer to his view. The plug seemed to lodge itself further inside as he spanked her. She gasped and moaned in delight as he reddened her bottom.

“Spread your legs,” he demanded, as he alternated between one cheek and the other. Allowing her no time to gather herself between blows, Dylan’s spanking kept her on edge.

A sharp slap landed between her thighs, lightly stinging her clitoris before returning to her cheeks. Kayla thought it might have been on accident, but then he did it again, which caused her to bite down on her lip to keep from screaming out in pleasure. Her pussy was on fire, partly from the blows and partly from the spanking in general.

Dropping to his knees, Dylan kissed her reddened flesh. Leaning forward slowly, he placed gentle kisses on her sensitive cheeks. Kayla moaned and shook in excitement when she felt his wet tongue trail across her burning backside.

Lifting her ass higher, she slipped her hand down between the chair and her sopping pussy to finger herself. That had been better than she could have ever expected. She had always had a secret fantasy about being spanked. When she had asked him to do it during intercourse, she sensed his shock and then his excitement, but nothing had prepared her for today. To ask a man to spank her during sex was one thing, but to have Dylan sense

her desire, no, her need of it today, was another thing completely. He was, by far, the most in tune and giving lover she had ever had, almost too good to be true.

Dylan kissed down her spine to the plug, then down further until he reached the entrance of her wet center. Licking her juices from between her thighs, he plunged his tongue into her creamy core, lavishly stroking her mound. Reaching up, he grabbed her hands and stopped her from fingering herself. Pulling her hand away, he replaced her probing fingers with his own and slid his tongue into her pussy.

Kayla dug her fingers into her chair to steady herself, as she felt herself near climax. His fingers played her like a piano. Teasing, taunting, milking her to near orgasm, as he lapped at her cream like a cat. Moaning, she bit her lip and pressed her back into him as she came, screaming into a throw pillow. Dylan pulled back as Kayla tried to get herself together. Pushing up from the chair, she stayed bent slightly forward as she gathered the strength to stand straight up. Breathing in deeply, she wasn't sure if it was from lack of oxygen or from the mind-bending orgasm, but she couldn't seem to get her feet to work.

"Come on." Pulling her away from the chair, Dylan helped her to the floor. "Get up on all fours," he said as she sat down on the floor. Dylan began to get undressed as she positioned herself as he had instructed.

Kayla was amazed at her meekness, but having her ass spanked did kinda bring that out in her, she thought with a chuckle. Facing him, she watched as he slid his pants down his straining cock, and licked her lips in appreciation. She hoped he planned for her to give him head. Nothing tasted better than his hard cock sliding between her lips.

"I don't think so, pretty baby," he chuckled, as he watched her lick his lips. Damn it, the man was a mind reader and a fucking tease.

"I'll be right back." Dylan said, as he headed out of the room. Coming back in, Dylan held the mirror that she had on the back of her door in his hands. Propping it against the couch, he leaned it so that they could see themselves from her chair. Kneeling behind her, he positioned them so that they could see a side view of their reflection.

"Oh my..." she muttered, looking at his hungry expression in the mirror. Just the idea of what he was planning had her creaming again. She had never felt this alive, this free with anyone before. Kayla knew, right then and there, that there wasn't anything that she wouldn't do for him, or to him.

\* \* \* \*

As if entranced by her ruby flesh, Dylan sat back and stared at his handiwork. Her rear was lit with red handprints, bright and varied against her plump cheeks. He was surprised by the way spanking her had gotten him so hard.

Rubbing his hand down the length of his erect cock, Dylan looked over into the mirror. The sight of her watching back caused his cock to harden further. Spreading her lips apart, he slid into her hot channel, gasping at the pleasure of seeing and feeling her all at the same time. Pulling back, he tunneled into her as he rubbed her reddened ass, and watched as she pumped back into him. They were both watching the show, a show more arousing than any porn he had ever seen. The fact that she could see him and what he was doing to her was beyond sexy in his opinion.

Breaking eye contact with the scene in the mirror, Dylan looked down at her ass, which still contained the plug. Reaching down, he grabbed the base of the plug and slid it slowly out of her tight hole. Careful not to bring it all the way out, he twisted it inside of

her, and pushed it quickly back in, causing her to shove back into him and cry out in pleasure.

Twisting and turning the plug as he fucked her, Dylan was quickly bringing Kayla back to the edge. Her moans escalated as she shoved back onto his thick member.

“That’s it, baby,” he groaned between clenched teeth. Dylan had never felt anything so incredible in his life. He could feel the plug as he fucked her. It was a heavy sensation pressing against his penis, only separated by a thin piece of tissue. It caused pressure to be added on the top of his cock and it felt wonderful. He wondered what a vibrator would feel like, if he was able to feel it vibrating against him as well. Just the thought had him clenching his teeth, holding back the orgasm threatening to spill from him.

“Dylan... I can’t, I’m so close,” she moaned as she slipped her hand beneath her torso and fingered her clit.

Dylan watched in the mirror as Kayla rubbed her clit faster. The sight of her masturbating was more than he could bear. He pushed into her again, feeling her tighten around him. Kayla gushed his name and chanted “Fuck me” as she arched her back and came.

Dropping down on her elbows, Kayla lowered her breasts onto the plush carpet, enabling Dylan to fuck her deeper. He pumped his cock into her, gripping her hips in his strong hands he pulled her body into his, as he ground against her, coming into her moist channel.

“Fuck,” he groaned, as his body shook with the release of the hot semen spurting from his dick. Kayla just moaned as he slowly begun to pump his still-hard cock in and out of her, as if trying to milk every last drop out of his engorged flesh.

Sweat ran down Dylan’s back and pooled at his hips. Reaching between her flushed cheeks Dylan gently pulled the plug out as she sighed in relief. Slowly pulling out of her gripping body, he sat back on his heels, and labored to catch his breath. Kayla crawled forward until her entire body was flat on the floor and whimpered as she rolled on her side, as one of her tingling cheeks made contact with the carpet.

Tossing the plug to the side, Dylan reached over to the end table, picked up a tissue and wiped his moist cock, before tossing the tissue over his shoulder and joining Kayla on the carpet. Spooning her, he lay for a moment, just breathing in the scent of their sex, enjoying the spicy aroma of their loving as it lingered in the air. He pulled her in deep to him and placed his hands between her rising breasts, over her heart.

He had never felt so completely drained in his life. This little fireball had managed in one day to fulfill several pubescent fantasies and still leave him wanting more. The fact that she trusted him enough to allow him to spank her was such an honor. An overwhelming feeling, a sense of pride filled his ever-growing ego. She was good for his libido, in more ways than one.

Kayla reached up, entwined her fingers with his over her heart and squeezed his hand.

“They should write folk songs about you.”

“You say that as if they don’t,” he joked. Kayla let out a soft chuckle, which made his heart tighten even more inside of his exhausted body. Leaning over he released her fingers, bringing his hand up and under her chin. Pushing it up gently to face him, he lowered his lips and took her mouth in a tender kiss.

His lips lightly grazed hers before she opened her mouth and lapped at his tongue with hers. Dylan deepened the kiss, savoring her sweet taste, familiar, distinctive and so uniquely hers. A taste that he had come to need like air.

Pulling away from her, he stared into her upturned face and smiled. She was more beautiful at this moment, flushed and exhausted from their loving, than she had ever been before. He loved seeing that look on her face. It brought out the caveman in him, to know that he had such an effect on her. The same effect she unknowingly had on him.

“I didn’t hurt you?” he asked.

“Did I sound like I was hurting?”

“I don’t know?” A thoughtful look appeared in his eyes. “It all depends on how you translate, ‘fuck me baby, fuck me’, but I guess it could go either way.”

Laughing softly, she rolled over until she was facing him. Wincing a little as her tender hide brushed against the carpet, she quickly replaced her look of pain with a look of tenderness.

Dylan had slightly flinched when she winced. He knew he was a strong guy, he just hoped that he hadn’t accidentally hurt her.

“I’m fine, papa bear.” Kayla ran her hand lovingly across his cheek, leaned up, and cupped his jaw. “But next time I get to be the boss of you.”

Groaning, Dylan rolled onto his back, pulling Kayla up more on her side, so that she was lying half on him and half on the floor.

“I don’t think I could handle you.”

“Damn straight you couldn’t.” Laughing softly, they drifted into comfortable silence. Dylan gently stroking her back as Kayla faintly stroked his chest. Her fingers running down his chest comforted him in a small way. This was the part of lovemaking that he had never allowed before, the intimate part, but with Kayla not only did he allow it, he craved it.

“Did you enjoy your phone call today?” Kayla asked, breaking the silence.

“More than words could say.”

“Good,” she said, with a smile in her tone. “Just wait until you see what I have in store for you tomorrow.”

## Chapter 8

“When you said wait to see what I have planned for you tomorrow, I was thinking something a bit less... sleazy.” Dylan grumbled, as he stood outside of Harris Adult Books and Videos.

“There’s nothing sleazy about this place,” Kayla said, ringing the doorbell. “An old client of mine works here and this place will be perfect for research.”

“What are you going to do, approach different men and ask them if they like their walnut being manipulated?” Seeing the thoughtful look on her face, he quickly added, “That was a joke, Kayla.”

“A good idea is a good idea,” she mumbled, as the buzzer sounded and the door opened. They walked through the doors and down the aisle lined with shelves of movies. Kayla waved at a pretty brunette working at the counter, who smiled and waved back.

“And it’s not like I dragged you here, you know. You didn’t have to come.”

“Like I’m going to let to you come to a place like this at eleven at night.”

Turning, she frowned up at him. “Then shut your pie hole, and go grab an anal plug.”

Chuckling to herself, Kayla laughed at the flicker of surprise that flashed across his face. Walking around the corner, she took out her small notebook and pen from her back pocket. She really had come to do some research and to also talk to her friend Missy, who worked here. She had made the unfortunate mistake of mentioning to Dylan that she was coming tonight, and he had insisted on getting out of bed to come with her. Not that she wouldn’t enjoy the company, but she did have to listen to him complain the whole ride over.

“I’m not going anywhere near any butt plugs,” commented Dylan, as he stopped in front of the vibrator displays.

Snorting, Kayla eyed him amusedly. “So you have absolutely no problem using one on me, but you refuse to go to the section where they are.”

“Lower your voice,” he whispered, glancing around. “It’s one thing to use one on you, it’s another thing to hang out in the butt plug section while you take notes. And what happens if I run into a client here?”

“Dylan.” The exasperation in her voice was mixed with amusement. “I guarantee if you see a client in here, he’ll be just as embarrassed as you, and probably run the other way.”

Noticing the stubborn look on his face, Kayla sighed and gave into him. Pointing in the opposite direction, she sarcastically said, “Why don’t you go stand over there next to the cards and stuff? You’ll be able to keep an eye on me in case any bad pervert comes over and asks if he can plug me.”

Narrowing his eyes, Dylan grunted and crossly walked the few feet away, turned and faced her, crossing his arms on his chest. He is really something else, thought Kayla amusedly, as she turned and walked over to the anal toy section.

There were so many toys on the market, she thought, tapping her pen against her leg. Big plugs, small plugs, even plugs that glowed in the dark. Kayla picked up a cone-shaped neon pink one that was the size of a large, squeezable mustard bottle, and automatically clenched her butt cheeks. This one had a bullet that went inside of it,



causing it to vibrate, close to what she was thinking of for The Walnut Wand, but shaped completely differently.

She was thinking of something similar to a vibrator combined with a butt plug, but geared towards men. She wasn't sure of the dimensions yet, but she'd gotten all the wiring and mechanical stuff almost worked out. Deep in thought, she jumped when someone touched her arm. Swinging around, she breathed a sigh of relief when she recognized the sales clerk, her friend Missy.

Kayla had met her when Missy's laptop had died on her and she'd brought it to Kayla to fix. She was a part-time college student who worked at Harris's at night to pay the rent. Cute in a studious way, Missy had long chestnut brown hair that she kept pinned up all the time. Smaller in height than Kayla, Missy was a full-figured girl and she tried to play down her lush figure with large clothes and a hideous posture that she used to hide her large breasts. Whiskey brown eyes smiled out from behind square-framed glasses and her full lips were spread in a welcoming smile.

After giving her a quick hug, Missy gestured to her notebook and asked, "How's the planning going?"

"Slow but steady." She smiled. Gesturing over to a scowling Dylan, she continued, "Although if I didn't have to bring my watchdog, things would be going a heck of a lot quicker."

Looking to where Kayla pointed, Missy gave a low whistle and whispered under her breath. "You're complaining about that guy? He can eat cookies in my bed anytime."

"Sweetie, if he's in your bed, I would suggest that you give him something besides cookies to eat," smirked Kayla.

Missy burst out laughing, causing her entire face to glow. "You're terrible."

Kayla grinned proudly. "I know."

"Hey, have you found any volunteers for your little doohickey?"

"No." Slouching her shoulders downheartedly, Kayla answered, "I can't find anyone to do it. I was thinking of taking out an ad in the paper."

"Well, before you do that, let me ask around at school. There are lots of desperate, money-hungry college students who could use some extra cash. Straight and gay."

"Really?" Kayla beamed. "I didn't even think of that. Missy you're a life saver." Pulling the smiling girl back into her arms, Kayla hugged her and jumped up and down.

Laughing at Kayla's enthusiasm, Missy pulled back and said, "The only thing is, Kay, I think you're going to have to keep their identities a secret."

She nodded her head in agreement. Kayla didn't care what she had to do to get her test subjects. "No problem."

Looking over at Dylan, Kayla broke out in another smile and gestured to the forlorn-looking man. "Doesn't he just look miserable?"

Glancing over her shoulder at Dylan, Missy nodded her agreement. He was trying to blend in by flipping through the cards but it was very obvious that he was out of his element.

Kayla got an idea. Pulling Missy in closer, she whispered to her. "Do you guys still have the movie booths in here?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you can overlook it if we slip into one? I know it's only supposed to be one person per booth, but..."

Raising her hand to silence her, Missy's hazel eyes twinkled from behind her glasses. "Say no more. I have a very simple rule when it comes to the booths. What happens in there, stays in there."

Kayla smiled and whispered her thanks. Walking over to Dylan, she lightly touched him on the shoulder, causing him to jump.

"You done already?" he asked excitedly.

"No, I need to go check out a movie."

"Check it out, as in the library?"

"No," she chuckled, pointing past the sex toys to a door that led to a hall. "We have to go around the corner and they have some booths, where you can check out part of a movie."

There were four doors against the wall in the hall. Each door had a token box, a movie folder, and an electric keypad. Kayla sent Dylan over to the change machine and had him exchange some ones for some tokens. Flipping through the folder, Kayla picked out the code of the movie she wanted to see, deposited her token, and pulled an unwilling Dylan into the doorway of the booth.

The small booth was the size of a photo booth you'd find on the piers and Kayla guessed that it would barely fit the two of them in there. A small retractable bench faced a mini television screen installed into the wall. Glancing around, she contemplated how the two of them were going to do this, before finally deciding they were just going to have to stand up. Getting in, Kayla held out her hand to him, as he sighed and climbed in behind her.

"This place is a little dingy." Keeping his hand in his pocket, Dylan looked around the box distastefully. "You know what people do in here, don't you?"

"I know what we're going to do in here," she said, smiling as she shut the door. Dropping her notebook on the bench, Kayla turned so that she was standing in front of him with her back pressed into his chest. They moved back away from the screen, placing as much distance between themselves and the TV.

The room immediately went dark and the television screen came on. The film popped on mid-movie, showing a woman being pounded doggie-style by one man while she gave head to another.

Dylan stopped his grumbling almost instantaneously and focused on the movie playing. Leaning back into him, Kayla slid her hand behind her and laid it on the zipper of his pants.

"Kayla," warned Dylan, looking down at her.

Kayla smiled up at him and whispered, "Watch the film," as she began to manipulate his penis through his jeans.

Squeezing gently, she felt it beginning to stir, rising slowly as she pressed her fingers around the outline in the denim.

Turning around, she faced him and unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. Getting up on her tiptoes, Kayla slid her hand around his neck, bringing him down for a kiss. Drinking in his sweet taste, Kayla's lips caressed his before she dipped her tongue between his parted lips. Their tongues intertwined, slipping and sliding against one another. Playful, she pulled back and gently captured his bottom lip between her teeth, nipping at it.

Growling, Dylan pulled her back into him, taking command of her mouth. His hand tangled with her soft hair, and he made love to her mouth as the sounds of passion from

the movie echoed all around them. Kayla ran her hands down his shoulder to the front of his pants. Pulling them open, she scratched her nails lightly against his tense abdomen.

Pulling gently but firmly on her hair, Dylan drew her mouth from his, and hissed. "There isn't room in here for this. Let's take this somewhere more private."

"There's plenty of room in here for what I have mind." She smiled.

Moving her hand lower, Kayla wrapped her fingers around his stiffening cock. Pumping him, she stroked him to full mast as she listened to the sound of the movie in the background. Kayla was extremely aroused. She wasn't sure if it was because of the actors and their moans, or the fact that she was giving him a hand job in the middle of a semi-crowded store. Whatever it was, it was causing her to soak her panties in excitement.

Caressing him, Kayla moved her hand slowly up and down his thick erection. She loved the feel of him in her hand, so hard and alive. The feel of him growing harder and longer, his flesh hot and thick, pulsating between her fingers, urging her on, was the biggest power trip for her in the world. Dropping on to her knees in front of him, she looked up into his shocked eyes as she licked the head of his cock.

Reaching behind him, she clicked the latch holding the bench down and pushed it up, giving them more legroom. Dylan stepped back as she shimmied his pants down his hips a bit, and looked up at him. Excitement shone from his face, his eyes filled with passion and his breath began to get deeper.

"I want you to have the best of both worlds." She gestured with her head to the screen behind her. "You can listen to them moan and fuck up there and you can feel my mouth around you here."

Kayla could tell by his expression that he had simply thought she was going to give him a hand job and although he was slightly worried about being caught, she knew that he wanted this more by the way his stomach contracted against her hands. Pressing an open-mouthed kiss to his stomach, she licked and bit gently before sliding his hard cock into her mouth.

"Kayla, if I have to call Chris to bail us out, I'm going to kill you," he whispered, groaning softly.

Pulling his erection out of her mouth, she smiled and brought her finger up to her lips to shush him. Taking him back in her mouth, she bathed his crown with her tongue, enjoying the smooth feel of him and his mild flavor. Pre-cum trickled from his slit and she lapped it up, drinking in his salty taste. Wrapping her teeth around the crown, she lightly grazed him before taking his length into her mouth.

Kayla smiled around his cock when she heard a groan come from Dylan and pushed all of him into her mouth, until the head just reached the back of her throat. Pulling it out, she encircled the top, milking the tip before sliding it back in. She ran her hand up his cock, stroking and sucking him at the same time. Looking up she saw the look of rapture shining in his face as she deep-throated his thick member.

Reaching out, Dylan placed his hands on the walls of the booth, steadying himself as she worked his cock. Kayla watched as she sucked him and enjoyed seeing him fight for control. Taking his balls into her hands, she massaged them as she quickened her motions with her mouth.

"Fuck..." he groaned, as his balls tightened and he came, pouring into her mouth.

Swallowing, Kayla gently pumped his cock until she thought that he was through. Pulling slowly away, she stroked him softly, licking the crown, cleaning all traces of his semen from him. Blowing softly, she chuckled as he hissed at her and took his cock from her hands, stuffing it back in his pants.

Standing, Kayla leaned forward and kissed him. Dylan pulled her in tighter and devoured her mouth. Her tongue caressed his, moving back and forth, deeper and harder, until they had to pull back to breathe.

Leaning forward, he rested his head against hers and stared into her eyes. "You are certifiable."

Laughing, she quickly pressed her lips against his for a quick kiss. "And you love it."

"Every fucking second of it." Pulling back, he buttoned and zipped up his pants. Reaching behind him, he pulled the stool down, grabbed her notebook, and took her hand.

Sliding back the door, Kayla peeked around the sides, checking to see if the coast was clear. Pulling him quickly from the closet-sized booth, they hustled out the door. Walking past the counter, Kayla smiled at a grinning Missy, who winked at Dylan, causing him to blush and walk faster out the door.

"Ya'll come back now, you hear." Missy called out quickly, before the door shut, cutting off her laughter.

## Chapter 9

Reaching across his desk, Dylan waded through all the forms and papers, searching for the buried phone. Today was turning out to be a pretty shitty day. The Anderson brothers were turning out to be a bigger headache than a blessing and he was on the verge of firing Mrs. Howard if she so much as looked at him the wrong way again.

He tried calling Kayla earlier today, but she wasn't in and that was another thing pissing him off. Not that he expected her to be at his beck and call, but a phone call to tell him that she was okay and wasn't in any mortal danger would be great.

They had been spending a lot of time together in the past two months, in and out of bed, and things had been great. It wasn't as if they were dating, dating seemed so high school to him. Not the act of spending all your time together, but the fact that it had to have a name. This was one of the things that had always been a problem with him in previous relationships, women wanting some sign of commitment. But with Kayla, it had never even come up.

It was one of the things that made his and Kayla's relationship stand out more. Maybe it was because they were friends first and she had already known how much that annoyed him, or maybe it was just that she was as much of a free spirit as he was.

It was like she was perfect for him, not too demanding, except for in bed, and she accepted their arrangement the way it was. No hinting for a wedding ring. No crying because he never said 'I love you'. She hadn't even said it yet, which did kind of bother him, but not because he wanted her to say it. It was just strange, he thought.

Dialing her number from memory, Dylan listened impatiently as it rang for what seemed like the hundredth time. That girl needed a damn pager or a Lo-Jack, he thought, grumbling to himself, so he could keep track of her.

Just as he was about to hang up, Kayla breathlessly answered the phone. "Lo."

"Where have you been?" he growled.

Pleasure filled her tone when she recognized his voice. "Hey sweetie, how's your day going?"

"Long. I've been calling you all morning."

"Sorry, I missed you, I was out."

"Well, I figured that, seeing as to how you didn't answer the phone."

Laughing, Kayla replied, "Wow, you're in a pleasant mood."

"You didn't say anything about going out," Sitting back in his chair, Dylan's mood began to improve by just listening to her voice. "I was worried."

"You don't have to worry," she said softly. "I'm a big girl."

"Yes, I know." Dylan thought this was the perfect moment for her to prove it. Lowering his hand to his pants, he unbuckled them as he said, "So, what are you wearing?"

"I can't right now," Kayla chuckled. "I'm having company."

Feeling disappointed, Dylan buckled his pants back up and frowned. "A client."

"No." Excitedly, she said, "I'm meeting with one of my volunteers today."

"What?" exclaimed Dylan, sitting straight up.

"Yeah, I talked to Missy at Harris's and..."

“Harris’s Adult Video?”

“Yes, and she found a few people who’ll do it.”

Dylan’s blood began to boil. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Of all the hair-brained ideas Kayla had ever had, this was by far the worst.

“Let me get this straight.” Speaking very softly, Dylan counted to ten in his head, trying to calm himself down. “You went to the porn store and had one of the workers ask the clients if they would be interested in allowing you to shove a vibrator up their ass. And you’re going to be interviewing them in your apartment. Alone. Today.”

“The way you put it makes it sound so seedy,” grumbled Kayla.

“What are you thinking?” he growled into the phone.

“Don’t talk to me that way, Dylan.” Her voice lowered and Dylan could tell by her tone that she was getting upset, but he honestly didn’t care. She was putting herself in danger by continuing with this stupid thing.

“Look, I’m sorry if my tone offends you, but you have to realize how silly this is.”

“Silly?”

“I mean this walnut thing is ridiculous. Just another one of your crazy ideas that’s never going to pan out.”

“Silly. Ridiculous. I don’t happen to think so!” She yelled into the phone.

“Kayla,”

“Don’t *Kayla* me. I’ll see you when you get home.”

Dylan swore as Kayla hung up the phone. What the hell was she thinking? Fuming, Dylan got up from behind his desk and headed towards the door. Chris entered the office just as Dylan reached the door.

“Hey, where you going?” Chris asked him.

“I’ve got to go home.”

Chris stared at him as if he had lost his mind. Chris had walked in carrying an arm full of folders that they were supposed to be going over. Pushing the door closed behind him, Chris walked over to Dylan’s desk and dropped them on top of it. Turning back around, he leaned against the desk and crossed his arms.

“What’s up man? What’s going on?” Chris questioned.

“Kayla, she’s driving me crazy.”

“What, more phone sex?”

That comment caught Dylan totally off guard. He could even feel himself starting to blush. He didn’t know that Chris knew about that.

Chris burst out laughing at Dylan’s expression. “You don’t think you’re fooling anyone around here, did you? You’re taking phone calls in the middle of meetings, shutting your door to make calls, and please, could you open a window in here every now again? You’re office is beginning to smell like my room when I was a kid.”

Dylan grimaced at the visual building his head. “That bad, huh?” he said, as he sat down on the couch in his office.

Chris nodded his head and grinned. Grabbing the chair in front of Dylan’s desk, he carried it over to the couch and turned it so that the back of the chair was facing Dylan. Straddling it, he crossed his arms on the top.

“What’s going on with you two, man? I thought things were going great.”

“They are, normally but she’s got this hair brain idea to test out her anal wand on...”

“Anal wand?”

“Walnut Wand, whatever, on these guys that she met at a porn store.”

“Either your sex life is a whole lot kinkier than I thought, or you need to back up and give me a play by play.”

Sighing, Dylan leaned his head back on the couch and closed his eyes. “She drives me crazy. She’s like a big kid. She doesn’t sleep, eats in bed, and goes a mile a minute. I don’t mean talking fast, I mean she does everything fast.”

Looking up, he noticed Chris smiling and frowned deeper. “She’s always on the go. I can’t remember the last time she shaved her legs and she comes up with the craziest ideas.”

“Like the Walnut Wand?”

“Exactly, what sane person thinks up sex toys?”

“One with a vivid imagination, I’d say.”

“Don’t get me started on her imagination.” Raising an eyebrow, he continued, “Do you know she’s afraid of clowns? I can’t even eat at McDonalds anymore. If I do, I have to take it out of the bag before I bring it home.”

Laughing, Chris smiled at Dylan. Dylan knew he sounded foolish, even to himself, but as far as he was concerned, they were all valid points, proving that Kayla was one dish short of a full load.

“Let me ask you a question, man.”

“If it’s about the Walnut Wand, don’t bother,” Dylan seethed.

“No, it isn’t,” smiled Chris. “If she drives you crazy, why have you been walking around here with a smile etched in your face? Why do you leave here promptly at closing time, when you used to work late everyday? Why do you care that she has strange men at her house?”

“It’s the fucking principle.”

“What principle?”

Frustrated, Dylan stood up and began to pace back and forth. “You just don’t get it man.”

“Then explain it.”

“I can’t stop thinking about her. Even though there are a million things about her that drive me up the wall, there’s still something about her.”

Stopping, he turned back and stared at Chris. “I’ve got to go.”

Standing up, Chris shook his head. “We do have work to do today.”

“I’ll be back in an hour. Two, tops,” he said, grabbing his keys off his desk. Walking out the door, he nearly ran into Mrs. Howard, who was on her way into his office. He held up his hand to silence her as he stormed past her.

\* \* \* \*

“Where’s he going?” she asked Chris, who was strolling out of his office.

“He’s taking a lunch, a long lunch.” Walking past her, he missed the smile on her weathered face.

“It’s about time,” she said under her breath, as she leaned over and opened her desk, extracting the air freshener she had begun to keep in her drawer.

Entering his office, she sniffed, trying to detect any unseemly odors. Walking to his desk, she straightened up his papers, before opening the window behind it. Letting in the

fresh air, she marched back to the door, sprayed the air freshener and shut it tightly behind her. Young men these days, she thought disapprovingly.

\* \* \* \*

Dylan made it home in record time, only running one red light and two yellow ones in his haste to get there. Waiting impatiently in the elevator, he played scene after scene of what could be going wrong in Kayla's apartment. Strumming his fingers against his pants leg, he watched the elevator numbers light up as he passed each floor.

When the door finally opened, Dylan had worked himself up into a fine tizzy. He was worried, he was annoyed, and he was pissed off, and not in that order. Storming down the hall to her apartment, Dylan drew up short when the door opened and out stepped a man. He looked like he was in his mid-twenties, tall, muscular and too good-looking for Dylan's peace of mind.

Turning around, the man addressed the open door. "I'll give you a call later this week, all right?"

"Great, I can't wait to hear from you," said Kayla from in the doorway.

The strange man left, saying excuse me when he passed Dylan. When Kayla saw him, the smile immediately left her face. It was replaced with a scowl, as she tried vainly to slam the door.

"I don't think so." Moving quickly, Dylan put his hand on the door and pushed it open.

"Get out of here," she raged angrily at him. "I don't want to talk to you right now."

"Tough," he bit out, entering her apartment and slamming the door behind him.

"Don't you ever hang up on me again."

"Who the hell do you think you are?"

"I'm the man you're fucking," he snarled. "And despite what you think, I have every right to get pissed off that you're bringing strange guys home from the mother-fucking porn store."

Dylan stood in front of her, staring down at her angry upturned face. Fire filled her eyes as she shook with anger. Kayla's face was flushed and her breasts were rising, much like they would if they were in bed. There was a thin line between passion and anger, and it was similar in sight as well as in sound.

"You don't own me, Dylan," fumed Kayla, as she walked away from him.

Dylan grabbed her arm and spun her back around. "The hell I don't," he growled. The animal instinct that every man possessed raged up inside of him and sprung out. Kayla walking away was like a deer fleeing from a hungry lion. His instincts automatically demanded that he attack.

Pulling her into him, he ground her lips under his. Didn't belong to him, he thought angrily. She belonged to him lock, stock and barrel. Just like he belonged to her. The fear and anger that he felt poured out of him and consumed him as he ate her mouth. Kayla was unresponsive for the first time ever with him, and it only fueled his need to have her submit.

Pulling her in tighter, Dylan was surprised to feel her arms pushing between them. Loosening his grip, Kayla jerked back from him and stared into his eyes. The fear in her eyes humbled him, jarring him from his rage.



Letting her go, Dylan turned from her and ran his hand through his hair warily. This wasn't what he wanted. Turning towards her, he saw that the fear in her eyes had bled out, leaving only the anger from earlier.

"I'm sorry about that." The disgust in his tone seemed to blot out some of the fury in her eyes, and for that Dylan was grateful. "I had no right to touch you in anger."

"No, you didn't," she agreed stubbornly.

"Kayla, you have to see this from my point of view."

"No, I don't. You think I don't understand, but you're wrong. You want a no-strings relationship and that's what I've given you. I don't pressure you. I never ask you for anything, but you are always demanding of me."

"You know what hurts the most, Dylan? Not that you don't trust me. Not that you think I'm flighty, and you do. It's the fact that you have no faith in me."

Dylan was floored. He couldn't believe that she thought that. Of course he trusted her and he had all the faith in the world in her.

"Of course I do."

"No, you don't." Her furious voice shook with anger. "You think my idea is stupid and without merit."

"Just because I'm not bowled over by your wand doesn't mean..."

"Don't you get it?" Kayla shook her head, her brown eyes darkening in pain. "You don't have to like the wand. You don't even have to get the point behind it. You're just supposed to support me and believe in me. Even if you don't believe in the idea."

Remorse like he never felt before flooded him. Kayla's eyes filled with tears and he wanted to die. Stepping towards her, Dylan wanted to pull her into him and comfort her. He wanted to wipe away her tears but Kayla shook her head no, stopping him in his tracks.

"I've always known what everyone else thought about me, but I had really thought you were different. Silly me for thinking that, huh?" Walking past him, she went to the door and opened it. "I want you to leave."

"Kayla..."

"Leave, Dylan." Her voice was hoarse from tears but strong with conviction. "I don't want to talk to you right now and if you value our friendship you'll leave."

Dylan recognized the seriousness of what she was saying and despite the fact that everything inside him was screaming out to stay and fight, he turned and walked stiffly to the door. If he couldn't give her the space she needed, she would never give him the time of day again. He knew that much about her.

Opening the door, he paused and looked over his shoulder at her again. Tears ran freely down her face, causing his heart to shatter knowing that he was the cause of it. Dylan knew that sorry wasn't what she needed to hear; he just didn't know what it was that she did need to hear.

Looking at her with his heart in his eyes, Dylan said the only thing he could think of. "Call me."

## Chapter 10

Since Kayla had been a little girl, the park was the place she would go whenever she was upset. Now at the age of twenty-eight, the park was the first place she headed after the disastrous meeting with the bank.

Union Bank had been her last hope, and now her dreams had been dashed by another stuffy man in a too-tight suit; who in no uncertain terms told her that his bank wasn't in the business of financing porn.

Porn, ha! thought a disgruntled Kayla. It wasn't as if she was going to make an instructional video on how to use the Walnut Wand, she just needed financing to make it.

Getting the patent had taken all the money she had in savings and now she had no way of mass-producing it.

Missy had asked around for her and gotten a couple of the guys to agree to try it. She of course had to pay them, but they answered her questionnaire and Kayla thought that she had finally worked out all the bugs.

Scott, one of her testers, had turned out to be her biggest find. Not only was he heterosexual, proving that there was a market out there for straight men, he also was a marketing major. He had offered to work on the Walnut Wand with her, as part of his business final. That's what they had been discussing when Dylan had come over.

Kayla hadn't talked to Dylan since their blow-up two weeks ago and it had been pure hell for her. The way he had talked to her that day was unbelievable. Kayla would have never thought that he could act like such a Neanderthal. She couldn't remember the last time she had been so upset.

Anger was a great motivator, especially when channeled the correct way. She had become determined to make the Walnut Wand a big success and when it was finally on the market she would have Dylan to thank for that. When he left her apartment she had been in tears. Kayla had hurt in ways that she couldn't imagine, but then she had turned the sorrow into constructive "Fuck You" energy and she had worked her ass off finishing it. And now another closed-minded dick was going to stand in her way.

Kayla walked to a bench in front of the play area and sat down. She had a killer headache and she was really tired. She hadn't slept well, even worse than before their argument. The really crappy part was, when she normally got into this state, when she was upset about a boyfriend or when life would get her down, she would call Dylan.

He had been her friend, her rock, her biggest supporter and then they had made the mistake of becoming lovers and now she had nothing. No friend, no lover, nothing.

Kayla had gone into the relationship with her eyes open. She knew how Dylan was. She tried her best to give him all the space he needed. Kayla knew she was in love with him since the first time they made love, but she also knew that the quickest way to make him run was to say it. And now, even when she hurt, even when she wanted to beat him in the head until the white meat showed, she still loved him. Maybe that's why his lack of faith had really bothered her, because she knew he loved her too. Even though he never said it, he showed it in so many ways.

And today she really needed him. She needed him to hold her and tell her it would be okay. Dylan had to be the most insensitive, stupid, stubborn, bonehead in the entire world, but right now she wished the bonehead were here.

Rubbing her fingers under her tired eyes, Kayla was surprised to feel moisture on them. She was never one to cry, but she guessed even she was allowed to every once in awhile.

An attractive Latino woman walked over to the bench with a little girl about five and sat down next to her. Kayla scooted over as the two sat down on the bench, trying to give them room. The woman turned and said thank you and then stared for a moment.

Opening her bag, she took out sunscreen and applied it generously to the smiling child, before kissing her on the nose. Kayla looked at her, trying to place her face, when the little girl asked her mother if she could go play on the swings.

"Sure mami," the lady said, smiling. "Just be careful."

The little girl agreed before running off to the slide. The woman turned to Kayla and asked, "You don't recognize me, do you?"

"No, but you look familiar."

"I work for your friend, Dylan," she said, smiling and offering her hand. "We've talked several times on the phone and I've seen you in the office, but I don't think we've been formally introduced. I'm Eliza Rivera."

"Oh, hi." Nodding towards the little girl, "I didn't know you had a little girl. She's a beauty."

"Thanks." Smiling, she looked back at her daughter playing. "Jocelyn is a joy."

Watching the kids play, Kayla felt even sadder. Eliza must have noticed the melancholy look on her face, because she reached in her bag and pulled out a miniature bag of warm gummy worms and offered her one.

Taking it, Kayla felt the tears fall freely down her face as she tried to choke down a sticky, fruity bug.

"Want to talk about it?"

"No."

"Does it have anything to do with my gloomy-looking boss?"

"No," she denied. Looking over at Eliza hopefully, she asked. "He's been gloomy?"

Smiling, she nodded. "Never seen such a whipped puppy in my life. Even the dragon lady is being nice to him."

Kayla's mouth turned up in a quick grin at the thought of Dylan mooning over her. She knew it wasn't right, but damn, it felt good.

"I just came from the bank."

"Hell, I'd be crying too."

Kayla flashed her grin again, and continued, "I was turned down for a loan for my wand."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Yeah me too, but the worst part is, it was all for nothing."

"What?"

"The disagreement Dylan and I had, all for nothing." Looking down at her hand, Kayla shook her head in misery. "No wand, no Dylan, no real reason for us to not be talking any more, and I'm sure Dylan is somewhere laughing his ass off."

"I'm sure that's not the case. He hasn't looked like he's been laughing in a while."

“It doesn’t matter. None of it does.” Looking back out in the distance, Kayla felt worse than ever. Coming here hadn’t helped at all. Sitting next to Eliza just had her missing Dylan even more. She had to get out of here. Sighing, Kayla stood up and turned to Eliza. “Thanks for listening to me whine and for the gummy worms.”

\* \* \* \*

Eliza watched Kayla leave, and thought back to how sad Dylan had looked lately. This must be the Professor he and Chris had been talking about the day she had walked in on them. She had talked to Kayla several times on the phone and seen her around the office, and she recognized her almost immediately when she sat down next to her.

Always making it a point to never butt into other people’s business, Eliza wasn’t sure what she should do. Part of her wanted to run after Kayla and hug her, the maternal instinct to do so was really hard to ignore, but the other part knew that she should just mind her own business. Never one to sit back and watch people suffer needlessly, Eliza gathered her and Jocelyn’s stuff and called to the playing little girl.

“Come on mami, we have to go.”

“But we just got here, Momma.” She pouted.

Running her hand down the side of Jocelyn’s face, Eliza smiled and said, “I know, mami, but we’ll come back. I have to stop by my job for a minute.”

“You said you had today off.”

Sighing in frustration, Eliza put her hands on her hips. “I do, I just have to run by real quick. We won’t be long, and we’ll go for ice cream afterwards.”

Smiling, Jocelyn grabbed her mother’s hand and started pulling her towards the car. Laughing, Eliza shook her head and was once again amazed at the way kid’s minds worked.

The drive to the office took less than five minutes, and Jocelyn chatted up a storm in the back seat. Eliza cherished these moments the most, when it was just she and Jocelyn together. Getting out of the car, Jocelyn had her Dora the Explorer backpack in her hand. It carried all of her coloring books and crayons. “I don’t plan to be here that long,” joked Eliza.

“It’s for just in case, momma,”

“Okay,” smiled Eliza. Just in case had become Jocelyn’s new catch phrase. Everything was now just in case. The two walked into the air-conditioned building and sighed appreciatively. Their car didn’t have any, so it was a refreshing change to be somewhere that did.

Walking over to her desk, Eliza picked up Jocelyn and set her in the chair. “Sit here mami. Don’t touch anything,” she said sternly. “I’ll be back in a couple of minutes.”

“Okay,” she replied, opening up her backpack and getting out her coloring book.

Walking down the hall, she headed to Dylan’s office, stopping by Mrs. Howard’s desk and asked if he was in.

“Yes, you can go in.”

Eliza knocked on the door as she opened it. Dylan was facing the window, looking as sad as he had all week. Turning when he heard the door open, Dylan looked surprised to see Eliza in his office.

“Eliza, I thought you had today off.”

“I do,” gesturing to her outfit of blue jean shorts and tank top, “this is my causal wear.”

“Well, what can I help you with?” he asked, gesturing for her to have a seat in the chair.

Shaking her head ‘no’, Eliza walked behind the chair and rested her hands on the back of it. “I ran into your friend Kayla at the park today.”

What she said shocked him because in the middle of sitting, Dylan stopped and stood right back up.

“Is she okay?” His voice was harsh from worry.

“I don’t think so. She was crying.”

“Crying?”

“Yes, she said something about not getting a loan for her wand.”

“Christ.” Dylan closed his eyes and shook his head.

“She seemed to think you’d be happy about it.”

Dylan opened his eyes, and Eliza could tell by the pain radiating from them that her last remark had hurt. Wanting to make amends, Eliza quickly added “But she also seemed like she really missed you. I think you should call her.”

“I will,” he quietly remarked. Looking at her, he gave Eliza a small smile. “Thanks for stopping by and telling me, especially on your day off.”

Feeling like the bringer of bad news, Eliza tried to hide her remorse behind a radiant smile. “No problem, boss,” she joked. “Keep me in mind when Christmas bonuses come up.”

Smiling weakly, Dylan nodded before sitting back down in his chair. Eliza walked quietly out of his office and shut the door behind her. Saying goodbye to Mrs. Howard, Eliza walked downheartedly back to her area.

Sitting on her desk was Chris, who was talking to a beaming Jocelyn. Eliza’s heart filled with love to see the two people she cared most about laughing and playing. This was the first time she had ever brought Jocelyn to the office and she was surprised by the way Chris seemed to be responding to her.

Chris, by far, was one of the most handsome men she had ever seen. He was over six feet tall and she could tell that he worked out because of the way his body looked in his suit. His skin was the color of molasses, a nice deep brown, and he had the most amazing cat eyes, a mixture between gold and brown that varied, depending on his mood. Chris had definitely been the man behind many of her late night fantasies.

Chris looked up when she approached her desk and the smile that had been on his face quickly dropped away when he saw her. Eliza was taken aback at his response. He had always been more than friendly towards her. Chris had shown an interest even in taking things further, a step that she was more than willing to take and so she was surprised at his cold expression.

“I see you met my daughter.”

“Yes,” he replied. “I was unaware that I had hired a new secretary.”

Surprised flashed across her face at his demeanor. “Sorry Mr. Wilson,” calling him by his last name, something she never did. “It won’t happen again.”

Nodding firmly, he backed away from her desk as she went around to get Jocelyn.

“Time to go, mami,” she said, gathering Jocelyn’s things together on her desk. Even bent over her desk, with her back to him, Eliza could tell that he was watching her.

He was always watching her. She could feel him. Feel his desire for her, but he never approached her. Eliza had done almost everything she could think of except strip naked and do the hokey pokey on his desk to get his attention, but now, seeing the way he was with Jocelyn, she guessed it was a good thing that she hadn't done that.

Eliza had always had a firm rule when it came to dating and Jocelyn. If they didn't seem to like kids, she didn't even waste her time. No sense on spending valuable time on someone she'd never have a future with. She was very sad to find out Chris was one of those men. Eliza could have imagined spending a lifetime with him.

"Bye, Mr. Chris." Jocelyn said, looking up at the towering man.

Lightly smiling down at her, he replied, "Bye kid," before quickly rustling his hand through her short curly hair.

Looking up from her, Chris eyed Eliza disappointedly, before turning and going into his office. Confused, Eliza watched him firmly close his door. Talk about mixed signals, she thought, it didn't seem like he knew what he wanted.

## Chapter 11

Dylan sat behind his desk with his head between his hands. He was really hurting right now, but mostly for Kayla. Just thinking that she thought he would be happy that her project failed hurt him in ways he couldn't explain. Sure, he hadn't been the most supportive person, but he didn't want her to fail.

Kayla must not think much of him, he thought morosely, to say that. Not that he could blame her. He hadn't exactly been shouting from rooftops, "Hey, my lady makes anal toys" and their last conversation did leave him looking bad, but still, he cared for her. He more than cared for her, he loved her. And if this was important to her, then Kayla was right, it damn sure should have been important to him.

Leaning his head forward, he banged it repeatedly on his desk. She deserved better, but damn it, he wasn't noble enough to give her to someone who was better, so she was stuck with him. Undeserving, untrusting, anal-retentive him, and she damn well better like it. Pulling up one more time, he banged his head for all he was worth into the desk.

"Do you really think that's going to help, sir?"

Looking up, Dylan groaned inside at the sight of Mrs. Howard frowning in his doorway. Rubbing his reddened forehead, he wondered if the pain in his head was worse than the pain in the ass entering his office. As usual, her brows were puckered in disapproval.

"I'm not in the mood, Mrs. Howard," grumbled Dylan.

She made a very unladylike noise in the back of her throat and turned to leave. Dylan was tired of this. If she was so unhappy here, why the hell did she stay? He wondered.

"How long have you worked here?"

"Three years sir,"

"And after three years, don't you think we've moved past the Mrs. Howard stage?" Raising one eyebrow, he asked. "Is there a particular reason I can't call you by your given name?"

Turning around, Mrs. Howard's normally stern stare was replaced by a cool one. It wasn't any friendlier, but it was a lot more open. "Well, Mr. Thompson, you never asked."

Stunned, Dylan's mouth fell open. "Of course I did."

"No sir, you didn't. You just assumed that it was okay." Looking down her nose at him, she appeared regal and righteous.

After all these years it all boiled down to respect, he thought in amazement. Maybe the Dragon Lady wasn't so fierce after all. Feeling ashamed and slightly stupid, Dylan stood and walked over to her. His face burned with shame as bright as the red mark on his forehead. As formally as he could, he requested in his most respectful tone. "Mrs. Howard, would it be possible for me to call you by your first name, Lindsey?"

Nodding her head slightly, she replied as formally as he had asked. "Yes, Mr. Thompson it is."

Feeling more at ease, Dylan smiled and put his hands in his pocket. "Feel free to call me Dylan."

"If it's alright with you sir, I think I'll stick with Mr. Thompson."

“That’s fine.” He sighed. Dylan wondered what she would do if he insisted that she call him by his first name. The image of her wilting up and keeling over popped into his head, forcing him to bite back a chuckle. Every journey begins with one step, he thought and maybe in three more years he’ll get her to call him by his name. Or even better, maybe he could drink his coffee without worrying if she spat in it.

Lindsey walked out of his office as regal as a queen, head held high and pride intact. It took a heck of woman to move past protocol and be open to change. And if she was willing to do that for him, a man she didn’t appear to like too much, then he should be willing to do it for a woman he loved. With Lindsey it had all boiled down to respect and with Kayla it all boiled down to faith.

Glancing at the clock on the wall, Dylan hurried over to his desk and pressed the button on his intercom.

“Lindsey,” he said, testing the sound of her name out on his tongue.

After a pause, she replied coolly. “Yes, Mr. Thompson.”

“Could you please ring up Mr. Rosenberg at City Financial? I need to talk to him today. It’s very important.”

“Yes, Mr. Thompson.”

Dylan sat down at his desk and hoped that Stan was in. If Kayla wanted a little faith, he’d give it to her. He’d be willing to walk through the fires of hell for her, so walking on water didn’t seem too hard.

\* \* \* \*

After making two stops before heading home, Dylan stood outside of Kayla’s door, nervous and anxious. He had his key in his pants pocket, but he wanted to give her the option of admitting him or not. Not wanting to take anything for granted, he knocked on her door and prayed she let him in.

Kayla slowly opened the door and just stood there for a moment. She seemed slightly unsure if she wanted him to come in, but good manners seemed to win out and she stepped back and admitted him into her apartment.

She looked a mess. Dylan could tell she had been crying. Her brown eyes were bloodshot, almost as red as the nose she kept blowing. She was in baggy sweats and a T-shirt and it looked as if she had been lying down because one side of her hair was flat and slightly raised.

Shutting the door behind him, Kayla walked into the kitchen and threw her dirty tissue in the trash. She tried to distance herself from him by walking around the kitchen counter to stand, leaving him no other option but to stand on the other side of the counter. He wanted to be closer to her but if this was the way she wanted it, then he would respect her wishes.

Crossing her arms across her chest, she gave him a level stare and gestured for him to speak. Not knowing where to start, Dylan thought about the most important reason for his visit.

“I was a dick.”

“And...” she stated, as if that was obvious.

“And I don’t blame you if you hate me forever.” Holding up his hand to stop her from saying anything, he continued. “But I’m here to say I was wrong. You were right. I was being a controlling, insensitive jerk and I’m sorry.”



"If you think that saying you're sorry is going to..."

"I may be dumb, but I'm not totally clueless." Her lips twitched as if to smile, but she quickly got it under control. The hand gripping his heart eased a little. "I'm only saying sorry to let you know that I am, not to make up for anything."

"Look, Dylan," she sighed. "I've had a long day."

"Yes, I know," he said tilting his head a little. "Eliza came by today and told me she saw you in the park."

That seemed like the wrong thing to say. Fire flamed in her eyes and she stormed around the counter faster than he could have thought was possible. She rounded on him, brought up her hand, and pounded her finger into his chest. Kayla started pushing him backwards from the power of her poking, so much so that Dylan had to grab the counter to steady himself.

"If you came over here to gloat about how you were right and I was wrong," she fumed, "you picked the wrong time, buddy!"

"Whoa!" he said, throwing up his hands to ward her off. She was heated. Kayla's eyes were no longer shining from tears, but shining from anger. "I..."

"I'm tired of rigid, self-righteous, bastards dictating to me about what I'm doing. It's not porn, it's not filthy and it's not stupid!"

"I know, sweetie."

Fresh tears clouded her eyes, and Dylan could tell that she was fighting really hard to hold them back by the way she was blinking hard and sniffing.

"Don't call me sweetie!" She demanded, as the dam broke and the tears cascaded down her face. "I don't need you. I don't need any of you."

Groaning, Dylan pulled her into his embrace and held her while she cried. The heart clenching had returned. Rubbing his hand down the back of her head, stroking it, Dylan tried to comfort her.

"Well, I need you," he said softly. "And I'll always need you. You can try to push me away but it won't work."

Kayla sobbed brokenheartedly until there were no more tears left to cry in her body. Pulling away from him, she stood on her tiptoes, reached over the counter, and tore off a napkin from the roll.

Since there was no graceful way to blow your nose, she just let it rip. Dylan smiled at her Kayla-like action and followed behind her as she made her way over to the couch. Sitting down, she drew her legs up onto the couch and wrapped her hands around her knees. Looking straight ahead, she stared at the wall, lost in thought.

Dylan sat down next to her and watched as she tried to come to grips with her emotions. The silence was uncomfortable, stiff and filled with so many things unsaid. Finally, Kayla broke the empty silence. "I feel like an idiot."

"Why?"

"For blubbering in front of you like a baby."

"Kayla." He waited until she looked at him before he continued. "You can cry in front of me."

"I don't want to cry anymore." Looking down at her knees, Kayla's sadness radiated off her. Her voice was rough and thick from tears as she said, "You should have seen the way he was looking at me. As if I was dirty."

"Don't let his shortcomings affect how you feel about it."

“But it wasn’t just him, Dylan. It was a day full of men just like him. I’ve tried everything I could think of.” Sounding dejected, she leaned her head against her knees. “Maybe you all were right. Maybe it was the stupidest idea I ever had.”

“Don’t say that.”

“Why wouldn’t I think that? You do.”

“Kayla, I believe in you.”

She snorted in disbelief.

“I do, and I’ll prove it.” Reaching inside his pants pocket, Dylan pulled out a folded rectangular piece of paper and handed it to her. It was slightly crumbled from being in his pocket but it still served the same purpose. Waiting patiently, Dylan held it out until she grudgingly took it from him.

Looking suspicious, Kayla unfolded it and gasped when she what it was. It was a bank draft made out to her for seventy-five thousand dollars. She stared at it for a few seconds as if trying to comprehend what it was.

“Where did you get this money?” she asked, bewildered. “Better yet, why are you giving it to me?”

“Because you need it.”

“No, I don’t need your money and I don’t need your pity.” Throwing the check, it flew into him and fluttered onto the floor.

“I don’t pity you,” he remarked, bending over and picking up the discarded check. “How can you pity someone who is so full of life that they glow?”

Ignoring him, she asked, “Why? It’s not like you think the idea is any good.”

Smiling at her with all the love he felt inside of him, he answered with his heart. “It’s because I believe in you, Kayla.”

Snorting in disbelief, Kayla dropped her legs back on the ground. “Right now you do.”

“No, I always did.”

“Where did you get the money from?” she asked again.

Looking down at the check, he smiled and ran his fingers across it, before folding it into her fingers. “Let’s just call it a donation from Dylan’s Dreaming Fund. You’re the biggest dreamer I know, so I figured you should have it.”

As if a light had suddenly gone on in her head, Kayla widened her eyes in shock. The money that he had been setting aside for over the last two years, he was now giving to her.

“This is your house-building fund.”

“No, it is my future-building fund, and I want you to be a part of it.”

“Dylan, I can’t take this,” she insisted, trying to hand him back the check.

“You can and you will.” he said, reaching out and closing her hand around it. “It’s an investment, Kayla.”

“It’s an investment that you don’t even believe in.” Snatching her hand away, Kayla stood up and walked towards the window.

“I believe in you,” he softly said from behind her.

“But if it doesn’t pan out you’ll lose everything” she stressed, turning back around and facing him. “Your money, your dream house. I can’t jeopardize that on a dream.”

“I’m not jeopardizing anything, I’m investing in you.”

“But how can you invest this money? What if it doesn’t sell?”

“It will.” His gaze flicked slowly over her face, trying to gather what she was thinking from her expression. Kayla, normally a very easy person to read, was guarding her emotions carefully.

“But what if it doesn’t?” she insisted. “How can you just sit there calmly and put your future at risk?”

Walking over to her, Dylan took her hand once again in his. Running his free hand lovingly down her hair, he peered deeply into her eyes. All of the doubts that she had were byproducts of his actions and the bank’s deeds. Kayla was the most self-assured person he had ever known and to see her this uncertain tugged at his heart. And to know that he played a small part in it was even harder to digest.

“Because you were right about all those things you said to me, every single thing but one.” Looking deeply into her eyes, Dylan said, “I might not be the biggest fan of the wand in the world, but I’m your biggest fan, and if there’s anything, anything at all that I have, it’s faith in you.”

“Dylan, I can’t,” she said, once again handing him back the check. “I know your heart is in the right place, but I can’t risk it for you.”

Looking down at her, Dylan nodded his head. He knew that was going to be her response. He didn’t expect anything less. “Well, if you won’t accept the check, will you accept this?” Reaching into his pocket, Dylan pulled out a small black jewelry box and handed it to her.

## Chapter 12

Kayla felt her mouth drop comically. Even though she knew she must look like an idiot, she just couldn't pull herself together. Dragging her eyes away from the velvet box, she looked up at Dylan in shock. Her heart beat rapidly in her chest as if she had just run a marathon. This could not be happening, she thought weakly, as she stared into his shining eyes.

"This has been the longest two weeks of my life." His voice broke, clouded by tears. "I think I took for granted what seeing you everyday and having you in my life really meant, until it was too late. Every morning I would unlock the door and pray to hear you come swishing in, full of laughter and life. And every day when you didn't come, a part of me died a little inside because it was another day without you."

Tears clouded Kayla's eyes again, making them shine with pleasure. She covered her mouth with her hand and felt the tears slide freely from her eyes. With no shame or embarrassment, she wept with joy.

Pulling the lid back on the box, Dylan held it out in front of her and got down on one knee. "I love you, Kayla Martin. I want to spend the rest of my life wondering what will happen when I turn on the microwave. I want to explain the X-Files to you in bed every night, and replace cabinet doors that are dented from your feet." Smiling, he added as an afterthought, "I would say I want to hold you in my arms as we go to sleep, but since you don't sleep that won't work."

Bursting out laughing, Kayla dropped her hand and smiled through the tears at him. Dylan grabbed her discarded hand and held it as he proclaimed. "So instead I'll say, I want to go to sleep at night knowing that you're puttering around in the other room, inventing something that will baffle and confuse me. I want to make love to you every day. I want to have kids with you that tinker and putter around and who have your smile. I want..."

Raising her other hand, she pressed her fingers against his lips to silence him. Love shone through her sparkling eyes. "It's always about you. What about what I want?"

Smiling up at her, he asked, "Tell me, what do you want?"

"I want you to put that beautiful ring on my finger, carry me into that bed and make sweet passionate love to me, and I want you to love me for ever and ever."

"Finally, a plan of yours that I can actually get into." Glowing with happiness, Dylan took the ring out of the box and held it in front of her finger. The ring was white gold and the diamond was princess cut, beautiful and simple, just like she would have picked.

"Kayla, will you marry me?"

Nodding her 'yes', tears poured from her eyes. "Yes, Dylan, I will." As he slid the ring on her finger, Kayla was not surprised to see that the ring, like Dylan, was a perfect fit.

Overcome with joy, Kayla, like so many other little girls, had always imagined what this day would be like. Although a little off the mark, it was still just as magical as she had always dreamed it would be.

Standing up, Dylan lowered his head and brushed his lips against hers. Kayla smiled through the tears in her eyes as she wrapped her hands around his neck and brought him

in closer to deepen in the kiss. His tongue slid between her open soft lips, and swept against her waiting tongue.

Pulling back, he withdrew his tongue, pausing to gently kiss her slightly opened mouth. Taking her hand, heavy with his ring, he led her to the bedroom. Standing in front of one another, they began to undress, their clothes seeming to fall away as they hurried to be with one another.

Walking towards him, she ran her hands down his bare chest, scratching her nails lightly across his nipples. He bent over, scooping her up and laid her on her back on the bed. Lying down next to Kayla on his side, he bent down and peered into her eyes.

"Have I mentioned how much I love you?" he asked, huskily running his hand through her soft hair.

Reaching up, she caressed his cheek, rubbing her thumb over his bottom lip. "If I say no, will you say it again?"

"I love you." Lowering his mouth, Dylan brushed her lips with his. "I love you, I love you."

"I love you too," she whispered back.

This is how she had always imagined it would be. He was finally hers, and she, like always, was his. All the doubts and all of her fears melted away. Dylan's eyes shone with love, and Kayla knew that hers reflected back the depth of her emotions for him.

Lifting up, Dylan leaned over her, his legs sliding between hers, spreading them as he kissed down her body. Kayla's nipples tightened as he first ran his fingers then his lips over them. Cupping her breasts, Dylan palmed her globes, pushing her nipple up higher and capturing it in his mouth. Closing his teeth around it, he gently tugged as he flicked his tongue back and forth over her erect peak.

He alternated to her other breast, lavishing it with the same erotic torture that he had inflicted on the other, grinding his pelvis against her moist pussy as she arched against him in arousal.

Kayla's fingers pushed into his head, forcing his mouth harder on her breast as she wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him in tighter to her. Bowing her back, she cried out in pleasure as Dylan fondled her breasts.

Moving lower on the bed, Dylan eased between her thighs, spreading her lips and dove in. He had the best tongue in the world, she thought, as he lapped his tongue against her slit. Digging her hands into his hair, she gyrated her pussy against his tongue, begging for release. Whimpering, she cried out his name as she felt him take her clit between his lips, tugging on it as he slipped two fingers into her hot channel. The double sensation of being fucked by his fingers and having him suck on her clit sent her pleasure sensors into overdrive, tearing screams of pleasure from her mouth.

Rising up, Dylan wasted no time grabbing his cock and plunging into her. Leaning down, he placed one arm on the bed and the other around her, twisting them until Kayla ended up on top. Sliding back on his length, Kayla eased down slowly on his hard member, trying to allow her body to adjust and accept him that deep inside of her.

Being on top caused his cock to reach areas it normally didn't when he was above her. She could control the movement this way, she thought smugly, as she rode up and down his stiff erection. He felt like hot steel inside her. A hard and unyielding force that thrust deep in her. Squeezing her knees against his hips, Kayla rocked her hips back and forth, milking his cock with the walls of her pussy.

“Fuck.” Dylan moaned, grabbing hold of her thighs as she rode him. His fingers dug into her, goading Kayla to go faster.

With his head thrown back and his eyes closed, Dylan bit his lips and groaned as she moved on top of him. Clenching his arms, he tightened his fingers into her thighs as she sped up her rhythm. Opening his eyes, he glancing down between their bodies and watched as his glistening cock disappeared into her aching mound.

“Ah ah ah,” she teased. “Keep your eyes on me... only me.”

“I wish you could see what I see,” he said between clenched teeth and from the sound of his tone and the look in his eyes, Kayla did too.

Working his fingers from the outside of her thighs to the mouth of her pussy, Dylan’s fingers teased her clit, rubbing it in circles as she worked her hips. Sliding up and down his length, Kayla tried hard to find a rhythm but was unable to steady her pulsing body.

Gyrating her hips faster, she moaned his name as she came, arching her back, pressing down on him. Grabbing her hips hard, Dylan moved her back and forth, forcing her to ride him harder as he groaned her name and exploded deep inside of her.

Kayla collapsed forward, resting her head on Dylan’s sweaty, pounding chest. Wrapping his arms around her, he held her tight to him.

“Twenty or thirty years of this,” she panted. “I think I can get used to it.”

Chuckling exhaustedly, Dylan pushed an errant strand of her hair from his mouth and breathlessly said, “Twenty or thirty years of this, I’ll be on Viagra and in a wheelchair.”

“But imagine what special modifications I can put on your chair.”

“Great,” he said sarcastically, rolling his eyes at her. “Now I’ll be able to operate the microwave and turn on the TV, just by spinning my wheels.”

Laughing, Kayla rolled off him and lay back on the sheets, limp and satisfied. Her muscles quivered and her body ached all over. The smell of their loving was strong in the air. The scent alone caused her skin to tingle. Stretching, Kayla relaxed next to him, her mind drifting to a peaceful lull.

“Would it ruin the romantic mood if I said I was starving?” he asked, turning towards her, laying his hand on his rumbling stomach.

“The only way it way it would be ruined is if you expect me to cook it.”

“I want to eat, not throw up.”

“See, now you ruined the mood.” She laughed.

Getting up, he dragged her kicking and protesting off the bed. Picking up his discarded shirt, she threw it on, and followed a naked Dylan to the kitchen.

Hopping up on the counter, Kayla watched as Dylan grabbed lunchmeat from the refrigerator and got the makings for sandwiches. Yanking a piece of turkey out of the package, Kayla bit a piece off and mumbled, “If you’re going to cook naked all the time, I do believe you will be in charge of all the meals.”

“Sweetie, for the sake of our survival, I think it should be that way anyway.”

“Hey!” she said laughing. “You keep talking that way and I’ll update your laptop.”

Looking up in horror, Dylan grasped his chest and cried out. “I’m sorry dear lady, if I’ve offended you. I’ll take it all back. You’re the best cook in the world. You’re the queen of the kitchen, you’re Chef Boyardee.”

Chuckling, she said, “And don’t you forget it.”

Handing her a sandwich, Dylan leaned against the counter in front of her and took a bite out of his. He looked devilishly handsome, carefree and happy. Kicking her legs against the counter, she stuck out her tongue at his pointed stare and said, "This is my kitchen, I'll kick the counters if I want to."

"Speaking of that," he replied, rising his eyebrow and pointed his sandwich at her. "Which one of us is moving in with the other?"

"Well, I think you should move in here."

"Why?"

"Well all my stuff is here, and I have more room," she reasoned.

"You only have more room because you hardly have any furniture," he said, gesturing around her semi-bare apartment.

"I have furniture," she denied, looking around her apartment. Sure, it was sparse, but it was home. The couch and the recliner were the only real furniture she had in the living room. She ate mainly at her worktable or standing in her kitchen, so she didn't have a use for a kitchen table. Her only working TV was in her bedroom and all of her work was done in her spare room. "And besides, you're not going to let me work on the Walnut Wand in your apartment."

"It'll be our apartment and furthermore, this is the new me, the supportive husband me. You have my support a hundred percent."

"Will you try it?" Kayla asked hopefully.

"Okay, you have my support ninety-five percent."

Laughing, Kayla knew that this was probably as good as it was going to get. No need to wish for rain on a cloudless day. If he was willing to accept her and all her peculiar habits, then she should be willing to respect his boundaries. Even if he didn't know what he was missing.

"So, what's it going to be?" she asked, crossing her arms across her chest. "How are we going to solve this?"

"Wanna play for it?" he teased, wagging his eyebrows. Grinning broadly, his eyes twinkled mischievously as he waited for her reply.

"Can I unbutton my shirt?"

"Baby, you're going to need all the advantage you can to get."

"What are we playing?" she asked, sliding off the counter. Unbuttoning her shirt, she flashed him a quick peak of her full breasts before grabbing the cards out of the drawer next to him.

"One hand," he said, holding up one finger.

"Five card stud," she smirked, remembering their original bet. Dylan laughed down at her as they both in unison said, "Jokers wild."

## Epilogue

### Two weeks later in Dylan's apartment

Picking through the mixed nuts in the can, Chris' stomach rumbled from hunger. They were waiting for the pizza to be delivered for the poker game so that they could chow, but for now he would have to make do with the scraps of food he could scrounge up himself.

Looking around Dylan and Kayla's apartment Chris could definitely tell their stuff apart. They had just moved into together and although he thought that Dylan and Kayla were a great match for each other, he wasn't so sure about their stuff. It hadn't seemed to blend together as well as the lovebirds. They had different taste and different styles and it was easy to tell what belonged to whom, especially when it was souvenir cups from Burger King, which Chris knew had to be Kayla's and Lenox dishes from Dillard's.

Although they had different taste, Chris thought Dylan and Kayla would make out okay. He had never seen Dylan as happy as he was with Kayla. And after working with him the last couple of months, Chris had decided if they ever broke up again, he would just close the business and take up fishing, because Dylan had been damn near impossible to work with. He had been completely miserable. It was hard to work with someone who was so miserable. Chris had kept expecting to walk into work and hear Dylan listening to Barry Manilow, or some other weepy crap.

Even their poker game was different, he thought, disgruntled. Instead of the usual guys, Kayla had said she had invited two of her friends to play. So much for belching and telling lies. It was one thing to play with Kayla, she was just one of the guys, she was used to them, but to be infiltrated by two more women, that was just asking for trouble.

Not that he thought that women couldn't play a good game of poker, Kayla had won three months ago after all. But he was afraid the conversation would end up on periods and hairstyles. And if one person brought up the wedding, he was out of there. It was bad enough he had to be in the damn thing, but to have sit and talk about colors and invitations was more than a guy could handle.

The doorbell ringing brought him out of his daze. Sitting the peanut can on the counter next to the cards, he took his wallet out of his back pocket and opened the door. "It's about ti..."

Eliza stood in the doorway looking extremely hot. Wearing a violet floral summer dress, she looked sexier than ever. Her beautiful midnight black hair was pulled up so that it exposed her long graceful light brown neck, and the way it was styled, he thought, was begging for him to pull it loose and run it all over his body.

"Can I come in?" she questioned, looking amused.

Stepping back, he moved out of the way so she could enter the apartment. "What are you doing here?" he asked ungraciously.

"I was invited to the game."

"Don't you mean you blackmailed an invitation?"

"No." Her smile dropped and her tone changed, expressing her irritation. "Kayla came by the office and personally invited me."



“Look, if you’re that hard up for money, maybe you should consider a second job.”

“Look Chris, I may work for you, but on my off time, I’m my own boss.”

“Who’s with your kid?” he asked rudely.

“She has a name.” Chris could tell that that was the wrong thing to say by the way she went still and looked at him. “Jocelyn is with my mother.”

“Don’t you think you should be home with her?”

“I am allowed a night out every once in awhile,” she said, putting her hands on her hips. Walking up behind them, Kayla interrupted their argument as she greeted Eliza.

“I’m glad you could make it,” Kayla said, smiling at Eliza. Kayla briefly hugged her as if they were old friends. When did they get so freaking close? he wondered.

“Well, at least someone is happy I came,” she remarked, staring at Chris.

The tension was very noticeable, causing Kayla to glance quickly between them.

“Can I get you a drink?” she asked, breaking the awkward silence. “Now we’re just waiting for Scott and then the games can begin.”

“I’ll do it,” offered Chris, looking for any excuse to bail. He needed to get away from Eliza before he said or did something he’d regret, like slipping up her shirt and tonguing her erect nipple. She was driving him crazy. It was hard enough having to work with her every day, but he couldn’t even get away from her on his free time. Walking back into the kitchen area, Chris struggled to get himself under control.

Ever since he had found out that Eliza had a kid, he had completely backed off. Immediately placed her in the “couldn’t have” column. Chris tried his damndest to push her away, but Eliza was a hard woman to get rid of. It was almost like she was in heat. He could fucking smell her essence, hell, he was even tempted to ask her if she dipped her finger in her pussy and dabbed it behind her ears as perfume. She smelled that fucking good.

Opening the refrigerator door, Chris stood in front of it trying to cool off. Just talking to her had him all hot and bothered. She was like a walking, talking, wet dream. Sensing her behind him, he turned seconds before she shoved the door, almost closing his hand in there.

“What the fuck!”

“Why are you running from me?” she demanded, closing in on him.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Yes, you do. Every since you met Jocelyn you’ve been treating me like I’m invisible. What? Did she do something rude?”

“No, the ki...” her eyes darkened, causing him to change what he was about to say. “Jocelyn was fine.”

“Then what is it?”

“I don’t date women with kids.” Chris said bluntly.

“Who asked you to?”

Laughing bitterly, Chris shook his head. “Do you think you’re fooling me?”

“So because I don’t hide that I find you attractive, that means I want to date you.”

“Don’t you?” he asked arrogantly.

“You’re no Denzel, buddy.” Her temper flared, sending off sparks in her deep, dark eyes.

“So then what are you doing here?” he taunted.

“Poker.” She gestured around her as if it was obvious.

“Sure you are,” Chris smirked, running his eyes up and down her body lecherously.

“Look Chris, it’s true I find you attractive, but just like you don’t date women with kids, I don’t date men who don’t like kids.”

“It’s not that I don’t like them,” he denied.

“Then what is it? Before you met Jocelyn, I thought you and I might...” she said, stepping closer.

“Might what...” his voice dropped, deepening in arousal.

Looking at her, Chris could tell she was just as frustrated as he was. Although he knew that staying away from her was for the best, he couldn’t deny that he was tempted. He couldn’t chance falling in love with her, because he wouldn’t put her or Jocelyn at risk.

“Can we just put all of our cards on the table? You tell me what you want and I’ll tell you what I want.”

“Fine, you want to know what I want.” Chris bent forward until their faces were mere inches apart. “I want to bend you over that counter and fuck you until your knees buckle and your back bends. I want to eat your sweet pussy until the taste of you never leaves my mouth. I want to have you any way and every way I can think of. But then I want to walk away. No weddings, no playing with the kids, no happily-ever-fucking-after. I want to fuck you and leave you. Can you handle that, Eliza?”

“Well that’s not exactly what I want, not that it doesn’t sound interesting.” Licking her lips, she said seductively. “I want three nights.”

“Three nights doing what?”

“Fulfilling three of my deepest fantasies.” Running her finger up his tense arm, Eliza reached the top and scratched him lightly with her nails as she brought her hand back down. “Can you handle that?”

“And then...”

“And then after the three nights, if you want to leave, I’ll let you. No tears, no begging, no expectations. You can walk out of my life, and I’ll let you.” Picking up the cards off the counter top, she handed them to him. “I’ll play you for your heart and you can play me for my body.”

“Eliza, you won’t win.”

“Do you want to make a bet?”

## **The End**

### **About the Author:**

Lena Matthews spends her days dreaming about handsome heroes and her nights with her own personal hero. Married to her college sweetheart, she is the proud mother of an extremely smart toddler, three evil dogs, and a mess of ants that she can’t seem to get rid of.

When not writing she can be found reading, watching movies, lifting up the cushions on the couch to look for batteries for the remote control and plotting different ways to bring Buffy back on the air.

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