

**The New Guy**  
**by**  
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## The New Guy

Oil changes. The most boring thing in the world. Right? Flipping through three-month-old kiddie magazines isn't exactly my idea of excitement. Well then, you've never been to my mechanic.

His nametag said *McLain*. He'd bought the place a few months earlier. He'd always been on the other side of the shop, just leaving me to stare. I'd stop for an oil change and go sit in the waiting room, supposedly reading about the latest celebrity break up six months after it happened, but really staring at him. Especially when he's bending over to look at the engine compartment.

Ah, yes, the spiel to get you to spend more as the door opened. Six foot one of lean, coffee colored skin and a smile that would have melted my grandmother. Oh, and that cute little goatee. Without a word out of his mouth, I would buy anything he asked.

"Your car has over a hundred thousand miles on it. I'd really suggest spending a little extra for the formulation designed just for that."

"Sure. It doesn't get driven much. Probably a good idea."

See how that cute thing works? I could never put a frown on such a perfect, de-lickious mouth.

"Your air filter looks great. Your husband must change it regularly, so I don't need to worry you about that."

"It's my father's car, actually. I'm not married. Not anymore more, at least." I knew I was rambling, but I wanted him to stay a little while so I could drool. My car was brand new, the first one I'd ever owned. When I came in with my car, there was never anything to talk about. I'd bought it just before he came to town. We would have been old friends if I was still driving my old one. "He doesn't drive it much after his stroke, so I doubt it has much chance to get dirty."

The car in the other bay honked, and he excused himself for a moment. The huge SUV pulled out, leaving the shop empty.

"Sorry about that. Now, Miss Riley..."

"Just call me Kate."

"Now, Kate, I'm going to suggest you go down in the pit."

The closeness of him made a shiver of unexpected warmth run through me. My mouth opened and just hung there. "I..."

"You're the last one of the day. Are you going to deny you've been staring at me every time you come in?" Then he held up...he held up the vibrator I had in the glove box. "You always keep this in your dad's car, or just when you come to have the oil changed?"

"Only since you started working here."

The smile was all I needed to see. Resistance was futile. He pulled me out of the chair and pushed me toward the pit. Was I that damned obvious? Oh God, desperation must be oozing out of my pores.

In the pit was a big, flat table, and despite the huge glass doors above, no one could see. The heater blew straight in, keeping it nice and warm despite being zero outside. Backed against the concrete table, I could feel his breath as he leaned close and pulled some blankets from a shelf behind me. In one motion, he lifted me up and sat me on the blankets he'd spread out. The vibrator was one of those bullets—small, discreet, and remote controlled. I heard its small buzz as it flared to life. It might have sat next to me, but McLain had kept the remote. Then he grinned, devil may care, and the devil had never looked better. He picked up the shiny, gold orb. I couldn't help jumping when it

touched my ankle.

“What did you fantasize about when you stared at me, Kate?”

The vibrations tickled the back of my knee as he ran it slowly up my leg. I felt the juices flowing from me when just the thought of him touching me was enough. Why do you think the vibrator was there? Now that he actually was...oh, Lord!

His other hand found bare flesh as he pulled up my skirt, and a strong, callused thumb caressed my knee.

“No answer?” McLain asked.

“No.” I sighed as his hand traveled up my leg, warm in contrast to the cold, hard metal against the other. My skin heated at the mere thought. “Nothing specific, just you. Just you, inside me.”

He leaned closer, his mouth next to my ear. “No condoms, Kate, but I’m a full service mechanic. I’ll still get the job done.” A kiss to my neck felt like fire burning my flesh, but cold metal was suddenly shoved inside me. Caressing my ass, his fingers slipped my panties off, leaving me bare and a vibrator deep inside. Unable to support myself, I fell against the table, legs spread open, hoping he would touch me again. Hoping...then I could only watch as he made a show of turning up the speed of the vibrator. The ache grew quickly.

“Please...please touch me. It’s been a machine too long.”

His grin faded, and my eyes closed. I had let too much slip. Had I really just told the man I’d been fantasizing about for months that I was desperate?

“You could have just asked, Kate, even if you only had the nerve to ask about going for a cup of coffee.”

“I...” I looked over to find him pulling over a stool. He seated his fine ass on it. I felt a single finger slip in, pulling out the cream the very thought of him gave me. The feel of him rubbing it around freed the moan when even the vibrator hadn’t made me let slip a sound yet. His tongue joined his finger, McLain’s tongue, the same tongue that I watched licking his lips when he all but flirted with every woman that came in, was licking me. I’ve never been a screamer, but the moan that night made up for it.

Another moan that wasn't mine. Opening my eyes, I found McLain enjoying me moan. I couldn't believe he was getting aroused just watching me. Plain old boring, stuck-working-as-a-bank-teller, taking-care-of-my-dad me. I think that he was making me so damned aroused gave him even more reason. When his tongue touched me again, it was to please. I felt the vibrator stop; he was going to do it all himself. Every lick hit just the right spot. I'd caught my dad watching porn now and again, and I'd always thought the look on the woman's face was fake—that slack but concentrating look, mouth hanging open. That was me that night. That was me being eaten by a god I'd dreamed of for months. McLain took my clit in his mouth, and that was it. My moan turned to screams as I cried out his name.

I was lying there, unwilling to move—moving meant it was over—when the phone rang. I hated that he left my side to get the phone. I think I was worried the dream would end and I'd be stuck back in my boring life again.

"No, Mr. Riley. Your daughter just left. I'm sure she'll be home soon."

I rolled onto my side. Thirty-four years old, and my father had been like that for two years now. If I wasn't home within one minute of the time he knew it took to get home from the bank, he was out calling the cops. At least this time he had remembered I had to get his oil changed.

"I suppose you heard," McLain said quietly.

That was it, then. Best sex I'd ever had, even if it was just oral, and now it was time to go home and sit there like every night. "Yeah."

He traced the curve of my spine with a single hand. "Kate, go home, get your dad his supper, and then tell him you're going out to eat."

I sat up and just stared. "You mean, like a date?"

"What, you don't do those? You just get all the service men in town to do you favors?" His grin grew wider as he pulled my hand over, and I could feel his erection through his pants. "You mean the woman that gave me that isn't going to repay the favor?"

Damn, I'd been too busy noticing his ass, and neglected a very serious length of

McLain. "I'll meet you at your place in half an hour. I'll bring dinner."

"I'll make sure there are condoms."

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I couldn't believe I was standing there at the door of the address he'd given me. After the divorce, I had told myself I would never get involved so quick...then he opened the door... without a shirt, still wet from his shower. Winter did not do the man justice. No tight t-shirts to show off the muscular arms and the washboard stomach. I like that word – de-lick-ious – he surely was that.

"So what's for dinner?"

"Dinner? Oh, right." I held up a bag. "Screw it, dinner can wait."

I'd never heard him laugh before, and just the sound of it was enough to get me horny, as if I wasn't already. Getting dad his dinner with the thought of a waiting, red-blooded man hot for me was an exercise in patience. When dad started to argue with me about going out, I just stuck in his favorite porn movie and walked out. Nothing more was said. Dad wasn't like that before, it was all the stroke. He'd been a sweetheart of a man but something had changed.

McLain pulled me off the porch and into his arms. He just grinned as he took the bag from me and put it on the counter.

His hands slid over my shoulders, taking the coat off and yet seemingly touching every inch of me. He grabbed hold of my ass and lifted me up, I hardly even felt it when he used only one arm and shut the door. His mouth was on mine; he was hungry all right, just not for supper. With my legs wrapped around his waist, I could feel in my clit every movement he made. Not wanting to risk leaving my underwear somewhere, I hadn't worn any. His rock-hard stomach tormented me with every movement he made as I left a trail of wetness across his stomach.

Oh, this couldn't be happening, could it? Too many lonely nights' dreams were a reality now.

"Kate, you have too many clothes on," he finally said as he laid me on his bed.

"I didn't wear any undies. I'm not stopping anything."

All that coffee-colored skin for me to touch, but it was his head shaking that kept me riveted. “Nope. Every stitch off of you. I’m going to feast properly. Not some quickie in the pit this time.”

The buttons on my dress shirt from work might have kept him occupied, but that didn’t mean I couldn’t taste all that beautiful skin right in front of my face. For some inexplicable reason he stopped with the buttons. There was that moan I’d heard from watching me earlier, only this time it was from me ringing his belly button with my tongue and leaving a heated trail of saliva up that gorgeous stomach.

Only when I stopped did the last button come free, and he rushed to get me out of my shirt. The skirt, he didn’t take so much time over. I sat there in a bra and winter boots, since ten inches of snow were outside. He growled as he pulled off the last items, or was it because I gripped his cock as he neared to do it? His pants were around his feet by the time he was done, and with one kick, all of him was there for me to drool over. Every inch of ten inches to drool over.

“You are beautiful, Kate.”

As much as I wanted to drink in every devastating ripple of him, I closed my eyes. The last man who said that to me, I’d divorced for being a lying pig. “Don’t say that.”

I could hear the condom wrapper being opened, and then the bed lowered with his weight. “You are,” he said as he kissed my clit lightly, “a very...” he kissed my belly lightly, “...beautiful woman.” He pulled my nipple deep into his mouth, and I felt the tug below. Tug, no—it was pressure of him at my opening. “Kate, let me show you how beautiful you are.”

“I’m the one that’s been fantasizing about you for months, and you say that.”

“Open your eyes,” he rumbled in my ear.

I opened them, and as he held my gaze with those clear, brown eyes, he slid in slowly. Every nerve felt stretched, and then he started moving, thrusting in and out. Slowly and rhythmically, the same as his words. “You’re the first one in this bed since I moved here. You’re the first one in my pit. You’re the first one who showed me with just a look what all the others throwing themselves at me wanted me to see. You’re



beautiful, Kate, no matter what anyone might have told you.”

“How did you know?”

His smile was slow. “Small town, lots of little old ladies who like to flirt with the new guy. Mrs. Thompson saw you staring the first time you came in.” His mouth covered mine, he had an indescribable taste that was all McLain. He actually tasted of life, and I just knew I wasn’t wasting away in my boring life with it. Strong hands gripped my flesh, and he rolled, putting me on top, pushing his cock even deeper.

So that’s why porn stars make that face. I watched with fascination as he palmed each breast, his hands so large they covered all—and I’m by no means small chested. I leaned forward, and the heat from his mouth suckling was the last push I needed. My scream filled the room. My scream—I’d never done that before, not without the help of a little oral or mechanical persuasion. Then again, I’d never had a McLain between my legs.

The added nudge from him coming was enough to bring on another climax. How would I ever be able to walk in the bank tomorrow and not grin like a fool?

McLain looked up at me with the widest grin I’d seen from him all day. “So, if this is a date, what’s for supper? We haven’t even gotten started yet, and I need sustenance.”

Gotten started? No doubt about it, I’m going to get fired tomorrow. I’m pretty sure there’s a rule about showing off to everyone that you’re a fool.

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The alarm clock needed to be blown up. To make it worse, McLain was already showered and getting dressed.

“Morning, sleepyhead.”

“Sleepyhead? If you just had what you did to me done to you, you’d be sleeping in, too.”

I couldn’t see his face, but his chuckle was more than clear. Next thing I knew, something got tossed over to the bed. I didn’t have to look long to see it was a key.

“That’s the key to the shop. Lock the door behind you when you come in. I’ll make

sure the pit is well stocked.”

I smiled my most come hither grin I could manage. “Lunch break is going to take on a whole new meaning now.”

And who said oil changes were boring?