



Forbidden Publications

SINGLE
Again



Jenny Mount

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Single Again
by
Jenny Mount

I cradled the headset close to my ear and tucked my towel to my chest. I'd planned on a nice, quiet evening at home doing girl stuff. Take a bubble bath, condition my hair, do the facial thing, arch my brows, polish my nails, and top the night off with a spine-rattling orgasm courtesy of my new pink vibrator.

I was outside on my patio polishing my nails when the phone rang.

"What are you doing?"

It was Tanya, my best friend. We met at work a couple of years ago when she moved here to Jonesboro from Little Rock.

"Nathan and I are having a party and want you to come," Tanya said.

Coming was what I had in mind for later. "I'm way too busy, Tan. Maybe another night."

"Not acceptable."

I threw my head back and gazed at the dusky sky, hoping to invoke whatever gods saved us from friends who thought they knew what we needed. As a result, I accidentally dropped the phone on the patio floor. Luckily, it didn't break. I could still hear her high-pitched drone on the other end.

"Are you listening to me, Gwen?"

"I'm listening," I said and wiggled my fingers to speed up nail-drying time. "But I'm fine by myself. In fact, I'm having a ball. The weather is perfect, there are no mosquitoes, and I've got a nice fire in my chimenea. The goldfish are extra friendly tonight, and can you hear my waterfall? That's a kick-ass waterfall." I thought maybe I would fill her in about the vibrator, but decided against it.

"I hear it, but I can't believe you'd rather sit on your patio with a bunch of fish than come to our party."

"Need some cheese to go with that whine?"

"Gwen!"

I sighed. I hated when Tanya pouted but I really, really hadn't felt like partying and probably wouldn't be able to go over to Tanya and Nathan's for a while.

"You can't sit around and mourn James forever," Tanya said.

I rolled my eyes. "Technically you're right, because James isn't dead. Not yet, anyway." James was my boyfriend; my fourth long-term relationship ever, and probably my last. I've learned that I'm not compatible with live-in arrangements. Especially not with clingy males that want to know where I am twenty-four hours a day. Like James. I'm forty-one. I'm familiar with all the positions in the Kama Sutra, and fluent in at least twenty-two of them. I've lived.

"What about fun? What about meeting someone else? What about sex?"

I scoffed. "I just polished all twenty nails a serious shade of red. That was big fun. And I don't want to meet anyone else."

"What about sex?" she repeated.

"I just bought new batteries." I rose to a sitting position on my lounge and inspected my toes.

"Are your nails dry?" Tanya asked.

I tested a fingernail. "Yep."

"Good. Now go get ready. Nathan will be there to pick you up in a minute."

"What? No!" At that moment I heard my side gate open and then close.

Nathan walked around the corner of my house and stopped a few feet from the foot of my lounge chair. His blue eyes twinkled when they caught mine. My heart did three seconds of hard hammering against my chest. He smiled and dropped his gaze. Then the smile faded and his eyes darkened.

I knew that look. I'd seen it a few times. I glanced down and understood. My towel barely covered my bottom half while I was standing up. Now, sitting, I had my knees up and parted, and the hem rode above my thighs. Nathan stared between my legs, and the slut that I am, I didn't close them.

Warmth spread from my belly to the bottoms of my feet.

"Gwen? Are you there? Are you coming or not?" Tanya asked.

"Yeah, I'm coming." I clicked off the phone and set it aside. Nathan's hand was on the inside of my knee. His fingertips pressed against my skin, pulling my thighs a bit further apart.

"Wanna come before we go?"

God, did I?

Heat furrowed under my skin where his flesh met mine. For a second I remembered that he was Tanya's boyfriend and that I was Tanya's best friend.

"You still look delicious. Pretty and smooth." His hand crept lower. The distance grew between my knees. "Let me make you come, Gwen. For old time's sake?"

Old times. Yeah... I mean, no.

"We shouldn't, Nathan."

I envisioned his face pressed against my pussy and his tongue nudging my bare lips apart. I could almost feel my fingers threading through his blond hair and holding his head tight against me.

"Remember Silver Road? Broad fucking daylight, and you on the hood of my truck." He cleared his throat. "Damn, girl."

He licked his lips and cut his eyes to mine, wiggled his eyebrows, and stared back down at my crotch.

Tanya was still in the back of my mind, jumping up and down and waving her arms. However, Nathan's fingertips were drawing tiny circles all the way down my thighs and onto the smooth skin between them. Tanya faded, but not completely. She was more like a silent, vanishing genie going back into her bottle.

Nathan was too difficult to ignore. He'd started working at Tilman's Warehouse a few years ahead of me, so I'd known him longer than I had Tanya. Not to mention that I *know* him. In the biblical sense. In fact, I've known him on this very lounge chair, my dining room table, the living room floor, my bed, his bed, his truck, and the bathroom at Pizza Hut. I can't look at one of those built-in diaper-changing stations without creaming my jeans.

The attraction between us had been immediate and strong from the moment we

met. The problem with us is that when he's single, I'm not, and vice-versa. We'd managed to accidentally-on-purpose bump into each other at least two dozen times over the last few years, and the sex was always hot and urgent.

My legs spread all the way open. His index finger found its way between my lips and rubbed my little button. That magic button. The button that turned off resistance and all thoughts of morality. Touch this button and I become immune to any guilt-related feelings when said emotion could possibly stand in the way of more of the same.

His finger stroking my clit was all that mattered. Best friend be damned. Come to think of it, I wasn't really Tanya's *best* friend. I certainly wasn't her only friend. What about that chick who worked at the Sonic that she hung around with sometimes? And there was the fact that Nathan and I had been friends since before she even moved here. Obviously, my loyalties should lay with Nathan.

I moaned. I watched his finger work back and forth and heard the slick sound of my juices. I wanted his mouth there. To hell with what's her name.

I pushed my hips up to send the message.

He slipped his wet finger into his mouth and licked it clean. He also left me hanging on the edge of that spine-rattling orgasm I'd planned to have—the one that the nameless one had interrupted. The way I see it, she owes me.

I wiggled my bottom and opened my legs wider. "You know what I like."

"Uh,hmm."

His head dipped lower. I was ready to feel his tongue teasing my clit and pressed my hand on the back of his head. He jerked my hand away and held on tight.

"Let me." He kissed the inside of my knee. "Give me your other hand and look at me, and don't close your eyes."

Oh, God! My knees shook. Inside me, every nerve sent a throbbing "Impending Orgasm" message to my clit. Watching him kiss and nibble my flesh drove me nuts. He held my hands against the arms of the chair and knelt between my legs.

My hips thrust to meet his mouth, and he moved back up my thigh.

I growled. "Lick me."

“Say Please.”

My eyes were slits and the light grew dim, but I still saw his tongue slither between his lips, coming within a fraction of an inch to ground zero.

“Please,” I whimpered.

He smiled and I knew I was seconds away from the toe-curling orgasm only he could inspire. My mouth went dry, and I held my body rigid, ready, waiting for action. And the phone rang. Nathan snapped to attention seconds before my knees found each other. I wanted to scream, “No, no, no!”

Instead, I answered the phone.

“Are you coming?”

Tanya. Jesus. I was beginning to doubt this friendship thing.

“I’m trying,” I yelled. Nathan’s hands were back on my thighs. I swatted them away and stood. “I’m gonna finish getting ready. Wanna talk to Nathan?”

I shoved the phone his way and ran into the house. Half an hour later my hair was poofed, my makeup in place, and I’d stuffed my ass into a pair of knockout lace-up jeans. I was pleased with the results. Working at the warehouse was hard work, but the payoff was a firm butt and thighs. My eyes had a drag-me-to-the-bedroom sheen to them because I was still horny and falling in lust with the seam in the crotch of my jeans. When I sat on my bed to pull on my shoes I caught myself bouncing. I’d have to watch that tonight so I wouldn’t embarrass myself.

Nathan was sitting on the couch when I went into the living room. He took up an easy third of the leather sofa. Warehouse work had made his shoulders broad – like two axe handles wide – and his arms, well, there was no way I could get both hands around them.

He stood. I watched his Adam’s apple bob a few times. Yeah, I looked good.

“You look fantastic.”

See?

I turned and picked up my purse from the end table, and Nathan came up behind me.

"I love these jeans." His finger cruised along the laces up my bottom. He plucked one. "I'd like to untie these with my teeth."

How the hell was I going to make it through this party without dragging him off into a corner or a closet? Then Tanya would catch us and her heart would break and we wouldn't be friends anymore. Then my job would suck 'cause we work so close together, so I'd have to quit. Possibly before I found another. I'd lose my house, my car, and would have to eat ramen noodles three times a day.

There was only one thing to do.

I turned and wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him with all the hunger I felt. I pulled away and left us both breathless. "Fuck me, Nathan! Right now!"

Nathan's eyes widened, but he didn't waste time on astonishment. He dropped his jeans and underwear in one shot and tossed his T-shirt on the floor. As soon as I ripped my shirt and bra off, Nathan's hands covered my breasts and rolled my nipples between finger and thumb. He kissed me. Hard. His tongue rubbed against mine.

"Oh, fuck. Help me with these jeans."

He turned me away from him and pulled the laces out of their holes. In seconds, I was bare-assed and bent across my couch with Nathan's tongue exactly where I wanted it. He reached around me, grabbed my wrists, and held my hands pinned against my hips.

He didn't miss a lick.

"Come in my mouth, baby."

I buried my face in my sofa and screamed.

"Oh. God... Oh, God... Oh, God..."

Nathan was the best at this. He knew exactly when to lick and when to suck and how hard. He sucked my clit between his teeth and flicked the tip of my nub with his tongue.

I drenched his face.

"I love it when you call me God," he said, and then slapped my ass.

My legs trembled, but I wasn't finished with him. We did a half turn. I pushed

him on the couch, stepped out of my jeans and panties, and dropped to my knees.

"My turn." I wrapped my hand around his cock and pulled the head to my lips.

"Yeah."

His voice was a whisper. I licked him and moaned around his dick. He tasted virile and masculine. I wanted him to come in my mouth so I sucked him hard.

"No, no. Not yet, baby." He grabbed my arms and pulled me to his lap. I straddled him. My nipples trembled against the caramel colored hair that was sprinkled across his chest. We kissed until I thought he was going to crush me with those strong arms.

"I want your pussy."

I balanced on my heels and guided his cock inside me. I slid it in slow, loving every inch. Gliding up and down, we gradually gained speed. I gripped my knees and looked between us.

"Oh, God."

"Yeah, baby."

He gripped my hips and picked me up. He raised me until the head of his cock was all that was inside me. It swelled and throbbed. He grimaced, and then set me down.

"Fuck me, Gwen."

I was already there. My back arched and my thighs strained while I rode him. His fingers dug into my hips as I felt his release.

I collapsed on his chest. He wrapped his arms around me and held tight.

"I'll leave her," he whispered.

"I love you, too."

* * * *

My eyes refused to open. The bed was so warm and cozy that I didn't want to wake up. Besides, I had a feeling that when I did open my eyes something bad was

going to be waiting for me.

I snuggled deeper into the comforter and pushed my butt against something solid. An arm snaked around my belly. A big hand cupped my breast. My nipple hardened as it brushed against the palm. I sighed. I felt thump-thump-thump-against my bottom and wiggled closer to the source.

“Good morning, kitten.”

My eyes flew open. I glanced down at the arm around me and followed the line of muscle up to a huge bicep.

“Nathan!”

What was he doing in my bed? How did we end up here?

Think, Gwen.

“Who else were you expecting? No. Don’t answer that. Just get that ass back over here.”

I didn’t move. I remembered the living room, and then riding in Nathan’s truck to the party. We’d stopped at the liquor store where he’d bought two cases of Coronas. He handed me a bottle when he got back into the cab. I’d finished the beer by the time we got to Tanya’s. My alcohol tolerance is low, so that was not a wise thing to do. By then, however, my life was a series of wrong decisions.

I sat up in bed and realized too late that moving was just another bad decision to add to the growing list of bad decisions. The room swam, and I had to clutch the sheets to keep from sliding off into the vortex of my carpet. I lay back on my pillow.

“Are you okay, Gwen?”

I opened one eye to a slit and looked at Nathan. His concerned face was inches from mine. I shook my head.

A few minutes later, Nathan placed a cool cloth on my forehead, and I heard the plop-plop, fizz-fizz of relief.

“Drink this,” Nathan said. He helped me sit up and handed me the glass. My hands trembled, so he wrapped his on top of mine while I drank the Alka-Seltzer.

“Yuck!” I fell back on my pillow and peeked at him while he made his way back

to the other side of the bed. He was naked. And Nathan naked was something even a hung-over woman could appreciate.

"Tanya..."

Nathan shushed me. "She was passed out cold when I brought you home. She'll never know. She won't even wake up for several hours yet."

I held the cloth to my head and dozed off. An hour later, I awoke and realized that the Alka-Seltzer had worked. My head had cleared and the room had stopped spinning. Nathan's breathing was even, but I knew he wasn't asleep.

"We need to talk," I said.

Nathan shifted to his back and stuffed his hands behind his head. "So talk."

I slapped him with the wet towel. "I'm serious."

"I was serious last night. I meant what I said, Gwen."

The sheets rustled and Nathan was on his side staring at me. My stomach knotted again, but not from the hangover.

"You know how I've felt about you from the time we met." He picked up a strand of my hair and wrapped it around his finger.

"You were married when we met, Nathan."

He snorted. "A minor technicality."

I gaped at him. "You were married and we cheated. I don't know how I ever let you talk me out of my pants then. I knew better."

Nathan grinned and inched closer. "'Cause I'm so damn charming. You couldn't help yourself."

"It was wrong."

"I was divorced three months later. And where were you by then? Shacked up with 'Kung Fu'."

I rolled my eyes. "His name was Mike, and he was a Tae Kwon Do instructor."

"Whatever."

"You were married," I said.

"You could have waited a little while. I told you what was going on."

I poked his arm. "And I told you in the Pizza Hut bathroom that night that things weren't good with Mike and me. But did you wait? No. In less than a week you had Cruella de'Vil living with you."

Nathan's shoulders shook. "Cruella?"

I ignored his laughter. That's who that woman had looked like. She didn't have the black and white hair as in black on one side and white on the other, but her hair was long and sorta salt and peppery. The resemblance mainly was in her face and the long white coat she always wore. The real hoot was how she picked up the nickname. She came to a Halloween party dressed as Cruella de'Vil.

"I decided right then and there that I could never sleep with you again without a full body condom."

Nathan wiped his eyes, but his giggles continued.

"That's when I met James and I thou... I fell in love with him. Stop laughing!"

Nathan grunted when I hit him, but he stifled the giggles.

"Let's see," he said. "That's Mike the Tae Kwon Do instructor and James the yoga guru. What did you get out of those two geeks anyway?"

"I can kick your ass and feel good about it," I laughed. I couldn't help it.

"I should have kidnapped you from the very beginning. Would've saved us both a lot of trouble."

"You were married."

"Oh, God." He flopped back on the bed. "I've told you a hundred times that when we met, Marilyn and I were finished. We didn't even sleep in the same bed those last six months we were married."

"I know, Nathan. But at the time you were telling me this, you were a married man cheating on your wife. How was I supposed to trust you? I'm old enough to know that if you'd do it to her you'd do it to me."

Nathan shot up. "Ah, ha! That's it right there."

"What?" I didn't like where this was going.

"You just said exactly what bugs you about committing to me. Age. You're

insecure because you're eight years older than I am."

I started to protest, but then I remembered that I'd started this talk.

"It's something to consider."

He hit his forehead with the heel of his hand. "You don't get it." I scooted up in bed and let the comforter fall to my waist. "Men grow old and just become more distinguished. Women ugly away."

"Then it doesn't matter if I'm the same age as you or not. I'm gonna get better looking, and you'll be a hag no matter what my age is."

Nathan rolled over and trapped my legs beneath him. He caught sight of my bare breasts and his gaze darkened. "I better get some of these before they dry up."

He sucked a nipple into his mouth and looked into my eyes. I watched his tongue flick the rigid peak. He kissed his way to the other breast and I fed him. I cradled his head in my arm and pressed his mouth against my breast.

"Spread your legs, baby." Nathan shifted his weight so he could wedge his body between my thighs. He slid his cock inside me and filled me with slow, steady pumps. He kissed my lips, my cheeks, my neck. He whispered words in my ear I couldn't quite understand, but feeling his hot breath there and hearing the sound of his voice was enough.

He took me over the edge gradually. Never speeding up his thrusts. Not even when he came. An unrelenting in and out, in and out, until we were both spent. We hung on to each other, and I dozed off to the sound of Nathan's breathing.

The next time I woke, he was gone, and the bed was cold and empty. I forced myself up and stood under the shower until there was no hot water. After towel drying my hair, I chose a white cotton gown and pulled it over my head. I needed coffee.

The house was quiet as I filled my Mr. Coffee. When it was almost ready, I took a cup from the cupboard and noticed a crack. I tossed it in the trash.

"I need new dishes." I poured a cup of coffee and dumped cream and the last of the sugar in. "Great. Now I need to go to the store."

I carried my cup to the bedroom and crawled between the sheets again. I picked

up the pillow he'd slept on and hugged it to my chest. The case smelled like him. I sighed and pushed the pillow away. Sex with Nathan was great. Hell, it was phenomenal. My panties were damp just thinking about having sex with Nathan, but I needed to be honest with myself. I wanted more with him. I wanted to sleep in his arms every night and wake up pressed against his body. I wanted to fix his dinner and wash his clothes and listen to him laugh while he watched one of those stupid guy shows on TV. I wanted and needed commitment from him.

What I really needed was to get my head examined. I was about to carry my cup back to the kitchen when the phone rang.

"Gwen, I need to talk to you."

Tanya. Another something I needed to be honest with myself about. "Can it wait, Tanya? I'm not feeling that great yet."

"I think Nathan is having an affair." She sniffled.

I freaked. "I really feel like I'm gonna throw up, Tanya."

"When I woke up a little while ago, Nathan was gone. He came home and claimed he'd gone to the store to pick up some aspirin, but he didn't have any. I asked him where it was and he said that he'd just bought one of those little travel packets."

Okay. Maybe this isn't going to be bad.

"What proof is that?"

She sniffled again and blew her nose. I heard her whimper. Why not shine a bright light in my eyes? Or force bamboo shoots under my nails?

"He acted strange about it, and then went straight up to take a shower. He usually takes a shower before he leaves the house, not after he returns and certainly not at three in the afternoon."

I rolled my eyes. Good going, Nathan. That's the way to keep her unsuspecting.

"Maybe he just felt so bad when he got up he didn't take the time to shower."

More sniffing. "That's not all."

Oh, God! There's more.

"I picked up his dirty clothes to throw them in the hamper, and he didn't come

home with his underwear.”

I was back to freaking out mode. I scrambled across the bed and glanced over the side. There on the floor at the foot of the bed, barely sticking out from under my dust ruffle was something black. I snatched it up and stared at Nathan’s black bikinis. I flushed when I remembered how they got there. I clutched them to my chest.

“Maybe he didn’t put any on before the party.” Or maybe I’d pulled them off with my teeth after the party.

“I saw him getting dressed. He was wearing a pair of...”

“Spare me the details,” I said.

“The worst I found in his pocket.”

My mind was clicking. Something nagged at me about Nathan’s pocket. Something I put there. Something at the party right before we left.

“A thong with a heart-shaped rhinestone on the back.”

Yep! That was it. I remembered. We’d been slow dancing and he’d worked his finger between the laces of my jeans and felt the little heart. He begged me to see them, so I’d gone into the bathroom, took them off, and then stuffed them in his pocket. A little later, after most of the guests had left and Tanya was passed out on the couch, he’d cornered me in the kitchen and ran his hand down the front of my pants. I’d asked him to take me home then.

Mystery solved.

“I’m gonna pack my stuff and leave him, Gwen.”

A little girl devil dressed in nothing but a thong sat on my left shoulder and shouted, “Yeah, baby!” Dr. Phil was on my right shaking his head. “Neither of you will be happy. The cheating is what makes this relationship so hot. And don’t forget your age.”

Bastard.

“Maybe you need to calm down and give it more thought.”

“He had hickies too, Gwen. All over his ass and a few in front.”

I whacked my forehead with the heel of my hand. God, I am such a slut.

"I don't know what to say, Tanya."

"There's nothing to say. I knew it would happen. Nathan is a whore. But he was the best fuck I ever had."

"You aren't kidding. I mean...you're not kidding, are you? You're leaving him?"
I plopped down on my bed.

"I'm going back to Little Rock. I've been talking to my ex, and I think we're going to give it another shot. I told Nathan earlier."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Goodbye."

I hung up not knowing if I should be relieved that she's going and that she wasn't really serious about Nathan in the first place, or pissed because she's going and that she wasn't really serious about Nathan in the first place.

The doorbell rang. I padded down the hall after tossing Nathan's undies back under the bed. The curtain on the front window was drawn, so I peeked around the edge. My heart flip-flopped. Nathan was on the front porch. He wore worn Levi's and a dark green T-shirt. His arms were straining the sleeves. I wanted to take him down on the porch and give the neighbors something to talk about.

"You gonna let me in or just gawk at me all day?"

I opened the door. His eyes raked my body.

"I can see through your gown. You aren't wearing panties."

I smiled. "Why don't you come in and help pick some out."

* * * *

Nathan went home Sunday night at eleven o'clock. We decided it was best that we go to work Monday morning separately. I mean, how would it look? When we left Friday afternoon, he and Tanya were together.

At midnight, the phone rang.

"What are you wearing?"

“Nathan?”

“Who else? No. Don’t answer that.”

The line was quiet for a few breaths. I stared down at my T-shirt that had *Listen to the Rice Krispies, Dude* printed across my chest. “Is this an obscene phone call?”

Nathan laughed. “Nah. Not unless you consider me telling you that this weekend was the best weekend I’ve ever had with a woman.”

I was speechless. I tried to find something to say, but the words wouldn’t come together.

“Hello?” he said.

“I’m still here.”

He cleared his throat. “I thought you’d hung up on me or something.”

There was a touch of insecurity in his voice that was endearing. I’d never thought of Nathan as vulnerable. Could he actually be unsure of my feelings for him? At that moment something he said Saturday crossed my mind. *You know how I’ve felt about you from the time we met...I was divorced three months later. And where were you by then? Shacked up with ‘Kung Fu’... I should have kidnapped you from the very beginning. Would’ve saved us both a lot of trouble.*

“I just don’t know what to say.”

“You could start by saying that you feel the same way. Or that I’ve ruined you for any other man and when I’m dead and gone you’ll only masturbate to my memory or only sleep with women.”

I smiled. “How about I just say ditto?”

* * * *

There were things that Nathan and I hadn’t considered that blissful Saturday afternoon while he rifled through my panty drawer. And then again during that phone conversation. We hadn’t answered the pertinent questions. Probably because no one had asked them.

We spent the first thirty-two hours of our new relationship in a time warp. Fuck, eat, sleep. Sometimes we'd mix the order up a bit. Eat, fuck, sleep. Occasionally, we added personal hygiene to the agenda. Fuck, shower, fuck in the shower, eat, sleep. Life was simple then.

Monday morning, reality parked in my driveway.

When I got out of the shower the light was blinking on my answering machine. I poured a cup of coffee and hit play.

"This is Tanya, Gwen. Look. I can't stand it here with my ex. I know it's only been a weekend, but he's driving me nuts. It didn't take me long to remember what broke us up before." There was a pause. "I'm on my way back to Jonesboro, and I'll need a place to stay. I was wondering if I could stay with you. Not long. Tilman's will rehire me, I know. I'll just stay a couple of weeks until I get enough cash to move out."

I'd just taken a sip of coffee when she got to the part about staying with me. I spewed hot coffee all over the phone and answering machine. I went into the kitchen to grab a towel. On the way back into the living room to clean up my mess, another call played. It was from my sister, Anna.

"Hey Gwen, this is Anna. I had to go to the store late last night to get Ernie some fudge brownies for his lunch box."

I rolled my eyes. Ernie was her husband and he ate three Little Debbies a day as if they held the live-forever factor.

"Anyway, on my way over, I drove by your house and saw that hunk's truck sitting in your drive. Hmmm. I wondered when you two were going to come clean with it. I ran into Donna Hill at the store, and she asked me if I knew that Nathan had spent the weekend at your house. She wondered the same thing I did. We think it's great, Gwen. You two have slipped around long enough."

I stood in the middle of the living room, dishrag in hand, with my mouth hanging open. How the hell had they known? We were always careful. I ran to the phone and called Anna back.

"Anna, how did you know? How did Donna Hill know for God's sake?"

She cackled. "Who didn't know? Honestly, Gwen. Our neighbor, Mac Lancaster that works with Nathan, told Ernie a few months ago that anytime one of you was within ten feet from the other, neither could stop staring."

"People have been talking about us for months?"

"Ever since Donna saw you two coming out of the women's restroom at the Pizza Hut one night."

I hung up before she could finish the time line from Donna Hill to Mac Lancaster. Something had struck me while I was still on the phone. An epiphany. An I-can-see-clearly-moment that stayed with me all day.

"You've been quiet today. Do you feel funny about you and me here at work?" Nathan asked me this as we walked from the time clock to the parking lot. He'd parked by me, and we stood between the vehicles.

"It is different. But that's not what's wrong with me." He frowned and folded his arms across his chest.

"You having second thoughts?"

I smiled. "No. Not even. It's something else."

"Are you gonna tell me, or is this one of those 'not my business' things?" he asked.

"Tanya called this morning. She's coming back and wants to stay with me until she can find a place."

Nathan's brows shot up. He grabbed my shirt and pulled me up to him. "If you think that I'm keeping this a secret any longer you're wrong. We've beat around this bush for over two years, and I'm not hiding the way I feel about you any longer."

He let go of my shirt and I sorta melted down his front. I couldn't speak. I hadn't expected his reaction. I don't think I expected any reaction. I didn't realize he cared that much.

"You want to tell me first? I'd love to know what your feelings are."

* * * *

Tanya was waiting for me in the drive when I got home. I unlocked the house and followed her in. I had so many questions that I didn't know where to begin. All day I'd known what I was going to say to her, but now I didn't know how. We fixed a salad with grilled chicken and Ranch dressing and carried our plates outside to the patio.

I stabbed a cherry tomato and popped it in my mouth. We smiled at each other. The unease was evident.

"So, have you seen Nathan since I left?"

The tomato wedged in my windpipe and I started coughing. Tanya jumped up, but I waved her away and grabbed my glass of tea.

"Of course I have. We work together." My eyes were watering and my voice was a little shaky.

"You didn't see him the rest of the weekend?"

I laid my fork down and leaned back in my chair. "How long have you known?"

At first, I thought she was going to continue to play dumb. I guess something in my eyes told her I knew she was anything but uninformed. The phone conversation with my sister clued me to the fact that the general population knew. So why wouldn't I think Tanya knew ?

"When I first moved here and started work with you a few of the older ladies felt obligated to fill me in on your history. You were with James, and Nathan was nailing anything that resembled a female."

My stomach knotted. I didn't like hearing that. While it was going on, I could justify my aversion to commitment, so I hadn't been all that jealous. Now I was.

"So you knew that Nathan and I had a past before you started dating him?"

She gave me this condescending grin that irked me. I knew I wouldn't like what I was about to hear.

"I knew you had the hots for him and had actually cornered him a few times."

I leaned up and squinted at her. "Hey, he followed me into that bathroom!"

"Don't get upset, Gwen. I'm just telling you what happened."

Yeah, okay.

"As I was saying, I didn't think that whatever past you two had would be a problem. I mean, you're so much older than he is, I just didn't see any kind of long term relationship working."

A few days ago I would have been offended by her 'You're so much older' remark. A few days ago, I didn't know how Nathan really felt about me and how crazy I'd made him over the last few years.

"I think you're leaving a few things out." I stood. "Like how you started being my friend just so you'd be visible to Nathan."

She stood and faced me. "That's ridiculous. I felt sorry for you 'cause I thought your panting after a younger man was pathetic."

I gasped. "No. You thought that you could step in, and he'd forget all about me. Then when James and me broke up you knew it was just a matter of time until he was in my bed again. You sent him over here the other night knowing what would happen." I poked her arm.

"Oww! Stop that!"

"Didn't you? Tell me the truth," I said.

She plopped back into the chair and stared at her hands. "Oh, okay. You're right. Kind of."

"Kind of?" I asked as I sat back in my chair.

"Yes, I knew from the beginning, and I thought I could make him forget you. But I couldn't. I saw the way he looked at you and how he moped around after you'd visit or we'd see you and James at a party."

I grinned. "He moped?"

"Yeah, he moped. And when we heard that you were free, he sorta lit up."

The grin got wider. "Lit up? He lit up?"

"Yes, Gwen. He loves you. I knew that. I sent him over here, and I knew when you got back to the party that something had happened. After watching you two all evening, I felt like an intruder. I pretended to pass out on the couch. I knew he would

take you home and, when he didn't come back, I had my answer. So I left town for the weekend to give you guys a chance to spend some time together. I didn't go back to my ex. I went to my sister's. I'm moving in with her."

I sat there and stared at her for a few minutes before she got up and left. It occurred to me as I saw her drive away that I really didn't know Tanya. However, it didn't bother me that I would probably never get to know her. She befriended me under false pretenses and only stepped aside when it was obvious who would take the prize.

And what a prize.

Nathan came over while I was putting away the salad and cleaning the kitchen. He had his work uniform slung over his shoulder and grocery bag with what looked to be undies and socks inside.

"You're staying all night?" I asked.

"Yep." He took the dishcloth from my hands and tossed it on the counter. "So, did you and Tanya get things straight?" Nathan wedged himself between the sink and me. He pulled my shirt over my head and unsnapped my bra with one hand.

"What are you doing?" I asked. But I didn't argue.

"I figured I better see how those titties are holding up today."

I swatted him. "They're fine, thank you."

He dipped his head. "Yes they are."

I couldn't think with my nipple in his mouth. All I could do was watch Nathan's tongue slither across my chest, nipple to nipple, and then down to the waistband of my jeans. He unbuttoned and unzipped them and tugged them to my thighs.

"Mmm," he moaned as he buried his face in my panties. His hands squeezed my butt cheeks and his fingers tugged at the string of my thong. "Turn around," he said.

I turned around with my jeans around my knees.

"Ahh. A butterfly this time. If I'd known you'd worn a butterfly to work, I'd never gotten anything done." His finger traced the crack of my ass.

"I didn't. I just put these on after I showered a little bit ago."

“Hang on to the counter, baby.”

It took a moment for what he said to register. As soon as his tongue pulled my thong to the side, I realized what he meant. I bent over and grabbed the counter, and Nathan pulled my jeans and panties off. He licked and stirred me with his tongue, brought me close several times, but wouldn't let me come.

He carried me to the bed. From my pillows, I watched him undress. He had a gorgeous body.

Nathan crawled in beside me and pulled me on top. His hard cock pressed firmly against me. He kissed me, and I could smell my scent on his face. I wiggled on him, trying to get his cock between my legs and inside me, but he held me tight against him.

“What did I tell you today? After work?”

Now he wants me to think? But I really didn't have to think all that hard. I'd never forget what he said.

“That you love me.”

He eased his grip on my ass enough to let his cock slid between my pussy lips.

“Ahhhh.” I slid back and forth on his shaft, rubbing my clit against his dick. He grabbed my ass and held me still again.

“What else did I tell you?”

A trickle of sweat dropped from my nose onto his mouth. He licked it off. I kissed him because there was something sweet about that.

“That you always will, no matter what.”

He moved his hands up my body and gathered my hair in his hands. “And do you believe that?”

I nodded. “Yes.”

Nathan flipped me onto my back. I wrapped my arms and legs around his body and let him fuck me. I held on tight and closed my eyes when I came. Afterwards, he crawled between my legs and licked me into oblivion. The second time he entered me, he was kneeling between my thighs and held me by the back of my knees. I watched

him come through the slits of my eyelids. His head reared, veins swelled in his neck, and every muscle in his chest and arms bulged.

It was magnificent.

Later we snuggled under the covers and watched reruns of *Cheers*. I was lying on his chest and playing with a tuft of springy hair.

"I started to follow you into the bathroom today at work."

I looked up at him. "What is it with you and bathrooms?" His chuckle bobbed my head.

"Actually, it's who's in the bathrooms." He kissed me on the forehead.

I settled back onto his chest and drifted. "I could get used to this."

He stroked my hair. "I hope you do. 'Cause it might be a little uncomfortable if you don't."

"What does that mean?" I asked. I was almost asleep.

"That this time, I'm not leaving."

AUTHOR INFORMATION

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Jenny Mount lives in a small, boring town down south with a caveman, two children, a black cat named Asia, and a catfish named Felix. She has a degree in computer technology and a fascinating job drawing electrical schematics for emergency vehicles. Besides writing, she loves growing exotic herbs, building computers, reading tarot cards, Voodoo dolls, and riding her bike.

Irreverent, playful, and sassy describe her best. She has a weakness for sexy lingerie and only buys her undies in matching sets. She also owns a large collection of porn and several toys. She plans on writing them off on her taxes.

Ms. Mount began stirring the erotic urge to write on a hot, July afternoon, 1992. High school graduation was ten years behind her. This was the year her libido roused from its beauty nap and announced its arrival. She lay there that afternoon, hot and sweaty, in her back yard between her two best friends. Several pitchers of Margarita's loosened their swim suits and their tongues. Soon they were topless and sharing memories of wild, backseat orgies, parties that lasted for days, and one particular boy they'd all three *known*. Later, while nursing sunburned nipples, they each decided to write a story about the hottest sex they'd ever had. That was the beginning of a new passion for Jenny.



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