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DM2010

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Natalie Sanders needs money to finish her master's degree and start her life. Reading a help wanted ad in the college paper for a "female tester for new computer device," she thought it sounded interesting.

Kelso Montgomery needs an assistant to test DM2010--the new dildo-mouse he's developed--since his mother refuses to test the new device. As soon as he sees Natalie, he knows she's the one he wants.

When a rival approaches Natalie offering money for information, she has to decide if her loyalties will remain with Kelso or her future. Will she betray Kelso's trust? Will Kelso be able to fix the defect in his pet project? Will they ever be able to be together without someone interrupting them?

Genre: Contemporary

Length: 29,399 words

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EROTIC ROMANCE



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DM2010

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Letter from Cooper McKenzie

Regarding E-book Piracy

Dear Readers,

I love writing my books and interacting with you, my readers. I love imagining and creating the worlds and characters and situations found in my books. Writing is also my job and I work hard at it. I get upset when my books are pirated. This means that someone has stolen my work.

It is illegal to pirate e-books. Just because it is easy to share someone else's work for free, does not make it right, legally or morally. Pirating e-books is no different than shoplifting from a store or robbing a bank.

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Please respect my hard work and creativity, and please do not pirate my e-books.

With deep gratitude,

Cooper McKenzie

DEDICATION

To Chris – Thanks for the bawdy offhand comment that sparked this book as well as your expert IT counsel. Look forward to more in the future!

DM2010

COOPER MCKENZIE

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Prologue

WANTED: Single, computer literate female needed to test new design computer equipment. \$25 an hour for the right candidate. Software testing experience desirable but not required. Screenings held Saturday 9 a.m. 1398 N. Allen Street. Virgins need not apply.

Natalie Sanders read the help wanted advertisement Wednesday morning in the campus newspaper twice before reaching for her phone. Something about this opportunity intrigued her, and her bank account could always use the money. Twenty-five dollars an hour was more than she'd earned on some of the test panels she'd been on over the years for a half day of answering questions or tasting foods and giving her opinion. One advantage of this job was that the address was not far from the tiny apartment she rented.

The non-virgin part was an odd requirement, but since she'd lost hers five years before in the back of Todd Master's father's car just after their senior prom, she qualified. If nothing else, it would give her something to do Saturday morning other than studying and wondering how she was going to pay her bills next month.

She'd been alone since June, when Marcus had broken their two-year engagement only an hour after receiving his master's in psychology by announcing out of the blue that he was moving to

Texas to find himself a rich cowgirl to marry. Natalie had been devastated but realized that he wasn't right for her.

She had recovered and now spent her time studying, working a variety of odd jobs, and planning for her own future. She was only two months from earning her master's in marketing, though since Marcus had left, she'd begun to wonder if being a business tycoon was what she really wanted.

Pulling up the calendar on her cell phone, Natalie typed the entire ad into her Saturday schedule. As she closed her phone, her wristwatch caught her attention. She only had ten minutes to get across campus to her job as a model for the continuing education living arts drawing class.

Chapter 1

Kelso Montgomery looked from his mother, out the window of the breakfast nook to the crowd of young women milling in the driveway, then back again. “I can’t believe you put an ad in the paper. What were you thinking?”

“I was thinking that, as much as your father and I love you, I will not test this latest invention of yours. You need a young woman to help you develop your new thingamabob. I put an ad in the college paper Wednesday for single, non-virgin women only,” Marsha Montgomery said in the soft tone that always calmed the men in her life.

“But there must be fifty women out there. I only need one, maybe two.” Kelso took another look out the window, making sure to not stand directly in front of the glass in case anyone looked toward the house. “How am I supposed to choose an appropriate subject from that mob? Some of those women look scary.”

At that moment, his father, Chris, walked up the stairs from where he’d been playing Kelso’s latest addition to their video game collection. “What are we doing? Who are all those girls?”

“Candidates for the position as Kelso’s new assistant and test subject for his new device,” Marsha said as she picked a stack of papers off the end table near the door. “Kelso, you are going to choose this person the same way any competent multi-millionaire businessman picks an assistant. They will fill out these applications I worked up after you explain to them what they will be testing.”

“Me? Tell them about DM? No way!” Kelso paled as he backed away from his mother.

“Kelso William Montgomery, it is well past time for you to grow a pair,” his father snarked as he walked away, heading for the kitchen. “They’re just women. It’s not like they’re going to shoot you because you’re a creative genius.”

“Baby, I’ll be right there with you, but you’ve got to talk to them. You’ll tell them about the invention because you’re the only one who can describe it adequately. Now, come on, women do not like to be kept waiting.” Marsha took his arm and led him toward the side door. “Just think, you might not only find an assistant. You could find your soul mate in that crowd.”

“Mom, please. Let’s focus on the assistant. My soul mate can wait.”

Kelso knew his mother was right, and he did need someone to bounce ideas off of. Someone computer smart and adventurous who wouldn’t be averse to testing and helping him perfect his latest idea. If she were good looking with a sense of humor, it might make dealing with her a little easier.

Too bad his camera was in his car, which he’d left on campus when he’d walked home the night before. It would have been good to take pictures to match with the applications. Or was that too sexist, even for a geek whose mother still checked to make sure his socks matched before he left the house?

When his mother looked at him with one eyebrow raised, he realized he’d stopped walking as his computer-fast brain looked at this unique problem she’d brought into his life. A woman assistant. This could get interesting, as long as you choose the right woman, his long-ignored sexual side piped in.

He nodded with a small smile. “You’re right. I do need an assistant, and a woman would make this project much easier to finish. I just hope there’s a woman out there that can meet *your* exacting standards.”

* * * *

As Natalie approached the house at the opposite end of the block from her apartment, she was not surprised to see cars parked on both sides of the road. Women filled the triple-wide driveway and spilled into the street. Checking her watch, she noted it was exactly nine o'clock, and it looked like she was the last to arrive.

Looking over the crowd she had to smile. Some were dressed in professional business suits, others in flat black Goth wear, and still others in skintight blue jeans and Penn State sweatshirts. Looking down at herself, she decided she fit somewhere in the middle in her brown cowboy boots, khaki slacks, and barn-red sweater. She wasn't here to impress these women. After all, they were after the same job she was.

Taking a quick head count, she wondered if she should just turn around and walk home again. She was the last to arrive. Surely the needed people would be chosen long before she reached the head of the line. But Natalie decided she'd hang around and watch the show. If nothing else, it would be interesting to see if these women would riot after the first three were chosen and the rest dismissed.

She edged around the group and up the far side of the driveway to the garage just as the front door opened. The murmuring in the crowd died as a petite older woman in a royal blue suit emerged from the house, followed by one of the most beautiful men Natalie had ever seen. She heard more than a few sighs and softly worded comments from those around her.

He towered over the woman he followed. He was tall, broad shouldered, and narrow waisted, with shaggy, pale blond hair. He wore rumpled khakis with a deep green sweater. As they approached, she smiled when she saw he wore flip-flops. Looking at his face, she took in his strong features of high, bold cheekbones and forceful jaw line. She also read terror in his eyes as he looked around the crowd of women that had surged closer.

"Good morning, ladies," the woman said. "I am Marsha

Montgomery, and this is my son, Kelso. If you'll follow us around to the backyard, we'll get started."

A path opened through the crowd for the two, then the crowd turned to follow them down the sidewalk that led around the house and down the hill. Natalie was surprised to find herself now at the front of the crowd and wondered if she should step back and let the others go first. No, she needed this job.

Looking over her shoulder, she hesitated a half step, and the woman behind her hissed. "Keep moving, bitch."

With a shrug, Natalie continued.

Once the women were gathered around the large flagstone deck behind the walk-out basement, Kelso stepped up on a wooden picnic table and faced the crowd.

Chapter 2

Kelso looked over the crowd and felt his entire body break a sweat. Which was surprising since the temperature was in the low sixties and they were standing in the shade of the three-and-a-half-story house. This was worse than standing before the group of four hundred freshman IT majors he spoke to each semester about the latest advancements technology offered the world and what lay in the future.

“Um, uh, good morning. I am Kelso Montgomery. I am looking for an assistant who would also be willing to test a new mouse I’ve designed. It will be specifically for women to use. Adventurous women, that is,” he said, before he saw her standing in the front row.

She was beautiful, and his cock twitched in reaction. He didn’t know if it was the shoulder-length, curly brown hair that looked completely natural, the flawless skin, or the full, coral-colored lips that flipped his switch. She reminded him of Natalie Wood as well as the actresses of the thirties and forties his mother idolized. She looked familiar, but he couldn’t place her, putting it down to seeing her on campus or around town somewhere, though he thought he would remember such a beauty.

The deep red sweater and tan slacks looked good on her, showing off high, full breasts, a well-toned body, and long, lean legs. In that moment, he decided that unless she was crazy or very, very stupid, she was the one he wanted to work with, no matter who else applied.

When she smiled at him and lifted one delicately arched eyebrow, he realized she and the others were waiting for him to finish speaking. Dropping his gaze, he saw she wore cowboy boots. Conventional

dresser, yet with a kick-ass style. He liked it.

He forced himself to look away as he cleared his throat. "Okay, so does anyone have any questions so far?"

A dozen hands went up, and he started with a harsh-looking woman in an ill-fitting gray suit that did nothing for her. "Yes?"

"What, exactly, is this mouse we'll be testing?" After she spoke, about half the hands lowered.

"Well, um, I guess you could call it a dildo mouse," Kelso said, feeling his face flame.

That announcement sent a murmur through the crowd, and more than a few women turned and walked away.

Kelso was happy to see that she remained. Her expression grew curious as she crossed her arms over her middle. She shifted her weight from one leg to the other, and the move accentuated the curve of her hip and thigh. "I'm working on a prototype that would allow a woman to find pleasure as she uses the computer," he continued, not surprised when nearly a dozen more women turned away.

"What are the hours?" a short, round woman asked, without waiting for him to acknowledge her.

"While I hope to work around my assistant's schedule, most of the work would take place in the evenings, though some days would be required," Kelso answered, deciding if he was going to have an assistant, he was going to make use of her. Maybe she could organize his office so it didn't take him forever to find papers when he needed them.

His answer sent another half dozen women back up the sidewalk and around the house. Those who remained shifted closer.

"Will sex be a requirement of the job?" A black-haired, pale-skinned woman who looked like she'd just stepped out of a Goth comic book asked with a hopeful expression.

"No. No sex."

With that, the Goth woman and several others departed, sounding disgruntled as they murmured amongst themselves.

But she remained, still with that curious and interested look on her face.

When no other questions came, Kelso decided to turn it over to his mother. He nodded as he stepped down from the bench, and she stepped forward.

“Go inside now,” she said in a low tone that only he could hear. He nodded and turned away. As he entered his basement, he heard his mother address the remaining women. “If you are still interested in the job, please take an application and fill it out.”

“Can we bring it back later?” someone asked from the back of the crowd.

“Not if you want to be considered. Anyone who takes an application should be able to fill it out here and now,” his mother responded, sounding like a strict schoolteacher.

Kelso closed the door and then positioned himself so he could watch his chosen one without being seen. He wanted to dance when *she* took an application then went immediately to the picnic table and sat down. She pulled a pen out of a back pocket and started writing.

He watched and counted as fifteen women took applications and settled around the patio to fill them out. Once his mother was finished, he opened the door and waved her over.

When she stood just inches away, he whispered, “The one in the red sweater and cowboy boots. Curly brown hair, sitting at the table.”

His mother met his gaze for a few seconds before nodding and turning away to see exactly who he was talking about. “Go check on your father,” she murmured. “I’ll deal with this.”

* * * *

Natalie took her time filling out the two-page application. While the first page was the typical stuff—name, address, phone, school, and employment history and references, it was the second page that she found interesting. Reading it added to the arousal she felt from

seeing and hearing Kelso Montgomery. His deep voice touched something in her, and she'd found herself getting damp as he explained what kind of device he was working on.

"You've got to be kidding," she heard more than one of the others mutter before they balled up their applications and walked away. By the time she reached the second page, there were only five women left.

The second-page questions were personal—health history, sexual history, including likes and dislikes, smoking, drinking, and drug history. She saw nothing wrong with the questions, considering the item they would be testing. She hesitated when she read the last question on the page. "Do you play with sex toys? If so, what kind and how often?"

She thought of the small collection hidden in the bottom drawer of the wooden filing cabinet she used as a nightstand. Smiling at the thoroughness of the application, she quickly answered the question then flipped the top page back into place.

She handed the application to Mrs. Montgomery, who looked at the front page then back at her with a warm smile. "Good luck, dear. You'll be hearing from us soon."

Natalie nodded then followed the sidewalk back around to the front of the house. Tempted to cut across the lawn to the street, she decided that would not make a good first impression, so she stayed on the cement all the way to the driveway. Her thoughts returned to the handsome man, and she could only cross her fingers and hope he chose her. Then she wondered if he would ever change his no-sex rule because she'd love to do a thorough study of *his* likes and dislikes.

She was almost to the street when she heard a voice behind her. "Excuse me, Miss? Could you come here, please?"

Turning toward the voice, she found the object of her musings standing at the top of the driveway. A side door behind him led from a covered porch area between the house and the garage. He seemed to be looking at her, but she looked around, just in case he was calling to

someone else.

“No, you, in the red sweater. I’m sorry, I don’t know your name, but I’d like to talk to you, please.”

He smiled when she started back up the driveway, and Natalie felt her panties grow damp with excitement. If nothing else, she would have some great fantasy material for her regular Saturday night play-with-her-toys session.

She didn’t speak until she was only a couple of yards away. “You wanted to speak with me?”

He nodded then motioned for her to follow him. Opening the screen door to the house, he waited for her to enter before following her inside and closing the door behind them.

“Hello,” he said when she turned to face him.

“Hello,” Natalie returned, wondering if the electricity shooting through her body was her imagination or if it had something to do with this sexy man who now stood only a foot away.

“I’m Kelso Montgomery,” he said, obviously nervous as he shifted from one foot to the other.

“Yes, I know,” she replied. “Your mother introduced you earlier.”

“Oh, yeah,” he said, looking like a little boy who’d just discovered his parents were out of sight and not sure what kind of mischief to get into first.

“I’m Natalie Sanders.” Holding out her right hand, she wasn’t prepared for the flash of heat and tingling power that surged up her arm and through her entire body when he took it in a traditional handshake. “Oh, wow. Did you feel that?” All at once, she could think of nothing but getting closer to this man, preferably with no clothes in their way.

* * * *

Kelso tried to think, but the attraction he felt for this woman—Natalie, he corrected himself—blanked out all thought. His cock

sprang to attention, and he fought the need to adjust it to a more comfortable position. Still holding her hand, he stepped closer until only the width of their forearms separated their bodies. “If I kiss you, will you have me arrested for sexual harassment?”

He didn’t relax until she leaned closer. “I think I might have to tell your mother if you don’t.” She tilted her head farther back to smile up at him.

“Okay,” he said slowly, releasing her hand to wrap both of his hands around her waist. He felt her arms slide up his arms to his shoulders as his lips brushed over hers, testing their softness.

At that light touch, electricity shot from lips to cock. His already hard as rock cock throbbed. Knowing it was tacky but not wanting to cause himself permanent injury, Kelso pulled his hips back from where they pressed against hers. It took only a second to shift his erection to a more comfortable position.

“So you did feel it,” she murmured against his lips.

“Uh-huh,” he moaned before turning his head a little more. The new angle made for more solid lip-to-lip contact.

Though he was still relatively naïve about anything sexual, he’d grown up watching movies and had done a research paper for one of his undergraduate classes about kissing. Not very manly, but he hadn’t cared what the others in the class thought of him. He was curious and had learned a lot.

When she parted her lips, he took it as a positive sign. Taking the kiss even deeper, he extended his tongue and French kissed a girl for the first time in his life.

Chapter 3

Natalie wondered if it were possible achieve an orgasm from just a kiss. Though she'd kissed a dozen or more boys and men, none of them had turned her on the way Kelso did just by thoroughly exploring her mouth. When he retreated, she followed and did her own testing, the textures of his mouth the same but different from her own. When his hips pressed harder into hers, she felt the long, thick ridge of his erection, which sent her own arousal ratcheting even higher.

Just when she was going to start tearing clothes from their bodies, a masculine throat cleared behind her as the door next to Kelso opened.

"Kelso, her name is Natalie, just like—oh, excuse me," his mother said as she breezed into the house.

All at once, Natalie found herself alone, wobbling and fighting to keep her balance. Kelso had jumped back, putting several feet between them.

Not able to look at the intruders, she watched Kelso's face turn as red as she was sure her own glowed.

"Mom, Dad, this is Natalie Sanders," Kelso said, after clearing his throat and swallowing hard.

"Yes, I know, dear," his mother said gently. She patted his shoulder as she walked past.

Natalie watched over her shoulder as Marsha took her husband's hand and led him out of the room.

As they left, she heard him ask, "Who is that girl Kelso was kissing?"

The response was softer as the couple moved away, but it shocked Natalie to her toes just the same. “That’s Natalie, dear. I believe she is Kelso’s new assistant.”

Her eyes went wide as she turned back to look at Kelso. “Really?” she whispered.

Kelso hesitated a heartbeat before nodding. “That is, if you still want the job.” The words came out as a statement, but she heard the uncertainty.

She nodded as an excited thrill raced through her. “Yes, I still want the job. But I don’t think we should kiss when we’re working.”

* * * *

Kelso felt his heart shudder and his cock pout at the thought of never kissing this wonderful woman again. If just kissing her affected him this strongly, what would making love to her be like? Would he survive it? And he knew that one day they would make love. Somehow, someday, they would be together in every way a man and woman were meant to enjoy one another.

He sighed when he realized she might not feel the same way. Maybe she had just kissed him out of pity or something. After all, he hadn’t exactly asked first. “How about when we’re not working? Can we kiss then?” he blurted out before thinking. Once he heard the question, he realized he sounded like an innocent boy with a crush on his teacher.

His breath caught in his lungs until she nodded with another of those smiles that caused the muscles of his pelvis and lower belly to tighten.

“When we’re not working, I think it would be okay.”

“And maybe more?” he asked, wondering what her limits would be, especially when she saw the working prototype of DM.

“We’ll see,” she replied, with a wink that had him aching. “So when do you want to get started?”

Though his brain knew she meant working, his body was still stuck back in sex mode. If he didn't find relief in the next two minutes, he was either going to embarrass himself by coming in his pants or tear off her pants and his and fuck her right there in the kitchen, which would not be the best precedent to set since she had just agreed to work for him. He didn't want her suing him for sexual harassment before she even started the job.

"Umm, could you excuse me for a minute?"

He didn't wait for a response but walked away as fast as his hard, throbbing cock would allow. As he did, he hoped he reached the bathroom just down the hall before his cock exploded.

Not caring about anything but easing his arousal, he had his pants unfastened before he reached the bathroom door and was pulling his cock through the opening in his boxers before the door fully closed behind him.

The head and shaft were already wet, giving him plenty of lubrication as he wrapped his fingers around the shaft. He got as far as the sink and managed three quick strokes before his balls drew up. He could actually feel the white-hot semen as it left his balls and traveled to his cock then up the shaft and out the slit at the tip.

"Aaarrggghhh," he cried as the first wave of cum coated the sink.

Several more followed in quick succession. Each pulsation pulled tension from his body, leaving him leaning heavily against the counter when he finished. He took a moment to catch his breath and try to slow his racing heart before he cleaned himself up, wiped down the sink, and redressed.

He wasn't sure how he would explain his sudden disappearance to Natalie, but at least now he would be able to talk to the beautiful woman without filling his pants. At least, he hoped he could. His cock wasn't going soft as it normally did when he jerked off, but at least it was not threatening to explode any longer.

Taking a deep breath for courage, Kelso opened the door and headed back to the breakfast nook. As he did, he forced his brain to

focus on work and not on how much he would like to show her the king-size bed in his basement apartment.

* * * *

As soon as Kelso was out of sight, Natalie collapsed in one of the chairs in the breakfast nook and spread her legs wide. She was too horny to think, and if Kelso was doing what she thought he was doing, surely he wouldn't mind if she got herself off as well. Sliding her hand between her thighs, she felt the heat radiating from her skin, even through her panties and slacks. Her other hand cupped one breast then pinched the nipple as she began to rub her fingertips over her clit that was peeking out between the lips of her labia.

With her eyes closed, Kelso's grinning face came to her, and she felt her orgasm swell. A rolling pinch to her nipples and another rub of cotton panties against her clit, and she flew. She clenched her jaw shut to keep the scream of ecstasy from escaping. Her belly muscles knotted spasmodically, and she rode the wave for as long as she dared.

When she heard a door open, she pulled her hands from her body as she straightened in her chair. She concentrated on slowing her breathing. It was difficult to keep a straight face once Kelso appeared. He looked as relaxed and guilty as she felt.

"Sorry about that," he muttered, after clearing his throat. He walked past her into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator door. "Would you like something to drink? Coffee? Tea? Water? Soda? Milk?"

"A soda would be great," she said, turning to look out the window instead of at him. The street was empty. All the cars were gone. No one was hanging around hoping to sway Kelso's decision in her favor.

"Diet or regular?"

"Regular if you have it. I hate the taste of diet sweeteners. I'd rather have to walk extra miles than drink them."

"I know what you mean," he said as he emerged with a can in each hand. He bumped the door closed with a hip before crossing the room to join her.

Handing her one of the cans, he sat in the chair across the table from her just as his mother returned to the room carrying a bright orange folder in one hand. Natalie noticed that she had changed from her suit into a Penn State sweatshirt and jeans.

"Mom, Natalie has agreed to take the job," Kelso said after opening his soda and taking a long drink.

"Good. Are you ready to talk business now?" Marsha asked as she poured herself a cup of coffee from an insulated carafe on the counter. "Or should I go away and leave you two alone for a while longer?"

"Mom!" Kelso's voice screeched nearly an octave higher than normal.

"Kelso, I think she's teasing you," Natalie pointed out with a soft giggle though her cheeks continued to burn.

Kelso looked shocked before stopping to think about it. Then he chuckled for a few seconds. "All right, Mom. Yes, we are ready to talk business."

"Hang on a second, honey. Let's get your father in here as well." Marsha stood and went to a small panel by the back door. "Chris, could you please come to the kitchen? Kelso wants to have a meeting."

"Now?" The box squawked. "They just started the pregame warm-up show."

"Record it and get your ass upstairs, old man, or I'll vote you out of office and take over the company."

"You wouldn't dare," Chris responded.

Marsha didn't reply. Instead, she went into the kitchen and returned to the table with a plate of homemade cookies. "He'll be here in a minute."

An hour later, Natalie walked out the back door with a bag of cookies and a file full of tax forms and other legal paperwork she had

to read and fill out before Tuesday morning, which would be her first day of work. She walked down the driveway, still stunned by the revelation that not only was Kelso gorgeous and obviously smart, he was also rich as Midas. He shyly gave the credit to his parents, who'd helped him turn his love of all things technology into a business that employed thousands of people around the world.

It also surprised her that Marsha and Chris, as they'd insisted she call them, sheltered their son from the business end of things so that he could concentrate on the creative side, doing the research and development of whatever his ginormous brain could dream up. Which currently was a computer dildo-mouse for women.

Chris had been reserved until he found out she was getting her master's degree in marketing. Then he warmed up and declared that she could work on the advertising campaign for Kelso Technology's "next big thing." Marsha overrode that offer, saying she didn't need that kind of additional stress until after she graduated. At the same time, Kelso said he wasn't going to give her up without a fight, even if she hadn't started working for him yet. Natalie remained silent, watching with interest the dynamics of the three strong-willed people coming to an agreement about her without even asking her what she wanted to do.

"Natalie, wait up," Kelso called just as she reached the street. He jogged down the driveway and fell into step beside her as she headed down the block toward her apartment.

"Yes, boss?" she asked with a sassy grin.

"Please. Unless we're in the cave, it's Kelso. And even then, I'm not sure I like you calling me 'boss' since you'll probably be running things within the month."

"Okay, so what did you want, Kelso?"

"I wanted to ask that you please wear a skirt on Tuesday, preferably without panties underneath. Oh, and if you could shave, uh, down there, it would be helpful when we apply the sensors."

Chapter 4

On Tuesday morning, as Natalie walked to her first day on the job, she felt exposed. The weather had taken a turn, and it was cold and windy. Her above-the-knee denim skirt allowed a lot of cold air to chill parts of her that were usually protected by panties and hair.

She'd changed her mind a dozen times since Kelso had walked her home Saturday morning but had decided that the money and the man were too good to pass up. If nothing else, she would walk away with an interesting experience and a good reference for the next job she applied for.

"Miss, can I talk to you for a minute?" a man asked after stepping out of a silver SUV. It looked like he'd been waiting for her. But why? She wasn't anyone special.

"Yes?"

Natalie stopped with several feet between them, feeling a vague uneasiness, like danger was just around the corner. She'd learned early in life to pay attention to such feelings.

Overlook Heights had always been a safe, quiet neighborhood, and he didn't look like a mugger. But then she'd never been mugged, so what did she know? Looking him up and down, she decided he looked like the stereotype of a geeky accountant or some other office weenie. Bald on top, with a fringe of straw-like, medium-brown hair, he wore an ill-fitting brown suit with a rumpled white shirt and a pink tie that didn't go. His glasses were the type that reminded her of Buddy Holly—thick, black, plastic frames around slightly tinted glasses that made him look tired.

All in all, he didn't look threatening, but she remained wary.

“You’re Kelso’s new assistant, aren’t you?”

Natalie found herself nodding automatically. Then she realized she probably should not confirm or deny anything until she knew more about what he wanted.

“What’s it to you?”

“My name is Roger Jones, and my employer is willing to pay handsomely for any information you could share with us about what Kelso Technology has in development,” he said.

He held out a business card, which Natalie took automatically. As she did, she wondered what was wrong with her. She’d signed a confidentiality agreement Saturday that stated very clearly that she would not speak to anyone about Kelso, the company, or what he was doing, or else she could be sued for so much money her great-grandchildren would still be paying off the debt.

Looking at the card, she saw it was plain white except for a phone number handwritten in red pen on one side. Turning it over, she saw there was nothing on the back either. She stared at the number a moment, trying to decide if it was local or not, and decided it was but couldn’t remember if it was a cell phone or a landline.

She looked up when a car door slammed and an engine immediately started. Roger Jones had climbed back into his SUV and was pulling away. He hit the gas hard and raced up the hill before Natalie could memorize his license plate though she did notice it was the blue and yellow of a Pennsylvania plate.

With a shrug that dismissed the strange encounter, she slid the card into her skirt pocket and started walking again. There was no way she would be calling him, and she would toss the card as soon as she got home that night. She also decided as she reached the Montgomery’s driveway that she would not say anything to Kelso about the encounter. There was no need to upset him.

* * * *

Kelso paced the breakfast nook, looking out the window toward the street with every pass. He'd been up before dawn, checking the DM prototype once again, even though it had been ready for testing since Saturday morning. Anxious to move forward, he didn't argue when his mother stated flatly that Natalie would not start working until Tuesday. Once he'd returned from walking her home, she explained why.

She wanted him to have a few days for his hormones to cool so he could think clearly about his choice. She even made him sit down and read the other applications she'd taken.

He understood she was trying to protect him as she always had. After all, this was the first person to join the core of the company who was not related by blood. He did as she asked but remained adamant that Natalie was the woman he wanted. He didn't tell his parents he wanted her for more than just her testing abilities.

"How many sodas have you had this morning?" his mother asked as she watched him open the refrigerator door for the third time in as many minutes.

"Uh, a couple," he said, not wanting to admit the truth.

"No more. You're wound so tight that I'm having a hard time sitting still just from your vibrations."

Kelso pulled a bottle of water out and showed his mother. "Happy?"

She nodded as he returned to his pacing. "I'll have to tell Natalie to try and hold you to three a day and preferably not all before nine in the morning."

"She will come back, won't she?" Kelso finally voiced the one fear that had haunted him since he'd walked her home Saturday morning.

Before his mother could answer, he saw her at the back door. Without a word to his mother, he raced to the door and threw it open.

* * * *

Natalie jumped when the door flew open before she could even raise her hand to knock.

“You’re here!” Kelso practically crowed as he took her by the arm and pulled her into the house.

Lifting her arm, she checked her watch. Eight fifty-five. “We agreed on nine o’clock, didn’t we?”

“Don’t mind him, Natalie. If he’d had his way, he would have dragged you to the cave on Saturday, and you’d still be there,” Marsha said with a chuckle. “Good morning.”

“Good morning. I have that paperwork for you,” Natalie said. She pulled the file from her messenger bag and handed it over. She continued to ignore Kelso, who was practically bouncing.

“Thanks, sweetie. I’ll make sure all the Ts are crossed and Is are dotted while you two get to work. Make him take a break, and both of you come upstairs for lunch about twelve-thirty. Oh, and please don’t let him drink any more soda until then. He’s already well over his caffeine limit for the day.”

Natalie smiled when Kelso made a disgruntled sound. “I’ll try to remember that, Marsha, but you don’t need to feed me. I can go home for lunch.”

“Nonsense, you’re family now. Consider it one of the perks of the job. Now go away. I have to call London before they close for the day.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Kelso said with a bit of extra spice as he took Natalie’s hand. “Come on, let’s get out of here before she decides I can’t have any more sugar before lunch either.” He opened the back door and urged Natalie to precede him.

“I heard that,” his mother called after them.

* * * *

Natalie was only mildly surprised when Kelso didn’t release her

hand once they were out of the house. What surprised her was that she didn't want him to let go. They walked hand in hand across the driveway and down the sidewalk to the patio behind the house. Once there, he stopped and turned to her.

"I know we agreed to no kissing in the cave, so I'm getting one before we go in," he said as he wrapped his free hand around the back of her neck and stepped even closer.

A moment later, he kissed her. This kiss was sweet and gentle but no less powerful than the pure-sex kiss they'd shared Saturday morning.

Natalie responded as her body instantly heated up. She made a small sound of protest when he pulled back a moment later, breaking the kiss. How could he pull back so easily when all she wanted to do was crawl into his skin?

"Shit, that may have been a mistake," Kelso muttered as he released her completely, sliding his hands into his pockets as he stepped back.

"Depends on why you did it in the first place," she said, her tone snarky and flippant.

He looked so unaffected while she had to fight for the restraint necessary to keep from tackling him and kissing him or more. No one had ever affected her as strongly as Kelso Montgomery, and she wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not. Especially with what they would be working on in the next few minutes.

"I wanted to see if Saturday was just my imagination or if there really was something magic between us."

"And?" she asked when he didn't say anything further.

He looked away and took a deep breath before meeting her eyes. "I think we're going to be taking a lot of breaks outside the cave," he answered, with a grin that seemed to light up his entire being. "Come on, let's go to work."

Natalie followed as he headed to the door he had disappeared through Saturday morning, wondering how soon their next break

would be.

* * * *

While Kelso was tempted to say ‘fuck work’ and spend the rest of the day kissing Natalie, technology waited for no man. And though they didn’t know it yet, the women of the world needed his dildo-mouse. Besides, he couldn’t wait to see what Natalie thought of it.

Reaching back, he took her hand and led the way into the house. The back door opened into “man land,” as his mother had named it. There were a pool table and two old-style pinball machines along one side of the room. On the opposite wall hung a huge flat-screen TV with all the boxes and toys to go with it. Two recliners flanked a squishy couch he’d slept on more than a few times. In one corner sat a well-stocked bar and a small refrigerator full of soft drinks and beer. His apartment and a storage area full of Christmas decorations and other minutiae were found beyond the door in the far wall.

Maybe someday soon, Natalie would see his apartment, but first, he would have to bribe Eliza, his parents’ housekeeper, to go in and clean, which was something that had not happened in all the years he’d lived down here. She was allowed anywhere on this floor except in his room and in the real cave. Those he cleaned himself when he thought about it or when his mother threatened to have the health department intervene.

“Wow,” Natalie said as she took two steps into the room. “This looks like every man’s fantasy room.”

“Yeah, I would have been a lot more popular in school if we’d had this house back then,” Kelso admitted with a shrug. “Or maybe not. The stairs,” he waved toward the staircase directly opposite the door they had just entered, “lead to the living room. We don’t try to keep the outside walkway cleared during the winter, so we’ll use those. Ask Mom to get you a key and the security code for the side door so you can let yourself in.”

“This is the cave you’ve heard us talking about,” he said, turning to the heavy-looking door to their right. He hit a combination on a security panel then waited for a small, glowing light to turn green before opening the door. “The code is five-six-five-nine.”

Pushing open the door, he flipped on the lights before turning to gauge her reaction. “Welcome to the heart and soul of Kelso Technology, otherwise known as Kelso’s Cave.”

Chapter 5

“Oh my God.”

After pulling her hand from Kelso’s hold, Natalie handed him her bag before sliding her hands into the pockets of her skirt. Only then did she walk in and look around Kelso’s Cave.

The room was huge, the same size as the triple garage above it, though she could hardly tell for the mess. A series of tables lined one full wall and more than half of two others. Above the tables were open shelves, and below, she saw cardboard boxes, plastic bins, and even a couple of rolling carts with drawers. A huge wooden table filled the center of the room with more boxes, computer cases, and several plastic bags stuffed underneath. The thing that shocked her was that every inch of horizontal surface appeared to be covered with stuff. The room looked like a computer factory had exploded.

There were coils of wire in a dozen colors, monitors of varying ages, open computers, parts, pieces, and bits she couldn’t begin to identify lying around with no rhyme or reason. She also saw more than a few soda cans, half-empty water bottles, and empty candy wrappers. She thought she even saw a pile of dildos in different colors and sizes but didn’t question them. She walked the four-foot-wide path around the central work table. As she did, she saw beyond the chaos to the back wall and what looked like a normal office setting.

This part of the room had been divided into four equal spaces by moveable dividers. The central two areas were set up with a desk and a rolling chair. The left office had three monitors, while the right, which Kelso indicated was hers, had only one monitor. The far right area held five tall filing cabinets against the back wall. Problem was

there were piles of cardboard boxes stacked three-high blocking access to them. The top boxes had no lids, and she could see papers had been just tossed in with no thought to organization or order.

The far left space had what looked like a workbench along the outside wall with tools neatly hanging from hooks above it. There were several components on the bench, but it looked like this was where Kelso actually worked. The rest of the room seemed to be storage only, though how he could find anything was beyond her.

She continued walking forward until she had circled the room and was back at the door where Kelso waited. He had not moved a muscle. She only hoped she did not look as horrified as she felt. But from his expression, she did.

He took her hand and led her from the chaotic room straight to the bar, where he gently pushed her onto a stool. Then he stepped behind the bar and poured something into a shot glass.

“Drink this, and keep breathing,” he said as he set the glass down in front of her.

Natalie didn’t think as she slammed the drink back. It took two seconds before she felt the alcohol burning a path to her stomach. With a gasp, she grabbed the soda Kelso set before her and drank down half before lowering the can again. Her face burned all the way to her hairline when a loud burp erupted.

She took several breaths and swallowed hard before whispering, “Does that room always look like that?”

Kelso looked embarrassed as he nodded. “Pretty much.”

“I sure as hell hope you’re not expecting *me* to clean it up.”

She felt a small bit better when Kelso shook his head. “No way, though if you could help me with the paperwork, Mom would be forever grateful.”

Natalie swallowed hard. “If your files are anything like the rest of the room, I’m quitting right now.”

She noticed that statement made Kelso look as horrified as she’d felt just moments before.

“No, please don’t quit. I need you. The organization doesn’t have to be done today, this week, or even this month. Our top priority right now is getting DM into production. Then maybe I’ll take a break and we can get things better organized. I’ll even try to clean up the rest of the room, but I might need your help with that, too. I’ve never been very organized. Dad says it comes from too much creativity and too short an attention span.”

As Natalie sat and thought about the offer, the heat from the alcohol spread until she felt warm all over. Looking into Kelso’s eyes, she knew there was one thing he could do that would tilt her decision in his favor. Standing, it took a moment to find her balance before she walked around the bar. She didn’t stop until she was breast to chest with the silent, watchful man.

“Kiss me,” she said, lifting her arms and wrapping them around his neck.

“Gladly,” he said, gathering her even closer and lowering his head to do as she requested.

When he released her several minutes later, Natalie felt even less like working but knew they had to get started if they ever wanted to finish. Her cunt was wet and threatening to overflow, and she felt his impressive erection growing against her belly.

“Okay, let’s go to work.”

Stepping back, she turned and headed back toward her new office. She’d never backed away from a challenge before, and if she could get this man organized before she finished her degree, maybe she would take his father up on a job in the marketing department. If nothing else, her organizational skills would get one hell of a workout in the next few weeks.

* * * *

Once they were back in his workshop, Kelso took a deep breath and pushed down the arousal that threatened to take over. They

needed to work, not explore this passion that seemed to be growing exponentially between them. That would have to wait until tonight, though he wasn't sure how much longer he'd be able to go without doing more than just kissing her.

He had to be professional. This was his work, and she was here to test his latest creation.

"Okay, I've set this up for you." He led her to the right office space. "If you want to bring something to hang on the walls, that'd be fine. I, um, put some stuff in that drawer I thought you might need to help with the testing." He pointed to the top drawer to the right of the chair. "Feel free to rearrange anything or do whatever you want to make this comfortable for you."

He stepped back and allowed her to sit in the chair. He hadn't positioned the DM yet but wanted her to be comfortable in the space first. He felt his color rise as she immediately opened all the drawers, saving the top right one for last. Only seconds after she opened it, she slammed it closed again and began coughing.

"Are you all right? Should I get you another shot?"

* * * *

Natalie shook her head as she coughed, trying to cover both her embarrassment as well as the laughter that threatened to overwhelm her. "No, thanks." *Cough, cough.* "I'm fine."

It took another moment before she settled, but the contents of the drawer continued to flash in her mind's eye. A brand new bottle of lube, a package of wet wipes, and a neatly folded pink hand towel.

The vision also reminded her that this was serious business for Kelso. He was trying to remain professional, even if all she could think about was getting him alone and naked somewhere his parents wouldn't walk in and find them.

Taking a deep breath, she calmed her jangling nerves before turning to face him. "So when do we begin?"

Kelso looked startled for a moment. Then he blinked, and it was as if a veil dropped over his expression. “Now, if you want. Let me get DM, and then I can talk you through the basics. Then we’ll hook up and get started.”

Natalie nodded and followed him into the corner cubicle. Kelso knelt down and crawled under the workbench. That was when she saw the safe tucked in the corner. It was hidden from view of the rest of the room by the shadows of the bench and the tall cabinet someone had painted to match the sunny yellow walls. She hadn’t noticed that earlier either. How much more would she actually see once she got used to the creative chaos?

Just then, Kelso handed her a large cigar box. “Hang on to this for a minute,” he said.

She accepted the box then stepped back to allow him to close the safe and crawl out from under the bench. Once he was on his feet again, she returned it. He turned to the workbench and waited for her to move in next to him.

He opened the box, and she got her first look at DM, the dildo-mouse she would be test-driving. A rolled-up piece of black rubber. Not too impressive. She waited while he unrolled it and laid it on the workbench.

Once he stepped back, Natalie still didn’t know what to think. DM consisted of a lumpy-looking, black rubber mat with a short metal rod sticking straight up from the center. The rod reminded her of the joystick her brother used to drive his remote control cars.

Though she wasn’t sure what she’d expected, she was surprised to find herself disappointed. “That’s it?”

“Well, not totally. You get to choose the size and color of the, uh, let’s call it a control cover,” Kelso said in a hesitant and shy voice.

He stepped around her and headed into what Natalie could only think of as Computer Chaos Central. He returned less than a minute later with a double handful of realistic-looking dildos in a rainbow of colors.

“I, uh, didn’t know what size would do the best job...” he explained as he laid the imitation phalluses on the bench next to DM.

“Can I ask you something?” Natalie said, her eyes now glued to the dildos. She knew without looking that Kelso was as nervous as she was though he might not be blushing quite as hard.

“Sure, I’m an open book. Ask me anything.”

“How in hell did you come up with the idea of a dildo-mouse?”

“Well, actually, I didn’t. It was a team effort one weekend when I was camping with some of my frat brothers a couple of years ago. Too much beer and no women in sight. We came up with a different version of it, and I’ve been playing with the idea off and on since then.”

“And how does one develop such a thing?” Natalie asked, wanting to keep him talking, even though just his deep voice was turning her on.

She hoped he wouldn’t notice that her nipples were hard and pushing against her blouse or that the musky scent of her sex juice filled the air. Her cunt had overflowed, and now her upper thighs were wet as well. She really missed panties at that moment.

If this kept up, she would have to find a closet somewhere close to hide in while she dealt with the arousal that made it difficult to think. Otherwise, she might break their no-kissing-in-the-cave rule by doing a hell of a lot more than just smooching with her boss.

Chapter 6

Though Kelso explained the history and development of DM, all he could think about was exploring where the heavenly scent of aroused woman was coming from. He'd worn loose pants and boxers, as he always did, but his cock ached as it pushed against the front of them. Nothing was going to calm his erection except making Natalie his.

Finally, he reached his limit. "Come with me," he said softly.

Lacing his fingers through hers, he led the way out of the cave. He was only mildly surprised when she didn't fight him or ask questions. At the bottom of the stairs, he paused long enough to close the door and twist the lock in the knob. Hopefully that would keep his parents from interrupting.

Halfway across the room, he stopped. There was no way she could see his apartment until Eliza had a chance to clean. Looking around, he debated between one of the recliners and the couch. Pulling her close, he dropped his head until his lips were right next to her ear. "Lady's choice—couch or chair?"

His breath caught when she turned to face him and began to work his belt open. "Floor," she responded in a husky whisper that matched his own. "That way we can't fall and get hurt."

Kelso pulled his head back and looked at her as he thought over her words. She was flushed, and her eyes sparkled with arousal. "Good idea," he murmured before kissing her.

By the time they parted to catch their breath, they were on the carpet knee to knee. Their bodies were pressed as close together as they could manage from knees to lips. He wasn't sure how she'd done

it, but Natalie had opened his belt and started working on his pants.

He slid his palms down her back, stopping to cup and massage her gently rounded ass cheeks. When she hummed with pleasure, he continued down the back of her thighs to where her skirt ended and soft, warm, bare skin began. Then he slowly started the return trip up her body, only this time, his hands were under her skirt.

“Mmmm,” he said when he reached her ass again and realized she had, as he’d requested, not worn panties. “Good girl.”

Just then, he felt her hands slide down past his waist and into his boxers. They continued over his ass, caressing it with strong fingers.

Lightheaded from need and desire, he broke the kiss but tilted his head down so their foreheads touched. The soft flow of her breath against his skin just added to the heat burning him from the inside out.

“How do you want to do this?” he asked, suddenly unsure.

He’d only been with two women, and both times, they’d led the way. While he wanted to please Natalie in the worst way, he was also so ready to pop his cork that if things didn’t move forward fast, he was going to lose control.

Natalie smiled at him, not with disgust but with an excitement that matched his own. “Do you have a condom?”

“Uh-huh,” Kelso admitted. He’d never thought of himself as an ass man or a breast man before, but with Natalie’s tight ass in his hands, he thought ass was the answer. Of course, he had yet to see her breasts.

“You need to put it on now,” she instructed gently as she sat back then extended her legs so her knees were on either side of his.

“Okay,” he said.

He reached into the pocket of his pants for one of the condoms he’d bought at the drugstore over the weekend with the knowledge that this was coming. In the few seconds it took to sheath his phallus, she pulled her skirt up so that she was bare from the waist down.

“Oh, wow,” he whispered when he caught sight of her pussy.

She had shaved as he’d asked, leaving the pretty mound smooth

and hair free. He reached out with one hand to touch it, but she grabbed his wrist before he could make contact.

“I’m too close. One touch and I’ll be flying,” she said with the sexiest grin he’d ever seen on any woman, alive or on-screen.

* * * *

Natalie was so close to her orgasm, she stopped him so he couldn’t touch her. No man had ever let her take the lead before, and she found she was enjoying it. Wanting to make it last but too horny to hold back long, she took hold of the waistbands of his pants and boxers and shoved both to his knees. Then she pushed his shirt up his chest.

His body was gorgeous, with a thick pelt of hair that covered his chest and abdomen all the way to his cock. Reaching out, she ran her fingers through it and found it to be warm and silky as it tickled her skin. She made another hungry sound as she drew her hands down his body to where his cock waited. It was longer and thicker than that of any man she’d been with before. The shaft was as pale as the rest of his skin though the head was a deep, rosy pink with deep purple veins tracing around it.

“I need you in me now,” she said as she took his hand. She lay back, pulling him down until he knelt over her, balancing on knees and one arm.

“God, yes,” he responded, arching his hips when she dropped her hand and wrapped her fingers around the base of his cock.

Pulling gently, she maneuvered his shaft close to the apex of her legs. When he was within touching distance, she traced the head of his cock up and down between the lips protecting her clit. Closing her eyes, she let herself drift as her hips began to move in counterpoint to that touch.

“Natalie, please. Baby, I need...”

Kelso’s hoarse voice reminded her that she wasn’t alone, playing

with one of her toys. This was a real live man who was as worked up as she was.

“Sorry,” she murmured, opening her eyes and looking up at him.

She shifted until the head was at her opening. Planting her feet, she pushed herself up, slowly engulfing his cock. Their groans harmonized as he took over, pushing deeper and deeper until he was fully seated inside her.

Closing her eyes, she savored the heat and fullness. She smiled when Kelso ran his hands up the outside of her legs to where her skirt stopped him.

Opening her eyes, she met his. “Feel good?” he whispered.

“Uh-huh,” she replied, “but if you don’t move now, I think my head is going to explode.”

“We can’t have that. Then who will help me finish DM?” he said with a grin.

He slowly pulled back until only the tip of his cock remained inside her. Pausing a heartbeat, he reversed directions and slid in deep again. With each stroke, his hips moved faster and faster.

Between the thick cock inside her and the hunger she’d ignored for too long, Natalie felt herself tightening quickly. Too quickly.

“Kelso,” she panted. She couldn’t think of anything else to say.

“Shhh, I know. Me, too,” he replied, pulling her legs up to wrap around his waist.

His hips began to thrust up harder as she lifted herself into each stroke. Their motion grew fast and uncoordinated. In less than a minute, she felt her orgasm overwhelm her. She panted and fought down the scream that threatened, but she couldn’t stop moving.

Fighting to keep her eyes open, she watched his eyes close to slits. Every muscle in his face and body tightened as he came.

“Aaahhh,” he cried, pushing deep one last time before holding still.

She felt his shaft thicken inside her before pulsing as he joined her in ecstasy. Then he settled to rest fully over her.

Her muscles quivering, Natalie reached for his hands and laced their fingers together. Holding their arms to their sides, she tried to memorize the feeling of this man in and around her as she relaxed fully for the first time in ages.

She was too drained to fight when Kelso pulled one hand away. He slid his arm under the small of her back as he log-rolled them so he lay on the floor, and she rested across his body.

* * * *

Incapable of anything beyond breathing, Kelso tried not to hold Natalie too tightly as he prayed she wouldn't run when she came back to her senses. He may not have had a lot of experience with women, but what he did have told him that sex with her was something very, very special, and he should not let her go anytime soon.

When they had both caught their breath and he felt himself shriveling, he rubbed his hand over her blouse one last time. "So you ready for the first test of the DM?" he asked, his voice rough and deep.

He wasn't sure he was prepared, but it was either go to work or curl up and take a nap. Though he would opt for the nap option, he didn't want Natalie to think he'd hired her just for sex. And there was a lot of work to be done in the next few weeks before he could build the second prototype that he would turn over to the production team for the next steps in taking his dildo-mouse to the women of the world.

He smiled when she sighed and lifted her head from his chest. "Give me a couple more minutes, okay? Then I might be able to stand up without falling on my ass." As soon as the words were out, she dropped her head back to his chest.

"Okay, no problem. I wasn't thinking about standing. I planned to crawl back to the cave since I don't think I have a solid bone left in my body." Kelso kissed the top of her head. Arching his back, he

pulled himself from her center but did not move otherwise.

Her soft giggle made him smile. Thank God she wasn't upset that they'd had sex on her first day of work. He wasn't sure what he would do if she quit. Looking at the ceiling, Kelso allowed his thoughts to drift as his body relaxed.

It was close to ten minutes later when Natalie finally raised her head then slowly pulled from his arms and sat up. "Is there a bathroom down here I can use to clean up? Or do I have to go upstairs and explain to your mother what we've been up to?"

Kelso sat up and decided he liked holding her in his lap. His cock twitched, but he told it to behave. He could almost hear it growl in response.

"There's a bathroom under the stairs. I'll go use the one in my apartment and meet you back in the cave, okay?"

"Sounds like a plan. But you have to open the door to the stairs," she said, slowly rising to her feet.

Kelso nodded slowly as he watched her turn and walk away. Her skirt remained around her waist, and everything below was completely exposed. Yep, he was definitely an ass man. Pushing to his feet, he staggered toward his apartment to dispose of the condom and clean up.

After restoring order, he pulled two sodas out of the refrigerator in his apartment and headed back to the cave. Natalie stood just outside the door to the cave as if waiting for him. Without a word, he handed her one of the cans.

"How did you know?"

"If you feel as relaxed as I do, you need a recharge," he replied before punching the code for the cave lock into the security panel.

Once they were securely in the cave, she turned to face him. "Thank you," she said, her gaze trained on his chest.

"For what?"

"For not firing me. I really need this job and...just thanks, okay?"

Though he was tempted to give her a hug and assure her that he

would never fire her for wanting to have sex with him, instead he turned away and headed to the workbench in the corner.

“That will never happen, Natalie,” he finally said. “Now, come pick a controller cover, and we’ll see how well you can drive DM.”

Chapter 7

Natalie approached the workbench slowly. Her mind was still clouded by what they'd just done. Though she'd taken a psychology of the sexes course, she couldn't help feeling a little let down by how easily Kelso had changed gears from sex to work. It was like he had simply closed one program on a computer and opened the next one just that fast.

Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to move past the wish for a few minutes of post-coital cuddle time. This was work time, and what had just happened between them should be forgotten and not repeated, no matter how much her clenching pussy wanted differently.

"Before I choose a controller cover, as you called them, could you please explain how this thing works?"

"Oh, yeah, sure. Well, the DM works like any other mouse. This arm acts as the roller ball." He pointed to the metal shaft in the center of the rubber mat. "It moves in all directions just like a mouse, see?"

Natalie watched as he took the control and maneuvered it in circles. Then she asked her next question. "And the left and right clicker buttons?"

"These pads are the buttons. By clenching your right ass cheek, you'll click right, and the same with left." He demonstrated by pushing on each side of the mat with his palm until she heard clicking sounds.

"So not only is a woman having fun, she's also getting her ass in shape at the same time," she couldn't help but observe.

"Yeah, I guess she would." Kelso looked at his invention with an expression like he'd never seen it before. "We'll have to use that in

the marketing campaign. Might be a big selling point.”

Natalie couldn't help but giggle at the notion of using the idea of a tighter ass as a way to sell a piece of computer equipment. The more she thought about it, she had to admit it would be a clever and unique concept to sell an otherwise bizarre idea.

“And the controller cover?” she prompted when he appeared lost in thought once again.

“Electronics and liquids don't mix. The latex cover will protect the rod as well as make for a comfortable fit for the, uh, user. So which cover would you like to try first?”

Natalie could tell by the tightness in his voice that he was fighting embarrassment as he gestured to the colorful dildos he'd neatly lined up on the workbench.

The dildos ranged in size from the smallest, which was the size of her index finger, to the largest, which rivaled Kelso's cock. Looking them over, Natalie decided on the third smallest. It was about four inches long and thick enough to make its presence known. It was also purple, her favorite color.

“This one,” she said, picking it up. “Now, what do I do with it?”

“Just slip it on the control arm, and we'll get you set up for the first round of tests.” Kelso nodded and made a note on a clipboard he'd gotten from somewhere, though she hadn't noticed where.

Natalie did as instructed. She was not surprised to see a hole already made in the bottom of the dildo. It slid over the metal shaft easily. Once in place, it covered both the metal and the hole in the rubber mat completely. Her juices began to flow again as she realized that she would be using this invention in just a few minutes.

“What now?”

“Come on, I'll show you.” Kelso slid both hands under the mat before carrying it to her cubicle.

Natalie followed, turning her head so she didn't see the mess that was the rest of the room. She needed to focus on testing and not on the churning in her stomach due to the chaos behind her. She watched

as Kelso carefully laid the mat on the chair then stepped back.

“You might want to wipe it down. It’s probably not as clean as it should be,” he said as he turned away and disappeared.

Natalie nodded though he wasn’t there to see it. Pulling open the drawer, she focused on the package of antibacterial wipes and tried not to look at the bottle of lube. With her juices once again dampening her lips, she knew lubrication wouldn’t be needed.

She had finished wiping the mat as well as the dildo when Kelso returned, a long cable in one hand. She stepped back so he could move into the cubicle. It took only a few seconds for him to plug one end of the cable into the mat and the other into a USB port on the computer. He turned on the screen before stepping away again.

“It’s ready,” he said, looking at her with heat once again evident in his eyes.

Before she could make a move, he closed the distance between them, wrapped a long-fingered hand around the back of her neck, and kissed her. “Thank you,” he murmured once he’d lifted his lips nearly a minute later.

Natalie wasn’t sure what he was thanking her for, so she just nodded before dropping her head so her forehead rested on his shoulder. When he wrapped his arms around her back and held her close, she reciprocated, sliding hers around his waist and holding on as her knees began to shake. She felt him kiss her hair several times while they just stood together. A sense of contentment filled her.

Finally, she lifted her head. “Okay, what’s next?”

Kelso slowly stepped back. Natalie looked at him and saw a peace in his expression that had not been there earlier. Was he as affected as she was by all of this?

When he didn’t answer, she dropped her gaze to the chair. “I guess now I just climb on and ride?”

“Uh, um, yes. For now, just get a feel for it. Practice shifting the cursor around and playing. There are a couple of simple games you might want to try...” Kelso trailed off. He cleared his throat as his

cheeks colored again. “Uh, let me know if you have any problems or anything.”

“No sensors?” Nat couldn’t help but ask.

“Not today. Today is about you getting acquainted with DM. Make friends with it, so to speak.”

Natalie couldn’t help the giggle that escaped as Kelso turned away. When he looked over his shoulder at her, she shook her head. “Go on, I’ll be fine.”

She waited until he was out of sight before turning her attention to the chair. “Okay, DM, let’s make friends,” she whispered, hoping Kelso didn’t hear her.

After moving to stand in front of the chair, she pulled the back of her skirt up her back and out of the way. Taking hold of the arms of the chair, she slowly shifted back and over the seat of the chair. She stopped when she felt the head of the dildo touch the skin just to the left of her open, wet twat. Shifting slightly, she eased down until ass cheeks met rubber mat.

She shifted left and right then forward and back, watching the monitor screen for the pointer to follow her movements.

It didn’t move an inch.

Making her body movements more accentuated, she felt the top of the dildo move inside her, but the bottom part remained positioned, pressing against the walls of her vagina almost painfully.

Standing carefully, she turned and frowned at the now-glistening purple shaft. “Okay, DM, is it me or you?”

“Natalie? Is something wrong?” Kelso asked without making an appearance.

“Hang on,” she replied. She took the sex juice-slicked dildo between two fingers and moved it around. The top flexed and moved easily enough, but the bottom half with the metal rod in it did not budge. Watching the screen, she saw no movement there either.

“Natalie? You’re scaring me. What’s going on?”

Ignoring him, Natalie pulled the cover off the controller arm.

Using one finger, she moved the arm and watched the pointer on the screen track perfectly.

“Natalie?”

With a sigh, she looked up to find Kelso leaning around the wall between their cubicles, frowning at her.

“We’ve got a problem.”

With cheeks burning, Natalie demonstrated how the controller arm worked great alone, but once the dildo was in place, it no longer shifted.

“Yep, you’re right.” Kelso reached for the dildo.

“No, don’t touch it,” Natalie said, grabbing the latex phallus before he did.

“Why not?”

“Because it’s all wet!” she said, turning to the desk. Opening the top drawer, she grabbed the towel and dried the latex phallus.

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” she snarked. Was he really so innocent that he thought she wouldn’t get wet with a dildo stuck up her twat?

“You mean you...nevermind. Okay, so we have to come up with a new way to shift the controller. Hmmm, I guess that means you can just hang out while I think about this.”

With that, Kelso unplugged DM from the cable, connected it to the computer, and carried it away.

Natalie sat in her chair for a few minutes, but since she had no mouse, she could not work on the computer. She was not comfortable pulling out a book to study or going upstairs to talk to Kelso’s parents. Watching television would not be a good idea for her first day on the job either. Looking around, she decided to investigate the boxes stacked in the corner. Maybe she could do something with them.

Chapter 8

Kelso spent the rest of the morning carefully disassembling DM. As he did, he heard Natalie moving things and muttering to herself. He focused on DM and tried to figure out how to fix it, though part of his thoughts also debated how soon he and Natalie could take another sex break. He couldn't wait to see her naked.

"I'm going to talk to your mother. I'll be back in a bit," he thought he heard her say, but by the time he finished what he was doing and looked up, she was gone.

His stomach snarled at him just as he finished taking DM apart. He had salvaged as much as he could, which was everything except one of the rubber covering pieces. Looking at his watch, he realized it was lunchtime. Natalie had not returned, and he began to worry.

Leaving the DM parts strewn across the workbench, he checked her cubicle. When he saw her messenger bag was still on the floor by her desk, he relaxed minimally. Wherever she was, she could not have gone far.

He secured the cave then took the stairs two at a time. All at once, he was anxious to see the woman he was quickly coming to think of as his.

"Natalie? Mom?" he called once he reached the main floor.

"They're not here," his father answered from the kitchen.

Kelso raced down the hall and found his father standing before the open refrigerator.

"What do you mean they're not here? Where did they go?"

"They said something about office supplies and walked out. Took the pickup and drove away." Chris turned around with two sodas in

one hand and a pan of leftover lasagna in the other. "You hungry?"

Before Kelso could answer, the back door opened, and the two women walked in. Natalie carried a large bag from the Penn State Sub Shop and Marsha had two bags from Staples.

"Put that back, Chris. We're having subs for lunch," Marsha said as she handed her bags to Kelso. "Take these to the den, please. After lunch, you can unload the rest from the back of the truck."

Kelso took the bags without question, still staring at Natalie, who had not looked in his direction once. He stepped closer until only inches separated them. "Where did you go?"

"If I'm going to sort that paperwork and get you organized, I need the proper tools for the job," she said, still not looking at him. "Your mom was kind enough to go with me. While we were out, we got lunch."

"Okay, but next time, tell me. I would have gone with you." His voice dropped as his cock filled. Just being this close to her was turning him on, something that had never happened with any woman before.

"You were busy, and your mom seems to be the paperwork expert in the family. Now go do something with those bags so we can eat. I'm starving." Finally, she tilted her head back and looked at him with a wink and a grin.

Kelso nodded and carried the bags to the stairs. He dropped them on the top step then returned to the kitchen where lunch had been laid out.

* * * *

While Natalie enjoyed her Italian wrap and the easy conversation, once she'd finished eating, she began to fidget. She didn't want to be rude by bolting from the table, but she also felt she had yet to begin earning her paycheck. She also couldn't wait to start organizing Kelso's papers. It would be a challenge that she was looking forward

to.

She saw Kelso had also finished his sub and was drawing in the crumbs on his plate like a four-year-old while his father shared stories of his accomplishments. Finally, she decided it was time to go to work. “Kelso, please get the boxes out of the truck and bring them downstairs while I help your mother with the dishes.”

Kelso nodded. “Yes, ma’am.” He popped her a salute before pushing from the table and walking out the back door.

Though they looked like they were going to explode, Marsha and Chris held it in until Kelso had closed the door. Then the laughter rolled out.

“What?” Natalie asked. “Did I do something wrong?”

“Oh, no, honey, not at all,” Chris said once his laughter had eased. “We’ve just never seen Kelso jump so eagerly to do anyone’s bidding before.”

“I think having you as an assistant will be very good for him,” Marsha added. “Keep him in line and focused, and you’ll do just fine.”

Natalie nodded as the object of their discussion walked in the back door, a stack of seven plastic bins in his arms and a stack of lids sliding out from under one arm. “Uh, Dad, a little help, please?”

With an exaggerated sigh, Chris pushed from his chair and caught the lids before they could hit the ground. “Where do you want these, ladies?”

“The den,” Marsha answered. “Natalie can spread out in there since there’s not a clean surface to be found in the cave.”

As the men left the room, Natalie began to pile the plates together.

“Don’t worry about that. Chris will take care of it when he comes back.” Marsha pulled the plates away from her and left them on the counter while she carried her coffee mug to the kitchen.

“Why would he do that?”

“We made an agreement before Kelso’s older sister, Tracy, was born that whoever cooked did not have to clean up afterwards. And

since we brought home lunch, he will be doing the dishes. Which in this house means loading them into the dishwasher.” Marsha refilled her mug and returned.

“That’s a really smart way of doing things,” Natalie said just as the men returned.

“Your supplies are waiting, milady,” Kelso snarked in a phony British accent.

“Then I guess I’d better get to work. Thanks for all your help this morning, Marsha. And for lunch.”

“My pleasure, dear.” Marsha pulled a ringing cell phone out of her pocket. “Oh, I have to take this. Excuse me.” She clicked a button on the phone and walked away.

“So how did the testing go this morning?” Chris asked Kelso as Natalie headed downstairs.

“It didn’t,” Kelso answered. “I’ve got to rework the controller, but right now, I’m not seeing the solution. And that means we might not meet Mom’s deadline.”

“Don’t worry about that. Stop thinking about it, relax, and it will come to you when you least expect it.” Chris’s voice trailed off as she started down the stairs.

She was sorting paperwork into the bins she’d labeled and set up in the den when Kelso came down the stairs an hour later and disappeared into the cave. She continued sorting papers from the three boxes where Kelso had tossed papers with no attempt at organizing them.

She found invoices and receipts for computer parts mixed in with both personal and business correspondence, bank statements, ATM receipts, signed contracts, and professional blueprint drawings as well as pen and pencil sketches on napkins, envelopes, and other odd scraps of paper.

She had just pulled the last stack of papers when she heard a creaking on the stairs. Turning, she watched Marsha cross to the cave door. She knocked what sounded like a prearranged signal and then

waited.

Two minutes later, the door opened. "What?" Kelso asked, sounding tired and distracted.

"Has Natalie gone home?"

"I dunno. She's not in here," Kelso answered as he scrubbed both hands over his face.

"No, Marsha. I'm just finishing up in here," Natalie said. She didn't stop until she finished the last handful of papers. By that time, she felt someone standing behind her, watching.

She took a moment to stretch her aching lower back before turning to face them.

"You've gotten quite a lot accomplished," Marsha said. "But you should have gone home an hour ago."

"I wanted to finish this," Natalie answered with a shrug.

Kelso looked at the bins then at her with something like awe in his expression. "You did all this since lunchtime?"

"Yes, and I'd like for you not to touch them tonight, okay?" She retrieved the pile of lids from the pool table and carefully snapped one on each bin.

"No problem," Kelso agreed easily. "Did you happen to see the drawings marked 'DM'?"

"I think so. They'd be in that box somewhere." Natalie pointed to the full box marked "Drawings."

"Okay, thanks." Kelso picked up the box and carried it to the pool table. After tossing the lid to the floor, he upended the box and dumped the papers on the green felt. He then flipped the pile over and began to paw through the mess.

Natalie gasped but couldn't say anything. He was, after all, her boss. If he wanted to make a mess, that was his business. She only hoped he cleaned it up before she arrived for work on Thursday.

His mother, on the other hand, had no such qualms. "Kelso William Montgomery, what do you think you are doing?"

"I've got to find those drawings, Mom. Maybe if I see those I can

figure out how to fix DM,” he said without looking up.

“I’m going home now. I’ll see you in the morning,” Natalie said after moving the other boxes to a corner of the room where she hoped they would not be in anyone’s way.

She used the code and entered the cave. Trying not to look at the chaos that covered so much of the room, she retrieved her messenger bag and the jacket she’d discarded earlier. Marsha was just outside when she emerged.

“You are a brave girl to go in there. I can’t.” The older woman shuddered and made a horrified face.

“I try not to look at it. Once I get the paperwork under control, I’m hoping he’ll let me do something about it.”

“Good luck with that,” Marsha said with a chuckle. “I’ve been trying to get him to keep his room clean since he was six.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow.” Natalie smiled as she shrugged into her jacket.

“Wait for me. I’ll walk you home,” Kelso said as joined them. He’d left the pile of papers strewn across the table.

“Kelso?” His mother looked from the den to him.

“I’ll be back later,” he said as he took Natalie’s hand. He brushed a kiss on his mother’s cheek before they walked out the door into the backyard.

* * * *

As soon as they were around the corner of the house and out of sight of the windows, Kelso stopped and turned to face the woman who’d been flitting in and out of his thoughts all afternoon.

“I missed you,” he said as he wrapped his free arm around her back while still holding her hand. “From now on, I think we should take kiss breaks at least once an hour.”

Lowering his head, he caught her lower lip between his teeth and nibbled gently. Releasing it, he traced the upper lip and then the lower

one before slanting his head and kissing her deeply.

Taking a half step back, he leaned against the wall and took a wide-legged stance. She followed and fit perfectly between his thighs. In this position, her mound pressed against the base of his hard cock. Her tongue dueled with his, and she tasted of mint and sexy woman. Pulling her hand from his hold, she slid both of hers up his body and over his shoulders to hold on tight. As the kissing went on, she began rubbing her pelvis back and forth over his erection.

Kelso felt the pressure spiraling and knew they needed to cool down and get behind closed doors before he exploded. Placing his hands on her shoulders, he pushed until the kiss broke and she was forced to take a step back.

“What?” she asked, her eyes wide, her lips wet and puffy.

“We have to stop, or I’ll take you right here and now,” Kelso said, straightening from the wall and taking her hand.

Neither spoke again until they reached the door to her apartment though their fingers remained interlocked. His thumb continually brushed over the back of her hand. He couldn’t get enough of touching her. His cock had relaxed somewhat, making it easier to walk, but he couldn’t speak.

At her door, she turned to him. She appeared to be studying his sweatshirt for the longest time before looking up with a gentle smile. “Would you like to come in?”

He had a hard time telling if her invitation was genuine or just an act of politeness. “You know that if I come inside, we’ll be doing a lot more than just kissing, right?”

Her smile widened, and her eyes sparkled. “God, I hope so.”

Chapter 9

All Natalie could think about was getting them inside and naked. The barriers of boss and assistant, nearly total strangers, and the rules of “polite society” fell away, leaving behind nothing but need. It took a moment of struggling with the key before the lock gave and she could push the door open. She flipped on the light while trying to remember how bad a mess she’d left the place in that morning.

Turning back to the tall, silent man behind her, she let sexual instinct take over. Leaning up, she kissed the base of his neck as she unzipped his pants. Before he could resist, she slid one hand inside the openings of both pants and boxers. Wrapping her fingers around the solid shaft she encountered there, she gently worked it free of the cloth.

“Close your eyes,” she whispered, her voice husky with her need.

“Why?”

“Because I don’t remember if I left the place a mess this morning or not,” she admitted with a sexy purr.

“Baby, I don’t care what the place looks like, as long as you’ve got a bed in there.”

While she appreciated his sentiment, she didn’t move anything but her fingers, which gently massaged his cock. Finally, he sighed and raised one hand to cover his eyes.

“Don’t peek,” she instructed as she slowly led the way through the main room that contained living room, dining room, kitchen, and study.

“I feel ridiculous,” Kelso said just before he wrapped his free arm around the front of her shoulders. “Can I look now?”

Natalie looked around the room and realized it was in good shape. She liked this game they were playing, so she remained silent. They continued walking down the short hallway made by the bathroom on one side and the apartment's only closet on the other.

Flipping the switch, which lit two small wall sconces on either side of her full-size bed, she winced. This is where she'd left the mess. The covers were tossed back where she'd crawled out that morning, and the outfits she'd rejected still covered the bed.

"Stay right there, and don't open your eyes," she ordered.

She gathered the clothes and tossed them behind the Oriental screen, which hid the stack of plastic bins of childhood memories she had nowhere else to store. Once the clothes were out of sight, she turned her attention to the bed. Instead of trying to straighten the covers, she pushed them down until they fell to the floor in a puddle.

Crossing the room to stand in front of Kelso, she reached for the hand covering his face and pulled it down. "You can look now."

* * * *

Kelso opened his eyes. He looked at her and not the room they stood in.

"You are so beautiful," he murmured as he lowered his head and kissed her. Feeling himself nearing the limits of his control, he took a step back. "Strip," he demanded as he toed off his shoes. His hands pulled shirt and sweatshirt over his head at the same time. Before they hit the floor, he began working the belt and button, which was all that held his pants up.

"Mmmm, okay," she agreed.

She pulled her shirt over her head. One arm twisted behind her and unhooked her flesh-colored bra. Her other undid the fastenings of her skirt. She shrugged the bra off at the same time the skirt fell to the floor. His breath caught when he saw her naked breasts. Bountiful and topped with hard nipples the same coral color as her lips, they drew

him in like nothing ever had before. He wondered for a second if he wasn't a breast man after all. Then he promised himself he would do a full exploration to make a final determination. Later. Much later.

Mindful that his erection was caught in the opening of his boxers, Kelso gently pushed his pants off. After easing his underwear over the protruding flesh, they fell to the floor as well. He stepped out of the puddle of clothes before moving closer to the naked woman in front of him. Cupping a breast in each hand, he rubbed the pads of his thumbs over her nipples. She sucked in a breath then moaned as her eyes dropped to half-mast.

"Such pretty girls," he murmured, lowering his face to lick at the skin between them.

His hands explored the rest of her upper body, finding she was ticklish in more than one spot. He tucked that information away for use at a time when he wasn't so damn close to coming. He kissed his way up one breast and took an erect nipple between his lips, earning another sound of approval as her fingers combed through his hair, holding his head close.

When he began to suckle in earnest, she arched her back, driving herself deeper between his lips. He'd barely started when she breathed, "Need you. Now."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he helped her climb up and straddle his lap. His cock lay against his abdomen between them. When he felt the wetness of her thighs, his cock throbbed and demanded to feel her wet heat immediately, if not sooner.

"Here," he said, handing her the condom with a grin. "Put this on me."

* * * *

Natalie took the plastic package and tore it open easily. "Lie back, and I'll give you the ride of your life," she promised in a husky whisper. She met Kelso's surprised gaze with a grin. She had no idea

what sexy siren had taken over her body, but she liked the newfound freedom.

She waited until he lay back before reaching down and gently unrolling the latex sheath down over his hot, hard shaft. Wrapping one hand around the base of his cock, she stroked him several times. Watching his expression, she varied her grip from barely there to what had to be painfully tight. She kept the strokes slow and easy, not wanting this encounter to end too soon.

“Baby. Need. You. Now.” Kelso managed to grunt as his hips began to thrust up to meet the downstroke of her hand.

“I need you, too,” she breathed as she knee-walked up his body.

Rising on shaky thighs, she fit the head of his cock into her pussy. Then she slowly slid down his length until she cradled every inch inside her.

Their groans harmonized when she paused once fully seated on him. She clenched her pussy several times as she leaned forward and ran her fingers through the hair covering his chest. She traced random circles until she found his nipples. Then she brushed her fingertips over and around them, making him growl in response and thrust his cock impossibly deeper into her.

Only then did she begin her ride. She was not surprised when his hands moved to her hips. It wasn't long before she felt her orgasm close in around her. She squeaked in surprise when Kelso suddenly sat up. Her body went weak as he changed the motion of her hips from up and down on his cock to front and back. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she held on as her puffy clit rubbed against his hair-covered pelvis.

In seconds, she began to fly.

He gasped, “I'm coming,” but she was too far gone to respond. She felt added heat and pressure in her pussy as his cock swelled then pulsed semen into the latex that separated them.

When he collapsed back on the bed with a deep moan, she melted and followed. Every muscle in her body quivered from the intensity

of her release. Kelso wrapped his arms around her and held her, both of them panting as if they'd just completed a marathon.

Long before she was ready to move, he ran his hands down her back then slid them between their bodies.

"Sit up, baby," he said. His voice remained deep and dark and oh so sexy. This was the voice that could talk her into buying anything, whether or not she needed it.

"Don't want to," she whined, though a shiver raced through her at his tone.

"Come on, sit up. Please?"

With a sigh that started at her toes, Natalie pushed herself to a sitting position, but kept her hands on his chest to maintain her balance. When she tried to lift off of his cock, he held her hips still.

"No, don't go anywhere. Just relax and let me try something, okay?"

"Sure," she said with a shrug. She wasn't sure she'd be able to come again, but if he wanted to play, she was all for it.

She watched as he stared at the spot where their bodies joined. He shifted her hips left and right then back and forth. She tried to relax into his hold but found it difficult. When he began moving her hips in circles, she giggled but didn't fight the motion.

He looked up at her, and she could see the lover was gone, replaced by the all-business inventor. He moved her around in several other directions before his expression changed from intense concentration to one of joy-filled triumph.

"That's it!" he said, moving her in a complete circle in one direction then the other. "That's it. You've done it!"

"I have?" she asked as he eased her off his cock then to lie down beside him.

"Yes, you have." He kissed her but pulled back long before she was ready to release him. "I've got to go, but I'll see you tomorrow, okay?"

He didn't wait for her to answer before pushing off the bed,

gathering his clothes, and disappearing into the bathroom.

Still boneless in the afterglow of sex, Natalie wondered what the hell had just happened. Rising slowly, she grabbed the oversized T-shirt hanging on the bedroom doorknob. Kelso stepped out of the bathroom as she pulled it on and entered the hall. He was fully dressed and vibrating with excitement.

He gave her another swift, hard kiss then smiled as he stepped away. “Don’t study too hard,” he said before walking swiftly from the apartment.

“Yeah, sure, glad to be of service,” she snarked as the door closed behind him.

Going to the refrigerator, she pulled out the half-gallon of milk. Popping the lid, she drank deeply. For the first time since her twenty-second birthday, she wished she kept alcohol in the house.

Chapter 10

Walking home from the bus stop the next afternoon, Natalie tried to keep her focus on her studies and not on thoughts of why Kelso had run out of her apartment like his ass was on fire. She sighed when she saw the silver SUV parked across the street from her house. As she approached, the driver's window rolled down.

"Miss Sanders," Roger Jones said.

She stopped and looked at him. "Mr. Jones."

"Have you thought about my offer?"

Natalie frowned then remembered. They wanted to know what Kelso was working on. "How much?"

"Excuse me?" he looked startled when she answered his question with one of her own.

"How much money? What kind of information do you want?" she asked though she had no intention of giving them anything. Kelso was too special and sexy, and she wouldn't hurt him for the world.

Jones cleared his throat and looked away, obviously not expecting her to be so bold.

"A thousand for the basics. More, a lot more, if you can get us diagrams and a working model," he finally said.

"I'll think about it." Natalie turned and walked away quickly, feeling slimy just talking to the man.

"We need the information quickly," she heard him call before the engine started and he drove away. Though he was trying to sound intimidating, Natalie smiled at the quiver in his voice.

Sure, you do. That way you can one-up Kelso without doing the creative thinking, the building, and the modifying and testing.

She entered the apartment and made sure the doors were locked. A long, hot shower did nothing to dispel the smarmy feeling she'd developed just from talking with Jones. She dressed in the oversized T-shirt she slept in and a pair of soft cotton sweats that were equally large, but comfortable. After fixing a sandwich, she settled down for a long evening of studying.

* * * *

Natalie woke with a start to find her head on her desk, surprised that she'd fallen asleep. Checking the window over her desk, she saw it was still dark. A glance at her watch told her it was nearly three. Standing, she stretched before saving her work and turning off the computer monitor. She jumped when someone knocked on the door with a heavy hand. Was that what woke her?

"Who is it?" she called as she slowly approached the door, checking the locks to make sure they were secure.

"Kelso. Open up. I need you."

Natalie opened the door and frowned at the man on the other side. "Do you know what time it is?" she hissed, mindful that her landlord was asleep in the bedroom just above them.

Kelso turned his head and looked across the backyard before turning to face her again. "Nighttime," he replied. He sounded tired.

"It's three in the morning. Normal people sleep at this time." She pulled him into the apartment then closed and locked the door.

Taking a good look at him in the light, she found him gray with exhaustion. He still wore the clothes he'd had on two days ago when he'd left her apartment at a fast trot.

"When was the last time you slept?" she asked as he paced around the painted wooden trunk she used as a coffee table.

"I don't know. It's been awhile," he said with a yawn that he tried to suppress. "No time to sleep. Get dressed."

"No." She crossed her arms, which pushed her breasts up and out,

which distracted him for a moment.

After staring at her chest for nearly a minute, he swallowed and raised his green-eyed gaze to her face. “I think I fixed DM. I need you to come test it.” His pacing slowed, and he yawned again, sleep deprivation apparently catching up with him.

Taking him by the hand, Natalie led him to her bedroom. “Testing will wait until you’ve had some sleep. Take off your clothes.”

She waited until he nodded and began to undress before slipping into the bathroom. When she emerged, she found him lying naked on the half of the bed where she usually slept. He was sound asleep.

After turning out the lights, she stripped off her sweatpants then crawled into the other side of the bed. Snuggling her back to his front caused him to sigh as he wrapped an arm around her middle to pull her even closer.

“Goodnight, Kelso,” she murmured before closing her eyes and drifting back to sleep.

* * * *

Kelso woke feeling warm and rested. For the first time in as long as he could remember, his thoughts were not racing in a dozen different directions at once. He took a few minutes to contemplate what had woken him—the fullness in his bladder, the throbbing in his cock, or the warm, soft body in his arms. Thinking back, he remembered Natalie telling him to strip and get into bed. Then nothing.

Opening his eyes, he decided it didn’t matter as long as Natalie stayed where she was long enough for him to answer nature’s most immediate call. Then he’d take care of the second urge before dragging her back to the cave with him to see if he actually had fixed DM.

Slowly easing himself from the bed, he padded to the bathroom, not realizing he was being watched.

* * * *

Damn, he has a fine ass, Natalie admitted to herself as Kelso walked across the room. She'd been awake for a few minutes but unwilling to move from where he held her as she listened to his soft breathing. The hand covering her breast and the erection pressing into her backside ignited her hunger. All she wanted was for him to hurry up and bring his ass back to bed.

As soon as she heard the bathroom door click closed, she sat up. Her body thrummed with need though her mind remained sleep fuzzed. What should she do? Seduce him? Or ignore the fact that spending the night with a naked man in her bed had turned her on?

Her body's hunger won the debate that her brain wasn't awake enough to take part in. Pulling her T-shirt over her head, she tossed it to the floor just as the bathroom door opened and Kelso stepped into view. Her breath caught at the sight of the long, thick, half-hard cock that led the way. He paused in the doorway when he saw her. His cock inflated to become a most impressive, nearly intimidating size.

Looking from his cock to his eyes, she saw he appeared stunned. Had she made a mistake?

"Now that's a sight to wake up to," he said. His eyes began to twinkle, and his grin grew until it involved his entire face. "Good morning."

"Good morning," she said as he approached the end of the bed before stopping.

A check of his cock found the bulbous head red with a glistening drop at the eye. His reaction gave her the courage to cup her hands under her breasts and lift them in offering. "You like these?" she asked, trying to sound innocent, but her voice came out deep and sultry.

"Mmmm, yes. Play with them for me. Show me how they like to be touched." His voice was deep and dark, and Natalie felt her sex

grow wet.

One hand dropped to push the covers down her legs until she could kick them off. Then it returned to her breast. Her need spiraled higher as he wrapped one hand around his cock and began to slowly slide it up and down the shaft.

With his free hand, he pulled the covers off the bed then crooked one finger and made a “come here” gesture. Natalie found herself unable to say no. Dropping her hands from her tits, she crab walked down the bed. She ended up sitting on the edge of the mattress with his cock within tasting distance.

Parting her lips, she leaned forward, but his cock disappeared as he knelt between her knees.

“But...” she protested with a pout.

“Lie back,” he said, his words more an order than a request.

She didn’t move, so he put a hand over each of her tits and squeezed gently. She pulled in a deep breath when he drew his fingertips up the mounds to surround her erect nipples. With just his index finger and thumb, he tweaked and rolled the peaked buds. She couldn’t help the sigh of pleasure that escaped as he played.

After a moment, she took hold of his wrists.

He grinned. “Feel good?”

“Mmmm,” she murmured, leaning forward to kiss him as her hands brushed across his collarbone to the center of his chest. Then she began to stroke her way down his body.

“Lie back,” he repeated. He gently placed one palm in the valley between her breasts and pressed until she was off balance and fell onto the mattress.

Before she could sit up again, he wrapped his fingers around her hips and pulled them toward him until her ass rested at the edge of the bed. Then he lifted her legs and pushed them up and out until her knees were at her armpits.

“Kelso,” she managed to say before she felt warm breath and a hot, wet tongue against the skin between her thighs. He licked from

taint to clit, where he circled several times before tracing his way back down again.

Natalie lifted her head and looked down her body between her breasts to see shaggy, white-blond hair and a pair of green eyes that had darkened to emerald.

“Ooooh,” she breathed when his tongue dipped into her pussy and swiped over a particularly sensitive spot.

“Mmmm.” His appreciation sent vibrations out to the rest of her body.

When she tried to move away while fighting the orgasm that bore down on her like an avalanche, he held tight to her hips. Her breath caught with every new touch, every waft of breath over her sex. She reached down and grabbed his forearms, needing something to keep her grounded.

“Kelso!”

“Let it go, baby. Give it to me.” His words, spoken around her knotted clit, were the switch that sent her over the edge.

“Oh, yes, yes, yes!” she cried, unable to think of anything except the pleasure flowing through her body.

“Open your eyes. I want to see those pretty blue eyes,” she heard Kelso murmur as he kissed his way up her body to her nipples.

Natalie struggled to comply, looking up to find him leaning over her. Her eyes opened wider as his cock eased in, filling her completely.

He sighed as he bottomed out. “Like hot, wet silk.” He leaned down and kissed her chin.

After a moment, Kelso began to move. He kept his pace slow and easy. She read passion in his expression as well as a tightness that warned of impending explosion. Because of her position, she could not move to meet his gentle thrusts, so she focused on rhythmically clenching her pussy each time he slid deep.

She was surprised to find her own body tightening again, approaching the peak of orgasm. “What are you doing to me?” she

whispered when he lifted up then reached between them to pinch her clit.

“Loving you, baby,” he panted, his eyes half closed with hunger as he stared into hers. “Oh, God, come with me,” he ordered.

With that, he threw his head back, and she felt the twitches and spasms as he ejaculated deep in her center. His words and the fingers tightening around her clit threw her headfirst over the cliff once again.

It took several minutes before Natalie realized Kelso still lay over her. Her hips began to complain of the awkward position she was in, so she patted the top of one shoulder.

“Kelso, you’ve got to move. My legs are telling me it’s been a long time since my last gymnastics class.”

He sighed. With a groan, he eased his cock from her. His arms trembled as he pushed up and then fell over to lie next to her.

He put one hand in the center of her chest just under her breasts. “I don’t know about you, but I can’t feel my eyebrows. Are they still there?”

Natalie giggled as she leaned toward him and traced the body parts in question. “Yes, they’re still there.”

“I thought maybe they blew off when my brain exploded,” he said, leaning closer and brushing his cheek against her arm.

Natalie waited until she could feel her toes again before asking, “So what was it that brought you to my door at three o’clock in the morning looking like death warmed over?”

Chapter 11

“It doesn’t look any different, except for the stick is plastic and not metal,” Natalie said an hour and a half later after an uncomfortable breakfast with Kelso’s parents. DM lay on the seat of her chair, waiting for the controller cover and her to join it.

“That’s because the outside hasn’t changed except for the extra rubber mat. It’s the guts that I reworked,” Kelso said with a grin and a bright glow in his eyes she was becoming familiar with.

She watched as he touched one finger to the top of the now-plastic controller arm. Instead of just moving where the arm met the base, the entire post shifted.

“I reworked it. I had to have a new part fabricated yesterday. The entire base moves instead of just the arm pivoting. Thank you for that,” he said as he straightened then leaned toward her as if he were going to kiss her.

Remembering the no-kissing-in-the-cave rule, Natalie took a half step back so she remained out of range. “What did I do?”

Kelso’s gaze dropped before returning to meet her eyes. His cheeks colored as he said, “When we made love the other night, it gave me the idea to change the motion.”

Natalie felt her cheeks, and more, heat up as the memory flooded her mind. So that was why he left in such a hurry. He’d been struck by inspiration, not that she had done anything wrong. “Oh, okay. You’re welcome.”

“Now, the controller cover?”

In the blink of an eye, the flirtation ended, and he was all business once again.

"I'll get it. You go away," Natalie said.

She needed more than a heartbeat to shift gears from sex talk to work. As long as he stood within sight, she would never be able to make the transition that he seemed to achieve so easily.

"But I wanted to help," he said with a look that told her his mind wasn't completely focused on business.

"Not if you want me to test DM today," she threatened.

He looked disappointed as he disappeared around the wall between their cubicles. "Oh, all right, but I still think it would be more fun if I helped."

Though she silently agreed, Natalie knew that if he touched her, testing DM would be the last thing on either of their minds. Taking a deep breath to push away thoughts of a naked Kelso spread across her bed, she retrieved the purple dildo from the drawer and slid it onto the controller arm.

Turning on her monitor, she took a moment to make sure DM worked once everything was in place. The pointer maneuvered across the screen perfectly.

"Looks good from here," Kelso said. "How are you doing?"

"Hush," she replied.

She lifted the back of her skirt and tucked it into her waistband. Her pussy was already well lubed as she moved over the dildo. She slid down onto DM, barely able to hold her sigh in until her ass cheeks settled onto the rubber mat.

"Natalie?"

"I'm on. Hush."

"Wiggle around and see how it responds." Kelso's voice had taken on the distracted tone which meant he was in full IT guy mode.

"Hush," she replied, fully caught up in the adventure of this new computer sex toy.

She shifted as she watched the pointer on the screen move with her. It worked just as Kelso intended. It took awhile, but she learned to control her hip motions in order to move the pointer just the

slightest amount in any direction. She also found that every move shifted her puffy lips over her clit and massaged it, sending her arousal skyrocketing. Her juices dripped down the controller and collected on the rubber mat, slicking up her ass cheeks and the backs of her upper thighs as well.

In the next second, she decided to do something so she could think clearly. She was a professional tester and needed to be coherent and in control during this process, no matter how turned on she was by the DM2010.

* * * *

Kelso found his attention divided between the three computer screens on his desk. Watching Natalie test the dildo-mouse was turning him on like nothing he'd ever tried before except touching and tasting the woman himself. Sure, he thought about sex. He was, after all, a man, but never had he thought it could be as wild and hot and explosive as when he and Natalie made love. Just thinking about it now made his cock sit up and say hello.

The three screens showing him everything she was doing and feeling was almost as intense as being skin to skin with her. He'd set up two webcams, the one built into her computer monitor, which showed her face and upper body, and a second one below the desk to show him what was going on between her legs. Each cam was hooked into a separate screen on his desk. The third screen showed what her computer's screen looked like as she learned to control the DM.

As he watched her face fill with passion, his cock inflated, and his jeans grew uncomfortably tight. Shifting in his chair, he tried to relieve some of the pressure as he looked at the second screen, showing her bare mound and swollen lower lips with her puffy, angry, red clit poking out between. He also saw the wetness on her skin as well as on the rubber mat she sat upon.

He opened his jeans and pulled out his cock, glad he'd made the

decision to go commando after his shower. He sighed as the cooler air surrounded his length. If he wasn't careful, he would come long before the first series of tests was done. But he decided, after another look at Natalie's expression on the screen, he wasn't alone in his need for release.

Wanting to move things along, he cleared his throat and said, "Try the left and right clickers. See if you can get into one of the game programs."

"Yeah, hold on. Give me a minute," she replied in a tight voice.

His attention was pulled to the below-the-desk webcam when her hand came down between her legs with one finger extended. A drop of pre-cum formed at the head of his cock in response. Wrapping three fingers around his shaft just under the head, he began to stroke, all thoughts of what they were doing overridden by the need to find release.

Onscreen, Natalie placed the single digit at the top of her slit then slowly stroked down until he couldn't see anything except the back of her hand. By her expression on the other screen, she'd found a spot that felt really good. He continued slowly jacking off his cock, hoping to hold off his release until after she came. The scientist in him wondered if they would ever be able to work with DM without having to stop every few minutes for orgasm breaks.

Kelso continued watching, his gaze flitting from screen to screen, his hand moving faster and faster up and down his cock. He watched her finger slide up and around and over her clit. When her mouth opened and she began to convulse onscreen, his fingers tightened and squeezed just right for him to get off a few seconds later. The first jet of semen flew up and hit Natalie's forehead on the center screen. The propulsion then declined rapidly, leaving him with a cum-striped keyboard.

"Shit," he whispered as he looked for something to clean up with. But he'd gotten neat for a few minutes and cleared away all the trash in the cave. There were no fast-food napkins, paper towels, or even

tissues to wipe away the evidence of his release.

“Kelso? You okay?” Natalie asked, sounding breathless.

“Uh, yeah, I’m okay,” he said.

He pulled his sweatshirt over his head and wiped his hand and cock dry before turning his attention to the affected computer equipment. Thankfully, cum wasn’t as hard on a keyboard as soda. He was able to wipe away the thick fluid without too much trouble. It was about time to super-wash the keyboard anyway.

“Anything special you want me to try next?” she asked a few minutes later. She sounded more in control and relaxed than she had.

“No, today I just wanted to make sure that DM worked, that you could maneuver it, and that the clickers work as they should. Play cards, surf the net, or do whatever you want,” he said as he wiped the monitor clean then tossed the cum-soaked shirt under his desk. *I’ll just sit here and get my rocks off watching.*

* * * *

Kelso’s tone sounded strained, but Natalie was having trouble concentrating, so she didn’t ask if anything was wrong. The dildo filling her pussy felt like it had grown as her muscles continued to clench around it. She tried not to arouse herself again as she maneuvered the pointer on the screen over the Internet icon.

Clenching her left ass muscle, she watched the program open without hesitation. She tested the right click and left click as she went into her e-mail account and saw that there were several new e-mails, mostly junk. After deleting them, she opened a game site and pulled up her favorite puzzle game.

After completing the first level, she closed the program out. She’d had enough. She was aroused again and was hesitant to masturbate a second time for fear of being caught. The muscles in the left half of her ass were also starting to complain of overuse.

“Kelso, is it all right if we take a break?”

“Sure, baby. Whatever you need. You want to go outside and cool off?”

“Uh-huh,” she said as she rose from the DM. Using the hand towel, she quickly wiped her legs, ass, and pussy dry before pulling her skirt back into place.

“Excuse me?” he asked just before his head appeared from around the divider.

“Yes, I’d like to go outside for a bit,” she said, feeling guilty for not telling him about her orgasm and that she was horny again just from playing with DM.

“Okay,” he said as she led the way toward the door.

She noticed he had stripped off the Alpha Phi Omega sweatshirt he’d put on after his shower. When he turned toward the back door once they were outside the cave, she touched his arm.

“Don’t you need a shirt? It’s cold out there.”

He looked down then shifted his gaze to her as his cheeks grew burnished again. “Uh, I’ll be okay for a while. I’m, uh, warm blooded.”

Natalie knew in her gut that he was lying but didn’t call him on it. After all, she was in the same position, only for her to go outside without wearing a shirt was illegal. “All right, but I don’t need you catching cold because you’re too lazy to put on your shirt.”

She saw his cheeks flush brighter before he turned away. “Don’t worry, Mom.” He emphasized the maternal designation with a grin. “I’ll be fine.”

Once outside, she realized it was even colder than when they’d walked up the street earlier that morning. Kelso didn’t seem to mind as he climbed up and sat on the picnic table. She joined him, and they stared across the large backyard with its perimeter of trees. She couldn’t think of anything to say, so she remained silent. When she looked at him out of the corner of her eye, he looked like his thoughts were a million miles away.

After a few minutes, she watched goose bumps cover his arms.

“Please go inside and put a shirt on,” she encouraged.

He sighed and climbed down. “Would you like a soda while I’m in there?”

“That would be great,” she agreed, realizing how dry her mouth was.

He returned a few minutes later wearing a different shirt and carrying two cans of soda. They sat and drank in a companionable silence.

Finally, Natalie shivered. “I think it’s time I went back inside. Do you want to continue with testing? Or should I work on organizing your papers?”

“First, you’re both going to come and eat lunch,” Marsha said from behind them. “And what do you think you’re doing, sitting out here in the cold when we have a dozen perfectly good rooms with heat that you can sit in?”

“Cooling off,” Kelso replied as he slid from the table. He lifted Natalie down and held her until she regained her balance. “Testing a dildo-mouse is rather hot work,” he said to his mother as he winked down at Natalie.

Chapter 12

They returned to the cave after lunch, and as soon as they walked into the room, Kelso realized he'd fucked up. He had not turned off the computer screens in his cubicle before leaving the room. Because he hated screensavers, all his screens were set to never shut down. One showed the seat of Natalie's chair where DM still sat with its purple dildo standing tall and proud. The second showed the top of Natalie's chair at the very bottom of the screen and the rest of the room behind it.

He knew she'd figured it out when she stopped just outside his cubicle. "Were you watching me while I tested DM?" She asked the question without taking her eyes from the screens.

"Uh, yeah," he admitted softly. "I wanted to see your reactions and make sure that DM was acting as it was supposed to."

"So you watched me...you saw me...oh, my God," Natalie cried as she hurried around the wall separating their desks. On the monitor, he saw her tears as she bent and grabbed something from the floor then her jacket off the back of her chair.

She appeared a moment later, one arm already in her jacket, the other holding her messenger bag. "I quit," she said, her entire face blazing red, tears falling from her eyes.

"Natalie, wait. Please. Let me explain." He followed her to the doorway of the cave.

He was surprised when she stopped but was unprepared for the fire of her anger. "Why? So you can talk me into getting off again for your porn collection? You know, when I first heard about the job, I thought it would be cool to work with you. But now I realize this was

a mistake. You might be the best man I've ever had sex with and a man I was falling in love with, but you're also a pervert."

With that, she pulled the door open and slipped out.

Kelso's mind stuck on her "a man I was falling in love with" comment. It took a moment to realize she was gone. By the time he secured the cave and raced out the back door, she had disappeared.

He ran down the street to her apartment, but she wasn't there. He knocked on the door and peeked in all the windows until the next-door neighbor threatened to call the police if he didn't go away.

Walking home, he pulled out his phone and called her. The phone went straight to voice mail. "Natalie, please, let me explain. It's not what you think. It's science, not porn. I have to record the testing so if anything happens in the future we have documentation that nothing bad happened during the developmental phases. I'd never show them to anyone unless it was absolutely necessary. Please call me," he blurted out before a beep in his ear told him that her voice mail had stopped recording.

Hanging up, he slid both the phone and his hands into his pockets and walked the rest of the way home. He didn't even notice when it began to rain.

* * * *

Kelso would expect her to go home, so Natalie turned right out the back door instead of left. She raced around the corner of the house and up into the street as a city bus approached. Waving to the driver, she climbed on the bus when it stopped in front of her.

"You okay, sweetie?" the older woman driver asked.

"I'm fine, thanks." Natalie fumbled for her bus pass as they drove down the block.

Once she'd swiped her bus pass, she took a seat at the very back of the bus. After pulling on her coat and getting comfortable, she began to shake. She'd quit the perfect job. She'd fucked her boss and

fallen for him. Now that was gone as well. She needed enough money to survive the next two months and hated to even consider going back to juggling multiple jobs while studying for classes and writing her dissertation.

So what the hell was she going to do now?

She rode the bus for more than two hours. Finally, she felt calm enough to return to her apartment. She'd heard her cell phone ring several times, the sound muffled by the messenger bag, but she didn't dig for it. Whoever it was could wait until later. She got off at the end of her street and hurried through the rain. She was soaked by the time she unlocked the door and stepped inside.

She secured the door and pulled all the curtains closed, wanting only to hide from the world. She didn't bother turning on any lights. It wasn't worth the effort. Besides, she now had to watch every penny. Walking into the bedroom, she stripped off her clothes and tossed them into the laundry basket. As she did, she went through the pockets, pulling out a pen and a business card.

She stared at the business card. Roger Jones. The man who was willing to pay well for any information she could give him on what Kelso was working on. She wondered for a moment if his employers would pay well enough for her to finish school and move on.

Crawling under the covers, still holding the card, she curled up in the middle of the bed and debated. Could she do this? Could she sell her soul and Kelso's trust for a few thousand dollars? But how could she not?

Knowing it was wrong but the only thing she could do, she allowed the tears she'd held for more than two hours to flow. As she cried, she tried to figure out why Kelso watching her test DM hurt so much. She'd been videotaped in the past, either actually testing a product or during the Q&A afterwards. Was it different this time because he had not told her what he was doing? Or was it because she was embarrassed that he'd watched her bring herself to orgasm using his computer sex toy and her finger? And why did that embarrassment

hurt so bad? Why did it feel like someone had stepped on her heart, squashing it like a bug?

Because you love him.

Could it be? Was it possible? They'd only known each other a few days. Could she have fallen in love that quickly?

She hadn't believed him when he'd said he loved her. Had it really been only that morning? She'd put it down to post-coital hormones. But what if it were true? After all, he was smart, funny, and good looking, and she felt connected to him in a way she'd never felt before.

Could she love him? If she did, what was she going to do about it? And what was she going to do about a job? How was she going to survive until graduation and beyond without a job?

Opening her eyes, she saw Jones's business card on the pillow beside her head. Industrial espionage was illegal. She wondered if the police or someone in an official capacity would be interested in knowing what this man was doing. Did Marsha know there were people trying to steal Kelso's ideas? Would Kelso Technology be willing to finance the rest of her education if she offered to work for them after graduation? Would that be considered blackmail?

She would have to make a stipulation about not working directly with Kelso, but that was workable. After all, he was in research and development, and she would be in marketing. Hopefully, the marketing department was somewhere far, far away and she would be required to move.

"Okay, smart girl, what are you going to do?" She rolled to her back and stared at the ceiling for nearly an hour, trying to visualize various scenarios, none of which turned out well for her.

By the time she rolled out of bed and dressed in jeans and a Penn State sweatshirt over cotton panties and a push-up camisole, she had decided her course of action. She only hoped that everyone involved fell into line and behaved as she imagined.

* * * *

“Thanks for meeting me,” Natalie said the next morning as Marsha slid into the booth opposite her.

The café was small, convenient, and busy. She didn’t think it was the kind of place where Kelso would look for her. The fact that it was within walking distance of her apartment and the Montgomery house didn’t hurt either. She only hoped when she left after this meeting she was still in one piece.

“Are you all right?” Marsha asked in the tone of a worried friend and not that of an angry mother. “Kelso’s been crazed since you left, but he won’t tell me why. What happened between you two?”

Natalie looked away as she tried to find a polite, politically correct way to explain what had happened. “Um, I was testing DM and didn’t realize he was monitoring me. I overreacted when I found out.” She had to stop to clear her throat as her face burned with residual embarrassment. “But that’s not why I asked you to meet me. I have a problem, and you have a problem, and I think we can work together to solve them.”

“Whatever the problem is, we’ll find a solution, but you cannot run away like you did yesterday.”

The deep voice startled both women as Kelso slid onto the bench next to Natalie. His father slid in beside Marsha.

“What are you doing here?” Natalie asked as he crowded in close and put his arm around her.

“My mother is great at a lot of things, but espionage is not one of them,” he said, leaning in and kissing her. When he pulled back, he put his lips next to her ear and whispered, “You disappear like that again and I will put you over my knee bare assed and spank you before I fuck you until you can’t walk. Do you understand?”

Shocked at Kelso’s transformation from easygoing computer geek to dominant lover, Natalie swallowed hard and nodded.

“By the way,” he paused to lick at her earlobe before saying, “I

meant it yesterday when I said I loved you.”

Those murmured words sent electric shivers through her. Her heart missed a beat, and her breathing caught in her throat.

“Really?” She pulled back so she could see his face.

He nodded silently before she leaned in and whispered in his ear. “I love you, too.”

She kissed her way from ear to lips and then kissed him so long and deep that his father began flicking cold water at them.

Finally, Marsha rapped her knuckles on the table to get their attention. “Kelso, if you cannot behave, you will have to go home. Natalie and I have things to discuss.”

With a sigh, Kelso broke away and moved so six inches separated them. He folded his hands on top of the table. “Like this?” he snarked.

Marsha’s lips quirked as she nodded. “Better. Now, Natalie, what were you saying about problems?”

Natalie quickly explained her financial difficulties as dispassionately as she could before telling them about Jones.

“But you’re coming back to work for me, so there’s no problem about money,” Kelso said dismissively. “And Jones is an idiot who’s been trying to steal my ideas for years. Just ignore him, and he’ll go away.”

Natalie looked at him out of the corner of her eye. “I’m not sure I can continue testing DM, but I don’t want you working with anyone else either,” she said softly.

“Sweetheart, that’s what I was trying to tell you before you left. I wasn’t recording the test. I was just monitoring to make sure there weren’t any problems. That’s also why I didn’t have a shirt afterwards. I had to use it to clean up after I, uh, well, you know, with you.” He turned and looked at her with eyes darkening to emerald as his cheeks grew flushed. “You were just so damn sexy.”

“All right, enough!” Marsha said, slapping a palm on the table, causing Natalie to jump. “No more talk like that in front of us, Kelso. We’re your parents, and you’re sharing entirely too much information

for *my* comfort. And you're embarrassing Natalie."

"Sorry about that," Kelso said as his cheeks flushed even brighter.

"All right. I'll work with you on finishing up DM and getting the cave organized, but once I graduate, I want to change to the marketing department. By then, you'll be needing my marketing expertise to sell DM to the public. In the meantime, I think we should stick it to Mr. Jones and whoever he works for."

Chapter 13

After breakfast, the foursome walked back to the Montgomery house. Chris and Marsha started calling contacts in local, state, and federal law enforcement, trying to find someone who would take a legal interest in Natalie's proposal.

"They'll be busy for a while," Kelso said, taking her hand and leading her out of the kitchen. "Come on, I'll show you the guest suite."

He led the way through the house, past a living room that Natalie thought should be in a magazine, to a staircase leading to the second floor.

"I don't need to move here. I'm fine at my apartment." She tried to pull her hand free, but he wouldn't let go as he continued up the stairs.

"No, you're moving in here. It's safer, especially if we can't find someone to arrest Jones and whoever is behind him. At least until you graduate. Then we'll renegotiate and figure out what's next for us," Kelso said with a string of steel in his tone.

He didn't let go of her hand until they reached a closed door at the end of the hall. Pushing it open, Kelso took a step back, allowing her to enter first.

Natalie took several steps and stopped, stunned. "It's beautiful," she said, turning in a circle.

"Beautiful room for a beautiful woman," Kelso said as he stepped inside and secured the door with a barely audible snick.

Her attention was focused on the bedroom decorated in peach, deep purple, and a barely-there gray. The sitting room had a good size

desk in one corner and plenty of shelves for storage. Double doors in the wall to her right stood open, revealing a king-size bed with matching nightstands. Natalie walked into the bedroom and found an attached bathroom that was bigger than the multipurpose room of her apartment.

Returning to the sitting room where Kelso waited, she paused an arm's length away. "I can't," she said. "It's too much, and I can barely afford the rent where I am now. And I don't want your parents thinking that I'm using you and them. No, I'm sorry, but I can't."

She turned and walked to the door, but it didn't turn under her touch, and she couldn't figure out the lock.

"Sweetheart, we don't expect you to pay rent. We expect you to study hard and finish your degree and work with me on DM when you have time. After you graduate will be soon enough for you to worry about money. Now, come here," he said, turning her around and pulling her in for a long hug, followed by an even longer kiss.

He had just slid his hand up under her sweater when pounding at the door startled them both. "Kelso, you'd better unlock this door right this minute," his father's voice boomed through the wooden panel.

Kelso reached over and unlocked the door. He opened it and looked over Natalie's head at his father. "Yes?"

"Your mother needs to see Natalie in the kitchen," Chris said, obviously fighting down a smirk.

"Can it wait, say, an hour or so? We're kind of busy up here negotiating," Kelso replied. He threaded his fingers through Natalie's hair when she buried her face in his sweater. "It's okay, sweetheart. He'll go away in a minute," he said, kissing her hair.

"No, he won't," Chris said, crossing his arms and leaning into the doorway as if he had nothing but time.

Natalie couldn't help but smile when Kelso sighed dramatically. "Oh, all right, take her. But I want her back later."

"We'll see," she snarked as she stepped out of his arms and

followed his father out of the room.

On their way, Chris pointed out various highlights—the master suite at the far end of the house, the other guest rooms in between. On the first floor, they took the scenic route through the living room, the formal dining room, and the library, which he and Marsha shared as their office, though it looked a bit small to be a dual office.

They arrived in the kitchen just as a jazzy tune sounded from the walls. Chris squeezed her shoulder when she jumped. “Front door,” he said before walking away to answer it.

Natalie joined Marsha in the kitchen, but before the older woman could explain what she wanted, Kelso, Chris, and two other men joined them. The newcomers looked about Kelso’s age.

One man was similar to Kelso in height and build. He wore an expensive-looking black suit with a white shirt and a deep red tie that screamed money. His medium-brown hair was styled conservatively, and he looked like he’d just stepped out of a men’s fashion magazine. The other was nearly twice Kelso’s size, and every bit of him was muscle. Bald, he wore black cargo pants and a black T-shirt under his leather jacket. Both men were handsome and had a powerful air about them, but neither affected her breathing the way Kelso did.

“Natalie, the suit is Jennings Monroe, Esquire, Kelso Tech’s legal beagle. The one who looks like he eats small children for breakfast is Drake Billings, security guru. They’re also two of my oldest friends,” Kelso introduced the two men. “Guys, Natalie Sanders, my assistant.”

While Jennings merely smiled and said hello, Drake took her hand and held it between both of his. “Good morning,” he said, with a smile that told Natalie he’d like to secure her in private.

“Down, boy, she’s taken,” Jennings said, slapping the bigger man on the back of the head.

“She is?”

“Yes, she is,” Kelso snarled, pulling back to stand next to him as he draped one arm around her shoulders.

“Oh. Sorry, boss.”

“Let’s get to work, gentlemen. Kelso Tech has an invention in jeopardy and an espionage ring to break up,” Marsha broke in.

“Yes, ma’am,” the trio answered in unison as they moved toward the table.

* * * *

Kelso sat back, allowing the experts to hash out the strategy for shutting down Jones and whomever he was working for. Instead, he watched Natalie and wondered how soon he could get her alone to apologize properly for yesterday’s misunderstanding.

From there, he did what he did best. He daydreamed.

His mind wandered into the future. Their future. He visualized the night he would propose and Natalie’s positive response. He saw their wedding. It would be small and intimate, with only their family and closest friends in attendance. Maybe they could have the wedding in their backyard in the spring, if he could hold out that long. More likely at the Eisenhower Chapel on campus the day Natalie received her diploma.

An intense silence brought his attention back to the present. He blinked and looked around, finding everyone staring at him. Uh-oh, he’d missed something. Something big, from the look on his mother’s face.

“What?” he asked.

“Ignore him, Natalie. When he gets like this, it means his mind is off in another world,” Drake explained as Jennings and his father chuckled.

“Speaking of other worlds, I need to get back to work, and I need Natalie,” he said as he stood. “You *can* finish up without us, can’t you?” Though couched as a question, everyone in the room knew it was anything but.

“Go,” Marsha said before anyone else could object. “But we’ll need Natalie later, so don’t wear her out or piss her off.”

Kelso watched Natalie color at the implication as his friends snickered. Seeing her embarrassed in front of his family and closest friends made him angry.

“You know,” he said casually, addressing the entire room, “I know you all are working to protect Kelso Technology, but no one is indispensable.”

Without another word, he walked around the table, helped Natalie from her chair, then guided her down the stairs. Once there, he closed and locked the stairwell door before turning and wrapping himself around her. She hadn’t said a word the entire time.

“I’m sorry,” he said, resting his head on her shoulder as he held her tight. “I’m sorry they embarrassed you. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you about the monitors yesterday. I’m sorry I’m not as suave and sophisticated as Jennings or as sexy and charming as Drake.”

When she still didn’t respond and her arms remained by her side, he eased his upper body back until he could see her face. She wasn’t smiling. “What’s wrong, baby?”

“You just threatened to fire them? Because they were teasing us?”

“No, baby.” He leaned in and held her. “I simply reminded them that everyone, myself included, can be replaced. There’s a difference.”

Natalie stilled and remained silent for a moment before saying, “I don’t see it.”

“That’s okay. Don’t worry about it. They know I’d never fire any of them. They’re the ones who keep the company in business. If it was up to me, I’d give everything away and end up couch surfing or living under a bridge somewhere.”

“Oh, okay.” She didn’t sound convinced, but at least she changed the subject. “So what are we doing? You suddenly sounded quite anxious to get back to work.”

“No.” He brushed a kiss over her forehead. “I was quite anxious to get you alone.” More kisses covered her eyelids, nose, and both cheeks before he settled on her lips.

When he did, she met his kiss with zeal. As he traced the seam of her lips, she parted them, allowing him entrance. Her tongue came out to meet his, and they mated briefly before she turned her head and broke the kiss.

"I love you," she whispered, reaching for his belt, "even if you are a crazy man."

"I love you, too," he responded, mirroring her actions.

In less than a minute, they were naked.

"Where?" she whispered as they came together skin to skin.

"Don't care," he replied between hot, wet kisses.

Dancing them through the den, he caught sight of the pool table out of the corner of his eye and changed directions. Once they were beside it, he spun Natalie around and bent her over the table.

She caught herself on her forearms before her face smashed into the table. She looked over her right shoulder with one eyebrow cocked higher than the other. "Kelso?"

"Shhh, baby. I dreamt of you just like this the other night."

Her pale, ivory skin looked so beautiful against the green felt. Her curves called to him. Rubbing his thumbs up either side of her spine, he reached the base of her neck. He then spread his fingers and shifted his hands apart so his fingertips wrapped around her sides, brushing the sides of her breasts as he drew them back down her body until his hands wrapped around her upper thighs.

"So beautiful," he murmured, leaning over her and trailing a line of kisses down the center of her back. When he reached the top of her ass, he dropped to his knees behind her. Leaning in, he gently bit then sucked at the center of each ass cheek. It wasn't enough to break the skin, but when he pulled away, he saw the red love bites he'd left behind.

In response, Natalie moaned and arched her back, obviously wanting more.

He pushed against the inside of Natalie's right thigh until she moved her leg, widening her stance and opening the apex of her

thighs to allow him more room to play.

He ran a finger down between the globes to her puckered star. When he touched it with the tip of his finger, she clenched, and it winked at him before her cheeks trapped his finger.

“Ever been taken here?” he asked gently, curiosity overwhelming him. He knew she had more experience than he did, and all at once, he wanted to know how much more.

“Once,” she whispered in a tight voice. “It hurt, and I didn’t like it.”

Kelso didn’t answer. His finger continued the journey down her taint to her pussy, which was hot, wet, and waiting for him. He slid two fingers in deep and smiled when her breathing caught.

“Feel good?”

“Mmmm, yes,” she moaned. He pulled them almost completely out again before pushing them back in and scissoring them. “Oh, God,” she gasped as her knees buckled.

She sucked in a breath when he twisted his hand in a half circle with the two fingers still deep inside her. Then the pad of his thumb brushed over her clit, causing more sounds of her pleasure to fill the otherwise silent room.

He continued playing, fucking his fingers in and out while rubbing her clit with his thumb. His other hand rubbed over her skin where he could reach. He was afraid to touch himself for fear of coming too soon.

At her request of, “Faster. Harder. More,” he pulled his hand away, earning him a growl of frustration.

“Don’t worry, baby, you’ll get more,” he promised.

Surging to his feet, he moved in and slid his cock into her in one long, hard stroke.

* * * *

If she’d had the ability to control her muscles, Natalie would have

turned around and hurt Kelso badly when he pulled his hand from her core. Thankfully, before her body could catch up with her mind's orders, he thrust himself in, filling her completely.

"Better?" he asked, sounding smug.

"Yes and no," she panted.

"Oh? Maybe you'll like this better," he said, pulling out until only the head remained in her before slamming back in.

He set a fast, hard pace, wrapping his hands around her hips to hold her in place as she tried to move back to meet his every stroke.

"Yes," she cried.

The orgasm that had been building since breakfast exploded deep inside her like an atomic bomb. She was shocked when she began to slap the pool table even as she pushed her body up until her back pressed against Kelso's chest.

She felt his hand cover her lips before turning her head. Then he was kissing her, calling out his own orgasm into her mouth at the same moment he swallowed her cries. She felt white-hot heat fill her and only then realized that they'd forgotten protection. But at that moment, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except the knowledge that Kelso loved her.

When all strength left her, she crumpled forward onto the pool table. It didn't surprise her when Kelso collapsed over her.

They'd barely caught their breaths when someone began to pound on the locked stairway door.

Kelso's chest pressed against her as he took a deep breath then lifted his head. "Go away," he called, loud enough to be heard in the kitchen.

"We need Natalie as soon as you two are finished," Drake's voice replied dryly.

"Yeah, right. Give us an hour or so," Kelso responded, sounding quite relaxed and happy, though Natalie had no idea how he could move. She felt utterly boneless. He leaned closer and licked the back of her neck, sending a shiver of response through her before he

whispered, “We’re going to have to move the lab somewhere we can have privacy if this keeps up.”

“Your mother says you have ten minutes,” came Drake’s response.

Chapter 14

“Mr. Jones? This is Natalie Sanders. I’ve got information for you.” Kelso watched a half hour later as Natalie read from the script that Drake and Jennings had worked up.

The wording was carefully chosen so she would not sound like a blackmailer as she set up the meeting. Drake listened from headphones as he monitored the computer where they were taping the conversation as evidence to turn over to the authorities.

“Yes, I have copies of illustrations for his latest invention,” she said, working hard not to touch or look at the man who now held her heart. Though touching Kelso distracted her, fear roared over her when she didn’t.

“Tomorrow’s no good for me. I have classes all day. Tonight would be better. But not near my house. I don’t want to take a chance that anyone will recognize me. Meet me at the main gate to campus. Yes, that one. Seven o’clock is good for me. Oh, and Mr. Jones? Don’t forget my compensation, in cash,” she said, trying to hold back her emotion.

After disconnecting, she handed the phone to Drake before folding her hands on the table in front of her and resting her head on them. “Please tell me you got all that,” she said.

“Oh, yeah, we got everything. You did great.”

“She won’t be alone tonight, will she?” Kelso asked, knowing that he couldn’t be anywhere in sight or the asshole would catch on to the trap they’d laid.

“Don’t worry. My friend from the FBI and his team will be here in a couple hours, and between us and them, we will keep her well

protected,” Drake answered as he recorded the phone conversation to disk as well as the computer’s hard drive.

* * * *

At ten minutes before seven, Natalie stepped off the bus and looked around. Jones would stick out like a sore thumb in this small crowd of college students. That was one of the reasons she’d chosen this spot. Looking around, she thought she saw Drake and someone built like Kelso but wearing a hat. The two men turned away so quickly she couldn’t be sure it was really them.

“Relax, Natalie.” Kelso’s voice spilled out of the tiny earpiece she wore. “We’re close by, but if you try to find us, Jones will get suspicious.”

Just knowing Kelso was nearby and watching over her made her nerves suddenly vanish. She found an empty spot on the wall as close to the gate as she could manage. Reaching into her bag, she pulled out the book for her Marketing in the Age of Technology class. She opened it though she was too nervous to actually read. But she wanted to fit in with her surroundings. She stared at the page without seeing the words.

“Hello, Natalie. Nice evening, isn’t it?” A man spoke, startling her.

Lifting her head, she saw Jones and noticed that, as she had intended, he stuck out like a sore thumb. He still wore his suit but had taken off his tie. Problem was he’d left his shirt buttoned all the way to the collar, which made him look like a minister from one of those polygamist church cults.

Then she noticed he’d brought a friend with him. The second man wore khakis and a leather jacket similar to the one Drake had worn that afternoon. He looked bored. He wasn’t as big or as powerfully built as Drake, but she got the impression that he was there to provide brawn, not brains. She nicknamed him Muscles.

“Mr. Jones. It is nice but a bit too cold for my taste,” she said, hoping someone listening to the mini-microphone attached to her bra strap would understand that Jones was not alone.

Suddenly, several voices sounded in her ear, distracting her so she missed Jones’s next comment.

When Muscles grabbed her arm, she jolted.

“Excuse me?” She hoped to sound haughty, but the squeak in her voice gave away her fright. “Let go of me!” she said when he pulled her down from the wall. His tight hold on her arm kept her from falling on her face as she tried to gain her balance. Her book fell to the ground, but her messenger bag remained hooked over her right shoulder.

“Come on, girl, we’re going for a ride,” Muscles growled softly. His grip grew painful as she struggled for release. There would be bruises when he finally released her. For that, she condemned him to the farthest corner of hell.

At that moment, a black SUV pulled to a stop in the street in front of them. The driver ignored the honking cars behind him as he waited for them, apparently.

“No, I’m not going with you,” Natalie said louder, hoping someone, anyone, would step in and help her.

But no one moved to her defense. One girl with purple hair looked up from her writing and a couple stopped kissing to frown in their direction. Otherwise, no one attempted to step in. Even Jones stepped back, either giving Muscles room to move or afraid of what was happening.

“My book!” she cried, half turning to look back at where her textbook had landed. She only hoped someone on her side would pick it up.

“Try and stall them, baby. We’re on our way,” she heard Kelso say in her ear. His words of assurance barely sank in past the panic that was exploding in her.

Stall them? How the hell was she supposed to do that?

Just then, her book bag slipped off her shoulder. She caught it and fisted the strap. All at once, she remembered her grandmother, who, by family legend, had fought off more than one mugger using only her purse.

Wrapping the strap around her hand several times, she jerked at Muscles's hold once more, trying to free herself. When that didn't work, she swung her free arm back then up and across her body. The bag followed and smacked Muscles in the side of his head.

She was shocked when he didn't go down. He stopped moving and shook his head like an angry bull, but his hold never wavered. He did reach out and grab her wrist with his other hand.

"Let go," he growled, squeezing her wrist so tight Natalie was afraid he was going to break something before it was all over with.

"No!" Natalie screamed in response, her hold tightening on the purse.

She planted her left leg and kicked up with her right with her leg bent. Her knee drove up between his legs and, by some sort of miracle, crushed his balls against his pelvic bone.

"Shit," he breathed as his eyes rolled back in his head. The next second, he crumpled to the sidewalk.

Since he still held her, Natalie ended up sprawled across his unconscious body. She heard tires squealing and saw the SUV take off, running a red light in its haste to escape. Jones stood beside them on the sidewalk, his head swiveling from her to the disappearing SUV.

Natalie screamed when someone touched the middle of her back. The man beneath her winced at the shrill sound, which blasted directly into his ear. His hold eased only slightly.

Then Kelso's voice reached through her panic. "It's okay, Natalie. I'm here. You're safe."

As he spoke, Drake knelt next to her and gently unwrapped Muscles's fingers from her arm. At the same time, a female stranger in jeans and a bright pink denim jacket did the same for her wrist.

Once she was free, a strong arm wrapped around her middle and lifted her into the air. Once on her feet, her fear washed away and anger took its place. Before anyone could stop her, she turned around and kicked Muscles in the ribs. “I said *no*,” she screamed.

Before she could pull back and deliver another blow, Kelso picked her up and carried her the short distance to the wall where her book sat on the ground undisturbed. He set her on the ledge before bending and picking up her book, which he dusted off before sliding it into her bag.

Once that was taken care of, he pushed her knees apart and stepped between them. Cupping both palms around her head, he got nose to nose with her so all she saw was him. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine,” she said, not sure if she was trying to convince him or herself. He ran his hands down her neck, across her shoulders, and down her arm. She winced when he brushed over where Muscles had held her upper arm.

“Take off your coat,” he ordered.

“Not here,” she replied, pulling back. “We’re outside in public, and I will not get naked so you can see my arm.”

Kelso shot her a sharp look then leaned closer and spoke to the microphone taped to her right breast, “Natalie’s been hurt. We need medical help.”

“What’s wrong?” Drake appeared at his elbow, looking Natalie over for blood.

“I’ve got some bruises and a headache but nothing permanent. Can I go home now?”

Kelso held her other hand out and pushed the jacket sleeve up, exposing the bruises that were already starting to form just above her wrist. “Son of a bitch,” he muttered. “Do you want me to kill him for you?”

She smiled at the hot anger in his green eyes before leaning in close. “No, let Drake, Jennings, and the legal system crucify him. I want you to take me somewhere and make love to me until I forget

this entire day happened. Then I want us to sleep for about a dozen hours before starting all over again.”

“If we do that, you’ll be in no shape to test DM,” Kelso pointed out.

“I think the world can wait another day or two for DM’s arrival. Besides, how much more testing needs to be done? You know it works like a charm on me and the computer.”

“But I want to see if you can play *Doom* or *Grand Theft Auto* as well as with a handheld mouse.”

“Later. Much later. Comfort your battered assistant first.”

Natalie wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his head down for a series of long, wet kisses. Between each kiss, she made suggestions of exactly how Kelso could give aid and comfort. When she finally released him, he stared at her, just breathing and blinking for nearly half a minute. Finally, he turned to Jennings, who stood nearby. “We need a car. Now. Right now.”

Jennings nodded and spoke to someone on the walkie-talkie in his hand. A moment later, a long black limousine with darkened windows pulled to a stop in front of them.

“Hold on, baby.” Kelso swung her up in his arms again and carried her to the car, where Jennings held the back door open.

“Uh, Kelso?” Jennings said. Natalie could see he was fighting not to grin.

“Yes?”

“You might want to give me Natalie’s microphone and earpiece before you go anywhere. After all, the authorities really don’t need to know any more about your sex life than they already do.”

Without another word, Kelso leaned into the car and set her on the seat. Natalie didn’t fight him when he carefully extracted the earpiece from her ear. She gasped when he unbuttoned her shirt and reached into her bra. He didn’t tease her, just pulled the microphone from where it attached to her bra strap. After kissing the skin just above the edge of her bra, he withdrew from the car and handed the electronics

to Jennings. Then he climbed in and sat next to Natalie.

Once the car door closed, he leaned over the front seat and had a quiet conversation with the driver. She thought she heard the words “Harrisburg” and “tell no one” but couldn’t be sure. When the driver nodded and put the car in gear, Kelso sat back and pushed a button. Glass slid up from the seat behind the driver, giving them privacy. He then shifted her so she lay across his lap.

“Now, where were we?” He caressed her face, and then one hand slid under her hair to cup the back of her neck, holding her still as he kissed her.

“Discussing ways to give aid and comfort,” Natalie murmured against his lips.

“Oh, right. We’ll tend the battered for the next thirty-six hours. Then we’re going back to work,” Kelso said as he trailed kisses down her throat, his free hand slipping under her shirt to play with her nipples through her bra.

“Yes, sir, Mr. Montgomery. Anything you say.” Natalie giggled. “Women of the world are anxious for the arrival of their very own dildo-mouse, and we certainly wouldn’t want to keep them waiting.”

Epilogue

Two months later

Natalie watched the crowd flow out of the auditorium and wondered if she dared move. Kelso had told her to wait here and he would find her. He, at least, knew where she was, while she had no clue where he and their families had ended up sitting since they'd arrived late.

The graduation ceremony had taken longer than expected, as most of these things did, and they didn't have much time before they were supposed to be at Eisenhower Chapel for the next ceremony of the day—their wedding.

She had proposed the month before on the corporate jet as they'd flown home from Kansas, where Kelso Technology had its production offices. Kelso had agreed at once but insisted that she not worry about the preparations. He and their mothers had taken care of everything.

Having seen Marsha at work and knowing her own mother, she knew Kelso wouldn't stand a chance against them, so she'd agreed. Then she'd buried herself in her studies.

She wasn't sure whom he'd had Drake kill, but Kelso had somehow wrangled an hour for their wedding before family and a few choice friends. They would then move to the ballroom at the Hilton for the reception that would include all of their friends and Kelso's employees.

Thankfully, she'd demanded to go with a simple, ivory, above-the-knee dress instead of the elaborate floor-length with a train that her mother had hoped for. All she had to do was take off her cap and

gown, touch up her hair and makeup, and change from sneakers into the ivory pumps her mother was carrying in her handbag. Five minutes and she would be ready to walk down the aisle.

“Natalie? You ready to go, baby?” Kelso appeared out of the crowd looking dashing in his dove-gray suit. Drake followed him, wearing a black suit with matching shirt and tie.

Natalie nodded, all at once overcome with emotions. “I did it, Kelso,” she whispered. “I finished.”

“Yes, you did, baby. I’m so proud of you, and I was only around for the last couple of months.” With a grin, he pulled her close and kissed her.

“And now we’re going to get married,” she said against his lips.

“Are you sure you want to do that?” Drake snarked over Kelso’s shoulder. “I mean, if you want, you and I could run away together.”

“I’m sure. I love him.” Natalie smiled over her husband-to-be’s shoulder.

“Is the golf cart waiting?” Kelso said as they turned toward a side entrance.

“Ready and waiting with Jennings on guard duty,” Drake said.

As they walked into the sunshine, they found Jennings in the driver’s seat of a four-person golf cart, talking on his cell phone.

“We’re all going to die,” Natalie joked as she and Kelso climbed in the backseat.

“Not today, we’re not,” Drake said as he pushed the attorney across the bench seat and took his place behind the wheel.

“Hey, I was going to drive,” Jennings said as he hung up the phone and slid it into his jacket pocket. Like Kelso, he was dressed in a gray suit.

“You can’t drive one of these things to save your life. Plus, you were on the phone, and you know how I feel about talking while driving.” Drake drove easily, avoiding the crowds of people as they raced across campus.

Natalie looked at Kelso. “They fight like an old married couple,”

she observed. Kelso's smile sent her into giggles.

"That phone call was important," Jennings said before turning to look over the seat at Kelso and Natalie. "Jones and Muscles turned state's evidence, and the FBI is tracking the food chain, making arrests. Seems KT wasn't the only one they were stealing from."

"Of course not. If they steal from one company, they'll steal from them all," Kelso said as Drake pulled to a stop just outside the chapel. "Now, come on, you two, Natalie and I want to get married before our baby gets too much older."

Natalie looked at him and blinked as the two men in the front seat turned and stared at her. "How did you find out?"

"Let's just say a little microcomputer told me." He leaned over and gave her a deep kiss that, as usual, fried her brain. "I found the pregnancy test last week. You know there has to be a way to make a reusable pregnancy test. That way, we wouldn't have all those things cluttering up the landfill."

"Kelso, no. Not until next week, okay? No technology talk for the next eight days." Natalie stepped out of the golf cart. "And no one tells the parents about the baby. Especially you." She turned to the man she loved more than life.

"Maybe we can look into making recyclable tests. They could be sold with an envelope in the package to send back what can be reused." Kelso ignored her, looking distracted and far away.

Natalie sighed. At the door to the chapel, she turned around, grabbed him, and kissed him until she felt the ridge of his erection press into her belly. Only then did she step back. "Focus, Kelso. You're getting married now. Right now."

Kelso blinked and returned from the creative world in his brain. "How am I supposed to focus on anything but getting you naked when you kiss me like that?"

"We're standing in front of a church. No one is getting naked. Now, come on, everyone's waiting for the wedding of beauty and the brain." Jennings took them each by an arm and hustled them inside.

THE END

www.coopermckenzie.webs.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cooper McKenzie always thought she had been born a hundred years too late, but appreciates air conditioning, computers, and other conveniences of modern day living. She enjoys the slower pace of New Bern, North Carolina, as well as the history and small town community found there. In addition to dreaming up her next story, Cooper enjoys reading everything except scary books, singing in her church choir, and needle-weaving.

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