

*Leigh*

*Drama Queen in Training*

*Starting Over*

*Book One*

*Sandy Lynn*

*Published by Mojocastle Press, LLC  
Price, Utah*

This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

Leigh: Drama Queen in Training  
Book One: Starting Over

Copyright © 2007 [Sandy Lynn](#)

Cover Art Copyright @ 2007 [Mojocastle Press](#)

All rights reserved.

Excluding legitimate review sites and review publications, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher.

Copying, scanning, uploading, selling and distribution of this book via the Internet or any other means without permission from the publisher is illegal, punishable by law and will be prosecuted.

Available online at:

<http://www.mojocastle.com/>

## *Dedication:*

*Sandy:*

For Sarah, Dawn, Stephanie, Nikita and Trudy. Thank you so much for all of your help.

*Leigh:*

Dedicated to anyone who's ever had a really bad day.

*Leigh:  
Drama Queen in  
Training*

*Book One: Starting  
Over*

“Anything that can go wrong, will  
go wrong.”

– Murphy’s Law

“Son of a bitch!”

Leigh screamed in frustration as the bottom of the box she was carrying split and books fell on the floor. A couple of them even landed on her foot, but thankfully missed her bruised toe, the one she'd managed to drop a television on earlier. Thankfully, the TV had only been about six inches off the floor when it fell on her toe, so she doubted it was broken. Stifling a few more choice insults, she squatted beside her fallen treasure.

Outside the sun was shining, steadily heating up the afternoon. The weatherman had claimed the day would reach a high of eighty-two. He lied.

*Eighty-two, my ass. If it isn't at least ninety, I'll give away my entire collection of autographed books.*

She looked longingly at the window. On such a day she should be taking care of her garden, or maybe even lounging in a blissfully air-conditioned house. But no. Thanks to her soon-to-be-ex-husband—Rampant Bastard—she was moving. Still. She'd been moving for the last week and there was still so much to do. She would be eternally grateful to her friends for talking her into hiring movers for the big stuff—and the still massive amount of boxes she had left. It had cut into her savings, but right now, she believed they would be worth every penny.

And while she sweated, moved and worried about her finances, what was her ex doing?

Living it up. He'd used some of his vacation time—time he had *never* wanted to use when she suggested

*One: Starting Over*

they do something together – to take his girlfriend on a cruise. At least that’s what he’d told her he was going to do. With a smirk on his face, he’d made sure she saw him leave with a small gym bag and said he’d be back in two weeks.

When she made a comment about the size of his bag, his smirk had grown as he told her he wouldn’t need much clothing. Having gotten in the last word, he’d left.

“No. No, I refuse to become one of those bitter exes you hear about all the time,” she told the books she’d begun to pick up. Closing her eyes as she worked, Leigh mentally reviewed her schedule. The movers would be at her old house early the next day. They’d get the remaining boxes and furniture and bring them to her apartment. She’d be completely out of the house before he returned.

When her books were once again packed away in the box, she stood up. It would be weird starting over like this, but she’d do it. She was determined to do it. She wouldn’t give him the satisfaction of watching her fail.

Taking the box into the second bedroom she planned to change into a library, Leigh pushed it into a corner. Tomorrow night she’d be in her apartment and wouldn’t have to return to that house. She felt a brief moment of sorrow. That was *her* house, and she’d loved it. Now she couldn’t stand to step inside of it. For a brief moment, she wondered how long it would take him to move his girlfriend in. How much they would change her beautiful home.

Leigh sighed again. Those thoughts would drive her crazy if she let them, and she only had enough time to do one more load of boxes before night fell.

Looking around, she wanted to cry. Not because she was sad that she was getting a divorce, or even because her ex was such a bastard. Everything just seemed to happen so fast, and she felt hugely overwhelmed. There was still so much left to do: boxes to be unpacked, too much stuff still to be moved. Would it ever be finished? Would it ever be over?

Staring down at the box of her books—one of many—she tried to force her thoughts to a different subject. Her cell phone rang, bringing her out of herself. Thankfully, that was one of the few things she'd maintained separately from her ex, or she wouldn't even have that lifeline any longer.

"Hello?"

"Hey, girly, what are you doing?" Sally's voice sounded happy. It was one of the things Leigh loved about her friend.

"Thinking about unpacking a few of these boxes," she said honestly. "So I can go get one more car load transferred over tonight."

"Haven't you been doing that all week? You didn't fire the movers, did you?"

"No, they're still coming tomorrow. And yes, I've been doing that all week. It's hard when you still have a full day at work, then try to move in the evening."

"You need to go out and have fun, Chica."

"Fun? What's that?" It was a lame joke, but she couldn't seem to remember doing anything relaxing



*One: Starting Over*

for at least the last month.

"And that just proved my point."

"I can't do that, Sally. There's too much left to do."

"And it's all stuff that can wait until tomorrow. Go have a drink and relax. It won't kill you. I'll come over tomorrow night to help you unpack some to help make up for you going out tonight."

"Sally..." she started, but stopped herself. "Fine." She gave in to her friend's command. Leaving the library, she entered her bedroom and opened the closet doors. The closet wasn't in very good shape, but she'd managed not to block access to her clothes.

Looking at what she'd managed to get hung up earlier in the week, Leigh grabbed a somewhat low-cut shirt.

"And make sure you dress sexy. At least the asshole signed your paperwork before he left with that bitch."

"Yeah. I will." Thank God for small favors. At least if she met anyone that she wanted to...indulge with, she was free to do so. Not that she'd hold her breath for the possibility. "And we both know he only did it so he couldn't be nailed for being on a cruise with her. Don't worry, I'll wear something decent."

"Sexy. I mean it. Don't just grab the first thing you see."

Damn. Sometimes it was like Sally could read her mind. "What would you suggest I wear then?"

"The burgundy top. With those low rider jeans that fit really good."

"Fine. I'm just going to jump in the shower, then

"I'll be out of here."

"Good girl. Don't be good, and I want all the details tomorrow."

"I'll see you later."

Hanging up the phone, Leigh shook her head as she obediently rehung the shirt she'd picked out then grabbed the burgundy top. Thankfully she'd also managed to get a shower curtain hung up in the bathroom. She'd decorate the room completely as she got the money, but for now the plain, clear curtain would be fine. After all, it was just her in the apartment.

After turning on the hot water, she left the bathroom to make sure that all of her doors were closed and locked before she got undressed. At first she wasn't going to linger, but the hot water felt so good. After taking extra time to shave all the necessary body parts—just in case she did find someone, better safe than sorry—she climbed out of the shower. At least this was one plus to moving into an apartment. Apparently she would now be able to take indecently long hot showers.

Almost an hour later she exited her apartment, feeling incredibly exposed. The burgundy shirt that her friend had told her to wear fit in an interesting way. Not too low cut, it did show off some of her cleavage. But in the right light—which would be any direct light—it was practically see-through. And if she leaned over, it would expose her breasts more. Coupled with the low-rider jeans, she felt as though she was showing her body to the world. It was something she figured she'd have to get used to. After

*One: Starting Over*

all, she was ‘on the market’ again, as they say.

Careful to lock the door behind her, Leigh made her way to the parking area and her car. She’d go out, but it would be on her terms. And she would be playing pool. If anyone joined her, well, she’d cross that bridge when she got to it. Driving away, she headed for a small bar she’d seen on her way to her new apartment a few days ago.

The parking lot didn’t look very full when she arrived, but that suited her just fine. It meant less people for her to worry about having to socialize with. Before climbing out of the car, she tucked her license and some cash into her pocket. She was a little surprised when the bouncer asked for her ID. With a smile, she handed it over.

The bouncer was rather attractive. He was tall and had brownish-blond hair and blue eyes. His smile seemed sincere, and he had an enticing country accent. He handed her the driver’s license back and wished her a fun night.

Leigh made her way through the bar to get change to play pool. Quarters in hand, she headed straight for the only free table. In almost no time she had the balls racked and was ready to break. She wasn’t really very good at playing pool, but it was something to do. She really could not see the point in coming to a place and just sitting at a table or the bar, waiting for someone to approach her.

She broke the balls and started on a long game of pool. By the time Leigh sank the last ball in its pocket—not the eight ball, she’d knocked that one

into a pocket about six balls ago—the bar was much noisier.

Looking around, she saw that there seemed to be twice as many people inside as there were when she'd arrived. Setting up another game, she was slightly surprised when a guy approached her.

"Playing all by yourself?"

"Yeah." She nodded, still racking the balls.

"Want some company?"

This got her attention. Was he hitting on her? Looking up, she was relieved to see an older man standing there.

Why not? "Sure. But I have to warn you..."

"You're really good, huh?"

She stared at the guy. Blonde hair tinged with gray fell almost to his shoulders, and his brown eyes seemed full of laughter. His smile was very infectious, and she found herself returning it. "No, really bad, actually," Leigh chuckled. Sally was right, she did need to get out into the world and have a little fun.

"Nah. I bet you're just being modest. My name is Rick." He held out his hand.

"Leigh," she said, shaking it.

The game was over in no time, with Rick as the winner. "See, I think you let me win. Admit it, you're just boosting my courage until you swoop in and massacre me." He bumped against her gently.

She smiled. "No, I'm really this bad. But you seem to be pretty good."

"I don't know about that," he chuckled. "Want to play again?"

"Sure." What did it matter if she was losing to this

*One: Starting Over*

guy? At least she was laughing and having fun. Wasn't that the point of coming out tonight?

"Can I buy you a drink?"

"Um, no thanks, I'm fine."

"So, what's a beautiful lady like you doing here all alone?" he asked, then broke the balls apart.

Looking at the guy, she wondered where the harm would be in answering his questions. "My girlfriend thought it would be a good idea for me to get out of the house. She says I've been hiding from the world."

"Why were you hiding?"

She prepared to take her turn. "I'm going through a divorce. I don't think I've been very good company lately."

"Why would your husband want to leave a pretty lady like you?"

"He found someone new. I don't care, I mean, it's not like things had been great for a while."

"How long were you married?"

"Eight years."

The man froze, staring at her. "That's impossible. You can't be more than twenty-five."

"I'll be thirty on my birthday," she answered with a wry smile. At least she was still pretty confident that she didn't look as old as she felt these days.

"I bet you'd never guess how old I am," he said. When she shook her head — she didn't really care — he continued. "I will be fifty-five on my birthday."

"Cool."

"Well, I definitely agree with your friend. You shouldn't sit around and let your ex win. Besides, if

you hadn't come out tonight, I wouldn't have had the pleasure of your company."

She allowed the comment to pass without a response. He was just being nice. Her uncle was the same way. He'd make a fool out of himself just to make someone smile when it was obvious they were feeling down.

"Are you sure I can't get you something to drink?"

"No thanks. I'm good," she told him honestly. The thought of drinking anything harder than a soda that night had never entered her mind—despite Sally's suggestion.

They played several more games, with Leigh becoming more comfortable around her partner. Once or twice when he moved behind her, she'd have sworn he brushed against her ass on purpose. But she mentally shook her head. This was just some kind older man who was simply helping a girl to feel less awkward. He was only being nice.

This time when he sank the eight ball into the corner pocket, he stopped right beside her. He remained perfectly still for just a moment, then lifted his hand to the necklace she'd forgotten she had on.

"So, Leigh, you wanna get out of here? We could go to a hotel room and see about making that ex of yours jealous."

*Ew. Ew. Oh, gross. Ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew, ew!*

All Leigh wanted to do was run away, to get the hell out of that bar as fast as she could. She wondered how she could do it without being too obvious.

The man shifted his attention from her necklace to

*One: Starting Over*

her hair. "So what do you like? Bondage? Cuffs? You look like the type that likes things kind of kinky."

*Ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew!*

He leaned closer to her. "Will you let me buy you a drink now?"

She stepped back. Looking for any excuse to get out of there as fast as possible, she saw a band setting up in the far corner. "Oh, live music. I wonder what they play."

"Why?"

"Well, I really don't think I should have that drink if I'm going to leave as soon as they start playing. And I'm not going to stay if I don't like the kind of music they play."

Rick nodded, then walked over to a waitress to ask. When he returned, he smiled and said, "The waitress says they play a little of this and a little of that."

"I don't think I should have that drink, then. It's never good when they won't say what music they play. Besides, I have to be up early tomorrow, I have movers coming over."

"At least let me give you my number."

She wanted to refuse, but was hesitant to be rude. After all, before he'd propositioned her, he had helped her to have fun. Hell, he'd even made her laugh more than once. Before she'd even made up her mind about how to react, Rick had walked away. He returned almost as fast, a small slip of paper in his hand.

"Here you go." He handed it to her. "Call me if you ever want to go out. Or if you just need to talk. I

got divorced myself not too long ago."

"Okay," she nodded her head. Even though she had no intention of ever calling him—or even keeping his number once she'd left the bar—she accepted the sheet of paper.

Head held high, Leigh walked out of the bar as casually as possible. Her every muscle screamed for her to just run as fast as she could before the man approached her again and tried to pin her against a wall. A shudder coursed through her at the thought of Rick pressing himself against her.

When she reached her car, she climbed in and locked the doors immediately. She breathed a sigh of relief only after she left the parking lot and was a few blocks away at a red light.

Pressing the button to roll her window down, she lifted her body slightly to pull the ever-present cell phone out of her pocket. She took a deep breath and pulled up her friend Bryna on speed dial as the light turned back to green.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Bryna. I think I'm cursed."

Her friend laughed. "What happened?"

"I got hit on. No, that's wrong. I got propositioned."

"And this is a bad thing because..."

"Because it came from a skanky old fifty-five-year-old man that thought I was less than half his age."

"I can see where that would be uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable? Uncomfortable!" Leigh's voice rose. "No. Uncomfortable is trying to flirt with a man and then finding out you had something stuck in



*One: Starting Over*

your teeth. Uncomfortable is being at work and realizing that you leaned against something wet and look like you had a wee accident. Uncomfortable is when you try to put a tampon in wrong." Her voice was a near shout as she slowed down for another red light. "Hell, *uncomfortable* is when your lover is going to town, slips out and tries to ram his dick up your ass! That's uncomfortable!"

There was a sudden coughing sound to her left. Looking over, she noticed an older couple stopped beside her at the light. She felt herself growing red, but dismissed the incident as the other car sped off the second the light turned green.

"So, you're saying it wasn't uncomfortable?"

Her attention returned to the conversation. "No, it wasn't uncomfortable. Uncomfortable is entirely too mild a word for what I went through tonight."

"Sweetie, look at it this way, you went out and at least you got hit on."

Leigh could hear the laughter in her friend's voice. "You're mocking me, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Such love from my friends. I call you and pour my heart out. What do I get for it? You're laughing at me. It was nasty, Bryn. All I could do was think 'ew'. He kept talking and all I could think was 'ew'. Then he started fondling my necklace and pulling on my hair..." Another shudder coursed through Leigh at the memory.

"Now that's not cool," Bryna's voice lost all of its amusement. "Tell me you told his stupid ass off and

threatened to slap him into next week if he didn't take his hands off you that minute."

Sheepishly, Leigh said, "No."

"Dammit, Leigh..."

"I know. I just froze. We were just talking and laughing then all of a sudden he was fingering my necklace and asking me if I was a freak. He asked if I was into bondage and shit. All I could do was think 'ew'."

"Well, if you're gonna freeze up like that, you have no business going out all by yourself."

"I didn't expect that to happen. I mean, come on. He was fifty-five. He reminded me of my uncle. You met David. He'll go up to a perfect stranger in a bar and hang out with them just because they look sad. I thought that's what this guy was doing. I thought he was some cool older guy that was just trying to cheer me up. But no, I had to get the skanky old man looking for some action."

"So what are you doing now?"

"Driving home."

"Good. Go home, take a long hot bath, light a few candles, and burn the clothes you were wearing if you don't think you can get them clean enough."

"Oh, that sounds good."

"Then do it. And after tomorrow, this nightmare will be all over."

"At least this part of it, anyway," Leigh chuckled.

"Good. You have a plan for the night. I'll talk to you later."

"Thanks, Bryna."

"What are friends for?"

*One: Starting Over*



The movers were just leaving when Sally strolled into Leigh's apartment.

"Hey, Girlie. Wow, this is pretty nice."

The furniture was arranged and all that was left was unpacking the billion or so boxes.

"You're just being sweet. The place is a complete wreck."

"Hey, no problem. I told you I'd come and help."

"I'd say thank you, but I think you owe it to me after the night I had thanks to your advice."

"What do you mean?" Sally looked at her in confusion.

"Did I tell you I got propositioned by an old guy last night?"

"This I have to hear."

"I'll tell you while we work."

Through the entire story, Sally had to stop what she was doing periodically because of a fit of laughter. Now—in the light of day and the safety of her apartment, with her friend beside her—even Leigh could see the incredible humor of the situation.

"Stop laughing. It was so not funny." She tried to glare at Sally as the other woman fell back onto the floor, holding her sides as she laughed yet again. "It wasn't funny. It wasn't." Leigh tried to sound stern but it was hard, considering she was starting to giggle herself. "It's not funny," she said, now laughing loudly.

"It is so very funny."

"Get back to work," Leigh told the other woman, pushing her slightly. "Just mock my pain. That's fine. I see how you are." She gave an audible sniff. "Just have fun at my expense. I don't mind..." She sniffed again.

"You are such a ham," Sally chuckled. "A total drama queen."

"But you love me," Leigh said, completely unaffected by her friend's words.

"I must."

The women worked side by side. They managed to unpack the kitchen and her bedroom. They even made the bed and began putting some of her books in the huge dark cherrywood bookcases that she'd insisted on moving. Her father had given them to her. He'd had them custom-made, and there was no way she was going to leave them for her asshole ex to destroy. The movers had not been happy about having to move the heavy bookshelves, but they did it.

It was dark outside when the two women stopped working.

"Well, it's not completely finished, but it is better," Leigh smiled. "Thank you so much," she told Sally.

"Don't worry about it. How about we go get something to eat? My treat. Call it penance for last night."

"You don't have to do that. I think I'm just going to take a long hot bath in my new apartment. Maybe light some candles and enjoy a good book."

"Well, there you go. Sounds like a good night. Just

*One: Starting Over*

don't start using last night as an excuse for why you don't go out. I mean, seriously, how often can something like that happen?"

"I won't. Go spend time with your boyfriend. Rock his world." Leigh smiled and winked.

"Oh, I will," Sally teased back.

"Good. At least one of us gets to have sex."

"You'll get some soon. When the time is right."

"I know. Go have fun."

Leigh walked her friend to the door and locked it when she was gone. She took a deep breath and looked around. There was still so much to do; curtains needed to be hung, figurines to set up and arrange, her stereo and electronics to hook up. But she was home. It was her home, and here no one could tell her to change things because he didn't like the way she set it up. She was free to arrange—or rearrange—as she pleased. The thought brought a smile to her face.

She reentered her library, grabbed a book from one of the boxes and went into the bathroom to enjoy a night of decadent relaxation.



Why was the phone beeping? Lifting up her head, Leigh looked at the clock. It was almost eleven and she had been enjoying sleeping in. Who cared that she still had a ton of unpacking to do? She was enjoying her first night in her apartment, and having the most wonderful dream about a tall Viking named Sven

who was catering to her every whim. Or at least that's what she was fantasizing about as she tried to convince herself to go back to sleep. Who could be texting her?

Grabbing the cell phone, she opened her phone to read the message, assuming it was one of her friends checking up on her.

When the message was open, she had to struggle to control the sudden and overwhelming urge to throw the phone as hard as she could across the room. Her bastard ex had sent a picture text to her. It was a close-up shot of what she assumed was his girlfriend's very tan, thong-covered ass. Just below it was the message, "Having a blast. Glad you're not here."

With a growl, she tossed the phone on the floor and pulled the covers over her head. He was such a bastard.

Closing her eyes, Leigh willed herself to reenter the fantasy, but it was gone. With a disgusted sigh, she threw the covers off of her.

Thanks to her ex, she had to return to reality. And the reality was that she needed to continue working on her apartment. She had to go completely back into the real world on Monday when she returned to her job, and she didn't think that after a full day of working she'd want to struggle to do the million and one mundane things that needed to be completed before her home was personalized.

Climbing out of the bed, Leigh stretched. She went over to her dresser and pulled out some of the clothes that were now too large for her. Thanks to hearing her

*One: Starting Over*

ex-husband belittling her for the last six months—hearing him insult everything from her cleaning skills to her clothes to her weight and her sexuality—she'd lost a decent amount of the weight that he'd complained about. It had scared her friends. But, as she'd told them more than once, it was hard to not lose weight when you couldn't eat, and it was hard to eat when you thought you were just going to throw your food back up—and no, she was not doing it deliberately, thank you.

Pulling on some faded old jeans that were at least two sizes too large, she grabbed a shirt that had become rather baggy on her. "Damn. Even this is getting too big," she mumbled, irritated that the bra she was putting on couldn't be fastened tight enough anymore. After hooking it and adjusting it the best she could, Leigh slipped the shirt over her head.

With another deep breath, she pulled on some socks and shoes and left the apartment to get some supplies.

Two hours later, she returned with curtain rods, new curtains, a mop, broom and several bags of various cleaning supplies. It took multiple trips to her car to grab everything, but she managed to do it. As she stood there, she opened the box to one of the curtain rods she was going to put up.

She unpacked everything she'd need for the first set of curtains and arranged them on the table. Staring down at the items, she looked at the brackets that would hold the rods onto the wall. Moving over to where she'd put her toolbox, Leigh looked around

inside it.

"Shit." She had forgotten to bring the drill. And she really did not feel up to going to the store again. She knew her checkbook couldn't handle it. Going back to her old house was out of the question. She'd promised herself she'd never step foot in there again.

Closing her eyes, she decided it was time to meet her neighbors. Maybe one of them would have a drill they'd be willing to loan her.

Leaving her apartment, Leigh knocked on the door next to hers.

"Yes?" A sweet older woman answered the door. Strike one.

"Hi, I'm Leigh. I just moved in next door."

"Hello, dear. My name is Rose; it's a pleasure to meet you. What can I do for you?"

"I was just wondering... Do you know if anyone in the building has a drill? I'm trying to hang some curtains and forgot to bring something to hang them with," she admitted with some embarrassment.

"You can use Robert's drill. He won't mind. He's out fixing our daughter's garbage disposal right now. Come in, come in. I'll get it for you." Rose ushered Leigh into the apartment. She was pleasantly surprised at how warm the place felt. Though painted with the same sterile white paint as her apartment, it felt like a home. This was what she hoped to achieve. There were pictures covering most of the walls, and the sofa had a homemade afghan draped across the back.

"You have a lovely home," Leigh said honestly.

"Thank you."



*One: Starting Over*

"What does your husband do? If you don't mind me asking, that is..."

"Not at all," Rose's voice came from inside a closet. "He's retired. He's a plumber. But I think right now I'd have to call him a professional fisherman and annoyance." Rose chuckled. "He's just getting used to it. But he's driving me up the wall while he does. The poor man isn't used to not having a mile-long to do list waiting for him. Here you go, dear."

Leigh accepted the drill case. "Thank you so much. I'll bring it right back."

"No rush. I'm about to go do some shopping, then visit my daughter, Tina. And if I know my Robert, he's probably talking Tina's husband into going fishing as soon as he's finished working."

"Well, I really do appreciate it."

"That's fine," Rose walked Leigh to the door. "You feel free to come back over here anytime. Don't be a stranger."

"I won't. Thank you again."

Leaving the apartment, Leigh smiled as the older woman followed her out and locked the door. "You be careful," Rose smiled back.

"I will." It was clear despite her picking that Rose loved her husband very much. Leigh envied that. She'd honestly thought that she and her ex would be together until they died. What a fool she had turned out to be.

Returning to her apartment, she put the drill case down and began her preparations. First she had to move some of the furniture and boxes away from the

walls where they were positioned. Once the space was cleared, she pulled a chair over to the window. Very carefully she stood on top of the chair and made pencil marks on the wall where she wanted to hang the brackets. Sweat was beading on her forehead as she worked. Finally she was ready for the drill.

It would be as easy as one, two, three. She had all her preparations made. Now she just had to make the hole. She'd done this before.

Picking up the drill, she was surprised by the weight of it as she put the bit in and returned to her chair. It had to be at least twice as heavy as the one she'd been used to holding at her old home. Holding the heavy tool at an awkward angle, she held it against the wall and attempted to make her hole. However, no matter how hard she pressed on the spot, the damn thing refused to do its job. With a sigh, she changed the direction that the bit spun.

Once again holding it against the wall, she growled when it still didn't want to create a hole.

"Damn it, why won't you work?" Every time she thought she had it, the drill would slip slightly and she would stray from her mark. "Goddamn it, you bitch, just make the fucking hole!" she screamed at the machine the fifth time the bit strayed. As though it were listening to her, the drill finally seemed to cooperate. When she tried to add the small piece of plastic for added support by tapping it in with a hammer, she decided it was in on the conspiracy as it twisted into an unusable shape. When the second one bent out of shape as well, she figured maybe she didn't need the extra support. After all, it wasn't as

*One: Starting Over*

though she'd be hanging on the rods.

Within minutes she had the first bracket, holder – whatever you call that thing – up.

Wiping the sweat off her forehead, Leigh opened the window to allow a breeze to come into the hot apartment before she repositioned the chair to begin the process again. When she encountered the exact same problems as before, she grew convinced that the drill was laughing at her. She worked for what felt like an hour but finally, in the end, the brackets were up. They seemed a little bit wobbly, but that could just be her imagination.

She slid the chocolate-brown microfiber curtains she'd chosen for the main section of her home onto the rod. They were wonderfully thick, so no one would be able to see inside when she wanted her privacy. Her chair placed in the middle of the window, she slowly started to hang the curtain rod on the prepared brackets.

Stepping down off the chair, she looked up to admire her handiwork. *One curtain rod down and five more to go.* Two more would go in the living area. Then later, one in her library and two in her bedroom.

She adjusted the curtain, straightening one side. When she finished with the rods in this room, she'd hang up the matching holdbacks. Smiling to herself, she gave one final tug on the curtains and without warning, the left bracket seemed to fly out of its hole and the curtain rod and bracket fell to the floor. The metal bracket was out for revenge, because it made certain to hit her foot. But not just any spot on her

foot. Somehow it managed to hit the exact toe that was a beautiful shade of purple and magenta thanks to bruising.

"Motherfucking son of a bitch! You cocksucking whore! You...You..." Words failed her and she just screamed as she picked the offensive object up. "I'm gonna make you pay for that. You did that on purpose. You don't like me, but by God, I swear I am going to hang your ass on the wall and you will just have to deal with it," she yelled at the piece of metal in her hand.

At first she didn't hear the knocking on her patio door. When she did, she glared down at the bracket in her hand and whispered, "And don't think I'm through with you yet."

Opening the door, she was still in full rant mode and almost yelled "What?" She managed to control herself at the last minute.

"Yes?" She was flustered, but was glad she hadn't just screamed in the man's face.

"I was on my way for a jog and couldn't help overhearing. Do you maybe need a hand?" He was wearing light pants and carrying a water bottle, as though to prove he were indeed about to go for a leisurely run. "I'd be glad to help you hang whatever it is you're yelling at."

His smile was the final straw. She couldn't take that look of *Me man, you woman. Let me save you as I ride up on my white horse.* "Oh, so what? You think just because I'm a woman that I can't do anything for myself? That I should just stay in the kitchen where I belong and clean like a good little girl? Leave the

*One: Starting Over*

repairs and hanging heavy things to the big strong men?" She started motioning toward him, then poked herself in the chest with her empty hand. "Well, let me tell you something. I do not need some man swooping in on a white horse to save me! I am perfectly capable of doing things for myself." She barely took a breath before continuing. "Hell, at my old house I was the one that hung everything. If something needed to be fixed, I fixed it. My ex was practically useless when it came to shit like that! It's my toolbox, not his. I'm the one that makes repairs! I can do this! I am not some simpering female that needs a man to do things for her!"

Her rant ended when she ran out of breath. The guy just stood there staring at her. "So you don't need any help?"

"Of course I need help! I was just yelling at a piece of metal!" She seemed to deflate. "Yes, I would appreciate that, thank you."

The man looked at her skeptically as he entered her apartment, as though he were afraid she was some kind of lunatic.

"I'm sorry. It's just been a really bad day. And I swear that drill is mocking me. I can almost hear it laughing at me."

"Do tools often laugh at you? Have many conversations with them?"

Leigh chuckled. How could she blame him for acting that way? She'd think she were insane in his position. "I'm sorry. Can we start again? My name is Leigh."

"Hello, Leigh. I'm Kyle. I live just upstairs. Right above you."

"I'm not usually this insane. It's just... It hasn't been my weekend. I've dropped a television on my foot, got propositioned by a fifty-year-old man who wanted to know if I was into bondage and other kinky sex games, got texted a picture of my ex's girlfriend's ass... Then I found out that I forgot my drill at the old house and I can't go back to get it. I borrowed this drill from some nice old woman next door, but it's twice as heavy as what I'm used to and then the damn thing didn't want to make holes..." She felt really close to crying. "And then when it did, the fucking little pieces of plastic they include wouldn't go in the hole and then this piece of metal fell on my toe..." She took a deep breath. "This is not usually me, I just feel so useless right now and—and you don't want to hear this and I'm going to shut up before you think I'm an even bigger psychopath and call the men with the white coats to come get me."

Leigh sniffed. She looked at the guy and shook her head. "Have you just ever had a day so bad that you wanted to crawl back into the bed, curl yourself into the fetal position and not get back up for a week?"

"Yeah, I've been there. I can't help you with that. But I can help you with these curtains if you want me to. I'm pretty good with my hands."

"I would really appreciate it. 'Cause I think if one more thing falls on my toe, I'm going to start screaming and not stop."

"We don't want that. Just show me where you want them."

*One: Starting Over*

"I already made the marks." She pointed.

"Then I'll take care of the rest."

Leigh watched as he stood on the chair and removed the other bracket from the wall. It slid out easily, and she knew it would have been only a matter of time before it too had fallen. She glared at the metal and felt certain that it too would have found a way to hit her poor abused toe.

As Kyle worked, Leigh moved to the kitchen. She poured herself a glass of water and watched as the drill performed perfectly for him. Now she was positive it was mocking her, and her resentment toward the tool increased.

He didn't speak again until the first rod was in place. "There you go. Up and ready for you to use."

"It won't fall on my foot, will it?" she teased.

"Not this time," he chuckled.

It wasn't until he stepped off the chair and looked at her that she remembered her manners. "I'm so sorry. Would you like something to drink?"

"Sure."

Her embarrassment grew once again when she remembered she didn't have anything to offer him. "I only have water..."

"That's perfect," he smiled.

For the first time, Leigh paid attention to what Kyle looked like, and she felt humiliation threatening to engulf her. He was really cute. Which only made her previous ranting worse. She'd yelled at a cute guy. Her day was complete.

Hair that looked more like stubble covered his

head. She wasn't sure if he shaved it or if he just kept it cut seriously short. He had an easy smile that she found herself returning despite herself. To her surprise, Kyle had both of his ears pierced, rather than just the familiar one of her childhood. But as she gazed at him, she thought it fit him.

"I'm really sorry that I yelled at you earlier," she said, unable to look him in the eye as she apologized. When she did risk a glance at his face, she saw him take a sip of his water. "It just seemed like everything was going wrong, and then you knocked..."

"I understand. Don't worry about it. I'll get back to work now."

"Thank you."

In next to no time, Kyle had all of the curtains and the holdbacks positioned in the living room.

"If you need any more help with the other windows, I'm right upstairs," he told her when he was finished.

"I appreciate that. And I still feel so guilty about earlier."

"Seriously, don't worry about it. I'm just glad I could help you."

"No, I want to thank you. Let me buy you dinner. Please," she added when he looked like he was going to refuse. "If you don't, I'll never forgive myself."

"Fine. There's this place down the road. They deliver here. They have the best Philly Cheese Steak sandwiches you've ever tasted."

"That sounds great."

"I'll run upstairs and place the order. I'll be back in about thirty minutes. Sound like a plan?"



*One: Starting Over*

"Sure. Thank you."

"No problem. I'll see you in a little while."

When he was gone, Leigh adjusted the curtains slightly. They didn't need it, but if she stopped to wonder if this was a date, she'd go crazy. No, of course this wasn't a date. Nope, she was just repaying her friendly neighbor with supper. Her very friendly, brave neighbor. He had to be brave, considering he walked into her apartment after hearing her rant and rave at a piece of metal like a lunatic.

Okay, she admitted to herself as she looked into the mirror. My very friendly, brave, *cute* neighbor.

Nervously, she opened her phone and called one of her friends. She tried Bryna first, but got her voicemail. Next she tried Sally. Luckily, she answered.

"What's up, Chickie? You have another old man hitting on you?"

"So not funny. And no. But I need some advice. One of my neighbors helped me hang curtains—"

"I thought you could do that yourself. Didn't you replace things at the house?"

"Yes. But—"

"Oh, was he cute?"

"That's not the point."

"Oh, it's totally the point. And since you didn't say he wasn't, I'm going to assume he's a hottie."

She did not want to get wrapped up in this conversation with Sally. "Look, today's just been one of those days where nothing seems to go right. And this guy helped me and now I'm just repaying him

with supper..."

"So you have a date. Go ahead."

"It's not a date. Trust me, it's not a date. I doubt he would even consider a date after I screamed at him."

"You screamed at him?"

"Yeah. He knocked on the door after one of the brackets fell on my foot and I yelled at him, saying I didn't need some man to swoop in and rescue me like some fabled white knight..."

"You didn't!"

"I did. So, see, this is not a date. It's a thank you."

"Sure, it is. At least tell me you're going to change out of whatever bum-style clothing you're wearing."

"Well, I don't know if I should. See, it's not a date. And I don't want him to think that I think that it's a date."

"And if he already thinks it's one?"

"Well, then I need to change my clothes. But seriously, why would some guy want to go out on a date with me? Especially after I've screamed at him," she quickly added before her friend could stop her.

"Ok, so, change your clothes. Nothing too sexy, and if he asks you can just make something up."

"I don't know..."

"Just do it, and be prepared to talk tomorrow, because I want all the juicy details about your non-date."

"You're impossible."

"I know. Don't be good."

Before Leigh could say anything else, Sally had hung up the phone. That was the only problem with having a best friend who wrote romance novels. She

*One: Starting Over*

read way too much into a man and woman hanging out together.

Then again, what would it hurt if she did change? Maybe put on something that fit... Perhaps pull her hair back. Not because it was a date—oh no, it wasn't one of those. Just because, well, why shouldn't she try to take some pride in her appearance? To let him know that in addition to not being insane, she wasn't quite a slob all the time. Yeah, that's it. It was just to help improve her image in his eyes. Because God knows she did *not* make the best first impression with him. Yes, that's it. She was just trying to let her neighbor know that she wasn't always like that.

Grabbing one of the few pairs of jeans that actually fit her and a top that wouldn't reveal too much, Leigh changed her clothes before returning to the living room. She wondered for a moment if she should try to straighten up a little. But before she could start obsessing about it, there was a knock on her door. Had thirty minutes passed already?

Opening the door, she saw Kyle standing there with a smile on his face. If she thought he'd looked good before, she had been seriously mistaken. He was wearing jeans and had his T-shirt tucked in. She was so glad that she had taken the time to change her clothes.

"Food should be here in twenty minutes."

"Cool." She stood there for a second. "Oh, please come on in." She stepped away from the door to allow him to enter.

Leigh shut the door as he sat down on the couch.

When she joined him, she cleared her throat. "I'd, um, ask if you wanted to watch a movie but I haven't had a chance to set up my entertainment center yet."

"I could do that for you if you want," Kyle offered. "Not that I'm saying you couldn't do it yourself..."

Looking at him to apologize yet again for her earlier tirade, she noticed the sparkle in his eyes and the smile on his face. "I would appreciate that. If you keep doing things for me, I'm never going to be out of your debt."

"It's all good," he chuckled, standing up.

As she watched, he lifted and slightly repositioned the entertainment center full of electronics, then disappeared behind it.

He was still back there when someone buzzed her apartment. "That should be the food," Kyle told her. "Just buzz them in."

Making sure she had her wallet, Leigh exited the apartment and went to the door of the building. Sure enough, a delivery guy was waiting just outside. He handed her the bag and shook his head when she tried to pay him.

"It's already been taken care of," the man told her before walking off.

Carrying the bag back to her apartment, Leigh was shaking her head when she saw Kyle sitting on the couch watching television. "I believe I told you that I was going to buy you supper," she said, before setting the bag in front of him.

He just shrugged his shoulders. "I guess I figured your day has been hard enough." Opening the bag, he motioned for her to sit down beside him and passed

*One: Starting Over*

her the food.

"What would you like to watch?" she asked to cover the awkward silence.

"Um, anything. What do you have that's good?"

"I have vampires, werewolves, um..." Leigh got up to check out her movies.

"All that sounds good. Whatever you want to watch."

Grabbing the first movie she saw, she put it in the DVD player. A moment later she was sitting on the couch beside Kyle. It started playing, and he smiled.

"Cool. I like this one."

As they ate, they watched the movie. Occasionally they'd talk, but for the most part they just laughed at the antics on the screen.

"Didn't I tell you that they had the best Philly steak?"

"Yes, you did," Leigh said with a sound of approval.

"I'm glad you like it."

"I do. I'm stuffed," she said, closing the container on the half of her food that remained. When Kyle leaned back against the couch, she followed his lead.

"So, um, how long have you lived here?"

"Just over a year. It's not a bad place."

"Cool. I—"

"Shh," he told her, leaning closer.

*What's he doing? Is he going to kiss me? He's—* Leigh's thoughts were cut off when his lips touched hers. As he kissed her, his hand went to the back of her head. Warmth pooled through her, and it was all

over way too quickly.

"Sorry," he said, his voice low and close to her ear. "I've wanted to do that all afternoon. You just looked so damn cute all flustered and trying to apologize. I can stop if that's what you want."

"I--I--um, I..." Her brain was not working.

"So you never told me. *Are you into bondage and kinky sex games?*"

"I don't know." Her first impulse had always been honesty. When in doubt, blurt out the truth.

But then came the uncomfortable babbling. "My ex wasn't really into that stuff, and I haven't been with any guys since we split up, and it's been forever since I last got laid, so I'm not sure what I'm into anymore. Hell, truth be told, I think there's probably a good chance I have cobwebs down there."

Kyle chuckled, but didn't seem put off by her behavior. That was one of the things her ex had always complained about. He'd hated her babbling. "Well, just tell me when you want me to stop."

Leigh nodded her head, positive that this had to be a dream. What else could it be when this cute guy—a guy that she was sure got more than his share of attention when he was out looking for women—was hitting on her. Hell, she still wasn't even sure if this was a date! If she let him have his way with her, could it be considered sex on the first date if she wasn't sure it was a date?

Did that make her a tramp?

Did she care?

Kyle's lips moved to her ear and her eyes drifted shut. "How does this feel?"

*One: Starting Over*

"G—good," she stammered out.

He continued down to her neck, kissing and sucking gently on her skin. When he lifted his head, Leigh opened her eyes, intent on asking him what was wrong. Or was she just waking up? Damn Sally or Bryna if they woke her up from this dream! Maybe that bracket had really fallen on her head and she was having a delusion. If so, at least it was a good one.

Kyle shifted her until she was on his lap. To her surprise, she felt something pressing up against her body. He pulled her in for another kiss, and all thoughts left her mind. Damn, but he tasted addictive. She wanted to just keep kissing him; she couldn't get enough.

"Do you want me to stop?" he asked, pulling slightly away.

Leigh shook her head. Inside her mind, she was practically begging him to keep going.

She wasn't sure when he'd pulled her shirt free from her jeans, but she knew he had, because she could feel his callused hands on her breasts. The only thing that separated him from her bare flesh was the thin lace of her bra. He lowered his head to her breast and nipped gently at her nipple through the layer of clothing. Leigh thought she was going to explode.

"Should I keep going?"

It was annoying the way he kept asking for permission. She didn't want to have to stop and think. But now that she had, she decided she was going to be very blunt about herself. "I would like that. But, Kyle..." She hesitated. After a second, she pushed

forward. "Kyle, I'm not really interested in any kind of relationship right now..."

"Okay." He began nibbling on her neck again.

"Seriously, I mean it. I'm not looking for anything serious. I don't want some guy that's going to lay around and want to cuddle or talk after sex."

"Okay," he repeated. "Do you want me to stop?"

"Do you have condoms?" That was going on the top of her next shopping list.

"Yes." He nodded.

"Then no, I don't want you to stop."

"Good." He smiled.

Now that she was sure that they were on the same page, Leigh wasted no time. She tugged on his shirt. That had been something her ex did that she had hated. He'd kept his shirt on when they were fooling around or having sex. No, she wanted to feel Kyle's muscles under her hands, feel his bare chest against her—if it went that far. Tugging and yanking on the shirt, she was not happy until it was off of him and on the floor.

She straddled him, looking down at his bare chest. There was very little hair, but that was fine. He was obviously not a bodybuilder, but as far as she could tell there was very little fat on him, and that was more than fine. She ran her hands over his chest, feeling pleasure at the simple gesture. But when he tried to take her shirt off, she resisted, pressing herself against him and kissing him. When his tongue entered her mouth, she sucked on it. Her hands seemed to have developed a mind of their own, rubbing his head and feeling the soft fuzz under her fingertips. Then they



*One: Starting Over*

went down to his shoulders and skimmed over his biceps.

Kyle had his hands on her ass, pressing her closer to the erection she could feel despite all the clothing between them. She eagerly tilted her head to the side to give him better access to her neck when he shifted his mouth lower. He moved his hands up her back to her bra and unhooked it. Sliding the straps down slightly, Leigh was forced to stop roaming his body to take the annoying item off—without removing her shirt.

“Since you’ve been honest with me,” Kyle told her, kissing her neck again, “I’m going to be honest with you.”

Leigh froze. Oh, God, what was wrong? Was he married or did he have a girlfriend?

“I have a—”

“You have a girlfriend, don’t you?” She just sat there too stunned to even think about climbing off him just yet, and hating herself for being so wet at the feeling of his erection between her legs.

“No.” He shook his head.

“It’s a wife, isn’t it? Damn, I should have known this was too good to be true.”

“No. I have a PA. I just didn’t want you to be surprised...”

“Oh. Okay...” Leigh stared at him. PA? What the hell was a PA? She shifted slightly and felt the erection pressing against her. Well, it certainly seemed to be in perfect working order.

“So you’re cool with that?”

"Sure, sure, that's fine." *PA? What the hell does that stand for? Penis Adoration? Shit*, most men she knew had that. When he leaned in to kiss her again, Leigh smiled and shook her head, forcing herself to climb off of him. Taking his hand in hers, she gave a slight tug, then made her way back to her bedroom.

When he was standing beside the bed, she smiled and stood on tiptoe to kiss him again. This time as they kissed, Leigh busied her hands with unhooking his pants.

"Do you like to suck dick?" Kyle asked in a whisper between kisses.

Typically the answer was no. She hated it. Just ask her ex. Though, that could have been because he was constantly harassing her to give him a blowjob. Nag, nag, nag. All the time nagging about it. He was worse than any woman she'd ever known. Then, as soon as he shot his load—not in her mouth! *Never* in her mouth!—he was done. That was it. She was left to fend for herself if she wanted any kind of play, any satisfaction.

As Kyle kissed her, shifting his hands on her body to arouse her, Leigh decided to take a chance.

"Sometimes," she told him, mostly being honest. The few times that she'd done it because she wanted to, she had really enjoyed it.

Spreading his jeans apart, Leigh pulled away from the kiss and knelt down in front of him. Looking up into his face, she gave a hard tug and both his jeans and boxers fell to his ankles. Leaning closer to his cock, she allowed her gaze to leave Kyle's face and focus lower.

*One: Starting Over*

"What the fuck is that?" she blurted out as a silver ball seemed to wink up at her from the tip of his cock. "What is sticking out of your dick? Why would you do that to yourself?" She shifted backwards slightly.

"I told you I had a PA," Kyle told her. "You said you were cool with it."

"I—I..." Did she admit she didn't know what it was and had just gone along with it because she didn't want him to know she was so naive, or did she try to bluff her way out of it?

She chose option number three. She covered her face with her hand as she sat on her heels. "I thought PA meant Penis Adoration. You must think I'm a pathetic, naive, insane boob."

"No, I don't. But I do wish you'd have said something if you didn't know what I was talking about." When she peeked through her fingers, Kyle was sitting on the bed. At least he hadn't stormed out of her bedroom in frustration. Yet. "PA stands for Prince Albert. Do you want me to explain what that is?"

Leigh shook her head. She could do a search on the Internet for that information. She was already humiliated enough, thank you very much.

"I killed the mood, didn't I?" It was a dumb question. After all, his cock was no longer standing at attention for her.

"A little." He stood up. When he started to bend over to grab his pants, Leigh stopped him.

"Can I look at it for a minute?"

"Sure," Kyle chuckled.

Inching closer to his cock, as though she were half afraid it would bite her, Leigh took his dick into her hand. "What's it do?"

He gave another low chuckle. "It's for her pleasure."

She ran her thumb over the top ball, then allowed her forefinger to stroke the lower one. Hearing his low hiss, she glanced up at him. "Did I hurt you?"

"No," Kyle said.

"Do you want me to stop?" She tossed his question back at him.

"No."

Growing a little bolder, especially with the growing evidence of his interest in her hand, Leigh rubbed the tip of his cock against her cheek. The metal ball felt warm to the touch, and she wanted to chuckle as it stroked a path on her cheek.

Giving in to temptation, Leigh stuck her tongue out and slowly licked the head of his cock. The metal felt a little weird, but her curiosity was growing. Taking his now erect dick into her mouth, she sucked on it.

Kyle buried one of his hands in her hair and gently guided her head. That was another thing that used to annoy Leigh. She'd stop immediately whenever her ex tried that bullshit. But when Kyle did it, she didn't mind.

"I'm not hurting you, am I?" She just needed to make sure.

"Not really." He hesitated. "But could you not suck quite so hard on the tip? It tugs the piercing."

Nodding, Leigh told him, "Just let me know if I'm doing something wrong." She honestly meant it, too.

*One: Starting Over*

Guiding him back into her mouth, she sucked on him, easing the pressure as she neared the head of his cock and the intriguing piercing.

Just as she was getting into it and enjoying what she was doing, Kyle growled and lifted her up. He began tugging at her clothes roughly.

"You're going to have to ignore my pudge," Leigh told him, covering up her belly the second her shirt was off her.

He made some kind of sound of dismissal as he continued to strip her. When she was naked, he practically pushed her onto the bed. This was something her ex had never done. He'd never been aggressive in the bedroom. And from the flood of moisture between her legs, Leigh was becoming quite certain that she liked it. She closed her eyes even as she strained to hear him rip open the condom wrapper.

A moment later, she felt him on top of her. Spreading her legs wide, Kyle plunged into her and Leigh thought her eyes were going to roll back in her head. He wasn't very rough, but she could feel the strength in his thrusts. Pulling his head down to hers, she kissed him deeply. She allowed her hands to roam freely over his back and down to his tight ass as Kyle brought her pleasure. His strokes never ceased. When the kiss ended, she went straight to his neck, licking and biting. She sucked his ear into her mouth and worked her way lower. She kissed her way down as far as she could, until she felt one hard nipple pressing against her lips.

Leigh bit down gently on it, then sucked it into her mouth as her hands resumed their journey over his back.

A low moan escaped from her, but she refused to stop to think about it. As Kyle's thrusts began to increase, he rolled them over until she was on top of him. His hand went immediately to her clit, circling and stroking it. His every movement was making her hotter, encouraging her to grind down harder on him. When her orgasm took control of her, Kyle gripped her hips between his hands and kept pulling her down on top of him. Switching their positions again quickly, he thrust hard and fast into her.

When he pulled out and started stroking himself without the condom on, she wanted to ask what he was doing, but something rather warm, wet and somewhat sticky hit her belly.

For a second she couldn't shake her upbringing. She'd always been taught that it was incredibly nasty for a guy to do that. But as she lay there with Kyle kneeling between her legs, his cock in hand and his cum on her, Leigh had to admit that she wasn't grossed out. Sure, she could've used a little warning, but the thought of wearing his cum wasn't disgusting.

"Where are your towels?" His voice was low.

"The closet by the bathroom."

He climbed off the bed and disappeared. Outside of her room a light was clicked on and about a minute later, he returned to the room. Using the towel, he helped clean her up.

For the first time in longer than she cared to remember, all Leigh wanted to do was stretch out on

*One: Starting Over*

the bed and start purring.

Beside her, Kyle sat down on the bed and started dressing.

She considered asking him what he was doing, but it was obvious. She even tried to muster up some outrage that he'd fuck her then leave, but she couldn't. She felt entirely too relaxed and sated for anything like that. Besides, if she were honest with herself, she didn't want him to stay and cuddle. Nor did she want to have that awkward conversation about what to expect—or not expect. Hell, she'd practically told him during their brief conversation earlier that she wanted him to leave when they were finished.

"I'm really glad I met you today," Kyle told her once his jeans were back on. He was still topless and sitting down on her bed.

"Me too." There were so many things that she wanted to say—to let him know. "I don't do this, you know. I haven't had very many...that is, I never—"

"This isn't a common occurrence for you."

"Exactly. I just don't want you to think I'm some whore that sleeps with any guy that hangs curtains for me."

"It's all good."

Well, he didn't say he didn't believe her. But he didn't sound like he did. Closing her eyes, Leigh decided it wasn't important if he did or didn't. "Was this a one-time thing?" she asked before she could censor herself.

When Leigh opened her eyes, she saw him staring

at her. "I'm not sure yet."

"Cool. Well, you know where I live..."

"Yeah, I do. And like I said, I'm just upstairs if you need anything." There was a slight hesitation. Without even a kiss goodbye, Kyle stood up. Forcing her legs to work, Leigh followed him out of her bedroom, not bothering to put clothes on.

At the door, he smiled at her. "I'll see you around, Leigh."

"See you around, Kyle."

When he was out of the door, she made sure everything was locked, then took a final look around the apartment. Turning off the DVD player and forgotten movie, she headed back for her bedroom. The room reeked of sex and her muscles were protesting their abuse. Not from what she'd done with Kyle, but from forcing her legs to walk. She knew she would be deliciously sore in the morning, but she refused to care. It had been worth it. Worth any slight ache and more.

Pulling the covers back on her bed, Leigh climbed in without bothering to get her pajamas or even a nightshirt. With a happy sigh, she buried her nose in the pillow and took a deep breath. It had been over three months since she'd had sex with her ex that last time.

Three months, separation papers and a complete exam by her gynecologist, whom Leigh had asked to run every test known to man. She'd said if she got anything from the bastard, she wanted to know about it immediately. Thankfully the man-whore she'd been married to had not brought anything home.



*One: Starting Over*

She'd go back in a few months just to be doubly sure, but right now life was looking good.

After one more deep breath, Leigh allowed her mind to drift as she felt her exhaustion tugging at her. Her final thought as she felt herself slipping into the comforting embrace of sleep was that she could still almost feel Kyle thrusting into her and that she was the one making that annoying purring sound.

But it was okay, because she was alone in her bed. Alone and very, wonderfully, incredibly sexually satisfied—for the first time in years. Tomorrow she would have to tell her friends about her adventure, when she and Sally took a break from their work and then a phone call to Bryn. But that was tomorrow. Tonight, she was quite pleased that she'd gotten exactly what she wanted.

*Next...*

*Leigh: Drama Queen in Training*

*Two: Moving On*

With thoughts of the incredible sex she had with Kyle on her mind, Leigh allows herself to be convinced to take him up on his offer for help. But when she tries to find him, she's in for a surprise.

## Sandy Lynn

With a love for the quirky and different, Sandy Lynn tries to bring her own sense of humor and style to writing. She loves putting her own twist on old stories.

With a love of Contemporary and Paranormal Romances, she writes books that she enjoys reading.