

Leigh

Drama Queen in Training

Moving On

Book Two

Sandy Lynn

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Leigh: Drama Queen in Training
Book Two: Moving On

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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 Two: Moving
On*

Diary Entry # 1:

Okay, so my friends say I should keep a diary. I guess I should start with an introduction. Here it goes. My name is Leigh. I was married for eight years when my ex, Rampant Bastard, decided he wanted to be with someone else. Despite what people think, it is NOT easy to start over when you're almost thirty! I got propositioned by a man old enough to be my father—EW!—and a new apartment—complete with very sexy upstairs neighbor.

Of course, that seems to be where my luck ends. My first official day in my own apartment, the bastard sends me a picture of his new girlfriend's ass—I so could have happily gone my whole life without seeing that!—then I completely humiliate myself by screaming at said sexy neighbor. Thankfully he doesn't seem to scare too easily, and he helped me out. When I offered to repay him, we had supper together. Of course my humiliation wasn't complete until he told me he had a PA. Well...let me tell you... Contrary to popular

belief, PA stands for more than Pennsylvania and Penis Adoration.

After that rather rocky start, things have got to get better...Right? I mean, how could they get worse?

“You will always find something in
the last place you look.”

– Murphy’s Law

“You’re drooling again,” Sally smirked.

“What?” Leigh automatically wiped at her mouth as she was pulled out of her fantasy.

“You were thinking about Kyle again, weren’t you?”

“No, I was not.” She hated it when Sally did that. It was like she was reading her mind. “No, as a matter of fact, I was...” She tried to think of a convincing lie. “I was thinking about what I want to do this weekend.”

“Mmm-hmmm. Sure. Why don’t you just go see if he wants to help you out with your problem? I think he would. After all, you said he told you he was upstairs if you needed *anything*. And girl, you need to get laid again.”

Leigh could feel her entire face turning red. “I most certainly do not.”

“Yes, you do. You have been irritable all week. Sheesh, you’re a grown woman. It’s okay that you have needs.”

Sally was right. She shouldn’t feel ashamed that she was horny. Mentally shaking her head, she wondered if she knew a more accurate term. She felt like a cat in heat. She wanted sex, and she wanted it now. The sex hadn’t exactly been good when she was married, but the option had still always been there. Now that it was taken away, she thought she was going crazy.

If she waited too much longer, she might just grab the first sexy guy she saw and pull him into a supply

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closet.

Leigh's eyes drifted shut, and a smile curved her lips. She could just imagine Kyle in a supply closet...

"Stop it or call him."

"I don't have his number."

"Then go knock on his door when you get home."

"Sally..."

"Don't you 'Sally' me. Seriously, it's getting annoying. It's been a month. Just tell the dude that he rocked your world, and now you want another taste of him."

"I can't do that!"

"Then find someone else. And stop pouting because your ex is being such a dick."

"I'm not pouting," Leigh insisted. "I'm sulking."

"Who cares, it's the same thing. Go get another taste of Mr. Pretty-Good-With-My-Hands. He *is* yummy-looking."

"See, I knew I shouldn't have pointed him out to you."

"Whatever. We both know he's five times cuter than your ex."

That she couldn't disagree with. "What's up with the new guy?" Leigh asked, hoping to change the subject.

"No one knows. They transferred him from Accounting, but..." Sally shrugged her shoulders.

"No one knows what's going on with him."

"He's kind of cute. Does he have a girlfriend?"

"Oh, do we have a new interest? You should go for it. I've totally written this before! The shy coworker

gets opened up by the aggressive heroine. You'll find out either he's a total dud or he looks like a dud, but is a tiger in the bedroom."

Leigh only barely resisted the urge to start banging her head on the table, where her lunch sat mostly untouched. What she wanted at the moment was sex, not food. It felt like forever since she'd last gotten laid.

But she did take solace in the fact that she'd spent a lot of time getting to know herself—her body and her desires. She'd finally bitten the bullet and gotten Sally to come over one night and ask all types of in-depth personal questions. Sally had been a really good sport about the whole thing and thankfully, Leigh now knew which limitations were hers and which ones belonged to her ex.

All of Sally's questions had been repeated more than once and asked in random order. She really hadn't realized she was so open-minded.

Her thoughts returned to Kyle. What would he be willing to do? Biting on her lip, she thought about his dick. She'd been surprised by his Prince Albert, but now she couldn't seem to stop thinking about it. Was that why the sex had been so good? She'd been pissed when the alarm woke her up the morning after they'd had sex. She'd been damn close to being late for work, and just as she'd expected, Sally had noticed her walking funny. Leave it to Sally to notice the little things.

She couldn't deny that the longer she went without sex, the more she seemed to go 'into heat'. And that made her fantasies about Kyle become much more

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frequent—and vivid. Chewing on her lip, Leigh considered her friend's words. He did just live upstairs. And he did say he was right upstairs if she needed anything.

And right now she really needed some dick.

"Earth to Leigh, come in Leigh. Stop fantasizing."

"No. It's giving me courage." She squirmed. "I'm going to try to see if he can, um, help a girl out. So I need my fantasy."

"Oh..." Sally drew the word out. "Well, if you do it and don't wuss out, tomorrow lunch is totally on me, 'cause I want all the juicy details. We'll even go to that Italian place you like."

"Okay, you are not playing fair. Sex and Italian food? I am so knocking on his apartment tonight." Both women laughed as they grabbed their trash from the cafeteria table. "And let me know if you find out anything about the new guy."

"But of course."

Inside the large office the women went their separate ways, each going to her cubicle. Watching her friend, Leigh suppressed a chuckle. None of their coworkers would ever guess that there was a romance/erotica author among them. Leigh had heard one or two of the women talking about Sally's alter ego. However, it was only her milder books that were ever discussed.

Sitting down in her cubicle, Leigh signed back onto the computer. She opened her email program to give Bryna an update. She knew that while Sally might let her wimp out on the adventure, Bryna would not.

She'd call her a pussy and harass her as only a best friend could, and get away with it.

Before she could start the email—which of course had to be discreetly written thanks to the company's policy of randomly checking up on their employees—she received one from her supervisor. Reading through it, she smiled. Apparently now she had a name to put with the somewhat cute new guy. His name was Jim and apparently, now that his training was through, he would be stationed just a few cubicles away from her. Her day was starting to look better already.



By the time Leigh got home, all she wanted to do was soak in a hot tub. Working ten-hour—or longer—days to help the department catch up on some work—and to actually earn some spending cash so she didn't have to dip too far into her savings—was exhausting. It wasn't that her work was hard. She got to play a little bit, as long as she continued to have a high production rate of reviewing cases. Her mp3 player had become her best friend, saving her from many hours of boredom at work. No, what was hurting her was the fact that she had to get up at four in the morning and started work no later than five.

Entering her apartment through the incredibly convenient patio door, Leigh looked longingly at her couch. She wanted a nap. At least it was Thursday. She only had to make it through one more day before she could completely relax. Maybe her friends would

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understand. She wasn't chickening out of seeing Kyle. No, of course not. No, she was just going to postpone it until she felt she could give him the attention he deserved. Yeah, that was it.

Shaking her head, she flopped down on the couch and opened her cell phone, pulling Bryna up on speed dial.

"No," Bryna said without preamble.

"What? I didn't even ask you anything," Leigh said defensively.

"You're going to whine that you're too tired to go see Mr. PA and that you'll do it over the weekend. But you emailed me earlier and told me not to let you chicken out. Plus you've been bitching for the last month how you want to get laid again, so just go knock on his door. The worst that will happen is he'll say no."

Leigh opened her mouth to say something, then closed it again. Damn, her friends knew her too well.

"Besides, weren't you the one that went on and on and on *and on* about how good he was? How he rocked your world and all you wanted to do was stretch out and purr when he was done with you?"

Leigh looked around her apartment. She really did need to stop telling her friends so much.

"Go. Ask him. Then call me back. I mean it. Don't make me drive down there and kick your ass. Because you know that's just going to annoy me."

This time Leigh laughed. She loved her friends. She knew they would be there to support her no matter what—but they would not indulge her pity parties.

Especially when she'd asked them not to. And right now, that's what she needed. She needed someone to keep her from talking herself out of something she knew she wanted to do.

"Fine. You win. I'll call you back in five minutes." Flipping the phone closed, Leigh leaned back against the couch for a minute and shut her eyes. Pushing herself forward, she stood up. Exiting through the front door of her apartment, she comforted herself with the knowledge that she would at least be able to check her mailbox while she was preparing to proposition her neighbor.

Leigh walked up the few steps and paused at her mailbox. She'd get her mail first. Looking around guiltily, she started mumbling to herself, "This is not a stall tactic. Nope. I'd just rather have mail in my hand. Yup. See, I was just getting my mail and thought I'd um, invite you down to my apartment for a little, um...well, maybe we could, uh... Oh, hell, what have I let my friends talk me into this time?" She opened her box. The only mail that she'd received was junk mail.

"Couldn't you at least cooperate with me?" She sighed.

Taking a deep breath to steel herself, Leigh walked hesitantly upstairs to the second floor. Looking around, she wondered which of the four apartments belonged to Kyle. He'd said he lived right above her, but did that necessarily mean that he lived directly above her?

Taking a chance and knocking on the door directly above her own, Leigh held her breath as she waited.

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Hey, Kyle. How's life been treating you? Good, good. I was just wondering if you'd like to watch a movie with me... She shook her head.

Hi, Kyle. Do you remember a month ago when you said you were right upstairs if I needed anything? Well there's something I need you to help me with downstairs... Would he notice if she started banging her head against the door?

Kyle. Want to get laid?

She knocked on the door one more time. What if he turned her down? What if he didn't want to ever have sex with her again? What if sex with her had been really bad? She wished she'd come up with a better plan before she'd decided to search him out.

When there was no answer, Leigh wasn't sure if she felt relief or disappointment. At least she had tried, right? Her friends couldn't fault her for that. She had tried. Would they believe that she tried? As she began to walk away, she heard a door open behind her. She had to know if it was Kyle. Had he been in the shower? Would he be wrapped in a towel with drops of water clinging to his chest?

"Can I help you?" An attractive woman was looking out at her from an open doorway.

Oh, fuck me. "I was just, um, looking for Kyle." Shaking her head she remembered her manners. "I'm Leigh. I live downstairs. He, um, well, Kyle sort of helped me out last month and I was just hoping..."

"He's not home yet."

"Thank you." She should've known that he'd have some woman living with him. She should've known

that a man like him wouldn't stay single and available for long. Nope. This was her luck. Why would he want her when he had such a beautiful woman around?

"Did you want me to send him down when he gets home?"

"Um, no. No. Never mind. I think I can take care of it myself."

"Okay." The door closed and Leigh covered her eyes with her hand. She'd just made a fool out of herself. Oh, yeah, Sally was definitely going to treat her to lunch tomorrow.

Returning to her apartment, she opened her cell phone the second her door was shut behind her.

"So are you getting laid?"

"No," Leigh sulked. Damn, but she'd been looking forward to having sex with him again.

"You chickened out, didn't you?"

"No. Some woman answered the door. No, not just some woman. She was beautiful, Bryn. Why would he want me when he has a beautiful woman?"

"Don't do this to yourself, Leigh."

"Don't do what?"

"Don't start feeling sorry for yourself and saying that you aren't pretty enough. Just because Kyle isn't available that doesn't mean you won't find someone else to play with."

"I know," Leigh sighed. "I never thought the single life would be so hard."

"Welcome to the real world. Any word from the asshole?"

"Not since his text."

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"Well, thank goodness for small favors. Listen, I know you wanted Kyle tonight and that you're disappointed. Why don't we do this, I'll come down tomorrow night and we'll spend the weekend finding a good piece of ass for you."

Leigh chuckled. "Maybe. Now I just have to figure out what to do tonight."

"Have you finished going through your clothes yet? You know you'll feel better when you get rid of all those clothes that are too big for you."

Bryna was right. Again. "Not yet."

"Then get to work. I'll tell you what, if you want, we'll even make our plans while you do it. So get your ass off the couch and start sorting through those clothes."

"Yes, Bryna." With another small chuckle, Leigh obeyed her friend's instructions. "I'm in the bedroom now."

"Good. So, do you want to go back to that bar you told me about? You know, the one with the old guy?" Bryna broke into laughter.

"Um, no. I won't even drive past that bar anymore if I can help it. You don't need to stay on the phone with me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah."

"I'll see you tomorrow night then."

"Later, Bryn." Leigh hung up the phone and sat down. She really had left going through her clothes waiting for too long. Hell, she even had some still in boxes, because she knew they were too big. She had

just opened the box and begun to go through the clothes when her cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Why did you answer the phone? Why isn't Mr. Pretty-Good-With-My-Hands rocking your world? You chickened out, didn't you?"

"No. He wasn't home."

"So what happened? You're leaving out details. You aren't allowed to do that."

"And you promised me lunch tomorrow."

"I remember. Now spill."

"Some chick opened the door and – Oh, my God. I totally forgot I'd bought this."

"What? You can't do that to me. Don't just switch the topic mid-sentence."

"Sorry. I'm going through a couple of boxes of my old clothes. Figuring out what to give away, what to throw away and what I might use as my bum-wear. So, I'm going through this box and I found this sheer nightgown I bought years ago."

"Wait, you have a sheer nightgown? And it's packed away in clothes that you haven't looked at in years?"

"Yeah. My ex basically told me that it was pointless for me to wear it. He said all that would happen with lingerie is that I'd put it on, then it'd be on the floor, so it was just a waste of time and money. I think he was just telling me that I'm not the kind of girl that wears lingerie. Or at least not the kind that looks sexy in it."

"What an asshole! I knew he was a bastard, but... Look, you have to put that nightgown on."

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"What? No! Why would I want to do that?"

"Because it'll be good for you. Look at it this way, how can you be comfortable being with your lover if you can't even walk around your own apartment—alone—wearing it. It'll help you get comfortable in your own skin and show you that you can be just as sexy as the next girl."

"Sally, the fantasy romance world you live in has gone to your head. No one wants to see me in this. I don't want to see me in it. My ex was right. I'm just not the kind of girl that wears stuff like this."

"And yet I've seen you look *longingly* at stuff whenever we pass lingerie stores. Come on. What was the point of the other night if you aren't going to actually open yourself up to new experiences? Why let his problems, *his* issues control your life?"

"You aren't going to let this drop, are you?"

"Nope."

"Fine. But I want you to know I'm doing this under duress."

"Deal with it. And don't hang up on me either. I want to know you've put it on."

"Jeez, do you want a picture too?"

"No, thank you."

"I have to put you on speakerphone." Rolling her eyes, Leigh stood up. It wasn't as though she were going anywhere tonight. And no one was coming over. "I cannot believe I'm doing this," she said, pulling her shirt over her head. She sighed audibly, hoping her friend heard her as she removed her bra then tackled her jeans.

Once she was naked, she pulled the dark green gown over her head. "This thing is huge. It's like a tent."

"Good, it'll also remind you how much weight you've lost. Maybe give you a realistic look at yourself. So, how's it look on you?"

"I look and feel ridiculous. No man is going to want to see me in this."

"Yes, they will. Now, if you want lunch tomorrow, you'll wear that all night."

"Yeah, yeah."

"Don't yeah, yeah me. You know you can't lie to me. And I'm going to ask."

Closing her eyes, Leigh exhaled slowly. "I so hate you right now." Sally was right; she never had been able to lie to her. So now she was stuck wearing this stupid thing all night.

"I love you too. Now, finish going through your box, take a hot shower and enjoy your night. If nothing else, masturbate."

Leigh hung up her phone. "Me and my big mouth," she grumbled to the box. "I am only going through one box now. Nope, one box, a quick shower, then I'm so jumping into the bed and pulling the covers up to my chin. Hey, I'm still in the stupid thing. At least she didn't say I had to parade around my apartment in it."

Maybe her humiliation at being in the silly gown prompted her to move faster, but she completed the box quickly. Most of her old clothes were in really good condition. Perhaps a little faded, but still in good shape. Those would be donated to Goodwill.

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She picked up the pile of underwear and hole-filled clothes that she would just toss out.

"Now, to my shower, then to bed. Ha! Take that, Sally! I gladly foil your evil scheme!"

In her bathroom Leigh gave a sigh of pure enjoyment as the hot water poured overtop of her body. She washed her hair quickly, then spent time simply enjoying the warm spray before she finished. This was the best part about living in an apartment. Suppressing a yawn, she finished washing her body. She'd just dried herself off and was brushing her long hair when someone rang her doorbell.

"Who the hell would come to see me now?" She ran the brush through her hair one last time before pulling on her bathrobe to see who could be visiting her.

She looked through the peephole. Her eyes widened when she recognized Kyle.

Unlocking the door as he rang the bell again, Leigh wondered what he could possibly want. "Hello?"

"Hey. Amy said you came by my apartment earlier. Can I come in? Or is it a bad time?"

Come in? Come in! No, you can't come in. I'm naked!
"Oh. Yeah, I'm sorry. I swear I really do have manners."

He smiled as she opened the door wider. She was careful to keep herself hidden behind the door as he entered. When he was inside, she made sure to lock the door behind him.

"Are you sure this isn't a bad time?" Was it her imagination or did his smile turn into a smirk?

"I just...I just got out of the shower. Would you excuse me for a minute so I can, um, get dressed?"

"I can come back later."

"No. It'll just take me a second." Without giving him a chance to say anything else, Leigh ran back into her bedroom. Should she get into her PJ's or put her clothes back on?

"Do you mind if I use your bathroom?"

She paused a second trying to remember if she had her bras or underwear hanging up in the bathroom. No, she'd gotten undressed in her bedroom. "Help yourself." Would he notice if she called Sally or Bryna for advice? Did she want to do that? After all they'd probably just ask her if she was insane. Kyle was in her apartment and she was naked. Hell, half the work was already done!

She was chewing on her lip when she heard someone behind her.

"Looking for this?" Kyle held the huge nightgown up.

"Um...Oh God, I forgot about that. You weren't supposed to see that." She tried to snatch it out of his hands, but he wouldn't let her.

"Can I see it on you?"

"No." Leigh shook her head. "You don't want to see me in that. I don't look good in that."

"Then why was it hanging in your bathroom?"

She answered before she thought about what she was saying. "Because I was wearing it before I got in the shower." Damn it. She really did need to learn to censor herself more.

"Put it on for me."

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"I don't...You don't...Why?"

"Because I think you'll look hot in it."

"No. It's huge. Really it's much too big...I was just wearing it to try to get comfortable with...my..." At least she was able to stop her babbling before she made even more of a fool out of herself.

Kyle leaned in to her ear. "I want you to put it on for me."

"Okay," she said breathlessly. It had gotten awfully hot in her apartment all of a sudden. Moisture gathered between her legs. When something dripped down her leg, she decided she must not have been as thorough as she'd originally believed when it came to drying herself off. That couldn't be her arousal dripping down her leg.

Leigh allowed her bathrobe to fall off of her and onto the floor. He handed her the gown and she turned her back to him as she fitted it into place. Closing her eyes so she wouldn't have to see how disappointed he looked when he saw she had been right, she slowly turned around to face him.

The silence stretched out until, unable to take it anymore, she opened her eyes. She had to at least know if he'd just walked out of her home. That's all it would take at the moment to make her humiliation complete. To her surprise, he was sitting on her bed. No, that wasn't right. He was sitting down and leaning back on her bed—*lounging, yeah, that was the right term*, her mind finally supplied.

"Damn. You do look hot."

"It's too big...I don't look good..." She fidgeted

with the gown nervously.

"Come here and let me show you how hot you look." Kyle sat up and reached out for her. Taking her hand, he pulled her closer. He lifted his free hand to the back of her head and tugged her down into a kiss. He guided her hand to his crotch, where she felt his cock hard beneath his jeans.

He released her hand and allowed his hand to join the other one on the back of her neck. His tongue entered her mouth and Leigh felt herself growing wetter. She busied herself with undoing his pants. She wanted to feel him in her mouth again.

As soon as his pants were open, she stopped. His top had to go—it was her rule. Ripping at his shirt, she wasn't satisfied until his chest was bare. She lowered her mouth to his nipple as she enjoyed the feeling of his dick against her palm.

She felt him kick his shoes off and lift his hips to remove his jeans and boxers. She automatically adjusted her position until he was stripped. Pressing against his chest, Leigh got him to lie back on the bed. Looking at his dick, she licked her lips, anxious to taste him. Sitting on the bed beside Kyle, she leaned down and circled the silver ball with her tongue before sucking the head of his cock into her mouth.

He stroked her back, caressing her through the nightgown. When he reached her ass, he slipped his hand underneath the gown, squeezing one cheek. Leigh released his cock and showed some attention to his balls. Licking and nibbling gently, her eyes rolled upwards when Kyle's finger slid into her pussy. She returned her attention to his dick.

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She gasped around him when he smacked her ass. It felt good, and her pussy ached for more attention.

“Bring that ass over here.” His voice sounded rough. She could hear the desire in it as Kyle pulled and tugged, guiding her until she was on top of him, practically straddling his face. For a brief second she wondered what he was going to do—because he couldn’t be planning on doing what she thought he was going to do. When she felt his tongue pressing against her, she knew was wrong. He *was* doing it.

As she continued to suck his dick into her mouth, his tongue was parting her, sliding over her clit, then delving deep into her pussy. When he started to imitate her movements, sucking on her clit, Leigh thought she was going to go insane. She released him from her mouth reluctantly. She was nowhere near done, but he was going to drive her beyond crazy if he kept doing that.

Lifting herself up and pulling away from his mouth, she opened her top nightstand drawer and grabbed a pack of condoms. Since she hadn’t taken the time to separate them earlier, she actually ended up grabbing about four of them.

“Bring that ass back over here, I wasn’t done.” Kyle grabbed her hips and brought her back over to his face, his tongue instantly continuing its stroking. He sucked her clit into his mouth and Leigh thought she was going to scream. She managed to muffle the sound by burying her face in his groin.

“No, I want... I want...” Oh, *God this feels good. No...I want dick. I want – I want him to do that again!*

Her moan must have betrayed her thoughts because he thankfully did what she pleaded for in her head. Or perhaps it was the way her hips had begun rocking back and forth against his face that encouraged him. Either way, he was treating her like she was a buffet.

This was one of the things her ex had refused to do on her. She'd developed a complex about it, thinking that the problem was with her because he insisted he didn't have a problem doing it. He just didn't like doing it on *her*.

Her hips were grinding hard against his face. "I want you to fuck me," she finally gasped out when he paused for a second. "I want you to fuck me hard."

She took advantage of his brief break to slip the condom onto his erection. She lingered for a second, caressing his balls. Before she really had time to contemplate what was happening, Leigh was being positioned on top of his cock. As she was lowered onto him, his cock slid into her body easily. She started to grind down on top of him as Kyle lifted his hands to her breasts and growled.

The gown she'd forgotten that she had on was pulled roughly over her head and thrown somewhere. She really didn't care where.

Just as she was getting close to orgasm, he smacked her ass, then raised his upper body. "Get on all fours," he said breathily.

She obeyed. There was no thought of doing anything else. She felt Kyle position his cock, then start to thrust into her again. She pushed back against him as hard as she could. This position felt better than

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she remembered. Both of her hands were tangled in the sheets, balling into fists until she thought she was going to rip the material. She wanted him to smack her ass again, but wasn't sure how to ask. If she was even capable of speech at the moment.

A moan escaped her when she felt him kissing her back, her shoulders. He was kneading her ass with one hand even as the other reached around to stroke her clit. Leigh gasped when she felt something poking at her pussy. Leigh was about to look back to see what he was doing when she felt his finger slide up, following her ass crack. When she felt the strange sensation again, she realized he was fingering her as he fucked her. The sensations were incredible. He'd thrust his finger and cock into her a few strokes, then caress her ass in that weird way.

A gasp left her when she felt something pressing against the pucker of her ass, slowly entering the virgin hole. She almost froze when she realized it was his finger, that he'd used her cream as a lubricant for him. What shocked her even more was she liked it.

No, she more than liked it. There was a flood of liquid in her pussy. So much that she could feel juice dripping down her thighs. Leigh thrust back against him harder, wanting nothing more than for him to pound inside her.

Kyle stopped moving, pulling completely out of her body and she wanted to whimper. He flipped her around until she was lying on her back. Then he was once again between her legs, his thrusts hard and fast. His mouth fastened on her neck and after a second, he

released her flesh as though reluctant to leave any marks.

She wrapped her arms around his waist and her nails dug into his sides as she felt the wonderful tension building throughout her body. She didn't care if she left scratches on him at this point. She wasn't thinking about anything at all. The second her orgasm washed over her he was out of her and, condom off, stroking himself. This time, Leigh watched him. She stared as he knelt between her legs, groaning and jerking off. Her gaze never faltered when cum shot out of his dick and onto her belly. It formed a path until it almost reached her breasts.

If she weren't so relaxed that she thought she could pass out that second – she'd be squirming for more.

Kyle stood up and left the room. He returned with a towel and wiped her off. When she still didn't move, he smiled.

"Do you still need me to help you with something?"

"Mmmm," Leigh moaned. "No, no. I think you've taken care of everything quite nicely."

He chuckled as he pulled his pants back on.

Propping herself on an elbow, she wondered if there were something wrong with her. She wasn't the least bit offended that she knew he wouldn't stay or try to make conversation. She didn't even care that he hadn't given her a kiss or even pretend to want to cuddle. If anything, the only thing she was truly sad about was the fact that they didn't have any sort of schedule worked out. But that was a thought for another day.

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Kyle brought her attention back to the sheer gown by handing it to her.

"It really does look good on you," he told her. "You should wear it again."

Leigh nodded as she followed him toward the living room. He left, and she locked the door. Dragging herself back to her bedroom, she opened her phone and hit speed dial.

"Hello?"

"Sally..." She yawned. "You are so buying me lunch."

"What happened?"

"Tomorrow," she told her, already half asleep. She didn't bother to find out what else her friend would say. She just closed her phone and was asleep as soon as her eyes were shut.



Leigh was picking at her salad. Sally had attempted to tackle her the minute she got to work. Thankfully she was able to forestall her confession. Sally was beyond curious at what prompted the call from the previous night, but Leigh stood her ground and didn't tell her anything. Now she wondered if she *should* tell her friend.

It wasn't that she had a problem talking about her private life. Sally had stood by her side through the worst parts of the last few months and knew more about her than any other friend, except perhaps Bryna. She'd supported Leigh and even given her

more than one pep talk. It was partly thanks to Sally that she'd had the strength, courage and means to get away from her ex.

But now, she wondered if she wanted to tell of her adventure. She loved Sally dearly, but the other woman wrote romance novels. Sally would turn the whole thing into a huge drama and make her start wondering if there was more going on between her and Kyle than she was aware of. Then of course, Leigh would start obsessing over it, wondering if everything he did was some subtle hint at him wanting to spend time with her, or if he just saw her as a piece of ass. She didn't mind being a piece of ass; right now, the thought excited her more than anything else. But with one conversation with Sally, she could be overanalyzing and obsessing—and possibly having a panic attack at the thought of being in another relationship so soon.

No, her friend would mean well—there was no doubt about that. And Leigh knew that Sally's intentions would be good. She wanted Leigh to be happy. But would she understand Leigh actually had the exact relationship she wanted with Kyle? Right now there was no drama, no attachment. She knew where she stood with him, and that the only relationship they had was a purely physical one.

No, Sally wouldn't understand that. She was a firm believer of happily-ever-after. She felt in her heart that every woman could have their own Cinderella ending and ride off into the sunset with her prince. Leigh mentally shook her head. Her Prince Charming had turned out to be a snake. She wasn't anxious to

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try again any time soon. No, she'd rather stay away from men riding in on white horses at the moment, thank you very much. She'd rather play—live life to the fullest—than find true love.

"So, when do I get to find out what that phone call was about?"

"I don't know. I...I'm sorry. I was half asleep when I made it. I shouldn't have called you."

"Did you at least wear that gown last night?"

"Most of the night," Leigh said honestly. *Hmmm, maybe I should go find some lingerie. Kyle did think I was hot in something that didn't fit. What would he—or any other guy—think of me wearing something that did fit?*

"What do you mean, most of the night?"

Pulled from her thoughts, Leigh stumbled slightly over her confession. "I, um, didn't sleep in it."

Sally sighed. "What did you sleep in, then?"

"Nothing." She tried to hide her discomfort with a quick bite of food.

"Okay. So something happened last night, but you don't want to tell me what it was. Right?"

Damn Sally for knowing her so well. "I just don't want to talk about it right now. Is that okay?"

"Sure. You'll tell me when you're ready." Sally smiled. "Besides, my author senses are tingling. And that means it's going to be a really good story. I think it'll be worth the wait."

"Thank you." Sally's acceptance helped her finally relax and enjoy lunch with her friend as they chatted about office gossip, and Leigh continued to wonder about whether or not she wanted to begin investing in

lingerie.



Leigh was still straightening up her home when Bryna arrived. She buzzed her friend into the building and made sure the door was unlocked so she could just walk into the apartment.

"Please excuse the mess."

"Oh, please. Are you stocked up?"

Laughing, Leigh shook her head. Bryna was doing some kind of diet program, so for her, being stocked up meant having all kinds of decadent treats that she could never get away with having at home. At least, not if she planned to lose weight and keep it off. "I haven't hit the grocery store yet. You didn't give me time."

"Whatever. Okay, let's go. I have been saving up all my points for this weekend. I plan to use them frivolously."

"Bryn..." Leigh just shook her head.

"What? I'm doing good. I only have about ten more pounds to lose and then the shopping begins."

"How's Tyler?"

"He's fine. A little grumpy that I just took off for the weekend, but he'll get over it. I'll just make it up to him when I get home." Bryna wiggled her eyebrows. "So, leave that stuff alone and let's go. I'm feeling very double-fudge brownie with whipped cream and pepperoni pizza-ish tonight."

Leigh laughed as she put her vacuum cleaner away. "Do I at least get to change my clothes first?"

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She tugged on the baggy clothes she'd been wearing as she did housework.

"Nope. You look perfect to me." Grabbing her by the arm, Bryna tugged Leigh toward the door. "And I'm hungry."

Shaking her head, Leigh locked her apartment. "You win."

"I hope you're this agreeable all weekend," Bryna laughed.

An hour later, the women unpacked their groceries as they waited for the pizza to be delivered.

"So, spill. Cause I know something happened last night." Bryna put the fat-free whipped cream into the refrigerator.

"Spill what? Why do you think something happened?"

"Because you have this look on your face. The 'I-got-some-action-and-am-dying-to-tell-someone' look. So, spill."

"I don't know, Bryn."

Bryna pulled the whipped cream back out of the fridge. "If you don't tell me, I'm going to smear this all over you, then go knock on the doors of every apartment above you until I find your mystery man and tell him you've gotten yourself all creamy and could he help you out."

Leigh's eyes widened. "You wouldn't!"

"Oh, yes, I would. You know I would. And then when you're done, I'm going to make you go back to the store to get me some more whipped cream for the brownies."

"You are so mean to me," Leigh sulked. The effect was ruined by her giggle at the end.

"Yeah, yeah. Now tell."

"Fine. Okay, so, remember last night—" Her story was interrupted by a buzz from the outside door.

"Pizza's here! Now I can really enjoy this story in style. Hold that thought, and don't you dare try to weasel out of the story when I get back."

Bryna was out the door before Leigh could even offer to pay for the pizza. Grabbing plates, she put them on the table by the couch, along with two glasses of water and a roll of paper towels.

"Okay, I'm back with pizza. Now, please continue your story."

"Last night, after I got off the phone with you, I found this stupid see-through gown. But I was on the phone with Sally when I found it, so she made me put it on. She made me promise to wear the thing all night. Well, right after I finished my shower—this is just my luck, right—someone knocks on the door. When I go to see who it is, it's none other than Kyle."

"So, naturally you let him in, then jump on top of him like a pms-ing woman attacks chocolate."

"Not quite. I let him in and went to get dressed..."

"You wasted a perfectly good chance to jump him. I should beat you with my crust."

"Can I finish?" Leigh waited for Bryna to nod and continue eating the slice of pizza in her hand. "So, I go back to the bedroom to get dressed when he asks to use the bathroom. I'd completely forgotten about the stupid nightgown being in there, so I said sure. Well, he found the gown, and..." Leigh cleared her

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throat before taking a bite of pizza.

"And?"

"And, he tells me to put it on for him. I said no, he didn't want to see me in it."

Bryna closed her eyes. "You didn't. Tell me you didn't."

"I did. But he insisted, so I...put it on."

"And what did he say?"

Leigh could feel her face turning red. She mumbled her answer around the slice of pizza she'd lifted to her mouth. "He said I looked hot."

"What was that?" The grin on Bryna's face told Leigh the woman had heard her perfectly well. "Move the pizza and speak up."

"Oh, you heard me, you evil wench. I said he said I looked hot in it."

"Good. Maybe you'll listen to him. So, what do you want to do tomorrow?"

"It's stupid..."

"What?"

"I want to check out this lingerie shop that I heard about on the radio. Maybe take a look around and see if they have anything that doesn't make me look like a cow."

"Done. Oh, I so would not miss that for the world." Bryna leaned back, resting against the sofa. "Maybe I'll grab something cute for Tyler."



Leigh stood outside the door to the little shop feeling

like a deer caught in the headlights of a speeding truck. And the truck's name was Bryna. Not only had the other woman pried the name of the store away from her, she'd looked the place up online and gotten the phone number, store hours and directions!

Now, Leigh wanted to be anywhere else. There was no way she could do this. She was positive they wouldn't have anything in her size.

"Come on, before I push you through the door."

"I changed my mind."

"That's the asshole talking, not you. Now come on. Maybe you'll find something cute to entice loverboy with."

Damn. Why did she have to go there? Bryna knew she was becoming addicted to her neighbor. That was the only way she knew how to describe how she felt. She felt like an addict waiting for her next fix. But instead of drugs or alcohol, she was addicted to sex. No, not just sex. Good sex. The best sex she'd had in years — too many years to count.

"I don't think..." Too late. While she'd been lost in her thoughts, Bryna had tugged her into the store. The woman was a diabolical genius preying on her weaknesses. She must figure out a way to keep her friends from doing that.

With a glance at her surroundings, Leigh decided that since she was inside the store, she should probably at least *look* around. It would be the polite thing to do. And the shop wasn't nearly as gaudy as she imagined it would be. Why did she have to be so much braver in her thoughts? Would this have been better if she were alone? At least then Bryna wouldn't

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have mocking rights for the rest of her life.

"Can I help you ladies find anything?" The clerk, an attractive older lady with a friendly smile on her face, approached them.

"Just—"

"My friend is looking for something sexy. She wants to impress this guy she's with."

"I think we can find you something. Did you have a particular style in mind?"

"I don't think—"

"What about a corset? You've always wanted one of those."

"I can't wear those. They don't come in my size," Leigh sighed, feeling even more stupid for telling Bryna that she wanted to check out the store. She firmed her resolve to learn to keep her mouth shut around her friends.

"Sure they do. But first, let's make sure we know your size." The clerk ushered Leigh to a small dressing room just past the counter.

Despite Leigh's protests that she knew what size she wore, the woman insisted on fitting her. It was a little on the annoying side, but Bryna insisted she just do it. She did make a point when she said the worst that would happen is Leigh found out she was wearing the wrong size.

Five bras later, Leigh was feeling even more depressed when she found out the bras she had been wearing were not one but two cup sizes off. Off as in too small. But she did feel better when she found out that she was several band sizes smaller than she'd

thought she wore.

"I thought it was going to be hard finding lingerie before. Now it's going to be impossible," she grumbled as she looked in the mirror. Though she had to admit—silently of course—that she thought she looked much better in the new bra. It did give her better support and made her look sexier. She certainly felt better in it, more confident.

"Now that we know your size, a corset should be easy."

"Oh, I think this color would look fabulous on her. Do you have this in her size?"

"Let me check." Outside the dressing room, Bryna and the clerk were discussing her as though she had no choice in the matter. "Yes, we do."

The door was opened and Leigh was passed a corset. "Just loosen the laces and call me when you have it on. I'll cinch it for you."

Gritting her teeth Leigh struggled to get the thousands of—okay, twentyish—hooks that would keep the device fastened together. After an eternity—and much rearranging of her assets—it was on.

"I don't think this is right," she called out.

The clerk came in and tightened the device. Why had she ever wanted one? She tried to take a deep breath to calm her nerves and failed. There was no way she could breathe deeply in the contraption.

"Oh, that looks really good! It really compliments your eyes."

Leigh looked in the mirror, surprised at the woman she saw looking back at her. She didn't look like some reject. Like a woman tossed to the side for some

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thinner, more plastic Barbie-wannabe. She looked really good. And the navy blue corset did bring out the blue in her eyes. It made her skin look creamy, not pale. She was hot—if she did say so herself. Opening her mouth, she found out she didn't have to.

"Oh, wow. Leigh, you are seriously mental if you don't get that. If that asshole could see you right now, he'd shit himself for leaving."

"I...But where would I..." It does look good on me, she thought, turning this way and that in front of the mirror. *Where would I wear it? Does it matter? It really does look cute with these jeans. Would Kyle think it looks cute? Would it make him want to just throw me down on the bed and—*

"I bet your boyfriend will be all over you when he sees you."

"I don't have a boyfriend."

"I bet Dude would like it." The woman staring back at Leigh in the mirror blushed a pretty shade of pink as Bryna mentioned Kyle. Oh, she may not have done so by name, but there was no doubt who she meant.

Nodding, she smiled. She would be buying the torture device because it made her look pretty. It made her feel sexy.

Closing the door, Leigh changed back into the clothes she'd worn into the shop. Now that she had her own things back on, she felt unappealing. She was tired of wearing clothes that were too big and hid her body from view. She felt plain and unimpressive—exactly the opposite of the way she'd felt while trying

on the bra and corset.

"I'm going to get these," she told the clerk.

"Great," the woman smiled back at her.

Turning around, Leigh saw a couple of lacy nightgowns right behind her. Looking through them at the various colors, she saw one in her size. It was almost the same shade as her corset. Grabbing it, she quickly added it to the other two items she was purchasing.

The clerk chuckled, but didn't say anything as she paid.

"Enjoy your purchase, and please come again." Leigh was handed a somewhat large red bag.

"See, that wasn't so bad, was it?" Bryna smiled as she walked outside.

"You would think I'm too old to give in to peer pressure."

"Sweetie, didn't you know? When it comes to your best friends, you're never too old for peer pressure. Besides, I didn't pressure you. You got that stuff because you look good in it. You know that."

"Now the only question is, where am I going to wear it?"

"You'll find a place."

As they climbed into the car, Bryna's cell phone rang.

"Hello?" There was a pause. "No, you told me that was next weekend... No, I promised Leigh...Tyler," Bryna sighed. "I'll call you right back." Bryna snapped her phone shut. "Tyler mixed up the weekends. We've had this stupid dinner party on the calendar for two months. I thought it was next

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weekend, but his brother called him to remind him it was tonight."

Leigh knew where this was going and she wasn't going to make her friend spell out what she was trying to say. "It's cool. You should go."

"I almost wish you would say that I had to stay with you like I promised."

Leigh laughed. "I can do that if you want me to."

"No. I should go. Damn, I don't want to. It's going to be Tyler's brother and his stick-thin girlfriend... And a bunch of guys that they work with who are bringing their girlfriends or wives. Yay, my night will be complete. 'Oh, Bryna, when are you due? Oh, you're *not* pregnant... My bad.'" She gave a fake high-pitched laugh. "Hello, I actually enjoy eating supper, not drinking it!" Bryna took a deep breath. "Sorry. No, I have to go. Trust me, if there was any way I could get out of it, I would. You wouldn't want to have a complete nervous breakdown for me, would you?"

"Would you like me to try to fake one?" Leigh was shaking with laughter. She knew and hated the kind of people Bryna was talking about. She wasn't laughing because she took pleasure from her friend's misery. She just couldn't help herself when she imagined her friend—her wonderful, sweet, tell-it-like-it-is-with-no-cushioning-the-truth friend in a room filled with women that were faker than a spray-on tan.

"No. But thank you. I may, however, need help disposing of Tyler's body after tonight." Bryna started

the car, then pulled out of the parking lot.

"Well, you know what they say. Good friends know where the bodies are buried. Best friends help bury them. I think I brought my shovel when I moved...Oh, well, if not, I can buy another." Both women laughed.

"I really do feel bad for bailing on you."

"Don't worry about it. I think I might just go out and see what kind of trouble I can find."

"Just be careful. And if any old men put their hands on you—lay into their asses!"

"You are never going to let me forget about that, are you?"

"Nope."

"Are you going to come inside?" Leigh asked when they pulled up beside her building.

"Not this time. I have to go home so I can do the girlie thing and primp. Not that it's going to matter much what I wear. I'm going to look like a heifer next to those size zeros."

"At least you look healthy," Leigh comforted her.

"This is true. And after these gatherings, Tyler likes to get rough and tell me how glad he is that he doesn't have a stick for a wife. That he doesn't have to worry about breaking me."

"See! Okay. You try to have fun tonight." Leigh started to climb out of the car, then froze. "Okay, don't say anything, but you see that guy wearing the navy blue pants and the white top?"

"Yeah," Bryna nodded.

"That's Kyle."

"Damn, girl! No wonder you're hooked. You

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certainly traded up."

"I didn't trade anything. Now get out of here before you're tempted to say something to him."

Bryna batted her eyelashes at Leigh. "Would I do that to you? Besides, what would I say?"

"You would totally do that. I imagine you'd say something like, 'Hey, why don't you ask Leigh to show you the corset she just bought. You can help her put it on...then take it off.' I never know what is going to come out of your mouth."

"That's a good idea! And here I was just going to yell, 'Good job sexing my friend up the other night!' No, yours is much better. Plus, you might get laid again." Bryna opened her mouth, and Leigh's eyes widened. "Maybe I can even let him know that you have whipped cream going to waste in your fridge..."

"If you yell to him, I will never talk to you again!"

"Promise?" Bryna had a twinkle in her eye.

"Bryn!"

"Fine. Just ruin all my fun."

"Tell Tyler to make it up to you." Leigh climbed out of the car. "I'll talk to you later."

"Later."

As the car pulled away, Leigh stood there just watching. She wanted to be certain that her friend didn't embarrass her in front of Kyle.

She was quite capable of doing that all by herself. The last thing she needed was help from her friends.

"Anything good in the bag?"

Leigh jumped when she heard Kyle's voice right beside her.

"No," she lied, her voice just a squeak.

"Hmmm, that's too bad. It's always been my experience that *very* fun things come wrapped in a red or black bag."

He smiled at her, and she was tempted to blurt out the truth. That it was a corset and a sheer nightgown, and ask if he would like to give her his opinion on them. "I got a bra..." she mumbled, unsure of what else to say. "And a nightgown," she added lamely.

"Cool. I'll see you around." He waved and started jogging away from her.

Still standing there stupidly, Leigh watched his ass as he ran. Biting her lip when she couldn't see him any longer, she turned and walked slowly back to her apartment.

After making sure all the doors were locked, the blinds were closed and the curtains pulled tight, Leigh took her bag into her bedroom. Pulling out the gown, she stripped out of all of her clothes and tugged the pretty blue garment over her head. Looking at her reflection, she decided she liked it. Her friend Sally was right. How could she expect to be comfortable around guys wearing lingerie if she couldn't even walk around her own apartment in it when she was alone?

Stretching out on the bed for a nap, she smiled.

Next...

Leigh: Drama Queen in Training

Three: The Trouble With Co-Workers

It started out so promising. A little bit of supper...good conversation...even a few laughs.

Then it happens. What's office protocol when you bumble into a date with a colleague without even realizing what was going on?

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.