

# **Keeping Her Toy**

***Serious Misbehaviours Series I***

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*'Say yes to new adventures...'*

## Warning

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This book contains explicit sexual content and graphic language.

“This is where you wanted to take me? A basement?” I asked over the thumping noise of the music.

“Lighten up. *Is. The. Party,*” Pearl said in my ear as we descended the last step into the crowded space, alright so maybe it was not just a basement, and perhaps it was crowded because there were so many people and not because the place was small, but she had neglected to tell me we were going to be in such a place. “Relaxed enough for a drink?” She asked with a smile and pointed to the biggest bartender area I have seen in a party. A frat party that was, I would never have imagined myself in one, yet here I was. If only they knew. I shook my head slightly and took my new friend's arm, she took the lead and then we were sitting in plush seats waiting for drinks.

“So this is what you do every Friday night?” I asked her with a smile as the bartender got busy shaking and mixing behind the bar, giving a smile to Pearl and me alike.

“I would not say every single Friday,” she replied, and I almost believed her, until guy after guy came to her to greet her. I stopped counting after number five.

“Ladies!” The bartender with dimples and three diamonds earrings in his left ear called, presenting with a flourish his creations. Mine was a bluish yet reddish thing that tasted surprisingly good, and Pearl's was something pink and girly which I would not have pictured her drinking, but apparently, the guy behind the bar knew she would love.

“Good,” I mouthed to him and gave him a thumbs-up, and since that was what he was waiting for, he moved on to the next client.

“Next song,” she called to me.

“No way,” I replied immediately.

“You like dancing,” she complained at my refusal. Yes, I liked dancing when I was sure the only person behind me or in front or to both my sides, would be someone I knew and

preferably liked, not the mass orgy in the making and possibly stolen possessions happening in front of us. “You will dance with me.” She stated, and I sighed, begging to the heavens that I would only get my ass groped and nothing more once I was in the mix.

The next song was one that I loved to dance, and it was as if she knew that one would have been coming, she jumped off, threw her jacket behind the bar, where someone grabbed and put it on a hook, then she pulled at me.

“One sec,” I said, swallowing the rest of my drink in one go. *Ooh, bad idea.* Everything turned pinkish and bluish and fun, and we were *sweet but psycho* on the dance floor.

We undulated like crazy to the rhythm of the music and to my shock I only bumped into two guys while doing so, who gave me half looks and then continued with their partners. After a couple or more songs, we returned to the bar and no surprise, fresh drinks were waiting for us, at our spots. I was beginning to think that the party was not so unorganised.

“Sorry,” someone almost threw me off my stool.

“Watch it,” Pearl always my protector, snapped. “Oh! Hi!” And then she was not, jumping off and hugging the guy, while I did my best to ignore them.

“Honey, this is Ackley.” She suddenly turned to me. “Ack, this is my new bestie Sapphi,” she said, and I had no choice but to fully turn my body and then be speechless, the guy I had not even wanted to look seconds ago was a cutie. Soft brown eyes, curly dark hair, tanned complexion, chiselled features. Wow. Everything that could get me to bend over.

“Reese,” he said, extending a hand for me to shake, or at least that is what my brain prompted me to do after a moment.

“Sapphire,” I replied, yes you can see why Pearl and I became fast friends, with parents that had no problem in naming their daughters after jewels, though mine had all the excuses, ‘*Your dad came quickly home after his trip to Africa, where he saw so many great cities and*

*dealt with diamond sculptors and traders in Morocco*'. Please. I had a feeling it all came from our last name, which meant '*little blue one*', but maybe the Africa story was better. Pearl's story was simpler, her mom loved pearls, and that is how she related the tale of her name to me.

The guy, Reese, towered over me while I sat sipping at my bluish thing, he smiled somewhat shyly while waiting for his drink, a soda, I noticed when it arrived, he then turned and waved a weak goodbye walking away from us.

"I knew you'd like him," Pearl said in my ear.

"He's alright," I replied.

"Aha," she told me, drinking her pink stuff. "Want to know something about him?"

"I am sure you will tell me either way," I answered.

"He doesn't drink much, he likes to keeps to himself," I kind of figured that one out, "and according to Lily Cartwright he has a nice package and knows how to use it." *I bet he does*. I thought, looking slightly to my left in the direction he had disappeared to. "You are interested," Pearl hooted.

"Shut up. It makes no difference. And Lily is one big liar, so she might have been messing with you."

"Nah, not with this," she stated. That was true I knew, the woman lied about her age, her major, her family but when it came to men, and sometimes women, she was the type to kiss and tell, and tell anyone who wanted to listen and those who didn't too. "So, want me to set it up?" I was not really available, and she knew it, somehow. I really did not talk much about my personal/romantic or professional life, especially because I worked part-time for a big company in the city, we were supposed to be quiet about a lot of things, and that had rubbed on me, keeping my stuff to myself. I sighed. The guy, Reese, was truly my type, and he seemed shy and cute, always a plus I liked to break and bring down to their knees

preferably naked, I smiled drinking. “You got it,” Pearl assured misinterpreting my expression, not knowing my inner thoughts were what made me smile like a mad person.

“Hold your horses, woman,” I told her with some reservations. “No,” I said firmly when she started waving in the direction where he was with some friends, *oh God*; I thought as the whole group, four in total walked our way. One got side-tracked on the way by some redhead, the rest made it with pleasantries and offers of more drinks, except for him, he just stood by and watched us.

“Want to dance?” A favourite of the masses started to play, and everyone was in agreement, and before I knew it Pearl jumped off into the dance area, because apparently there was one, an area for everything it seemed, dance, drink, stand, lounge, impromptu kissing sessions, smoking. *Frat party, rich frat party*, was all I could think.

My treacherous friend was dancing with the other two guys, leaving little space between the three, and Reese? He looked like a lost puppy. *Heavens*. I couldn't resist, I dragged him onto the dance floor, and well, there he started to prove he knew how to move to the remix, and people shouted that *nothing breaks like a heart*.

I led his hands to my waist, then turned, after a moment he whirled me to be face to face with him once more, *hmm, interesting*. I thought as he took half control of the movements, and then I knew why he had turned me again, this way it was easier for him to hide the fact that I had him tenting his pants. This time I managed to hide my smile of satisfaction but the impish devil on my left shoulder made me turn once more, and when someone bumped me from the side, he created a wall between me and others, and in doing so, dragged me closer to his front where I could feel him in all his hardness against my butt.

I twirled once more and laced my arms around his neck. “Why do people like to dance so much without looking at each other?” He wondered in my ear, the warmth of his breath adding to my senses which were begging for some attention. Preferably his.

“Maybe they want to fuck and are suggesting positions,” I replied, and I believe I saw him blush a bit, but the damn fluorescent lights made it difficult to know for sure.

After a couple of songs, I was parched and ready to sit down, and it must have shown in my face because he dragged me out of the centre of the dancing, where we somehow had ended up and took me to the bar. Pearl was there, flirting with the bartender, the guys she had danced with nowhere in sight. Reese got lost too. Maybe I scared him away. I thought drinking yet another colourful drink.

By the time I remembered I had a class the next day, it was already Saturday. "I have to go," I told Pearl. She nodded and signalled the bartender, he handed her the jacket and gave her a smooch which included an over the counter boob grab. She laughed, and we went outside. It was 2:30, but I knew that when I got home, it would be three perhaps, I was so dead. A quick glance at my phone screen confirmed a couple of texts, and I wished I didn't know what they would say, but I was incredibly accurate in my assumptions, *where are you?* Was the first, followed minutes later by, *remember you have a class on Saturdays*. When the first message went unanswered.

"Want a ride?" I heard Pearl saying and turned to tell her that she better drop me off first when my words got stuck because, of course, there he was again. Reese Ackley.