



**SOMETHING**

*Different*

**SERENE HART**

SHE TURNED HIS WILDEST FANTASIES TO REALITY

# Something

## *Different*

**Serene Hart**

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# Chapter 1

As Kenneth jerked off for the third time watching his favorite DVD, "Barely Legal First Time Butt Babes", it occurred to him that he might soon have to purchase a new keyboard. This one had begun to exhibit sticky keys and it was inhibiting his ability to easily enter data.

Kenneth was finally coming to the realization that his favorite form of porn was just fantasy. Girls like those portrayed in the film just didn't exist. Sure, he knew and had dated young women every bit as attractive---more so---than the actresses in the movie. At twenty-nine, Kenneth was considered attractive, had a good job, a nice late model vehicle and an above average apartment within two minutes of the Pacific. He didn't smoke or drink to excess and had no manifest bad habits, other than beating off too much. Girls he had dated and slept with considered him a capable lover, probably in no small measure because he did pound his pud to excess.

Not one of them, however, exhibited either the aggressiveness or the abject nastiness of the women on the screen. Kenneth's erotic fantasy of meeting that special girl who: (a) sucked cock with true enthusiasm; (b) liked to engage in the occasional face fuck; (c) enjoyed having a guy cum on her face; (d) talked dirty in the sack;(e) had an exhibitionist streak and (f) occasionally liked to get boned in the butt was, he had come to realize, just unrealistic fantasy. Just once, he mused, I want to enjoy an absolutely disgustingly nasty fuck fest with some sweet little honey before I settle down.

Settling down sooner rather than later was a distinct probability. The girl he had dated off and on since college was the most likely prospect. She was a hot little blond with a great set of buns, nice tits and a generally sweet personality, well, sweet except when she was being bitchy and demanding. Bitchy and demanding were the traits that had ruled their yo-yo relationship of on again off again romance since his Senior year in college. While she had mellowed somewhat with maturity, there were still times when the only way he could improve her moodiness was to be almost subserviently attentive. Still he was pretty sure he loved her and after over five years they knew each other very well. She had finally elected to move to California from the East coast and move in with him as a prelude to nuptials. She had found a job in her field not far from where he lived; she would be on board in a few weeks.

He checked the surf report on the tube and decided what he would do this particular Saturday morning, which was what he did almost every Saturday morning. Kenneth was a natural athlete and had played several sports in high school and college. His normally lean, muscular body had bulked up a little when he had been in the military overseas and weight lifting was often the only physical fitness regimen

available. Now he was back to a weight that he was more comfortable with and the bulky muscles had become lean and well defined. He had become addicted to surfing after moving to Southern California, often doing so in the early morning before driving to his office some twenty minutes away.

Donning his wet suit and grabbing his board out of the front hall he headed toward the beach a couple of minutes away. With his wet suit unzipped to the waist and his broad chest and strong shoulders displayed, Kenneth looked like a poster child for the Delmar surf scene. He was not, however, remotely as shallow and unserious as that stereotype generally indicated. He had a BS and an MBA and his reading tastes were both eclectic and extensive. His tastes in art and music were equally expansive. He was an excellent cook. He had good taste in clothes, libations, furnishings and in life in general. He was a thinker and a doer.

His military service had included a combat assignment during which his life had been threatened almost daily which had given him an even more mature visage. At his core he was sweet, caring, sincere and loyal; he was the pride and joy of his parents and a natural leader. If he could change only one aspect of his life it would be his growing obsession with bedding down a bad girl who would fulfill all of his porn driven fantasies.

As fate would have it he would have to share the early waves with only one other surfer who was just preparing to catch a wave in the distance. The surfer was up but he could not tell if it was a he or she. Good form, nice moves, oh yea! What a great ride! He or she, I'm thinking she, milked that baby for all it was worth. Uh, huh, that is definitely a she. Tall, damned near as tall as he was. Damned, long legs, obvious boobs and a nice turn to her hips. He was thinking blond, his weakness, as she drew closer. She smiled and he returned the gesture. Oh, wow! Killer smile, great eyes, blue and, yep, a blond.

"Nice ride." Kenneth said.

"Thank you. You've got to be pretty patient out there today but about every eighth wave is worth the trouble."

It was an easy exchange; surfers were surfers and respect for good form transcended gender or carnal interest. Kenneth paddled out and heeding her words was patient, finally catching a roller that seemed

promising. While he was certain that he had not exhibited her near perfect form, he had not remotely embarrassed himself. Surfer girls were often an enigma. He had dated a couple and found them to be a tad vacant and vacuous. Girls who were really good surfers were too often obsessed with the next wave and interested in little else. After several runs,

Kenneth plopped down on the beach to watch his partner take her next wave. As he had noted over the previous hour she nailed it once again. He was pleased when she walked toward him and plopped down next to him in the sand.

"Hi, I'm Sarah." She said extending her tanned hand. "Surf here often?"

And then they both laughed as they realized that her words came across as the quintessential pickup line.

"I think that's supposed to be my line." Kenneth quipped. "I live a short walk from here so I try to get down as often as possible, even during the week. How about you? I'm sure I would have remembered seeing you here before. You have astounding form and technique." He said, genuinely in admiration of her skills.

"Actually, I just moved here in the last week. I'm still in one of those extended stay places and plan to find something permanent as soon as possible--today I'll start seriously looking."

"Where did you learn to surf like that?"

"Hawaii. My dad was stationed there when I was in high school. I ended up staying and going to college for a couple of years in the islands. I was on the surfing team and we got to go on a world tour to all of the great surfing sites---even Australia. You're pretty good yourself, how about you?"

"I picked it up a few years ago when I was stationed here in the military."

"You've never had any formal training?" She said almost incredulously.

"Nope, just took advice from other people that seemed to know what they were doing and practiced. Surfing is not a competitive sport to me; it has really become the antithesis of competition. It's how I unwind and relax."

"That's probably why your style seems so easy and fluid, you're not trying to impress someone or score points. That's exactly how it has evolved for me; it helps me clear my head. Which service were you in?"

Kenneth proceeded to give Sarah a short review of his time in the military. Her father had been in the same service and was now a full colonel stationed at the same base he had been at.

"Well, I'm starting to get both chilled and hungry. Would you like to grab a bite?" Kenneth said.

"That would be fun! I haven't had time to explore the area, would you mind giving me a short tour?"

"Not at all, I'd love to."

"Well, I drove, my motel is a couple of miles from here, I can drop you off, go home and change and pick you up again in, say, half an hour?" She said.

"Great!"

In a couple of minutes Kenneth and Sarah were at Kenneth's apartment.

"Wow, what a neat looking place! The places I've looked at are all big complexes, but yours is, what, only five units?" Sarah commented.

"It's private; my land lady lives right there and is super nice. It's older but she's done a good job of modernizing the units. I can just see the ocean from my deck and, surprisingly, it was slightly less

expensive than some of the more modern places. Unfortunately, if you're interested, there isn't much turn over but I'll be glad to introduce you. She's kind of connected to a cabal of other private renters and may have some suggestions."

Sarah left to change and Kenneth quickly showered, shaved and changed into his typical weekend attire, shorts, surf sandals and a polo shirt. He had no expectations of anything other than a pleasant meal and a morning walk with a fellow surfer, albeit, he thought a very attractive one. His answering machine was blinking, it was Laura, his main squeeze back east. She didn't really say anything other than not to call her back in view of the three hour time difference until later. That was typical Laura.

## Chapter 2.

Sarah tapped on his open door thirty minutes after she had left. She was now wearing excruciatingly short, tight surf shorts of her own, a simple cotton tee which showed a bare midriff and sandals. No tats and no piercings, that was a good sign, Kenneth thought to himself. Her tits were small, probably, Kenneth thought, barely B cup and her legs were obscenely long. Her sun drenched blond hair was tied back in a pony tail and her shades were fetchingly perched on her head. Kenneth gave her the quick tour of his apartment.

"Two bedrooms? Do you have a roommate?"

"I did for a while. I actually started living here when I was still on active duty. A roommate certainly eases the pain of the absurdly high real estate costs around here. My first roommate was a slob; my second one fell in love and got married, and still owes me some rent money. After that and after I got out, I just decided to pass on future roommate adventures."

"I love this place and this location! Maybe I can convince you to reconsider your roommate aversion over breakfast." Sarah said, not remotely flirtatiously.

Coed roommates with whom no sex was involved were not uncommon to Kenneth's generation. He himself had in fact lived with his best friend's wife while her husband had been deployed. The two had often joked, since they cooked and cleaned together, went out to movies or dinner together and even

watched TV together that it was just like being married without the sex. Kenneth needed to get to know a little more about Sarah but someone to share the rent and utilities would free up a grand a month. Unless she was a complete wack job or just irritating as hell, sub letting was not out of the question and certainly not prohibited in his lease. Then again there was the Laura issue which made him realize that sub letting was probably not realistic.

They decided to walk since the main part of town was only a few blocks away. Kenneth suggested several good places to eat. The first breakfast place, one of his favorites, had a long wait so they settled on his second choice which was just around the corner.

As Kenneth and Sarah felt each other out and began getting to know each other, Kenneth was pleased that she didn't jump to the typical, "what do you do for a living?" Kenneth enjoyed his work; he had a good job in corporate America with a respected corporation. Kenneth was simply one of those young men who didn't want to be defined by his work. He would occasionally get together with other young folks who worked for his company and too often they could not stop talking about work things. Kenneth often worked long hours at his job and didn't remotely resent it but once he punched out he wanted to leave it behind and not let it dominate his social life. Sarah, it seemed, was of the same mind. It would certainly come up but neither needed it to at this juncture.

When Sarah asked him if he was dating anyone seriously, it had not seemed either flirtatious or prying. He briefly told her about Laura and openly mentioned the fact that Laura had plans, as yet fuzzy and undefined to move to California.

Sarah had shown only a hint of disappointment. Kenneth assumed that it was based more on the probable unavailability of a sub let opportunity than on a romantic interest. Kenneth in no way felt that Sarah was, "out of his league" although she was unquestionably one of the most stunning young woman he had ever spent time with, in spite of the plethora of stunning California blonds he saw every day on his way to work. She was literally almost his height, which didn't intimidate him in the least but might be an issue for her. While Kenneth certainly had carnal thoughts as Sarah was concerned---she was gorgeous---he was not remotely thinking of her in terms of any sort of romantic or long term relationship.

Sarah had a similar "significant other" story. A guy she had dated in college, an on again off again



relationship, some stress in that relationship and the possibility that he might well end up moving to Southern California in the undefined future.

After breakfast the two walked the sunny streets of the picaresque beach town and Kenneth gave her the run down of all the local spots. They walked back to Kenneth's apartment and decided to expand the tour of the surrounding area by car. He showed her a couple of apartment complexes with which he was familiar, including one he had previously lived in. The two ended up spending most of the day together. It was easy, friendly and relaxed. They learned that they each had compatible political world views and liked many of the same things. In short, by mid afternoon they had become pretty good friends.

Sarah departed Kenneth's company as late afternoon approached on the excuse of seriously reexamining housing options. They exchanged cell phone numbers and agreed to meet later for drinks and dinner. Kenneth returned to his apartment having enjoyed his day immensely and for the first time began to consider her as potentially more than just a friend.

He had forgotten to call Laura. He did so, and predictably, she was pissed. She also dropped a bombshell. She was, "postponing indefinitely" her move to California. Kenneth was sure that her meddling mother had something to do with it. She said she loved him and missed him but had an opportunity for a promotion with her current employer and at least needed to explore it. She said she wished he would consider moving back East. The call ended with nothing really resolved.

Kenneth picked Sarah up an hour or so later at her motel. She had donned a simple dress, dressier sandals, a couple of discreet items of jewelry and looked fabulous. Like Laura, she did not seem to wear makeup beyond a blush of lipstick.

Kenneth spoke as they drove to the city to the South to a club that was popular with his age group.

"You could have worn heels, if you liked, I'm not remotely uncomfortable being seen with a woman who is taller than I am."

"That's very sweet and observant Kenneth, but I despise heels and never wear them. I'm fortunate to be tall enough that I don't have to elevate to gain respect at work." She said, mentioning the world of work

for the first time.

They parked and walked to the somewhat glitzy club which was a mainstay in the pickup scene in that part of the state. They left after a single drink to get away from the booming DJ and the persistent wait staff.

"Do you go there often?" Sarah asked.

"It can be fun with a group and it's probably the best place to dance in the city. Talking intimately is not possible, so I tend to save it for those situations in which I either really want to dance or am with someone or who's not a particularly scintillating conversationalist. I don't know your views on dancing but you certainly don't meet the latter criteria." Kenneth said, maybe with a hint of flirtation, but he was being completely honest, which was the only way he ever was.

"I love to dance but I'd much rather just talk...with you." Sarah said, every bit as honestly as Kenneth had spoken.

And that is what they did, through drinks, through dinner later and during an extended walk along the cliffs overlooking the Pacific. Very easily their hands had joined. Every bit as easily, they kissed and embraced at the base of the long wooden steps which led to the beach. It was at that moment that it became evident to both of them that it was not unlikely that they would spend the night together.

Kenneth and Sarah returned to Kenneth's apartment and were quickly in each other's arms, first in the front hallway and then on the long leather couch in the living room. They were unquestionable on the verge of moving to Kenneth's king sized bed when Sarah made it clear that she needed to say something.

"Kenneth, I think we both know where this may be leading, I know you have a girl friend and I..."

"She's not moving to California, certainly not now or in the foreseeable future. This would be the third time we've gotten to this stage and the third time she has backed out. I'm finally beginning to realize that she

never will and I probably need to accept the fact that my relationship with Laura over the years has almost always been as it was convenient to Laura, so in spite of the five plus years that we have been in and out of love..."

"Kenneth, it would be okay if she was moving out here." Sarah said, and Kenneth was confused. "Before you get nervous, as men often tend to do about these things, I'm not looking for a husband; I'm not really sure I'm even looking for a relationship, at least not one with any long term potential. Bluntly, my success in the long term arena is decidedly dismal and now I'm realizing that you've had your trials and tribulations in that area. And I guess it's more my fault than...no, it's not all my fault. It's just that men, a lot of men, have unrealistic expectations. Look, I..."

"Sarah, look, I feel like I've known you a lot longer than, what? A few hours? A long day? This has been very pleasant. I really like you; we have, it would seem, a lot in common. I'm perfectly okay with being friends, if that's where you're going, and I can't even believe I just uttered that line! I certainly find you very attractive and going to bed with you..."

She smiled, chuckled, then threw her head back and laughed. "You're really sweet and, I can see, a really nice guy. Actually, possibly for the first time since we met, we're not exactly on the same sheet of music. I really, really want to be your friend. I have a very shaky record with male friends. But more than being your friend, well, ah, okay girl, spit it out!"

"Kenneth, I need to be brutally open with you. Kenneth, look, I love to fuck---I need to fuck. I am decidedly, to say the least, adventurous in that area. Give me your hand."

And with that, Sarah slipped Kenneth's hand up under her skirt and placed it firmly on her wet, pantyless, little cunt. She then moved his hand down farther as she slid her butt to the edge of the seat. There was the distinct projection of a silicone butt plug just projecting past the tight little muscle of her anal ring.

"Kenneth, I genuinely hope we can be friends, but, I was physically attracted to you at the beach. I really want to be friends but what I'm really looking for---desperately have to have---is a physical relationship...sex. I'm pretty picky and I don't mess around with attached men---or women---and if the

sex is not great, well, then I'd still like to be friends. I'm very discrete and I only have a physical thing with one guy at a time---I'm not into any of that weird swinging or gang bang shit. On the other hand, if you're not too put off by the idea, well, suffice to say, I'm a very nasty little slut between the sheets. I love sucking cock...I love it up the ass, in case you had any doubts...and sex with just a little bit of danger--danger of being caught---turns me on a lot. Obviously, men don't often take a girl like me home to meet mom and I've come to accept that. Just don't take me for granted. If we end up in a physical relationship, all I ask is for honesty. You're a good looking guy and you'll meet that girl that you want to, well, get really serious with and when you do, you and I need to part ways--at least physically---adultery is not my thing." Kenneth was stunned and speechless.

Sarah chuckled. "Typical reaction, friend Kenneth. Let's go to bed---if I haven't shocked you and you're still up for it."

# Chapter 3

Kenneth and Sarah moved toward his bedroom undressing each other quickly. Sarah spun around and grabbed him, probing his mouth urgently with her own. She was on her knees with his cock in her hot little mouth in seconds. Sarah stood up, turned around and bent her upper body, projecting her astounding ass provocatively as she placed her hands against the wall. Kenneth ran his strong hands along her sleek hips, caressing the tight cleft of her ass and reaching around to find her steamy little slot.

"Fuck me Kenneth, right here and right now. My cunt...you'll get my ass later. Fuck me hard and fast...don't hold back or get creative. Just ball this little bitch from the rear standing up. Fuck me hard...do it!"

Kenneth obeyed, instantly slipping his long, fat and very serviceable organ deep inside Sarah's dripping little slot in a single stroke.

"Talk to me Kenneth...tell me what you want to do to me, tell me how nasty I am, talk to your little cunt!"

"Take that cock you tight little slut...come on beg for it...take it all and take it deep." Kenneth said, getting into it as he slapped her firm and irresistible butt.

"Oh, yes, that's it, spank me...fuck me...fuck this nasty little slut. Yes! Like that, hard---I won't break, oh fuck, that's a nice big cock, oh shit yes, that's it, oh fuck, I'm going to cum, yes, yes, cum for me Kenneth, shoot your nasty spunk!" Kenneth had been astounded at how quickly she had cum. Just as he was prepared to unload deep in her tight little hole, Sarah, turned around and fell to her knees.

"On my face baby, cum on my face. Jerk your cream on my face, yes, oh, shit, oh, yes!"

And, for the first time in Kenneth's, life, he shot several impressive strings of his hot sticky goo all over a girl's face. Sarah quickly took his fat cock in her mouth moaning in appreciation as she recovered everything his balls had produced. She then proceeded to remove the gobs of cum from her face and lewdly suck them off her fingers.

"Oh, fuck, that was fantastic! Thank you Kenneth! I love eating cum and yours is very tasty." Sarah said.

To her delight, Kenneth was not a man put off by the taste of his own cum and he quickly kissed her, probing her full mouth for the remains of his essence.

Sarah and Kenneth moved to the bed. Sarah whispered in his ear.

"Look, sometimes, I like it a little rough...you can slap me around a little...no marks, though---even tie me up, if you like. There's nothing you can imagine doing that I don't enjoy. I think you already know I'm a great little cock sucker. I love licking a man's tight little ass hole and I fucking love a big fat cock up the ass. I plan to leave here only after you've stretched my mouth, cunt and ass to the limit---several times. If you've got a strap on, I'll even fuck your shitter if you want me to. Basically I'm going to fuck you out---fuck you so many ways and times that your nuts ache." Kenneth was completely taken aback. This was not what he had planned or anticipated. He was astounded at how absolutely perfect she was. The swell of her hips and her long legs were only matched by her exquisite little ass as she spun around, bent over and ran her fingers back through her perfect little pussy. What the fuck. Sarah went down on her hands and knees and crawled over to him like a jungle cat. In seconds his cock and balls were in her delicate little hands.

"Oh, very nice, you're still hard. Let me blow you until you're close to coming---which I assure you won't take long. When you feel yourself getting close, just face fuck me---I fucking love that dominant-submissive shit! Just ram it into the back of my throat---grab my fucking hair and skull fuck me!" And with that, Sarah had Kenneth's hard tool in her mouth.

Once again, Sarah gave the best blow job he had ever had in his life. As she gazed up into his face with those beautiful deep blue, wide set eyes it was obvious that she was not only very talented but loved sucking dick. He almost forgot her instructions as he dreamily felt the rise of his impending orgasm. She removed his cock from her mouth.

"You're close big boy---and that is definitely a big boy---a personal record for me! Now fuck my little mouth like I told you to...do it!"

Kenneth thrust his hard cock to the back of her throat, grabbing her hair for leverage and did what it was obvious they both wanted, brutally shoving his fat cock to the depth of her oral cavity. She gagged; she gurgled; her eyes watered. He could see her fingers buried in her little snatch. He shot a load of cum on her tonsils. She slurped down every drop, holding his cock at the back of her throat as her nimble fingers found their mark and she came seconds later. Allowing his cock to plop from her mouth, Sarah fell back on her tight little ass, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and smiled a knowing smile. Kenneth joined her and ran his fingers along her slimy slit as he recovered the last vestiges of his own cream from her young mouth with his own.

"That was outstanding! I might have cum without my own finger help. That was a mind blowing mouth fuck! I love a big fat cock in my mouth...love the hard smoothness...love the taste of cum---and yours is especially tasty! I'm pretty sure that my mouth is just as sensitive as my pussy and ass. Now I know you're a fairly young stud, and you'll be ready to go again real soon, but I recommend you take something. If you don't have any---I do. Cialis, 20 miligrams--good for 36 hours of seriously hard cock! I already know you don't have erectile dysfunction issues. I just want that fat cock of yours to stay hard long enough to satisfy my needs; I need a lot of serious fucking. I'm thinking you're going to need to dick me at least twelve times before the sun come up."

Kenneth had his own medication; he'd never used it before. He promptly went to the master bed room to stoke his fire. When he came out of the bathroom, Sarah was rummaging through her purse.

She produced a larger than average anal penetrator, lubing up the tip with a bottle of lube from her purse, flopping on her back and inserting the implement in her tightest little hole. To his surprise she inserted it past the widest point in her tight little butt. She would have no problem taking his cock in her perfect little chute, Kenneth mused. She wasn't done yet. Removing the anal probe she produced a brand new set of anal beads from her purse and handed them to Kenneth along with a small bottle of Probe.

Sarah rolled back in position, locking her long legs behind her head and fingering her anus expectantly.

"Do it baby, put those bad boys where they belong."

As Kenneth began inserting the string of plastic beads in her tight little hole, Sarah started fingering her nipples, ultimately pinching them until they became rock hard. Kenneth ran several fingers along her tight little cunt. Sarah began to breath rapidly switching to a low moan as the last bead found its rightful place. Kenneth soon had four fingers up her impossibly tight little cunt.

"Fuck me with your hand...your whole hand...fist me, damn it. Don't worry if I scream out... That's it, oh fuck, ahggggg!"

Kenneth's fist was inside the nubile nymph. Fisting had never been one of his fantasies, but when in Rome...He started a slow rotating motion massaging the inside of her birth canal with his fingers and knuckles. Sarah grabbed the anal plug which had recently been in her ass and inserted it in her mouth, biting down on it to stifle a scream. Within seconds he felt her interior muscles contract and she screamed out as her orgasm hit her. He removed his hand and went down on her, lapping up the profuse secretions of her recent orgasm. Her pussy was so damned sweet. She slowly started fucking his mouth with her neatly trimmed little quim. She came again almost instantly.



## Chapter 4

"God, that was fucking amazing. Most guys don't know what to do when they get their fist inside a little girl's cunt...and the oral expertise was very appreciated. Thank you. I knew this was going to be worth it. 'Got to pee...want to help?'" She said as she bounded off the bed and ran into the bathroom. He followed closely behind.

He loved the vision of a beautiful girl sitting erectly on the toilet getting ready to pee. He put his hand between her legs anxiously awaiting the flow as he gently worked her stiff little nipples with his mouth. He was quickly rewarded with the boiling hot stream of girl piss. After she had finished, he began to work her little button with her fingers. Their eyes never left each other.

Standing up he took his rapidly hardening cock and aimed it at her precious little cunt. She nodded expectantly. He didn't disappoint her. As the yellow stream bathes her little quim, her own fingers replaced his and the amazing woman brought herself off again.

"Oh that was delightfully nasty, big Kenneth. I love having my little muff pissed on by a man with a big cock. It almost always gets me close to cumming. You're hard---damned hard. I think my pussy has regained its normal size. Are you ready to fuck?" He was.

He scooped her up in his arms and returned to the bedroom. How to do her...from the front with her long legs smashed up against her little titties? On her hands and knees with that fine young ass waving in the air? Flat on her stomach from behind so he could have perfect access to the anal beads? Sarah already knew what she wanted as she bent over in front of the dresser and presented her perfect little ass for his inspection. "Let's start like this. I'll be able to watch your face in the mirror. I want it hard and deep...and slap my butt while you're at it."

Kenneth complied, shoving his oversized fuck tool into her young cunt with a single thrust. She rolled her delectable little buns in perfect harmony with his thrusts. He began to redden her beautiful butt cheeks with his hands riding her like a young filly.

"Oh, that's it daddy! Fuck your little bitch. Make me take that fat cock...all of it! Spank me for being such a nasty little slut. Come on....own this body! Make me scream. What a big fucking cock! Make me

your woman! God that's good. Jam me, fuck me...yes!"

After what seemed like half an hour, Kenneth grabbed Sarah and repositioned her on the bed, face down. As she started to rise to her knees he slapped her ass hard and pushed her down, climbing over her legs, pushing them tightly together and again ramming his long cock into her young pussy. He loved fucking this way, or more accurately, he had always wanted to, as he watched her pert little butt jiggle with each animalistic thrust. He began to piston his athletic hips, fucking her with almost blazing speed and ferocity.

"Oh yea, this is even better. I'm so fucking close...you are too I can feel it...the beads...pull the beads."

Slowing down to control his tempo, Kenneth grabbed the string lewdly dangle from her little brown hole and began the slow extraction. He marveled as each bead broke through the tight little anal ring accompanied by a coo and a whimper from Sarah. It was absolutely the most erotic vision he had ever witnessed. She was starting to pant as a glow of sweat broke out on her body. She was grabbing and holding his fat cock with each thrust. As the last bead popped out of her ass, Sarah came with a blood curdling scream. Kenneth came with a roar, followed by a sob and finally a trembling whimper.

Leaving his cock deep in her little snatch, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her onto her side tightly holding her warm young body next to his. It was the most intensely satisfying fuck of his life. He nuzzled her slender young neck in post coital bliss. He rolled her over and kissed her pouty young lips tenderly, then her eyes, neck and forehead. The tenderness surprised Sarah. Love was often bull shit and tenderness with a fuck partner had not been an integral part of her young life. She resisted it.

"You are one fantastic fuck, Kennethbo! God I love having a fat, hard cock shoved up cunt. Thank you for making me your nasty little fuck toy slut!"

Kenneth laughed and slapped her exquisite bubble butt playfully. She's a tramp, he thought to himself. She likes to fuck and is every bit as nasty, dirty and perverted as you are, or at least as you've always wanted to be. Just another whore, albeit a very comely and talented one. But then again, they were friends, weren't they? Kenneth was confused but too damned excited to dwell on it.

They explored each other amorously during the short interval required for Kenneth to recover. On several occasions he could not resist running his hand along and through the tight cleft her superb young ass.

"You can butt fuck me whenever you're ready." Sarah said with a lascivious grin.

Sarah was soon in her preferred position with her legs locked behind her head and her well lubed little ass hole perfectly presented for Kenneth's inspection and penetration. Kenneth spent a great deal of time lavishing attention on her tight little hole with his mouth and tongue.

"That's the biggest one I've ever taken back there. Go slow; let me get used to it." Kenneth did as he had been asked. He was an anal virgin; Sarah was obviously not.

Sarah was not an amateur. In no time at all Kenneth was buried up to the hilt in her, tight, hot buttery little rectum.

Sarah had not liked anal sex the first time, back when she had first been forced to do it by one of her college boy friends. It had hurt a lot. She had learned that men came very quickly with their hard cocks imbedded in a young girl's ass. At first, she had found it humiliating. The humiliation was over quickly. Later she had been taken anally by a man who knew his way around a woman's backdoor. He had lavished attention on her tender hole with his mouth---just as Kenneth had done---and used plenty of lubrication. He had been gentle with her and she had come to enjoy the fullness of having a cock shoved up her tight little butt. Now, it occurred to her, she had come to more than enjoy it--sometimes she even preferred it, with the right man.

Sarah also knew what few women understood. While to many women, taking a cock up the ass was the ultimate in submission, degradation and humiliation, Sarah knew that once she got a man's cock where it belonged---she owned that cock and the man attached to it. She always made them sodomize her from the front, with the lights on, so that she could watch their faces. As she watched those faces she felt ultimately in control. Hell, she was always in control when it came to men and their cocks. How many men had she provided the ultimate fantasy for? A young, attractive girl who would let them do things to her that few other women---if any---would allow. She knew in a sick way that casual sex with a man, even a man like Kenneth, with whom she had become good friends, was a poor replacement for the love

she had never been able to attain in her other relationships.

She'd never messed around at work; her boss and coworkers had just thought she was a sweet girl with an uncanny gift for reading and writing computer code. She'd never come on to any of the teachers at school or her professors in college. She'd had a couple of short affairs with well heeled business men but never in her own company. She had enjoyed male friends and male fuck mates; Kenneth might be the first who fit in both categories. Sadly, if history was a teacher, the friendship would suffer if the fucking continued. Certainly anything approaching a tender, affectionate relationship was out of the question.

And now there was this man, Kenneth, delightfully filling and stretching her tight little back door. He was an astounding fuck; he pushed all of her buttons in the right order. He certainly seemed to know how to make a woman purr; this one was unquestionably one of the very best she had ever had. He'd certainly want to fuck her again and she would let him but that would probably be all he would want to do with her and the friendship would fade.

# Chapter 5

Kenneth was in his element. Sarah was the perfect ass fuck, or at least she was the manifestation of all of his masturbatory fantasies. Her toned and talented muscles grabbed and held his long cock at every opportunity. He realized that Sarah was literally the first woman he had ever sodomized and she genuinely loved it up the butt.

"Cum in my ass baby, that's it...your so fucking close...I need to feel you cum...that's it...oh fuck, yes!"

Kenneth shot a load of cream deep in Sarah's rectum, marveling as she came almost simultaneously. He'd had no idea how intensely satisfying butt fucking a willing partner could be. As his cock slipped out of her astounding little ass Kenneth kissed her gently on the mouth; she responded. They held each other like that for several minutes. She broke the embrace and the mood.

"Wow, you definitely are the ultimate back door man. That was absolutely the best ass fuck I've ever had."

"Well, I have a confession; I'd never done that before, although I've fantasized about it. Thank you for being my first."

Thanks to the Cialis and their mutual arousal, Kenneth and Sarah fucked several times before the sun came up although they never achieved the dozen mark---but very close. They showered together in the morning; he took her tight little pussy one last time under the warm shower stream.

They made breakfast together then sat in silence eating their eggs, bacon and hash browns. They both knew the rules, or at least thought they did.

"Sarah, I like you. The sex was, well, beyond my wildest dreams. I'd really like to be a friend. What do you say we finish up breakfast and see if we can find a decent wave?"

Wow! I'd have been okay if he just wanted to fuck all day but, other than fucking, surfing is my life. Friends? Sure they were. Could it last?

Kenneth and Sarah spent the rest of Sunday moving from one spectacular surf site to another, following the wave, as it were. It was understood that she would not spend the night with him; both had to go to work the next morning and she knew she would be in the first day of a new and unfamiliar job. They cooked dinner together. And then they moved to the bedroom again. And for the first time, they made love. It was sweet and tender and quite special.

Oh, my, Sarah thought to herself as they cuddled together after. That was really nice. I could get used to that.

"Sarah, before our friendship evolved to something, well, very physical, I had planned to ask you if you still wanted to sublet my other bedroom, at least temporarily, since I know those temporary motels really aren't much fun. Maybe it's not appropriate now but, well, in any event, the offer is open."

How would that work out, Sarah wondered? Complicated, possibly but it would also be very convenient. She had shared housing once before with a man but she had neither been sexually involved with him with nor good friends with him, it had just been convenience. Considering her current relationship with Kenneth, whatever it was, living under the same roof might be too much close contact for good measure. She'd have to mull it over.

She was excited as she drove to her new workplace the next morning. This was a significant promotion for her. She would finally be doing what she had been trained to do and felt she had a real talent for doing. She would be responsible, at least on the systems side, for a major, even landmark integrated system. She would be part of a team of talented people and it would be their job to design a radical new way of doing business. The digital part of the system, the computer interface, would be her responsibility.

"Kenneth! You're in bright and early. Big day ahead, huh?"

Kenneth and his boss worked well together and had become good friends. Kenneth had come to the company several years earlier with a top notch education and hands on experience in logistics in the military. Kenneth had been promoted to Vice President quicker than anyone else had. His boss, a Senior

Vice President, often joked that he expected to be working for Kenneth in a few years and in truth, he knew it was probably not just a joke.

Today Kenneth would meet for the first time with the entire team. He knew most of them from within the company. There had been several late additions from outside the organization who had specific expertise critical to the success of the project. This was going to be a big deal which might well determine the company's fortunes.

While his direct boss would still be in the picture, Kenneth would be dealing directly on no less than a weekly basis with the company's executive suite. For the next few months his regular duties would be covered by his boss and another peer while Kenneth devoted 100% attention to the task force results. If he did well he would certainly become a senior VP sooner rather than later.

He took a deep breath as he prepared to enter the conference room that would become his second home for the next few months. He knew that he had been chosen to lead this effort not only because of his superior knowledge but because he was viewed as possibly the best in the organization at team efforts that can often be plagued by competing egos and agendas. He'd learned the finer points of leadership watching his dad at a tender age as he would occasionally accompany him to work during the summers.

He'd been viewed as a natural leader through high school with an innate ability to get people to work together toward a common goal. He'd been the captain and quarterback of his high school football team and had been very involved in student government in college. His experience and training as a military officer had further refined his innate talents. This would be his greatest challenge and the stakes were substantial. While he knew he was younger than several members of the group, he also took pride in the fact that he was respected and appreciated at every level of the organization.

It was also helpful that he had learned to play poker from his mother at an early age. That, coupled with his military training enabled him to stifle any reaction when he looked around the conference table and viewed the couple of unfamiliar faces. One in particular was not unfamiliar; her name was Sarah Sanders, he knew before any introductions were made. Her face showed an instant recognition and reaction, hopefully unnoticed by the rest of the group since all eyes were on him. She quickly regained her composure. As was traditional, Kenneth introduced himself and asked each attendee to do the same and tell the rest of the group a little about who they were. When it came to Sarah, Kenneth sat in rapt attention, since he really knew nothing about her work experience or about her education.

Sarah rattled off her impressive educational credentials. She had BS in computer engineering from one of the top three or four schools in the country. An MS from the previous year's NCAA national football champions in system design, arguably the top school in the country in that field. Significant work experience leading all the way back to part time high school endeavors and employers since who were recognized by all in the room as giants in the field. Her previous job had included second seat in designing a significant business system which was, in fact, the model which had been chosen for development of his company's logistics system. She had also been the lead designer on a number of lesser known projects for Fortune 100 corporations. When she completed her brief summary of her qualifications, there wasn't a skeptic in the room in terms of her ability or credentials.

"When I'm not crunching code, I love to surf. It's, ah, virtually my only hobby or vice. While I was attracted to this company because the project in question is one I have some degree of expertise in and fascination with, in all honesty, if you were headquartered in Nebraska I probably would have passed." Sarah quipped, which provoked a hearty laugh throughout the room.

Kenneth briefly reviewed his own credentials after everyone else had done so. "Okay, this is an intimidating group! You're universally bright, experienced and highly educated from top schools. I may need to run down to the CEO's office and ask him if he's sure he still believes that I'm qualified to lead this task force. All I ask is that you all try to speak very slowly and in single syllables so that I don't get too confused. I'll try to keep up. On a more serious note, I'm simply the facilitator here. Seniority or title get's left at the door. No one in the room works for anyone else in this room, including me. I generally despise hackneyed sports metaphors but I know you all recognize that this has to be the ultimate team effort. Our coach, the CEO and founder, has outlined his expectations for a game plan and we need to execute it by coming up with the performance he expects of us. I'll manage the game clock and keep the ball moving down court or down field depending on your perspective but we live and die as a unit. Obviously, if we screw up, my head will almost certainly be the first one on the chopping block. I'll be evicted from my apartment, end up a homeless drunk, aimlessly roaming the streets or sleeping in an appliance carton---and you'll all have to live with that on your conscience."

Those that knew Kenneth also knew that he was, intentionally, underplaying his own credentials. It was that very self deprecating style and humor that had won him universal respect within the organization. Those that did not know him quickly recognized this aspect of Kenneth's style and appreciated it. They took a short break to refresh their beverages of choice. Kenneth took the time to chat with the new faces ultimately ending up next to Sarah.



"A great surfer and a computer genius, who would have guessed?" Kenneth said.

"Thank you for not adding any details about my other proclivities." Sarah quipped.

"Sarah, do you see any reason why our personal relationship might negatively impact our ability to work together? Before you answer, I don't. I think we both made it clear that work is work and what occurs outside of work doesn't cross the company's welcome mat on Monday morning. You are unquestionably the most qualified person remotely available to handle the digital side of this project. I'm not sure it would succeed without you and it would be impossible to find even a mediocre replacement for you in view of your credentials."

"Kenneth, while we may need to reevaluate and even modify our personal relationship in view of events, I'm on board 100%. I really appreciate that you cared enough to ask."

"Great! Let me get this gaggle focused."

# Chapter 6

In reality, Kenneth was becoming an even more interesting man in Sarah's eyes. Her only regret was that she had chosen to show him her slut side so early in their relationship. After her short exposure to his business acumen and leadership skills, she saw Kenneth in a different light and found him extremely impressive. He was someone she could respect in the work place and had no doubt that he would show her---and everyone in the room---respect in return. Under different circumstances might the two of them have had a chance for a real, long term relationship? Quite possibly, she thought to herself but men weren't likely to take slutty little fuck toys home to meet mom and dad. Oh well, the sex had been great, she had already decided that she wanted to fuck him in the future, she enjoyed being his friend and was confident that working with him would be very rewarding and enjoyable.

Over the ensuing weeks the whole project might well have fallen apart had it not been for Kenneth's superb organizational skills. Egos and tempers flared and disagreement abounded. Miraculously, by the end of a month, they were on track and slightly ahead of schedule and the participants had universally developed respect for each other and even become good friends. The group often got together for drinks and dinner. Kenneth clearly set the one nonnegotiable rule---no work talk after work. Some who had grown up in corporate America dragging work into social gatherings had the most difficult time adjusting but soon came around. Kenneth was pretty sure that several had become very good friends away from the office and that some of that good friendship had led to sex. He had only had to counsel one couple to keep separation between on duty and off duty and they had quickly adjusted their behavior.

Sarah took Kenneth up on his offer to sub let his other bedroom with some trepidation. They surfed together often; they also fucked frequently. It was often delightfully nasty but increasingly included episodes that were very tender. Sarah stopped fighting the tenderness. She also began to enjoy their activities together that were reminiscent of an old married couple, whether it involved cleaning the apartment and doing laundry, shopping for groceries, cooking dinner or simply lounging together on a Sunday morning doing crossword puzzles. While she kept her things in the second bed room, she kept her body in Kenneth's bed every night.

They had fights and disagreements but they worked through them. Kenneth was a classic, "win-win" person who wouldn't let anger simmer or build to a point of doing damage. Of course, the makeup sex was sublime.

The project continued and moved even more ahead of schedule. The group's excitement was palpable as they all began to realize that they were going to produce something quite remarkable.

Kenneth and Sarah had unquestionably become a couple in every sense of the word. One night as Sarah began to realize that the task force was within a couple of weeks of completing their assignment, Sarah picked a fight with Kenneth. Much later she would come to realize that her actions were fueled by the recognition that their work together was almost over and uncertainty as to where that left them as a couple. She had thrown something at him and retreated to the other bedroom. She had awakened after midnight intent on getting something cold to drink from the kitchen. She had found Kenneth curled up on the floor outside her door. Her anger had vanished and all she wanted to do was hold him and be held by him. He awakened and they held each other together, still sitting on the floor.

"I'm sorry, Kenneth, you didn't do anything wrong. I was just being a bitch, it's just that..." She trailed off.

"We're almost done with our project and you think that means that you and I are almost done?"

"Good old Kenneth, as usual he cuts through the crap and gets right to the core issue."

"What would make you think that that's the way it has to be?"

"Come on, Kenneth, you're about the most special guy I've ever met. I don't think I've ever had a better friend. The sex, is well, great. That's the core of the problem. There's no future for the two of us. I'll always be a nasty little slut in your eyes not someone that you could ever..."

"Fall in love with?"

"Exactly."

"Are you cheating on me?"

"You know better than that."

Are you planning on it?"

No, never, you know me better than that."

"Yes I do; the question was almost rhetorical and I'm trying to make a point so hang with me." Kenneth got up and went over to the DVD player, inserting a disk that he had not viewed in several months.

"Now we're going to watch porn together! Well, not exactly. I'll just speed through some of the high points. Sarah, when I met you this DVD represented the most poignant moments in my sex life. I dated and I got laid but, increasingly the abject nastiness on this, my favorite DVD, became an obsession. I used to jerk off three times a day watching this damned thing. I was sure that I'd never meet a woman like the ones in the video. And then I met you! And as far as my own sexual perversions were concerned, you exceeded my wildest expectations. And you are right. After that first night together, my thoughts ran along the line of, 'what a delightfully nasty little slut, Sarah is'. Those thoughts were also tempered with the realization that I genuinely enjoyed your company when we weren't having sex and that I would have given up the sex, albeit, regretfully, if that was what I had to do to still have you as a friend."

Kenneth continued. "I love watching you ride a wave; I could watch you for hours. Then you had to show up smack dab in the middle of my task force and in addition to being a fucking genius, you demonstrated day in and day out your commitment and an uncanny ability to get 100% out of everyone you work with. You moved in. Living together seemed so, well, normal, right, as it was supposed to be. So what am I trying to say? I respect you as a friend---certainly as a surfing partner. My respect for you in the work environment is, well, absolute. You are bright, funny, interesting and I miss that more than you can imagine when you're not around. So, let's cut through the crap and get down to that one word which seems to scare you silly...love. Certainly respect is a big part of people loving each other."

"How can your respect..."

"Hush, you saucy wench! You'll get your chance. Look, what's a guy, or a woman for that matter, looking for when they think about love? Somebody who views the world generally as they do, has similar interests and tastes---and when there is disagreement it's not substantive. Respect...respect for ones intellect, the way they treat others, their ethics, honesty and values..."

"But, how can a man respect a woman..."

"I'm going to take you over my knee if you keep cutting me off!" Kenneth quipped, and then continued. "So! Let's summarize. Are we damned good friends?" Sarah nodded. "Do we respect each other, not only work related, but, each others honesty, ethics, the way we treat others?" Sarah nodded again. "Have we, for the most part, been able to live here together in this decidedly small apartment pretty damned enjoyably for several months?" Sarah nodded. "Do we see the world through similar eyes, enjoy many if not most of the same things to the point that it's almost scary how often we seem to read each others mind?" Sarah again, nodded.

"So, dear heart, what exactly is your problem? Right this second, and this is the guy talking, I consider myself the luckiest man in the world. You're my best friend, I love being with you, I respect you---and then there's the fact that you just happen to be one delightfully nasty, adventurous, creative and exciting piece of ass. I have to believe that a lot of people have fallen in love---and gotten married---with a hell of a lot less going for them. So what am I missing? Before you answer, I fell in love with you months ago and I can't imagine another person on this planet with whom I'd rather spend the rest of my life."

As Kenneth had gone through his almost clinical evaluation of their relationship, her own analytical mind was on track until his last statement; it was that statement that shook her so much that she began to tremble and then broke down sobbing in Kenneth's arms.

"Oh, Kenneth, I don't deserve a man like you...you could never..."

"I know I said it was your turn, my apology. Let me inject a quick hypothetical. If we were married, would you feel the need to, what's the word, stray?"

"Of course not! I told you the first day I met you that, regardless of my strong sex drive, I don't cheat and I don't fool around; I'm decidedly a one man woman with or without a piece of paper to make it official."

"Do I satisfy you, sexually?"

"Sex with you is perfect---better than anything I've ever experienced."

"Yea, same here, so I ask again, what's the problem? Is what a husband and wife do sexually anyone else's business?"

"Oh, Kenneth, you're talking about things that I don't have much experience or success with...love, marriage...I'd always be afraid that you would look at me and be thinking..."

"Thinking, that you are the most wonderful, funny, kind, sweet, caring, amazing woman in the world? That you are the best friend I've ever had or ever could have? That you are astoundingly bright, accomplished and way beyond brilliant? That I respect every fiber of your being? Well all of that would be enough for me to say, 'I do'. Add to it that I can't keep my hands off you and I'm pretty sure the earth does move when we fuck? Well that's just the icing on the cake, I'd still want to spend the rest of my life with you even if you weren't a delightfully nasty little fuck toy."

"Oh, God, Kenneth, this is almost too much for me to deal with. I believe you...I desperately want and need to believe you....but..."

"Okay, I understand. Come to bed. We've got a huge day tomorrow. We have the initial presentation of our last few months of work."

Sarah joined Kenneth back where she desperately wanted to belong, in his bed...their bed. And they

made love more tenderly and gently than either could recall. As she drifted off in Kenneth's arms she finally accepted the fact that life without Kenneth would be empty and horrible. Of course you're in love with him girl, she mused, now it's time for you to let him love you, let him be the first and only man to capture your heart. Let go, dammit, have faith that it can and will be real.

# Chapter 7

The initial presentation went off extremely well. Kenneth ensured that each key player became an integral part of the presentation to the executive suite, introducing each presenter and then letting them strut their stuff. This too had always been Kenneth's style, be humble and even self effacing and be damned sure that your people get the recognition they deserve. The CEO smiled a knowing smile, fully recognizing that this young man would go far and intent on ensuring that he didn't get away.

Over the ensuing weeks as the participants fed real data into the system and debugged the minor glitches all knew that it worked, even exceeding the original design requirements. They'd hit a grand slam. They soon had the beta up and running, continuing to tweak the design until the day Kenneth called them together and spoke. "My sense is, enough! As much as I know we're all going to miss this daily collaboration, I believe we need to remove the beta label and throw the switch. Does anyone disagree?" No one did.

The original team fanned out across the country over the next few weeks to train and educate the corporation's other locations. It became evident to all in short order that the system exceeded everyone's expectations. Several members of the task force would soon return to their previous jobs, particularly the more senior ones. Most would receive either promotions or substantial bonuses.

Those that had been brought in from outside specifically for the project assumed that they would be blowing in the wind and began to circulate resumes. Several made it clear that they wanted to move on, not because they didn't respect the company and enjoy the people but because they viewed themselves as project innovators not as day to day managers. Several were vigorously courted by senior management based on Kenneth's recommendations and decided to stay. And then there was Sarah. Kenneth sat with the CEO and COO late one afternoon to discuss the subject.

"I've felt her out on her future goals. She's a brilliant designer and right now we don't have anything for her to design. Simply managing an existing system or even the IT function in its entirety would be a waste of her exceptional talent and intellect. At the same time, it would be tragic to lose someone with her abilities, not only as a designer but as a creative team player who makes all of those around her perform at the limits of their capabilities."



"What if we did have design projects in the mill?" The COO asked. "Look, Kenneth, we're getting a lot of attention over this project throughout our industry---throughout the business community.

The board had suggested that we consider expanding our plate in view of our almost unique success in putting something of this caliber together internally. We'd set it up as a separate, wholly owned subsidiary, but such a move would also allow us to retain those folks that are more project than day to day oriented. Could she handle that?"

"Without question! She is a tremendous consensus builder. Her abilities go far beyond intellect and design talent. I do need to tell you that Sarah and I have a relationship that is decidedly personal and far from a secret but I hope you know me well enough to know that it wouldn't cloud my judgment. I also know you've already received glowing reports on her contributions from the other folks involved."

"How personal, Kenneth, and tell me to go to hell if I'm prying?" The CEO said with a smile.

"Not at all, although I've haven't shared my thoughts with anyone else. Oh, hell I'm madly in love with the darned woman on more levels than you could even imagine. In my heart I know the feeling is mutual. Sarah's track record in affairs of the heart is rocky so getting her to believe that we should spend the rest of our lives together has been a challenge. I'm still working on it. And that's probably a lot more information than either of you wanted!" Kenneth said with a grin.

"Well, the spin off would be a separate company, reporting to the board, so there wouldn't be anything remotely inappropriate about the head of that new business unit dating or even marrying our new Executive Vice President."

"Pardon me?"

"You heard me. Interestingly, your current boss, a Senior Vice President, who will now report to you, indicated he didn't remotely have a problem with it and had long ago predicted it. The other SVPs are equally enthused. Congratulations! How do you want to deal with Sarah on this issue?"

"Let me talk to her and simply indicate that you guys have a proposition you'd like to pitch to her without providing any details other than that it would involve design."

"That'll work, but don't delay. We'd like to nail this down tomorrow---early."

Kenneth found Sarah doing some last minute paper work; they often rode to work together, making no attempt to hide the closeness of their relationship.

"What do you want to do now, Sarah, career wise, since this puppy is pretty much done?"

"You know I can't stay on. I'm a designer, I need new challenges and simply running something day to day wouldn't be my cup of tea."

"I don't want to get bogged down in details this evening, but the CEO wants to pitch an idea to you---tomorrow. I sense that it might be something you could get your arms around and enjoy. All I ask is that you keep an open mind and hear them out."

Sarah started to laugh. "It is, sometimes so strange the way you and I communicate on different levels depending on the moment. Easy, comfortable banter when we're just being friends, like an old married couple when we're doing laundry together, different still when we're looking for a wave and then, of course very different when we're...having sex. And now we're having a business chat. I continue to be amazed at your ability, and mine I guess, to separate all of our respective roles out and make it work."

"I guess we're just pretty special people!" Kenneth quipped. "Maybe it means that we found each other one morning on a sunny California beach for a reason?"

"Oh, Kenneth..."

"Sarah, do you love me---are you in love with me, not just as a friend but really in love with me?"

"Yes."

"Thank God! Progress!"

Kenneth, it's just that..."

"Look, girl, in case you missed it, I love you and I'm in love with you. In case you also missed it, I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I'm not going to change my mind. You know what? You're going to come around and I'm not going to give up on you or leave you or whatever it is that other people have done to you. I'm here. I'm yours, my heart is in your hands and you are not going to shake me or chase me away. Don't answer, just take the time to search your heart and I know you'll find the truth."

That evening was very much about just being friends. The night which followed was very much about being in love. Sarah knew that her walls were tumbling down and her fears were fading. Still, the next morning as she entered the CEO's office her own insecurity, at least as far as love was concerned, were still controlling her actions.

The CEO interviewed Sarah but spent most of his effort selling her on the spin off. She had assumed he wanted her in a staff design role. When he dropped the bomb that he wanted her to run it---and the board had already approved her---she almost fell out of her chair. She said yes. The job he had proposed was a natural next step in her career and one she knew she could handle.

The CEO was not done. "Sarah, congratulations and thank you for saying yes. I was starting to feel like a high school kid trying to get a date for the prom there for a while. Now, I'm going to meddle where I have no business but when you get to be my age you get to take some liberties."

The CEO continued. "Kenneth is the finest young man I've ever met. His contributions to this company since the day he stepped through our door have been spectacular. Keep it under your hat until I make the formal announcement in a couple of days, but he's been promoted to Executive Vice President, reporting to the executive suite. On paper, you will report to the board but in day to day things you'll essentially report to the executive suite also."

The CEO continued. "Sarah, I need your personal help in dealing with an issue that, if unresolved, might, I fear, adversely impact Kenneth's ability to assume his new responsibilities. Bluntly, Sarah, the boy is hopelessly in love with you; he actually told me---and the COO---that last evening. He seems pretty sure that you feel the same way about him. Do you?"

Sarah nodded.

"I know of no two people within this company family, or anywhere else, for that matter for whom I have a higher regard than the two of you. It goes beyond that to genuine affection. I care about your futures, professionally and personally. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that you two belong together and that you each have an incredible ability to make the other one happy. All I'm asking is, if he get some wild idea about asking you to be his wife, which I sense he has hinted at with you before, I'd consider it a personal favor if you'd look inside your heart and give serious thought to answering in the affirmative. It's just a suggestion, not an order. Okay?"

The CEO got up and hugged Sarah as he would hug one of his own children. "I sense in your young eyes that somewhere in your life, someone, a man probably, has hurt you deeply. This one never will. Go with your heart this time; you can trust him with it forever. I'm absolutely sure of that."

## Epilogue

It was in that hug that Sarah let go, and finally admitted what she had denied for too long. She wanted to tell Kenneth. But she couldn't find him. His secretary said he had stepped out to run an errand. She called home. She tried his cell. And as she sat in her own office, head in hand, crying softly, he was there.

"Things didn't go well with the CEO?" He said, concerned.

"They went very well. I said yes to his offer." Sarah said, gazing into Kenneth's eyes.

"You were crying."

"Happy tears, baby, very happy tears. Now that you are here everything is just fine." Sarah said softly.

"Are you really, really, really sure?"

"Sure that I love you? Sure that I want to spend the rest of my life with you? Sure that I want us to be husband and wife? Not a doubt in my mind on any of those counts."

"Then try again. Ask me again. Ask me to marry you, ask me to spend the rest of my life with you."

"Well, what a coincidence! I guess I timed my little errand almost perfectly." Kenneth said, reaching into his pocket and removing the ring that would be symbol of his love and devotion.

Sliding the ring on her slender finger, Kenneth said the words that were in his heart, words he had so desperately wanted to say for a long time to the woman he so desperately loved.

And she said yes.

Thank you for reading "*Something Different.*"

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