

Chapter 3

Kylie's POV

Oh. My. God.

I feel like my face has got to be as red as the man's polo shirt from earlier.

The man in front of me, who I am assuming, and hoping, is Dean, grins at me and grabs my suitcase from my hand.

"Hey. You must be my new roommate, Kylie, right?"

My mouth is too dry to speak, so I just nod mutely.

Dean has light brown hair with natural golden highlights, a little longer, wavy, curling up slightly around his neck. There is very short light brown stubble on his face and his lips are full as they curl upwards in an easy smile, showing off his straight, very white teeth. His eyes are the most mesmerizing greenish-golden hazel that I have ever seen, and I feel like I could just stare at them all day, kind of like I am currently doing.

I swallow as I gape at him.

His shoulders look so wide that I wonder if he would have trouble even getting through a normal-sized doorway, which might explain the over-sized one, and his abs...oh my god, those abs.

My eyes trail lower.

He has these lines on either side of his abs, some kind of muscle, that angles downward and into his shorts, and I cannot help but wonder what it looks like without his shorts on... how far do those lines go?

Kylie! Get ahold of yourself.

My face feels on re as I drag my eyes back up to Dean's face and he raises an eyebrow at me as he grins in a way that makes me feel as if he knows exactly what I was just thinking.

"Nice to meet you too." He glances down at my feet and backs up, taking his time to take me all in, just like I must have done to him.

Yup. Blushing toes. For sure.

He laughs and moves aside. "Come on in, Kylie."

A small thrill of pleasure runs through me at the sound of my name on this handsome man's lips.

"I'm Dean. Your new roommate."

I step through the door and look around the room.

It is small, but well maintained, with nice, yet simple, decorations.

The entire room seems to act as a living room, dining room, and kitchen all in one.

There is a decent-sized television against the left wall, in-between two oversized windows that overlook the lake, with a tan-colored loveseat across from it. Against the right wall is a small, round table with two chairs, which is sitting under yet another window.

The kitchen is in the corner and is very tiny, with just a refrigerator, a two-burner stovetop, a tiny oven, and a microwave that looks like it could maybe t a bag of popcorn. The countertop is made of white marble and is very clean, with only a paper towel holder sitting on it.

Actually, the entire place is pretty darn immaculate, I cannot help thinking as I look around. I wonder if this was purposeful for my arrival or if Dean is just a clean guy.

Honestly, with his looks, he could be as messy as he wanted, and any girl would be okay with it.

"What do you think?"

I glance up at Dean who has been watching me take in the small space that is now my new home.

That I will be sharing with this gorgeous hunk standing beside me.

"Oh! Very nice." I nod a little too enthusiastically.

He grins again and I reach out my hand to place it on the back of the couch to steady myself, but miss, (a couch, I missed a couch), and nearly fall over.

Feeling like I am going to just melt into the oor from embarrassment, I turn away from Dean, who is polite enough to pretend like he didn't notice, even though I totally saw his lips twitch, and I point towards the tiny hall where there are two doors opposite each other and one against the wall between them.

"Is this where the bedrooms are?"

"Yup."

Dean steps past me and heads over to the hall. I remind myself to keep my mouth closed as I stare at his back, the lean muscles exing as he moves the suitcase from one hand to the other so that he can grab the door handle to the middle door and push it open.

"This is the bathroom. Sorry, you have to share it with me. I promise I am not too messy though."

I try to give him a smile back, but my face feels frozen, probably still in shock from the view, I think.

"And this," He taps his knuckles against the door to the left. "Is your room."

I move forward, brushing against his arm slightly in the tight space as I push the door open.

I gasp as the door swings open to reveal my new room.

There are three large windows, two against the wall in front of me overlooking the lake, and one on the right side of the room overlooking the lake and the pier.

In between the two windows across from me is the biggest bed I have ever seen, a king I am guessing, which is just massive compared to my twin-sized bed that I had had all my life, when I even had an actual bed instead of a cot.

There isn't a lot of room around the bed, but there is a tall dresser across from it and two nightstands on either side of the bed, both with blue and white lamps on them.

There is also a door to my right.

I make my way over to open it to nd a surprisingly spacious closet, with clothes already hanging up in it.

I glance at Dean in confusion. "Does someone else live here as well?"

"Nope, just me, and now you." He makes his way over to me and tosses my suitcase on the bed and turns to lean against the closet door frame, his folded arms brushing against my right shoulder.

I try to be casual about this, not wanting to move because I like the way it feels, but also not wanting him to think that I am making a big deal about it, you know, as if it is the rst time a guy has ever had his arm against me or something.

Which it is.

He points a thumb at the clothes.

"Work uniforms. They like everyone to dress the same around here." He slaps his khaki shorts at his thigh, drawing my eyes down where I cannot help stealing a glance at his ab muscles again.

"You are the new tennis pro, right?"

I nod.

"Cool. I play a little tennis, so I was helping out until you got here, but normally, I am the golf pro. I also do sailing, teach lessons and take members out on the lake, that kind of thing."

I nod again.

"Staci told me to take you on tour. Want to get changed and we can head out? I have the afternoon off to show you around, but I have a sailing lesson at 6:00 that I need to get back for." He lifts his wrist slightly to glance at his watch.

I look inside my closet in confusion, reaching out to run my ngers over the khaki, white, and blue items all looking new and neatly pressed.

"Oh yeah, there are different outts for different events."

Dean steps in front of me, his muscular arm rubbing against mine.

He glances down at me, and I blush as I take a begrudging step back to let him have more space.

"This is your outt for tennis lessons." He pulls out two hangers and holds them up against him where they look like child-sized clothing against his wide chest. He sways a little back and forth so that the short, white pleated skirt moves.

I can't resist a little giggle as I reach up and run my ngers along the hem of the tiny white cropped tank against his chest. This is nicer than anything I own. I just wish it wasn't so... revealing. It looks low cut, and there is no way my belly won't be showing.

"Oh yeah, they like everyone to look good around here. They denitely do not hire ugly people." He gives me an appraising look up and down and then gives me a small wink.

I bite back a grin as he turns around to replace the tennis outt and grabs two more hangers.

One is a short khaki dress with a wide navy belt around the waist, and the other is a khaki skirt that matches the one Staci had on earlier.

Dean takes on an ocial sounding tone, "The khaki skirt is to be worn with one of the polos in here, it doesn't matter which one, when you are off duty or working the drink cart. The dress is for entertaining. You know, hosting events and such."

I frown slightly and nod, hoping that I remember all of this.

"You'll get the hang of it." Dean shrugs and replaces the clothes. He points to the shoes that I hadn't noticed on the closet oor, "Mandatory white tennis shoes."

"Oh, good. I was worried we would have to wear heels."

Dean laughs, "Staci is management, she gets to wear the tall heels."

Dean grabs my shoulders and gently pulls me to the side so he can get past me to the bedroom door, making me blush for what feels like the hundredth time around him already.

"Meet me in ve?" Dean pauses at the bedroom door, holding up ve ngers and giving them a little wiggle.

I nod, still frozen in the spot where he moved me.

He gives me a grin and shuts the door behind him.

With a tiny groan, I op backwards onto the bed behind me, and cover my face with one of the throw pillows.

My roommate is the most good-looking man on the planet, and I can't even act like a person who knows how to form words around him. This is going to be brutal.

I give an experimental wiggle on my new bed.

Hey, at least this mattress is super soft.

I close my eyes and spread my arms wide, feeling a thrill of excitement about starting my new life here.

Despite the whole 'living with a model that I can't seem to stop embarrassing myself in front of thing, this place is amazing.

New clothes, a big comfortable bed, no foster parents...it's like I walked out of a nightmare and into a dream.

I sit up and grab the khaki skirt from the closet, along with a white polo tank and quickly get dressed, excited to see the rest of the country club that I now call home. Maybe secretly more excited to be shown it by my new roommate.

There is a full-length mirror on the back of my bedroom door, and I step in front of it to check out my new outt.

Everything ts as it should, the skirt is shorter than I would ever pick out for myself, but obviously it was made for taller people, so not as short on me as it is on the long-legged Staci, with me being only 5'2.

The polo tank has a rather low-cut v-neck, showing more cleavage than I ever have in my life, but it looks sexy and I kind of like it. I turn from side to side, noticing if I lift my arms to shoulder height, the tank creeps up to show a little skin, just as I had thought.

Oh well. I can keep my arms down.

I unzip my due bag and hurriedly dig around for my hairbrush.

My long, dark brown hair is coming out of its low ponytail and I want it to look nice before Dean sees me again.

My hair is my favorite physical feature about myself. My foster sisters were jealous of my super long, silky-smooth hair and were constantly telling my foster parents to cut it off, which they did only once, when I rst arrived. After that, I made sure to never wear it down and to always wear hats around them all the time.

I don't have to do that now.

I tug the hairband out of my hair and quickly run the brush through it, enjoying how it falls around me in smooth waves.

I reach for the doorknob, but at the last second, I dig into the side pocket of my due bag and pull out tinted lip balm and quickly apply it before placing it in my small front skirt pocket, ip my hair over my shoulder and walk out to the shared living space.

Dean gives a low whistle when I step out and gives me an appreciative grin from his seat on the couch.

"Nice! You look way better in the uniform than I do."

He stands up and I notice that he also has a white polo on with his khakis, his arm muscles bulging at the sleeves just like the golfers had earlier today.

Honestly, if it weren't for him living in the employee housing, I would think he could easily pass as a member here. He would t right in with the men I saw earlier.

I wonder what his story is.

"Ready?"

I nod.

"Great, I'll grab us a couple of drinks and we will head out."

I watch him head to the kitchen and grab two thermos cups from the cabinet and set them on the counter while he opens the fridge.

He pulls out a bottle of wine.

"Wha...are we...are we supposed to drink?" I gawk at him in shock, and he laughs a big bark-like laugh. It makes my knees go weak.

"They don't care, as long as it doesn't affect our jobs. The members like for the employees to loosen up." He shrugs as he lls the thermos.

I have never had alcohol before. I start to feel nervous as I watch him ll the cups with generous pours.

When the bottle is empty, he pulls out a cabinet door to reveal a trashcan and throws it inside.

Placing the lids on rst, he hands one to me with a grin and holds his cup up. "Cheers!"

I swallow and hold my cup up, "Cheers."

My voice sounds a lot smaller than his, unsure.

He takes a big swig and heads out the door.

I eye my cup for a moment before lifting it to my lips and taking the tiniest sip.

Mmm... That is tasty.

I follow behind Dean, who hops into the golf cart by the side of our house, then pats the seat beside him.

I slowly climb in next to him, being careful to keep my knees together and constantly pulling down on my skirt.

I have never been on a golf cart before.

All kinds of rsts for me today.

A smile spreads across my face as I am suddenly lled with a huge, glowing sense of pride in myself for making this happen.