

Chapter 4

Kylie's POV

"Anything that brings that beautiful smile to your face has got to be shared with the class."

"Huh? Oh! Um...nothing really." I instantly feel the red creeping back up my neck.

I really wish that I didn't blush so easily. I feel like I have spent more than half the time since I arrived here as varying shades of pink and red.

"I don't believe that for a second." Dean says, giving me a crooked grin as he glances over before turning his eyes back to the road. "Share."

"I am just happy to be here." I shrug and admire the view as we drive. "I lived in a foster home growing up and I really didn't have a great home life. So, I am just excited to be here...to venture out on my own. Especially somewhere as nice as this place."

I feel a little shocked that I just shared that with a stranger, and I try to hunch down slightly in my seat in embarrassment.

I have never been open with anyone before. Why the heck am I telling this man that I just met these very personal things?

To my surprise, Dean turns to give me an understanding look and squeezes my knee, which almost makes me swoon, and I reach up to hold onto a handle above me, as I suddenly worry about falling out of the golf cart.

Where are the doors on this thing anyway?

"I came from complicated home life as well. I totally understand."

"You do?"

"Yep." Dean gives my knee another squeeze and places it back on the steering wheel, much to my disappointment.

"You will like it here. There is a lot more freedom to just be who you are, with zero expectations except to do your job when you are on the clock. No crazy unrealistic amount of responsibilities." His mouth goes into a tight line, his eyes dark, but just for a moment before he turns his head to grin at me again.

"The staff here are all great too. We like to get together after hours. There is a spot in the woods that we go to have bonfires and a really cool nightclub just on the other side of the fence in the town."

"Oh, that's great."

Not that I have ever been to a nightclub before.

He gives me a sideways glance, "How old are you anyway?"

"Eighteen." The lie comes out quickly, easily. I had lied on my application. They had specified that you had to be eighteen to apply, but they never asked for my ID, yet, so I somehow got away with it.

I figured it was a harmless lie since I literally turn eighteen tomorrow.

Close enough.

Dean gives me a slightly odd look, then nods.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

There is silence for a moment, as I am not sure what to say next. I really don't have much experience talking to men before. Especially super-hot ones who I will be living with.

Oh, god.

I take another sip of my wine.

Dean slows the cart down to a stop and points, "There is the main clubhouse."

I follow his outstretched arm to look at the most magnificent building that I have ever seen.

It is made of the same white-washed stone as the employee buildings and the fence wall, but it is massive, and the stone has all these intricate white brick designs throughout it. There is also a huge half-circle shaped staircase that leads up to the building and large white columns at the front of the building. There are also a ton of weird statues and shaped bushes, all of huge dogs, scattered everywhere around the building.

Or maybe they are wolves?

Odd choice in décor, but who am I to judge, I guess.

Maybe it's like their mascot. That would explain the paws on the logos.

"The pools are behind it."

"Pools?" More than one?

"Yeah, there are three, at least in that area. One lap pool, the bigger free swimming pool, and then the kiddie pool. There are also a few pools in the other areas around the property. The VIP pool and the infinity pool by the lake."

Dean moves the golf cart forward again, towards the clubhouse.

"The tennis courts are a little way past the clubhouse as well. I'll take you there now. The golf course starts near there too."

I feel like I am gawking as I try to take it all in.

There are several golf carts parked outside of the clubhouse and everywhere I look are more beautiful people.

As we head around the clubhouse, we go through a sort of tunnel made of treetops and high bushes.

Swiveling my head back and forth to take it all in, I spot a nearly hidden cutaway in the bushes to my right and feel my ears turn red as I catch a glimpse of a woman sitting on the lap of a man, his hand up her shirt.

I quickly look away and make a mental note to keep my eyes forward from now on.

"You'll see a lot of that." Dean says casually, and I feel my ears burn more at the realization that he saw the same thing.

"There are a lot of secluded areas for our members to be...intimate. Our members are a rather...passionate crowd."

"That's what Staci said!" I blurt out before I can stop myself.

Dean gives me a sideways grin, "Of course, she did."

I look straight ahead again and see the tennis courts come into view.

A small gasp escapes as I eagerly lean forward.

There are about 12 courts, all well maintained and beautiful. Way better than the cracked and faded courts that I worked on back home.

"Nice, huh?"

I nod enthusiastically.

Dean stops the cart beside the first court, and I climb out, pull down on my skirt, and walk over to the gate to the courts.

The court closest to me is empty and I step onto it, admiring the nice clean, uncracked courts, something that I have never seen before.

There are two men playing a match on the court beside it and I turn to watch. They are pretty good, both hitting the ball as hard as they can with intense looks on their faces and visible sweat on their white polo shirts.

As I watch, one of the men hits the ball deep and gives a loud growl of frustration as he hits his racquet against his shoe. The ball rolls towards me and I bend to pick it up, keeping a hand on my skirt to keep it from riding up, as the other man comes over to me with a grin.

Damn, he is handsome too.

Where the hell am I? Some kind of country club made of models?

He has a somewhat cocky look on his face, maybe from winning the last point, with opsy blonde hair and dark brown eyes.

"Thanks!" He holds up his hand pointedly and I realize a bit late that he is waiting for me to toss him the ball.

I toss it underhanded to him and he jerks his chin up as he looks behind me.

"Hey Dean."

I quickly glance over my shoulder to see that Dean has followed me and is standing close behind me.

"Hey Mr. Weiss."

The blonde man, who looks to be about the same age as Dean, gives a quick grin and shakes his head. "I've told you to call me Kevin. Feels way too weird, you calling me Mr. Weiss."

"Sure thing, Kevin."

"Have time for a quick match after I beat Braden?" Kevin jerks his head toward the man who is watching us with a scowl while he bounces his tennis racquet against his leg impatiently.

"Shouldn't take long."

"I would, but I am giving Kylie here a quick tour and then I have a sailing lesson."

Kevin's eyes swivel to look at me, glancing back at Dean with a kind of strange look, then meets my eyes again.

"This is Kylie, she is the new tennis pro."

"Oh, nice to meet you, Kylie." He jerks a thumb behind him. "My opponent will be needing lots of lessons with you."

I look behind him at the other man, who gives a rude gesture and yells at Kevin to hurry up.

Dean leans over to whisper in my ear, "Told you they were passionate."

Shivering slightly from his hot breath on my neck, I nod and lift a hand at Kevin, who waves and jogs back to his opponent with a grin.

"In such a hurry to get your ass kicked..." Kevin taunts his opponent and I turn around, nearly colliding with Dean.

"Ready to continue?"

I nod and Dean turns and leads us back to the golf cart.

Dean points out a nearby building as we get back into the golf cart. "That is where I spend most of my time, in-between lessons. It's the pro shop, you will be there when not giving lessons as well. See where that golf cart is going, around the building? That is where the course begins."

I nod and turn my head to look at everything Dean points out for the next half an hour.

"That's about it. There are a few places that we like to hang out at after hours, but I really don't have time to show you right now." Dean turns the golf cart around and heads in the direction towards our house.

"We are meeting up tonight though, so I will take you after I am nished with the sailing lesson, if you would like to come and meet everyone."

"Oh, okay."

I didn't really have friends back home, since I didn't go to school and the only times that I ever left the house was for work.

So, I never really 'hung out'. I have no idea what that means. What do I wear? Will it cost something? I don't really have any spare money...

There is silence between us as Dean pulls the cart to a stop in front of our house and whips out his phone.

"Okay, so what is your phone number?"

I stare at him.

He looks up at me and c***s an eyebrow.

"Um..."

Dean grins and shakes his phone. "We need to make sure we communicate about the golf cart. Not to mention, we are roommates, we should have each other's phone numbers, don't you think?"

"Oh yeah." I try not to show my embarrassment as I take his phone and enter my phone number into a guy's phone number for the first time in my life.

He takes it back and quickly types something. "There, I texted you so that you now have my number as well. I will be back around 8:00. We will head out around 9:00."

I nod and clumsily climb out of the golf cart as I keep a firm grip on the hem of my skirt.

"See you later, Kylie."

I turn to wave at Dean and watch as he whips the golf cart around and disappears.

Almost as if I had been holding my breath, I heave a heavy sigh and lean against the house, staring at the spot where my new roommate had disappeared.

Yep. Definitely living in a dream.

Giving a squeal of excitement, I jump up and down, pumping my fists into the air.

Yes!

My new and amazing life starts today!