

Kylie's POV

The next two hours drag by slowly as I wait around for Dean to get back.

I have already taken a shower, completely unpacked, and browsed the TV channels.

There isn't much else to do, and 8:00 came and went, like half an hour ago, with no sign or text message from Dean.

Did he forget about me? Should I just go on to the bed and forget about our plans like he seems to have done?

Feeling let down, I sigh and op onto my side on the couch.

Ugh, I knew today was already just too good to be true.

My phone pings beside me and I quickly scoop it up while setting straight up and staring at the screen.

Dean: Running late, be there just before 9

Feeling giddy and excited at his text, I reread it over and over.

He didn't forget about me!

Putting the phone down beside me on the couch, I nervously tug on my khaki skirt.

I hadn't known much about what I was supposed to wear, so I stayed in my uniform, which I hope is okay. This uniform is nicer than anything I brought here with me, which are very few items that are all very old hand-me-downs.

Okay, I can't just sit here anymore. Maybe I will take a walk around the lake to help distract me from the nervous butterflies squirming around my stomach at the thought of going out tonight, and with Dean at that.

Standing, I place my phone in my pocket and head to the front door. Just before I reach for the handle, there is an impatient knock.

"Kylie? It's Staci! Are you there?" She pounds on the door again.

I pull it open it to see Staci standing in front of me with her blonde hair down and around her face in perfect loose curls. Her makeup is heavier than before with thick black eyeliner and mascara, and she is dressed in a black, very tight, mini dress that barely covers her bottom. She also has several clothing items thrown over her arm.

She gives a grimace as she looks at my outt. "Yikes! Didn't Dean tell you that we were all going out tonight? Why are you still wearing your uniform?"

"Oh...I didn't know where we were going or what to wear..."

I smooth my hand over my top, embarrassed. Obviously, I made the wrong choice.

But as I glance at Staci's outt, I don't think it really matters. I own nothing like what she is wearing, so no matter what, my clothes would be out of place.

Staci sighs. "I gured this would happen. I could tell that you didn't have the greatest of fashion sense. You denitely cannot wear that to the club. That would be too embarrassing, for me."

Um. I am not sure how to take that as Staci lets herself inside the house and pushes past me with an overly dramatic sigh. At least I know where we are going now...although, I still have never been to a club before. I thought you had to be twenty-one to get into those things.

I say this to Staci, and she waves a hand dismissively.

"They don't check IDs there. It's a small town. I brought a few things you can try on. Sometimes we run into members at the club. You never know, so you want to look your best, just in case!"

Staci smiles as she throws the clothes over the back of the couch.

"Just remember, Mr. VanKerr is mine, okay?" She wags her nger at me with her eyebrows creased for a moment before she smiles again.

"Okay, I think this will look nice with your hair color." She holds up a silvery dress that looks doll size and I laugh.

Staci frowns and tilts her head as she looks questioningly at the dress in her hands. "What's so funny?"

"Oh! Um...I just thought...the dress looks...so...small..."

I don't nish the sentence, "that I thought she was joking", because I can already tell by her face that she clearly was not.

Oh boy.

Staci's face clears and she smiles. "I know, right? It is super sexy. You will look great in it. Go try it on!"

She thrust it towards me, and I hesitate before stepping forward to grab it.

I already know there is no way in hell that I am wearing this thing, but I guess I will try it on, since she was nice enough to think of me.

A few minutes later, I step out of my room, tugging simultaneously on the hem and the neckline of the silver dress in an exaggerated gesture to show Staci that, obviously, it is way too small.

"Eeee! It's perfect! You will totally snag a member in that dress. Just remember, VanKerr is mine...and no sealing the deal before I do."

Sealing the deal...?

Staci picks up her clothes off the couch before turning back to me with another critical frown. "Wait...what shoes are you going to wear?"

I stare at her in disbelief.

She cannot possibly think that I am wearing this dress. My boobs are spilling out and I think I would show less leg in a bathing suit!

"Um. Staci..."

"Oh,okay ne. Here, take these shoes." She bends down and takes her heels off. "I was going back and forth between these and the black heels anyway." She extends the nude high heel towards me, and I take it without thinking.

What am I going to do with these? I have never even worn high heels before.

"Okay, I have got to go and grab my other shoes. I will see you at the club soon! You look great!"

She places the other high heel on the back of the couch, throws a kiss at me over her shoulder, and leaves before I can object.

Clutching the high heel against my chest, I stare at the back of the door that Staci just closed behind her, feeling a little dumbstruck, to be honest.

What just happened?

Shaking my head, I slip on the high heels just to see how ridiculous they are and grip onto the back of the couch, taking a cautious step just as the door opens again.

Thinking that it is Staci coming back, I glance up in exasperation, "I don't think I can walk in...oh! Hey."

Dean stops just inside the door and runs his eyes up and down as I teeter by the couch and gives a low, appreciative whistle.

"Wow. You clean up nice." He elongates the last word in a attering kind of way that makes me unable to stop a wide grin from nearly breaking my face, even if my cheeks do turn a little pink.

"Thank you."

"I had better hurry up and get ready so we can go. That dress deserves to be seen in public!"

He gives me a wink and goes to walk past me at the same time that I turn around to go check my hair in my room when my heel folds, and I start to go down with a tiny squeal.

Dean's large hands circle my waist as my shoulder hits his rock-hard chest and I get a whiff of whatever cologne that he is wearing that makes me close my eyes and ght the urge to wrap my arms around him.

"Woa. Careful. Are you sure that you want to wear those shoes? They seem a little dangerous."

Dean keeps his hands on my waist as I straighten up and we both look down between us at my shoes.

"I know, Staci told me to and I just..."

Dean laughs, "Well, you don't want to go against Staci...just ask her old roommate."

I look up at him in horror and he grins down at me in amusement.

"I can help keep you upright all night, until we get back home."

Very aware of his hands still on my waist, I toss my hair out of my face and desperately try to think of something irty or witty to say back, or maybe even anything at all, but all that I seem capable of doing currently is staring at his handsome face like some kind of hypnotized moron.

"You alright?"

I nod and take a wobbly step backwards, placing my hand behind me to grip the couch.

Dean removes his hands from my waist and gives me another wink as he walks to his room to get ready, and I nally exhale the breath that I didn't even realize I was holding in.

I really don't understand what has gotten into me. It's like all these beautiful people have me under some sort of spell where I can't even function like a normal person anymore.

Shaking my head, I hold onto the couch as I slowly, and very carefully, make my way to my bedroom to check my hair...and maybe add a little more lip gloss.

At least my hair looks good.

Flipping it over my shoulder, I lean close to the mirror as I swipe on more lip gloss.

Turning back around, I grab my purse off the bed and frown as I open it.

I have fteen dollars cash. How much will tonight cost?

Starting to get a little nervous that I will go and be embarrassed when everyone notices that I can't afford anything, I begin to have second thoughts about going at all tonight.

Maybe I should stay in.

I mean, this dress is ridiculous anyway.

It was a really, long day...it would makes sense that I would be tired.

Even though I do not feel tired at all.

I feel excitement at going out for the rst time in my life. Excited to spend time with Dean... Dean who complimented me and who I will get to spend more time with if I go out with him tonight.

I will just stick to water. It will be ne.

"Kylie, you coming?"

Dean's deep voice calls from outside my bedroom, causing me to jump slightly, and I make my way slowly to the door, taking a deep calming breath before I open it.

"Yes, sorry. I'm ready."

Dean smiles and hands me a glass of wine, "A little pregaming to start the night."

I take the glass and clink it against his.

To be honest, I felt a little light-headed after the last glass, and I didn't even nish half of it before pouring the rest of it down the sink.

Maybe you shouldn't drink on an empty stomach.

Dean is watching me curiously, so I lift it to my lips and take a small sip.

"How are you liking Green Pines so far?"

Dean nervs against the kitchen counter and studies me as I hold my glass with both hands and nervously tap my ngers against it.

"Oh! It is...great! No complaints."

I take a sip of the wine and then tug down on my dress, feeling worried that I will be showing my panties if I lift my arm too high.

Dean's eyes follow my movement.

"How do you like it here?"

Dean smiles, "Love it."

He nishes off the rest of his glass and stands up. "Go ahead and down that and we can get going."

I frown into the glass.

Down it?

With an inward shrug, I lift it to my lips, hunching slightly so not to have to bring my arms up that high, and quickly nish the rest of the wine, a small shiver running through me as I set it down on the counter.

Dean laughs and puts his arm around my shoulders. "Ok, let's go. I'll help you get to the golf cart in those things."

I take small, cautious steps, Dean holding onto my shoulders, as we make our way to the golf cart, silently cursing when it comes time to step up into it.

Damn Staci and her stupid wardrobe!

Slaying slightly straight, almost like a wooden board, I slide into the golf cart and place my hands in my lap while holding my knees together tightly.

Dean stands beside the golf cart for a moment, watching my struggle and looking amused.

He grins at me and moves around the golf cart to jump in, in a casually graceful sort of way that makes me resentful, ips his oppy hair out of his eyes, turns the key and then whips the cart around our little house towards the road.

He leans back and places his arm around the back of my seat.

I am very aware of his ngers grazing the bare skin on my right shoulder when the cart bounces, and I cannot help but wonder what the heck I have gotten myself into, meaning both my situation and my clothes.

It has only been a few hours since I arrived at this new place to start my new life and already, I am living with a man, going to a club, dressed like...well, like I would never have thought I would be, that is for sure.

And I am surrounded by all unbelievably tall and beautiful people.

What kind of country club is this place?