Chapter 10

Kylie's POV.

"Kylie! Come on! You are going to be late and that makes us both look bad!"

Staci pounds on my bedroom door this time and I hop on one foot as I pull on my new white tennis shoes, feeling uptired.

Running a brush quickly through my hair, I pull it up into a high ponytail and wonder if I have time for makeup.

I never wear makeup, but for some reason, I think of Dean and want to look my best.

Staci pounds on the door again, so I decide against it and swipe on my lip gloss instead, grab my tennis bag, and open the door, slightly breathless.

"Ok. I-I'm ready."

"About time! Let's go!" She leads me by the hand towards the front door and I look around for Dean.

"Where did Dean go?"

Staci gives a huge eye roll, "He left."

"He left?" I repeat in disbelief and again, feeling a little hurt.

She pushes me toward the golf cart and then climbs around to the driver's seat and gets in.

When she notices that I haven't moved, she leans over and gives a groan of frustration, slapping the seat beside her.

"What is with you Kylie? Let's go!".

I climb into the golf cart, placing my bag at my feet.

"Did he say where he was going? Or when he would be back?"

Staci looks annoyed as she presses hard on the pedal and swerves to miss a light pole.

"Really, Kylie? I told you not to get involved with him, and you immediately turn around and..."

"We aren't involved," I say quietly, but it doesn't matter.

Staci continues to rant all the way to the tennis courts, but I don't pay attention, I can't stop thinking about Dean.

I need to talk to him.

We need to talk about whatever is happening between us.

It doesn't feel normal, and he seems to understand what it is.

"...if Mr. Kinston is upset..."

Wait.

"The reason is with Mr. Kinston?"

I turn to look at Staci, truly look at her, for the ist time.

Her hair is half piled up with face framing pieces that she is fussing with in the rearview mirror, her eyes popping with a winged eyeliner look, and bright pink lipstick. Her blouse is unbuttoned an extra button so that her cleavage is clearly visible. Her nearly pushed up to her chin, visible.

She gives me an exasperated look. "That is what I have been telling you. He is a very important, very wealthy, client. So, we all need to make a good impression."

I nod, "Which means we always need to be on time."

She continues to scold me as we pull up next to the courts, which are empty.

"Oh good, look, we beat him here."

Pointing at the empty courts, I give Staci a reassuring smile as she looks around, almost seeming disappointed.

"Where are the balls?"

She hands me a key and points to a small shed next to the courts while she reapplies her lipstick.

Heaving my bag over my shoulder, I walk over to the shed to let myself in.

This should help me clear my head.

Hopefully this Milo will be decent so that we can get some good rallies in.

"Here is your list. There is a whole system that we use to make it easy for the clients to schedule. You will get notications when someone books a lesson, and you can connect it to your phone if you push here..."

Staci hands me a tablet and starts scrolling through it, her eyes continuously darting around for Mr. Kinston's arrival.

"Got it." I nod and put it in my bag as I rid the ball cart and start pulling it out of the shed towards the courts.

Staci gives a squeal of excitement that can only mean one thing, my ist lesson with my ist client is about to begin.

"Oh, hi there! Mr. Kinston! Good morning!"

Staci hurries towards Mr. Kinston who arrives on a sleek, and very expensive looking, golf cart.

He is wearing white shorts, a tied blue shirt, a white cap on backwards, and oversized dark sunglasses.

He lifts a hand in silent greeting and climbs out, grabbing a bag from the back of the cart and heading over.

He tosses his keys to Staci who catches them against her chest in surprise.

"Thanks."

The look on her face would almost be comical if I didn't feel slightly sorry for her as she defiantly makes her way to move his golf cart for him.

Not quite the greeting she was hoping for, obviously.

"Good morning, Mr. Kinston. Ready for you lesson?"

He grins and pushes his sunglasses on top of his cap.

I swear I have seen those eyes before...

"Please, call me Milo, I insist."

I return his smile, "Okay then, Milo, ready for your lesson? We can start with some drills to see where you're at."

But he shakes his head and steps inside the court, grabbing his racquet from the bag and tossing the bag onto a bench.

"Nah, let's just play."

"Oh...okay."

Leaving the cart, I follow his lead.

It takes one hit to know that this man needs no lessons from me.

He hits low and hard, and we barely speak at all as we spend the next hour and a half hitting back and forth, making me work up a sweat.

"Shew. You are really good," I wipe my sweaty face with a towel while Milo, somehow looking like he hasn't been doing any type of physical activity at all, takes a drink of water and smiles.

"Thanks, you are really good too."

I sit on the bench and open my water.

He watches me for a moment. "So, Kylie, how did you not yourself here, at Green Pines Country Club?"

His question catches me off guard. That is a pretty personal question to ask someone that you just met.

"I, uh, saw the ad and thought it looked fun." I lift a shoulder casually.

He looks thoughtful, "You saw an ad? Hmm. I didn't know they advertised for positions around here, thought that they only recruited."

"Well, I got an email about it. So, it might have been from a recruiter. It seemed a pretty generic email though."

He studies me for a moment, "And how do you like it? Getting along well with everyone?"

I give a grunt of a laugh.

He, what a question, but I don't think I will share exactly how well I am getting along with Dean.

"Um, well, it is only my second day, but so far, all good. No complaints."

He nods, "And how old are you?"

What is everyone's obsession with my age?

"Eighteen."

It's not even a lie now.

He looks thoughtful again.

"I just cannot gure out what it is about you..." His voice is soft, almost as if he is talking to himself.

"Well, I don't know either." I give a nervous laugh, not sure what else to say to that, and grab my towel again to dab it at my sweaty neck.

He grins. "Sorry. I just could swear that I know you. Or maybe it is just that I should know you."

He gives me a wink, "How would you feel about going on a boat ride with me this afternoon?"

I pause in my dabbing, "I have to check my schedule...and I don't know if I am even allowed...?"

He laughs, "Oh, you are allowed. You are always allowed if it is what a member request."

He wries again and grabs his bag, "I will send you the details."

"Oh, okay...but how will..."

But he is already walking away, throwing a hand up at me as he goes.

How will he send me details without my phone number?

Shaking my head, I reach inside my bag for the tablet to check my schedule.

With a weird utter in my chest, I see that Mr. Van Kerr has scheduled himself for my next lesson, which will start in about, I check my watch...

Shit, ve minutes.

I stand up and look around, feeling oddly self-conscious about him seeing me so sweaty. Or just nervous to see him at all after last night.

Digging in my bag, I rid my lip gloss and quickly swipe it on before smoothing out my hair.

I have some free time after this lesson, and I make up my mind that I will use it to rid Dean and make him explain what is going on between us.

The thought of touching his skin, feeling those ngers again, sends excitement coursing through me and I practically bounce on my toes as I make my way over to the shed to grab a new can of balls.

Mr. Van Kerr should be here any minute now and I want to be ready.

I wonder if he will be able to play anywhere as good as Milo.

Somehow, I cannot imagine Mr. Van Kerr being bad at anything.

My stomach gives a small utter of anticipation.

And then it hits me...another absolutely..amazing scent...different than the one this morning, but just as intoxicating.

Slowly turning around, I see Mr. Van Kerr standing across the tennis courts.

My heart starts to pound hard, fast, against my chest, as if it is trying to burst through it and y to Mr. Van Kerr.

The same crazy sensations as this morning.

So...I am having the same strange reactions to him as I did to Dean?

What the hell is going on?

He doesn't move, just stares back at me.

I take a step towards him, and to my surprise he takes a step backward.

What...?

A huge part of me wants to run to him, just like I wanted to run to Dean, but that is insane.

Absolutely crazy.

It's insane of me to even be thinking of jumping on him, wrapping my legs around his narrow waist, running my hands over his short hair, and rubbing my cheek against his rough stubble.

Crazy.

Mr. Van Kerr is intimidating, not inviting in the least.

Except...

Except I really want to be closer to him. I really do want to wrap myself around him.

I take another tentative step towards him, and this time he doesn't move.

I clear my throat, "Um...Mr. Van Kerr..." My voice is shaky and very odd sounding. "Do...did you want to have a lesson with me today?"

I cannot help adding in my head, 'and do you want me to touch you? Because I really want to touch you...'

He doesn't say anything, just stares at me, and I start to feel a little self-conscious.

He lifts his head as if he is thinking, but for the life of me, I cannot read his expression, and then he starts to make his way, slowly, over to me.

It is as if my feet are glued to the ground as I watch him come closer, his dark blue eyes xed on mine, his eyebrows pulled together.

I have a ridiculous urge to run away from, and to run towards him, all at the same time, but I do neither.

I can't move.

He stops two feet from me and whatever wonderful cologne he is wearing seems to swirl around us in a thick cloud, making it seem like I could drown in it, and I want to drown in it, as I bmy close my eyes to try to steady myself.

When I open them, Mr. Van Kerr has taken another step towards me, and I have to tilt my head back to look up into his oh so gorgeous face.

He lifts his hand and I silently wish, beg, him to touch me with it.

His ngertips come inches from my face, and he hesitates, his eyes on mine. Then his lightly caresses my cheek and an involuntary exhale of pleasure escapes me as the same tingling sensation that I felt earlier today spreads from his touch throughout my body.

Mr. Van Kerr lenses as he pulls his ngers away bmy, before cupping my cheek with his hand, and I stare at him in confusion

I just don't understand...

"You feel it too..." His voice is low, sexy...

I nod.

He frowns, "Where are you from?"

"I just moved here from..."

"No." His voice is slightly agitated. "Where are you from, originally."

Feeling confused, I lift my shoulders, "I don't know. I was abandoned as a child. I grew up in multiple places, mostly on the east coast."

"Hmm." He looks thoughtful.

I wonder what his face feels like, and I reach upward to touch it, grazing the back of my ngers across his stubbled jaw.

His eyes burn into mine as he places his hand on top of mine against his face, pressing his face into it.

He leans forward, almost as if he wants to kiss me, but his shoulders tense again, and he turns around, making my hand drop, and as he does so, I see pain in his eyes.

Dean is standing beside our golf cart, glaring at Mr. Van Kerr, his ists clenched at his side. Glaring and almost...snarling? His entire body seems to be shaking.

He looks different somehow and I feel both pain and excitement at seeing him.

"Oh."

What must Dean think of me right now?

Mr. Van Kerr glances back at me.

"Interesting." He says in a slow, almost bored drawl.

"What? What is? What are you..."

He turns back around and inclines his head towards me, "I am afraid that I will have to cancel my lesson with you today, Kylie. I will reschedule."

Abruptly, he turns and walks away, much to my disappointment.

I look at Dean and take a step towards him, but he gets into the golf cart and takes off around the corner.

My legs give out from underneath me so that I stump onto the tennis courts and try to comprehend, what the hell just happened?