

Falling for the Playboy (The Inheritance Series Book 1)

Copyright © 2015

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems – except in the case of brief quotations in articles or reviews – without the permission in writing from its publisher, **Wendy West**.

All brand names and product names used in this book are trademarks, registered trademarks, or trade names of their respective holders. I am not associated with any product or vendor in this book.

Published By Wendy West

Get the Wendy West Collection!

Get all 10 books as a thank you gift when you donate to Wendy West through this special link!

https://www.paypal.com/cgi-bin/webscr?cmd=_s-xclick&hosted_button_id=9NTJDC7B5XFKC&source=url

Donate whatever amount you feel led to pay, forward your receipt to wendywestbooks@gmail.com and you will receive a link to download the collection by email! (Please allow up to 5 days to receive your download link.)

Table Of Contents

Contents

Falling for the Playboy (The Inheritance Series Book 1)
Table Of Contents
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
More from Wendy West

Chapter 1

I could hear my new co-worker, Dylan, busy at work, typing away at his computer in the cubicle next to me. Rumor had it that he was a major player. The men worshipped him as he checked each woman off his checklist. He was said to prefer blondes.

Then, why the hell, did I keep catching him looking up at me? I'm Christine Kensington and I had brown hair and green eyes. As I continued to work on my project on the screen, my peripheral vision would catch him glancing up at me frequently, with a smile on his face no less. The suspense was really getting to me. I had to ask.

"Is there a...problem, Dylan?"

"Hmm? Oh, no, no problem."

I had clearly caught him off guard, but that didn't stop me from seeing the subtle smirk on his face as he got back to work.

Oh, hell no. I was way too smart to be his next fling. I didn't even fit the bill. He was wasting his time if I he thought I'd give him the time of day.

It was lunch hour, and, like the good workaholic I was, I had already made a sandwich that I pulled out from my little cooler. I was all about being prepared, not being sexy. As I bit into my sandwich, I looked behind me to see Dylan scooching his chair up to me, also with a sandwich. You've got to be kidding me.

"Hi, Christine."

I groaned.

"Hi," I said with no enthusiasm.

He smiled.

"Tough day, today?"

It was time to lay down the law.

"Look...Dylan...you seem nice...but...well...how do I put this-"

"Have I been rude? Did you want to be alone?"

Now I felt bad.

"It's not that, Dylan, it's..."

I couldn't find the right words for "you're a giant whore" to come out. Cricket. Cricket. He smirked.

"I know all about the rumors, Christine."

That was a new one. He knew? I thought I had some sort of insider information.

"You...you do?"

He sighed.

"Oh, please, Christine. The look on your face. No, I'm not hitting on you."

Oh, thank God. I breathed a huge sigh of relief. He nodded.

"I just wanted some company. I'm new here and all."

I had judged him. I felt bad.

"Oh OK, well, welcome...and all that jazz."

Yeah, I'm not really good with people...or guys. I lived in my cubicle. I don't party. I don't have girls night outs. I just work...and watch sappy romance movies when I get home...because those things don't happen to girls like me.

He laughed at my snarky comment. I thought I heard him mutter the words "that's so cute" under his breath.

"So, Christine, what do you do for fun when you're not here?"

I burst out with a big giggle. Fun. What's that?

"What's so funny?"

"I'm sorry. I'm not mocking you, it's just..."

"You're kind of a workaholic, right?"

That stopped me real quick. How did he know? Was he some kind of stalker?

"Uh...sort of...I mean...I do...stuff."

"Liiiike?"

I sighed. How was I going to explain that I had no life?

"I watch...Netflix..."

Seriously? That was all I could think of?

"I like Netflix. What kind of movies do you watch?"

Oh crap. I better lie. Quick.

"Uhm, action movies."

He looked at me puzzled.

"Action flicks? Right. So what did you think of Fast and the Furious 6?"

Crap.

"Uhm, I haven't gotten around to..."

"Watching it, ok sure."

He wasn't buying it, but he left it alone.

"Are you doing anything, Saturday?"

You...can't...be...serious.

"Dylan, I'm not your type."

He groaned.

"Normally, you'd be right, but this time..."

I stared at him in disbelief.

"I like to skate around town on Saturdays."

He wanted me to skate. Holy crap.

"I'm not athletic, Dylan."

"You don't need to be, you can walk next to me."

"Dylan, seriously?"

I couldn't get out of this.

“It doesn’t have to be a date, just...two co-workers having some...you know...fun?”

No, I don’t know fun. Fun might be kind of nice.

“Sure, uhm skating on Saturday.”

It’s like my mouth didn’t check in with my brain for permission before it spoke. He did a little happy dance in his chair.

“Yes! I’m skating with Christine on Saturday, and this time, I won’t get stuck talking to my neighbor again to talk about her day lilies.”

I laughed.

“Yep. Everybody has one.”

“Yeah.”

He looked at me and I thought I saw one of those smiles I had seen in the movies when the guy starts to fall for the girl.

Oh...hell...no. I was about to go out with playboy extraordinaire, Dylan. Shit. This wasn’t my territory. Now, I just had to work on building a shield of invisible steel to keep him from getting to me.

I refused to be the next check mark on his list.

Chapter 2

There I was, sitting in my bed in front of the TV, as usual, watching Netflix, but I couldn't focus on the latest movie I had chosen. Part of my brain knew I was watching a movie about some girl falling for a celebrity when her best friend is secretly in love with her. The other part of me was hot and bothered.

This was pathetic. One decent guy paid attention to me, a guy who had a not-so-great reputation, but was hot as hell, and apparently knew what to say to me to get me to care, and there I was, pausing my movie so I could look through my drawers to find my vibrator I hadn't used in a couple months because I was too much of a workaholic to care about getting myself off.

I took my clothes off and laid in bed while setting my vibrator beside me. I closed my eyes as I began to touch my breasts, imagining what it would feel like if it was Dylan touching them, sucking them, nipping at them and licking them. I let out a small moan. God, that would so nice.

I fantasized about what it would feel like to have my body worshipped by somebody as experienced as I imagined Dylan probably would be. The upside of having sex with a playboy is that they probably would know what they were doing, what a woman liked.

I had never known what it would be like to fuck a guy who cared more about pleasuring me than getting to his own finish line without making sure his woman was taken care of. Maybe I wasn't interested in guys because I hadn't found one that truly cared for me the way I longed to be cared for.

Maybe, Dylan was that guy.

Who was I kidding? I'm not usually what that kind of guy was looking for. I was always in my brain. I was always working overtime. Even if the right guy did come into my life, what would I even have to offer him?

God, Christine, you can be so depressing. Why can't you just enjoy yourself right now? Why can't you keep an open mind that this guy might actually like you?

That was it. It was time to turn off my brain and time to turn on my vibrator. I needed to cum. I needed some satisfaction now, even if I wasn't going to get it later.

I started my toy off on low. I wanted to build up my arousal so that I would be happier with my climax. I held my toy against my clit. It felt so good, humming a slow, steady rhythm, causing me to get wetter, much faster. I continued to fantasize about Dylan fingering me in just the right way, making me lose my mind as my hands would be clinging to the sides of the bed.

It only took a minute before I was making the sheet I was sitting on damp. Damn. I was that hot. That's it. There was no time to waste. I could only do this for so long. I was going to cum quickly. Still, I wanted it to be good.

I turned up my toy to medium as I pictured Dylan's tongue licking my pussy lips and finding its way to my clit. Hell, that would be ecstasy. Dylan's expert tongue would know just where to go to make me cum. Fuck. I was almost there.

I moaned even louder as I turned my vibrator up high as I imagined Dylan fucking me, slow at first, then harder as I screamed out his name. I pictured myself wrapping my legs around his naked hips as he plunged into me over and over. It would be amazing. That's all it took. My orgasm crashed over me and I gasped a few times as I caught my breath.

Wow. I'd never actually gotten off to a fantasy about a guy I knew in real life. If nothing else came of this "date," at least I had already had a damn good time.

Chapter 3

Dylan gave me his address and I pulled up on his driveway Saturday. The weather looked a little questionable, but I was here to have some fun, damnit. He rolled up up to me on his rollerblades as I opened my car door. He was wearing a grey t-shirt and black jeans, complete with black rollerblades, a strand of hair dangling in front of his forehead. Oh my God...he was hot.

Put those thoughts on lock down right now, Christine, I thought. We're here to have some fun, talk to someone else besides ourselves and not fall victim to a potential playboy's ways.

He was smiling brightly, pleased that I had bothered to show up. I was guessing he wasn't sure if I'd follow through on our...ahem...date.

"Hey, Christine, are you ready to rock and roll?"

"I'm pretty sure you'll be the only one rolling."

"Na, uh, uhhh, not so fast."

He brought out from behind him a pair of skates. I gasped.

"Oh...no, how did you even know my size?"

"You know those people who say those things about me?"

"Yeah, I call them friends. Or, at least, I did."

"And I call them very helpful in getting dirt on my newest friend, Christine."

"Why would they help you when they talk smack about you?"

"Well...uhm...said smack is not shared amongst all your co-workers."

"Friends," I corrected him.

He sighed.

"Are they really friends if you only talk to them at work?"

"How do you know we don't hang out?"

"They're just trying to help their friend get a life."

Well, that was news. Apparently, everyone now knows I don't have a life. So much for that

secret.

He took my hand.

“Come on over to the doorstep so I can help you put on your skates.”

He wants to hold my hand and help me with my skates. I smelled a setup.

“You know, I’m not falling for this.”

He sighed, exasperated.

“Oh my God, Christine, I’m not playing you. You know, you break up with a girl who happens to have some chatty friends and, next thing you know, you’re branded a playboy.”

I gulped.

“Do you honestly believe everything you hear?”

I felt dumb. Maybe he had a point.

“I try not to, but, you know, I’m not well versed in this...uhm...area.”

He smirked.

“Men...you mean.”

I blushed. He laughed at me.

“It’s OK, Christine, I know you’re just trying to protect yourself from said playboy, which is not who I am, but watching you dodge me is kind of adorable.”

Wow, this guy kind of had my number. I took his hand.

“There we go. Now, let’s see what Christine can do.”

I smirked.

“Dylan, I’m not the athletic type. There’s nothing to see here.”

“Oh, I’ll be the judge of that.”

He helped me put on my skates, and then I began to cling onto him in pure fear as I was beginning to lose my balance as we started to skate.

“I’m not going to let you fall, Christine, I got you.”

Yes, he had me. Boy, did he have me. Maybe I just needed to relax. Maybe this guy wasn't who I thought he was.

I started to skate with him a little faster as I got more used to it.

"There you go."

Feeling pumped up by Dylan's words, I let go of his hand and tripped over a rock, and, sure, enough, he caught me in his arms.

"Are you ok?"

He gazed into my eyes and they didn't move. It seemed like he was studying my expression. I hesitated to answer. Then...he kissed me. It felt so right. Maybe this guy actually was into me. My shield was penetrating as I kissed him back.

"Christine...I..."

"It's OK, it was just a kiss..."

"No, it's not that...it's..."

I was perplexed. Was he having second thoughts? Did I misinterpret the look in his eyes? Those questions faded into oblivion and he kissed me again, but this time, more deeply.

"Dylan...you're...I'm..."

"It's OK, Christine, you have nothing to prove."

"I don't usually do this."

"Listen, I may have some more...experience than you might but...right now...I'm just a guy who's never met a girl like you before...and I'm new at this...just like you."

He knew just what to say. His words melted me. That's not good. That's how girls like me always got in trouble. Next thing you know, my productivity at work would tank and I'd be another one of his "women." No, I couldn't let that happen.

He helped me up but then I broke away from his embrace and brushed myself off.

"Well, I think this would be a good time for me to go."

He threw his hand up.

"Oh, come on, Christine, I know why you're running and it's not necessary."

I turned to face him.

“Oh yeah? What do you know?”

“I know that you’re good at keeping your guard up and not letting anyone in, because, if you did, you might have your heart broken by someone who you think might have a reputation.”

“Well...you do.”

He stood closer to me.

“Even if I did have a reputation, what if, this time, I felt differently?”

“What, like you actually like me? Or you just want to fuck me?”

“You know, you may think you know my intentions, but can you read my eyes?”

“Your...eyes?”

“Yes, just now, as I kissed you, what did you see in my eyes?”

I had seen sincere love and vulnerability. He got me.

“Uh...uhm...I...”

“Yeah, exactly. You saw me for who I really am, not some...stories.”

He pulled me in close.

“Besides Christine...I think you watch a lot of romance flicks and think that you’re not worthy of being that girl.”

“What? I never said I watched romance flicks.”

“Oh, come on, Christine...action flicks? You are not the type.”

“How do you know what my type is?”

“I...don’t. But I’m hoping I can find out.”

I let a smile form across my lips.

“So you still want to go home?”

I sighed.

"I guess not. Want to skate some more?"

"I'd love to."

We continued skating for a few minutes and, then, all of a sudden, we heard a clap of thunder.

Oh...crap.

We looked up, and the skies fell. It started to pour.

"Shit, Dylan, how are we going to get back? It's going to be slippery."

"Relax, Christine, just take off your skates and run with me."

I took off my skates and ran with Dylan back to the house, but, just before we made it to the door, I slipped on a large patch of mud and...fell...flat on my face.

"Well, this is horrifying."

He started to laugh hysterically.

"It's not funny, Dylan."

"Sorry, but it totally is."

He helped me up. I had mud in my hair, on my face, pretty much all over my body. This was not a good look.

"Awww, Christine, you look like..."

He covered the amusement on his face with his hand.

"I look like shit. Thanks Dylan."

"Why don't I take you inside and you can clean up in my shower."

My mouth hung open.

"You think I'm going to use your shower? Dream on."

"I promise you, I'm not going to bother you. I will be in the kitchen making a snack while you...clean up."

I followed his eyes as they looked me up and down. He may not bother me while I was in his shower, but he was definitely having some fantasies. Still, I felt nasty and I really could use a

shower. I sighed.

“All right, lead the way.”

There I was, using the shower of a man I had loathed, a known womanizer, a sweet talker. What was I doing? He thought I was hot. I giggled to myself. Cut that out, this guy is bad news. I knew better, didn't I?

I heard his voice through the door.

“I'm going to come in real quick with some fresh towels. I promise not to look.”

I was behind a foggy glass door. I could handle that.

“OK, no problem.”

I heard the door open, saw the blurry silhouette of his shape as he dropped off the towels. Then...he stopped moving. What the hell?

“Is there a problem?”

“No, no, just had to check if there was enough soap left in the hand washing dispenser.”

What a dumb answer. I knew he hadn't resisted the temptation to look in the mirror. He couldn't have seen much anyway from where he was standing. I quietly cracked open my door to see if I could catch a glimpse of what he was really doing. I saw his bare back. He was topless in those black jeans he had been wearing. Damn, why'd they have to be black? He looked good in black.

I saw him suck in a breath as he was fixated on the floor. He could sense I was looking. I was officially annoyed.

“Towel?,” he said in a raspy voice, handing me a fresh towel from behind him without looking up.

“Sure,” I muttered.

I had no idea that seeing what little he did was causing him to lose his cool. My irritation turned to intrigue. Me? I'm doing this to him?

He's a player. It's all part of the game to him. At least, that's what I had been told. You know what they say. You can't believe everything you hear.

I wrapped myself up in the towel.

“Are you ok?,” I asked him.

He turned around and looked up at me. I was letting this guy see me in a towel. Then, I saw the fire in his eyes.

“What are you do-”

He cut me off as he lunged into me with a furious kiss, hands in my wet hair, plunging his tongue into my mouth and ravishing me with his lips like I was the most beautiful creature he had ever laid eyes on.

After a minute, he stopped to catch his breath.

“I’m sorry,” he said.

He looked deeply into my eyes.

“No, I’m not.”

He then wrapped his arms around me as he kissed me again, but this time, he lifted me and carried me to his bed, where he lowered me down, practically tore off my towel, and then abruptly stopped as he looked at me.

“Wow...just wow.”

What if this is all a setup? What if this was part of the game?

Eh, to hell with it. If this is what people were calling manipulation, I wanted to be played like a fiddle. This was too good. He was too hot. I needed it bad.

His mouth feverishly explored mine as he passionately kissed me for a long two minutes. When he stopped, his eyes were locked on mine.

“Christine...do you have any idea how hot you are?”

“Uh...no...not at all.”

“I don’t understand why guys aren’t lined up for you around the door.”

I grabbed his face and kissed him. He stopped mid kiss to laugh.

“What’s so funny, Dylan?”

“Why does it feel like you’re afraid lose physical contact with me?”

“Because it’s a matter of time before I accidentally talk you out of this.”

“Christine...you don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

