

Twisted Love
A Kinky Romance
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All characters are 18 or over.

Chapter 1

Damon

I never thought I'd be back here. Ever.

Everything looked exactly the same as when I left ten years ago. Well, *almost everything*. The same brick hallway, the same foyer where I'd wait for the bell to ring, the long hallway that led into the gym. That prison where I'd spent so much time running penalty laps for lack of participation and teamwork. Lots of great memories.

The people, on the other hand, were different now. I didn't recognize any of them and they certainly wouldn't recognize me. Not much new there.

In high school I wasn't one of the popular crowd but that never bothered me. I had a very small, tight-knit group of friends, and that was it. I'd always preferred to be a loner and never did well around crowds, so as far as I was concerned, the fewer people around me the better.

That part of me changed a bit once I got older. Being the head of a multi-billion-dollar company tends to bring people out of their shells, for better or worse. Although I don't know if anyone would consider making a speech in front of an elite crowd at a gala fundraiser as being the life of the party. Especially since, in the end, when the speeches were made and the tasks were delegated, I always found myself in the same place. Alone. Not that it bothered me in the least. I always preferred my own company over others who had nothing to say but said plenty anyway.

I made my way through the loud crowd of chattering voices and forced laughs. Most appeared to be couples; graduates of the class of '07' who had dragged their spouses along in order to have some company, and to show their former classmates that they had actually made something of themselves over the last ten years. There were also some outliers on the edge of the chatty groups; solo people who simply stood in place and used the glass in their hand to keep them company.

My eyes scanned the room, trying to place a face or even a laugh. There were some incredibly hot women scattered around and I wondered if they were some of my classmates that had bloomed into curvy babes, or if they were trophy wives here with their husbands. I didn't want any of them to think I was staring, though. None of them were really my type. I was really just trying to see if I could put a name to any of their faces.

No use.

Perhaps that was for the best. I wanted to keep a low profile while I was here. No one knew a thing about my financial situation or the tech start up that had made me my billions, and I planned to keep it that way. When I'd moved out of town after high school, I didn't tell a single one of my old friends where I was going or what my plans were. I'd wanted a fresh slate and that's what I got. I made absolutely sure my two worlds were kept as separate as was humanly possible.

"Damon."

A hand flashed above the crowd. I squeezed through, already knowing whose voice it was.

Kent had been one of my closest friends throughout my junior and senior year. One of my only friends, really. I'd been hoping he would show up and I gave him a big bear hug with a slap on the back. "It's good to see you, man. How long have you been here?"

"We just walked in. We're waiting at that table over there until they open up the gym."

"We?" I asked. "You're not still with—"

"Yep. Jessica and I have been married since the summer after we all graduated. Two kids and a house with a pool and everything."

"Wow, sounds sickeningly domestic," I said with a laugh. I was only partly joking, though. I had to admit it did sound nice in a way. I'd been wanting to settle down a bit for a while. I'd grown tired of the faceless stream of women parading through my bedroom night after night. I didn't necessarily want a house and kids, but something a little more stable. Something real.

Kent swung his arm over my shoulder and led me to their group. Jessica, a gorgeous blonde with a small ass and big tits, smiled at both of us when we reached the table. As much as I tried not to be too obvious, a hot body was always one of the first things I noticed in a woman.

There was another couple at the table too. I figured they must have been in their circle of friends from back in the day because they didn't look even remotely familiar to me. Like in high school, the cliques were always impossible to get away from.

"It's really good to see you, Damon. Surprised you showed up," Kent said as he gave me a slap on the back. He introduced me to the rest of the group, but before long, my eyes were darting around the room again.

"You look lost, Damon," Jessica said.

"I am lost. Who *are* all these people? You're the first ones here that I've recognized, or that seem to have recognized me."

"I have no idea," Kent said.

"Lots of faces. I feel like I should know the names of some," I said. "But then again . . ."

"But then again, you never said a goddamned word to ninety-nine percent of our graduating class. I was a hell of a lot more outgoing than you were and *I* barely know any of these people." Kent scanned the room again while pushing his hand through his hair. "They better have beer here. That's all I'm worried about."

"They *have* to have a bar in there," Jessica said.

Kent grinned at me and gave me an elbow in the side. "Might have to go back and steal some from my parents' house if they don't. Like in the good old days, huh? Getting our hands on some alcohol was always an adventure. Now it's just a walk to the bar. I have to admit it's lost a little of its charm."

"I don't know about that," I laughed. I still had my sights on the crowd, searching the faces and trying to find the one person that might make coming to this reunion the right decision. I'd gone back and forth over whether or not I'd attend the thing since the invitation came in the mail to my parents' house over a month ago. When I made it out, part of me wanted to never set foot back in this town or see any of these people again, but another part of me was curious. I wanted to know if *she* would be here.

Kent told me about his job and their kids and the life he'd made for himself since graduating. But luckily he didn't go on and on about himself. He seemed to want to know more about me too. We used to be good friends. If I had time, I'd really like to meet up with Kent and Jessica after all of this was over. It would be nice to catch up and spend time with someone other than yes men and investors. I'd have to avoid certain questions but it would be worth it.

Jessica gave me a knowing smile. "Hey, see anyone you remember yet? Now's your chance to go for what you missed out on in high school."

"Right," I said begrudgingly. I hated that she or anyone knew about my childhood crush. Although calling it a childhood crush wasn't even true. I was a man now and there were times when I still couldn't get those beautiful eyes of hers out of my mind.

"Don't tell me you're single, Damon," she said, knowing I was uncomfortable but seeming to enjoy tormenting me. "It doesn't look like you brought anyone with you."

I shifted from one foot to the other, the old feelings of wanting to duck out of the room just to get away from any kind of questions flooding over me. "No, there's no one special. What about that drink?" I asked, looking around the room again. "Think they have anything set up out here?"

"Look at him," Jessica joked with an elbow to Kent's side. "He's trying to change the subject."

I laughed and looked around the room some more, hoping they would get off the subject. But it didn't look like they were going to give up that easy.

"See her out there?" Kent asked. "Your old crush, what was her name again?" He and Jessica were clearly enjoying torturing me.

"Oh come on you guys, you know I was too cool for crushes," I said.

"Yeah, you were a real rebel, Damon ... a loner." Kent joked. "I'll tell ya, though. I don't think you'll have any problems picking someone up now, even an old crush. You really cleaned yourself up."

I gave Kent an exaggerated glare. I wasn't thrilled with the direction this conversation had taken, or the fact that I had become the butt of their jokes, but what could I expect? I'd been in love with Amber since the third grade and they both knew it. The day she hung upside down on the jungle gym and I saw her panties in all their glory was the day she won my pervy little heart. And she never had a clue.

Every day during recess I would hang around in the general vicinity of her and her friends just to catch another glimpse. Even at that age I knew what I was doing was a little messed up. But seeing something I wasn't supposed to, there was no bigger thrill.

That's definitely something that hasn't changed.

That early experience turned into a longing that filled me and had me completely obsessed by the time I was twelve. I would follow Amber around the halls in between classes, always careful to hang back far enough to not be seen. And some days I would walk a block behind her all the way to her home, then stand across the street and watch her bedroom window until the sun went down and the lights in the entire house went out.

Just the memory of how obsessed I'd been with her made my face grow hot, especially with Kent giving me shit over her. And he never even knew the extent of my obsession. I never told a soul. But the jokes and looks from Kent and Jessica were right on the money, and I knew it. No matter how hard I'd worked over the last ten years, no matter how much sweat I'd put into the business to put me on the

Fortune 500 list before I turned thirty, I hadn't been able to stop thinking about Amber.

I'd tried to convince myself early on, after she was accepted at a college in another state, that my feelings for her would fade. That they were silly fantasies about a childish crush and I didn't have time for any of that. But the night of the graduation party changed everything. That kiss in the dim light of the bowling alley parking lot was seared onto my brain, and as much as I hated to admit it, into my heart. I eventually had to acknowledge that it had been way more than a silly crush all along.

The only thing I could think to do at this point was avoid Kent's goofy looks and change the conversation. So I tried to be polite with Jessica's friends at the table—girls whose names sounded vaguely familiar but faces I still couldn't place. I fell into an inane conversation about the weather in a city I pretended to live in, but barely anything that was said registered with me. My mind was elsewhere.

"Hey, Jessie!" a high-pitched voice screamed halfway across the crowded room.

I looked up at two women who were walking toward Jessica, one with her head turned to speak with someone. The one facing forward was Christie Jorgensen, former prom queen, who was dressed like she was trying to resurrect her title. She had on a floor-length gown that was covered in silver sequins, much too extravagant for this type of event.

My heart leapt into my throat when the woman walking with Christie turned around to face our table. It was her, Amber Vaughn, and she immediately took my breath away. She didn't look like she'd aged a day since the last time I saw her. My knees grew weak at the memory of my hands wrapped around her waist and my lips on hers.

Her long, dark hair still looked slightly tousled, like it had back then. Throughout high school, she always looked like she'd just woken up from a nap, or had two hands gripping her hair while a cock slammed into her from behind. At least that's what I'd always pictured, anyway.

And here I was again, imagining one of my hands pulling her head back while the other gripped her round ass and my cock slid between her shaved pussy lips. With every step she took closer to the table, I pictured myself slamming into her, her ass jiggling and the deep moans that escaped from her throat in between her screams of my name.

By the time Amber reached the table I had pulled the knot on my tie a good two inches looser and unbuttoned my collar just so I could breathe. I was glad that the

table shielded my thickening cock for now, but I had to make sure things didn't get out of hand. Not yet, at least. Not until I was alone with her.

Christie and Jessica had no problem catching up on their lives since graduation. The second they started talking, a non-stop barrage of squeals and exaggerated laughs assaulted my ears. But apart from saying hello to Jessica and Kent, Amber didn't say a word. Her deep, blue eyes seemed to be avoiding mine, but after a minute of darting around the table, they finally rested on me.

"Damon," she said in that deep voice of hers that always melted into me like warm butter. "You look incredible. How are you?"

I was starting to wonder how bad I'd looked in high school if everyone kept saying how great I looked now.

I wasn't positive, but it seemed like she'd come alone. There was no ring on her finger, which was apparently *de rigueur* for the other women of her age, at least at this reunion. I wondered if she was still living in the town we grew up in or if she'd moved on to someplace a little more sophisticated.

I'd promised myself that I would stop thinking about business during this week off. Everyone at work told me I needed to take a vacation and relax or else I might burn out. It was pointed out by my office assistant that I hadn't taken a vacation in over six years. She was wrong. She'd only been with me for six years. I hadn't ever taken a vacation.

But the possibility of seeing Amber again ... that was enough to convince me. So I blocked the time out of my calendar and booked a hotel, all the while wondering if she would be here. Wondering what it would be like to look into those incredible eyes of hers one more time.

The moment they met mine I knew I'd made the right decision. And this time I wasn't going to let Amber Vaughn get away.

Chapter 2

Amber

What the hell am I doing back here?

I never thought I'd come back to this idiotic place. When I left for college, I couldn't pack my bags fast enough, and every time I came back to town for the holidays, I barely left my parents' house. I just couldn't bear the thought of running into any of these people again. Especially one person in particular. And yet here I was, wading through a crowd of fake smiles and fake conversations. At least that's the way it felt.

I wasn't interested in hearing any of the big stories these people were doling out. I didn't particularly want to get to know what any of them were doing. And I especially didn't want any of these people to know a thing about my life now. Nothing real anyway.

But somehow Christie managed to talk me into keeping her company at this stupid reunion. I wondered if anyone would recognize me. I had a whole life worked out in my head that I'd created to throw them off the track if anyone started asking questions. Not that I had anything to hide; I just had no interest in being the old Amber Vaughn anymore. But maybe the problem was, I didn't really want to be the new Amber either.

I'd been a total bookworm back in high school. I probably would still qualify as one since I usually averaged about two or three books a week. I hadn't changed much in the looks category since high school, though. The main difference being that I cared a lot more about what I wore now. In high school, even though I had a pretty face and a nice body, I tended to hide it underneath plain clothes with no makeup. I was always scared of boys back then and tried not to attract too much attention.

But romance was still a scary prospect for me. In the years since I'd left school I'd been involved with a few guys, but just one serious relationship. Of course, because it was such a huge fear of mine, he cheated on me and I was humiliated. I swore off men after that and I certainly wasn't planning on finding anyone at a silly high school reunion.

But my mind kept wandering to Damon. I had to admit I'd wondered on more than one occasion what became of him. When Christie begged me to come with her, he was the only person I thought it would be nice to see, even though that

thought also terrified me.

Getting involved with a man was the last thing I wanted or needed at this point in my life, though. I had a decent job, plenty of hobbies, and for once in my life, I felt satisfied. The one thing that was missing was passion and excitement, but I did a good job of convincing myself that I didn't really need it. I got enough from the books I read with their tall, dark, and handsome men whisking women off to a secluded castle in the countryside. Especially if the woman's dress was somehow ripped off of her in the process. As far as I was concerned, that was all I needed to keep me company.

Christie peered around at the crowd. It was still astounding to me that I'd wound up best friends with the prom queen. No one in the entire school could believe it was true. Actually, none of them knew who I was, so whenever Christie would mention my name, the common response was 'Amber who?' It never bothered me, though. I mostly hung out with Christie in her parents' basement, watching horror movies and listening to her dad's old records. When we were at school it was like we existed in different dimensions.

Christie was obviously much more outgoing than I was. While she scanned the room for people to get reacquainted with, I kept my eyes lowered and tried to make myself as invisible as possible.

"Where's the bar? I really need a drink," I said, my voice sounding more sullen than I'd intended.

"Shh...I'm cock-gazing," Christie said, her eyes scanning the room.

"Oh brother. You're seriously cruising our old senior class? There's nothing here you haven't seen before, Christie. It's all the same boring people telling the same lies to make themselves feel better about the bad choices they've made."

"Yeah, you're right," Christie said, falling back down onto her heels with a sigh. "I guess I was just hoping for some hot high school reunion sex. Maybe in the gym? Under the bleachers?" she said with a laugh.

"You'll probably wind up in the men's room bent over the toilet."

"Actually, that doesn't sound half bad." Christie smiled and grabbed my arm, then gave me a playful shake. "You need to relax, Amber. This could be fun. Get rid of that scrunched up forehead and the scowl you've got on your face and at least pretend like you want to talk to someone. Do you think they have wine here?"

"Oh, they better." If I didn't get a drink in me soon, I was going to sneak outside and sit in the car for the rest of the night.

Christie stood on her toes again, peering off into the crowd.

"See anything?"

"No ..." she said, holding onto my wrist to keep from falling over. "It looks like maybe ... oh wait! There's Jessica and Kent! Let's go see them first." Christie pulled on my hand but my legs wouldn't move. I looked up in the direction she was pulling me and I saw Jessica and Kent, but I also saw someone else. Damon Andrews.

"Is that Damon with them?" she asked. "Damon Andrews? I always had a crush on him."

"Really?" I asked. "You never told me that."

"Well, he was a little different. Not really the football team types I would normally date. But I always thought he was so hot. You know, that strong, silent type. The type that would throw you around a little once they got you into bed. Plus, I knew you had a major thing for him and I never wanted to hone in on your big crush."

I glared at Christie, but what she said was true. I'd always had a thing for Damon Andrews. Especially after the night of the graduation party. The way he towered over me in that dark parking lot, pressing me up against the wall and taking control.

He had always been so shy and reserved. All throughout high school I would see him sitting on top of a cafeteria table with his back against the wall reading some deep, philosophical book while everyone in the room kept their distance. He was always the odd guy out.

But that night, when he pulled my body up against his and his mouth pressed into mine, he turned my world on its side. I can still remember exactly how he tasted, and some nights when I'm lying in bed, alone in the dark, that kiss still haunts me.

It had been so long, so I wasn't sure how I'd feel if I actually did see him here. But when Christie said his name, all the feelings from that night outside the bowling alley came flooding back.

"Good Lord, what happened to him? He looks amazing." I couldn't stop Christie from dragging me across the room anymore so I just gave up and walked with her. I kept turning and looking behind me, though, because I didn't want to see those eyes of Damon's. I was afraid of what they'd do to me. Even after all these year.

From all the way across the room it was obvious how much he'd changed. Damon had been tall and quiet and good-looking in high school. A little goofy too,

which I'd always liked. But now ... now he was gorgeous.

"Are you sure that's him?" I asked, still trying futilely to hide myself and pretend I wasn't interested.

"It has to be. He and Kent were best friends. Wow, that lanky body of his really filled out."

I glanced up again and took a better look. His shoulders were wide and strong under the tailored suit he wore. And he had an air of confidence now that was striking. He was standing back, still keeping to the outskirts of the conversation, just like in high school. But now he looked so much more comfortable, like he'd grown into his own skin. It was almost as if he were commanding that corner of the room without doing or saying a thing.

The closer I got to the table the more intense the feeling between my legs became. And even as terrified as I was about the feelings inside me, I knew I had to talk to him. But when I looked closer, I saw that Damon was talking to one of the girls at the table.

"Who's he talking to?" Christie asked. "Ugh, it looks like Maggie Dayton."

I recognized Maggie, too. She'd always been one of the most popular girls in high school. I hated how being back here brought out those ridiculous feelings. We weren't in high school anymore and there were no 'popular' girls in real life, but seeing the way Maggie swooned over Damon made my blood boil. I didn't want any of these people to be here anymore. I wished it could just be me and Damon, alone.

"Yeah, it's her all right," Christie said with a sigh.

"Maybe we should go find a drink first," I said, stopping her in her tracks.

"Oh, come on. She's not that bad. Besides, we're all adults now. None of these people are the same assholes they were in high school."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"I don't. I'm just hoping. Look, you know you want to see him."

"What?" I said, trying to act like I had no idea what she was talking about, but feeling a tell-tale blush start to creep across my face.

"Don't give me that. You've had a crush on Damon Andrews since we were in grade school."

"No, I have not."

Christie folded her arms and laughed. "And who exactly are you trying to convince, with that red face and those big, innocent eyes? Come on, now's your chance. You hardly ever come back to town and you're never going to be in the

same room with these people again ... including him. Besides, what do you have to lose?"

Christie was right. I needed to take a chance. I didn't know any of these people anymore, so who cared what they thought. Especially Maggie Dayton. I was going to walk right up to that table and I was going to talk to Damon.

"But what if he doesn't remember me?"

"If he doesn't remember the old you, he's definitely going to notice the new you. You look fabulous, Amber. You've got a body that doesn't quit, every inch of it defying gravity. And that dress tells no lies. You're going to knock him dead. Maggie doesn't stand a chance."

I hesitated for just a minute longer, trying to come up with at least one solid argument for why I should disappear with a bottle of cognac, but the feeling inside me propelled me forward. From where we were standing, I could see Damon's fierce, dark eyes; the darkest eyes I'd ever seen in my life. Back in high school and ever since. And every fiber of my being wanted to look into them while they were on me. The way they burned into me when he looked down at me that night.

"I'll go say hello after he's done talking to her."

"*No*, you're going *now*," Christie said. She grabbed my hand again and pulled me toward the table, yelling from halfway across the room at Jessica and Kent.

I could feel my legs shaking as I approached the table where Damon stood, and it was a full minute before I could make my eyes look up at his. But when I did, the rest of the world fell away. Every single sound and person that surrounded the two of us was gone, and all that was left were those dark eyes of his, and the smile that was slowly spreading across his handsome face.