

## Body Rush - Chapter One

### Prologue

The loud music hit her the instant she stepped through the doors. Lydia loved it. Going to Charlie's, her favorite hangout, after work on Friday night always helped her forget about the lawyers she worked for. There were three of them and they were all exasperating. Working at a law firm sucked in ways that most people couldn't grasp. Her only escape from the stress came when she met up with her two best friends, Roni and Jeanette. They'd known each other since grade school. While everyone else had moved on and forgotten about their school pals, the three of them had stayed in touch. Sometimes she thought they were closer now than ever. Maturity maybe. Who knew the reason, all Lydia knew for sure was that she'd be lost without them.

As she moved through the crowded room, Lydia felt someone's hand on her ass. She turned and glared at the man sitting with a group of men, all grinning like idiots. The hateful look she tossed his way must have worked because he pulled his hand back and started to scope out his next victim. Lydia spotted her friends sitting at a high round table at the back of the bar. Roni waved her over. Lydia smiled and headed towards her.

As she reached them she noticed her favorite drink, a fuzzy navel, ready and waiting. Roni moved to another chair, giving her the one on the end. "Why is it men think it's cute to grab a woman's ass? Do they really think it's going to get them laid?" she shouted in an attempt to be heard over the noise. She slid onto the chair and grabbed her drink, wondering if she'd look like an alcoholic if she downed half the glass in one gulp.

"I'll never understand why men do half the things they do," Roni tossed back with an angry edge to her voice. "Trying to figure them out is a waste of time."

Jeanette leaned close and said, "There is one particular guy I wouldn't mind grabbing my ass. The only problem is I

don't think he even knows I exist."

Lydia and Roni both moved closer, their attention rapt. Lydia spoke up first. "Are you still hot for that motorcycle dude coming into your café?"

Jeanette's gaze filled with unbridled lust. "If you saw him, you'd be drooling too. I'm telling you, he's the yummiest thing I've seen yet."

"You've lusted after this guy for what, a year?" Roni asked.

Jeanette laughed. "It feels that way sometimes, but it's only been about six months."

Lydia took a sip of her drink. Already she could feel herself relaxing, as if the last several days were a distant blur. She looked across the table at Roni and shook her head. She still couldn't picture her sharp-tongued friend as a psychologist. On a good day she was hard to get along with. On the other hand, Jeanette's job seemed to fit her to a 'T'. Owning a quaint little coffee shop seemed the perfect choice for her introverted friend.

"If you don't ask him out, someone else will," Lydia taunted, hoping to push her friend into making a move.

Jeanette bit her lip. "I'm so damn shy around him. He comes in with this black leather jacket and tight, faded jeans and I just want to jump him. All that dark hair and those dark eyes." she sighed. "Every time I see him I think, this is it. I'm going to ask him out. Or at least find out if he has a damned girlfriend. But I just get all tongue-tied. Like I'm high school again." She clenched her fist around the long neck bottle of light beer she'd ordered. "It's frustrating as hell."

Roni piped up with her usual bit of sensitive logic. "He rides a motorcycle, he's gorgeous as hell and he comes to your shop every morning. Get a clue, girl, he wants to fuck you!"

Jeanette rolled her eyes. "What makes you think he wants me at all? He comes for the coffee, not the owner."

"Bullshit. He comes because you're hot and he wants to lay you across the counter. He could get coffee anywhere. Hell, he probably doesn't even live near your shop."

Lydia could see her friend's spirits perking up. "You really think so?" Jeanette asked.

Roni laughed and swallowed the last of her sex on the beach, before waving the waitress over and ordering another. After she hurried off to fill their order, Roni said, "He's just watching you squirm a little. Enjoying the way you blush and stammer. It's a game. He's wondering how long you can hold out."

Jeanette started to peel the label off the beer. "I've never asked a guy out before. Usually they ask me. I'm not shy exactly, but I am a little old fashioned I guess."

Lydia spoke up this time. "I think Roni's right. It's a new world these days. Men like it when a woman is sure of

herself. You should definitely ask him out."

Jeanette's eyes grew round. "This coming from the shyest one of all?"

Lydia shrugged. "I've been doing some thinking. It's time we livened up our lives a little, don't you think?"

Roni narrowed her gaze, as if suspicious all of a sudden. "In what way?"

"I don't know," Lydia admitted as she looked down at her half empty drink. "It's just that we come here every Friday and nothing is ever any different. We work all week, date boring men, and then come here to bitch about it. I'm getting sick of it. I'm ready for a change."

"You might date boring men, but that doesn't mean we all do."

Lydia knew that tone. Roni always got her back up when someone pointed out that she wasn't perfect. "Oh really? What about that guy you went out with last weekend. You said he took you to the Opera and you wanted to sleep through the whole thing it was so boring."

Roni slumped. "Men always think they're going to impress me by bringing me to some expensive restaurant or some fancy theatre. Or they go the opposite route and attempt to please me by playing on my kinkier side. Just once I'd like to go out with a real man. Someone who isn't trying to impress."

"See? That's exactly what I mean. We all have these secret desires, but we don't act on them." Lydia looked at Jeanette, who'd remained silent throughout the exchange. "Just once wouldn't you like to toss caution to the wind and do something...wicked?"

Jeanette sat back in her chair and crossed her arms over her chest. "Yes, I would. I can't tell you how many times I've wanted to strip naked and just offer myself to Mr. Motorcycle Man. But how can I possibly do that when I don't know a thing about him? These days it pays to err on the side of caution."

Lydia nodded. "I agree we should be cautious, but that doesn't mean we can't, just this once, do something completely out of character." When Roni and Jeanette both started talking at once, Lydia held up her hand. "Hear me out. If you don't like my idea, then we'll forget I ever mentioned it. Agreed?" Both women looked at each other before giving her the floor. "Roni is ready to get down and dirty with an honest, blue collar kind of guy. Jeanette you're so hot for Motorcycle Man I can practically see steam coming off you. I have my own little fantasy in mind too. I say we make a bet to see who can make their fantasy come true first."

Roni snorted. "Are you serious? We're going to bet to see who can get laid faster?"

"Not just laid, dork. The bet is to see who can make their fantasy become reality."

Jeanette gasped. "I cannot believe you're suggesting this. I can see Roni suggesting something like this, she's half crazy, but you? I've never even seen you loosen the top button of your blouse, yet you're sitting there proposing we make our wildest fantasies come to life?"

Lydia's face heated. Jeanette was right. It was insane to think she could actually make her own fantasy a reality. If her friends had half a clue what she wanted to do, they'd commit her to a sanitarium. She was about to call the whole thing off when Roni spoke up. "What's the winner get?"

Jeanette's gaze swung to Roni. Lydia couldn't speak.

"You're actually considering this ludicrous bet?" Jeanette squeaked.

Roni grinned. "Why the hell not? It sounds like fun. And Lydia's right, our lives are boring as shit. While I admit I do have some pretty wild sex, there's still something missing. I want more, damn it."

Lydia wished she could be more like Roni. She took life by the horns. All Lydia could ever control was her cat, Socrates. "I haven't thought that far. What should the winner get? While we're at it, what does the loser have to do?"

Jeanette held up her hand. "Wait, I'm already confused. How does one lose?"

"By not making your fantasy real," Roni answered.

"So in order to win, I need to ask Mr. Motorcycle Man out?"

"Not just ask him out, but you have to do the very thing you've been dreaming of," Lydia said, already wondering what she'd gotten herself into.

“I’ve had a lot of dreams about that man.”

“Make one of them happen and you’re safe from losing,” Roni said as she finished off her second sex on the beach.

Lydia took a deep breath and went for broke. “So, back to the question. What does the winner get and what does the loser have to do?”

“The winner gets to have her fantasy come to life, obviously,” Roni chimed in. “The loser...buys the rest a round of drinks?”

“No, that’s not incentive enough,” Jeanette said, as if she were beginning to warm up to the idea. “The loser has to...strip naked and walk down main street.”

Lydia shook her head. “Illegal. It can’t be against the law.”

“Then the loser has to clean my car,” Roni tossed out.

Lydia and Jeanette both shuddered. “That’s cruel and unusual punishment, Roni,” Lydia said. “Damn.”

Roni rubbed her hands together. “But it’s legal and it’s incentive enough to get you two busy.”

“What makes you so sure you’re going to win?” Jeanette shot right back, her back stiffening in pride.

Roni winked. “Because I never lose, honey.”

Lydia sucked down the last of her fuzzy navel, then ordered another. “Okay, now for the next part of this wager. We each have to reveal our fantasy.”

Jeanette shrugged, “Mine’s already been revealed. I want to have wild and crazy sex with Mr. Motorcycle Man.”

Roni frowned. “I want a man who wants me for me. A man who isn’t out to impress.”

Both women looked at Lydia. “I want to have sex with a stranger, no strings, no names, just sex.” Or maybe with two, she thought, but she wasn’t ready to admit that.

Jeanette’s jaw dropped and Roni eyes filled with awe. “Damn, I’ve never admired you more than I do right now,” Roni mused.

Jeanette laughed and soon they were all cracking up. Deep down Lydia shook like a teenager on prom night. What the hell did I just get myself into?

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