

# Differences Sample

Written by N. E. Fletcher

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Erotic Romance – Mature Audiences Only



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“You had a fucking three-some?” Dylan places his glass on the balcony.

“Who did you have a threesome with?” Kyle asks.

Tyler is shaking his head at me.

“I met these two girls in the new coffee shop around the corner from work.

They fucking tag-teamed me. Fuck, best night. Hands down,” I say.

Good memories.

“Threesomes only happen in our dreams,” Dylan says, “And pornstars have threesomes.”

“Leave it to Luke,” Tyler says bitterly.

“What the fuck is your problem, man?” I ask.

“When are you gonna grow up?”

“Having threesomes isn’t grown up?”

He sighs, “Whatever you think,” he puts out the weed he’s smoking.

I roll my eyes.

“So, you doing it again?” Kyle asks.

I laugh, “I don’t know; I think it’s something you only experience once. I don’t think they’ll be down again. They were kind of fighting for me. I’m not trying to be in the middle of that. They seem like really good friends.”

“Who has threesomes together?” Dylan raises an eyebrow.

“Yep,” we laugh, and I take a sip of my bourbon.

“Damn, I should’ve never settled down so quick,” Kyle says.

We laugh.

“You’ve been married for like four months,” Tyler scowls at him.

Kyle scoffs, “That’s barely any time, huh?”

“What ’s that face for?” I ask Dylan.

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He shakes his head, “Nothing. It just depends on the type of person you are, I guess. I, for instance, like where I am in my life right now. There’s something about spending the rest of your life with one person. I know to your small brain it might seem outworldly, but it’s good.”

I nod at him, “I respect that.”

“We gotta get back,” Tyler says, checking his watch, “Looks like people are arriving.”

We can see from over the balcony cars pulling up and people coming out. We all head down. Everything is slightly blurred in the night's excitement due to me drinking so much. I have to step outside for a second to get some fresh air.

Outside is lovely, a beauty to withhold with the stars shining and everything. The moon is full. I take a deep breath. Life is great, isn't it? I smile to myself. Minutes later, my attention is stolen by a noise coming from the garden, and I head there. There is a small woman down here on the phone. Her voice is soft, almost faltering. As if she's crying. My brows furrow at her figure hunched over the roses.

“Hey, are you ok?” I reach out to touch her shoulder, and she whips around fast and pins me with big brown eyes. Captivating eyes, eyes that drown you. I am slightly taken aback as I blink at her. She is beautiful, gorgeous. Her dark caramel skin contrasts against the red of her lips and the red dress she's wearing, which shows off her cleavage. She stands back, clearing her throat.

“Mom, I will speak to you later, ok?” She says in a calm, soft voice. She hangs up the phone. “Can I help you?”

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“No, I— um . . . I thought there was something wrong with you.”

She stares at me as if I’m weird, “I’m ok. Thanks.”

She walks pass me. Woah. What? No!

“Hey,” I chase her down, grabbing her arm. The contact of her skin with mine shocks me, and I pull my hand away: probably static, I think. She looks at her arm, slightly puzzled, probably wondering why I’ve touched her.

“I’m sorry,” my mind is reeling. I cannot form a coherent sentence. What the fuck? It’s literally just a face. I’ve seen plenty of faces before. Beautiful ones, too, so why am I tripping? “Hello.”

“Hi,” she says again, confused.

“What’s your name?”

“I—

“There you are!” Some girl comes to get her, “Let’s go. We’re doing the cake!” She pulls her away before I can say anything else. I stand there in the dark, confused about what just happened. Nothing didn’t even happen, but I feel weird. So very weird. Who the fuck is this woman?

I head inside as everyone gathers around Nelly to cut the cake. I join them, standing by Tyler’s side. After the cake and the group dissipate, Tyler and I are drinking by the living room threshold.

“There’s a woman—”

“Ooh, all your good stories start this way,” he turns to me.

“I’m serious.”

He chuckles, “Ok.”

“She’s wearing a red dress, caramel skinned. Straight hair.”

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He raises an eyebrow, “Keira?” He indicates with his chin.

She’s standing with Nel, laughing and talking. I blink.

“That same one,” I make to move off, but he grabs my arm.

“|—

“She’s engaged.”

My heart hits the floor, “To whom?”

He doesn’t even have to say before I see the tall man cross the room and grab her arm. I shake my head.

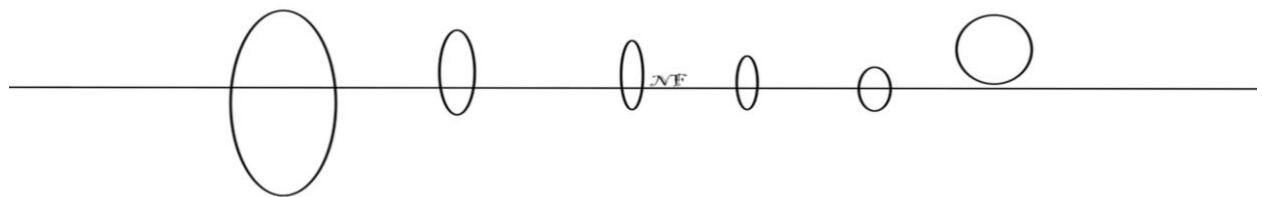
“Who was the blonde he was with?”

“Flavor of the night.”

“That’s his wife?”

“Fiancé. They’re not married yet.” Fucking asshole. Charlie, you son of a bitch. Tyler laughs as he claps my back, “Try again.”

I watch as he puts his arm around her tiny waist and pulls her along. She’s smiling, though it seems forced. But what do I know? I sigh. Damn, she is one fine little thing.



“Thanks for coming to help us, Luke,” Nel says as she tries to lift the heavy box.

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“Stop it,” I shove her arm away softly. I pick up the box and place it in the back of the van. “What is this for? A good cause, I hope. It’s my one day off this week.”

She laughs, “Oh, please. We’re bringing all these things to a children’s civic center that just opened up in town.”

“We?” I ask as I turn for the other box.

In a bright yellow dress, a petite figure bounds down the driveway. She frowns at me when she sees me. I straighten. She is petite, but she lacks no curves. Her breasts are full and perfect, and her ass looks great in that dress. Her hair is curly today.

I have never met a more beautiful woman; I think to myself as she takes a step down in her gladiator sandals.

“Keira, you’ve met Lucas?” Nel asks.

She smiles, “Hi, Lucas.”

“Luke,” I mumble.

She nods, then turns to Nel, “Do you want to go through the books, or can I?”

“You can,” Nel says, “I’m tired.”

Keira’s eyebrows furrow, “Do you need anything?”

“No,” Nel laughs, “Just five minutes.”

“Ok, I’ll head up then,” Nel nods, and she heads back up the stairs. I cannot help but stare after her. Wow.

“Stop it!” Nel whispers fiercely at me.

“Are you kidding me? You guys have been holding out on me.”

“She’s not even your type Luke.”

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“Beautiful and sexy aren’t my type?”

“No. Nerdy, self-respecting women are not your type.”

“She doesn't look very nerdy.”

“She’s not the one-night stand type.”

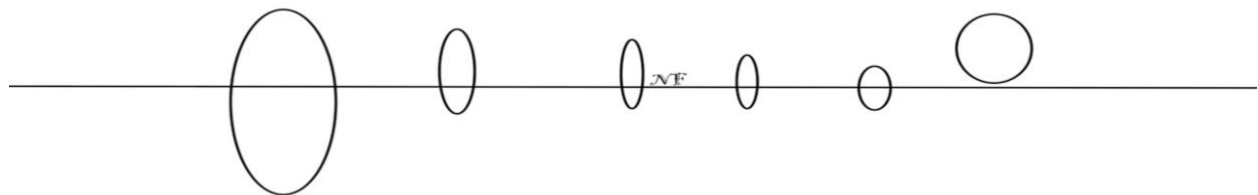
“Plenty has said that, and plenty 'a minds I've changed.”

“Not this one, trust me. Are you staying to help, or do you really have to go? We could really use your muscles.”

“Is she staying?”

“All day,” she grins.

I say yes, not knowing exactly why I did



I sit up as I spot Keira sauntering across the floor with Charlie's arm around her. Maybe this dinner won't be so dull after all. Although I think I might need a couple of drinks. I cannot get this girl out of my head; It is the most impossibly frustrating thing ever.

I make my way to the bar. Bourbon, please. I feel a little better with a glass of it in my system, and I relax a little. Just maybe an hour more before I can go home to maybe touching myself to the thought of this woman. I cringe.

Is this really what it's come to? I sigh and watch as Keira gets a phone call and has to step out. Charlie makes his way to the opposite end of the

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room, where a woman he might know is. They talk for about five minutes, seeming to know each other very well--too well. And to my surprise, boldly, they disappear together. Ok . . . Wow. Wow. So he's a serial cheater.

Cheating on that beautiful specimen of a woman? Are you frigging kidding me? I have another glass of bourbon. This is absolutely none of my business and not my business, it will remain. I sigh and turn. Then regret it. Keira blinks at me.

"Hi."

"Hi," I can't help but frown. She really needs to leave me alone. Like, seriously. I glance at the big ring on her finger. She sees and places her hand at her side.

"I guess Charlie has disappeared to discuss business with his colleagues . . . and you're the only familiar face."

I nod and turn, offering the seat next to me. She comes and sits gracefully. The fragrance of her skin makes the hairs on my arms rise.

"What do you drink?"

"I don't . . . what do you drink?"

"Bourbon . . . you never drink?"

"No, I don't see the point. It inhibits you."

I raise an eyebrow at her, "Drinking is fun."

"No. Not really."

"Are you driving home tonight?"

"No," she shakes her head, "Why?"

"Let me buy you a drink. I promise you'll like it."

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She plays the idea over in her head, biting her lip as she thinks, “Um, sure. One won’t hurt, right?”

I chuckle, “It usually never does.”

Really, never. One drink just gets you closer to three, and you might agree then to sleep with me. I order something fruity for her, with a lot less alcohol. Her face lights up when she sips it.

“You like it.”

“What is this?”

“Just a strawberry Daiquiri.”

“Wow,” she smiles brightly. My God, she’s beautiful. She glows.

“So you just moved here, huh?”

“Yes, from Cali. Charlie wanted something new to do. He outgrew his company.”

“And you?”

She shrugs, “What about me?”

“What did you leave there?” She frowns. I think I hit a nerve. “Did you have a job?”

“Um, pre-school teacher two days out of the week. Charlie likes me to be home, so that’s where I am mostly.”

Charlie sounds like a controlling prick.

“Your family?”

“Charlie is my family.”

“Your mom?”

She frowns, “Um, their whole lives are in Cali. I couldn’t ask them to uproot it and move across the country with me. Charlie only has me.”

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“Did you want to move?”

“Um,” she laughs softly, “No, but that doesn’t matter. Charlie got a better job, so we moved to it. It’s simple, really.”

Such a beautiful set of lips, but all I hear is nonsense rap coming from them. So basically, this man controls her entire life. I don’t even think she realizes.

“Keira!” Someone growls.

“Charlie,” Keira hops down from the stool, almost frightened. He’s eyeing the glass in her hand. She sets it down, seeming embarrassed. “I was just having a drink with Lucas.”

The man is staring daggers at me. Oh, so he’s supposed to frolic off with coworkers and bring blondes to conferences, but I’m not allowed to buy his fiancée a drink? This world is so skewed.

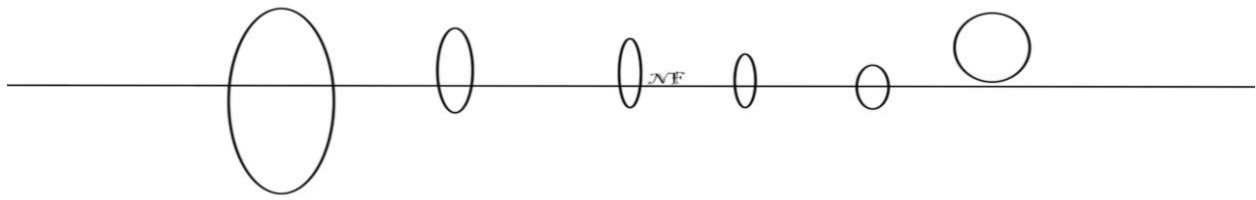
“Mr. Wilson,” I say.

“Mr. Boyd.”

“I didn’t mean to keep her; she was just keeping my company till you got back.”

He opens his mouth, then closes it, “Have a good night.” He grabs her arm--a little too rough from my point of view--and hauls her out of the room.

What the fuck?



I stop in my tracks as I see who is in front of me. Like seriously, out of all the damn supermarkets, she had to pick this one to shop in? I turn and head the other way. I want nothing to do with her. Even though it's been a whole month since I've seen her last, whenever I go to sleep or sleep with other women, it's her that I think about, her that I imagine is with me. I can't get her out of my head, which is seriously annoying.

I rub my forehead as I head to the alcohol aisle. I need a six-pack. I grab a case and then head to the checkout. My phone pings, and I look at it. A text from Sarah, this girl I met two weeks ago. My newly acquired dark-skinned queen. She's saying hi. I ask if I can see her tonight. Of course, is her reply, and I smile to myself. Great. Great.

"Lucas?"

I groan internally. Of course. Because these cashiers can't get me out of here fast enough, and of course, the woman looks absolutely beautiful in a dress.

"Keira."

She blinks her beautiful big brown eyes at me, and my cock twitches, "I thought that was you."

"How are you?"

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“Ok,” she runs a hand through her hair, and I notice the bandage.

“What happened to your hand?”

She blushes a little, “I was lifting something at home and sprained my hand.”

Is she lying? It sounds like she’s lying. But I don’t know her, and I can’t tell.

I narrow my eyes at her, “Right.”

“So, it’s been a while since I’ve seen you. How are you?”

“I’ve been better,” I say honestly.

She laughs softly, “Oh, I am really sorry to hear that. What’s the matter?”

“Nothing much really, just . . . work stuff.”

She smiles brightly, and I intake a breath, “Charlie says he loves his job, especially with all the traveling and stuff. He really is excited about the direction you guys are taking the company.”

“Traveling?” I raise an eyebrow.

“You know, business trips, like the one he’s on right now.”

“Charlie is on a business trip?” I shove my hands down my pockets.

“Yeah.”

She doesn’t know that her husband is a five-timing piece of shit. There is no damn business trip; we have particular employees for that. Our CHRO is definitely not one of them.

“How long is he away for?”

“He doesn’t know, shouldn’t you know?”

I shake my head, “Nope. Not my jurisdiction, I guess. You should maybe ask Tyler. He’ll have an answer.”

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“I haven’t seen Tyler. How is he? I’ve had coffee with Nelly, though. She’s such a sweetheart; I visited the baby once. She’s such a cutie.”

“Yes. What are you up to these days?” I glance at her cart. It’s half full.

“I got a job at the elementary school on fifth avenue.”

“You like kids,” I observe.

“Yes, I do. I haven’t told Charlie yet. I started two weeks ago; it’s so fun. Charlie doesn’t like when I work, though.”

“Charlie sounds like a control freak,” I clear my throat; I never meant to say that.

“He is. But don’t we all like control?”

“To a certain extent. Yes. Here,” I say, “Let me help you check out, are you finished?”

“Yes, but you don’t have to—

“I would love to,” I tell her, and we cash out and walk to her car, which is a Porsche. “Nice car,” I tell her.

She sighs, “It’s a bit too expensive, I think, but Charlie insisted. There’s so much more we could’ve done with that money.”

“Like open up a children’s civic center.”

She looks up at me, smiling, “Exactly.”

I chuckle, “Hmmm. So, how are you liking Florida?”

She shrugs, “It takes some getting used to. It’s not somewhere I thought I would ever be.”

“So you never wanted to move here?” How surprising.

“No. Not at all. But we had to for—

“For Charlie,” I nod. Of course.

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“Yeah,” she opens the van trunk, and I help her put in her groceries. I will have to say goodbye to her soon. I don’t want to. I like her. Like really like her, and I hate myself for it.

“You found anything that you like doing here?”

“Eating. There are lots of diverse foods here. I like that.”

“Oh, I um . . . I know this nice Jamaican restaurant right around the corner from the elementary school. You should try it sometime.”

“I would love to. I like Jamaican food.”

“Have you ever been to Jamaica?”

“Yes, once. It was beautiful, but I couldn’t really enjoy it on account to—

“Charlie working?”

She blushes, and I bite my tongue. “Sorry,” I say.

“Charlie works a lot, yeah, but he’s a good man.”

“He treats you good?”

“Yeah,” she blushes and shifts.

“Good. You seem pretty amazing.”

“Seem?”

“Seem. I don’t really know you, you know?”

“True.”

“Alright, well, I’m going to head off. I’ve got some errands I need to run before it gets any later.”

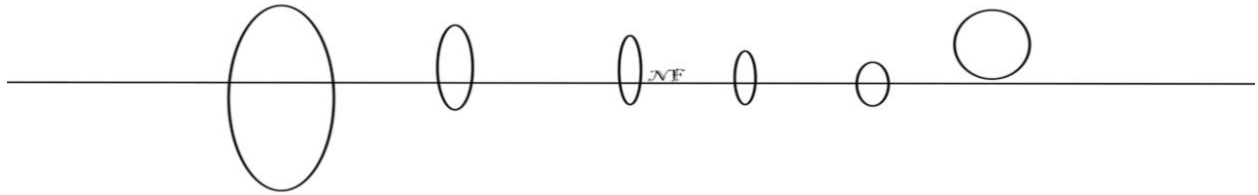
“Will I see you again?” She asks quietly. She might have meant something different in that question, I don’t know, but she’s blushing.

I smile, “We’ll see.”

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She nods before she turns and heads to the driver's side of her van. I step back and watch as she pulls out of the parking lot and drives off.



I pace the reception area, thinking this might not be the best or healthiest idea. The bag with the food weighs heavy in my hand. The lady at the desk is eyeing me, but I really can't even give her the time of day. Plus, she's probably way too old for me.

"Lucas," I turn. Keira is in a small white dress, and her hair is down; she is so beautiful; I have to blink a few times as she approaches me, "What are you doing here?"

I clear my throat, "I um—you said you worked here. You liked Jamaican food. And I was just passing by you and the Jamaican restaurant, and I thought I might buy you some of my favorite stuff," I hand her the bag. She stares at it. I don't know what to expect. I've never been in this situation before. What if she doesn't like this? Am I crossing a line? I've just bought her food. It really shouldn't be a big deal.

"This is so sweet."

"Hmm," is my reply, "Well. I hope you enjoy I've got—"

"Do you have half an hour?"

"Hmmm?"

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“Will you join me? For lunch? Please?”

I relax just a little, “Sure.”

“Come,” she tilts her head a little, and I follow her through the double doors to outside, where there is a small playground around some lunch benches. It's cool and breezy out here. “What'd you bring me?” She sits, smiling.

“Um, a Patty, this bread that they eat it with. You rarely find anything like that around here, and it's delicious. Brown stew chicken and white rice also. It's a more uncomplicated dish per se, rice, and chicken.”

“Have you eaten lunch yet?”

“No, but I bought it for you. I want you to enjoy it.”

She glances up at me before she starts unloading the bag. She splits everything in half and shares it with me. We eat. She enjoys it very much.

“Omg, this is the stuff.” I laugh. “Don't laugh at me!”

I wipe my hands on the napkin, “I'm not. I swear.” She smiles, “Is Charlie back yet?”

“Nope. I haven't seen Tyler either to ask him about that.”

Well, that's funny; he's been coming to work.

“He should be home pretty soon, I think,” I offer.

“Ok,” she smiles.

“Tyler is having a barbecue next week. You should come. Meet some people.”

“Right, because I have no friends down here.”

I laugh, “Well, I can be your friend.”

She pauses, clearing her throat. I clear mine too. Yes, that had a sexual undertone to it. I didn't mean it. But goddamn, the woman gets me going.

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