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*What's New,  
Pussycat?*

*JOSEE RENARD*

*What's New, Pussycat?*

*By*

*Josee Renard*

## **What's New, Pussycat? By Josee Renard**

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### **What's New, Pussycat?**

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## **Dedication**

This story—as all stories truly are—is for readers, those who read through storms and overtime, through joy and sorrow, who choose books to get them through fear and pain, through that long ride home on transit, through all of life's ups and downs.

None of us would do this if it weren't for you.

Versa heard the humming before the deep, sexy growl kicked in with the words. He never sang any other song, only that one Tom Jones oldie, and she didn't care. She'd spent all summer listening—and watching—and she was just about fed up with trying to ignore the need she felt. She had a desperate urge to march right over to the construction zone next door and...

She'd grab that face she'd been watching for months, pull those smiling lips down to hers, and kiss the hell out of him before she dragged him across the dirt and dust and trampled bushes of the yard next door, through her perfectly manicured lawn, and right on upstairs to her big shower.

First, she'd taste every inch of him while she washed the sweat from his glorious body. She'd seen it almost every day, dripping wet. He often stepped outside, ripped off his shirt, and ran the hose over his torso.

The sight of tanned, sculpted chest and back got her throbbing. When he threw back his head and laughed, her pussy started to drip. Every. Single. Damn. Day.

For almost four months. She'd lasted almost four months. Versa didn't think she'd last much longer without giving in to her increasingly overwhelming urges.

Face flushing with anticipation, Versa tried to ignore her racing pulse and her aching nipples. She didn't have the nerve for it. She'd been through too much in the past ten years. A bad marriage. A miserable two years trying to get out of it. And a failed and boring relationship trying to

get herself back in the game.

Another man?

Even one as sexy, as tempting, as fuckable as Theo?

Not yet. Maybe not ever.

She wasn't ready, might never be ready again. If she could convince him that it was just sex and he'd actually treat it that way... But no. In Versa's experience, all men professed they weren't interested in a relationship until their cocks took over, right after the first orgasm. Once that happened, their cocks convinced them a relationship was necessary.

Because their cocks had an agenda: sex, sex, and more sex.

Having a relationship meant they'd have sex—all kinds of sex—from quickies in the shower to blowjobs before they left for work to fucking their brains out after the Sunday afternoon game. And they wouldn't have to wine and dine a new woman each time to get it.

Her whole grown-up life was a testament to the wisdom of the cock.

Her ex-husband had married her because she loved sex almost as much as he—and Long John Silver—had. She should have clued in as soon as he told her he'd named his cock after a pirate. But her ex was good in bed and out of it. He knew just where to touch to drive her crazy, knew just what pressure to use on her clit to make her come, knew just how hard to push her. He knew those things because *all* he wanted from her was sex.

The way he figured it—and of course he was right—the more *she* liked sex, the more *he'd* get.

After Long John Silver and his owner, there was Ben, the sweet, laidback guy she'd picked as Transition Man. Ben who was as different from her ex as it was possible to be. Ben who, according to his story, hadn't had sex in years and wasn't really all that interested in it.

*That* didn't work. One year into the relationship and she was desperate enough for sex to seduce Ben. One quick unmemorable fuck, and the cock took over. When Versa tried to slow him down, Ben turned into—drum roll, please—her ex-husband.