



Doggy Style Date

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Milena

Gomez

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Cover by Milena Gomez

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*I dedicate this book to my wonderful editors and friends: Ana and
Sheri*

*Thank you so much for editing my work and making it shine.
I always learn something new and **Doggy Style Date** just wouldn't
be the same without you two.*

Chapter One

“What a cute little doggy!” Delilah shrieked with joy as a nice little Chihuahua got on her lap. It was the only thing that cheered her up after having such a bad day at work.

“Where’s your owner, little doggy?” She looked for the tag and found the dog’s name. “Pooch!”

Who names a dog Pooch? The owner must be a lazy bastard to not take the time to name his dog right. How do I know he’s a man? Delilah, get over such sexist thoughts. It could be a woman!

“Pooch! Pooch!”

“Your little Chihuahua is here...sir!” *Well, he didn’t sound like a woman. I was right!*

When the man showed up, a scene from the movie *You’ve Got Mail* flashed up in her thoughts. He didn’t look like Tom Hanks. His hair wasn’t dark and heck he couldn’t be that old. She also wasn’t a Meg Ryan either. Her hair wasn’t short. It was blonde and curly, almost light pink. If the scene was to be re-filmed, they both would fit perfectly as two destined lovers meeting in a Manhattan park under the New York sky.

Except, that they didn’t know each other. What about Pooch? It would capture the audience but then reality would sink the whole romanticism of the movie. She couldn’t dare fall in love with illusions. *Lazy bastard naming his own dog Pooch!*

She smiled, but laughed to herself knowingly.

“Beautiful smile, come here, Pooch.” The owner gave his dog a friendly command after noticing Delilah. The dog obeyed and jumped from her lap. “You’re not mad, are you? Pooch does that sometimes. Bad dog!”

“No! I’m not mad,” Delilah admitted. “I love dogs. When I was small I used to play with my beautiful puppy, Cinnamon, and she was the best friend I had growing up. I used to put bows in her hair, such a sweet dog until a car hit her and she was gone—forever. And when I named my business, I stuck to her name and my memories—”

Delilah felt vulnerable and sad all of a sudden. She really needed get back to work to shake away this feeling or make it worse—sadly, she didn't know which one. When she cleared her throat, the man took his Chihuahua and sat next to her, ready to listen to her story but she reacted as if he'd kicked her. "But Mr. — I still don't know your name. I'm sure you have better things to do than listen to a strange woman blabbing about her childhood dog. Since you already found your Chihuahua, excuse me, I must leave."

As she got up to leave, the man stood up and said, "Wait! My name's Tyler Jackson. May I at least have the pleasure of knowing your name?"

For what? "Delilah Melody Stratton," she said, and left quickly. I gave him my full name? Seriously, I gave my full name to a man and his dog named Pooch. Oh well! It's not like I'll see him again. He better find another Meg Ryan.

* * * *

"So?" Susan, her only employee and friend, stared back at Delilah as if waiting for her to clarify whatever was on her mind.

"So...what?" Delilah noted, "Susan, you know I can't read minds." *Maybe yours, I can read.*

Her eyes widened in realization, but it was too late.

"Who were the man and his dog? A customer saw you at the park. Is that why you're planning to leave your baby for good? Is he rich and well equipped? Does he have a car, a house and most of all is he good in bed?"

Oh no, she just didn't ask the question she thought she heard. "He's nobody."

Of course the strange man had to be nobody. She'd never met the man and like her small book shop, or "her baby" any thought of man trouble was going belly up. Oh, where to start. "Cinnamon Books, note aside has been doing terrible for the past few years and before it crashes to the ground, I've decided to call it quits. Susan, you should know better than to ask me this again. We've been over this question a hundred times already. How can you not get it

yet? And, that man and his dog might be the only reason I had a few minutes to forget reality, but he's not rich or well equipped to be any of those things you asked me about. Besides I don't know him—I never met the guy before!"

"Ah, okay. Then how do you know he's not all of that if you never met the guy?"

Unbelievable. Delilah had to make the conversation end. "Let's just assume he isn't okay. Now, get back to work. Go on."

Susan smiled sarcastically. Since a customer waited for her, she left Delilah alone.

Delilah couldn't believe it, but she had better things to do. Looking over at her bills, she let out a very disheartened gush of air. Paying the bills always made her cry, but she couldn't cry in front of customers. Not like there were many customers, anyway. She could break down any time of day and still feel unnoticed and forgotten. Susan was her only real friend. She would've made her partner a long time ago but the fear of no longer being in business had stopped her from doing so.

Good, Delilah told herself, because this ship was sinking really fast. Her money was depleting and her hopes were almost nonexistent.

She bit her pen. This was why she was having a bad day and had gone to the park to breathe some fresh air. Now she was back in hell and a smile from a single customer wasn't good anymore to keep her motivated.

* * * *

"I tell you, Ron, she's a keeper," Tyler said, to his business partner. He sipped his cappuccino and then took a bite of his fresh cinnamon roll. They had opened a bookstore many years ago and still managed to stay on top of everything. However, a similar bookstore called Cinnamon Books of which he heard by rumor that it was around the corner or so, was sinking very fast. It was a new business and run by two pretty ladies who offered cinnamon pastries with every sale, or so he heard. It was not really a business

plan. No wonder the ship was sinking. But, why did he think of the sinking of Cinnamon Books, Delilah and his business success in the same line of thought? *I need a long vacation.*

“Tyler, Tyler. I know business is better than ever and that you have time on your hands but this girl— stay away from her.”

“Why?” Tyler looked back at Ron who eyed him with a strong yet emotionless face. “No don’t look at me like that, really why?”

“You don’t get it yet? Cinnamon, a dog’s name that used to belong to a so called Delilah— Cinnamon! Tyler that’s one of the girls at Cinnamon Books. Get it? Cinnamon is your enemy.”

Tyler smelled his pastry and bit it. The soft smell had tantalized him in such a good way and the taste was pulling him up to cloud nine. If Delilah was one of the girls at Cinnamon Books, then he had to see for himself and judge for himself.

“Enemies are known. She’s is practically harmless.”

“Harmless no doubt, but she’s still the competition and, until her store closes, you can’t help her. Remember, it’s either her or us and we have proven to have better sense of business.”

“Can’t we all just get along? Ron, it’s like I don’t know you anymore!”

Ron eyed Tyler even more seriously this time. Tyler felt extremely uncomfortable and Pooch also responded by barking at his partner. “See.” Tyler carried his dog. “Even Pooch can sense bad karma. What goes around comes around, Ron. Don’t say I didn’t tell you so.”

With that, Tyler exited his bookstore. He didn’t know what to make out of his partner. Maybe, business wasn’t his priority anymore. Maybe love was what he needed in his life right now. He decided to walk a few blocks before attempting to visit Cinnamon Books.

Chapter Two

He couldn't believe it. The shop was closing earlier than many businesses closed. New York was a busy place. It was the city that never slept and Cinnamon Books was closing at three o'clock on a Monday. His shop closed at midnight and sometimes even later. He knew that if people didn't refuge in bookstores, some of them would actually go to the local library.

And that wasn't Delilah he saw, it was somebody else.

"You're closing the bookstore already? But I need to buy a book."

"Sir, we don't have any more cinnamon rolls which means we're closed." The girl didn't even bother to look at him.

"I don't want cinnamon rolls, I can buy them anywhere. I just need to get a book— well not really that was just a stupid excuse—I want to speak with Delilah again." The girl stopped attending the gate and glared at him. "Look sir, never mind her— wait a second, you have a dog too and you've never come here before— you're that guy."

"I guess...Who am I again?"

The girl combed her fingers through her hair and checked herself in the mirror before proceeding. "My name is Susan. Delilah has talked so much about you today. Are you rich? Well equipped? Do you have a car? A house? And most of all are you good in bed?"

Tyler didn't know what to make of her. In fact, he didn't know how to answer fast enough or answer at all.

"Are those trick questions? Because I truly can't answer right now, you see, Delilah and I have just met. So unless you're her friend, I can't go around answering those for her."

"I'm her friend and those are my questions not hers." Susan smiled proudly. "Every woman has the right to know."

Pooch barked and Tyler straightened his back. Who were these people he was dealing with?

"Susan. Nice to meet you but I'm afraid I must go."

“Wait. Wait! I’m sorry,” Susan apologized. “Delilah just left. She’s the one who leaves early all the time and gives me the option to close or keep the shop open. We do have pastries, but she takes them at the end of the day and prepares a whole new batch for tomorrow. Today however, she looked so disheartened. She told me that she had a headache but I know her better than that. She’s ready to close the shop for good by next week.”

Yes! He thought. No! He thought again. He was so confused. It really shouldn’t have mattered. *Poor girl.*

“So if you’re here to buy just one book that won’t help any. Might as well go to One Shop Bookstore, that’s what’s hot right now. They have almost every movie release and bestselling book. We don’t— we’re too old fashioned. But OSB is way nicer. I’ve been there and it’s like a Barnes and Noble. That’s what’s in right now, don’t waste your time here.”

“Is that what you recommend to all of your customers?”

“No— sir...”

“Mr. Jackson.”

“No, Mr. Jackson. Unfortunately, it’s all true.”

“Don’t do that again, Susan. I might become a potential future customer but you’re already failing at your job. Start selling what you work for day in and day out. I don’t think the owner of One Shop Bookstore would be happy to hear you advertise his company, while you’re putting your own boss’ shop under.”

“I don’t intend to apologize to anyone. Plus you’re not OSB’s owner. But if you know the guy, ask him to look at my application one more time. I’ve applied for a job numerous times and all of them have been unsuccessful. Plus you don’t know where I’m coming from. I’ve actually dreamt to work there instead of here. Delilah’s friendship and pastries do not pay my rent. Besides it’s her baby, not mine. She’s the one doing all the damage. She’s not fit for business. Since she already made up her mind to opt out, there’s no other way for me but to look after myself.” Susan hesitated. “Please don’t mention any of this to Delilah. I’m surprised as

you are that I have said all of this behind her back. I can be such a backstabbing bitch!”

Tyler was surprised all right but he knew what was going on. To take Susan out of Delilah’s hands sounded like a good idea. He had seen her application but he’d not hired her. Maybe he’ll talk to Ron about it. Delilah didn’t need someone like her in her business. He didn’t need her either but he knew that he could survive nonetheless.

“I see—I’ll see what I can do for you. But could you please tell me where I can find Delilah?”

“Okay... That’s too easy. The park where you two met today, she visits it every time she has a supposed headache. You’ll find her there, there or at home. But I can’t guarantee she’s at the park unless she already went home.”

Tyler was turned and waved happily over his shoulder. “Thanks. Bye!”

Tyler disappeared around a corner before she could say anything else but he swore Susan said, “Man, why she always gets the good ones.” Was her own friend jealous of her? Obviously something was off, and her business was paying for it. In fact, everything was disturbingly wrong.

* * * *

Delilah always felt happy when she donated the rest of the cinnamon rolls to different charities. It made many kids happy every day but she was thinking of quitting. *Those kids are probably tired of them.* She needed a change, something to keep her happier and on point. She was almost broke.

“A little bird told me that I could find you here.”

She looked over to find Tyler and Pooch but she didn’t smile this time. No romance movies played in her head, she was too exhausted.

“Susan knows me so well,” she admitted.

“Can I get to know you well too?” he asked. “What’s wrong, Delilah? Why did you run away from me today? I understand that you shouldn’t talk to strangers but you can talk to me.”

She smiled and moved her blonde pinkish curls out of her face. This strange man was something, but he didn't mean anything to open her legs to. "I can't, if I do that, I have to kill you and then Pooch will hate me for it."

"You can do whatever you want to me, Delilah. You won't hear a peep from me and my dog." He grinned but when she looked down in despair, he added, "I'm sorry. Was I too forward?"

"No, I'm sorry, Tyler." She looked him square in the eye. "It's just this isn't the right time. As you can see I'm a terrible business owner and, before I got into this mess, I used to work for a living like everyone else."

"Oh! So, you're one of the cinnamon girls I've heard so much about. What makes you think going back to a normal boring life would be any better? You're always out there taking risks, being yourself and getting paid. So why are you feeling sorry for yourself? Look at you, Delilah. At the end of the day people will remember you—you're making a difference."

She couldn't help it. Tears streamed down her cheeks. Was this man serious? She was deep in debt and going bankrupt.

"Tyler, you don't know the extent of my failures. I can't afford anything anymore. I'm closing my shop permanently next week. It's already been decided."

"You need to experiment with down-to-earth changes before you call it quits. A business is a business. Not a free for all and do what you want when your boss is out! Have you talked to your friend— employee, excuse me— about this? Have you ever thought that maybe you're a victim of your own doing? "

She was shocked to hear of her wrongdoings but at the same time she made a mental note of his statement. These raw words shook the ground under her feet and brought a lot of light as to why she was in the deep end. She wiped her tears with the realization that this man was right. He didn't know her much but, with little information, he'd managed to dissect her business decisions and then point

her in the right direction. She didn't want to admit it though, at least not right away.

"I don't want to keep talking about this anymore. Pooch is already sensing my sadness. Honestly, I can't share more with you than I already have. After all, you just met me. We're strangers."

"I understand," he said. Then a wicked grin formed on his face. "But that doesn't mean we can't share a doggy style date."

"What?" She thought she misheard him.

"Pooch is a dog, and we're already here bonding, sharing our sorrows and pains. Isn't this a date?"

"I'm the only one sharing my sorrows and pains. You in return have just shared jokes and a few inspirational words. Is this a date? No. Am I available? No. Should you find someone else? Yes. Goodnight, Tyler Jackson. Please don't look for me in this park because it's mine to fully enjoy. Please go somewhere else."

"Wait a second, why are you throwing me out? It's a public place. I also come here often and I've wanted to talk to you for such a long time. Why are you angry with me?"

"Fine, but you and I must never date. I'm tired of men coming up to me because all they see is a pretty face. So if you don't really believe anything that you just said to me, don't consider talking to me at all. I'm not a one night stand for anyone with a cute little dog or a—"

He urged her to finish. "Say it, say it. I know you'll feel better. Pe—"

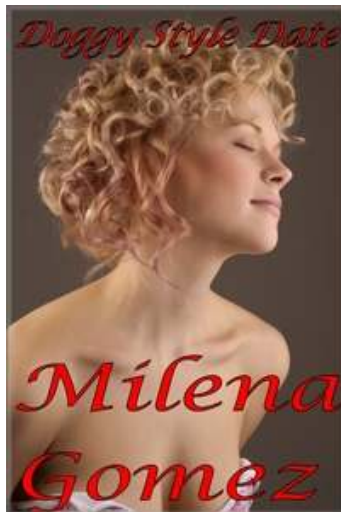
"Penis." Her mouth widened but it was too late she had said it. Damn! She did feel better. She laughed uncontrollably, almost teary, but the tears were a happy release. She was warming up to this Tyler guy and she couldn't help it. A shiver ran down her spine when she touched his hand and a wave of wet, hot pleasure gathered between her legs as she forgot why she was mad at him. He gave her a sweet little kiss, by brushing his lips and his nose across her soft pink lips.

Before she could return it, he said, "Now, it's my turn to leave. I must go and leave you wondering what just

happened. Next time you see me, call me Ty and ask me anything you need to know. Except any of your friend Susan's questions and what I do for a living. Let's not mix business with pleasure shall we. Goodbye." He gave her a more deepened kiss and left.

He's something all right, she thought. I guess this really was a date. She touched her lips and watched him disappear with his dog. Was she wet? Now, she had to get herself off tonight. "At least, my thoughts and I won't be alone tonight."

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About the Author

Milena Gomez is a new voice in fiction. Her countless stories range from many topics of no specific genre. She started writing poetry before she finally moved on to write short stories and erotica.

Now, she only writes for Written Expressions, LLC. You will continue to see and read more of her work.