

RomanceDivine

Erotic Pleasures

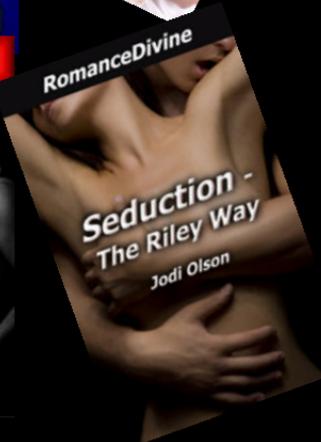
Free Reads from Jodi Olson

Full-Length Chapter Excerpts

From Her Fourteen Romance Novellas

Including the New Story:

Office Play



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Erotic Pleasures

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Jodi Olson

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*Please enjoy this new
story and these excerpts
from my erotic romance
novellas.*

Jodi Olson



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Office Play

Kim Davis had been working as Ryan Masters' secretary for the last seven years, but the last two years, she'd fallen hard for him. The problem? He'd never shown any interest in her—unless it was work related.

Kim's nipples hardened as she watched her boss get off the elevator. Her fingers itched to run through his hair. The thought of his soft beard rasping her thighs and his blue eyes staring at her while she screamed his name had her stifling a moan.

Lost in thought, she almost didn't hear Ryan tell her he'd be in a meeting most of the afternoon and he didn't want to be disturbed by anyone. When the lunch order she'd placed earlier arrived, she was told to bring it in, but after that they were to be left alone.

After watching him close his door, she wondered who his next client was; his calendar listed no more appointments all afternoon. Since Ryan was an attorney for the rich and famous, she got to see some of her favorite actors; though most avoided the front entrance to avoid the media.

Most times, Kim stayed close to her desk for lunch; she wanted to be around in case Ryan needed her. Or maybe she enjoyed the view from her desk, since he kept his office door open when clients weren't there.

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Around noon, a rather tall man and a brunette woman get off the elevator and headed straight toward Ryan's office. She was about to stop them when Ryan opened his door and invited them in. He left the door slightly ajar so she walked over to close it. As she grasped the handle, she overheard the man ask Ryan if he was coming to *The Edge* tonight.

"I'll be there, but even if I don't show up I'm sure you can manage a night without me."

"Well, you're needed there to help with the submissive training. They call you Master Ryan for a reason. The gal out front looks like she would fit right into your world, Ryan. Don't you think she'd make a great submissive?"

Kim gasped a little too loud, "Oh My God!" She turned to run back to her desk, but Ryan grabbed her arm.

"Where do you think you're going Kim? You know you wouldn't make a very good spy. Maybe you need to be punished for eavesdropping on us like that?"

"Mr. Masters, I'm so sorry. The door was ajar and I was only going to shut it so you wouldn't be disturbed. I-I didn't mean to overhear your conversation.

His warm breath caressed the shell of her ear. "Have you ever been spanked, Ms. Davis?"

"Maybe... When I was a child." Ryan held her against the wall making escape impossible. A blush spread over her cheeks and her panties were getting wetter thinking of him spanking her.

"What about a lover spanking you?" His voice was lower, huskier than normal.

"No," she answered quickly over her rapidly beating heart, "never."

"Ms. Davis, when everyone leaves for the night, come to my office. Maybe a spanking will teach you not to eavesdrop on private conversations."

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Ryan Masters was a successful take-charge attorney, and he liked his sex the same way. He was part owner of *The Edge*, a club where single Dom's could meet single women who wanted to be subs. So why, today of all days, when he was about to tell Gary he wanted out, did Kim eavesdrop on his conversation? Kim and he weren't actually a couple, but he hoped that little detail would change after tonight.

Before Ryan closed the door to his office, he stared into Kim's eyes, then shut the door. Her wide-eyed innocence was such a turn on. His cock ached whenever she was around, especially now.

After his guests had left, and he was alone in his office, Ryan unzipped his slacks, pulled them down over his hips along with his boxer briefs, and sat back in his office chair. How many times had he jerked off in the middle of the day thinking about his very attractive secretary right in the next room?

His fist closed around his cock and began to stroke. When he closed his eyes, he saw Kim's beautiful face, her long, golden hair lying on his pillow. He imagined sticking his cock into her faintly rosy mouth and her sucking him off. God, he wanted to fuck her so bad.

He could almost feel her hand caressing his balls while his cock was in her mouth. He couldn't stop now; he was almost there. Whoever was knocking on his door would go away.

Ryan was about to spill his seed all over his hand when Kim walked into the office. As soon as their eyes met, his release came full force.

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Kim was excited, but embarrassed, at seeing Ryan pleasure himself, and she blushed a bright pink. His cock was still semi-erect so she looked toward the filing cabinets while he zipped up. “I-I’m sorry, uh...I thought I’d file these closed cases since you have no appointments.”

Should she laugh to ease the tension or leave and do the filing later? Ryan seemed a little unnerved, but rightly so, she’d never walked in on this situation before. She wondered who he was thinking of—and was this the first time he’d jacked off in the office?

Filing wasn’t one of her favorite chores, so she thought *why not have a little fun with it?* Normally Ryan was out of the office when she filed; *now I can give him an eyeful.* She bent over, opened the drawer, and placed the folder in the slot. Her tight skirt caressed her full hips and bottom. She couldn’t contain the shiver when she felt his eyes watching her; then he spoke.

“That nice, round ass was made for spanking. It was made for *my hands* to do the spanking.”

Kim closed her eyes when she stood; her panties were soaked, she felt the juices run down her thigh. Her knees were about to buckle when a pair of strong arms wrapped around her waist. He whipped her around to face him.

“Kiss me now, damn it!” Ryan’s fingers trailed down her neck, causing her to take a deep breath. Her lips parted as she rose to meet his kiss. He devoured her, plunging his tongue deep in her mouth. Blood pounded in her heart and she became so breathless her knees trembled.

Quickly her nipples hardened to pinpoints as he stroked his tongue down her neck, then further toward her breasts. Rapture consumed her when his tongue lavished her sensitive, swollen nipples through her cream colored blouse.

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The blouse was so wet from his ministrations that her nipples and areola were visible.

All of a sudden, he pushed her away. "Now go back to your desk until everyone leaves for the night. Then come to my office for that spanking I promised you. I have some work to finish."

"How am I supposed to go out there looking like this? My blouse is so wet, it's embarrassing."

"Leave now, or I'll add another spanking. Which will it be?"

She left his office wondering what she'd gotten herself into now—and how she was going to get herself out.

Kim had only been at her desk for thirty minutes, but it seemed like hours. All she could think about was Ryan's masterful use of his tongue and what it could do to her pussy. *How am I supposed to get any work done around him now when I can't think of anything but sex?* She decided if she went to the bathroom and took care of *business*, it might help her get through the afternoon.

It was a good thing there was a private bathroom connected to the office. She'd hate to be walked in on in the throes of orgasm. Quickly she locked the door, peeled her wet panties down her legs and propped her foot on the toilet seat. Leaning against the wall, she gathered some of the wetness from her slit and moved it to her clit. Her thumb strummed her nub as she imagined Ryan's long, thick cock filling her. She slipped her fingers inside her slick passage, moving in and out at full force until she screamed Ryan's name.

When she returned to her desk, Ryan was waiting in

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her chair, “So, you’re a screamer, huh?” A sensuous flame burned in his eyes.

Her cheeks flamed red from embarrassment. Now she really wanted out of there, but he’d probably punish her more if she ran. “I guess I am. Do you have a problem with that?”

“No I don’t, sweetheart, as long as *I’m* the one making you scream.”

“Why are you doing this to me, Ryan? What about all those other women I’ve seen you with over the last year?”

“I haven’t been with anyone in three months,” he rose and looked her up and down, “and none of them measure up to you.” He liked the flush on her skin after she’d come. “I can’t seem to get you out of my head. Maybe once I get you into my bed, things will change.” He walked to his office and closed the door.

What did he mean by that? She already knew she couldn’t compete with the type of woman Ryan usually went for. Tall blondes with fake boobs, even redheads; variety was Ryan Masters’ menu.

Ryan was more than ready to dish out Kim’s punishment and she was right on time. The building was empty now; everyone had left for the day and the cleaning crew wouldn’t be around for hours.

“Are you ready for your spanking, Kim? I want you to drop your skirt, take off your panties, and lay across my legs. Be quick about it or I’ll add more to your punishment.”

Timidly, she undressed the lower half of her body, but when she didn’t move quickly enough Ryan grabbed her and draped her over his lap. “You’ve been a bad girl, haven’t

you?” His hard cock pressed against her stomach.

“Yes,” Kim whispered.

Kim moaned as he rubbed and squeezed each of her ass cheeks. Slowly, he ran a finger down the crack of her ass to her pussy. Slap! He repeated on her other cheek. A whimper filled the air. Then Ryan stuck two fingers deep into her throbbing pussy. He moved his fingers in and out several times before smacking each butt cheek again. After each time spanking, he finger fucked her. Kim bucked wildly against his hand, sobbing as she did. Ryan caressed her bottom again before yet another spank. He plunged his fingers in her slit and strummed her clit until wave after wave came crashing down on her. She screamed from the intensity of her orgasm and he wrung as much out of her as possible.

“I think that’s enough punishment for now. Get up and put your skirt back on. We’re going out for dinner, then you’re coming home with me for the night.”

She wiggled the black pencil skirt over her thighs, pausing to look over her shoulder at him, “What if I don’t want to go?”

“I think you want this as much as I do, honey.”

After dinner and several glasses of wine, Kim questioned Ryan about *The Edge* and he told her it was a club for single Masters who wanted to find their submissive. He said he’d sold his share of the club because he was no longer single and it no longer interested him.

That was one year ago, when Ryan not only spanked her for the first time, but asked her to marry him. Three weeks later, they were married, and she still gets spanked for being a bad, bad girl; just the way she likes it.

END

A Christmas Charade

Jillian Marshall was dreading her ten-year high school reunion. She'd told catty classmate Regan Walters that she was married to the top heart surgeon in San Francisco. Now...could she persuade hunky doctor Christian St. Nicholas to attend the reunion? As the husband she didn't have? Was it going to be the best Christmas ever—or *A Christmas Charade*?

Three

Jillian climbed the steps leading to the door of Big Bear High School. Not being in any hurry to get inside, she took her time. She didn't even know why she came in the first place. Except for those few letters from Regan, it wasn't like she still talked to anyone who graduated from her class.

Once inside, she walked toward the auditorium where the reunion was supposed to be held. On the way, she passed the band room. She still remembered the first time she peeked in the little window and watched Patrick, her first crush, play his saxophone. She had loved taking messages to teachers because then she could sneak a peek at him every day.

Would Patrick be coming to the reunion? Regan hadn't mentioned whether he was coming or not.

During high school, Jillian had few close friends. She hadn't kept in touch with any after high school. Actually she'd never heard from anybody—until Regan wrote her.

The reception table was just outside the door to the auditorium. She grabbed a nametag and pen, wrote her name, and stuck it to her chest on the right side. When she backed up she bumped into a blonde overweight male.

She turned and stared at him for a few seconds before speaking. "Sorry, I didn't know anyone was behind me."

"Jillian, you sure have grown up since high school, and wow, you look great."

"Thank you. I'm sorry if I sound rude, but do I know you?"

"It's me...Patrick?"

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“Oh my, you’ve, uh, really changed. Where’s Regan?” Jillian couldn’t believe how much he’d changed in ten years. Back then, she thought of him as a blonde god. Now he looked old and worn out.

“She’s in the little girls room, should be back any minute. We’ve both been looking forward to seeing you again.”

“I wasn’t planning on coming, but got talked into it. I’ll see you later on,” she walked away and went inside.

The room was full of men and woman; she didn’t recognize any of them. *Why didn’t I stay home?* Her shyness prevented her from approaching people that she didn’t know. Usually they came up to her to start a conversation first.

She recognized Regan coming her way from a distance. The hair was a different color, but the loud voice was the same. Jillian could only hope time would move fast, she was bored and missed Nick.

“Hello Jillian, it’s so good to see you,” Regan exclaimed.

“Regan how are you?” That was as far as Jillian got in the conversation as Regan’s voice droned on with the happenings in her life.

Jillian’s mind drifted to thoughts of Nick. She was falling for him hard. She wondered where they would go from here. Would they go their separate ways when she got back to San Francisco?

She was so lost in thought that Jillian didn’t hear Regan ask her if she made good money painting for a living. Suddenly a hand, massive and strong, spun her around. Jillian gasped and then smiled for the first time that evening. Nick was standing right in front of her.

“Nick, what are you doing here? I thought you were tied up in surgery all day?”

“I was, but one got moved to next week, so I thought I’d surprise my beautiful wife.” Nick winked.

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Gorgeous wasn't even the right word to describe how he looked that evening. He was wearing his black suit, and the red silk tie Jillian gave him on his birthday. Her breath hitched every time he looked at her. Nick was unlike any of the men she'd seen tonight, or any man she'd dated in the past. Sex with him was amazing. What she'd give to leave with him right now, take him back to the lodge and make love to him all night long.

Before Jillian could get a word out, his lips touched hers. Before she closed her eyes, she saw the look of envy on Regan's face.

Her arms wound around his neck, and she tipped her head for his kiss. His lips parted, inviting him in, tangling her tongue with his. His arms tightened around her, pressing her breasts against his muscled chest, making her nipples harden.

His lips moved to her ear and whispered, "How am I doing so far?"

Struggling to get her breath, she let out a soft moan. Jillian forgot where she was for a moment until she noticed everyone staring at her and Nick. She ran her hand through her hair, "Sorry about that. When he kisses me like that, I forget where I am most of the time."

Nick pulled her against him, placing his arms around her as if to protect her. He whispered in her ear again, "Put this ring on before someone sees you're not wearing one."

Jillian never thought about having to wear a ring. Where did he get such a beautiful pear-shaped diamond ring? It was exquisite; she couldn't take her eyes off it. "Thanks," she whispered, "I never thought about a ring or if someone noticing I didn't wear one."

"For this charade, you owe me Jillian," his voice was husky with desire.

Jillian blushed after figuring out what he meant by that.

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“Jillian let’s go to the buffet table. I’m starving and I bet you are too. Knowing you like I do, toast is about all you’ve eaten today.”

They stood in line waiting their turn when Nick heard Patrick ask Jillian if she would save him a dance later.

“Sure, I’ll save a dance for you Patrick.”

Nick was about to say he wanted the first dance with Jillian when he saw Regan pull on Patrick’s arm and whisper in his ear. Whatever it was she said, the look on Patrick’s face told him it wasn’t good.

After filling their plates with chicken, salad and some cookies for desert, Nick and Jillian grabbed one of the few empty tables.

A muscle quivered in his jaw when Patrick took the seat on the other side of Jillian. He shouldn’t be angry, but he was. He came all this way to spend time and be with *her*. *What’s wrong with me? I’m acting like a jealous husband. This isn’t a real marriage. Once the weekend’s over, it’s back to the real world.*

While dining, special awards were given out. Jillian’s name was called for the award “most changed.” Jillian beamed as she was handed a trophy by one of her former classmates. Nick hadn’t known what Jillian was like in high school, but she’d changed a lot in the last few years. When they first met, she was still on the shy side, and it took a while to get to know her. But once she opened up some, it got better and better.

Music drifted from the sound system and when the first slow song began, Nick grabbed Jillian’s hand and gave it

an affectionate squeeze. “Dance with me, Jillian,” he guided her onto the crowded dance floor.

His arms clasped around her waist, as she raised hers around his neck. His cheek rested against hers and she sighed.

Nick ravaged her mouth as they danced, his tongue sending shivers of desire racing through her. Jillian moaned when the song ended and he pulled away to walk her back to the table.

During the rest of the evening several men asked Jillian to dance and Nick found himself sitting at the table with Regan. His eyes followed Jillian on the dance floor as he heard Regan say, “Why haven’t you asked me to dance, Nick? Patrick is dancing with your wife now.”

“I see that, Regan, and do you think I should do something about that?” his face was emotionless, but his eyes hard and full of anger.

Regan moved to the chair next to him, “Did you know Patrick is upset with me right now?”

“No, and why should I care?” He continued to watch Jillian dance with Patrick.

“Well, you *should* care. She *is* after him, you know.”

Nick didn’t want to hear anymore. Had Jillian wanted him to come only to make Patrick jealous? *If she really wanted that auto mechanic, why did she tell everyone she was married to me?* The way she moaned while kissing him told him Regan was wrong, and just out to cause trouble.

He left Regan sitting alone at the table and walked toward Jillian. When he got within hearing distance, he overheard Patrick say, “Jillian, let’s go some place private; I want to show you how much I’ve thought about you lately.” Nick wanted to tear Patrick limb from limb-until he heard Jillian.

“Patrick, let go of me now before I make sure everyone watches me knee you in the balls.”

Nick glared at Patrick, “My wife said let her go. Do it, *now*, or I’ll wipe the floor with you.”

Jillian moved close to Nick, “I think I’ve had enough of this reunion to last the next ten years or so. Can we go now, Nick?”

Nick led her out into the hall and then out the door of Big Bear High School. Nick knew Jillian wouldn’t be hearing from Regan after tonight, and for that he was happy.

Four

“Jillian, let’s grab your things from your rental car; then we’ll cancel your lodge reservations. I rented a condo at Big Bear Resort for the weekend. We can do whatever you want; skiing, snowboarding, ice- skating, maybe even horseback riding. There’s an indoor pool and we’ve even got a hot tub on the deck of the condo.” A faint light twinkled in the depths of his black eyes.

“It sounds wonderful Nick, no one around, just us.” Her eyes came up to study his reaction,

“What if I just want to be lazy?” “If you want to spend the day in bed or just lounging around, that’s fine too. But we need to get going. The manager said we need to get the keys before midnight or we won’t be able to get them until seven a.m. when they reopen.”

“What about my rental car?” she grabbed her bag from the trunk.

“We’ll call the rental company to pick it up tomorrow,” he opened the passenger door for her. As he slid into the driver’s he turned to Jillian, “Did I tell you tonight how beautiful you look?”

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“Yes, you did, but it doesn’t hurt to hear it more than once. Thank you.”

He glanced her way, even in the darkness he could tell she was blushing. She did that a lot when he complimented her. Jillian surprised him tonight when she stood up to Patrick. His wife was no longer the shy, quiet person he met four years ago. *Wait a minute. Wife? Where did that come from?* It had only been a charade for the reunion; then again, the weekend was only getting started.

After ten minutes on the road, Nick looked over at Jillian and saw she was asleep, her head leaning against the glass window. She was beautiful even when she slept. For days after their movie night, he’d tried to avoid her, and it had worked until he came home to find her doing his dishes. She was irresistible and after that first night with her, it wasn’t enough. He needed more.

Jillian was still sleeping when he came out of the manager’s office after registering. He waited until he’d parked the car in front of the condo to wake her.

“Jillian,” he ran his hand tenderly along her cheek, “wake up. We’re here.” “The place looks wonderful from what can see, but I wish it was daylight.”

“See that big window? When you look out tomorrow, you’ll be able see the mountain and the ski lifts too.”

“Let’s go inside and see what it looks like.”

“You go on ahead. I’ll bring our bags in,” he handed her the key to let herself in.

Jillian stepped inside, and flicked on the light switch; it was cozy and rustic looking, with a gas-burning fireplace along one wall, perfect for cuddling. She hoped to be able to get plenty of that in during the next two days. Looking through the rest of the condo, she found the bedroom just as Nick came in behind her.

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“It’s lovely Nick, I can’t wait to see the rest in the daylight.”

“Another doctor I work with told me about this place and she was right. It’ll be better than staying at the lodge, so much more relaxing here.”

“Nick, did I tell you thank you yet?” She remembered what Nick said to her before leaving for the reunion. Everyone would have seen right through the charade of her being married to a heart surgeon if Nick hadn’t showing up. She wasn’t a good liar.

But he *did* show up, portraying the dotting husband and she got caught up in the moment. No more reunions for her.

“Jillian, did you hear me?”

She stood, looking at Nick, her heart racing being this close to him, “Sorry Nick, I must be tired. It’s been a long, exhausting day.”

“I said you’re welcome, anything for a friend. But as I said earlier, you owe me big time.”

Her heart hurt a little when she heard him call her a *friend*. Since they’d slept together, she would’ve thought they’d be more than just friends.

The kiss at the reunion was much more than two friends giving each other a simple kiss; it was earth shattering. Jillian shivered just thinking about that kiss. She wanted more; she needed more.

It was as if Nick could read her mind because he pulled her into his arms and his mouth was on hers. He opened her lips with his tongue, plunging inside as he backed her up against the bed. She felt his erection against her stomach, wanted it inside her. No, she needed his cock inside her now.

Nick peeled her clothes off one by one until she was completely naked; her clothes piled in a heap on the wooden

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floor. He laid her down on the bed. Kneeling between her legs, his tongue circled her clit, which was already hard with need. He licked down her damp slit, before he plunged inside her. Jillian was breathless and trembling with desire.

“Nick, please...”

“Please what?”

“I need you to inside me-now.”

“Patience baby,” he slipped one hand between her thighs and pushed two fingers inside her while he sucked on her swollen nub. In minutes she was bucking and whimpering. Sensation shot through her entire body as if she was on fire.

His hands, his mouth, were everywhere pleasing her. Pleasure was bringing her over the edge and she quickly cried out his name.

Before she had time to catch her breath, Nick stood and undressed. Within seconds, he was back on the bed pushing her thighs apart and entering her with his cock. She held on to his shoulders as he started thrusting harder.

His mouth curled around one of her nipples, tugging gently at first. Then he bit with more force and she tightened around his cock. Her hips bucked demanding more, but he took it slow, wanting her to come again before he did.

He moved from nipple to nipple, sucking and nipping, as he met her thrust for thrust. Soon he felt her tighten as her climax exploded through her. Shortly after, Nick called out her name as he came.

Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her close as his breathing returned to normal. He was almost asleep when he heard her whisper his name.

“Nick?”

“Yes.”

“I love you.”

A Christmas Wish

Spencer Martin was a workaholic who hated Christmas ever since his girlfriend was killed on that day five years ago. When Spencer's sister invites him to spend Christmas with her the idea of a 'family' Christmas doesn't sit well with him. But he has a change of heart when he hears that his first love, Maggie Sinclair, would be there. Maggie loved Christmas, from her snowman decorations to baking cookies for her elementary class and everything in between. Could Maggie make Spencer love Christmas again? Could she make him fall in love again?

Three

Spencer covered his ears with the pillow. Christmas music was blaring before the sun was even up. *Damn! It's only six a.m. If I hear Holly Jolly Christmas one more time, I'm going to keel over and die.*

Unable to stand it any longer he threw off the covers and got out of bed. After showering and getting dressed he padded down the hall toward the kitchen. *I need coffee.* He smelled brownies and apple pie. He hadn't had homemade apple pie in years; it was one of his favorites. But Karen didn't bake, she hated baking.

Standing in the doorway of the kitchen, he watched Maggie lick the spoon that was covered in chocolate from the brownies she'd just made. He stifled a groan, *I wish it was my cock she had in her mouth right now instead of some damn spoon.*

For a minute, he almost forgot about the music playing in the background. "Turn that damn music off or I'm going to rip that cord out of the wall and smash the damn thing. I don't want to hear any Christmas music. Do you understand?"

Maggie turned, her chocolate covered spoon now brandished as a weapon. "I understand all right. You're Mr. Grinch and an ass all rolled into one."

"Ouch! Listen, you know why I hate Christmas. I heard Karen telling you."

"Yes, I know why, but you need to move on Spencer." She turned to rinse the spoon off. "It's been five years."

He wanted to reach out and pull her into his arms, but she left him standing alone in the kitchen, walked to her bedroom and slammed the door behind her. *Should I go to her, or just leave her alone? Hopefully she'll come out of there soon.*

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Spencer waited patiently for Maggie to return but she never came back. He went into the kitchen to get more coffee when he spotted a flyer on the table. He picked it up and read: *Sleigh rides five and six p.m. Dinner sleigh rides: two and a half hours. Maggie would love that. He grimaced, I wonder how much 'Christmas' is involved?* He knew he needed to make up for the way he'd acted and he decided he would do this-for her. He needed to put a smile back on her face. *Two hours alone with Maggie, well we won't really be alone, but at least she can't hide from me if she gets mad again.* He quickly called for reservations for the six p.m. spot. *Maggie told me to move on and with any luck, this would prove to her that I'm trying to do just that.*

He heard the bedroom door open and quickly opened his laptop to make it appear he'd been working the whole time. When she walked past him, he grabbed her hand and pulled her closer. "I'm sorry I got so angry with you."

"It's okay, Spencer."

"No, it's not. Maggie, I want to make it up to you. Come into town with me tonight."

"Why?"

"I want to spend time with you."

She stepped back, her eyes narrowed and she warily eyed him. "Alright, I'll go with you."

"Great. We need to leave in about twenty minutes. Will that give you enough time to get ready?" He pulled her onto his lap and kissed her softly on the lips. He saw he was making her uncomfortable and he released her.

She rose and brushed a lock of hair from her face; her breath was shallow. "Yes, I can be ready in twenty minutes." She started to walk away, but paused and turned to look at him. *Now what's got into him? He's grinning and acting like a kid at Christmas. Maybe he's starting to enjoy the holidays again? I can only hope.*

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Quickly, she showered and dressed: black pants and a red sweater decorated with white snowflakes. She slipped on her boots, and with five minutes to spare she grabbed her coat from the chair and met Spencer in the living room.

He rose from his chair and took her hand. "You look great, Maggie."

"Thank you. You look good too," she said as she let him help her with her coat.

Maggie had no clue as to where they were going. *Spencer's not going into town because we passed it ten minutes ago. Where is he taking me and why does he have that stupid grin on his face?* "Spencer, where are we going?"

"Well, I might as well tell you since we're almost there. Do you remember telling Karen you've always wanted to go for a sleigh ride in the country?"

"Yes, I remember, so what?"

"We're going on a sleigh ride, tonight, this evening."

"You didn't have to do this Spencer." Her gloved hand covered her mouth, stifling a laugh. "I know it isn't something you want to do."

"Maggie, I'd do anything for you." He reached over and squeezed her hand. "We'll stop at the lodge and have dinner before we come back."

"Thank you Spencer. No one has ever done anything like this for me."

"Well, all I can say is, they were idiots."

Spencer helped Maggie into the sleigh, to a seat behind the driver. There were two more couples in the seats behind them. Two black draft horses stamped their hooves on the frozen ground, their snorts producing frosty plumes from their noses. The red sleigh was

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decked for the holidays with all the paraphernalia to include bells and white twinkling lights. The snow began to fall in big soft flakes as they started toward the lake.

About ten minutes into the ride, Spencer saw Maggie trying to pull the blanket tighter around her legs. He reached over to help her, “Are you cold?”

“Just a bit.”

Spencer drew her closer so he could share more of his body heat, but sitting so close was killing him. He ached for her and wanted to be inside her again. *When we're together, like this, nothing else matters, not even my work. Whoa, where did that come from?* He had no idea what was happening, but he knew that he was tired of being alone.

The lodge was everything they could have imagined: rustic, yet inviting with glowing candles and a crackling fireplace. The lodge held several couples, but the seating allowed each a degree of intimacy. In the corner two guitarists played a mixture of Christmas tunes and romantic standards.

The food was a western style gourmet meal. The waiter brought them their dinner to the dulcet strains of *It Had To Be You*. Spencer placed his hand on top of Maggie's giving it a gentle squeeze. “Are you enjoying yourself, sweetheart?”

“Yes, the snow is so lovely, just like one big fluffy blanket.”

“It's pretty, but I don't think I would exactly call it a blanket. That snow can't provide you the heat I can,” he grinned. Spencer saw he'd made her blush and he loved it. She was beautiful and she was all his, at least for tonight.

Lost in thoughts of wanting to take her back home and into his bed, he didn't hear Maggie mention Lynne's name. She repeated the question, unfortunately.

“Spencer, how did Lynne die?”

He placed his wine glass on the table and stared at the fireplace. “A drunk driver hit her head-on going the wrong way on

a freeway exit.” Anger filled his eyes. “I don’t want to talk about this. I’m sorry Maggie.” He pushed away from the table.

“Spencer,” she grabbed his hand, “please, you need to talk about it or you’ll never heal. It’ll just eat you up inside.”

Reluctantly he sat back down and several minutes passed before he spoke. “On Christmas Eve, Lynne and I had been fighting. She complained that I never wanted to spend time with her. She was right, you know. I always buried myself in my work.”

“I’m sure she understood Spencer. You were just starting your new job.”

“There’s more. She didn’t want to go to the office party. She’d mentioned she wasn’t feeling well. I made her go so I could impress the boss with how supportive she was of my career. At the party, she started drinking and then she mentioned you.”

“I didn’t know Lynne knew anything about me. You were arguing about-me?”

“She overheard me one night talking to Karen about you. She started asking questions and I told her the truth.” He raised his head to look her in the eyes. “I never stopped thinking about you Maggie.”

“I-I-had no idea.”

He could see the surprised look in her eyes. So his sister must have never told her about his feelings. “Maggie we need to go, the sleigh ride will be heading back in a few minutes.”

As they approached the sleigh Maggie touched his arm. “Spencer, it wasn’t your fault. Accidents happen and she was just in the wrong place, at the wrong time.” She reached up on her tiptoes to give him a kiss on the cheek.

He gave her a small grin and helped her into the sleigh.

I want to tell him I love him, but I know he’s not ready to hear it. He did seem more like his old self. At least until I brought up Lynne. As the sleigh started to move she looked at him. She could see he was lost in thought. He looked like he could use a hug.

She took the arm he had around her shoulders and pulled it tightly around her grabbing his other hand at the same time locking his arms around her. He didn't pull back but let her snuggle closer into his strong arms. She didn't let go until the sleigh ride was over. Even walking to the car she held onto his arm forcing the intimacy, holding his hand.

They rode in silence back to Karen's with Maggie staring out the window watching the snow. The way it was falling, they could have a foot of snow by morning.

Tomorrow is Christmas Eve and I hope Spencer gets through it. I believe he's made a big step today and I want only the best for him.

Once they were inside the house she hugged him again, wrapping her arms around his neck pressing her lips to his. "I had a lovely time Spencer. The sleigh ride and dinner, it really meant a lot to me that you made this happen."

"I had a great time too, Maggie; and you have to be proud of me."

"And why is that?"

"I never made one Grinch-like comment about those bells on the horses or the sleigh."

She couldn't help but laugh. "Yes, I noticed that. The Grinch seems to be gone."

"Maggie?"

There was something in his voice now, something that stilled her heart. "Yes?"

"Stay with me tonight. I need to bury myself deep inside you."

Maggie felt his erection pressing against her thigh and it made her instantly wet with desire. She didn't answer; she simply took his hand and led him to her bedroom. *Tonight has turned out better than I could ever have hoped.*

Breathless Whispers

Greg Logan and Chase Stevens had a lot in common, especially their desire for Lacey McKenna. But how is a girl to decide, when she's courted by two hunks? Can she have her cake—two helpings, it seems—and eat it too? *Breathless Whispers* is the sexy sequel to Jodi Olson's *Naughty Whispers*.

Category: Erotic, Threesome (MFM),
Contemporary, Romance

TWO

Lacey was supposed to meet her new friend, Gina, for lunch across the street, but Lacey was running late. All morning she'd been distracted after listening at the door of her boss's office. She'd thought it odd when he locked his door so early in the morning, so she pressed her ear to the door and listened. Her brown eyes widened as she realized what he was up to. Curiously, she couldn't pull herself away from the door as she heard him grunt and call out her name. She stood, unable to move, stunned he was thinking of her in a sexual way.

Lately, thoughts of her boss were making her breathless; every time she closed her eyes she'd see those incredible blue eyes of his. She was consumed with erotic fantasies of the two of them in his office, on the desk, hell, anywhere it was possible. Last night's dream was even more erotic than usual; a man was standing in the doorway of the office watching Chase fuck her. He'd looked so familiar, was he the one looking at her through the window yesterday?

Busy daydreaming, she hadn't seen Chase come up behind her.

She felt him brush up against her, the man was a brick, and she wasn't talking about his chest. She closed her eyes and bit back a moan when she felt his erection. *Didn't he just get off a few minutes ago?* A whimper escaped her lips when he backed away.

"Lacey, you can go on your lunch break now."

"Did you want me to bring you back anything?"

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“No I’m fine.”

Do I dare look at him and tell him that I want him too? Or wait for him to make the first move? Maybe Gina can tell me what I should do.

Lunch with Gina was illuminating for Lacey. Not only had she seen a photo of Gina’s brother, she now knew who was watching through the window yesterday *and* he was meeting Chase this afternoon. Gina told her something else that surprised her; she was living with *two* men and married to *one* of them. Lacey had no idea her new friend was into that kind of thing. Lacey had always been curious about being involved with two men, but doing it...?

Lunch passed quickly and before she had a chance to talk to Gina about Chase fantasies, it was time for her to get back to Breathless Whispers. As soon as Chase saw her walk through the door, he went straight to his office.

The store was busy for the next couple of hours and when business slowed down, Chase called her to his office. Before she had a chance to speak he took her into his arms and kissed her. He’d imagined a moment like this, his mouth on hers, her lips parting to let him in. Now his fantasy was a reality.

She tasted sweet like strawberries. Suddenly, he was craving strawberries placed between her legs, *what a yummy dessert that would be.*

His hand pressed against her back, pushing her closer to him, making his cock even harder than it already was. *Will she pull away from me? No, she’s coming closer.*

Her soft breasts pressed against his hard chest; she was warm and more than ready. Kissing her was his salva-

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tion, and when she moaned he wasn't sure how he kept from hoisting her up on the desk to pound into her hard and fast.

Lacey's lips parting under his, he heard her moan again, as he touched his tongue with hers. His control was slipping, and he pushed toward the desk, lifting her slightly to place her on the edge. With one hand, he made a trail slowly down her thighs, then disappearing under her skirt; he made his way up to her moist panties.

"Lacey, I've wanted to slip my fingers inside these dripping lips since the first day you came to work for me."

He pulled her panties aside and eased one long finger into her, making her whimper with pleasure. For several moments, he kept up the rhythm of stroking her until she cried out.

Lacey's eyes weren't on Chase when she climaxed, they were on the man standing by the door with the shit-eating grin on his face; the same man who watched her through the window yesterday.

He was hot, as hot as Chase. His hair was dark, but he kept it cut close to the scalp all around, almost like a military cut. She couldn't see his eyes because he was still wearing sunglasses, but when he removed them, she let go. Yes, he was the one in her fantasies, the one who watched Chase pound into her; two hot guys and she wanted them both.

Greg stood by the open office door watching his old friend pump his fingers into the woman who had become his fantasy girl. Was she Chase's girlfriend? If so, did Chase still share? He hoped so, because he had to have her - at least once. Why she was affecting him the way she did, he had no

idea, especially since there hadn't been a word said between them; not yet.

Images of her practically naked in front of that mirror had eaten away at him since last night. He wondered if she'd ever seen herself in the mirror having sex before. It was a big turn on for him, and he hoped it would be for her too.

The last time he saw Chase, was right before college graduation. Chase had been the one who actually got them all hooked on threesomes. Then one day, he left town and no one knew where he went or what happened to him. It was as if he'd dropped off the face of the earth.

Whoever this woman was, she knew he was watching them, and she was getting turned on by it. Knowing she was turned on made him hard as hell. When he removed his glasses, she cried out her orgasm and he thought he might come in his pants.

"I see I've come just in time. But if you two want to continue," Greg's fingers lazily stroked a corset on a manikin, "I could come back later,"

One look at Chase's face told Greg that Chase had forgotten all about the appointment they had. Who could blame him, after what he'd just witnessed? If she worked for him, Greg knew he wouldn't get any work done.

Chase pulled Lacey's skirt down and helped her off the desk, "Hey - Greg, it's been a long time buddy."

"Way too long, Chase," as they shook hands Greg continued to stare at Lacey.

"Lacey, this is Greg an old friend from school."

Greg shook hands with her and flinched, the jolt went from his chest down to his cock, making him so hard he ached.

"It's nice to meet you, Greg. Chase, uh - I'll leave you two to your meeting. I've got work to do." She scrambled out of the office with both men watching in her wake.

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Greg was in such a fog; he didn't hear Chase, "So let's get business out of the way first; then we can catch up on what's happened in the last several years."

Greg's samples were still in his car so he left to get them; fancy bra and panty sets and various baby dolls. When Greg came back Lacey was busy unpacking a box, trying to look busy and keeping herself from looking his way.

By the time Greg and Chase came out of the office, the store was closed and Lacey was ringing up the last customer of the night.

"Lacey, Chase is going to follow me back to my place, catch up on old times; why don't you come too? We'll have a nice dinner and some drinks, it's been a long time since Chase and I have seen each other."

"Yea, well," Lacey stared at Greg, "I don't think it's a good idea, you two must have lots to talk about I'm sure."

"Come on Lacey," Chase's voice was almost pleading, "it would be nice if you came too. If you want to leave right after dinner I'll take you home."

"Alright, I'll go, but you'll have to take me home. I came to work on the bus today and they stop running in another hour."

"I'll take you home," Chase said, "since I'll be going back to my place anyway."

Greg really wanted some alone time with Lacey, but knew Chase wouldn't let him - right away.

Lacey thought back to her conversation with Gina, and Gina's shocking three-way revelation. *I wonder, have Greg and Chase had ever shared a woman? Would they be shocked if I told them I've dreamed of having two lovers?*

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Would they think something was wrong with me for having those thoughts? The only thing she knew about Chase was he dated a lot, but she had no idea if he was into threesomes.

Once inside Greg's house, he took her coat and offered her something to drink. "Thanks, wine would be fine; maybe it'll settle my nerves."

Greg smiled and winked, "Nothing to be nervous about Lacey. Chase and I go way back; I won't do anything," he paused, "unless you want me to."

Lacey took a larger than normal drink of wine to steady her nerves. *Great. Now I'm going to be thinking of him pulling on my nipples with his teeth. I'm already wet thinking about it.*

"So Lacey, how long have you been working at Breathless Whispers?"

"About six months."

"She's one of the best employees I've ever had," Chase boasted. "A top seller."

"Thanks Chase, I love modeling sexy things."

Lacey watched as Greg refilled her wine glass. *Did I finish it already? I must be more nervous than I thought.* "Greg, I didn't know Gina was your sister. I haven't known her long, but we have lunch sometimes and today she showed me a photo of you."

"Yes, we're very close. Gina's younger than I am, and I was only eighteen when I became her guardian after our parents died."

Lacey stared at her wine glass, "Uh -Gina told me she was living with two of your friends, Grant and Hudson."

Greg took a long swallow of his drink before saying anything. "Yes, she is. Gina married Hudson, but she sleeps with both of them. It's - uh - so let's talk about you."

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Lacey was feeling bolder than ever, was now the moment? “Can I ask both of you a question?” She took another sip of her wine, several sips in fact. “Have you ever - shared women you’ve dated?”

Chase and Greg didn’t hesitate with their answer, “Yes, we’ve shared on several occasions.”

“Does that bother you, Lacey? Chase asked.

“Not really. I mean, I’ve often fantasized about being shared by two men.”

“We’d be more than happy to fulfill your fantasies Lacey,” Greg said. “In fact, Chase and I have already talked about it.”

“Really? I want to be with both of you, too!” The words had barely left her mouth when her eyes widened and she clamped her hand over her mouth. *Oh shit! I said it.* She looked at her wine glass. *In Vino Veritas.* Her dream of having two men giving her a night of pleasure was really going to happen. Euphoria turned to despair. What if they were disappointed in her? What if Chase fired her from *Breathless Whispers*? Second thoughts drifted into her mind; should she tell them she wanted to go home, that she’d changed her mind? No, she wanted this – needed this - and nothing was going to stop her tonight from making her dreams come true.

Greg grabbed her hand, and with Chase following close behind, they walked upstairs to his bedroom. Greg cupped her breasts through her blouse and thumbed her nipples as Lacey sagged against Chase.

The next thing Lacey knew her skirt was being unzipped and her blouse unbuttoned. Her lace bra followed, and at the same time her thong was pushed down her thighs and over her heels. The heels were the last to go. Two sets of eager male hands disposed of her clothes as if they were on

fire. Gloriously naked, she stood between Chase and Greg. The looks on their faces told her they found her desirable. Greg lifted her in his arms and placed her on the bed. Chase and Greg stood, mesmerized by the beauty waiting for them to take her where she'd never been before.

Lacey watched as they removed their clothes, her eyes taking in each bit of spectacular man flesh that she would feast on. Both were so different, yet they were equally hot looking men. The knowledge they both wanted her was intoxicating.

They sprawled on the bed, one on each side of her. Greg moved up to her face and kissed her intensely, thrusting his tongue into her mouth. Lacey returned the kiss with as much heat.

Chase licked his way from the nipple he'd been suckling down to her belly button ring, taking it into his mouth. When he gave it a slight tug between his teeth, she whimpered.

With a grin, Chase spread her thighs with his hands, and ran a finger along her folds, testing her wetness. *Oh yeah, she's almost ready for us* He licked up and down her slit, nibbling on her clit, until she shuddered with need.

Greg's tongue flicked at her puckered nipples and she arched her back, thrusting her breasts high, offering him more.

"Please..." she panted.

"I can't wait to bury myself inside that wet pussy of yours, while Chase fucks your hot ass," Greg began tracing a line with his tongue down her stomach. "But first I've got to have a taste of your honey."

They switched places, and now Chase licked her nipples, his teeth pulling gently on one. She squealed, and he grinned.

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Greg nestled between her quivering thighs and greedily lapped at her dripping lips.

“I want both of you inside me- NOW,” she panted.

Eyes half-closed with her arousal, Lacey watched as Greg and Chase placed condoms over their hard shafts. She wished they would hurry up; she couldn't last much longer.

Greg moved onto his back and Chase helped her straddle him. Before either one could stop her, she slid down his length, taking him all in. Greg pulled her down and kissed her.

Something cold ran on her puckered opening and she felt a finger rimming it, rubbing the lubrication around. It was uncomfortable, but she'd had anal sex before and was ready to fill that void. Soon there were two fingers, then three scissoring her opening. All the while, Greg continued to kiss her and then Chase slowly entered her tight hole. He grabbed her hips as he pushed forward inch by inch until he filled her.

Lacey took their cocks, felt the pulsing heat inside her. Chase moved first, then Greg, each of them thrusting in perfect rhythm. Lacey thought she would die from the pleasure of both of them. Only moments passed before she tightened around them in a euphoric release, with Greg and Chase soon following.

Chase helped Lacey roll off Greg and he crawled up on the bed, cuddling as close to Lacey as possible.

Claiming Lauren

After ditching her ex, Lauren Chandler heads back home. She'd left ten years earlier, unable to face her desire to be with both Luke and Max. She was ready now, if Luke Parker and his friend Max were still there—and willing. Luke had moved on, finding fame as a bronc rider and horse breeder, but now the time was right for him to begin, *Claiming Lauren*.

Category: Erotic, Threesome,
Multiple Partner, Contemporary Western

TWO

After an hour with the veterinarian, Luke headed to the house, still angry.

He hoped by morning the vet would be able to give him an answer as to why such an expensive horse was dead.

Luke stepped into the house just in time to hear Lauren say she was ready to be with them both. Tonight *I'll give her what she wants, but after that I'm done. When she left I swore never again, so why did I spend all that money to spend time with her?* "Are you sure Lauren?"

Lauren jumped when Luke spoke from the doorway.

"There'll be no stopping this time, no turning back, no running away."

"Yes, Luke, I'm sure."

Luke grabbed her hand, pulling her out of the chair. He didn't give her any time to think about it. He headed straight to his bedroom with Max following them close behind.

Max stood in front of Lauren, cupping her face in his hands. "One last time darlin', are you sure?"

A trace of fear glimmered on her face, but there was fire in her eyes. "Yes, Max I'm positive; it's all I've thought about for the longest time."

Luke moved behind her, grazing his lips down the side of her neck as Max devoured her lips as he unbuttoned her blouse. Luke slid it down her shoulders and off her arms, then unhooked her bra; it fell to the floor next to her blouse.

Lauren's head fell back against Luke's shoulder when Max teased her nipples with his tongue. He lapped and suckled each nipple in turn. Luke skimmed his hands around her stomach toward the catch of her black slacks. He unzipped them,

sliding them off her hips along with her thong until she could step out.

One of Max's hands cupped her mound, slipping two fingers through the slit of her sex. Luke was busy rubbing his hands over her ass, while the room filled with the sounds of Lauren's soft moans.

Max withdrew his hand to coat each of her nipples with her sweet cream. Luke reached around to her mound, entering two fingers in her pussy. He finger fucked her while Max licked and sucked her breasts, not missing an inch.

Luke whispered in her ear, "You're so wet, baby."

"Oh Luke, faster...please."

Luke pumped two fingers inside her again, circling her clit with his thumb. He remembered she always liked it hard and fast.

With Max attending her breasts and Luke her fiery slit, Lauren could hold back no longer. She cried out her release as it hit her full force.

Lauren watched Luke and Max quickly undress. Of course, she already knew what Luke looked like naked, but this would be her first glimpse of Max in all his glory. He wasn't as tall as Luke but his shoulders were broader. Her eyes slowly trailed down to his cock, longer than Luke's but just as thick. She blushed when she realized the guys had caught her staring.

Max stood in front of her; his hands touching her everywhere. When he reached the back of her knee, he lifted her leg placing it on the wooden chest in front of the bed. "This will be a little easier."

Luke's body pressed into hers, licking a trail from her neck to shoulders. He slicked his fingers with lube and probed her anus. First one finger stretched her, then two. This wasn't the first time she'd been touched there, so the pain wasn't unbearable.

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Rough hands caressed her while tongues licked her. Max centered his rigid shaft at her swollen pussy lips as Luke opened her cheeks, positioning his shaft at her puckered opening. She cried out as she was filled with both hard cocks.

Max withdrew, then plunged into her again; Luke did the same. In and out, they picked up a rhythm that worked. Luke reached around to circle her clit, the friction pushing her to the limit. She screamed as her pussy convulsed with orgasm. The rapture caused Luke to follow with his own release. Max pumped once more before he climaxed.

They stood, leaning against one another until their breathing was back to normal. Max pulled out, gathered his clothes and headed for the shower. When he came out, he was fully dressed, “I’m heading back to my place. I’ll see you tomorrow Luke, and Lauren, maybe we can do this again. You were wonderful darlin’.” He kissed her quickly before rushing out the door.

Lauren glanced over at Luke who was now looking out the window. “Luke, could you take me home please? I have an appointment early in the morning.”

“Sure, let me grab a quick shower first.”

Lauren watched Luke drive off. She didn’t know what to think now; he acted like he couldn’t wait to be rid of her. *Is he jealous of Max?* She couldn’t understand why, after all this time. And it’s not like they haven’t shared a woman before; her mother made sure to fill her in on the gossip every time she called her.

Now that she was back in town, she planned to see a lot more of Luke and Max. If she had her way, they’d soon be in her bed again.

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At eight the next morning, Lauren pulled into a parking space in front of a building whose faded sign read, *Dr. Edward Richards, D.V.M.*

Becoming a veterinarian had always been her dream. Her love of animals was only second to her love for Luke, and she was hoping the move back home would be worth it. For months her mother had pushed her to come back and she'd always said no, she didn't want to run into Luke. Last night's auction changed it all, especially after their time at the ranch; the feelings she thought she'd buried years ago came rushing back.

Dr. Richards informed Lauren he looking for someone to take over his practice when he retired in six months. She considered him too young to retire but he thought it time to hand it over to someone younger. Within the hour, she was accepting the partnership.

The first week flew by; she'd never been so busy. Each night she came home exhausted, too tired to think about Luke and Max and why they seemed to be avoiding her.

One afternoon during her lunch-break, she spotted Luke and Max in the convenience store. Pretending she didn't see them in the checkout line, she headed toward the other side of the store for coffee. A minute later, she heard Max call out her name. She turned to wave, but he was right behind her.

“Where you headed in such a rush darlin’?”

Lauren gazed into Max's green eyes and wanted to melt. He'd changed a lot during the time she'd been gone. He was so good looking now compared to back when she thought him a little too thin. “I need to get back to work, only stopped in for coffee.”

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“I was wondering if you’d like to come out to Luke’s this weekend? We could go riding or...”

“What does Luke think about that idea?” Over Max’s shoulder, she spotted Luke coming their way carrying a couple of grocery bags.

“Max, we need to get back to the ranch. My foreman just called, he found two horses lying in the barn not moving.”

Lauren rushed forward, “Let me come with you Luke. I’ll run across the street and get my bag so I can examine them. You’re looking at the new veterinarian.”

“No way. Max, get Dr. Richards, tell him to get out to my ranch pronto. I need to find out what the hell is going on.”

“Luke,” Lauren’s voice was firm, “soon you won’t have a choice. Dr. Richards is retiring and *I’ll* be the only vet in town. Just give me a chance.”

When they arrived at Luke’s ranch, the foreman showed them the horses. Lauren examined both horses. “I’m sorry Luke, there’s nothing I can do. They’re gone,” she stood, wiping her hands on her jeans.

“What are they dying from? My horses get the best care, the best feed. Damn it! I have ranchers waiting months for a horse of mine. They know mine are the best.

Lauren walked over to the feed and grabbed a handful. She held out her hand, showing it to Luke and Max, “I’m betting this feed has been contaminated with cattle feed. Don’t you know it’s poisonous to horses?”

Luke stiffened as if she’d struck him. “Of course, I know the difference. I’m not stupid! If it *is* cattle feed I have no idea how it got mixed in; it was fine this morning. ”

“Lauren, it was,” Max added, “I helped Luke. It was pure horse feed. Someone must have done some switching while we were in town.”

“Well then, who would do this to you, Luke?” Lauren knew he wouldn’t harm his horses, but what if he was hurting for money?

THREE

Robert Landers stood outside of the barn, listening to the conversation between his ex-wife and his former friends. She’d never gotten over Luke and always compared him to his former friend; telling him he wasn’t as good as Luke in bed, even calling him lazy.

Lauren had no idea he’d followed her here and had been watching her ever since. When he didn’t hear them talking anymore, he walked in the door. “Well, look at this, my ex-wife and two ex-friends. How cozy,” he sneered.

Luke started toward Robert, but Max grabbed him, holding him back. “What are you doing here Robert?” Luke gritted.

“I could ask Lauren the same question. Wasn’t one fucking session with these two cowboys enough for you, sweetheart?”

Lauren gasped. “How did you know what we were doing? Have you been following us?”

“Yeah, and I watched the whole thing. I thought about joining in but didn’t think these two would go for it,” Robert laughed. “Should’a had a camera, would’ve looked great on You Tube.”

“Get off my ranch, Landers before I call the sheriff.” Luke lurched forward but Max still held him tight.

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“Okay, but I’ll be back.” He pointed at Lauren, “*We* have some unfinished business.”

“I don’t think so Landers.” Luke looked ready to lose the last of his patience.

“Sure we do. You’re not going to win this one, Luke.”

Luke stormed off to who knows where, leaving Max and Lauren standing in the middle of the driveway.

By the look on Lauren’s face, Max could tell she was upset; he wasn’t sure why it bothered him so much seeing her that way. It’s not as if they were involved or anything. “Lauren, I’ll drive you home if you want to leave. I don’t know when Luke’ll be back. When he gets in one of those moods, he could be gone for hours.”

“Yes, please take me home,” she turned around and walked toward his truck.

Max glanced at Lauren several times during the trip to her place. She’d been crying and he didn’t know what to do about it except maybe kick Luke’s ass. A short time later, he pulled into Lauren’s driveway. He wanted to come in with her, but it wasn’t a good idea, since all that was on his mind was getting her back in his bed.

Lauren opened the front door and glanced over her shoulder, “Do you want to come in? I can make coffee if you want,” she walked inside toward the kitchen when Max said yes.

“So, Lauren, did you know Rob was in town? He sure isn’t the guy I remembered back in school.”

Lauren measured coffee into the machine. “No, I had no idea he was here, or even why. He must’ve followed me.”

“You need to be careful, Lauren,” Max pinned her with a glare.

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“I think I’ll go change into something more comfortable while we wait for the coffee. I’ll be right back.”

Lauren walked into the bedroom and was startled to see Luke on her bed, wearing only a pair of well-worn jeans. “What are you doing here? And *how* did you get in here?”

“Aren’t you happy to see me darlin’?”

“After the way you stormed off, not really. So *why* are you here?”

“I wanted to make sure that asshole wasn’t here, to make sure you’re alright.”

“I’m a big girl, Luke; I have been for a long time now; I can take care of myself.”

“Well... That might be true in the past, but Max and I’ll make sure no one harms our woman ever again. No more talking, come on over here and put those pretty lips to good use.”

Lauren wanted to do more than kiss Luke, but Max was still in the other room and she wanted them both. She was becoming addicted to both men; Lauren craved them like she craved chocolate.

“What about Max? He *is* here, you know.” Luke tugged on her arm and she tumbled on to his lap; her bottom in direct alignment with his erection. Her last words smothered by his lips. Lauren’s trembling hand traveled down his hard chest, caressing all the way.

Luke sucked in his breath as her fingers came close to the snap of his jeans. “Don’t start something, Lauren, unless you intend to finish it. I’m so hard for you right now I hurt.”

Lauren let her fingers undo the snap of his jeans; the next sound in the room was the noise from his zipper. As

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Luke lifted up his hips, Lauren pulled down his jeans along with his briefs until they reached his ankles.

She didn't waste any time taking his cock into her mouth, so deep the tip hit the back of her throat. His growl resonated from his throat and she gazed into his eyes, seeing the need there. Her tongue licked from one end of his shaft to the other, up and down.

His body stiffened at her oral assault, "That feels so damn good, Lauren."

One hand slipped between his legs, her fingers massaging his balls. She loved the way he smelled, manly and outdoorsy. Slowly, her other hand stroked his shaft while she caressed the head of his cock with her tongue.

"God Lauren you're gonna drive me crazy."

Lauren took him completely into her mouth, knowing it wouldn't be long before he'd come. She pumped him with long strokes of her mouth and tongue, wanting the taste of him against her tongue.

"Luke, I need the taste of your hot come in my mouth. Don't hold back."

Luke's hips moved with the rhythm of Lauren's mouth on his dick. He grasped her head as he released his seed in her mouth, "Lauren darlin', swallow it all."

What the heck is keeping Lauren? How long does it take to change clothes anyway? Max drank more coffee and waited. Now he was getting worried something may be wrong. Was Rob hiding somewhere in the house? I better go check on her. Max headed down the hall to her bedroom.

With long, purposeful strides, he neared her room; that's when he heard Luke's voice behind the half closed door.

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What is Luke doing here and how did he get in her house? When he'd stormed off, Luke must have decided to come check out the place in case Rob showed up.

Max stood outside the door, listening to Lauren making noises as she sucked on Luke's cock. It was getting him hard as a pistol, and he wanted Lauren's mouth wrapped around his cock too, but tonight he'd give Luke some alone time with Lauren.

Max was about to turn around to leave when his cell phone rang. He looked at the display, *Luke's foreman*. He answered, knowing something must be dreadfully wrong for Luke's foreman to call him. Max listened as the foreman talked, "We'll be there asap." He clicked the phone off, "Fuck! Not again."

Luke jerked the bedroom door open. "What now?" he yanked up the zipper on his jeans.

"That was your foreman, Luke."

"Why did he call you, not me?" Luke tucked in his shirt.

"He did call you, but your phone must be off."

"Yea, okay, what did he want? What's happened now?"

"Sheriff Adams just left your place. He was there about some complaints filed against you."

"Complaints? Damn it! This isn't making sense."

On his way out the door, Max asked Luke something that had been bothering him, "Luke, how did you get in Lauren's place?"

"I crawled through the open window in her bedroom. Which by the way, she should have her ass spanked for leaving open in the first place. She isn't safe; I could've been Landers waiting for her.

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The sheriff's office questioned Luke for almost two hours before allowing him to leave. Sheriff Adams intimated that Luke was guilty of insurance fraud for killing his own horses, but all he had was circumstantial evidence. The sheriff did tell Luke something that totally blew him away, one of the calls against him came from the new vet. *The only new vet I know is Lauren. Why would she do something like that? And when had she called? She should know I'd never hurt any horse. All this shit started happening as soon as she got back in town. I was doing great without her around, now she's got my world turned upside down.*

Driving back to the ranch his thoughts drifted to the night of the auction. Seeing Lauren up there being auctioned off for charity caused so many emotions to rage through him. In less than three minutes, he went from pissed off to hard as a brick.

All those years ago, he would've done anything for her; even quit the rodeo if she'd asked him too. She never did. Luke remembered the first time he laid eyes on Lauren in high school. She was a cute little cheerleader who hung around with the rich kids, and he was the boy who daydreamed of riding broncos someday in the rodeo circuit. Who would have thought they'd end up together by the end of senior year? He'd even planned on marrying her one-day.

His mouth curved into an unconscious smile and his breathing became ragged as he thought about the first time they had sex in the hayloft of her parent's ranch. Lauren was such an innocent back then.

Fuck! He was as stiff as a rod. Shifting positions he adjusted the fly of his jeans with the heel of his hand. He seemed to be doing that a lot lately since Lauren had come back to town—*and into my life.*

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Luke was only a few miles away from his place when he looked in the rearview mirror and saw a vehicle coming up fast behind him. The headlights blinded him in the pitch-black darkness as they came closer. Luke glanced away just as the vehicle struck his back bumper. He swerved, but straightened back just as the vehicle hit him again. Luke's truck veered off the road and into the ditch.

Getting Wild

Neal Riley gets more than he bargains for when he takes a leave of absence from his job to tend bar for his brother at *The Swollen Pussy Club*. His life is turned upside down when librarian and would-be erotic novelist Jennifer Logan, takes a job as a stripper to, *research*, her next book. Jennifer's ex-boyfriend Steve, and hostile erotic dancer Cameo, bring danger to the mix and threaten Neal and Jennifer's on-again-off-again torrid romance. Only time will tell if her research will bring more than just a great story for her book—and a happy-ever-after ending for herself?

Category: Erotica, Contemporary,
Romance, Suspense

ONE

Neal Riley arrived home from his day job worn out. All he wanted to do was plop down in his favorite brown leather recliner and watch the baseball game. Instead he stared at the manila envelope in his hands. He knew what was in the envelope - his divorce papers. After only three weeks of marriage, who would have guessed it would take three years to divorce the nasty witch.

He was exhausted, but restless. While he relaxed in his recliner and reflected on his so-called life, the telephone rang.

“Hello.”

“Happy thirtieth birthday little bro.”

Neal rolled his eyes, *It would take my older brother Nathan to remember me on this day.* “Yea, I totally forgot. Thanks for reminding me,” Neal said. He could care less if he had a birthday or not. It was just another day to him.

“Who pissed in your cornflakes?”

“Nobody. I was just thinking there should be more to life than there is.” He hated admitting out loud what he was thinking, and it bothered the hell out of him that he did it now.

“Well - I may have what you’re looking for to add a little excitement to your hum drum life.”

Intrigued, Neal wondered what could be so life changing, but at this point it didn’t matter. “I hear *but* in your voice, what do you really want?”

“I want you to work for me, as head bartender at my club. I know you’d be great at it and it’d bring you back home.”

“I’d love to think of a thousand reasons not to come home, but I’m in just the mood to try something new. You have perfect timing.” Neal hung up thinking it might be a great atmosphere to

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work in, and who wouldn't like looking at those girls dancing on stage? *Maybe the change will do me good.* Feeling a bit of excitement course through his veins he picked up the phone and called the airport to get on the next available flight home.

How Nathan knew he needed a change was beyond Neal. He knew that his brother was having a hard time keeping bartenders. They never seemed to last more than a week or two. He never imagined that his confiding in his brother about his weekend job bartending would lead him home again. Nathan was always trying to talk him into moving back home, under the pretense that he missed him. The job was the perfect excuse to go home.

Jennifer Logan was a thirty-five year old part time town librarian who wrote erotic romances at night. She ran her fingers down the want ads and finally found what she needed. She'd been up all night writing her fifth novel, and she was stuck. Refusing to call it writer's block, she preferred to think it was lack of research. Her newest novel was based around a stripper with some suspense thrown into the mix. *I can't think of a better way to learn about stripping than to do some hands on research, right? How hard could it be to strip in front of a bunch of horny men?* At least she hoped it would give her material for her latest novel.

She circled the ad for an exotic dancer for *The Swollen Pussy Club*, and proceeded to look at several more ads. She finally decided to make a call to the one with the most interesting name.

A man's voice, a rather sexy one, answered. "*The Swollen Pussy Club*, Nathan speaking. How may I help you?"

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“Uh - yea - hello. I saw your advertisement in the newspaper looking for uh , strippers. It says to call—for an appointment.”

“Yea, I’m looking to hire five new girls. If you’re truly interested in the job I can see you a three today. The club will be closed but the door will be open. Can you come in today?” Nathan looked at his watch. His brother would be arriving soon and he had to pick him up.

“Yea - uh - sure. Three will work for me and my name is Jennifer, Jennifer Logan. Thanks, I’ll see you then.”

“Bring a costume Jennifer. I’ll need to see you perform before I will make a decision.”

“Yea... OK.” On that note she hung up the phone. She hoped she could pull this off.

Neal walked off the plane and spotted his brother in a corner talking to a gorgeous blonde. His brother always did have a thing for thin blondes, while he had a thing for curvy brunettes. He walked towards Nathan. “I see you found a way to keep yourself occupied while waiting for me.” They hugged, and the blonde left. “Did you get her number? She is kind of cute, if you’re into blondes.” He was always giving his brother a hard time about getting women’s phone numbers but never calling them.

“No, I didn’t ask for her number, she’s married. Don’t look so shocked little brother. Man you look beat. Before I take you to my place, I need to make a stop at the club and interview this new girl, Jennifer. Do you mind? It shouldn’t take very long at all.”

“Sure, I’m anxious to see this great club you’re always talking about. From what you’ve said it’s pretty wild. I can’t wait to see it.”

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When Jennifer arrived at the club, her hands were sweaty and she was shaking. This was a huge step. She'd always been on the shy side and this interview, or audition, really took her out of her comfort zone. She walked up to the door repeating, *You can do this. You can do this.*

When she opened the door she noticed a huge bar on her left side. Then she spotted two side stages and a larger one in the center of the room. It was a big runway type stage made of glass. Neon lights were spread all over the three stages. Chairs lined the stage area. The place was much bigger than it looked from the outside. She was getting more nervous by the minute. With the club empty, it gave her a few moments to prepare.

Jennifer looked down at her watch wondering what was keeping the owner. It was ten minutes after three. Backing into a table she knocked three of the chairs on top of the table to the floor. She tried to step out of the way and tripped and landed on her ass, on the cold floor. She looked up and found herself staring into a man's face. She lowered her eyes to check out the rest of him, stopping at the zipper of his jeans. She blushed.

“You must be the owner. I'm Jennifer Logan; I called you earlier—you said to come—at three? Sorry about this mess. Usually I'm not so klutzy. It's just nerves.”

Jennifer was embarrassed and upset. First, the guy was late, and now he wasn't even offering to help her up. He was gorgeous but his manners were lacking. She almost slipped when getting up, but he caught her, putting his arms around her waist and holding her close. She got a better look at his face. He was devastatingly handsome. A delightful shiver of wanting him ran through her whole body. His dark brown hair was cut short, and had a slight wave. His eyes were shades of amber and gold,

and his goatee was neat and trim. She longed to touch it, and had a decadent thought of wondering what it would feel like between her thighs.

Neal stood there undressing her with his eyes. She wasn't like any stripper he'd ever seen. To him it was down right sexy when a woman blushed. Brunettes were his favorite and his fingers were itching to take the ribbon out of her hair so he could run his fingers through it. Just thinking about it was making his cock hard. "Oh shit! Not now." He blushed as he gave voice to his concern and that she gave him an odd look.

Neal hoped Nathan wouldn't come out of the office just yet. He wanted more time alone with her. She was the most beautiful woman he'd seen in months. The vanilla fragrance she wore drove him crazy. He imagined licking vanilla icing from her thighs.

She pulled away from him, unwrapping his arm from her waist. "Would you let go of me please? Are you always this rude?" She knew what she wanted to call him, but she bit her lip to keep from saying it.

"Call me Neal. I'm just tired. It's been a long day for me. Usually I'm a very nice guy. So why are you here Jennifer? You don't look like the type to be in a place like this."

He wondered what was keeping his brother so busy in the office. *She thinks I'm the owner of this club. Hell I'm not going to tell her any differently.*

She crossed her arms, attempting to assert some authority. "You said over the phone I had to do a dance for you. Could you please point the way to the dressing room so I can change my clothes."

He turned his head and pointed down the hall. At least that's where he figured they'd be.

After finding the room he'd indicated, she found herself staring at all the costumes hanging on a rack in one corner. Most

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were skimpy, much more sexy than the one she'd brought. Jennifer hoped the outfit she brought would be good enough to get hired. Looking down at the shoes that came with the outfit, she wasn't too sure about wearing them. Flats were hard enough to handle some days. She'd already tripped once already and didn't want it to happen again. She dressed, hoping she wouldn't throw up when she got out there.

As if on cue, the music began to flow throughout the club. Jennifer walked slowly to the stage. Her nemesis was sitting as close to the stage as possible without actually being on it. The costume she wore was what she'd worn to a Halloween party last year: Little Bo Beep. The bonnet was white, with baby blue ribbon trim along the edges. She'd parted her hair into pigtails and tied them with the same blue ribbon. The top was a white bustier with several tiny blue bows strategically placed across the front.

The petticoat skirt had lots of layers and was accented around the edges with blue ribbon and small bows. The skirt barely covered her bottom. The white thong she had on underneath had a little sheep covering her center. She wore white thigh high stockings and each one had a baby blue bow in the front. The shoes were black with three-inch heels. *I can see why they call them fuck-me shoes, because fuck if I can walk in those damn things.*

When she glanced over at Neal, he was sitting with his arms crossed over his chest, as if he were bored. She was nervous, and clutched the chrome pole like a lifeline. She began to move her body to the beat, allowing the music to determine her movements. She pranced, dipped, and traced her hands along her voluptuous figure. Her eyes never left Neal for a moment, *make eye contact with your audience.* The music changed to a Trace Adkins song, one of her favorite singers and her dancing became faster. Slowly, she unzipped the petticoat

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skirt, let it fall to the floor and kicked it to the other side of the stage. She was about to undo her top when she spotted another man walking toward Neal. He walked to the stage and addressed her.

“I see my brother is enjoying the show. My name is Nathan Riley, owner of *The Swollen Pussy Club*. You must be Jennifer. Sorry I was on the phone so long. From what I’ve just seen, you’re hired. Can you start tomorrow night?”

She stopped dancing and pointed a finger at Neal. “So he isn’t the owner? Well it’s a good thing, since he was so rude to me earlier. Yes, I can start tomorrow night. Afternoons, I work at the library.”

“Good, see you back here tomorrow night then. After you dress, my brother can see you to your car.”

She turned to Neal. “You don’t have to walk me to my car. It’s not dark out yet and I’m smart enough to know where I left it, thank you very much.” She was out the door before Neal could say anything.

Nathan drove Neal to his place and dropped him off. “You don’t have a shift until tomorrow little brother. Get some rest. I’ve got a date but don’t wait up.”

All Neal could think about was the cute little brunette who had applied for the stripper job that afternoon. If he had anything to say about it, he was going to be seeing a lot of her. From the moment he’d found her on the floor, he wanted her. He imagined her naked in his bed. The thought of seeing her leaning over the dining room table, with her legs spread for him made him so fucking hard.

He unzipped his jeans and slid them down past his thighs. His fist closed around his cock and he began to stroke it

gently, and then with more aggression. Closing his eyes, he could almost feel her sexy, wet mouth sliding down over his penis and her fingers stroking his balls.

“Don’t stop, Jennifer.” Groaning out loud, he laid his head back against the sofa, stroking his cock even faster.

Just when he was about to release, he heard the door slam hard. He mumbled a few swear words and hurriedly zipped up his jeans before Nathan reached the living room. His brother didn’t look happy and his timing, as always, was lousy.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, hoping Nathan hadn’t seen anything.

“Well let’s see, man. Besides being short on strippers at the club, now my girlfriend has dumped me. So I guess not a fucking thing is wrong!” Nathan went to his room and slammed his door.

TWO

Jennifer knew it was going to be a busy day, but she had some shopping to do before she started her shift at the library. Her first stop was a costume shop. The outfit she’d worn yesterday wouldn’t be enough, and she thought she should pick up at least three more. Next stop was the new lingerie store that had opened last week. She picked out some really expensive thong and bra sets. Most of them were a bit too racy for her particular tastes, but it was for work and research. Glancing at her watch, she had just enough time to grab a quick bite to eat before going to work. She paid the cashier for the items and walked to the sandwich shop next door. During lunch, she made some notes for her book trying to remember what she’d experienced at the club yesterday.

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Her mind drifted toward Neal. She couldn't stop thinking about him. That man knew how to push her buttons, but she wanted him to be there again tonight, so she could get another look at him. This time, hopefully, she wouldn't be looking at him from the floor either. *The view wasn't bad but it would be nice to get another look at his face.*

Neal got into his brother's car, circled around town for an hour, and found himself at the town's only library.

How in the hell did I end up here? He hadn't set foot in a library since his school days. He didn't even have any time to read the daily newspaper, let alone - books! As soon as Neal walked in he spotted Jennifer behind the desk. She seemed to be reading something that made her blush. He spotted another woman who appeared to be quite a bit older than Jennifer. The older woman walked towards Jennifer and pointed to some carts, which were full of books to be shelved. Neal found a chair and grabbed a paper that was on the table. He didn't want her seeing him just yet.

When she came out from behind the desk pushing the cart full of books, Neal saw she had on a plain black dress. The way the dress hugged her curves made it difficult for him to keep his eyes off her. He bet she looked hot in just about anything. A man, probably in his mid-thirties, approached her and they seemed to be fighting. The man grabbed her arm forcefully and Neal stood up. He was ready to see if she needed any help, when she slapped the man's face hard. *Wow! She can hit!* The man finally walked away. Neal stood watching as she continued putting the books away. When she bent down to place a book on the lower shelf, he got a great view of her ass. *That sweet ass was made for nibbling, licking and fucking.*

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Jennifer continued moving backwards and placing books on the bottom shelf, until she backed into someone. She didn't know 'why', but she had the strangest feeling it was Neal. She turned to see him standing only an inch away. Her penetrating green eyes couldn't hide the excitement she felt at finding him there. The nice shade of pink covering her cheeks gave away her naughty thoughts.

"What are you doing here?" She couldn't look at him without blushing, so she looked over the shelves.

"I came to - get a book. Why else would I be here?" Not noticing which book he grabbed, he picked one off the shelf closest to him. "Yea, found what I was looking for, right here. Guess I'll see you tonight , at the club."

Her lips curled into a smile. "Did you know that book is a knitting book? Are you sure you have the right one?"

Jennifer caught him glancing quickly down at the book. Then he gave her a smile that sent her pulses racing. "Yes, uh - exactly, it's the book my mother wanted me to pick up for her." She watched him leave, trying his best to inconspicuously drop the book on a table on the way out.

Realizing he'd only come into the library to see her, she broke into a wide, open smile. It wouldn't be long until she would see him again. Her first dance of the night was going to make him beg for more.

He sat in his brother's car, in the library parking lot, and glanced toward the glass doors. Neal was glad he'd gotten out of there when he did. He had been ready to grab her in his arms and kiss her. In the next few days, he was certain something would happen between them, and she would end up in his bed screaming his name. He ran the scene over and over in his mind, smiling as he drove toward the club.

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Leaving the library a little after four only gave Jennifer one hour to get home and shower before she had to be at the club. Tonight she would be meeting the other dancers. Maybe she would have time to ask them some questions for her book.

She arrived ten minutes before her shift started, and pulled into the only parking spot available. Once inside she saw the place was jam-packed. She didn't see Neal anywhere.

Nathan came up to her and walked with her to the dressing room. Just as she was about to go in, two other dancers showed up right behind them. He introduced them: the first one, Cinnamon Creams was a tall blonde, and the other was a short redhead named Cameo. Cinnamon looked to be the older of the two, but she couldn't tell for sure with all the makeup she was wearing. Neither one of the women seemed very friendly. She hoped that would change, or she'd never get the information she needed for her book.

When it was time for Jennifer to go on, the music changed as she stepped onto the stage. Glancing up, she spotted Neal behind the bar. She noticed he'd stopped what he was doing to watch her. His eyes followed every movement she made. Everyone was shouting out his or her drink orders, but he was ignoring them.

She stopped at the pole, leaning up against it, rubbing up and down, and spreading her legs wide. While still looking straight at Neal, she ran her hands up and down the inside of her thighs.

The music took hold, and her body moved slowly, her hips and breasts capturing every nuance of the music. She swayed, glided, and moved her hands, arms, and hips.

To tease the men near the stage, she lowered the straps of her top and teasingly pulling them up again. Jennifer did this several times before she finally kept both straps down. Her arms

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snaked to unhook the front of her top, yet she held it to her breasts, teasing them some more. The entire time her gaze stayed on Neal. She lowered one side showing just a little part of her breast then dropped it to the side.

After the top landed on the stage, she played peek-a-boo with the sides of her skirt pulling each side down a little, flashing the creamy skin of her hips, and then up again. She loved the reaction she was getting from Neal. He was wiping his face with a cloth with one hand and holding onto the bar with the other in a death grip. The skirt slipped down to the ground and then she kicked it back with her foot.

When she finished her strip tease, Neal noticed she was only wearing some red and black bow pasties on her nipples and a thong. He wanted to go and cover her up, but didn't want to cause a scene. He didn't like anyone looking at her like they could feast on her for hours. If anyone would be doing any feasting, it would be him. Watching Jennifer on stage made him so hard he was in need of a cold shower. It was a good thing the bar was high enough that no one saw the bulge in his jeans.

While Jennifer was getting dressed in the changing room she overheard the two strippers talking. Cameo, was telling Cinnamon that Neal had already asked her out and she'd said yes. They both looked at her, giving her fake smiles. She wondered what had their panties in a knot. Maybe they were jealous because of all the whistles she'd received or something else she didn't know. She was too exhausted to find out. All she wanted to do was get home and crawl into bed.

She walked past the bar, headed straight for the door. Jennifer was just about to get into her car when Neal ran up behind her.

He tried to turn her to him, but she jerked away. "What's wrong Jen?"

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“Nothing! Go back in there. I’m sure Cameo is looking forward to her date with you.”

Neal pulled her into his arms and kissed her, opening her mouth with his tongue. Their tongues met, kissing as if they wanted to devour each other. He didn’t care about anything right now, only her sweet kisses, not knowing why he needed her as much as he needed his next breath. His fingers brushed over the side of her breast, and he heard her moan. Knowing she wanted him as much as he wanted her made his cock so hard he ached. He wanted to fuck her right here in the club parking lot, but he would wait. Their first time together would be special and he wasn’t willing to do it just anywhere. She was extraordinary and deserved to be treated no other way.

Neal broke the kiss and helped her into her car, promising to see her—soon! The rest of his shift went by in a blur. The bar was busy the rest of the night and he really enjoyed some of the stories the men told him, but he couldn’t keep his mind focused on anything but Jennifer. During the night a couple came in, asking if one of the strippers could teach his wife how to give a lap dance. He had to tell them no.

It was around three am when the two brothers finally arrived home. Neal was exhausted; he took a quick shower and crawled into bed. The cool sheets felt so good against his nude body. The last thing he thought about was Jennifer’s kiss as he drifted off to sleep.

Home For Christmas

When Matt invites his Navy buddy, Zack, to spend the holidays he can't predict the fireworks between his sister Mallory and Zack. A raging snowstorm and two lonely souls turn up the heat when a stranger comes *Home for Christmas*.

TWO

From the moment Mallory met Zack, she knew she was in big trouble. Instant attraction hit her and yet the first thing that came out of her mouth was, *Mother would let every stray come to dinner if my father let her*. Not only was it rude but it wasn't something she'd normally say to one of her brother's friends.

She'd never felt this alive before, even during her marriage. Ever since she was a small child, Mallory wanted to marry someone famous and be in the spotlight; she never needed love to fulfill her. She'd believed that—until the reporters let her know almost daily about her husband's philandering. The public eye wasn't so great after all.

All Mallory wanted now was for Zack to touch her, but she was afraid; *I barely know him*. An ache grew between her thighs as his eyes bore into hers. He wasn't something she'd planned on when she came home for Christmas.

Before Mallory realized, she reached out and touched his face. She held her breath, waiting to see if he would touch her back, or at least say something.

Suddenly; their mouths met; first soft and slow, then with passion and fire. Someone moaned and Mallory realized the sound was hers. She wanted more, so much more.

Her hands found their way under his shirt, touching warm, smooth skin. His whiskers burned her cheeks, but she didn't care.

His hand slipped within her robe and found her breast. Mallory sucked in her breath as Zack's roughened fingers brushed over her nipple, feeding the ache deep inside her.

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Suddenly Zack pushed her away and stood, “I can’t do this.” Before Mallory had time to say anything, he was gone and she heard the office door closing.

Zack was the first man she’d let touch her since becoming a widow and he’d walked away without telling her why. Being rejected by another man brought tears to her eyes, and she didn’t try to stop them.

Christmas Day passed in a blur for Mallory, with Zack staying away from her most of the day. Gifts were exchanged and soon it was time to enjoy the wonderful turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

Mallory watched Zack laugh at something Matt said. He seemed to be enjoying himself. He only glanced in her direction a few times but when he did, it wasn’t with any acknowledgement of the night before.

The snowstorm was raging again and the news said it would continue into tomorrow. Her siblings left before the roads became dangerous to drive on.

In the kitchen, Mallory sipped hot cocoa, thinking about what transpired earlier between her and Zack. His rejection really pissed her off and hurt her feelings. At the very least he could explain why and apologize.

“Mallory?”

She jumped, splashing the hot cocoa on her hand.
“Ouch, shit!”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. Did you get burnt?”

“No, I’m fine; it just stings a little.” She avoided looking at him, as tears filled her eyes. Before she knew what was happening, Zack was leading her to the kitchen sink, placing her hand under the cold water. The burning eased almost immediately.

When he started to pat her hand gently with the towel all Mallory could imagine was if Zack was as gentle with his lovemaking.

Still holding her hand, Zack proclaimed, “I want to apologize for the way I acted last night.”

“So now you’re sorry you kissed me, is that it? Wasn’t it enough you pulled away from me?” She quickly pulled her hand from his.

“Again, I’m sorry,” he implored, “for pulling away like I did.”

“It’s fine, no big deal,” she smiled, but the smile didn’t quite reach her eyes. “I don’t think either of us is ready for what might have happened anyway.”

“Honey, I can tell by looking in your eyes, it *is* a big deal.”

“Don’t think anything more about it, Zack. I’m used to rejections by now—or I thought I was.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“From the start of middle school, I was a shy book-worm and had a difficult time making friends. By the time I got to high school, I did have a couple girlfriends, but still felt awkward around boys. My friends had boyfriends and went to dances while I stayed home reading romance novels.”

“Why didn’t you go to the dances? You must have had plenty of offers as pretty as you are.”

She could feel the heat of her cheeks reddening, “Because no one asked me, that’s why. Can we drop this now? I’m feeling uncomfortable telling you all this.”

“Mallory?”

“What?”

“Do you forgive me for what happened?”

Mallory rolled her eyes, “Yes, Zack, I forgive you.”

“Good. Now come join me by the fire.” Zack grinned and headed for the door.

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The storm wasn't letting up by any means. Zack wandered to the large window, parting the drapes to look out. "The storm seems to be getting worse. I don't remember it ever coming down this hard here before," Mallory replied.

Zack shook his head, "I've been stranded in snow storms before, but nothing like this one." Silence loomed again as Zack continued to stare out the window. Finally he turned and stared at Mallory.

His staring made her anxious.

At last Zack turned to the fire, "Looks like the fire is dying down, I better add another log or two."

As Zack squatted down in front of the fireplace Mallory watched him move the screen and gazed at his nice, tight ass. *Oh, I better get that thought out of my head.* She couldn't help sneaking one last look.

Mallory didn't want a few nights of great sex; she wanted so much more, and knew it wasn't going to happen with Zack. In a week he'd be going back to the Navy and she'd never see him again.

Still, she couldn't look away as he added more wood to the fire. She did glance away when he started to stand. "It should get warmer in here now." Mallory heard him say.

"Thank you," she said. *I should really go back to the bedroom.* She couldn't seem to move, and didn't want to for that matter. All she could think of was being in his arms again—this time naked and in a bed.

Zack returned to the window to watch the storm, "When do you head back home?"

"I'll be here about a week unless the storm keeps me here longer. How long before you and my brother have to be back on base?"

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“A week.” The clock chimed four a.m. “It’s really late; I think we should both get a few hours of sleep, don’t you?”

“In a few minutes, you go ahead.” They said their good nights and Mallory watched Zack head toward his office bedroom to sleep. Sleep would not come very easy for her as she pictured him lying in bed wearing nothing at all.

Zack stared at the ceiling for what seemed like hours, but glancing at the clock showed only thirty minutes. No way was he going to get those few hours of sleep now, not when thoughts of stripping Mallory down and having hot, sweaty sex consumed him. The time was now or never, so he went looking—and found her still in front of the fire.

Before she could react, he seized her around the waist, and his lips were on hers. She practically melted in his arms. His hands were everywhere, wanting to give her pleasure. He stroked down her back to her hips, aligning her to his throbbing cock. Her desires met his, as she pressed up against him, causing a groan to escape. The tie of her robe slipped open to reveal her silky nightgown. With his thumbs, he traced circles on her ribcage; their mouths continuing to devour each other. The only sounds in the room were the gasps and groans they made. Finally he lifted one hand, caressing her breast.

She arched her hips hard against his and moaned. It was the most exciting sound he’d ever heard.

Her breasts were firm, her nipples pebble hard; they begged for his attention. With one arm around her waist to hold her, he bent her back enough to reach her nipple with his mouth. He sucked, then nibbled; feeling the tremors run

through her, feeling her fingers press hard into his shoulders, hearing her whimper.

Mallory's hands grabbed the bottom of his t-shirt, pulling up enough to lick his nipples before tugging them with her teeth. He yanked her robe and nightie off, throwing them to the floor. He only looked at her momentarily before his own clothing joined hers.

Zack laid Mallory near the fireplace, kneeling between her legs. She gasped as he pushed two fingers deep inside fiery slit, along with his tongue. One stroke took her over the edge. Crying out, she grabbed his head so he wouldn't stop.

Zack stroked and licked her pussy with his tongue until she was on the verge of coming. This time he wanted to be deep inside her when she went over. His cock nudged her opening, pushing its way inside. She was slick and wet. He thrust in and out, in and out. This was bliss, and he wasn't going to last much longer. Mallory began to spasm around him and as she came, he emptied himself inside her.

Zack held her in his arms, their breath mingling before returning to normal. He bent over to kiss her and heard her say, "We'd better get dressed before Matt comes downstairs and finds us like this."

Oh crap, I just had sex with my best friend's sister.

Zack pulled on his jeans and handed Mallory her nightie and robe before going into the kitchen for a glass of water. He wanted her again already. *What am I going to do?* If the water didn't cool him off, maybe a cold shower would, but he didn't see that happening either.

Hunter's Possession

When Travis Hunter dies, his Will brings together his long-lost sons Ryan and Adam, and Travis's beautiful young widow Brooke. How will they divide Travis's legacy, the Triple-H ranch? And who will claim the richest prize of all, the ravishing Brooke Hunter? Can they have it all?

Category: Contemporary-Western,
Threesome, Erotic, Romance

ONE

Ryan Hunter couldn't believe he was now owner of the Triple H Ranch. His hands shook as he read the certified letter once more. His father Travis Hunter, died only five weeks ago. Whenever he'd asked his mother about him the answer was always the same; 'he died before you were ever born'.

It was too late to confront her now since she'd passed away a few years back, leaving him up to his ears in debt with a ranch that was falling apart. Why had she tried to do so much all on her own? While he'd been growing up, when he wasn't in school, he would do the job of two men; sleep a few hours then start all over.

The Triple H Ranch was only a short distance away and yet he never knew it existed until today. The letter stated it was a thousand acres; with that kind of land he could have anything he wanted, from cattle to horses or both. Or he could sell the ranch and be done with the bastard who gave him his name. Why did he leave the ranch to him if he walked away all those years ago? Was he trying to make amends? Well it was too late for that.

When he arrived at the Triple H Ranch, he couldn't believe his eyes. The house was huge. Where he grew up was no more than a shack in comparison. Inside he counted six bedrooms and just as many bathrooms. Not seeing anyone else around, he wondered who had been taking care of the place. *Maybe it's the maid's day off.*

Ryan placed his things inside the master bedroom and stripped off the dirty worn out jeans he had on along with a shirt that was just as bad. His truck had broken down on the way to

the ranch and he was covered in grease. Usually after a hard day's work at his own farm, he would strip down to nothing and place the dirty ones in the washer before heading for the shower. He'd spotted the washer near the kitchen and walked back downstairs, totally naked and carrying his clothes.

The laundry room was the size of another bedroom. It made him angry to think how his mother had worked so hard and the old man probably laughed his ass off about it.

He walked into the kitchen, unconcerned about his nudity. A woman, whom he assumed was the maid, was placing groceries into the refrigerator. All he could see was her cute ass. *Maybe I'll stay around long enough to get her in bed, have a little fun with her then sell the place.*

Where did that come from? He never talked like that before. *Maybe I'm like the old man after all.*

He didn't even bother to cover himself when she turned from the refrigerator and screamed. Then like lightning, she grabbed a broom and came after him. At that point, he took off for the stairs. When he turned around, she was right on his heels. She wasn't about to let him out of her sight. "Do all the maids have the privilege of drooling over their boss?"

"I'm not drooling and you're not my boss!"

He noticed the broom still in her hand; so he stepped back out of reach, "Lady, I am now."

"Nobody bosses me around." She held out the broom, keeping him at a distance. "Who are you anyway?"

"I'm Ryan Hunter. Travis Hunter was my father, or so I'm told by his will and his lawyers. Who the hell are you?"

"Brooke Hunter, your father's widow."

"My father was married to YOU?" His gaze traveled downward from her eyes until they stopped at her chest before looking over the rest of her. She was beautiful.

He couldn't believe his father married someone so

young; she must have been around twenty-four. *Was she after the old man's money?*

“Yes, he married me so that makes me the owner of The Triple H Ranch.”

He cocked his lips into a smirk. “This paper I have tells differently.” He pulled it out of his jeans and showed it to her.

Brooke stood; listening to this cowboy who claimed he was the son of Travis Hunter; she couldn't take her eyes off him. She was preoccupied with his curly light brown hair and his long slim legs. What was between his legs was pretty impressive as well. His ruggedly handsome face was vaguely familiar. He looked just like her dead husband, only younger and much better looking. She bet women found him deliciously appealing, and wondered if he had a girlfriend, maybe a wife, somewhere. Why would it matter to her if he did have one of those?

From what she could tell he wasn't going to budge. “So, what are we going to do about this problem involving the ranch and ownership? I say you should go back home.”

“Brooke, I'm not leaving this ranch, period. I'll gladly help you pack your belongings if you need some help.”

She collapsed into a nearby chair; the good-looking cowboy was being a jackass. *Guess he gets that from his father too.*

“Brooke, I'm plum worn out. We can continue arguing in the morning after you've made me breakfast and I've had my coffee. Goodnight.”

That arrogant ass! Her gaze followed Ryan as he climbed the stairs to the bedroom he thrown his bag into.

Two years ago, Travis Hunter walked into the diner she'd been working full time in. He flirted, she didn't. The following night, he was back and stayed until her shift was

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over. Every night for a month, he kept coming back until she agreed to go on a date with him. She had always liked older men and didn't even bother asking him his age.

After two months of seeing him, he asked her to leave her job and marry him; she wouldn't ever have to work again. At the time it sounded wonderful; no more worries about how to get by. They married right away, even though she didn't love him. She started slowly seeing changes in her husband after only a few months. Then he stopped having sex with her, even went so far as to sleep in the guest bedroom. He stopped talking to her except for the usual good morning and good-night. She didn't understand what had happened with him, but nothing would change that now.

She looked upstairs, what if Ryan sold the place, where would she go? What would she do? She knew one thing for sure; she wasn't giving up without a fight.

That night Brooke tossed and turned in her bed. Her room sat right next to Ryan's and she wondered if he was having trouble sleeping, too. She couldn't believe Travis had a son; he'd never mentioned any family. If she'd had a son, there was no way she could leave him behind. It seemed her husband wasn't who she thought he was. Finally she drifted off into a deep sleep.

Startled, Brooke sat up in her bed her body dripping with sweat. Her hand slipped between her legs to feel the dampness, it had been a while since she had dreamt about being with two men. It was a fantasy of hers, but then the dreams had stopped after marrying Travis.

She closed her eyes, the dream still vivid: her ankles spread wide, her wrist above her head held by one strong hand and that hand belonged to Ryan. The other man's face was a blur, but she could still feel those fingers inside her fiery slit.

She glanced at the alarm clock, three a.m. Lying back

down she pulled the covers back up to her chin and within minutes she was asleep.

Ryan never had problems sleeping until now. There was always so much to do at his mother's ranch, he would come in every night exhausted. Maybe it was due to the fact that his whole world had changed over night. He had a feeling there was more to it than that and her name was Brooke Hunter.

He wanted to hear her scream again, but it would be different this time. She would be underneath him screaming his name over and over as he rammed his hard cock into her sweet center. Damn! Just thinking about her made him ache. By the end of the week, he would have her in his bed; if he could just get her to let go of that broom she held on to for dear life, it would make things go much easier for him.

THREE

Ryan couldn't believe if he'd heard right. They had to pick which one would keep the ranch and just how were they supposed to do that, he wondered. How could he compete with Adam when he didn't have the advantage of being rich, or the resources of knowing someone who was and could help him out? The bank was repossessing his mother's farm in two weeks if he didn't come up with the loan money. He hoped to hell Adam didn't really want the ranch because he not only needed the money to get out of debt, he needed a place to stay, at least for a while anyway.

Now seeing the empty bottle of whiskey on the table, he couldn't believe they'd polished it off so quickly. The last time he drank that much was when his ex girlfriend ran off with some

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cattle rancher worth millions. He loved her with everything he had to give, but it wasn't good enough for her.

Several years had passed, while he'd run his mom's ranch, before she'd gotten sick, passed away and left him to take care of everything. Being with another woman hadn't even crossed his mind until he saw Brooke bending over putting the groceries away.

There was something about her that made him believe she was a lot like him. He also felt the need to pull her into his arms and kiss her again. The spark was there and he knew she'd felt it too.

Ryan barely heard Adam excuse himself so that he could make a call to the office, something about calling his secretary before it got too late. He watched as Brooke got items out of the refrigerator for dinner. She hadn't said a word the rest of the afternoon, and he was getting worried about it. "Can I help with dinner?"

"I have a pot roast in the oven already; it should be done soon. You could set the table if you want."

Seeing the small smile on her face made his heart skip a beat as he took the plates from her hands. He thought she had the prettiest smile he'd ever seen, and looking at those pretty pink lips made him want to kiss them until he heard her beg for more.

When they all sat down for dinner, Ryan decided he didn't want to wait to see how they would work out who would get the ranch. He wanted it, and would do all he could to fight for what he believed should be his. He may not have thought much of Travis, his father, but damn it, he deserved something good to happen for a change. Travis owned him that much.

Ryan spooned a heap of vegetables onto his plate, "So, Adam, how are we going to decide which one of us stays and which of us goes? I don't know about you, but I was here hours before you showed up, so I think that tells you I'm ready to fight

for what's mine." He dropped the spoon in the bowl and locked eyes with Adam, "And it's this ranch."

"The ranch is mine." Adam returned the gaze with one of his own. "You've only known for two days that you were even Travis Hunter's son. I've been by his side for most of my life; that makes me the winner. I even run his damn company now too."

Ryan stood quickly from his chair, wanting to punch Adam. Ever since he found out he had a half brother; he'd wanted to hit someone or something. He reached over the table and grabbed Adam's shirt, pulling him up hard. "I could care less about the damn company. I only want the ranch; you could buy a dozen or more ranches with your money. Soon, I won't even have a place to live. My old man owes me." With all of his might, he shoved his brother, watching him crash to the floor.

He had to get out of the house and get some air. Slamming the screen door he left without looking back at Brooke or Adam.

When he returned from his ride around the ranch four hours later the house was dark.

Ryan stood outside of Brooke's bedroom wondering if he should tell her he was sorry for ruining the nice dinner she'd made for them. He knew she must be upset too because there wasn't anything in those papers about her being able to stay. He would say something to Adam in the morning, but right now all he could think about was Brooke.

He couldn't get her off his mind, and being away from her for four hours drove him nearly crazy. While out riding, thoughts of her played over and over in his head. All of them were of her naked and in several positions: those long, sensuous legs, wrapped around him while she rode his throbbing shaft, cowgirl style. He took a deep breath and knocked on her door.

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“Brooke, it’s Ryan. Can I come in?” He waited until he heard a soft voice telling him he could enter.

She was sitting on the bed with a book in her lap, wearing a thin sleeveless nightgown that barely covered her thighs. The only light was a small lamp. Next to the lamp were several more books. He wasn’t much of a reader since he was always too busy on the farm. She looked as if she’d been crying and that bothered him for some reason.

“Did you want something Ryan? I’m really into a good part in my book and would like to get back to it.”

He saw she could barely look at him when she spoke. “It looks like you’ve been crying, why? Did Adam do something while I was gone? If he did I’ll kick his ass all the way back into town.”

“No, he didn’t do anything. But I think he’s ready to kick your ass for what you did.”

“I’m sorry Brooke, I mean - for ruining the nice meal you prepared.” He offered her a forgiving smile. “I know you worked really hard on it.”

“It wasn’t that hard really. I just hope what took place won’t happen again. You two should try and get along. I’m sure Adam isn’t a bad guy like you think he is. Now - if there isn’t anything else, I’d really like to finish this chapter so I can go to sleep.”

Ryan walked closer to the bed where he could see right through her gown and he let out a groan. His eyes darkened with arousal at the site of what she had hidden under her gown. He wanted her – now – right now - and there was no one around that would stop him, not even Adam.

Ryan grabbed the book out of her hands and held it up high enough for her not to reach it.

“What do you think you’re doing? I was reading that.”

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“You can read it later; much, much later if I have anything to say about it.”

Brooke was riled up and she rose from the bed. With all her strength, she tried to grab the book but Ryan held it out of her reach, switching it from hand to hand. His face broke into a wide grin at the site of her. She looked cute when she got mad. Ryan grabbed her waist pulling her to him. “I’m going to kiss you again. Ever since earlier today, I’ve been wanting another taste of you.”

“If you’re trying to distract me, it won’t work.”

“What are you going to do, hit me with the broom again?”

Brooke tugged on his shirt so hard that he dropped the book and they both toppled to the bed with Brooke underneath him.

He moved his weight off and lay next to her. Cupping her chin in his hand, he searched her face for any sign for him to stop. Seeing none his lips came coaxingly down on hers. She returned his kiss with a burning, aching need. Her lips tasted sweet and he wanted more. His tongue licked a path down her neck stopping at the edge of her gown.

Ryan knew the gown had to go so he pulled it over her head and tossed it aside, his eyes never leaving her body. She was completely naked, beautiful and heat consumed him as his eyes roamed down her sensuous form. “You are so beautiful, Brooke.” He groaned when he reached her breasts, they were exquisite and just right for his hands. Licking his way down her breast to the nipple, he took it in his mouth and gently gave it a tug with his teeth. His lips and tongue feasted on her breast like it was his last meal. Brooke arched her back, giving into the sensation. Her nipples were made for kissing and sucking, but he needed to move further down her sweet body. He stopped at her navel, rimming his tongue inside, making her lift off the bed.

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The center of her thighs was next as he licked her clit slowly at first, than faster as he began to ravish her with his tongue. Her sweet cream made him hunger for her that much more. Ryan knew she was on the verge of orgasm as he pushed two fingers into her, possessing her fully, and licking her clit hard. He was drawn to a height of passion he'd never known before.

Ryan needed to be inside her now. His cock ached with need ever since the day they'd met and he wasn't waiting any longer. He threw off his clothes and placed a condom over his hard, thick shaft. She lay there watching him, desire in her eyes. Within a few seconds he was back on the bed and on top of her with his hard rod pressing against her belly, ready to be inside her.

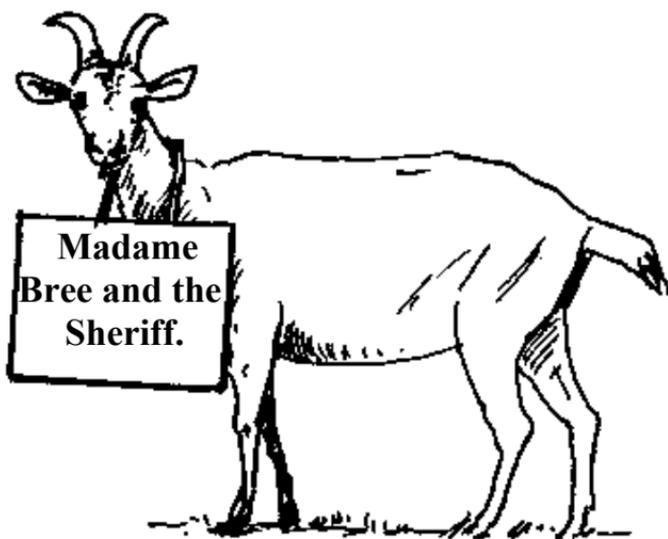
His lean and muscular legs spread her legs and his tumescent shaft was poised at the entrance to her hot, wet channel.

He moved slowly, even as she lifted her legs to wrap around him, pulling him deeper inside her. Her nails dug into his back as he plunged into her over and over again. Their bodies moved in exquisite harmony with one another. Brooke cried out her release as waves of ecstasy throbbed through her. Ryan quickly followed spilling his seed as Brooke's womanly core tightened around his cock.

They lay in each other's arms, still sweaty from their lovemaking. Both felt so satisfied and heavy with sated exhaustion, it wasn't long before they were soon fast asleep.

Madame Bree and the Sheriff

Sheriff Caleb Dalton has everything under control in his sleepy western town. Well, everything except renegade Blake Tanner, and Caleb's yearning for local brothel owner Madame Bree—and one troublesome goat! It's always romance and mayhem with:



Category: Erotic, Romance, Western

ONE

Damn goat! It had been chewing on the clothesline again; third time this week the goat chewed the ass out of his long johns. He was now down to his last pair. Sheriff Caleb Dalton didn't have time to go chasing some darn goat today; he had more important things to do-like sleep. He'd been out all night riding, looking for Blake Tanner, who'd been mistreating Madame Bree's girls. He wasn't going to put up with any man mistreating women in his town, not as long as he was still sheriff.

He chased the goat down the dirt road until it finally stopped at *Madame Bree's Ride'em and Rope'em Inn*. Just watching that darn animal made him want goat stew for dinner.

And something about Bree made him want to be there whenever something went wrong, but he had no clue. *Why her? Sure, she can be a pain in the ass, yet I want to be near her.* He'd been having dreams about her for a month. Maybe now was the time to take her to bed and make those fantasies a reality.

One of the many things he liked about Bree was the fact she had a big heart. He also liked her dark brown hair. Her hair usually fell down her back in a long braid, but now was the first time he'd seen it loose-and he ached to feel it slide through his fingers. He pictured it spread across his thighs-as she sucked his hard cock dry.

Lost in thought, he didn't hear her call out his name until she'd repeated it again.

"What can I do for you Sheriff? Most of my girls were up real late, but Krissy might be available, if you're looking for a little fun."

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“I don’t want Krissy, I want you,” he glanced over his shoulder to see if anyone was watching. He was relieved the streets were still empty.

“You don’t want me when you could have any one of my pretty girls,” she laughed. “Hell, they’d fight over you if I let them.”

“You’re much prettier Bree, so I don’t want to hear that.” He looked around, but the goat was long gone, “Aw, hell, let’s get back to my reason for being here. I need you to come over to the jailhouse with me so you can sign the complaint about what happened when Blake was over at your place the other night.”

“Couldn’t you bring it over here for me to sign?” Bree bent to pick up the laundry basket, the fabric of her skirt stretched taut over her shapely bottom. “No-uh-I, I’ve got to get back over to the jail. Deputy Dudley seems to have a sudden case of the puppy eyes lately. I think he has a thing for Krissy; can’t keep his mind on his job”

“Alright, let me go fix myself up and I’ll meet you over at the jail in about an hour.”

“That’ll be fine Bree. See you then.” With a tip of his hat, he was gone.

Bree hurried inside to make herself pretty for the sheriff; her heart raced every time she saw him. She didn’t like Krissy causing so much trouble, but then she wouldn’t have an excuse to see him. Caleb Dawson was certainly handsome; his jet-black hair, dark eyes and broad shoulders made her pussy ache anytime he was near. Sheriff Caleb was tall, rawboned, and looked tough, when he had to be, but deep down he had a warm heart even though he didn’t show it

much. No other cowboy passing through town held her interest like the sheriff, and the cowboys who came to *Madame Bree's Ride'em and Rope-em Inn* left her alone, just the way she wanted it to be.

When she took a deep breath, she could still smell him around her. His manly scent made her pantaloons wet and her nipples hard. The bulge in his pants anytime he came near told her he wanted her just as much. Her cheeks warmed whenever she thought of him aroused.

After putting on her emerald silk dress, she looked into the little cracked mirror above the dresser. The top of the gown barely covered her breasts. *I'm sure our sheriff will take notice now.* One last look and she left her room, heading for the front door of the inn.

As she walked down the dirt road toward the jailhouse she noticed some of the town ladies giving *that look* that made her feel like dirt. *A woman's got to make a living somehow. If those women gave their husbands a good ride then maybe their men would stay home.*

She stepped inside the jail, noticing Caleb was asleep at his desk. His feet were crossed at the ankles propped up on the desk and his hat was pulled over his eyes. After riding all night looking for Blake Turner, she hated to wake him, but Blake had to be brought in. Her girls were not safe with him loose.

"Bree," he said; he didn't lift his hat or open his eyes.

"How did you know? You were sleeping when I came in," she moved closer to the desk.

"I just know. You smell good Bree, bet you taste just as good." He pulled up his hat and looked straight into her green eyes.

Raw hunger stared at her from his eyes as she leaned

over the desk, exposing her breasts to him for a better view. “So where is that paper that needs signing?”

Her décolletage was as beautiful and impressive as any canyon he’d ridden down. “There is no paper,” he paused, “I made that up to get you over here. You’re all I think about. It’s beginning to affect my job as sheriff.”

“Caleb, what is it you think about me?” she moved in front of her breasts in his face. Her hand traveled down his chest to the front of his pants, feeling the length of him. “I bet I know what you’re thinking about now.”

He kissed as her hand stroked his cock through his pants. “You really want to know what I’ve been thinking about this past week? I want to bury my cock inside that pussy of yours and fuck you until you scream my name.”

“Make me scream, Caleb,” she breathed.

At least once he had to have her, then maybe he could stop having those dreams. The ones where she rides him, rides him hard. If he wanted, he could take her right now in one of the dusty cells, but he had to be careful. It wouldn’t look good if someone walked in, saw him with his pants down and his cock deep inside her. It would set the gossip tongues a-wagging. Mrs. Wallace had already said to him, on more than one occasion, he should court her daughter. Unlikely that would ever happen, *I’m not interested in marriage or anything close.*

He grabbed her hand, pulling her quickly out the back door, behind the jail, so no one could see them. The little shack wasn’t much, but to Caleb it was good enough. He didn’t need anything fancy, just a place to sleep. He usually took his meals at *Gunslinger’s Haven Saloon.*

“Your house is lovely, Sheriff,” Bree swiveled her head, “how many more rooms are there?”

“There’s only one room left to see and we’re going there now,” he picked her up and carried her to the bedroom.

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The pad of his thumb traced her bottom lip as he placed her on her feet, then he reached for the ribbon that held her braid together. His fingers ran through her brown hair and he pulled, giving it a little tug to make her mouth more accessible as her head fell backward. She'd been waiting for this day forever; the day he finally kissed her.

Bree melted into his embrace, *I must be dreaming*. She leaned into him; his chest pressed hard against her breasts, her nipples pulled into tight, aching nubs. A whimper emanated from deep in her throat.

Caleb lowered his head, taking her lips in a demanding kiss, which set him on fire. She set off a hunger in him that heated his blood like molten lava. Little noises overflowed from her, and with each one he barely contained his control. His cock already ached from the thought of her naked in his arms, her soft breasts pressed against his bare chest, and her long legs wrapped around his waist. As his hand drifted to her ass, he growled, "You have me burning up with fever. Do you know what you do to me?"

It wasn't long before he had Bree's dress down around her ankles. From there he stripped her naked. Slowly, he took her nipple into his warm mouth. With his tongue and teeth, he teased and enticed her, stopping only long enough to switch to the other one.

"Don't stop Caleb," she said breathlessly, threading her hands in his hair to keep him there.

"Honey, I'm just getting started."

His hands lifted her onto his lap as he lay on his bed. He pulled her close to him, taking his fill of her. As his tongue swirled and licked each nipple, she moaned her pleasure.

Bree rotated on his lap, pressing against his throbbing erection. He couldn't wait much longer so he lifted her off, placing her on the bed. Quickly, he removed his trousers,

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standing naked in front of her. He watched her eyes widen as they spied his erection. He grinned, "Like what you see?"

She only nodded in agreement.

He sprawled next to her, taking her nipple into his mouth, rougher this time. She moaned and bucked beneath him. His hand went to her center holding her still, wanting to slip a finger into her wet heat. He stroked her from hip to breasts, and then back again to her pussy. "Open your legs-wider," he demanded.

Caleb slipped one finger, then another inside her moist folds, moving them in and out. She went wild, thrusting against his hand as he drove into her slick channel. His cock was hard and throbbing; he wouldn't be able to wait much longer. He removed his fingers from her and moved between her thighs.

His pulsing cock was poised at her entrance. He thrust into her, feeling her pussy surround him as he entered. He withdrew and entered again. Soon their bodies were in exquisite harmony with one another. Her hands roamed from his shoulders to his ass, as she met him thrust for thrust.

His lunges became faster and harder. Again and again, he pounded into her. Her tremors began and she clamped down on his cock with a force. When she screamed his name, he covered her mouth in a smoldering kiss. Just as his release took over, he felt something ram into his ass, causing him to fall on top of her. He pulled out of her, looked over his shoulder and yelled.

"FUCK! I swear that damn goat is going to be dinner when I get my hands on him." He threw his boot at the goat as it ran out the door.

Bree couldn't help but laugh at the sight of him, standing there, naked and cursing at a goat.

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“What are you laughing at?” He’d just had the best sex ever, but why did he feel the need to always be there, if she needed protection?

“I’m laughing at *you* Sheriff. You should have seen the look on your face, it was priceless.”

“You need to get dressed and get the hell out of here before someone comes out here looking for me,” he grumbled.

She quickly dressed and without looking back, left him there, watching her walk away.

Naughty Whispers

What's a girl to do when she's got two hot men, willing, able and more than ready to take care of her needs? Gina had almost everything she could ever want: a college degree, money, and a new business - everything except the love of a man; let alone two men. Hudson and Grant, her brother's best friends, were back in her life. Could they be the ones to accept the challenge?

Category: Erotic, Multiple Partner
Romance, Contemporary

ONE

If someone had told twenty-three year old Gina Logan three months ago she would be the proud owner of *Naughty Whispers* she wouldn't have believed them. When she graduated with a business degree a sex toy store – well, THAT wasn't what she had in mind as her life's work, but... Then one day she stopped at the store for a new vibrator. As she held various toys in her hand, judging their 'capabilities' she overheard the owner discussing selling the business. As he detailed the financials, her mind was distracted from the noisy toy in her hand to the spreadsheets in her head. The place made money; it only needed someone with a real business sense to take it to the next level. The shop was on the small side but already had several customers inside. Gina returned the toy to the counter and took the first step to becoming a small business owner...

Mondays were delivery day, cardboard boxes crowding the aisles as the shelves were restocked. Today the new shipment of quivering cock vibrators came in, which was a good thing since they were down to the last one. Gina was placing a price tag on one when suddenly a hand grabbed her arm. Turning, she saw her brother staring blankly at her, his mouth open. Knowing she'd shocked him, she tried hiding the grin on her face.

“Hey, brother, want to see how this quivers?”

Greg failed to see any humor in the situation. “What are you doing here Gina? I want you out of this store now!”

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“I’m not going anywhere, and you can’t tell me what to do anymore.” She turned to the shelves, pricing and stocking items.

“You work here?” The horror of his sister BEING here, WORKING HERE was obvious.

She turned; the quivering cock vibrator in her hand. “Not only do I work here,” she used the vibrator to point around the room, “I own the place too. All mine.” She loved her brother but sometimes she wished she were an only child.

“We’ll talk about this when you get home tonight.” She heard the bell on the door indicating he’d left the store.

As two customers were looking over the different body paints she carried, she overheard one lady telling her friend she had a date with Grant Anderson and Hudson Barrett that night. *Grant and Hudson*, she could see them in her mind. Gina hadn’t seen them since she’d left for college and her brother never mentioned them to her in any conversations. Just thinking about those two guys made her panties wet and her nipples hard. *What would her brother think about her fantasies starring his two best friends?*

After lunchtime, she started unpacking the new shipment of sheer nighties, oddly enough more popular items with men than women. *How many guys buy these for their wives only for them to be stuffed in bottom drawers*, she wondered. As soon as she started with the first box, she heard the bell ring, indicating a customer was now in the shop. Bending over to reach in the box, she felt someone behind her. Maybe it was her brother coming back for more and she was in a mood to tell him off this time. When she turned she found Grant and Hudson staring at her ass. They looked great and still had those sexy grins that made her feminine core ache with need.

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Hudson let out a long, low whistle. “Gina, damn! You’ve grown up to be one beautiful woman.”

Gina seductively pulled a black sheer nightie through her hands. “I see you haven’t changed Hudson. I’m a little disappointed that you haven’t come to see me since I’ve been back. Anytime I’d mention your names to Greg, he told me you were probably busy with something.”

Hudson flashed a killer smile and nodded to Grant. “Let us make it up to you sweetness. How about we take you out to dinner tonight and then you can tell us why you’re working in this place.” His voice had that honeyed tone of warmth and concern.

“Did my brother send you two over here to spy on me?” She watched them both, waiting to see who would be the first to speak.

“No,” they said in unison.

She thought that was a fast ‘no’ and knowing her brother, she knew he did he send them to spy on her. Nevertheless, they *were* here...and they were gorgeous. “OK, sure, why not? Pick me up, here, at seven.”

Grant sat at his desk, staring at the computer screen. How was he supposed to concentrate on his web -designing job now? His palms were damp and his heart racing. Seeing Gina all grown up made his cock harden, straining against the confines of the tight jeans he favored. How could he be so attracted to his best friend’s sister? He’d tried to forget her and always made an excuse why he wasn’t able to come over to the house to visit Greg. If he didn’t have her soon he didn’t know what he would do. Thinking back, he remembered the first time he’d met Gina. She must have been about sixteen

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years old. He'd been at Greg's house the day she'd went out on her first date. He'd wanted to scare her date off but it wasn't his place to do that.

Hearing Hudson's footsteps thundering down the hall, Grant stood and walked out of his office. He didn't want his friend to know he'd been daydreaming instead of working. "Hudson, I was just coming to see you. Did you introduce the new guy to our staff yet?"

"Yea, and I think he'll work out great don't you?" A silence passed between the two. "But that's not really what you wanted to ask me was it?"

"I guess not." Grant glanced around to make sure they were alone in the hallway. "Do you think Gina knows about us?"

"I don't think Greg would tell her about our sex lives. Why?"

"Just curious is all. I don't want to scare her off." Grant looked at his watch. "Well I need to finish up some work before we pick Gina up. Hey - I was thinking maybe it would be better if one of us cooked her dinner - instead of going out."

"Your condo or mine buddy? I'll bring the wine if you do the cooking?"

"Sure, I'll cook but nothing fancy. Spaghetti and breadsticks sound okay?"

"Then I'll pick up Gina," Hudson said.

"Great, see you both at my place a little after seven." Grant hoped he knew what he doing since he knew Hudson was interested in Gina as well. The rest of the afternoon seemed to go fast, despite constant fantasies about Gina, and soon it was time to leave.

Hudson also spent part of his day fantasizing about Gina, remembering the first time they'd met...

The first time was at one of Greg's parties. She was sixteen and wasn't expected to be there. She was supposed to be staying at her girlfriend's house but for some reason she came home early. It was late, maybe midnight, and most everyone had already gone home. Greg and his girlfriend, along with her friend, were still out by the pool. He had come inside to get another drink when Grant called him over to the living room. The girl with Grant had been coming on to them all night and before he knew it, his swim trunks were down to the floor and the girl was taking him into her hot little mouth. Just as he was about to release his seed he heard a sound coming from the stairs. Out of the corner of his eye he spied Gina sitting on the steps watching the three of them. Grant was pounding into the girl at the same time and didn't seem to hear anything. He was sure Gina didn't notice that he'd caught her watching and he never told Greg about it either. After that night, Gina always seemed to be watching them.

By the time Gina was seventeen he was finding excuses to see her. He wanted to check out her new boyfriends, maybe scare them off so they wouldn't try anything with her. When she went off to college, he was relieved because he knew if she'd stayed he would have done anything to get her into his bed and probably lose his friendship with Greg in the process. Now - after tonight, would he end up losing both of his best friends?

TWO

Gina looked out the window – again. It was a little

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after seven and there was still no sign of Grant or Hudson. It was just as well anyway. There was no way she could go through with telling them she wanted to be with both of them so she could get them out of her system once and for all. She'd fantasized so much that every guy she dated through college couldn't measure up to either of them. Finally she gave up dating all together.

Once more she looked out the window, and her heart jumped to see Hudson watching her. He made no effort to get out of his car so she went outside, fumbling with her keys in the excitement as she locked up the store for the night. By the time she reached the car, he was standing next to her. Hudson was much taller than her five foot six frame, and she had to tilt her head up to look at him. His eyes were like green ice. It was too easy to get lost in the way he looked at her. He made her nipples harden and her pussy dripping wet with need. She had to fight her overwhelming need to kiss him, to feel his lips on hers. He must have read her mind because the next thing she knew in one forward motion she was in his arms; her body tingling from the contact. She felt his lips touch her like a whisper; his kiss surprisingly gentle. When he pulled away she yearned for more.

"Let's get going; Grant is waiting for us at his place. We decided a change of plans was in order and we're having dinner there tonight. This way we have more...privacy."

Gina felt his hand on the small of her back as they walked to the passenger side of his car. She gave his new ride and approving nod. "I see you've moved up in the world. Remember that beat up old van you had when we first met?"

"Yea, I think we've all come a long way since then."

She watched him, *well mostly his tight ass in those jeans*, walk around to the driver's side and get in. The rest of the way to Grant's she tried to get him talking but he re-

mained silent until they reached Grant's condo.

Gina saw Grant standing in the kitchen as soon as Hudson led her inside the condo. At six-three he stood a few inches taller than Hudson. His shirt was open at the neck revealing a muscular chest covered with crisp black hair. She itched to undo the rest of the buttons so she could run her fingers over his taut body.

Grant brought a spoonful of sauce to his lips, tasted and nodded approvingly. "Great timing, dinner is just about ready."

She thought he seemed a little pre-occupied tonight. Maybe this whole dinner thing should happen another night. She hadn't even let her brother know she wouldn't be home right away.

The dining room table was set for three. A big bowl of spaghetti was already on the wooden table, along with garlic breadsticks and a salad, all of her favorites. She noticed the wine and three glasses, and hoped that some wine might quiet her nerves.

Grant pulled out her chair, *very gentlemanly*, but still she became aware of another kind of excitement. She hoped nothing would spoil the evening now.

Hudson placed some pasta on her plate. "So, Gina, since you are the owner of *Naughty Whispers* do you get samples to take home?" He glanced over at Grant who was coughing up wine.

Gina smiled at the choking Grant. "Sure, everything has to be – uh – tested, you know, quality approved. I do keep a few, my favorites, but not too many, you can only have so many vibes you can use - at the same time." She saw they were shocked at her boldness. This was NOT the Gina they thought they knew.

"Do you want some wine, Gina, or something else to drink?"

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“Wine will be fine, Grant.” Gina finished her salad and started rolling the spaghetti onto her fork when she noticed the quiet in the room and looked up to see them staring at her.

Grant was going out of his mind watching her suck spaghetti through her pouty lips. He dreamed of those pretty pink lips wrapped around and sucking his cock while Hudson pounded into her from behind. He thought he’d go insane as she slowly slid a breadstick into her waiting mouth; watching that tongue of hers lick the breadstick made him almost lose control. He glanced to Hudson and saw he was about to jump out of his chair and ravish her right on the table. There was no way he’d last through desert.

When it came time to clear the table he wasn’t sure he could move with his erection straining against his jeans. He was embarrassed to stand, his passions clearly evident. He had to have her, even if it was just one night. Maybe then he’d be able to move on with his life. He wondered if Greg would accept what happened between the three of them and whether they would remain friends - he hoped so.

Grant pushed himself to a standing position and carried his plate to the kitchen. He stopped when he heard Gina tell Hudson that she knew all about their threesomes, ever since she watched them from the stairs at Greg’s party. “Gina, you don’t have any idea what you are asking of us. What will Greg say? What will this do to any of us?” Grant placed his dishes in the sink and looked into her eyes.

“Greg doesn’t control me any longer; I’m an adult now. Yes; it’s all I’ve thought about. I haven’t been able to date for two years because I wanted to be with both of you, at least one time. Then maybe, just maybe, I can move on.”

Grant was speechless and excited, one time only, and then maybe they could all move on. Without saying another

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word, he took her hand in his and led her into the living room, up the flight of stairs, and down the hall toward his bedroom. Hudson followed close behind them.

Hudson had enough. He could still taste that sweet kiss from earlier when he picked her up from work and now he wanted more. She looked hot in that black sleeveless top and mini skirt and he'd been fantasizing about what was under there. Her soft ivory shoulders beckoned to him. Her hair was black like shining glass and he wanted to take off the clip that was holding her hair on top of her head so he could see all of it. His fingers slid sensuously over one bare arm. He cupped her chin tenderly in his warm hand before kissing her. He felt her yielding to the passion of his kiss. Raising his mouth from hers, he gazed into her eyes. "Are you sure this is what you want, baby?"

"Yes, I'm sure." She felt Grant lift her shirt off. The clip holding her hair up followed next. Then the touch of Grant's fingers eased the lacy cup of her bra aside exposing one of her breasts. The caress of Hudson's tongue against her swollen nipple made her softly moan. Grant's hand roam up her thigh and under her skirt and she felt her legs go weak.

Greg was worried about his sister. She hadn't come home or called to tell him she would be out late. Maybe he was being a little hard on her about the store, but he still didn't like her working there. He went by *Naughty Whispers* only to find it closed for the evening. Maybe Grant and Hudson would know where she was. He'd told them about her working at that store and both mentioned they would try and talk to her. Then he never heard from either of his friends the rest of the day. He stopped at Hudson's place and when

no one answered there, he went by Grant's.

Standing in front of Grant's condo, Greg saw lights on, figuring someone must be home. After ringing the bell for the fifth time, he was ready to give up when Grant finally opened the door. Both men seemed to be in shock at seeing the other, and Greg noticed his friend was shirtless and out of breath.

Greg walked into the condo and looked around. "Sorry for the interruption bud, but have you seen or spoken to Gina lately? I'm getting worried; she isn't home yet." Suddenly Greg saw his sister coming down the stairs, rearranging her clothes and his friend Hudson right behind her. "What the hell is going on here? Gina, you better get in the car right now." He knew if he stayed too long there could be real trouble. Why, oh why, had his folks left him to be her guardian? He had been taking care of her since she was fifteen and even though she was an adult now he felt he still had to protect her. He glared at Grant and Hudson, "I'll deal with you two later. If I stay you'll both be losing a few teeth." He grabbed Gina's arm and dragged her out to his car.

"You're not to go over to either one of their places - ever again - do you hear me?"

The rest of the way home he quietly seethed. When he looked over at her she turned away and stared out the window. He could tell she was upset with him, but he didn't want her hurt and being with Grant and Hudson would hurt her eventually. She had no idea what she was getting herself into.

Playing House

What would a woman do to get her inheritance, especially if it required she have a husband? Could she rope the nearest cowboy; and if she caught him...what would she do with him? Kathryn gets more than she bargained for when she starts...*PLAYING HOUSE*. Kathryn Morris dreamt of having her own cowboy some day, but she has only one night to find him. After telling a lie to her mother, time was running out. The last thing Mark Mitchell wanted to do was help the woman he just met in a bar deceive her mother. So what if she wanted her inheritance, it wasn't his problem. After sleeping on it, he agrees to help her out, but only for two days, then she would be on her own. Those two days turned into something more than Mark could have ever hoped for.

Category: Contemporary-Western,
Romance, Erotic

TWO

When they got to Mark's room, Kathryn flung herself onto the bed closest to the door.

She looked at Mark, giving her best 'come hither' smile. "This bed is huge! Both of us can fit on it."

Mark took off his shirt. "I don't think so, you want the shower first?"

"No I can wait. You're the one who needs a shower, remember?"

Mark stepped into the shower, letting the water run down his sore and tired body. Driving all day had taken a toll on him. He put his head back and let the hot water flow freely over him.

When Mark came out of the bathroom he wore only a towel around his waist. His chest glistened with droplets of water. Kathryn couldn't stop staring at him. He was magnificent. His dark hair was matted, shiny and wet, droplets of water slowly sliding off and sensuously gliding over his shoulders and muscled torso. His chest hairs were minimal, drawing a fine line down his flat stomach and disappearing beneath the towel. His skin was taut over a muscular frame with a rich tan that spoke of outdoor work. He was gorgeous. The towel was snug around his waist but barely hung down enough to cover his manhood. Kathryn thought it would be great to get a peek at the rest of him.

"Shower's all yours Kathryn. I think there's still plenty of hot water left." Kathryn, trying to ignore one of the most perfect views she had seen in a long time, went to the

bathroom, closed the door and turned on the shower. After a quick rinse-off she stepped out of the shower and dried herself. When she opened the bathroom door, Mark was already asleep and his towel lay crumpled on the floor.

Mark was in bed, but he wasn't asleep. His eyes were closed but he heard Kathryn walk closer to her bed and felt her presence. Her back turned to him as she approached the bed and he opened his eyes to see her beautiful, luscious curves through the diaphanous green nightgown. It must be her favorite color, he thought, since that was the same color she was wearing earlier at the bar. The gown barely covered her thighs. Mark's eyes were fully open now as he took in her innate beauty. He couldn't stop watching her.

Then she turned around, "Oh! You're still awake cowboy? It's really hot in here don't you think?" Kathryn kept talking as she turned down her bed, leaving only the sheet for a cover.

"Yea, it's hot." Mark felt the stirring in his loins, making him well aware just how hot it was. His thoughts toyed with the idea of checking out the other wonders that lay beneath that thin green nightgown.

"See you in the morning cowboy, sleep well." Kathryn purred as she slinked into bed.

How was he going to sleep in this condition? How was he going to stop thinking about what lurked beneath that gown? Frustrated, he turned over and tried to get comfortable. It was going to be a long night.

A half hour later Mark drifted off to sleep but Kathryn, unfortunately, was still wide-awake. She needed a plan. She had to do something to get this cowboy, hell any cowboy, to go with her to her mother's place. Another hour passed and finally exhaustion took over and she fell into a restless sleep.

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* * * * *

At six in the morning Mark was up and dressed only in his jeans. He was on the phone, talking with his ranch foreman.

“Steve, I need you to take over the auctions for a few days for me. I have a problem here needing my attention. Yea I’m aware of everything going on but I should only be delayed a few more days. I’ll call you later when I know exactly what my plans are.” Mark clicked off his cell phone and continued to watch Kathryn sleep. What was he thinking?

Kathryn turned over and slowly awoke. She immediately noticed Mark sitting in a chair watching her. “Good morning, I guess you’re leaving?”

“Yes, I plan to leave in about ten minutes. Can you be ready?” Kathryn had a stunned look on her face as he continued. “I’m not sure why, and I may regret it, but I’ve decided to take you up on playing the role of your husband.” Kathryn smiled as she watched Mark button his shirt. “I can only spare two days to do this. After that I’ll need to get back to my ranch and back to work.”

Kathryn scurried from the bed and hurried to get dressed. She didn’t want to ask him why he changed his mind but she was glad that he did. She came out of the bathroom wearing a tank top and skintight jeans. Throwing everything in her bag, she was packed and ready with time to spare. “I’m ready, let’s go!”

THREE

After a quick breakfast, they walked to Mark's truck, which Kathryn thought too fancy for doing cow shit cleanup. The truck was huge, the cab was so far off the ground, he had to lift her up and set her in the seat. She couldn't believe all the gadgets this cowboy had in his truck, even a GPS system. What exactly did this cowboy do? Kathryn let the questions pass through her mind as she concentrated on the day ahead.

Mark put the directions to her mother's house into the GPS and it immediately gave him directions. Kathryn told him it would take about two hours to get there and the GPS confirmed it. Mark was relieved Kathryn wasn't asking him any questions about his expensive truck or what he did for a living. He really didn't know what he would have told her if she did.

Mark drove for almost an hour when he felt her hand sliding up his thigh. With a barely audible groan Mark put his hand over hers to remove it, even though he didn't want to.

Kathryn laughed. The look on his face was priceless. After a few minutes she reached for his thigh again. Her hand moved up higher and over to the front of his jeans. She was touching him in all the right places and the growing bulge beneath her hand told her he was definitely responding.

"Damn it Kathryn. Are you trying to get us killed or what?"

His jeans were as tight as they could possibly be and his needs were begging to be satisfied. He needed relief now!

Kathryn still didn't say a word. She'd wanted this cowboy from the first time she laid eyes on him. She could feel him getting harder under her fingers.

Mark moaned. If she wasn't careful, he would pull over and make love to her right here, right now. He moved a little trying to get more comfortable.

Kathryn's hand went up to his belt buckle and started to undo it.

"Lady, what are you doing?" Oh, he knew what she was doing all right but this was the wrong time, and definitely the wrong place.

"Just a screen test for the role you are going to be playing for the next few days. I want to see if you know what you are supposed to do."

"Oh honey, I know what to do. Question is, do you?"

Spotting a rest stop up ahead he turned off. In less than two minutes he found himself bare-assed with his jeans and briefs down at his ankles.

Kathryn moved closer to him and lowered her head, taking his cock into her mouth, her tongue caressing the bulbous top. Mark's head fell back with a moan; he felt her wet warmth surrounding him. Kathryn's mouth closed over the tip; her fingers lightly stroking him while she looked up to see his reaction. Mark couldn't speak. She gave a small smile and descended again, engulfing his engorged member. Kathryn's pert tongue attacked his balls like an eager kitten. She licked up the length of him once, then turned her head slightly and began caressing his thighs with her lips. Her cheek brushed against his tender swollen shaft as she circled his belly button with her tongue. She lifted his balls for another caress, as her finger tickled the sensitive skin beneath them. She moved in for the kill, taking him completely into her mouth sucking hard. He growled and erupted into

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her mouth. She swallowed every drop, sensuously licking her lips with her tongue.

Mark's breathing slowed and he wiped his brow. He gazed at his sexual benefactor as a contented smile framed his face. "Well, I think we both have a better idea on exactly what I can do. I have a good idea based on the last few minutes of what you want from me over the next couple of days. Do you think I know what I am doing?"

"You did great! But I think we need to do more research later to see what other capabilities you have. Unfortunately, we're already late to my mother's place. She's probably already beginning to wonder where we are." Kathryn slid over to her side of the truck and put on her seat belt.

Mark pulled up his jeans, composed himself and started the truck. What had he gotten himself into? It may not be all good...but it certainly hadn't been all bad.

Raining *On* *Sunday*

Amelia lost her husband and was now in danger of losing her dream house. The constant rain drenched her, washing away her tears...and hope. Could the answer to her problems lay in becoming the sex slave to the two handsome builders of her dream home? Mike and Kevin could only hope her answer would be “yes.”

Category: Multiple Partner (MFM),
Contemporary, Romance, Erotic

TWO

Mike drove his truck as close to the front door as he could without pulling it up on the curb. He fumbled with the keys as he ran to unlock the door. Once he had the door open, Kevin carried Amelia inside and placed her on the sofa. He lifted her foot, placing it gently on a pillow on top of the footstool, and went to the kitchen for some ice.

Mike removed her shoes, letting his long lean fingers slowly massage her ankle and feet. He was trying to assess her injuries, but the softness of her skin was distracting him.

Amelia felt the shivers up her body as he caressed her ankle, working his way up her leg. His touch felt fantastic and she moaned from both the pleasure and pain of it. She always enjoyed a massage; and she had a feeling Mike would be great at giving full body massages as well. *I wonder what else he could do with those fingers.*

Kevin returned with the ice pack, which was cold, and his fantasies, which were hot and in overdrive. He wasn't bothered by the fact that Mike was giving her a foot rub, what was troubling was Amelia's contented reaction to the intimacy of the effort. *Damn him!* Mike was already making his moves before Kevin even got the chance. *I guess I have to wait my turn or beat Mike at his own game. Hell I'd be happy to share her if it that was the only way to be with her.* Amelia jumped as Kevin placed the dishtowel with the ice gingerly on her ankle.

"Sorry about that gorgeous, but it will help keep the swelling down." Kevin let his fingers graze her arm, trying to get her attention away from Mike.

"I never knew something could hurt so much," she

whined, sucking in her breath as the throbbing pain overtook her.

Mike assessed the situation. “First, the good news; your ankle’s not broken. You did twist it badly and it’s going to take a few days before your back on your feet. So we need to talk about your job.” Mike put an emphasis on the last word. “From what we’ve seen so far, you working as a carpenter isn’t going to work. The injury you’ve suffered is going to keep you off your feet for a few days. I would like to offer you our hospitality while you recover. Kevin and I feel since you injured yourself at our job site we should take care of you. When you’re up and about we’d like you to consider being our maid and general housekeeper. As you can see when you look around the room Kevin’s a bit of a slob.”

“Hey, I might suck at cleaning but at least I can cook, unlike you,” Kevin laughed.

Without missing a beat, Mike continued, “There is one other way you could work off the money you owe us.”

Amelia relaxed a bit as the ice started to numb the pain. She silently studied the two handsome men before her. “I’m not the best of housekeepers, so what’s the other option you’ve been considering?”

Mike paused for a moment, and looked at Kevin, and then back at Amelia. “We’d like you to consider being our sex slave for one week. The earning potential should give you enough to finish paying off the house, if that’s really what you want to do.”

Amelia’s shock was evident. She remained silent for several seconds before she dared to speak. “Are you two crazy? Sex slave?” She looked at both Mike and Kevin, and realized they were serious. The suggestion made her panties wet. *Surely they’re kidding, but I sure hope not.* She smiled seductively as she made eye contact with Mike and then

Kevin. *I hope they don't expect an immediate answer on this one. If I were smart, regardless of the pain in my ankle, I'd just walk out the door. But I can't because I owe them money and I have to pay off the debt if I want the house. Damn, what a mess.*

“How long do I have to think about this?” Amelia nibbled on her lower lip, contemplating their answer. Hell, her ex-husband, on their wedding night, had told her she had no clue how to make a man happy in bed. His comments echoed in her head.

“You can have the rest of tonight to consider our offer. We'd like an answer first thing tomorrow,” Mike smiled.

Leaving her to think about their offer, Mike and Kevin walked to the kitchen to start dinner. From time to time Amelia made eye contact with one of them seeing only anticipation in their eyes. *Hell what will it be, I know they want an answer but I don't know what to do. I'm an okay housekeeper but that's no fun. Sex slave, now that's a profession I haven't tried. I just don't want to be humiliated when all is said and done. Hell what if my ex-husband was right, what if I don't know what a man wants? I need to get out of here.* She tried to stand, but the pain that shot from her ankle up her leg was excruciating. She sat back down with a plop. *I can't even walk out of here, what am I going to do?*

“You need to stay off that foot at least for tonight,” Kevin offered. “We'll make dinner. We have a spare room that you can stay in and after dinner one of us will help you up the stairs. If you need to use the facilities just ask, we'll help you.” He was more than willing to carry her anywhere she wanted to go in the house.

“I'm sure I can do it myself, I'm not that helpless.” She hobbled into the kitchen and ate like she hadn't eaten for days. It seemed funny actually as lately she didn't have much

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of an appetite, but then again you can only eat so many peanut butter and jelly sandwiches before you make yourself sick. After dinner she hobbled back to the sofa and sat down.

Kevin and Mike cleaned up the kitchen and when they walked into the living room they found her sound asleep, *like Goldilocks*, thought Mike. He lifted her into his arms and carried her up the stairs to the spare room. Her perfume swirled around him, enveloping him in roses and cream. She felt right in his arms, and Mike realized how much he truly wanted to be with her. Just having her close tugged at his heart strings. He realized he wasn't the only one with those thoughts, as he hadn't missed the fact that Kevin couldn't take his eyes off of her during dinner. They both had it bad and in some ways that was good. Now all they had to do was figure out how to get her to agree to take care of both of them...at the same time, he smiled to himself.

Amelia was having the most wonderful dream, or was it real? She was lying naked on her bed; a strange man was kneeling between her legs, his tongue licking her clit, the other man stood next to the bed watching, while he stroked himself. As she pulled herself from the dream, she noticed the pale green walls realizing she wasn't in her own bed; she was in a stranger's bed. Her ankle was still wrapped, and she gingerly placed it on the floor and stood. Though still a little painful, she managed to get to the bathroom on her own. When she walked back into the bedroom, she didn't notice Mike and Kevin standing just inside the door.

"So, Amelia..." Mike asked and she screamed as she twisted to get away, falling to the bed, and then to the floor. Kevin and Mike were there immediately. "Are you okay?"

Mike asked as he picked her up and placed her back on the bed.

“You scared me to death. Don’t you two ever knock?”

Mike ignored the comment; it was after all, his house. He didn’t feel he had to knock on doors in his own house. With a heated stare, he questioned, “So what’s it going to be? Clean my house for six months, or be our sex slave for a week?” Mike’s impatience was obvious as he stood over her waiting for an answer.

Amelia stared out the window, watching the rain come down. She turned slowly and smiled, “I’ll be your sex slave, on one condition.”

Mike had been sure she would talk herself out of it, but she was considering it, definitely a step in the right direction, “And your condition?”

“If I don’t want you doing something to me, you’ll have to stop.”

“Honey, you won’t want us to stop, you’ll beg for more I promise you,” Kevin said with a smirk on his face.

Amelia grunted thinking they were both too cocky and over confident for their own good.

“So, have you decided Amelia?” they asked her in unison.

”Yes, I’ll be your sex slave. You didn’t really leave me with a lot of options. I sure don’t want to be anyone’s housekeeper for six months.” The three looked at one another in silence. *Now what?* she wondered. *Who makes the first move? Sex really wasn’t on my agenda, I’m hungry.* “I’m starving, what’s for breakfast?”

Kevin turned to leave, “I’ll make scrambled eggs, bacon and toast. Go ahead and get out of those clothes since you did sleep in them. There’s a white robe, just like ours, hanging on the door in the bathroom. You don’t need to put anything on underneath it. In fact it would be better if you were naked

under the robe.” Smiling, he left the room.

Amelia mumbled as she hobbled towards the bathroom to change. She looked back at the two men who had propositioned her. From the way their robes clung to their bodies she could tell they too were naked underneath. She locked the door and took her time in the bathroom, not really sure she could go through with this; she had never been with two men before. Her confidence in sex wasn't what it should've been for a divorced woman. Her ex-husband's comments still lingered in her mind and all the baggage that came with that type of cruelty.

“Amelia honey, what's taking so long? Your breakfast is getting cold,” Mike said as he tried to open the bathroom door.

“I'll be down in a few minutes; you go ahead and start without me,” She said from behind the door. After she heard their groans and was sure they'd gone, she came out of the bathroom and started down the stairs, still slowed by the pain in her ankle.

Breakfast was a silent affair; Mike and Kevin sensing Amelia's nervousness. When they reached across the table to grab her hands, she pulled away from them as if she'd been burned. Kevin again took her hand and ran his thumb softly over her wrist. Mike leaned over, tracing the soft curve of her upper lip with his tongue. Amelia was shocked, but her body yearned for more.

THREE

In her peripheral vision she saw Kevin approach. Still holding her hand in his, he gently pulled her up. In the arms of men she'd only met yesterday, she allowed herself to be

escorted to her bedroom. Once there, Kevin untied her robe and slowly lifted it from her shoulders. She felt the tingling of her skin, from the coolness of her nudity or excitement of her impending pleasure, she didn't know.

Kevin turned her slowly and pulled her close, his velvet erection rubbing against her ass. One strong arm snaked around her waist, as the other coiled over her shoulder, his hand finding her nipple and gently taking it between his fingers.

Amelia shuddered at his touch. Her eyes closed to the thrill and excitement; it was pure heaven. She could only imagine what else he could do with those fingers.

"Amelia," Mike asked as Amelia slowly gazed in his direction. He smiled and placed his rough hands on her hips, giving her a gentle kiss.

His kiss left her breathless and wanting more but she didn't know who to ask for what. Kevin's hands skillfully, masterfully, intimately massaged her breasts, sending currents of desire through her entire body as Mike's hand slowly moved from her hip down to the center of her thighs. His hand touched her swollen labia, wet with her desire to have one of them inside her.

Mike dropped to his knees, his tongue tracing a line down her torso, his face so close now he could smell her desire. Slowly he teased her clit, making her quiver with unreleased excitement. He spread her legs further apart, his tongue continuing the long slow strokes, bringing her to the edge, then sucking her clit, his teeth teasing, his tongue exploring every inch.

Kevin watched Mike as he brought Amelia to her peak. There was no way he was going to be left out. He circled to her front brushing his lips across her breasts, first one then the other. He took a hard nipple in his mouth, flicking it with

his tongue, nipping at it gently with his teeth, moving from one breast to the other. He pulled back, releasing her breast, and Amelia let out a soft cry. Kevin teased her, leaving her wanting more.

As he stepped back Amelia focused her eyes on his erection. It was huge; it scared and excited her at the same time.

Her hands reached for his cock; her fingertips tracing the length of it. She wrapped her fingers around his shaft, slowly moving her hand up and down its length. Amelia stopped to caress his balls, tight and swollen. She was happy to know he was in the same condition as she. Kevin groaned loudly as her tiny fingers danced across his swollen member, playing him like a musical instrument; he was losing control.

Mike felt the tension rise and yielded his position, if only momentarily.

Amelia lowered her head to place her lips around Kevin's cock, her tongue gliding along his shaft as he moved in and out of her mouth. Kevin closed his eyes and gritted his teeth.

As Kevin erupted into her mouth, Amelia stood up and Mike once again moved so his tongue could fuck her. She's just satisfied Kevin with her pretty little mouth and Mike wanted to bring her to orgasm as well. He continued to lick and suck her clit as he placed first one, then two fingers in her dripping pussy. Adding one additional finger he circled her swollen passage, going deeper then pulling out again. Amelia moaned and Mike continued his aggressive assault. She moved with him, falling into a rhythm with his fingers: in and out, in and out. Mike felt her shiver and heard her moan. Amelia started bucking into Mike's hand; she wanted to scream "don't stop" but was afraid if she spoke he would. No one had ever given her so much attention and pleasure

before, not even her ex husband. In fact he thought it was disgusting to slip his fingers inside her, let alone use his tongue.

As Kevin regained his composure he moved behind Amelia and started kissing the back of her thighs, moving up towards her round ass. Slowly he kissed a trail up her back, stopping at her neck, gently caressing her body. He'd never felt this way before, his heart never raced this fast. Kevin realized this day would always be one he'd remember, in fact he knew just from this one experience that he wanted to know Amelia better. *If only I can get her away from Mike.*

Mike pressed his thumb against Amelia's engorged clit, his fingers inside her wet slit, still penetrating her, fucking her faster. The sounds of her moaning filled the quiet room. The bucking of her hips and the tensing of her pussy told Mike she was just about to cum.

"Go easy Mike," Kevin cautioned.

"Please don't stop," Amelia pleaded.

Mike circled her clit a little harder and a little faster easing her over the edge.

She screamed with her climax. Breathless she watched as both men, put condoms on their shafts. She didn't want to think about how many times they've done this, or how many women they've shared. All she could think about was how aroused she was. Amelia felt the tip of Mike's cock between her legs. She needed him, she didn't care about 'Mr. Right', only about Mr.. 'Right NOW!'

They touched her everywhere, using their hands, mouths and fingers. Mike and Kevin took turns driving her over the edge. Amelia let out a moan, moving her hips to first one and then the other's even thrusts. Her thoughts drifted to the one time she'd had sex with her ex, it was nothing like this. It wasn't erotic or even slightly enjoyable. These two definitely

knew how to please a woman in every possible way

Mike growled, as he drove deep into her pussy again and again. He couldn't get enough of her.

Amelia's body shuddered, every muscle tensed and her moans grew louder, she climaxed for a second time. Mike's release came shortly after. Giving her no time to recover, Kevin placed his engorged cock into her dripping pussy. She cringed and whimpered but knew she wanted this too. She moved with Kevin, in out, in out, and at the same time he kissed her passionately, rubbing her nipple between his fingers. Slowly Kevin eased his hand between them and even though he continued to enter her body, his fingers played with her engorged and very sensitive clit. Again Amelia shuddered as she began to orgasm and within minutes Kevin's release matched hers. Exhausted, completely depleted, she closed her eyes and was instantly asleep.

When she began to stir and hour had passed. She looked up and found both men sitting close by watching her sleep.

"I'm starving," she said with a smile.

"It'll be a while before lunch Amelia. I'm hungry too but not for food," Kevin said with a wink.

Amelia chose to ignore Kevin's innuendo, as she reached across the bed to get her purse. "I think I might have a candy bar in here. I usually have a few just in case I get a craving." She dumped the contents onto the bed. She didn't find any candy bars, but she did find a glow-in-the-dark penis sucker. She unwrapped the sucker and began to slowly lick it. With both men were watching her every move Amelia circled the top of the sucker with her tongue. She licked the back of it the way she'd licked Kevin's cock not long ago.

By the looks of Mike and Kevin's erections, her sucker teasing was getting them ready for another round.

Mike glanced at the items she dumped from her purse to see what other kinds of candy she had. He picked up what looked to be a candy necklace. Seemed like everyone wore those necklaces back when he was a kid, "I remember candy necklaces as a kid, got sick one time from eating too many. Never did touch them again."

Amelia's feminine giggle caught Mike's attention.

"What's so funny?"

She circled the sucker around her lips. "That's not a candy necklace, it's a candy thong. I have the matching bra somewhere."

"Fuck, are you trying to kill us!" By the glazed look in Kevin's eyes, Amelia could tell he was picturing her wearing the candy thong.

"Hope you're going to model it for us later."

"Maybe I will." Amelia inserted the full length of the sucker into her mouth, then slowly removed it. She didn't know why, but she wasn't self-conscious sitting naked on the bed with two gorgeous men. Her fingers began to caress her nipple. She raised her eyes to find Mike and Kevin watching her hand as it slowly moved down her stomach to her core.

Kevin couldn't stand the teasing anymore. *It's bad enough she teased us with that sucker, now this.* He was hard and ready to take her again. He grabbed his cock and pulled her to him. "Do you want this? Do you see what you did to me watching you lick that damn candy?" He pressed his very erect cock against her lips.

"Yes, I want you again Kevin, in fact I need you to fuck me right now, right this minute, what are you waiting for?"

Kevin tore the wrapper off a condom and pulled it over his swollen cock. Not taking his time he shoved it deep inside

her pussy. He shuddered and began to move pumping his hips rapidly against her. Amelia arched her back. "Faster, please."

Mike enjoyed watching the two of them, but silently wished he was the one inside her. He groaned and started to stroke his cock. His desire made him tremble, he needed her so badly. He leaned forward and took both her breasts into his hands.

Amelia groaned at his touch, his hands were rough, but his touch was gentle.

Mike let his robe drop to the floor. He took his cock in his hand and placed it to her lips; he needed those sweet lips around his cock.

Kevin's body tensed as he let out a growl on reaching orgasm. Finishing with a final thrust, he pulled out.

Amelia's hands went around Mike; she grabbed his ass pulling him closer to her lips, opening her mouth for him. Mike slipped his cock inside; she took him deep, taking his cock in all the way.

Kevin groaned as he watched Mike and Amelia together. He was still hard, wanted more of her and impaled her again.

Amelia, near her peak, started to tremble. Her pussy squeezed Kevin's cock, moving her hips, riding him, as she continued to please Mike.

A groan came from Mike, his balls tightened and he threw his head back, his release sliding down her throat, Amelia swallowed every last drop. She gave another shudder as Kevin's finger rubbed her pussy.

Mike pulled out of her mouth, Amelia rocked back and forth on Kevin's lap, squeezing his erection. Her orgasm came with very little warning, slamming through her hard and fast. Kevin followed shortly with his release.

"Wow!" Amelia tried to get her breathing back to normal.

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Mike, fell into the chair, sated, but exhausted. This had never happened before, when he'd shared a woman with Kevin This time it was different. He really wanted time alone with Amelia; he was falling for her and he needed to see if she felt something too.

Kevin stood up and donned his robe, leaving it hang loose, exposing his semi-aroused cock. "I need to get a shower and get dressed, I'm meeting someone for dinner, its business and I can't get out of it. So you two will be on your own for a few hours. I know Mike would like you to himself for a while."

It was as if Kevin was reading Mike's mind. He didn't know why he should have been surprised. Kevin gave him a big smile and a wink; then rushed upstairs to shower.

Mike handed Amelia her robe, reaching over to brush some strands of red hair from her face. "Kevin usually makes most of our meals around here. How about we go out for a quick bite to eat, then come back here?"

"Sounds good to me, I'm starving, give me half an hour to shower and dress up."

"I need to shower too, maybe we could shower together?" Mike winked at her.

"If we did that we wouldn't go out, I need to eat and rest. Don't you two ever rest?"

"Not when it comes to you, we seem to never get enough of you."

After Amelia had finished showering, she wrapped a large fluffy yellow towel around her torso. She walked into the bedroom and was moved to see clothes laid out for her on the bed. There was a gorgeous black dress accented with sequins on the hem; a black lace bra with matching thong; and a pair of exquisitely decorated black heels to finish the look.

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When she looked in the mirror Amelia knew she looked good. The looked wasn't exactly how she had planned, as she had to opt for her low-heeled sandals instead of the beautiful black stilettos. Her ankle was still sore. She walked down the stairs as if her prince charming was waiting to take her to the ball.

Mike stood at the bottom of the stairs smiling as she approached. "Looks like I guessed right on the sizes, you look great."

"Yes, it's a perfect fit; I've never had anything this elegant before, thank you."

"I know if I stand her staring at you any longer we won't ever leave. Since I'm starving we need to go...we need to go now." Mike quickly took her hand and led her out of the house.

Seduction: The Riley Way

Nicole Champagne isn't bubbly. She's down and out: locked out of her apartment, out of a job, and definitely down on her ex-boyfriend, Chaz, the cause of her problems. And the light at the end of her tunnel is the neon sign for the *Swollen Pussy Club*. Can a gentleman's club, and its hunky owner Nathan Riley be the answer to her prayers. *Seduction – The Riley Way* is the sequel to Jodi Olson's erotic romantic romp, *Getting Wild*. In *Getting Wild*, Nathan's brother Neal got the girl, would-be erotic dancer/author Jennifer Logan. Now it's brother Nathan's time to find love. But will Nicole prove any easier to woo for him than Jennifer was for his brother? And what is it about the *Swollen Pussy Club* that unlocks women's libidos?

ONE

Nicole Champagne had been walking for hours, with nowhere to go. The only motel for miles around was booked. She was homeless and jobless; her slimy boyfriend made sure of that. At the end of her shift, her manager handed her fifty dollars and a pink slip, saying she was too much trouble.

When she arrived back at her apartment, an eviction notice was taped on the door. Locks had already been changed and there was no sign of her lazy-ass boyfriend. All she had were the clothes on her back and the fifty dollars in her wallet.

Down the block, Nicole spotted the bright neon sign for *The Swollen Pussy Club*. She was dressed in a heavy wool sweater and blue jeans, but the wind was beginning to pick up and she hated the cold. *Maybe someone is still there cleaning and will let me get warmed up.* All she wanted was to find a warm bed so she could forget the last five hours of her life.

Nicole pulled on the door to the club, but it was locked. She looked inside the small window but couldn't tell if anyone was in the building. There was still a car sitting in the parking lot so she banged on the door. No one answered. Dejectedly, she plopped herself down beside the door, hoping someone would come out soon. Nicole picked up a help wanted sign lying in the gravel. *How could anyone read this? It's in the dirt.*

Nathan Riley looked up from his desk, thinking he'd heard a knock. *Man, I'm so tired; I must be hearing things.* The club had been closed for an hour and everyone was gone.

He rose from his chair, walked into the club and turned off the last light. As he turned, he heard another knock on the door. *Who would be out at this time of night?* Nathan pushed open the door, but he didn't see anyone, so he walked to his car.

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From behind him he heard the woman's voice, "Your help wanted sign sucks big time."

Nathan didn't turn around right away. *What the fuck is her problem? I don't need to listen to insults at three in the morning when I can be home in bed.* Looking over his shoulder, he spotted her sitting next to the door. "If you want a job come back tomorrow." He barely gave her a thought as he drove off. *Shit! What if something happens to her?* He'd only gone two blocks before he turned around and headed back to the club.

When he pulled into the parking lot, she was still sitting in the same spot. He walked to her, "Who are you, and why are you still here?"

Nicole gave him the once over. His thick short chestnut hair tapered neatly to his collar, his profile was sharp and confident. He was a very attractive man, but not the usual type she dated. "Is that a crime now, to sit down? I was tired of walking, but I'll go now before you have me arrested for loitering: that would really make my day." Nicole brushed off her jeans as she stood up.

"You shouldn't be out walking alone at this hour with all the nuts out running the streets." Nathan nodded toward his car, "Can I give you a ride home?"

Nicole followed him as he walked to his car, "After getting fired from my crappy job, I went back to my apartment and found the locks had been changed, and an eviction notice taped on the door." She couldn't believe she'd told a perfect stranger all her problems.

"Why don't you come home with me, grab a few hours of sleep," he opened the passenger side door, and waited for her to get in, "and then we'll talk about a job for you."

She paused and stared at him, "How do I know *you* aren't one of those nuts?" She was freezing, didn't have anywhere to go so what else was she to do? Maybe after a few hours

of sleep in a warm bed, things would start to look better. She slid into the passenger seat, “So, are you the janitor of the club? Do you think the owner will hire me?”

Nathan closed her door, and as he rounded the car he tried to hide the shit-eating grin on his face. *She thinks I’m the janitor and not the owner. That’s a good one.* “Since you’re coming home with me, do you have a name? I like to know the names of the women I share my bed with.”

Shocked, her mouth flew open. *He’s got to be kidding.* “My name is Nicole Champagne, and you are?”

“I’m Nathan Riley.” The drive was silent until he pulled in the driveway of his two-bedroom home. He opened her door, catching her hand in his; and she made no effort to pull back. Nathan couldn’t stop staring at her moonlit beauty: her dainty features, her peach-tinted creamy skin, and her pale, yellow curls.

Once they got inside the house, he showed her where the bathroom was and pointed to his bedroom across the hall. He gave her one of his shirts to sleep in, “You can change into this. It’ll be more comfortable than sleeping in that heavy sweater and jeans.”

She entered the bathroom, but before closing the door, she looked back over her shoulder. “Where am I supposed to sleep?” she whispered, afraid of his answer.

“You’ll have to share my bed, it’s the only one I have. My spare room is just a storage room since my brother moved out.”

Nathan was so tired if he didn’t hurry and crawl in bed, he might drop where he stood. It was busy at work; he didn’t think he was ever going to get to the bookkeeping. Now here was Nicole, even though he didn’t know her, he felt he needed to come up with a job for her. He’d totally forgotten to take that

sign off the door. The new dancer was starting tomorrow night, but maybe he could afford one more dancer. All he needed was some sleep, and then he'd be able to think and come up with fresh ideas.

Nicole took off her jeans and sweater, and pulled the t-shirt over her head; it came to just below her thighs. As soon as she got closer to the bed, she heard Nathan's soft snores. Nervously, she crawled between the sheets and pulled the covers up to her chin. She was exhausted, and it didn't take long for her to fall into a deep sleep.

A few hours later, Nathan woke when he heard a loud noise outside; the neighbors were fighting again. He couldn't move because an arm was wrapped around his chest and a leg was thrown across his thigh. What a mistake he'd made bringing Nicole home with him; now all he wanted to do was touch her.

During the night she'd thrown the covers off and the t-shirt was bunched around her waist. His hand reached over to caress her cheek. *What in the world led her to being homeless and jobless all in one night? I've got to help make things better for her in some way.* His gaze was riveted on her face, but slowly, his eyes wandered over her body.

I wonder what she tastes like? He moved his mouth over hers, devouring its softness; then his lips seared a path down her neck to her shoulder. *That damn shirt is in the way!* His hands pushed it up past her breasts. *Oh man!* Her beautiful small breasts were tipped with pale pink nipples, already marble hard. He licked around the top of one nipple before sucking it and hearing her moan. When he looked up, he saw her eyes were still closed. Slipping one hand between her thighs he found her hot, wet and swollen with need. He moved down between her thighs, parting her and lowering his mouth to her swollen labia; stroking every inch with his tongue, until she bucked into his mouth.

What the hell am I doing? He had to get away before he

took further advantage of her; he'd already done enough. Getting involved with someone who would be working for him was the last thing he needed; it'd happened before, and it never worked out. He quickly grabbed his clothes and left the bedroom. Quietly, he slipped back into the bedroom and left four hundred dollars on the nightstand.

Nicole woke up feeling delicious. She'd had a wonderful dream about Nathan making love to her. At first she didn't recognize where she was; then she remembered accepting Nathan's invitation since she had nowhere to go. When she didn't see him in bed beside her, she thought he must be in another room. Then she noticed the T-shirt she wore was raised up to her breasts. *Was it really a dream I was having? Is this why Nathan is gone?* She got up and noticed the money lying on the nightstand. She picked up the money and counted it, *No note, and four one hundred dollar bills. What does he think I am? Some whore to be paid for her services? He can't treat me this way.* She looked down and kicked a shoe across the room. *I'll show him who he's dealing with!*

TWO

Nicole was steaming mad when she went to the bathroom and started the shower. *Four hundred dollars? For services rendered? No fucking way! I rendered NO services to him. Were the dreams of Nathan making love to me real, or just a figment of my imagination?* Nathan clouded her mind while she showered. She found his house unbelievably clean and orderly, for a bachelor: no piles of dirty clothes, the bathroom was clean and the bathtub and toilet were sparkling. She had a serious case of morning breath so she scrounged around and found the tooth-

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paste. *Nope, can't use his toothbrush; sharing a bed is NOT the same as sharing a toothbrush.* The only thing she could use to brush her teeth was her finger.

Her stomach growled so she strolled into the kitchen to see what was in the fridge. She hadn't eaten since lunch yesterday, and if she didn't satisfy the nagging in her stomach, she wouldn't be good for anything. When she opened the refrigerator she found milk, eggs, butter, condiments and a lot of plastic containers with leftover dinners; one box held cold pizza she could warm up. Nathan obviously didn't cook much. *Maybe his domestic skills don't extend that far. Maybe he has a maid?* She grabbed a ceramic cup from the cupboard to warm up the tepid coffee she found in the pot. Pizza and coffee was not her usual breakfast, but it would do for now.

The last thirty-six hours had been a real butt kicker: losing a job and a lousy boyfriend, getting the boot from her apartment, walking aimlessly in the night, getting cold, and finally sharing a bed with a stranger. Her thoughts drifted back to Nathan. *Why did he leave the money on the nightstand, for sharing his bed?* She didn't share beds with total strangers, but last night was out of necessity. All she needed to do was find this guy, give him his money back and move on. *He does have nice eyes and a gentle demeanor about him.* There was no way around it: she'd have to contact him at work. She found the club's number on a pad on the desk and picked up the phone.

“Hello, is Nathan there please? Yes, I'll hold. Hello, Nathan this is Nicole. Remember from last night? So – what was the money for? Yes I need some clothes and a place to stay. Uh – huh, and exactly what do you expect me to do for that money? Yes, I can cook. Okay, yea, I can be here later. Can you tell me where the mall is from here? OK, thanks, I'll see you then, bye.”

Nathan thought back on his phone conversation with Nicole. He wondered what she was really like and why she sounded so professional on the phone. *What kind of job did she do before?* He'd have to wait until tonight to find out. It was nice to have a quiet day at work to finish balancing the books. He let his assistant manager handle things that night so he'd be able to get out of there on time. He called Nicole to see if she'd eaten. "Hey Nicole, how do burgers and fries sound? Good, I'll stop by this all night mom and pop burger joint and bring some home. Do you want cheese and dill pickles on the side? We'll discuss your situation over dinner, how's that? No problem. Be there in about half an hour, bye"

When he pulled into the driveway, he saw the porch light go on and the door open. Nicole was standing there with an odd look on her face. Not knowing what to make of it he grabbed the bag of food and drinks and walked toward his house. "Hey Nicole, did you get some rest today? How're you feeling?"

"Yea, OK, I got some rest, it was a rough night. Let's get the food in the house before it gets cold."

"Fine by me, I'm hungry, and I imagine you are too."

"Yes, I am, I had some of your pizza this morning, and could use a bite about now." As they ate Nicole looked Nathan straight in the eye, "Nathan, I need to know some things before this goes any further."

"I agree. We need to speak of the past, present and future," he dipped a French fry in ketchup, "not necessarily in that order."

Nicole rolled her eyes and bit her bottom lip. "Why did you leave that money on the night stand? Did you think I'm an easy lay or what?" Her voice rose, "Are you trying to clear your conscience about last night for some reason? I know I was tired and you were asleep when I crawled into your bed." She took the wad of money from her pocket and threw it at him, barely missing his ear.

Nathan nearly choked on his burger as he dodged the money. He dropped the food on the table and raised his hands. “Slow down, girl, that’s not what I thought! I took you at face value, down on your luck and in need of a place to stay.”

“When I called you today, you asked if I needed clothes and could I cook. Is cooking for you what you’re expecting me to do,” her eyes narrowed, “or is that just part of it? I’m looking for a job that pays money, yes. But if being your whore is part of this arrangement, you can forget it mister.”

“Look, Nicole, I’ve been in your position before, down and out. Been there, done that, didn’t like it. I’m just trying to help you until you get on your feet, if that’s okay with you?” He paused and looked away, his next words were slower, quieter, “I didn’t stay around this morning because looking at your beautiful body gives me wicked ideas.”

She leaned back in her chair, her arms folded across her chest. “By wicked ideas, you mean what, Nathan? Like spanking me, tying me up? I think I’ll tie you up to that extra bed you told me *wasn’t there*.” She pointed to the room down the hall, “What? You didn’t expect me to find it when you left me here all alone. Looks to me like I was right about you after all, you’re just like all the rest of the slime balls I’ve met.”

Nathan didn’t know how he was going to get out of this one. When he brought her home with him last night, it was three a.m. There was no way he was clearing out the spare bedroom, especially for someone who might only be there one night. “So I lied about the extra bed. When I said for us to share a bed, having sex with you was the last thing on my mind.” He stood to throw out his dinner which had gone cold. “Tonight, you can sleep in other room. I’ll go move the boxes from the bed.” He left the kitchen before she could speak.

Nicole looked after him as he left the room. *Shit! What have I done? He’s really upset and all he’s done is try and help*

me. She followed Nathan to the spare bedroom where he was unloading the boxes from the bed, stacking them in the corner.

When he turned, he saw her in the doorway. He dropped the box he was holding, noting how its crash to the floor made her jump. He grabbed her and kissed her, long and hard, his strong hand feeling the softness of her hair as he held her in his embrace. When he broke the kiss he slowly pushed her away and brushed a strand of hair from her face, “See, I didn’t feel a thing; you’re safe here.”

She stood, stunned, on shaky legs, even as short as the kiss had been, it made her world tilt. “Nathan, I need to know. What did you mean by wicked ideas?”

“Just what I said, I wanted to have wild sex with you. I didn’t leave the money to clear my conscience ‘cause I don’t know you well enough to do that.”

She paused, considering her options, “What about that club you work at? What kind of job openings do they have there?”

He smiled, *the club I work at? You mean the club I own.* “Hey, it’s a gentlemen’s club, they hire dancers. Do you think you might be interested?”

Her nose crinkled, “You sure there’s nothing else? From the club’s name, I’m guessing the dancers are exotic. All I’ve done in the past is ballroom style dancing.”

He shook his head, “There’s no other openings.”

“But, I don’t know how to dance that way,” her shoulders slumped, “and I went to college for business.”

“I’m sorry, that’s all they have to offer. And there’s damned few business jobs now. I checked the paper today.”

“I’m not a housekeeper or a cook.” She looked around the room, “Hell, you keep house as good as I do, maybe better, I can only do enough to get by.”

“Why don’t you come to the club with me so you can get a feel for the place and talk with some of the dancers; see what

they have to say.” He smiled at her, a genuine smile that hinted at more, “You have a nice body and you’d fit in with little or no trouble at all. C’mon, what do you say? I’m not going to kick you out of here unless you give me reason to, and I’m not going to try to take advantage of you while you’re here. Sleep on it and let me know after you’ve had a chance to look the place over. My club isn’t a sleaze bag joint; *I own* a respectable place.”

Her eyes went wide and she returned his smile, “You own? Well hell, you sure are full of surprises. I thought you were the janitor.” She nodded slowly, “OK, after I’ve seen *your* club, I’ll give you an answer.”

“I’m going to shower and go to bed. You can sleep in here if you like, or you can share my bed,” he held up his right hand, “and I promise I’ll keep my hands to myself.” He went to his bedroom, stripped and started the shower.

Nathan had been in the shower for a few minutes when Nicole walked in, noticing that the bathroom door was fully opened. Curious by nature, she peered at the reflection in the mirror and saw Nathan, a wet, naked, steamy Nathan. *Thank you for clear shower doors!* Even though the shower door was clear, the steam slightly obscured the view but she could tell he had a great looking body; nice, firm, round ass, broad shoulders and a tight waist. It definitely looked like he worked out. Too bad his back was to her, but from her vantage point, he was better built and much better looking than her ex. *I wonder what his bedside manner is like. He doesn’t seem cocky or stuck on himself, but down to earth with a good heart, but those types can be weak in bed.* She shook her head; she needed more than a quick lay with a handsome hunk to fix her problems. What she needed was a job, and to get back on her feet as soon as possible.

Sinful Delights

Jenna Mills was forty-two years old, divorced, and seeking solace and a new life in her new candy shoppe, *Sinful Delights*. She wanted to put her ex, Ted, and her mother behind her, along with their incessant nagging comments about her weight and clothes. When she hires sexy, younger man Kevin, to renovate her shop she cooks up more than penis and titty-shaped pastries. Will this young hunk make the curvy, older woman melt like the erotic chocolates in her shop? It's a sweet, and sexy, time at *Sinful Delights*. Note: *Sinful Delights* is the sequel to Jodi Olson's popular *Raining on Sunday*.

ONE

At forty two years old, Jenna Mills couldn't believe that a year had already passed since she'd opened the doors to *Sinful Delights*, her naughty candy and cake shop. It was yet another anniversary of sorts. One year ago, she'd also filed divorce papers and now, she was a free woman.

Ted, her ex-husband told her she'd never make any money selling naughty candy, chocolates, and baked goods because there was no market for it. After the first couple of months, her little shop in Seattle was a hit. Then to bring her down, Ted would tell her to stay away from fattening things; something he'd repeatedly told throughout their marriage.

With the money she'd set aside, along with the divorce settlement, Jenna could now hire someone to remodel the store so there was more room. The kitchen needed bigger cupboards for storage and the front needed more display cases.

Earlier in the week, Jenna had placed an ad in the paper to advertise her anniversary celebration. She planned to pass out free chocolate penis pops to the first fifty customers today. No one would ruin her day as thoughts of her ex-husband disappeared at the arrival of her first customer.

"I'm here to pick up my order of three dozen chocolate tiny-tit lollipops which I phoned in last night. And can you hurry, I don't have all day."

"Mrs. Jones, I have them all ready for you. I just need to go get them in the back. It will only take a moment to wrap them."

When Jenna returned to the counter, Mrs. Jones huffed, "I see there aren't any free samples out like the last time I was here. Did you eat them all yourself?"

Jenna blanched at Mrs. Jones comment, and was about to tell her where she could stick those lollipops when a dark blonde male approached the counter.

She watched as the man spoke to Mrs. Jones, “Your tits are so small, maybe you should’ve ordered a dozen more.”

“Why, so I could look like her? I don’t think so.”

“Well,” the stranger cast his eyes at Jenna, “I happen to think she’s beautiful. Now pay the lady and get the hell out of her store.”

Mrs. Jones stomped out of *Sinful Delights* after paying Jenna. With the customer gone, Jenna looked over at the man who just saved her from telling the beanpole where to go. She’d had to hold her breath a few times when it came to rude customers and she’d continue to do it, as long as she was in business. “Thank you, sir, but you didn’t have to do that. I could’ve managed. Are you here to pick up a cake or some chocolates?”

“No, I’m here to see Jenna Mills concerning a remodeling job I spoke with her over the phone about.” He extended a hand, “My name’s Kevin Johnston.”

“I’m Jenna. It’s nice to meet you Mr. Johnston.” She took his hand in hers, felt his warmth, and strength. “Do you mind waiting while I help these customers? My part time help hasn’t arrived so I’m the only one here right now. I should only be a few minutes.”

“That’s fine. I’ll wait for you over there,” he pointed to the naughty cake display.

Kevin didn’t know what he’d been thinking telling Jenna he would stop by *Sinful Delights* to discuss her plans for the remodel. With the housing market on a downturn, he needed to make money somehow, but small construction jobs weren’t usually his thing. When she told him over the phone she had a small store where she sold cakes and choco-

lates, he assumed they were the ordinary kinds. He had no idea she made and baked such naughty things.

Looking inside the display cases, he stopped at a cake with a bedroom scene; the woman's hands were tied to the bedpost and the man was standing beside the bed teasing her with a whip. The woman was blonde just like Jenna, which made him wonder what she'd be like in bed. *Would she be a moaner or a screamer? Hell, where did that come from?* He didn't know a thing about her except he was interested in exploring every inch of the voluptuous blonde behind the counter.

When Amelia chose Mike over him a year ago he swore he was done with threesomes and no woman would ever break his heart again. *So why am I having vivid images of Jenna on her knees taking my cock into her hot mouth?*

Kevin glanced away from the erotic cakes just in time to watch Jenna walk to a shelf on the other side of the shop. For a moment, he couldn't breathe. She was beautiful, from her huge sapphire eyes down to that sexy, round bottom of hers. Her curves were meant to be kissed; licked slowly and often; and he wanted to be the one doing it

Twenty minutes later, Jenna was still taking care of customers. He decided to give her a few more minutes; he was enjoying the view.

A tap landed on his shoulder as he was looking at a shelf loaded with a variety of candy shaped penises. When he turned around he nearly bumped right into Jenna. Wrapped up in her beautiful eyes, he couldn't even speak.

"Mr. Johnston, I'm so sorry to keep you waiting. We should be able to talk now."

"Please, call me Kevin. From what I understood on the phone, you want me to knock out a wall to expand the kitchen area and put in more display cases here in the front of the store. "

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“Yes, I’d also like bigger cabinets that can hold all the baking supplies and the molds I use. Sometimes there are three of us making chocolate goodies and it can get a little too crowded at times in the kitchen.”

“What days are you closed? I could tear down the wall then. Until I’m finished with the demolition and cleanup, you won’t be able to use the kitchen. Are you okay with that?”

“I’m closed tomorrow and I can temporarily use my own kitchen. There’s a magazine in my office with some pictures of cabinets I’d like to show you; I’d like the cabinets made like them.”

“Okay, I’ll take a look at what you have. Then I’ve got to head out to finish the final touches on another job.” He followed behind her as they made their way to her office. He couldn’t help but watch her ass wiggle, and that gorgeous ass was making him hard. If he didn’t leave soon, he’d grab her, kiss her and she wouldn’t be able to stop him from doing what he wanted to do since he’d first laid eyes on her. His cock thickened just imagining her naked in his arms as he plunged into her. *Hopefully she won’t notice. I need to get out of here now!*

Several hours later, Jenna locked the door and put up the closed sign. Her feet were killing her and she still needed to make several batches of chocolate delights before going home.

Sitting in the office, her thoughts drifted to Kevin. He was younger than she thought he’d be. She hadn’t pictured him with shoulder length blonde hair either. He was the picture of a blonde God and those brown eyes of his were dreamy. When she got close, she noticed he didn’t wear any cologne, and the natural smell of a man made her wet be-

tween her thighs. The sound of his voice was intoxicating and she wanted to hear him talk dirty to her while she sucked him dry. *Jenna, you might as well forget that idea. He's too young for you and he isn't interested in a woman as big as yourself.*

Jenna was about to leave when the phone rang. *Who would be calling at this time of night?* Instead of letting the machine pick up, she answered on the fourth ring.

As soon as her heard the voice on the other end, her heart began to race, "Jenna, it's Kevin. I haven't been able to think of anything but you and your naughty chocolates since I left this morning."

"I was thinking about you too, Kevin."

"I do like the sound of that. Tell me more, Jenna."

No way was Jenna going to tell him that she was having naughty thoughts about a guy she'd only met a few hours ago, even if he *was* the guy. "I couldn't remember if I told you to meet me at eight a.m. I'll let you into the store, then I have some things to take care of."

"Okay, no problem. So, Jenna, are you going to tell me what were you thinking about?"

"No," she heard him chuckle on the other end.

"See you tomorrow then, bye."

She smiled when she heard him hang up. *Damn! That voice sure gets me excited and wet.*

TWO

Jenna was running late, with only twenty minutes to spare to get to *Sinful Delights*. On her days off, she normally wore a sweatshirt and jeans. Her mother would be the only person to comment, but she never said anything nice to Jenna

anyway. Finally she picked out an old dress that wasn't too tight; one that wouldn't show off her hips or tummy. Hopefully the weekly visit with her mother would go smoothly—for once.

After last week's visit, she almost called to cancel. For an hour, her mother did nothing but go on about her ex and how it was a mistake she'd divorced him. So what if he'd cheated a few times and harped about her weight. Jenna knew those were good reasons to divorce the asshole. Even so, later that night she'd eaten a pint of chocolate ice cream.

When she walked around the corner, Jenna spotted Kevin leaning against his truck. He looked amazingly sexy, wearing a black t-shirt that seemed painted on, torn jeans and scuffed black boots. She'd never thought torn jeans on any guy was sexy, until now.

Her keys hit the pavement after having trouble opening the door to *Sinful Delights*. She wasn't usually this clumsy, but being around Kevin made her nervous. Kevin reached for the keys at the same time she did; their hands barely touching. A chill surged through her body at the contact and her eyes met his.

"I-I'll let you in, then I have to get going. I'll be back around lunchtime. How long do you think it'll take, to knock out that wall?"

"Most of the day since I'm working alone."

She watched him spread out drop cloths on the floor and then left. Too bad she hadn't cancelled the visit with her mother. She'd much rather watch the gorgeous man in her store right now.

Kevin found it hard to get started on the job. Seeing Jenna

again made him want to take her into his arms and his bed. The dress she wore hid her curves and he wanted to strip her down; show her those curves shouldn't be hidden under some baggy dress.

He wondered where she went off to; was she meeting a boyfriend? And why did she look so sad? For some reason that bothered him. *Would she go out with me? Maybe a nice candlelit dinner or...*

Kevin had half of the wall down when he heard loud voices at the front of the store. One was a man's voice and the other, Jenna. The man's voice was obnoxious, and from what he could hear, he was a real piece of garbage. Who did this guy think he was telling Jenna she was fat and ugly? Was he her ex-husband? If so, then she was smart to get rid of the jerk.

He couldn't stomach anymore of the guy's constant harangue so he walked to the front of the store where they both stood. Taking off the demolition mask, he put his arm around Jenna's waist pulling her toward him. "Glad your back honey; I've missed you," Kevin kissed her suddenly and he grinned when she didn't pull away.

"Who in the hell is *this* guy, Jenna?"

Kevin didn't give her time to answer, "I'm guessing you're her ex-husband. I've heard a few things about you, none of them any good."

"You didn't answer my question Jenna, who is he?"

Kevin spoke first, "I'm her lover."

"Is this true Jenna? He's younger than you are and look at the way he dresses. I'll bet he even owns a motorcycle. He won't stay with you long the way you've been looking. He's only after you for your money; money that comes from *me* by the way."

"What's wrong with a motorcycle?" Jenna somehow

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managed to face her ex-husband. Suddenly with Kevin there, she didn't feel the need to remain silent, "Ted, you need to leave now before I have my boyfriend throw you out. We're not married anymore so you don't need to be here." Without a backward glance, Ted stalked out the door and Jenna and Kevin were finally alone.

"You didn't have to do that," Jenna said.

"Do what? Tell that jerk I was your boyfriend? Yeah I did, I didn't like the way he talked to you."

"Thanks," Jenna spoke softly.

"You're welcome. I better get back to work on that wall," Kevin started to walk away but then turned to Jenna once more. "I've wanted to do something ever since I first laid eyes on you.."

"What's that?" Jenna knew what *she* wanted to do; go hide inside her office until he was gone.

Kevin lifted her chin with his finger and planted a soft kiss on her lips. He looked into her eyes, "Jenna you take my breath away." He turned and walked back to his demolition job..

Jenna tried to move but couldn't; her knees turned to jelly and her heart raced. That one kiss left her breathless and a little scared. No one had ever kissed her like that.

Finally feeling under control, Jenna nearly ran into her office and closed the door. *Why am I even thinking about him at all? He's at least ten years younger than I am. And I'm sure he was only doing that in case Ted came back.*

A while later Jenna had forgotten about Kevin as she looked over the bills lying on her desk. A knock sounded at her office door and then the door popped open.

Erotic Pleasures
FREE Reads from Jodi Olson

“Jenna, I’m about done for the day. I just need to clean up the mess and then I’ll be on my way. Tomorrow I’ll start tearing the cabinets out.”

“Okay, I still have a few cabinets to empty before I leave. See you in the morning then.” Jenna tried to look busy with the papers on her desk. Sensing he was still there, she looked at him. “Was there something else you wanted?”

“No, well, yeah, I’d like to ask you something.”

“What is it?”

“Would you like to grab some dinner with me?”

“I’m sorry, I still have work to do here, and then I need to make several penis cookie sandwiches and put them in gift boxes.”

Kevin’s eyes widened, “I hate to ask but what are those?”

“They’re chocolate cookies with cream filling inside.”

“If you want I’ll help you make those, *if* you’ll go to dinner with me.”

Jenna contemplated his offer, “Okay, I’ll go to dinner, but I need to change first.”

Storm's Obsession

The Mexican sun heats up an old love when Private Investigator Storm Mathews takes a divorce case at a Cancun resort. The sleuth digs up a disturbing clue when he discovers that his target's BFF on this trip is his old flame Kitty. Will the resulting Storm be a tempest, or a drizzle? And will Kitty be the cat who lands on her feet, or gets swept off them?

TWO

Kitty Reynolds fumbled with the old-fashioned key, *why can't they have those electronic card keys?* Inside the room she pulled the wide-brimmed hat from her head and ran her fingers through her golden hair. She hadn't wanted to come to Cancun, but Brenda insisted it would be good for them to have some fun, *girl time*. Everywhere she looked, couples were showing some kind of affection toward each other, which only made her think of Storm. She'd left her friend down at the beach, claiming a headache and needing to lay down for a bit. The agreement was for them to meet up for drinks before dinner. All she really wanted was to be left alone. After all, this was the same hotel Storm had booked for their honeymoon, for the wedding that never happened.

Stan Mathews ruined everything. He never thought I was good enough for his son. He'd tried bribing her with two million dollars to stay away from his son. She'd refused the money, so blackmailing her to leave town was his next option. He told her he had a tape of her and Storm having wild sex, and that he could fix it to look like she was with another man. The pressure his father forced on her was too much, so she packed up and left town while Storm was at work. It broke her heart to leave him like that, but...

Stress relief was in order, so Kitty climbed on the bed, tossed away her skimpy top, and tried to relax. When she closed her eyes, she could still picture Storm, even though it had been three long years since she'd seen him. His dark brown eyes had been one of the features she loved about him; she could lose herself in those eyes.

Thoughts of him made her nipples tighten and ache for

his touch. After him there had been no one else, and she missed his fingers caressing her body every night. Kitty raised one hand to her breasts, slowly caressing them with her fingers. Storm always said her breasts were beautiful, even though she thought they were too big.

Her hand moved down her belly, caressing herself softly until her fingers disappeared into the bikini bottom she still wore. She slid two fingers into her feminine core, wishing *his* fingers were inside her. One finger stroked up to her clit, and she slowly rubbed in circles, whimpering. “Storm, I need you.” She hadn’t realized she’d said it out loud until she heard a growl. *What the hell! Is someone in my room?*

Her eyes flew open and she sat straight up in bed, reaching for her bikini top in an attempt to cover herself. Then she looked at the closet, seeing that it was slightly ajar. She could have sworn it was closed when she left for the pool. She looked away for a minute, thinking she was imagining things, but when she looked back Storm was standing next to the closet

“Baby, you know I’ve always liked watching you pleasure yourself,” he slowly walked to her, “it drives me crazy.”

“Storm! Why are you here?”

“It wasn’t about you,” his voice turned hard, “I didn’t know you were here. I didn’t come looking for you.” His mouth tightened a fraction as his eyes ravaged her body, “I’m here on a case, but I must have the wrong room.”

Storm stood, silent and unyielding. Was he really in the wrong room? Had she changed her name to Brenda Patterson? Whoever she was now, she hadn’t changed her looks; she was still gorgeous. Her soft ivory shoulders appeared to yearn for his touch, while her shapely thighs begged for kisses and caresses. He remembered spending hours brushing her wealth of long, blonde hair every night. Her ivory face was flushed with a rosy tint to her cheeks, and looking at those full pouty, pink lips made

him ache to have them wrapped around his cock one more time. He needed to get away, "I'm going, but I'll be back later. We have things to discuss." He was out the door and down the hall before she could speak.

THREE

Storm's hands clenched the phone in a death grip as he called his client, "Patterson! Where's the photo of your wife? I checked the envelope you gave me; it's not there. And you must have given me the wrong room number. You're not helpin' me here. I can't do my job if I don't have accurate information."

"Are you sure it wasn't included? I made copies of her flight, itinerary and everything."

"I want that photo, or I'm off this case. Fax a photo to the hotel, in care of me. Do it now!" Storm slammed his cell phone shut and went to the bar.

Within an hour, and three beers, he had the photo of Brenda Patterson. And standing with her in the photo...was Kitty. Three years ago, she'd walked out on him and their relationship without a word. Now it would be his turn to walk out on her. He was already formulating a plan in his mind where he'd seduce her, then leave her. He remembered a line from Richard III: *'I'll have her, but I will not keep her long'*.

Storm's room was silent except for the sounds coming from the bugs he planted in Brenda's room. He overheard Kitty on the phone telling Brenda she'd meet her at six o'clock, which only gave him fifteen minutes to grab another shower. Luckily *The Lizard Bar* was within walking distance of the hotel.

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When he entered the bar, he spotted the women sitting near the back. He found an empty table where he could watch them without Kitty knowing he was there. They seemed to be having a good time as he listened to all the laughter coming from their table.

A petite dark haired waitress took his order. She was cute, and her uniform, if you could call it that, fit like a second skin.

“What can I get you tonight?” Consuela bent over far enough for him to see her breasts overflowing the top of her uniform.

“What’s on the menu?” Somehow Storm knew her answer would include more than food.

“I’ve been told that I’m very good,” her dark eyes sparkled, “muy bueno.” Her pert, pink tongue flicked over her full lips and she smiled at him.

Another time, another place he might have taken her up on her offer, but she wasn’t Kitty, and he had a job to do. “Thanks, but I’ll have to take a rain check on *that*. Maybe we can get together another night?” not that he planned on cashing in on that rain check, but he didn’t want to hurt her feelings either. He continued to watch Kitty’s table.

“Well, then if not me, what can I get you?” Consuela looked over at the next table to see who was distracting her handsome customer.

Kitty was all he really wanted for dinner, and desert too, but he needed to order something. “Why don’t you just bring me a beer, Tecate por favor? I’ll let you know in a while if I want something to eat.”

Brenda noticed the handsome stranger watching them. *I have no idea who he is, but I wouldn’t mind inviting him over.* Those dark eyes of his would make any woman wet, and she loved a man with thick black hair that fell to his shoulders; the beard and moustache were a bonus.

Erotic Pleasures
FREE Reads from Jodi Olson

She whispered to Kitty, “We’re being watched by a really hot guy sitting behind you.”

Kitty had just taken a bite of her messy chicken wing and placed it back on the plate. She was about to lick her fingers when someone grabbed her hand.

“Let me help you with that.” Storm took her hand and placed her fingers in his mouth. His tongue licked the juices running down her fingers, and his lips sucked her fingers clean. The man could do wonders with his tongue and just thinking about it made her panties wet and her nipples harden to tight points. She gasped, pulling her fingers from his mouth quickly.

“Hello ladies, mind if I join you tonight? I really don’t like eating alone.”

“What are you doing here? Are you following me?” Kitty avoided eye-to-eye contact; she could drown in his eyes.

“I’m not following you; I’m only here to eat dinner; nothing more.”

Brenda furrowed her eyebrows at Kitty, and turned back to their handsome interloper, “We would love for you to join us.” When Kitty glared at her, she broke into a wide, curious smile. “I take it you two know each other?”

He sat down in an empty chair. “Yeah, I know Kitty very well. We were engaged - once.” His face turned cold, as he stared at Kitty. “Are you going to introduce me to your friend?”

“Brenda Patterson, meet Storm Mathews. Now you’ve been introduced.” The short, clipped tones of her introduction chilled the air around them.

After several moments of uneasy silence Brenda cleared her throat, “So, Storm what brings you to Cancun?”

“Business,” he stood and pulled several bills from his pocket and threw them on the table. “Dinner’s on me tonight ladies. Have a good evening.” He turned and walked out of the

Erotic Pleasures
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bar. Kitty scowled as she watched Consuela take a good look at Storm's ass as he walked out the door.

Kitty caught up with him just as he was about to reach his room. "What was that all about, back at the bar?" she hissed, her eyes narrowed.

He glared into her dark brown eyes. "That's what I want to do to you after you've stroked your pussy." He took her hand in his and brought it to his lips, "I want to lick your fingers and taste that sweet nectar of yours. Then I want to bury my cock deep inside you and make you scream my name over and over again."

She was surprised and embarrassed he would talk to her in such a way in a public place, even a lonely hotel hallway. He was a private person and usually kept his dirty talk to the bedroom. The entire time they were together he'd never kissed her in public, let alone talked dirty!

"Let me walk you to your room before something happens that I won't be able to control." His eyes searched hers, looking for a sign, *an invitation?*

She opened the door and turned to ask him how long he'd be staying in Cancun when he pushed her into the room. Before she knew what was happening he was kissing her, and she was kissing him back. They ravaged each other as if they'd never been separated.

Her lips were afire as he claimed them; her body crushed to his as he backed her towards the bed. His lips nibbled at her earlobe, then down her neck to her shoulders. She had ached for him for three long years, and now he was back in her arms, if only for tonight.

He kissed her again, a series of slow, shivery kisses.

Erotic Pleasures
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When he grabbed the edge of her tank top, she didn't stop him. He lifted it over her head, dropping it to the floor, and within seconds he'd divested her of her bra as well. His hot, wet mouth slid down to her hard nipples where he sucked and nibbled at them. The caress of his hand on her thigh was light and painfully teasing, and she gasped as his fingers stroked her.

His breath was hot on her skin as he kissed his way down her body, touching and tasting her. One of his fingers slipped inside the leg of her shorts where it brushed the edge of her thong.

Before she knew it her shorts were gone as well as her thong. She closed her eyes and softly moaned. *How will I be able to stay away from him now? He's all I've dreamed of for the last three years.* No man knew her body like he did. He was the only one who would ever make her feel so alive.

She pulled at his t-shirt, wanting it off so she could feel his naked body against hers. For the last three years she dreamed every night about touching him, and she needed to touch him now. Before she could get his shirt off, she found herself lying on the bed unable to reach for him, her wrists pinned against her body by one of his big, strong hands.

He pressed her thighs open with his other hand as she watched him lower his head and suck her clit into his mouth. The sensation was so strong she knew it wouldn't be long before she was crying out with her release.

The heat of her desire and the electricity of her need tunneled throughout her body to her toes. Alternately, he nibbled on her hard nubbin; then licked her hot, wet hole with his tongue, over and over. She screamed, "Storm!" The juices flowed from her and he lapped them up as she came in his mouth. When her breathing returned to normal, she opened her eyes. He rose above her, leaned over, kissed her softly on the lips, and then turned and left the room without saying a word.

Now in print from
Romance Divine LLC
and
Jodi Olson

Tempting Pleasures

In Print: ISBN: 978-1-934446-48-5

Tempting Pleasures is the first erotic romance short story collection by romance author Jodi Olson. Jodi has sold thousands of e-books, and this anthology contains the sexy short stories that have delighted her legion of fans and readers.

Naughty Whispers, her best-selling threesome erotic romance, rose to number six on the AllRomanceeBooks.com Top 10 Best Seller list.

Storm's Obsession was number one, and *Seduction - The Riley Way* was number two on the All Romance E-Books Reader Rated Top 10 list. *Getting Wild* was number four on the AllRomanceeBooks.com Reader Rated Top 10 list.

In addition to those short stories, *Tempting Pleasures* also includes the sexy romance *Playing House* and the hot multiple partner threesomes: *Hunter's Possession*, *Raining On Sunday*, and *Breathless Whispers*, the sequel to her best-selling work, *Naughty Whispers*.

Tempting Pleasures contains over three hundred pages of hot couples and sexy threesomes, eight stories in all. Open the pages—and let yourself be tempted.

Sensuous Pleasures

In Print: ISBN: 978-1-934446-87-4

From Romance Divine best-selling author Jodi Olson come three complete romance novellas. *Claiming Lauren* is an erotic multiple partner tale that remained on the BookStrand 'Featured Title' list for over six weeks and also made the All Romance E-Books 'What's Hot' list. *Madame Bree and the Sheriff* is a sexy, and often humorous, western romance. The spicy *Sinful Delights* simmers as a sensual story of a Rube-nesque older woman and a younger man.

Madame Bree and the Sheriff: Sheriff Caleb Dalton has everything under control in his sleepy western town. Well, everything except renegade Blake Tanner—and Caleb's yearning for local brothel owner Madame Bree...and one troublesome goat! It's always romance and mayhem with *Madame Bree and the Sheriff*.

Sinful Delights: Jenna Mills was forty-two years old—divorced—and seeking solace and a new life in her new candy shoppe, Sinful Delights. She wanted to put her ex, Ted, and her mother behind her, along with their incessant nagging comments about her weight and clothes. When she hires sexy, younger man Kevin, to renovate her shop she cooks up more than penis and tittie-shaped pastries. Will this young hunk make the curvy, older woman melt like the erotic chocolates in her shop? It's a sweet, and sexy, time at *Sinful Delights*. Note: Sinful Delights is the sequel to Jodi Olson's popular Raining on Sunday.

Claiming Lauren: After ditching her ex, Lauren Chandler heads back home. She'd left ten years earlier, unable to face her desire to be with both Luke and Max. She was ready now, if Luke Parker and his friend Max were still there—and

willing. Luke had moved on, finding fame as a bronc rider and horse breeder, but now the time was right for him to begin, *Claiming Lauren*. Author

Jodi Olson has sold thousands of e-books and this is the first time these three stories have been in print. For more romance from Jodi, check out her *Tempting Pleasures*, with eight stories of love and romance.

About the Author

Jodi Olson has been an avid reader of romances since the age of 14, cowboys being a favorite subject. Taking her love of romantic westerns and cowboys to the next level, she crafts her own short stories featuring the themes, and cowboys, she loves. She has expanded her writing to include sensual multiple partner stories.

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