



SHOWTIME

“Are they still sitting there watching us?” Mona asked.

Dinah craned her neck to look over Sally’s shoulder. “Yep, sure are. Each of them is sitting there clutching a beer. Just like always.”

“We could draw the blinds,” Sally suggested.

“Or give them something to look at.” Jane jerked off her towel and tossed it across the room.

Dinah shook her head. “Girl, you’ve had way too much wine.”

“Chicken.”

Oh, well. What the hell? She loosened the tuck and let the towel fall back. Rod was probably having a cow. She half-expected him to bust down the door. To further bait him, she parted her knees and parked her feet on the coffee table.

His head popped up. He was standing.

“Want a show, my love?” she asked aloud. “How ’bout this?”

Uncaring of what anyone thought, Dinah dipped her forefinger into her wine then circled her clit...

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SHOWTIME

BY

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SHOWTIME
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To The Village Center Divas

CHAPTER 1

Get your freak on. Get your freak on.

The male stripper ground his hips in beat to the music. Women howled. Elderly aunts and grandmothers fanned themselves while they traded bawdy suggestions and laughter. The younger set blushed and giggled.

Then there was Dinah Moore's age-set—married with children. The bored, the frustrated, the perpetually horny...when they weren't exhausted from wrangling house, children, husband, and a second job.

These women were more aggressive. None were afraid to reach out and cop a feel of the dancer's perfectly sculpted backside. Rock hard, smooth, and nimble. Dinah bet he could pick up a dime with his butt cheeks. He was hot and he damn well knew it.

An echoing *whoop* followed by a chorus of cheers came from the adjacent room. Obviously the female equivalent had arrived at the bachelor party next door. Hopefully, she'd get the husbands all hot and bothered. Yep, Rod should be hard as a rock by the time they got back

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to their hotel room. *Primed and ready.* Just the way Dinah liked him.

The decibel level in both rooms rose in unison. Dinah shook her head. Judging from the way liquor flowed, the only person likely to get anything of substance tonight was the male stripper.

Down to his G-string, he pivoted his hips, imitating sex while he rubbed his groin and smiled. An erection grew—one any man would be proud to display. His partners zeroed in on the bride. In one swoop, they grabbed her, chair and all, and placed her before him.

Despite her laughter, a red flush crawled up her neck to her face in stark contrast to her long dark hair. The dancer fell to his hands and knees and crawled to her, like a powerful lion stalking its prey. Marci laughed as she waved him away. When he persisted, she darted for safety. One of his cohorts scooped her effortlessly into his arms then put her back in place. Her brown eyes rounded with trepidation.

He leaned down, whispering something. Marci visibly relaxed. He caught her arms, pulling them up to his carved chest, then nailed them in place against the mesas of his pecs. Marci sagged in the chair, opening her thighs to the approaching dancer.

“Come get me, big boy.” The words were lost in the roar of the ladies.

Dancer reached her feet and bowed low, sticking his ass high in the air. There wasn’t a hair on him that Dinah could see.

His tongue darted out. Dinah smiled to herself. He missed his target on purpose. It was all for show. But it was sure one hell of a show.

He rubbed against Marci like a cat seeking attention. Against one leg, then the other. Outside, then in. Higher and higher, nudging her thighs further apart as he went. Dinah could see Marci’s lacy, pink panties from where she sat.

Marci shook her head furiously. Dancer arched his neck back and howled with feigned disappointment. Then he jumped to his feet and targeted Marci’s mother who waved a five-dollar bill in the air. His partner tossed Marci over his shoulder and carried her off stage.

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Sally Jackson leaned across the table. "She's going to live to regret that one." She tucked her auburn hair behind her ear with one hand while she stirred her vodka and Amaretto with the other. "The last time Jack and I had oral sex was our honeymoon."

Mona Fields snorted and crossed her forearms under her massive boobs. "Oral sex? I can't remember the last time we even had sex."

"I can. Six weeks ago. It was Mark's birthday. Happy Birthday to Mark." Jane Greene dug through the contents of her bottomless purse. She pulled out a Matchbox car, a Tootsie Roll Pop, three sticks of Doublemint gum, a package of Wet Ones, and a wad of unused Kleenex. "Anybody got any ones? I could go with a hard body writhing against mine for a change."

"Shit, Jane. Your purse is worse than mine." Dinah pulled five ones out of her wallet and tossed them her way. "Have at it."

Jane's eyebrows shot up. "You don't want to give him a go?"

She laughed. "What I want from him would only lead to divorce."

The petite brunette grabbed the money in her fist as she hauled ass to the stage. Dancer wasted no time. Seizing her by the waist, he yanked her against him lifting one of her legs as he did so. She wrapped both around his waist. Jane wasn't known for being shy. Dancer simulated sex. Jane tossed her head back in wild abandon. If Dinah didn't know better, she'd swear...

"Do you think he can make her come that quick?" Sally said in a low voice.

Mona sniggered. "Hell, horny as I am, he could sure make me come that quick."

Dinah had to agree with that one. Unfortunately for Jane, the man plucked her away too fast. Disappointment and pleasure warred on her face as he carried her back to the table.

"*What* did you do?" the trio asked in unison.

Jane stretched forward with a smile. "Nothing the three of you don't wish you'd do."

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She was right about that one. Dinah scooted her chair back. “I’m going outside to cool off before I give in to temptation.”

Sally flashed her copper-colored eyes up at her. “You mean the boy toy?”

“No. A drink.”

“We could always take a cab,” Mona called to her back.

Dinah waved the suggestion away. She’d agreed to be designated driver and she’d follow through. Besides, she didn’t feel comfortable leaving the van in the parking lot of a strange city. Even if it was the community center, you never knew.

The Colorado night greeted her with bright stars and cool wind. Dinah dusted the chill from her arms. Tomorrow morning, Marci and Gabe would be married. Then she and the others could get on with the rest of their trip.

She didn’t know whose grand idea it was to spend a couple of days staying at the lodge on the way home from the wedding. Probably hers, come to think of it. It had sounded like a good idea at the time. Get away from the kids, and reconnect with the husbands.

The guys had other ideas—white water rafting, off-roading, a Jeep ride to the back country. The only bonding going on would be male.

Just what they needed. Like grunting over a football game wasn’t enough.

Fortunately, she and the other women had been friends forever. Even after all these years they got along better than sisters. They’d shared everything from day one. Nothing was too sacred. And there wasn’t anything they wouldn’t do for each other. They were lucky the husbands all got along so well. Hell, they even lived on the same block. Their kids were best friends, too. How many friendships had she seen disappear because of one spouse or the other? Too many.

A big *whoa* from the bachelor party pulled Dinah in that direction. Sounded like the men were having as good a time as the women. Probably up to the same mischief. She slipped into the side door for a

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look-see then shook her head. Her husband's face was buried in the deep cleavage of a curvy female. The woman let him nuzzle for the beat of a few seconds, then slithered down to his groin and rubbed her face against his jeans-clad erection.

Dinah sighed. No doubt what he'd be wanting later. Drunk as he was, it wouldn't take long to make him come. Drunk as he was, maybe she'd get a little tongue lashing, too. The notion made her throb with anticipation. A gush of wetness followed.

What would Rod do if she hauled him away to the bushes right now? Probably go kicking and bitching the whole way that she was taking him away from the fun, thus ruining her attempted liaison.

The young woman crawled away and focused her attention on Jane's husband, Mark. Sighing, Dinah ducked back outside and returned to the bachelorette party.

Things hadn't changed much in her absence, except Mona now had a new dancer buried in her chest.

"Your turn." Sally tossed Dinah a ten-dollar bill.

"Do you know how many batteries this will buy?" she asked with a laugh.

Jane set her glass down with a thunk. "Give the vibrator a rest, sweetie. For ten bucks, he might just go places no man has been for ages."

Dinah doubted that. These guys could get wild and crazy, but they had to draw the line somewhere. Still... She snatched up the money and waved it over her head.

"Play time's over, guys. Come to Mama." She snagged the cherry from her Diet Coke and pounced to the stage. After stuffing the ten way down the front of the guy's G-string, she laid down on the stage, raised her T-shirt, and perched the cherry in her navel. A big white smile cut the man's tanned features as he stood over her. Dark brown eyes captured hers. Dinah met him stare for stare, smile for smile. Cupping his hand, he stroked his erection. *This* wasn't for show. His buttocks

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flexed with each motion, his jaw tightened, pre-cum moistened his G-string.

There was a flash to her right. With snake-like reflexes, he snapped out his arm snagging the can of whipped cream his partner threw his way.

“Take it off, baby.”

So...he wants to play. Fine.

Dinah stripped her T-shirt over her head and tossed it to her friends. Dancer shook the can as if jacking it off, then he straddled her body. Poising the can at his groin, he pressed the button, simulating ejaculation. Whipped cream squirted to her belly, her bra, her neck. Can spent, he tossed it aside. The three dancers converged on her from all directions, licking and nibbling until her flesh was cleaned.

Dinah’s legs wobbled as they hauled her to her feet. Hot and horny before had nothing on this. Talk about the grand finale.

They carried her to her chair, lifting her high over their heads. Once deposited, each dropped a kiss to her cheek and hustled back to the stage for one last bow—much to the small crowd’s dismay.

“Holy shit,” Mona said with a laugh, handing her the shirt.

Dinah pulled it over her head, then fanned herself as she sucked the bottom out of her drink. “It’s time to go home. Think the guys are ready?”

Jane pushed back her chair. “They’d better be ready...in more ways than one.”

They found the men already in the van. Rod even had the engine running and her door open.

“Right here, baby.” He patted the driver’s seat. “The quicker we get to the hotel, the better I’ll like it.”

So would I.

The other six squeezed into the back seat, much closer and definitely friendlier than when they’d driven there. Giggles filtered her way from the back following low rumbles of whatever the men

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suggested to their wives.

Rod's fingers danced circles along Dinah's outer thigh, promising things to come later...literally.

She'd barely pulled into the Comfort Inn Suites before the back doors slid open. Couples staggered to their respective rooms.

"Man, they are sooooo drunk," Rod slurred.

Dinah laughed. "And you aren't?"

He shoved open the door. "I pretty much am. And horny as hell."

"So I noticed," she said seductively. "I saw you with the dancer."

He leaned back and looked at her upside down. "I know, baby. Saw you leave. Also saw that big smile on your face. Care to help me indulge in a fantasy or two?"

Dinah laughed and shoved him upright. "More than you can possibly imagine. Last one undressed is a rotten egg."

"Then call me stinky cause I was hoping you'd undress me." He wobbled her way as they left the van and draped a heavy arm over her shoulder.

Lascivious as his behavior was, the closer they got to the room, the heavier Rod became. Looked like the booze was catching up on him quicker than either of them had anticipated. Dinah couldn't remember the last night she'd seen Rod drunk. Other than a few beers now and then, he just didn't indulge. Tonight hit him hard.

Somehow she maneuvered him into the room. One shrug deposited him on the bed. He flopped down like a rag doll.

"Yeah, baby. Just have your way with me."

Dinah watched him fumble for his zipper. She knelt between his thighs.

"Is this what you want?"

A snap of her thumb, a flick of her wrist, one tug and his jeans were past his hips. He gave her a dopey grin as she reached for the elastic band of his boxers. A big, proud erection popped free. Its tip was shiny and purple, harder than she'd seen him in ages. Pre-cum moistened the

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slot at the top.

Dinah looped thumb and forefinger around the base, squeezing hard. He grunted. She waited for the low groan sure to follow as she twirled her tongue around the swollen red tip. Nothing.

She glanced at him from under her eyebrows. He lay there, eyes closed, mouth agape. Seconds later his raucous snore filled the room.

“Son of a bitch.”

The erection in her hand disintegrated.

“Damn it to hell, Rod.”

She shoved away and stomped to the bathroom, stripping off clothes as she went. The bathtub beckoned her to soak her tensions away. She cranked on the spigots as far as they would go, sprinkled a liberal amount of bath oil in the swirling water, and sank into its embrace.

Dinah waited until the water kissed the edge of the tub before turning it off. Oil caressed her skin. She cupped her breasts, tweaking her nipples to hard little dots before she moved down to the source of her distress.

Everything about her was tense and hard. If Rod only knew how many times she found relief in the bathtub after he’d conked out on her. She danced her fingers around and around, concentrating on that tiny core which held so much power over her. The rise built and built.

Dinah gripped the edge of the tub as the orgasm exploded over her. She panted for breath as the wave subsided.

After her heartbeat slowed to normal, she hauled herself from the water and padded a trail of water to the mini-bar. Damn it, she deserved a drink, too. Two little bottles of white zinfandel and two chardonnays made their way back to her pleasure den.

Under the water once more, she unscrewed the top and chugged the contents. Smacking her lips, she studied the bottle from all angles.

“Yes, you should do nicely.”

Smiling to herself, she tucked it between her legs and eased the

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bottom of the bottle deep inside.

“Yes, very nice,” she said with a sigh and made herself come again.

CHAPTER 2

Marci made a...rugged bride. Dinah hoped she wouldn't live to regret this ceremony. Decked out in rappelling gear, bride and groom stood before the preacher at the edge of the cliff face. The preacher and the small crowd of family and friends were the only evidence of a wedding in progress. With the official pronouncement, the couple would rappel down the cliff to an inflatable raft stocked with provisions for a week of rafting and camping.

Marci had to be out of her mind to have allowed Gabe to talk her into this.

At least the couple looked none the worse for wear after the parties last night. Dinah couldn't say that for the rest of them. Even after her private indulgence, a small headache thrummed. But that probably had more to do with lack of sleep than four tiny bottles of wine.

Rod looked the worst. Still he'd fared better than he had several hours before when his head was stuck in the toilet. At least he was smiling as he and Clint Fields stood ready to spot the couple during

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their trip down. Jack Jackson and Mark Greene waited at the bottom, having staged the gear at dawn. Once they were safe and gone, those two would hoist themselves back up and they'd all be off to their next "fun-filled" adventure.

"Think one of us should save her before it's too late?" Sally whispered to Jane.

Dinah glanced around. "Like she'd listen."

Mona snickered. "And she says she has *him* by the balls."

"We'll see how she feels in a week," Jane said.

"I don't know..." Dinah looked back at the couple. "Remember how it was before kids, car pools, and all the responsibility? Remember when it was just about the two of you and what *you* wanted?"

She expected at least one of them to make a smart-assed comment. Instead, they all stared wistfully at the couple.

The minister declared them husband and wife. Gabe curled his arm around Marci's waist, tucked her close, and kissed her hard. They were positively beaming. Were any of them ever that happy?

Once upon a time...

In unison, the couple turned their backs on the air and hopped down the cliff.

Behind her Sally sighed. "What's wrong with us?"

"What do you mean?" Mona asked.

They started toward their vans. "We have a golden opportunity here. Three glorious days away from the kids. We could have that." She jerked her thumb over her shoulder.

Jane tucked her arms across her chest and studied the ground as they strolled. "The guys have already indicated how they want to spend their time."

"So what? So we convince them otherwise. We seduce them once we get to the cabin—"

"We're sharing two cabins, remember?" Sally tucked a wind-blown strand of hair behind her ear.

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Dinah shrugged. "It's not like we haven't heard each other having sex before. Hell, there isn't a time or two we haven't walked in on each other having sex."

"Who knows? Maybe they'll be thrilled to death at the prospect of unfettered sex. Just look how horny they were last night," Mona said.

The other three screeched to a halt and stared at her.

"Oh, yeah. It was great," Jane sarcastically said. "Mark fell asleep on top of me before he could get his dick inside me. It took me forever to roll him off. Did anyone else have any better luck?"

Each looked away and shook their head.

"The only thing that got lucky in our room was the wine bottle," Dinah confided.

The burst of laughter pulled heads their way.

"You didn't!" Mona said.

Dinah smiled and lowered her voice. "I most certainly did. Thank heaven for mini-bars."

She glanced toward the cliff edge where the four men now stood packing up the rappelling gear. "You know, maybe Mona's got something. I say we give it a shot."

As the men arrived, they split into two couples and headed for their respective vans.

Dinah and Sally said little during the two-hour drive to the lodge. The men did most of the talking, rehashing their plans. With each mile that ticked away Dinah thought of how she'd seduce Rod, then wondered if she still knew how.

Sex was something grabbed in the night long after the kids were asleep—that is, *if* she and Rod weren't pooped. Lately, they were more pooped than not. Gone were the moonlight walks, the candlelit dinners in expensive restaurants, strolls along sandy beaches. Now it was rush, rush, rush, go, go, go. Maybe she'd lost her touch.

Pulling in her lower lip through her teeth, she looked back at Sally, hoping to convey her concerns in a glance. But Sally rested her head on

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Jack's broad shoulder, blissful as could be. Until...

Jack shrugged her aside. "Sweetheart, come on. Sit up. You're heavy and giving my arm a cramp."

Sally gave a humorless chuckle and flashed Dinah a look that said, *Can you believe this?*

Dinah didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Right now it didn't look good for any of them. Still, she held out hope. As she watched the beautiful scenery of mountains, forests, and multi-colored mineral lakes pass she imagined herself in Rod's arms, pinned beneath him while he thrust into her in wild abandon. Harder and harder still. He'd twirl her budded nipples between his teeth, grab her ass with both hands and force her to ride with him to one toe-curling orgasm after the other.

"Come on, honey. Come on. Come on."

"Damn it, Di, come on!"

Dinah shook herself out of her daydream. They were already at the lodge and apparently already checked in judging from the way everyone was toting belongings into their assigned cabins.

She stretched out of the van slowly. "Sorry. Guess I was off in another world."

He grunted a response and grabbed their suitcases. "Get that cooler, will you? There's still some beer left in it. We won't need it this afternoon."

Dinah sighed as she glanced around. It was a pretty little place. Ten cabins ringed a central grassy area with towering trees overhead. The lodge owner's home was on one end, a small community building was on the other. Large picture windows in each cabin gave a beautiful view of area.

Grabbing the cooler, she followed the others to the two end cabins—the only two that had two bedrooms. A creek babbled merrily beside them. Here the cabins faced each other. Picnic table and small grill stood in the strip of lawn between the two. As she rounded the corner, Dinah also saw a small gazebo, a glider swing, and an enclosed

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area that looked very much like a—

“Look a spa.” Clint jerked his hand toward it. “That’ll be great after a long day.” Behind him, Mona just shook her head.

The ladies exchanged one last look before following their husbands inside.

Rod was already in the bedroom. Dinah hurried in that direction, silently shutting the door once she crossed the threshold.

He glanced up. “Gonna take a nap?”

“Something like that,” she purred in what she prayed was a seductive voice.

Toeing off her sneakers, she raked her fingers down her blouse, loosening buttons. She sat on the bed beside him and laid herself before him.

“Care to join me?” She traced the curve of her breasts with the backs of her hands.

“Oh, honey.” He dropped a kiss to her forehead. “You know I’d love to, but we have the ATVs already reserved and paid for. But you hold that thought ’til tonight.”

Dumbstruck, all Dinah could do was stare at his back as he rushed away.

“Jack, wait!” Sally’s shout spurred her to action.

One leap put Dinah in pursuit, buttoning as she went. They converged in between the two cabins. Obviously, the other women had fared just as well.

Jane trotted behind Mark. “Well...maybe we could go with you.”

He turned with a smile. “Sweetheart, this is guy time. Why don’t you and the girls go do something?”

Clint squeezed Mona’s ass. “You girls love to shop. Go shopping.”

“Yeah,” Jack called out. “We could use some grub for the next couple of days. Don’t forget to get more beer.”

“And some steaks, too,” Rod added.

Dinah, Mona, Sally, and Jane stared slack-jawed as they drove off.

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"I...can you...what the—" Jane sputtered.

"Yeah. Me, too," Dinah said.

"He squeezed my ass!" Mona snapped.

"At least you got something squeezed," Sally said. "Come on. We do need groceries. We might as well get it over with."

"Yeah." Dinah blinked back tears. "I'm going to need a bigger bottle of wine."

"Maybe they'll have cucumbers on sale," Mona said, watching her van disappear down the road.

"Or hot dogs," Sally said. "No, too limp. Maybe I can freeze them."

"Nah," Jane nonchalantly waved that suggestion away. "Tried that once and got it stuck."

There was a beat of a second, then they burst out laughing.

"Too much knowledge?" she asked.

"No, just perfect." And just the medicine Dinah needed to soothe her hurt feelings.

She shrugged, palms up. "Maybe we'll get lucky and they'll have a sale on battery operated toothbrushes."

Sally laughed. "You know, the guys want to be together so much why don't we just give them one cabin and we'll take the other."

Mona clapped her arms. "It'll be fun. We can sit around in our underwear and not have to listen to them belch and fart."

Dinah smiled. "I love it. And they can buy and cook their own damn steak. Damn it, it's my vacation, too."

CHAPTER 3

Rod absorbed the silence as he drove them back to the lodge in the Fields' van. Time to face facts—none of them were as young as they used to be. Yet here they were trying to hang on to their youth like they did their rapidly disintegrating hairlines.

He ruffled his graying patch of brown hair. At least he didn't have to look at his bald spot. Poor Clint had lost his hair ten years ago. Mark had the fortune to have his gray hidden by his blond, but his forehead got wider every year.

Jack was the lucky one, sort of. He still sported a full, thick head of hair. Unfortunately, it was all gray. And they hadn't even reached forty yet. God only knew what another twenty years would do to them.

He supposed that's why these three days had become so important for him and his three friends. They didn't want to relive their youth, they didn't want to recapture it—they wanted to prove they'd never lost what it took.

They were fools to think they could do it all in three days. Shit, they

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couldn't even manage to get past the parking area.

It was funny when you thought about it. At least, he hoped it would be soon. The women were definitely going to have a field day when they heard.

Behind him Clint winced as he tried to stretch out his cast-bound leg. Jack echoed by trying to adjust his sprained wrist.

Mark snickered. "You two are—"

"Not a word," Jack cautioned. "It could've been you sitting here. I was the lucky one."

Clint looked at him out of the corner of his eye. "If it matters, I appreciate you trying to save my life."

Rod tried not to laugh. Save his life? Now that was over the top. He knew what Clint meant, but stepping into a gopher hole didn't really qualify as life-threatening.

"If I were you, I'd save that sentiment from the wives."

"The wives." Mark groaned and leaned into the headrest. "I can't believe I gave up sex for this."

"Me, too," Clint and Jack said together.

Rod shot them quick glances as he frowned. "Me...too."

Mark gave a humorless laugh. "What are the odds?"

"Yep." Clint struggled to find a comfortable position. "Should take advantage of that kind of offer while we can still get it up. How long before we lose that, too?"

Dead silence. One of their biggest fears. Now *there* was a way to prove a man still had what it took. What were they thinking? Three days without the kids and here they were sharing cabins. They could have been having sex 'til their balls fell off instead of spending the afternoon at the emergency room.

A snippet of conversation drifted into his memory. Wasn't that what Dinah had suggested in the first place? A chance to get away...alone?

By then, he'd been swept up into other plans. It wasn't that he didn't hear her. It was...

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Hell, he didn't know what it was. All he knew was that he had to be the stupidest man who ever walked the earth.

After almost eighteen years of marriage, Dinah could give him a walking hard-on with a smile and a look. Like last night when he saw her spying on them. It was all fun and games with the stripper until Rod saw Dinah in the doorway. That cute little smile of hers, the dimple at the corner of her mouth that begged for his tongue, and he had a hard-on that wouldn't quit. Big, bold, and throbbing...just like now. Obvious enough to make the stripper pull away fast. Which was just as well.

Some part of him had wanted to tell her it wasn't her—that she sure as hell didn't have what it took to please a man, not like his Dinah. Common sense had prevailed and he'd kept his mouth shut. So he sat there praying for the evening to end, imagining what he would do to Dinah once they were alone.

Twice he'd gone to the head to squeeze his dick into silence. Each time the temptation to jerk off was almost too much. But he'd saved it for her. To feel her moist heat surround him, suck him in like a tight, velvet vice.

Rod frowned. But that's not what happened. What *did* happen? He remembered going to the room. Her sweet smile as her nimble fingers undid his jeans. The hot rush of her mouth wrapping around his dick. Then...

"Shit!" He smacked the steering wheel with his fist.

The other three jumped.

Mark jerked his head around. "What the hell's—"

"I'm in deep shit!"

"Why?" Jack asked, clearly puzzled.

"I feel asleep on Dinah last night."

Still confused, they all slowly shook their heads.

"In the middle of a blow job," he spit out.

Realization widened their eyes.

"Uh-oh," Mark mumbled.

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Judging from the oh-shit look on their faces, they'd had as much luck as him. No wonder the women were all over them before they left.

"Well—" Clint shrugged. "—we'll just make it up to them when we get back."

Mark snorted. "After the way we gaffed them off?"

"Once they see how rotten our day was, they'll feel vindicated enough."

Rod hoped so. They were generally pretty tolerant. He decided his first order of business was going to be to find a hotel room for just the two of them. After a romp in the sheets...no, shower...he'd find a nice place for them to have a candlelit dinner. Maybe the hotel would have a hot tub.

He planned his seduction as he pulled to a slow stop in the gravel drive leading to their cabins.

Dusk had made deep shadows in the trees. Light from one of the cabins—the one they shared with the Jacksons—beckoned.

Mark pulled in a breath. "Someone's grilling," he said with a smile. "Hope Jane made her killer potato salad."

Rod pointed to the opposite side of the courtyard. "Not unless she's over there."

Joy faded.

Rod opened the door, then slid open the side hatch for his crippled comrades. He expected one of the women to greet them. Seemed like someone was always around to welcome them home, even if it was only at a temporary home. The fact no one did felt...lonely.

They took their time walking to the cabins, either in deference to Clint's broken ankle or out of guilt for their earlier behavior. As they rounded the corner of the closest building, they spied all four women heading for the spa.

Rod had to admit they'd sure kept their shape through the years. Eleven kids among them and they still looked drop-dead gorgeous in swimsuits, despite putting on a few pounds. Tiny Jane had four kids to

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her credit—Mark swore all he had to do was lay his pants on the bed to get her pregnant—and she was still built like a little, brick shit house.

They jerked to a stop when they saw the men. There wasn't a smile among them. Rod was right—they were all in deep shit.

Mona passed a scathing gaze up and down her husband. "What the hell happened to you?"

Clint shifted the crutches beneath his arms. "Stepped in gopher hole as I left the van."

Her glower deepened. "Great. Now I have to rip the seam in all your pants so you can put them on. Then sew them back up when you're better!"

The dreaded "s" word. Rod was suddenly thankful he'd missed the gopher hole.

Sally flicked her finger toward the Ace bandage wrapped around Jack's wrist. "What did you do? Try to catch him?"

"Yeah," he mumbled sheepishly.

"Idiots." Mona and Sally shook their heads in unison as they tsked.

Thus dismissing their husbands, the women continued their march to the hot tub. One by one they trooped through the paneled doors. Dinah was the final one through. She shot Rod daggers with one glare.

"We've made a few adjustments to our accommodations. You *boys* are in one cabin. We *women* are in the other. I'm sure even with your pea-sized, Neanderthal brains you should be able to figure out which is which."

She smacked the door closed with a resounding slam. The sound reverberated through the buildings. Seconds later, the door slid open a crack and four swimsuits were tossed to the flagstone path.

Mark gave a low whistle. "I think we just might be in trouble."

Rod arched his brows. "Ya think?" *Dumb ass.*

Clint sank to the bench beside the picnic table. "Now what?"

Jack ruffled his hair with his good hand. "Time to make nice...extra nice. Kiss ass nice. Spoil them nice. Pamper them nice."

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And then some. Rod dug his keys from his pocket. “Dinner would be a good start. Mark and I will go to the store. You two stay here and make sure *they* stay. Mad as they are...”

He left the rest, the unthinkable, unsaid. But the last thing he wanted was to have to chase after them all the way back home.

* * *

Dinah sighed as she slipped into the warm, bubbling water. God, it felt good on her bare skin. Judging from the rapturous looks on her friends’ faces, she’d say they agreed.

“I’m glad they had a rotten day.” Mona cupped some water and trickled it down her ample bosom. “Serves them right.”

A tear slipped from beneath Jane’s closed lids. “I don’t understand. There was a time Mark couldn’t get enough of me. Now...”

Sally draped an arm around her shoulder. “A good cry will do you good.”

She leaned in to the comfort. “I’ve had four kids. *His* kids. I take care of myself, but can I help it if things have...shifted?”

“Suppose if we writhe around naked in front of them?” Mona giggled around, sloshing water with every bounce of her breasts.

Giggles sputtered around.

Laughing, Jane wiped her tears away. “Mark would probably say, ‘Honey, put on some clothes.’”

Dinah heard a slight sound behind her, like a soft “tsk.” As if reaching for her towel, she turned. The door was just slightly ajar and someone was peeking in.

Bastards.

She leaned toward Mona and whispered, “Don’t turn around. We’re being watched. Pass it on.”

Like an old game of gossip the word went from one to the other. Once they’d all heard, Sally smiled and whispered something else into Jane’s ear. Jane slid toward Dinah and Mona.

“Then let’s give them something to see,” she whispered.

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Stretching her arms high, she stood and arched her back. Her perk little breasts thrust up, punctuated by the hard little dots of her nipples. And still Jane stretched, each flex of her body accentuating her assets. Slowly, she arced her arms downward until her fingers fluttered to a stop on her gently rounded belly. Within less than the beat of a heart, she dusted her hands upward until her breasts were cradled in her palms.

“Mmmmm....yesssss,” she sighed as she kneaded the soft flesh. Catching her hardened nipples between her fingers, she tugged and twirled, elongating them.

She cast a sly glance down at Mona. “I wish mine were as big as yours so I could lick them myself.”

“You mean like this.” Mona’s voice was husky. She lifted her breasts from the warm water and blew a caress against them. Each nipple hardened to her unspoken command, then she bent down and flicked her tongue around one.

Sally opened her arms. “Come here, Jane. Let me do that for you.”

Jane didn’t hesitate and quickly straddled the other woman’s lap as Sally cupped her palms over Jane’s breasts.

Scuffling and a muttered curse drifted to Dinah’s ears. Smiling, she gave Jane a wink. “That oughta do it.”

“Hee-hee-hee.” Jane nestled back in her seat. “I’d like to thank the Academy...”

* * *

“She did what?”

Mark’s mouth had yet to close, not that Rod could blame him. This was...this was...

“They had to know you were looking,” he finally said. “They were jerking you around.”

“Jane did what?” Mark was like a broken record.

“Well, Mona and Sally did it, too,” Clint snapped.

Mark whipped around to Jack. “Did you see it?”

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Jack gave a quiet nod. “Sorry, man. I didn’t mean to look. It was like watching a traffic accident.”

Mark splayed his fingers over his hips and stared down at the other man. “So now you’re comparing my wife’s body to an accident? She’s had four kids and still looks hotter than—”

“Just calm down.” Rod waved them down to their seats. “Come on, guys. They were screwing with you and you know it.”

Mumbled agreement followed.

“Look, we know they’re pissed. Let’s just keep to the plan and everything will be right by bedtime.”

Still, the image of Jane and Mona burned in his head even if he hadn’t been there to see it. The very idea of Jane writhing before the others, of Dinah smiling up at her... Things better be all right by bedtime. He was getting horny as hell with each second that passed. Hopefully, their little peace offering would be accepted.

They’d gone all out—steak, grilled vegetables, fresh salad. Clint even managed to cut up some honeydew and cantaloupe without amputating his fingers. He tossed in fresh strawberries and grapes, then mixed up a dip of cream cheese and marshmallow cream.

Within the hour, they had it all set out on a red-checkered plastic tablecloth complete with matching plasticware.

“Okay,” Rod said. “Call them.”

Mark pulled in a breath. “Hey, gir—”

Clint slugged him. “Good God, don’t call them girls again.”

Eyes wide, he nodded. “Hey, ladies, dinner’s on.”

Seconds later, the door slid open. Like royalty descending a carriage, they stepped out. Each was draped in a thick towel that barely passed the tops of their thighs.

Dinah glanced at the path, then up at Rod. “Where are our suits?”

He flashed her his most endearing smile, the one that normally got him anything he wanted. “We took them inside for you. Didn’t want them to get bugs and dirt on them.” He patted the bench. “Dress and

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come eat before it gets cold.”

“Oh...I think we’re dressed just fine.”

He watched, mesmerized by her long-legged gait as they approached the table.

Clint snapped out a paper napkin and laid it on the bench. “Here you go, honey. Don’t want you to get splinters.”

Mona gave him a noncommittal grunt. Her breasts threatened to pop the tenuous tuck of the towel. That’d be a sight to see for sure. In fact, they all looked like only lady luck kept them covered. Every time one of them reached for the food, Rod held his breath waiting to see whose towel would be the first to drop.

“Man, this is harder than I thought.” Jack tried to carve into his steak, but his bum wrist refused to cooperate. “Honey, you suppose you could...” He handed his fork and knife to Sally.

She grabbed both, stabbed the fork into the meat, and lifted it. “Gnaw it off.”

Anger pulled his eyebrows together. Rod watched him war with it. Finally, something shifted—a silent decision made with a slight intake of breath. Jack focused his gaze on Sally’s copper-colored eyes.

“I’d do it for you, no matter how mad I was. My love, my conscience, wouldn’t let me not help you.”

She rolled her eyes heavenward. Nevertheless, she did as he asked. Score one for the men.

“So...” Jane slowly chewed her steak. “Who was spying?”

Clint and Jack stiffened their backs. “You knew?”

“Of course, we knew.” Dinah snickered. “We’re not idiots and you aren’t church mice. Like what you saw?”

A red flush covered their faces.

Mark stabbed at his salad. “I can’t believe you did that in front of them. I can’t believe it.”

Jane popped in another bite. “So they’ve seen me naked. Big deal. Jack delivered your children. He’s seen me naked plenty of times.”

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"Not doing that," he mumbled.

"I'm scarred for life," Jack said.

"Are you now?" his wife asked. "Let's see." Without warning, Sally dove her hand to his lap. "Well, hello, Mr. Happy."

Rod couldn't help it. He tossed back a laugh. "Okay, ladies. You got us good. We know you knew. We also know it was for show."

Smiling, Dinah lifted an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Really." He tapped his finger to the tip of her nose. "We're sorry about last night. We're very sorry about this morning. We've learned our lesson and are ready to give you whatever you want...or need."

"Rod Moore...you don't have a clue what we want or need. None of you have for a long time now." With that remark, she gathered her plate and walked to the cabin. The other ladies wasted no time following.

* * *

"Are they still sitting there watching us?" Mona asked.

Dinah craned her neck to look over Sally's shoulder. "Yep, sure are. Each of them is sitting there clutching a beer. Just like always."

"We could draw the blinds," Sally suggested.

"Or give them something to look at." Jane jerked off her towel and tossed it across the room.

Dinah shook her head. "Girl, you've had way too much wine."

"Chicken."

Oh, well. What the hell? She loosened the tuck and let the towel fall back. Rod was probably having a cow. She half-expected him to bust down the door. To further bait him, she parted her knees and parked her feet on the coffee table.

His head popped up. He was standing.

"Want a show, my love?" she asked aloud. "How 'bout this?"

Uncaring of what anyone thought, Dinah dipped her forefinger into her wine then circled her clit.

"Naughty girl," Mona whispered against her ear, then flicked the

SHOWTIME

lobe with her tongue.

Sally stood before her as she dropped her towel. “So we want to show them what they’re missing? How far do we go?”

“How far do we want to go?”

Jane sat on the edge of the coffee table and danced her fingers up the inside of Dinah’s leg. Goosebumps followed in their wake. God, she was horny. Rod didn’t seem to want her any more. None of their husbands did. It was wham, bam, and not even a thank you, ma’am.

“We did it once before,” Mona said.

Dinah reached for her breast. Mona’s nipple hardened under her touch. “That was ages ago. We were still in high school.”

Sally laughed lightly. “My mother beat my ass so hard after we were caught, I couldn’t sit comfortably for days.”

The others nodded. Dinah’s visit with the wooden hairbrush was memorable.

“What do you think they’ll do?” Jane asked.

“Be so turned on they fuck us like crazy every time they think about it?” Dinah suggested.

Mona leaned into her deepening caress. “Let’s face it. Nothing else gets them turned on. Our bodies aren’t stripper lean—far from it. If we even tried to strip or dance in front of them, they’d kill themselves laughing.” Her lips closed over Dinah’s nipple.

Dinah bit back a sigh as she flicked her other nipple to a hard bead. So gentle, so tender. Not the hard sucking that Rod had become so infamous for of late.

“Yes,” she breathlessly replied. “Let’s do it. All at the same time. Just like before.”

Mona twirled her tongue once, then released her.

Jane shoved the coffee table out of the way. Each stretched out on her side in a circle, head facing crotch. Dinah glanced at the window. Four noses were pressed against the pane.

“Ladies, we have an audience. I believe it’s showtime.”

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That unique scent of woman drifted her way as Dinah nestled her face into Sally's open thighs. It was still laced with musk, yet softer, more delicate, than a man. It was like catching a whiff of herself, yet different.

She felt Mona against her, hesitant as she was. They weren't teenagers experimenting anymore. There was nothing innocent here and they all knew it.

"One, two, three," Jane said softly, taking her back more than twenty years. With the last number, they crossed the line.

Dinah twitched with the first flick of Mona's tongue around her clit. Blood rushed to that spot, swelling her. She was definitely ripe tonight and Mona was thorough, tracing every fold.

She fought to concentrate on Sally, making her hard little clit dance under her tongue. Sally moaned. She was slick, moist and, at that moment, all Dinah wanted, besides her own orgasm, was to make Sally come, too.

Dinah drew a circle around her friend's cunt, then plunged her index finger deep inside and up, pushing high on the roof of her vagina. Sally groaned and bucked under the attention. Seconds later, Mona did the same for Dinah. The touch had gone full circle.

Dinah dared a second finger. That, too, garnered her equal attention. She thrust gently in and out, in and out.

"Harder," Jane mumbled against Mona's clit.

The request was granted with a simultaneous thrust. Their moans of pleasure bounced off each other, building the threshold of pleasure even more. Dinah felt herself tighten, felt that heralding that came before climax seized her. Sally's cunt gripped her fingers. She was going to come, too. Were they all?

Together?

Dinah clamped her lips over Sally's clit and sucked hard. Again it came back her way. Mona jammed her fingers deep inside, harder and harder still.

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She came in a white-hot flash so blindly, she actually saw stars behind her lids. They rocked together, hanging on to each other until they were over the top and beyond, then collapsed and fell to their backs.

“Holy shit,” Jane breathlessly exclaimed. “I wish to hell Mark would do that more often.”

“More often?” Dinah sighed. “I just wish Rod would do it.”

“It’s not enough,” Mona said. “I want more.”

“Me, too.” Sally hopped to her feet and trotted to the kitchenette.

It was a joke when they’d bought the cucumbers. Mona had really planned to make sandwiches with it. Now, hot as they were, it seemed the perfect solution.

Dinah glanced at the window. The men didn’t even bother to hide the fact they were watching. They stood there, slack-jawed, eyes wide, mouths agape. She got up and crossed the room, accepted the cucumber with one hand, then jerked the blind closed with the other one. The men could fill in the necessary gaps.

Nestled back on the sofa, she spread her legs. She waited for her friends, then slowly worked the phallic shaped vegetable deep into her cunt. She tossed her head back, pulling it in and out, pretending it was Rod, remembering a time when he couldn’t get her in bed fast enough.

Jane made a small sound. The others followed. Dinah circled her fingers around her clit. It was hard and ready once more. If only...

CHAPTER 4

Speechless. Rod was absolutely, positively speechless. And more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. *God, she was beautiful when she came.* But then he'd always known that. When did he stop noticing?

Guilt filtered in. They heard what the women said. How could they not with the windows open? He'd always thought of himself as a good provider. Well, he'd just learned money and material possessions weren't everything. Somewhere between Little League, Girl Scouts, working for a new home and two new cars, he'd neglected the one thing, the one person he'd sworn he'd give his life for.

Rod was ashamed. That his best friends now knew how inadequate he was added to his guilt. But, judging from what he'd heard in there, he wasn't in this boat alone.

He dared a glance at the other three. They stared into the night, not really looking at anything.

"What..." Mark bit off the rest of his sentence, obviously at a loss

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for words.

Jack swallowed. "Do you suppose they... I mean I spend a lot of time at the hospital."

"No, I don't," Rod said, and he honestly believed that.

"But..." Jack sank to the bench and parked his chin on his free hand. "Sally told me once when they were sixteen—"

"Yeah, and their mothers tore up their asses for it. Dinah told me she could barely sit the next day. That they never did that again."

Clint waved his hand toward the cabin. "Well, obviously—"

"We drove them to this," Mark said. "The party last night. Falling asleep on them...literally. Dismissing them this morning. Hell, I can't remember the last time Jane and I had uncontrollable, fuck-me-on-the-kitchen-table sex. Of course, with four kids always underfoot..."

Rod ran his fingers through his thinning hair. "All Dinah wanted was three days for the two of us. Just three days out of the eighteen years we've been married. Three lousy days."

"Look at us." Jack lifted his bum arm. "We're pathetic. We're lucky to have women like that. They generally aren't nagging, they don't get jealous, they rarely get mad."

But when they do, watch out.

"They said we didn't have a clue what they wanted or needed," Clint said. "Think that was their way of showing us?"

Mark snorted. "I doubt it. It was more like giving themselves what they aren't getting from us. And, hot as that was—and honestly, guys, that was so hot—I feel bad for...well..."

"Yeah, we know," Jack muttered.

"So...what do we do about it?"

Rod smiled. "I have an idea. Actually, I have a few wants and needs of my own I'd like to see fulfilled. Why should they be the only ones having a good time?"

Clint looked at him from under his eyebrows. "We'll be lucky if they don't cut off our balls and shove them up our collective asses."

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“Oh, I don’t know.” Mark grinned and crossed his arms as he rocked on his feet. “We were accused of being cavemen. Why disappoint them now?”

* * *

Dinah’s muscles tightened around her phony phallus. Each circle of her fingers brought her closer to the edge. She heard the other women’s soft sounds. Her own echoed. They were going to come together...again. There was a brush against her thigh. Someone’s fingers slowly caressing upward. She opened her eyes to slits.

“Rod!”

He gave her a lazy smile as he knelt between her thighs. “Don’t let me stop you, sweetheart.”

She pulled the cucumber out and tried to shove herself upright. Rod grabbed her hips and yanked her back into place.

She wasn’t the only one in a predicament.

“What...what do you want?” Mona asked Clint.

“You’re kidding, right?”

“We want you.” Mark nibbled his way up Jane’s leg. “Right here. Right now.”

“In front of everyone?” Jane squeaked.

Mark chuckled and hit home. Jane’s protest died on a contented sigh. One by one they fell, soldiers in an unfought war. Still, Dinah squirmed for freedom.

“Oh, Rod, please. Not in front of everyone.”

He held her firmly in place. “Everyone’s already seen, sweetheart. There are no more secrets.”

He nipped the tender flesh on the inside of her thigh. Dinah twitched from the sensation. His tongue traced the area, then found its way higher. She tried to salvage what little dignity that remained by squeezing her thighs together. Rod ran his hands up the inside, shoved her wide, and pinned her in place with the cucumber.

Her protest was swallowed by a groan as his mouth closed over her

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clit. Taking the bulb between his lips, he flicked it back and forth with his tongue.

Dinah shut out everyone and everything around her. How could she possibly think a woman's touch would be better than this? She'd forgotten his unique ability to suck an orgasm right out of her. But he hadn't. He also hadn't forgotten how to tease.

He worked her clit overtime, pulling her to the edge of the precipice, then freeing her. Dinah whimpered in protest. Rod seized her again, flicking, twirling, thrusting her hard. Her breath caught as she hovered once more. Again, he pulled away.

Dinah beat at the cushion in frustration. She heard his low growl in response as he took her, sucking hard, drawing that tiny nub to impossible proportions. She dug her fingers into his hair, holding him in place while her hips rocked against his face. Finally, blessedly she came. Her thighs clutched his head, she exploded, then she collapsed in a pool of nothingness.

He gave her little time to recover. Fingers replaced vegetable. He thrust them deep and up, and seized her clit once more. Another orgasm rocked her.

"Please, no more." She waved him away weakly. Rod merely chuckled as he pulled back to his feet.

Dinah dared a glance around. Did she look as sated as the others? She shifted her gaze back to Rod, to his bulging crotch, to the hand cupping his pulsing dick. Surely they weren't going to fuck them here?

He caught her fingers and hauled her to her feet. Dinah teetered for balance. One strong arm clamped around her waist.

She draped her arms over his shoulders. "Let's go to the bedroom."

"Uh-uh." He pivoted and took her place on the sofa, then pulled her face down over his lap.

Dinah jerked up and found Mona looking at her, eyes wide.

"What the hell?" She heard Jane sputter.

Mark's soft laughter followed. "Didn't your mothers teach you *not*

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to do things like that?"

"You're gonna spank us!" she shrieked.

"Oh, yeah," he replied, and four simultaneously swats filled the room.

Dinah bit back a squeak as she tried to cover her bare bottom.

Rod seized her by the wrist and held it against the small of her back. "Now don't make this any worse on yourself than it's already going to be." He gave her another swat.

She couldn't believe this! Spanked! By her husband! Dinah had never been more humiliated...never more insulted...never more turned on. With each firm, but gentle smack against her bare bottom, warmth spread to her clit, swelling it. To her shame, she found herself actually lifting her ass for more. Eyes closed, she spread her legs and sought out his knee for friction where she most needed it.

That earned her a real swat. She gasped from the shock and glared at him. Rod merely smiled.

"Need something?"

He dove his fingers beneath her and pinched her swollen clit while the spanking continued. Three swats later, orgasm rippled through her. Dinah sagged into his lap. She couldn't look at her friends, even if the same thing *had* just happened to them.

She sank to her knees before him, hoping to hide her red bottom from other eyes. A glance at his crotch made her hungry for more. He was hard, throbbing, a spurt of pre-cum moistened his jeans.

"Get in the bedroom, Rod. We have unfinished business."

"You're damn right we do."

Without warning, he leaped to his feet, hauled her upright, and tossed her over his shoulder. Long, sure strides carried them across the room. Before he kicked the door closed, she saw the others scatter to their own private niches. Then he tossed her to the bed.

"How do you want it, sweetheart? Hard and long? Quick and fast? Face up? Face down?" He spit the questions out as he ripped off his

SHOWTIME

clothes.

How many years had it been since he was this impatient to have her? *Too many.*

Dinah reached for his bobbing cock. “Damn it, Rod, just give it to me. I’ll take it any way I can get it.”

He crawled between her open thighs, looping her legs over his shoulders as he did so. One hard thrust seated him deep. Dinah reared from the pleasure radiating to her womb.

She didn’t think it was possible for her to come again. But each hard pivot of his body into hers insisted that she do just that. Like a piston in high gear, he beat his flesh into hers over and over again then caught her against him as she came.

Through half-slitted eyes she watched the tension in his face as he fought to hang on. His jaw flexed. His eyes rolled back seconds before his lids closed. Then he arched like a bow and let out a wall-shaking growl as he dumped his load deep within her. Sweat broke out across his brow, down his back as he thrust forward a second time, then a third.

Dinah dotted kisses to his temple. “God, honey, that was great.”

He let her legs drop then braced himself on his forearms as his breath slowly returned to normal. “Don’t get comfortable, love. We’re just getting started.”

* * *

The four couples sat at one table in the nearly deserted coffee shop. Breakfast was history, but they lingered over their coffee. Dinah wondered if her friends were as sore as she was. Rod had fucked her not once, but three times the night before. Satisfied as she was, she still felt like a horny teenager.

“Okay, here’s the plan.” Mark laced his fingers before him. “We’re heading down to Vegas where we each have suites at The Golden Nugget. We’re going to do our own thing, then hook up again in a couple of days for the trip back home.”

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That brought smiles all around.

“There’s just one thing.” Jack mirrored Mark’s position. “About what you four did last night...”

Red flushes covered the other women’s faces. Dinah knew hers was the same. She glanced to the moisture on her water glass to keep from looking at them.

“If you ever...” Clint tapped the table with his forefinger, rattling the dishes that remained. “...ever do that again...”

“Make sure you let us know so we can watch,” Rod finished, brushing his hand up her thigh.

Dinah looked up into his smile, the humor and love dancing in his eyes. She grinned as she cupped her hand over his erection. “We wouldn’t think of doing it without you. Why put on a show without an audience?”

CAITLYN WILLOWS

Caitlyn Willows is the pseudonym for award-winning author Catherine Snodgrass, who wanted to flex her writing muscles in the romantica genre. Readers will find the same quality from “Caitlyn” that they have come to expect from “Catherine,” but the stories will be more over-the-top and more steamy. Sometimes the novels are written singularly, and sometimes they are a collaborative effort with award-winning author Paris Dixon. Always they will be action-filled...in more ways than one.

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* * *

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