



PRIVATE AUDITION

“Just drop the robe for me,” Arthur urged in a casual tone.

Don’t blow it now, Jergen, Janessa told herself. She wanted to cry, however, since she felt so odd about exposing herself this way. While the alcohol had numbed her sensations to a certain degree, she wished she’d gotten drunker. She glanced at the uninhibited Tasha, laying there, touching herself all over. Why couldn’t she be more like her?

“Slip your robe down, *kochanie*,” Tasha said. “Let’s play!”

Her enthusiastic invitation to play served to lighten Janessa’s mood. Without further thought, she reached down, loosened the tie around her waist, and slipped off the top part of her robe. She felt it slide down her shoulders and shimmied a bit to jiggle it off her breasts. When it fell down around her elbows, the upper half of her torso had been exposed. She swallowed hard.

Tasha smiled. “You have beautiful breasts. So beautiful...” She caressed her own, tweaking her nipples between her own fingertips.

“Very beautiful,” Arthur agreed. “Come on now. Keep going. Let’s see the rest of that magnificent body.”

Janessa felt torn. She wanted to play, but, at the same time, felt pressured. She had taken the first step, but still wanted to cry from the frustration of having no control over what was going on. Maybe she should forget this whole idea, turn, and run. *Now! Run for the hills, girl—it’s now or never!*

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BY

SHARA BLOODSTONE

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PRIVATE AUDITION
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CHAPTER 1

Janessa was growing weary of the night's activity.

She glanced at her watch. *Thank God I get off early tonight. I'm ready for my after-shift drink already.*

Knowing she only had an hour left perked her up a bit. *I'll just check on my tables and try to drop these last three checks.*

She sashayed over to where a group of four nursed their last drops of brandy. She flashed her sweetest smile at the host.

"Everything okay here?" she asked gaily. "Can I bring you another espresso or after-dinner drink?"

"No, thank you," he answered..

Janessa picked up on the slightest trace of an Italian accent.

"We get ready to move on now."

"We're going clubbing," chimed the pretty American blonde seated next to him.

Janessa smiled at the woman. *You go, girl. I wonder if these guys*

PRIVATE AUDITION

are what my friend, Maurice, calls “Eurotrash.” Out loud she said, “Cool. Sounds good to me.”

“Maybe you’d like to come along?” the man asked. He wore a suggestive smile.

Janessa took a good look at him. He was around thirty-five or so, dressed in a silk shirt without a tie under an expensive suit. Janessa had noticed the well-cut fabric clung to him with an impressive lack of creasing whenever he moved. His dark, wavy hair was swept off his face except for one lock hanging in a curl above his left eyebrow. His chiseled jaw made him a handsome guy, she supposed, although maybe a tad too narcissistic. She’d seen him checking himself out in the mirror above the bar. He was obviously wealthy, probably here on business. His type dined at Winston’s Café on a regular basis. Only out for a good time, they always seemed to know just who to call for purchasing the requisite entourage during their weekend jaunts.

“We are joining friends at La Barre later on,” the Italian suggested. “Would you like to join us?”

“Oh, that’d be great, but I’m stuck here for a while,” Janessa answered.

“What time you get off?” he inquired.

“That’s hard to say,” Janessa lied.

She watched the Italian’s buddy whisper into the other blonde’s ear and nuzzle it with his mouth. The girl giggled.

“Well, we’ll be at La Barre all night,” the host continued. “The champagne’s on ice. Maybe you decide to join us when you get off.”

When a smarmy smile spread over his thin, wet lips, Janessa wanted to wipe herself clean. Before her face revealed how she felt, however, she caught herself. She managed to halt the dirty look threatening to foul her expression. She was, after all, still working for a tip.

“That’s sweet of you to offer, really sweet,” she said, swallowing disgust at how two-faced she had to be to make money. “All right. I’ll

PRIVATE AUDITION

try and get out of here as soon as I can.”

“We be up all night...and into the morning, too.” His voice oozed sensual indulgence. “But for now, we take the check.”

Janessa smiled and nodded. She felt the Italian eyeing her butt as she walked over to the computer to print out his tab. When she returned, he looked up at her with bedroom eyes. He didn’t look away as he laid a wad of cash down on the table.

“It’s all yours,” he said in a silken tone.

“Thank you,” Janessa responded brightly. Why did she feel so sleazy?

“So, maybe we see you later,” he said with a leer.

Janessa smiled and wondered how the blonde ditz remained oblivious to, or at least unaffected by, her date’s attempt to pick up the waitress.

Drugs’ll do that to ya, she concluded.

She dropped the check onto her other four-top, but stopped short on her way back to check the deuce seated in her booth.

All evening long, the couple ensconced in the shadows of the most private banquette at the rear of the restaurant had received priority treatment. As a general rule, Janessa was attentive to all her customers and treated them to the best service she could possibly give. She exerted an extra effort, however, toward certain individuals with special status. After all, she was waiting tables in a trendy Soho restaurant frequented by celebrities and other famous persons. The movie star and famous director currently seated in the back booth definitely qualified as those who rated kid glove service. All the more so since Janessa was one of many aspiring actresses in town. She practically salivated at the thought of what Arthur Preston could do for her career, should he be feeling magnanimous.

All night long, Janessa had been out to make the best possible impression on him and Tasha Curtiss. While she’d gone out of her way

PRIVATE AUDITION

to be charming and efficient, however, she refused to fawn excessively like some kind of desperate sycophant. She'd been careful not to hover too long, yet showed up the second they needed a refill for a drink or extra salad dressing. They'd been there over two hours already, but Janessa wasn't about to rush them. She'd stay after her shift finished if she had to, rather than push that deuce to hurry away.

When she glanced their way to make sure all was well, she noticed a distinct shift in the energy there. Intrigued, she craned her neck to have a look, while trying not to be obvious. Hmm...there was an odd stillness in the booth. What the heck were they doing?

Janessa noticed Tasha Curtiss throw her beautiful head back, leaving it to rest up against the high back of the leather booth seat. This position left her flawless chin lifted upward and her full lips parted. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be in deep concentration. Janessa pretended she was going through a pile of checks from her nightly sales while she sauntered toward the banquette table to take a better look.

As soon as she was close enough, she shifted her eyes and looked sideways into the booth. She caught sight of Tasha's chest heaving up and down breathlessly while she took in short spurts of air. The famous actress appeared to be panting. Janessa frowned in bewilderment, wondering about her rapid little breaths. She looked at Tasha's dinner date across the table to check what he was doing. Award-winning filmmaker Arthur Preston had focused his attention entirely on the panting lady. And he exuded an enormous amount of intensity in watching her.

Harumph, Janessa thought. What the heck is that about? Some kind of acting exercise?

She was intrigued, however. As an aspiring actor, she wanted to know more.

She decided her staring was apt to be less noticed by either of them if she did so from a distance. She moseyed down the bar to the far end

PRIVATE AUDITION

of the restaurant and looped around, walking back up along the other side of the dining room. From there, she'd be able to position herself across from the booth without attracting their attention, to get a better look.

She looked over to see Tasha Curtiss sitting with her head back and her spine erect, her hands gripping the leather cushion on either side of her hips. Sensing activity below, Janessa lowered her eyes to look beneath the table. She could see Tasha's legs spread apart, the flowered sundress she wore hoisted high up on her thighs. Janessa backed up a foot and accidentally-on-purpose dropped her pen on the floor. She feigned nonchalance when she bent down to retrieve it and looked beneath the table. The little scenario she witnessed made her gulp. She forced back the shock threatening to show on her face and resumed a neutral expression. She rose slowly but continued observing what was going on below.

Arthur Preston's leg was extended straight out to Tasha's side of the booth. The sandal that had clad that foot now rested on the floor beside his other foot. The bare foot of his outstretched leg was nestled up between Tasha's legs, right in her crotch.

Janessa couldn't keep from raising her eyebrows.

She chuckled to herself. *Oh, this is rich...I wonder if the movie star is wearing any panties.*

A devilish interest grabbed a sudden hold of her, driving her to saunter toward the sexually charged couple seated in the farthest booth. As she strolled over, she pondered how best to deal with this unusual situation.

I'm not going to bother them, but I'm not going to hide the fact I know what's going on there either. I mean, they have some nerve, they surely do, acting out their sexual antics in public. Then again, maybe this could work for me somehow. If I'm cool about it, but let them know I see what they're doing, and I'm being cool about it, maybe the trust

PRIVATE AUDITION

factor will invite them to want to know me. As an actor, I'd love to be their friend!

Her shoulders shook as she tried to suppress the giggles that suddenly grabbed hold of her. Good thing it was so noisy in here, or more folks would be watching... She rubbed the end of her nose to hide the grin forcing its way to her mouth.

Spotting a corner jutting out from the wall just a couple of feet away from the lusty celebrity booth, Janessa decided to make a perch of it. She ambled over and settled back. She leaned a shoulder against the wall and casually crossed a foot over an ankle. She reached into the tiny black apron slung around her hips and withdrew her checks again. She took her time putting them in numerical order, barely looking at them as she did; this activity was merely an excuse to hang around the table. She was more interested in watching how the kinky show would play out, courtesy of the famous Hollywood couple.

* * *

Arthur Preston focused his full attention on rubbing his toe against the nub of Tasha Curtiss' clitoris. Beneath her sundress, her pussy had been left naked for easy access. She'd left her panties home to keep the door open to all manner of the kinky sex she and Arthur had discovered kept them interested in spending time together. And that's what he loved best about her, her insatiable quest for imaginative sexual encounters.

During pre-production for the film they were working on together, he'd busied himself with getting her off in more ways than even he'd ever dared to dream! And, by God, he was going to get her off right now, using his big toe—a first even on his impressive list of sexual accomplishments.

He rotated his toe in circles, pushing and prying as best he could without sliding out of his chair and down beneath the banquet table. Tasha's breathless hunger to reach that critical moment drove him

PRIVATE AUDITION

onward and forced him not to give up the challenge. He was glad the cramp threatening the calf above his working foot had finally abated.

He was so intent on getting Tasha off, he almost didn't notice their hot waitress standing by, watching. Without looking directly at her, he was nevertheless aware of her voyeurism. That, too, urged him onward. A showman from way-back-when, he always welcomed an audience.

I'd like to fuck her, too, he thought with bravura. *As soon as I'm finished here, I'd love that piece of pussy, too...hey, I'm only fifty-three years young! Still—I'd better get it as often as I can now.. You never know what lies ahead...*

* * *

Janessa wet her lips with her tongue as she watched Tasha Curtiss clasp her hands around the edge of the leather seat, quivering and shivering. She had to stifle a smile when she heard Tasha emit a groan just prior to the unmistakable "Aaahhhs" of an orgasm. Janessa didn't even bother to fake numbering her checks anymore. She simply leaned back with her arms across her chest and let the amusement show upon her face.

Hey, she thought, if they're getting kinky in a public place, I'm sure as hell going to exercise my right to watch. Frigging exhibitionists needed an audience.

She glanced around to see if other patrons or staff members had caught on to the doings in the shadows of the back booth. She was amazed nobody else seemed to notice. *Well, that's New York for you.*

She thought about grabbing her buddy, Joel, a gay guy on the staff who would have appreciated the show, but decided against it. After all, this might be her chance to get in with two heavy-hitters from Hollywood. They wielded such clout that the snap of their fingers could easily part the veils leading to the inner industry circles of New York or L.A.

Frankly, Janessa was sick and tired of waiting tables between

PRIVATE AUDITION

theatre gigs and the occasional commercial she shot. She quickly weighed in on how far she'd be willing to go for a break. For the right opportunity, she decided, she'd be willing to cross a line she'd never before considered—not until this very moment.

* * *

Tasha took a deep breath, exhaled, and opened her eyes. She looked straight at Arthur.

“Take your toe out, please.”

Her tone was quiet but direct, tinged with the last vestige of a Polish accent ten years of diction and elocution lessons had been unable to entirely erase.

As Arthur complied, she relaxed her shoulders and loosened her grip on the leather seat. Her dark eyes shifted toward a figure over to her right before she slowly, gracefully moved her entire face for a direct look.

Ah, the beautiful waitress.

A cloud passed over Tasha's expression, however, when she considered the unconcealed impudence of the bitch to stand there staring like that. She squeezed her eyes into little slivers. *Nothing like discretion, girl.* Then she locked her smoky topaz eyes onto the brazen bi-otch's lucid pools of blue.

God, she's really hot.

Mercurial by nature, her mood shifted and she flashed a smile at the sexy waitress. The woman returned a warm smile full of secret knowledge.

Across the table, Tasha sensed Arthur was feeling momentarily unappreciated.

He furrowed his brows together. “So? Did you enjoy that? That was a first for me, I got to admit. My first toe-fuck, I guess you'd call it.”

“Mm-hmm. It was...different,” Tasha answered. “ I liked it, though.” She paused, then said, “And I like her.”

PRIVATE AUDITION

Arthur craned his head around to see to whom Tasha was referring.

“Ah, our waitress. Yeah, she’s a hottie.” He turned back toward his movie star. “Call her over. You want to bring her home with us?”

* * *

Janessa was pleased with herself for gaining the attention of the famous Hollywood pair. She felt Tasha continue checking her out, even after Arthur Preston turned back to take a gander at her. She gathered their hedonistic tendencies must go pretty far, after what she’d just witnessed in a public setting.

If I’m going to put out the vibe, I’d better be ready to go pretty far, myself. Amazing, what some of us will do to get a break in this biz.

And at twenty-six, she needed a break. Waiting tables was wearing down her last nerve. She’d been a serious drama student in college, shifting toward film and television after graduation. The dream of doing regional theatre the rest of her life had waned as she realized that a far better living could be made in celluloid. Consistent work, however, was tough to come by; it hadn’t been easy breaking into commercials, and getting a role on a show seemed next to impossible. Not with the slacker agent she was currently working with.

She pushed away from the corner, relieved Tasha had shot her a seductive semi-smile.

Okay, Janessa Jergen, just how far will you go?

She looked at the excruciating beauty of Tasha Curtiss and recalled the last film she’d seen her in. It was a European-made movie based on a classic novel. Janessa had thought the pale but olive-skinned beauty didn’t quite fit the bill in playing an eighteenth-century English governess. Not that Janessa minded watching her slim physique attired in expansive gowns with panniers, or the lacey garments she wore beneath. Close-ups of Tasha’s chiseled facial structure and her full, pouting mouth sold millions of tickets to avid fans around the world, and they paid to see her in just about any genre. But Janessa thought

PRIVATE AUDITION

that, while Tasha was marvelous to look at onscreen, a haunted quality belied her beauty.

We're the same age, but she's been a star for the past ten years. It definitely helps to have a famous father.

Tasha Curtiss had been born with industry connections. Her dad was internationally known for playing creepy characters in off-beat films made both in Hollywood and Europe.

Janessa thought of her own Baptist parents from southern Indiana and snuffed a harrumph. A far cry from the film baron Leonid Curtiss!

Okay, well, don't be jealous.

She sauntered back to the ladies room.

* * *

Tasha's eyes followed the sexy waitress as she walked toward the back of the house. In looking at the tight, black shorts hugging the apple cheeks of her taut butt, she assumed the woman was a dancer. Her eyes ran down shapely, muscular legs, enhanced by the black hose she wore, to the black lace-up boots around her ankles. The stretchy fabric of her black top clung to a tight upper body that boasted a perfect handful for each round, firm breast. Gripped by an instinct to take the nipples of those breasts between her teeth, Tasha also imagined palming those buns.

She rose from the table and announced to Arthur, "I'm going to the ladies room."

* * *

Tasha pushed the ladies room door open as Janessa was pulling her brush through the ends of her shoulder-length hair. Just inside the doorway, Tasha stopped, then smiled with closed lips. Janessa glanced at her and smiled back before wrapping a scrunchy around her smooth locks to make a ponytail.

"You have gorgeous hair, you know that?" Tasha asked.

PRIVATE AUDITION

“Thank you,” Janessa chirped with surprise.

Tasha reached out and wrapped a hand around the smooth tail of hair. “It’s thick, too.”

“That it is,” Janessa agreed. *My, isn’t she friendly toward me?*

Tasha released Janessa’s mane and faced herself in the mirror. “I got sick of mine, so I cut it all off.” She plumped her fingers through the dark waves of her textured haircut reaching just below her earlobes.

“That’s a great cut, though,” Janessa offered. “It looks beautiful on you.”

“You’re sweet,” Tasha said. She whirled and looked straight into Janessa’s face. “And so pretty. Are you a dancer?”

“Yes. Well, sometimes. Mostly, I’m an actor, but I studied dance my whole life. Right now, obviously, I’m a waitress. And, uh, thank you for the compliment.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Listen—I just have to say this, I love your work!” Janessa suddenly gushed. “I think you’re fabulous. In all your films—so interesting...”

“Oh, you’re sweet! Thank you, thank you...”

Janessa blushed crimson at having blurted her enthusiasm while talking to the famous actress. She admonished herself for how uncool she was being. But she couldn’t help it. An overwhelming urge had grabbed hold of her and she wanted to get close to Tasha Curtiss. She couldn’t seem to help the profound excitement swirling through her mind and body with the beautiful actress standing so near.

“What time do you get off work tonight?” Tasha asked in a casual voice. “Are you here late?”

“Actually, you’re my last table. I get off early.”

Tasha clapped her hands together with charming little taps. “Wonderful! Will you join Arthur and me for a drink?”

“Wha—oh?” Her face beat crimson as she hurried to cover her

PRIVATE AUDITION

surprise. “Of course! I mean, why not? I’ll, uh, I’ll bring my drink over to your table.”

“Good. That’ll be fun. I’m going to use the bathroom now.” As she headed for a stall, she added, “And you can bring the check anytime you want.”

Janessa nodded, pondering what was going on. Such sudden good fortune made her wonder if she’d slipped into an alternate reality, or was actually doing a scene in an improv class...or maybe she’d gotten lost in a super-realistic daydream.

She quit thinking about it and shrugged, then spoke to Tasha through the stall door. “I’ll bring the check over now.”

* * *

Janessa felt the eyes of jealous co-workers watching her as she sat down in the booth with Tasha and Arthur. Now they took notice, all right, but she’d jumped on her chance while they’d been caught up with their own tables.

She was amazed at how relaxed she felt, considering the company. The couple was masterfully putting her at ease, while making her feel special at the same time. Okay, so they were kinky. But socializing with them might be well worth the effort.

“Getting low on your drink, Janessa?” Arthur asked. “That’s a beautiful name, by the way.”

“Thank you,” she said.

“You’re welcome.”

“Yes,” she continued. “I guess I’ve pretty much sucked down all that’s left of this vodka.”

Arthur smiled. “Would you like another cocktail?”

“Well—”

“Why don’t we go someplace else for a while?” Tasha interjected.

Arthur put the question to Janessa. “You want to get out of here, Janessa? Go somewhere else for a drink?”

PRIVATE AUDITION

Overcome by the urge to escape staff members' prying eyes, she agreed.

"Do we want to go to uptown, Art?" Tasha asked.

"Sure. Listen, we could go back to my place. I've got a lot of space with a fully stocked bar. You want to do that, Tash?"

"That sounds good, if Janessa says okay."

She pronounced the "J" with a soft sound, between a "y" and a "g", as the French would say "*je*." Janessa found the sound appealing...even live and in person, Tasha certainly was an alluring creature.

"That sounds good to me," she heard herself say.

Before she knew it, she was in the backseat of a yellow cab heading north, seated on one side of Tasha Curtiss, with Arthur Preston on the other.

Janessa had to contain her excitement when she realized which apartment building they were pulling into. She'd walked past the deco-style building where Seventh Avenue met Central Park South a hundred times. Almost every time she saw it, she wondered what sorts of wealthy individuals dwelled within.

Well, now you're about to find out, Jergen, she thought wryly.

CHAPTER 2

Janessa sat on the mahogany-colored leather sofa in Arthur Preston's living room. She'd half expected a cool, uncomfortable sensation to meet her skin as she parked herself on the over-stuffed seat and was surprised when her thighs met, instead, smooth, soft warmth. She caressed the comfy cushions beneath her derrière and figured you get what you pay for. And a man like Arthur Preston could obviously afford to pay a great deal.

She admired the Persian rugs placed tastefully around the vast room, the artwork arranged on the walls, each lit by its own brass-covered light. One of them appeared to be a Magritte. She gulped and wondered if it was—and if it was, then was it real?

I don't even want to know. I'll be overwhelmed if it is. “Such a beautiful place you have, Arthur,” she said politely.

“Thank you, Janessa. I inherited it when my mother passed away two years ago. I re-did it six months after I moved in. Gave it a modern,

PRIVATE AUDITION

I guess you could say, more masculine touch. Not that my lovely mother didn't have impeccable taste, but I couldn't live with all that old stuff around."

He took a seat on the matching love seat opposite Janessa. Tasha slinked over and sat next to Arthur, on the arm of the loveseat. Janessa sipped her chardonnay.

"From what Arthur's told me, this is much more comfortable now," Tasha purred in a sultry voice. "I wouldn't have been so comfortable with the baby blue drapes and flowered sofas his mother had."

"Tasha moved in two months ago," Arthur explained. "Just after we started working on our film project together." He stopped and looked at Janessa, then cocked his head to one side. "Maybe you can have a part in it, down the line."

"I'd be lying if I said I wouldn't love that!"

Arthur smiled. "You have an interesting blend of innocence and—what?—intensity. It makes you interesting to watch."

"Oh, thank you."

"You're welcome. I do that as a director. Check everybody out—read their energy, not just how they look, but how they'd read on film."

"All the time!" Tasha added with faux exasperation.

"What kind of acting have you done?" Arthur asked.

"Oh, lots of plays. Modern American to Shakespeare. A couple of commercials. Some training videos for corporations...that kind of thing."

"I'll bet you look great on celluloid," he said in a low, deep voice.

"Not too bad," Janessa quipped.

Tasha smiled and rose. "Janessa, would you like more chardonnay?"

"Uh, sure."

She refilled Janessa's glass while Arthur continued talking.

"Are you willing to expose yourself fully on camera?" he asked

PRIVATE AUDITION

Janessa. "Give up every pretense and bare your soul?"

"Of course," she answered. "Well, in character, of course."

"Sometimes you have only to be yourself," Tasha said. She sat down next to her.

Janessa considered this idea before responding.

"I was taught that can be kind of dangerous. To open up without a character's skin on for protection."

"That's what film is sometimes," Tasha said. "Risky business. To risk laying yourself wide open by giving up every pretense and exposing your soul to the camera."

Janessa thought Tasha's face appeared feline at the moment. One dark brow was arched up higher than the other and her plump lips curled upward at the edges. She was also sitting very close to Janessa, who sensed she was coiled in wait, ready to spring on her at any given moment. She swallowed hard and looked over at Arthur. Relaxed, he was leaning against the cushions with hands folded loosely in his lap. She perceived the slightest hint of amusement in his expression.

She broke her gaze away from Arthur when she felt a flutter brush her right cheek. When she realized the flutter was Tasha's lips placing light kisses there, she froze.

Christ, she thought, those are the famous lips of the star I've seen in almost a dozen movies. And right now, at this very moment—that star is kissing my cheek!

A rush of adrenaline crawled up Janessa's insides. Her breathing quickened as she backed away slightly and sat up straighter. Tasha ceased her kissing and moved back, at a slight angle behind Janessa. She ran her hands down over Janessa's loose hair, smoothing it back over each side of her skull before pulling it into a ponytail she maintained in the palm of her hand. This unexpected, playful move caught Janessa off guard. She laughed, which made her relax.

"I love this hair!" Tasha exclaimed. "So thick, so beautiful—like

PRIVATE AUDITION

you.”

Tasha continued holding Janessa’s hair from behind as she brought her mouth against the side of her neck. She placed gentle kisses along the skin there, intermingled with playful bites. Janessa felt goose bumps sprout along her flesh and giggled. Somewhat light-headed, too, she closed her eyes.

Still grasping Janessa’s hair with one hand, Tasha reached her free hand around to the front of her chest. Janessa was amazed to feel Tasha stroking her right breast. Tasha caressed, then squeezed the nipple between two fingers. The sensation of erotic play with a woman was unfamiliar—but not without pleasure.

Hardly without pleasure, she thought as she lost herself to it.

From her trancelike state, Janessa felt Tasha pulling her around to face her. She helped by turning in her direction, vaguely aware Arthur was still watching. When her lips were met by Tasha’s, she pushed away the foreignness of feeling. She chose, instead, to bask in the glorious sensation of the other woman’s soft, pillow-like lips exploring every centimeter of her own.

Between kisses, Tasha mumbled, “Mmm, so soft...so good...”

Janessa felt Tasha press her mouth harder and force it open. She was amazed by Tasha’s assertiveness as she swirled her tongue inside and explored Janessa’s mouth. As she felt Tasha’s tongue pushing deeper and deeper inside, she was compelled to open wider to take her in. It was obvious Tasha was becoming aroused by the exchange between them. Janessa swore her own body temperature had risen by several degrees. She was still consumed more by amazement than erotic pleasure, however.

As she sank back against the sofa, she realized Tasha was undulating her torso against hers and maneuvering her down. She felt long, movie star legs pressing against her own inner thighs, forcing them apart. Before she could predict her next move, Janessa felt

PRIVATE AUDITION

Tasha's pelvis gyrate against her own. Tasha pulled her tongue away and resumed kissing the outside of Janessa's lips.

While the sensations were amazing, Janessa was feeling increasingly light-headed. Her soaring temperature was accompanied by a sudden twinge of insecurity. Unused to such activity, she also wondered if she ought to go shower since she was sweaty from eight hours of waiting tables.

She felt Tasha pulling her slinky shirt up off her braless breasts. She was almost overwhelmed to feel those famous lips kissing her and tonguing her nipple.

Oh, God, this is amazing. But—should I interrupt her and ask about that shower?

* * *

Arthur leaned forward for a better vantage point. He noticed a hint of hesitation on Janessa's part as Tasha suckled first one breast, then the other. He was prepared to aid in the seduction at any time, if necessary, but with Tasha, that was rarely the case. She was a monster seductress all on her own, superb at paving the way for him. He'd gotten laid plenty before they'd met, but twice as often since they hooked up.

This is the perfect union, he thought. Me and my new star, who loves to do women as well as men. As far as I'm concerned, she can do whoever she wants, as long as she keeps being a babe-magnet.

He watched Tasha devour Janessa's breasts, suckling and flicking her tongue wildly from one nipple to the other and back. He gazed in rapture as she ran her hands up and down each side of Janessa's torso, moving her groin against that of the pretty girl.

Christ, I'm hard as a rock.

* * *

Janessa hesitated to stop the unabashed movie star making her the

PRIVATE AUDITION

center of her attention. But, while Tasha was taking her time rolling down the sides of Janessa's shorts to better devour her belly, Janessa was consumed with the idea of how much she had sweated during her eight-hour work shift. After running in and out of the hot kitchen, back and forth between tables and the bar, she considered showering a must before engaging in intimate contact—especially with Tasha Curtiss! Offending a person of such high regard with stinky body odor would be the last thing she'd want to do.

"Uh, Tasha," she began. No response, just wild kissing. "Tasha," she repeated.

"Mmm," was her languid response.

"I—I feel like I, maybe, ought to shower or something, after my work shift."

"No, no, you don't need a shower."

"But, I do. I mean, I wouldn't feel comfortable, otherwise."

Tasha stopped. She rested her chin just above Janessa's groin, her hands tucked into either side of her Lycra shorts. "Really? You want me to stop?"

"It's not that I want you to stop. It's just I'd feel better if I hadn't been running around a restaurant for eight hours before coming here. You know?"

Arthur interceded on Janessa's behalf. "Let her shower, Tash," he suggested with an authoritative air. "She's been working all night. You want to take a minute to relax and take a shower, Janessa?"

"Well, I would, yeah. If that doesn't bother Tasha."

Arthur had come over to the sofa and was hovering over the girls. He ran his hand down Tasha's back. "Come on, Tasha. Let the girl freshen up for you."

Tasha looked away, then lifted her long, black lashes to gaze into Janessa's eyes. Desire oozed from the liquid stare and infinite depth of her topaz-colored orbs.

PRIVATE AUDITION

“You want to take a shower?” Tasha purred. “That’ll make you feel good?”

Janessa nodded. “Yes. I’ll feel a thousand times better.”

Tasha lifted her torso up, but brought her face close to Janessa’s. In a voice just above a whisper she asked, “You want me to wash your body?”

Heat ignited in Janessa’s chest. But that was too much too soon, she decided. She needed a minute to clean up and absorb what was happening—in private.

“Well, maybe some time that’d be good. For now, I’d just to like to get in and get out. If that’s all right with you...”

“Then you’ll come back to me?”

“Of course.”

Tasha placed a tender kiss onto Janessa’s lips. “Okay. I let you up.”

Before she slipped off of her, however, she ran the back of her long, graceful fingers along the flesh between Janessa’s breasts.

“Don’t be too long, *kochanie*. I’ll be waiting here for you.”

Janessa smiled. “I’ll only be a minute or two.”

“Come on, Janessa,” Arthur interjected with an energetic flair. He started down the hallway. “You can use this bathroom here. Everything you need should be in there. Tash, get a robe, why don’t you, that she can change into.”

“Oh, no, don’t go to any trouble,” Janessa protested. “You don’t have to do all that—”

“It’s no trouble,” Tasha said. “Shut up.” She reached out, grasped Janessa’s hand, and pulled her up. “Come on, dirty little girl.”

Janessa laughed. “Dirty little girl...”

Tasha grabbed Janessa’s buns after she stood up. “Get all clean for me...you sure you don’t want me to help?”

“Uh, no, I’m good. Thanks. I’ll hurry, though.”

“You better. Come on. I’ll get you a robe.”

PRIVATE AUDITION

* * *

Janessa stood with her back against the faucet as a potent stream of water sprayed from the shower nozzle. She relaxed as the warm droplets splashed over her back and buttocks. Using a bar of lavender soap, she lathered up a washcloth. As she ran the sudsy cloth up her neck and down her breasts, over her flat belly and between her legs, she pondered her situation.

Okay, say I chicken out of doing this little threesome tonight. Let's say I leave the shower and tell them I have to go home—I'm just not comfortable getting it on with a girl. Okay, that'd be it, that'd be the end of it. In that case, I don't foresee them pursuing a relationship with me, either personal or professional. It'd be, Nice to meet you, Janessa. You're obviously a chicken-shit in life, and probably as an actor, too. We're not going to do squat for you, since you're doing nothing for us.

In that case, I can kiss my current shot at a break with the great director, Arthur Preston, good-bye.

Okay, then, let's say I go for it, go all the way, and let myself be the object of Tasha Curtiss' affection. There are worse things in life, I'd venture to say. I have gay girlfriends who'd kill for this chance. And, okay, let's say that part's cool, but she only wants a roll in the hay and nothing comes of it for me. Still not so horrible, right? I mean, it'd be a new experience. She's really coming on to me anyway, so I'm the innocent one here.

She soaped up her pussy and massaged the suds into the drenched, lathered fuzz. She cleaned her private parts with meticulous attention, while her thoughts rolled around from one possibility to another.

While I don't want to end up a victim, I could just try it and see what happens. If nothing career-wise happens, well, so be it. There's no harm done—just another life experience for the adventurous Janessa Jergen.

Third case scenario is I get it on with Tasha and she's all happy,

PRIVATE AUDITION

maybe even smitten with me. Well, what does Arthur do in that case? Does he say they have to share me, or does he let me be her toy? Will he help me out professionally, or am I her plaything, then—or, worse, an object for barter between them?

Hmm...the more I think about, the more I realize I'd be wise to please the director, in whatever way he envisions that to be—since he's the guy in charge of making movies...

Okay, so, I do her and it turns into a threesome maybe, and they dig me. And let's say I'm worked into his next picture. Invited to parties and introduced to the "right" people. It's a winning situation, in that case.

Cleanliness seemed to set her free, as it provided the impetus for her final decision.

All right, I'll let Tasha have her way with me. This might be a once in a lifetime opportunity. It could turn out to be win-win, or it might just be about the sex. Either way, nothing ventured, nothing gained. Which means Janessa Jergen is up for grabs.

She rinsed every bubble of soap off her skin with a newfound determination, then slid open the shower door.

Okay, you two. Let's get it on...

* * *

Janessa pulled off the white towel that had kept her hair dry while showering. She rubbed her scalp and ran her fingers through her long locks to straighten them out. Impatient rapping on the bathroom door gave her a start. As she turned toward the sound, Tasha breezed into the bathroom. She stopped and eyed Janessa up and down.

"So...how does it fit you, my robe?"

"Except for the fact you're four inches taller than me—fine!" Janessa answered with a laugh.

Tasha's red satin robe dusted the floor around Janessa's feet. On the way down, however, it clung beautifully to her firm, round breasts and

PRIVATE AUDITION

curvaceous buttocks.

“Oh, that’s funny,” she said, coming up behind Janessa. “But, except for the length, it’s perfect. It looks beautiful on you.”

“Thank you. It’s so silky—feels awesome on my skin! Thank you for letting me borrow it.”

“You’re welcome, *kochanie*. Anytime. Here, let me brush your hair.”

She grabbed a brush from the shelf beside the large mirror and ran it through the streaks of gold in Janessa’s mane.

Janessa marveled at the sight of this famous woman pulling a brush through her hair.

A line from a song in *Sweet Charity* ran through her head, “If they could see me now, that little gang of mine...”

They’d think I was nuts, is what they’d think! Well, most of them. But, then, that’s why I left Indiana, in the first place...

“Mmm, such beautiful hair. So soft, so smooth,” Tasha cooed. “All pretty now.” She leaned down from behind and snuggled her face into the hair around Janessa’s neck. “You smell so good—so clean.”

Janessa laughed.

“Come on,” Tasha took her hand. “Let’s go.”

Janessa marveled at how aggressive this girl was.

Like a guy, she thought. Only not. Definitely not. She is one gorgeous woman.

She let the tall, slender beauty lead her down the hallway. They glided through the open doorway of a bedroom at the end.

Arthur was sprawled across the massive bed holding a remote clicker in one hand and a glass of amber liquid in the other. He turned from the huge television screen centered in an elaborate unit in the wall facing the bed and looked at the pair of lovelies entering the room.

“Hey, there she is. Feeling better after your shower?”

“Oh, yes, much better now.”

PRIVATE AUDITION

“I filled another glass for you, right on the table there.” Arthur gestured.

Tasha led Janessa over to the bed. She lifted up the glass of chardonnay and handed it to her with a little curtsy. “Here you go, darling.”

Janessa reached out for the glass and curtsied back. “Thank you.”

All of a sudden, butterflies swished through her solar plexus. She yearned to relax and decided alcohol as self-medication was the only way to go. She lifted the glass to her lips and, in one slug, chugged down more than half the wine.

Tasha slid across the silky duvet cover without releasing Janessa’s hand, pulling her down with her. The movement wrenched the glass from Janessa’s mouth and she toppled down next to Tasha. She continued holding the glass up, however, keeping spillage to a minimum. She reached it away from herself at arm’s length. When she hit the bed, she hooked her leg over the edge for balance, squealing at the same time. Tasha let out a peal of laughter.

Janessa realized that was the first time during the evening she’d actually heard Tasha laugh out loud. Seeing her intense features break into laughter appeared almost strange on a face known for its intensity of expression and little more than subtle smiles. Those full lips famous for pouting now exposed large, white teeth and her dark eyes crinkled merrily.

Janessa pulled back and kneeled to look down at her. Tasha stopped. “What?”

“Nothing,” Janessa said with a smile. She shook her head and shrugged. “Nothing at all.”

Tasha also kneeled and, without warning, pressed her breasts against Janessa’s. Janessa had started sipping her drink again and was thrown off balance. She jolted forward and noticed one of the spaghetti straps on Tasha’s creamy night slip sliding off her right shoulder,

PRIVATE AUDITION

revealing most of her small breast. Janessa stared at the large, brown nipple peeking up over the edge of the fabric.

Without warning, Tasha's hand dashed out and grabbed the base of Janessa's throat. Janessa's eyes flashed fear, then Tasha relaxed and smiled. She held her hand there for a moment before moving it up around Janessa's jawbone. Her clasping hand, even though it remained loosely by her jaw, reminded Janessa of a predatory bird's talon clutching its prey.

She sensed Tasha's hot desire before she felt her kiss. Tasha didn't stop with a kiss, however, but slid her outside arm around Janessa's ribs. A moment later, she slid that same hand up over Janessa's breast, while continuing to hold her jaw and throat with the other hand. She kissed Janessa harder now, deeper and with more passion, pressing her own body against the firm flesh of the other woman. Janessa kissed her back, reeling with surprise at how Tasha wasted no time.

Janessa found herself responding with interest. One hand still clasped her wine glass, which she was holding out to the side, while balancing her other hand down against the fluffy duvet cover. Tasha slurped in oral ecstasy, moving her tongue in and out of Janessa's mouth, exploring as much of the inside as she could. Janessa feared she might drop the wine glass. But she was so enraptured, she continued struggling to balance between her outstretched arm and the one against the coverlet without breaking the kiss.

She felt Tasha lowering her against the bed and finally eased away from the kiss, coming up for air.

"Hey," Janessa said, "I'm almost spilling my wine!"

Without missing a beat, Tasha took the wine and placed it on the nightstand.

"There," she said.

When Tasha turned back from the side table, she knelt up over Janessa and looked down at her. Without hesitation, she grabbed the

PRIVATE AUDITION

bottom of her own night slip and hoisted it over her head, then tossed it onto the floor. Stark naked, she smiled. She shot a piercing look into Janessa's eyes. Janessa was startled by Tasha's complete lack of self-consciousness. Then she remembered some of the racy scenes she'd seen her in on screen and understood. She glanced toward Arthur, who was leaning back, propped up on pillows against the head board of the king-sized bed. He was grinning, still sipping on his scotch, but she noticed the television had been turned off.

Oh, dear, she thought. I'm expected to fuck him, too, aren't I? I mean, Tasha's gorgeous, but Arthur...well, he may be a big, powerful director, but he's also got a big belly and a balding head—not somebody I consider particularly desirable.

Her thoughts were short-circuited when she looked up at the naked woman she'd admired in movies for years, now leaning over her in the flesh. Tasha's long torso was familiar from spreads she'd done for *Vogue*, *GQ*, even *Playboy*. Janessa recalled she had sometimes been completely nude in the photos, although she was always shown in an artistic fashion as opposed to pure centerfold. She didn't have large breasts—they were smaller than Janessa's—but her body was shapely and slim, and she had long, lean legs. Her smooth skin begged to be caressed. Janessa's eyes trailed down to the smooth, hairless mound between her legs, then back up to her face. Tasha appeared entirely unafraid—unlike Janessa, who wondered again if she was doing the right thing.

She thought there was something truly predatory about Tasha.

I'm something of a wimp, when it comes to going after sex—although I do have my curious side. Well, had it been left up to me, we'd never have gotten off the ground in the first place. I'd have gone home alone with my fantasies. Obviously, Tasha Curtiss goes after what she wants and, apparently, she gets it. And she's only going for lust here. That's not a bad thing. At least it's nothing violent.

PRIVATE AUDITION

A tiny twinge of fear hit her. *Christ, I hope nothing there's nothing horrible or violent in store for me.*

She thought about the horror stories of dates gone bad detailed in the cheapy tabloids that lined the grocery store checkout stands.

She glanced timidly toward Arthur, then back at Tasha.

Nah, they're both too high profile to get messy.

Of course, she wasn't certain as to how far into sexual perversion they actually dipped, but she felt reasonably safe.

Sensualists—that's all they are.

In the back of her mind she knew this wasn't conclusive evidence of total safety among strangers, but the fame factor helped her make a choice that seemed sound enough.

She looked over to see Tasha up on her knees, running her hands over her own stomach, breasts, and pussy. Arthur watched her with a smile, then turned to see what kind of effect she was having on the newbie.

"Yes, Tasha's gorgeous, all right," Arthur murmured to Janessa. "And you're certainly a beautiful girl yourself." He paused. "Have you ever been with a woman before?"

Janessa shook her head. "Nope—I must admit, I haven't." She swallowed hard.

"That's okay. Don't feel nervous. It's all about receiving. And, of course, giving pleasure, too, if you're so inclined. Anything goes. It's just that simple."

Janessa watched him turn back toward Tasha, who reveled in his gaze. She hoped it really was just that simple.

"Janessa, why don't you stand up a minute?" Arthur urged. "Walk over here." He motioned toward the floor space at the foot of the bed.

Tasha continued stroking herself. Janessa didn't move. Arthur reached over and gave her a playful nudge on the elbow.

"You want me to stand up?" she asked, confused.

PRIVATE AUDITION

“Yes, beauty. Humor me. Just walk over there for a minute.”

For some reason, she was afraid to disobey. So she rolled off the bed and ventured over to the spot he’d indicated.

Arthur scrutinized her face and looked her body up and down. “Mmm...” he finally said with a nod. “You’ll be great on screen.”

“How can you tell?” Janessa asked in a meeker voice than she’d anticipated.

“A professional’s eye,” he answered, half-joking. “I’d better know these things, after all these years of shooting.”

The thought of being up on the big screen brought a smile to Janessa’s face. She watched Tasha slide down and drape herself supine across the bed, still running her hands up and down her own torso. After a moment, she snuggled up against Arthur’s right side and joined him in examining Janessa.

“Just drop the robe for me,” Arthur urged in a casual tone.

Janessa felt like she was auditioning all of a sudden. Only this was far from a normal acting audition and she suddenly felt faint. She felt a tad sleazy, too, as though this was a porno film call or something. Her eyes darted around the room in search of a camera.

Her stunned expression and sudden mistrust clearly surprised Arthur.

“What’s wrong?” he asked. “Does that embarrass you?”

“Well, no...I mean, yes,” Janessa stammered. “I, I suddenly feel weird, like I’m at an audition or something!”

“Don’t make her feel weird, Art,” Tasha chimed in.

“I don’t want to make her feel weird. I hate auditions, believe me, babe. Look, I don’t want to make you feel weird, Janessa, but if we’re going to work together down the line, you have to go with me. You’ve got to be willing to reveal yourself to me. That’s just the way it is. Look at Tasha—she’s open. She’s proud of who she is.”

“I—I guess I’m not used to it like Tasha is,” Janessa persisted. “I

PRIVATE AUDITION

guess I've never had anyone just ask me to do this, like this, before."

"All right, that's okay," Arthur said in a soothing voice. "But, listen, you're a beautiful woman. I want to see who you are. So just do this for me. Just open up your robe and slip it down."

He paused and waited. Janessa trembled.

"Go ahead," he continued in a quiet, seductive voice.

Don't blow it now, Jergen, Janessa told herself. She wanted to cry, however, since she felt so odd about exposing herself this way. While the alcohol had numbed her sensations to a certain degree, she wished she'd gotten drunker. She glanced at the uninhibited Tasha, laying there, touching herself all over. Why couldn't she be more like her?

"Slip your robe down, *kochanie*," Tasha said. "Let's play!"

Her enthusiastic invitation to play served to lighten Janessa's mood. Without further thought, she reached down, loosened the tie around her waist, and slipped off the top part of her robe. She felt it slide down her shoulders and shimmied a bit to jiggle it off her breasts. When it fell down around her elbows, the upper half of her torso had been exposed. She swallowed hard.

Tasha smiled. "You have beautiful breasts. So beautiful..." She caressed her own, tweaking her nipples between her own fingertips.

"Very beautiful," Arthur agreed. "Come on now. Keep going. Let's see the rest of that magnificent body."

Janessa felt torn. She wanted to play, but, at the same time, felt pressured. She had taken the first step, but still wanted to cry from the frustration of having no control over what was going on. Maybe she should forget this whole idea, turn, and run. *Now! Run for the hills, girl—it's now or never!*

Instead, she froze and clutched the sash in a fist by her waist.

Her inner voice cried, Just do it, Jergen, do it! But she didn't move.

"Share your beauty, Janessa," Arthur urged.

She looked across the bed at Arthur's smiling face, his hands

PRIVATE AUDITION

resting in a loose clasp across his belly. Tasha lay serpentine against his bulk, her sultry expression beckoning Janessa to step into a forbidden realm.

Janessa knew she shouldn't deliberate anymore. It was now or never.

Then she recalled the first time she jumped off the swinging rope at the river behind the house she where she'd grown up. She'd been almost sick with worry watching all the other kids leap on and off all afternoon. After dwelling on the fear for hours, she finally quit thinking. She grabbed the rope, clasped herself against it and swung out over the water. Yes, the fear was there, but she still let go. The river captured her as she plummeted into its cooling depths. After that, she was unstoppable. For the rest of the summer, she swung out as far as she could to plunge into the delicious, watery depths.

This memory was all she needed to pursue her current goal.

Screw it, she thought.

She opened her fist, ripped open the sash, and pulled the two sides of the robe apart. As she whipped it away from her body, she felt an incalculable whoosh of energy surge away from her formerly hidden flesh. This energy vibrated in palpable waves off her skin, and the release of body heat made her feel lighter. While she also felt more vulnerable than she had ever felt in her life, this strange feeling of weightlessness and freedom was, at the same time, curiously exhilarating.

Still—I'm not in control!

No, she wasn't in control. But such exposure without having control was also strangely empowering.

An external perspective slipped into her mind for a second, however, and she stepped outside herself. This made her worry.

Wait a minute, she thought, what the hell am I doing? I'm standing stark naked in these people's bedroom! Am I crazy or what?

PRIVATE AUDITION

“Mmm,” she heard Arthur say, breaking her train of threatening thoughts. “That’s glorious. Just glorious...”

All of a sudden, she felt Tasha standing next to her, holding her face between her hands. Janessa felt her kissing her lips, her cheeks, her nose. She felt her run her hands down over her breasts and slide them behind her, clasping her buttocks.

A moment later, Tasha slid her cool, dry palms up Janessa’s back and kissed her hard and deep. While their velvet lips mingled in sensory bliss, Tasha’s hand came around to dab at the soft, fluffy mound at Janessa’s groin.

Janessa heard herself groaning with pleasure as Tasha’s long fingers slipped through the silken threads of her muff.

“Come on,” Tasha urged. She took Janessa’s hand and led her back to the bed.

Am I dreaming? Janessa asked herself as she slid across the gigantic mattress after Tasha. Arthur moved his body over toward the edge of the bed, resting comfortably while one arm supported his upper body against several pillows.

“So you’ve never made love to a woman before?” Tasha asked between the kisses she was placing down Janessa’s neck.

“Uh-uh.”

“You’re a virgin,” Tasha said in a barely audible, throaty voice. “I’ll be gentle.”

“I appreciate that.”

Tasha’s touch was incredibly erotic and far from threatening. She ran her lips across Janessa’s breasts, stopping to nibble the tip of each nipple. She swirled her tongue around each hard button and kissed her way down to Janessa’s navel, where she swirled her tongue around and around, gliding it in and out. Janessa was amazed at how wonderful Tasha’s mouth felt along the curves of her flesh and reached out, in turn, to feel her breasts. Tasha craned her head back and basked in

PRIVATE AUDITION

Janessa's caress. Janessa marveled at Tasha's long, curving neck and the sensation of cupping her small breasts in each hand.

Tasha's entrancement served to stimulate Janessa all the more. It's all new to me, she thought, but I'm getting on board here, just the same...

Tasha brought her head down and resumed kissing Janessa's stomach, then brought her nose into her soft, well-trimmed pubic hairs. She ran her cheeks against the golden-brown fuzz, then swept them along the flesh of Janessa's inner thighs.

"Mmm, so soft," she murmured.

She knelt between Janessa's legs. While she rocked her own hips back and forth, she also massaged Janessa's pussy with the fingers of her left hand, stroking her inner thigh with the right. Janessa's hips gyrated as she grew wet with anticipation. Tasha was looking directly into her face, her smoky eyes burning with desire.

Through a crack in the plush, velvet drapery, streetlight had found its way into the shadowy bedroom. A hazy lamp in a corner of the room had also been left on, Janessa noticed. She was being seduced in just enough light to see what was going on without it being intrusive. She was aware of Arthur watching and detected movement from where he lay, but she didn't look over. She feared glancing away might disrupt the moment with Tasha.

Janessa's breathing grew rapid and shallower as the sensory delight increased. Tasha was rubbing her own clit with one hand and fingering Janessa's vagina with the other. Janessa felt her juices flowing as her hips moved in tandem with Tasha's hand. From the corner of her eye, she noticed Arthur standing by the bed. She sensed he was removing his slacks, but still didn't turn to look.

Tasha was sliding down between Janessa's legs, lowering her head into her groin. She groaned with pleasure and pushed aside the soft, curly haired mounds to reveal the pink lips nestled between them.

PRIVATE AUDITION

“Mmm, give me your pussy. I want to lick your pussy! I love pussy...I love it! I’m gonna suck that pussy!” Her tone was tinged with a passionate frenzy.

Hearing her talk this way momentarily shocked Janessa and her heart seemed to skip a beat.

I had no idea she loved pussy so much! Do the tabloids know this, I wonder? Is this common knowledge to industry insiders, unknown to the public?

Janessa’s anxieties about where she was and with whom dissipated into a golden haze of bliss as she felt the star’s long tongue stroking her clitoris. Tasha was avidly licking up and down Janessa’s inner lips, from the opening of her vagina to the nub of her clit. Janessa forgot about tabloids and who in the world knew which facts.

“Oh...my...God,” was all she could utter as complete and total ecstasy enveloped her body and her mind.

* * *

Arthur stood next to the bed with his dick in his hand. He’d slid off his pants as his hard-on became unmanageable inside his shorts. Nothing turned him on more than watching Tasha fuck another girl. As he watched the film queen suck the beautiful girl’s pussy, he stroked his cock with his right hand.

He stretched his neck to better observe Tasha licking Janessa’s inner lips, grateful her short cap of brunette hair didn’t obstruct his field of vision. He observed the pretty hips around Tasha’s face writhe in ecstasy. He loved seeing those smooth, muscular legs open in response to the attentions of his star.

“That’s good, girls, that’s beautiful,” he said, ever the director, even while stroking his rod.

When Tasha brought her head up and teased Janessa’s vagina with her fingers, Arthur knelt on the bed next to Janessa’s head. He looked down at her long hair swirling over the pillow, gold streaks vibrating

PRIVATE AUDITION

throughout silky, doe-colored strands. He reached down and stroked her soft locks at the same time Tasha inserted her index and middle fingers into Janessa's dewy pussy.

"You're so wet," Tasha said. "That turns me on."

"Me, too," Arthur agreed.

He smiled down at Janessa's upturned face.

* * *

Janessa had noticed Arthur sliding over to her, but she was so consumed with Tasha's touch that she thought nothing of it. Now, however, she felt his hand move from her hair to her right cheek. He was, she realized, steadying her face, inserting the head of his cock into her mouth.

He wants in on all this. I guess I have no choice...

She felt him press his cock into her mouth and ease it back and forth. He was effectively insisting she blow him while Tasha sucked and finger-fucked her pussy. She complied, opening her mouth wider for him to fit more of his well-endowed cock inside.

"That's nice, honey, oh, that's so nice," he mumbled.

She was also aware he was watching Tasha go back down on her.

She felt Tasha taking her to a climax now. Tasha maintained pressure by moving two fingers in and out of her slippery hole, faster and harder. Then she'd go back down and lick her inner lips for a moment, bringing her tongue tip against the most sensitive point of Janessa's clit.

Of course, Janessa thought, another woman would know exactly when and how to time this. Oh, this is incredible.

Meanwhile, Arthur was matching the increased rhythm of Tasha's hand movements with his cock thrusts into her mouth. He had one hand balanced on the wall next to him, the other holding Janessa's face toward his groin to fuck her orally.

Janessa marveled that he wasn't rough at all. *Rather masterful*

PRIVATE AUDITION

actually...I wonder how many times they've done this together.

As she came nearer to climax, she blanched when she realized Arthur was going to come in her mouth.

I don't swallow, she thought. What am I gonna do? How do I avoid this?

She gave up the panic that threatened as soon as her pussy started melting into slow, hot ripples of release she couldn't control. She felt an orgasm coming on, one so intense, so powerful, that she opened her cunt, her mouth and her throat all at the same time. She submitted herself to total manipulation at the hands, tongue and penis of the couple now indulging themselves in and around the glory of her body.

* * *

As Janessa's cunt began to throb and pulse with the hot charge of multiple orgasms, Arthur looked down the length of her delicious, naked body spread wide open. He watched her full breasts heave with intense, shallow panting as her orgasms started. His eyes drank in the lines of her flat, smooth stomach. He looked farther down to where Tasha's head bobbed back and forth against her heavenly mound. He caught glimpses of Tasha's tongue flicking the beautiful girl's clit, watched her fingers work in and out of the private parts splayed open to her.

He couldn't control the build up of heat in his cock much longer and stepped up the pace of his thrusts into the girl's luscious mouth. As soon as he saw the unmistakable shivers of her orgasm take hold, he shimmied his cock deeper inside, as deep as he sensed she was able to take it. He could feel the back of her throat as he watched her hips thrash about in Tasha's grip. When he was certain she was in the full throes of orgasm, he let his own load go, positioning himself expertly to shoot his cum down her throat.

Watching a woman orgasm into Tasha's mouth always set him ablaze. He looked down at the loveliness engulfing his cock and made

PRIVATE AUDITION

sure he didn't push too hard. Her face registered the bliss of her pussy being fulfilled and the concurrent passion of his cock filling her up. Oh, he was going to give her a part in his film all right. She deserved to be taken care of, for this...

* * *

Janessa felt Arthur explode so deeply, she barely tasted his cum. She had given up control when her pussy exploded, opening her throat when she felt the friction of his movements increase and his cock expand against the back of her throat. She assumed he had timed his own orgasm with hers and decided that, for an old guy, he had amazing control. She gave him credit for previously hidden, but superior, abilities.

Even as she swallowed, she thought it wasn't that bad. She decided not to tell him this was the first time she'd ever swallowed, though. She'd refused all her boyfriends in the past...but they'd given her a choice. Unlike Arthur.

Through her hazy thoughts, she sensed Arthur placing tender kisses on her lips, caressing her hair with his hand.

"That was great," he whispered in a raspy voice.

She felt Tasha slide up and press herself against the side of her body in a sort of hug.

"How do you feel?" Tasha asked in a hoarse voice.

Janessa turned her head toward her.

"Amazing! That was amazing. You're amazing, Tasha...wonderful," she gushed.

Tasha basked in the pleasure of hearing this. She rolled her hips around and threw an arm back behind her head in a luxuriant pose.

"What about me now?" She pressed her fingers against her muff. "My pussy's about to explode!"

A devilish smile came to Arthur's face. "It'll be a minute 'til I get hard again, Tash—I exploded down Janessa's throat. Here, let me come

PRIVATE AUDITION

over there.”

He straddled Janessa to get over to Tasha, stopping to kiss Janessa’s left nipple. When he reached Tasha, he kissed her belly and started to go down on her. She stopped him.

“Me on top,” she insisted.

“Whatever you wish,” he said.

Janessa moved to the other side of the bed and made room for Arthur to roll onto his back. Tasha wasted no time in mounting him and bringing her crotch down over his face. She eased herself back onto her legs, which she folded under her buttocks, lowering herself into the perfect spot over Arthur’s mouth.

Janessa watched as Arthur fingered her pussy a moment before tonguing her hole. Tasha brought her torso up onto straight arms straddling either side of Arthur’s ample waistline. From that position, she tilted her tush up and back, opening it against the flicks of Arthur’s tongue tip. She rocked her hips and swayed her pussy in expert synchronization with his movements.

“Janessa,” she whispered, “come here. Come here and kiss me, will you?”

Janessa complied. She came over on all fours and placed her lips against Tasha’s. She kissed her lips, while Arthur kissed Tasha’s bottom.

Tasha become more turned on, begging Janessa to fondle her breasts and caress the long, sinewy lines of her torso. Janessa kissed her neck, too, then came back up and placed her lips against one of her ears, nibbling the lobe.

“Yes!” Tasha whispered. “Yes—yes!”

Janessa tuned into the undulations of Tasha’s hips produced by Arthur licking her. Tasha was close to coming, so Janessa circled her tongue around the opening of her ear. She flicked her tongue in and out of the passageway there, pulling it in and out before she tasted her

PRIVATE AUDITION

earlobes. Tasha's head rotated in rapture as Janessa continued to flick her tongue in and out of Tasha's ear canal, biting and tasting her lobes.

Tasha let out a howl and began thrashing in wild abandon. She pulled Janessa's mouth away from her ear and wrapped an arm around her neck as she twisted her other hand through her hair. In this position, she leaned on Janessa to steady herself while her orgasms erupted.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she repeated from her realm of ecstasy.

Arthur grasped her butt cheeks in his hands, spread her cunt wide open and kept on licking.

Tasha shivered and shook, supported by Janessa. When the final wave rippled through her body, Tasha fell over, exhausted. There was a moment of silence before Arthur rose.

"I'm getting water. Anybody need anything?"

"I'm good," Janessa said.

Tasha said nothing, but shook her head against the pillow where she lay.

Janessa reached over, grabbed her glass and slugged down the remainder of the chardonnay before slipping beneath the sheets. She hoped sleep would help her assimilate the unexpected sexual antics she'd been a party to this evening. Exhausted from the stimulation of an outlandish novel experience, her mind slid into the black void of sleep.

CHAPTER 3

Janessa dreamed she was gliding up Hollywood's red carpet. The satin of her cream-colored designer dress clung to her body. The bodyguards kept the adoring fans at bay while she waved in appreciation. Cameras abounded; she was happy to smile for them. That was easy, since a heart-felt grin had been plastered on her face from the moment she stepped onto the carpet. She felt somebody pawing her back as she reached up to sign an onlooker's autograph and wave to the minions whose programs she couldn't reach.

Who keeps pawing at my back?

She tried to shake the person off, then turned to see who it was.

Her eyes fluttered in the dim morning light. She squeezed them into slits to better focus through the shadows.

Where am I—am I in bed? What happened to the red carpet?

There's that pawing sensation...

She turned around to see who was rubbing her back and buttocks.

PRIVATE AUDITION

Ah, it's Tasha. Oh, yeah, now I remember. So this part isn't a dream...

A dull headache gnawed at the back of her neck. She was grateful to feel Tasha's hand start massaging the same spot.

Surprise! She looked over to see Arthur whisk through the bedroom door in a paisley, calf-length robe. He threw himself down beside her.

"Awake, little swan?" he asked.

"Barely," she mumbled.

He laughed and removed his robe. Her eyes widened at the sight of his large, erect penis. The big snake was sticking up, curving slightly.

Jesus, she thought, he's raring to go.

Tasha rubbed her long, lithe body up against Janessa's backside. Arthur slid between the sheets and faced her.

"How're you feeling this morning?" he asked in an affable tone.

Before she could answer Tasha said, "She feels great to me. Better than ever."

"Ah, that's good to know," Arthur said with a laugh. "I meant, how's your head? Not hung over, I hope?"

"I don't know yet." Janessa hadn't fully dealt with what had happened the night before and was amazed at already being assailed by the dynamic duo this morning. Well, at least she'd remained the object of their desire.

Still on his back, Arthur scooted over and pulled her halfway onto his chest. "Come here. Let me feel that body."

Not like I have a choice, Janessa thought.

He kissed her, his lips surprisingly tender against her own. He tasted fresh, of a minty mouthwash, and she felt self-conscious about just having awakened. She started to protest, but he pressed his mouth hard against hers, partially inserting his tongue. He grunted in pleasure as he eased her up and over, onto his belly. She could feel his rod poke against her thigh as he moved her into position.

PRIVATE AUDITION

Tasha pushed and helped roll Janessa up onto Arthur's substantial torso. His fuzzy chest felt surprisingly comfortable against the smooth skin of Janessa's tender breasts.

Power's definitely an aphrodisiac, she told herself, trying to absorb how awesome it felt to be laying across the chest of the man who had won the Oscar for directing *Two By Two In Flintsville*. And as Tasha lifted Janessa's hair and kissed the back of her neck, the young woman's erotic excitement was further ignited.

The awesome Arthur Preston and his famous girlfriend kissing my body, she marveled. This is just too trippy! Oh, well, just go with it, Jergen...

"Are you wet?" Arthur asked her. He slipped a hand beneath her ass and dabbed at her pussy with his fingers. "Mmm, getting there. I want to fuck you good this morning. I'm rock hard. I want to fuck both of you, as a matter of fact."

"Mmm," Tasha purred, "I want to rim her while you do it."

Janessa felt herself gyrating against Arthur's chest and stomach. While he was a big guy, he was far from fat or blubbery. His bulk was firm and not entirely unsexy. He turned out to be more sensual than she'd have imagined, too, and his sexual prowess had surprised her. But she doubted she'd have given him the time of day had he not been famous, rich and powerful.

Plus, if Tasha Curtiss digs him, there must be something to him.

Arthur cupped his hands under her armpits and lifted her torso up over him. She was on all fours as he pressed his cock against her abdomen, wordlessly urging her to rub against it. She complied, swishing her flat belly back and forth against his chest hairs. His open mouth gobbled up her breast hanging by his face. At the same time, she felt Tasha running her hands across her buttocks, teasing her by caressing her muff and inner thighs from behind. Janessa heard the star let out a sensual growl as she nuzzled her nose against her buttocks.

PRIVATE AUDITION

A moment later, she was almost overcome by the sensation of Tasha's tongue licking her ass cheeks. Tasha licked her way down the round mounds of flesh to flick her tongue tip against Janessa's pussy lips, in and around her vagina. Arthur indulged himself by suckling each of her nipples. He took his mouth away only to fondle them between his large fingers, pulling them toward him with excruciating little tugs hovering between pain and pleasure. The level of bliss enveloping Janessa's body came as a surprise. All the sensations were delectable. She was certainly wet now.

The trio's dance catapulted to a place requiring no words. Janessa felt Arthur pressing her down and back, directing his penis between her legs. She felt him press its tip against her wet pussy. He teased her by touching it to her slit and pulling it away.

He asked, "You are fungus-free, by the way, Janessa?"

"Fungus free?" she repeated.

"Yeah. All clean. No disease, or anything I should know about?"

"Oh. I'm clean, yes, of course."

"I figured. Just checking."

She instinctively moved her hips in little circles, urging him inside. Once his shaft slid in, she made a conscious effort to open her canal to accommodate his length and girth.

He let out an appreciative groan and held her torso up to gaze down between their abdomens, watching while he penetrated her. As he slid himself in and out, Tasha ran her fingers alongside Janessa's pussy lips, feeling the skin stretched open by Arthur's dick inside. While she ran her fingers along his cock as it moved in and out of Janessa's vagina, she emitted deep, guttural sounds of delight.

"Mmm," she cooed, "feel his cock up inside you. That's so beautiful...you all right, baby, to feel him fucking you so deep?"

"Uh—yes. Yeah, I'm fine," Janessa answered. She wasn't used to conversing with a third party while concentrating on moving around to

PRIVATE AUDITION

please her partner.

Arthur lowered her body down against him and thrust deeper inside her.

“Come on, now, baby,” he urged, “fuck my cock. Use it to get off. Come on—use me. I want you to come using me.”

He moved his hips faster, with steadier movements. Janessa rested her torso atop his chest and tilted her ass up while he penetrated her pussy. She felt Tasha slide down behind her and nuzzle her nose into her crack, flicking her tongue against her anus.. With Tasha’s tongue simultaneously circling her asshole and Arthur pumping her cunt, raw physical pleasure overtook Janessa’s senses.

“Oh,” she heard herself groan, “oh, that’s amazing!”

She pushed up onto straight arms and rode Arthur’s rod hard, moving her hips back and forth in an effort to stimulate her clit. When she felt Tasha’s finger slide inside her asshole, her movements got wilder, with Arthur fucking her while Tasha fingered her. She reached down and tried to play with her own clit to help get herself over the edge. Tasha took over and slid her free hand there. She touched the nub of Janessa’s clit with just the right amount of pressure.

Arthur asked, “Is your pussy coming yet?”

Janessa could barely groan in assent while she rode him, the electric bolts of an orgasmic blast-off kicking in.

A moment later, she felt her twat explode in frenetic waves of orgasm. The simultaneous stimulation of her vagina, anus and clit was almost too overwhelming. Tasha seemed to sense just when to ease her finger out of Janessa’s butt and let her keep riding Art’s cock. As Janessa’s channel squeezed with the long, still movements of the ultimate release, Tasha slid her finger away from her clit to massage her hands against Janessa’s buttocks. Janessa rocked with a final explosive orgasm before she stopped moving altogether, draping herself over Arthur’s massive chest.

PRIVATE AUDITION

Her chest was heaving.

“Hey,” she said in a quiet voice, “you’re still hard. You didn’t come yet.”

“Nah, I felt a mini-come,” he said with a chuckle. “I held off. I’m still like a rock. I want to fuck Tasha, too.”

Tasha was twining herself, serpent-like, up around their two bodies.

“He’d better save some for me,” she said.

Arthur was gentle when he moved Janessa over to one side.

With a growl, he lunged for Tasha. He grabbed each of her wrists, pinned them to the bed and straddled her. Janessa had the sense that they’d been particularly polite with her, but indulged in their own intimacy with a more hardcore edge. She was surprised when Arthur penetrated Tasha without hesitation. Tasha smiled a dark, satisfied smile as he thrust into her repeatedly.

After a minute or two, he pulled out and went down on her. He licked with precision, bringing her easily to climax. Janessa was amazed at how quickly Tasha achieved orgasm, first, in the restaurant from Arthur’s big toe—an act Janessa doubted she could ever do, or would even want to attempt; then, last night, when she buried her pussy in Arthur’s face.

Janessa surmised they’d had lots of practice from the looks of it.

Arthur’s abilities amazed Janessa, too. For a big, broad guy, he moved fast and furiously. The movie trade, she guessed, had, no doubt, supplied him with an endless train of wet and willing wannabes, throughout the years.

“Ass-fuck me, yes,” she heard Tasha saying.

“Yeah? Who are you?” Arthur goaded her.

“I’m a dirty girl,” Tasha said without hesitation.

“Are you my piggy?” Arthur growled. “Are you a piggy girl?”

Tasha panted with excitement. “Yes! You know I am!”

Janessa blanched at the weird conversation. Neither one of the

PRIVATE AUDITION

copulating pair noticed her eyes widen, however. Arthur was set on dominating his star-girlfriend, and she seemed more than happy to descend into the basest, animalistic tendencies. He whipped her over to her belly, grabbed her by the waist, and pulled her back toward him. As he reached out for a pillow, Janessa rolled to the side and pulled one from behind where she was laying. Arthur grunted a barely audible “Thanks” and slid it under Tasha, who was up on all fours.

“Jan,” Arthur commanded, “do me a favor. Grab the KY from that drawer over there.”

No one called her Jan, but Janessa moved fast anyway. She reached over to the bedside table and groped around inside the drawer. After feeling a pair of satiny eye covers and several small bottles of something or other, she came across a crinkled metallic tube. She pulled it out to read the words—sure enough, she’d found the KY. This, too, was something she’d never actually used in a sexual experience before.

Arthur sounded just a tad impatient when he said, “Yup, that’s it, that’s it. Give it here.”

Janessa tried not to feel meek as she handed it his way.

Tasha reminded her of a wild animal—more feline than swine—as she wagged her bottom in circles, gyrating her pelvis around and around in anticipation of Arthur’s mastering her—what had she called it—her piggy-girl self? Janessa marveled at their unabashed kink. This *ménage à trois*, she guessed, had only been the tip of the iceberg.

Arthur squeezed the gooey jelly onto his index and forefinger and greased up the head of his cock. He then squeezed another dollop into the same fingers and tossed the tube aside. Tasha was making small grunting noises while her shoulders, head and buttocks rotated energetically.

“I’m coming, piggy, I’m coming,” Arthur said.

With expert precision, he held Tasha’s cheeks apart with one hand

PRIVATE AUDITION

and pressed the lubricated fingers of his other hand against the rosebud revealed. He slipped his middle finger into her anus and softened the entry a couple of times, easing it in and out as she groaned with pleasure. When he pressed both his jellied fingers in, Tasha emitted sounds with more intensity. He pressed his fingers deeper into her ass and opened them outward in small, scissor-like motions. Janessa watched in fascination; she'd never had anal sex before.

"How's that feel, you dirty girl? Are you ready for my cock up inside you?"

"Mmm...I'm ready for your piggy-cock," she said in a thick voice.

Janessa's cheeks flushed with embarrassment. She felt herself the outsider now, witnessing some private ritual that, apparently, turned them both on. They continued, however, with unabashed concentration on each other.

Arthur knelt and brought his hips in line with his inserted fingers. As he held Tasha's back down with one hand, he slid the tip of his cock between his two fingers. Releasing his fingers, he pressed the head of his penis into her asshole. He stretched her opening with gentle thrusts to penetrate the head of his cock fully into her anus. Tasha pressed down on her forearms, spread her legs wide, and lifted her butt higher.

Arthur made guttural, animal noises that almost scared Janessa. His large hands spread each of Tasha's cheeks apart, his thumbs sliding down to help pry open her anus. Janessa watched in fascination while he slid more of his large cock in and out of her derrière. Against bent elbows, Tasha's torso faced downward with her butt elevated as she grunted and groaned and opened herself to Arthur's cock.

At first, he slid himself in and out of her at a slow pace, and carefully. He leaned his upper body back to watch his slippery rod easing in and out of her ass. He hadn't yet immersed it entirely, just about halfway, as he continued to indulge himself by watching.

Janessa thought they seemed to be pros at this.

PRIVATE AUDITION

“I want to get deeper in you now,” Arthur said. Apparently this was Tasha’s signal to come down on her belly, since they moved in unison.

She lowered herself onto the pillow beneath her, with her legs spread out to the side. He eased himself down onto her back and proceeded to fuck her ass deeper with gentle, even strokes.

Tasha raised her dark eyes toward Janessa.

“Come over here and kiss me,” she demanded.

Janessa complied, afraid to argue with the former aggressor now in a completely submissive position.

She crawled across the bed and the two beauties made lip contact. She smelled the scent of Tasha’s sweat and felt her body rock forward each time Arthur’s cock delved into her backside. Janessa’s neck was crooked from facing her while kissing, so she slid herself down to her back and looked up at Tasha from below. She remained in that position, facing Tasha from her back, where making out was easier.

As Arthur penetrated Tasha with greater intensity, the two girls’ kissing intensified and deepened. Their tongues worked frantically around each other’s mouths as Janessa reached up and caressed Tasha’s breasts. She heard Arthur grunt and groan pre-orgasmic “Ah, ah, ahs.”

“Mmm—yeah!” he would say, slowly rocking his hips before he thrust his cock forward. As he slowed down the pace of his rocking and thrusting, he was saying, “Mmm—yeah!” before he’d give another good thrust. This happened five or six times before Janessa realized he was leading to a climax.

When his grunts and groans became so deep and loud that Tasha withdrew her mouth to concentrate, Janessa’s skin tingled in anticipation of the Big One. Sure enough, the slow movements of Arthur’s fucking speeded up, only to finally subside into one long, sustained motion of penetration. With that, he came in Tasha’s ass.

His orgasm made him shout incoherent jumbles of nonsensical words that sounded like, “Moo—aah! Moo—oo—oo—aah!”

PRIVATE AUDITION

Janessa would have burst out laughing if she hadn't heard Tasha panting with intensity from her end of the experience.

After Arthur's forceful rod deflated, he slid out, swatted an affectionate pat on Tasha's butt and rolled over, exhausted.

Sweaty and exhausted, too, Tasha sent a sultry smile to Janessa before she slid down to curl around her pillow. Janessa rolled onto her back and looked up at the ceiling. She took a long, deep breath.

Except for registering amazement at what she'd done and witnessed here in Arthur Preston's bedroom, her mind was blank.

CHAPTER 4

Arthur had risen and entered his office to turn his phone's ringer back on. Janessa was amazed at the number of messages he played back, accrued only between Saturday night and Sunday morning.

She chuckled to herself. *I guess when you're a big director, everybody wants you. Or a piece of you. Or a piece of the piece—hey, that would be me!*

Tasha yawned and reached up behind a shoulder to scratch it. She swung her legs to the floor and rose slowly from the bed.

As she stood, she winced and rubbed her lower back.

"I always tell myself I'm never doing that again. The morning after, of course," she said dryly. "I wonder why I do it. I guess I love it in the moment, but, shit, afterwards..." She reached behind and stroked her buttocks. "Ach, I may as well just quit saying, 'Never again.' Because I'm sure it won't be the last time."

She let out a little snuff and walked naked down the hall. Over her

PRIVATE AUDITION

shoulder she called back, “You can use the same bathroom as last night, if you want to shower.”

Janessa chuckled at Tasha’s candor. She didn’t feel like showering, though. She wanted to dress and go. She needed to see her roommate’s smiling face and get grounded in the familiarity of that relationship.

As she rooted around the bathroom for her things from the night before, she realized she’d be putting on her icky work clothes. She found her crumpled stockings in a corner and decided there was no way they were going back on her legs—not on this summer morning. She couldn’t quite gauge the outside temperature with the AC going, but one look out the window at the sunlight beating against the asphalt told her it must be freaking hot. She wrinkled her nose and pulled on her black thong before drawing her tight, black shorts up over her buns. She stretched her black Lycra top down over her sticky torso, balled up her stockings and shoved them into her bag.

She leaned over the wash basin and ran the faucet to splash water on her face. She rinsed her mouth, then drank the icy liquid from cupped hands before she reached for a towel. Patting the soft, white fluff across her cheeks, she looked into the mirror and cursed the bags beneath her eyes. She did her best to touch up using lipstick and an eye pencil, since that was all she’d brought to work with her. After brushing her hair back into a ponytail, she stared again at her reflection. She hoped the sexual afterglow seeping through her pores saved her from looking completely washed out.

She wanted to leave, she realized, to replay this surreal experience over in her head in an effort to absorb the full effect of the sex games she’d been involved with.

What’s my next move? Well, let’s start with saying good-bye to Arthur.

She followed his voice to the end of the hallway. She found him seated at the desk in his office, in the midst of a phone conversation.

PRIVATE AUDITION

“Yeah, I know, baby,” he was saying. “I love you, too, and I do want to do this thing. You know I do! But remember what I told you about those guys. I’ve dealt with them in the past and I’m not gonna have them up my ass again, hanging around with their fucking clipboards, taking notes every minute and calling a frigging meeting every time I exceed—what’s that?... Yeah, yeah, I know that was a long time ago. Just make sure they understand where I’m coming from, now.”

He glanced up to see Janessa’s face poking around the doorframe.

He nodded and motioned her in.

“Hey, that sweetie I told you we met last night is right here. You want to say hi to her? Yeah, hold on a sec—” He cupped the phone’s mouthpiece and spoke to Janessa. “Hello, my beauty. You want to say hi to Jimmy Wagner? He’s involved with the project. I told him about you, about getting you into it somehow. Here—just say hi to him.”

Janessa felt a massive fizz of adrenaline explode in her belly. *Jimmy Wagner! Holy shit.* She swallowed hard.

She used to watch Jimmy Wagner on television when she was a kid. She had the hugest crush on him, all through puberty. Oh, Christ, what was she going to say to Jimmy Wagner, one of Hollywood’s biggest celebrities?

Arthur offered her the phone, then read the panic on her face. “Don’t worry about it, kid. Just say hi. He was whoring around last night and he’s pretty hung over this morning. Here, go ahead. Take it.” He chuckled from the widening of her eyes. “He’s one of my best buddies. Don’t worry about it. Just say hi to him.”

Janessa forced steadiness to her hand as she took the receiver and raised it to her ear.

“Hel—hello,” she said quietly. “This is Janessa...”

“Janessa!” the bold voice on the other end said. “What a beautiful name. Arthur told me all about you.”

PRIVATE AUDITION

Janessa wondered what exactly Arthur had said, and what kinds of details he'd shared about their "interaction" the night before.

"What's your last name, Janessa?"

"Jergen." Oh, geez, but she felt nervous! *Take a deep breath, girl, calm yourself down...you've already jumped off one cliff.*

"Janessa Jergen. Christ, that's a great name," Jimmy said. "What's your ancestry?"

"My ancestry?" Christ, Jergen, she thought, why did you repeat what he just said? It's not a hard question! "Uh, Scottish-English," she heard herself say. "Maybe a little German thrown in there somewhere."

"Sounds just like me. I got the ol' Scotch-English-German thing happening, too," Jimmy boomed merrily.

Janessa was amazed at how friendly and upbeat he sounded. She recognized his voice, too, from the thousands of times she'd drooled over him on the *Space Eagles* show.

"I didn't realize you were Scottish and English," she cooed. She instantly berated herself for sounding like a dopey kid.

"Yup, sure am. Actually, I'm a mutt. A regular Heinz 57—a true American, you know what I mean? My mom's Scotch-English and my dad's Scotch-German with a little Native American and God-knows-what thrown in. Real, down to earth mutts! Right?"

A hearty laugh burst from his chest and Janessa couldn't help but laugh, too. He was surprisingly easy to talk to. Well, that's what a lifetime of stardom can do for you, she guessed. He was used to conversing with strangers and having to put them at ease when they spoke with him—a Hollywood legend.

Jimmy talked to Janessa for a couple more minutes on no particular topic of importance. Once the initial pleasantries subsided, she felt awkward again and decided to get going. She told Jimmy it had been wonderful talking to him, that she was a longtime fan of his work. He told her he appreciated that and looked forward to meeting her in

PRIVATE AUDITION

person one day.

“That’d be nice,” she said.

She gulped quietly at the thought and handed the phone back to Arthur.

He signed off with Jimmy by saying, “I love you, baby. You take care of yourself... Yeah, okay, I will. Talk to you soon.”

* * *

Arthur beamed at Janessa. He always thrilled at seeing women cream from talking to his buddy, Jimmy Wagner. The guy had been a major heartthrob among generations of women throughout America. Proof of their friendship never failed to bolster even Arthur’s impressive level of fame.

Janessa sighed. “That was pretty wild.”

“What? Ol’ Jimbo?”

“Talking to somebody I used to watch before going to bed every night, throughout my entire childhood...it’s just, well—crazy!”

Arthur smiled. This girl certainly had a charm about her that made her unlike most of the trash he and Tasha had brought home in the past. Those girls he’d have already ushered out the door. But this girl was clean and solid, like a shiny new penny. She even sparkled the morning after. He decided then and there that he wanted to keep her around.

He motioned his head toward the big, black bag slung over her shoulder. “On your way out?”

“Uh, yeah, actually. I was coming in to say good-bye. Tasha’s in the shower.”

“You don’t have to run off, you know. I could make you some breakfast.”

“Oh, no, I really need to go, thanks. I ought to get home. Got a lot of things I need to do.”

When he stood, his imposing figure towered over her. “Come on. Stay for breakfast. It’s not every day I offer to throw some frozen

PRIVATE AUDITION

waffles in the toaster for a pretty girl, you know!”

* * *

Janessa hesitated. He almost charmed her into doing what he wanted, but she was headstrong and opted to stick with her original intention.

“Well...that’s very sweet of you, Arthur, really, it is. But I feel so skanky in these clothes. I need to get home and change. Not that I don’t appreciate your offer.”

“You sure? You could ask Tasha for something to wear—”

“No, no, no! She’s done enough. That’s really sweet of you. But, I mean, I just need to be getting home now, is all.”

Arthur smiled. “I understand.”

She stood on her tiptoes and followed an impulse to kiss him on the cheek. He flashed her a big grin.

“Listen,” he said, opening a desk drawer. He rummaged through scraps of paper and pens to finally pull out a business card. “Here, take this. Give me a call...I dunno, sometime tomorrow. Afternoon is best. I’d take your number, but it’ll only get lost. I’m completely lost without my assistant around, as a matter of fact. She took the weekend off, comes back tomorrow. Otherwise I’d have her put you right in my file.”

Janessa nodded and looked down at the card, Arthur Preston—Directors Guild... some abbreviated letters for titles followed...the first seven-digit phone number listed was preceded by a 310 area code.

She looked at Arthur. “Is this an L.A. number?”

“Nah, no. Well, wait a minute, lemme see.” He put on his reading glasses and glanced at the card. “Oh, yeah, that first one is, I guess. Yeah. Call the second one—it’s a 212 number. See?”

Janessa nodded. “Uh-huh.”

He reached over and stroked a finger against her cheek.

“I like you, Janessa. You’ve really got something interesting going

PRIVATE AUDITION

on. I'd like to check it out on film. We'll get you in on this project somehow."

Janessa beamed and slipped the card into her wallet. "I—this is so great, Arthur. I—thank you. It's, well, kind of like a dream, you know. To meet you...and have you offer this to me."

Arthur chuckled. "I'll be honest. I usually want to get rid of the gals we take home with us as soon as I can the next morning. Give 'em cab fare and send 'em packing. But you—I like you. I really do...and I can smell your talent, if I'm not mistaken. I trust my gut and what it tells me. It's usually right on the money."

"I would think so." She let out a tinkling laugh. "At least, I hope so!"

"I think so. So—you're a lucky girl. Oh, about that cab fare—"

Janessa gave him a sidelong glance. "Let's not even go there, Arthur. You'll insult me if you go there."

He gave her a quizzical look and she explained. "I'm perfectly capable of getting myself home on my own. Thank you, just the same."

He smiled. "If you insist..."

"I do," she said, "even if I have to do the walk of shame alone! I mean, it's Sunday afternoon, and look at me! Having to pass by nice little families all dressed up on their way back from church, going to brunch and family dinners."

Arthur roared with laughter. "Good! I say fuck 'em! Fuck 'em all! Hold your head high, girl, and march triumphant! Who the fuck are they?"

Janessa giggled. "Okay. I will. I'll hold my head high."

* * *

As she stood curbside, Janessa pulled her sunglasses from her big, black bag. She hid her sleepy eyes beneath the large frames and stuck her hand out to flag an oncoming cab.

She gave her address to the hulky driver and looked out the

PRIVATE AUDITION

window. Two finely dressed couples meandered along Central Park South. She wondered if they were going to the Plaza for brunch and thought how nice that would be. Indeed, a pang of jealousy hit her. She hung her head and looked down at her bare legs, then spread the toes of her uncomfortable, sweaty feet squished into the short, black boots.

Oh, God, look at me. I'd love to be going to the Plaza for brunch, and look at the reality—look how I'm dressed! What a mess! I'm such a mess!

She stopped and smiled to herself.

I'm a mess who's going to get a big break. What I did to get that, I can't believe. But I can't take it back now. And I wouldn't, if I could. I did kind of enjoy it, I have to admit, even though it was a little weird. But had I not gone for it, I wouldn't have gotten anything, that's for sure. I certainly wouldn't have caught Arthur Preston's attention, just as his namby-pamby waitress.

Still, she had to stave off a pang of guilt for getting involved in her first *ménage à trois*.

She gritted her teeth and bit back the urge to chastise herself.

No—I'm going to stay positive with this. Sure, it was risky, getting in bed with those two like that. But my risk-taking will pay off. It has to! I mean, Arthur Preston gave me his card and told me to call about his upcoming project. Just what that is, and what I get to do in it, remains to be seen. But it's more than my agent's ever done for me.

Of course, I don't think I'll tell my slacker agent exactly what went on there last night. She wouldn't understand the baring-your-soul thing. And I don't think she'd appreciate me baring my all!

She chuckled. *But baring my all made me stand out from the crowd. Daring to cross the line from the mundane into risky business has offered me a stellar opportunity.*

By simply being myself, I got my private audition and became the director's choice!

SHARA BLOODSTONE

After earning a Bachelor's Degree in French and Spanish literature, Shara Bloodstone took to the road. She toured the world as a musical theatre performer for several years before making New York City her home base. While she has always been involved in the arts, economic realities introduced her to employment in the restaurant, bar and retail industries. Her extensive travels and professional experience encompass the ridiculous to the sublime, providing her with a glorious reserve of material for use in her writing.

* * *

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