



Cincinnati, Ohio

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Diet Another Day

"Remember, this is a team effort. Your roommate will be your lifeline when the chocolate calls. Don't let her fail you. The team that loses the most on the body mass index at the end of the month will be awarded the spokesperson contract worth upwards of forty thousand dollars."

Jessica could care less about becoming an infomercial diva. She wanted a new life. As she looked around at controlled applause in the sea of pink skirt suits in subtle shades from cloud to fuchsia, she squirmed in her stretch jeans and black tee shirt. One other soul stood out. Seated in the rigid conference chair next to her was Rosaleen Dalrymple, her Scottish e-pal who'd talked her into this retreat.

"As you'll see on page forty-one, along with a rigid ten carbohydrates per day diet, the exercise component is straight forward. Activity, ladies. The best and safest way for you *sofa Sherries* to begin is walking. The valet will not release your Mercedes until after graduation. Cabs will not carry you, the busses will not shuttle. Don't even think of renting one of the cute motorized scooters you see models zipping around on. Use your large muscles, ladies. Build endurance. Increase your aerobic capacity."

The women applauded.

Jessica was on board. *Yes. I can walk. Yes, if my meals are prepared, I can adjust to a restricted carbohydrate diet. All of the support will be fun. Just like college. Or what my impression*

of college is like from books. A wave of shame tried to overtake Jessica. Everybody here probably has at least a bachelor's degree. And a fabulous career.

"You will be assigned a canteen. Keep it filled and with you at all times. Optimum water intake is twelve eight-ounce servings per day. Strive to hit that target exactly. No more, no less. And subsequently, ladies, you need to feel free to pee. With two hundred women on the same schedule, the designated restrooms at this conference center will prove inadequate. Do not waste time in line. Guard the door of the men's room and take turns. A body waiting in line for a toilet is not a body in motion burning fat. If you stand in line for five minutes every time nature calls this month, you will be two pounds heavier. It's not worth it, ladies."

Uproarious laughter and nods filled the room.

No wonder I'm fat. Wow. I had no idea. Yes, absolutely I'll use the men's room. All right then, two pounds guaranteed weight loss. Check.

"Turn to page forty-eight. Tomorrow's itinerary: Breakfast in the Palm ballroom from five-fifteen to five thirty-five. Feel free to mingle and meet the other ladies. Most of you are with the Belinda Chang Cosmetics line. Enjoy chatting with your counterparts from other states and territories. After breakfast, you all have a rigid list of activities to achieve before lunch at high noon, back in the Palm ballroom. You and your roommate are responsible for each other's successful completion. Don't be a weak link."

The ladies applauded. Jessica turned to Rosaleen. The friends smiled and nodded in unity.

Jessica skimmed the activities. This sounded fun. A sunrise stretching period on the beach. Power walking in the salt water pool. Sweat a few pounds off in the sauna. Thirty-six minutes on

the cardio machines. A four-minute break. Power Pilates. Thirty minutes to shower and dress for lunch. This sounded great.

"Our afternoons are for spiritual growth. We will meet for a prayer session on the beach, in front of the first lifeguard stand to the left of the steps. We will rotate through the world's great religions. Deeply contemplate the messages. Open your heart to your maker. Accept Him in different forms through the hearts of your peers.

"At one PM, you will break off into groups for barefoot beach walking. Please arrive in a suitable bathing suit with ample sunscreen, sunglasses, and sunbonnets. Each group will receive a unique novel to read while walking. Yes, ladies. We will learn to integrate exercise seamlessly into our lives. You can and will walk and read a book. Be prepared for a pop quiz at breakfast each morning, on the previous day's book."

Is she kidding? I'm supposed to read and walk and finish the book in one day? And not collapse of heat exhaustion? Miami in July. What was I thinking, signing on for this?

"For our first week's reward, we have arranged to have a mixer with the Homeland Security First Responders Conference. Cocktail dresses are required. Don't forget hose, a minimum three-inch heel, and full make up."

Cocktail dress? Sausage casings and lip balm? Great. Homeland Security First Responders? Oh, don't they sound like a fun bunch? Jessica envisioned a group of fat, balding fifty somethings so uptight they dance you suspiciously through metal detectors.

"All right, ladies. Retrieve your luggage from the holding area. Please form a line, two across with your roommate. Heads up, breasts high, walk proudly through the hotel and out into the night to our dormitories at the Jesuit school."

Dormitories? Jesuit school? "Rosaleen, what's she talking

about? I thought we were booked here at the hotel."

"Only for the meetings, meals, and spa services. We are rooming in the dorms to keep us away from temptation."

"In other words, they want to keep us from ordering room service."

"Exactly."

Two by two, they waddled through the automatic revolving door and into the night. Stars glistened on the surface of the Intracoastal Waterway. A cruise boat was docked. *If we get any downtime, maybe Rosaleen and I can take a tour.*

They marched over the sidewalk, clip clopping and huffing.

As the wind gusted through the coco palm lined avenue, Jessica pulled hair out of her mouth. She could make out the pink sensible heels of the women directly in front of her, so she didn't part her hair often. When they stopped at the light at the causeway, Jessica looked in awe at how no one else's hair was moving. *They must use Belinda Chang's helmet hairspray.* She grinned.

As they marched across the street, she wondered just how far the Jesuit school was. Her stomach flip-flopped as she switched hands holding her suitcase, and shoved Rosaleen to the outside. The bridge swayed beneath their feet and convertibles whizzed by, all with radios set to different channels. The horn o'plenty grated in her head.

Cruella de Vil did say something about no caffeine, didn't she? Just great. I'm already in withdrawal and I hadn't even been deprived yet.

Finally, around a dimly lit corner, the ladies snaked onto a concrete path through a black wrought iron gate. A Spanish style four-story building loomed. As Jessica wrestled her suitcase up the steps and over the metal threshold, her eyes settled on the torn green felt of a pool table and a large sofa clad in a faded

orange plaid slipcover.

A woman with a clip board read her badge. "Landry?" Jessica nodded.

She looked at Rosaleen. "Dalrymple?"

"Aye." She sniffed.

"Room four twenty-three. Here are your codes. If you lose them, your house mother is in room four oh two. She has a copy, and also the first aid kit. Be sure to find her room, so you can locate her quickly when you need treatments for blisters and heat exhaustion." She handed them each a small slip of paper with Room 423 and Code 0611 typed.

The elevator line was no line but rather a mosh pit. Jessica followed Rosaleen up three double flights of stairs, nervous that her backpack would crush her if she toppled backwards.

"Four oh two. This is the house mother's room."

"Aye." Rosaleen lamented.

They wove through the musty labyrinth to the end of the hall. A window overlooked a mystery. Jessica couldn't tell what because a banana tree fully blocked the view.

Rosaleen adjusted her black plastic Harry Potter glasses and keyed in the code. She pushed the door open and fumbled for the light switch. Jessica followed her in.

"Right or left?" Rosaleen asked.

Jessica peered around her. A closet, twin bed, and desk lined each wall. "Doesn't matter."

Rosaleen wrestled with her backpack. Jessica assisted her as she lowered it onto the right bunk and commenced crying.

"What's wrong? Did I catch your skin in the backpack? I'm so sorry."

"No. It's Dickie."

Here we go with the Dickie business again. Jessica flipped on the bathroom light. There was an old shower stall, toilet, and

door to the next room. The sink was by the hall door in the bedroom. At least they wouldn't have to wait for the Belinda Chang ladies to paint their faces. Jessica used the facility, then unpacked.

Rosaleen curled in a ball, sobbing. Jessica offered her a box of Kleenex. She accepted and blew. And blew and blew.

"Can I get you anything?"

"No."

"Do you want to talk?"

"No."

She was guiltily relieved. It's not like Rosaleen hadn't been complaining about Dickie online for three years and Jessica never did figure out what the rift was.

The girls brushed and flossed and changed into cotton night gowns. At exactly ten o'clock, the building went dark. The mattress was firm, but the pillow seemed like a lumpy bowl of oatmeal. Thunder crashed as lightening flashed shadows in through the window.

Later, Jessica lay on the edge of her bed with one leg dangling over the side. Not by choice, but water was dripping through the moldy ceiling tiles in every other location in the room, so Rosaleen was now sharing her bunk.

In between crying fits, Rosaleen snored like a lioness. She'd elbowed Jessica twice in the neck as she lay staring at the red LED numbers on the alarm clock. At four thirty-three, Jessica had yet to doze off. She jumped up screaming when Rosaleen sliced her leg with a toenail.

* * *

They survived the first day of boot camp. After a delicious dinner of parsley and kohlrabi slathered in mayonnaise, Jessica walked stiffly toward the ladies room. The aroma of pizza from the Panther ballroom caused her to stop at the door, close her

eyes, and inhale. Oh, did she want just one slice. Just one whole pie. Just one cheesecake.

Hearing the approach of voices, Jessica opened her eyes, smoothed her wrinkled cotton capris, and smiled at the two men leaving the room. They looked right through her.

Just wait. By the end of the month, I'll be fifty pounds lighter with long, lean muscles, pert breasts and behind, no cellulite or wrinkles. Well, maybe I'll be ten pounds lighter, and maybe my panties will fully cover my rear again.

The last man from the room emerged, with wild eyes and pointing to his throat.

The universal sign of choking. Jessica asked, "Can you speak?"

He shook his head.

Jessica spun him around and hugged him from behind. Making one hand into a fist with the other clamped over it, she positioned it in the space between his ribs and sternum. By the second inward and upward thrust, he was spitting a long string of mozzarella cheese onto the floor. One last thrust and he said, "Thank you."

"Did I hurt you?"

"No."

Jessica stepped around the cheese and grabbed a hunk of napkins from the table. As she cleaned, a shudder overtook her. "You could have died!" she said, tears dripping down her cheeks. She threw the mess in a trash can.

"I'm prepared to die. Every day on duty, I know it might be my last shift. But I am not ready to let a pizza be my grim reaper."

Jessica didn't know whether to laugh or not.

He grabbed her hand and said, "I'm Hunter Gage."

He had a firm grip and Jessica immediately noticed his long

fingers. Her thoughts turned to what they say about men with long fingers. She demurely looked him up and down. He was a good six inches taller. Khaki naval work uniform. A sailor. He smiled when she finally looked at his chiseled face. Clean shaven, long lashes framed sparkling brown eyes. Brown hair immaculately cut into a very short flat top.

Jessica realized he was still holding her hand. Her gaze shifted to his left hand. No ring. No tell-tale tan line. "I need to get going."

"Can't I buy you a drink or something?"

Oh yeah. I'll have a cosmopolitan, and you can dribble it over me naked. "No, I have to get back." She headed out the door. "It was nice meeting you."

"Wait. What's your name?"

"Jessica. Jessica Landry."

She hurried back to the conference room, worried she'd be scolded for being AWOL. She slipped in a side door just before the team leader dismissed them for the day.

The sailor was waiting for her when she emerged. "Hello, Jessica."

To say her heart went pitter-patter was right on target. "Rosaleen, go on ahead. I'll catch up."

* * *

The whirlpool pummeling her lower back was a welcome hurt-so-good kind of pain to her exercise abused body. Jessica was sore in places she didn't know contained muscles. Her tendons hurt. Her ligaments hurt. Her veins hurt. And she couldn't believe she was in this five-hundred-dollar a night suite, sipping the room service cosmopolitan in a sailor's candlelit bathroom. Well, do a good deed and you get rewarded sometimes. It was very kind of him to let her have an evening respite from the grueling boot camp. She certainly didn't want to

be stuck in the dorm room listening to Rosaleen sobbing and slinging snot.

Jessica tipped the martini glass and tickled the last pink drop with her tongue. It had been lovely taking a walk on the rich side of the tracks, but she needed to get back and try to sleep. Stepping out of the tub onto the plush white bathmat, she wrapped a humongous bath sheet around her and toweled off. A candlelit reflection in the wall mirror caught her breath. She couldn't be the alluring woman staring back. It must be the booze on a nearly starved stomach. Maybe she could hint for the officer and a gentleman to order just one more round before she left. Perhaps he might even be inclined to intoxicate her in the way only a man can do. Slipping into the red hotel robe, Jessica it left loosely tied, so some cleavage would show. All men loved large breasts.

He was seated fireside, sipping from a fluted crystal glass. An ice bucket with a magnum of champagne chilled next to a bouquet of pink roses. Her gaze watched his eyes, hooded with seduction. She walked over to him and licked the rim of his glass. *Oh my gosh. I didn't just do that.*

"This is your night, Jessica." He tilted the glass and poured it into her mouth. She swallowed the sweet bubbles. They popped as he refilled it. She felt his eyes on the creamy flesh peeking from her crimson robe.

She seized the glass and downed it with one gulp. He took it back from her and placed it on the mantle. Removing the frosty bottle, he took her hand and walked toward the French doors.

Opening one enough to allow her admittance to the bedroom, she abruptly stopped at the site of the king size bed. In the moonlight from the open drapery, the headboard looked to be about eight feet tall and ornately engraved. A white gossamer canopy billowed down from a cathedral ceiling. She heard

Hunter close the door as her eyes adjusted to the naked man on the bed. Her breath hitched. Hunter said, "Jessica, I'd like you to meet Tim."

"It's wonderful to meet you, Jessica." He reached for her.

Both men waited for her response.

"What's going on here?" she demurely asked, knowing she must be dreaming, or hallucinating from dehydration.

Tim replied, "We're here to pleasure you, Jessica."

"Both of you?"

Hunter huskily replied, "Yes."

She smiled and said, "Thank you."

Hunter undressed and slid onto the bed next to Tim. They both looked expectantly at Jessica. Tim said, "Won't you please join us?"

With that, the robe puddled onto the floor and she lay down on the bed nearest Tim. She shivered as he ran a finger across her cheek. The breeze from the ocean rustled the sheer curtains. Wiggling into the cool white satin sheets, Jessica closed her eyes and inhaled the moment. Fingers massaged her scalp and she sighed. Fingers brushed the bottoms of her feet and she giggled, opening her eyes and squirming away, onto the floor.

Tim leaned down and grabbed her arm. "Are you all right?"

"Yes. This is just so silly." *Oh no. Did I insult them?*

Tim eyed Hunter.

Jessica stood up as soon as she realized she was naked on the hotel carpet. She nearly blacked out, but her equilibrium righted itself in time.

Hunter offered, "We're here to pleasure you. Let us know what your tiniest wish is and we'll launch you to the stars."

Jessica was glad the clouds had so expediently moved in front of the moon and the room had darkened considerably. She hoped they couldn't see her withholding another giggle.

She sat on the bed, and scooted in between the two men. "Guys, I'm a plain vanilla girl. As far as erotic delights, I enjoy one man, a little foreplay, missionary sex, then a great afterglow nap."

Hunter said, "But you deserve so much more. You can have double your pleasure. He plumped her breast and gently kissed the nipple to turgidness. Tim lowered his lips on its twin. She lay back and smiled as they suckled. Maybe they were onto something. But she hardly knew Hunter, and Tim was an axe murderer for all she knew.

Someone's hand slipped down to her curly hair as she sat up, pulling away.

"I'm sorry, fellas, but I'm just not the *ménage a trois* kinda girl."

Hunter said, "Relax, we'll show you how."

"I hardly know you and I've never even seen him with his clothes on. How do you guys know each other? What is your last name Tim? And what do you do for a living?"

"Tim and I were in the Air Force together. Stationed at the base of a glacier in Alaska."

"I'm a personal trainer now." said Tim.

I'm no fool. I know that was a Navy uniform Hunter had on. What's their game? Jessica's mind wandered to cheesecake. Real yummy cheesecake with a graham cracker crust and cherries on top. With a side of chocolate chip ice cream. "Can we order dessert?"

Tim reached for the phone. "Sure. What would you like?"

"Tell them to send up one of each."

He did.

"So what did you guys do on the glacier?" *I'll play along with this delicious charade.*

She tried to listen as Hunter spewed forth military lingo and

Tim interjected memorable incidents of helicopters missing the landing sites.

"So what did you guys do on your down time, in between heroic adventures?"

Hunter said, "Watched porn videos."

Tim seemed to grin.

"And waited for female airmen to fly in and console your neglected members?"

"No female pilots on that mission."

"So you guys are gay. That explains a lot."

Tim snapped, "No. Not at all. We love breasts and vaginas."

My, isn't he formal. "So you guys watched close ups of women doing men and other women, and then what?"

"We jerked off. What else?" Hunter replied. "Why, what do you imagine we did?"

A knock on the door sent Hunter to answer, wrapping the bedspread around him as he left.

Tim kissed her. Not a gentle friendly kiss, but full-on explosive tongue action. This talk was evidently turning him on. He moaned as both hands worked her breasts, kneading them and rubbing the nipples roughly with his thumbs.

Oh, yeah. This was just the kind of lovemaking Jessica liked. But wait, he was kissing her other lips, too. But how could that be?

She reached her hand down and felt Hunter's hair. She tried to pull away and sit up, but the men held their ground. Held her down. Tim took both of her wrists in one hand and held them over her head as he kissed her deeper.

She alternated concentrating on her mouth and her writhing lower half. Too many sensations. Delicious sensations. As Hunter flicked his tongue, serpent like, down below, she was embarrassed to smell her juices. Tim pulled both nipples into one

hand and rubbed them vigorously as he continued to devour her mouth. Once Hunter switched from flicking to sucking, she knew the point of no return had arrived. Squeezing his head between her thighs, she bucked as she rode her wave to nirvana. Tim pulled away to hear the scream as he suckled and lightly bit a nipple.

Jessica opened her eyes and wiggled away from them. The clouds had passed by the moon, for she could see her lovers. Gods. "I may be dreaming, but don't wake me yet."

Tim said, "We won't wake you, baby. We're going to rock you all night long."

He looked a lot like Hunter, only a little younger. Same military 'do and coloring. Nice cleft chin. Cary Grant-ish. Her eyes dropped across his broad shoulders. She lightly touched his bare chest and ran her hands down his six pack, stopping just above his erection. Gazing over at Hunter, he too stood at attention. She looked back and forth, marveling at the comparison. Tim was longer and straighter with his vein throbbing on top. Hunter was an inch shy, but he made up for it in girth.

She'd had a ten incher before. It didn't fit her. These guys looked like they were seven and eight. She closed her legs as she sat up. "The ice cream is melting."

Tim fetched a banana split with a crisp biscotti garnish. He handed it to her and she dove in. Between bites she asked, "So tell me what you'd do when you'd watch those girls with the implants do lesi things to each other. You guys like watching that, don't you?"

Hunter said, "Yeah, of course. It's only natural."

"And you jerked off in front of each other?"

Tim said, "Kinda."

"Kinda what?"

"Maybe we might have helped each other a time or two."

"I knew it! All guys have low morals and will hump anything."

Hunter insisted, "We aren't gay. So maybe we touched each other's tools a little, but there was never any..."

Jessica pulled a long banana half out of the glass bowl and licked it from tip to tip. "Show me what you guys did."

* * *

Hunter's hopes plummeted. *Great. Busted. Caught. Need to come up with a plausible way to get out of this.* He looked over at Tim, who had retrieved the magnum of champagne and was propped up on pillows next to Jessica. He wouldn't meet Hunter's eyes.

"All right. So we didn't watch porn videos and jerk off."

Jessica giggled. "So you guys are just as vanilla as me. Touché."

Tim swallowed a big gulp and drizzled one drop onto Jessica's arm. He licked it and said, "So we're inexperienced in menageries. But you've got to admit, darling, we're pretty quick studies."

"So were you even in the Air Force at all?"

Tim replied, "Navy."

Hunter added, "Yes, we really did spend a tour of duty at the base of a glacier. We're physicians. Treated a lot of frostbite."

Jessica set the bowl of ice cream on a nightstand. Hunter took it out to the living room, put it on the cart, and detoured to the bathroom. He returned to find Tim taking Jessica's pulse.

"What are you doing?"

Jessica said, "Playing doctor. *If you guys really are doctors,* no sense in passing up a free check-up."

"I'm glad we've got that out in the open."

"Hunh?" Jessica giggled as Tim placed two fingers on the artery inside her thigh.

Hunter said, "We're researching weight loss."

"So you just happened to choke on pizza in front of a fat girl, to lure her into your boudoir to get an up close, inside out view of her fat?"

Tim snorted. "And what a pleasurable assignment. But no, darling, we're here for the Homeland Security First Responders conference. Serendipity brought you and Hunter together."

Jessica stood up and headed for the bathroom. When she closed the door, Hunter sat on the bed next to Tim.

Tim whispered, "She's a whole lotta woman. Much more than a mouthful, better than those saline girls. I can't wait to pump into her cleavage."

"The goal isn't for us to get off here. Focus on the control study. Her orgasms are key."

"Your cock's been just as rigid as mine, pal. You can't tell me it's all about the mission."

"Sure it is. Whatever it takes. So, I'm a man. But I can control myself, and you'd better, too." Hunter's gaze dropped into his colleague's lap. He wouldn't mind helping him out with a hand job. His own joint jumped at the thought.

* * *

Jessica reappeared, dressed and munching on a white chocolate macadamia nut cookie. "Thanks for the diversion, guys. I need to get back to the dorm before curfew."

Hunter said, "No. You don't want to do that, to go back to a bunch of painted ladies."

Tim offered, "Maybe she does. Maybe she might invite us."

Jessica held her finger up as she chewed and swallowed. "No men allowed in the dorms."

Hunter said, "So you're here to lose weight. You can't be

enjoying that nasty fat laden diet and the sadistic boot camp. How about you go on our diet and exercise program, with a guarantee you'll lose more weight, tone up and be completely sated, in every way? No deprivation nor over exertion."

"Sounds like a hedonistic orgy."

Tim nodded. "If you want it to be. We're here to pleasure you, darling." He walked over to her and ran a finger down her cheek. She trembled.

"Tell me more." She cooed.

He kissed her sweetly on the lips and looked into her eyes. "It's simple. You have been steadily, albeit slowly, gaining weight the past few years. You've not been able to lose it. You've got ovarian syndrome, and we can fix that."

"How do you know?"

Hunter retrieved a file from the living room. "While you were bathing, we accessed your medical records online."

"How dare you!" She snatched it from him. "You had no right violating my privacy. I'll report you to the AMA and the Navy and the hotel and Homeland Security and—"

Hunter said, "Calm down, Jessica. We did it for you. Hear us out. Come on over and have a seat." He motioned to a large overstuffed arm chair with matching ottoman. Tim took her by the hand and led her over. He said, "Here, you can sit in my lap."

Jessica said, "Eew! You're not sitting naked in that chair! Just think of all the strangers that have done who knows what there."

Tim detoured to the bed. "Good point." He managed to maneuver her to perch on the edge of it. He sat next to her, holding her hand, rubbing his thumb in a circular motion on her wrist. She tried to ignore the pleasurable sensation.

Hunter flipped through the file. "Your last well-woman check-up was on the twentieth. Just before you came down here.

You complained of severe headaches on the week you're off your monthly birth control pills. The pills are no longer regulating your cycle, you complained of breakthrough bleeding, and the nurse practitioner ordered an ultrasound. No uterine polyps were found, however, you have a small cyst forming on your right ovary, which shouldn't be happening when you're taking birth control pills. That's evidence you are still ovulating; and the absence of polyps means the breakthrough bleeding is caused because the low dose pills are no longer strong enough for you."

"My gynecologist just called and said I was ok, and mentioned the cyst, and said to come back for a follow up in three months. And she changed my pills from a low dose to an average dose, I think she said it's fifty percent stronger than I was taking. And I take these for three months in a row, so I only have four periods a year now—"

Tim said, "So now you will only be bothered by the headaches that are caused from a sharp drop in estrogen when you go on the sugar pills one week every three months."

Jessica nodded. *It seems like these guys really are doctors, they just don't play them in hotels.*

Hunter asked, "When did you start the new pills?"

"Tomorrow."

"Perfect."

"Why?"

"Your hormones have been out of whack, and that caused you to secrete too much insulin. Insulin that the body doesn't need it converts to fat. It also increases your cravings, so you eat more. If the average dose pill suppresses ovulation, your metabolism should right itself."

"What was that medical research business you were talking about?"

Tim said, "We have formatted a regimen that will help

women such as yourself lose weight while eating what they want, which will naturally be less because of the new balance you'll have. It will be boosted by one hour of exercise daily, be it vigorous aerobic activity, weight bearing or muscle elongating. And..." he grinned.

"And what?" *This all sounds too good to be true, but it's making sense and I don't want it to.*

"We think your hormones will be further balanced, and therefore more weight loss will be achieved if you receive a minimum of one *powerful* orgasm per day."

"Sign me up."

Hunter grinned. "Seriously? You're consenting?"

"If you're on the up and up, yes I am. But I have to get back to the dorm before curfew." She walked over to the French doors.

Hunter followed her. "Let me get you a cab."

"No! I'm not allowed. We have to walk everywhere."

"Then drop out of that cult boot camp."

"I can't. I don't have money to fly home. My ticket is nonrefundable. And I can't get a refund on the camp either. I wouldn't have any place to stay for the rest of the time."

"Stay with us." Tim offered.

"No. What was I thinking? I've got to go."

Hunter said, "Go back to your low-carb diet and die of cravings. Go back to your injury waiting to happen exercise program. Go back to your lover girls. They can't give you the type of orgasm powerful enough to trigger weight loss."

"Eww! I don't do girls. I told you. Plain vanilla. I need a man."

Tim smiled. "And we're offering you two. Double your pleasure." He ran his hand under her hair, along the back of her neck. Jessica tried to pull away but her body failed her.

"If I stay, do you really guarantee I'll lose weight?"

Tim said, "Yes." He teased her nipples up through her shirt.

She stuck her chest out to meet his touch, then pulled away.

"No. Rosaleen. I can't do it to her."

Tim asked, "Who's Rosaleen?"

"My roommate. We're responsible for each other. The team with the greatest combined weight loss or body mass index or something wins a spokesperson contract and she really really wants it. She's the one that talked me into enrolling."

Hunter said, "So, continue with your boot camp. Make appearances. Pick one hour of exercise they offer every day and give it your all. Something different each day. Rotate through. Their program components aren't bad, it's just as a whole they're out of their minds. Some of those morbidly obese women aren't going to survive the competition. *And I mean that morbidly.*"

Tim asked, "How big is Rosaleen?"

"Oh, not that big. Just dumpy 'cause she's short. She's not morbidly obese."

He ran his hand down Jessica's body, cupping her breast, then slipped around back to plump her derriere. "So she's not perfectly proportioned like you?"

Jessica looked into his hooded eyes and realized he meant it. As he brushed her hand with his erection, she knew how desirable she was.

"Tim, take me now," she sighed.

As Tim pulled Jessica's top over her head, she kicked her shoes off and Hunter unzipped her capris from behind. Tim unzipped her exercise bra and her breasts spilled out. He gobbled one large rosy areola into his mouth. Hunter began slipping her grey cotton panties down her hips and Tim grabbed his wrist. "No. She's mine. She wants me." He picked her up effortlessly and bounced her onto the bed.

Hunter chucked a condom at Tim's back. He reached around, grabbed it, and ripped it open.

Jessica snuggled into the mattress and splayed her legs wide open.

* * *

Hunter hungrily inhaled her scent as he watched his friend pull the woman that saved *his life* to the edge of the bed and plunge into her. This was better than any staged porn movie. The sight of another man's cock pumping in and out, the sound of his balls slapping against her ass. The suction of their kisses and her first scream sent Hunter's mind directly to his pulsating member.

Yes, his cock felt slighted she'd picked the other guy. Yeah, Tim had an extra half inch on him. But she'd only picked him because he was closest and he was sweet talking her and rubbing her tits—those big, beautiful, perfectly formed tits just waiting to be fucked. Hunter grabbed his cock and jerked wildly while twisting his balls with his other hand. He imagined thrusting into her tits.

She screamed again, this time in unison with Tim. As Tim's thrusts slowed to a circular after-milking, Hunter grabbed his arm. "My turn."

Tim withdrew. Hunter positioned himself to mount Jessica as he was yanked back by the shoulders. "Stop!" Tim yelled. "No rubber. Are you crazy?"

Hunter looked around in a fog, wondering where he'd left the box. He felt himself being spun around and pushed backwards onto the bed. Hot lips clamped around his cock. The most exquisite tongue caressed his cock. It didn't take long to bring him to the brink. As he was about to groan "Jessica," she kissed him full on the lips. He moaned into her mouth and realized who was blowing him.

They lay still on the bed, sideways, the girl in the middle.

Jessica fell fast asleep. Hunter and Tim lay big eyed, each wondering what happened. Hunter finally said, "Thanks, man."

Tim said, "No problem. Anything to keep our case study uncontaminated."

Hunter liked his analogy and plausible explanation for what just innocently conspired.

"Yeah, quick thinking. You got my back."

"No problem. You would have done the same for me."

Hunter lay there, envisioning Tim's prick in his mouth. It was a delicious musing. Not that it would ever happen again. It was purely a need-to-do-basis. Had to save the mission. Not to happen again.

Tim said, "You owe me one," and grinned.

* * *

Miami Beach morphed into creepiness after midnight. The hotel was north of South Beach, where the road was still called Collins Avenue. If Jessica had been in the partying crowds in South Beach proper, where the road is called Washington Avenue, she wouldn't have been jumping at her shadow. She jogged her way to the Julia Tuttle Causeway and tried not looking over the bridge as two convertibles sped across, shaking the structure.

All lights were out in the Jesuit dormitory building. Just the red glow of the emergency exit sign illuminated the stairwell. She used the small squeeze blue LCD light on her key chain to stumble up the musty stairs. Jumping as a commode flushed in the house mother's room, Jessica fled through the labyrinth to her room. Trying hard not to breathe, she used her little light to punch in the code.

As she closed the door behind her, she winced at the wretched wedding of cigarettes and semen. Rosaleen sat up in bed, an orange glow illuminated her contraband.

Rosaleen asked in a hoarse whisper, "Where on earth have you been? You could have called."

"How? There aren't any phones and we're not allowed to carry our cells."

"Are you all right?" Rosaleen asked.

"From the smell of things, I'd say I'm just as all right as you." Jessica's chest was tightening with little pains. "Please put that thing out."

"Fine." Rosaleen sniffed.

Oh no, here come the tears. "What's wrong, Rosaleen?"

"Dickie was here."

No shit. "I didn't realize he was in the country."

"He followed me. He wants to reconcile."

"And so you did. What does this mean now? You're leaving in the morning?"

"No." She blew her nose. Honked it like a fog horn. "He wants me to continue the program, since, after all, he's paid for it. He said he can already see results. He was so turned on by the new firmer me." Her voice lilted.

After one day? This guy is in love. "That's wonderful, Rosaleen. I'm very happy for you."

"Where've you been?"

"The guy that I did the Heimlich maneuver on is a doctor. He's helping me out with a different diet and exercise program."

"What kind?"

Shit. No way do I want to let her in on this. She'll ruin it for me. "Basically the same, only just one hour of exercise per day."

"But you won't lose weight like that, Jessie. No pain, no gain."

"Sure I will. And I'm certainly not passing up the chance to spend more time with a hunkalicious eligible bachelor." *Or two.*

"Oh, is it love at first sight? Dickie and I fell in love at first

sight. Did I tell you the story...?" Rosaleen droned on.

Yes, Rosaleen had cut and pasted that story into so many e-mails over the years, Jessica had it memorized. Love at first sight? Hmm...maybe, but which one? Tim rocked her world. But what secrets did Hunter's penis hold?

"Beautiful story, Rosaleen. Very fairy tale-ish. I'm so happy to hear..." *and smell—gross*, "that you guys have made up. So, I guess you're gonna want some privacy? Does he have any problems sneaking around unnoticed?"

"Oh, not my Dickie. He's as quiet as a mouse in the heather."

Whatever heather sounded like. "Okay, then, here's the deal. Dickie can sleep here. I'll be at the hotel, in room forty-three seventeen. I'll show up at one activity each day. Something different. Actually, I might show up for one exercise and one meeting or prayer session or something. We'll gab then and catch up. And I promise I'll try my hardest not to cheat and we'll have the biggest weight loss of all the teams."

"The Belinda Chang ladies are cheating! They are purging on sugar free chocolate. They have false bottoms in their makeup cases." Rosaleen gossiped.

"No!" Jessica said with great amusement. *So the right and proper Belinda Chang ladies have a little vice, do they?* "That stuff isn't allowed because while it's low in carbs, it's high in calories! And I don't care what the boot camp guru claims, *calories do count* on any diet!"

"Shh!"

They giggled.

* * *

Jessica and Rosaleen slept soundly and woke up smiling as the piercing alarm opened their eyes to a new morning. They missed breakfast because the Belinda Chang ladies sharing their

bathroom hogged it. Pleading and pounding on the door didn't unseat them any sooner.

Jessica took a record quick shower as she breathed through her mouth and swallowed shampoo suds. The stench was overpowering. A sign Rosaleen's gossip was true. The BC ladies had overloaded on the sugar free chocolate, inducing a laxative effect.

Hmm...this might be their strategy though if they lose weight through dehydration. Oh, it can't be safe, though. Not with all the exertion in the heat. Jessica remembered her lovers' prediction and cringed. She said a small prayer for the ladies.

Arriving on the sand promptly at 5:45 AM, they slipped into the back row and assumed the yoga position *du jour*. A beautiful pink sunrise materialized over the clear aquamarine water. Two dolphins frolicked in the backdrop of a cruise ship.

Jessica enjoyed the power walking in the salt water pool, somehow akin to being in charge inside a mother's womb. She slipped out of the sauna on the pretext of potty business and winked at her roommate as she left. Rosaleen actually smiled.

After hurriedly dressing, Jessica looked both ways in the corridor and slipped past the weight room without incident. Four minutes later she knocked on their door. Hunter greeted her with a telephone to his ear. He beckoned her in and motioned to a room service cart.

Jessica heartily grabbed a white porcelain plate and piled it with scrambled eggs, bacon, sausage, and French Toast. She drizzled it in syrup. Everything.

Hunter concluded his call and poured orange juice. "What took you so long?"

"We got off to a late start because the Belinda Chang ladies who share our bathroom had diarrhea. They're gorging on sugar-free candy. The stretching felt so great—oh, I saw two dolphins!

Have you seen any yet?"

"Yes, I can see them from my balcony."

"Really? Wow. Anyhow, I went ahead and did the power walking in the salt water pool and then the sauna. I didn't over do it, did I?"

"How do you feel?"

"Starving!"

"You're fine then. Just think about what you're eating. If it's not delicious, don't finish it. If you feel full, stop. Don't clean your plate, young lady."

"Yes, Mother."

"I don't think you'll be calling me Mother after this evening."

"Yum." She savored the French toast. "That's right. It's your turn to give me a treatment."

"I'll treat you as the goddess you are." He massaged her shoulders.

"Oh yeah. That feels super." She gulped a swig of orange juice and held in a small burp. She hoped he hadn't heard it. "You know what? I think I'm full. Really. Wow."

"Fantastic. Put the fork down and step away from the room service table." He gallantly offered a hand and helped her up.

Jessica noticed he had a tie on as he slipped his uniform jacket on. "Where're you off to?"

"I'm attending a conference, remember? I've got a lecture to present in about six minutes." He pulled his sleeve over his watch.

"Well, what am I supposed to do all day?"

"Sleep. Bathe. Listen to music. Sit on the balcony and watch the dolphins. Smell the fresh roses in the boudoir."

"Really?"

"That's right. Order what you want for lunch. I might not

make dinner, I need to debrief Tim before he leaves."

"Leaves?"

"He's being deployed tomorrow."

"No. So we only have one more night together?"

"You act like you're smitten with the guy or something." He seemed to study her response.

Hunter thinks I like Tim better. Do I? "No. It's just I thought this was a team project."

"Don't worry, goddess, I'm well equipped to see the mission through to its conclusion." He smiled as she smiled and looked him up and down.

"Well, I do get to say goodbye to Tim, right?"

"I'll ask him to stop by but he can't stay. He really does have to pack and ship out."

"Where to?"

"I can't tell you."

Jessica hoped it wasn't Iraq.

* * *

When Hunter returned that evening, it was well past nine. He smiled to see his research subject bottoms up on his bed, dressed in a black lace teddy. He leaned down and kissed each cheek where it peeked out of the soft fabric. As he plumped them up, she purred, "Hello, loverboy."

"Hello, goddess."

"I've been waiting for you." She rolled over and they kissed. As Hunter's lips parted, he circled them around her face, rubbing his stubbled whiskers to awaken her senses. Jessica seemed to like it very much.

Hunter returned to her lips. His tongue probed deeply and he circled her gums and palate. He pulled away and looked in her eyes. They shimmered back. Green. He hadn't noticed before. Cat green. How wicked. His cock responded favorably.

"So what did you do all day?"

"Everything you suggested, plus I've been studying."

"Studying?"

"In room movies."

Hunter looked up at the TV in the armoire. Two women were undressing one another, tearing the crotches out of each other's pantyhose. His balls tightened. "So do you like that? Would you like to invite your—?"

"No. I told you. I am not interested in tits and pussy not my own." She looked away, blushing.

"I don't blame you. They had amateur boob jobs. Look how hard they are."

"The show that's coming on next. I watched it earlier. Wow. I want us to do that." She blushed again.

"Sure. Whatever my goddess desires."

"I now understand why guys like watching lesbians."

I thought she just said she wasn't interested in girls.

Jessica said, "It's a ménage a trois. Man/man/woman. The woman really gets off watching the men go at it."

"No. Absolutely not. I told you, I don't do that. I'm not gay," he said. "That's exit only, no entry allowed."

She quickly added, "Oh, not that. That grosses me out too. I stepped onto the balcony and watched the dolphins through that scene. No. I mean the erotic foreplay between the men."

Saved by the knock at the door. It was Tim, bearing another champagne magnum. He kissed Jessica hello, slipping her the tongue and copping a feel of her breasts.

"Darling, I'm gonna miss these most of all."

Jessica smiled.

Hunter asked, "What do you want from room service?"

Jessica said, "Nothing, I'm good."

"Me too. I think we can feed off each other." Tim said.

Hunter shivered as a flash from last night replayed in his head. That was an isolated incident. Necessary so he didn't blow the case study. So he didn't blow. Tim blew him. He unzipped his trousers to release the ache.

Tim slipped out of his uniform and onto the silk sheets with Jessica.

Hunter said, "Hold up a moment, cowboy. I'm riding her tonight." He joined them. "The little lady has some inspiration from the actor's guild she'd like to partake in."

"Oh, yes. Here it's starting now." Jessica said enthusiastically as she accepted a glass of champagne from Hunter. They listened to the thinly plotted dialogue, which amounted to the sexy young woman commanding her slaves to pleasure each other while she watched and played with her fake boobs.

Hunter's pulse ricocheted as he admitted to himself he very much enjoyed watching them give each other hand jobs. So much so that when the camera was on the girl, he snuck a look at Tim's equipment. Tim was stroking himself as he caught Hunter's eye. They both turned their attention to Jessica's face. In perfect correlation, they each slipped a strap off of her shoulder. She wriggled out of the lace and Hunter threw it on top of the TV armoire. They didn't need to watch anymore. Each man suckled and kneaded a breast with both hands. She threw her head back and ran fingers through both men's hair. "Now." She softly said.

Tim and Hunter crawled next to each other and kneeled, sitting back on their legs. They looked at Jessica and she nodded as she pinched her nipples.

Clumsy fondling gave way to heavy breathing and guttural moans. Tim caressed his own balls with one hand as he stroked Hunter's fat cock. Hunter moved away, worried he was on the

verge. He shoved Tim down and licked his balls. Took one in his mouth and lightly suckled. Tim began jerking himself off.

Jessica said, "No. Let Hunter make you come."

With that, Hunter lowered his head over Tim's cock and the explosion came swiftly.

Thrilled with the act, ready to come himself, he rolled a condom on and gently slipped inside Jessica. Three strokes and she came. He kissed her gently and groaned, collapsing on top.

* * *

Jessica felt the cool breeze from a ceiling fan kissing her relaxed body. Groggily returning to the conscious world from her intense afterglow slumber, she could hear Tim and Hunter in the living room.

"Take care of her. I can't wait to see her results. Don't let her lose more than twenty, I love those thighs."

"You and me both. I thought you were attached to her breasts..."

"I am. But I read the radiologist's report. Her mammogram showed dense fibrous tissue. Not fat. Those beauties aren't melting away no matter how much she thinks she needs to lose."

"Our Roman goddess."

"Your Roman goddess, Hunter. Have you told her yet?"

"Soon."

Damn. The air conditioner kicked on. It drowned out the men. She tried to drift back to sleep and dream about them complimenting her. It worked. The alarm clock woke her. Wait a minute. It wasn't a piercing blare. It was music. A clock radio. Jessica opened her eyes and saw Hunter stretching to hit the snooze button.

"Hi." she said.

"Good morning. How do you feel?"

"Sublime. Lovely. Happy. Sated."

"Sated?" He sounded disappointed.

"Why would that surprise you? You ought to be feeling

very proud of yourself, Hunter Gage. The only man ever to please me in three strokes. Your equipment was custom fitted to mine."

He rolled her over, so she faced the window.

As he kissed down her back, he said, "I bet you say that to all the sailors."

"No. There are no other sailors. No other men. Only you. After last night, I knew."

He laughed. "Don't tease."

She rolled toward him and took his morning erection in her hand. "Does this feel as if I'm teasing you?"

"Oh, yeah, baby. Tease me more."

"I mean it. I've never been so totally filled and fulfilled. Can I reenlist in your study?"

"You still have three weeks."

"Not long enough."

"Make up your mind." he laughed.

She took him in her mouth. He bucked, trying to stay in inside as she naughtily pulled him all the way out every other stroke. She did something with her hand on the underside of his balls that launched him.

Laying with her head on his chest, she said, "I am a firm believer in fate. Fate made Rosaleen and I meet on the Internet on the Welsh corgi e-mailing list. Fate brought us to Miami Beach and fate made you choke on the cheese. We were destined to meet Hunter." Jessica hoped she hadn't babbled like a gold digging blonde.

"Yes." He kissed her. Gently and possessively.

"Hunter. So what does this mean? Are we a couple?"

"That depends."

"On what?" she worried.

"I don't even know what you do in your other life. Where are you from? Are you married? What's your occupation?"

"Assistant to the research librarian at the New York City

public library. Single. I also breed Welsh corgis."

"In your penthouse?"

"I live in Hoboken."

"No you don't."

"Yes I do."

"You live in Canberra, Australia. We ship out in two weeks, Missus Gage."

"Australia? Did you just ask me—?"

He answered with his rejuvenated love plunging between her thighs. She immediately emitted womanly moans. He slowed to a stop. "No, honey. You need to learn to draw it out. Savor the ride."

Two more thrusts and she dug her nails in his back.

He said, "Or perhaps you can just be multi-orgasmic. I'm flexible." He came.

"But two weeks? No. I can't leave in two weeks. The boot camp and contest won't be over. We can't win."

Hunter withdrew and stood up. "Okay." He headed toward the bathroom.

"Wait!"

He turned toward her, his thick cock glistening with her juices.

"I don't really want to lose a lot of weight anyhow, and even if we did win, Rosaleen would still find something to sob about...my mom can take care of my puppies. They won't even miss me at the library if I don't come back..."

"So what are you saying?"

"Good day, mate."

* * *

About the Author

Pamela Downs is a card-carrying member of the Romance Writers of America. She has two mainstream novels under the pen name of Olivia Andrews. Pamela listened to her friends whispering "Sex sells." and decided that darn it, she didn't practice counterfeiting or time travel yet her muse could conjure up great tales so why not erotic romance? Her first submission sold literally over night and she hasn't looked back. Pamela is married to a hunkalicious firefighter so she does know her way around a man, but no, she doesn't personally practice everything she writes.

Please visit her website at <http://www.pameladowns.com>