

### MIDNIGHT SHOWCASE Erotic-ahh Romp Digest Vol. R07-05

# Wild On Tuesdays By Cara North

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Jessica James is on a mission. Her cousin Lucy "Lolita" Bank was missing. Several of the strippers at "Wild On Tuesday's" a popular gentleman's club in Georgia had gone missing. Jess decides to take a leave of absence form her position as a paper pushing police officer and get some field time undercover, deep undercover as "Trixie" the new stripper in town.

Jud Lucas was out to get the man who was killing girls in his neighborhood. He didn't condone the lifestyle, as a man of the cloth he couldn't. He wasn't a saint by any means, but he didn't want the women in the neighborhood to fear walking down the street at night, even the strippers. After all, they weren't hookers, well, not most of them anyways.

#### **Chapter One**

Shimmy-shimmy, shake-shake. One, two. Shimmy-shimmy, shake-shake. Keep-in- line, don't-look-down.

The bright lights on the stage blinded her as she tried to keep in line with two other girls. How she ended up on this stage was a mystery—literally. One she intended to solve. Her cousin, Trisha—Lolita was her stage name—went missing two weeks ago. She danced at Wild On Tuesdays six nights a week. Jessica James counted the routine in her head and continued to dance.

Thumb, index, middle, ring, pinky and pull! Oops, didn't mean to smack you with it, girlfriend. Her smile remained in place as her body continued to go through the motions. Unfortunately, her coordination wasn't as good as she thought. The girls on either side of her were younger and acted like they had been doing this routine for years.

It was a good thing she bleached her hair—they needed a blonde between the brunette and the redhead, and she showed up as the last blonde walked out. Apparently, as soon as the women found out four blonde strippers had come up missing from the club, anyone with golden hair was out the door looking for jobs in dives across town.

The bright lights shone down on Jessica and warmed her nearly nude body. She wore a bikini—a G-sting bikini. The other girls told her not to take off her top until the audience coughed up a few dollars. Just play peek-a-boo, they said, and milk the guys for every buck in their pockets. The men watching the dancers had no idea how dumb these women were not. Yeah, they acted like bimbos sometimes but only to earn another buck.

Bend low, crawl on the floor and look for him. Like I know what an interested guy looks like from up here. They all look like slobbering hound dogs waving dollars at me.

Except for the one guy who seemed clouded in darkness, wearing all black. His hair was black too and his eyes a sultry, smoky gray.

She missed a beat. She missed two. Those eyes... Her body found the pulse of the music again—after a quick poke from one of the older strippers. The brunette leaned in close and whispered, "Don't lose your heart on your first night, hon."

Jessica nodded, but her eyes stayed locked on his. She felt her nipples harden, and at first, she was embarrassed—until she realized this was the perfect place to indulge in a few of her own fantasies while fulfilling those of the lonely men surrounding her. She brought her fingers up to her breasts...

"Hey there, Darkness. You interested in a dance?" She gave him her huskiest voice and most seductive look while perching at the edge of the stage. He quirked a brow and looked at her.

"I can see you're a man of—oh, shit!" Her squeal broke through the pounding bass of the music as she toppled her seductive ass right off the stage. Thankfully, Darkness was there to catch her. He lifted her up right before she hit the ground and then anchored her in his lap as he sat back down.

"Careful," he scolded.

"Thank you." For a brief moment, she forgot who she was. Never a damsel in distress before, now she suddenly realized the appeal. "Well, I guess this one's on the house since you saved me from that fall."

"How long have you been dancing?" he asked as she situated herself across his lap and began to roll her hips and shoulders.

"Tonight's my first." She batted her eyelashes at him. "How long have you been coming here?"

"Often enough to know I've never seen you here before. What happened to the other blonde?" he asked. He seemed relatively unfazed by the seductive dance technique. She rubbed his arms, stroked them with the lightest touch. She didn't consider herself the best burlesque dancer, but damn, he didn't seem turned on in the least!

"She's...gone. Management said she got a job in Vegas." Yeah, that sounded much better than the truth. If this guy was a regular, he

could be the first link in solving the puzzle. "You don't like this move, do you?"

"I have a lot on my mind tonight. What's your name?" He stopped staring at the stage behind her and looked her right in the eyes. Stormy gray, and electrifying, his eyes were beautiful.

"Trixie." She gave him the name of her faithful companion—her Corgi. A name she wouldn't forget.

"When do you get off tonight?"

"You tell me"

Oh, yes, this was going to be easier than she thought. Mr. Storm Cloud Eyes and dark countenance couldn't resist her feminine wiles. She was rusty, admittedly, since the guys at the station didn't look at her like a sexual object. They joked and teased occasionally, but they knew she was better than they were, on the streets and in the sack. At least, that's what she told herself at her desk every day.

"Thirty minutes, the diner around the corner." He narrowed his eyes at something beyond her head then looked at her again. "What do you say?"

"Okay. I'll be there. But it better not be a waste of my time." She gave him her best dumb blonde smile and winked.

\* \* \* \*

Jud Lucas had seen many strippers come and go at this gentlemen's club. He wanted to laugh every time he heard the two words used together. Wild On Tuesday was a strip club, an upscale whorehouse sometimes and a bar all the time. This pretty little thing making her way back to the stage to collect dollars or do another dance wasn't just another stripper. He hoped he could save her, convince her to get a job elsewhere, help her get a better start in life. She was obviously new.

Thankfully.

He hated when they took off their tops and rubbed all over him. Made it difficult to walk the right path, but he did it. As a preacher, he wasn't going to hell for having carnal thoughts, but he also wasn't going to heaven if he acted on them.

He left Wild On Tuesdays as Trixie tripped over another man's feet. He really needed to get that one off the stage before she broke her own neck—or ran into the Blonde Body Snatcher. Walking to the diner, he looked up and down the streets. The nights were getting cooler as fall set in. The neighborhood wasn't bad; girls didn't walk

the streets here, and no one sold drugs in the open. The only blemish to the area was the club.

"Hey, Harry." He acknowledged the line cook and took a booth at the back of the restaurant. He could see the door, and hopefully in the next twenty minutes, Trixie would walk through it.

"Usual?" Geraldine asked.

"Thank you," he replied with a nod.

A hot steaming cup of coffee arrived. He sipped the hot beverage and thought about his new "friend," Trixie. What a name. She was a mess on the stage, out of step, smacking the other girls with the gloves. He smiled in thought.

The bell over the door tinkled, and he looked up. In walked Trixie. He motioned for her to come have a seat. She walked toward him with an air of self-assurance, looking comfortable and confident in her faded jeans and worn leather jacket. Her bright smile caught him off guard, and reflexively he smiled back as she took her seat across from him.

"So..." she said.

"So." He looked at Geraldine, who brought the girl a fresh cup of coffee.

"What'll it be?" Geraldine asked.

"I'm not hungry, thank you." Trixie smiled at the waitress then looked at him.

"I'll buy." He knew some of the girls were broke, and they would skip meals to pay rent. Others lived well off the money they made in the club. They also did more than just stripping. "Order anything you like."

She shrugged, picked up the menu and studied it a moment. "Well, let's see here. I'll have the Saturday Night Special."

"Done."

A food order placed guaranteed him a few moments to talk to her and maybe get some answers. "What brings you to town?"

"You live here?" she asked.

"I do. Do you?"

"For now." She unrolled the napkin from the silverware and inspected it closely. "You do this a lot?"

"Eat?" He sipped the coffee as she turned a smirk his way. "Oh, you mean invite girls to have a meal here. I do from time to time."

"So you like girls like me?"

"I think all women are entitled to live their lives how they choose. I just like to make sure the women in this neighborhood are living a life like yours by choice. There are other options, you know."

"Yeah? You a pimp?" Her left eyebrow arched.

He laughed. Thank goodness, he'd already swallowed his mouthful of coffee. Otherwise, she'd be wearing it now. "Me, a pimp? No." He laughed again. "Not even close. You must have mistaken my intentions"

"Ah, I see. This is a social call then?"

"Somewhat. But I don't think you understand. I'm not trying to have sex with you." Geraldine chose that moment to reappear with their food. She snickered as she set the food down.

"If you ask me, it wouldn't hurt you to get a little action." Geraldine winked at him and walked off.

"So you like to watch?"

He regarded her with interest as her bravado faltered. Her knife slipped, and a sausage rolled off the plate and headed straight toward him. He caught it and set it aside.

"Look, you've got me all wrong." He waved his hands, but his gut tightened. He definitely shouldn't be thinking about how long it had been since he held a woman. His vow of celibacy was a shield he held up in his quest to get the streetwalkers off the street and into tax-paying jobs that didn't require the removal of clothing for money. He looked at the sausage link dripping with grease. He surely should stop thinking about how nice his dick would feel dripping wet with her juices. And she definitely shouldn't be rubbing his calf with her foot under the table. "I... I, uh..."

"You do, don't you?"

"No. Never." He could feel the heat creep up his neck and across his cheeks. This conversation just took a turn in the wrong direction. He needed to get it back on track and fast. "I mean I'm a preacher."

"A talker, huh?" Her foot stroked his leg again, but this time it went higher. His mind reeled with the sensation.

"Yes. I mean no. I mean I am a real preacher. Or I will be soon. I'm on a mission here." He struggled to swallow the lump in his throat. When it finally cleared, he continued, "I finished my Bachelor's in Theology, and I have a small congregation..."

She blinked at him then started laughing.

"What?"

"That is the best thing I have heard in years." She smacked the table. Their plates rattled, and flatware clinked on the chipped Formica. People began to stare.

He leaned in and lowered his voice. "I'm serious."

"Yeah, right. Look here, preacher man, my time is money, and I am about out of both. You either want to make an arrangement, or you don't. So which is it?"

\* \* \* \*

The so-called preacher looked at her for a long time. The expression on his handsome face made it clear that he wanted her. This would be her first step into the underground workings of the club. Her cousin wasn't a saint, but would she go as far as prostitution? She couldn't think about that right now. At this moment in time, she needed to stay focused and use her skills to get this man someplace where she could interrogate him in private.

"I'm Judd. Judd Lucas. You can ask around town, or the girls at the club. I am not trying to proposition you. But as you seem to be set on propositioning me, let me warn you: there's a man out here snatching blondes like you. I wanted to talk to you tonight. I wanted to see if I could offer you assistance. A place to stay, help finding a job. But I've fumbled, and now you think I'm a fool." He scrubbed his hands over his face. "Ah, this is a mess."

"So what kind of assistance were you looking to offer me? A place to stay?" She had a place to stay, but he didn't know that. She wasn't entirely sure he wasn't the man snatching blondes like her. He was handsome, but so was Ted Bundy—that's why they didn't suspect him.

He said he was a preacher. Yeah, right. He looked like a cover model for a naughty romance novel. If she wasn't certain he was the key to the missing girls, and at this point he was the only clue she had so she was, she would admit rubbing her foot along his calves excited her as much as it apparently did him. It also let her know he didn't have any weapons on his legs.

"Do you need a place to stay?"

She shrugged. "Maybe."

"I have a place you can stay." He sighed heavily then pulled out his wallet and paid for the meal. He really didn't want to be alone with her, she could tell. She made him uneasy, tested his will power, his control. She wondered if she'd made him hard. He seemed to pride

himself on being above the sexual urges. "Do you have everything you need with you?" he asked.

"All right here." She lifted the large purse she carried. Inside she kept a change of clothes, and a few other accessories he didn't need to know about—at least not yet.

#### **Chapter Two**

What have I gotten myself into? Judd wondered as he walked into his small apartment. This wasn't in the plan. He was going to take her to the women's shelter, but she caught on and told him not to bother, said that she'd rather find her own place. Feeling responsible for her safety, he couldn't just turn her out on the street. Too soon she would be turning tricks for a man and possibly end up with the wrong one then missing like the others. So far, his prayers had been answered—they had not turned up dead. Yet.

"Bathroom is down the hall to the right. Bedroom is on the left. I'll take the couch tonight." He pointed as she walked past him. She set her bag on the counter and walked through the entire apartment before returning to stand before him.

"Nice place, preacher."

"You can call me Judd." He avoided her gaze. The hazel eyes staring at him under thick black lashes with lascivious intent were more than he wanted to acknowledge.

"You don't want me to call you 'preacher'?"

"Not particularly, no."

"Well all right then, Judd." She stepped closer to him. He could smell her perfume, the mint chewing gum on her breath. His senses heightened, and his dick perked up. He took a step back. The woman was like sin personified; if this was anything like what Adam faced in the garden with Eve then he was in big, big trouble.

"You can take a shower if you like." His voice sounded thick to his own ears. She stepped closer, close enough that her breasts brushed slightly against his chest. The faint sound of her jacket scraping against his seemed loud in the quiet night. He took a step back and began to unbutton his coat. "I'll grab my pillow and a few blankets from the closet in my bedroom then I'll be out of your hair." Though I'm sure it smells lovely and would be so very silky smooth to the touch. Especially across my chest, over my abs, teasing my... No,

dammit! "Take as much time as you like, and don't worry about me. I'll shower in the morning."

She slowly unzipped the leather jacket she wore, shrugged out of it and handed it to him. "Are you trying to get rid of me? Or are you just anxious to get me naked and wet?"

Inhale, exhale. God, what did I do to deserve this? I'm trying to help these women, trying to get them off the streets, get them better lives. I don't want their children to grow up like I did. Why, when I decide to be a man of the cloth do you throw a woman like this in my path? Ah, yes... Temptation. Okay. I can resist. I can. I can, and I have to.

"I think you're still misunderstanding my intent here."

Her eyes wandered all over his body and then finally rested on the bulge in his pants. "I don't think I'm misunderstanding anything."

"Can we just talk for a few minutes? I don't really know you. You don't know me." He walked to the living room and waited for her to take her position in the chair next to the couch. They both stood there a moment, him waiting for her to sit, she waiting on him. "Have a seat."

They both sat at the same time.

\* \* \* \*

She wasn't about to put herself in the position of disadvantage. He was either a gentleman or a serial killer. He came across as genuine. "So what do you want to know?"

"Why did you become a stripper?"

"Why not?"

"It's dangerous, for starters. Someone could take advantage of a young woman like you. I know they told you the last blonde who worked there went to Vegas, but that was a lie. The blonde women working in that club have gone missing in the last few months." His expression revealed nothing. She couldn't tell if he cared about the girls or if he was about to jump out of his sheepskin as the big bad wolf any minute now. Her toes tapped inside her shoe. The .22 strapped to her ankle was ready to go if he decided to get ugly.

"And?" She bent forward and slid her hand down her leg as though to scratch an itch.

"And? Didn't you hear what I said? Someone's been kidnapping blondes and here you are, a blonde, dancing in the very same club, oblivious to the risk you take. Don't you care?" He leaned back on the couch and threw up his hands, mumbling something about God.

"I can take care of myself." She sat back in her chair. "What about you? Why do you care about these women if you really are a preacher? Shouldn't you be holding court with a higher class of sinner?"

"Just because they're strippers doesn't make them sinners. I don't condone the act, but I can't deny a woman's right to provide for herself and her family. It's the oldest job in the world next to farming." He yawned and closed his eyes. She could pounce on him now, handcuff him and then interrogate him like she planned. However, she was also expecting him to be coming on to her—not falling asleep.

"Hey, I thought you said you were going to get blankets or something to sleep out here." She touched his knee and pushed against it with her hand. Why in the world did touching his knee make her heart beat faster? It could have been because beneath the dark black material of his slacks, she could feel the warm skin covering his knee cap. Her mind wondered if his legs were gorilla hairy or just right. Why do you care? Stop wondering what he looks like naked, dammit, and focus.

"Oh, right." He stood then walked down the hallway to his bedroom. After about five minutes alone, she started to worry. She slipped the pistol from the ankle holster and moved to a better position. If he came back out of the room with anything other than a blanket and pillow, she would have the drop on him.

Judd returned wearing loose pajama bottoms and a well-worn T-shirt. His bare feet poked out from the bottom and drew all of her attention. Large masculine feet with well-groomed toe nails stopped before her. "Bedroom's all yours tonight, and feel free to use the shower. I have shampoo but not conditioner. The soap may be a little manly... I don't normally wear cologne. I mean—just make yourself at home, okay?"

"I'll try." She kept the weapon behind her back where he couldn't see it. The poor guy looked tired; the last thing he needed was the stripper he invited in to pull a gun on him since he obviously wasn't lying about being a preacher. She knew this because he still hadn't made a move on her. Feeling defeated and a little bad because now she was lying to a man of the cloth, Jess grabbed her bag and slipped the weapon inside as he situated his couch with the blankets and pillow.

"Good night, Judd. Thanks for letting me crash here tonight. I'll be gone in the morning."

"No hurry." He sat on the couch and yawned again.

\* \* \* \*

Judd awoke with a stiff neck and a stiff back. He stumbled down the hall in the darkness and into the bathroom. He was beat. He couldn't remember the last time he had gotten a good night sleep. Without bothering to turn the light on, he relieved himself and stumbled back across the hall to his bedroom then climbed into the bed and pulled his covers up. Settling in, he realized he was missing a pillow.

He reached next to him and grabbed the edge of the spare pillow and yanked it to place under his head. The pillow in place, he scratched an itch on his leg and settled in for a few more hours of sleep.

Then his head hit the mattress as the pillow swiftly disappeared from beneath it. "What the...?"

He rolled over and watched Trixie stuff the pillow back beneath her own head. He lay there a moment longer before he realized he was in bed with her. She must have had the same thoughts because their eyes opened wide and locked on one another.

"What the hell are you doing?" she asked and sat up in the bed.

"I forgot you were here. This isn't what it looks like." He rolled to his back so he could see her. In the moonlight, she was amazingly beautiful. Like an angel. Her blonde hair cascaded around her shoulders, her big blue eyes rounded. Her perfect little bow mouth dropped open... His brow furrowed. He followed her gaze to his erection, pitching a tent large enough for a campsite. "Shit!"

"You're not a preacher." She smacked him with the pillow and jumped out of the bed. "You liar! Oh, you're good all right. You fooled me. But I'm not as dumb as you think I am, buster!"

"Wait, wait. Whoa, Whoa." He held his hands up as she pointed the weapon at him. "Don't shoot me, Trixie. I swear this was an accident."

"Is that what you told my cousin, too?"

"Your cousin? What are you talking about?" He started to sit up.

"Stay down," she commanded, and he remained on his back. "Yes, Lolita, my cousin, you sick fuck. Did you lure her here, make

her think she could trust you, feed her all that shit about being a preacher and getting her out of the life? What did you do with her?"

"God help me." He closed his eyes and pulled his hands over his face. "I swear I didn't do anything to Lolita. I *am* a preacher. But I am also a man, and when I wake up in the morning, my penis is hard like any other man's."

"That's a pretty big tent you're pitching." She meant it as a bad thing, but he smiled.

"Can you point that thing down or away from me?" His voice came smooth and calm across the room. The soothing qualities relaxed her muscles a bit, and she let the barrel of the gun drop a notch so it pointed at the mattress where he lay, not directly at him. "Would you like to tell me why you carry a gun?"

"I'm the one asking the questions here."

"Okay. Ask me anything." He closed his eyes and seemed to relax

\* \* \* \*

"What do you know about my cousin?" she asked. Judd remained still, calming his own heart and trying to relax. If he could be calm, she might become calm. Once they were both calm, he could reason with the wild woman pointing a gun at him. He could also reason with his libido to stop being turned on by her. How long had it been that he was actually past morning wood and sporting a full-fledged boner for a woman—especially one who held a gun on him?

"I know of her. I talked to her a couple times, but she wasn't interested in leaving the life. A few other blondes who worked there came up missing. The new owner thought the girls quit. It isn't unlike strippers to move around a lot or change employment. When the mayor began cracking down on the club, a lot of the girls quit. Some of them were adamant about remaining, especially when the new owners cleaned up the place." He thought about the woman. "Lolita dressed like a school girl, pigtails and all; she always carried a lollipop with her." It gave him the creeps, but he wasn't going to tell Trixie that

"Of course she wasn't going to leave. She loved it," she said.

He opened his eyes and Trixie, no doubt a fake name but he didn't blame her or the others for hiding their identity, rubbed her temple with her free hand. The gun in her other hand still pointed at the mattress. "So how many are missing?"

"Four I know for sure."

"And why did you ask me here?"

"I didn't. I asked you for coffee and tried to take you to the shelter, but you insisted on coming here," he gently reminded her. Her sudden understanding plain on her face, she cursed then paced away from him.

"Shit, shit, shit!" She stomped her foot. "Here I am wasting time with you, and there's a kidnapper on the loose. Maybe they were right—I do belong behind the damn desk."

"Who was right? Can I sit up now?" He slowly shifted to a sitting position. She laid the weapon on the dresser.

"No one. Look, I need your help. You've been here a while, right?" Her entire approach took on a whole new countenance.

"A little while, yes." He nodded as she sat on the bed next to him. He could smell her hair. She must have her own toiletries in her bag because she smelled like a woman should. No trace of his soap from the shower she took last night.

"I need to find my cousin. I need you to help me."

He couldn't say no to her. Not because of the way she looked at him, but because he was trying to help those girls, too. He reported them missing to the police, but they wrote it off as good riddance to bad rubbish rather than care about the whereabouts of four blonde strippers.

"Why don't you help me instead?" he asked. At least, he had a plan. He had suspects; he knew the girls, and they would talk to him. She was new in town and, of all people, thought him capable of kidnapping someone. The realization that she thought him the bad guy hit him in the gut like a ton of bricks. Suddenly, her charm seemed less charming.

"At least I didn't misjudge this," she said as she leaned into him and kissed his mouth. He became faintly aware of what she was doing as she pressed her soft lips against his and opened them, insisting he kiss her back.

"I don't know what's going on here," he finally got out between kisses. His heart thrummed in his ears, his hands fought to do the right thing but he wanted desperately to fall victim to her temptation.

\* \* \* \*

"I get a little excited, after I get excited, if you know what I mean." Jess knew part of the reason they kept her at a desk was because of the obvious arousal she got in the field. After busting a bad guy, wrestling a criminal to the ground or drawing her weapon, she

couldn't help it. She got turned on, full of power and adrenaline—sex proved an awesome outlet for her.

"Yes, but I'm a preacher." Judd wrapped his hands around her arms and pushed her back with little effort. He wanted to do this. His body told her all the right things, but his mouth told her no. "I can't have sex with you."

"Sure you can." The last thing she wanted to hear was his celibacy vow. "You're not Catholic, right?"

"No." He shook his head. "But I can't have sex with a woman I barely know, am not in love with and who just held a gun on me."

"Oh, don't mind all that." Jess knew why Lolita loved the life. They were both a bit promiscuous. Lolita obviously found a better outlet. Law enforcement left her with slim pickings and a reputation to protect. "We don't have to have sex. Well, not full-on penetration, that is."

"Penetration?" He almost swallowed his tongue by the look on his face.

Little did Judd know, she wasn't taking no for an answer. He wanted her, she wanted him and to her way of thinking, the greater sin would be denying themselves each other.

"You want me. I can see it in your eyes, feel it in your kiss. Are you going to lie to me, and say you don't?" If he wanted to take the high road, she'd use it against him.

"It doesn't matter what I want. I live my life by a code of ethics. I can't just break that code because some amazingly hot woman jumps into bed with me."

So, he thought her an amazingly hot woman. Her instincts were correct. He did want her. But she didn't want to go to hell for forcing herself on a man of the cloth.

"Can we negotiate?"

#### **Chapter Three**

Please forgive me.

It was the last thought he had before she removed her clothes. How did he fall so fast? Trixie touched his big toe with her fingers, and he thought he might explode. It had been so many years since a woman had touched him in an intimate way. She climbed back into the bed, crawling toward him, running her hand along his pajamas, up his calf, circling his kneecap then gripping his dick through the cotton material. He sucked in a breath.

"Impressive." The devil herself looked at him and smiled. "I really wish you would do more than what we agreed to. I think it would be nice if you could get some pleasure from this, too."

"I shouldn't be doing this much." But he would definitely get pleasure from every last bit of it. She continued to crawl up and over his body until she straddled his hips. Her wet crotch settled over his erection, pressing it against his skin. He could feel pre-cum drip from the top onto his flesh. Her moist pussy dampened his pajama bottoms and made him want to do more than they agreed as well. But he needed to stay clear of the actual penetration, as she so aptly described it. "Let's go, get up here."

"Mmmm, I love a man impatient to eat pussy." Her plain language made his dick jump. He began questioning his mission in life. The path he chose to take. At the moment, the only clear path led inside this wicked woman.

As she straddled his face, he cupped his hands over his prick. Instant relief but not enough. She smelled good. The glistening folds of her shaved pussy indicated her evident arousal. Her hand came down, and fingers slid between the folds. He watched her head fall back and her hips lower and lift as she massaged herself above him. Unable to wait for her to sit on his face, he lifted his head to taste her.

The sweet nectar of womanly lust hit his senses and rocked him to the core. Years, too many years, had passed since he made love to a

woman. Too many years of deprivation. Greed became a live thing. He lifted closer and began licking, sucking, eating her, for all he was worth

\* \* \* \*

"You're really good at this." She sounded surprised. After all, he claimed to be a preacher. But he ate her out with a hunger no man before possessed. After experiencing multiple orgasms, big dicks, small dicks and many in between, she was no flowering virgin. Yet, none of those licking tongues came close to the one belonging to the man under her now. "Oh, yes, right there. Oh, yes!"

She kept herself open with one hand and stayed up by the other resting on his headboard. He followed the rhythm of her hips, pulled her upwards, inwards then pulled her inside out when his teeth gently clasped her clit to suck the orgasm right out of her. Something inside her at that moment would have been the only thing better. "Ohhhh, yessss."

Her pussy ground against his lips as the last shudders twitched and pulsed throughout her body, satisfied... mostly. But an emptiness remained, the feeling of being incomplete—a feeling she was all too familiar with.

Judd licked lazily as she returned to a state of normalcy. "More?" he asked.

"You don't have to..."

He sucked against her soaked lips, and she couldn't argue with the man. If he wanted to keep eating, well, who was she to say no?

"It would be better if... Can you put a finger inside me? I can't from this angle..."

He laughed.

She realized how ungrateful she sounded. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like that. You did an awesome job, really. I just wanted a little more since you won't let me have it all."

"Okay." He wiped his face against her inner thigh. The beard stubble scratched, and the wetness remained. His trembling hand traveled slowly as he slid his fingers from the back of her knee upward along the flesh of her thigh and finally inward to the place she needed it most. Knowing that she turned him on, that she tempted him in some way, made the touch all the more powerful and sweet.

When his mouth clamped down on her clitoris in a voracious kiss, she surrendered to the little death, one she would die a thousand times for if he'd let her.

\* \* \* \*

Silly. He felt silly watching her sleep next to him. In a way, the fact that he wore her out with two more orgasms before she conceded stroked his pride. He couldn't say he didn't enjoy the action. It was both a victory and a loss for him-a victory as a man to watch a woman come by his hand. A loss as a man of the cloth to indulge in such acts without the sanctity of marriage. He knew by looking at her that Trixie, his gun-toting stripper, would not be the woman he married. But she'd be a lot of fun as a wife. Her insatiable appetite in the bedroom would be a welcome turn of events for a man who expected to marry a woman as warm as a cold fish. He had heard rumors about women who feared to be open in the bedroom because they married a man of God. Seeing that he spent most of his time with women of the night, he had assured himself he would either remain single or marry a charitable woman who would consent to sex as part of her marital duty. He never imagined falling for a woman like this one.

He somehow doubted Trixie would care what he did for a living or whom he answered to for his actions. Now he needed to be careful with her and this agreement they'd made. For his part, he agreed that she could stay with him since she was staying in a hotel. He also agreed to let her help him, mainly by letting her return to the club to bait the suspect.

And he agreed—why, he had no clue—that if she had any extreme sexual urges, as she had tonight, he would allow her to use him to take care of them. His offer to do so surprised them both. She knew how he felt about it. She had to know... the conflict, the anguish. To make matters worse, he made her agree that they wouldn't have sex—no real sex, no penetration. What had he been thinking?

He inched closer to her and breathed in the scent of her hair. His rationale? Better for her to be with him and safe than to try and catch the perpetrator who nabbed her cousin on her own. He also told himself what he did was a sin, but one he would deal with. As a man with a voracious sexual appetite, the decision to study theology came from the need to find his faith. He rolled to his back and reached for the framed photo next to his bed.

Looking at the photograph of his mother, he inhaled a sharp breath. While he was in school, his mother died. The comfort he found from the pastor, plus the lack of a father his whole life,

compounded into one big neon sign telling him to spend his life helping others. What better way to use a degree in Biblical studies than to teach the Word? He set the photo back on the table and faced the woman in his bed.

When he made those decisions, women hadn't been a priority in his life. Looking at the well-sated sleeping one next to him, he wondered if the girls on the street were becoming the only priorities in his life. The women he helped before never attracted him. Beautiful and talented they were, no doubt. He never experienced that feeling of longing around them, of wanting. The way he wanted now.

Judd got out of the bed without making a sound. He moved to where her bag lay on the dresser and rifled through it as quietly as he could. Finally, after getting stuck by an ink pen, he found her wallet.

"Jessica James." He said the name aloud and closed the wallet, replacing it in her purse. The woman in his bed was Jessica James. Trixie was her stage name, her cover. Resisting the temptation to crawl back into bed, he headed out to finish the night on the couch.

\* \* \* \*

Jessica awoke, alone. Her body was sore in all the right places and a few of the wrong ones, thanks to the dancing. Who knew all that kicking and shaking would come back on her like this? She looked for Judd, but he wasn't in the room. When she placed a hand where he had lain, she noted that the sheets were cold. He was either an early riser or he'd left her in bed alone last night.

Why she cared, she didn't know.

Well, she knew he was amazing at oral sex, a decent guy so far and apparently determined to keep to his end of the "no sex" policy—a policy she'd fight tooth and nail.

Jess found him on the couch. He looked terribly uncomfortable; his legs hung over the end, and his feet poked out from under the blanket. His head lay at a weird angle. He would have aches and pains, for sure. That made her smile. If he remained uncomfortable, maybe he would give up and sleep in the bed tonight.

Get a grip, girl. This isn't what you're here for. She was here for Trisha, the little Lolita who'd been missing for a week. Trisha was a wild child—hell, she gave new meaning to that phrase—but she always kept in contact, at least with Jess.

"Hey, preacher man, you sleep in every morning?" She shook his foot. The cold skin made her frown. Then she remembered she didn't care that he was uncomfortable. A few more nights like this and he'd

be back in the small bed with her, warming her body, making her feel alive...

He awoke with a start, sitting up and looking around at the same time. "What? What?"

"Yoo-hoo. I'm right here." She smiled. His sleep-rumpled hair, stubbly chin and naked chest were delightful to look at. He was a hairy man. Not gorilla material but he had a smooth, touchable amount of black hair covering his chest.

"I need coffee," was all he said. As he stood, true to his statement last night, he sported a boner.

"Looks like you need more than coffee." She reached out to touch him. Her fingernails gently grazed him from shoulder to wrist.

"I need coffee," he repeated. Then he closed his eyes and shook his head before heading toward the small kitchenette.

She grunted in frustration. How could he brush off her advances so easily? She had never offered sex to a man before and been refused. Judd not only refused her but she had negotiated for a half hour just to get what she got. She closed her eyes to picture a certain traffic cop in her precinct, bending over and showing his plumber's crack while picking up a dropped ticket. That helped stall her libido. Freshly grossed out, she opened her eyes again and asked, "So what information do you have?"

"Want some?" He held up the fresh pot of coffee and poured his cup. She shook her head while he took a nice long swig. "Ahhh."

"Judd!" She crossed her arms and stared at him. "What information do you have? I don't want to waste anymore time. These girls..."

"Let's get one thing clear here." He set the cup on the counter none too gently. His face turned stern and grim. "I said you could help me, not boss me around. Don't mistake my kindness for weakness, understand?"

"Well, while we're getting things clear here, let me remind you that I said *you* could help *me*. Don't mistake my weakness for sex for kindness, got it?" She pointed at him, and he laughed. "What's so funny?"

"You're a real mess, you know that?"

He grabbed his coffee and took another drink. "You want some breakfast?"

No, I want to throw something at your head. Was he even listening? She set her jaw. "No."

"Suit yourself." He pulled out a loaf of bread and put two slices in the toaster. He then brought out a skillet and a carton of eggs. Once the smell of food permeated the air, she changed her mind.

"Okay, I want breakfast. But I also want to know what you know about my cousin's disappearance. Not having information that should be readily available pisses me off. Stop holding out." She begrudgingly took a seat at the counter as he cooked.

"I don't know anything specific about Lolita. I know in general that the girls started disappearing after the management changed. I suspected a pimp for a while, but he got jailed last week then another girl, the one you replaced, went missing." He scrambled the eggs and put them on a plate before her with the toast.

"I replaced Trisha. She's my cousin, Lolita," she said around a mouthful of egg and toast.

"No, you replaced Venus. Your cousin never did the threesome act. She worked the cage sometimes, but she was better than the other girls, pulled more money. She got stage time alone." He placed his food on his plate and began eating. "There's a guy who shows up most of the same nights I do. He isn't from around here, or he would know by now I'm a preacher. I try to keep a low profile, but the girls know who I am, except the new ones. The girls get a kick out of me being there, I guess. I have to say it doesn't go over well with the congregation though."

"What congregation?"

He cleared his throat. "A very small group of us meet in the elementary school cafeteria. I give the sermon, we discuss a passage as a group and then we all go get breakfast."

"How small is small?" She quirked a brow.

"Seven."

"Seven?"

"It's a start." He seemed offended.

"You talk to seven people about the Bible, and you think that makes you a preacher? That's why you won't have sex with me? Because you're worried about what seven people think?" Now *she* was offended.

"You don't understand... Let's just stick to the topic at hand." He waved his hand in the air, as if dismissing a child.

Her temper on the ragged edge, she crossed her arms again and returned to the more pressing subject. "Yes. Let's stick with the girls.

So, preacher man, you have two suspects. One is in jail, and the other shows up some nights that you do. Is that it?"

He looked at her and shrugged. Now she really wanted to hit him.

#### **Chapter Four**

Jess was shakin' her little booty as good as the rest of them when Judd came in. He took a seat near the back of the club. Clouded in darkness, wearing all black, he almost vanished in the booth if not for those piercing gray eyes. Her heart pounded at the sight of him. Damn, he looked gorgeous. And what the man could do with a tongue was criminal...

She tried not to watch him, but every time she glanced his way, he was looking at her. Flashbacks of the night before made her body more fluid. She relaxed into the rhythm of her dance and forgot about the man behind her in the chair and focused on the man across the room in the booth.

When Judd's expression went rapidly through shock then anger, she realized her customer decided to break a house rule and cop a feel. She stood quickly and glared at the man.

Young, early twenties maybe, and on the verge of combusting. He panted, his face red with sweat beading on his brow. "Why'd ya stop?"

"You touched me." She pointed at his hand. "You aren't allowed to touch."

"You were practically humping me—I thought you wanted me to touch you." He raised his hands as the bouncer approached. "Dude, she's the one making me all hot and bothered."

"It's her job, jackass." Bruno placed his hands on his hips and looked at the kid. "Pay up."

"I still have to pay for that?" The kid was upset. Maybe she did go a little too far. Hell if she knew. She paid him no attention...

"How about half?" She touched Bruno on the shoulder. "Let's not make a scene. I won't make any more money tonight if we do."

"The lady said half, kid. You're getting off easy." Bruno flashed a smile, laughing at his own double entendre.

"Ha-ha." The kid said dryly. "In fact, I won't be getting off now at all."

Begrudgingly, he handed over thirty dollars, making sure to touch her as he did so. In that moment, something about the kid struck her as weird. He had requested a blonde. The hair on the back of her neck stood on end, and goose bumps covered her flesh. She didn't know much about the guy Judd was looking for, but she now wondered about this kid. An average, upper middle class male would be so easy to overlook.

Judd, for all of his attempts to fit in, stood out because he looked suspicious in dark clothes. Not asking for drinks or a girl didn't help him blend in either.

The guy he suspected, she pinpointed within an hour. An undercover cop—he looked just like the guys back home. Anytime they went out to bust chicks, they all suddenly dressed like they were going for a role in an old gangster movie. *Not every guy who goes to a titty bar is a baller*. He overplayed his hand, too. Flashing money, acting drunk, the girls were making good tips, but the cop watched Judd.

Judd, suspecting the undercover agent, was busy watching him. No one was watching this squirrelly little snot. She turned back to the kid. "Wait. I've changed my mind. I want all of it."

"What?" he tilted his head, and in that moment, when the lights hit his face, she knew he was the kidnapper. It had to be him.

Her hands found her hips. "You heard me. I want it all."

The kid looked at her a long moment then handed over the rest of the money. When he stood, he leaned in close. Too close. She didn't smell alcohol, but something else hit her—a woman's fragrance?—that she hadn't noticed before. As she looked him in the eye, she saw him twitch. He was holding back. Keeping something from reaching the surface, but just barely.

Maybe she was crazy—or maybe all her training at the Academy had actually paid off—but this was her guy. She forced herself to stay still, to take in any more hints of what he was really like. His hand brushed over the inside of her arm, as if he owned her. She shivered.

"I'll see you later," he whispered.

Her heart pounded, knowing that he would. She harbored no doubts in her mind this guy would be waiting for her tonight, hoping to get a chance at her. "I get off at midnight, jerk, and I'm pretty sure that's past your bedtime!"

He smirked.

Looks like he took the bait. But can I take him down? That's the question... Heart thumping, she started back toward the dressing area behind the stage. A man caught her wrist.

"Hey, leaving so soon?" An old fart held onto her, lifting and lowering his bushy gray eyebrows. "I wanted to get a dance."

Rolling her eyes, she let out a sigh of disgust. Of course, he wore a thick gold band on his left hand. His receding hairline complimented his capped and snow white teeth. He smiled at her brightly. His suit told her he came from wealth; it practically screamed "I'm a rich old coot whose wife won't let me touch her anymore."

"It'll cost you, Pops. I'm off-duty." She propped a hand on her hip and waited. As expected, he pulled out a bank roll and peeled off a couple of hundreds. "Just a dance, got it?"

He nodded. "It's all I asked for." In that instant, she almost felt sorry for him.

\* \* \* \*

If she rubbed her body across one more man, he would spontaneously combust with jealousy. Judd knew what it was like—wanting to pull a woman away from these men. He tried all his life to get his mother away. She never listened. He knew why, now. She had squirreled away a life insurance policy, one that would ensure his future. The woman had done things, illegal things, to make sure he never had to do the same things to survive after she died. He reminded himself that Jess, aka Trixie, was not a stripper by trade. Well-trained but stupid to go undercover without backup.

Her training, the job, the agreement, none of it mattered to his heart. Somehow, she ignited his feelings. Things he thought lost or forgotten. Desire he had held at bay for years now ran rampant in his mind. The fact she had shared an intimacy with him sure didn't help. He felt like a bull in full rut, ready to rip the place apart and take her home. Only she wasn't his to have. This whole façade would end when they discovered what happened to the girls. She would return to her life, and he would return to his. Except now, he didn't recognize his life anymore.

He watched her go to the back after her last lap dance. Moments later she emerged, clean, showered and fully dressed. Amazing how much better he liked her with her clothes on, at least in this place.

He got up to follow her. His suspect watched him carefully.

"Stay far enough behind that you can see me but not too close. He's going to make his move tonight," she whispered as he approached then she headed out the door. He glanced back and sure enough, the jerk was paying out and prepping to leave.

After counting to twenty, he opened the door and headed out into the crisp night air. She walked ahead of him. He stood at the door for a few moments then crossed the street and walked in the same direction. A few moments later, he looked back and saw the bruiser exit from the club. He too caught sight of her and walked on the same side of the street, pretending to look for his car, stopping every now and then to try his keys.

As Judd walked, he paid close attention to the guy following her. He never saw it coming when someone snatched her off the sidewalk into a doorway right in front of his eyes. He looked back to make sure the gangster movie bruiser still walked behind him. The guy seemed as stunned as Judd. Their eyes locked.

Judd launched into a run, and the man behind him did the same. The pavement stretched out like miles. His muscles burned, his lungs ached and yet he couldn't move fast enough.

\* \* \* \*

Jessica realized too late that Judd had no idea who she suspected. She fought not to panic—after all, now that she'd been captured, she could discover what the hell was going on. She took a few deeps breaths against the sweaty palm over her mouth to calm her frantic heart. Then she took in her surroundings. A dingy hotel lobby led to a typical ratty-looking hallway. The dust tickled her nose, but before she could sneeze, he snatched her up tighter.

"You bitch. You're just like the others. You all think you're so damn hot, don't you?" He dragged her backwards, his hand still over her mouth, his arm restricting her lungs. If a woman panicked, this guy could easily manipulate them into thinking he had more strength from this angle. If she really wanted to, she could break free.

"You're all the same. Fucking whores who just want the money. All I wanted was your time, a little attention. Am I so grotesque even a hooker like you won't have me?"

She made a half-hearted attempt to bite his fingers, and struggled a bit, making him think he still controlled the situation.

"Don't bite me!" he shouted in her right ear. "I only wanna have a little fun. Okay? If you just give me what you owe me, everything will work out. All right?"

"What do I owe you?" she asked calmly against his salty skin. He removed his hand to hear. "What do I owe you?" she repeated.

Wicked male laughter echoed in the room. She could tell by his hands that he was the same snot-nosed punk from the club. "Don't bullshit me. You know exactly what you owe me. I know they told you who I am."

"They?"

"Danny, Meg. The owners. I know they told you who I am. I'm a special customer. I get what I want. They get what they want. My father is the mayor... They had a few zoning issues, but I worked it all out"

As she passed a door on the right, someone called out to him.

"Can I come out now?" a woman asked weakly.

"No. Shut up, dammit! I'm working," he shouted.

Jess winced. If he screamed in her ear one more time, she'd strangle him.

"Well, why didn't you say so?" She stroked his arm. "If you are a special customer, you should have said something. Nobody told me."

"Liar." He pulled her into a room and threw her to the far wall before locking the door behind them.

"What the fuck?" She looked around the dark room. A neatly-made bed stood in one corner. But something else caught her eye, something creepy as hell—a long chain connected to the tarnished brass headboard. And at the end of the heavy metal links was a dog collar.

Oh, shit. "What is this place?" she asked.

"It used to be a hotel. Now, it's my home. More importantly, it's your new home." He smiled then started towards her.

"You think so?" She smiled right back. Already she felt pumped up and ready to fight.

He lunged at her, and she landed a roundhouse kick to his head. He went flying against the wall and slid down it with a thump.

Another thump sounded in the room, but this time it was Judd breaking down the door. He ran in. The adrenaline stalled in her system when she met his eyes. The way he looked at her... She could see the concern there, the caring and pent-up emotions. Just that one look stole her breath away, leaving her helpless as a kitten even after kicking her assailant's ass.

"Are you all right?" Breathless, he touched her everywhere, examining her, making sure she wasn't hurt.

"I'm fine." She actually giggled.

"They're all here." A man's voice called from the hallway, followed by half a dozen female sobs. "All six of them. Damn! I can't believe this shit."

"You're my hero, officer," a woman's voice proclaimed. Jess rolled her eyes and looked at Judd.

"Yeah, he's a cop, not the bad guy." He shrugged, but he didn't let her go.

"That's a relief." Jess started toward the door. Unconsciously, she grabbed Judd's hand and pulled him with her. He came without hesitation. "I just hope..."

"Jessica!" Her cousin nearly knocked her over and gave her a huge hug. "I knew it! I knew you would rescue me!"

"You did? Oh, God, Trisha!" She squeezed her cousin back, held her tight until the tears came spilling out. As she held her cousin, she realized Trisha wasn't thin. A quick glance around the dim hallway told her none of the women had been injured. At least, not that she could see

She turned all her attention back to Trisha and cradled the blonde's face in her hands. "Are you okay? I was so worried... Why didn't you try to break out of here?"

"He said there was an electric wire, like the invisible fences they use for dogs. He said it would shock us and, with the metal collars, it would really hurt." Trisha grabbed her neck where the collar had been. "He didn't hurt me really. He didn't even have sex with me. He just wanted me to dance, over and over again, and he would touch me. Why he didn't just ask to be a 'special customer' is beyond me..."

Now Jess wanted to kill her. Trisha needed to grow up and get a real job and a real life. A safer job—one that didn't require taking off her clothes for money and dealing with seedy stalkers.

The cops arrived to back up the undercover officer, and the ladies—those more traumatized by being chained up than Trisha—were helped out of the hotel. Her cousin seemed so resilient. Of course, the others were there longer. What had he done to them? Jess guessed he couldn't very well let one go after getting her there. At any rate, the mystery was over. They would all tell their stories at the police station. No doubt, Wild On Tuesdays would not be a strip club once this scandal hit the press.

"Uh, Jess?" Trisha stared at her expectantly.

"What?"

"What are you doing with the preacher?"

Judd started to answer, but Jess didn't want to let him dismiss the feelings she knew they shared, or at least hoped they shared, in such a public manner. "We're getting married."

"What!" both Judd and Trisha exclaimed.

Turning a stubborn chin his way, she explained things to both. "Half of all marriages end in divorce anyways. I really, really need you tonight, and there's only one way to have you. So what do you say, Judd? You wanna marry me tonight, or shall I tempt thee further into the gates of Hell?"

"That's not funny." He frowned and stroked her knuckles with his thumb as he pulled her hand closer to him.

"I'm not joking."

"But you don't love me." It was a question spoke as a statement.

"I might. I mean I don't hate you. You don't repulse me. I might even go as far as saying that I like you." She grinned. "A lot. Enough to think it's worth a shot, so fess up. Yes or no?" Feeling more vulnerable than her brass ball tactics would tolerate, she stiffened her spine and laughed. "Come on, you know you want to."

"All right." He nodded slowly at first, then with more enthusiasm. "You're right, I mean, it cuts down to the most basic of human desires and allows me to do all the things I've been thinking about since last night."

"Now you're talking." She tugged his hand, and they headed toward the glow of police lights. The girls had been freed and the perpetrator taken into custody. The only thing left to do was make a statement, get hitched, and get this good man home to do very bad things to him.

"I hope you like dogs," she said. Judd laughed. "Love 'em."

#### The End