

JACKI KING

SHE
WHO
LAUGHS
LAST



SHE WHO LAUGHS LAST

“This, ladies, is the Vibralux 3000, the vibrator for the *next* millennium.”

I flipped the switch, and every woman’s jaw dropped as the device buzzed to life. The plastic white shaft shivered and hummed, and the tip rotated clockwise with an impressive display of power and flexibility that promised it would reach *every* spot they could think of.

“Now the company rules prohibit my telling you exact stories about or uses for this product, but I can tell you this, it is the only toy on this table that I have never, ever had anyone return.”

I left out the detail that I’d only been doing this for two months and still had items on back order from my very first sales party, so returns hadn’t even come up yet. This was the highest-priced item on the table, though, and I needed the commission dollars.

Every one of the women in the room either leaned forward in her seat or crossed her legs.

Cha-ching...

PRAISE FOR SHE WHO LAUGHS LAST

“Jacki King captivates her readers from first sentence to last. *She Who Laughs Last* is a sensuous, humorous read with a spunky heroine who will capture your interest. Ms. King’s writing is fast-paced and spicy. A fabulous debut author to watch out for.”

—Dana Marton
Harlequin Intrigue author

“Sexy, sassy, and laugh-out-loud funny...you’ll love debut author Jacki King!”

—Shannon Hollis
Harlequin Blaze author

“*She Who Laughs Last* had me laughing from the start. I loved the heat of the erotic scenes, and so did my husband—who didn’t even read it!”

—Natalie J. Damschroder
Author of *The TreeKeeper*

SHE WHO LAUGHS LAST

BY

JACKI KING

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SHE WHO LAUGHS LAST
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

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*This story is dedicated to women
everywhere who need the inspiration to rise above
those moments of self-doubt.*

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Kate, thanks for always listening, even if it is your job. You are a treasure.

And to my family. I know you don’t always understand the choices I make, but I thank you for loving me and making me the woman I am. I love you all.

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Cha-ching.

I sell sex toys for a living. You'd think this would make me infinitely qualified on all sorts of different experiences and techniques, and a certifiable guy magnet, but no.

As a matter of fact, it had been so long since I'd had sex that not only would I not need the tightening cream next time around, I'd probably even have my hymen back.

Before you go thinking I am a super-cheesy skank, I do not run some hole-in-the-wall unidentified-goop-on-the-floor porn shop. I conduct tasteful, intimate, in-home demonstration parties. Think of me as your Naughty Tupperware Lady. I can show you how to scratch itches you didn't even know you had with tools you didn't even know existed.

In my two short months, I'd risen to Number Three in the Region, and if I worked this party just right, I would rise to Number Two. The only hurdle remaining between me, the top spot, and a new sports car was alleged sales god Rick Miller.

Of course, Rick Miller had no clue he stood between my beat-up fifteen-year-old Chevrolet hatchback that was on its second engine and third clutch and a new coupe that had automatic transmission, a moon roof, and a throaty V-6.

Not that I'd ever met my hurdle between sales greatness and mediocrity. Until the next night.

Our company believed in constant contact to keep sales reps' enthusiasm high. We had bi-weekly meetings, daily emails, online message boards, informational conference calls—everything that made you feel an important part of a bigger movement.

It also constantly rubbed your nose in who were the movers and shakers and made you feel bad if you weren't one of them. I just started this gig. It was way too soon to be feeling like crap.

I arrived at the meeting early, so I could scout the perfect seat. I

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took one about two-thirds of the way from the podium. If I had any recognition announcements this week, I wanted to have a nice long walk during which to appreciate them. Sales in this age of advertising skepticism made my job all the harder, and I needed all the positive energy I could get.

I glanced down at my navy jacket. The lapels were empty, except for the small silver membership pin, but tonight should be the night I got the first of many milestone pins, or so I hoped.

A line of jealous oldies paraded by, offering up shallow, empty hi-how-are-yous and studying me in profile as if the secret to my success might suddenly appear on my forehead if they simply stared long enough.

I pretended not to notice and opened my planner. I scribbled in the margin, then took a sidelong glance to see if they did the same.

They quickly turned their attention to the front of the room to see if some new announcement or other bit of information that would tell them how to be a winner had appeared on the whiteboard. Seeing nothing there, they took their seats, huddled together and whispered, probably trying to guess for themselves what it took. Or maybe they were plotting more rumors about what a wanton pervert I was and that was the only reason I had beat them out.

Seriously, I hadn't seen such a catty group of gossips since eleventh grade when the rumor spread that quarterback Jake Masterson had dumped Jill Spencer only four days before prom. There was a catfight in the hall every day.

A quasi-bald master of ceremonies stepped to the podium and called us to order. He stood all of five-feet-tall and looked like a hybrid between Pat Sajak and Tim Conway. Instinctively I checked his left hand. Yup. Married. How the hell does someone like that have a spouse, and I don't? Did someone lose a bet to him or something?

The meeting began with announcements for upcoming online chats

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and seminars. The top sellers in our region were putting together a workshop on how to double your income in only three months, and I made a note for the second weekend in March. Who couldn't use that kind of information?

The announcements gave way to the pin ceremony and Mr. Sajak-Conway chattered excitedly about tonight's line-up. "We have a special treat for you, ladies and gentlemen. He's been on the road making presentations and setting sales records for the past month, but it is my pleasure now to introduce to you Regional Sales Manager, Mr. Rick Miller."

The room erupted in applause, and when he stood up, I almost fell out of my chair. This was not just a god among salesmen. This was a god among all men. First of all, he was in a navy, pinstripe suit and a maroon tie. He was so "money" he looked like he'd just stepped out of a limo on Wall Street. He had a thick mass of dark hair that had been cropped short against his head and looked like it wouldn't move even in a hurricane.

He walked up to Spawn of Sajak, and the men shook hands. When he turned around and smiled to the rest of the room, my heart skipped a beat. He had a dimple on the left side of his mouth, an honest-to-God dimple. A fiesta started south of my border, and I crossed my legs.

"It's great to be back in front of the home crowd tonight, especially when, judging by the size of this list, we have several old faces to congratulate and some rising stars to welcome."

He started reading names and pinning the winners, and I squirmed every time his fingers fondled another lapel. Would he read my name? Touch my lapel? Look into my eyes and whisper, "Good job?"

Southern California's Inland Empire certainly held its share of lookers, but I hadn't had this kind of steam below the belt since my girlfriend treated me to a birthday lunch at Spago's and Keanu Reeves had been across the room.

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Of course, Keanu hadn't even made eye contact with me. Would Rick Miller? Did he like five-foot-two redheads? Maybe his hand would slip when he pinned me? Maybe I could have a wardrobe malfunction?

Who was I kidding? I was no Janet Jackson. Besides, for me, a wardrobe malfunction consisted of runs in my pantyhose, missing buttons, or a broken heel, not a perfectly round, shiny breast plopped right into a willing hand.

"Leslie Stetler," Rick said in a loud voice that conveyed a hint of annoyance.

Did I miss something? How many times had he called me? I jumped to my feet and walked toward the podium. I could feel crosshairs aligning on my back as I passed catty sorority row.

When I got to the podium, he stepped forward and reached for the lapel of my blazer. I held my breath and sent waves of ESP to him so he would grab and dip me, kiss me breathless, then swear his undying love right there, in front of everyone.

Apparently he didn't pick up ESP.

"Congrats on a great start," he said, then shook my hand.

You've had those sink or swim moments in your life, right? Where you either have a moment of verbal brilliance, or you stick your foot so far in your mouth that you can tickle your tonsils with your pinky toe? I sank.

The words jumped out of my mouth before I could stop them. "You, too," I replied.

You, too? Kill me now.

His smile never changed, although a momentary confusion clouded his gaze. I slinked back to my seat, sank into it, and vowed never to open my mouth to him again.

After the meeting ended, the Gossip Brigade huddled together and swapped notes. I still had heat waves simmering down south, so I

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looked for a cold drink. All I could see at the refreshment table were silver canisters of coffee, and the last thing I needed would be a supernova between my legs. I took off for the water fountain in the hallway and gulped water until I got a brain freeze. I straightened, then licked the last drop from my lips as I turned.

And there, right behind me, stood Rick Miller.

“So you’re the new kid on the block who’s got everybody talking?” he asked with a smile that was not unlike that of the proverbial cat that ate the canary.

I’d be damned if I would sink again, so I scrambled to think up something that might actually pass for witty. “Is that what they’re calling me—a ‘kid’? No wonder I can beat them all so easily.”

Recognition of a kindred spirit glimmered in his eyes and deepened the pools of blue. Somewhere far beneath the Sinfully Satin pantyhose and Victoria’s Secret bikinis I wore, I felt the familiar tug of being reeled in.

I did a little reeling of my own. “The way they are, it’s practically like shooting fish in a barrel, really. They waste their time worrying about what everyone else is doing to get ahead and forget that it’s all about knowing what your customers want and giving it to them each and every time.”

His smile widened until I could see two rows of perfectly even, smooth, white, shiny teeth. A mouth like that never had morning breath. A mouth like that never slobbered on you or pushed too hard or bit when it meant to nibble. A mouth like that belonged buried in my cleavage for hours at a time.

“Is that your secret, giving customers what they want?”

“One of many secrets,” I replied with a defiant jut of my chin.

He took a step closer. I could smell the slightest trace of his cologne, a spicy, woody scent that fanned the flame between my legs. “What if I told you I wanted to be a client? Could you guess what I

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want?"

"I think I have a pretty good clue."

"Would you give it to me?"

"Become a customer and we'll talk." I winked at him.

A deep hum sounded in his jacket pocket. He held up his index finger, then reached into his pocket with his other hand. "Give me just one second, and I'll be happy to talk."

"Is that a Vibralux in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?" I asked with a grin.

He made a playful smirk, then pulled a small, silver cell phone from his pocket and flipped it open. "Miller here."

He was one of those people who paced the floor while he talked. Now if there was anything I learned from that Cinderella story, it was that we girls need to make our first impression, then get the hell out of there. When he turned his back, I took off. I left no business card or other modern-day glass slipper. This Prince Charming had to work for his reward.

* * *

"Stetler, it's Miller," he said very matter of factly when I answered the phone—exactly two days after our first meeting. I didn't have to leave a slipper, after all. Give that boy a gold star for his report card.

"What is this, a locker room?" I teased.

"What is this, a date?" he asked.

"I don't know, what is it? You called me."

"From time to time I hold special training meetings for newbies. Teach you some of the shortcuts and tricks of the trade. You're obviously the best of the freshman class. Are you interested?"

Had I really made that good of an impression? Did he really have that big of a heart? I worded my question carefully. "Why would you want to help me like that?"

"Honestly? When you get to the level I'm at, you don't just get

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sales commissions, you earn a percentage off everyone operating below you in the Region. The stronger they are, the more you earn. When they get promoted, you get promoted.”

So I hadn’t made the kind of impression I’d hoped for. “Oh.”

“Besides, you’ve got spunk, and you’re hot. I’m willing to bet you can earn a Regional spot before your first anniversary.”

Did he just say I was hot?

All I wanted when I started this gig was to save up for a new car. Then I learned I could actually win one if I made a certain goal. Now I wanted the cash, the car, and the boy. The line between hungry and greedy had grown pretty thin. When you considered that my last boyfriend stranded me in a strange city where I knew no one and who took off with my U-haul with all my worldly possessions, I felt ready for some good karma.

“When and where? And how many other people will be there?”

“I haven’t confirmed yet. All you need to worry about is you. How about Saturday morning?”

“Let me look at my calendar. I think I have a show Saturday.” I reached for my calendar just to double-check.

“All right, Miller. My show isn’t until 6:00. I’m game. Give me the directions.”

I jotted down the street address and directions and waited for him to say more.

“Remember, this is training. Dress the part.”

“Gotcha,” I replied.

He hung up.

* * *

I had this routine I went through whenever I had a presentation to do. I had no idea how long Rick’s training would last, so I decided to start early. Saturday morning, I stepped into the hottest shower I could stand and began the drill. The warm water poured over my shoulders

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and down my back in a languid caress that brought every part of my body to life.

I squeezed a generous line of spicy vanilla bath gel into my body sponge. Beginning at my left shoulder, I made slow, careful circles across my collar bone all the way to my right shoulder. The rough material scratched the surface of my skin, leaving tingles in its wake. I brought the sponge down to the perky little rounds of my breasts. Yeah, they were only B-cups, but they had the heart of C-cups. I made generous circles over and around each one, in turn. Once they were both covered in a soapy blanket, I ran the sponge down the smooth skin of my stomach. Now, I did not have the flattest of stomachs, but I did not have to lie on the bed and do a Hail Mary just to zip up my size five jeans, either.

The secret to my enthusiasm during presentations was in the next step. I pushed the sponge between my legs and felt the deliciously familiar surge of hot tinglies spread through my body. Warm water, the scent of vanilla and spice, the soft friction of the sponge—all of it came together to turn me on instantly. I moved my hips back and forth for about half a minute, maybe less. Every second was enough to get me completely hot and bothered but didn't do enough to push me over the edge.

Going into a presentation primed helped me exude this aura of raw, hot sexuality. It made me alert, excited, ready to grab any item in my goodie bag and drive it home right there and then. When people commented that my shows had a great energy, they couldn't quite define, little did they know it was because I was about ready to pop any minute.

I rinsed out the sponge and turned off the shower. Between the shower and the Rick Miller eye candy I would soon feast upon, this buzz would probably last all day, and I planned on setting a personal best at tonight's sale.

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* * *

An hour later, I arrived at suite 103 in a small, single-story, strip mall. I had on the requisite business uniform of navy blazer and skirt, but I'd added an extra touch with the three-inch fuck-me pumps that would both give me a little extra height and make my legs look extra sexy when I walked.

Thick, midnight blue curtains hung across the front window, and a set of white mini-blinds covered the front door. I stepped inside, and the blinds rustled.

"I hope you came with an open mind and willingness to learn."

I couldn't see Rick, but his voice sounded like it came from a room on the left. "You said this was training, right? I'm ready for it."

My heels clip-clopped with authority against the tile floor as I walked down the plain white office suite hallway and into the room where I had heard his voice. What I found inside could only be described as a sales rep's wildest dream.

A pair of torchiere floor lamps at each end of a large table cast a soft, serene glow about the room. A black satin cloth covered the table all the way to the floor. On top of the cloth had been set a generous and perfect arrangement of products, all spread out and ready for audience inspection. I readjusted the bag with my sales rep kit on my shoulder. Most reps were lucky just to get enough kitchen counter or dining table space to go through one product line at a time, much less spread them all out as if every possible fantasy were just within reach.

Behind the table, on a shelf built into the wall, were a small, running water fountain and a lighted candle. A fresh, clean scent drifted through the air. It reminded me of being a kid and running through the clothes hanging on the clothesline as they dried in the sun.

Built into the fountain was one of those systems that played sounds from nature, and this one currently replicated a thunderstorm. The rumbles started off soft and quiet then built steadily for a few seconds,

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then paused, and started all over again. The water drops in the fountain fell like rain, and I could feel years of tension melting off me in their wake.

The lack of chairs seemed odd, though. Did he really expect us to stand around and watch him go step-by-step through an hour-long presentation?

His voice came from behind me. "What do you think?"

I turned around. "I think someone has a flair for the dramatic."

He looked even hotter than before. The soft waves of light moved around him as if he belonged to some other world or reality. Desire smoldered behind those sexy blue eyes, and that dimple called to me, daring me to suck it inside-out, or at least die trying.

"Let me take that for you," he said and gestured toward the bag.

"Thanks," I replied.

He carried it behind the table and set it on the floor. "Can I get you something to drink? A glass of wine, perhaps?"

The way he asked created a quiver between my thighs.

"Should I wait for everyone else?"

He shook his head. "It's just you and me. You inspired me to try something different with this presentation."

"How different?" I asked with a hint of apprehension.

He sprouted a Cheshire cat smile. My quiver turned into a steady hum. He walked out to the hallway, and I forced a few deep, steadying breaths. Me, alone with this man for an hour or more. Thank you, God!

He returned with two glasses of white wine and handed one to me. "To setting records and doing new things," he said and extended his glass.

I touched my glass to his. "I think I can drink to that."

We held one another's gaze while we took our first sips. The wine tasted sweet and went down easy, and I really hoped this session would be more about pleasure than business.

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“Tell me, Stetler, just how many of these products on this table have you actually tried?”

I felt my face freeze. The last thing I wanted to admit to a sales hot shot was that I had been too broke to purchase any samples for myself. I didn’t use them on me. Letting customers taste and play was an investment. If they liked it, they might buy it. Using the sales kit to get my own jollies, while fun, wouldn’t earn me anything but a few tingles.

“Why do you ask?”

He took the glass from me and set both of them on the table. “I have a firm belief that you can’t truly share the specialness of what you’re selling to others unless you have that twinkle in your eye from sampling their distinctive qualities for yourself.”

“Is that what your training is all about, exploring distinctive qualities?” I teased.

Apparently he didn’t like being mocked. He frowned and straightened his shoulders. “We don’t have to do anything. We can stop right now.” He opened his arms and gestured toward the entire room. “Or you can stay here and learn everything there is to know about this business.”

“Okay, okay,” I said and bowed my head like a reprimanded school girl. “I promise to be a good little student.”

“Perfect,” he said.

He took my chin in his hand and tilted my head up. He stepped closer, and I held my breath. Right here, right now, he was going to kiss me.

When his lips touched mine, waves of heat coursed through my body. His lips were soft and warm, and pure energy sparked and sizzled between us. Not a moment too soon his lips tightened and guided mine apart, and his tongue slipped in and brushed against mine.

Now, I probably couldn’t have told you my own name or the product of two times two if you’d asked, but at that moment, my body

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became immediately aware that it had been one year, seven months, twelve days, and ten hours since the last time I had sex. It was more than ready to play catch-up.

Simultaneously, our chests pressed together, and he grasped each of my shoulders. I slipped my hands around his waist and pulled him closer. The more contact points the better. He wasn't ready to let me feel what was going on beneath his belt buckle, apparently, and kept the distance.

After another round of kisses, he pushed me back a step. "That's hot stuff, Stetler."

The corners of my mouth curled into a slow-spreading smile. "Likewise."

He traced down the left lapel of my jacket all the way to the single button mid-waist. "Why don't you take this off?"

I arched my left eyebrow, a move I had thought was the epitome of sexy ever since I'd seen it done in a movie when I was fifteen. I had practiced it every day as religiously as my Kegels. "Why don't you?"

A little twinkle flickered in his eyes, and he unbuttoned the jacket. His hands slid leisurely up each side of the blazer, then parted it until it fell from my shoulders. I pushed my hands behind me so he could pull each sleeve down. When he had it off me, he folded it lengthwise and laid it on the floor.

He bent to one knee and looked down at my feet. "I love heels on a woman," he said and caressed the inside of my ankle. With his index and middle fingers, he traced upwards in deliberate, leisurely arcs, and I almost fell over from the surge of pleasure. When he reached the hem of my skirt, he didn't stop. He moved his hand between my thighs, and I gasped as much from the sensations spreading through me like wildfire as from the shock that my skirt did not immediately burst into flame.

He curled his fingers around the inside of my right thigh and slowly

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stroked against the crotch of my panties with his thumb. In the pull-down menu of my mind “sexy, dignified sigh” did not appear as a choice. Instead, “horny moan” appeared in neon, blinking letters.

I went with it. I let out a deep moan and reached for his shoulder as another surge of pleasure made me wobble.

He quickly ran his hand down the back of my leg, then stood. “Oh, that was just a preview.”

My hand fell limply to my side. He reached for my ivory silk blouse and pulled it out from the waistband of my skirt. I looked down at the miraculous sight of his hands deftly unbuttoning each and every button in the line. With the same care and precision, he removed my blouse, my skirt, and the Sinfully Satin pantyhose.

“Keep the heels,” he said when I started to nudge them to the side with my foot. Who was I to argue?

I stepped back into them, then moved away. “This is appallingly one sided,” I teased. “I hardly have anything on, and you’re there in a suit and tie.”

He stood and spread his arms. “You’re a grown woman. Do something about it.”

Oh, that was one gauntlet I would pick up. I walked toward him and tugged at the top of the knot of his tie. When I had it apart, I pulled it through the collar of his shirt, then set it on the floor. Just as he had undressed me, I peeled piece after piece off that delicious, Adonis-like, six-foot-plus frame—navy jacket, crisp white dress shirt, white undershirt—and that was where I stopped.

His bare chest shone perfectly smooth and hairless beneath the lamp light. I ran my hand over the outline of his sculpted pecs and chiseled six-pack. Did he spend every minute between meetings and shows in the gym?

Then I noticed the bulge at the front of his slacks, and both hands instantly went there. I ran them over the rock-hard length of him, and

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he took a sharp inhale. I couldn't wait to unwrap the full package. I undid his belt and didn't bother pulling it from his slacks. I unhooked and unzipped the pants, then shoved them down his legs. Shiny, black silk boxers greeted me with a hard-on that had converted them into a tent. I slipped my left hand into the gap of the fly and alternated between stroking him and rubbing his balls.

He made a hiss sound that vaguely resembled an "oh, yeah" and reached out to steady himself against my right shoulder. He let this go on for several seconds before he pulled back.

"Okay, okay, okay," he said. He tucked himself back into his boxers. "This isn't about what you can do for me. It's about what I can do for you."

He walked over to the table, bent over, and removed an inflated air mattress from beneath the cloth. Next, he pulled a large, thick, pale blue comforter from beneath the table and spread it over the mattress. For someone who had supposedly been inspired to do something new and different, he sure seemed well-prepared. Maybe he was just a planner. He had to have some sort of advantage to be tops in the region.

He waved for me to come over, and I moved toward him. He ran both hands up the outsides of my legs, all the way under the edge of my beige panties. He slid them down and I cautiously stepped out of them.

He puckered his lips and raised his eyebrows. "Magnificent," he whispered as his eyes found the neatly trimmed hair between my legs. He placed a hand on each of my hips and drew me closer. He moved his hands around my hips, over each side of my ass, and up my back.

"You have a really nice touch," I said, closing my eyes and registering just how good skin on skin could feel.

When he found the back of my bra, his fingers nimbly unhooked each of the three fasteners. He moved his hands to the front and peeled the beige satin and lace covering from my chest and set it next to my panties and stockings. He took my right hand in his, and I opened my

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eyes. He led me to the mattress where he gingerly guided me down, onto my back.

He stood and finished undressing. Moisture formed between my legs. I didn't want to blast off too soon, but if he was a slow, patient lover, I just might die from anticipation.

He knelt at the foot of the mattress and reached for my ankles. He pulled me down the mattress until my feet were past the edge, then pushed each foot to the floor. He rubbed the back of my right calf with one hand while he picked up a small, crimson tube from the table, then he stopped and removed the cap. He squeezed out a line of pink cream onto the end of his right thumb, put the tube and cap on the floor, then leaned forward and rubbed his thumb against my left breast. Hot tingles swarmed my breast, and my nipple hardened in an instant.

I whimpered.

He repeated the process for my right breast.

I groaned.

He smiled, and that dimple made my heart melt. He was getting what he wanted, and I was getting what I so desperately needed.

You know that feeling when your foot or hand has been asleep, and you get all those pins and needles under your skin? That was what was happening to my breasts. Tingles and tightness and warmth I'd never felt in that part of my body before.

Then he added the coupe de grâce—he leaned down and took my right breast in his mouth. My entire body twitched. Between the heat of the cream, the heat of his mouth, the warm wet tongue circling my taut nipple, my fat lady was ready to sing. I silently begged her to shut up and let me enjoy the show.

Pure, unadulterated delight rippled through my body, with its epicenter radiating between my legs. If he didn't do something down there very soon, I would have to take matters into my own hands.

His right hand found my left breast and kneaded and pinched and

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rubbed until I started to see stars. My breathing quickened until I felt sure hyperventilation was just around the corner. I had become a writhing, moaning mass, headed for a system meltdown; still, he continued.

His hand slid down my body and straight for the center of all pleasure. He trapped my clit between his index and middle fingers and rhythmically rolled it between them. By that time, I'm sure I was making sounds only dogs could hear. I let out a jagged gasp as the first surge of orgasm washed over me, and I clenched the comforter as wave after wave after wave tore through my body. Gasps turned into moans. He leaned back and let them take me away, and I closed my eyes.

I had no idea how long it took my heartbeat to stop pounding in my ears, but its steady drum was replaced by the buzz and whirl of a vibrator. I opened my eyes just in time to see him put a Vibratex 3000 between my legs.

I tried to close my legs and sit up. "Oh no, I don't think I'm ready—"

"Shut up or I'm gonna get the handcuffs," he said.

I laid down just as he made contact. A shriek caught in my throat as new sparks ignited. I dug my heels into the floor and clenched my fists. My hips went on auto-pilot and thrust against the mother of all toys. Back. Forth. Back. Forth. I would hit orgasm again in half the time.

This time I came in complete silence. My body was in shock. Twitches danced through me like little fairies of joy. I think I actually panted.

He let me have a little more of a recovery and passed the time nibbling, licking, and sucking his way up and down the insides of each of my thighs. When I was at last still and silent, he put his thumb against my clit and rubbed back and forth. I tried to raise my hand in protest, but it refused to cooperate. How I retained consciousness remained a mystery. I needed a break. I needed an oxygen tent. I

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needed this to never, ever end. But some time after the third orgasm, I fell asleep.

* * *

When I awakened, he was in his boxers beside me on the mattress. The blanket had been folded over me, and he wore the satisfied grin of a man who had just climbed Everest and planted his flag.

“That was fun,” he said.

“That was the most incredible thing I have ever experienced,” I replied. “That should be illegal. You shouldn’t be allowed to operate heavy machinery after that. Ever.”

He laughed.

I rolled my head to the side and checked out the floor beside us. He had arranged our clothes side-by-side, and they looked like paper doll outfits waiting to be fastened to cutouts. The thunder no longer sounded, but the drops still dripped inside the fountain. I gazed lazily about the room and relished the sensation of having spiraled through oblivion repeatedly.

And that’s when I saw the clock on the wall toward the hallway.

“Is that thing right? Is it really 4:00?”

“It’s about five minutes fast, why?”

“Dammit!” I scrambled to my feet and started pulling my clothes on. “I have a show to get ready for.”

He stood up and picked up each item I needed as I needed it. Once I finished dressing, he retrieved my bag from behind the table.

“You’re so sweet,” I said and leaned up to give him a peck on the cheek.

“Don’t let that rumor get out,” he said. He smiled, took me by the arm, and walked me to the door. “Break a leg tonight.”

“I will,” I said. I winked at him. “But I’ll try to leave a little something for you to play with.”

He winked back, and I scurried out the door.

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* * *

Twenty minutes before 6:00, I rang the doorbell to Unit 31 in Greystone Townhouses near Glendora. The woman who answered the door wore a short black skirt, sassy, black platform-heeled boots, and an electric blue silk tank that could barely contain the undoubtedly doctor-enhanced curves of her chest. Her brown hair shimmered with honey-gold highlights, and she flashed the kind of smile that said she was ready for a party.

“Are you Jennifer? Jessie’s friend?” I asked.

“You betcha. Come on in.”

She led me into a wide-open, peaches-and-cream themed living room with an off-white Italian leather sectional sofa with peach throw pillows, well-stocked entertainment center, and a ceiling fan running on low. A fire burned in the fireplace, but I didn’t feel any heat. In front of the entertainment center, an oblong table stood waist-high.

“Will this be enough room?” she asked.

“Oh, this is fantastic. I’ll just start setting up.”

“Do you need anything else?”

“Oh no, this is perfect. Really. It’s the best room and the best setup I’ve ever seen in anyone’s home. Thank you so much.”

She smiled. “I’ll just be in the kitchen, then.”

She left, and I put my bag on the table. I opened it up and started removing the tubes and bottles of flavored warmers. Each one felt strangely light. I removed the cap from the piña colada flavored gel and gasped. Empty.

I went through another half a dozen tubes, bottles, and jars. Completely and totally empty.

Rick. He had removed the contents of all of my displays and samples. I leaned against the table. I had maybe fifteen minutes before guests started showing up, provided no one arrived early. There wasn’t enough time to call anyone to borrow their kit. There wasn’t enough

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time to run to the training center and take out a loaner. All I could do was panic.

I walked back toward the front door and looked down the hallway. It led into the kitchen, but there was a bathroom on the left. I went into it and closed and locked the door. My hands trembled, and I pressed my lips together hard to fight back the outburst that wanted to come.

I had a gorgeous little townhouse close to downtown. I had two dozen women on their way, ready to spend money on their own pleasure. I had a warm-looking, cozy room with a gorgeous hostess, and I didn't have a single thing I could give out or let them sample. If I cancelled, I would never get a rain check. Women who looked like that and lived in places like this did not forgive you for making them look bad. And this looked bad.

I looked into the mirror and grimaced when I saw how pale I'd become. Stress splotches dotted my cheeks. This looked very, very bad. I closed my eyes and forced air in and out of my lungs slowly. I stood like that for a few minutes. When I opened my eyes, my face looked normal.

"You are going to do this," I said to my reflection. "You are going to save this." I remembered a piecemeal Latin phrase I'd learned in high school, "*Nolo illigitimi carborundum.*" Of course, it wasn't an accurate translation, but the sentiment was the same—don't let the bastards get you down.

I opened the door, walked back into the living room, and went into action.

* * *

Once Jennifer took her seat, I began. "I have a confession to make." Boy, did that get their attention. Every pair of eyes narrowed in on me.

I continued. "Earlier today, a man played a very mean joke on me and emptied all of the samples I brought to share with you. He even

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took the batteries out of the vibrators.”

Startled gasps and mumbled expressions spread through the crowd. I opened an empty bottle, turned it upside-down, and gave it a couple shakes for emphasis.

“Rather than cancel the show, though, I decided to do something exclusive just for you tonight. Something so special and unique that if word got back to my superiors that I did this, I could be banned from the company for life.”

You could have heard a pin drop, even on the carpet.

“I’m going to tell you about the most incredibly sensual, sexual experience I’ve ever had in my entire life. I’m talking about hours of foreplay, and at least three orgasms, and I had it just this very afternoon, using several of the products on this table.”

The room erupted in a wild scramble of women pushing one another to reach into their purses and pull out pens and notepads.

“Relax, relax. I have catalogues each of you can have a copy of and make notes on. First, I’m going to pass around a sheet for you to sign. It’s just some quickie legal mumbo jumbo about how what I’m about to say can’t be taken as medical advice regarding sex, and as soon as that’s done, I’ll tell you the best thing you could ever have done to your breasts.”

I passed around the clipboard with my single statement at the top, and a place for each woman to sign below. If this did get back to the upper management, perhaps the fact that I had a signed statement would be enough ass covering, but something told me it wasn’t going to get back to management. Each woman almost ripped the clipboard away from her neighbor to get her name signed and get on with the show.

Cha-ching.

* * *

Eleven days later, the representatives gathered for another sales

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report and pinning session. Mr. Sajak-Conway performed his master-of-ceremony duties again, and I took a seat at the very back of the room this time. That morning I had logged on to my individual portal in the company website and read my email. I had the kind of news that required a strut the full length of the room.

I didn't see Rick in his spot in the front row. Had someone leaked the news to him? Someone tapped me on my left shoulder, and I turned around.

Rick flashed me his most Big Bad Wolf smile yet. "Stetler, I'm glad to see you here. I hope you don't have any hard feelings about the other day. Just trying to make sure you understood. This business is all about looking out for Number One, you know?"

For an infinitesimal amount of time, I almost felt sorry for him. He had no clue what had happened at that party. He had no clue what was about to happen for me tonight.

"Actually, that wasn't the lesson I took away from that session, Miller."

"It wasn't?"

"The lesson I took away from that afternoon was that I am going to be the best damned saleswoman this company has ever seen, and there's nothing you or any other ill-intentioned, boy-in-a-man's-body can do to stop me."

His forehead wrinkled, but eventually he stopped trying to figure it out and just shrugged. "Good luck with that."

"Let's take our seats, ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Sajak-Conway called from the front of the room. "I have a very exciting bit of news to open our meeting this week. We have a new single-show sales record throughout the company, and the holder is right here in our own office. She had a one-show total over twenty-five-hundred dollars." He raised his hand and jingled two silver car keys. "She has earned this quarter's sports coupe giveaway, and she will be joining our speakers' bureau to

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teach you how to build that kind of success, too. Let's put our hands together for none other than Miss Leslie Stetler."

Only Miss America could have taken a slower, more calculated trip down the runway. I made sure to take a few extra steps as I passed Rick, and when I got to the podium, I blew him a kiss.

JACKI KING

Plain and simple, Jacki King is a saucy Southern woman who wants to sex you up. She spent half her childhood in fundamentalist private schools where teachers barely even admitted sex existed, much less made any effort to sort out fact from fiction.

Naturally, so much repression and denial created a tidal wave of curiosity and built up an impressive array of fantasies and daydreams about the subject (Note to said Fundamentalists: pretending sex doesn't exist does NOT make it go away!).

So now, Jacki loves to spend her time writing about sex, thinking about sex, and talking about sex—all in the name of research, of course! Stop by her website at JackiKing.com to put in your \$.02 on that and other topics.

She Who Laughs Last is her first project for Amber Quill, and you can reach her at xJackiKing@aol.com

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