

RomanceDivine

GETTING WILD

JODI OLSON



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Getting Wild

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Dedication

To Barb Ledbetter, without you this book would never have gotten this far. Thanks for all your encouragement and support for all of my books. You are a very special person and I'm glad to call you my friend.

To the Erotic Ranch group: Dave, Kim, Brenda, Cindy and Krissy and all the other ranchers too. Thank you for being there encouraging me to go on to the next book. Also for helping me brainstorm as well I'm so glad I've met you all.

To my Editor, Greg, and the Romance Divine Staff. Thank you for all the help you've given me along the way to see that my books are perfect for my readers.

To all my readers: Thank you so much for taking the time to read my books. every email i get means so much to me. Thank you again and I hope you enjoy reading about my hero Neal and his heroine Jennifer.

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WILD**

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One

Neal Riley arrived home from his day job worn out. All he wanted to do was plop down in his favorite brown leather recliner and watch the baseball game. Instead he stared at the manila envelope in his hands. He knew what was in the envelope - his divorce papers. After only three weeks of marriage, who would have guessed it would take three years to divorce the nasty witch.

He was exhausted, but restless. While he relaxed in his recliner and reflected on his so-called life, the telephone rang.

“Hello.”

“Happy thirtieth birthday little bro.”

Neal rolled his eyes, *It would take my older brother Nathan to remember me on this day.* “Yea, I totally forgot. Thanks for reminding me,” Neal said. He could care less if he had a birthday or not. It was just another day to him.

“Who pissed in your cornflakes?”

“Nobody. I was just thinking there should be more to life than there is.” He hated admitting out loud what he was

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thinking, and it bothered the hell out of him that he did it now.

“Well - I may have what you’re looking for to add a little excitement to your hum drum life.”

Intrigued, Neal wondered what could be so life changing, but at this point it didn’t matter. “I hear *but* in your voice, what do you really want?”

“I want you to work for me, as head bartender at my club. I know you’d be great at it and it’d bring you back home.”

“I’d love to think of a thousand reasons not to come home, but I’m in just the mood to try something new. You have perfect timing.” Neal hung up thinking it might be a great atmosphere to work in, and who wouldn’t like looking at those girls dancing on stage? *Maybe the change will do me good.* Feeling a bit of excitement course through his veins he picked up the phone and called the airport to get on the next available flight home.

How Nathan knew he needed a change was beyond Neal. He knew that his brother was having a hard time keeping bartenders. They never seemed to last more than a week or two. He never imagined that his confiding in his brother about his weekend job bartending would lead him home again. Nathan was always trying to talk him into moving back home, under the pretense that he missed him. The job was the perfect excuse to go home.

Jennifer Logan was a thirty-five year old part time town librarian who wrote erotic romances at night. She ran her fingers down the want ads and finally found what she needed. She’d been up all night writing her fifth novel, and she was stuck. Refusing to call it writer’s block, she preferred to think it was lack of research. Her newest novel was based around a

stripper with some suspense thrown into the mix. *I can't think of a better way to learn about stripping than to do some hands on research, right? How hard could it be to strip in front of a bunch of horny men?* At least she hoped it would give her material for her latest novel.

She circled the ad for an exotic dancer for *The Swollen Pussy Club*, and proceeded to look at several more ads. She finally decided to make a call to the one with the most interesting name.

A man's voice, a rather sexy one, answered. "*The Swollen Pussy Club*, Nathan speaking. How may I help you?"

"Uh - yea - hello. I saw your advertisement in the newspaper looking for uh - strippers. It says to call - for an appointment."

"Yea, I'm looking to hire five new girls. If you're truly interested in the job I can see you a three today. The club will be closed but the door will be open. Can you come in today?" Nathan looked at his watch. His brother would be arriving soon and he had to pick him up.

"Yea - uh - sure. Three will work for me and my name is Jennifer, Jennifer Logan. Thanks, I'll see you then."

"Bring a costume Jennifer. I'll need to see you perform before I will make a decision."

"Yea - OK." On that note she hung up the phone. She hoped she could pull this off.

Neal walked off the plane and spotted his brother in a corner talking to a gorgeous blonde. His brother always did have a thing for thin blondes, while he had a thing for curvy brunettes. He walked towards Nathan. "I see you found a way to keep yourself occupied while waiting for me." They

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hugged, and the blonde left. “Did you get her number? She is kind of cute, if you’re into blondes.” He was always giving his brother a hard time about getting women’s phone numbers but never calling them.

“No, I didn’t ask for her number, she’s married. Don’t look so shocked little brother. Man you look beat. Before I take you to my place, I need to make a stop at the club and interview this new girl, Jennifer. Do you mind? It shouldn’t take very long at all.”

“Sure, I’m anxious to see this great club you’re always talking about. From what you’ve said it’s pretty wild. I can’t wait to see it.”

When Jennifer arrived at the club, her hands were sweaty and she was shaking. This was a huge step. She’d always been on the shy side and this interview, or audition, really took her out of her comfort zone. She walked up to the door repeating, *You can do this. You can do this.*

When she opened the door she noticed a huge bar on her left side. Then she spotted two side stages and a larger one in the center of the room. It was a big runway type stage made of glass. Neon lights were spread all over the three stages. Chairs lined the stage area. The place was much bigger than it looked from the outside. She was getting more nervous by the minute. With the club empty, it gave her a few moments to prepare.

Jennifer looked down at her watch wondering what was keeping the owner. It was ten minutes after three. Backing into a table she knocked three of the chairs on top of the table to the floor. She tried to step out of the way and tripped and landed on her ass, on the cold floor. She looked up and

found herself staring into a man's face. She lowered her eyes to check out the rest of him, stopping at the zipper of his jeans. She blushed.

"You must be the owner. I'm Jennifer Logan; I called you earlier - you said to come - at three? Sorry about this mess. Usually I'm not so klutzy. It's just nerves."

Jennifer was embarrassed and upset. First, the guy was late, and now he wasn't even offering to help her up. He was gorgeous but his manners were lacking. She almost slipped when getting up, but he caught her, putting his arms around her waist and holding her close. She got a better look at his face. He was devastatingly handsome. A delightful shiver of wanting him ran through her whole body. His dark brown hair was cut short, and had a slight wave. His eyes were shades of amber and gold, and his goatee was neat and trim. She longed to touch it, and had a decadent thought of wondering what it would feel like between her thighs.

Neal stood there undressing her with his eyes. She wasn't like any stripper he'd ever seen. To him it was down right sexy when a woman blushed. Brunettes were his favorite and his fingers were itching to take the ribbon out of her hair so he could run his fingers through it. Just thinking about it was making his cock hard. "Oh shit! Not now." He blushed as he gave voice to his concern and that she gave him an odd look.

Neal hoped Nathan wouldn't come out of the office just yet. He wanted more time alone with her. She was the most beautiful woman he'd seen in months. The vanilla fragrance she wore drove him crazy. He imagined licking vanilla icing from her thighs.

She pulled away from him, unwrapping his arm from her waist. "Would you let go of me please? Are you always this rude?" She knew what she wanted to call him, but she bit her lip to keep from saying it.

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“Call me Neal. I’m just tired. It’s been a long day for me. Usually I’m a very nice guy. So why are you here Jennifer? You don’t look like the type to be in a place like this.”

He wondered what was keeping his brother so busy in the office. *She thinks I’m the owner of this club. Hell I’m not going to tell her any differently.*

She crossed her arms, attempting to assert some authority. “You said over the phone I had to do a dance for you. Could you please point the way to the dressing room so I can change my clothes.”

He turned his head and pointed down the hall. At least that’s where he figured they’d be.

After finding the room he’d indicated, she found herself staring at all the costumes hanging on a rack in one corner. Most were skimpy, much more sexy than the one she’d brought. Jennifer hoped the outfit she brought would be good enough to get hired. Looking down at the shoes that came with the outfit, she wasn’t too sure about wearing them. Flats were hard enough to handle some days. She’d already tripped once already and didn’t want it to happen again. She dressed, hoping she wouldn’t throw up when she got out there.

As if on cue, the music began to flow throughout the club. Jennifer walked slowly to the stage. Her nemesis was sitting as close to the stage as possible without actually being on it. The costume she wore was what she’d worn to a Halloween party last year: Little Bo Beep. The bonnet was white, with baby blue ribbon trim along the edges. She’d parted her hair into pigtails and tied them with the same blue ribbon. The top was a white bustier with several tiny blue bows strategically placed across the front.

The petticoat skirt had lots of layers and was accented around the edges with blue ribbon and small bows. The skirt barely covered her bottom. The white thong she had on under-

neath had a little sheep covering her center. She wore white thigh high stockings and each one had a baby blue bow in the front. The shoes were black with three-inch heels. *I can see why they call them fuck-me shoes, because fuck if I can walk in those damn things.*

When she glanced over at Neal, he was sitting with his arms crossed over his chest, as if he were bored. She was nervous, and clutched the chrome pole like a lifeline. She began to move her body to the beat, allowing the music to determine her movements. She pranced, dipped, and traced her hands along her voluptuous figure. Her eyes never left Neal for a moment, *make eye contact with your audience.* The music changed to a Trace Adkins song, one of her favorite singers and her dancing became faster. Slowly, she unzipped the petticoat skirt, let it fall to the floor and kicked it to the other side of the stage. She was about to undo her top when she spotted another man walking toward Neal. He walked to the stage and addressed her.

“I see my brother is enjoying the show. My name is Nathan Riley, owner of *The Swollen Pussy Club*. You must be Jennifer. Sorry I was on the phone so long. From what I’ve just seen, you’re hired. Can you start tomorrow night?”

She stopped dancing and pointed a finger at Neal. “So he isn’t the owner? Well it’s a good thing, since he was so rude to me earlier. Yes, I can start tomorrow night. Afternoons, I work at the library.”

“Good, see you back here tomorrow night then. After you dress, my brother can see you to your car.”

She turned to Neal. “You don’t have to walk me to my car. It’s not dark out yet and I’m smart enough to know where I left it, thank you very much.” She was out the door before Neal could say anything.

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Nathan drove Neal to his place and dropped him off. “You don’t have a shift until tomorrow little brother. Get some rest. I’ve got a date but don’t wait up.”

All Neal could think about was the cute little brunette who had applied for the stripper job that afternoon. If he had anything to say about it, he was going to be seeing a lot of her. From the moment he’d found her on the floor, he wanted her. He imagined her naked in his bed. The thought of seeing her leaning over the dining room table, with her legs spread for him made him so fucking hard.

He unzipped his jeans and slid them down past his thighs. His fist closed around his cock and he began to stroke it gently, and then with more aggression. Closing his eyes, he could almost feel her sexy, wet mouth sliding down over his penis and her fingers stroking his balls.

“Don’t stop, Jennifer.” Groaning out loud, he laid his head back against the sofa, stroking his cock even faster.

Just when he was about to release, he heard the door slam hard. He mumbled a few swear words and hurriedly zipped up his jeans before Nathan reached the livingroom. His brother didn’t look happy and his timing, as always, was lousy.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, hoping Nathan hadn’t seen anything.

“Well let’s see, man. Besides being short on strippers at the club, now my girlfriend has dumped me. So I guess not a fucking thing is wrong!” Nathan went to his room and slammed his door.

Two

Jennifer knew it was going to be a busy day, but she had some shopping to do before she started her shift at the library. Her first stop was a costume shop. The outfit she'd worn yesterday wouldn't be enough, and she thought she should pick up at least three more. Next stop was the new lingerie store that had opened last week. She picked out some really expensive thong and bra sets. Most of them were a bit too racy for her particular tastes, but it was for work and research. Glancing at her watch, she had just enough time to grab a quick bite to eat before going to work. She paid the cashier for the items and walked to the sandwich shop next door. During lunch, she made some notes for her book trying to remember what she'd experienced at the club yesterday.

Her mind drifted toward Neal. She couldn't stop thinking about him. That man knew how to push her buttons, but she wanted him to be there again tonight, so she could get another look at him. This time, hopefully, she wouldn't be looking at him from the floor either. *The view wasn't bad but it would be nice to get another look at his face.*

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Neal got into his brother's car, circled around town for an hour, and found himself at the town's only library.

How in the hell did I end up here? He hadn't set foot in a library since his school days. He didn't even have any time to read the daily newspaper, let alone - books! As soon as Neal walked in he spotted Jennifer behind the desk. She seemed to be reading something that made her blush. He spotted another woman who appeared to be quite a bit older than Jennifer. The older woman walked towards Jennifer and pointed to some carts, which were full of books to be shelved. Neal found a chair and grabbed a paper that was on the table. He didn't want her seeing him just yet.

When she came out from behind the desk pushing the cart full of books, Neal saw she had on a plain black dress. The way the dress hugged her curves made it difficult for him to keep his eyes off her. He bet she looked hot in just about anything. A man, probably in his mid-thirties, approached her and they seemed to be fighting. The man grabbed her arm forcefully and Neal stood up. He was ready to see if she needed any help, when she slapped the man's face hard. *Wow! She can hit!* The man finally walked away. Neal stood watching as she continued putting the books away. When she bent down to place a book on the lower shelf, he got a great view of her ass. *That sweet ass was made for nibbling, licking and fucking.*

Jennifer continued moving backwards and placing books on the bottom shelf, until she backed into someone. She didn't know 'why', but she had the strangest feeling it was Neal. She turned to see him standing only an inch away. Her penetrating green eyes couldn't hide the excitement she felt at

finding him there. The nice shade of pink covering her cheeks gave away her naughty thoughts.

“What are you doing here?” She couldn’t look at him without blushing, so she looked over the shelves.

“I came to - get a book. Why else would I be here?” Not noticing which book he grabbed, he picked one off the shelf closest to him. “Yea, found what I was looking for, right here. Guess I’ll see you - tonight - at the club.”

Her lips curled into a smile. “Did you know that book is a knitting book? Are you sure you have the right one?”

Jennifer caught him glancing quickly down at the book. Then he gave her a smile that sent her pulses racing. “Yes, uh - exactly, it’s the book my mother wanted me to pick up for her.” She watched him leave, trying his best to inconspicuously drop the book on a table on the way out.

Realizing he’d only come into the library to see her, she broke into a wide, open smile. It wouldn’t be long until she would see him again. Her first dance of the night was going to make him beg for more.

He sat in his brother’s car, in the library parking lot, and glanced toward the glass doors. Neal was glad he’d gotten out of there when he did. He had been ready to grab her in his arms and kiss her. In the next few days, he was certain something would happen between them, and she would end up in his bed screaming his name. He ran the scene over and over in his mind, smiling as he drove toward the club.

Leaving the library a little after four only gave Jennifer one hour to get home and shower before she had to be at the club. Tonight she would be meeting the other dancers. Maybe she would have time to ask them some questions for her book.

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She arrived ten minutes before her shift started, and pulled into the only parking spot available. Once inside she saw the place was jam-packed. She didn't see Neal anywhere.

Nathan came up to her and walked with her to the dressing room. Just as she was about to go in, two other dancers showed up right behind them. He introduced them: the first one, Cinnamon Creams was a tall blonde, and the other was a short redhead named Cameo. Cinnamon looked to be the older of the two, but she couldn't tell for sure with all the makeup she was wearing. Neither one of the women seemed very friendly. She hoped that would change, or she'd never get the information she needed for her book.

When it was time for Jennifer to go on, the music changed as she stepped onto the stage. Glancing up, she spotted Neal behind the bar. She noticed he'd stopped what he was doing to watch her. His eyes followed every movement she made. Everyone was shouting out his or her drink orders, but he was ignoring them.

She stopped at the pole, leaning up against it, rubbing up and down, and spreading her legs wide. While still looking straight at Neal, she ran her hands up and down the inside of her thighs.

The music took hold, and her body moved slowly, her hips and breasts capturing every nuance of the music. She swayed, glided, and moved her hands, arms, and hips.

To tease the men near the stage, she lowered the straps of her top and teasingly pulling them up again. Jennifer did this several times before she finally kept both straps down. Her arms snaked to unhook the front of her top, yet she held it to her breasts, teasing them some more. The entire time her gaze stayed on Neal. She lowered one side showing just a little part of her breast then dropped it to the side.

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After the top landed on the stage, she played peek-a-boo with the sides of her skirt pulling each side down a little, flashing the creamy skin of her hips, and then up again. She loved the reaction she was getting from Neal. He was wiping his face with a cloth with one hand and holding onto the bar with the other in a death grip. The skirt slipped down to the ground and then she kicked it back with her foot.

When she finished her strip tease, Neal noticed she was only wearing some red and black bow pasties on her nipples and a thong. He wanted to go and cover her up, but didn't want to cause a scene. He didn't like anyone looking at her like they could feast on her for hours. If anyone would be doing any feasting, it would be him. Watching Jennifer on stage made him so hard he was in need of a cold shower. It was a good thing the bar was high enough that no one saw the bulge in his jeans.

While Jennifer was getting dressed in the changing room she overheard the two strippers talking. Cameo, was telling Cinnamon that Neal had already asked her out and she'd said yes. They both looked at her, giving her fake smiles. She wondered what had their panties in a knot. Maybe they were jealous because of all the whistles she'd received or something else she didn't know. She was too exhausted to find out. All she wanted to do was get home and crawl into bed.

She walked past the bar, headed straight for the door. Jennifer was just about to get into her car when Neal ran up behind her.

He tried to turn her to him, but she jerked away. "What's wrong Jen?"

"Nothing! Go back in there. I'm sure Cameo is looking forward to her date with you."

Neal pulled her into his arms and kissed her, opening her mouth with his tongue. Their tongues met, kissing as if they wanted to devour each other. He didn't care about anything right now, only her sweet kisses, not knowing why he needed her as much as he needed his next breath. His fingers brushed over the side of her breast, and he heard her moan. Knowing she wanted him as much as he wanted her made his cock so hard he ached. He wanted to fuck her right here in the club parking lot, but he would wait. Their first time together would be special and he wasn't willing to do it just anywhere. She was extraordinary and deserved to be treated no other way.

Neal broke the kiss and helped her into her car, promising to see her - soon! The rest of his shift went by in a blur. The bar was busy the rest of the night and he really enjoyed some of the stories the men told him, but he couldn't keep his mind focused on anything but Jennifer. During the night a couple came in, asking if one of the strippers could teach his wife how to give a lap dance. He had to tell them no.

It was around three am when the two brothers finally arrived home. Neal was exhausted; he took a quick shower and crawled into bed. The cool sheets felt so good against his nude body. The last thing he thought about was Jennifer's kiss as he drifted off to sleep.

Three

When Neal walked in to his brother's office he found Nathan working on paychecks. "Hey bro, what's up?" I heard you wanted to talk to me."

Nathan glanced up from his paperwork. "Well, I'm starting a lady's night here once a week. In fact, tomorrow night is the first one. What do you think little brother?"

Neal shrugged; marketing wasn't his area of expertise, but he did like ladies. "Sounds like a good idea."

"With several girls gone now, I need some way to bring in new customers. We haven't been doing so hot lately and it's showing on the books. At least it was that way until I hired Jennifer. Damn, bro, she is hot. The men love her. Did you know several men have asked me already if she would give them lap dances?"

Neal's mind wandered while Nathan was talking. He wanted to tell Nathan he thought Cameo and Cinnamon were trouble and the other girls probably quit because of them. Even though Nathan was his brother, he didn't think it was his place to say anything. Besides when had Nathan ever taken

his advice? But there was something about those two that bothered him. “What did you say about Jennifer?”

Starting over, Nathan only said, “Some guys...” before Neal realized what Nathan had said.

“You’re not going to let her do any lap dances, are you? She isn’t like other dancers. She wouldn’t be able to handle those men if they touched her.”

Nathan stared at Neal, *is he falling for her?* “Have you seen how crazy the men are for her? She’s a draw - what this place needs. It will be her decision. I’m not going to stop Jennifer if she wants to do lap dances. Besides it will bring more money into the club. Oh, by the way, for the lady’s night, you are going to be the first stripper of the night. Then I’ll have five other men on after you. You’ll be a big hit.”

“Are you fucking nuts? No way in hell, am I getting out there and taking my clothes off on stage in front of a bunch of screaming women.” He slammed the office door on his way out. He didn’t see Cameo standing there until he almost knocked her down.

Cameo stood, one hand sexily placed on her hip, as Neal walked past. She ignored his frustrated look; she ached to fuck him. She had wanted him from the first day he entered The Swollen Pussy Club. *I know he’s got the hots for that little brunette bitch, but nothing is going to stop me from getting my man, and I always get my man.*

Cameo knew Jennifer was close, she could smell her. That awful vanilla scent Jennifer wore made her want to gag. She couldn’t sneak up on anyone with that smell surrounding her. Now was her chance to put on a show. She grabbed one of Neal’s hands and placed it on her right breast. With her

other hand, she reached down to the front of his jeans and gave him a squeeze. “Sugar, I see you’re really excited to see me, how about tonight you fuck me on that antique dining room table your brother has at his place? Last night we must have done it in every room and in every position imaginable. You are so hot.” She glanced back at Jennifer and snarled. “Do you mind? You’re interrupting us.”

Before Neal could say anything Jennifer was gone. He took Cameo’s hand and squeezed it hard with the urge to break it. “If you ever say shit like that again, I’ll make sure my brother finds out it is you that is driving away the other strippers. I’m sure you and Cinnamon have had a lot to do with them all quitting. Also write this down in that pea brain head of yours, I am not interested in you or your fake boobs. What you have between your legs, even a skunk wouldn’t come near that.” Before he turned to leave, he noticed Cameo’s mouth drop at his remarks. He hoped he could get to Jennifer before she left the club.

He ran to the front door of the club and spotted her still standing by her car looking through her bag. Within seconds he was standing beside her, but she tried to avoid looking into his eyes, turning her head to the side.

“Jen, I want you to know something. I haven’t dated or slept with Cameo or any other woman here. I have no desire to be with her. She’s just mad because I won’t give her the time of day.”

Jennifer cocked her head, her silken brunet tresses cascading over her shoulder. “We’re not dating. Why would I care who you’re dating, or even who you’re sleeping with? Now I really need to get out of here. I’m late for an appointment.”

“You’re not leaving just yet.”

Neal pulled her into his arms before she could protest.

Being as close to him as she was, he felt her nipples harden. His hands moved from her back down to her ass, giving a gentle squeeze, pulling her even closer to him if that was possible. Knowing she could feel his erection bulging inside of his jeans, pressing against her stomach, he whispered in her ear. "I want you, only you."

First he kissed her lips. Then he made a trail of scorching kisses down to her neck. He caressed her with his lips causing her to moan. He felt her body flame as he moved his mouth to her shoulder. His hand moved under her shirt, and stroked her belly. He felt her tremble. His fingers trailed along her bare skin, caressing every inch of her as he moved up toward her breasts. The little white t-shirt she had on gave away the fact she wasn't wearing a bra.

Lightly touching her hardening nipples his thumb began stroking her softly and she moaned again.

Neal didn't care that anyone could walk by at any moment and see them. Sliding her shirt up higher and higher exposing her breasts, he moved his mouth to her nipples. Her breasts were beautiful, and his tongue explored the pink peak of her nipples, until he heard her cry out.

Neal heard Nathan call out from the club doors. "I hate to interrupt you two, but it seems you have an audience."

Neal turned around to face his brother after lowering Jennifer's shirt. He spotted Cinnamon and Cameo peeking out a small window. Jennifer was the only one who held his interest, so he felt a need to make it clear to both of them. Turning back around to face her, he reclaimed her lips, crushing her to him. "We are not done baby. There will be more to come. Are you going to be here for lady's night tomorrow?" He'd dance but only if she were coming. His brother would have to find someone else if she wasn't going to show up.

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“Yes, I’ll be here. Several women in the library said they couldn’t wait for tomorrow night. Some even mentioned leaving their husbands at home so they could get wild. With six men stripping, I’m sure there will be a full club tomorrow night. Now - I really need to leave. I have a million things to do today.” She stood on her tiptoes, gave him a quick kiss on the lips and left.

He watched her drive off, and then turned around and walked toward the club. *Damn Nathan for interrupting. Almost - almost...*

Jennifer arrived at the club just in time to grab the only seat available. Lucky for her it was close to the stage, exactly where she wanted to be. This was a first for her. Well not really, if she counted the one time she went to her friend’s birthday party. The girls had a stripper come to the house, but since she kept her eyes closed most of the time it didn’t count, at least not to her. She did remember the stripper dancing very close to her face and covering her eyes, but that was it.

The lights went down and the music started. She couldn’t see anything. Women were already screaming and she had no idea why, since the place was so dark.

Jennifer saw the first dancer come on the stage, his head bowed, his legs spread apart and his arms behind his back. Suddenly a spot light illuminated his body. She saw his hands shake, *he must be nervous as hell*. The dancer look up and immediately looked around the crowd until he spotted her. Jennifer was surprised to see it was Neal; she had no idea he was one of the dancers tonight.

Her heart started to race and she screamed. *Where the hell had that come from?* She had no idea. He started dancing,

making his way off the stage to stand in front of her. Jennifer sat in the middle of four beautiful women. *Why, oh why, was he singling her out?* The other ladies were much prettier. The one on her left, she looked more his type.

Neal gyrated to the music, getting in her face. Jennifer was having trouble breathing. His burning gaze slid down the length of her body, and Jennifer tuned out everyone in the room. The women were going wild; one yelled at her that she was so lucky. He grabbed her hand and pulled her up to join him on stage. She couldn't move, remained frozen, until finally, *what the hell* and she followed him up on stage.

He strutted around her, gyrating his hips as he moved up behind her. Neal was standing so close, Jennifer could feel his erection and his warm breath across her neck. Stroking slowly with his fingers, he caressed up and down the length of her arms several times. She tingled all over and didn't want him to stop touching her. Just when she remembered where they were, he moved to the front of her and grabbed her hands with his. When she looked in his eyes, she saw they were filled with unadulterated lust.

He placed her hand on his chest, and Jennifer felt his heart racing. He whispered into her ear, "Meet me outside in fifteen minutes." Then he took her hands and placed them along the waistband of his pants. "Pull them, now!"

She didn't know if she could, in front of all these women who still continued to scream. With one quick pull the pants came off. *Oh My!* He had on the sexiest pair of briefs, black with a red tongue and the words *Lick here* in bold lettering.

She slowly made her way back to the table and slumped in her chair. She was in desperate need of a cold shower. As she drank her ice water she wondered if anyone would notice if she poured it down her blouse to cool off.

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Neal stood outside waiting for Jennifer to show up. He couldn't believe that all those women were screaming for him. A few tried to give him their phone numbers, but he wasn't interested. The only woman who interested him was Jennifer.

She walked out of the club right on time. He couldn't wait to take her to his brother's house where they would finally be alone.

He held open the car door and ushered her in. "Let's get out of here. I want you all to myself, with no distractions this time."

Once he was in the car he pulled her into his arms. His finger tenderly traced the line of her cheekbone and jaw. "Do you know how beautiful you look right now? Did you know that when I came to the library, I didn't come for any damn book! It was to see you. I had to be near you and I couldn't think about anything else, but being inside you."

Jennifer closed her eyes and he felt the shiver run through her body.

"Jen, are you cold? I can turn up the heat if you want me to. He reached for the knob to turn it up.

"No, I'm not cold. Take me to your place. I need to touch you and I can't do that here." She spoke in a weak and tremulous whisper, while her fingers touched his lips.

It wasn't long before they pulled up in front of Nathan's house. As she exited the car, he glanced at her legs; she had on black stockings to match the black dress she wore. He felt his jeans getting tighter. "Let's get into the house before I fuck you right here in the driveway," he growled. Jennifer gave him a shy smile and offered her hand. He took her hand in his and walked her to the house.

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He wanted her so bad his hands were shaking. It took forever to open the front door. Once inside, he helped her out of her coat, placing it on the chair closest to the door.

His fingers tore at the buttons on his shirt, and having removed it, he revealed his muscular torso once again to her. As his shirt fell to the floor, he caught her gazing at him.

He pulled her into a passionate embrace, first kissing her eyes, then the tip of her nose, and finally he brought his lips down on hers. She returned his kiss with equal enthusiasm. Placing her hands on his chest, she caressed him with her fingers, making his muscles tense. Her simple touch aroused him beyond anything he'd ever experienced. The feeling was more than he could handle. He didn't know how much more he could take.

He wanted her out of her dress and his hands reached around her back and started to lower the zipper. Halfway down, it fell to the floor in a heap around her feet. She stood there naked except for her thigh high black stockings and stiletto heels. When he recovered from the shock of finding her completely naked under that fancy dress he broke into a wide grin. His hands roamed intimately over her breasts. One hand slid down her stomach to the swell of her hips, then lower to her inner thighs, finding her clit. His thumb began rubbing her, while one finger slid into the folds of her sex. Hearing her soft moan, his mouth covered hers hungrily, wanting more.

He picked her up in his arms and carried her to the old antique dining room table, gently placing her on top. She moved her fingers toward the band of his jeans, unbuttoning and unzipping them, pulling them down over his hard firm ass, past his thighs. He wasn't wearing any briefs, and her eyes grew wide when she saw his long, thick cock.

He kicked his jeans aside and stood between her legs. She had an uneasy look on her face and tried to cover herself with her hands. With her dress so far away it wasn't an easy thing to do.

"I'm not able hold out much longer Jen. I've wanted to taste you since the first day you walked into the club and I found you lying on the floor." His fingers slid into the elastic bands of her stockings, and he licked her, the length of her leg, as he lowered the stocking, repeating the same while taking off the other one, and then tossing them to the floor.

He spread her legs and bent his head down to her stomach. His tongue made a path from her belly button to the bare skin of her pussy, moving to her swollen labia, and circling her clit. His fingers spread her even wider, so his tongue could lightly but painfully tease her. He could hear her whimper as her hips lifted toward his face, begging for more.

"Don't stop now," she moaned softly.

"I don't plan on stopping for a long time. I'm only getting started." He moved onto the table, straddling her body with his knees close to her hips. He stared down at her, his eyes smoldering with fire. Forcing her lips open with his tongue, he kissed her until she was breathless.

His hands cupped her breasts, the gentle massage sending currents of desire rippling through her. His lips and tongue caressed the sensitive swollen nipples that became a dusky pink from her arousal. He alternated between nipples, suckling them deeply in turn.

All he could think about was burying his cock deep inside her, feeling her body quiver while she climaxed. She arched her back and called out his name.

He felt her need building, felt his desire pass the boiling point. He tore open the condom, rolled it onto his shaft and entered her slowly.

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He growled as his hips went against hers in a rhythm that sent shivers through her body. She met him thrust for thrust enjoying the feel of his body covering hers. Over and over, he moved in and withdrew. Then with one final thrust, they reached their peak - pleasure - pure and explosive.

He held her close as his breathing returned to normal. Thinking he might crush her, he pulled out and got down from the table.

Jennifer sat up and brushed a damp strand of hair from her twinkling eyes. She ran her hand over his back where his tattoo was. The tattoo was two tigers that looked like they were mating and under the tigers in black lettering were the words, *Getting Wild*. When Neal turned to look at her he realized she couldn't stop staring at the tattoo.

“What do you think of it?”

Her finger traced the outline of the tigers, and her very touch made him shiver. “It's very erotic. Why two tigers, and what does the *Getting Wild* symbolize?”

“Tigers are wild and so am I.” He put up his hands like claws and playfully snarled. “Let's go to the bedroom and get wild together.” He scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bedroom.

In the bedroom she pulled him down with her and rolled him over so she was on top. After she expertly rolled a condom down his stiff rod, she straddled him and took him inside her once again. She was going to make him want to forget everything. *How am I ever going to leave at the end of the month to return to my old job and life?*

Her dark brown hair streamed down her shoulders, across her breasts, and her hard nipples peeked through the dark strands to tempt him. She was more beautiful than he'd ever imagined.

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She was driving him crazy with every move she made. Arching her back, she let out a loud moan that shook him to his toes.

His hands continued exploring her hips, and together they found the tempo that bound their bodies in passion, over and over again

He felt his own release building, and didn't think he could last much longer. Neal knew just what would send her over the edge. His hand seared a path down her abdomen to the spot where their bodies connected, and stroked her clit, knowing it would give her a shattering release.

“Neal...”

He continued to stroke her; a bright flare of desire springing into her eyes. She began to move faster, rocking her hips along with his. When she cried out her release, he followed shortly after. They drifted off to sleep totally satiated, but exhausted.

Four

Jennifer slowly opened her eyes. She felt the grogginess of sleep, thick in her head. Shaking her head hoping to clear it, she looked around the unfamiliar room. Suddenly the memory of being in Neal's arm's flooded her. She felt his arm heavy on her stomach. She glanced over at the other side of the bed and found him still sound asleep. *He's so adorable* she thought, and smiled at his sleeping face. Glancing at the clock, she saw she would be late for work at the library if she didn't hurry. She slowly moved his arm, trying not to wake him, and glanced over for one last look at him before going to find her dress. The last time she remembered having it on was in another room. She retraced her steps and found it pooled on the floor. She let out a giggle as more memories of last night filled her mind.

She fought the urge to run back in the bedroom and take him, *my librarian job, damn!* So she silently and quickly got back into her dress, gathered her bag, and rushed out the door.

Neal woke up with a start. He looked around and

found himself alone in his bed. *Where did she go?* He walked to the living room, and found his jeans still on the floor. As he picked up the rest of his clothes he noticed her clothes were gone. He had no idea why she'd left. He looked for a note, hoping that she'd left a word why she had to leave, or that she would call him later. No note. *Damn maybe the only one who felt there was a connection here was me.*

At that point, he realized she'd left not only without a goodbye, but no ride either. *Maybe she didn't get far.* He looked out the window thinking he'd see her still there. He would have given her a ride home or back to the club to get her car if she'd asked him. Frustration overtook him. This girl was becoming a hard catch. He'd never had to work so hard for a woman. He closed his eyes, ran his fingers through his hair and thought about her. The memories were wild. Last night when her dress fell off those beautiful curves and she was standing there with nothing else on - it made him almost explode in his jeans. He wanted - no, he needed - to be with her again.

Neal quickly finished dressing, grabbed his car keys and went to the door. Coming up short, he found a smiling Jennifer standing in the doorway. "I thought you left," he said. Her disheveled hair was sexy and the blush on her cheeks excited him.

"I was, but then I realized something," she smiled.

"What's that?" He was guarded. but also thrilled that she came back.

"Well...it's two things actually. One, I need a ride and two..." She took a step toward him. "I forgot to tell you good morning." She closed her lips on his and took control of the kiss as she melted into him.

Neal was stunned and when they broke the kiss meekly mumbled, "Good Morning."

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“Yeah!” he agreed, “and what a better morning it’s going to be now.” He picked her up and carried her back into the house.

“I’m going to be late,” she squealed, but he wasn’t listening. He had other things on his mind.

“Jennifer, YOU are late!” Ms. Crabapple, the head librarian shook her finger and gave Jennifer a reproving look. Jennifer knew she’d have to work on her tardiness or she would lose this job.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Crabapple, I won’t let it happen again.”

“See that it doesn’t missy.” She walked off to her desk.

Jennifer turned to see her ex boyfriend sitting in a chairs, closest to the front desk. “What are you doing here Steve? Last time I told you to leave me alone. I don’t want to get back together with you, ever again.”

Steve gave his slimy ‘used-car-salesman’ smile, “Just hear me out baby. I made a mistake. It was only the one time and she didn’t even mean anything to me. I swear it wasn’t my fault, she came on to me.”

“You say that but I’ve heard differently. For the record, you sure didn’t try to stop her either. I’m not someone who’s willing to let you treat me the way you have been lately. We’re finished, Steve. Now please, leave me alone.” She walked behind the desk.

When Neal walked into the library, he was on cloud nine. The time he’d spent with Jennifer had been everything he’d expected and so much more. He stopped short as he came around the corner and spotted a guy talking to her. This was the same guy Jennifer had slapped a few days ago. The guy turned, saw Neal watching the two of them and gave Neal a

satanic smile. Something about this guy made Neal's gut ache. Steve finished checking out Neal, turned and advanced on Jennifer. He went behind the desk where she was standing, grabbed her and pinned her against the wall. He knew Neal was watching and he kissed her hard on the mouth. Neal wanted to kill the bastard, but it sure looked like Jennifer enjoyed the way this guy was treating her. Neal was confused by her reaction to this guy, and the reaction she had shared with him last night and earlier; he wasn't sure what to make of it. He couldn't fight all her demons and his too. Silently and angrily, he turned and walked out the door. He wasn't going to stick around to hear her side of it. He drove straight to the club. Nathan had asked him to come in early today to help with inventory and he needed something to help keep his mind off what just happened.

In the club he called out for his brother, "Nathan, I'm here." With no response he assumed his brother was running late. He went behind the bar to wait for Nathan to show up.

Neal cleaned out the draft lines, took a visual inventory of the liquor shelf, and took a quick count of the various beers in stock. All the while, he couldn't get the picture of that guy and Jennifer off his mind, or the one of her smiling at his front door. Something wasn't adding up. Unable to figure it out, he poured himself a cup of coffee; and went to look for his brother hoping for another distraction.

He couldn't find any sign of his brother: in the bar, the office or the parking lot. How was he supposed to do inventory if he didn't know where the supplies were kept? He noticed a locked room further down the hall, *maybe it's the supply room*. Without a key, he tried to jerk it open.

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“Um, you don’t want to go in there sexy,” Cameo said while trying to hide the key in her bra.

He recognized that high-pitched voice, knew already it was Cameo. What the hell was she doing here so early? She didn’t start work for a few more hours at least. His eyes came up to study her face, and he saw her eyes were stony with anger.

“Why not; do you know what’s behind this door?”

She leaned against the threshold of the door jam. “When I started working for this club five years ago, we would take some of the men into that room, give them whatever they asked for - as long as they paid for it. She softly skimmed the chest exposed by his shirt. “Some girls would do it all, if you know what I mean.” She winked at him.

“You mean, like you?” He pushed her hand away. “And you wonder why I have no desire to fuck you.” He crossed his arms over his chest like a medieval warrior to ward off her undesirable advances. “I was looking for the supply room. Nathan wanted me to do inventory, and I’m trying to find out where to get started since he isn’t here yet.”

“Sorry, baby, can’t help you with that. I’m only a dancer, but if you’re a really good boy, I’ll let you tie me up sometime. I hear you really enjoy that.”

Neal looked at Cameo before glancing over at the lock once again. He’d make sure to ask Nathan if he knew anything about this room. From the scared look on her face there must be more to it than what she told him. “I’ll keep looking,” he brushed past her.

“You do that sugar. If you need any help I’ve been told I’m a good hunter.” She smiled at the unpleasant look he gave her over his shoulder.

Cameo waited until he was out of sight before she tested the lock’s durability. Satisfied it wasn’t compromised when he messed with it, she patted the key in her bra. The

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warmed metal on her clammy body let her know it was still there. She looked back around the corner. It was a good thing that gorgeous Neal hadn't been able to break in. She sure didn't want to have to hurt him.

Nathan finally showed up twenty minutes later, almost a full hour after Neal.

"Where have you been? I've been waiting here for an hour." Angry from the moment he woke up alone, Neal was on an emotional roller coaster and ready to get off. "May I remind you, it was your idea to come in and do inventory? I could have slept in."

"Get the fuck off my back." Nathan snapped back. "You want to do inventory so Goddamn bad, then let's go!" He stalked down the hall, opposite from the locked room with Neal following.

Both remained silent for a few minutes - Neal spoke first. "Where have you been? You didn't come home last night and you look like hell now." He worried about his big brother sometimes.

"Well I figured the way you rushed out of here last night with Jennifer, you two wanted to be alone, so I slept here in my office. That was some dance you did last night little brother. The women already want another Lady's Night as soon as possible. They're asking for you too. So how did things go between you and Jennifer anyway? I bet she's a wild one," he said, slapping Neal on the back.

Neal pushed Nathan's hand away. "I don't want to talk about it. What I do with Jennifer is my business, not yours." Neal clenched his mouth tighter than it already was.

"That bad huh? Since it didn't work out between you

two, then you won't mind if I ask her out." He said it only to get a rise out of Neal.

Neal's jaw tensed visibly, curses fell from his mouth, and his hands were balled fists at his sides. He wanted to punch Nathan for even thinking about her that way. He figured he better change the subject, and remembering about the locked door he decided now would be a good time to ask Nathan about it. "I have something to show you. While I was looking around for the supply room, I came across this other room." Nathan followed him down the hall.

Neal jerked on the padlock that secured the door. "Do you have any idea what's behind this door, or why it's padlocked?"

Nathan shrugged his shoulders, "When I bought the place three months ago, the previous owner told me it was used for BDSM. I asked the owner to show me what was inside. When he opened the door it was empty. So I never thought about it again."

"Cameo told me it was previously used for special paying customers." Neal watched his brother for a reaction, but Nathan remained impassive. "She didn't say anything more than that."

Unbeknownst to them, Cameo was watching from the shadows. It would only be a matter of time before they discovered what was in that room. She had to figure something out real soon. Steve was moving too slowly.

Jennifer left the library feeling proud. She'd taken care of Steve once and for all. He'd no idea it was coming, before her knee hit him in the balls. She knew he wouldn't be bothering her again any time soon. Only two more hours and

then she would see Neal at the club. She couldn't wait.

After getting a quick shower, she dressed up in her shortest skirt and t-shirt and headed for the club. Maybe if she got there early enough, and he wasn't too busy, she would ask him to come home with her tonight. If he played his cards right, he would be the one tied up. She blushed as she thought about it.

The parking lot of *The Swollen Pussy* was already jammed full when she pulled into the club. That makes two nights in a row for the club. Nathan had told her that since she started dancing; more and more men were coming in just to see her.

Neal was busy at the bar serving drinks when she walked into the club. He gave her a hostile glare, and then went back to serving drinks. She had no idea what was wrong. Maybe he was just having a bad night, at least she hoped that was all it was. She went to the bar, pulled out one of the stools and sat down.

He continued to ignore her. "Neal, why are you acting this way? I have been trying to talk to you for ten minutes now and you won't even look at me." She tried remaining calm, her gaze steady.

He walked around the bar and stood close to her, his voice low, "Did you have fun with your boyfriend? Does he know you were in my bed all night screaming for more?" He stomped off to serve another customer.

She sat there, too stunned to cry, her hands twisting nervously in her lap. When it slowed down a little, she would try talking to him again. Hopefully his mood would improve by then.

Nathan came up behind her. "Jennifer, you're doing lap dances tonight along with Cinnamon. If anyone gets out of hand, she knows what to do." Nathan saw the glare on his

brother's face. "Since Big Johnny, is a no-show tonight, you'll have to keep an eye on her."

"I don't need you to baby-sit me, I can handle men." Jennifer turned to Nathan, "Not a problem at all." She jumped off the stool, since Neal was being a jerk, she didn't want him around anyway.

She hadn't made it ten feet before Nathan grabbed her. "You have no idea what those men will do. They know the rules of no touching, but some don't follow the rules. I should know; I'm one of them. Neal's right; some men, after a few drinks can be real pigs. I think it's a good idea for him to keep an eye out every so often at least." Nathan left to go talk to the other girls working tonight.

Jennifer turned to stare at Neal, "So are you going to tell me why you have your boxers in a knot?"

"I was there today - at the library."

"What are you talking about? I was at the library all day - working. In fact, I need to go to work now." She started to walk away.

"I wouldn't have called what you were doing work honey, being pinned up against a wall, his hands holding your hands above your head. Did you fuck him right in the library for everyone to see? Now that would be something I would do, make you bend over against one of those wooden tables and take you right then and there, while everyone watched."

Her hand came around to slap him, but Neal caught it in mid-strike. She made no effort to pull away until she heard Nathan behind her. He released her hand, and she walked away to get changed. It was time to make some money for the club and maybe get some material for her book as well. *MEN!*

Five

Neal went back behind the bar and grimaced, thinking this was going to be a very long night. Just holding her hand and being so close to her made him crazy. He smelled her perfume on his chest and hands. He wanted to rub it over his body, covering himself with her scent. He needed to get her alone and away from this place. If any of those men laid a hand on her tonight, he didn't want to think about what would happen to them.

After Jennifer began her lap dances, he felt a twinge of jealousy watching her take another guy to the back room. How many was that now? He'd lost count after ten. This was just too much for him to handle, but luckily it was getting near closing time. She told him she could handle the men and he had no doubt about that. He just didn't like seeing her with other men, even if it was her job.

Jennifer smiled at the next customer she led to the back room. He was kind of cute, but he was only research for her book. She led him to the red leather couch in the back room and made him sit down. She stood in front of him,

between his legs. The music in the background was sultry and she swayed her hips back and forth seductively. The guy was getting turned on watching the way her hips moved.

The customer reached out to pull her onto his lap. She smiled as she removed the guy's hands. "That wouldn't be a wise cho-"

"There is no touching asshole! Read the fuckin' sign. You can read, can't you?"

Jennifer looked behind her and noticed Neal's fists clenched tight at his sides. "Don't you have work to do behind the bar? I hear people yelling for you." She moved to the customer's lap, now determined to give him a dance he would never forget.

When she glanced at Neal, she saw his eyes flare red with fire and his jaw twitch. He pointed a savage finger at the customer. "Your time has come to an end; now get the hell out."

Jennifer ground her bottom into the customer's lap. "His dance isn't over, until I say it is. Now go away and leave us alone. Get back to the bar where you're needed; because I don't need you here."

Neal turned to return to the bar, but stopped at the door and faced her. They locked eyes. "I'll be back in a few minutes honey, and this better be your last customer of the night - or else." He walked away, leaving her with the horny customer she'd enticed just to prove her point to him.

Damn it, she let her emotions get the better of her again. *But who is he to demand this be my last costumer?* She'd show him a thing or two.

Jennifer ended her dance as quickly as she possibly could and was relieved when she had no problems with her final customer. She needed a break to calm herself down.

Ten minutes later she decided she was in control

enough to give another lap dance. Spotting a table with five men dressed in business suits, she thought they probably had money to burn. She sauntered over and asked if any wanted a dance. All shook their head 'no' but the younger one stood up and followed her to the back room.

"Jimmy!" Neal yelled, "cover the bar." Neal had to see what was going on in that back room. He covertly made his way down the hall to the backroom. Hearing the music inside, he sidled his way to doorway and peeked in to watch her. "So what made you come out tonight?" he heard her ask, as she danced around, and rubbed up against her customer. Neal wanted it to be him she was rubbing up against, not some scumbag.

"My wife is - is out of town so the - the - guys thought I would like it - here," he answered.

Jennifer ran her hands up and down her body and flipped her hair. "Well I hope you know the rules, no touching, Okay?" The young man nodded, his eyes fixed to Jennifer's breasts, barely contained in her costume. "But I can touch you all I want." Jennifer rubbed her breasts in the man's face.

Neal lost it, and threw the door open. "Jennifer, you're fired." His voice was strangely calm, but when she turned, his face was a glowering mask of rage.

"You can't fire me, Neal. You're not my boss. It's up to your brother and he won't fire me for doing my job." Jennifer gave him a hostile glare.

The customer was getting pissed off by the interruption, having paid a lot of money for this lap dance. "Hey Sugar, do you know this guy? I can take care of him for you if you want. So could my buddies out front." He stood up and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt.

Watching the customer's bravado made Neal laugh, "Hold on Superman, she knows me alright, very intimately I

might add.” As he thought about last night again, his whole face spread into a smile. “Tell him,” he demanded.

Jennifer liked hearing him laugh. She knew from watching him for several days he didn’t laugh often. But he was interrupting her research for a second time in one night and it was making her mad. “It’s alright, I know him, and he’s just the bartender around here; nothing more. Now, let’s get back to your lap dance.”

She could still feel Neal’s presence behind her but continued to dance, giving her customer the show he paid for.

Nathan came around the corner to catch his star dancer and a customer in the lap dance room, with his lead bartender watching. “What the hell is going on in here?”

Jennifer and Neal both jumped as if they were guilty of something sinister, and her customer began to curse.

“What the fuck is going on here? Why do these men think they need to protect you from me, or is it because one of them is in love with you? I PAID for a fuckin’ dance!”

“I’m here to make sure she’s protected and no one touches her.” Neal explained calmly. “This is her last night and I’m still responsible for her until she leaves.”

“I’m here to tell her the club is now closed,” Nathan said in his defense. He turned to Neal, “What do you mean this is her last night?”

“This is bullshit!” the customer yelled. “I want my money back.”

Nathan looked first at Jennifer, then Neal. The way the two kept eyes on each other spoke volumes; and it was ruining his business. He peeled two twenties from a roll and gave them to the customer, who huffed out of the room. He turned and eyed Neal and Jennifer, “I don’t even want to know what’s going on, but you two had better clear it up before

tomorrow.” Nathan stormed out behind the customer.

Jennifer changed her clothes and took a seat at the end of the bar after everyone had left. Nathan sat down next to her while Neal was still cleaning the bar.

“You did great tonight and you’re a big hit here at the club. Do you want to do more lap dances tomorrow?”

“No, she doesn’t and I fired her anyway.” Neal didn’t even look at her.

“Whoa, wait a minute! You did what, little brother? You can’t fire her. That’s my job and she can work here as long as she wants to. End of discussion, my place, my rules.” Glaring at each one, Nathan got up from the stool, leaving his half empty mug of draft beer, and went back to his office.

Neal came out from behind the bar and sat on the stool his brother had just vacated. Taking the half empty mug of beer Jennifer poured it over his head. “Maybe this will cool you off.”

Jennifer walked to the dressing room to get her things, She was glad today was finally over. It had been one hell of a long day. First the confrontation with Steve at the library and now Neal acting like an ass. She was tired and it was time to go home and get some sleep.

Neal stood outside the dressing room, wanting to go in to check and see if she was doing okay. He couldn’t believe that she poured that mug of beer over his head, but he guessed he deserved it. There had been several things she’d done over the past week that shocked him. He knew she could probably take care of herself, but still he wanted to make sure she didn’t get hurt.

When she opened the dressing room door Jennifer found Neal waiting for her. “I’m going home. It’s been a long day and I’m tired.”

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“I’ll take you home, please let me do that much.” His grin was irresistibly devastating to her.

“No, I have my car, but thank you anyway.” She strode past him and he followed her out the door of the club.

Out of the corner of his left eye, Neal noticed the same group of men wearing suits, standing around. He knew from the beginning that asshole customer was trouble.

The young guy in the suit spotted Jennifer. “Come here honey lets have some fun with my friends.” He’d had way too much to drink and so had all of his friends.

“No, thanks.” She continued walking toward her car but before she reached it, the guy grabbed her arm and jerked her around. She was glad Neal decided to follow her.

“Hey all my friends want to have a private dance with you.” He tried to pull her close to his face.

She jerked her arm out of his grasp and ran to her car, looking back she saw Neal fighting the group of guys. Shocked, she couldn’t believe he was taking them all on. By the time she got the car door unlocked Neal was beside her and she noticed all the guys were on the ground moaning.

“Get in the car now.”

“You took them all on. Are you crazy?” Neal pushed Jennifer to the passenger side, started the car and screeched out of the parking lot.

“Not crazy, I’m a black belt and none of those guys knew what hit them.”

“Where are we going?”

“Your place, okay?” He looked out the window to see if any of the suits were behind them.

Both remained quiet as Neal drove, but continued to watch the traffic behind him to make sure no one was following them. Taking them all on was a piece of cake but if they

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came after him again, who knows what could happen to her. Within fifteen minutes they pulled up to her parking space at her apartment.

Steve was hiding in the bushes watching them both. Cameo stood behind him; she'd heard what happened to her step-brother today, and she wanted to hurry up with their plan for the little bitch.

Cameo whispered, "So how come you never told her you had a sister? "

"What did you want me to tell her? I had a stepsister who stripped for a living when she wasn't hooking. Besides we weren't dating long enough for her to meet the family."

Six

Looking through her bag, Jennifer finally located her keys to the apartment. She glanced around to make sure they hadn't been followed. Neal let them in, closed the door behind them and double locked it so everything was secure. He wanted no interruptions.

He slowly stepped toward her, making sure not to spook her. The sound of a car's horn made her jump into his arms. He smiled as his hands encircled her waist, pulling her closer to him, "It's alright. I won't let anything happen to you," he whispered softly. His lips grazed her forehead; the citrus smell of her hair made his mouth water and he wondered if she tasted like that all over. He wanted to find out. All night he'd watched her doing lap dances, and now he was so hard he hurt.

As he pulled her even closer, if that was possible, she felt his heart beating against her breasts. Her arms snaked around his neck and she kissed him, a kiss filled with the yearning her body felt. His erection pulsed against her stom-

ach, she felt his growing desire. As he continued to nibble on her lips, he whispered, "Help me out of these jeans."

Mesmerized by the power she felt when she noticed the bulge stabbing the front of his jeans, she blushed because she knew how soaked her panties were. His stomach quivered when she placed her hands at the top of his jeans and undid the button. She slowly pulled the zipper down. He groaned as her hand brushed against his engorged erection. She pulled on his jeans, stopping only long enough to touch his straining erection with the back of her hand.

"You're killing me," he moaned, and his lips met hers in another of his long smoldering kisses.

Jennifer broke the kiss, gasped and went back to removing his jeans and briefs. She grinned mischievously and mewed, "Oh lover, you are most definitely very much alive. I can see that."

Neal stepped out of his jeans while she ran her fingers over his hard chest, down to his navel, circling it and then moving lower. She placed her hand around his long, thick shaft, stroking it, making him tremble with need. "Neal, can't you see I want you? Nothing happened with Steve. You would've seen what I did to him if you'd stayed long enough. In fact, it was very painful for Steve."

Neal moaned, "Let's not talk right now. I have other things on my mind, like both of us being naked." Neal grabbed the bottom of her t-shirt, pulled it over her head, and let it fall to the floor.

She smiled as she pulled on the zipper on the side of her skirt. Her skirt landed on the floor next to her t-shirt. She shivered as the cold air brushed over her heated body.

His eyes twinkled, "I love how you never wear a bra. It takes too much time to remove. Now," he smiled, "the panties."

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She slid the small bit of fabric down her hips and legs slowly exposing all of nakedness to him. The way he looked at her made her legs weak and stoked the fire burning in her body.

Jennifer backed her way to the bed, beckoning her lover to follow. Beginning at the curve of her neck, he kissed his way up to the edge of her mouth. She moaned as she guided his demanding mouth to hers, sealing her lips to his in a searing kiss. When he traced the softness of her lips with his tongue, she opened her lips to him. As their tongues entwined, she realized she'd never tasted anything like him before. No one ever made her feel this way; special, wild, and oh so good.

Neal lowered them to the bed, leaving a trail of kisses down her throat to her breast. His hand found her breast, gently kneading her firm flesh, and he raised it to his mouth and lapped it with his tongue. She ran her fingers through his hair as his tongue laved her swollen pink buds to their fullest. His hot, wet tongue was sending her over the edge.

"Please Neal," she panted, her breathing coming heavier and heavier. She didn't know if she could take much more.

His hand teased its way down her stomach, then further below - between her thighs. When two of his fingers circled, and then entered her wet heat, she gasped.

"You are so wet for me," he groaned. He felt her tremble as his fingers explored her sex.

"Now - Neal, please. I want you inside me now," she begged.

"Baby, open wider for me," he said excitedly. His fingers plunged deeper inside her wet heat, while his mouth captured hers again in a scorching kiss. The kiss sent her spiraling deeper into ecstasy she'd ever felt before.

He spread her legs even further, and moved his body atop hers. With the need to be inside her, he kissed her swollen

lips again. He entered her slowly until she took all of him, knowing he would otherwise hurt her with his great need. He held himself back as long as he could and then finally began thrusting forward, plunging in her tight channel over and over, propelled by his desire. His body shuddered as he surrendered to his climax.

He felt her entire body shake with the force of her orgasm, passion pounding the blood through his heart, chest and head as he heard her cry out her release. He didn't want it to end; and they made love three more times, before finally yielding to exhaustion.

He woke when his cell phone rang, reached for his jeans and pulled the phone from the. When he recognized the number of his ex wife, his mouth thinned with displeasure. In the short time they were married, she had learned how to push his buttons and she always had rotten timing.

He quietly left the bedroom so he wouldn't disturb Jennifer. "What the fuck do you want, Tina?" he asked in hushed and angry tones. "I told you not to call me every five minutes."

Jennifer woke to find Neal gone. She put on her robe and headed for the kitchen. Halfway there she heard his voice, and he was angry.

She locked her arms around his waist, laying her head against his back. She felt the heat of his body against hers, it felt good - his warmth.

"I'll take care of everything when I get back up there, Tina. I'm leaving here in another week, maybe two. You want to try for three? Don't call me anymore!" He slammed the phone shut, angry at Tina's constant demands. He hadn't notice Jennifer's hands were no longer around him, and when he turned to face her, the look on her face made his heart break.

Jennifer suddenly felt numb, trying to hold back the

tears that threatened to flow. He would be leaving soon; going back to his place, wherever that was, and she would be alone again.

“When were you going to tell me? Does your brother know you’re leaving?” She looked away, so he couldn’t see the hurt or the tears that welled up in her eyes.

Neal reached out to touch her but stopped when she shrank away from him. “We still have two weeks to be together before I have to leave, and yes my brother knows.” He pulled her back around to face him, “My job is still there, I only took a month’s leave to help my brother out. My plans were only short term. My leave of absence is up at the end of the month.”

She closed her eyes, unable to look at him and form the question on her lips. “Who is Tina?” Jennifer hoped he couldn’t tell how upset she was by the sound of her voice. She felt like she was losing a significant part of her life, but she couldn’t explain why.

“She’s my ex-wife.” Did she hear him right? He’d never even told her he’d been married before.

Her silence made him uneasy. “Look, Jennifer, if this is a problem I can have Nathan pick me up. I can be out of here in ten minutes.”

I’ve already lost him. There was no need to fight. She refused to beg him to stay. “Yes, I think that would be best. I have to get ready for work at the library.” Without looking at him, she plodded back to the bedroom to shower.

She indulged in a vain attempt to let the spray of the shower not only clean her of any evidence of her lovemaking with Neal, but the grime and filth of her research assignment. It was easier to call it research; she didn’t want to think she was a slut, and she actually enjoyed making him jealous as she danced for those other men last night. What little good it did her now.

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The water ran down her face, washing the suds of the soap and the salty tears of her heartbreak down the drain.

When she dressed and went to the living room, he was gone.

Seven

Jennifer had been ignoring Neal for two straight weeks. When it was her turn to dance, she could see that he would stop serving drinks to customers and watch her. On his last night she saw him go outside for a short time. Her thoughts were torn between wanting to hurt him and wanting him to stay. She wasn't one to beg a guy to stay, and she wasn't about to start now especially knowing there was someone else in the picture. She had her pride too!

Outside, Neal paced the parking lot. The silence between them was unbearable. He was leaving in the morning. He wanted one more night with her, and if nothing else a few minutes to say goodbye.

When he returned to the club he found Nathan with his arm around Jennifer. A bitter jealousy stirred inside him, the line of his mouth tightening a fraction more. He shot Jennifer a cold look before he spoke to Nathan. "Didn't I warn you to keep your hands off her?"

"There is nothing going on, she was upset and I was just trying to comfort her. Besides you're leaving in the

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morning, so why do you even care?" Neal knew Nathan wasn't about to give him the fight he was aching for.

Only fifteen minutes before closing time, and he still couldn't go and talk to her.

Neal waited impatiently at the airport; he had mixed feelings about leaving. When his cell phone rang he saw that the caller was from the club. He had a strange premonition that something was wrong, but Nathan had seemed fine when he dropped him off at the airport this morning. "Nathan, what's going on? My plane is delayed and it won't be taking off for at least another hour."

"It's Cinnamon," a voice whispered.

"Cinnamon, how did you get my fucking number?"

"I found it, doesn't matter where. What matters right now is Jennifer is in trouble. If you love her like I think you do, you'll help her. They took her." Cinnamon spoke so low he wasn't sure if he heard it right.

"Who took her?" He spat the words, wondering if Cinnamon was up to something, she seemed to be taking forever to answer him.

"It was Cameo and her brother Steve, Jennifer's ex. Bet you didn't know they're related did you? They've been working together for a while now on making the new dancers leave for good, especially if they're better than Cameo. She's a very jealous person. I need to go before she finds me." The the phone went dead.

Neal wondered if he should go back. Hell, he was trying to forget her, but that was impossible. He was hoping by leaving he would forget her. Fuck! He didn't need this now. She was better off without him and anyway.

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He raked his hands thru his hair and looked at the plane ticket. He tore up the plane ticket and tossed it into the nearby trash can. It took him nearly thirty minutes before he could get a cab. He did love Jennifer, but one failed marriage was enough, thank you very much. Still, he'd do everything in his power to make sure history didn't repeat itself. He told the cab driver to step on it.

Jennifer woke finding herself inside a room that was painted red, with one wall full of hooks, and hanging from those hooks were handcuffs, floggers and several other items she couldn't easily identify. The room smelled like fresh paint, which made her queasy. When she was fully conscious she realized she was attached to ropes binding her hands and legs spread wide strapped to hooks on the floor. *Where the hell am I and how did I get here?*

The last thing she remembered was being in the dressing room changing, after everyone had gone home. She had told Nathan she would lock up when she left. Thinking she was alone in the club, she sat there thinking about Neal. As she was about to get dressed, she noticed Steve watching her from the door. Clad only in her thong, she lifted her arms to cover her breasts.

When she saw the rage in Steve's eyes, she'd wished Neal were there to scare the bastard away.

"You're mine. If I can't have you then no one else will," he snarled.

Steve grabbed her and shoved a foul smelling cloth over her mouth and nose. The last thing she remembered was Steve tying her hands together.

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Now all she wanted was to tell Neal she loved him. Maybe he would have stayed if she had. An even more terrifying realization washed over her, *what if I never get out of this place? Is Steve going to kill me? Oh Neal, I need you.*

After what seemed like hours of working with the rope around her hands it began to loosen some. Unfortunately the straps around her feet seemed to be tightening in contrast. She was getting tired. Maybe after a little rest, she would try again.

Neal checked the library first, but nobody had seen her all day. He had called her apartment but got no answer. *The Swollen Pussy Club* was next. Hopefully someone had seen her. Maybe, just maybe, Cinnamon had made all this up.

He arrived at the club and walked straight into Nathan's office. His brother looked up from the papers on his desk surprised to see him.

"What are you doing back here?" Nathan's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"I was sitting at the airport, waiting on my flight when I got a phone call. It was one of your dancers, Cinnamon. I sure would like to know how she got my number, but the more important thing here is she said that Cameo and Steve took Jennifer. But that's all she told me and then she hung up. Have you seen or talked to Jennifer since last night?"

"Hey little brother, you're going to wear a hole in the carpet if you keep that up. To answer your question, no I haven't. Last night Jennifer gave notice she wouldn't be back. She told me she was only here to do research for a book she was writing. If you want my opinion, that isn't the only reason why she left."

"The carpet already has holes in it asshole, and I don't

give a fuck about the damn carpet. Did you ever question Cameo and Cinnamon about why the other girls quit working here? Are you going to do to help me find Jennifer? Or are you just going to sit on your ass and do nothing like always?"

"Neal you need to calm down and stop being such an ass. Let's check the dressing room and see if she left anything behind to give us a clue of her whereabouts. As far as Cameo and Cinnamon goes, they've been working at this club for years. As far as I know, neither would ever hurt any of the girls. All the girls who left said they needed a change and I let it go at that. You have nothing to worry about. I'm sure Jennifer is fine and she'll probably walk through the door sometime tonight to pick up her check." Nathan rose from his chair and put his arm around Neal. "We'll find her - OK?"

Neal didn't know how much longer he could sit around doing nothing. Where was Jennifer? She'd never come in to get her check like his brother said she would. He'd called her several times but all he got was her answering machine. Right now he was glad his brother wasn't right in front of him because he felt like punching something. The club would be closing soon and he couldn't sit around and do nothing anymore. He'd been thinking about that room on the other side of the club all evening. He slipped into Nathan's office and rummaged through the desk. There, taped to one of the drawers was a key. Maybe this was the key that unlocked the door to that special room.

Just as he was leaving Nathan's office, he spotted Cameo. She flashed him a big smile to get his attention and stretched out her hand to touch his face,

He roughly thrust her away, hard enough to make her fall on her ass. Seeing the reaction on her face was priceless. “What do you want, Cameo? I told you before, I’m not interested in fucking you. Nothing has changed.”

“Since Jennifer has disappeared, I thought maybe you would change your mind. Once you’re in my bed, sugar, you’ll wonder what you ever saw in little Miss Jennifer.” She met his icy gaze straight on.

“If you know where Jennifer is Cameo, you’d better tell me now. If you don’t tell me, who knows what will happen to you when I get my hands on whoever is responsible for her disappearance.” He started down the hall at a hurried pace.

“She’s with Steve.” She followed him down the hall, her platform stripper heels clicking a staccato cadence on the wooden floor. “My brother has plans for her and they don’t include you!”

When Neal approached the door the lock was open, and he heard a voice from inside that sounded like Steve’s. *What the fuck is going on?* As he was about to open the door he heard Jennifer scream. He jerked the door open and saw Jennifer hanging from the ceiling in nothing but her thong. Steve’s back was to the door; he hadn’t heard Neal enter. Neal wrapped his arm around Steve’s neck choking him. Steve had this coming. *Anyone who’d hurt his Jennifer would be lucky to live to see the new day. Nobody, and I mean nobody, hurts my woman!.*

Neal threw Steve to the floor and slammed vicious punches to Steve’s face. The sounds of cracking bones melded with the screams of the women.

Nathan finally pulled him off, “Neal, the police are on the way. You need to stop or you’ll kill him!”

Neal stood and glared down at Steve, his eyes seeth-

ing. “If you ever come near Jennifer again, it will be the last time you ever do anything. No one will stop me from killing you then, not even my brother.” Neal walked to Jennifer and held her gently as he released her bound hands from the chains. He groaned as he untied the ropes; she didn’t seem to be hurt except for some bruising around her wrists and ankles from the ropes. Thank God for that, but she hadn’t said a thing since he heard her scream.

“*You came back,*” she whispered. She fell into his chest, swayed gently and passed out in his arms. Neal gently carried her to Nathan’s office, placed her on the black leather sofa and sat down beside her.

As Nathan paced back and forth, Neal looked over at him “Who’s wearing out the carpet now? Why don’t you get her a glass of water? Make yourself useful.” Nathan left to get the water as instructed and Neal looked back at Jennifer; he hoped she came around soon as he was getting more and more concerned by the minute.

He’d found a blanket to put over her, to cover her nakedness. She felt cold to the touch and was pale. He hoped she wasn’t going into shock. *How long had she been locked in that room?*

She slowly opened her eyes; her fingers reached up and caressed his cheek. “You’re really here.”

“Sweetheart, I don’t plan on leaving your side, ever again. While I was sitting at the airport I had lots of time to think. I was scared of what I was feeling for you. Even thought that if I left, the memories of us together would go away. Of course that would never happen. In the two weeks we’ve been apart, those memories have become more vivid with each

passing day. I know now I can't breathe without you, I love you, and I want us to spend the rest of our lives together - if you'll have me." He took a deep breath and grinned. "Will you marry me?"

She wiped a tear from her eye. "I thought you were going back to your ex wife. I remember you telling her on the phone that day you would be home soon."

"Sweetheart, I was going back to quit my job, pack the rest of my things, and move out of my apartment. As far as Tina is concerned, she's not a problem anymore. I told her I was through with her games, and she wouldn't be getting any more money out of me either."

"Oh Neal, I love you, too!" She threw her arms around his neck, the blanket slipping off and exposing her. "I even wanted to tell you that morning after we made love, but then I overheard you on the phone so I kept silent about it."

"Jen, I think I fell in love with you the first day we met, seeing you on the floor, getting all pissed off because I didn't help you get up. You're so sexy, when you get mad like that."

"The first day we met, I thought you were rude and an ass."

Nathan picked that moment to return to his office with the glass of water, and following behind him was a police officer. "Sorry it took so long, but this officer needs to talk to you." He handed her the glass of water.

"Are you OK, little lady?"

She pulled the blanket around her. "Yes, I'm fine, just a little shook up is all."

The officer sat on the corner of the desk and took out a notebook. "I have a few questions for you. Can you tell me what happened?"

Jennifer sipped at the water. “I was in the dressing room changing when Steve came in. Before I knew it, he had me drugged, and when I woke up, I was locked in that room and tied up.”

“Do you know him?” The police officer looked behind him as Steve and Cameo were being led past the office.

“Yes officer, I know him, Steve was an old boyfriend. I don’t know why he locked me in that room and tied me up though. I do know he was jealous that I was moving on. Cameo never did like me from day one. She also wanted to be with Neal, and didn’t like that we were a couple. That’s all I know.” Jennifer began to shake as the fearful images came back into her mind.

The officer noticed her reaction. “I think you should go to the hospital to get checked out.”

“No, I’m fine. I only have some bruises. He didn’t have enough time to do anything else to me.”

Neal interjected, “I think you should know something about Cameo. Steve is her half-brother.”

The officer closed up his notebook. “Thanks, I think I have all the information I need for now. We’ll get back with you if there are any more questions. Tomorrow you’ll need to come down to the station and sign your statement.”

“I’m so glad this is over. I warned you about Cameo being trouble, didn’t I?” Neal glared at his brother.

“Yea, you did say that a few times. Sorry I didn’t listen to you.” Nathan tried giving a half smile.

“Nathan, I just asked Jennifer to marry me.” Neal grinned from ear to ear.

“Well hell! What did she say? Don’t keep me in suspense.” Nathan was glad his brother found someone to finally make him happy.

“She hasn’t answered me yet.” Neal looked at her,

waiting for an answer, hoping to God she would say yes.

Jennifer smiled at Nathan and then turned to Neal. “Yes, I’ll marry you.”

Nathan gave her a hug and congratulated them both on the upcoming marriage. “Let me know when you set a date so I can be there.”

“Of course you’ll be there. I want you to stand up with me, be my best man.” Neal hoped his brother would one day be as happy as he was this very moment.

“You know I’d be more than happy to bro,” Nathan declared.

Jennifer rose from the couch, making sure the blanket was secure around her. “Neal, I’m exhausted, can you take me home please?” The more she thought about what she’d been through the last few days the more she realized her emotions were in overdrive.

After another hug from Nathan, they went to the dressing room so she could get dressed. Once they were in the car, Neal spoke up. “Are you sure you’re okay? Maybe someone should check you over.”

“I’m fine, just a little shook up is all. All I want is to go home and crawl into bed. I feel like I could sleep for days.” She gazed out the window, trying to hide the tears she’d held in for the last twenty-four hours.

Eight

Once they were safely in her apartment behind a locked door, she finally relaxed. Neal held her close, running his hands up her arms to her neck, moving her hair to the side. Leaning her body back against his, she felt his hard erection pressing into her. The kiss he placed on her neck made her dizzy with desire. His warm breath cascading over the damp skin he'd just kissed made her sex ache for him. Slowly gliding his hands over her shoulders, he ran his fingers up the column of her neck.

He cupped her chin in his warm hand, his touch a soft caress that left her breathless. A delightful shiver of wanting him ran through her whole body. He stood so close, she could feel the heat from his body, and his hot sensual gaze left her cheeks warm and flushed.

Neal finally broke the silence between them. "Do you have any idea how sexy you are when you blush baby?" He kissed her forehead, trailing a path down her face until his lips met hers. Pulling her bottom lip into his mouth, he devoured her softness in a mouth watering, weak-in-the-knees kiss. His

tongue moved out of her mouth and traced her lips before he wrenched away, looking at her. He took her hand in his and led her down the narrow hallway to her bedroom.

He dropped to his knees in front of her; gliding her dress up her body, he caressed her legs as he slid the material over her skin. Jennifer leaned her head back, his touch making her tremble with need. He finally lifted the dress over her extended arms.

“I like that there are no buttons on this dress, I don’t think I could stay focused long enough to do buttons right now. I want you so bad it hurts.”

He looked at her; she stood in front of him, completely naked, every perfect curve on display for his pleasure. He groaned, “You are so beautiful, even more so than the last time. I need to be inside you, Jen.” His fingers curled around her hair and pulled her closer to him. They were so close he felt her heart racing. His erection thickened as he rubbed his length against her thigh.

She lowered her hand to the front of his jeans, unfastening and zipping them so she could rub her hand over his erection. As she took his maleness in her hand she gave him a gentle squeeze. “Make love to me, I want to feel you deep inside me.”

He removed his jeans and boxers in one fast pull, dropping them to the floor. He was hard and thick, ready to make Jen his again. Reaching into his pocket, he extracted a condom and looked at her.

“Should I put it on, or do you want to do it?” He asked her at the same time her hand was ripping it out of his hand. She tore into the wrapper, taking the condom out. She ran her hand over the length of his shaft sliding the condom over his hardness. Giving her a sexy grin, “I have plans on loving you all night long and every night starting tonight.”

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He leaned her over the bed, spreading her legs wide, then slowly entered her. He pumped harder and deeper, as if he couldn't get enough of her. Sliding his hand around her hip and down her stomach, his finger connected with her throbbing clit and he traced a circle over the tender bud. He applied more pressure, just enough for her to fly over the edge. Pumping in and out of her made his release soon follow hers.

As good as his word, into the night, they made passionate love, just as he'd told her they would.

The next three months flew by quickly. The wedding was only a few days away. Both of them agreed to have the wedding at *The Swollen Pussy Club*. Since that is where they'd met, they thought it would be a memorable venue.

One night she was working at the computer finishing her latest book. Now she had plenty of research, along with some mystery to add to the stripper story she was writing. No way was she telling her editor that some of it was a true to life experience. *Write about what you know*, she smiled.

Neal came home after working at the club, tired, but never too tired when it came to making love to her. His hands slipped inside the neckline of her blouse, her nipples firmed instantly under his touch and she whimpered. He whispered, "Let's get an early start on the honeymoon. What do you say to that, baby?"

"Lets go, I'll race you. First one to reach the bedroom gets to tie the other one up." She beat him there.

Jennifer arrived early at *The Swollen Pussy Club* on

her wedding day. She wanted to get dressed at the club so that her white silk dress wouldn't get wrinkled. The dress was a little too long so she wore the only heels she owned. Neal had insisted she keep one set of Fuck-Me shoes. She didn't know why because *fuck if I can walk in these damn things - still!*

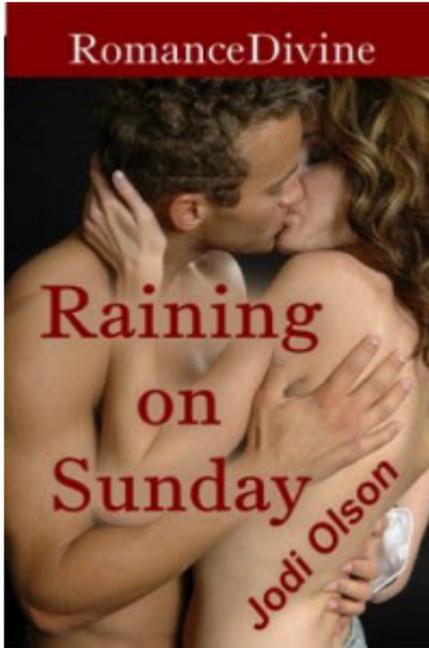
No one had arrived yet, so Jennifer decided to wait in the club to greet everyone; she wondered what was keeping Neal. She took a moment to look around the club, remembering first day she walked in for the stripper job. It was fun, but she was glad it was over. All of a sudden, she found her heel caught on her dress. As she stood to fix it, she bumped into one of the tables and found herself on the floor. When she looked up, Neal was smiling down at her.

“Here we go again, baby.” He held out his hand and laughed, “Time to get married, sweetheart.”

END

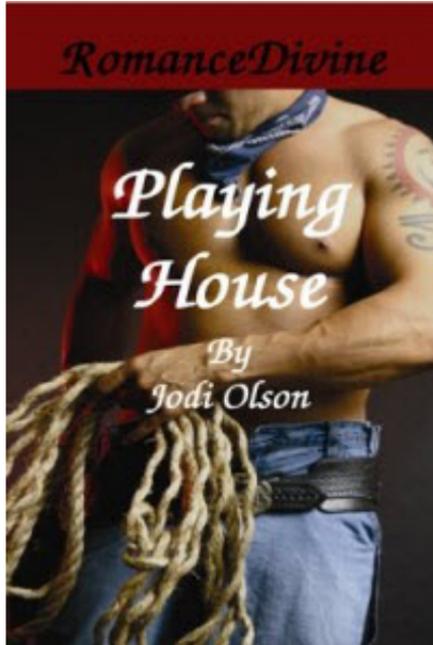
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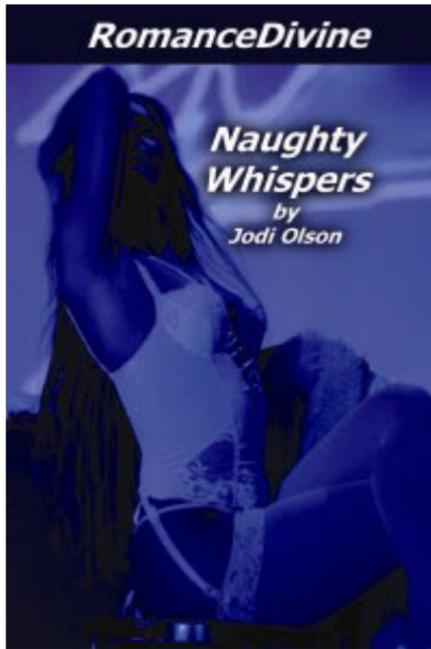
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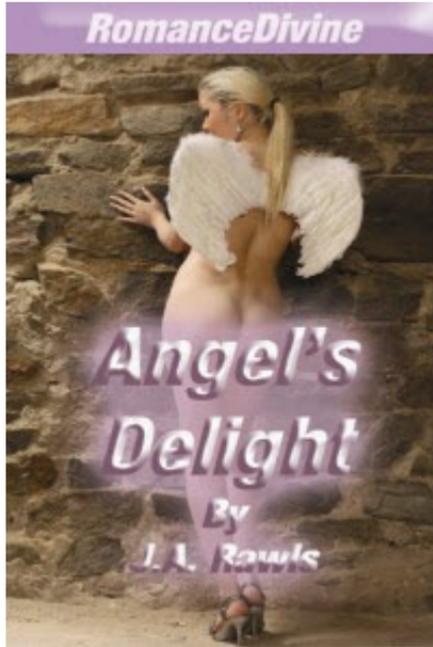
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About the Author

Jodi Olson has been an avid reader of romances since the age of 14, cowboys being a favorite subject. Taking her love of romantic westerns and cowboys to the next level, she crafts her own short stories featuring the themes, and cowboys, she loves. She has expanded her writing to include sensual multiple partner stories.

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