



RomanceDivine

***Seduction -
The Riley Way***

Jodi Olson

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Seduction - The Riley Way

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ISBN 978-1-934446-42-3

Cover Design by *VIPER*

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Published by
Romance Divine 2009

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Other Erotic Romances by Jodi Olson

Raining on Sunday

Amelia lost her husband and was now in danger of losing her dream house. The constant rain drenched her, washing away her tears...and hope. Could the answer to her problems lay in becoming the sex slave to the two handsome builders of her dream home? Mike and Kevin could only hope her answer would be "yes."

Naughty Whispers

What's a girl to do when she's got two hot men, willing, able and more than ready to take care of her needs? Gina had almost everything she could ever want: a college degree, money, and a new business - everything except the love of a man; let alone two men. Hudson and Grant, her brother's best friends, were back in her life. Could they be the ones to accept the challenge?

Hunter's Possession

When Travis Hunter dies, his Will brings together his long-lost sons Ryan and Adam, and Travis's beautiful young widow Brooke. How will they divide Travis's legacy, the Triple-H ranch? And who will claim the richest prize of all, the ravishing Brooke Hunter? Can they have it all?

Getting Wild

Neal Riley gets more than he bargains for when he takes a leave of absence from his job to tend bar for his brother at *The Swollen Pussy Club*. His life is turned upside down when librarian and would-be erotic novelist Jennifer Logan, takes a job as a stripper to – “research” – her next book. Jennifer’s ex-boyfriend Steve, and hostile erotic dancer Cameo, bring danger to the mix and threaten Neal and Jennifer’s on-again-off-again torrid romance. Only time will tell if her research will bring more than just a great story for her book – and a happy-ever-after ending for herself?

Seduction - The Riley Way

Nicole Champagne isn’t bubbly. She’s down and out: locked out of her apartment, out of a job, and definitely down on her ex-boyfriend, Chaz, the cause of her problems. And the light at the end of her tunnel is the neon sign for the *Swollen Pussy Club*. Can a gentleman’s club, and its hunky owner Nathan Riley be the answer to her prayers.

Seduction – The Riley Way is the sequel to Jodi Olson’s erotic romantic romp, *Getting Wild*. In *Getting Wild*, Nathan’s brother Neal got the girl, would-be erotic dancer/author Jennifer Logan. Now it’s brother Nathan’s time to find love. But will Nicole prove any easier to woo for him than Jennifer was for his brother? And what is it about the *Swollen Pussy Club* that unlocks women’s libidos?

Playing House

What would a woman do to get her inheritance, especially if it required she have a husband? Could she rope the nearest cowboy; and if she caught him...what would she do with him? Kathryn gets more than she bargained for when she starts...PLAYING HOUSE.

Storm's Obsession

The Mexican sun heats up an old love when Private Investigator Storm Mathews takes a divorce case at a Cancun resort. The sleuth digs up a disturbing clue when he discovers that his target's BFF on this trip is his old flame Kitty. Will the resulting Storm be a tempest, or a drizzle? And will Kitty be the cat who lands on her feet, or gets swept off them?

A Christmas Wish

Spencer Martin was a workaholic who hated Christmas ever since his girlfriend was killed on that day five years ago. When Spencer's sister invites him to spend Christmas with her the idea of a 'family' Christmas doesn't sit well with him. But he has a change of heart when he hears that his first love, Maggie Sinclair, would be there. Maggie loved Christmas, from her snowman decorations to baking cookies for her elementary class and everything in between. Could Maggie make Spencer love Christmas again? Could she make him fall in love again?

Dedication

To Barb Ledbetter: Thanks for the encouragement and support you've given me on a daily basis. Without you my books wouldn't be published.

To D.M. Thank you for all your encouragement and helpful ideas for this book.

To the Erotic Ranch: Cindy, Kim, Krissy, Brenda, Pat and everyone else at the ranch. You're the most supportive group an author could have in her corner. Thank you.

To my Editor Greg: Thank you so much for EVERYTHING you do for me.

To my Readers: Thank you for all your support by reading my books and sending me emails telling me how you love my books. I love hearing from my readers.

Seduction
The Riley Way

Jodi Olson

One

Nicole Champagne had been walking for hours, with nowhere to go. The only motel for miles around was booked. She was homeless and jobless; her slimy boyfriend made sure of that. At the end of her shift, her manager handed her fifty dollars and a pink slip, saying she was too much trouble.

When she arrived back at her apartment, an eviction notice was taped on the door. Locks had already been changed and there was no sign of her lazy-ass boyfriend. All she had were the clothes on her back and the fifty dollars in her wallet.

Down the block, Nicole spotted the bright neon sign for *The Swollen Pussy Club*. She was dressed in a heavy wool sweater and blue jeans, but the wind was beginning to pick up and she hated the cold. *Maybe someone is still there cleaning and will let me get warmed up.* All she wanted was to find a warm bed so she could forget the last five hours of her life.

Nicole pulled on the door to the club, but it was locked. She looked inside the small window but couldn't tell if anyone

was in the building. There was still a car sitting in the parking lot so she banged on the door. No one answered. Dejectedly, she plopped herself down beside the door, hoping someone would come out soon. Nicole picked up a help wanted sign lying in the gravel. *How could anyone read this? It's in the dirt.*

Nathan Riley looked up from his desk, thinking he'd heard a knock. *Man, I'm so tired; I must be hearing things.* The club had been closed for an hour and everyone was gone.

He rose from his chair, walked into the club and turned off the last light. As he turned, he heard another knock on the door. *Who would be out at this time of night?* Nathan pushed open the door, but he didn't see anyone, so he walked to his car. From behind him he heard the woman's voice, "Your help wanted sign sucks big time."

Nathan didn't turn around right away. *What the fuck is her problem? I don't need to listen to insults at three in the morning when I can be home in bed.* Looking over his shoulder, he spotted her sitting next to the door. "If you want a job come back tomorrow." He barely gave her a thought as he drove off. *Shit! What if something happens to her?* He'd only gone two blocks before he turned around and headed back to the club.

When he pulled into the parking lot, she was still sitting in the same spot. He walked to her, "Who are you, and why are you still here?"

Nicole gave him the once over. His thick short chestnut hair tapered neatly to his collar, his profile was sharp and confident. He was a very attractive man, but not the usual type she dated. "Is that a crime now, to sit down? I was tired of walking, but I'll go now before you have me arrested for loitering: that would really make my day." Nicole brushed off

her jeans as she stood up.

“You shouldn’t be out walking alone at this hour with all the nuts out running the streets.” Nathan nodded toward his car, “Can I give you a ride home?”

Nicole followed him as he walked to his car, “After getting fired from my crappy job, I went back to my apartment and found the locks had been changed, and an eviction notice taped on the door.” She couldn’t believe she’d told a perfect stranger all her problems.

“Why don’t you come home with me, grab a few hours of sleep,” he opened the passenger side door, and waited for her to get in, “and then we’ll talk about a job for you.”

She paused and stared at him, “How do I know *you* aren’t one of those nuts?” She was freezing, didn’t have anywhere to go so what else was she to do? Maybe after a few hours of sleep in a warm bed, things would start to look better. She slid into the passenger seat, “So, are you the janitor of the club? Do you think the owner will hire me?”

Nathan closed her door, and as he rounded the car he tried to hide the shit-eating grin on his face. *She thinks I’m the janitor and not the owner. That’s a good one.* “Since you’re coming home with me, do you have a name? I like to know the names of the women I share my bed with.”

Shocked, her mouth flew open. *He’s got to be kidding.* “My name is Nicole Champagne, and you are?”

“I’m Nathan Riley.” The drive was silent until he pulled in the driveway of his two-bedroom home. He opened her door, catching her hand in his; and she made no effort to pull back. Nathan couldn’t stop staring at her moonlit beauty: her dainty features, her peach-tinted creamy skin, and her pale, yellow curls.

Once they got inside the house, he showed her where the bathroom was and pointed to his bedroom across the hall. He gave her one of his shirts to sleep in, "You can change into this. It'll be more comfortable than sleeping in that heavy sweater and jeans."

She entered the bathroom, but before closing the door, she looked back over her shoulder. "Where am I supposed to sleep?" she whispered, afraid of his answer.

"You'll have to share my bed, it's the only one I have. My spare room is just a storage room since my brother moved out."

Nathan was so tired if he didn't hurry and crawl in bed, he might drop where he stood. It was busy at work; he didn't think he was ever going to get to the bookkeeping. Now here was Nicole, even though he didn't know her, he felt he needed to come up with a job for her. He'd totally forgotten to take that sign off the door. The new dancer was starting tomorrow night, but maybe he could afford one more dancer. All he needed was some sleep, and then he'd be able to think and come up with fresh ideas.

Nicole took off her jeans and sweater, and pulled the t-shirt over her head; it came to just below her thighs. As soon as she got closer to the bed, she heard Nathan's soft snores. Nervously, she crawled between the sheets and pulled the covers up to her chin. She was exhausted, and it didn't take long for her to fall into a deep sleep.

A few hours later, Nathan woke when he heard a loud noise outside; the neighbors were fighting again. He couldn't move because an arm was wrapped around his chest and a leg

was thrown across his thigh. What a mistake he'd made bringing Nicole home with him; now all he wanted to do was touch her.

During the night she'd thrown the covers off and the t-shirt was bunched around her waist. His hand reached over to caress her cheek. *What in the world led her to being homeless and jobless all in one night? I've got to help make things better for her in some way.* His gaze was riveted on her face, but slowly, his eyes wandered over her body.

I wonder what she tastes like? He moved his mouth over hers, devouring its softness; then his lips seared a path down her neck to her shoulder. *That damn shirt is in the way!* His hands pushed it up past her breasts. *Oh man!* Her beautiful small breasts were tipped with pale pink nipples, already marble hard. He licked around the top of one nipple before sucking it and hearing her moan. When he looked up, he saw her eyes were still closed. Slipping one hand between her thighs he found her hot, wet and swollen with need. He moved down between her thighs, parting her and lowering his mouth to her swollen labia; stroking every inch with his tongue, until she bucked into his mouth.

What the hell am I doing? He had to get away before he took further advantage of her; he'd already done enough. Getting involved with someone who would be working for him was the last thing he needed; it'd happened before, and it never worked out. He quickly grabbed his clothes and left the bedroom. Quietly, he slipped back into the bedroom and left four hundred dollars on the nightstand.

Nicole woke up feeling delicious. She'd had a wonderful dream about Nathan making love to her. At first she didn't recognize where she was; then she remembered accepting Nathan's invitation since she had nowhere to go. When she

didn't see him in bed beside her, she thought he must be in another room. Then she noticed the T-shirt she wore was raised up to her breasts. *Was it really a dream I was having? Is this why Nathan is gone?* She got up and noticed the money lying on the nightstand. She picked up the money and counted it, *No note, and four one hundred dollar bills. What does he think I am? Some whore to be paid for her services? He can't treat me this way.* She looked down and kicked a shoe across the room. *I'll show him who he's dealing with!*

Two

Nicole was steaming mad when she went to the bathroom and started the shower. *Four hundred dollars? For services rendered? No fucking way! I rendered NO services to him. Were the dreams of Nathan making love to me real, or just a figment of my imagination?* Nathan clouded her mind while she showered. She found his house unbelievably clean and orderly, for a bachelor: no piles of dirty clothes, the bathroom was clean and the bathtub and toilet were sparkling. She had a serious case of morning breath so she scrounged around and found the toothpaste. *Nope, can't use his toothbrush; sharing a bed is NOT the same as sharing a toothbrush.* The only thing she could use to brush her teeth was her finger.

Her stomach growled so she strolled into the kitchen to see what was in the fridge. She hadn't eaten since lunch yesterday, and if she didn't satisfy the nagging in her stomach, she wouldn't be good for anything. When she opened the refrigerator she found milk, eggs, butter, condiments and a lot of plastic containers with leftover dinners; one box held cold

pizza she could warm up. Nathan obviously didn't cook much. *Maybe his domestic skills don't extend that far. Maybe he has a maid?* She grabbed a ceramic cup from the cupboard to warm up the tepid coffee she found in the pot. Pizza and coffee was not her usual breakfast, but it would do for now.

The last thirty-six hours had been a real butt kicker: losing a job and a lousy boyfriend, getting the boot from her apartment, walking aimlessly in the night, getting cold, and finally sharing a bed with a stranger. Her thoughts drifted back to Nathan. *Why did he leave the money on the nightstand, for sharing his bed?* She didn't share beds with total strangers, but last night was out of necessity. All she needed to do was find this guy, give him his money back and move on. *He does have nice eyes and a gentle demeanor about him.* There was no way around it: she'd have to contact him at work. She found the club's number on a pad on the desk and picked up the phone.

"Hello, is Nathan there please? Yes, I'll hold. Hello, Nathan this is Nicole. Remember from last night? So – what was the money for? Yes I need some clothes and a place to stay. Uh – huh, and exactly what do you expect me to do for that money? Yes, I can cook. Okay, yea, I can be here later. Can you tell me where the mall is from here? OK, thanks, I'll see you then, bye."

Nathan thought back on his phone conversation with Nicole. He wondered what she was really like and why she sounded so professional on the phone. *What kind of job did she do before?* He'd have to wait until tonight to find out. It was nice to have a quiet day at work to finish balancing the

books. He let his assistant manager handle things that night so he'd be able to get out of there on time. He called Nicole to see if she'd eaten. "Hey Nicole, how do burgers and fries sound? Good, I'll stop by this all night mom and pop burger joint and bring some home. Do you want cheese and dill pickles on the side? We'll discuss your situation over dinner, how's that? No problem. Be there in about half an hour, bye"

When he pulled into the driveway, he saw the porch light go on and the door open. Nicole was standing there with an odd look on her face. Not knowing what to make of it he grabbed the bag of food and drinks and walked toward his house. "Hey Nicole, did you get some rest today? How're you feeling?"

"Yea, OK, I got some rest, it was a rough night. Let's get the food in the house before it gets cold."

"Fine by me, I'm hungry, and I imagine you are too."

"Yes, I am, I had some of your pizza this morning, and could use a bite about now." As they ate Nicole looked Nathan straight in the eye, "Nathan, I need to know some things before this goes any further."

"I agree. We need to speak of the past, present and future," he dipped a French fry in ketchup, "not necessarily in that order."

Nicole rolled her eyes and bit her bottom lip. "Why did you leave that money on the night stand? Did you think I'm an easy lay or what?" Her voice rose, "Are you trying to clear your conscience about last night for some reason? I know I was tired and you were asleep when I crawled into your bed." She took the wad of money from her pocket and threw it at him, barely missing his ear.

Nathan nearly choked on his burger as he dodged the money. He dropped the food on the table and raised his hands.

“Slow down, girl, that’s not what I thought! I took you at face value, down on your luck and in need of a place to stay.”

“When I called you today, you asked if I needed clothes and could I cook. Is cooking for you what you’re expecting me to do,” her eyes narrowed, “or is that just part of it? I’m looking for a job that pays money, yes. But if being your whore is part of this arrangement, you can forget it mister.”

“Look, Nicole, I’ve been in your position before, down and out. Been there, done that, didn’t like it. I’m just trying to help you until you get on your feet, if that’s okay with you?” He paused and looked away, his next words were slower, quieter, “I didn’t stay around this morning because looking at your beautiful body gives me wicked ideas.”

She leaned back in her chair, her arms folded across her chest. “By wicked ideas, you mean what, Nathan? Like spanking me, tying me up? I think I’ll tie you up to that extra bed you told me *wasn’t there*.” She pointed to the room down the hall, “What? You didn’t expect me to find it when you left me here all alone. Looks to me like I was right about you after all, you’re just like all the rest of the slime balls I’ve met.”

Nathan didn’t know how he was going to get out of this one. When he brought her home with him last night, it was three a.m. There was no way he was clearing out the spare bedroom, especially for someone who might only be there one night. “So I lied about the extra bed. When I said for us to share a bed, having sex with you was the last thing on my mind.” He stood to throw out his dinner which had gone cold. “Tonight, you can sleep in other room. I’ll go move the boxes from the bed.” He left the kitchen before she could speak.

Nicole looked after him as he left the room. *Shit! What have I done? He’s really upset and all he’s done is try and help me.* She followed Nathan to the spare bedroom where he

was unloading the boxes from the bed, stacking them in the corner.

When he turned, he saw her in the doorway. He dropped the box he was holding, noting how its crash to the floor made her jump. He grabbed her and kissed her, long and hard, his strong hand feeling the softness of her hair as he held her in his embrace. When he broke the kiss he slowly pushed her away and brushed a strand of hair from her face, "See, I didn't feel a thing; you're safe here."

She stood, stunned, on shaky legs, even as short as the kiss had been, it made her world tilt. "Nathan, I need to know. What did you mean by wicked ideas?"

"Just what I said, I wanted to have wild sex with you. I didn't leave the money to clear my conscience 'cause I don't know you well enough to do that."

She paused, considering her options, "What about that club you work at? What kind of job openings do they have there?"

He smiled, *the club I work at? You mean the club I own.* "Hey, it's a gentlemen's club, they hire dancers. Do you think you might be interested?"

Her nose crinkled, "You sure there's nothing else? From the club's name, I'm guessing the dancers are exotic. All I've done in the past is ballroom style dancing."

He shook his head, "There's no other openings."

"But, I don't know how to dance that way," her shoulders slumped, "and I went to college for business."

"I'm sorry, that's all they have to offer. And there's damned few business jobs now. I checked the paper today."

"I'm not a housekeeper or a cook." She looked around the room, "Hell, you keep house as good as I do, maybe better, I can only do enough to get by."

“Why don’t you come to the club with me so you can get a feel for the place and talk with some of the dancers; see what they have to say.” He smiled at her, a genuine smile that hinted at more, “You have a nice body and you’d fit in with little or no trouble at all. C’mon, what do you say? I’m not going to kick you out of here unless you give me reason to, and I’m not going to try to take advantage of you while you’re here. Sleep on it and let me know after you’ve had a chance to look the place over. My club isn’t a sleaze bag joint; *I own* a respectable place.”

Her eyes went wide and she returned his smile, “You own? Well hell, you sure are full of surprises. I thought you were the janitor.” She nodded slowly, “OK, after I’ve seen *your* club, I’ll give you an answer.”

“I’m going to shower and go to bed. You can sleep in here if you like, or you can share my bed,” he held up his right hand, “and I promise I’ll keep my hands to myself.” He went to his bedroom, stripped and started the shower.

Nathan had been in the shower for a few minutes when Nicole walked in, noticing that the bathroom door was fully opened. Curious by nature, she peered at the reflection in the mirror and saw Nathan, a wet, naked, steamy Nathan. *Thank you for clear shower doors!* Even though the shower door was clear, the steam slightly obscured the view but she could tell he had a great looking body; nice, firm, round ass, broad shoulders and a tight waist. It definitely looked like he worked out. Too bad his back was to her, but from her vantage point, he was better built and much better looking than her ex. *I wonder what his bedside manner is like. He doesn’t seem cocky or stuck on himself, but down to earth with a good heart, but those types can be weak in bed.* She shook her head; she needed more than a quick lay with a handsome hunk to fix her

problems. What she needed was a job, and to get back on her feet as soon as possible.

Three

*T*he next day Nathan gave her a gentle shake on the shoulder and told her it was time to get up and get ready for the preview of the club. She rose, dressed and went into the kitchen to have toast and coffee. Deciding to share his bed again, she'd felt somewhat apprehensive, but relieved he'd made no forward advances. Still, she was confused, and didn't know whether she liked it or not.

As they drove to the club Nicole was nervous; butterflies wrought havoc in her stomach. She'd never been in a "Gentlemen's Club" and had all the preconceived notions; smoke filled, alcohol swilling, and pot-bellied old men taking advantage of young women.

She found the club wasn't opened yet and only a few exit lights illuminated the interior. Despite the subdued lighting, she got the feeling it was larger than she'd expected.

"Wait here while I turn on some more lights. I don't want you tripping and falling." Nathan walked to the light panel on the wall.

A few seconds later, the club was bathed in well-designed lighting, and to her amazement, the layout was very pleasing, not at all trashy. Not all the lights were turned on, but from what she could see, she liked the interior. Mirrors lined some of the walls, and the paint scheme gave it all a warm comfortable look. The seats were leather and the tables and booths surrounded the stage. The stage curtains were heavy velvet, giving the stage a look of elegant glamour, something reminiscent of burlesque. Slowly, the employees began reporting for their shift; the dancers were quiet and casually dressed in slacks and t-shirts. The bartenders wore black slacks, white shirts and bow ties. They were well groomed, and could have doubled for male escorts. After a couple hours, the doors opened and patrons began arriving, most wearing suits and ties. Nicole relaxed; nothing outrageous was going on as the music played overhead and the drink orders were placed and delivered.

The DJ announced the first dancer, “Ladies and gentleman, it’s dance time at The Pussy, give it up now for the exotic, the one and only – Ophelia!” The music changed as Ophelia strutted on the stage and danced her number, making eye contact with the men, and Nicole, as well. As each of the dancers went through their sexy, but classy, routines, Nicole’s mid section tickled.

“Why don’t we go to the back so you can meet Ophelia and the rest of the girls,” Nathan whispered next to her ear. “They won’t bite and they can give you the low down about working here. You can’t make a decision by sitting out here alone and watching them.”

Nicole flinched when she heard Nathan’s voice and his breath caressed her ear; she’d been so entranced with the show. “Yea – uh - that’s a good idea. How do I get backstage?”

“C’mon follow me.” Nathan led her to the dressing room where she met featured dancer Ophelia Moore and the rest of the girls. He told them that Nicole was a prospective dancer, and to answer any questions she might have.

Nicole asked several questions of the dancers; did the boss expect “special” favors from them, what was the pay like, how many hours did they work and how did the customers treat them. Then she asked what it was like to dance naked, and she received a variety of answers, some said it turned them on, but many said that you simply got used to it. She asked what prompted them to perform there, and they all agreed it was the money; she was floored, it was triple of any job she’d held previously. These were no dummies dancing their hearts out, and costumes off. She felt she could make an educated decision, so she thanked the girls and left the dressing room. She wiggled through the crowded tables until she came to one in the corner, farthest from the stages, and she sat to wait out the rest of the evening.

As the dancing started again on all three stages, Nicole watched and admired the moves the dancers went through; seductive, sexy, slow and enticing, bumping and grinding, but they all had class. Her stomach tingled with anticipation and her insides were wild with unadulterated wanton lust. *Am I a Lesbian? An exhibitionist?*

Nicole saw Nathan give the nod to the DJ, who said the club would be closing in half an hour and announced the last call for alcohol.

Nathan walked to Nicole, “Nicole, I’ll be ready to go about an hour after the club closes.”

“Okay, Nathan, I’ll be waiting in the booth by the door.”

After closing, Nicole noticed Ophelia walking toward her with shoes in hand. She’d overheard Nathan ask Ophelia

to dance an extra set tonight since one of the girls hadn't shown up on time. She didn't know how the girls could dance in those shoes for an entire evening without having sore feet.

Ophelia was extremely beautiful, with straight thick hair, and Nicole envied how the dancer carried herself so confidently. She'd kill for hair like Ophelia's, even though everyone said they loved her curly locks. Nicole tried to hide her nervousness as Ophelia approached the table. What if she was terrible? Would Nathan give her another job? Maybe she could wait tables instead if it didn't work out.

"Hey, Nicole, are you waiting on Nathan?" Ophelia leaned on the table.

"Yea, he should be finished in a little while."

"Would you like some company while you wait?"

"Sure, have a seat. You look like you're about to drop."

"My feet are killing me tonight." Ophelia grimaced as she sat down. "So, what do you think? Are you going to take the job?"

"I'm leaning in that direction, just not sure if I can do it. I've never done anything like this before."

"Look Nicole, you couldn't ask for a better boss than Nathan. He's the best. I'm a single mom and whenever I need extra time off or a little extra money, he sees I'm taken care of." She nodded to the stage and shook her head, "It's not about being a great dancer; it's about being a great performer and having the right attitude. Hell, some of the girls that make the best tips are NOT the best dancers. But they have that attitude; they make the customer think they're special." Ophelia smiled, "Why don't I give you some lessons and see if you can get the hang of it?" Ophelia saw Nathan walking toward the table and rose to leave.

Nicole smiled, "Thanks, I might take you up on that

offer. If I'm gonna do this I'll need help getting started."

"Well, let me know. Bye." Ophelia waved as she left.

On the way home Nathan picked up Chinese food: Hunan beef, sweet and sour pork, shrimp fried rice, and egg rolls.

Nicole gave him a strange look when he got back in the car, "It smells good, but where the hell do you find Chinese takeout at *this* time of night?"

Nathan laughed, and opened the bag, infusing the car with delicious smells of the Orient. "*This* food will rock your world. And Mr. Lee often does a late night special for me. When business men do private functions or power lunches at his place I sometimes provide one of the girls to dance. It's a global economy." He held out a sliver of Hunan beef and watched her take it between her lips.

"Oh my God!" she gasped. "That *is* good, almost orgasmic." She blushed at the sexual reference. "I mean--"

"I know," he laughed, "let's get this home before it gets cold."

While Nicole set the table, Nathan got the drinks ready, "So, Nicole, what do you think of my business?"

"It was interesting," her eyes twinkled, "and I found out a lot of information about both you and your business, and what kind of rewards are to be had."

"I have sweet and sour pork, care for some?" Nathan pushed the white take out box to her plate. "Let me get to the point. Have you made your decision about dancing?"

Nicole stabbed at the box contents with her chopsticks,

"I think that I will try it. But, I need to work on some dancing styles, develop some moves, and Ophelia said she'd help me. Can you give me a few days to train, to get ready?"

"Sure, that shouldn't be any problem at all." Nathan watched Nicole squirm in her chair. "You okay?"

"I – uh - need a shower, and my jeans are a little snug," she bit her bottom lip as she gazed straight in his eyes.

He could tell by blush on her face what she was in need of. "Do you mind if I ask you something else, Nicole?"

"No, ask away."

"Did you find the dancers and the atmosphere stimulating?"

"Aren't you really asking me if I'm hot and bothered?" She jammed her chopsticks in the fried rice. "Alright, hell yes, I need some release and I need it now!"

Nathan caught her hand and pulled her toward the bedroom, "C'mon, let's get you into the shower and do something about your *condition*." On the way down the hall, he pinned her against the wall, pressing himself against her. Tenderly, he cupped her chin in his warm hand and tilted her head so he could gaze into her beautiful brown eyes. He kissed the tip of her nose, then her eyelids, and finally her sweet, soft mouth. When he touched her skin, he felt the extra warmth of her body and knew her temperature was rising fast. Not wanting their time together to be rushed, he led her to the bedroom and sat on the bed, turning her to face him between his legs. His building desire caused his hands to tremble as he reached and began unbuttoning her blouse from the bottom up. Slowly, and purposefully, he savored every nuance and movement. Her eyes tracked his every move; one by one, higher and higher until the last button slipped away and the blouse parted to bare her soft round shoulders and smooth silky skin.

As he removed the blouse he heard Nicole's breathing intensify and deepen. Nathan watched her chest heave as he slid his hands behind her back to unfasten her bra. When the hooks came apart, Nicole sighed as if relieved of a heavy burden.

"Take it off, take it off now," she mewed.

Nathan complied and was rewarded with her beautiful breasts. He paused, looked at her with a devilish smile; and flicked his tongue across one rosy peak, causing a moan to escape her lips. Unfastening her jeans button, he eased the zipper down so slowly that you could hear the teeth disengaging one at a time.

Nicole wiggled, trying to free herself from the constraining fabric. "Get these jeans off me Nathan, I can't stand them."

He leaned over slightly to help her push the encumbering western wear down her legs, and she braced herself with both hands on his strong shoulders, stepping out of her jeans one foot at a time. She quaked with anticipation now; sweat trickling down her brow, and desire dripping from her sex. Her stomach was playing tag with her heart, which was pounding harder and harder.

"Touch me," she cried out, "I need it!"

At this point, Nathan knew she wouldn't last through a shower, much less more minutes of foreplay. She was ready to ignite in a sexual frenzy. He straightened up, took one of her nipples into his mouth and sucked hard on it. Nicole pulled his head tight to her breast and started to shake, tremors filling her body; she was past the point of no return. As his sucking and her moaning intensified, Nathan's hand slid to her drenched labia, firmly palming her mons. It was all she needed to explode, shaking without control, her head falling back

and eyes glazing over before they closed. Taken over by sheer lust, she stood shaking and holding Nathan's head to her breast with all her might. Finally Nathan murmured, "We need a shower."

Nathan put his arms around her, laying her on the bed beside him, and told her to relax while he went to start the shower. She waited in a glow of bliss; *I really needed that right now. A shower will be refreshing and relaxing - if I can stand. I'm sure Nathan won't mind holding me up.*

The shower was getting warmer; steam was filling the bathroom, as Nathan left to retrieve his hot little volcano. Nicole opened her eyes, mustering up a big smile as Nathan extended both hands to her to help her stand up. Nathan swung her around pulling her against him and the royal blue crushed velvet bathrobe he wore. They walked in tandem toward the steam filled bathroom, where a strange, but enticing, smell enveloped her.

She sniffed at the steamy air, "What's that smell?"

"It's oil of eucalyptus; helps clean out the sinuses and is invigorating at the same time. I've used it for years to help me to relax. C'mon let me help you into the shower."

"No, wait just a minute." Nicole untied his bathrobe, letting it fall open. As she looked him over from head to toe, the gleam in her eyes turned from blissful to lustful. She pushed the robe off his shoulders and playfully wrapped her arms around his waist, pulling him closer. Grabbing his butt cheeks she squeezed, finding them firm and tight, until she felt his erection jerk against her belly. "I like this, and I want to feel more. Let's get in the shower."

"You're first," Nathan said, grabbing the nozzle and wetting her hair. He squeezed a dollop of coconut-scented shampoo into his hand, kneading it through Nicole's hair.

Between the steaming shower and the massaging of her scalp, she was in heaven. No one EVER gave her a shower like this before and it was only the beginning. After what seemed like an eternity of the luxurious and heavenly shampoo, Nathan produced a loofah sponge, spread body shampoo on it, and soaped up Nicole's back, rubbing circles from her neck down. He added more soap and turned Nicole to face him; first washing her face, and then working his way down her neck to her breasts, teasing her nipples with the devilish sponge, making her nipples swell against the gentle washing. His sponged hand expertly washed her closely shaven, butterfly shaped public hair. Her heartbeat pumped erratically and her breathing deepened; it was a good thing she was in the shower, or else he would realize she was dripping with want. Nathan knelt as he soaped her legs, his breath so close to her swollen pussy. She inched her pelvis closer to his face, trusting he would take the not-so-subtle hint. Dropping the loofah, he spread her lips and licked her reddening rose bud, slowly at first, then gradually faster. Nicole thrust forward and back with the tempo, falling into his rhythm. She grabbed the back of his head, firmly pushing it against her. He took her clit into his mouth, sucking faster until Nicole exploded. When her knees buckled, she caught herself by grabbing onto his shoulders. "Nathan, you're a devil. I want you inside me. NOW!"

Nathan grabbed her around the waist as he drew her out of the shower to the bed. He collapsed to the bed, pulling her on top of him and growled, "You're on top so I can look in your eyes as you fuck me." Without hesitation, Nicole straddled his throbbing erection and eased down on him; realizing he could feel her quiver around him as she braced herself on his shoulders, falling forward. His hips thrust faster and faster, and he knew he couldn't hold out long, as her slick,

warm sex enveloped his cock. Quickly, he drilled into her as she came again with resounding shudders. He couldn't restrain himself any longer; his body was on fire and primal lust took over until his semen shot out in jets and he was totally spent.

Nicole rolled off him, cuddling to his side as he held her in his arms. Both of them were wringing wet, still in the afterglow of their love making session. They remained like that for hours, and as the sun peeked through the curtains, they remained fast asleep in each other's arms.

Four

Nathan was in the kitchen making coffee thinking about what took place a few hours ago. Last night was a mistake; he couldn't let it happen again. Now that Nicole would be dancing at his club, she was off limits. The last dancer he'd gotten involved with hurt him big time, and he'd made a silent vow to never get mixed up with another dancer. Roxie Dalton came to work for him the day he took over *The Swollen Pussy Club* and during the interview she showed him more than just a strip tease. For six months they were inseparable. Just as he planned to ask her to marry him, she up and left without a word. Now a year later, he was still having trouble getting close to another woman. Lost in thought, he didn't hear Nicole come up behind him and bumped right into her as he turned around.

"Nathan," she looked away, unable to make eye contact, "last night was a huge mistake. It can't happen again."

His jaw clenched, his eyes narrowed, and his mouth twisted into a snarl. He thought about the way Roxie hurt him

and he wasn't going to let Nicole treat him the same way. He did the leaving now, not the other way around. "If I remember right, *you* were the one telling me to fuck *you*, not the other way around." He pulled her roughly, almost violently, to him, not caring whether he hurt her or not. "By the end of the week, you'll be begging me to take you again." He forced her lips open with his thrusting tongue. His hand outlined the circle of her breast before moving down her abdomen to her thighs, his fingers brushing across the folds of her sex. He felt her wet with desire. He leaned close to her, his hoarse whisper breaking the silence, "Now tell me again it was a mistake." He released her and walked out of the house.

Nicole sat at the kitchen table unable to imagine how she could be near Nathan now when her body ached for his touch. Her breathing began to settle and she knew she was doing the right thing. Getting involved with Nathan Riley would only lead to heartache in the end, and she had enough problems to worry about; the biggest problem finding Chaz Stevens. If it weren't for his no-good worthless ass, she wouldn't be in this mess. Things between her and Chaz were great at first, but then he started slipping out in the middle of the night and getting calls at all hours. Whenever she asked what was going on, his answer was always the same; 'a buddy needs help'. *Yea, and all his buddies smelled like White Shoulders.*

Tonight was her first lesson at the club and she had an hour left before she needed to meet Ophelia. Hopefully she would be able to learn quickly, the money those girls made was exactly what she needed now. She showered, and went into the bedroom to dress, but had no idea what to wear; jeans wouldn't do for an exotic dancer. With Nathan's money, she'd bought a little black dress with long see-through sleeves.

It would have to do because Nathan was due to pick her up any minute. Good thing, because she wasn't sure about walking all the way to the club in the heels she had on.

Nicole could tell Nathan was still upset with her when he arrived because he barely said two words to her. By the end of the night she hoped he would at least be talking to her instead of snarling at her and everyone else. She was glad to see Ophelia coming their way.

“Are you ready for lesson one, Nicole? We have thirty minutes before the club opens.”

She watched Ophelia strip down to her bra and thong as she strutted down the stage. It was a little embarrassing to watch another woman take off her clothes, but the way she took them off was slow and very erotic. After studying the seductive way Ophelia moved her pelvis and hips, it was Nicole's turn to practice.

Nicole could see Ophelia shaking her head when she tried to duplicate Ophelia's erotic hip movements. Her voice was hoarse with frustration, “I'll never get this right.”

“The club's about to open,” Ophelia said. “We'll try again tomorrow. Bring a costume of some sort; it'll help you get into your character better. I'm on first tonight, so I need to get ready.”

Ophelia left her standing on the stage. Nicole stood, alone, and stared at the empty club. *Maybe this isn't such a good idea. Where am I supposed to get a costume by tomorrow?* She would have to ask Nathan for money for a costume since she'd given him the rest of his money back except for what she'd spent on the dress and heels. She really didn't want

to, but what other choice did she have if she planned to work at the club.

Nicole heard Nathan's voice as she got close to his office and he sounded angry. She had no idea who he was talking to, but it was clearly a woman with him. Just as she was prepared to knock on the door the woman called Nathan her 'lover'. Shocked, Nicole turned to leave when she heard the door open and out walked a tall blonde; slender and willowy, moving like a model. Nicole thought she looked evil and had no idea what Nathan would see in a bimbo like that.

"Did you want something Nicole?" Nathan asked. "I can give you a ride back to my place if you're finished and don't want to stick around." Nathan tried to regroup from his stormy meeting. As soon as Roxie had walked in he'd wanted to call the cops, but couldn't go through with it. She knew exactly which buttons she could push, and since she'd brought back the money she took, there was no point in calling the cops anyway. Lost in thought he didn't hear what Nicole was saying.

"You know; if I'm intruding. I'll just leave you alone with your thoughts."

"No, I'm sorry," Nathan watched Roxie walk out of the club; glad she was gone. "I'm just a little distracted."

Nicole sighed, "I need to get a costume. Ophelia wants me wearing one tomorrow."

"Yeah, right, you should have at least two costumes in case I need you to work two sets in one night." Nathan took money from his wallet and handed it to her. "Here, get yourself some costumes and whatever else you need." He pulled out his car keys and handed them to her. "Come get me at closing time."

He could tell Nicole wanted to say something else to

him, but he wasn't in the mood for her to question him about Roxie; the less she knew, the better. She continued to stare at him, making him more uncomfortable by the minute, so he pretended to look for something in his desk. When he finally looked up, she was gone.

When Nicole walked in to the costume shop she couldn't believe all the costumes they had. It seemed like she'd been looking forever before she came across one labeled 'office flirt' and wondered what Nathan's reaction would be seeing her in that outfit. By the time she left the store, she had two outfits, and a pair of platform stripper shoes she hoped wouldn't make her stumble while on stage.

As soon as she finished shopping, she headed for Nathan's to grab a shower and a quick bite to eat since Nathan wanted her to pick him up right after closing. After getting her shower and food she relaxed on the bed. *I'll just close my eyes and rest for a few minutes; I've still got plenty of time.*

Nathan paced outside his club, wondering what was taking Nicole so long. He had made sure everything was done early enough so he wouldn't have to stay after closing time. He took out his cell phone and dialed the house, but after several rings, he hung up. Everyone had already gone home so he called a taxi. He hated taxis.

Arriving home, he went to the kitchen for a glass of water and noticed the clock read four a.m. *Damn cab companies always make a person wait and wait. Next time Nicole needs to go shopping, she can take a damn cab.*

He found Nicole in the bedroom, on top of the bed,

asleep on her stomach, wearing nothing but a bath towel. He nearly stopped breathing as he stood watching her. When he got himself under control he decided it was time to wake her up. He yanked the bedspread out from under her, watching her land on the floor with a thump.

“So,” he smirked, “you finally decided to wake up I see?”

“Yea,” she snarled, rubbing the sleep from her eyes, “and I see you’re still cranky.”

“Of course I’m cranky. Someone took my car and then didn’t show up to pick me up when she was supposed to.”

Nathan was tempted to take her right on the floor; he tried not to look when her towel slipped off. But he couldn’t help noticing the way her body responded to him. She wouldn’t last a week before she begged him to fuck her again. He threw her a shirt he grabbed from one of his drawers, “Put this on. I’m going to bed. I know you want me, but I’ve got a headache.” He took off his slacks and shirt and crawled between the sheets.

It wasn’t long before he felt a pillow hit his head and he smiled, *This is going to be fun.*

Five

Nathan stood in a corner watching Ophelia help Nicole rotate her hips. From where he was standing, the women couldn't see him and he noticed that Nicole's body was too stiff; she needed to loosen up. After ten minutes of watching her step on Ophelia's toes, he decided to take over and help her himself.

He stood directly behind Nicole, placed a bar towel across her eyes for a blindfold, and whispered in her ear. "Don't *think* about the moves, loosen up, let it happen naturally. Now that you can't see what you're doing, use your other senses. It's not that hard."

His left hand rested on her hip, as he put his right hand next to her knee. While rubbing the back of her knee gently, he murmured, "Now relax, you can't be stiff here and expect to dance." His right hand traveled up her thigh and she trembled under his touch as he continued his way up. When he reached her hip, he pulled her back hard against his warm body.

"I want you to rotate your hip slowly to the right," his

hands were still on her hips. "Now the other side, then back, then forward again."

It seemed to Nathan that maybe she was finally getting the hang of it, except the rubbing against the front of his jeans was causing his cock to get rock hard. He wanted her so bad he ached, but she would have to come to him. He would wait as long as it took, even if it killed him.

Chaz Stevens sat alone in the diner across the street from *The Swollen Pussy Club*. One of his friends told him Nicole worked at the strip club now so he thought he would check it out for himself.

Yesterday he watched the club and the many well-dressed men who came in and out, to Chaz it all meant money. That was when he came up with the perfect plan; Nicole could distract the men with her smoking hot body while he lifted their wallets. And if anyone asked why he was hanging around he would tell them he was a bouncer.

When he entered the club he noticed it was empty except for the two people on stage. The woman was moving to the music and behind her a man was holding onto her hips. When he got closer he realized the woman on stage was Nicole.

"Hey, Nicole, babe, I've been looking everywhere for you. What are you doing in a sleazy place like this?"

"Chaz?" Nicole jerked the blindfold off. "I *could* say I'm happy to see you, but I'm not. Because of you, I've not only lost my job, but my apartment as well. Just leave me alone and go back to that rock you've been hiding under."

Chaz started to climb on stage but Nathan stepped in front of him, "Get out of my club now, and don't come back

here again. If you do, I'll see your ass thrown in jail for trespassing."

Chaz had no idea who this guy thought he was, but he wasn't going without Nicole. He glared at the man standing before him, "I'm not leaving without my girlfriend."

"The lady said to leave her alone," Nathan's face hardened, even as his body relaxed, ready to react, "so that should be your first clue she wants nothing to do with you."

A tense silence passed before Chaz turned for the door. "I'll be back, you can count on it." He didn't like what he saw in Nicole. The way she stood up to him would make it harder to get her to go along with his plans. Maybe if he got her back in his bed, she would get back in line. *Yeah that's the way to handle Nicole; give it to her rough, just the way she likes it.*

Nicole watched her so-called ex-boyfriend walk out of the club and wondered why she never noticed how much of a slime ball Chaz really was. She must have been out of her mind when she moved in with him. She hoped Chaz wouldn't come back; she'd seen his temper before, and she feared he'd try to hurt Nathan.

Her cheeks reddened thinking back to her dance lesson a mere ten minutes before when Nathan had blindfolded her. She could still feel his hands on her hips and his warm body pressed up against her back along with his erection.

His musky scent lingered long after he'd left her side, her nipples hardened and her heart raced. If only she could find some way to get him inside her again, but how? Since she'd told him it wouldn't happen again, he barely spoke to her, let alone touch her. *My next lesson will be lap dancing and he won't be able to control himself then.*

Six

Nicole was excited because tonight would be her last lesson, the lap dances. Then she'd be able to start making the money to pay her own way, and pay Nathan back as well.

She followed Ophelia to one of the special rooms that were used for lap dances, the private places the dancers took their customers. Within an hour, she'd learned four types of dances and she was pleased with herself; she learned them quickly, it was coming easier for her. *But can I do it? For real?*

Earlier, Nathan had mentioned he'd wanted her to practice her routines on him, so Ophelia went to get him. Nicole couldn't wait to see Nathan's reaction, so she quickly stripped down to her new hot pink tassel bra and panty set.

Nathan stared at her with obvious approval as he walked in to the room. She motioned for him to sit on the couch, and as the music began she stood close with her back to him. Slowly, she lowered herself onto his lap, tilted her head back, and rubbed her bottom against his groin with a circular motion. Her confidence soared when she heard his

groan of satisfaction, and she wiggled her way upright and turned to face him

His eyes flickered rapidly with the movement of the tassels on her bra and she smiled to see him lick his lips in anticipation. Her dance continued as she hiked one leg over his shoulder and leaned back, the tassel on her thong inches from his mouth.

Nicole gasped as she felt his mouth tug on the tassel, and he said, "Love the tassels sweetheart." She'd barely heard what he mumbled when his tongue ran along the open slit of her thong. *Oh, the wonderful things he can do with that tongue.* As much as she needed and wanted what he was doing to her, she was sure that if she stayed too long on that solitary spike heel she would fall, so she lowered her leg.

Her heart raced as he rose from the couch and pulled her into his arms.

"Nicole, I can't stand it anymore. I've tried to control myself but I need to be inside you right now." He unhooked her bra, letting it fall to the floor. His own knees hit the floor where he grasped hold of her thong with his teeth and pulled it slowly down. Her scent was intoxicating, which told him she needed him just as much as his need for her. He spread her legs further apart so he could run his tongue across the folds of her sex.

It wasn't very long before they were on the couch, in each other's arms, lips touching lips, hands exploring each other. Moans filled the small room as they surrendered to the passion that had been building for days.

Nicole's hand brushed the fly of his slacks and he groaned. Soon his zipper was all the way down and her hand rubbed the length of his hard shaft through his boxers. One more touch from her and he would lose it.

His eyes feasted on her breasts; he licked one nipple until it peaked in his mouth, then he turned his attention to the other. He stroked his hands over each of her breasts before moving lower to her smooth stomach and then further to the ultimate prize.

He kissed her again as his fingers dipped inside her wet pussy. Her moans of desire put him on edge, but he delighted in hearing them, so he pumped his fingers in and out. Her trembling beneath him told him she was his, at least for tonight.

Slowly he filled her body with his hard shaft, and he felt her moving with him as he drove into her again and again. Whimpers of ecstasy filled the room and he knew she was close; he whispered in her ear, "Come for me, baby."

Within seconds, she climaxed and the pulsing on his cock caused him to follow right along, shouting her name. He was still inside her, trying to catch his breath when he heard a lilting female voice coming from the door.

"We used to fuck every night on that couch after closing. Nathan never could get enough of me."

Nathan spun his head to the door. "Roxie get the hell out of here," he spat, "and wait in my office." He quickly dressed and left Nicole on the couch without looking back.

Seven

Nicole nursed a Vodka gimlet and watched Ophelia dance for an hour before she decided to go into Nathan's office. She didn't know why she needed to see him, what they would say, but there was unresolved business between them.

The door wasn't all the way closed, so she pushed it open and looked inside. In the corner she saw Nathan with his hands on the wall and his lips on Roxie's. She could tell Roxie knew she was watching her, and wasn't about to pull away from him anytime soon.

She tried to hide her tears when she left Nathan's office and went back in the club. How could she return to Nathan's place now? Where would she go? She didn't have a clue, but knew she needed to pick up her things and get away from Nathan. How could he make love to Roxie after being with her only an hour ago? She was almost to the door when she heard Nathan call her name.

"Nicole," he pleaded, "wait, I'll give you a ride home if you wait just a minute."

“Go to hell Nathan! Better yet, go fuck yourself!” She stormed out of the club.

Nathan knew he should go after her, but maybe she needed some space. He knew he’d hurt her feelings and should apologize, but all he could think about was getting rid of Roxie. Shocked at first when Roxie wanted him back, he told her he didn’t want anything to do with her anymore. When she told him the club would fail without her, he only laughed. When Roxie pulled him to her and kissed him, he hadn’t felt a thing. All those feelings were gone, and so was she, for good. He would start anew with Nicole. *If I can make it right.*

Nicole rummaged in her bag for the key to Nathan’s house as she walked up the steps to the front door. The porch light was out and she couldn’t see very well, but she finally managed to get the door unlocked and open. She flipped on the hallway light, walked into the bedroom, and saw Chaz reclining on the bed.

Her bras and thongs were shredded into pieces that littered the bed. One item was still intact and he held it up, carefully balancing it on the tip of the knife he held in his hand. “Guess you won’t be dancing after all.” He flipped the thong from his knife and pointed the menacing blade at her. “Maybe I should shred what you’re wearing while I’m at it. Being the nice guy I am, I won’t - this time.”

His sick laugh made her sick to her stomach and she wished she’d waited for Nathan to bring her home. “What do you want Chaz? Nathan will be here soon and you’ll need to be gone before he gets here.”

“Your boyfriend doesn’t scare me.” He rose from the bed and stood in front of her.

Nicole heard Nathan in the hallway, but didn’t say anything. She didn’t want Chaz to see Nathan so she walked into the room, and Chaz turned to follow her, as she wanted. *Maybe I can distract him by making him believe I still want him.* She unbuttoned the top button of her blouse and wet her lips as she sat on the edge of the bed.

Chaz narrowed his eyes, “What’s up, baby?”

“You didn’t used to be so slow, lover. Can’t you see I want you?”

When she undid the next button, Chaz dropped the knife and reached for her. Before the knife hit the floor Nathan was on Chaz. Nicole rolled off the bed and backed up against the wall. Nathan attacked Chaz, grabbing Chaz’s right wrist, he spun him around and delivered a short hard blow to Chaz’s elbow with the heel of his left hand.

Chaz screamed like a wounded animal, “You broke my arm, asshole!”

Nathan’s hand wrapped around Chaz’s throat while his foot pushed on Chaz’s knee. “Do I rip out your throat? Or break that fuckin’ knee?”

“Please, Nathan,” Nicole stammered, “please, just stop. And get rid of him.”

Nathan reached down and picked up the knife, “You’re lucky that the little lady still has a bit of feeling left for you. Touch her again creep, and it’ll be more than your arm broken.” The menace in his voice made Nicole shiver.

Nathan grabbed Chaz by the shirt collar, dragged him down the hall and threw him out of the house.

Nicole stood shivering, unable to move; her legs turned to jelly. Nathan pulled her into his arms. The warmth

of his touch calmed her shaking. "Baby, are you okay? He won't bother you again. But I've changed my mind; I don't want you working at the club." He felt her pulling away as soon as he said it but he held her firmly to him. No way would he see his wife hurt again or working at the club. *Wife? Where had that come from?* After Roxie, he swore he would never love anyone again, but he needed Nicole like he needed air to breath.

"So you're giving Roxie her job back? Is that why you don't want me working there?"

"No, she won't be working at the club." She pushed out of his arms and turned her head so he couldn't see her face, but he knew she was upset. He wanted to touch her, but thought it might upset her even more, so he stood, working up the courage for his next move. "I - I don't want my *wife* working at a strip club."

Tears streaked her face as she whispered, "Congrats to you and Roxie. I'll just get my things, it shouldn't take long." She turned around and walked to the bathroom.

Nathan grabbed her and drew her to him. "I wasn't taking about Roxie. It's you I want. Can't you see I love you, Nicole?"

"But I saw you and Roxie in your office Nathan." Her eyes narrowed, "You were in a lip lock with her against the wall."

"*She* kissed *me*. I didn't kiss her back and if you'd stayed long enough you'd have heard me tell her to stay out of my life for good."

Tears streamed down Nicole's face, "I love you too, Nathan." Those words were all he needed to hear before he gathered her into his arms and kissed her. His tongue traced over the soft fullness of her lips, his lips nibbled down to the

pulsing hallow at the base of her throat as her moans drove him insane. He had to have her and his demanding lips recaptured hers. The kiss, hot as the smoldering heat that burns metal, roared through his body; he was losing control fast.

His hand unbuttoned the rest of her blouse, his fingers shaking. When her shirt was gone he lowered his head and rubbed his lips over her nipple. His tongue caressed the sensitive bud through the thin material of her bra. Again and again he licked her swollen flesh, making circles with the tip of his tongue. Once the material was good and wet he reached around with his fingers and unhooked the clasp. Helping her out of it he tossed it on a nearby chair.

Her breasts were beautiful, full and plump, begging for more of his attention. Palming one breast firmly with his hand he took the other into his mouth. She tasted like sweet strawberries, one of his favorite deserts. He needed to be inside her soon, before he burst.

Quickly, he got rid of her skirt and his hand traveled down toward the center of her core. Nathan felt her heat even before his fingers reached the wet fabric of her panties. She was ready for him and he needed to get rid of the barrier between his fingers and her sex. He tore her panties off with a single, violent pull.

Kneeling before her, Nathan groaned as he thrust two fingers into her pussy, plunging and retreating. His mouth descended on her clit, and with his teeth he tugged gently, just enough to send her over the edge, into a powerful orgasm. She screamed; her scream of passion a sound he wanted to hear every day for the rest of his life.

Swiftly, he shed his jeans and briefs, and lay down on the bed next to where she'd crawled. Her hand wrapped around his hard shaft, sliding up and down, circling the plump

head. It drove him insane, he needed to be inside her before he released all over her hand.

“I want you inside me, Nathan – now,” she whispered breathlessly.

He slowly entered her aroused sex, little by little, filling her to the brink. Being inside her made him come alive; he was finally complete. They moved as one and soon he heard Nicole crying out her release, shuddering as Nathan spilled his seed inside her. With a groan, he eased slowly to the bed, pulling her against his sweaty body.

“Nicole, you never did answer my earlier question,” his breathing was still erratic.

“What was the question again? You get me so distracted sometimes.”

“Will – you – marry me?”

Her arms flew around his neck; if she’d tried to get any closer she’d be on the other side of him, “Oh yes! I’ll marry you, Nathan. I love you with all my heart.”

He held her close, felt her tears on his cheek, felt the softness of her hair on his face, “As I love you.”

The wedding took place one week later, so Neal and Jennifer could stand up with them. Now both Riley brothers were off the market, and all single women would be a little bit disappointed.

END

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From author Heather Beck

What Legends Are Made Of

From author Marc Jarrod

A Heavenly Christmas

From authors Gregory Causey
and Natasha Yushanov

Dancing With Natasha

From author Sarah J. Head

At Home and Away

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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