



THE VIRGINIA MODEL-LOGUES

“So you almost forgot we dated,” Sam growled. His eyes went from gray to silver sparks. “See if this jogs your memory.”

He crushed Gina into his arms, against his hard muscular chest, slanting his mouth down across hers. When he kissed her, she felt the heat all the way to her toes.

At first he seemed to use his lips to punish her for her words. Gina savored every millisecond of the deep, intimate embrace. She wanted him badly. She’d desired him with every fiber of her being, ever since her first time with him. His taste, his touch, it all came slamming back with a force beyond her comprehension. He felt so right, beyond perfection. Hot tears gathered at the corners of her eyes, but she didn’t feel like crying. She wanted to shout her exhalation from the rooftops.

He jerked back and swore. “See if you can forget *this*.” Somehow he managed to quickly find the button to stop the elevator and dropped to his knees in front of her. He ran both hands up the outsides of her legs to pull her already short dress above her hips. With her skirt up around her waist, he buried his face against her mound. His hot breath through her silk panties made her shiver in anticipation...

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THE VIRGINIA MODEL-LOGUES

BY

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For Tiffany, who gave me the idea.

CHAPTER 1

November 10th

Dear Diary,

I have an interview for a modeling job today, broken leg and all. One can only imagine what I'll have to do get a gig as a vagina model.

* * *

“Please have a seat,” the receptionist said, giving a surfer hang-loose, wagging gesture with her gothic bejeweled thumb and pinkie. “We’re running a bit behind.”

Gina touched her fingertips to her lopsided wig, straightening it with a quick tug before giving a furtive glance around the crowded waiting room. There was a single empty chair in the corner.

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She had to make a decision fast. Stay...and eat tomorrow, or leave, only to have her prestigious family finally discover the awful truth about her. She was a dismal failure.

She'd rather become a bag lady than go to her well-to-do family and tell them she was penniless. She'd been to enough cattle calls to ace this job. Right?

She pivoted on her crutches and headed for the chair before she lost her nerve. How bad could it be? She'd walked the runway for some of the most prestigious fashion houses in NYC. Back stage realities had long ago stripped away any modesty she'd once had. How hard would it be to lie on a table and spread her legs? Five-thousand dollars would come in handy. *Three* dollars would come in handy.

Gina had her subway card with six trips left on it. If she didn't get this job, she'd be walking. That would be the end of her last pair of Prada heels, the only pair of designer shoes she hadn't sold or hocked.

"That's some cast. Are you here for the consumer products job?" the young woman next to her asked once Gina sat down.

Gina glanced down to the monstrous cast running from her foot to mid-thigh and then thought about what the woman said. "Did you say consumer products?" Gina perked up. She'd been afraid the five or so women sitting in the small room were vying for the same job as she. The two men were a complete mystery. Gina didn't want to think about what *they* were doing there. One stared at her blatantly, while the other picked his teeth with a match book cover.

"You haven't tried a vibrator until you try the Ball-Pennis Hammer 2000," the woman said above the sound of head-banging, glam rock filtering from the sound system. "Now they're coming out with a new and improved model. I can't wait to give it a try."

Gina held her hand in front of her mouth in case anyone could read lips. "And you get paid for—um, using this vibrator? How much do they pay?"

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“So you aren’t here for the Ball-Pennis-Hammer 3000 trials? The 2000 is to die for. One can only imagine the new and improved model.”

“I have an interview to model,” Gina explained, trying to keep her voice low.

The curious woman stared pointedly at her cast again.

“Model *body* parts,” Gina clarified and held her breath, waiting for questions she couldn’t answer.

“How do you get a job like that? Haven’t I seen you before?”

Not likely. Gina had worn an ugly blonde wig and dark glasses large enough to cover half her face. No way could anyone recognize her. “Have we met? I don’t remember,” Gina said.

Narrowing her expressive eyes, the woman leaned closer to examine Gina. “I don’t think so, but something about you looks familiar. Are you famous?”

“Ms. Peterson?” The receptionist called twice before Gina recognized the fake name she’d used for the appointment.

Saved from further explanation, Gina pulled herself to her feet, hopping on one foot while she positioned the pesky crutches.

“Break a leg,” the woman said and giggled.

“Thanks,” Gina said and shuddered. Her broken leg had ruined her life! She went from making four-thousand a week to bubkes. Zero. Zilch. Nada. Nothing. Less than nothing. And since she spent three-thousand-nine-hundred and ninety-nine dollars a week, she had no savings, no insurance or any benefits to fall back on during the hard times.

“Right this way, Ms. Peterson,” the receptionist said. “Mr. Thompson is waiting for you.”

Gina had a hard time negotiating the narrow doorway of Mr. Thompson’s office on crutches. Mr. Thompson’s very distastefully decorated office. Somehow he’d managed to take faux-fur to a whole new level of disgusting.

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He gave her a warm smile. “Virginia Newman, I’m glad you came. When the receptionist said the name Peterson, I wasn’t sure it was *you*. You’re more beautiful than I remembered. With that dark hair and pale skin, you are striking. I saw you once at a fashion show my ex dragged me to.”

Please don’t let him be hitting on me! Gina didn’t know what to say, but this welcome from him answered a lot of her questions. Then again, who in New York City didn’t know Virginia Newman? Until she’d broken her leg, she’d made the society pages on a weekly basis.

“I’m so glad you’ve come,” he continued to gush. “You’re our first choice for this job. You have the perfect tush.”

“Tush?” Gina breathed a sigh of relief and wondered about sitting in the faux tiger-fur chair next to his desk. “You want to give me five grand for a replica of my tush?”

“Well, not exactly. We need your pussy and your tush. The whole enchilada. That’s how it’s done.”

Gina decided against the chair and took a step back.

Mr. Thompson extended his hand toward her and stood. “Please, wait. We’ll pay you five thousand for the mold, and another five when the product hits the shelves.”

“Ten thousand?” If she was careful—and stayed out of the shoe stores—she could make the money last until her cast came off. Then there was the little matter of the physical therapist demanding cash up front. “What exactly do I have to do?”

“I won’t lie to you. The actual process is a little longer when we need both. But it should take no more than one day of your time. And if we’re lucky, we’ll get it right the first time. You could be in and out of our factory in a couple of hours.”

“Ten thousand for two hours?”

* * *

Gina double-checked the paper with the address before she entered

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the small warehouse on the lower west side of Manhattan. She didn't have time to think before she was approached by two beautiful women.

"Right on time. I'm Kerry and this is my best friend, Laren," a tall blonde said and smiled widely as she motioned to the shorter redhead. "Ray told us to hurry this along and make it a pleasant experience for you."

"This way," Laren said.

"Will it hurt?" Gina asked.

"We better not hurt you. Ray would fire us."

"You two will be the ones doing the impression?"

"These are the only two faces you'll see this afternoon. And we'll never speak of your involvement with another living soul," Laren said while crossing her heart.

Gina began to relax.

A half an hour later and on her third glass of champagne, Gina was naked under a plush robe while awaiting instructions in a private dressing room.

Even though she expected it, the light knock on the door produced a shudder. Gina raised the glass to her lips and emptied it. When she opened the door, she found both women dressed in matching chenille robes.

"We wanted to make you comfortable," Laren said, reaching to pat Gina's hand on her crutch. "Kerry and I thought if all three of us were naked, you wouldn't feel self-conscious."

Gina nodded, but she wasn't convinced of the logic. Still, she walked with them to a nearby room with what resembled an examining table in the center. Along one wall was a sink and counter with various boxes and bottles containing who knew what.

"Ready?" Kerry asked and shrugged out of her robe.

Gina couldn't help stare at the woman's beautiful breasts, and was glad she was naked from the waist down only.

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“Augmentation,” Kerry said, without a hint of embarrassment.

“Me, too,” Laren chirped, dropping her robe from her shoulders to display her large and perky breasts. “Same doctor as Kerry. He’s really good. Of course, being a fashion model I don’t suppose you’d want enhancement.”

“No, I’ve never felt the urge...until now. And now...I can’t afford them.”

“Give me your robes,” Kerry said. Laren didn’t hesitate. Gina had seen more naked female bodies than most would in a lifetime from the backstage dressing rooms in the fashion shows. She slipped out of her robe and handed it to Kerry.

“Hop up on the end of the table,” Laren said, spreading a towel out. “We have another table to rest your broken leg on.”

Gina sat on the towel, waiting for instructions, when the pop of a cork distracted her. She turned to see Kerry opening another bottle of champagne.

“Do you always drink expensive champagne at work?” she asked.

Kerry smiled. “Ray said to make sure you felt at home doing this job. We told him we needed at least three bottles of Dom.”

“And we plan to drink every drop,” Laren added.

“I’m already tipsy.” Gina giggled. Still, she took the glass Kerry offered.

“Do you want me to wax or is it okay to shave you?” Laren asked.

“The whole area?” Gina worried. Her bi-weekly bikini waxes had been one of the first luxuries to go. “Just shave. I don’t think I’d live through a wax that extensive.”

She took a gulp of her bubbly before laying back and allowing Laren to guide Gina’s one free foot to a stirrup and her cast up onto a small table with pillows. No problem. So far, so good.

“Ray is right. You have a beautiful pussy,” Kerry said looking over Laren’s shoulder. “Your skin is flawless.”

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“Thank you,” Gina said, unsure of the proper etiquette under the circumstances.

Kerry passed another towel to Laren, and she folded it over the tops of Gina’s legs. “The shave cream,” Laren said.

Gina closed her eyes and experienced a lathering like she’d never had. This would teach her to go without sex for so long...all because Mr. Right had turned out to be Mr. Player.

It took everything she had to lie still.

“Did you warm the oil?” Laren asked.

“It’s ready,” Kerry announced, and opened the door of a small microwave. She tested it on her wrist before handing the bottle to Laren.

“I need to coat you with oil to keep the medium from sticking to parts that would hurt when we peel it off,” Laren cautioned and began to pour the warm oil on Gina.

When Laren began using her fingers to distribute the oil, Gina sat up on one elbow and hurriedly finished her champagne.

“Too warm?” Laren asked.

“Just right,” Gina said, hoping she didn’t sound too breathless because it felt unbelievably good. When Laren traced the warmth over her clit, Gina moaned.

“I need to make sure it’s sticking out like a good, little clit,” Laren explained.

“Right.” Gina puffed and closed her eyes. When she opened them again, she was very near orgasm. Kerry stood next to Laren, touching her own nipple with one hand and Laren’s with the other. The sight almost sent Gina over the edge.

“She’s ready,” Laren said to Kerry.

Kerry picked up a large, gourd-shaped receptacle filled with whitish goop, moved to stand between Gina’s legs and began to push the contraptions against Gina’s engorged pussy and exposed bottom.

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“Lay perfectly still,” Kerry cautioned and applied more pressure. “We want to get this right the first time.”

Gina didn’t know how she managed to be still when she wanted to come so badly. To make matters worse, the goop felt like it was seeping up inside her, penetrating her. Laren’s eyes were glazed as she watched, touching her own clit almost absentmindedly.

“Not yet,” Kerry said, turning to Laren. “We need it to set first. It won’t take long,” she said to Gina. “This sets up fast, like the stuff dentists use to make impressions of teeth.”

“This is making me so horny,” Laren complained and touched her fingers on her free hand to her breasts.

“This is making you horny?” Gina quipped. “Try this end.” She didn’t know how long she had the contraption between her legs, but it felt like an eternity, both bliss and torture in equal parts.

“Time to take it off. I’ll lift from the rear and move it forward.”

The cool air touching her sensitive skin as Kerry peeled the mold away took Gina’s breath away.

“Does that hurt?” Kerry asked.

When Gina shook her head, Kerry pulled it off completely.

“Let me put some more oil on you, in case you’re allergic to the compound,” Laren offered.

Before Gina could answer, Laren began massaging oil onto Gina’s clit. It only took about five seconds before Gina was coming so fast and hard she almost tumbled off the table.

CHAPTER 2

December 16th

Dear Diary,

I got a temporary-injunction to stop them. My brother, Jerry, has arranged a meeting this afternoon. Maybe he will find a way to stop my vagina from being released to the public.

* * *

“Gina, relax. This is only a preliminary meeting.”

Gina rolled her eyes at her brother. “Jerry, if you tell me to relax one more time, I’ll slug you. You know my nerves are shot.”

Jerry sat his briefcase on the floor at his feet and hugged her. Gina felt tears threatening. She had the best brother a girl could want. Too bad she wasn’t a good sister.

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“We’ll make this go away,” Jerry said. However, his voice betrayed him. The elevator beeped as they stopped on the tenth floor and the noisy doors slid open.

Jerry released her to retrieve his case and hold it to stop the door from closing. “Remember to let me do all the talking.”

“Don’t worry,” Gina said, stepping out of elevator. “I’ve already done enough damage. I won’t say a word.”

Jerry walked ahead to the receptionist’s desk. Gina followed, moving more slowly with her cane. Her leg cast had been removed only the previous day and she felt off-balance.

“Jerry Newman, of Newman, Newman and Crawford to see Mr. Franklin,” she heard her brother announce with authority.

When the receptionist ignored Jerry, staring pointedly at Gina, she could feel her face warming.

Jerry cleared his throat to get the woman’s attention. “Is Mr. Franklin ready for us?”

“I’m supposed to show you to the conference room where Mr. Franklin will join you.”

It was only a few steps to the large double doors. The receptionist swung one side open and motioned them inside. Again, she stared at Gina.

Gina followed her brother into the room and bumped into his backside when he jerked to an abrupt halt.

“Damn,” he cursed loudly.

Her brother was tall, but so was she. Gina looked over his shoulder to see what had stopped him.

There *it* was in all its glory, sitting on the end of the conference table to greet them, complete with a shipping box covered in writing. *Virginia Newman’s Pussy. Let Virginia make a New Man out of you! Only \$79.95.*

Her brother moaned. “I’m going to kill them.”

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“Maybe we should’ve asked Grant to come?” Their cousin and partner in the family law firm had wanted to come to lend his support. Considering how Jerry was handling the sight of her likeness, Gina wished she’d insisted on bringing Grant.

“Gina, how could you?” Jerry asked.

Gina tried not to cry, but a sob escaped. She’d asked herself that same question more times than she could count.

Jerry dropped his case on the table next to her vagina replica and took her into his arms. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that. It’s just such a shock to see *your*—that thing.”

“It’s my first time, too.” Gina tried to turn away from the table, but it was like looking at a train wreck. She couldn’t seem to stop herself. “It’s so big and *pink*!”

“Good afternoon,” a voice said from behind them. They turned to see two men approaching. One of them was the sleaze ball she’d met the day she signed the contract. The creep, Ray Thompson, who had waved a check for ten thousand dollars in her face, while he demanded she sign on the dotted line.

“I’m Carl Franklin, and this is Ray Thompson of Ray Thompson Erotic Enterprises.”

Gina felt her brother brush past her. Before she knew what was happening, Jerry pulled back his arm and blasted Ray Thompson under the chin. Thompson’s head snapped back and down he went. Lights out.

“Jerry! No!” Gina screamed more from exhilaration than anything else. It all happened so fast. Gina wasn’t sorry to see Ray Thompson unconscious on the floor, but this wasn’t good.

“I’ll see you disbarred,” Thompson’s lawyer threatened. “That was an unprovoked attack on my client. He’ll own Newman, Newman and Crawford before this is over.”

His words sent a chill through Gina. What had she gotten her

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brother into when she decided ten thousand dollars was the answer to all her troubles? Why hadn't she just turned to her family?

"Unprovoked?" said a voice from the doorway.

Gina turned toward the familiar voice. He stood tall and ramrod straight with his feet, in his expensive Bruno Magli loafers, planted shoulder-width apart. It was the last man she'd expected to see right then. Especially then.

"Sam? What are you doing here?" Gina squeaked, moving to stand in front of her plastic vagina. Sam, however, wasn't looking at her. His attention was riveted on the box on the long table. Gina felt physically sick. She resisted the urge to reach for his crisp looking, iridescent gray tie and jerk his handsome face away.

"Gina. How are you?" Finally looking away from Gina's humiliation displayed on the table, Sam sounded disinterested.

However, the way his gray eyes narrowed dangerously told Gina otherwise. In his well-tailored, dark gray suit and crisp white shirt, he was even more devastatingly handsome than she remembered. She drank him in, as if dying of thirst. He was extremely tall, almost five inches more than her six feet. In his stylish clothes, she could almost forget how rugged he looked in a pair of jeans, and no shirt—almost. He was all dark angles and scrumptious muscles in a very *manly* package.

"Sam," the lawyer demanded angrily. "I just witnessed an unprovoked attack on your brother. I think we should call the police."

Sam turned away from her to bend over the inert body.

"Your brother?" Gina gasped. Sam Collier was Ray Thompson's brother?

"Your brother is a scum-sucking parasite," Jerry said. "As soon as he gets up, I'll hit him again."

"Jerry, please," Gina pleaded. "This isn't like you."

Jerry pointed to smirking lawyer. "He knew what I'd do when I saw

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that damned thing sitting here on display,” Jerry accused, taking a step toward him. “You put *that* in here because you wanted to rattle me, you slimy bastard.”

Sam glanced up from where he still stooped over his brother to the table—to Gina’s vagina and then looked into her eyes before standing to face the lawyer. He scraped the sides of his strong chin between his thumb and forefinger indicating he was deep in thought “You put that puss—box—uh, *package* in here...where you knew Gina’s brother would see it? What did you expect he’d do?”

The man winced. “Ray told me to put it there. He said they hadn’t seen it yet.”

Sam looked angry. “Then Ray is having a well-deserved nap. Give him another minute or so. If he doesn’t come around, call the paramedics. You watch over him while I talk to Gina and her brother. Do something with that. I mean get rid of her—it.”

Gina started to follow Sam out of the room, grateful not to have to look at the unconscious man any longer, or her...*replica*. However, she wasn’t sure what to do about the box. She didn’t trust the lawyer to get rid of it.

“This way,” Sam said motioning out the door when she hesitated.

“I think we should leave,” Gina said to her brother. “Dad is going to be livid with both of us now. If what I did wasn’t bad enough, I’ve dragged you into the mud with me.”

Sam’s gunmetal-gray eyes accessed Jerry before he turned back to her. “This isn’t going to go away easily. I know my stepbrother. He wants your pus—likeness. We need to find a way to resolve this situation to everyone’s satisfaction.”

“Are you representing your brother?” Jerry asked.

“Step-brother. The last thing I want to do is represent Ray. I’m hoping it doesn’t get that far. My mother asked me to step in before the media gets hold of the story and everyone is involved. She’s married to

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Ray's father."

Gina felt her brother nudging her arm to get her attention. "How do you two know each other?"

Had she been staring? Gina hoped her feelings for Sam weren't obvious. She hadn't seen him in months. However, the one and only time she'd slept with him had been the best sex she'd ever had. Better than she'd imagined could be possible, one single night had changed her. She thought she'd met the man she'd eventually spend her life with. And then...the jerk didn't call her afterward. Not once.

"We went out. *One* time," Sam said, answering with deadly calm and not the least hint it had meant anything to him. Certainly *not* what it meant to Gina.

"Is that all there is between you? A single date?" Jerry asked still looking to Gina.

She wished she could fall into a big hole and disappear. She didn't care if she broke both her legs in the process. The only thing worse than having her vagina going public was to have Sam Collier be one of the first to know about it.

"Sam and I went to the movies or something. I almost forgot about it," she lied.

When Sam seemed to wince at her words, she almost regretted her big mouth. But Gina wasn't about to let him know how badly he hurt her. How dare he show her what she'd missing all her life and then take it away from her?

Jerry gave her an imploring look. "We've come to the Bronx, Sis. We may as well hear him out."

Sam took Jerry's word for the final say and turned to walk down the hallway. Gina sighed before she took her brother's arm and followed Sam into an office. Sam paused, appearing unfamiliar with the room, before he chose the seat behind the desk.

"Why is your mother worried about the media?" Gina asked when

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she sat in the chair her brother indicated. Of course Thompson Erotic Enterprises would want to involve the media. The more publicity, bad or good, the more of her vaginas he'd sell. "My life is ruined. I'll never be able to show my face."

"Let's see if I have this straight," Sam said almost abrasively, his gray eyes flashing. "You say you had no idea Ray intended to use your picture on the box—packaging. Damn, I'm sorry."

Gina raised her chin and fought the urge to weep. "I've never modeled for sex toys before. I didn't have a clue it's a common practice."

Sam's dark brows tightened and his too-handsome face hardened. "If you didn't know what you were doing, why did you model for my brother's company? Your family is rich. You couldn't have done it for the money."

Gina had heard the same question from her brother. In fact, her father asked almost word-for-word, matching Sam's tone, too. So far she'd managed to avoid telling anyone she didn't have a penny to her name. Maybe it was time for the truth to come out. She certainly didn't want Sam to believe she'd gotten into modeling for sex toys on a lark.

"Shit!" Sam said, interrupting just as she was about to come clean.

Gina turned to see Ray Thompson barreling through the doorway straight toward them. Jerry jumped to his feet and raised his fists.

"Ray," Sam said, coming around the desk to intercept his step-brother. "Get out of here. Now!"

"Let him come," Jerry said. "This time I won't hold back."

Jerry pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and threw it. It fluttered through the air and fell near Gina's bargain bin flats. "There's your damned money back. Now leave my sister the hell alone."

Ray Thompson stooped to pick it up, straightening before he looked at it. "What do expect me to do with this? What about all the money I've invested? I've already made a thousand of her pussies."

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Gina started to hyperventilate.

Jerry didn't seem to notice. "We aren't contesting the use of her vagina. I mean the use of her... Oh, God," her brother groaned. "You can use the damned likeness, but you aren't using either her name or her face."

"What about all the money I paid her to test the Ball-Pennis Hammer 3000. She soaked me for another two grand. Doesn't that show something? Intent or something?"

Her brother jerked around to stare at her. "What the hell are you talking about? What is he talking about?" her bother demanded, first of the sex-toy creep and then of...*her*.

"A vibrator," she whispered feeling a flush of humiliation sweep over her to accentuate her already labored and raspy breathing. Just when she thought it couldn't get any worse, she would have to reveal she'd participated in the vibrator trials.

In front of Sam?

CHAPTER 3

December 18th

Dear Dairy,

I have to attend my father's fundraiser tonight. I missed a call from a reporter working the social section of Fashion's Daily Chronicle. What could they have wanted? Please don't let it be about those damned vaginas. I haven't told my mother yet.

* * *

“What is *he* doing here?” Gina demanded as she watched Sam Collier work the room like a pro. A couple of times she swore he was watching her while he flirted with all the beautiful women at the benefit.

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“He was on the guest list,” Jerry growled, not sounding pleased with the idea either. “Invitations went out for this before we knew about your problem. I still don’t know why you didn’t come to me if you needed money.”

“Jerry, we’ve been over this. Don’t make me sorry I confided in you. I didn’t want Mom and Dad to know I wasted every penny I’ve made. They wanted me to go to law school like you. Can you imagine how disappointed they’d be to learn they spawned a bad seed?”

“I can’t figure out how you spent that much money on shoes. You made two hundred thousand a year.”

“I didn’t spend all the money on shoes. I’m not that stupid.”

“Excuse *me*. I forgot you needed to wear the latest fashions. It was your *job* to look the part.”

Gina grimaced. Hearing the truth from her brother’s mouth sounded horrible. “I know how foolish I was.”

“I’m sorry,” Jerry said. “Let’s not talk about it tonight. There’s Grant. He spoke to a friend of his who specialized in this type of litigation. Maybe he has some good news for us.”

“I need another drink,” Gina said, glancing toward her cousin and partner in the family firm. “Two more.”

Jerry narrowed his eyes. “Wait here. And, for crissakes, don’t talk to Collier. I’ll be right back.”

Gina watched her brother thread his way across the crowded room toward the bar. The last thing she wanted to do was talk to Sam. Since she’d lost her heart to him, she didn’t trust him. He was definitely a player. The kind of man she normally went out of her way to avoid.

“Gina, you’re looking lovely this evening,” a deep voice said from over her shoulder. *Sam!*

“I borrowed this gown from a friend,” she said and swiveled to meet him head-on. “There are some things you need to know. My apartment isn’t in my name. My dad’s company owns *it* and the

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furnishings. I have nothing left of any value. No jewelry, artwork or anything else. Tell your brother he's wasting his time trying to sue me."

"Thank you for the compliment, Sam," Sam said in a falsetto voice as he fiddled with his cuff link, his silver and onyx Bulgari cuff link.

When did Sam suddenly become the poster boy for high fashion?

"And tell me more about your lack of resources. Hiding your monetary worth isn't going to resolve this."

"Thank you for the compliment, Sam" she parroted. "I'm not hiding anything. I have nothing *to* hide." She hesitated, wishing she didn't have to tell him. "I have...nothing, period. Stop by sometime and I'll give you a tour of my empty closets. Now, if you'll excuse me. You've got the *wrong number* if you think I'm interested in socializing with you under *these* circumstances."

Sam's eyes flashed with an emotion Gina couldn't begin to decipher and then anger—definitely anger, no doubt about it. He clenched and unclenched his hands much like he wanted to feel them around her throat. "Isn't that your mother?" he growled as he looked over her shoulder.

Gina gasped, feeling immediately threatened with the appearance of her mother. "Don't you dare say a word to her. She doesn't know about my—"

"Mrs. Newman..." He extended his hand, making Gina prepare for the worst when her mother came from behind to give her a quick embrace. "Sam Collier."

"Yes, Sam," her mother said, dropping her arms from Gina and taking his large hand in both of her much smaller ones.

Gina could feel a frown pulling her face tight. When Sam moved closer, Gina was trapped in too close proximity to him. She could smell the fresh scent of a spicy aftershave and soap. A flood of warmth and moisture between her legs followed the tingle surging through her body. She wanted him—badly.

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"I know who you are," her mother crooned sweetly. "I've heard only good things about your law firm. You represented a very dear neighbor and friend of mine in a nasty divorce. Anita Maxwell?"

"Anita is a friend of yours? But your husband represented Thomas Maxwell." Sam didn't bother to hide his surprise.

Gina watched as her mother continued to hold his hand. It was only through brute force she managed to restrain herself from pulling the two of them apart.

"I'm not too happy with my husband about that fiasco. Thank goodness, you trounced him. You probably saved my marriage."

Gina gulped. "You trounced Dad?"

Finally, her mother let go of him and pulled back. "He annihilated your father, dear. He grouches about it daily. This is a very enterprising young man. Started in City College at the bottom, so to speak, and rose to the top of his game. Mark my words. How he handled Anita's case is going to make him rich and well thought of."

"Thank you, Mrs. Newman. I'm glad to hear I have a fan in the Newman household. I had no idea."

"Call me Connie. It seems you have two things in your favor. You helped my friend and you evidently know my darling daughter?"

Gina didn't know what to say to put a stop to the conversation. "We're casual acquaintances at best, Mom." *What a lie!* When did she ever have the cock of a casual acquaintance buried inside her while screaming with pleasure? The memory made her warm.

Sam made a rude sound. "I don't exactly hang with the same crowd as your socialite daughter."

"Gina has undergone some changes over the past few months. Her crowd, as you call it, may surprise you. She's gone back to school. Did you know? She's thinking of joining the family business."

"You're going to law school?" Sam asked. The doubtful expression on his face would be laughable if it didn't hurt so much.

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“Hardly,” she snapped. “I started modeling at fourteen. I was lucky to finish high school. I’m taking a paralegal course at one of the local community colleges.”

He raised a dark brow. “What about your jet-setting modeling career?”

“I’ll be thirty in three days. There’s not a lot of work for over-the-hill, physically-challenged, runway models. Especially one who has been off the market for so long.” Gina hated to admit her age. Not because she disliked getting older. She didn’t want to admit she had nothing to show for all her years of so-called fame.

After several costly operations on her leg and eight months without work, everything she had was gone.

A look came over her mother’s face that made Gina tremble in fear. She’d seen it before...and often. Her mother was about to put on her matchmaking hat. “Gina, dear, why don’t you take Sam up to see the Newman law offices? Do you mind if I call you Sam?”

“Not at all, Connie.”

Gina’s mother giggled. Actually giggled. Yuck! What was it about this man? Even older, happily-married women acted silly around him.

“Gina, take Sam upstairs and show him around.”

“But, Mom, I’m sure Sam wants to stay down here where all the women can ogle him. Haven’t you noticed how big his head is getting from all the attention?”

“Thank you for looking out for my interests,” Sam said with a smile. “I’d like to see the firm’s offices. I’ve heard about them.”

Her mother nodded proudly. “Newman Law has had offices here since the building opened in the 1930s. We’re very proud of our family history, as you’ll see. We have the top two floors. Three partners and twenty-four associates keep the space filled nicely.”

Sam waited expectantly for Gina to comply. She had no choice. She started off toward the elevator with Sam Collier beside her. Every

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woman they passed stared suggestively at him. Drooled over him.

"Thanks for not telling my mom about me," she told him. "It'll kill her to know. I don't think she can even say the word vagina out loud. How could she comprehend having a daughter who modeled for one?"

"Take comfort in your mother's innocence. You could have my mom. She married an ex-porn star."

"Ray's father?"

"That's the one. You can't imagine how hard it is to think of your mother with a man who's had his cock in hundreds of other women for money. Ray could've grown up to do worse than distribute erotic paraphernalia."

"The last person I want to discuss is your stepbrother. I wish I'd never met him."

"Trust me, I wish you'd never met him either."

His words shocked Gina. They seemed personal, as if she'd managed to disappoint Sam. Why should he care if she humiliated herself?

They entered the back elevator, the private one. It was a third of the size of the other two. Gina felt uneasy as Sam's dark eyes never left her face. The last thing she wanted to do was get in an elevator with him. The memory of the last time she was with him came back to her in a mad rush of vivid sensations and emotions.

She wanted him.

The need to have him overwhelmed her.

As if he sensed it, he moved closer, still staring down into her eyes. Gina knew he felt it, too.

She extended her index finger to the control panel and hit the button for the top floor.

"So you almost forgot we dated," he growled. His eyes went from gray to silver sparks. "See if this jogs your memory."

He crushed her into his arms, against his hard muscular chest,

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slanting his mouth down across hers. When he kissed her, she felt the heat all the way to her toes.

At first he seemed to use his lips to punish her for her words. Gina savored every millisecond of the deep, intimate embrace. She wanted him badly. She'd desired him with every fiber of her being, ever since her first time with him. His taste, his touch, it all came slamming back with a force beyond her comprehension. He felt so right, beyond perfection. Hot tears gathered at the corners of her eyes, but she didn't feel like crying. She wanted to shout her exhalation from the rooftops.

He jerked back and swore. "See if you can forget *this*." Somehow he managed to quickly find the button to stop the elevator and dropped to his knees in front of her. He ran both hands up the outsides of her legs to pull her already short dress above her hips. With her skirt up around her waist, he buried his face against her mound. His hot breath through her silk panties made her shiver in anticipation.

"Gina's pussy," he said and tugged her panties down until she was able to step out of them.

He brought one of her legs over his shoulder and she leaned back with both hands on the bar running along the wall for support. He gave her an open mouthed kiss that left her knees trembling and weak.

Sam stopped to look up at her. His gray eyes turned to glistening silver. "Anything come to mind yet?" As he spoke, he inserted a finger into her wet sex and thrust it up and down.

"How about this?" He added another finger and pulled her toward his open mouth. With his other hand, he spread her lips and began to suck her clit as he continued to simulate sex with his fingers.

It only took seconds before Gina experienced the first tremor of an orgasm bursting hard and she jerked against his mouth. For a second, she thought she might faint. The pleasure was so sharply exquisite, she almost couldn't bear it. She grabbed onto his shoulders to ride the bliss he was wringing from her.

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He chuckled and hit the button on the elevator. They sped to the top while he wrung every hot spiraling spasm from her. All the while she wondered if she'd stop coming before the elevator did. The urgency only increased the intensity until she screamed.

Just as the door dinged open Sam ducked under her leg and pulled her dress down before he stood. She leaned cockeyed against the rail and wondered if she could even walk. She thought she must resemble a cartoon caricature of a woman who'd just been given an orgasm in zero to sixty seconds.

Gina prayed nobody was waiting for the elevator. She caught a break. "Hello," she called.

No one answered.

"Has your memory returned yet?" Sam asked in a sarcastic tone.

She wasn't about to give him the satisfaction of knowing she not only remembered him, but that, at one point, she'd thought she had fallen in love with him.

"I remembered going out with you," Gina said finally. "We went to the Met."

Sam's eyes blazed at her words.

They had gone to eat at a quaint Italian restaurant and then went back to her apartment afterward.

"Give me the tour," he growled.

Gina winced.

They walked past the reception area and Gina pointed out the original artwork purchased by her great-grandmother in the '40s. The place looked more like a museum than a law office. Every dark mahogany wall had numerous paintings in ornate gilt frames. Rich wood, thick leather, expensively bound law books and plush antique rugs surrounded them.

"This is my father's office." She reached for the lights, but Sam's hand closed over hers. The curtains were open across the floor to

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ceiling windows. A glow from the full moon and the city lights made it easy to see.

"I think I need to work harder to jog your memory. We didn't go to the movies or the Met."

Gina reached for the door, but he stepped in front of her to push it shut and lock it. "Don't you know determination when you see it?"

"This isn't a good idea under the circumstances," she cautioned. "You're the opposing counsel."

"That I am. How's your leg? I noticed you're without your cane tonight."

"I brought it. I'm just trying to do without it."

"Let me help," he said and picked her up.

"Put me down," she demanded.

"How far down do you want to go?" he said while he headed toward the windows.

She could feel his hard-on boldly prodding her hip as he walked.

When they reached her father's monstrous desk, he set her on her feet. Again he ran his hands up her legs to pull up her skirt.

She thought about pushing his hands away, but she wanted him. It was only a passing thought, *easily* pushed aside. She'd wanted this—him—for so long. Since that first night, she'd fantasized about him daily.

He turned her away from him and nudged her face down onto her father's desk. She could feel his feet pushing hers apart until her feet barely touched the floor. Then she heard the rip of a foil package. The anticipation made her wet. She didn't have long to wait until he slid the length of his cock along her tush.

She moaned.

He was playing with her.

"You have a beautiful ass. The best looking ass I've ever seen. No wonder my brother wants to sell it." He traced his erection along the

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crack of her bottom again.

He ran his cock over her several times before he moved down to where she wanted it. “Yes,” she whimpered.

“Yes, what?” he asked and moved it back up and slid the head down until its silky, smooth head probed her vagina. “Yes, you’re beginning to remember me?”

Gina didn’t answer. She arched her rear higher into the air to show him what she wanted. He moaned.

“Damn you, Gina Newman. Damn you and that beautiful, cock-teasing pussy.”

This time, as he slid downward, he entered her, but only a fraction of an inch. She remembered. He was big. Bigger than any man in her limited experience. She could feel him probe the entrance to her sex. Feel him trembling with restraint as he entered her slowly. He tried to act so tough, but his actions told another story.

Slowly he stretched her.

He was inching inside her tightness until she wanted to cry out both from frustration and intense pleasure.

Pulsating and throbbing.

His hands were splayed wide on the table on either side of her head. After what seemed an eternity, he was buried deep inside her—sheathed all the way.

His arms shook fiercely like it exerted great pressure upon him to remain still.

Sam’s long, laboring growl echoed off the walls of the cavernous room, traveling inside her. She closed her eyes and focused on the ultimate bliss. Sam made her feel like no man ever could. No one had come close.

* * *

“Time to make a New-man out of me,” Sam said.

He couldn’t stop himself from taunting her. He knew she would

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hate to hear the slogan to sell her pussy. Why the hell had she done it? Why the hell did he still want her after she did? Why did he want her so badly when she'd *never* wanted him? She'd even given him a bogus phone number to blow him off. And then earlier had the nerve to goad him with it?

"I hate you," she groaned.

He bit back the urge to say, "Too bad...I *love* you."

He pulled back, trying to take enough pleasure from her body that her words would be less hurtful. While the sensations he craved filled his body, her words cut into his soul. He shook it off and concentrated on the physical. The walls of her tight, little pussy closed around the throbbing head of his cock as he did. Pushing back inside her the second time was almost as tight as the first, so again he took it slowly. It took several approaches before she loosened enough so he could move without fear of hurting her. And there was the other problem.

Every sweet second was torture. He was trembling like a boy with his first love. He may not be a boy—far from it—but Gina was his first love. There wasn't anything he could do about loving her, aside from cutting his heart out.

She moaned and he stilled. She opened to him and he began to thrust deep inside, where he felt her go from soft to vise-like as she came. Her spasms took him to the edge, forcing him to take her hard and faster. He wanted to throw his head back and howl. He wasn't ready for it to be over. And he for damned sure wasn't ready for the pain of loving her to come back.

CHAPTER 4

December 21st

Dear Diary,

I'm hopelessly in love with Sam Collier. What am I going to do? I might have even told him last night if my brother hadn't caught us on my father's desk. Jerry is livid with me. He even hit Sam, the same way he hit his brother.

* * *

Gina walked into her parent's Park Avenue apartment after using her key and began to remove her heavy coat. The holidays were always a flurry of activity in the Newman household. Tonight being her birthday, it was no exception. Gina was met at the door by an additional maid her mother used for parties.

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Jerry thundered into the foyer while Gina deliberated about asking the maid to return her coat. She was in no mood to talk to Jerry. He'd left numerous messages on her answering machine, and probably couldn't wait to scream at her for her latest indiscretion.

"How did you do it?" Jerry demanded.

Gina didn't have a clue what he meant. How did she have sex with Sam? How did she pose for a sex toy? "How did I do *which* unforgivable sin?"

"How did you get Mom to invite Sam Collier to dinner?"

Gina gasped. "Sam is here? Did you hit him again?"

"Gina, I'm not amused. I want him out of here. What if he tells Mom what you've done?"

"Why would he tell her I slept with him?"

Jerry rolled his eyes. "Not that. What if he mentions your vagina?"

"What about Gina's vagina?" her mother's voice came from the doorway.

"Oh, God," her brother groaned.

"Are you happy now, big mouth?" Gina snapped at Jerry. She couldn't believe she'd just heard the V-word come out of her mother's mouth.

"Did I hear something about Gina's vagina?" Sam asked as he joined them. "Happy birthday, Gina."

Her mother moved closer to Sam. "My children. They talk about the most unusual topics in public. I wanted free-thinking adults, but this is ludicrous. Especially in front of guests.

"That's enough talk of vaginas for the evening," Connie continued. "What will Sam think of us?"

"Maybe he'll think we're all nuts and leave," Jerry said, sounding hopeful.

Their mother tisk-tisked.

Jerry huffed. "I think I'm ready for a drink."

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“Make mine a triple,” Gina agreed with her brother. “I have a feeling it’s going to be a long night.”

“I have to apologize for my children,” Gina’s mother said. “I really don’t know why they insist on being so rude.”

Sam smiled. “I think they’re both trying to think outside the box. It’s popular these days.”

Gina wanted to feel her fingers around his throat.

“I guess that makes sense,” her mother said. “Talking about vaginas is definitely outside the box.”

The sound of the butler’s harrumph interrupted the conversation. Gina used the occasion to hide. She headed for her old bedroom when nobody was looking.

* * *

Sam wondered what the Newmans called a large gathering if they called this a small one. The table in the dining room was at least thirty feet long with both sides set. Small? Maybe by Park Avenue standards. Not by the Bronx.

Gina disappeared within the first five minutes of her arrival. Without looking obvious about it, he tried to find her, without luck. He searched downstairs, the second floor and finally the third story. There was one last door he hadn’t tried. It was locked. *Bingo!*

“Gina. Open the door. I need to talk to you,” he said.

“Go away,” she finally answered when he almost decided he’d been wrong—again.

“It’s not that easy,” he said. “I’ve been trying to get clear of you for months. It only gets worse the harder I try.” Sam had decided to get it all out in the open. He had no pride when it came to her. She might not remember him, but he for damned sure remembered her.

He couldn’t believe she’d given him a fake phone number. Juvenile. If she hadn’t wanted him to call her, why didn’t she just say so? It’s time they had it out once and for all.

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Gina jerked open the door. "What's that supposed to mean? Don't you have anything better to do than to kick somebody when they're down?"

"I'm not kicking you when you're down."

"What would you call it then? You've come here, knowing my mother is in the dark about my *shameful activities*." She made quotation marks in the air with the first two fingers of each hand. "How do you think she's going to feel when she finds out whose side you're on?"

"Is that what you think? You actually believe I'm on my stepbrother's side in this mess?"

"Why would you be on mine?" she demanded and took a step back.

He moved around her to walk into the bedroom. At least he'd thought it was a bedroom. It looked more like an art studio.

"My mom uses the room now," she said as if she could read his mind. "She's in her chartreuse period. Why did you come here tonight? You had to know Jerry wouldn't be too happy with either of us."

"That's exactly why I came. I didn't want you to face his wrath alone. I'm sorry Jerry walked in on us the other night, but I'm not sorry about what happened. We need to talk." Sam walked around the room surveying the unframed canvasses.

"Jerry said I'm not allowed to talk to you or let you touch me." Her words were slurred. She moved nearer, weaving as if she was slightly off-balance. Sam could smell gin. Martinis. She'd had one in her hand the last time he'd seen her.

"I think maybe you've had too much to drink. Your brother is only looking out for your interests. Too bad he didn't start before you modeled for Thompson Erotic. It would've saved us both a lot of grief."

"You don't like me, do you?" No, he didn't. He loved her. Like her? Not even a little. "No, I think you're a spoiled, little, rich girl. I'm

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tempted to let you stew in this mess you've made."

"What did I ever do to make you so angry with me? I'm the one who should be mad at you. You're a jerk."

"Is that right?" Damned if she didn't frustrate him with her double-talk. He moved into her space, intent on settling this here and now.

"Gina?" Jerry's voice interrupted them. "There you are. I figured I'd find you two together. Collier, I think you better leave. You keep this up and I'll see you disbarred."

"We'll talk after dinner," Sam told Gina, ignoring her brother. "Let's not keep your mother waiting."

Gina's pale blue eyes were as big as saucers as she alternated looks between both men. The sight of her never failed to take his breath away. Her long, straight hair just missed being called black. She wore it parted in the middle down the length of her long neck to curl under slightly just along her milky-white, bare shoulders. Skin so white she looked as though she'd never seen the light of day. Perfect, flawless skin all over her beautiful body.

"Sam's right," Gina said and swept her fingers through her hair. "Let's try to be civil for the evening."

Sam loved to watch her speak. Her sumptuous lips colored blood-red kept his rapt attention. They were one of her best features in his opinion. Then again, just about all of her was as good as it could get. He couldn't look at her without wanting to taste her.

Having his place card at the seat next to Gina wasn't surprising. Gina's mother had been blatantly obvious about setting him up with her daughter each and every time they'd spoken.

On the other hand, Gina didn't take the seating arrangements well. When he grinned at her palpable discomfort, she arched an elegant dark brow. She turned her back to him and began to talk to the man on her left.

On Sam's right was Anita Maxwell. On one hand, he was grateful

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to have someone he was acquainted with next to him. On the other hand, Anita was a lonely divorcee with a lot of money and too much time to make up for in a loveless marriage. When Sam represented her, she'd let him know she was interested, and nothing had changed except perhaps she was even more aggressive in her pursuit.

She leaned into him, allowing him a clear view of the most beautiful set of breasts money could buy. Sam wasn't a breast man. He'd take a long, shapely pair of legs over big boobs any day. Like Gina's legs. She had the best legs he'd ever seen. In fact, Gina had everything he wanted in a woman.

By the time dessert was being served, Anita wanted action. "So how about it, Sam? What's say we go around the corner to my place for a nightcap?"

"As tempting as that offer might be, Anita, I have to pass. I have an early day in court," Sam lied softly. He didn't have a case on the docket until after the holidays. The offer didn't tempt him in the least, but he understood how fragile Anita was, even if she didn't know herself. He had a feeling the hostess understood, too. Connie kept sending worried glances down to her friend.

When Anita put her hand on his right leg, Sam jumped and bumped into Gina's raised arm. She'd been about to take a drink and the wine splashed out toward him.

Gina grabbed for her napkin to dab the wine she'd spilled and in the process discovered Anita's hand still locked onto his leg. The look she gave him could have killed.

"Aren't you a little old for Sam?" The sibilant hiss of Sam's name revealed Gina had had too much to drink.

"That isn't any of your business," Anita said and started to move up his leg.

Before he could comment, a wrestling match started beneath the table with Gina on one side, Anita on the other, and Mr. Lucky in the

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middle. Gina's hand went straight for him, and Mr. Lucky became Mount Lucky.

Trouble was, Gina's hand only covered the lower part of him. They were playing hands up the pole to see which one reached the top first.

Sam did a quick glance around the room and saw too many eyes looking back. He needed to do something fast.

"Gina and I are engaged," he said loudly.

Anita dropped his dick like a hot potato and gasped. Gina still hung onto it like a lifeline.

And then, Gina looked up, turning her head both ways. Everyone was staring. A couple of people cheered and her parents were both smiling proudly. However, when Sam got a good look at Gina's brother, he mentally shuddered.

What had possessed him to say something so crazy? Wishful thinking?

"I'm so sorry," Anita said to Gina. "I had no idea or I wouldn't have touched him."

A couple of the guests heard and tittered.

Gina simply nodded, squaring her shoulders. "And we're eloping to Vegas tonight. Everyone is invited." Gina leaned over to nuzzle her lips against his ear. "Let's see you talk your way out of *that*, big guy."

Sam had the sneaking feeling he'd met his match. "Gina, we'd have to charter a plane to take everyone. And what about my mother, stepfather and Ray?"

That got a frown from Gina, but only a very brief one before she recovered. "You better get on the phone. What do you think, Daddy? Can you get one of your friends to lend us a jet?"

"This is a bunch of nonsense," Gina's brother stood and shouted. "It's time for you to leave."

"Jerry, what's wrong with you? Gina has finally fallen in love," Gina's mother said. She pushed back from the table and stood with a

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glass in her hand. “It would seem Gina’s birthday party has become an engagement party.”

Gina’s father stood, too. “Here’s to our lovely Gina and the fine man she’s chosen to spend the rest of her life with.”

Sam picked up his wine glass and held it toward Gina, then waited.

Gina’s pale, almost luminescent blue eyes issued a challenge. She reached for her glass and clicked it to his before taking a drink. Sam took the gesture as a verbal promise. A promise she would not be the first to back down.

CHAPTER 5

December 22nd

Dear Diary,

Daddy found a plane and eighteen people, including Sam's mother, are aboard. We'll be in Vegas for breakfast. Mom says we'll spend the morning searching for the perfect dress. Sam is asleep in his seat next to me, like most of the wedding party. Why is he doing this? Why hasn't he called my bluff?

* * *

What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas. Only this time Gina would be going home with a new husband on her arm so the slogan wasn't foolproof. Right up until the moment she'd said, "I do," she'd thought Sam would call it off.

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But no, he hadn't. Now she was Mrs. Gina Collier in a luxurious honeymoon suite on the Vegas strip. Her parents were elated. Especially her father, who said he'd probably saved at least a hundred grand by not having to give his only daughter a formal wedding.

Now here she sat in the middle of a heart-shaped bed, while she waited for her husband who'd said he had an errand to run. Gina could feel the tears wetting the corner of her eyes. Sam had no intention of returning. He'd finally delivered the ultimate blow to her already fragile ego.

Gina picked up her cell and dialed her brother's room. One ring.

"Gina, what's wrong?"

Gina started to cry. "Sam left me."

Jerry cursed. "You left the reception only an hour ago. When did he leave?"

"He dropped me off at our room and said he had an errand. He's been gone ever since."

"Gina, I can't help you. You got yourself into this mess, and now you'll have to find a way to get out of it. I hope he doesn't return. You're better off without him."

Gina was about to tell her brother to come and get her when she heard the door open. She turned to see Sam.

Relief flooded through her.

Why? Why had she become hysterical when she'd thought he'd left her?

"Sam's back," she said.

A look of concern crossed Sam's face. He tucked the envelope he carried under his arm and started across the room. "Have you been crying? What happened?" He glanced down at the phone still clutched in her hand. "It's your brother, isn't it?"

Gina flipped the phone shut and tossed it aside. She needed to clear the air and be honest with him. She couldn't make herself a wreck

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every time he left her alone.

“We can talk about my brother later. This is our honeymoon, although I don’t think you seemed to notice.”

“Trust me I noticed I now have a wife. I wanted to get you something special.” He pulled the envelope from under his arm and held it toward her. “Open it. I sweated blood to get it.”

“And it couldn’t wait?”

“Couldn’t wait for what?” he said, teasingly. “Is Mrs. Collier anxious to begin her honeymoon?”

Gina wanted to hide. Of course he would think she was anxious since she’d changed into the scandalous nightgown her mother bought for her. “It’s sex, Sam. Only sex. You know I’d be lying if I said it wasn’t good between us.”

“Right. I should’ve known better. I think I must’ve gotten carried away by all the excitement. Tell me, what do you think would have become of us if you hadn’t given me the wrong number that first night months ago?”

“I didn’t give you a wrong number.”

“You gave me the number for an elderly lady in Queens. Isabelle Walker.”

“You called my grandmother? I gave you my grandmother’s number?”

“How else would I know Isabelle Walker’s name?”

“If you’d really wanted to see me again, you wouldn’t have let a little thing like a wrong number stand in your way.”

“Get real. You’re a famous fashion model. I’m nobody. Your family is Park Avenue. Mine is two generations off the boat. We have nothing in common other than an off-the-charts sexual attraction.”

“And I’m the girl who got everything she wanted, only to find out it wasn’t what I wanted. Until—”

A knock on their door interrupted them. Sam hesitated until a voice

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called, "Room service."

Sam opened the door to find a cart. "Champagne on ice and a gift from the mother of the groom."

Sam paid the server and brought the large, elaborately wrapped package to the bed. "I don't think I'm ready for this."

Gina wasn't certain how their wedding night would end. Of one thing she was positive. She wanted him. Needed him at least one last time.

"I don't know how this all came about, but I lied earlier when I said it was sex. I was angry you left me on our wedding night."

"Read this," Sam said and handed her the envelope.

Gina removed the papers and began to read. "Your brother is dropping the case? Virginia Newman's Pussy isn't going to be marketed?"

"How could my brother do something like that to my *wife*?"

"You married me to save me from your brother? I feel like such a fool."

"Gina, I'd never judge you for modeling for Ray. The matter is settled and I'm not going to say anything ever again about it."

"I didn't want my mom and dad to know how broke I was. All those years of making fists full of money, and a broken leg wiped me out. I didn't have insurance. No savings to speak of. I hocked or sold everything. I was down to my last three dollars when I took Ray's offer."

Sam moaned, looking like he wanted to hide. "How about a glass of champagne?"

Gina gave a nod. What she really wanted was him. As soon as possible. When he popped the cork, she jumped. She listened to the fizz of the wine as he poured two glasses and handed her one.

"To my wife and to new beginnings."

She wanted to ask why, but she clicked her glass to his before she

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took a drink.

Sam sat his glass down and began to loosen his tie. He took his time, watching her response. “We’ve never had slow and easy,” he whispered.

He slid the tie from his neck and let it float to the floor. When he shrugged out of his suit coat, Gina got up and held her hand out for it. Sam handed it to her.

As she walked across the room to lay it over the back of a chair, she heard him exhale.

“There is a God. I prayed you’d model that for me. Now you have to promise to wear it every night until it’s worn out.”

Gina smiled and did a full turn before she walked back to him. “Modeling is what I do.”

She sat on the edge of the bed and watched him step out of his shoes and remove his socks. When he slowly began to unbutton his shirt, she could feel her breath hitch. Her sex began to communicate her need. First by tingling and then clenching so tightly she moaned.

Sam shrugged the shirt off his well-muscled chest. When he traced his own hands over his pecks and then down his six-pack, Gina could tell he was comfortable with his own body. His sensory focus might even be as keen as her own. When she modeled, Gina often let the designer fashions she wore dictate how she moved. The texture and cut of the fabric could make a dull, dreary day a delightful experience. A badly cut dress, in a fabric that didn’t move or flow, was depressing, no matter how beautiful.

Sam traced his hand along his waist and flicked open the snap. The sight and sound of his zipper descending made her breath catch in her throat. When he let the pants fall to the floor, the sight of black silk boxers covered with red hearts surprised her. She looked up into his twinkling gray eyes.

“My wedding present to me,” he said, huskily. “Just in case you did

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something to make me wimp out.”

“Black silk and red hearts do *what* for you?”

“They are a reminder I need to tell you I love you.”

“You *love* me?” Gina squeaked.

“I fell in love with you the first night I met you. In the months since, I haven’t really dated much. I couldn’t find anyone to hold my interest after you. So it’s not too surprising why I jumped at the chance to marry you.”

Gina wanted to say the same, but the bulge in the front of his boxers distracted her. “You think you could prove your case, counselor?”

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem. I have the evidence to persuade you right here. Hard evidence. Indisputable and irrefutable.”

Sam moved into her space and reached for her.

“I think you may be right, counselor, but I need to examine this hard evidence you claim to have. Up close.”

Sam pulled her into his arms and kissed her. This kiss meant more than any kiss she’d ever experienced. It promised her a future with Sam. Sam was the missing half of her, completing her in every way.

She welcomed his tongue into her mouth. The soft feel of him intimately searching and probing brought a sense of urgency to her.

“I don’t want to start this party without getting Mr. Lucky properly dressed,” Sam pulled away from her mouth and whispered into her ear.

Gina reached down to run her hand up the length of his manhood. “Mr. Lucky feels properly dressed for me. After all, we *are* man and wife. I’ve never had sex without a condom. You’re my first.”

“What about babies?”

“Do you have something against babies?”

“No, not at all. Mr. Lucky is finally going to live up to his name. I’m just not sure how he’s going to act.”

Gina felt her vagina clench tightly at his words. Sam’s finger entered her a second later.

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“You’re so hot and wet. Ready for me,” he breathed heavily.

He sat on the bed, pulling her on top of him. With their legs and arms entwined, they rolled to the middle of the bed ending with Gina on top. She could feel the length of his hard cock between her legs, but she needed him inside her.

Sam moved backward with her still sitting on him until his back was against the headboard and she was in his lap. He lowered his head to capture her nipple and pulled it into his mouth. She rose up on her knees and threaded her fingers into his hair.

Rubbing against his erection, she willed him inside her. “I need you,” she told him. “I need you to fill me.” The rhythmic clenching of her sex as she anticipated him made her pant her request.

He moved his hand down to position himself. Gina shuddered as he entered her. She nudged his chin upward so she could see his face. She started slowly, before she dropped down, instantaneously impaling herself on him.

His gray eyes glowed in the dim light. He threw his head back and moaned. “Once more like that and you’ll finish me.”

Gina could feel him trembling from head to toe. Beads of moisture popped out on his upper lip. He was waging a battle she could only imagine.

“I’ll have mercy on you this time,” she said before she spread her lips to touch her clit. A few seconds of friction was all it took to send her off.

While she was exploding, he flipped her onto her back without leaving her empty and began to thrust in earnest. He ground his length into her, over and over again, going where no man had gone. She spiraled over the invisible edge a second time and then a third as he continued to beat into her.

Each orgasm grew stronger as if she climbed an invisible ladder. Every blissful thrust produced another orgasm. Each one built on the

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previous until she was delirious. He moved faster and faster until she climbed to the top and together they entered the place reserved for soul mates. A state of perpetual orgasm, where time doesn't exist.

Much later, Sam brought the last of the champagne to her. "Are you ready to open my mother's gift?"

"You seem nervous," Gina told him. "What could have you so worried?"

"Let's just say, she not your *typical* mother."

Gina began to unwrap the package, but stopped after only a second. She knew what was in the box. Her *box*. Virginia Newman's Pussy. She pushed it away. "Why would your mom do something like that?"

Sam brows were pulled into a frown. "Try reading the letter."

Dear Gina,

Ray and I are sorry for the way we deceived you. However, Sam was eating his heart out over you. When Ray saw you pawning a pair of shoes over on Sixth, we wondered if you might be desperate for money. I came up with a plan and we decided to take a chance. This is the one and only model of your vagina. Ray never intended to mass produce. We knew Sam would come to your rescue because he has been hopelessly in love with you for months. We hoped for this very outcome.

If Sam gives you any grief, remind him that I met Ray's father when Sam modeled for the Ball-Penis 1000 to get money to go to college.

Your new Mom, the sexy one.

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Gina looked up from the letter to Sam. “You modeled for the Ball-Peenis 1000?”

“And you get the original to keep all to yourself. It comes with an oral instruction manual and you are only up to lesson number eight. You better get hustling. You have about a million to go.”

“After a million, do I get to trade you in for a new improved model?”

“Let’s just work on the million before you get any ideas.”

They laughed as they slipped between the sheets again.

BRIT BLAISE

Brit Blaise lives and writes in hot and steamy Phoenix, Arizona, where she owns a mountainside home among the Saguaro cacti, rattlesnakes, smoldering temperatures and lots of real cowboys. She has a husband, three children and two Labradors. Brit loves the history and adventure of the sunny southwest even if she doesn't love the heat (that kind anyway).

Brit started seriously writing in 2002. Her first contemporary comedy was a finalist in the 2002 Realizing the Dream Contest by Phoenix Desert Rose and since then she's added to her list of achievements.

She enjoys writing and reading above all else, but her hobbies include needlework, quilting, gardening and arena football. Go Phoenix Rattlers! She likes to hear from readers; you can visit her website at www.Britblaise.com.

* * *

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