

Evernight Publishing

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Sex Odyssey

STRIP FOR ME



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# STRIP FOR ME

Amarinda Jones

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## Prologue

*Las Vegas, 2 a.m.*

Rett Cameron was hungover, broke, and had no clean underwear. Her eyes were bloodshot, her hair a tangled mess, and some parts of the evening she preferred to forget. Thankfully, she had been sober enough not to go ahead with the spontaneous wedding to the topless waiter, Vincenzo.

Vegas. You gotta' love it.

The bus depot? Not so much. She was trying to get to Miami as cheap as possible. It didn't look good.

"Resort City, honey. That's how far your money will go," the ticket clerk announced.

"But I need Miami." She was supposed to catch a connecting flight from there back home to Australia. As to how she was going to live in Miami until the flight? Rett was going to worry about that when it happened.

The clerk smiled at her. It was a smile of experience, as if she had seen this scenario too many times. "You get what you get."

Rett blew out a breath. She opened her purse and re-counted her money, or lack thereof.

"How far to Miami from this Resort City place?"

She watched as the woman's finger traced the distance on the map.

"Crap! That has to be another four hour bus ride." The clerk confirmed that with a nod. "And there's no other way I can get to Miami?"

"Not on the money you have."

“Bugger.” Well, I’ll just have to suck it up and make do.

“Did you have a good time in Vegas, honey?”

Rett smiled. “Oh yeah, what I can remember.” She would never regret her wild impulse to go. Life was short. Live it out of control was Rett’s mantra.

“Okay, then, one ticket to Resort City please.” She handed the cash over.

“You gonna be okay?”

“Oh sure. Something will turn up.” Rett swung her bag over her shoulder and headed to the bus.

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Resort City 2:10 a.m.

Hamish Clark surveyed the clientele of The Howl and Pussy. It was a good crowd. They’d make a profit for sure. As the owner of the club, that pleased Hamish. As another human being watching those giving in to the pleasurable sins of the flesh the club had on offer, Hamish was pleased to see others enjoying themselves. Sex. It was the one great leveler that united the human race.

He watched the man throw one hundred dollars at the stripper on stage. The woman looked at it and smiled. There were few requirements at The Howl and Pussy. It was a place where non-conformity ruled. The regulations they had were that no one was to be hurt or taken against their will, and the freedom to choose what, who, and how sex was enjoyed was up to the individual. Hamish wasn’t surprised the stripper dropped to her knees and swallowed the man’s cock. An easy thousand dollars could be made most nights at the club if you were open to possibilities.

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Amelia Hanson stood inside The Howl and Pussy and watched the man she hated. His easy stride and charming smile made her sick. It was the same smile that had so infatuated her sister. What a fool Meg had been. How could she not have seen through the smooth charm and movie star looks? He was such an obvious classic love ‘em and leave ‘em type. Yet Meg had insisted he loved her. That type of man loved no one but himself. It was his total lack of sensitivity

towards her sister that killed her. If only Meg had been a stronger person, then she would have seen through his charm. But she hadn't. She had fallen heavily for him. When Meg discovered she was not loved in return, she killed herself.

Amelia looked at the woman on stage sucking the dick of a man who had thrown one hundred dollars at her. Strippers. "Disgusting." Meg had not been a whore. She'd had class. Her eyes returned to Hamish Clark. "You are a murderer and I will make you pay for what you did to Meg."

## Chapter One

“Are you sure you can’t, Sally? I really need the money.” Rett Cameron pulled the phone away from her ear and winced. “Don’t yell at me. Yeah, fine, whatever, I’m a screw up.” She closed her eyes and listened once more as her sister began chanting her faults. “Yep, you’re the saint in the family and I’m the sinner.” Sally made being anal an art form. “I’ll see you when I get home.” Rett snapped her cell phone shut. “Fucking hell, she’s a head case. Ever since she married that twerp she’s lost the plot.”

You’re a gypsy, Loretta. You’re always off on one wild adventure after another, expecting people to bail you out when you’re in trouble. You have to stay in one place and learn to be normal. You can’t act reckless all your life.

“What the hell is normal?” Living under the dictatorship of Sally’s husband Lionel? “If that’s normal, then count me out.”

Lionel completes me.

Rett snorted as she remembered her sister’s words. “I hope someone smacks me in the back of the head if I ever utter those words about a man.” Once again, Loretta wondered how she was related to her sister Sally. She used to beg her mother to confirm that her blonde haired, goody two shoes sister was adopted.

Hell, mum. Or tell me I’m adopted. I can take it. It’s only logical I am as I’m the only one with black hair. It makes sense.

But her mother had sworn blind she wasn’t. Apparently, Rett took after her dark-haired father. Whoever the hell he was. Her mother, like Rett, had enjoyed the pleasures of a few men in her time. But then that’s what sex was for, to enjoy. In that, she most definitely took after her mother.

Rett opened her purse once more, hoping that somehow a wad of cash magically found its way into it. But other than a crumpled plane ticket back home to Australia, one mismatched earring, some Aussie coins, a—what was that? A hairy breath mint — and about fifty US dollars Rett was broke.

“I probably shouldn’t have gone to Vegas.” It had seemed like a good idea at the time. Rett was supposed to be in the US on behalf of her boss Gloria’s company, Second Comings, an erotic toy

manufacture. They were trying to crack into the international market. A manufacturer in Miami invited Gloria over to discuss business, but she had been unable to attend. Gloria was sixty-five and had a bad back. She could only sit for so long. Gloria sent Rett instead. Rett, ever eager for adventure, had jumped at the chance.

How Rett got to Las Vegas was only a vague recollection in her mind. She recalled drinking several—okay maybe a lot of—strawberry daiquiris at the party the company invited her to and then wandering back to her hotel where she came across some other Aussies in a van who were driving to Las Vegas. When they invited her along, it seemed like a good idea. Once company business had been attended to, Gloria had given Rett two weeks off to see what she could of the US.

Although hungover, once in Las Vegas, Rett went wild on the slot machines and black jack. She drank and ate too much as she partied with her fellow countrymen. In the end, she was left with only enough money for a bus fare to take her to Resort City. It was several hundred miles from Miami where she was to make her flight connection home. The money she spent in Las Vegas was supposed to last her for the entire time she was in the US.

“Yep, I’m a screw up.” Sally was right, but then, Sally always was and she constantly enjoyed telling people so.

Rett dropped her bag to the ground. She was at the Resort City bus depot. Rett had considered phoning her mother and then her boss for the money home. However, her mother, like Rett, had a habit of spending money and worrying about consequences later, and Gloria had medical problems and didn’t need the worry of her errant employee.

“I can look after myself.” Rett surveyed the streets of the town. She had never heard of Resort City before the clerk at the bus depot in Las Vegas pointed to it on a map and told her that was how far she could get on the money she had. From the brochure Rett had read on the bus, Resort City was supposed to be the new Miami. “Huh, really?” She blew out a breath, “So how do I get to Miami? Maybe I could sell my body?” Rett snorted at the idea. While she knew she wasn’t ugly, she was also aware she was no beauty. Her ass was large, as were her hips, while her breasts could out-cleavage most women’s, and at thirty-four she noticed the sag of gravity creeping in.

“Okay, so maybe I could find a blind, drunk man to pay me for my favors.”

“Pardon me, but are you okay, honey?”

A tall blonde with her hair in a wild cascade of ringlets down her back stopped beside Rett. “Oh yeah, sure.” Wow, talk about gorgeous. The woman was built like a goddess. Actually, a goddess would scratch her eyes out in envy. “I just need money to get to Miami to go home.”

The blonde rested her hand on her arm, her blue eyes full of concern. “Oh, hon, I wish I could help you out, but I’m stony broke and walking.”

That a stranger would care was sweet. “It’s okay. I’ll deal with it.” Somehow. Maybe I’ll wish upon a star or something.

“I do know somewhere you could make some fast money, but you may not like it.”

Rett’s spirits perked up at the idea of money. “At the moment, I have no choice.”

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“Take your clothes off.” Hamish Clark smiled as the buxom brunette’s mouth dropped open in shock. Hmmm, pretty lips. I wonder what they’d feel like on a man’s dick. He shifted in his seat for the third time since the woman walked into his small office. Some women had the ability to make a man hard with one look. This was one of them. Hamish had been surprised when she walked in the door. She was not the usual type of lady that searched for work at his club. That she was beautiful and had a body a man could bury himself in and never want to leave was undoubted.

“What?”

She was dressed in plain denim shorts and a simple red t-shirt. Although Hamish could guess what was underneath, he wanted to see the curves and mounds of luscious flesh. Hamish had seen a lot of bodies since he became the owner of the strip club. That had been purely by default. His best friend, Seth Wilson, the original owner of The Howl and the Pussy, had thrown him a paper signing the club over to him, followed by the keys; and with a surfboard under his arm, Seth declared he could hear the call of the sea and he was leaving Resort City forever. That was eight months ago. Hamish had

taken over ownership on a temporary basis. He expected Seth to be back when he ran out of money, and owning a strip club, while fun, wasn't what Hamish wanted to do. He was in construction by trade. But he was also on a break until he worked out what he really wanted to do in life. Like Seth, he had an urge to follow some dream. But what? He had come to Resort City to hook up with Seth, drink some beers, and check out his club. The last thing he expected was to own it.

"You need money?" What's your story? What brought you so desperately to my door?

"Y-y-es but I thought maybe you needed a waitress or something."

"We need 'something' more than a waitress here at The Howl and Pussy." Hamish's eyes roamed her body. She was hot. There was no other word for it. He shifted once more in his seat. His balls were aching with need. Yeah, she would do nicely. Their clientele was tired of stick figured women who looked like they'd faint on stage if they turned too fast. "If you want to make money, there's two ways of doing it at this club. One is stripping and the other, well, it's about pandering to the fetishes of our guests."

"Have sex with strangers? Are you kidding me?"

Hmm, interesting. Was there the mind of a prude in that voluptuous body? "Why not?"

"Because it's—"

"Wrong?"

"Yes."

Yet she wasn't storming out. She remained where she was. "Says who?"

"Er, well—people."

Lame reason, but her blush is cute. "Which people?"

Rett threw his hands up in frustration. "I don't know. I should go."

'Should' not 'I'm going'. "I'm Hamish. What's your name?"

"Rett."

"And you're an Aussie?" Hamish knew there had to be a hell of a story about this woman called Rett who was so far from home.

"Correct."

"So whatever you do at The Howl and Pussy to earn money isn't going to follow you back home. You're a stranger here. You can

cut loose and enjoy yourself.” The sudden glimmer of hope in her brown eyes made him smile. This woman I want. It had never occurred to Hamish to sleep with his staff. They worked there and he paid them. It was business. But the luscious Rett? I can make an exception. “Tell me honestly, Rett, haven’t you ever wanted to get naked and drive men wild for your body?”

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Oh yes, and you can do anything you like to me, mister. Rett mentally slapped the thought from her mind. What the hell is wrong with you? The man wants you to have sex with strangers for money. It’s a whole bunch of wrong. “I’m going to leave.”

Hamish swung back on his chair, only two wooden legs remained on the ground. “I knew it.”

“What?” I never should have come here or met him or got drunk or thirty-seven other things I did since arriving in this country.

“You’re too straight-laced.”

Little did he bloody know. Rett loved sex. She loved the thrust of a hard dick anywhere inside her. “I am not.”

“Okay, so prove it.”

“By taking my clothes off and giving you a free show?” Her eyes raked his body. For some reason, the man and the business didn’t match. Rett couldn’t say why. He just didn’t seem the type. Although Hamish was dressed casually in denim jeans, boots, and a simple blue t-shirt which accentuated the auburn of his hair, he seemed out of place. He looked more like the corporate office type. “Are you that hard up to get laid that you’ll proposition any woman?”

“Oh, I’m hard, sweetness, but only for you.”

Whoa. Sweetness? Just the way he said it made her inner thighs quiver in anticipation. “You’re disgusting.” Yet that intrigues me. Rett was a sucker for a confident man who wasn’t lost for words but she wasn’t a pushover. At least, not until it suits me.

“I see it like this, Rett, you haven’t left yet, which indicates a level of interest.”

“In this place? The Howl and the Pussy? Could you get any more tacky and blatant? Or was the fuck me club being used by another business in town?”

“The fuck me club? Hmm, I like that name.”

Okay leave the building. Leave the hot guy behind. Remember what Sally said. What was that again? It was hard to channel her prim

sister's words when Hamish's smile was an invitation to wild, what-the-fuck-let's-get-down-and-dirty sex. It was the kind of sex Rett liked best.

Hamish let the chair settle on the ground. He stood up. "You know, stripping and great sex are about letting inhibitions go and just being who you are." Hamish walked towards her.

"I'm happy with who I am." Most of the time. Though she did have some built-in inhibitions. Like any confident woman, Rett often worried about her body. To display it in front of a stranger like a hooker? Could I? And this man? He was hot. Rett wanted him. But what if she was reading her signals wrong? What if she had mistaken the lust in his eyes? What if he gagged or laughed when she removed her clothes? How would she deal with that? And what if she took this job he was offering? Was the humiliation of being naked in front of strangers to get money worth it?

"Ok then, leave."

That she couldn't do. Her lack of finances and flexible principles kept her there. "I need money." And sex. And you. It was hard to be morally righteous when Rett watched his every move. Hamish was like sin walking. Lean, muscular, and with a look in his eyes that indicated he was ready for action. Please don't laugh at me.

"Strip for me, sweetness."

"You're a bastard." It was like he knew exactly what she was thinking. Yes, she could have slapped his face, stormed out, or screamed primly for help, but Rett didn't. Hamish was an adventure staring her right in the face, and she wanted the thrill of riding him. Oh yeah, Sally is right. I'm reckless, but damn I have fun.

Hamish chuckled. "No, I'm a realist. So..."

Rett smiled. He wanted her naked. She'd give him naked. So naked he would be begging her for sex. Then I'll just walk away and laugh. Probably. "Fine, whatever." She yanked her shirt off over her head; her full breasts were encased in her second best bra. Funny how you're never half naked in your best underwear. Hamish said nothing. Rett wasn't sure whether she should be relieved or embarrassed. Her hands went down to unclasp the snap on her shorts. That was when she remembered she wasn't wearing panties. None were clean. Hmmm, what was the etiquette of stripping? Twat or tits first?

"Problem?"

"No." Rett pushed her shorts down her hips.

“Oh, man.” Hamish’s eyes were locked on her pussy. “You have a butterfly tatt.”

Indeed she did. It was a curlicue, purple and green butterfly that danced just above the hairline of her pussy. It hurt like hell to have to done but was worth it. Men loved it. “You like?” Call me straight-laced? I think not.

“Oh yeah.” Hamish’s voice came out in a throaty growl.

Excellent. This wasn’t embarrassing at all. Nothing like a horny man. Let’s see just how much. Rett ran her hand through the neatly trimmed hair that covered her cunt. She smiled when she saw him swallow hard. Perfect. Rett opened her legs and slid her fingers inside.

Hamish sat bolt upright. “Why are you doing that?”

“Isn’t this what a stripper does? Tortures a man with possibilities of sex?” Rett was already wet so she was careful not to touch her clit too hard. The rapidly increasing promise of incoming cock was her incentive.

“Your bra.”

“What about it?” Rett removed her fingers. Things were getting nicely dangerous.

Hamish’s eyes never left hers. “I want it off.”

“Take it off me.”

“This is about you stripping for me,” Hamish pointed out.

Rett shook her head. She was in control and she liked it. Any previous thoughts of storming out were overridden by the need to be filled by hot cock. “No, this is about you wanting to see my breasts. If you want them take them.”

Hamish stood up and moved towards her. “No, sweetness, this about sex.”

“Everything is according to Freud,” Rett quipped as she watched his approach.

“I don’t think Freud got laid enough.” Hamish stopped before her. He lifted one, long finger and slipped it inside her cleavage.

Rett shivered at the contact. “People usually obsess over what they can’t have.” She jumped as his other hand went behind her back and unhooked the bra with a simple flick. “Had practice at that?”

“I’ve enjoyed myself with a few women.” Hamish peeled her bra off. His eyes locked on her breasts. “Beautiful.”

She doubted that, but Rett knew from past lovers men liked big breasts. “Wanna suck?” The words were out of her mouth before she thought about them. This was madness, of course. She had come to the club thinking she could get a temporary waitress job to tide her over. Instead, she was toying with a man who initially offended her with his suggestion but now dazzled her with the promise of what might happen between them. Hamish’s hands moved to rest on her hips. She jumped again at the heat of his skin against hers.

“Nervous?” Hamish moved in so his mouth was an inch from hers.

“No.” Yes. Please kiss me.

“Needy?”

“Are you?”

“From the moment I saw you, sweetness.” Hamish’s head dropped down in one sudden movement and his lips fastened on her nipple.

“O-o-hhh.” Rett gasped at the sudden suction on her breast. Her fingers threaded through his hair, holding him against her. Hamish’s mouth moved to her other nipple, his hands slid down to her ass pulling her closer as he kneaded the flesh of her butt.

His eyes lifted to hers. “This wasn’t part of my plan.”

“No? I thought you wanted me naked?”

“I did, but I never fuck the staff.”

Rett smiled as she ran a finger along his jaw line. “I’m not on staff.”

Hamish grinned at her words. “Want me to stop?”

“Is the door locked?”

“Worried someone will see us, sweetness?”

She shook her head. “I don’t do free shows.”

On those words, Hamish went to the door and locked it. He kicked off his boots and began shucking his clothes. His jeans hit the floor. His dick was pressed upward against the fabric of his boxers. “Wanna see?”

Men. They were so cute when it came to their pride and joy. “If you wanna show me.”

“Do you like sucking dick, sweetness?”

“Yes.” Why lie? To Rett it was empowering to have a man at your control like that. She moved to stand before him. Hamish took her hand and let it rest on his covered dick. Her eyes locked on his.

There was only one thing she could say. "Drop 'em." Rett wanted dick and she wanted it now.

"Am I still a bastard?"

"Yes. A bastard with a dick I want to play with." His boxers hit the floor. Rett's hand circled his engorged cock. "Very nice."

"I'm fond of it." Hamish reached down, his hand sliding between her legs. "You're wet."

"Yes." Wet and ready.

"I could do something with that," Hamish offered with a wink.

"I bet you could. But first, I want to taste." Rett dropped to her knees. She knew his eyes were locked on her. She was the one in charge. Rett leaned forward and swallowed the head of his cock inside her mouth and sucked. The groan of satisfaction that came from Hamish made her slip the dick out of her mouth so only the tip remained before she sucked it back in. She did this for a while, enjoying the meaty lollipop between her lips and the primal growls of the man she held captive by her mouth. Rett rested one hand on Hamish's upper thigh. She could feel the muscle bunch up and jump erratically in return. Her fingers moved up to his balls, she cupped and squeezed them gently.

"Okay. Stop." Hamish pushed her head from his cock. "If you continue, I'll come on you and I really want to be inside you when that happens."

And Rett wanted the same thing. She needed to be filled with hot, thrusting dick. "Condom?" While Rett was reckless about some things, condoms were a necessity.

"Always." Hamish moved quickly to a nearby desk. His dick bounced with every step. He pulled out a drawer and found a strip of condoms. "Any particular color, sweetness?"

"If we do this correctly, then I'm not going to see it." She walked over and sat on the desk and watched as he began to cover his cock with a deep pink rubber. "Though pink is pretty." Rett ran one finger along the barely covered flesh.

Hamish stilled her hand. "Stop that."

"Hurry up." She leaned back and spread her legs.

"Are you the same lady who was threatening to storm out of my club?"

That had been her first thought. But life was funny and sex was a great incentive to explore other career paths. "I changed my

mind. Women are allowed to do that.” Rett watched as the last inch of rubber was snapped into place. “I need you inside me.” Need was simple. There were no rules as far as Rett was concerned.

Hamish moved to stand between her legs. He placed the head of his dick at the entrance of her cunt.

“What no foreplay?”

“You had me at ‘take your clothes off’.” She gasped as he pushed inside her.

Hamish smiled. “That’s one of my best lines.”

Rett sighed as the length of his shaft filled her. “You’re pretty good at this.” She had never viewed sex as the greeting card philosophy of two souls meeting. It was what it was. Raw, primal, and earthy. But this? It was different to what she had enjoyed with other lovers. Rett had a strange feeling it was more than just a physical connection with him. Maybe it had been in the words he spoke to her or possibly the look of understanding in her eyes. There was something about him that made her instinctively clutch at his shoulders and hold on tight not wanting to let go of him.

“It’s all in the partner, sweetness.” Hamish leaned in and kissed her, his dick plunging in and out in deep, hard strokes.

Rett wrapped her legs around his waist and kissed him back, loving his tongue against hers in the slow, open-mouth kiss she never wanted to end. Some men knew how to fuck. Some knew how to kiss. Rarely did one man do both well. Hamish did.

“Play with yourself,” he murmured against her lips.

“W-what?”

“I want us both to come together.” Hamish lifted one of her hands from his shoulder and placed it on her clit. He smiled and leaned back from her, his dick still buried inside her. “See how well we fit together?”

Rett lifted up and looked down. It was the most erotic thing she had ever seen. There was no start or end to their bodies. They were one. Her fingers began rubbing her clit. “Kiss me.” The taste of his lips was intoxicating. Between her busy fingers, his delicious lips, and the thrust of his pounding dick, Rett wasn’t surprised when she started to come. “Oh-h-h, Hamish.”

He increased his pace, balls slapping against her wet, pink flesh, tongue entwined with hers, and eyes locked. “You’re beautiful when you come.”

“What about when I go?” Rett panted out the words, her body jerking under his.

Hamish stiffened and jerked against her, his eyes closing and face tensing as he came. “Maybe I won’t let you leave,” he murmured as he sought to catch his breath.

Rett held Hamish close to her. Maybe I won’t want to.

## Chapter Two

Amelia looked up at the brunette as she left Hamish Clark's office. She didn't need to be told the woman had just had sex with Hamish. It was in the way she moved and looked dazed as if overcome.

"Sicko." Amelia rubbed her cloth violently against the surface of the small wooden table making the candle on top shake. She had taken the job at The Howl and Pussy to get close to Hamish and find his weaknesses. So far she had found none. Everyone seemed to like him, and no one had a harsh word to say about his business practices. But Amelia knew everyone could be weakened by something that would bring them to their knees. That's what she wanted. She needed Hamish Clark in so much pain he couldn't bear it. That's how he'd left her after Meg died.

Amelia's eyes followed the woman as she left the club. Maybe the woman would be it. She couldn't recall him ever fucking one of the staff before. "I believe I'll watch that one."

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Rett wobbled out of the room. Her head was spinning. "I can't believe I just did that." I had sex with a stranger. I liked it, and I want to do more of the same. I must be losing my mind. But, even as she thought about it, Rett knew she was very conscious about the sudden decision she had just made. She loved sex. Rett made no apologies for that. Stripping? She was no actress. Those ladies worked hard to turn a crowd on. But the idea of fulfilling a customer's sexual fetish was something else. She would be in control. And, as Hamish said, she was far from home and no one knew her, so she could indulge and be naughty.

As Rett headed out of the club, the interior registered with her. It hadn't before due to money worries. The room she walked through was dimly lit. She assumed it was to hide patrons who indulged in their particular needs without drawing obvious attention to who they were. Small candles flickered on the tables illuminating only enough for the occupier to see his drink. There was a secretive glow to the strip club that made it feel forbidden and sexy. And the strippers? Amazing. Their bodies were lithe and sensuous and made Rett feel like an elephant. Only one thing stood out as odd to her. The

guitar player. She stopped and listened to the sweet, soulful tune of longing the brown-haired man played on his acoustic guitar. He didn't fit the atmosphere, yet without him the place would have been lacking.

"Hey, sweetness, wait up." Hamish moved swiftly toward her.

Rett's heart flip-flopped. Lordy, he's gorgeous. "Um, I—" What do I say to a man I barely know yet I sucked his cock?

"You're embarrassed. That's cute. I want to help you."

"Give me the money." It wouldn't be as much fun as the alternative on offer. But I would be one less step back from Hell.

"No. You need to do this, Rett. You can find yourself here." Hamish's hand touched her arm.

It was non-sexual yet she shivered. "I know where I am. I'm stranded in a town I've never heard of and in a strip club that has a troubadour and naked dancing girls."

Hamish smiled. "I meant in the new age, hippy existential kind of way."

She cocked her head sideways and surveyed him. "How much does the hippy thing pay?"

"My help is always free. As for money? Sex sells."

"So I've heard."

"Come on. Don't tell me you didn't enjoy what we just did."

There was a soft look in Hamish's eyes that made Rett swallow hard.

"I did and it freaked me out. I don't do stuff like that normally." Technically, she did but generally it was after an acquaintance of at least a couple of days.

"But you liked it?"

"Yes." There was no way she could lie to those puppy dog eyes. The smile he bestowed on her made her grin. Some men were infectious like that. She wanted to please them.

"Good, me too. I'm happy to pay you for some services."

Of course. This was business. "I'm not a hooker. What I did with you was —"

"Different and because you wanted to? I know that."

"How?" Was it the business he was in? He could tell the working girls from the amateurs?

“Hookers don’t enjoy sex, and you enjoyed being with me. There’s nothing wrong, in my eyes, with a beautiful woman enjoying sex.”

She blushed. Great. I sucked and fucked a man with barely any hesitation, yet now my face goes red. “So what are you offering?”

“A sexual journey. Call it an odyssey, if you will. I have clients with certain needs that you could fulfill, and I’ll pay you to not only go home but in style, and you’ll have money left over.”

Rett could hear her sister’s voice. “You’re so impulsive, always rushing in and doing things without thinking. Do you want to be considered a slut?” “Who are these clients?” Shut up, Sally.

“Business men who have been carefully screened. They have certain fetishes we try and fulfill,” Hamish explained.

“What sort?”

“You’ll be safe, I promise. I believe you’ll enjoy it and, in a couple of days, you’ll have enough money to go home.”

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“There are cameras in all the rooms,” Hamish explained as he led Rett into the room she would be in.

“Right.” She looked around. The room was empty but for a king-size bed covered with a black velvet bedspread. They had worked out how much she would be paid. It would be an excellent start. It would give her money to pay for the below average accommodation at the trailer park and give her money to get home.

“We watch for reasons of safety.” He picked up her hand, entwining her fingers with his. “You’ll be fine, sweetness.”

“I’ll be naked with a stranger.” The realization finally sunk in. That she had only just met Hamish didn’t count. He didn’t seem like a stranger to Rett.

“I’ll watch out for you,” Hamish promised. “Besides, you’re not exactly naked.”

Rett laughed. “You call black stripper heels and bright pink fishnet stockings clothes?”

“They look good on you.” His free hand strayed down to her butterfly tattoo, running over the flesh in a light, teasing way.

She shivered. “So this guy—”

“He has simple tastes.” Hamish walked over to the bed and picked up a strip of black satin.

“A blindfold?” A stranger was going to take her and she wouldn’t be able to see? Kinky.

“Yes. He likes to play with women, but they’re never to know who he is or what he’s about to do.”

“Is he like the police chief, a clergyman, or a local politician?” Rett suspected only they would hide their identity.

“One of those. Still keen to play and get paid? He will have a condom.”

Good. “Yes.” Rett had no other option when it came to fast money to go home. Besides, she was going to look at it as a sexual odyssey as Hamish suggested. A sudden spike of fear ran through her body as she thought of all the reasons this was wrong. “Hamish—” Rett grabbed his arm before he tied on the blindfold.

His eyes were soft on hers. “I’ll look after you.”

She blew out a deep breath. “Okay.” Rett knew she was being silly, but this was something new and foreign to her. Being a plaything was not something she had done before. It scared her. It excited her.

Hamish tied the blindfold on and Rett’s world went dark. She reached out for him. He took her hand and guided her to the bed.

“You look beautiful.”

“Do I?”

“Yes and you can, at any time, call out for me.”

That was good to know. “I’ll be fine.” Rett heard his feet on the bare, polished, wooden floorboards as Hamish walked away from her. She was naked and alone.

“Oh, I can just hear Sally’s words now,” Rett muttered to herself.

She heard the sound of a door opening and closing. Footsteps moved toward her. “Um, hello?” What did someone say to the unknown man who was going to play with her body?

“Shush now, darlin’.” A hand landed on her shoulder, pushing her back on the bed.”

“Who are you?” Rett knew it was a dumb question, but she had to ask anyway.

“Just someone who wants to play with your lovely body. Now spread your legs for me. I wanna’ see your pretty cunt.”

As much as it was not a good girl thing to do, being blindfolded and under the control of another was exciting. Rett spread her legs. As soon as she did, she heard the whirl of what sounded like an old-fashioned camera. "Um—"

"It's all right," the man said. "These are just for me and no one can see your face so do what you like, darlin'."

That made Rett hot all over. She could do what she wanted and only an unknown man and Hamish would see. The thought of the latter and her hand went down to her clit and rubbed.

"Oh yeah." The man groaned and more clicking ensued.

It was weird to think some unknown man was getting off on this, but Rett decided to ramp up the place and let him have his money's worth. She stuck two fingers inside her. Rett smiled as he groaned. Men. They were so predictable. She pushed her fingers in and out. The camera stopped clicking.

"Stop. I have something much better."

"What?" Rett stilled her fingers.

"A friend of mine," the man said.

Two men? Rett had never tried that. And when something large and hard and plastic was thrust into her hand, she realized there would be no ménage. "Ah, a plastic man." She ran her fingers over it. The dildo was larger than the one she had at home and it had a clit tickler attached. "Do you want me to shove this inside my cunt?" Rett knew the answer, but she asked anyway, her voice was low and husky and designed to tease. She switched the buttons on and off on the dildo. It purred and whirled ready for action.

"Yes." The man voice was hoarse with need.

"Why?" Rett knew.

"Because I want to see you come."

"So you can take naughty pictures?" Rett had to admit to herself that this was kind of fun playing the role of slut plaything.

"Yes."

"You're a bad boy."

He laughed. "Shove it in, darlin'."

Rett flicked on the switch, ramped it up to a pace she liked, and slid it inside her vagina. The girth was wider than she was used to but the throbbing pace eased it inside. When the tickler hit her clit, Rett sighed. She could hear the frantic clicking of the camera. She wondered why such an old-fashioned method when there were more

instantaneous ways to record images. Rett asked him as she continued to play.

“My wife likes to scrapbook my adventures.”

Her hand stilled in shock. “You’re kidding me?” His wife? He showed her these photos?

“She enjoys it.”

To each their own. Rett squirmed on the black velvet. The tickler was reverberating on her clit at a pace guaranteed to make her come. She pushed the dildo in and out faster. It wasn’t as good as real dick but it was close. “Oh boy.” Rett writhed as she felt the start of an orgasm. At home she would never have done this in front of another. The blindfold gave her the anonymity she needed to smash all inhibitions.

“You’re lovely, darlin’.”

As Rett came she shrieked and shuddered as wave upon wave of pure, lustful sensation wracked her body. She fell back exhausted, dildo still inside.

The man reached down and pulled it out. “Very nice.”

I feel pretty nice and mellow right now. Rett closed her legs and burrowed down into the velvet. But resting was not meant to be.

“Now turn over and get on your knees. I need to take some pictures of your pretty, plump ass.”

The man was, indeed, sick if he wanted to immortalize her butt on film, but she did as requested. She had the urge to giggle as the camera kept taking snaps. I can’t imagine what his wife thinks of these.

There was a knock on the door.

“Come on in, Beulah,” the man called out.

Uh oh. A woman? His scrapbooking wife?

“Lift your head,” he said as his hands lifted Rett’s chin. “Open wide.”

She felt a dick at her lips. The rubber of the condom could not disguise it. Rett opened her mouth and the meaty flesh slipped inside.

“Oh, darlin’,” the man groaned.

Rett had to wonder what his wife, if, indeed, it was her, was thinking about all this. But the sound of more photos being taken answered that. The other woman was now the one taking pictures.

Think of the money. Think of the money. Rett sucked on the head of the cock. It was large and the condom that covered it had the

tang of strawberries. Just as well I'm not allergic. She tongued the fruit-flavored flesh, enjoying the taste of the berries as she worked to drive her client to come.

"You can touch her now, Beulah."

Rett let the cock slide out of her mouth. "I don't do women."

A hand slapped down on her ass and a very female voice declared, "You'll do what you're told, missy. Besides, I don't take sluts like you. I'm here to punish you for sucking strange men's dicks."

"What the hell —" The cock was shoved in her mouth again as slap after slap stung the flesh of her ass. Rett gagged and pulled her mouth off his flesh once more.

"Listen here, lady, if you keep doing that I may bite his dick off. Is that what you want?"

"Spank her some more, Beulah. She's a feisty one." He grabbed her head and, once more, Rett's lips covered his cock.

With her ass on fire from the blows to it and the cock in her mouth pistoning in and out and on the verge of coming, Rett had to wonder what Hamish thought of all this. Was he laughing his ass off? She would be if the situation was reversed. It was not the slightest bit sexual. It was just weird. But fetishes are, I guess. No one else could fathom what turned another on. Rett knew the minute he came. Her jerked in her mouth and his fingers ran through her hair, holding her close and tight until he was finished. The spanking never stopped.

"Oh, darlin', you're amazing." The man patted Rett's shoulder. "Come on, Beulah, let's go home."

"But she needs more punishment." Slap, slap, slap.

"Fuck off, lady," Rett roared back at her.

"You'll go to hell." Beulah declared getting one last slap in.

"Undoubtedly. Now back off or I'll snot you one."

The man laughed. "You, I like."

Rett listened to them leave. She sat back on her heels and howled with laughter. "Oh, Hamish."

### Chapter Three

Hamish couldn't get the image of Rett laughing and calling out to him from his mind. She had been so incredibly sexy and feisty. He had wanted to bust into the room and take Rett from the senator and his wife and keep her all to himself. But on the other hand, it had been exciting to see Rett giving in to the moment and enjoying herself. When she thrust that dildo inside her cunt, Hamish grabbed his dick and tugged on it.

After the session with the senator, he had led her into a nearby bathroom. At first, Hamish left her in peace to wash and relax. But a sudden need to be with Rett overwhelmed him. He pushed through the door of the bathroom and stopped dead. Hamish watched as Rett stood, eyes closed, fingers to her clit as she massaged the pink nub. He swallowed hard.

"Needy, sweetness?" Hamish was on fire for her.

"Yes." Rett's eyes opened and locked on his.

That she wasn't surprised to see him made Hamish start to remove his clothes. That she didn't say stop made his heart beat with an emotion he wasn't ready to name. "The senator was very pleased with you."

"Senator? Yeah, that'd be right, and his wife is a psycho," Rett responded as she watched his clothes drop to the floor. She removed her fingers from her clit. "What are you doing?"

"I need a shower." Hamish, now naked, stepped in beside her. "Move over."

Rett didn't move. "There's not enough room."

"We'll have to move in close and tight then." Hamish's hands went to her hips as his eyes roamed her shiny, wet flesh. She was beautiful and luscious. He wanted to suck her full wet breasts, but he could see by the look in her eyes she had other, more urgent needs. Hamish slipped his hand between her legs. He smiled when she sighed.

"Hamish."

"Yes, sweetness?" His fingers rubbed her clit in a slow circle. Rett closed her eyes. "I need..."

"What?" Anything she wanted he would give to her.

“I need to be filled by you.”

The last two words made his heart flip flop. “You will be, but first I need to do something else.” Hamish dropped to his knees and touched his tongue to her clit.

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Rett grabbed his broad shoulders to avoid falling down as he licked her clit in a rapid, tongue-flicking motion. His fingers slid inside her and started a fast, thrusting pace.

“Oh, Hamish.” This was perfect. Rett had been so hot and needy after the session she had with the senator. Senator? Is there a deviant party?

She panted under the steady thrusts and licks of Hamish. The water still flowed, but Rett didn’t care. This was a man who understood the needs of women very well. He didn’t need to be told. He acted. Every woman should have one. I want one. I want him. The thought made her jump. That was crazy. She and Hamish were just passing through each other’s lives. Or are we? Karma, while being a bitch, was also imponderable.

“Oh-h-h, Hamish.” Karmic thoughts flew out the window as she bore down on his fingers enjoying the orgasm. Rett had already been at the point of no return when he came into the bathroom. Seeing Hamish had been the final catalyst in coming. She grabbed at his hair and ground her pussy against his face. She was like a woman possessed. I will never get enough of Hamish. As Rett came she dropped forward over him and hugged him close.

“Sweetness?”

“Yeah?”

“I’m getting a cramp in my leg.”

“Oh, sorry.” Rett stood up and felt his fingers slip from her body, making her feel empty. She watched as he stood up. His hair-roughened body glistened under the streaming water. And his dick? It was full and high. And mine. “What about you?” Hamish tugged on his dick. “Don’t do that.”

He smiled. “Why not?”

“I should do that.” Her hands reached out to circle his shaft.

“Be my guest, sweetness.”

It was her turn to drop to her knees, and Rett did so willingly. She licked and teased his dick, her tongue running back and forth over the sensitive flesh underneath. His primal sound of satisfaction made

her suck him inside, deep-throating the length of him inside her mouth.

“Oh, sweetness.” Hamish’s fingers threaded through her wet hair. “You have to stop. I’m going to come and I don’t have a condom.”

“I want to taste you on my tongue.”

His body jerked at her words. “Are you sure?”

“Oh yes. You taste so much nicer than strawberries.” Rett swallowed the head of his dick before he could question that. She knew how to make a man come. Good, solid sucking, not too hard and not too soft as she ran one hand back and forth in a milking action over his shaft.

“Sweetness?”

Rett, mouth full of cock, looked up into his eyes. What she saw made her heart beat faster. There was pleasure and lust and something else. Was it longing? She had no time to dwell on it further as warm, milking cum flooded her mouth. Rett swallowed it down as she stroked his shaft gently.

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Amelia had been shocked to see them together in the shower. She had pushed open the bathroom door to go inside to clean, but she stayed to watch them, peering through the crack of the door. It was not sexual perversion. Amelia wanted to find out anything she could use against Hamish Clark to bring him down. She smiled when he called the woman sweetness. That indicated a level of caring and it surprised Amelia. Clearly, this was not some whore he was fucking. Hamish Clark liked her. Maybe loved her.

“She’s his weakness.” Amelia could tell by the look in his eyes. This was not just lust.

Amelia grimaced in distaste as the woman dropped to her knees and sucked his bare cock inside her mouth. It was so base and primal, yet, it did excite Amelia. There was something about this pair that made her wonder. They looked like they belonged together. A pang of jealousy tore through Amelia. She shook herself. I have no time to fulfill foolish needs. Amelia had to avenge her sister, and now she had the means to do it.

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“There are three men who have some needs they want fulfilled,” Hamish explained as they dried off together. “They’re into domination.”

“Whip me, beat me stuff?” Rett wasn’t sure she could do that. There was a limit to how far she would allow herself to be led.

“No, more like you’re tied down and you have no choice in what they do to you.”

Rett shivered. Three men. In charge of her body for their own pleasure? She’d be lying if she said that didn’t turn her on.

“They’ll pay good money.”

That brought Rett back to the reality of the situation. While kinky sex was fun, the bottom line was the pursuit of money and that was what she needed to focus on. She had to get herself solvent once more. Rett had forgotten that due to the rush of sex she had been enjoying. Thoughts of the temporary home she had only looked inside once at the trailer park sprung into her mind. She had limited money and needed somewhere to stay. If she earned more pandering to the whims of others, then at least tawdry trailer parks would not feature in her future.

Rett looked at Hamish. He had been the hidden bonus to the dilemma she found herself in. Hamish made it worthwhile. But he wasn’t a normal part of her life. Nothing in Resort City was. To be reminded this wasn’t her reality made Rett look to Hamish with new eyes. How am I going to leave him behind? Uh oh.

“What?”

“Nothing.” A wild idea struck her in the heart. I think I love Hamish. How is that possible so fast? Or am I just in love with sex?

“You looked stunned. Are you’re okay?”

The concern in his eyes touched her deeply. How dumb would I look proclaiming to Hamish that I think I may possibly be a tad in love with him after a day of random sex with him and others and how do you feel about that? Could a relationship be built on such non-illustrious beginnings? “So, there are three men?” Focus, woman. Money I understand. Emotions I’ll think about later.

Hamish nodded. “Yes, they like to take the same woman at the same time.”

“Like fuck buddies?”

“Yes. And all three men know the rules. Condoms will be worn and no one is to come in your mouth.”

They both looked at each other. Hamish had, but that was different. That thought made her jump. It confirmed Rett’s suspicions. Yep, I’ve fallen in love with Hamish.

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The nipple clamps hurt like hell. They were tight and metallic and nowhere the turn on Rett thought they would be. But neither man seemed to care that Rett was in pain. They had an agenda and Rett was merely a live toy for them to play with. She lay naked on a hard, wooden bench, her ankles spread wide apart and tied so she couldn’t move them. With her wrists bound tight over her head, her body was on display for them to use however they chose.

One man leaned in and looked in her eyes. “You belong to us. You are our fuck toy. You are to call each of us sir.”

Rett had never called any man sir before and the thought of doing so now grated, but she had allowed this to happen, so she had to go along with it. “Yes.”

The man pulled on her nipple clamp. “Yes what?”

Holy fuck! He pulled again. Her nipple stretched out alarmingly. “Yes, sir,” she gritted out between clenched teeth. Note to self. Never use nipple clamps again. The pull of gravity was hard enough to deal with.

“Good.” He pulled on the other nipple clamp. Her body strained upward to deflect some of the pain. “We’re going to use you for our pleasure and you will enjoy it.”

I doubt it if this is the preliminary. But to avoid more nipple cripple, Rett chanted what they expected to hear. “Yes, sir.”

“Do you want us to use you, fuck toy?”

Okay, so these are control freaks who needed a captive woman to get off on. It takes all kinds. “Yes, sir, please fuck me.”

“Don’t tell us what to do.” A second man moved between her legs and slapped his hand down on her pussy.

The sting of it made Rett squeal. He unzipped his trousers and his cock jumped out. Bloody hell! He’s huge. The thought of it going inside her appalled and fascinated Rett. She had never had a dick so large between her legs.

“You want this, fuck toy?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I like to fuck a woman hard and fast.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Beg me to suck your clit.” His finger jabbed inside her vagina.

Rett arched up. “Please, sir, suck my clit. I need your tongue in my cunt.”

“You’re a dirty girl,” He pushed his finger in and out, his eyes locked with hers.

“Yes, sir. I’m a dirty girl.”

The third man moved to her other side. His exposed cock was already covered with a condom and he tugged on it. “I know sluts like you enjoy sucking cock.”

Rett almost said, “I’m not a slut,” but it was a moot point at the moment. “Yes, sir.”

He pushed his cock to her lips running it over them. “Suck me.”

She didn’t get the ‘yes, sir’ out as his dick forced between her lips. The man at her breast still pulled on the nipple clamps, but they didn’t hurt as much. When the second man’s mouth covered her cunt, Rett grunted around the cock at her lips. She had been sucked and licked before, but this man devoured and ravaged as if he was starving. It was painful yet intensely erotic. He ate her as if he couldn’t get enough. Her legs shook as she tried to concentrate on the dick in her mouth.

“My turn,” announced the man at her breasts.

“But I’m not finished,” his companion complained.

“Too bad.” He pushed his friend away and then forced his dick between her lips.

The third man, whose cock was shiny and wet from her mouth, climbed up on the table and straddled his legs on either side of her body. With a breast in each hand, he jammed his dick in between and fucked the mounds of flesh. He grunted in satisfaction.

The hot friction between her breasts and the tongue that was now shoved up inside her cunt was driving Rett mad. She sucked the man in her mouth with renewed passion.

The man between her legs stood up, his mouth wet from her juices. “I’m going to fuck you now and you will thank me for doing so.”

If Rett had wondered before how the length of him could fit inside her, she wondered no longer. He burrowed straight in pushing up to the hilt. She felt stretched and overcome by the force of his cock. It was too much and yet not enough. Rett closed her eyes for a moment to get used to it. She opened them when he slapped her hard several times on the butterfly tattoo.”

“Thank me, slut.”

The cock slid from her mouth. “Thank you, sir, for fucking me.” Rett’s body jerked with each long, hard thrust. She could almost feel him up to her stomach. His actions, however, didn’t dislodge the man at her breasts. He merely stopped for a moment, pulled off his condom, and once more sandwiched his cock between her breasts. When a large finger was shoved in her anus Rett shrieked.

“Suck me, fuck toy.” The first man forced his cock between her lips again.

They were using her for their own pleasure. It was so wrong, yet Rett also felt a strange sense of carnal rightness about it. To give into raw need was a powerful thing. She was, indeed, their fuck toy. Rett looked at the man who humped her breasts. They were red from his frantic pace and she knew he would come over her soon. She squirmed under the pounding pace of cock and the finger up her ass. She wanted her clit teased, but no one seemed to care about what she wanted. The man at her mouth removed his cock and shoved his balls inside.

“Arrrgggh!” Cum spewed on her breasts and shoulders as the man who straddled her came. He pulled on her nipple clamps

A wild thrill of excitement shot through Rett. So that’s the point of them. The pace inside her cunt quickened. He rammed her hard, driving home his needs within her. As he came, he slapped her clit several times, the reverberations making her come. She gagged on the balls in her mouth.

The man withdrew his cock and took the place of his friend between her legs. “Tell me to fuck you and that one cock is never enough.”

What Hamish was thinking about this Rett couldn’t imagine. She was being used of her own free will and enjoying it. “I need you to fuck me, sir, and I want as many cocks as possible inside me.” Rett groaned as he forced his way inside. It was wild and fierce and she jerked her hips up to meet every thrust. The other two men removed

the nipple clamps and bent down to suck the swollen tips. Clearly, another man's cum was no distraction to them.

When the man between her legs came, he fell forward, his tongue licking her tatt as his hands gripped her hips for one last thrust.

When they were finished, Rett lay like a limp ragdoll. Her body was sore and hot and replete.

"Who do you belong to, fuck toy?" One of them asked.

"Only to me."

## Chapter Four

“Hi, I’m Rett.” She held out her hand to Amelia. “It must be a nightmare keeping this place clean.”

Amelia was surprised. She hadn’t expected this woman to speak to her. Most of the women who worked at the strip club seemed oblivious to Amelia’s existence. “Um, yes, sometimes.” She took the hand that reached for hers. The handshake was strong and firm. Amelia’s father had always told her you could tell a lot about someone by their handshake. A strong grip indicated a strong character. “How long you staying on in Resort City?” Amelia needed to formulate her plans.

“I’m not sure. Probably until the end of the week. I just need to get enough money to get home.”

By the way she was fucking every man in the club, Amelia would have thought she would have had more than enough. “No one at home who can send money?”

“My sister, but she’s not happy with me.”

Amelia flinched. There were many times she and Meg had argued and she wished she could change that. “Why not?”

Rett grinned. “I’m the dreaded black sheep of the family. You know, the ne’re do well.”

“I’m sure she loves you.” Sisters had to put up with a great deal sometimes.

“Hmm, possibly.” Rett looked doubtful.

“You and the boss seem to be hitting it off.” Amelia turned the conversation in the direction she wanted it to go. “You like him, don’t you?” Knowledge is power.

“I do.”

Amelia could see the sparkle in her eyes. Meg had looked like that. “Maybe a little more than like?”

“Between you and me?” Rett dropped her voice down. “It’s crazy and way too fast, but I think I may love him.”

Silly fool. “Yeah, and how about him?” Was the look Amelia saw in his eye genuine?

“He loves sex.”

“All men do.” Amelia snorted in disgust. “They use women for it.”

Rett glared at her. “He’s not using me.”

So you think. “Well, that’s nice. I best keep cleaning.” Amelia moved on. The time to make her strike against Hamish Clark was close.

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Rett watched the mousy-haired woman go. “Weird little person.” At first, she seemed shy and Rett had felt a little sorry for her. But then any pity she felt dissolved when she basically started telling Rett that Hamish was using her. What was that about?

“Who?” The man in question came up behind her.

“Amelia,” Rett responded, sinking back against his body as Hamish’s arms wrapped around her waist.

“Who?”

“The cleaner. Don’t tell me you pay no attention to the staff?”

“I only have eyes for you.”

And a lovely, hot dick pushing against my ass. “Do you?”

Is it important that I do?”

Rett was silent for a moment. What do we have here? What do I want? Am I wanting to believe in something that’s not real? “You have to do what makes you happy.”

“You make me happy.”

Maybe that’s the most I can ask for.

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The next day Rett stood in Hamish’s office. “He wants to what?” Yesterday had worn her out. What Hamish was explaining was bizarre.

“He has a foot fetish.”

“Licking feet? That’s weird.”

Hamish laughed. “It’s a sexual turn on to some and he’s paying top dollar.”

She looked at her own feet. They were average. Two toes were crooked from being broken and her nails weren’t polished. They were hardly the stuff wet dreams were made of. “Seriously?”

“Yes.”

“And I don’t have to be naked?”

“No.”

“What’s the point?” Am I missing something here?

“It’s not about what we think is normal, sweetness,” Hamish explained. “It’s about what the man craves.”

“Toe sucking?”

“Yes.”

Rett giggled. “Okay then.”

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When the man sucked her big toe inside his mouth, Rett almost laughed. That was until she reminded herself this man was serious about what he did and was paying good money for it. And, all in all, someone’s lips sucking her toe wasn’t too bad. It was actually relaxing. She looked down at his balding skull. The man had said nothing to her other than direct her to a chair. So Rett sat and allowed her toes to be sucked.

She thought about all that had happened to her since she had arrived in Resort City. It had been a wild and exciting ride. Between hard, crazy sex and Hamish, it was an unforgettable adventure. Another toe was sucked inside his mouth.

Hamish. What do I do about him? She had to leave. That was a fact. It wasn’t just the money. She had a visa for a specific time and that time was running out. She couldn’t stay. But how do I leave Hamish? The next toe in line got the same treatment. She closed her eyes and willed herself to come up with an answer to the predicament she was in. Hell, I don’t even know how Hamish feels. Maybe I’m just getting myself worked up over nothing.

“O-h-h-h...” Rett’s body jerked as familiar sensation started to surge through it. She looked down at the man. He was making her horny just by tonguing her flesh. This truly is a sexual odyssey. Rett had learned more about others and herself than she thought possible. Her hands moved to her lap. She wore nothing but a thin, pink, satin robe. Her fingers pushed against the fabric, covering her clit as he sucked. Rett zoned out and gave in to the pleasure of his tongue and the subtle pressure of her fingers.

Ten well-sucked toes and minutes later, the man looked up at her. “Did you enjoy that?”

Rett looked down at him. His dick was tenting in his pants. “Oh yes, but—”

“Put your feet around my dick.” He kneeled and unzipped his pants.

Seriously? Rett had never done that before. “Um, well, you see—”

“Please.”

The needy look in his eyes convinced her. “Okay then.” She lifted her legs and clumsily clamped both feet around his dick. The man sighed. Rett smiled and did her best to rub the turgid flesh between. He groaned and closed his eyes. She wanted to laugh but that would be wrong. What another found pleasurable was not for Rett to question.

“Stop,” he growled, his hands stilled her feet.

“No good?”

“No, you’re perfect.”

He dropped her feet and fisted his cock.

Rett watched in fascinated as he masturbated until he came, jets of cum spurting from his dick.

Hmm, go figure.

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“How do you feel?” Hamish came in after the man left.

Rett took off her robe. “Horny, actually.” She needed Hamish and she needed him now.

“I noticed on the camera you were getting excited.”

She looked at his hand. “What’s that?”

“Lube.”

“I’m already wet.”

Hamish laughed. “I can see that, but I want to fuck your ass.”

The straight-out way he said it made her jump. Rett had been ass fucked before and had enjoyed it. That Hamish wanted to do that to her...

“Yes please.”

“Bend over the chair, sweetness.”

“Yes sir.” Anything this man wanted he could have.

“Yes, Hamish’ will be fine. Now, spread your legs and stick that luscious ass out.”

Luscious ass? “Yes, Hamish the Delusional.” She shivered when his hand slapped her ass. “Do that again.”

“Nope, I have other plans for your ass.”

She turned her head. "No condom," Rett ordered. She knew what she was doing and what she needed.

"What?" Hamish hesitated.

"I want to feel the rush of you inside me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, please, Hamish." Rett watched as he squirted lube onto his hands and worked his way up his cock making it slick and greasy. She licked her lips in anticipation.

"Done this before?" He moved in and positioned his dick between her legs, shoving one finger into her anus.

"Yes."

"Enjoyed it?"

"Oh yes, but I don't your finger. I want your dick."

"I don't want to hurt you, sweetness."

Hamish was the sweet one. "You won't." Rett pushed her ass out at him. "Now, fuck it." The first thrust always hurt as muscles reacted against the sudden intrusion, but once past that, it was easy. She sighed as the heat filled her body and pushed back for more.

"Okay?" Hamish whispered in her ear.

His hot breath on her neck may her whole body tingle. "Yes." She closed her eyes and gave in to the long, deep thrust.

"Ever figure you'd get turned on by a foot fetish?"

Rett smiled. "I was thinking of you as he sucked." She sighed as Hamish began to thrust harder.

"I'm always thinking of you, sweetness."

Her heart beat erratically. What did that mean? "Are you?"

"You know I am. We need to talk."

That sounded ominous. "A good talk or a bad one?"

"A necessary one." Hamish's hand moved around to tease her clit.

Rett sighed and smiled at the sound of his balls slapping against her ass. "I need it faster." What with the toe sucking, teasing fingers, and a hot cock, Rett wanted to come.

"I need slow."

"But I need to come." She knew she sounded whiny but didn't care.

Hamish kissed her neck and held her close. "You're a hard woman."

"And you're a very hard man. I like it and want more."

Hamish chuckled and ramped up the pace. “What am I going to do with you?”

Love me. “Make me come, Hamish.”

“That’s a given, sweetness.” His fingers worked her clit hard.

Rett cried out. Her whole body shook. Her fingers were white knuckled as she gripped the back of the chair and ground her ass back against Hamish for more.

“I wanted this to last longer,” he growled as he pummeled her ass.

“When we’re old and gray we’ll go slow.” Rett smiled as the first blast of cum shot up her ass. The heat and the possessive intimacy made her head drop back against Hamish’s shoulder.

He kissed her throat and rode her ass until he was empty. “You’re adorable, sweetness.” Hamish’s arms wrapped around her body.

And I love you, Hamish.

## Chapter Five

“Sweetness, I know you don’t do women, but this lady will pay a lot of money to just touch you.” Hamish thought about the client who came to him. She looked familiar but he couldn’t place where he’d seen her before. And the way she looked at him? It was a little odd. It was like she expected something from him. Hamish suspected she was uncomfortable at naming what she desired and wanted him to understand without her having to say it in so many words. But then, some people were like that when it came to sex. Hamish had learned that since taking over the club. What he thought he knew about sex had been expanded at The Howl and Pussy.

“I don’t want a woman,” Rett sounded definite on that.

“I know, but the money will get you home and this will be your last client.” Even as he said the words, Hamish flinched. I don’t want Rett to go. He loved the way she took hold of life and went for it. That she loved sex and understood the give and take of it was exciting and beautiful to Hamish. Rarely did anyone seek anything but their own pleasure. Rett wasn’t like that. Hamish understood her need to experiment with other men. At first he’d found it fascinating. That a woman made no pretence of her enjoyment of dick was exhilarating, and Hamish had wanted to let her experiment. But now? If he was honest, he was glad a woman was going to be her last customer. If Rett wants dick, it’s going to be mine. While he understood her need to go home, Hamish knew it would be extremely hard to let her leave. He had fallen in love with Rett.

\* \* \* \*

Rett recognized Amelia straight away. “I know you.” Hamish may have been oblivious to who his staff members were, but Rett never forgot a face, despite the disguise. The cleaner from The Howl and Pussy wore a dark wig which covered her mousy brown hair, and she carried a large bag. “Amelia right?” Rett tightened the tie around her waist. “What’s going on?” This was too weird even for Rett.

“Unfortunately, I have to teach Hamish Clark a lesson and you’re the means to do it. Amelia reached into her bag and pulled out a large knife.

Rett gasped and jumped back from her. “What the fuck! Lesson? What lesson?” She knew all the rooms were equipped with cameras just in case a client got out of control.” Please be watching, Hamish.

Amelia walked to the door and locked it. She then jammed a chair under the handle for good measure. “I know about the cameras. I want him to watch as I cut you.”

You fucking what? “Why?” Rett looked around the room. She needed an escape. If she backed away any farther, she’d hit a wall.

“He killed my sister. I have to kill someone he loves.”

Uh oh. “Hamish doesn’t love me.” Wanting someone was not the same as the reality of love.

Amelia snorted. “You’re blind. If he had loved my sister, she’d be alive today.”

Her sister? “What happened to her?” Talk to the woman, Rett. Come up with a cunning plan to save your ass, girl.

“Meg was depressed after he rejected her. She took a drug overdose.”

“Oh God, I’m sorry.” And Rett was. But the thought that both sisters were delusional kept her on her guard. Never feel sympathy for a crazy woman with a knife.

“Meg loved him but he just played with her emotions.”

What the? Her sister loved Hamish and she killed herself in a fit of unrequited love? Rett couldn’t imagine Hamish being cruel to anyone. She also couldn’t imagine why Hamish wasn’t kicking the door down to save her. “Um, I understand that you’re upset over the loss of your sister —”

“You can’t possible understand.”

Bugger. Bad choice of words. Understanding only came through knowledge and Rett had none on this situation. “No, you’re right, but how is cutting me going to help?” Where are you, Hamish? Please rescue me.

“He needs to feel pain,” Amelia howled. “I’ve watched the way he looks at you.”

There was furious banging on the door. Yay! The cavalry.

“Open up!” Hamish yelled. This was followed by the sound of a door being kicked.

“Amelia, they’re going to be in here soon. This can end with you putting down the knife and walking away, or it can end with you in jail. How is that going to help your sister?”

Amelia ignored the banging on the door. “It doesn’t matter what happens to me. I just need to make him understand how I suffered.”

“But he won’t. No one else can take on the pain another has felt.”

“Oh but he will,” Amelia’s eyes were bright with madness. “Even now he’s trying to kick down the door to save you.”

Thank God he is. “I’m an employee, nothing else.”

“But the way he looks at you—”

The sound of wood splintering indicated the wood in the door was giving way under force. “He likes sex. I provide that.”

Amelia shook her head and advanced towards her. “No, it’s more than that.”

Rett had no option but to move back and hit the wall. “Nope. You know men’s needs revolve around their dick.”

“Meg would never sleep with him.”

So how had her sister been so infatuated? Was it a crush from afar? “So how did they meet?” Rett kept her eyes on the knife. She figured if she could see the first thrust then she could grab Amelia’s hand and—what? This isn’t the movies, Rett.

“She was working at the club as a waitress. Seth, the first owner, had just left and Clark appeared. Meg fell in love with him, but he acted like she didn’t exist.”

If the fact that Hamish didn’t recognize Amelia as an employee was anything to go on, then that was very true. “So how did he hurt her?” The sound of wood breaking gave Rett hope.

“By ignoring her.”

Rett was just about to suggest that her sister had more problems than just a crush on Hamish, but then mentioning that to a woman who had a large knife in her hands wasn’t smart. Before Rett could speak, the door crashed open and Hamish and two male employees appeared. Amelia whirled around, and Rett took the chance to run in the opposite direction from her.

“Are you okay, sweetness?” Hamish raced to her side and pulled her into his arms.

Rett had never felt so safe. “Yeah.” She looked at Amelia. The woman appeared drab, pathetic, and beaten. But she still had a knife. Rett was concerned that if one sister had been suicidal, the other may be predisposed to it as well. “Killing me won’t bring Meg back. Do you think she would want that? Your sister sounded like she was a smart, lovely woman.”

Amelia nodded. “She was.”

“So she would be upset at what you’re doing.”

Amelia started to cry. The knife fell from her fingers. One of the other men grabbed it. She looked from Rett to Hamish. “I just wanted him to understand the pain of losing someone.”

Hamish’s gaze was on Rett. “Oh, I do.”

After the police left with Amelia, Rett and Hamish stood together silently, each immersed in their own thoughts.

“Did you know her sister?”

“No, but I feel guilty just the same,” Hamish said as he pulled Rett close.

“You can’t help who you fall in love with.” Am I just kidding myself like Meg did? Does Hamish love me or am I under the same delusion?

\* \* \* \*

“I have to go,” Rett told Hamish when he found her at the bus station. The bus to Miami was leaving shortly. They hadn’t really spoken since the episode with Amelia. The police had been there, patrons had to be calmed down, and Rett wasn’t sure of what she felt. She was sorry for Amelia. Mental illness was a hard road to travel. Rett hoped she would get some help.

Then there was Hamish. Rett didn’t believe the fantasy version about what Amelia had told her, but it brought one thing into question. What did he feel for her? Was it just sex or something more? Amelia thought she had seen something within Hamish that made her think so. But how can that be? They barely knew each other. Carnal knowledge was a tangible thing. It could be felt and tasted. But what of emotions? Leaving him would be harder than anything she

had done before, but staying? But what am I staying for? And how can I stay when I have to go home to Australia? It was all so confusing.

“You could stay,” Hamish’s voice was cool and calm as he looked at Rett.

“I have my money.”

His eyebrows arched up at that. “Was that all it was about?”

“Wasn’t it?”

“You tell me,” Hamish responded.

Rett sighed. “I don’t want to play word games.” Love was messy and difficult when you weren’t sure who loved you back.

“So let’s stop playing.”

“I never was.”

Hamish reached over and took the bag from her hand. “Me neither.”

“We could go on like this all day.”

“And there are so many other things I’d prefer to do to you, sweetness.”

That would be sex. Being naked with Hamish was excellent. But was that all it came down to? “I have to go.”

“No you don’t.” Hamish’s pulled her into his arms.

That felt so good. “What is there to stay for?” Please tell me what you need and feel.

“Me.” He leaned in and kissed her lips. “Stay for me.”

“I can’t. I have to go home and—” What? Mope around thinking about Hamish?

“Yes you can.”

“But.” I love you. Would that freak him out? “I have to go home.”

Hamish’s eyes were locked on Rett’s. “Why?”

“What does it matter to you?” Please tell me.

“It matters more than you realize, sweetness.”

“Because you’ll lose a staff member?” Rett jumped at the rapid spanking he gave her ass.

“Because I’ll lose the woman I love.” Hamish smiled at her suddenly open mouth. He put a finger under her chin and lifted it up to close her mouth. “You know, I wasn’t planning on falling in love with you. I’ll admit, at first, I wanted your body but then—”

“You fell in love with me.” Was that angels singing in joy?

“Yes.”

Rett laughed. “This is crazy. A wonderful crazy, of course.”

“Why?”

“‘Cause I love you too, Hamish.”

He smiled. “I knew it.”

“You’re so cocky.”

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As the long, hot dick slid up inside her cunt, Rett gasped at the force of it. “Oh my...” The words came out in a breathless rush as her hands slid along the brick wall trying to find something to hold on to. The man at her back had his hands on her hips, holding her in place so she couldn’t move.

“P-please...” There was so much Rett wanted from him. She wasn’t sure she would ever get enough.

“What?” Hamish’s breath was hot against her ear.

Rett shivered. “I need...” Where do I start? What will he give? Rett knew she would do anything for Hamish. While others may have fucked her body for the pleasure of it, Hamish owned it.

“Yes, sweetness?”

“Harder...I want you to fuck me harder.”

“Like this?” Hamish pulled out so only the tip of his dick was inside and then slammed in to the hilt.

The force of it made her shriek. That was exactly what Rett wanted. That they were in the alley behind the Resort City bus station where anyone could wander by and see them was irrelevant to Rett and Hamish. She ground her ass back against him in open invitation. Hamish started moving in a fast, sharp, jerking motion that had her panting to keep up. Her knees shook and her hands lost their grasp on the wall. Hamish’s hands went up to cover hers and to hold Rett in place. He pushed her up against the bricks. Her bra-covered breasts squashed against the rough texture, but she didn’t care. She wanted the man and nothing else mattered. If anyone saw them now, they would think she was a hooker with her skirt up over her hips and her bare ass out ready to receive.

“More.”

Hamish chuckled. “You like my dick, sweetness?” His hand slid to her clit and he rubbed.

Oh yes. "I love your dick inside me." Her ass was stinging from the constant slapping of his balls, but there was no way Rett wanted him to stop.

"You know you're going to miss your ride to Miami, sweetness."

"I found a better one." Rett turned her head and her lips met Hamish's.

## Epilogue

*Sunshine Beach, Queensland, Australia.*

“What about the club?” Rett rolled closer to Hamish. They lay on large, fluffy beach towels under the shade of some trees that fringed the beach.

“Seth’s back there now. He can deal with it.” Hamish toyed with the straps of her bikini top.

“Don’t you miss it?”

“No.” Hamish untied the bow on her left shoulder. The bra cup fell down.

They were on a public beach. Anyone could see them. Rett’s care factor about that wasn’t high. Only Hamish mattered. “What about the sex?”

Hamish made short work of the other tie. Both breasts were bare. “I’ve got all I want.”

“This is a public beach.”

“You don’t have sex in Australia?”

After an agreed two months apart to assess their feelings and many phone calls between the US and Australia, Hamish flew over to spend time with Rett and discuss their future. They both agreed there was one. It was now about working out how to spend it together without being separated by their respective countries.

Rett’s hand drifted down to his fabric-covered dick. “I’d have sex with you in a heartbeat.”

Hamish smiled. “Have I told you how smart you are to love me?”

Rett stroked the hard flesh through his board shorts. “How so?”

“Well, I’m perfect for you. We have great sex and great laughs and I know how to cook and I was charming to your sister Sally.”

“Yeah, I was stunned. Even Lionel liked you.”

“I’m a loveable guy.” Hamish’s eyes were on her breasts.

“Yes you are.” Rett pulled at the snap of his board shorts.

“This is a public beach,” he responded in mock reproach.

Rett took hold of his freed dick. It sprang up excited to see her. "I'll be gentle with you."

Hamish caught Rett in his arms and rolled her body on top of his. "Just be with me. That's all I need, sweetness."

Rett took a quick look around her. There were people wandering around or sun baking, but no one was looking in their direction. She lifted up and pushed down on his dick, the head forcing its way inside her body. "Perfect."

Hamish growled in pleasure, his hands rising up to cover her breasts. "I thought you didn't give 'free shows'."

Rett smiled down at him. "I see no one but you."

The End



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