



MIA JAE

*I  
Betcha*

BACHELORETTE PARTY 101

# ***I Betcha***

***A Bachelorette Party 101 Story***

by Mia Jae

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I Betcha  
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## *Chapter One*

So here's the thing. I'm not that innocent, not really. I mean, I've had sex before. I graduated college, right? I've been to spring break in Florida. I frequented fraternity parties. I've drank more than my share of Purple Passion hooch and ended up waking the next morning in some frat guy's bed—without my shirt.

And panties.

Yeah, me, Mary Kate Wells, naked in some guy's bed.

Well, twice.

The first time I won't talk about. The second time, well....

Well, the guy wasn't there. He'd slept on the couch in the next room. How was I to know, actually, what happened while I was passed out?

I won't even mention that the guy was Brent Sollars, who grew up just down the street from me in the Highlands section of Louisville. We even went to the same Catholic school. Once in seventh grade, he tried to kiss me.

I pushed back and glared at him, threatened to tell Sister Angeline (our teacher), and that was the end of Brent Sollars' crush on me. So, the fact that I'd slept passed-out drunk all night in his bed, without my shirt and panties, probably wasn't saying much at all.

Still, it was sort of risqué and he had made that comment about my perky titties the next day in Psych class, so maybe he'd snuck a peek, or even copped a feel...who knows?

I wonder if I had fun?

The deal is, I'm telling you this because my older sister, Lainie, thinks I'm the world's most pristine, squeaky-clean kind of girl. And she's really uncertain whether or not I can actually

pull off the most fantabulous near-skanky, but leaning toward upscale, bachelorette party ever this side of the Ohio River. Lainie, of course, is the bride.

And she wants it all—sexy, raunchy, wild and completely undone—but in a very tasteful and respectable manner, of course.

I am here to tell the world that I can pull this thing off.

After all, I hired the stripper. Over the Internet.

And I went to the adult novelty store over in the south side of town and bought the big red suckers that have “Lick Me” written on them, the pocket pussy gag gift, and the penis straws.

Oh, and I actually made the penis cake. Put that food science degree to good use, I did. I found a recipe on the Internet that provided explicit instructions for how to add the cream so it would shoot out the tip just right, with the first slice of the knife. I had a difficult time finding just the exact pinkish, flesh-toned shade of fondant that I needed, but finally did—on the Internet, too. It was awesome. I even made a test cake the week before to make sure it would work.

It did.

I nearly had an orgasm myself while I was making it.

I mean, food and sex, well... I really dig the two, and together. Wow! Pow. Slam. Bam. And thank you, ma'am. I'm an orgasmic mess.

So really, I can pull this off. Lainie has only given me one huge stipulation with this party. Okay, well, two. It has to make the news—in a positive way (and Lainie always has to be shown in her best light), and we have to keep the bad pics off Facebook (you know, because of our grandmother, who recently discovered the whole social networking thing).

Now, the party. It's later tonight, and since my sister, at twenty-five years of age, remains a young Louisvillian socialite—I mean, really and truly a Southern Belle debutante of the first order—this party is a huge deal. Huge! She was U of L Homecoming Queen, a Derby Princess for two years straight, and attended the Barnstable-Brown Derby Party on several occasions (where she actually met Brad Pitt in 2008).

Me? I'm more of a line-dancing, margarita girl. I mean, I love to dress up and all that, but big fancy, la-de-da socialite crowds get to me. Give me jeans and tequila any day. Or a Bud Light with lime.

Lainie has done everything letter perfect her entire life. Now she owns this upscale jewelry shop downtown, located in the historic Seelbach Hotel where we are actually having the bachelorette party in a few hours.

That's where we will start anyway.

We've got this huge suite reserved—so we can get dressed and ready for the party, have a few drinks and a little pre-party fun (enter the stripper) and then go out on the town—4th Street Live, and Theater Square Marketplace, and then Connection, you know, for the drag show—and come back and crash after the party and drink some more.

Because we all do plan to get drunk. Some of us might even get laid. Who knows?

All I know is that I have the penis cake and a couple of boxes of condoms just in case.

Always the girl ever at the ready, that's me.

## *Chapter Two*

Two hours prior to arrival at the Seelbach, things appear in a mite state of disarray, but I know better. I truly do have things planned out to a T.

“Did you pick up the things at the cleaners?” my sister barks, while shuffling through my drawer full of next-to-nothing unmentionables.

“Yes.”

“Where is my tiara?”

“Over there on the dresser, Lainie.”

My sister, the blushing (not!) bride, stands in the middle of the bedroom that we shared as children—now my bedroom alone since I am living back at home after graduation and Lainie has an apartment downtown—in hot pink thong, three-inch open-toed, fuck-me heels, and nothing else. Oh, now the tiara. I guess she feels like she can rifle through my stuff since she is back on familiar territory and all. We always shared clothes growing up.

For whatever reason she wants to be here first, and hang with me, before we gather all our stuff and head for the hotel. I guess it’s a pre-party sister thing.

I peruse her from my perch behind the closet door, where I am trying to locate my own pair of fuck-me pumps (should I get so lucky). She stands, adjusting the tiara on top her head, and I have to admit that my sister has a great body. Runs every day. Her ass is higher than a running back’s. With her arms up while adjusting the tiara, her breasts jut out like the cones of a Madonna bra.

Me? I’m just trying to overcome the final semester of cramming for exams and late night pizza, neither of which bode well for my thighs. Or my ass. I spent the last month at the gym trying to tone those dimply suckers.

“Mary Kate, your phone is ringing. Is that your phone ringing? Would you answer the damned thing? Mary Kate? *Mary Kate?*”

“All right, already.”

I push back from the pile of pumps in my closet floor. *It’s a quarter after one; I’m a little drunk...* blares from my phone sticking halfway out my purse.

“Gawd, can’t you find another ring tone?” Lainie asks. “That one is so...country.”

I rather like it, which is why I keep it. I figure it lends a little kick-ass country bent to my persona. Plus I know it annoys her socialite ass to no end.

I flip the earpiece with my thumb. “This is Mary Kate.”

The words that flood my ear at that moment are like hot chocolate and set my blood a little afire. “Hi Mary,” the deep male voice says, “My name is Johnny, and I’ll be your stripper this evening.”

And at those words, I get a little damp in my panties. I might have even squeezed out a little twat tingle or two. My head goes immediately to the stripper pics on the web site where I’d ordered him up—um, made the appointment. Johnny. Which one was Johnny?

They couldn’t exactly guarantee who would show up, so I was a little nervous about that, but now that I have a name...

I race to my laptop sitting open on the nightstand. I minimize Facebook (where I’d just blocked Gran) and hit the browser for the saved web site.

“Yes?” I breathe into the phone. I don’t want Lainie to know about the stripper yet. I hadn’t, um, told her that part. It *is* a surprise.

I sit on the bed and balance the laptop on my knees, angling away from Lainie who is trying on a see-through blouse sans bra. She would be so bold. “I think you need a cammie,” I tell her.

Lainie looks into the mirror and scrunches her nose. “Probably. But tonight...”

“Excuse me?” Johnny croons in my ear.

“Oh, sorry. Not you. Talking to my sister.”

“Just calling to make sure of the arrangements,” he shares. “I’ll be at the Seelbach at six o’clock this evening. Likely a little before. Do you think you can arrange to have a table outside? Maybe I’ll pretend to be room service.”

My brain spun at the thought. My Johnny. My stripper. *Room service!*



Food. And a stripper. And that voice....

*Ah, shit.*

I fiddle with the computer. Where is that damn site? “Um. Oh, that would be too cool. I’ll check.” Wonder if the penis cake will work for that?

“Oh, and can you text or call me about thirty minutes prior to tell me the room number? I don’t want to have to stop at the desk. Use this number.”

“Oh, sure. I’ll do that.” *Gawd. I have his number!*

“You know, you have a sexy little voice there, honey.”

My breath catches in my throat. *What do you say to that?*

My eyes shoot to the web page. There. There is Johnny. Smiling back at me from the XOXO Male Strippers for Rent web site. Girls, hold me back now because the man is definitely delicious. Deep brown hair, sort of shaggy on the top, with java-black eyes to match and deep dimples in either cheek...and those were on his ass.

He is only wearing a G-string in the picture and....

*Oh, my.*

“So, we’re still on time, right?”

I just move on, rolling over his little *sexy voice* comment. “Oh yes, we’re definitely on,” I tell him. *Definitely.*

“Great,” he adds quickly. “Call me about thirty before, love, and I’ll be there with bells on.” He chuckles.

*And little else, I imagine. “Will do! See you then.”*

Love. He called me love!

Johnny cut the connection, and I just keep staring into his eyes on the screen. Sigh.

“Who’s that?” Lainie pounces on the bed and I shut the laptop.

“No one.” I slide the computer over to the night stand. “Dee was just calling to check on the details and she wants to show me this cute guy she hopes to meet on Facebook.”

“Tonight?”

I shake my head, rather violently, I figure. No. Johnny is mine. Definitely, mine. Dee’s hands are, well, hands off. “Oh, heck no. She’s all about the party tonight. She just met the guy.”

Lainie rolls her eyes. “I swear, lately that girl is all about getting laid. I wish she would just go and do it. She’s beginning to be a pain in the ass about it.”

I frown. “Dee’s just lonely and wants a man. It’s been a while.”

“Well, tonight, I think, she’s just about getting laid. I don’t think she cares about this party being for me or anything.” Lainie put on the ‘Lainie pout’ as our dad calls it. When things don’t go Lainie’s way, the pout comes out. “I mean, it is *my* bachelorette party.”

“Indeed it is, my sister,” I console. “No worries about Dee. Things are under control.”

Lainie looks straight at me then. “You really did pull this off, didn’t you, sis?”

Grinning, I return, “Oh, yeah. I did.”

She pats my hand and slips off the bed, turning to finish packing up things to take to the hotel, her firm ass and tits skating across the room. I watch her there, as she sorts through clothing and stuffs items into an overnight bag, and wonder what the slight scowl on her face really means.

Lainie nervous? No...

## *Chapter Three*

I *am* getting nervous, though, because at about five-thirty that evening I tried to call Johnny and couldn't get an answer. I left a voice mail, and then followed up with a text (probably overkill) telling him everything was a go and supplying him with the room number. I hope this goes off without a hitch.

The girls are all in the suite: Lainie and Dee—her best friend since childhood and the maid of honor—a couple of sorority sister bridesmaids, plus another Derby princess, and Lainie's business partner, Jess. All of these ladies, plus me, of course, the other maid of honor (yeah, Lainie has *two*), make up the bridal party. There are a few close friends of hers that will meet us for dinner and partying later down at 4th Street Live.

Having donned our party attire, we primp and prime—squeezing our asses into too-tight short dresses and our tits into high-rise push-up bras—while we sip bourbon and rum drinks through penis straws, getting a little tipsy and acting way too bawdy for our own good.

By the way, the pocket pussy is a great gag gift. You might want to know this should you ever be of a mind to acquire one for a bachelorette party of your very own. One of the Derby princesses ended up with it and immediately stuck her tongue into it.

Yeah, it was that kind of night.

Candace, a sorority sister, snapped a picture of said tongue in pocket pussy and that's when all of us started getting a little bold.

“Raise your skirt up there a little, Dee. Show a little cheek. Oh yeah.” Dee turns and flips up her skirt, wearing a saucy grin. “That's good. I'm tagging that sucker on Facebook! You'll get that date now!”

Well, that's all Dee needs—motivation to get laid—so that's when she starts shaking her tits out of her low-cut dress and saying, “Get these babies, why dontcha?”

Let's just say things go downhill from this point on. There is a lot of picture taking and boob-exposing and threatened sexting and ass-showing. And after another straight bourbon on the rocks, I really don't care anymore whether I've pulled off an upscale bachelorette party of the highest order, or a red-neck, trailer-trash, bitch-slapping bash from low places.

Facebook be damned.

In fact, Candace is already uploading to Facebook from her phone.

“Hey, look at this. Mary Kate, fire up your laptop. There is some weird shit happening in these pics. I want to see ‘em bigger.”

“Like we all don't wanna see ‘em bigger.” Dee guffawed at her own joke.

I roll my eyes.

It takes me a couple of minutes, my fingers not quite working up to speed—the bourbon, I guess—but I finally get the laptop turned on.

“Go to your Facebook page,” Candace orders.

I do.

“I tagged you,” she added.

And there we are, all of the pics taken from Candace's phone so far, proudly waving a howdy-do to all of my FB friends. Sigh. No time to untag. Just glad I remembered about Gran earlier in the day.

“See the orbs?”

*Orbs?* “Where?”

“Strangest thing,” Candace goes on. “In all of these pics, the orbs,” (you know, spirits, ghosts, what have you... Candace was into this stuff), “are attached to just one person.”

The girl-party collectively gasps and leans over the laptop to take a peek.

Well, damn, she is right.

“Geez, that's weird.”

“Ewe. The ghosties like you, Dee.” The orbs are stuck like glue all over her.

“Well, you know they say this hotel is haunted, right?” Jess chimes in.

A collective sigh rents the suddenly cool room. We all look at Dee, who now wears a bit of a frightful expression on her face.

Finally, Lainie says, “Well, enough of that.” She pulls Dee over to the bar and pours her another drink. “Ghosts, schmosts, who believes in that stuff anyway? Drink up, my love, we’ve got many hours of partying ahead of us. Orbs be damned.”

And so, the orbs are forgotten.

The party, however, is not.

The ruckus in the suite consists of a plethora of getting-drunk, twenty-something women who are definitely *letting-it-all-hang-loose*. And this is only a precursor of what’s to come, I am pretty certain.

Amidst the laughter and all the risqué picture taking, it is Jess, Lainie’s business partner, who makes the statement, “I can’t believe you are actually doing this, Lainie. I had a bet that you’d call it off.”

“Well, she’s still got two weeks to go,” I mutter.

The room goes morbid silent.

The look that crosses my sister’s face then is something akin to a Chuckie doll mated with a deer caught in the headlight—crazed and dazed. Lainie looks from one woman to another, heaves a big sigh and laments in a sweet, drunken Southern Belle accent, “Y’all have a bet on me?”

None of us speak immediately. Finally, I feel it is my duty as sister to do something to lighten the mood. “All, hell, Lainie! It’s your bachelorette party—why ruin it with talk of your pending marriage? Here,” I splash some more bourbon onto the rocks in her glass, “have some more to drink.”

And she does. Downs the contents posthaste. Swipes the back of her hand across her lips in a very un-socialite manner, smudging her lipstick somewhat in the process, and says, “You’re right. It’s a party. No talk of weddings. I’ll just be the bride who...who...”

I know what she is thinking. The bride who is still a mite uncertain if matrimony is really her thing. But it is *expected*. After all, she is who she is, and that is what people like her do. Acquire spouses.

*It’s expected.*

And Matthew, her husband-to-be, is an acquired taste, to be sure. Too stuffy for me, but he has money, and I know that Lainie views this as a huge asset. Case in point, the four-carat rock gleaming on her hand.

I figure she still misses Simon, her old boyfriend, whom she had really loved—probably still does—but who never totally fit into her *expected* lifestyle and had subsequently disappeared...

Suddenly I am so very glad that I am happy in my own skin, don't have to put on for the masses, and that I have been gifted with a nice healthy mix of the family genes—my daddy's laid-back country demeanor and a little of our momma's high-class air. Lainie, on the other hand, was all Momma.

At that point, said sister plops herself down into the middle of the floor and starts crying. Shit. Crying!

I have to do something, so I march up to her and lift her to her feet. "Lainie Wells, suck it up."

"But y'all had a bet!"

"And it was a stupid thing to do. You're getting married. You are."

"But...but..." Damn. Blubbering, crying drunk. I hate that.

"No buts. You're getting married, Lainie. Now, let's party. Best damned party this side of the Ohio River, right? And we have dinner reservations in an hour so sober yourself."

"Well, we all know that Hoosiers can't party..."

I nod. "That's right."

"But y'all had a bet."

"And we're gonna lose. So it's really a moot point, darlin'..."

"I wanna make a bet!"

I struggle with her a little because her white satin dress is a little slick and my sister is a lot drunk. Jess and Dee come over and help me lower her to a chair. "Sure, honey, make a bet on whatever you want. We're game." And I figure she won't remember it in the morning.

"I bet," she slurs, glancing about while rearranging her skirt about her thighs, "I bet that you..." Her gaze locks on me.

Shit. This isn't about me, sister. This is about you.

A knock sounds at the door. I ignore it. "Lainie you're in no shape to bet on anything. You'll lose your ass..."

"I betcha, little sister, five hundred dollars that..." she pauses, staring at me. What is this, a challenge? "That you won't have sex with the first man we see tonight."

*Huh?* She was betting that I *won't* have sex?

"The first man we see?"

"Yeah. We all know that you don't have sex," she argues. "If you have sex with the first man we see, you win."

Five hundred dollars. Just graduated college and no job. This is a little tempting, but, I'm no whore....

"She won't do it," Dee chimes from the corner. "She doesn't have sex."

I whip my head toward the challenging best friend. "I do! I have sex all the time!"

Lainie turns her face into the wing back chair and giggles loudly. "Naw ya don..."

I stare at the girl-party crowd around me. "She's drunk. I have sex. I'm wild."

They snort and scoff.

"First guy we see, Mary Kate," Lainie mumbles.

About that time comes another knock on the door and one of the bridesmaids opens it—  
And there...enters a man, wearing a white coat pushing a room service table.

Not just any man.

A low ultra-sexy growl penetrates the stiff atmosphere. "Room service," the decadent voice says.

*Johnny!* my heart echoes.

The girls begin a low chant. Dee pushes me forward. "Mar-y, Mar-y, Mar-y..." *What?* My face heats up like a chipotle pepper.

"Go for it, Mary Kate!" Candace snaps a picture.

*Shit. First man we see....*

"Would you all please stop!"

Johnny winks. "Ah, the girl with the sexy voice," he breathes.

I melt a little.

"Oh good," Lainie gasps. "Food. I've got the munchies."

At the mention of food and the prospect of dancing male flesh, I am hoping the girl-party will soon forget the bet. Am hoping big.

On cue my stripper Johnny just walks on into the room, smiles and glances about. "Room service," he quips again, sporting a wicked smile.

Suddenly I have the munchies, too.

“Who’s the bride?” he adds, while lifting the silver cover off the giant penis cake.

“Me! Me!” Lainie squeals and struggles to her feet. Dee gives her a hand.

My Johnny grins like the Cheshire cat, begins unbuttoning his white jacket, and points to the cake. From somewhere, music starts. “Well, I’ve got about twelve inches of prime...”

“Cake!” I interject.

Lainie grabs me and looks me square in the eyes, then puts her lipsticked lips to my ear. “I betcha won’t, little sister,” she whispers then cocks her head Johnny’s way.

*Oh, shit.*

And then, as if things can’t get any worse, in walks *heaven-on-a-plate* times two. Another guy, the *exact* image of my Johnny, same shaggy brown hair, same deep-set black eyes, swaggers in. My tongue goes dry as I contemplate the prospect of two sets of dimples. Johnny cocks his head toward the door. “And here’s my twin brother, Shawn. Thought I’d bring him along for the party. How’s that ladies?”

That’s when I just about liquefy into the carpet and into a little orgasmic puddle. Johnny has an equally delicious twin.

“Dee, pour me another bourbon,” I say, as the echo of my sister’s words, *I betcha*, ring in my ears. *I betcha won’t.*

*I betcha I might. Oh, Lordy...*



## *Chapter Four*

It was all a blur for approximately the next thirty minutes.

I register the door slamming and someone dead-bolting the thing with an echoing *click*.

Shawn, in all of his splendiferous glory, reaches beneath the white-clothed table and retrieves an iPod and speakers, placing them next to the penis cake. There is a lot of giggling and mouth-dropping as he stands next to his twin, Johnny—who has now completely removed the starched white waiter jacket to reveal his tanned, buff, and finger-rubbing slick chest—and glances at the penis cake.

“Wow. Couldn’t you find one more my size?”

I quaver in my tracks and jerk my gaze straight to his, um, crotch bulge.

“Ladies, have a seat and get comfortable,” Johnny says. “Shawn, make sure all of their drinks are refreshed.” He looks my way and winks. “He’s a bartender, so no worries. You *are* Mary Kate, aren’t you?”

“I...uh, I...”

“Yes she is!” blurts out Lainie, who shoots her hand holding a short whiskey glass up into the air, and then immediately falls back into her chair. “And she really needs to be fucked!” She stares up at Johnny then, who approaches her wearing those skin-tight black pants and proceeds to straddle her chair.

He laughs, and it is a deep, hot fudge, sexy laugh. “Really? Tell me more about how your sister needs to be fucked, Ms. Bride.”

The girl-party had giggled and guffawed at my sister’s ‘fuck’ statement and with Johnny’s comment egging them on, the taunts and laughter escalates. I just hope that Johnny sees

fit to dismiss it, drunk as the woman is. And I am pretty certain he has, until he slides me a sideways come-hither glance that causes my pussy to clench a little.

Shawn jacks up the music.

I jack up my libido.

And fear hotel security descending upon us at any moment.

But hotel security is forgotten as Johnny's arms ease into the air and his hips jive into a slow, sultry swivel.

Ah, hell. I can't take my eyes off his ass.

My socialite sister lies back in her chair, her white satin dress bunching up around her hips, legs all askew, and proceeds to allow Johnny to gift her with a dry-humping lap dance.

He gyrates his groin near her face.

He leans in like he is about to take a lick off her left titty.

He turns and pokes out his ass, then bends over like he's looking up her dress.

Likely, he is.

Camera flashes go off. I jerk my gaze to Jess, who has taken over the photographer role.

About that time, Shawn arrives with my fresh drink. "Bourbon, rocks, and a sprig of mint, right?"

Oh, God, he is good. He obviously spied the glass beside my chair and crafted me another one like it. We'd splurged on Woodford Reserve for the party—Lainie had said absolutely no tequila or beer (too ordinary)—and I was acquiring quite a taste for the brown stuff. "Yes. Perfect." I angle my gaze and peer up to his half-cocked smile. *And so are you.*

He leans in. Close. Very close. So close that I get a healthy whiff of his spicy aftershave and you would think I'd just snorted cocaine or something. My body shot into a high off it the second the scent hit my nostrils.

"You really are hot," he whispers into my ear. I turn to meet his jet-black gaze and try not to swoon. "I love hot pink," he adds, "and on you it is...delicious. You're like a pink bubble-gum sucker and I want a lick."

*Oh, holy shit.* I had to admit the hot pink set off my fair skin and blonde hair nicely.

Me.

A sucker.

*Lick. Me.*

“Th-thank you, Sh...”

His tongue rakes across his lower lip. “Shawn,” he completes.

Oh. Yes. “Shawn.”

He winks and draws back, heading back to the make-shift bar. I watch while he mixes another drink, his eyes catching mine from time to time.

Meanwhile the music is cranking and girls in short dresses are bouncing in their chairs, watching Lainie slowly peel back the fly of Johnny’s tight black pants—with her teeth—his hips gyrating to the music.

My gaze, admittedly, is fixed to his ass. And as the black fabric that could easily substitute for his second skin is peeled away, slowly but surely his tight...hot...*dimpled* (and in a good way)...ass is revealed inch by skin-filled inch along the way.

He slithers out of those black pants like a snake shedding his skin until nothing is left but a teeny-tiny black G-string.

*Hot damn.*

Hoots and hollers go up from the girls and that’s when Johnny moves into full-speed ahead. He dances. He swivels. He swaggers. He lap-dances his way across the room from bridesmaid to bridesmaid until, at last, he lands square in front of me.

*Me.*

He pauses and latches onto my gaze, and it is like I cannot tear mine away.

Slowly, Johnny places a hand on each chair arm. His gaze plays over my face as his upper body lowers, almost like he is doing a push-up, until his, um, G-stringed package has positioned itself, well, right between my knees. My entire body flattens in the chair like a people-pancake, and at the moment, every sip of bourbon I’d swallowed previously appears to have gone straight to my head while my body simply goes...limp.

Yes. Unabashedly limp. And I basically lie there, sprawled out on the chair, looking up into coffee bean eyes, while Johnny’s to-die-for sexy body is pretty much humping me, albeit with feather light and almost there strokes of his, um, G-string.

“Your sister says you need fucked.” The words slip from between his lips on a torrid breath. I squirm in my seat. Twat-twingle, again.

“Oh. My. God.” I moan the words, barely more than a whisper. The heat of my stripper’s body radiates directly into mine. At that precise moment I want him to just eat me up and spit me out and do it all over again in the morning.

“Oh my God!”

“That’s what I said,” I mumble.

“The dinner reservations!” Oh. That was Lainie. Reservations. Dinner.

*Who cares?*

“Shit!” I bolt up but Johnny, of course, is in my way, so it ends up that I sort of bonk into his face with my own, knock him a bit off kilter, and we both roll to the side and onto the floor.

The girls are all scrambling and to tell you the truth, I have no desire, actually, to get up from the floor upon which I lie, slightly underneath Johnny, whose G-string (and contents) are now putting a nice amount of pressure on my crotch, gifting me with great desire to arch myself up against him a little and rub along his ridge.

Oh, I did really wanna do that.

Someone opens a door. People start moving toward it. “Wait!”

“Ah, honey, let them go.”

I look up, expecting to see Johnny’s face gazing into mine, but his eyes are closed tight as if he is concentrating very hard on holding back. It is then I realize the voice came from the top of my head and I tip to look back.

Shawn stands grinning and looking down at me. “Is the party officially over yet?”

The hotel door slams, putting a quick buffer on the girl-party noise. At once, it is eerily quiet in the room.

My fuzzy gaze travels from Shawn’s eyes, back to Johnny’s face—now looking at me expectantly. Like they were waiting for me to answer.

*Is the party over? What does that mean?*

“Do you want it to be over?” I ask.

They both grin and Johnny dips his head in a slow nod. “I am so wanting to be off the clock at this moment.”

I heave a deep sigh. *Off the clock? Oh, all right. I get it.*

“Yes,” I tell them. “The party is officially over.”

## *Chapter Five*

And the night is definitely on.

Without a word, Johnny rolls off of me and gives me a hand up. I turn and Shawn provides me with another bourbon on the rocks, with the sprig. I glance from one guy to the other and say, "This isn't a joke, is it?"

Johnny pouts. "Honey, we're both serious as a heart attack. Let's just...party."

Me. Partying. With a stripper and his brother. Alone. Who woulda thunk?

I glance between them.

"But it's like, she's my sister, you know, and the bride, and she expects me to be sort of like her social chairperson or something for the evening and I really should be out there with them because I have the plans and the contacts and then..."

Johnny firmly places his hands on my hips and tugs me closer. "Now, you don't really have to worry about all that, do you? I imagine you've got it all arranged."

Well, of course I did.

He moves in to nibble my ear. "And your job is really finished, isn't it?" he breathes. "Surely you need to spend a little time on yourself, right darlin'?"

Of course I did that, too. Besides, his tongue feels good dipping into the shell of my ear.

Shawn taps my hand holding the bourbon glass. "Drink up, love. It's a party."

"And you have on way too many clothes," I blurt, looking Shawn over. Well, it was the first thing that came to mind.

Shawn's eyes round in surprise, his fingertips splay and he points to his chest. "Moi?"

"Yes, moi. Off with them." I shrug. Why not?

I really couldn't think of a good reason. After all, when an opportunity like this strikes, should you turn it away?

I think not.

“But just a quick question.”

Both men cock eyebrows at me and reply in unison, “Yes?”

“So, is this, the stripping thing, like your full-time job or do you all have other jobs?”

The brothers look from one to the other. Johnny went first. “I’m in grad school. U of L. Just finishing up my MBA, actually, but let’s not spoil the fantasy.”

“For real.”

He nodded. “Absolutely for real.”

Huh.

I glance to Shawn. “Bartender. John already told you that. Actually, I own the bar. O’Brien’s, down on Frankfort Avenue.”

Steeling myself with a huge inhale of breath, I wasn’t entirely certain if knowing this information was reassuring or unsettling but I didn’t have time to contemplate that for long.

I stick out my hand. “Mary Kate, unemployed, recent graduate with a food science degree.” I give each man’s hand a firm shake. “Now let’s get on with it.”

Let it not be said I screw strange men. Um, strange as in unknown-to-me men, not strange as in weird. Although I don’t screw weird men, either.

Chuckling, Johnny takes two steps toward the table to restart the music and Shawn grasps my forearm and leads me back to my chair. “Your throne, our princess.”

I sit. Cross my legs, sip my drink, bolster my boldness and prepare myself for the show. “Are you two really brothers?” Like it wasn’t obvious.

They look at each other. “Yeah. And we’re not gay. And we don’t touch each other. Only you. How about it?”

It wasn’t like I didn’t really know what he was asking.

Two for the price of one.

Double trouble.

Why leave a spare when you can have a pair?

Double your pleasure, double your fun.

I figure I should at the very least contemplate this for a little while. I mean, after all, there is a bet on the line and I need the money, and a man had indeed presented himself. Definitely the first man I saw.

But now there are two. What is the moral and ethical dilemma here? What is the big question that needs to be answered?

Simple really. I'd just screw Johnny first. After all, he was the first man I saw.

I betcha won't, little sister.

I betcha I will.

"Just dance for me boys," I order, sipping my drink. "Dance until I tell you to stop." I figure I need to liquor myself up just a teeny bit more...

But it is soon apparent that the boys have other ideas.

While Shawn slithers out of his shirt and then his equally body-hugging black pants, I watch Johnny semi-gyrate nearby.

I don't want to stay seated in the princess chair any longer.

I rise.

Shawn takes my hand.

Before I know it I am sandwiched between the two of them with my arms in the air, swaying my hips, with two pair of hands sliding up and down my sides.

We dance, slow and sultry, suggestive and sexy.

Johnny at the front of me, Shawn behind. ...and here I am, stuck in the middle with you... I close my eyes and relish in the feel of two strong men, both mine, warming my body and making me hum like a hummingbird in heat.

After a moment I realize my hand still grasps my glass of bourbon. With a quick flip of my wrist, I down the contents and toss the glass somewhere out of the way. It crashes and splinters, against the wall probably, and I really and truly do not care.

Hands are everywhere. His. Theirs. On me.

Mine. On them.

And I am very glad to have two men holding me up because I am quite uncertain that I can stand on my own. I mean, between the strumming of my body quickly turning it into mush, coupled with the bourbon chaser, I am pretty much feeling loose and languid and a little too happy to be just where I am.

Me. Little Mary Kate Wells. The meat in a stripper sandwich.

I smooth my hands down Johnny's back and connect with the strap of his G-string, tucking my fingers underneath. The skin of his behind was smooth, hot, and wicked. I want more and squeeze. Again.

I register Johnny's quick intake of breath and small groan against my neck.

Behind me, Shawn's hands snake up my hips, beneath my dress and he breathes the word, "Thong," into my ears.

Yes. I am wearing a thong. What of it?

"I love thongs..."

Ah.

His breath tickles my ear. Then suddenly, that moist heat is lower.

And lower.

Johnny tips my face up and takes my mouth to his with a kiss that distracts me so totally from what Shawn is doing behind. I know he's there. Kneeling. I can feel his hands on my ass.

But as the bliss of Johnny's lips takes over and swells my brain with his passionate kisses, I quiver and sense Shawn pull my hips back a little more, placing my back in a slight arch. He pushes my dress over my ass, the thong to the side, spreads my legs slightly, and begins to play with my pussy.

Slow. Torturous. Play.

Oh. God.

Play was not the right word. Toy. Tease. Caress. Was that a finger?

Oh. Tongue. Tongue!

God!

Johnny's hands are now at my waist while I breathe heavily into his mouth, unwilling to break the kiss. He begins inching my dress up and over my head—our hungry kisses breaking only long enough to sweep the pink satin away and toss it.

Now only in my thong and a barely-there, hot pink push-up bra, his thick chest feels like heaven against my boobs.

Oh. Geez.

The man is burning. And his tongue, sweeping inside my mouth while he fondles the sides of my breasts, is lulling me into a state of ridiculous uncaring...while Shawn, oh,



God...while Shawn splays me apart from behind and dips his tongue deep into my pussy and echoes the probe.

Twin tongues. Penetrating me. Shit.

I shiver and Johnny holds me tighter and deepens the kiss. Thank heavens, because I am about to come apart at the seams.

“My brother making you hot makes me even hotter,” he breathes and breaks away.

The next instant, Shawn, with one very deliberate sweep of his tongue, backs out of his pussy exploration with a simultaneous, precise and measured flick of said tongue over my clit. Instantly, I explode into a thousand shards of orgasmic bliss. Much like that bourbon tumbler thrown against the wall earlier.

After a moment, I still. Shawn continues to suckle, his hands grasping my thighs as he moans and licks. Johnny continues to hold me upright. Finally, he lifts my chin and says, “Okay?”

To which I nod and reply, “I have condoms.”

## *Chapter Six*

The suite has two bedrooms, one on either side of the living area where we'd been partying. Johnny picks me up and asks, "Which way?" and I point to the room on the right where I had deposited my things earlier in the day.

The room I am supposed to share with Lainie. Lord, please let her stay out all night.

With steady and swift feet, we enter the room and Shawn closes the door behind us with a gentle click. Johnny lays me on the bed and I respond with an unceremonious giggle. Quickly, I move to my knees and playfully grab the G-string straps at both men's hipbones and tug them to me. "C'mere, boys."

Without a clue of what to expect, I simply dive in. Of course, I've never done anything like this before and I am pretty sure they know it, too. Why skirt the obvious? So I simply put it out there. "I'm new at this, you know, I might need a little guidance, but I'm in it. All the way."

I wink and couple both sets of jewels in my hand, weighing each of them. I can't stifle the bubbling cackle in my throat.

"Like what you see?" one of them taunts.

I look first left, then right, and giggle again. "Umhmm. C'mere. But be gentle. This is my first time."

I fall back on the bed and they follow, flanking each of my sides.

Johnny scoots closer and whispers in my ear while stroking my inner thigh. "First time ever?" he breathes, "Or just first time with two."

"Oh! With two, of course." I grasp each of their hands and place them on my tummy. "I'm experienced. I just may need a little...instruction with two. Guidance. Teaching." This is going to be fun. "You see, my sister thinks I'm sort of straight-laced and..."

Shawn rolls to his side and inches closer. “But this isn’t about your sister, Mary Kate. It’s about you, me and my brother. You do want to do this, right?”

Honestly, I am really tired with the talk. All I want is to establish that I am a newbie. I don’t want to be coddled or for them to hold back anything. I just want them to take me. One at a time. Together. Whatever.

I am up for it. Truly.

Johnny first.

I straddle him faster than he can blink. “Enough talk. Let’s get to the good stuff.” I glance to my left at Shawn, who is lying on his side, arm cocked and head propped, grinning. Man, did he look good, too. “Lower the lights a little, huh baby?”

He smirks and reaches for the lamp by the bed, turning it off. That leaves only the light over by the dresser, which lends the room a soft, warm glow. “Better?” he asks.

I nod. “Perfect.”

“Ride him, cowgirl, I’m sitting this one out, watchin’.”

Suddenly, taking in the gleam in his eye, I am sort of all into that. The watching part, you know? I mean, I’d had a momentary thought earlier about what it would be like to have sex with both of them at the same time, but I hadn’t really thought about the fact that one of them might sit out and just *watch*.

My pussy did a little prickle at the thought.

I can do this, I think. Concentrate on one brother at a time. *See big sister? I can be wild.*

The thought of being watched while I am having sex is suddenly a huge turn-on.

*Huge!*

Still beneath me, Johnny looks up at me like I am a hot pink candy confection, and he? Well, his black G-string covered bulge sort of reminds me of a plump chocolate covered cherry, ready to burst with flavor.

I told you I am into sex and food.

His cock grows between my legs—I mean, that sounds weird—I can feel his dick engorge and harden against the thin scrap of my thong.

I like that.

I wiggle and push my clit against his hard ridge. *Oh, Mama...*

“Come here, honey,” he growls, simultaneously edging his hands up and under my push-up bra, lifting it away from my body. Within seconds the scrap of fabric is off and tossed aside.

I scoot back a bit and lean in to trail a few licks and nibbles down his taut, hairless chest. I slide my tongue down toward where a slight vee of hair begins above the black. Feeling wicked I take the thin string into my mouth and tug...and continue to pull as I inch backward on the bed, dragging the fabric off him and unleashing his beautiful slick cock.

Did I say beautiful?

Ah, yes.

I quickly get rid of the thing and move back toward the phallus. With a boldness I really didn't know I possessed, I take the tip of his cock into my mouth and suck. Immediately, Johnny threads his fingers into my hair and groans. I slowly draw him deeper into my mouth until he bumps the back of my throat.

Shawn reaches for an errant strand of my hair and holds it back away from my face. Better access to watch, I guess. In a way, I found it a sweet and tender gesture.

Oh, I am liking these boys...

For several long seconds I stroke Johnny, squeezing with the insides of my cheek. I taste his salt.

“Dammit.” He pulls me away from his cock and jerks me closer to his mouth. Scrambling over him, I meet his lips while I straddle him and bear down. His broad wet tip begs to penetrate and I gasp against his tongue.

“Big,” I say. “Wait. Protection.”

“Shit,” came from Johnny's throat.

“Over there. In my purse.” I point and nod toward Shawn. He eases up off the bed and hands me the pink bag. I hurriedly spill the contents on the bed and grasp the box, rip off the end and pour out the half-dozen or so foil-wrapped disks on the bed.

“Come to Mama,” I whisper, sitting back on Johnny's thighs. I fumble with the wrapper and finally he takes it from me, rips it with his teeth, and hands me the thing. With shaking hands, my thighs quivering with need, I attempt to roll the latex over him.

“Easy honey,” he coaxes. “I'm not going anywhere.”

“Maybe not,” I say, “but I'm about to cream right here on your legs.” Finally, the condom is secure.

He grasps my hips and steadies me over the swell of his dick. I glance left when movement catches my eye as Shawn slips toward the foot of the bed behind me. No longer watching, he places his hands on my hips as well.

“Let me,” he growls.

Four hands span my hips, from front and behind. Passion zings up through me like someone has flipped a switch. Then I feel Shawn’s wet fingers slip between my legs and slide over my pussy, spreading me slightly.

“Oh...”

The next thing I know I am rolling over Johnny’s cock and he is filling me. I huff out a breath and close my eyes, relishing in the split-second sensation of being filled by his flesh. I still for a moment and settle myself in the saddle of his hips, sitting semi-upright, the palm of my hands braced against his chest. From somewhere behind I hear the words, “Nothin’ like watchin’ dick and pussy play peekaboo...”

My entire body quakes.

This is all I need. Something takes hold of me—you might call it reckless abandon—and I spread my legs and work my pussy over Johnny’s cock, knowing that Shawn’s gaze is fixed to the entire act. With each stroke my pussy tingles and twitches, and as the momentum grows, Johnny thrashes below me, his hands now on my tits, squeezing.

I know he is on the edge. I am, too. About that time heat warms me from behind as Shawn’s body crowds up against my back, my ass bumping against his groin. Without a word, he grasps both of my wrists and pulls me backward. Wrapping his arms around my torso, he claims a breast with one hand and reaches toward my pussy with the other, while I continued to bounce dick.

As Johnny shouts out in climax, Shawn’s middle finger slips between my folds and nudges my clit. It only took one touch. I explode in orgasmic pleasure while he flicks my nub. I tell you this, had Shawn not been holding me upright, I would have melted into a flesh-puddle right then and there.

Within seconds he pulls me from Johnny’s body and his brother rolls off to the side. Shawn leans over me, gently pushing my chest against the comforter and my cheek against the pillows while I slowly come down from some orgasmic place on high.

“I know you like this,” he whispers, and begins licking my ass.

## *Chapter Seven*

A pair of orgasms down now and I am heading toward a third. My body barely having time to recover from number two, I close my eyes momentarily and breathe deeply, while Shawn's big hands smooth over my thighs and ass. The movements were rivaled only by his tongue which is licking closer and closer to my hot, wet center.

"God, watching your ass has gotten me all worked up," he growls behind me.

I was sort of in a place between reality and a coma, my brain fluttering and my body on permanent purr. Turning my head, I spy Johnny recovering on his side of the bed where he'd just relocated after a quick trip to the bathroom. I reach for him, really wanting a nice cuddle before moving on to act three.

"Come 'ere," I slur, stretching my arm out.

I straighten my legs and shift, moving Shawn off to the side, while Johnny scoots closer.

"Ah, so that's how it's gonna be, eh?" Shawn chuckles and draws in behind me on the king-size bed. I face Johnny, whose lazy, heavy-lidded gaze sears back at me, while Shawn sidles in and warms my backside. He pulls the cover up and wraps us all in one nice warm little cocoon of happiness. "All right, group cuddle," he says. "But only for a moment."

"Well, I am a newbie," I say softly, "cut me some damned slack."

Johnny grins, still staring. I close my eyes and burrow into him. The bed is so warm, I am so warm and deliciously sated, and they are so warm and attentive. I really, really just want to go to sleep and feel like a princess for a little longer.

Damned Lainie's tiara-ed head all to hell. *Tonight I am the princess!*

"Um, this is nice." I sigh.

A hand snakes over my hip. "Yes. Nice."

“You okay, honey?” This came from Shawn.

“Oh yes. Just a short breather, okay?”

“Sure thing, babe.”

“We like you, you know.” Johnny said those words and I look back into his face then, catching his serious gaze. “A lot.”

Swallowing, I return, “I like you a lot, too.” And I did. Really did. “Both of you.” Probably way too much. But I brush the ‘liking’ thing away for now and just concentrate on the heat of their sexy bodies next to mine.

So, we cuddle and sort of mesh our limbs and slowly rub ourselves together for a moment or two. After a little while though, that purr in my inner sex-kitten engine is revving up to several horsepower and when Johnny, excellent kisser that he is, takes my lips again into a burning kiss that nearly leaves me breathless, I know the game is on and in all actuality, I am ready.

As is Shawn.

“I want you, baby,” he coos in my ear.

I reach behind and catch his hard cock, already covered with latex. *Ready and waiting. Just how I like ‘em.*

He pushes into the crack of my ass. A foreign sensation zings up through me. Admittedly, I like it and arch my butt back a little.

Involuntarily, of course.

Maybe I wasn’t sure what to do, but my body seemed to know.

“Oh, yes,” he murmurs.

Still on my side, I cock a leg up a bit and slip it over Johnny’s hip for leverage, thus allowing Shawn better access. Johnny dips a little lower and begins suckling one of my breasts; I wait while Shawn repositions himself just so and pushes the head of his cock between my pussy lips (relieved he’s bypassed the backdoor and went for the front; not quite sure I am ready for *that* yet) and slowly—agonizingly slowly—eases himself inside my body.

My breath catches in my throat.

“Ah, shit,” Shawn huffs.

I grasp Johnny’s shoulder and toss back my head. While Johnny rakes his teeth over my tender areola and pulls at a nipple, sending sizzling shockwaves in a direct line to my center, his

hand lowers to my belly, where he begins a slow tug on his cock. The thought of him jacking off while I am getting fucked from behind kicks my libido up a notch.

*Oh, damnnnnn...*

Shawn presses in and out of my body in an impressive, ever-increasing, piston-like motion. He grasps my hip, holding me steady while latching onto my shoulder with his teeth and ministering tiny, sucking bites from shoulder to neck. Then he fixes onto that tender place just below my ear and sucks hard.

I mean. Hard.

Panting wildly at the sensation bombarding me, not knowing where to concentrate my efforts first, I finally give up and let my body fall into the moment. It seems that all of our limbs and fingers and tongues and body parts are fused into one giant exploding mass of...

Ecstasy.

Pure.

And simple.

Pleasure.

Shawn groans and shouts his release with one hard and penetrating ram into my pussy that, if I still hadn't had a grip on Johnny's shoulder, might have sent me into the headboard. Simultaneously, his final push kick-starts some inner touchpoint inside me (elusive G-spot found?) and while Johnny groans in my ear, and a warm sticky fluid spreads in spurts over my belly, my entire body spasms with sensation I'd not ever dreamed of experiencing.

Huffing out breath after breath, I clutch for whatever male body part I can find and simply hold on for the ride.

Sometime later, Shawn releases me and Johnny leaves the bed and comes back with a warm washcloth. Nearly exhausted and bleary-eyed, I roll onto my back while he carefully, attentively, runs the wash cloth between my legs, over my mound, and removes the sticky from my belly. Shawn disappears for a moment as well, and then when all three of us are finally back in bed together, Johnny reaches for the light switch on the wall to extinguish the lamp and says, "Rest up, sweetheart. It's not even midnight. The night is young."

Sandwiched between my two men and snuggled deep into the fluffy comforters, relishing in the heat bookending me, I do just that.

Smiling.



## *Chapter Eight*

“Hungry?”

“Starved.”

“Anything around here to eat?”

“Penis,” I mumble. “Um. Cake?”

Bodies shift in the bed, and I rise up on an elbow and peer through narrow eye-slits to determine the time. Red numbers blink at me from the digital alarm clock next to the bed. It’s a few minutes before two o’clock in the morning. For a brief moment I wonder where all the girls are and sigh. We slept for a couple of hours. It felt like two seconds.

“Want cake?” I ask, groggily. I’m reminded that the penis cake lay untouched in the other room. And after all my hard work. too. My stomach growls. I’d not eaten since noon the day before. “Should we?”

“We should.”

The puffy comforter is thrown back before I know it and both men and their deliciously naked bodies exit the bedroom and swagger into the main living area of the suite. The lights still ablaze, the curtains are drawn back, letting in the city lights. We are on the sixth floor of the hotel facing 4th Street, and for some crazy reason as I follow the guys, I halt like a stubborn old mule and just can’t take one more step into the room.

Shawn turns. “Whatsamatter, honey?”

I glance to the windows. *I’m naked, what do you think is the matter?*

Now, I’m past the naked part with the guys because, well, earlier, I’d been somewhat tipsy and the lights were turned low. I was, and am, purely confident in my body, you know. And

I'm not a chubby girl, just petite, but I do have a booty on me and like I'd said earlier, the exam-cramming pizza binges had added a little extra bounce to said booty.

But that really isn't the problem. It's the lights. And the drawn-back drapes. And the thought that someone might be able to see from one of the other buildings across the street. And, there are three of us, two guys, one girl and we've all just had sex and now we'd all be parading about the room, naked, putting all our goods on display.

"Can people see in?"

The guys follow my gaze. I swear, it does take men a while, doesn't it?

Johnny shrugs. "So what if they do?"

So what if they do? Well, for starters...

Well, so *what* for starters? A hundred scenarios race through my head. Some kid could see us. Some old fart could see us and jack off while watching. Someone could call the police and we'd get arrested for indecent exposure.

Okay, that's three scenarios and I don't like any of them.

"Can we at least pull the sheers?"

But it's more than that, isn't it? My hesitation to step into the room, the possibility of making my little threesome liaison an almost public venture, is more than I want to get into this evening. And as I contemplate that thought a little more, I wonder just how public I want to make this encounter after this night is through?

Who would I tell?

What would I say?

Mary Kate Wells, what in the world have you done?

My brain races. No longer slurred by straight bourbon, the reality of the subject sort of hits me and the fact of putting my body, and theirs, up in lights over Louisville's 4th Street is a tad more than I want to take on at this moment.

Johnny saunters to the window while I stay parked in the bedroom doorway. He glances across the street. "I'm pretty sure those are office buildings over there, Mary Kate. And I don't see a single light on across the street, so I really believe you are safe from voyeuristic eyes, but...I'm closing the sheers, anyway. All right, darling?" He whisks them closed with both hands and the tightness eases out of my chest.

Sighing, I respond, "Perfect."

Still, I can't move. Frozen to the spot. I glance at Shawn, who has just scraped his finger alongside the edge of the penis cake, digging up some fondant. "Um," he says, his eyes rounding in pleasure.

Well duh, I do good cake. Of course it's good.

"Come get some of this, honey."

But I can't. I have to resolve one thing in my head first. What is this thing I've just done? I rack my brain. It's a one-night stand, right? And no one but the three of us has to know this, right? But there will be questions from the girls and can I really keep a straight face and avoid the inevitable?

I glance from one sexy hot stripper brother to the other sexy hot bartender brother and can simply not deny the fact that I really, and truly, like them both.

*May I keep you?*

Ridiculous, Mary Kate. They probably do this gig all the time. I mean, it's so practiced and smooth. You know they do. It's their thing.

I sigh a little. *True*, I agree with myself. Which only tells me that of course I will never see them again. This is a one night stand, and why not just finish the night out and move on?

I'll deal with the girls, and my responses to them, later.

*Live in the moment, Mary Kate. You think too much.*

"Hey, look." Johnny points to a camera from a side table.

"Oh, that looks like Jess's digital," I say, and with those words, I leave my inhibitions in the doorway and stroll my naked-assed self into the room. Shawn, having poured us each another bourbon on the rocks, hands me a glass.

*Thank you, sweetheart.* I take a hefty slurp. It burns going down but oh, what a sweet burn...

Johnny rubs his palms together. With a wink to his brother, he picks up the camera and points it at me. "Photo opp!" He beams.

Shawn heads for the cake.

And yes, okay, I do it. I completely strip those negative thoughts from my head and pose for naked pictures with the penis cake. Luckily, I'd placed it on a narrow, paper-covered piece of stiff cardboard instead of a platter, and it was easy enough to maneuver. Mentally, I tell myself that I'd commandeer the camera later and erase the pics.

Let's just have some fun, I think.

So, I pose.

Me, with my ass poked out, Shawn holding the penis cake pointing toward my butt crack, my eyes wide, my mouth in a perfect 'O' and a finger tucked under my chin.

"Ah, so innocent, sweetheart. That was great!"

Next. Me, standing legs spread, straddling the cake, with Shawn balancing it between my thighs, the huge tip pointing at my Brazilian wax. I put my hands over my breasts and make a kissy fish-face toward the camera.

Johnny snaps. "Perfect!"

And then one more. Me, with the cake on the floor, and me lying over it, sort of, my boobs hugging the huge confection, and my tongue dipping into the cream now seeping out of the tip.

Oh, yum, that is good.

Snap. Snap.

"Wow, this is good guys, want some?" I sit up then and with two fingers, plunge into the cake and come up with a good hunk and stuff it into my mouth. After a moment, I sit back on my haunches. "Oh, hold me back boys, this penis is absolutely yummy."

Snap. Snap.

I lean up, look into the camera, and smear penis cake cream all over my tits. At this moment, I feel a lot wicked.

"Oh, baby..." Shawn joins me. "Let me."

Snap. Snap. Snap.

While Shawn smears handfuls of cake on my breasts, then moves to lick every morsel off, Johnny angles the camera this way and that, playing the photographer bit. "Darling, you are beautiful!" And on and on...

Finally, he tosses the camera aside and joins in on the action. While my twins lick the flesh-colored frosting off my jugs, suckling like twin babies, I smear some on each of them and soon we are engaged in a regular lick-fest right there on the expensive carpet in the middle of this expensive suite in a very expensive hotel.

Perhaps it was time to move this to another venue.

"Shower, boys?"

Without another word, I am scooped up into the arms of one gorgeous bartender while the stripper scurries ahead to ready the shower. Shawn carries me through the bedroom and into the master bath. His intoxicating kisses lull me into a state of unrestrained delight that make me hungry for a whole lot more than cake. As the bathroom steams up (from our kisses or the shower?) I realize his plan. The fabulous man. He is priming me for more.

And more.

Times two.

“Your shower awaits, our princess,” Johnny murmurs, easing me out of Shawn’s arms and to my feet. He leads me into the large steamy cubicle of gold-plated fixtures and fancy ceramic tile with glass doors. I notice a couple of foil packets lying on the shower bench.

Looking behind me, I crook my finger toward Shawn.

Although I needn’t have bothered. He is practically on my heels.

The warmth of the shower is heavenly and I stand beneath it, letting the frosting and cake crumbs melt from my body. Smoothing my hair back under the stream, I close my eyes, and within seconds, feel two pair of attentive hands on my body, smoothing shower gel over me and ridding my skin of errant remnants of cake.

I let them.

After all, I am their princess, am I not?

At least for this night?

“Your wish is our command, princess,” Johnny murmurs in my ear.

What? Can they read my mind?

Opening my eyes, I glance from Johnny on my left to Shawn on my right. I feel bold.

“What I want,” I say softly, “is to have both of you at the same time.”

I know what that means. So do they. I trust them and I am ready.

“You’re sure?”

I dip my head in a demure nod.

Slow, lazy grins break over their faces.

## *Chapter Nine*

And as those grins spread even wider, I lower myself to my knees and fist not one, but two, very engorged twin cocks in my hands. Suddenly, I possess the urge to double-dip. The most difficult decision, however, is with which cock to start?

I choose Shawn. After all, Johnny had me first earlier. Time to give Shawn his due.

Stroking Johnny, I slip my lips over the broad head of Shawn's cock while he inhales with a hiss. Even with the warm water skimming over his skin, I draw in his muskiness and lure him further into my mouth. I roll my tongue over the sweet and firm indentations of his head, rimming his ridges, and give a quick tongue-tickle underneath at a spot I hope he will enjoy.

He does. Grasping a fistful of my hair, he groans and urges me deeper.

I oblige all I can, barely able to accommodate his inches. The sensation of his firm, velvet flesh filling my mouth from one side to the other thrills me. And the more I take him, the more revved up my body becomes.

With a pop, I release him and Shawn outwardly shouts. Just as quick, I grasp him and begin a slow massage with my fingers while I move to my left—and Johnny.

My Johnny. My stripper.

I swear, if I ever have to choose between the two...

Enough of that. There is no choosing tonight, and tonight is all that matters.

With him, I move to the crook between his leg and crotch, settling myself in with his cock resting against my cheek. While I continue to stroke Shawn with my right hand, I cup Johnny's balls with my left and lift them toward my lips. Gently, I pull one, then the other, into the warmth of my mouth and loll my tongue over them. Johnny steadies himself by placing a firm hand on my shoulder and by now, my thighs are trembling in anticipation.

Wasting no time, I release his balls and with the flat of my tongue make one long and thorough ice-cream cone lick up the underside of his cock and then cover his head with my entire mouth.

“Shit,” Johnny huffs out. “Enough.”

In one swift movement I am lifted off the shower floor. With hurried hands, Johnny hands a condom to Shawn and rips open his own and expertly rolls it over his cock. Before I know it, I push him into the tiled wall and wrap my legs around his waist. While I rain kisses over his face, he positions me over his cock and his heat burns a slow, searing path up through my center.

Oh, God...

In the next instant, Shawn crowds up against my back, his fingers sliding over and into the crack of my ass. While passion builds inside of me, Johnny pushes upward and I rock my pussy over his dick; Shawn’s slick wet finger slowly rims my asshole and gently pushes inside, increasing pressure little by little.

I have to stop kissing Johnny because the breath is literally huffing out of my mouth and there is no way I can kiss and pant at the same time.

Shawn’s finger pushes deeper. My muscles begin a slow unwinding.

Sensation zings up in all my nether regions as my flesh turns to molten heat. For a few minutes, he eases his finger in and out of my ass, foreign sensations growing inside of me, while I continued to fuck Johnny.

“Oh, shit...” I say.

“Be still now, baby.” Shawn removes his finger, and an odd feeling of emptiness rips over me. But within a second or two, an even bigger digit probes and while I relish in the slow and deliberate thrusts coming from the front, I wince only slightly at the largeness begging to enter from the back.

I still. “Easy now...” And wait.

“Yes. Yes, baby.”

He pushes a little more. Suddenly, I relax and with a brief sharp prick, Shawn eases inside with a slow, sweet burn. He presses up inside me, fills me, against me, his hands on either side of my shoulders, pushing against the wall, slotted in between him and Johnny. I breathe deep and exhale with quick bursts.

Warmth and a sensation of being claimed, of feeling secure and safe, of being possessed from all angles envelopes me.

I have them both. Inside me. My chest swells and I exhale long. The emotion is like none I've ever anticipated, experienced. I feel overly consumed, protected, and well, complete.

"Okay, sweetheart?" Johnny whispers in my ear.

"P-perfect," I breathe.

And it was. Both brothers, holding me, filling me, moving inside me. The powerful vibrations that envelope me take control and I push and rock back and forth against them, climbing into a rhythm of pleasure that is positively out of my control.

"Faster. Deeper." I clutch Johnny's shoulders. Tighter. Fold my body into theirs.

With frenzied shouts and hurried groans coming from all three of us, water splaying over and around us, we pulsate and hum in unison as first one brother, then the other, shouts, shudders and stills. And on their heels, my body ricochets off their pleasure with a screaming, all-consuming orgasm of my very own.



## *Chapter Ten*

A cacophony of high-pitched party girl voices wakes me around four a.m. With what I know must be a grimace on my face, I stretch, my sore muscles groaning from the effort, and glance to my right. And left. My boys are sleeping like babies and damn, do I hate to wake them. After all, they'd been working hard for hours and deserved a rest, right?

Right.

But with the party chatter in the next room showing no sign of letting up, and before I can rise and make sure the bedroom door is latched, the voices explode into the room as the door bursts open and a sneaky triangle of light angles across and illuminates the bed.

And all three of us.

"My God! *Mary Kate!*"

I rub my eyes. "Dee. What the hell. Close the damn door." I say that just before Jess followed by Candace dominoes into her from behind, forcing Dee a little further into the room. "Sh. You'll wake them. Now get out."

"What the fuck?" Shawn raises a head.

I push him down and pull the covers up.

"O.M.G! You've got the bartender in bed with you!"

Johnny's head jackknifes up then, too.

"And the stripper!" Candace squeals. "Where's my purse. I need my phone!"

"Nevermind," Jess counters. "I've got my camera right here." She snaps.

"Oh, Jess." I groan. Pictures. *Dammit!* "Let me see that camera for a sec, okay?"

"Wait. Let's take a look." She pushes some buttons on the camera back and I moan again, slapping my forehead. "Shit."

“Oh yeah, that’s good, and...what in the world? Mary Kate, is that the...oh, shit. It’s the cake! And it’s between your tits! And,” she flicks a button again, “O.M.G! His tongue is on your...and he’s licking frosting off your... and you’re licking frosting off his... Shit. I gotta pee. A girl can only stand so much.”

At the moment I want that camera pretty damn bad but Jess has already stumbled off to the other room, to pee, I assume. Candace follows. I’ll have to bribe them later.

“Wow. You are wild.” Dee just stares. “And I thought I’d be the one to get laid tonight.”

“Well, there’s always hope.” I sort of want her gone. “Is that bar still open down in the cellar of this place? What do they call it, The Rathskeller? Why don’t you check it out.”

She shrugs. “I don’t know...”

“So, Dee. Would you get the hell out of my room now?” I finally just put it out there, blunt as I can make it.

“Sure. But I just have to say that I can’t believe you did it. Lainie is going to be fit to be tied when she realizes she lost the bet.”

“Bet?” Both of the boys’ heads pop up off their pillows.

“Forget her,” I tell them. “It was nothing and I didn’t do it because of the bet.”

“I figured you’d do it because of the money.”

Johnny sat straight up, a pained expression on his face. “There was a bet that you’d sleep with us? For money?”

I shake my head. “Relax, Johnny baby. I’m not a whore. I don’t sleep with guys for money.”

“Just to win a bet,” Dee corrects.

“And not that either!”

With a lazy push upwards, Shawn sits up, too. “Okay, so spill it, pinky.”

Heaving in a breath and exhaling long, I tell the boys, “Lainie was drunk. She bet that I wouldn’t sleep with the first guy who walked through the door. You know, I told you, she thinks I’m a prude or something.”

“I was first in the door,” Johnny says.

“Yeah.”

“And the bet was for money.”

“Yeah. Five hundred big ones. I never agreed to it.”

“So you are saying you wanted to sleep with us? You didn’t just do it for the money?”

I scoff. “Of course not! I want to be with the two of you!”

Shawn exhales and leans back on the pillow. “Damn, that’s funny.”

Eyeing him, I am getting a vibe that is a little weird. “Spill it, dude.”

Finally, he shrugs and says, “This is really pretty fucking hilarious.”

“What?”

Johnny interjects then and takes my hand. “Well, love, because I’m Shawn’s big brother and earlier in the evening, I bet him that we couldn’t pull off a threesome.”

My eyes widen. I could feel them, literally. “You didn’t.”

He nods. “I did.”

Shawn edges closer. “See, we have always shared everything—except a woman. And we’ve always talked about this fantasy of having one girl between us but we’d never carried through and tonight, well, we thought this might be an opportunity...”

Johnny interrupts. “You know, drunk chicks and all.”

How well I did know that. “Huh.”

Johnny leans in and kisses my lips. “And from the first moment I stepped in the door, I knew you were the one. I didn’t even have to catch Shawn’s eye for approval.”

Oh. I could just about dissolve at this moment. “Really?”

Shawn whispers in my other ear. “Really, sweetheart.”

For a moment, the room is pretty darned silent, and then Dee pipes up. “Sounds like you all have it worked out. Hey, I’m gonna go join Jess in the other room. I promise we won’t interrupt the three of you any more tonight, but, I do have to tell you, Mary Kate, that...”

About that time I realize my sister isn’t with the girls. “Where’s Lainie?”

“Well, that’s the thing. We figure it should be you who tells your mother.”

“What?”

“And her fiancé.”

Oh, hells bells...

Dee goes on. “If we tell you, you won’t believe it. Not that I’m really believing what I’m seeing here in front of me at the moment. But, Lainie, she’s gone.”

“Gone?”

She nods. “Yeah. All I can say is that it involves a ‘57 Chevy, a drag show gone bad, and Vegas.”

“And...”

Dee nods. “Yeah. Simon.”

Oh, shit. *Shit, shit, shit!*

My mother is going to have a good old-fashioned, Southern Belle hissy fit. I can hear her now: *She made her bed! Let her lie in it! And cut her out of the will!*

But I shrug and look to Dee, who is edging toward the door, and knows that there is not a damn thing I can do about it. Hey, who am I to say that my sister is wrong and that society is right? After all, lookee what I have going on in my own bed.

And I’m all about lying in it.

An inward twitter hit my chest and I smile.

I look from Johnny to Shawn, and say to Dee, “Close the door, honey. Please? Check out time isn’t until noon, and as of this moment, I could care less about my sister. This night is all still mine. And I, quite frankly, tiara or not, I am the princess.”

Dee smiles and I add, “Go play with your orbs, or something.”

And with a little kinky grin, Dee does as I ask, pushing the lock in on the door behind her.

Plopping back on the pillows, I sigh and burrow in. “Finally! Shall we catch a few more winks, boys? I betcha we can get in one more screaming orgasm apiece before check out. What do you think?”

And then I giggle as Shawn snakes down underneath the covers and begins to toy with what appears to be his favorite part of my anatomy, and Johnny lifts my chin for yet another round of sinful kisses.

Ah. But do I love my boys...

## *About the Author*

Mia Jae is a Midwest girl who always had a thing for travel. Growing up in the middle of the country was one thing, but for some reason, she always longed to be “on the edge.” Living on the edge meant leaving home for sand and surf on both coasts (she’s partial to North Carolina and San Diego beaches) and a stint living in New Orleans, pre-Katrina. Living on the fringes of the country seems to nicely parallel how she’s lived her life. No regrets. Always looking forward. Take a risk or two. Just like the characters in her books. Bold, sassy, sexy, sophisticated, and erotic...and experiencing life to the fringes.

Novellas by Mia Jae

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Visit Mia at her website: <http://www.miajae.com>

## ***The Bachelorette Party 101 Series by Mia Jae***

*Three women, three stories, one night that will change their lives forever...*

### **The Premise:**

How do you pull off the utterly most fantastic Bachelorette Party ever? One that:

- \*the bride will never forget (or wished she could)?
- \*the bachelorette groupies will swear was the best, hands down, freaking bachelorette party ever?
- \*doesn't get reported on the evening news (or does!)
- \*your grandmother doesn't see the pictures of on Facebook (why did you friend her anyway?)
- \*keeps everyone relatively safe but pleasantly buzzed (or worse) at the same time?
- \*includes lots of men, strippers, men, strippers, and even more men and strippers?

And let's not forget also includes:

- \*a sex bet
- \*lots of pictures with orbs
- \*a drag show
- \*a '57 Chevy
- \*a midnight run to Vegas
- \*a crying bride and a jealous ex-boyfriend
- \*a very sexy ghost (or two, or more?)
- \*a penis cake
- \*a missing thong

\*twins (male and well endowed)

\*and one relatively sweet and innocent, newbie wedding (read, bachelorette party) planner

## **The People**

Meet Mary Kate Wells, sister to the bride. She's young, fresh out of college, a card-carrying member of Kappa Fi Nu, the Food Science Honor Society, and out of work. Oh, and according to her sister, is a prude.

Meet Lainie Wells, the bride. Older sister to Mary Kate, and who really doesn't want to get married, but hires her little sister to be her wedding/bachelorette party planner anyway because Mary Kate needs a job. And, she has cake experience, right? She took all those food science classes.

Meet Dee Crowe, maid of honor. Lainie's best friend since contraband Tootsie Pops were all the rage in kindergarten, who is in charge of keeping the bride from running. And, who wants to get laid during the bachelorette party really, really bad.

## **The Setting**

Downtown Louisville, Kentucky entertainment district which includes 4<sup>th</sup> Street Live, Connection (named one of the 60 Best Gay Bars in the world), and the Seelbach Hotel (a historic, Gatsby-era hotel).

## ***Bachelorette Party 101: I Betcha***

Mary Kate Wells refuses to admit that she's innocent. She has had sex, she's here to tell you. But the truth is, when Johnny the Stripper calls the day of the bachelorette party to confirm his appointment later that night, the sound of his voice saying, "Hi, Mary. My name is Johnny, and

I'll be your stripper this evening," jerks her libido into full-speed ahead like nothing she'd ever felt before. And then when Johnny arrives with his twin brother Shawn at his side, the fire in her gut could only be put out by one thing—no wait, two. In her ear she hears her sister chiming, "I betcha won't, I betcha won't." And determined to be her own woman, she bets she will.

### ***Bachelorette Party 101: I Don't***

Lainie Wells will get married. She will, she will, she will. It's perfect. He's perfect. Her life will be perfect. Bleh, bleh, bleh. Thoroughly confused and utterly disgusted with herself, she's resigned to impending marriage. Besides, Mary Kate has everything planned and her father has footed an astronomical bill thus far. She will, she will, she will. And she keeps saying that all the way up to the point where her ex-lover and maximum curler of her toes, Simon Shepherd, takes the stage during the drag show, links gazes with her and won't let go, and later feels her up back stage until she's spent and more. Suddenly, "I do" feels more like "I don't." But Simon left her two years earlier, telling her he was gay. Why is he coming after her now? And who is that other guy watching him feel her up?

### ***Bachelorette Party 101: I Want***

"I just wanna get laid. And good." As Dee looks up from her drink while sitting in the luxurious bar at the Seelbach Hotel after the uneventful-for-her bachelorette party, she swears a man is staring back at her in the mirror. Their gazes connect and hold, she turns, but no one is there. The sexual titillation that runs through her body at that moment frightens her almost as much as the fact that she's pretty darned certain she's seen a ghost. As she walks back to her hotel room, she's reminded of the orbs. Earlier during the party, as pictures were snapped with digital cameras, the women all proclaimed to see orbs circulating Dee's body. And Dee's alone.

As the night rolls on, Dee experiences a ghostly encounter of the ménage kind that makes her believe in sex here, and in the forever after—which takes getting laid to a whole other level.



*Also available from*  
***Resplendence Publishing***

***Joining the Party by Cheryl Dragon***

In a small town, secrets are hard to keep. But when photojournalist, Cassie Hawks, comes home to Lucky Springs, no one says a word about what her neighbors have been up to while she's been away. Noises next door draw her to peep on a sex party that enthralls her. The passion, the openness and the multicultural mix inspire and arouse her—the home owners most of all. The sexy Meriwether men tempt her into a private party, and she's hooked. They willingly help her with her photography and keep her coming back for more. But can she stay put and get on board with their big sex parties?

***Three Signatures for the Lady by Suzanne Graham***

Anna Paulson needs another hundred signatures for her petition to reach this week's goal, and on this hot, summer Friday evening, she has one more doorbell to ring before she calls it quits for the day. Then she'll be at it again first thing in the morning.

Then Frank Burke answers the door wearing only a towel, and she enjoys some innocent flirting with a man who appears much younger than her. The flirting becomes less innocent as she's invited to join his roommates for dinner and a movie on their big screen TV.

Anna surrenders to her fantasy and participates in a ménage a quatre, spending a very intoxicating night in bed with Frank, Jeff, and Steve. But after a few weeks of the best sex of her life in a relationship that doesn't seem to exist outside of the bedroom, Anna decides it's time to get back to reality. But Frank won't let her go that easily.

***Kidnap and Kink by Brynn Paulin***

Be Careful What You Wish For...

Jenna Marks has a secret fantasy, to be kidnapped, tied up and seduced. When she confides her secret to her best friend on a dare, she never imagines her wish might come true.

Rob Colvin, owner of The Dungeon, has had his eye on Jenna for months, but he didn't think Jenna would be into the things that make him hot. When he overhears her secret, he knows he's going to be the one to deliver her fantasy—one weekend of her submission to him, her mysterious and masterful lover.

## ***Infernal Devices* by Abigail Barnette**

All Steamed Up: Book One

The Two Aces. Victorian London's most salacious secret, the club is a place where erotic fantasies are played out among clockwork automatons and aether powered machines. Where nothing is off limits and the pleasures are as wicked as the imagination will allow...

Permilia Deering goes to The Two Aces looking for the sexual excitement that she knows she will not find with the man to whom she is affianced, notorious cold-fish Wallace Sterling. On her first visit to the club, she meets the Ace of Spades, a masked stranger who drives her to heights of passion she's never dreamed possible—and makes her seriously reconsider becoming a mannerly society wife.

When Wallace Sterling first glimpses his fiancée standing outside The Two Aces, he assumes she's uncovered his secret identity—the Ace of Spades. But Permilia has no idea that her intended is living a double life, and Wallace worries that he'll be out of the picture once she gets a taste of what the Ace of Spades can offer her...

## ***Las Vegas* by Demi Alex**

Determined to spread her grandmother's ashes from the top of the Eiffel Tower, Angel embarks on a cross-country trip to Las Vegas. It's not France, but it's all her budget will allow. Too bad the screened observation deck hinders her plans, and when she attempts to slip her hands past the wire, the local authorities cuff her wrists.

With the last of her money used to pay fines and court fees, a complimentary food voucher leads her to a casino pub for a bite to eat. There, a late night proposition arises. Baring her breasts for a bit of cash seems simple enough, but three intriguing strangers change the odds and raise the stakes.

Angel discovers she doesn't need Lady Luck when she's got the Luck of the Irish. Laying all her cards on the table, she bets on a passionate night with Liam, Brody and Ryan. But come morning, the guys up the ante. The jackpot is tempting, but staying with the three men is the greatest gamble of her life and requires that she go all in.

Will Angel fold and leave Las Vegas as she arrived? Or will she add her heart to the pot and meet their ante?

## ***Possessing Eleanor* by Tessie Bradford**

Eleanor Lewis is perfectly content with her comfortable, quiet, relationship free life until she finds herself on all fours at the feet of Jackson Royce. Eleanor is stunned by her instant and

intense attraction to the power and confidence radiating from the devilishly handsome building contractor. He scrambles her brain and heats her body to the boiling point.

Jackson always trusts his gut instincts. The ultra sexy woman sprawled on the floor is a sexual submissive. How intriguing that the all-business, sensible shoe-wearing office manager has absolutely no idea. The moment he takes her into his embrace, he vows to possess her mind, body and soul.

From their first sizzling encounter, through a whirlwind courtship, Eleanor discovers being possessed by a man who loves her absolutely is what she had been searching for all along.

### ***Transparent Illusions* by Melinda Barron**

Freelance writer Saffron Tyler needs work. When she offers her journalistic skills to Steele Publications, they suggest that she spend two weeks as a submissive at Fingertip Fantasies, an exclusive BDSM resort that caters to the ultimate fantasies of any customer willing to pay for the high-end service. She's been tasked to come back with a titillating exposé guaranteed to enthrall the readers of Steele's underground magazine, Salacious.

But when Saffron arrives at the resort, she realizes nothing is as it seems, from the fact she doesn't know where the resort is located, or anything about the man she is submitting to—except she's to call him Master, with a capital M.

What starts out as an undercover assignment soon becomes so much more. Immersed in the lifestyle, Saffron finds herself no longer acting the role of the submissive, but actually wanting to be the perfect sub her Master believes she can be. When all is said and done, will Saffron take her experience and her story and never look back? Or will she choose to stay with the man who commands her mind, body, and soul.

### ***Belonging to Them* by Brynn Paulin**

On the run from her past, Rayna Halliday is devastated when her old car breaks down in the middle of nowhere. She soon finds that her ex has managed to block her credit cards, her accounts and even her cell phones in an attempt to exert his control over her. Giving in to him is something she refuses to do.

When the owners of O'Keefe's Gas and Repair come to her rescue, they make her an offer that tantalizes the forbidden desires within her—she can find a way to pay for the car repairs, or she can belong to them for two weeks and they'll see to her repairs for free. At the sexual mercy of four gorgeous men for two weeks... Why not? She can have fun and get things straightened out, all at once. But there are two problems heading her way: an ex on a rampage and her heart that's in for more than just fun.

### ***Overlord's Chosen* by Bronwyn Green**

Elizabeth Louden has been chosen to provide Micah Bleddyn, the Overlord of Maelgwn, with an heir. However, she's not interested in the honor. In a land where only men are allowed to use magic, women found to possess supernatural abilities are punished—often by death. She knows it's only a matter of time before her secret is revealed.

Micah has no desire to rule his father's empire, but after his older brother vanishes, he has no choice. Faced with invading forces, treachery among his own people, and now, a mate hell-bent on escape, he's had enough. Realizing they have no allies but each other, Micah and Elizabeth reach a reluctant truce in their bid to stay alive and keep Maelgwn safe.

### ***Fly Boys* by Cheryl Dragon**

For Laura, dating Craig, an air force pilot, has been nothing but great. Bonding with Craig's three housemates who served with him has been an experience in military closeness and deep admiration for men in uniform. The news that they've shared everything, including women, is arousing and a bit of a challenge. And Laura wants to take it on. The guys ease her into action, and soon, she can't imagine life any other way....even if one of the guys is a bit reserved with her. But Laura's biggest adjustment will be to their weird work schedule. Three months on duty and three months on her!

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