

A movie poster for the film "Star Struck Lady". The poster features a man in the foreground, shirtless and looking upwards with a slight smile. In the background, there is a large, close-up image of a woman's face, which is partially obscured by a bright, fiery orange and yellow light effect. The background is filled with a starry, cosmic pattern. The title "Star Struck Lady" is written in a large, stylized, white font with a black outline, positioned in the lower right. The name "Gaitlyn Willow" is written in a similar font in the upper left.

**Gaitlyn
Willows**

**Star
Struck
Lady**

STAR STRUCK LADY

...Lienna ran to the connecting door, opened it, then hopped onto the big bed to wait. Thought waves continued to call him her way. When the other door opened, she toned down the patterns. She wanted him willing and inventive, but not her puppet—she had those on Naru.

“Come in. Help yourself.” She waved her hand to the food. “I’m Lienna, by the way.”

The full force of his smile devastated her senses. “Ted...and this is very nice of you. I’ve never met any woman who would offer a stranger, much less a strange man, a bite to eat alone in her hotel room.”

“I’m not known for being conventional.” She fluffed up the pillows to lean against them. “And don’t worry, I’m not a murderer.”

He laughed lightly and broke off a banana. “No, but you are a mind reader.”

You have no idea.

“Do you mind?” He pointed to the open jar of peanut butter.

“As I said...help yourself to whatever you’d like.” *Anything.* She patted the edge of the bed. “And make yourself comfortable. This bed is big enough to get lost on.”

“Thanks, but I’ll just sit—”

No! Sit on the bed.

He shrugged. “What the hell.” He snagged a fork, stabbed it into the jar, then sat cross-legged on the other side of the bed...

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STAR STRUCK LADY

BY

CAITLYN WILLOWS

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

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STAR STRUCK LADY
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

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Lienna Durrell closed the door on the night's last patron. This was the time she and the other attendants treasured—time alone to indulge themselves. Already her employees were positioned at their favorite tables. The viewing screens illuminated their faces and made the flasks of cobalt blue Ionian ale glow.

Life had definitely been better for them since their Earth friend, Anne Sherwood, had shown them how to recapture their power. No longer were they the toys of men, used and tossed aside. Pleasure was now theirs with a wave of their hands. Business boomed.

Re-energized after years of subjugation, Lienna wasted no time reaping the benefits of the gift Anne had given them. In record time, the club where she and her friends had served so many was in her hands. The previous owner never knew what hit him—all he saw was the money she flashed before him. Lienna had continued to turn the club around, even purchasing a few more, making each a place men craved

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and with jobs women loved—so very different from all those prison-like years.

Still, even she would admit something felt like it was missing. It was the same old thing day after day with no rush of excitement. That was how they'd started indulging in a little fantasy of their own—spying on other worlds. Specifically...Earth. It became their nightly ritual, a treat no one refused. With the latch of the door, many of the attendants focused their gazes on the screens while their wandering hands plumped each others' breasts or delved into the slick heat of their pussies. Soft orgasmic cries replaced the beat of the music as the ladies watched those on the screen mate.

Lienna wandered to her private viewing table in the corner of the club. She opted to keep to herself during this time, the better to watch anyone she wished without repercussion. No one here truly judged the other, but Lienna had a feeling that would change if her women discovered her couple of choice to watch was Anne Sherwood and Kestral Dermot. Anne and Kes wouldn't be too pleased either. But they were on Earth, many light years away from Naru. Even for a couple who were all-knowing it was an impossible distance to overcome. Lienna considered her secret safe.

She sipped her ale and punched the code that would zero in on the couple in their home. The blank screen reflected copper-colored eyes that matched her long, wavy hair as she waited. She tossed a strand back and took a sip of ale.

In less than a minute the signal cleared. Lienna smiled. Anne's belly was starting to round nicely with the baby inside. Her eyes glowed when her husband brushed his hand against it. Theirs was true love. Funny how a stupid bar bet had helped them find each other. Lienna was more than happy for them, even if it did mean saying goodbye to one of her favorite patrons. Kes knew how to unselfishly take care of a lady. Anne deserved no less.

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Lienna peeled open the sheer wisp of gold that served as a short dress. The cool air perked her nipples into tight buds. She twirled one between her thumb and forefinger as Kes now did to Anne's. Her breath caught while anticipation soaked her thighs. Her body thrummed for release as her friend's must on Earth. Lienna waited. It was so much more rewarding to come with them.

She drained the contents of her slender, cylindrical glass. As always, this would be her phallus. Spreading her legs, she tucked it against her quivering nether lips. With the thrust of Kes's cock into Anne, she'd ram it deep inside. She bided her time, her thumb twirling around her slippery clitoris while she waited. She knew the couple well, could always guess that precise moment when...

Lienna jerked back, startled when Kes diverged from their love-making. Anne laughed lightly as he reached for a jar beside the bed—a brownish substance the consistency of paste. Lienna enhanced the picture, focusing on the label.

“Peanut butter?” she muttered.

She watched with a mixture of awe and curiosity as Kes dredged up two fingers of the substance and spread it over Anne's breasts. The woman arched into him as he licked them clean. Anne giggled again when he smeared a line over her stomach, then immediately gobbled it up. When he was done, he lifted one eyebrow. Anne spread her legs wide.

Lienna's breath caught. Ramming the bottom of the glass deep, she danced her fingers hard over her clit. With the orgasm that rippled through her, she collapsed onto the viewing screen. There was no doubt about it now. She had to go to Earth.

She pulled her head up seeking her second-in-charge. Cayana twirled a long lock of her black hair around her index finger as she watched her viewing screen. One call lifted her dark-eyed gaze Lienna's way.

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“I’m going to take a short vacation. Do you mind?”

Cayana’s smile made everything about her glow. “Not at all. Enjoy.”

That was exactly what Lienna was hoping to do.

* * *

Lienna drew in a deep breath of cool ocean breeze. She had no idea where the trans-light tube had taken her. She’d been too involved in studying the manual on Earth customs to watch the landing. Her instructions had been vague—a warm climate on the seashore, with a large selection of men, far enough from Kes and Anne so she wouldn’t run into them. But as she stepped through the portal, everything seemed perfect; even her mode of dress seemed to fit in. It was a flowing design of emerald green plants, much like what she’d see Anne wear. With each step it wafted against her calves.

As her eyes adjusted to the bright sunlight, Lienna inhaled the salt-tinged air. The ocean couldn’t be far, but she couldn’t hear the *swoosh-swoosh* of waves over the city noise. It looked like the transportation tube had deposited her near a bustling shopping complex. The brightness of the midday sun had obscured her unusual arrival and she easily melted into the crowd with no one the wiser.

It was a flawless landing. She expected no less. Naruns had been traveling to Earth for centuries and were well integrated into their society.

Following the salt-sea scent of the beach, Lienna found accommodations just blocks away. A quick scan revealed that everything she needed during her stay was now within walking distance—the beach peeked through buildings just beyond and a grocery store was next door. She hardly knew where to begin, especially when she stepped into her rented room and discovered a bed big enough for four people! A small refrigerator hummed in the corner, keeping quiet time with an air conditioning unit hidden somewhere in

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the walls.

“Can we go to the beach first?” a child called to his parents as they walked by.

Lienna nodded. There was a good place to start—she could study the culture a little more before selecting her target male.

Donning two red slips of material called a bikini, Lienna wrapped a towel around her and wandered to the beach. The waves beckoned with clear blue intensity. She stretched out to watch men and women ride the foam.

* * *

Lienna wandered down the brightly lit aisles, eyes wide with wonder. She still couldn't believe the combination of warm sand and ocean air had pulled her into sleep. Only the sense of darkness had jerked her awake.

So much for that hunt for the perfect male.

She'd hurried back to her room for a refreshing shower, donned another sundress splashed with orange flowers, and walked to the sprawling grocery store nearby. That's when she truly realized she wasn't on Naru any more.

Seeing grocery stores on the viewing screen was nothing compared to being there in person. Everything a person could ever want and more was displayed. Older citizens stood here and there to hand out samples of products in flavors that truly brought her mouth to life. Hesitant at first, Lienna sought out the other servers after the first lady offered her a bite of something called cheesecake. Nothing on Naru compared! All the food synthesizers on their world could never reproduce anything so fine. When the lady topped it with strawberries, Lienna swore a mini-climax rippled through her. She happily accepted the freezing box of cheesecake with a jar of strawberry topping.

Her wire basket on wheels—a shopping cart, they called it—now held all her treasures. Every food she tasted, she had to have more of—

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Red Delicious apples, spicy taco chips, pineapple juice, something called trail mix that contained chewy fruits and crunchy nuts, and more toppings she'd bought on a whim. The foods that required cooking she left, no matter how scrumptious. The concept of heating food was too much to grasp at the moment, even if her room did have the required microwave oven to do so. Despite her rapidly filling cart, Lienna still hadn't found the one thing she'd come for—peanut butter.

She studied the other shoppers. Although a few buzzed down the rows of food grabbing what they wanted, others wandered slowly studying the objects before making a selection. If she did that, she'd never get out of here. Or her basket would be overflowing with purchases. That's when she saw the signs above the aisles designating what was on each. And there was what she was looking for—*Jams, Jellies, Peanut Butter*.

Smiling, Lienna pointed her basket in that direction. The wheels wobbled in protest, threatening to take her off course. That made her laugh. She had better luck maneuvering a top-of-the-line planet skipper than this little device. Wrapping her fingers around the handle, she forced it to obey. The rows and rows of different jars made her jerk to a stop. Who would have thought there could be so many selections of one product?

She tapped her finger against her cheek as she studied them all. *Which one did Kes use?* Spying the blue-and-white label, Lienna reached for it and stopped. This one indicated it was smooth; the one next to it was crunchy. Which one? If it was crunchy like the nuts in the trail mix she'd sampled, she wasn't sure she'd want that on her body. What if her partner bit down on the wrong thing?

A shudder wiggled down her back. She opted for the smooth version.

Now what?

The manual she'd studied on her trans-light trip to Earth indicated

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she would have to check out. That meant she had to pay for her purchases at one of the registers in the front of the store. As she wandered in that direction, Lienna blessed the currency exchange rate. Her Narun coinage would get her far on Earth. When it came her time in line, she followed the example of those in front of her, placing the items on a conveyor belt that carried things to the cashier.

“Looks like someone’s having a party,” the woman said with a laugh as she scanned Lienna’s purchases one at a time.

She smiled back. “Something like that.”

As each item sailed by, the teenaged boy at the end of the register stuffed them into plastic bags—a lot of plastic bags—which he then put back in the stubborn wire basket.

“Will you be needing help out to your car, ma’am?” he asked as she handed the cashier her money.

Lienna smiled and mentally scanned him, instantly dismissing him as too young. “I don’t have a vehicle. I’m staying in the hotel next door. I’ll just take the cart.”

“Carts can’t leave the parking lot, ma’am,” he replied.

“I’ll bring it right back. I promise.”

He wrapped his hands around the end as if he expected her to wrest it from him. “I can’t allow that.”

Pathetic little boy. I could crush you with a thought. Lienna squelched the urge to do so and instead cast her thoughts outward, snagging an older man whose tag identified him as “Bob—Manager.” Now here was a fine specimen of virile Earth male—tall, broad-shouldered, brown hair and eyes flecked with gold.

“I’ll help the lady out,” he said with a smile and reached for her bags.

She watched him loop the plastic handles over his bulging forearms. Disappointment weighed her down. One thing made him unacceptable—the ring on his left hand. Rules were different on Earth

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than on Naru—married men were off-limits. She'd just have to find someone else. At least this one would have served some purpose for her.

She pointed to the door. "I'm right next door. I have a room on the first floor. I won't keep you but a moment. I know how busy you must be."

Bob flashed a smile that had to make his wife weak in the knees. "Not a problem, ma'am. We try our best to please the customer."

Now that was a motto Lienna could appreciate, but she resisted the urge to ask for a male employee who could please her in the manner she presently required.

Conversation was nil as they walked the short distance to her hotel room. Once there, she merely unlocked the door and shoved it open. After he'd placed the bags on the floor just inside, she thanked him.

He blessed her with another smile. "Not a problem. Bon appétit."

She would do just that if she could find a willing male. Lienna stuffed the cold items into the tiny refrigerator. The only thing that wouldn't fit was the cheesecake, but she hadn't planned to let that last the night anyway. She pulled it from the box and set it on the built-in desk right in front of the chair. One by one she popped open the jars of toppings—chocolate fudge, strawberry, butterscotch—and set them around it, then sat down.

"Where to start first."

Lienna twirled her plastic fork in one hand while she studied her selections. Her eye caught the jar of peanut butter and she smiled. A twist of her wrist opened it. Rich, nutty aroma surrounded her senses. She caught a bit on the tip of the fork, then stabbed it into the cake. Another disappointment—the cake was still frozen. Still, she licked her fork clean and decided peanut butter by itself was truly grand.

"But even better when shared by two." A grin curved her mouth. "Now to find the perfect partner."

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She popped another dollop of peanut butter in her mouth and closed her eyes while she envisioned the perfect man. Since she was a tall woman, she required a tall male—someone who could give her a real hard ride, or impale her on a stiff cock while he pressed her against the wall. He'd be broad-shouldered like Bob the Manager, with a hard body and a lot to show for himself both physically and skillfully. Lienna loved men who were well endowed and knew how to use it.

Her nipples tightened against her dress. Considering how warm it was outside, Lienna appreciated the silky, loose material. But she'd drawn the line at wearing under things. Those were too restrictive. When she found her man, she wanted nothing impeding them. He'd be wild to have her, his hands and mouth exploring all those places she so loved to have touched. She'd guide him there with a trail of treats. No...he'd instinctively know how to decorate her.

Lienna crossed her legs to quell the ache that grew. His tongue would be hot and he'd wield it with precision over her hard little clit, driving her insane from want of an orgasm. She hauled up her dress and wiggled her finger into the cleft of her legs. His fingers would be long and thick, just like his penis. He'd work them in her cunt, up her ass, gently pumping, then more persistent as his tongue continued to torture her. She'd come in a blinding flash of—

A rattle at the door froze her. It was quickly followed by a curse.

She jerked her dress into place and hurried to the door, swinging it wide. The wall of a man on the other side jumped back. His amber-brown eyes darted to the numbers tacked onto the door and his huge shoulders sagged.

"I'm so sorry, ma'am. I've got the wrong room. Looks like mine is next door. This has never happened before. I've been traveling all day. I'm starving and I'm dead tired." He followed up with a weak smile that set her heart to racing. "I'll try to be a quiet neighbor." He grabbed his suitcase and stepped away.

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Lienna watched him slip the key card into his door, then laugh when it opened. “Helps if you have the right room,” he said.

She scanned him quickly with her thoughts. *He’s perfect. Move, you fool.*

“I have food,” she said in a rush of breath.

He swiveled his head her way. Puzzlement furrowed his brow.

Lienna motioned to her room. “I have food,” she repeated. “I believe a door connects our rooms. Come join me.” She laced the invitation with a mental image she knew he was powerless to refuse.

“Thank you. I appreciate not having to go back out tonight.”

They shut their doors in unison. Lienna ran to the connecting door, opened it, then hopped onto the big bed to wait. Thought waves continued to call him her way. When the other door opened, she toned down the patterns. She wanted him willing and inventive, but not her puppet—she had those on Naru.

“Come in. Help yourself.” She waved her hand to the food. “I’m Lienna, by the way.”

The full force of his smile devastated her senses. “Ted...and this is very nice of you. I’ve never met any woman who would offer a stranger, much less a strange man, a bite to eat alone in her hotel room.”

“I’m not known for being conventional.” She fluffed up the pillows to lean against them. “And don’t worry, I’m not a murderer.”

He laughed lightly and broke off a banana. “No, but you are a mind reader.”

You have no idea.

“Do you mind?” He pointed to the open jar of peanut butter.

“As I said...help yourself to whatever you’d like.” *Anything.* She patted the edge of the bed. “And make yourself comfortable. This bed is big enough to get lost on.”

“Thanks, but I’ll just sit—”

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No! Sit on the bed.

He shrugged. "What the hell." He snagged a fork, stabbed it into the jar, then sat cross-legged on the other side of the bed. "Looks like you were planning a party or mending a broken heart. Which is it?"

"Just having a bit of a vacation and indulging myself."

"That's what vacations are for. Wish I was on one." He smeared peanut butter on the end of his banana and bit. Sensation rippled through her.

"Man, I love peanut butter on bananas," he said around a mouthful. "Ever try it?"

She shook her head. "But I'd love to."

He prepared another taste, then held it out to her. Lienna crawled his way, a jungle cat on the prowl. Wrapping her fingers around his large hand, she pulled the phallic-shaped fruit her way and closed her lips over it. The hitch in his breath made it worthwhile.

"Mmm...that *is* tasty." Lienna settled down beside him. "So, what brings to you this part of the universe?"

"I'm scouting locations for a new resort. I understand there's a vacant stretch of beach that would be perfect."

"Is that what you do? Scout locations?" She had no idea what that entailed, but wasn't going to let him know that.

"Partly." He took another bite of peanut butter and banana. "I confess to being a hands-on owner. I like to know what's going on in my businesses."

Now she understood, or at least she thought she did.

"And you?" he asked.

"I own a couple of clubs in my area."

"Sounds like we have something in common." He popped the last portion into his mouth.

"Sounds like." She stretched out beside him, ensuring her dress rode up to reveal her long legs.

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Ted shifted his gaze toward them and did a slow pass. His smile returned. One hot hand cupped her calf. "Are you seducing me, Lienna?"

"Would that be a bad thing?" Moving in front of him, she lifted her leg and draped it on the other side of him, bracketing him where she wanted him to be. Bending her knees, her dress slid to her hips.

Ted's eyes widened with delight. "No panties? My...aren't you the naughty one?"

"I know," she purred. "I should be punished."

"You just might be...later. For now I think I'll just enjoy the view." He peeled the dress up her body and over her head.

Her skin pinkened under the heat from his eyes. *Undress for me*, she beckoned to him.

Instead of doing as she bid, Ted dotted peanut butter to her knee, then sucked it off with his hot mouth. Lienna melted into the bed on a soft cry, silently giving herself up to him.

"Not yet, sweet." He hauled her upright with one hand and whipped the bedspread away with the other. "Now...lie very still and let me have all of you. If you move, I'll be forced to bind you. If you protest, punishment could come sooner than I promised." His smile seduced her. "I've been waiting for a woman like you all my life. You need me to have my way with you. To lavish attention on your body like none you've ever had before. Right? If you aren't that woman, now's the time to speak."

"No...I'm her. I'm yours," she breathlessly replied.

"Good. I'm going to give you all you need and more, Lienna. One word from you will stop this at any time...no matter what. Do you understand?"

She nodded mindlessly as he kneaded her foot. "One word...and it all stops."

"Have you done this before, Lienna?"

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“No.” She shook her head.

“Good. This will be a special night for both of us.” He stood and peeled his dark blue shirt over his head. “Select my first treat.”

With shaking hands, she grabbed the jar beside her.

Ted smiled. “My favorite. Show me where.”

She scooped up a little bit and managed to draw an arrow down her stomach pointing directly to her crotch. “Bon appétit.”

He tossed back a laugh as he shoved his slacks and underwear off. His huge erection sprung free and bobbed before him, tempting her. He knelt on the bed between her legs.

“Not so fast.” She shoved her palm into his hard stomach, then felt guilty when disappointment shadowed his face. She smeared peanut butter around the shiny, purple head of his cock. “Me first,” she whispered.

Ted’s thighs quivered when she looped her tongue around him. He flexed his fingers against his stomach, groaning with each pass around the tip of his engorged penis.

Lienna weighed his heavy testicles in her palm and sucked him deep. He cupped the back of her head and thrust in and out. She moved in rhythm with him, pulling on him harder and harder while her tongue feathered over his length. The pulse of one large vein along the top told her he was near. Lienna wanted this to last, but she didn’t want to deny him pleasure.

Eyes closed, she focused a tiny circle of energy around the base of his cock. The heat from it pulled the orgasm from him. Ted cried out, bucking into her mouth as he came, yet no liquid released from his body. And it would stay that way until she was done with him.

She pulled free on a final hard suck. “You’re still so big and hard. I love that in a man.” She danced her fingers up his stomach, then eased back to the bed *his* willing sacrifice.

Kneeling between her legs, he ran his fingers up and down the

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length of her leg while his thumbs caressed a parallel path on the inside. He inched his way to the juncture of her thighs, then parted her vulva to reveal the swollen seed at the top. Pressing closer, he blew gently against it. Lienna swallowed her groan as her clitoris quivered. She prayed he would draw it into his mouth and suckle it until it burst.

Instead, he shifted his aim to the arrow of peanut butter emblazoned on her belly. Lienna gasped with the first touch of his tongue. Electric shocks of pleasure zinged through her as he licked, sucked, and nibbled her body clean. Every part of her ached for that hot mouth—her lips, neck, breasts, and the pulsing clit he chose to ignore. Surely he would take her now. She silently pleaded he do so. But her ability to focus controlling thoughts was squelched by the fire banking beneath her skin.

Lienna felt him shift. Her eyes flashed open with the first brush of his cock against her. He knelt at the entrance to her vagina, dick grasped in his fist. Through half-closed lids, he smiled and danced the head of his penis over and around her clit. She arched against the sensation, balling the sheets in her fists. Part of her wanted to be bound to the bed completely at his mercy, while the other part of her longed to grab him tight and make them one.

“Do I need to tie you down?” he asked in a voice gone husky with lust.

How could he know what she thought? Why couldn’t she speak? Everything came out garbled. Sensuality had taken over all of her processes.

Grabbing her hands, Ted laced his fingers through hers and held them on either side of her head. His dick was in full control, rasping against her clit with a slowness Lienna found maddening.

“You want to come, don’t you?” he said through clenched teeth.

All she could do was nod like the mindless idiot she’d become.

“Say it,” he demanded. “Tell me what you need.”

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“I want to come. Please make me come.”

He chuckled and eased off. Lienna cried out in protest, reaching to pull him back. The sticky warmth of peanut butter he wiped against her pussy sagged her down.

“Good girl,” he cooed. “Now lie still.”

Her breath shuddered through her in short gasps, her fists shook beneath their grip on the covers, while she waited...and waited...and waited. But she did as he asked. He passed one gaze over her body, then reached for the jar of chocolate fudge. Using his fork, he drizzled a line around her breasts, down her stomach, and filled the well of her navel. More peanut butter was next, dotted along the chocolate trail.

He parted her legs farther, then painted each toe with strawberry topping, using his finger as a brush. The butterscotch traced the veins up her legs, over her hips, melded with the treats on her mid-section, then traveled down her arms.

Ted sat back on his haunches to survey his creation. “Now that’s what I call a feast.”

Lifting her heel, he dove in. Her wanting before was nothing compared to now. Ted licked each toe clean, then sucked the digit into his mouth before he moved to the next. He mapped the road of butterscotch over and over, nipping at her super-sensitive flesh until she twitched from anticipation. When one leg was cleared, he draped it over his shoulder and moved on to the next until she was truly spread wide for him.

Feather-light strokes lapped her arms free, then set fire to her stomach. He sucked the chocolate from her navel, nestling his throbbing cock into her peanut butter-coated crotch. Teeth grazed her nipples seconds before he sucked her breast hard into his mouth.

Lienna reared against him, digging her heels into his shoulders. She thrashed her head from side to side as pleasure mounted to unbelievable heights. Finally, blessedly, he moved lower, forcing her thighs open as

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far as they would go. With the first brush of his tongue to her crotch, Lienna cried out. He responded with a muffled groan and lashed his tongue over her, through hidden valleys too long ignored, into tunnels ripe with the flow of her passions, and finally..*finally*...to the peak that so desperately needed attention.

Ted twirled the button gently between his teeth, flicking and sucking, flicking and sucking. Orgasm seized her. Lienna clutched his shoulders, threw herself into the vortex, and understood for the first time in her life what it meant to see the stars. She drifted down in slow degrees.

When she landed, Ted eased her legs to the bed and knelt astride her waist. Dabbed with peanut butter, his cock bobbed before her. Lienna wrapped her fingers around it and pulled it deep into her mouth.

He tossed back his head on a deep-throated groan, closed his eyes, and let her have her way with him. She cupped his hardened sack, kneading it gently. Grabbing her head, Ted stilled her. Slowly he pulled free.

“I need to fuck you. I can’t wait.” He nudged himself between her legs, slammed into her hard, and froze.

Lienna reveled in the feeling of being impaled. She could feel the pulse of his cock against her walls, the nudge of the tip against her cervix. He wiggled his hand between them until his thumb was pressed to her clitoris. Then he moved and all she could do was hold on and enjoy the sweet, hard ride. With each thrust, he carried her back toward the pinnacle. At the top, they exploded together, hovered there for eternity’s second, then slid to peace on the nest of the bed.

Kisses and caresses of after-love drew them side by side into each other’s arms.

Her friends weren’t going to believe the experience she’d just had. What a pity they couldn’t experience it for themselves.

Maybe they can.

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She hoisted herself on one elbow to look down at Ted.

"I have a proposition for you," he said before she could speak.

Lienna smiled. "I have one for you. You go first."

"How would you like to run my new resort? With extra fringe benefits on the side, of course."

She laughed lightly. "Great minds think alike. What would we call it? Bon Appétit?" She drew lazy circles against his chest.

Ted grabbed her hand and laced his fingers through hers. "I like that...Bon Appétit Resort...For Interstellar Liaisons."

Lienna jerked back. "How?"

Ted smiled and pulled her back down. "Anne and Kes sent me. They indicated you appeared...hungry for love."

She sagged into his embrace. She should have known she couldn't hide things from an all-knowing couple—their energy spanned the stars.

Ted jumped to his feet and swooped her into his arms. "Time for a shower. Then maybe we'll eat that cheesecake on the beach...off each other."

Lienna's grin matched his. Oh, yes, he was perfect. *Thank you, Anne and Kes.*

You're welcome, Anne's voice responded in her head.

Please forgive my lapse? she asked.

Always, Anne replied. *Enjoy.*

* * *

Lienna had never felt more rejuvenated, and who could blame her? Months of unfettered passion with a man to end all men and a business partnership that screamed of success. What could be better? The best part was, no one on Naru had realized what she'd been up to. Because of the time differential between the planets, she'd been able to take the trans-light tube home to handle business, then return to Earth and basically pick up where they'd left off. Nights she and Ted fell into

STAR STRUCK LADY

each other's arms, playfully testing the foods their resort would offer. During the day they watched the skeleton of their venture grow while they worked out the myriad of details involved.

She closed the door to the club. Already her attendants were seated at the viewing consoles. Lienna had something else in store. She flicked off the power. Groans of complaint quickly followed. She waved them away with a smile.

"I have a little announcement to make. Something I think you'll all enjoy."

Lienna glanced from face to face. Curiosity gleamed back. "Imagine a buffet of food like none you've ever seen, with every pleasure you can dream up. Ladies...I give you Bon Appétit Resort for Interstellar Liaisons." The viewing screens flickered and then the teal green and coral structure came into view.

"And you are all invited to be my guests at the grand opening."

CAITLYN WILLOWS

Caitlyn Willows is the pseudonym for award-winning author Catherine Snodgrass, who wanted to flex her writing muscles in the erotica genre. Readers will find the same quality from “Caitlyn” that they have come to expect from “Catherine,” but the stories will be more over-the-top and more steamy. Sometimes the novels are written singularly, and sometimes they are a collaborative effort with award-winning author Paris Dixon. Always they will be action-filled...in more ways than one.

Caitlyn Willows’s email address is caitlyn@catherinesnodgrass.com.

* * *

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