



SARAH'S CHASE

LACEY WOLFE

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Sarah's Chase

Lacey Wolfe

Back Cover Blurb

It's been a long time since a man has satisfied Sarah. Deciding to put an end to her dry spell, she seeks out a younger man from her neighborhood with a reputation for pleasing women and taking control. After luring Chase back to her house with the simple excuse of needing a light bulb changed, she learns he's a Dom. Is Sarah really ready for the pleasure that he can bring her?

Chapter One

Abstinence. It sucked. And Sarah Parker was done with it. Last year, when her second husband ran off with another woman and gave her a curable—thankfully—STD, Sarah decided to give up sex altogether.

She'd been married twice, and each man had left her for someone else. Sarah figured it must have been her. Perhaps she was horrible in bed. Maybe she gave bad blowjobs. After too many hours of analyzing the situation, she came to the conclusion it had to be her. Otherwise, why had she been left not once, but twice? And now she was turning forty-five. Whoever said that being in your forties was the new thirties, was really stupid.

A man hadn't even turned his head at her in...well, she couldn't remember the last time that happened. Hell, she'd taken damn good care of herself though out the years. She was tall and lean, with long, blonde hair and big brown eyes. Her breasts were a C Cup, and she could still fit in size eight jeans. It wasn't like she hadn't taken care of herself.

Maybe the words *she sucks in bed* were tattooed to her forehead. Who knows? She had never really been satisfied with sex anyway. Both of her husbands initiated contact every time and they were the only ones left pleased.

But she hoped that was about to change; Sarah was ready to get laid. And she knew just who she wanted it to be: Chase Jones. Chase was the neighborhood party boy. He had a reputation of being a player and dominant in bed. He wasn't known to ever date women; just to please them and send them on their way. And that's just what she was looking for—someone to take charge and thoroughly fuck her.

Obviously marriage wasn't for her, and maybe Chase would teach her a few things. The only problem was that Chase was only twenty-eight. How the hell was she going to get him to even look at her? That's where it was going to get tricky. She had a few ideas up her sleeve, though, and perhaps one of them just might work.

The first thing she had to do was get him to her house somehow. With a snicker, Sarah climbed up on a ladder, reached up toward the ceiling fan, and unscrewed two of the light bulbs so they would no longer light. After climbing down, she laid an empty box the light bulbs came in on the coffee table. Now all she had to do was get him there to help her figure out why the fan lights no longer worked.

Was this stupid? Maybe. But would it work? Only one way to find out. It was time to strut her stuff down to the neighborhood pool where Chase always hung out on Friday evenings.

* * * *

Chase took a long sip of his beer and sat in a lounge chair by the pool. Music played loudly, and many people were already halfway drunk. Tonight, he was tired. Typically, he brought some young woman home with him to make his evening a little livelier, but tonight he just wasn't feeling it. In fact, he hadn't been for a while. He was tired of the parties. The girls his age either didn't want to settle down yet or wanted to get married ASAP. He would really just like a girl friend that wasn't looking for much more than companionship.

"Chase," a perky brunette said as she bounced over, "We're going to play water volleyball, and I want you to be my partner so I can sit on your shoulders. Come on."

"Maybe in a bit."

The girl crossed her arms and pouted. "Awe, please? I don't want anyone else but you."

"My back is sore. Not right now."

Just as she was about to protest, another guy walked over and picked her up. She left giggling and Chase was obviously already forgotten.

Rolling his eyes, he took another long drink of his beer. Chase closed his eyes and enjoyed the coolness of the evening. The radio played one of his favorite songs, and he was so lost in the moment that he didn't hear anyone come up.

"Excuse me," an unfamiliar, but very seductive, voice said.

Chase opened his eyes and saw the hot lady who lived up the street from him. Every guy around here wanted a piece of her, but no one dared to attempt it. She was in her forties, but you would never know it by looking at her. Rumors floated around that her last husband cheated on her and that she had sworn off all men. That was probably the reason he never saw her around.

"You're Chase, right?" she asked.

"I am." He sat up, letting his eyes continue to take in her tight, tan body.

"I was wondering if you could help me."

"Anything."

"The last light bulb blew out in my fan. And while that sounds silly, it's in the living room, with my nine foot vaulted ceilings. I could really use a man's help to get it changed."

He swallowed hard, wanting to do a whole lot more than change her light bulb. He was closer to her than he'd ever been and the scent of vanilla circled around him. His thoughts immediately turned to him imagining his hands in her long blonde hair, pulling her head back, and fucking the hell out of her as she chanted his name.

He shifted in his seat, hoping the bulge in his pants wasn't obvious. It had been a long time since a woman had erupted such feelings in him. He liked to be in control, and the way she stood there, fidgeting with her fingers, he knew she might be just what he'd been looking for.

"Sure, just let me know when you'd like me to come by," he replied.

"Can you come now?"

Fuck yeah he could! "Sure, I'm just going to finish my beer and then head home and change. I'll be over in a bit."

“Great. Do you know which house is mine?”

He nodded.

Sarah started to walk away and then turned to look at him. “You don’t have to change on my account.” A grin spread across her face. “It’s only a light bulb.”

He smiled in agreement but knew damn well this was *not* about changing a light bulb.

Chapter Two

Sarah paced her living room. What had she done? Did she really just walk down to the neighborhood pool and ask Chase to change a light bulb? Light bulbs that weren't even blown. But by the way he looked at her, he had to know this wasn't really about that.

What if he was laughing with his buddies this very moment about how some old lady wanted his help with something stupid? She didn't think this through. *That is what happens when you haven't had sex and you decide you want it.* Her hormones were doing the thinking for her.

But Chase had looked incredibly sexy. He was shirtless and wearing navy floral trunks. His skin was a golden bronze and almost matched his dirty blond locks. He had large brown eyes that held a seductive glint at all times. When he'd looked her body up and down, she caught a slight bulge in his pants, which had caused a reaction in her she hadn't expected. It had been a long time since just a look caused her stomach to flip in anticipation. But then the doubt started to creep in. There was no way he could be attracted to her. Surely she hadn't really seen him harden.

There was a light knock on the front door. He was here! Sarah straightened her white shorts and black tank top. Clearing her throat, she opened the door.

“Hi Chase, thanks for coming on such short notice.”

Chase stepped inside and, as he walked past her, Sarah took in his appearance. He changed into khaki cargo shorts and a wife beater. His muscles were well defined and her mouth watered. She wanted to touch them so bad, to see just how hard they would feel.

Closing the door, she watched as Chase looked up at her fan. “This is the fan that needs the light changed?”

She nodded. Damn, maybe she *had* read his body language wrong, and he was really just here to change that stupid light bulb after all.

“I guess I’ll climb up here to check it out, then.”

“Thanks, I really appreciate it. I’m sure you’d much rather be doing something else with your friends.”

As he climbed the ladder, he looked back at her. “It’s no problem, really. I’m always glad to help a beautiful woman.”

Did he really think she was beautiful, or was he just being nice? She was so lost in her thoughts that she didn’t notice Chase was now off the ladder and standing in front of her.

“You didn’t really ask me here for help with your lights, did you?” he asked.

She shook her head. If she had wanted to speak, there was no way she could. His stare was heavy and she wasn’t sure if he was mad or about to kiss her.

“Tell me why you asked me here.”

She gasped in surprise as he brushed her hair out of her face. Instinctively, she leaned into his touch.

“Are you horny, Sarah?”

“Yes.”

“And you want me to satisfy you?”

Her eyes were locked on his as she nodded.

“Do you know what I want?”

“No.”

“I want to control you.”

Sarah eyes widened. *He what?* She took a step away from him, but he reached out and grabbed her arm.

“There’s nothing to be scared of. I don’t want to control your life; I want to control your pleasure. I want you to submit to me.”

“What do you mean?” she asked, realizing the rumors were true. He was dominant.

“You let me control your pleasure and trust that I know how to bring you highest satisfaction you can have. It’s been a long time since I’ve had someone submit to me. When I laid my eyes on you tonight, I knew you’d be perfect. Tell me I wasn’t wrong.”

“Are you talking about tying me up and stuff like that?” As she asked him, she couldn’t believe how wet it made her. The thought of Chase having his way with her excited her. What was wrong with her?

“That could come when the time is right.” His finger brushed up and down her arm. Goosebumps formed on her skin and it was as though every nerve stood on edge. “Interested?”

“Yes.” The word tumbled out before she had time to think.

He leaned by her ear and whispered, “Good. Now take your clothes off.” She started to protest, but he placed a finger over her lips. “You’re not to speak unless I give you permission to.”

Not talking might be a good thing. She couldn’t form any words if she wanted to. But was she really going to just take her clothes off? She took a deep breath and thought, what the hell, why not?

She started with her shorts and panties. She wiggled out of them and let them drop to her feet. Stepping away from the pile, she let her fingers nervously grab the hem of her shirt. She glanced at Chase and saw that he stood and watched intensely, his eyes smoldering. Her gaze traveled down, and she could see his erection pressed against his zipper. Sarah could tell that he liked what he saw and it gave her the courage to pull her shirt up over her head and unclasp her

bra. Both articles of clothing floated to the floor, and she stood naked in the middle of her living room. Her nipples hardened and her pussy was practically drenched in her own liquids. It had been way too long since she'd been with a man.

* * * *

Chase gulped as he took in the sight of the woman in front of him. He had never seen a woman who looked more beautiful naked than Sarah did at that moment. The years had been really good to her. He never would have guessed he was looking at a forty-something-year-old woman's body. Her stomach was flat, her breasts were perky, and there wasn't a shred of fat on this woman. She was toned and firm. His cock sprang to life as she just stood there waiting for him to tell her what to do. Now it was up to him to get his brain to work.

“Go into the dining room and sit on the table.”

Sarah turned and walked toward the dining room as Chase continued to watch her from the living room. He watched her tight, round ass as she walked. Her skin was all bronze and he noticed there wasn't a tan line on her. Surely she used a tanning bed, fully naked.

Taking in a deep breath to calm his excitement, he grabbed her tank top off the floor and followed her into the dining room. She sat on the table, her eyes toward the floor. He smiled; she was a natural sub. “In order to get you to fully trust me and use your senses, I'm going to blindfold you.”

Without giving her any time to think, he folded her top, placed it around her head and tied it in the back.

“I want you to do everything I say. Nod if you understand.”

She did.

“Lie back on the table, leaving that hot ass of yours on the edge. Place your feet on the edge and open those thighs of yours wide. I want to feast on your pussy.”

He couldn't help but grin as he watched her expression as everything he had just said registered. Then she did as he said. Once she was in position, with her back flush with the table,

he took a moment to just look at her. Letting her body be so exposed to him thrilled him. Her pussy was open and already wet.

First, he touched her, coating his fingers with her juices. Instantly, she let out a soft moan.

“Tell me Sarah, how long has it been since you were with someone?”

“A year.”

Damn, he couldn't imagine going a year. This woman certainly needed a good fuck and he was going to give her the orgasm of her life. One that would take her days to recover from.

He got on his knees and positioned himself between her legs. Inhaling, he enjoyed the sweet smell that was coming from her, and he couldn't resist any longer. Leaning forward, Chase swept his tongue from her opening to her clit. She tasted as good as he thought she would, if not better.

His lips closed around her nub and he gently sucked. Her breathing quickened. To intensify the pleasure she was feeling, he hummed against her and her body jerked. As much as he wanted her to hold off from climaxing, it had been way too long for this woman. Perhaps just this one time he would let her cum and enjoy it as her juices flowed into his mouth.

Letting his tongue enter her opening, he used a finger to lightly rub her clit. She slightly grinded into him, but he knew she was doing her best to be quiet and hold off. With a smirk, he moved his tongue faster and pushed her over the edge. She cried out, her hands gripped the edges of the table until her knuckles turned white. Once her body relaxed, he kissed her inner thighs before standing.

He wasn't done with her just yet.

Chapter Three

Sarah did her best to catch her breath. Why in the world had she ever given up sex? She'd had men go down on her before, but it had never been as good as what Chase had just done. And it really hadn't been much. But his tongue—wow—the way it flicked her opening and pumped into her, she had to release.

Now she waited to see what was next. Perhaps this submitting thing wasn't as bad as she thought. Letting Chase be in charge of her pleasure—yes, please! She wanted more, but with the blind fold on, she wasn't sure what was going on. Chase had moved away from her, but she sensed he was still near.

She heard the sound of a zipper, and she hoped it meant he was getting naked and he would soon be fucking her.

He cleared his throat. "I need to come before I can properly fuck you. I am going to help you off the table now. I like a woman on her knees as she sucks me."

He took her hand and helped her off the table. She went right down to her knees.

"Open that pretty mouth of yours."

She did as he said. At first, he let the tip play with her opened mouth. She felt liquid being rubbed around her lips. Her nipples hardened as her arousal intensified by just this act. How could something like this be turning her on?

His dick began to enter her mouth. Closing her lips around it, she moaned. He was thick and as he kept pushing toward her throat, she couldn't believe the length. If only she could see it. His fingers tangled into her hair and she braced herself for what was to come.

As her tongue massaged the underside of his shaft, he gyrated into her mouth. His rhythm was quick and with each pump he managed to get farther down her throat. She had no time to gag; all she could do was take it. And good god, she liked his entire cock filling her mouth and throat. Her pussy throbbed and begged to be touched.

“Your mouth feels so damn good. You take my cock like a champ. I’m about to come and you’ll swallow every drop of it.”

He tightened his grip in her hair and his release shot out, hitting the back of her throat. She slightly gagged but swallowed, letting her throat muscles fully milk his shaft.

Once she had swallowed everything he had to offer, he removed himself from her mouth and she waited on what was next.

“You really know how to suck a cock,” he said.

He pulled her to a standing position and removed the tank top from her eyes. Chase was as naked as she, and Sarah let her eyes drift up and down his body. The man was firm and her mouth watered to taste every inch of his tanned body.

Taking her hand into his, he said, “I want to talk to you a moment, so you may speak. Did you enjoy what we just did?”

“Yes. It was really nice.”

“Was I too rough with you?”

“No.” She giggled slightly.

“There’s just something about you, Sarah, that makes this need come out of me. When I look at you, I want to dominate you—sexually. And it feels like you want me to. How was your sex life in the past? Did you often let your ex-husbands take control?”

What a personal question. Should she answer this?

“You can trust me,” he reassured her.

“They never told me what to do. But I usually just followed their lead. I never got forceful, and they never did either. Maybe that’s where things went wrong.”

Chase brushed her hair from her face. “I think the problem was that they couldn’t satisfy you and were too weak to know what you needed. You need someone to take control of your pleasure. Two subs in a bed will never leave anyone satisfied. Tell me what this does to you when I say it.” He paused a moment and then added, “Turn around, lean over the table, and spread your legs.”

She stood there and hesitated. Was she supposed to do what he said? A part of her wanted to do just what he said and see what else he had in store for her.

“Well, how did it make you feel?” he asked.

“Excited and curious.”

Chase smiled, leaned forward and let his lips trail kisses on her neck. Her breath caught in her throat.

“Do you know what I want to do after I get you to lean over that table?” he whispered into her ear.

She shook her head.

“I want to spank you.”

Her eyes widened. *Spank me?* She wasn’t so sure about that. Being struck didn’t sound like something she was at all interested in doing. She pulled back from his grip and stared into his eyes. He smiled at her.

“Does that scare you? I would never hurt you. You know that, right?”

Did she know that? No. She barely knew this man, and he was here telling her he wanted to spank her and that she was a sub. Sarah was almost certain she had bitten off more than she could chew.

“I think we should stop,” she said.

Chase looked confused, but took a step back. “If that’s what you want, then we will. I’ll never force you to do anything that you don’t want to.”

Sarah watched as he put his clothes back on, but she stood frozen, not even caring that she was still naked. Once he was dressed, he walked toward her.

“I like you, Sarah, and I would really like to continue what we’ve started. But I respect your decision. If you change your mind and want to see where this could go between us, call me. I’m in the neighborhood phone book.” Leaning toward her ear, he whispered, “I hope you call.”

As he started toward the door, Sarah exclaimed, “Wait!” He turned and looked at her. Before she knew what she was saying, she blurted out, “I want you to stay.” She realized that Chase leaving was the last thing she wanted. When he spoke to her, he put her at ease and she knew without a doubt that Chase would never hurt her. She wanted to see what other types of pleasure he could bring to her.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“If we’re going to do this, then we need to set up a safe word. Give me a word you will say when you want me to stop.”

“Butterfly.”

He chuckled. “Okay, butterfly it is.”

Sarah watched as he started to strip his clothes off again. She took a step forward to help and he raised his hand to her. “You never touch me unless I tell you that you can.”

Well, that didn’t seem like much fun. Once his clothes were in a pile on the floor again, she let her eyes drift over his body once more. It had been a long time since she had seen a man’s naked body, and her ex-husbands had always been older. It had been years since she had seen a twenty-something-year-old’s body. She better enjoy it while she could. Tonight might be the only time and she was going to savor each and every second of it.

“Do you have anything you’d like to say?” he asked.

She shook her head.

“Great. Then from this point forward, you may not speak unless given permission to. Also, you may not come until I tell you that you can. If you do before, then you will be punished.”

Her eyes widened. Punished? Did he bring a naughty chair or something for time-out?

“Since I saw how you reacted before, I want you to turn around and lean over the dining room table. Spread those pretty little thighs of yours and make sure I have a good view of your pussy.”

Sarah did as he asked. As she positioned herself the way he asked, shivers swept through her as her nipples met the cool table. She moved slightly, enjoying the feel and couldn't wait until he was buried deep inside her, shoving her into the table. She had never had sex anywhere but a bed or the shower. She couldn't wait to see what was next.

Chapter Four

Taking in a deep breath, Chase did his best not to pass out. Sarah looked so good leaning over the table that he once again wanted to fall to his knees and feast. She had tasted so delicious before. But, as his gaze took in her ass a little more, his cock ached.

“Have you ever been taken in the ass before?” he asked, rubbing his palms over each cheek.

She shook her head.

He smiled. “What a good little sub to follow my directions and not speak. You deserve a reward.”

Lifting one hand away, he then slapped her ass cheek. She jerked and he chuckled. He ran his fingers lightly over where he’d just spanked her before moving to the other side. This time, however, she didn’t react the same way. Her breathing was heavy, and he suspected that she was most likely dripping from her center.

Chase let his finger move across her ass cheek and touched her tight hole before moving down toward her pussy. He let his digit slip into her opening and his hand was immediately coated in her juices. Just as he’d suspected—she enjoyed it.

“I see a spanking is the perfect reward for you.” He slid an additional finger in and started to move in a quick rhythm.

Sarah panted. As much as he would like to test how well she could hold off coming, he knew it just wasn’t right to torture someone who hadn’t ever been properly pleased. Removing his fingers, he gave her a few more spankings.

She still panted and he knew if she could speak right now, she would be pleading for him to let her have her release. But first, he wanted not only tease her, but himself, as well.

Taking his cock in one hand, he spread her butt cheeks with the other. He dipped the tip in and let it touch the opening. He knew how good her ass would feel and, damn, did he hope that one day she just might let him.

“Are you ready to take me?”

He could tell by the way she gripped the table that she thought he was going to fuck her in the ass. But he would never do that without preparing her. Hurting her was the last thing on his mind.

Moving his dick from the opening he really wanted, he placed it right into her hot heat. With one swift move he slammed into her. Sarah let a gasp escape her lips. Chase reached out, grabbed her hair and pulled back. Her back arched and it left her unable to move. With this other hand, he gripped her waist and began to pound into her.

“You can come.” He knew he wasn’t going to be able to hold off much longer.

With a few more pumps, he tightened his grip on her and she screamed out, calling his name. He smiled and drove into her one final time. Every nerve in his body was on ends and he cried out as his seed emptied into her.

Once he was able to catch his breath, he released her and took a seat in one of the chairs, pulling her into his lap.

“That was amazing. It’s been a long time since I was able to really let go,” he said as he still struggled to catch his breath. “I’ve always liked to be in control, but no woman has ever fully submitted to me the way you did. Please tell me you enjoyed it.”

She was silent and he chuckled.

“You may speak.”

Sarah gazed into his eyes. “I’ve never been more satisfied in my life. In my forty-five years, no one has ever given me an orgasm like you did.”

Chase leaned forward and placed his lips to hers. She opened right away and he deepened the kiss. She kept her hands to the side, even though at this point he wouldn't have cared if she touched him. Pulling away, he stared into her eyes.

“I can't promise this will be forever. But one thing I know, I've got to have more of you.”

Sarah grinned. “Chase, after two failed marriages, I don't believe in forever. I believe in right now. And for now, I want you.”

Taking her lips again, Chase kissed her. There was no telling what the future would hold, but he was damn well sure he wanted to live in the present for the rest of his life.

The End

(Please continue for the first chapter of The Naked Truth)

The Naked Truth

Now available.

Back Cover Blurb

It's amazing what one can find in strip clubs...

Josh Carter gets the shock of a lifetime when he shows up at a place of ill repute for a business meeting and sees the one that got away gyrating on the stage. Abigail Reese—the girl with so much potential, the girl that took his heart along with his body one night long ago—what brought her to this level?

Though stripping is not what Abigail set out to do, it's putting food on the table and a roof over her daughter's head. But just how much can she reveal to Josh without risking it all?

When Josh causes Abigail to lose her job, she has two choices: come clean about her past and her situation or push him out of her life as quick as he came into it. It's up to her...only she has to think of her little girl too.

Chapter One

Abigail cringed as her hands met the cool metal. She did her best not to look out at the crowd of men, holding dollars in their hands, waiting for that moment they got a shot at the parts she'd been raised to hide.

With her fingers wrapped lightly on the pole, Abigail walked a full circle around it before bending over, her legs straight, giving the greedy gazes a sight of her bottom clad in a dark green g-string. The men hollered and groaned in pleasure, but she knew what she had to do next—wrap her legs around the object of her income and spin. Not many of the women here could do it as well as her, so whenever she came out here, the boss wanted her to perform on it. Though, she supposed it was better than the women who grinded their bodies on the floor.

As her legs wrapped around the object the men so desired to see her on, she closed her eyes and did what she always did while she performed: imagined she was on a tropical island, with a martini in hand, and life was perfect.

By the time her performance was over, she walked topless toward the stage curtain, her tiny g-string filled with dollars. She entered the dressing room and stood in the corner, pulling each of the grubby bills from her body, flattening them in her palm. She laid the pile on her dressing table.

“Great performance,” Jenna, one of the other dancers said as she put on the finishing touches of her make-up.

“Thanks.” It wasn’t hard to have a great performance with horny men who simply wanted to see boobs.

“Don’t be so down. You’re a natural out there.”

Abigail laughed. She couldn’t help it. Oh, the joys of knowing she was a natural stripper. Just what every girl wanted to be raised to do. “The crowd’s really wanting a show tonight. The men I just danced for booed when it took me too long to get my bra off. They’re greedy this evening. But whoever they are, they’re big spenders.”

“Good. I’m up next.” Jenna shook her big round ass, which she was known for, and walked toward the stage door.

Abigail finished counting her money and placed it in her wallet. She pulled out her hand sanitizer. Once she felt somewhat sterile, she went to the bathroom to put on clothes that covered her from head to toe. She always slipped into a pair of sweatpants and hoodie. The soft cotton made her feel safe and hid much of her curves.

Once her station was cleaned up, she grabbed her purse and decided to get the hell out of this place. The exit door was within sight, but then her boss called her name.

“Abby, there’s a man out front requesting you.”

“But, sir, I’m off, remember? My babysitter can’t stay late.”

Mr. Regan smirked. “As much as it shames me to say this, I don’t think he’s looking for a lap dance or any other special treat. He says he knows you and wants to talk to you.”

She raised an eyebrow. “Did he give his name?”

“Just get out there. He’s in room one. He paid for the time, thankfully, so just in case, go in your stage outfit.” He turned and left.

Abigail groaned and then went back to her dressing table. She locked her bag up in her drawer after she stripped out of the comfortable sweats she'd had on. The dancers were never allowed to go out front in regular clothes.

After she gazed at herself in the mirror for a few moments and fluffed her blond curls, she knew she couldn't put off her visitor any longer. As she walked through the club to the private rooms, she saw Jenna on stage, shaking her ass, the men practically drooling over her. She noted Mr. Regan in a corner talking to a few of the regulars.

She stood in front of room one, took a deep breath, and lightly knocked before opening the door. Her nerves were on edge as she wondered who waited inside. The room was dimly lit with yet another pole in the middle for those customers who wanted private shows. The man's head was slightly turned to where she couldn't see who it was. But something in her gut told her she knew him. While she didn't recognize him from this angle, she had a feeling things were about to change. Abigail wasn't really sure what to say, so she leaned against the pole and asked in a sultry tone, "What can I do for you?"

He turned and looked at her. Abigail froze. Her mouth dropped open. She knew exactly who it was. She hadn't seen him in years and he was slightly older now. But it was a face she'd recognize anywhere. In fact, she looked at a replica of it almost every day.

"Josh." It came out an almost whisper.

He nodded. His expression was cold, not like the last time she'd seen him over four years ago. His hair was a light brown with a few streaks of gray and his dark green eyes bore into her.

"What are you doing here? Did you come looking for me?" she asked, needing to know if his being here was a mere coincidence.

"I'm here on business and when you came on stage, I recognized you. Years ago you were getting your degree to be a lawyer. You were doing so well and I have to say I was quite surprised to see you. So when I came in here, I certainly wasn't looking for you. What happened? Anything I can do to help?" He patted the seat next to him. "Please sit. You're making me uncomfortable."

Abigail did as he requested, but she didn't answer his questions. Just him being there scared her. She wasn't sure how much he knew about her and decided it was best to keep quiet. He was a rich man and held a lot of power.

"Did you finish your degree?" he asked.

“No.”

“How come?”

Because I got pregnant and school doesn't work with a crying newborn. “Life.”

“You’ve got to give me more than that. I’d like to help you. Obviously if you’re working here, you’ve hit a rough patch.” His gaze locked on hers. “I’ve thought about you many times the last few years. I never intended for our evening together to be a one-time thing.” Josh reached out and pushed a strand of hair behind her ear. A shiver shot down her spine.

Abigail thought back to that evening. It had been hot and perfect. He’d pleased her more than anyone else ever had and they connected on so many levels. She’d known he’d wanted more than that one night—he’d been honest about the direction his thoughts were taking—but it had scared her and the next day, she’d left a fake phone number when they’d parted ways. By the time she realized the mistake she’d made, it had been too late, or so, she thought.

“I got scared.”

Josh removed his suit jacket and draped it around her shoulders. “As much as I enjoy the view, I’m not here for that.”

She suppressed the grin she wanted to give him and asked, “Why are you here if you didn’t come to see me?”

Josh was older than her by at least ten years. His life was already established when she’d met him and hers had just begun. She’d kept up with him throughout the years from different news reports and tabloids. It was almost hard not to. Josh Carter was a billionaire. It was one of the reasons why she’d never sought him out. Abigail wasn’t a gold digger and didn’t want to be accused of being one.

“Business, of course. I think that’s my life. The guys I was meeting with are younger and this was the place they wanted to come and for one particular act. The amazing girl on the pole.” He leaned in closer to her ear. “I must say, I was impressed by your act.”

Her heart raced, the result of him being so close. Even after all these years, he still had an effect on her. Biting her bottom lip, she pushed those feelings away and remembered that if he knew her secret, he could take everything from her.

“How about you get dressed and we’ll get out of here? I’d like to catch up,” he suggested.

Hailey crossed her mind and the babysitter who was waiting with her. “I can’t. I have to get home.”

“I understand.” Josh reached into his pocket and took out a card, handing it to her. “Call me. I’ll be in town for the next week and I’d like to chat. Maybe we can meet up for dinner and if you’ll let me, I’d like to help you get back on your feet.”

“Okay, I will.” She stood and began to remove his jacket.

“Keep it. It’s the only way I can ensure I’ll see you while I’m in town.”

“Thank you.” She gazed down at him. “I don’t want you to feel sorry for me. I’m doing well and happy, even though this wasn’t the life I initially set out to have.” Abigail didn’t say another word, but left room one and high-tailed it back to the dressing room to change and get home. Josh Carter being in town was either going to be a good thing or a bad. Or maybe it was time she faced the truth and did what was right by Hailey. After all, her daughter deserved better than she had it now.

About Lacey Wolfe

Lacey Wolfe has always had a passion for words, whether it's getting lost in a book or writing her own. From the time she was a child she would slip away to write short stories about people she knew and fantasies she wished would happen. It has always been her dream to be a published author and with her two children now of school age, she finally has the time to work on making her dream come true.

Lacey lives in Georgia with her husband, son and daughter, their six cats and one black lab who rules the house.

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