



Friday Night Delights
by Selena Blake

Part 3

Every time she told Zach she loved him she vowed it would be the last time. She didn't want to rush him and Lord knew she didn't want to spook him. But somehow, she couldn't seem to stop her lips and tongue. He was the most magnificent man she'd ever known. And she'd loved him for more years than she wanted to count. Her mother would call the infatuation pathetic. Her father would have a coronary. Her sister...well, Mary would understand.

If she was going to make him hers, she could not afford to scare him off. Which meant, she probably should give him some space. But with him laying on top of her, their chests pressing against each other with each breath, she couldn't find it in herself to push him away.

"Going about with the guys tonight?" she asked innocently. Other than

operation Snag-Her-Man, she didn't have any plans. Wouldn't make any until he'd made his. But then, maybe she should play a little hard to get. It was a Friday night after all. "I was thinking of going out with the girls." There. That sounded good. Steady. Honest. She had thought of going out with Mary and Jackie. So she wasn't totally pathetic, waiting for a man. But man, oh, man did she feel like it sometimes.

"Oh yeah? Where to?" he asked, disengaging.

She should have kept her mouth shut.

"I don't know. The billiards place probably. Jackie's hot on the bartender."

He smirked as he stood. After pulling her up, he backed her toward the shower. "Or...you could stay home with me. I could give you a foot rub. We could order pizza. Play a game."

He reached past her and turned the hot water on.

"Sounds perfect."

"I think so."

While waiting for the water to heat he traced lazy circles at the small of her back. She moaned against his shoulder. He knew just how to touch her. Always had. It drove her crazy with desire. Weak in the knees, she locked her arms around his neck.

"In fact," he murmured, "I think we should spend all weekend in bed. Just you and me."

She laughed at his naughty tone. "Think you're up for that cowboy?"
"Absolutely."

With that he maneuvered them under the spray and began a thorough

examination of all her curves...with his lips.

A week later, Cherie slid into a booth at the Billiard Club. Mary, Jackie and Monica filed in after her, each with a fruity drink in hand.

“So has he asked you out yet?” Cherie asked her longtime friend.

Jackie shook her head, her ash colored locks doing a sexy shimmy. Her big blue green eyes looked defeated. “It’s not like he doesn’t know I exist. I come to this stupid bar every week. I say hello to him every time I see him.”

“You’re his best friend’s sister. You’re off limits,” Mary reprised her assessment of the situation.

Monica stayed mum. She was probably smart to do so.

Cherie watched the people stalking the pool tables, sticks in hand, in various stages of drunkenness. Folks who were serious about the game huddled in the back room whereas the jokesters gathered out front. The dance floor was always crowded and the bar didn’t stop serving until the very early hours of the morning, not that Cherie had ever stayed that long.

She’d been careful to keep her plan to make Zach fall in love with her a secret from her sister and friends, but she honestly thought it was working. And Jackie could learn a thing or two.

“You need to play hard to get,” she finally said over the thumping music.

“Are you saying I’m easy?” A perfectly plucked brow lifted.

“Pretty much.” Cherie smiled.

“Cherie might have a point,” Monica agreed. “Girl, you’ve got it bad and everyone knows it. Him included.”

“What if he didn’t see you around here week after week?” Cherie suggested.

“Or,” Mary added, “you brought a date.”

“That could work,” Cherie agreed. She herself had never had cause nor opportunity to make Zach jealous. He’d been smart enough to ask her out from the word go.

But seeing a woman with another man always made her more desirable. Or so her brothers said. So it was definitely a tool in the female’s arsenal. Not that she liked playing games. In fact, she hated relationship games. With a passion. She didn’t understand why men and woman had to play to win each others’ affection. But at the end of the day, when it came down to having the man of her dreams or going home alone to an empty house and a cold bed, she’d pulled on her big girl panties and devised a plan.

Really, if men were going to be so aloof about things, what other choice did she have?

“Who would I bring?”

The four of them looked at each other over their Mai Tais. Mary bit her lower lip, clearly in deep thought. Monica tapped a finger against her cheek. Cherie looked skyward, thinking of the available men in her life.

“You can’t just ask the first guy you meet,” Mary said.

“Agreed,” Cherie said, still pondering. “You need someone who will be a threat.”

“Someone who can dance,” Monica inserted.

“Someone who will stand a chance of winning you,” Mary added.

“But I don’t want him to win me. I want Garrett.”

“Of course. But Garrett will want someone more if he can’t have her. And if it looks like you’re having a ball with some other guy...” Cherie trailed off. Why hadn’t she thought of this before? Sure, it was deceptive. Sneaky. And all the other things she hated about the game of love. But Jackie either needed to win Garrett or get over him.

Cherie and Mary looked at each other in the same instant. “I’ve got it,” they said in unison.

The music switched to another track and the crowd went wild, filing onto the dance floor for a line dance.

“Who?” Jackie called dubiously.

“Our brother,” Mary called back.

“Your brother?”

“Absolutely. He’s the straightest gay guy on the planet. You won’t have to worry about him falling for you and boy can he dance!” Cherie shouted over the boot stomping.

“This could work,” Monica agreed, shaking her head up and down enthusiastically.

“Fine. I’ll try anything.”

“I think we should go to a different bar next week, too,” Cherie added.

“Why?”

“To make him curious. He’ll wonder where you are.”

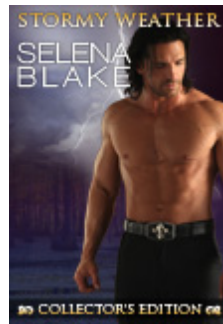
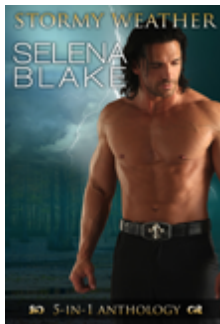
Jackie processed the information and nodded. It’d do Cherie a world of

good to get out of this Smokey bar for a week and hang out somewhere a little more her style. Not that she had anything wrong with billiards, dancing, and country music. She'd grown up on the stuff. But occasionally she liked to feel refined. Sophisticated. Less like the hick she'd always been and more like the woman she'd strived so hard to become.

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About Selena

An action movie buff with a penchant for all things supernatural and sexy, Selena Blake combines her love for adventure, travel and romance into steamy paranormal romance. Selena's books have been called "a steamy escape" and have appeared on bestseller lists, been nominated for awards, and won contests. When she's not writing you can find her by the pool soaking up some sun, day dreaming about new characters, and watching the cabana boy (aka her muse), Derek. Fan mail keeps her going when the diet soda wears off so write to her at selenablake@gmail.com.

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