

## Scenes for Woman

**ONE: Clever, forthright, witty thirtysomething heroine on first date with guy she met in a store. Sexy rom com.**

“Gin Joint,” I say, musing on the words. “With a name like that, I’m curious if we’re even going to be allowed to order mojitos since they’re made with rum.”

“Or if we should,” he tosses back.

“Right? Is the name sort of a warning—don’t order anything but a martini or gin rickey?”

“If we want a mojito, maybe we ought to find a spot called the Rum Club.” He grabs his phone from his back pocket. “Google, please find the nearest the Rum Club right now,” he says playfully into his phone, then sets it face down on the table.

**TWO: GIRL POWER! Thirty-one-year-old NY-er chatting with her bestie...sexy rom com**

Stella ducks behind the counter, grabs something from a shelf, then slides a glossy sheet of paper to me.

I arch a brow. “What’s that?”

“It’s from a magazine.”

“Oh, those things that used to be paper, but now are digital?”

“Yes, Miss Sassy Pants. I saw it at the dentist’s office. It’s basically an ad for the magazine’s online sister pub—The Dating Pool. It’s having a really cool contest that you should look into.”

“A dating contest? I don’t think so.” I shake my head so fast my hair whips. “Dating and me—we’re not really simpatico these days. Do I need to remind you of the last guy who ghosted me?”

**THREE: Friends to lovers. Hero is British. Heroine American.**

He smiles wryly, quickly scanning the page. “That’s so very you. You can find the positive in every negative experience.”

“Is that such a bad thing? To find the silver lining?” I tuck the paper back into my purse.

“No, it’s not a bad thing. It’s a *you* thing. And that does sound like a good idea for you to write about,” he concedes. “You’d probably make it hilarious.” He mimes typing a letter. “*Dear Dating Pool, I learned how to cook an omelet from Timmy the Dickhead Cook, how to sing an aria from Rupert the Awful Opera Singer, and how to pilot a private jet from Kip the Cocky Playboy Captain I dated.*”

Aghast, I swat him. “I never dated those men.”

**FOUR: Powerful female CEO wants an MFM threesome – HEAT OF THE MOMENT – Don’t play it porny – capture the desire ☺ from After Dark line of books.**

He comes closer, unhooks my bra, and stops to grab my tits, giving both a rough tug that makes me yelp.

It’s a reminder.

A reminder that there is pleasure and pain.

Dominance and submission.

That I want all of it. That I can have it all.

He tugs my panties down over my knees, my ankles, and he tosses them to Stone, who catches them effortlessly. “She smells incredible,” Callum says to his friend. “Inhale her.”

I heat up even more.

Stone brings the lace to his nose, and moans around the panel of my panties. “Fucking delicious. You’re gonna let me taste you, sweet thing, aren’t you?”

I nod, breathing hard, desire pulsing through me in waves. “But first, I want to see you both naked. I want to suck your cocks.”

And in a heartbeat, their boxer briefs are gone, and two stunning men are climbing onto my bed, one on each side of me.