

Curious about Sam? Turns out he has a story to tell too, and he revealed it to us in this short epilogue! Read on and enjoy Sam's happy ending...

Sam's Epilogue

The key to being a successful dancer is to make every woman in the room feel like she's the one.

Like you're dancing just for her.

I approach my lap dancing the way I approach surfing: no two rides are ever alike.

Every woman, like every wave, has her own energy.

Her own power.

Her own vibe.

And since dancing, like surfing, is a give and a take, every lap dance is unique.

That's why I don't get nervous.

You have to let the moves flow, let the moment happen. There's no space for nerves. Worries lead to wipeouts.

Tonight though?

Nerves thrum through me when Teddy pulls me aside backstage. It's a familiar tableau – DJ Insomnia doing his thing, handing Bulge his umbrella for "It's Raining Men," or asking Carlos how the night is going before he spins the next tune.

But he's here as a bud.

Only as a bud.

Since I asked him for a favor.

That better be why he's here.

“What’s the story, morning glory?” I ask, and I’m not afraid to offer a quick prayer to the goddess of all good things about what he might say.

Please let it be the tip I want.

And I don’t mean the monetary kind.

“The story is: it’s a go,” he says.

I raise a brow. That eases my nerves. “She’s cool with it?”

“Not only cool with it. Pretty sure she was all giddy when London suggested she order the Sam Specialty.”

If I were the type of guy to pump his fist, I’d do just that. Instead, I say, “And I’m ready to deliver on that special order.”

Teddy tips his chin to the club. “I better get back out there. I’m sure they’re missing me.”

“Right. Definitely,” I say, nodding exaggeratedly. “I’m sure it’s hard for them to enjoy the abalicious show without *you*.”

“Did you or did you not want me to hook you up with—”

The music shifts, and Teddy mimes zipping his lips.

I shoo him off. “Go. Be on your way. I’ll let the hips handle the rest. Your services are most appreciated,” I say, and Teddy returns to the club to join London, Olive, Hawk, Nate, Eli and the woman of the night – Emery.

The woman I’ve been digging.

She’s focused, driven, and a power babe of the highest order with that LA entertainment executive look that just does it for me. And has right from the first time I met her when we all went out for tacos and mini golf.

Yep, she’s been running through my thoughts like the windmill on hole eight ever since.

Pretty sure she's into me too. Every time we all get together, Emery and I seem to wind up closing the joint down, chatting, talking, *vibing*.

That means it's time for a lap dance. Since we're a revue-style club, lap dances aren't common. But for the right woman, I'll make an exception.

As Stanley and Carlos work the stage, I find my way over to Emery in the crowd.

Her blue eyes are wide and excited, but with a hint of nerves in them too. I take my time, my body moving with the music, the slow beat of "What I've Got" by Sublime, one of my favorite songs. I lock eyes with the sexy blonde who looks like she came from work.

She's all buttoned up and business-y, and I just want to mess that hair up, and kiss all her lipstick off.

But all in due time.

"Hi, Sam," she says, a little breathy, a little embarrassed.

All enticing.

"Hey Emery. I heard you might want a dance for your birthday."

"Usually I like cake, but I thought I might splurge tonight."

I straddle her thigh, pumping my hips, nice and slow. "You should definitely splurge then."

"On cake?" She's both a little shy, but also a lot curious, which is a lot of a turn on. That's something I don't always feel on my job. But I'm definitely feeling it tonight. With her.

"Cake or dancing or anything you want," I say, with another thrust of my hips.

Her breath catches, and her shoulders shudder.

Hell, I shudder too.

Because I have had it bad for this woman for months.

And dancing for her is not like dancing for anyone else.

“Do you think there’s something I might want?” she asks, like she’s testing out flirting with me.

Yes, Emery, flirt all you want.

“I *hope* there’s something else you might want.”

She takes a beat, exhales, her cheeks pinking up. “And would you give it to me?”

“I’d give you anything you want,” I say, as Bradley Nowell croons.

She lifts her hands, like she’s about to touch my hips.

There’s a no touching rule in general, but I don’t want her to abide by it. I bend closer, dip my face near her ear, and whisper, “Come home with me tonight. And the next night, and the next.”

She shudders out a yes.

And I can’t wait for my shift to end.

Emery

I’ll be the first to admit it – I’ve had a thing for bad boys in suits who turned out to be secretly married.

It’s not my best trait, but it’s one I’ve aimed to break.

So it helps that Sam’s the opposite of a suit.

He’s also the opposite of married.

And unlike the men in my past, Sam isn’t uptight, he’s easygoing.

But mostly, Sam’s not like the other guys because he’s open, honest, and takes life as it comes.

That’s what I need.

That’s what I want.

Also, his abs are fucking spectacular.

When I get him home to my place that night, I waste no time stripping him down to nothing, so I can get my eager hands all over his gorgeous body.

And fine, I've seen his abs countless times.

But now they're mine, all mine, and I intend to enjoy every second with them.

I drag my nails down them. "Can I play with your abs all night long?"

"All night. Any night. But first, I believe you need an orgasm or two."

I say yes to that.

Well, it's more like *yes, yes, yes*.

And then I say it again in the morning.

And for the next several months, as we date, fall in love, and move in together.

Then I say it again one night on the beach as the waves crash and he gets down on one knee.

"Emery, you're the yin to my yang, the balance in my life, the center of my joy. But mostly, you're the person I most want to chill with and enjoy every second of this beautiful life with. Will you be my wife?"

And I say, "Yes." Just like I did the night he danced for me.

And that's the story of how I broke my addiction to suits, and married a sexy AF dancer instead.

Sam

And we lived happily ever after, with both of us getting all the private lap dances we could ever want.