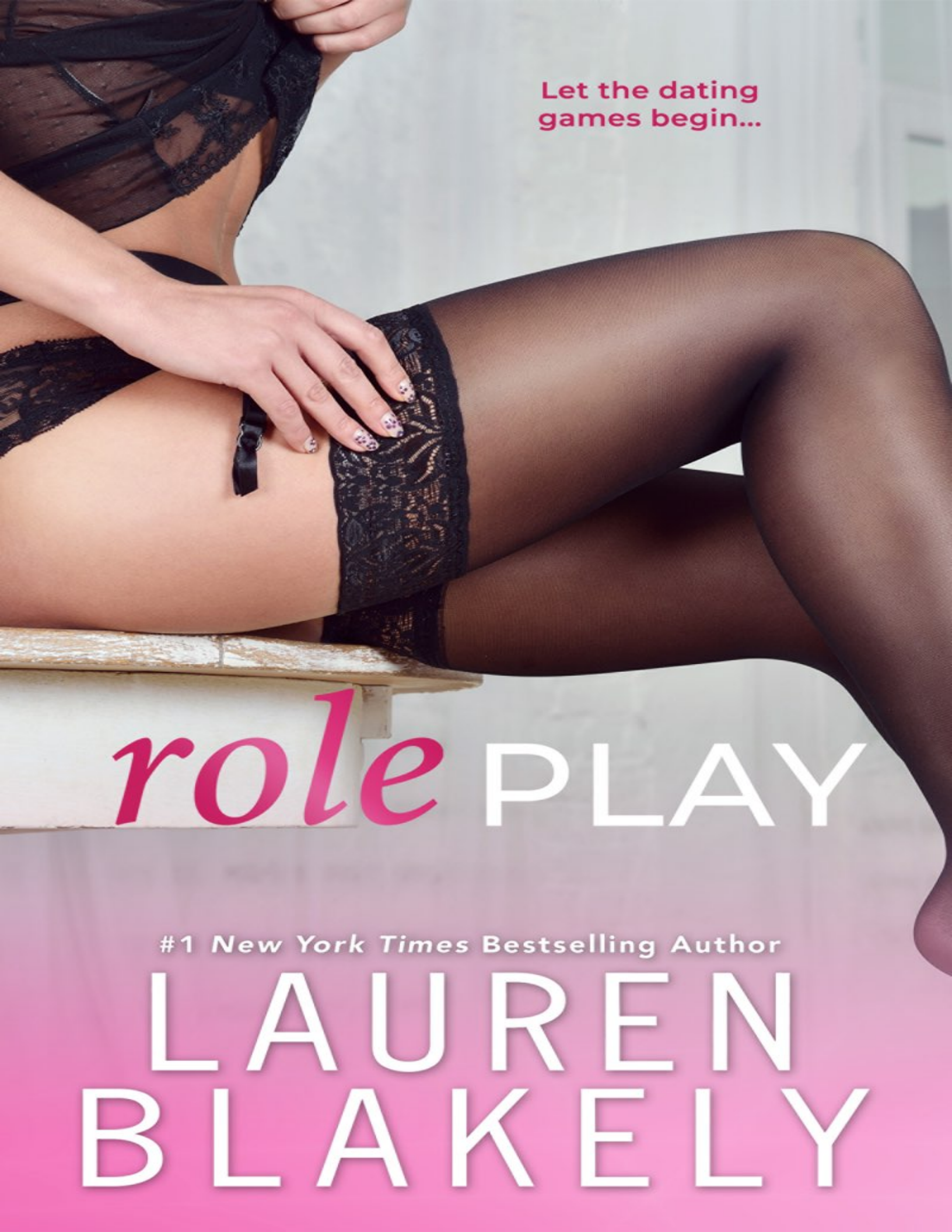

role PLAY

#1 *New York Times* Bestselling Author

LAUREN BLAKELY

ROLE PLAY

A DATING GAMES SHORT STORY

LAUREN BLAKELY

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The Dating Proposal

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Seductive Nights Series

Night After Night

After This Night

One More Night

A Wildly Seductive Night

ABOUT

For a long time, I shut down my fantasies. But talking about them unlocked me. Now, this naughty woman plans to indulge in her wildest ones. Starting with a little role play one night with a mystery man

A DATING GAMES SHORT STORY

By Lauren Blakely

Want to be the first to learn of sales, new releases, preorders and special freebies? Sign up for my VIP mailing list here! You'll also get free books from bestselling authors in a selection curated just for you!

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ROLE PLAY

Blanche

I wasn't always a purveyor of my own pleasure.

Indeed, Before Bliss—a time I like to refer to as BB—I would be too caught up in the mechanics to truly let myself go. I'd worry when it would happen, how it would happen, or if it'd already happened and I'd missed it—ha! As if one could.

But here in my hotel room, as I slick on *Orgasm Red* lipstick, I can't help but smile. I'm not that way anymore.

Now, I indulge in my wildest fantasies. Alone in the shower a little while ago, I daydreamed up a mysterious man in a three-piece suit. I imagined him taking off his tie, pinning my wrists above my head, and teasing me, tempting me, taking me to the brink of orgasm—then letting me fall free.

I adjust the strap of my black lace demi bra, then stand at the floor-to-ceiling mirror in my suite and survey the matching lingerie I'm wearing. If all goes well, a man like the one in my fantasies will be taking this lingerie off later tonight.

Slowly.

With his teeth.

And it's all thanks to the advice of a certain ex-employee-turned-business-genius I know.

I slide on a silk dress, slip on some shoes, and grab my phone from the coffee table before tapping out a text to the woman to whom I owe oh-so-many Os.

Blanche: Confession: I loved your *Virgin Club* piece today. The idea of not knowing all the details in a sexy rendezvous is kind of thrilling.

Seconds later, my phone dings with a reply.

Veronica: Mystery is an aphrodisiac, and it seems people are loving it. Sales of this month's box are up, up, up!

I grin as I slide my cell into my clutch and head to the door. Investing in Date Night for One has been a profitable exercise with multiple dividends on all fronts. I'm trying new things and the ROI has been better than predicted.

And I do love people who over deliver.

As I walk into the elevator, I spy the poster on the wall advertising the event that's brought me to this Los Angeles hotel.

Children's Book Fair
Meet Ten of the country's most exciting kid-lit authors, all in one place!

A who's who of the genre follows, prompting a surge of pride inside me. McGee Whitney Books publishes five of them—*five*. And I can't deny a little spike of pleasure when I see Agnes Millicent's name isn't on the list. I don't wish her ill—I'm not that kind of person—but the way she went public with what was a very trivial email mishap was far from professional. Besides, who has time for sex-negative people? Not this editor, that's for sure.

And especially not tonight as I head into the hotel bar. In the corner, a man croons a song about luck being a lady. Luck sure is, and her name is Blanche. Because tonight, I plan to get lucky.

I settle onto a stool at the bar next to a couple who stare at each other with naughty thoughts in their eyes, as if they're imagining stripping, touching, fucking each other right here in this room.

I want someone to look at me like that.

When I catch the bartender's attention to order a drink, he mouths *be there in a few* before turning to a gaggle of women at the other end of the bar. I use the time to survey the room—the gentle hum of conversation and the golden glow of intimate lighting send a thrum of anticipation through me.

In one corner is a group of guys, talking and laughing too loudly, but none of them pique my interest. There's nothing wrong with any of them—but there's nothing *right* either.

There's a man sitting by himself, nursing a beer. His eyes lift, catch mine, and he gives me a timid wave, but his wedding ring glints in the light as he does, and I quickly look away. No, thank you.

I conduct one final sweep of the room, attempt one last search for Mister Right Now—and then my pulse stutters. Stops. Beats double time.

A man in a three-piece suit walks into the bar. But even though that sounds like the start of a joke, I'm far from laughing.

The suit frames his body like it was made for him, highlighting the broad sweep of his shoulders then narrowing in at his torso. As he turns the other way, perhaps searching for someone, I catch a glimpse of his ass in those pants, and dear God, it's round, and it's firm, and it's entirely too tempting. His body could belong to a superhero. He could *be* a superhero—this is LA, after all. Maybe he's a stunt double for a movie star.

As he turns back to the bar, his dark brown eyes connect with mine, and for a beat I'm tempted to look away, search my clutch for something unimportant, but I don't. I'm a woman alone at a bar in a city far from home, and the man of my fantasies has just walked in. It's time to do what I read about in the latest *Virgin Club* column. Embrace mystery.

He doesn't turn away either. His eyes travel up and down my body in a shameless display of appreciation, and when he strides toward me with a determined gait, butterflies loop in my stomach. He's both the hero I deserve and the one I need right now.

"You're from out of town," he says in a deep, gravelly voice.

"What gave it away?" I cross one leg over the other, letting my dress fall to one side courtesy of the split that runs the length of my thigh.

His eyes track the movement. “If someone as beautiful as you came here often, I’d know about it.”

“Smooth.” I nod. “And you’re right. I’m here from out of town for work. But how many women have you used that line on?”

“You want to know a secret?” he asks.

I nod and lean closer, take a hit of the enticing scent of whiskey and cologne that lingers around his throat.

“I’ve only ever used it on you.”

A shiver coasts down my spine. My mouth runs dry, and where is that bartender when you need him?

“This doesn’t happen to me often,” he adds. He glances down at his shoes, then back up to meet my gaze. “I’m not the kind of guy who hits on women in bars. But ever since I walked in . . .” He gives a playful shrug. “Do you believe in fate?”

“I work in publishing,” I reply. “Our industry revolves around meant-to-bes and happily-ever-afters.”

“I could make you happy,” he says in a deliciously dirty tone. “I could make you very happy indeed.”

I swallow, and say, “Pretty words aren’t enough to get in my panties.”

“Dare I ask what a man has to do?”

“You could start by buying me a drink,” I reply, and within seconds, he’s waved down the bartender and ordered for us both.

“My hero,” I say, fanning my chest. “I’ve been trying to get a drink since I sat down.”

“I bet you’ve been thirsty,” he says, his eyes locked to my lips.

“Parched,” I reply, licking them slowly. I take a deep breath, surprised by how this is affecting me—by how turned on I am by this sexy conversation with a stranger.

Seems mystery really is an aphrodisiac.

And I’m so ready to be turned on.

“Has it been a long time? Between drinks, I mean?” he asks, and I don’t think we’re talking about champagne anymore.

"Let's just say I was ready," I reply, taking a sip of my sparkling wine, and the bubbles dance on my tongue. "But I'm only thirsty for a particular kind of beverage. A certain special order, if you will."

"And what kind of order is that?" Lust dances in those dark eyes, and I swallow, lean in, take a deep breath.

"I want a man I've just met to worship me. To tease me and to pleasure me." I whisper the naughty words then pull back to meet his gaze. Our lips are only inches from each other, the heat from his body warming me from head to toe.

"I bet you want someone to take control," he says in that gravelly tone that makes my pulse flutter. "You're tired of making decisions at work all the time."

"I am," I reply, running my fingers up his tie. "I want someone to take the lead."

He slams a bill down on the bar and laces his fingers through mine. Heat jolts through my body as he pulls me a little closer in this intimate corner of the room. "I'm going to take the lead right now."

"Please," I say.

He leans down, brushes his lips over mine. It's a short kiss—soft, sensual—but it's full of heat, and it fires through my body at the speed of light. In that one kiss is the promise of things to come. Of sexy, heady sighs. Of spiraling sensations that fizzle and pop. Of kisses in other more intimate places.

I go to pull away, but he grips my wrist, drags me back. The kiss is like the champagne, going straight to my head in a fizzy whirl.

I slide my hand under his jacket and grip his shirt, pulling him closer. The firm length of his cock presses against my stomach, and want surges in me. I want more with him. I want more right now.

"I have a room upstairs," I breathe between kisses. "And I know we've only just met. But I want to be ravaged by a sexy stranger in a three-piece suit."

"Then it's my goddamn lucky day." He takes my hand, and we leave the bar with sex in our eyes and lust in our hearts.

In the elevator, tension threads the air between us. It's all I can do not to rip open his shirt and map his chest with my hands, but I keep myself together because *security cameras*.

Finally, the elevator dings and lets us into my penthouse suite. Seconds later, he begins to make good on all my dirty dreams. He kisses, touches, teases. He tantalizes and torments. He even ties me up, and he brings me to orgasm using the latest Just for Her toy from my subscription box. I let go and invite in the intimacy that I was afraid of for so long. I've found what works for me, and oh, does it ever.

When the man of my dreams comes seconds after me, we both collapse onto the sheets, spent. He links his fingers through mine and presses a kiss to my knuckles, soft and tender, another side to his personality.

"I love you, sweet Blanche," he whispers as he takes his wedding ring—the one that matches mine—from the pocket of his suit pants and slides it back on. "And I'll be your mystery man any time you want."

"Thank you, my love," I reply, and take my own rings from the bedside table. Pretending my husband was a sexy stranger was definitely a mystery that delivered. "I love you too."

As we both drift off to sleep, I smile, so happy that my husband was thrilled to be my lover and more than willing to accept this new and sexy side of me. And now that I know how to let go, I'm certain I'll never be anything short of satisfied again.

Want more dating games? Come into the wild world of modern dating in this brand new MF series of standalones, full of mistaken identities, meet cutes, trysts with bosses, enemies turned into lovers, and clandestine liaisons! This series is guaranteed to scorch your ereader, melt your heart and make you swoon.Be sure to preorder the rest of this spicy, sexy, MF romantic comedy series! Available everywhere!

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