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Fantasy Heights Series, Book 2

Excerpt from The New Girl

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“Tell me again,” Beverly said. “What are the two big rules for this threesome?”

Amanda could barely sit still. All she could think about was the two people who'd chosen her for an evening of hot, uninhibited play. Her pussy was already wet in anticipation. Couldn't Beverly skip the pop quiz, just this once?

Not a chance, she figured, and was about to recite the rules when a familiar man came into the office: Thomas, one of Fantasy Heights's biggest draws, and Amanda's trainer. Tall, dark and ridiculously gorgeous, he reigned over the forced seduction department. Half the staff lived in fear of him. The other half maintained a safe, respectful distance. She'd suspected at first that Thomas's demon-king anti-charm was just his way of jealously guarding his position. She had since come to wonder whether that was a dangerously shallow assumption. Whatever the case, she had much rather stay on his good side or risk being stuck in boring bit parts for the rest of her stay here.

Seeing Amanda, Thomas lifted one devilishly arched brow, but made no comment. Instead, he took a page from the file he was carrying, went to the copy machine, and addressed Beverly. “What's the noob-let playing today?”

“Submissive third in a *trois*.”

Thomas snorted. He had once called her the worst submissive of all time. Of course, he'd softened it by saying she had the makings of a decent Dom, but Amanda still hadn't forgiven him.

He slapped the start button on the copier and repeated Beverly's question about the threesome-with-married-couple rules.

Amanda rattled them off. "One: Don't do anything with the husband unless the wife gives me an order. Two: Stay close, but don't intrude while the others are enjoying each other."

"Right. Good." Thomas took his copy from the machine and stalked out.

Beverly watched him go, then turned back to Amanda. She wore her age well, with salt and pepper hair and a raspy laugh. "Best not to make any sudden moves around His Highness today, I see. Anyway, get up. Let me have a look at you."

Amanda rose from the red leather chair to display the dress her clients had chosen. It was halter style, black silk, and short, short, short. It barely covered her mound in front and failed utterly to cover the suggestive juncture of thigh and buttock behind. Kara in wardrobe had applied very little makeup, and pulled her long dark hair into a sleek ponytail atop her head.

"You're ready," Beverly announced. "Hurry back once you're done. Steph wants to talk to you about some staff fantasy updates."

A tantalizing finger of arousal steamed its way up Amanda's spine. One of the nicest surprises revealed once she'd signed her contract were the perks of this job; staff had fantasy privileges, and could request they be fulfilled with other staff members. Amanda's first pick was anal penetration. Maybe Steph, the resort's owner, wanted to let her know the fantasy had been scheduled. Or maybe she'd been requested to fulfill another staff member's wishes. Either way, she could hardly wait to hear the update.

For now, there was work to be done and the unknown pleasures of a threesome to experience. Amanda double-timed it to the vast Victorian-themed structure dominating the center of the resort's grounds, given over entirely to the threesome trade. Inside were twenty guest suites and two lounges where clients would meet up with their chosen fantasy cast.

Amanda entered into the marble-floored lobby with the glittering chandelier overhead and the twin parlors on either side that housed the lounges. To the right was The Isle of Wight for the older, more conservative crowd. To her left was The Eastern Star, more contemporary, more like a small, intimate dance club. She headed that direction and went immediately to the compact

dance floor surrounded by miniature palms that obscured the view should anyone want to start the festivities straight away.

She let her imagination wander, wondering what it would be like to be stripped bare by eager hands on this dance floor. She'd like to be bent over and spanked, then fucked hard, right where everyone could see if they chose to watch.

Beneath her feet, the floor pulsed with the upbeat music. She began to sway, feeling sexy and confident, and a little impatient herself as she waited for her clients, Kevin and Lisa, to make their approach.

They didn't keep her waiting long. Kevin, a thirty-something-ish man with brown hair and friendly enough features appeared beside her first and put her right to ease. He didn't leer or start with awkward hellos, he simply smiled a little, then blew out an appreciative whistle while watching her move.

She returned the small smile, then turned her back on him, moving her torso to the music and inviting him to step up behind her.

He did, placing his hands low on her hips and dragging the dress's hem up a ways so she could feel his very firm, very warm erection between her buttocks. A pang of excitement sizzled in her belly and made her drag in a deep breath. Before she'd signed her contract, policy hadn't allowed her to be penetrated by a man. She ached for that penetration now, and when she felt a woman's hand slide inside the halter to caress her right breast, a powerful hunger dug itself in, demanding satisfaction.

Lisa, the wife, was definitely not shy. Never mind the others in the lounge, the woman let her hands explore Amanda's breasts, then found their way under the hem to Amanda's freshly waxed pussy, smooth and lightly oiled. Amanda backed up against the woman, wondering if she shouldn't be more passive or shy, but spread her legs a little to allow the woman to explore more freely.

Soon Lisa's hand was joined by her husband's, both of them dipping a finger into Amanda's cunt, feeling the slickness awaiting them. She swayed back and forth and let them explore. She enjoyed their gentle curiosity while silken waves of pleasure spread every direction from their searching hands.

Soon enough Kevin put a stop to it, placing a hand into the small of her and Lisa's backs and propelling them both toward the door. Their room wouldn't be far away, thank goodness.

Amanda was so awash in hunger she was breathing heavy and in quite a rush by the time they'd hurried up to the second floor, and into the clients' suite.

All the lights were on to show the modern red, gold and brown decorating, high ceilings, and enormous four-poster bed. Somewhere in here would be their observer, and when Amanda failed to spot one, she faltered a moment; because the resort allowed no surveillance equipment of any kind, policy required an observer to be on hand for all services.

Lisa distracted her from the problem by unclasping the halter and letting the front of Amanda's dress fall to her waist, exposing her breasts to view while Kevin came up behind her and took hold of her upper arms. He held her in place while his wife bent her head, drawing Amanda's right nipple into her mouth, sending a glittering flow of pure pleasure down her spine.

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