



New Dawning International Bookfair

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Victoria's

\$4.99

BLURB

Victoria's life is crap, working in a grubby men's club, prancing around naked in front of howling hard core roosters. Even worse, she's the on again off again plaything of the owner of the men's club, a Las Vegas mobster she doesn't even like. She wants out bad, but she's stuck.

Seven years ago she made the mistake of her life, running away from Tawny Hills Ranch to find her mother when she turned sixteen. My how the mighty have fallen, from Texas Junior Miss to a men's club nude dancer in seven debauched years.

Can she free herself and her mother from the clutches of the mob with the help of three hunky navy SEALs and begin life anew?

EXCERPT

Without thinking, she headed to her home away from home. Thirty minutes later, she pulled into The Men's Club parking lot. Four women milled around carrying signs.

THEY DANCE NAKED IN HELL TOO!

TWO FOUR SIX EIGHT "DON'T COME HERE TO MASTURBATE

EVERY NUDE DANCER IS SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

LAP DANCES HUMILIATE WOMEN

Shit, the pickets are back.

It was almost four thirty p.m. Maybe the pickets will leave soon. She rolled down her window for fresh air. She didn't want to wait in the club, but

"Vickie? Is that you?" Suddenly a hand touched her arm.

She turned her head and recognized a man she hadn't seen in seven years. It was Les Patton, her best friend's older brother.

"Les! Fancy running into you."

"It is you? I barely recognized you. What are you doing here?"

She felt dreaded heat flush through her. A picketer walked by the hood and glanced at them. "Iah,

Iâ€™m picketing. And you?â€•

He sucked his lips in. After removing his ten-gallon hat, he raked his fingers through his thinning hair then replaced it. â€œYouâ€™re gonna to be mad at me. I was just going to go in here and check this place out. Neva was here before. Why donâ€™t you come in with me? Iâ€™ll buy you a drink, and weâ€™ll catch up.â€• She shook her head, but he wasnâ€™t swayed. â€œJulie will be dying to hear what youâ€™ve been up to.â€•

Iâ€™ll bet. â€œI canâ€™t, really. Iâ€™m picketing.â€•

His eyes narrowed. â€œIf youâ€™re picketing, why are you sitting in the car?â€•

She raised her hand and slipped the forefinger between her teeth. â€œAhhâ€¦! Iâ€™m on a break. My breakâ€™s almost over. It was nice seeing you again.â€•

He touched her arm again. â€œWell, at least give me your phone number.â€•

She nodded, reached in her purse for her scratch pad, and wrote the first group of numbers that popped into her head. â€œHere.â€• She kissed him on the cheek. â€œGive my love to Julie.â€•

He held the Post-it Note and said, â€œI will, and Iâ€™ll give her this, too. Sheâ€™ll be thrilled.â€•

Vickie felt rotten to the core as she so often did when she deceived people. â€œI canâ€™t wait to hear from her.â€• Remembering her shift was going to be in less than an hour and a half, she continued, â€œAre you going to be in there long?â€•

He shrugged and waggled a single eyebrow. â€œWho knows? I may be in there fifteen minutes, or I could be there all night.â€•

He walked briskly to the building and disappeared inside. What a pickle she was in. Her shift began at six, and her best friendâ€™s brother just walked in the club. The manager wouldnâ€™t be happy if she called in sick this late.

Then she brightened. Les walked out of the club, but his eyes averted her gaze. Thank God. His posture appeared hunkering as if it was cold out. He hustled into his truck and sped away.

* * * *

Camilla picked up the ringing phone. â€œHello.â€•

â€œMrs. Dewhurst?â€•

â€œYes.â€•

â€œThis is Julia Abernathy. My maiden name was Patton. I donâ€™t know if you remember me.â€•

â€œYes, Julia, I remember you well. What can I do for you?â€•

â€œDo you remember my brother, Les? He took Vickie to the prom, just before shâ€™â€•

â€œYes, I remember Lester.â€•

â€œWell, thereâ€™s something I think you should know.â€•

â€œGo on.â€•

â€œLes sometimes likes to go into these topless and nude bars, and about two hours ago, he started to go into a nude bar called the Menâ€™s Club when he ran into Vickie.â€•

Camilla snapped to. She sat up straight, her eyes wide. â€œMy Victoria?

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