



A Sexy Night
On South Beach

Sue Reddy Silverman

Back Cover Summary

Sue is a vibrant, attractive 40-year-old woman, twice-divorced with kids. Facing mid-life, she can't believe the twists and turns her life has taken and often wonders if this all there is?

During one fateful night, she meets Zack, a handsome 30-year-old actor, who sees through her stoic veneer and unleashes the passion she's subdued for way too long.

As his pursuit intensifies, she lets herself go and after one incredible night, finds her joy restored and her hope for the future renewed.

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By Sue Reddy Silverman

Prologue

My Husband Alan

I'm beginning to understand why it's called mid-life. At this point in my life, I have seen and done a lot. Some things I'd like to repeat; others I'd rather forget. I've been twice-divorced with kids. My career is established and I'm good at it, but that can't be all there is to this life.

I hate to complain, but lately, my days seem to start and end the same with me catering to kids, then trying to carve out some time for myself, that is, if the dogs don't need attention.

My life needs a lift; an infusion of energy. I do nothing unless it's scripted or thoroughly planned out. I never used to be this way. I think I'm just uninspired.

I spend my days taking care of everyone's needs, wants and desires except my own. I drive around in a four-door Jeep Wrangler fully stocked with whatever I might need on any given day and live in the suburbs. A banner day is to

accomplish all my errands in one trip. I try to find enjoyment in the process and joy in the details, but I've run out of ways to be innovative. The more I accomplish, the more it seems I have to do.

Now I have a birthday coming up about which I'm finding hard to get excited. It's not the age that bothers me, it's that aside from the number changing, nothing else will. I don't get presents, that is, unless I buy my own and what am I going to buy? Diamonds? Sexy lingerie? Chocolates? Flowers? Besides, after a few days, the flowers die, the water smells, and who do you think has to clean the vase with the stinky water and dead flowers? Yup. Me.

The phone rings and the caller ID shows an unfamiliar number. I think to myself, maybe, just maybe, today will be different.

Going Out

My friend Sherri, a chiropractor and acupuncturist to the stars who is often out in Los Angeles on movie sets or on tour with an up-and-coming band, is in town and invites me to join her and some friends tonight on South Beach for dinner at China Grill, a hip Asian restaurant. Sherri, in her early 40s, is really fun and generally attracts a crowd of trendsetters who are up to the task of setting the night on fire.

While the hip and trendsetting are typically not my kind of crowd, one night out on South Beach just might be the type of diversion I need. I always love the beach and I haven't been in a while. Time with fun people could be just the spark I need to jump start my life.

I head to the closet and fondle my clothes as I think about what to wear – a crucial decision. Then I spot it: the little black dress. It's a standard choice, yes, but classic nonetheless.

Mine hasn't seen the twinkle of night for quite some time. I dust it off and get ready to take it out on the town. Although it's going to be another beautiful night in South Florida, I'll add a wrap just in case. For the shoes, black strappy sandals with a nice heel will do the trick.

My hair and make-up are a bit more time consuming. I'm blonde and blue-eyed with a pale, peaches and cream complexion. My straight hair used to be effortless, but lately it's become more of a chore. Suffice it to say, I am fully aware of what a bad hair day looks like. My makeup is subtle and natural with a bit of gloss for my lips. Happy with my efforts, I add a light spray of the only perfume I wear, Shalimar, and head out.

I hop into my car and pop in Rascall Flatts, Il Divo and Maroon 5 into the CD player to serenade me during the hour-long drive.

South Beach

I pull up to the restaurant, take the ticket from the valet and tuck it into my purse. I walk into the darkened restaurant and look for my friend, but I don't see her. I check my watch. It's says 8 p.m. I'm right on time.

I walk up to the hostess and tell her we have dinner reservations, but I can't remember what name it's under so I decide to grab a drink at the bar while I wait. Besides, I don't know the other people we're meeting, so I don't want to be the only one sitting at a big table, when they *do* arrive. I'll just people watch, see if I can pick out who our dinner guests will be. I'm hoping handsome and male. That'd be fun!

I find one empty seat at the bar and sit down in between two couples. The 20-something, well sculpted and tattooed bartender approaches and asks what I'd like. With all the effort I put into primping, I'm thinking no matter what else happens,

tonight is cause for a celebration. And the only libation that says “let’s party” is champagne. As the bartender pours my drink, I scan the bar scene. I see lots of pretty young things, one skinnier than the next, and flashy, over-the-top, greased down, ultra-accessorized guys. It seems at this place, everyone’s trying to get noticed.

As the bartender carefully places my full glass of champagne in front of me, I notice a handsome guy directly in my line of sight standing across the bar watching at me. Not quite sure if or why he’s looking at me, I turn my head askew as if to ask that question, but the bartender interrupts my silent inquiry to see if I want to run a tab.

“No, thanks, we’re going to have dinner shortly,” I say, handing him my credit card.

When I look up again, the man is gone. The bartender returns before I have a chance to look around and, lost in my own thoughts, I distractedly sign the check, adding a tip. He

hands me my receipt and says, “Cheers!” I smile and study the delicious-looking liquid in front of me. I pick up the glass and delight in the constant stream of tiny bubbles, relishing how luscious it’s going to taste. Then, ever so subtly, I hear a voice coming from behind me almost as soft as a whisper in my ear.

“A votre sante, Mademoiselle.”

Smiling again, and before I turn around to see who has such good taste, I pause a moment to savor the look, smell and taste of my well chosen champagne. When I partially rotate my stool around I come face to face with a slate blue, well-pressed man’s shirt slightly opened two buttons down from his neck and a starched collar. Looking up quizzically with my eyebrows arched I see...him; the man from across the bar. He’s about 30, cleanly shaven with pearly white teeth peeking out of a pleasant smile, dancing hazel eyes and well-groomed medium-length dark brown hair.

“I hope I didn’t startle you,” he says. “But isn’t that champagne you’re drinking?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Well, a common American ‘Cheers’ just won’t do.”

“What are you drinking?”

“Moet & Chandon’s White Star.”

“Ahh, another one of my favorites. To your health, then,” I say in return and raise my glass to his.

“What are *you* celebrating?” he asks, implying that he’s out whooping it up too.

“Well, I’m out...at a lovely restaurant...on beautiful South Beach...bathed... perfumed even” as he leans in to get a whiff and I suspect a closer look down my cleavage “...in heels,” that I dangle in front of him, “and talking to a very handsome stranger.”

“Nice,” he says I assume about my perfume. “What is it?”

“Shalimar.”

“I will remember that.”

Thoroughly surprised by the attention of this hottie and at a loss for what to say next, I start to turn my stool back around to the bar when he says, “My name is Zack,” putting out his large, tanned hand for me to shake. “And you?”

“Sue,” I say slipping my small hand into his.

“Enchanted,” he says gently squeezing it, eyes twinkling and locked onto mine.

“One moment,” he says catching himself, “we’re on South Beach,” as he bends down to kiss me on each cheek, passing closely by my mouth on his journey, clearly enjoying this come-on.

I try to remain cool, but inside I’m having hundreds of thoughts simultaneously that range from *Are you out of your mind to yeah, baby!*

The seat next to me opens up and Zack asks if he may join me.

“If you wish” I say as nonchalantly and I can manage.

We exchange further pleasantries about our drinks, the beautiful Florida weather and odd mix of people in the restaurant. We establish that we’re both meeting friends for dinner, but before I can ask another question, Sherri walks up and kisses me hi.

“Sorry I’m late,” she says looking at both of us.

I introduce her to Zack and after they say quick hellos, she says our table is ready. As she turns to leave, I begin to get up off my stool. Zack stands and asks “What are you all going to do after dinner?”

“I’m not really sure. Why?”

“There is a lot going on tonight on South Beach. How about you and your friends join me and my friends at a club after dinner?”

“Come find us when you’re done eating,” I say as noncommittal as possible, “and I’ll know more about what we’re going to do.”

“Our meeting was way to brief,” he says. “Bon appetite,” and he clinks my glass as I walk away.

Still tickled about the fact that this gorgeous guy picked me out of a crowd, I absentmindedly follow Sherri to the front of the restaurant. As we make our way through, I see another handsome man walking past me toward Zack actively gesturing hello. I guess they’re friends.

I catch up with Sherri and say “Well, that was interesting.”

“What?”

And I’m not sure if she wants to know more or wants me to repeat myself. Either way, she turns away from me to follow the hostess to our table and I obediently follow. As we reach the curved booth, Sherri squeals in delight and hugs the

guy I saw walking quickly by me. She breaks away and turns to introduce me.

Gus is the lead guitarist for an up-and-coming rock band called Jethro. He shakes my hand and tells us that he's here with a friend. No sooner does he gesture over my head and behind me as I feel someone's hand slide along the side of my rib cage, touching me both casually and suggestively. Completely clueless, I follow the hand's lead and shuffle around to see the same slate blue shirt I saw at the bar a minute ago. Looking up, a smile creeps across my face and I blush.

Zack has a big smile across his face as he introduces himself to me saying "Don't I know you from somewhere?"

As we start to laugh, Sherri says to Gus, "Oh my God, what a small world! He's one of your friends?"

I look toward the booth both as a way to get out of the way of the stream of jostling bodies as well as to get catch my breath and digest this fateful coincidence. I feel a bit unnerved,

but Zack seems to be the epitome of casualness. He still has a hand on my back and has closed in standing about as close as one could without being inside the other. I sense a definite interest on his part, but really can't quite believe it. I don't know what to do. I'm flattered...and nervous. It has been a *while...*

As if reading my mind, Sherri catches my attention and looks Zack up and down.

She says "the world is your oyster, babe" and sends me a smile that implies her complete approval.

We all find our seats in the booth with Sherri and Gus on one side. Zack takes my champagne and nods for me to sit down next to Gus as he sits next to me on the end. Excitement shoots through me as Zack gets comfortable, his leg rubbing up against mine. I feel the warmth of his skin through his pants. And I can smell him. His scent is a combination of freshly scrubbed masculinity and Paco Rabanne, a classic man's

cologne and, what do you know, my all-time favorite. Just what exactly is going on here? Did I somehow ask for a lover to be hand delivered to me? This man is way too handsome and charming for my weak defenses. I have complete resolve while just a few sips into my first drink, but what's going to happen after we've shared a bottle!

Zack is all smiles as he takes his menu from the hostess and puts it down on his plate. He takes his glass, gestures to me to raise mine as if he's known me all his life and says across the table "To pleasant surprises."

Everyone toasts as we settle in for what promises to be a very unique evening.

Dinner

A waitress comes over to our table and introduces herself as Ginger. She reviews the night's specials and I decide that any of the choices are good, so I will go along with the crowd. We order a few appetizers to get started, including the delectable Lobster Pancakes, stir-fried with red chili, coconut milk and scallions, and the Thai chili-infused hot oil Kobe Beef Carpaccio.

For dinner we decide to go with three entrees and share. We get the renowned Shanghai Lobster with ginger, curry and crispy spinach, the Sizzling Whole Fish with chinese black bean and red chili sauce and the Dry-Aged Szechuan Beef with sake, soy, spicy shallots and cilantro.

Zack insists we order some wine and choose one red and one white. We choose a Brunello di Montelcino and Santa Margarita Pinot Grigio.

That accomplished, talk at the table turns to what everyone has been up to lately.

Gus tells us he's been cutting a new record called Texas Tea, a reference to the old TV show Beverly Hillbillies, since his band is called Jethro.

Sherri tells us about two of the new bands she's traveling with and adjusting. One is called Moonplay and the other is Shylight.

Zack jumps in talking about the pilot episode he's preparing to audition for, however, he can't give us any real details because he's signed a confidentially agreement.

Not wanting to join in about my life, I listen intently about the exciting things everyone is doing and realize they all have traveling in common. So when it comes to my turn, I deflect the subject from me to fun trips we've all taken.

I ask Zack "What's your favorite travel destination?"

He looks at me for just a second longer than would be

considered as having a passing interest and says "Right here," with a wide charming and flirtatious smile.

"Whoooo," Gus and Sherri say in unison.

Zack breaks his gaze upon me, grabs his glass, takes a drink and leans back.

I attempt a coy smile, feel a blush warming my face.

Oh my God! He is so sexy and obvious! I could jump him right now and just chalk it up to the wine, temporary insanity or early Alzheimer's. I wonder if he knows I'd be easy? Is he toying with me? It's been so long, I don't think I have the right skill set to deal with this. I know for sure, I have no defenses against his charms. Yes, I don't think I can say no. I know right now as I search through my mind, I can't even find that word in there. What am I doing?

"Zack, you flatter me," I say reaching for my glass as fast and inconspicuously as possible, "but surely you have

women at your beck and call?" I finish my drink as Gus pours me another.

Our waitress returns with our appetizers and sets about strategically placing them on the table within reach for all of us to share. The conversation reverts back to travel and Zack does regale us with a tale about some of the highlights of his most recent trip. All I can think about is how I've got to get Sherri to the ladies' room to do some serious Zack reconnaissance.

As soon as we finish our appetizers, I excuse myself and ask Sherri to accompany me to the bathroom. Safely in the confines of adjoining stalls, Sherri says "Wow, Zack has got a major crush on you. What the hell happened before I got here?"

"I was just sitting at the bar ordering a drink and the next thing I know this amazingly hot guy is breathing on my neck and charming my pants off! You know how long it's been since I've been pursued. I'm getting so hot I may leave a wet spot on the seat if he keeps this up, what am I going to do?"

"Just enjoy it, but be careful. Remember no glove, no love."

"I can't enjoy it. I feel like a public spectacle sitting there at the table under the lights. I'm being hit on hard. He's undressed me with his eyes. How am I supposed to eat naked? Thank God I finally got waxed. What if he kisses me?"

"What if he doesn't?" Sherri adds now totally distracting me as we finish washing up, fluffing hair and reapplying lip gloss.

We walk back to the table and I touch Zack on the arm. "Would you mind excusing yourself for a moment so we can chat in private?"

"No, of course not," he says. "Hey guys, would you excuse us for a minute? Hey, refill me, please. Sue, you?"

"Yes, sure," I say.

"Don't wait for us if the food comes," he says with a wink.

He puts his ubiquitous hand on my back and sort of leads but follows me out of the restaurant.

“What’s that all about?” Gus asks.

“No idea,” Sherrri says.

“Well it seems that someone is going to get lucky tonight.”

Just then, the waitress appears with dinner and the conversation turns to food.

Meanwhile, outside the restaurant, despite my skin being on fire from his touch and his eyes locked on to me like lasers, I says, “Zack, I find you incredibly attractive...but”

He cuts me off. “Thank you. I find you attractive too.”

“And I’m extremely flattered by your attention, but I think perhaps it’s a bit inapprop...” the word trails off as he leans down and firmly kisses me on the mouth. Eyes wide with surprise and my back pressed against the wall, I succumb to the overwhelmingly euphoric feeling of his warm lips on mine.

Standing on my tippy toes, he wraps me in his strong arms and deepens the kiss. His tongue penetrates my mouth and I taste him for the first time. Savory and spicy, his kiss is at once soft and persuasive. I close my eyes and get lost in the heady sensations as a quiet moan leaves the back of my throat.

Zack lowers me to the ground and breaks away, leaving me breathless. Before I can react, he cups his hands on my face, tilts his head and kisses me again; full and passionately with tongues tangling and hands roving. People frequenting the restaurant pass by and sneak a glance at what must look like unbridled lust run amuck. When Zack finally releases me, our eyes hold.

“Sue, I don’t usually act like this, but there’s something about you that I find magnetic. I saw it from across the bar and knew I had to get to know you. I didn’t know we were going to be dining together, that was my stroke of good luck, and I hope

you're not sorry that I just kissed you, though I do apologize if you are."

At this honest expression of emotion, combined with the overwhelming feelings I have, I'm rendered almost speechless. Almost.

"I have *never* been kissed like that!" I say, laughing. "Come to think of it, I haven't been held...or desired like that either. How could I ask you to be sorry?"

"Good."

"But."

"Oh, here it comes."

"I'd rather not be put on display for the whole restaurant to see."

"I understand," he says leaning against the wall.

"Why don't we agree to enjoy the rest of our dinner and see where the night takes us without the intense come-on

pressure? We've already kissed and that went pretty well. Why not just go back and let the night unfold naturally?"

"Ok," he says, "but one more thing" as he moves in close.

Oh my.

He places one hand possessively on the back of my head; a fist full of my hair in his grip, the other touches my chin, lifting it up to meet his mouth. He steps forward inserting one knee between my legs; physically consuming me with his size. As aggressive as his posture is, his kiss is ever-so gentle. As his mouth covers mine and my body turns to liquid as the warm sun melts the frost. Electrical impulses charge through me. My lower body becomes alive and awakened to the infinite possibilities of this night. He pulls me close and my body conforms to his. I feel his hardness and my pantied-covered flesh tingles. Our kiss becomes more urgent as his hands explore my shape; my hands caressing his chest, shoulders, and

back. Remembering that we're in plain view, I come back to my senses and pull away.

As he opens his eyes, I say "Zack. Dinner."

He nods and follows as I turn to go inside.

"I can not wait for dessert," he says suggestively then sweetly takes my hand to hold.

Back at the table, Sherri and Gus eye us suspiciously, but carry on their conversation about which dish is better and why.

"Took you two long enough," Sherri says as we scoot around the booth. "We were tempted not to leave you any."

"Sorry," I say.

Picking up the conversational ball, Zack says, "So guys, how's the fish?"

Sherri maintains multiple conversations while keeping a keen eye out for clues as to what just happened outside the restaurant.

Zack seems pretty much at ease and much less predatory now that the first kiss is behind us, which allows me to find my rhythm.

We finish our entrees and Ginger reappears to take our selections for dessert. We unanimously agree to try the Chocolate Menage A Trois tasting plate. To accompany our dessert, we order four snifters of Grand Marnier.

As dessert hits the table, we each take a spoon and sample the two dishes, collectively sharing as if we've known each other forever.

"Absolutely sinful," Zack says still savoring the Menage a Trois dessert, though I'm not sure if it's the name or the taste that has his attention.

After Dinner

The guys pick up the check, which not only was nice but unexpected, and we all leave the restaurant sated and someone buzzed. Not wanting the night to end, we collectively decide to go to a club, but walking around on the crowded streets is proving cumbersome. Each club we come to is so crowded and loud. We want to keep talking, so we settled on grabbing another bottle of wine, some bottles of water, buying some towels and hitting the beach.

The actual beach on South Beach is deep and wide. The moon is out, reflecting off the water at low tide. The walk from the street to the ocean goes on for a while due to the depth of the beach this far south, but we enjoy the way the sand feels between our toes. Behind us is Ocean Drive lined with charming boutique hotels that have been restored to their former Art Deco splendor.

Finally at the ocean's edge where we can hear the sound of the surf and watch the rolling whites of the waves, we lay out our towels, uncork the wine and pass out the water.

It's a near perfect night. The temperature has to be in the mid 80s; breezy from the ocean, but warm. The sand is cool.

I wonder how warm the water is?

As if I'd said it out loud, Zack gets up and walks to the water with his pants rolled up and his feet bare.

"Oh my God. You guys have to feel this, it's so warm."

Gus helps Sherri to her feet and I realize we've paired up.

I hold my wrap around my shoulders and my walk to the water.

"We used to go skinny dipping in the ocean years ago before 'Jaws' came out and scared everyone," I say now

realizing it probably wasn't the smartest thing I could have said.

"Yeah, that's pretty scary," Sherri says, "it's pitch black out there. You can't see anything."

"Actually that sounds perfect," Zack says and takes off his shirt.

Gus follows, saying "Come on. It's a perfect night and all in good fun. We'll be gentlemen."

Sherri looks at me and shrugs, "It's going to be cold coming out, but what the hell, we have towels."

I look up and down the beach to see if anyone's coming. "Ok," I say loudly toward the guys as they stride bare assed into the surf. Then "Shit," I say to the Sherri, "we missed the frontal view. We could actually have had a preview."

I shake out the towels and line them up as close to the surf as I can without getting them wet, making our exit less lengthy. Then I slip out of my dress. Standing there in our

underwear, I yell to the guys to turn around, then add a bit nervously.

"Yell if you sense anything large and scary swimming around."

As promised, both guys turn around as we quickly take off our remaining clothes and wade into the surf before we change our minds.

Wading in the warm water, covering our breasts, we catch up to the guys who turn back around to face us.

"Now what? I think

Sherri and Gus look up to the sky and identify some of the constellations while Zack reaches for my hand that's skimming the surface of the water. He pulls me close to him and spins around so my back is to the others. I feel his erection rub across my belly. I knew this was dangerous, but I'm so hot I almost don't care.

Zack scoops me up and in one almost perfect movement, lifts me up, cradling my behind in his hands as my legs wrap around his waist. He kisses me fiercely as his erection dangles just below.

Breaking away from his kiss I look into his chocolate brown eyes and say “I thought you said you were going to be a gentleman?”

“I am. I could have taken you on the beach,” he says lustfully. “This gives us a little more privacy.”

And I realize he’s walked a bit away from our friends.

“You’re a beautiful woman, Sue” he says as his hands explore my breasts. He takes one nipple at a time into his mouth. Already taut from the coolness of the night air, the warmth of his mouth feels sublime on my skin.

“Mmmmm,” I say responding to his teasing as I feel his hands exploring me underwater.

I’m very wet now inside and out. His fingers find me ready and his kiss become more urgent.

“Oh, Zack. Yes.” I say as the tip of his erection toys with my entrance.

“Mmmmmm,” he says as he penetrates into my depths and I tightly surround him.

I catch my breath as a multitude of sensations overtake me. I open my mouth imitating the need to make more room for him as he repeated fills me and suckles my breasts. On the surface the movement is subtle, but underwater, he’s thrusting and retreating, directing me to a very happy place.

As Zack continues to move us in sync, I let my head drop back and take in the incredible surroundings. I see Gus and Sherri kissing and wonder if the same thing is going on below the surface for them.

Then I let go and float on my back, my legs still wrapped around Zack’s waist.

He penetrates me hard and I catch a look that is fully attentive. He shoots me a half smile, wry and knowing, then touches my pleasure center with this thumb and I spasm.

I close my eyes as he brings me to the edge of consciousness. My orgasm builds and his moves quicken.

One last stroke and “Ohhhhhhhh,” I say sitting up in his arms and watching him climax as well.

I feel this amazing sense of euphoria come over me. He breathes and then kisses me deeply. I run my fingers through his hair and touch his face. I hug him tightly, brushing my breasts across his chest. Still inside me and holding me close he says “I just had to have you.”

Feeling like an attractive and fully sexual woman again, I just smile.

Having now completely thrown out any semblance of self control on what isn't even a first date, Zack lowers me down and says, “Let's go dancing!”

He tells Gus and Sherrri his plan and brings me hand in hand out of the water stark naked. He wraps me in a towel before covering himself. Despite the tropical weather, the breeze is making me cold, so I dry quickly and put on my clothes.

Zack and I sit down on my wrap and share a glass of wine. It's warm and dry and sweet going down; the perfect accompaniment to sex at the beach.

Having sobered up somewhat between the bottled water, brisk walk and swim, I'm ready to dance. And now that I'm sated, I've decided to just go with whatever happens because for the first time in a long time, I'm having the time of my life.

Dancing

We leave the beach and head a bit west to Cameo, an old Art Deco-designed theatre, that was converted into a club where the top DJs from around the country play the latest trance, latin and house music. It's dark, but colorful and very crowded. Gus says he sees a few seats at a high top toward the bar so we all follow. The folks at the table get up to dance and say we can have their table. We move around it and sit down, checking out the place. Gus hears a song he loves and pulls us toward the dance floor.

Zack takes my hand and starts to dance. We start out facing each other a foot or so apart, but quickly join as we gyrate to the beat and get real close. I turn away and he moves in from behind. I raise my arms over my head and he caresses me gently, stroking his way down the sides of my body as if he's trying to remember every curve. Still with my back to

him, he flattens both hands on my abdomen, and pulls me as his hands stroke the front of my body. I feel him hard again against my back. I push back into him and smile over my shoulder, knowing tonight is just the beginning of a wonderful new adventure.

After hours of dancing and more drinking, I finally say most regrettably, that it's time to go. Sherrri echoes my sentiments and we pair up to say our goodbyes.

Zack kisses me so intensely I almost collapse. His passion is so powerful I wish I could bottle it. It's hard to believe, he can keep it going all night long.

“Sue, this has been one hell of a magical night. I have no idea how it happened, but I'm glad it did. Can I see you again. Please say yes.”

“Yes.”

“SoBe it,” he says, “Get it? South Beach?”

I float home, reliving the night in its entirety. Moaning, sighing, tingling and chilling. I throw off my clothes and climb into bed. The sun will be up soon with the start of a brand new day.

The End

I hope you've enjoyed your very own personalized love story *A Sexy South Beach Romp* as much as I've enjoyed writing it.

I'm always writing new stories, so stay in touch at www.reddywriting.com.

You can also read the first seven chapters of *A SEAL in Uniform*, the first in the series of romantic suspense novels I wrote about U.S. Navy SEALs and the women they love on my web site. .

Yours in love,

Sue