

	Aliens On Earth.com <i>Resources for those who are stranded here</i>	
UFOs Paranormal Area 51 People Places Random Top 100 What's New Catalog New Books	Search... for keyword(s) in Book Title/Author	Our Bookstore is OPEN
Mothership -> Book Catalog -> Neon -> Here		

[Book Catalog](#) From [Nevada: True Tales from the Neon Wilderness](#)

Joe Conforte's Unrequited Love

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE GLORIOUS desert evenings. The air was cool, but the land still held the day's warmth and Joe Conforte was sailing along with the top down, one girl caressing his neck with long, smooth fingers and another stroking his knee. He wore a fine, tailored suit and sipped champagne from a crystal glass. Reno's lights glowed behind a ridge of hills, beckoning against a backdrop of emerging stars.

"Tonight I win!" he declared, his voice hoarse with enthusiasm, the convergence of the Bostonian and Sicilian accents giving it an earthy texture of conviction.

You are a winner, Joe." It was Carmen. She touched her lips to the corner of his mouth and he felt her tongue linger and probe for a moment.

The girls love this, he thought. Carmen and Ginger were the beauties, the best pieces in the house, and he took them out like this because he knew they would go back and tell the other girls and they would all aspire to be his favorite. They would watch their figures and they would try to impress him with their popularity among the customers. They would work on the skills of seduction—the fluttering eyes, the bashful smiles, the surrendering and slow parting of the lips that whispered an invitation to delights no one can describe. He smiled at the clarity of his vision, the purity and potential of his stable of women. Has there ever been a better time than right now? It was 1959 and the country was blossoming. People had money, and the scent of contentment and opportunity hung in the air like the sweetness of lilacs in the evening air. There were fortunes to be made, and Joe Conforte wanted his.