

Authors note:

Dear Reader: I love to have fun with my books. I'm a hopeless romantic, and a hopeless rebel, too! I just love breaking rules and laughing about stuff! Susy is just my kind of girl, and I hope you have fun with her as she has the best time of her life with her 'one night stand'. And remember, love conquers all! Olivia

p.s. Most my books are virgins, untouched by editors, and straight from me to you--from the heart!

UGLY SUSY AND HER ONE NIGHT STAND

Copyright 2006 Olivia Marshall

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

ModernFantasies.com

Distribution or reproduction of this book in whole or in part without author or publisher consent is illegal.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, places, events, or locations is purely coincidental.

WARNING: This book contains high graphic content with explicit love scenes. View discretion advised. Must be 18 years or older.

UGLY SUSY, and her one night stand

By Olivia Marshall

"You're not that bad, Susy," the male voice said. "It's just a zit. It'll go away in a few days."

"It's not just the zit. It's everything! My hair, my nose, my cheeks," Susy said.

"Now, now," the male voice tried to reassure her. "Your hair may be short, but it looks fine."

"I look like Prince Valiant!" Susy said angrily.

"No, you don't. And your nose...has personality."

"It's big and ugly!"

"It's perfect for your face. And your cheeks are –"

"Fat!"

"Susy!" the man chided. "Come on, it can't be that bad."

"Oh, it's bad," Susy said, nodding her head seriously. "It's so bad it's no wonder that you *-you*, who are always the nicest to me – don't want to go with me either," she finally said.

"Look, I didn't say I didn't want to go, I just said I was a bit too old for you, and maybe you'd find someone more appropriate."

"You're right, at thirty-eight, you're already a grumpy old man!"

"I'm ten years older than you are. I *am* old, at least for you. Besides, I'm sure you have other options?"

"I already asked the whole office," she said glumly.

"Oh?"

She nodded vigorously. "No one can go."

"Did you try Stevens?"

"Of course I did. Stevens, Mike, Jeremy. I even asked Ricardo."

He frowned in thought. "But isn't Ricardo the janitor?"

She smiled. "Yes."

"He's deaf, Susy," he said with a grimace, "and older than my grandfather."

"Yeah, well, he can't go either."

"I see." His forehead creased at her dilemma. "What about other options outside the office?"

"I don't have any."

"I'm sure you must have some admirers somewhere?"

"Does my dog count?" she asked seriously.

"Susy," he said sternly. "There have to be a couple of men interested in you. You're a very attractive woman."

Her legs dangled in the air from her seat at the edge of his desk, and she swung them forward and back, like a little girl on a swing. "I'm not sure, you know, because men nowadays usually prefer women who aren't short and fat!"

He blinked at her. "You're telling me there hasn't been a man interested in you ever?" he said in disbelief.

"Yes, that's precisely what I'm saying," she said.

"You're a virgin then?" he prodded.

She shook her head. "No."

"Aha, so you've been with a man before? You see!"

"He was a half-dead drunk whom I nearly raped in desperation!"

For some reason, her words formed an image in his mind, of a naked Susy straddling some drunk on a beach somewhere. It had an immediate effect on him, bringing his cock to aching awareness. Michael would later have to think about this, since his reaction to her words puzzled him. Susy was his friend, and he had never thought of her in a sexual nature. Except that afternoon when she'd accidentally dropped the papers and bent down to

pick them up at the same time that he did, thrusting her big, overly endowed buttocks right in his face. Or that time they'd bumped into each other in the hallway and he'd felt the softness of her breasts against his chest. And though he wouldn't openly admit it to anyone, the time he'd seen her slip on the marbled floor of the building's lobby and fall down on her butt, he'd been able to see her underwear, and he'd had a hard-on for days just remembering. He shook his head and pushed the tempting images aside for now.

"That's it," she said, pulling out a snickers bar from inside her linen handbag. "I'm starting a diet next week."

He smiled at her words while he watched her tear at the plastic wrapping in a frenzy.

"Look, Susy, it would help if you at least acted positive about all this. Maybe your sister's wedding is the perfect opportunity for you to meet someone new."

"And the perfect opportunity to let my parents see once and for all what a complete and total looser I am."

"Susy you are *not* a looser. You're an independent modern woman, you have a job now."

"Thanks to you, I do. I always wanted to make secretary's assistant," she said, tapping a finger to the side of her lips. "And *your* secretary's assistant, it's just too good to be true."

He smiled at that. She was too frank and too open for her own good. Then he said, "Maybe a friend can set you up with someone?"

"Don't think so." She munched on the snickers bar, already halfway.

For some reason he cared not to dwell on, the sight of her big full lips

around the thick dark chocolate made the tension between his legs rise to full

force. What in the hell was wrong with him? He needed to get home fast. He was probably tired after a long day's work. He'd take a cold bath and make love to Wanda; perfect, blonde, bombshell Wanda.

"I'm soooo depressed," Susy said as she shook her head, then slowly licked the tip of her fingers, having finished the chocolate already. "Maybe somebody could just shoot me."

"Susy." He glowered. "You're being childish."

She half-smiled. "It's just that why won't guys even look at me?" She thrust her breasts up (and they were really big) and ran her hands along her waist. "I'm a passionate, sensitive woman. If they'd just give me a chance I swear I'd scream and yell and moan and groan and kiss and lick and eat and..."

"I get the point, Susy!" he growled. This was too much, having Susy say these things, while his brain pictured her words in painstaking detail. Susy, over him, kissing, moaning, groaning, licking in all the right places. He must be out of his mind.

He'd always liked Susy. In fact, the whole office adored her. Like a *mother*. She was a mother hen, clucking over her little chicks; the little chicks being everyone in the office from the top executive designers to the janitors. Even though she did act like a child sometimes, she had a motherly quality about her, because she was someone with a heart as big as the ocean. Everyone knew this, and everyone looked at her for support, or just to talk to about their problems. Susy loved to talk, voice her opinions, and was open and sincere. In fact, Michael had called her into his office a few minutes ago to ask what she suggested he get Wanda for her birthday, which was upcoming next week. He had not expected Susy to drop a bomb into his lap. Accompanying her to her sister's wedding. That was *not* a good idea.

"You were the perfect man to go with me," she said sincerely, staring up at the ceiling, as if lost in thought. "Rich, successful, drop-dead gorgeous. My family wouldn't have believed it for the world! And I would just love to prove to them that I am *not* such a looser after all – at least it would get them off my back for a while. They're always at me on why I don't diet, how I'm not pretty like my sister, how I'm only suitable for the worst type of job because I'm so unstable..." She sighed.

Michael was silent for a moment. He could have killed himself for what he said next. "Would it make you feel better if I did accompany you to this wedding?"

She nodded, her eyes sparkling as she gazed at him. "A lot better."

Why in the world couldn't he ever say 'no' to Susy? When she'd asked for the job, he noticed she had the worst qualifications he had ever seen, and yet she seemed so eager for it that the next thing he knew she was already settled in one of the two desks outside his private office.

"It's just the weekend, right?"

She nodded eagerly, her cropped black hair swaying as she did so. "The wedding is Saturday so we can leave Friday after work. It's just a few hours drive, and I'm a smart driver so I can promise to have you back here by Sunday afternoon." She looked at him hopefully, then clasped her hands together, as if in prayer. "Puleeze?"

Michael was going to regret this later. But now, all he could do was stare at little Susy with her flawless white skin and her big dark eyes and say, "Well, Miss Susy, I think you've got yourself a date."

She jumped on him across the desk, nearly tackled him to the ground as she clung to his nape and showered kisses over his coat. "Thank you, thank you, thank you."

Biting back a smile, he cleared his throat and pushed her a few feet away from him. "I'd better get home. Wanda must be waiting for me."

"Oh, yeah, Wanda...silly me." She looked flushed, cheeks red, and for a moment he had an image of her lying over his desk, naked, and sated.

Her expression suddenly darkened, and Susy said, "Just so you know, the wedding is in a secluded ranch house outside Houston and most cel phones don't get good signal there."

He stared at her as if she were out of her mind. Now this was worse than he'd thought. "I don't really think—"

"Please," she said. "It's just a weekend, you can manage without one for once. It'll be good for you, to get away from all this for a while." She spread her hands wide and whirled around, signaling to his large, woodpaneled office.

"Susy, you're going to be the end of me."

She beamed. "Now about Wanda's birthday present," she said, frowning as her little brain began working furiously. "I need to think real hard about this. It needs to be perfect. Hmmm. I'm thinking something from Tiffany's maybe? Or, we could discuss it Friday on our way to the wedding, what do you think?"

"That's fine, Susy," he said gently.

They said goodnight and Michael absently kissed her forehead before she disappeared into the dark main office space. Susy Sommers. He couldn't remember a single time when he'd been able to say no to her. Maybe it was the wide-eyed, hopeful look she gave him whenever she asked for something. Maybe it was because she always asked so sweetly, not demanded like Wanda did. Or hell, maybe he was growing soft after all these years.

Susy was full of energy. She was the sort of person that was always bubbly and excited. And noisy as hell. Michael always knew when Susy arrived into the office because he heard laughter, and her high-pitched, sweet voice seemed to waft into his closed-office like a siren song. He smiled fondly at that as he took the elevator down.

When he crossed the parking lot and walked towards his car, Susy drove by in a pink and tiny convertible car that resembled a Volkswagen Beetle, only the paint was scraped and the car screeched, shook, and fumbled. It was so old it looked fit for an antique show. Her hand waved at him through the open top. He smiled, then frowned when he noticed she took a wrong turn and screeched away. Susy was trouble. And he was spending a whole weekend with her. Now how on earth was he going to explain this to Wanda?

* * *

Susy was so excited about her date that she had to jump on her bed and scream her head off as soon as she arrived home. Imagine what they would all think when she arrived to her sister's wedding with Michael Trent, owner of Trent Graphics, and mega-hunk of the year. Suave, hard-bodied, drop-dead gorgeous Michael Trent. It would be like putting a sock into her mama and papa's blabbering mouths. See if they left her alone from now on. She couldn't be happier!

She celebrated with a bowl of ice-cream Thursday night, and a romantic movie called Sleepless in Seattle. She cried every time no matter how many times she'd already seen it, but tonight she'd been so happy for the first time *ever* she didn't cry at all. After the movie she briskly packed a small, light suitcase, and drove her small Chihuahua, Paris, to the dog sitter's house.

She couldn't sleep that night. Instead of lying on the bed fantasizing about her date, she walked into the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. Her zit was red and swollen. But tomorrow she would use an eyeliner to paint it in brown to simulate a mole. It was just under her lower lip so it had possibilities of looking sexy.

Her hair was cropped to her ears and although it was very soft and very straight, it did make her look a bit like a prince or a young pubescent boy, unless she hung some big dangly earrings – which she planned to, for the wedding – and after that she was sure she would look passable. There was nothing she could do about her nose; it was thin but from profile looked ominously big. Then again, maybe a bit of blush would make it appear less so. Her cheeks were plump, and since her face was round and her cheekbones high, they looked even plumper. Again, nothing a little blush couldn't take care of.

She was definitely overweight, at least twenty, or, okay, thirty pounds. There was meat everywhere on her body, but fortunately, evenly distributed, so she had big breasts, a curvy waist, and the rest of her body was cushiony enough to look slightly plump but not obese. Plump was okay, but obese was not. She would be wearing a curve-hugging dress at the wedding, and it was a deep wine color that went well with her rosy white skin. The sales lady had guaranteed it would make her look at least five-pounds thinner. It was worth every penny. Her credit card statement arrived until next month so she would worry *after* she enjoyed it.

She hoped Michael Trent (and her mom) would be pleased with her appearance. She'd always had a mega-crush on Michael. He was so perfect, so deliciously sensual. Tall, gorgeously tanned, with the darkest hair and eyes she had ever seen. His voice was deep and gentle, and it never failed to

send tingling vibrations all over her body when he spoke to her. He had long fingers, and large muscled hands. If his hands were so big Susy knew – she'd read in a magazine once, that you could calculate the measurement of one from the other – that his cock must be *huge* as well. Susy had masturbated to his image for as long as she could remember. She was so lucky and blessed to be going to a wedding with him. If they danced together they would actually have to touch, and the thought of touching him excited her to no reason.

She was smart enough to skip breakfast on Friday morning, inwardly hoping she could shed at least a pound by the wedding. She wanted to look special for Michael (and for her mom). Maybe this time her mom would say, "Susy, you've lost some weight!" And hopefully Michael would say, "Wow, you look stunning. How come I never realized you're the woman of my dreams?"

Susy knew she shouldn't have even asked him to the wedding. Him being the boss, so handsome, and, well, being Wanda's. But then, she'd been so desperate to impress her parents, and so out of options, that she'd thrown all caution to the wind. She didn't really expect him to say yes. But he had, and the butterflies inside her stomach hadn't settled down yet. Several times at the office today Susy had caught a glimpse of him, looking gorgeous as usual, and she noticed he'd been watching her, too. And when she smiled at him, he would look away, as if he'd been caught in a dirty little act.

As soon as she arrived home after work, she double-checked her suitcase and made sure it was closed (last time she took a weekend trip the thing arrived empty by the time she got there). She kept feeling as though she'd forgotten to pack something but for the life of her she couldn't remember what. At this point the only thing she was sure she would *not*

forget was her gorgeous date. An hour later she had changed into a soft cotton sundress in a solid navy color. She wore a matching headband just so people wouldn't mistake her for a boy, and slipped on a pair of comfortable black sandals. The butterflies flapped their wings to full force when she heard the doorbell. From all the excitement, she tripped on her way to open it and fell face down on the floor. "Shit," she muttered, then rose and ran her hands over her body just to make sure there were no bruises and no broken bones.

It was like a dream come true when she opened the door to find Michael Trent at her doorstep. He was dressed casually, and she was surprised, since she'd never seen him in anything but a suit. Now he wore loose blue jeans and a solid red Lacoste polo shirt which set off his dark features beautifully and made him look even more handsome than before – something she'd previously thought was impossible to achieve, since he was so gorgeous already.

"Good morning," he said with a smile.

"Wow," she said. "You look very handsome."

He chuckled, it was a rumbling sound, and it made her heart leap.

Then, as if by magic, he produced a dozen red roses from behind his back.

Her eyes widened.

"Oh my God, are these for me?" she said, so very excited that the butterflies seemed to have multiplied to a zillion and they wildly fluttered inside her. He nodded, a lock of dark black hair falling over his forehead.

"They're beautiful," she said, looking down at their long stems and the deep red color (she'd never seen roses as red as this), then up at him, awed. "I've never gotten red roses before. Actually, I've never gotten roses, period!" She felt like she'd died and went to heaven. "Let me just put these in water for a second. Please come in."

He followed her inside and halted in her small but cozy living room while she toiled in the kitchen, looking for a vase worthy of such a treasure.

"Sorry about the mess," she was saying when she came back into the room. He was looking at her picture wall at the far end of the living room, an oversized wall with dozens and dozens of pictures attached. Pictures of her dog on his first birthday, her friends, her family. He was staring at one of *her* wearing an orange lifesaver (she looked horribly fat in that one!) and dangling on a rope precariously above a river below. She felt her heart sink. Why couldn't he see her pictures as a toddler? She was much cuter back then. "Ready?" she said by his side, not wanting him to look at any more pictures of her since she looked really fat in them all!

"Ready," he said. She picked-up her small suitcase by the door and as they walked outside she noticed his car, a black BMW almost as beautiful as the owner, shiny sparkly clean, parked right next to her beat-up old thing.

She headed straight for her beat-up old thing. "Now if you don't mind, I'm driving. This little thing is vicious and may go dead if you don't know how to treat it right."

He shook his head. "Let's take my car, Susy. We'll be much more comfortable."

"Nonsense. I dragged you into this thing, the least I could do is save you a couple of gas gallons. Now get in. Actually, you need to jump in cause that door's broken. You can put the luggage in the back."

He didn't want to insult her, but taking her car when his was perfectly available was ludicrous. "The last thing that concerns me at this time is

saving gas gallons. I'm concerned in arriving there *safely*, which is why I suggest—"

"Come on, Michael!" she urged from the driver's seat. What the hell. In one swift motion, he dumped his suitcase on the back seat and jumped onto the seat besides her. Once they were on the highway, cars drove past them in a fury and some even honked their horns and yelled at them. Susy smiled and waved at them all in good spirit, and once she cupped her hand and shouted, "You too, have a wonderful day, sir!"

"So how much does this thing do?" Michael asked.

"If I really push it, it can do fifty," she said, nodding her head. "But I don't really want to push it unless I want to risk getting a flat or worse."

He smiled, he couldn't help it. "I see."

"I'm doing thirty now but when the motor gets warmer I can probably safely go to thirty-five, thirty-eight."

He chuckled, the sound low and rumbling. The air blew on their faces, and as he studied her profile, Michael thought that she was really quite lovely. Her skin had a beautiful glow to it that seemed to emanate from inside, and there was a lively sparkle in her dark brown eyes. Michael thought that although he had no idea what it was, there was something very attractive in a woman who fed herself right. Then he faintly wondered why nowadays women wore those huge sunglasses Susy was wearing, which made them look like a bug with giant black eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Michael, but I want to ask you another favor," she said before she bit her lower lip, her hand on the steering wheel. "You don't have to say yes, of course, but if you do say yes, I'd be really, really grateful."

"Come out and say it then," he said, fearing the worst. What in the world did she want now? He stiffened as he waited for the bomb.

"Could you, I mean, at the wedding, would it be too horrible to pretend that you, that we, that you and I..."

"Are together?" he supplied. She nodded.

Yes it was a lousy idea, especially if they asked Wanda about it, who had selfishly demanded a shopping spree while he went out with the little "fat girl," she'd said.

But Susy had a tender heart, and he didn't want to hurt her, so he said, "Sure, Susy, I can manage that."

"Really?" She looked so thrilled that for a moment he felt like some sort of hero. "Thank you so much!" Without thinking, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and buried her face in his neck. The car swerved, and Michael pushed her away at the same time he reached over to steady the steering wheel. "The wheel, Susy!" he shouted. Tires from nearby cars screeched, cars swerved, honks blared. She recovered immediately and swerved the car back onto their lane. "Sorry," she said sheepishly. His heart rammed onto his chest, and for a moment he didn't know if he wanted to shout at her, or laugh.

"Smart driver, huh?" he said, biting back a smile.

"It was your fault for distracting me," she retorted with a smile. Nothing ever seemed to dampen her good humor.

The sun was setting in the horizon and the sight of the fading orangepink light in the darkening sky was breathtaking. For a moment they drove in silence, comfortable in each other's presence, enjoying the cooling breeze of dusk. They drove past huge shopping centers and restaurants, and after reading a dozen food advertisements out loud, Susy made a pained face and said, "That's it I can't take it anymore."

He looked at her, puzzled. "What's wrong?"

She sighed. "I haven't eaten anything for hours and I can't take it anymore. I'm stopping here and getting my day's worth of calories right *now*." She made a right (without even checking if there was a car behind or not, which explains why her silly car already looked to have been crashed several times) and pulled over in front of a gas station. She turned to him, a wide smile on her face. "Want some munchies?" she said.

"I'll come with you." He followed her inside and smiled when she attacked the store with a vengeance.

"We need some extra in case we take a little longer getting there," she said. Her arms overflowed with chips, popcorn, cookies, cans of coke, water. She could barely see through all those plastic bags, and Michael had to grab her shoulders from behind and steer her towards the cashier.

"It's just a few more hours," he said. "Isn't that too much food? Maybe we should stop and get dinner instead."

"Nonsense, this looks delicious," she said, setting everything on the counter. "And I'm starved, so this'll probably be gone in no time. It's important I don't starve myself, it's bad for your health, you know, I read that in a magazine once. Oh, look, donuts!"

That got his attention. "I'll take a frosted one," he said. She took three. "And I'm paying for everything," he added.

"Want me to drive so you can munch away?" he asked as he helped her carry the brown paper bags towards the car.

"No, I told you, my car wants me and only me. But there's a picnic area ahead and we can stop there," she said. Michael nodded, and before he knew it, he was helping her unload the bags on a very secluded, very hidden wooden picnic table settled among crooked oak trees on a small clearing.

They sat side by side and ate in silence. When Michael finished his donut and turned to look at her, he noticed there was a speck of sugar on her lip. Her lips were parted and moist, but he tried not to notice that, only the speck of sugar. "You've got something in your lip," he said softly.

"Ooops, silly me," she said, then slid her tongue along her bottom lip, then her top one, the movement so sensual he felt himself instantly harden.

"Gone?" she said, eyes blinking.

"No, actually, it's still..."

She did that again; her wet, slick tongue caressing her lips, this time not missing a thing. He faintly wondered what she would do if he lay her back on the table and kissed the sugar crumbs away? Would she like that? Or if he pretended to get very drunk, like the man she had 'raped', would she take advantage of him too? The thought excited him.

"Oh, look! Wouldn't you know it? You have something on your lips, too," she suddenly said, a mischievous gleam in her eyes. He brushed the back of his hand over his lips.

She shook her head. "You missed. Forget it, I'll do it." She clasped his face with both her hands, leaned forward, and slowly traced his lips with her tongue. In a low purr she said, "Mmmm."

He was so shocked by her actions, and so damned excited, that he didn't even think. He kissed her. Savagely so. She tasted sweet and sugary, and she was intoxicating. She moaned at his hungry kiss and kissed him back like a starved woman. As her groans echoed in his ears, he faintly wondered if this was the racket she made with a kiss, how on earth would she sound when he fucked her? The thought turned him on even more, and he deepened the kiss, pressed her back against the table, and covered her breasts with his hands. They barely fit into his palms, and he squeezed them

in need. All the while they continued to kiss, their tongues playing, fighting, mating. She reached out and spread a palm over his pants, touched him right there over his throbbing organ. She rubbed him up and down, and he thrust his hips against her palm, wanting more.

Then he spread her legs apart, pulled down her panties, and slipped his head under the skirt of her dress. It was with a vengeance that his tongue sunk deep into her slippery wet pussy. Susy went out of control. He could have sworn her cries of passion were heard all through the city. She was wild, pushing her pussy against his face, shoving her hips higher against his mouth, as if begging him for more. She clutched at her own breasts, twisted her face from side to side, and screamed and moaned like a nymphomaniac slut being fucked like she wanted to.

Michael was about to explode, and since it didn't occur to her to touch his rock aching cock, he rubbed it against the side of the table as he continued tasting her delicious, gourmet pussy. She came in his mouth, and he drank the nectar as if he'd lived for this moment. Nothing he had tasted in his whole life had been this sweet. He pumped one more time and came in his jeans, like a young teenage boy on a first date. For a few moments neither of them moved. Then Michael realized what he'd done, and he silently scolded himself. What in the hell have I done?

Susy recovered quickly. "Oh, my God, that was awesome," she said, cupping his face in her hands and kissing him softly on the lips. "Oh, my God, I'd never felt like that. Michael, you're amazing!"

He wanted to tell her that she was awesome and that he'd never tasted anything so sweet, but he was shocked by his actions. A thirty-eight year old getting carried away like this was not normal. Not knowing what to say, he rumpled her hair, gave her a half-smile, and said, "Let's get going, shall we?

We've lost so much time already and I don't think we should be driving at night in your car. No offense."

When they were on their way again, she couldn't seem to stop talking. It was as if she'd been reenergized with all that food, and maybe, by his oral. Michael wished she'd be quiet for once because he wanted to think of what he'd done. And when he heard her say 'Wanda's present this and Wanda's present that' he knew he had to talk to her. He hoped that Susy did not get the wrong impression about what had happened.

"Susy," he began. "About what just happened back there..."

"Here we go," she said with a smile. "I knew this was coming, so don't worry, Michael, it's over and done with. Actually, as far as I remember *nothing* happened. Get it?" She laughed for a full minute, really enjoying herself.

"I'm sorry, I never meant for this to happen. I got carried away," he said seriously.

"I understand," she said, nodding fiercely. "And really, don't worry. I know you're with Wanda and that if something happened it was just like a one night stand or something. So really, don't worry. In fact, thank you for loosing control back there. I really, really, reeeeally liked it." She arched her back as if in memory, spread her legs open. "Just thinking about it makes me red all over." A hand rested between her legs and her finger began to rub slowly. "Hmm, it's really sensitive now."

He was hard again even though he'd just come in his underwear. What the hell was wrong with him? Yes, Susy was a very sensual woman, but his reactions were not normal. He didn't get this excited when Wanda brought out the feather duster or the handcuffs. Perhaps the difference was that Wanda acted, and Susy was a natural. Susy appeared to be an innocent, and

to find such a sexy little fox underneath that mother hen costume was a very stimulating discovery indeed.

"I'm glad you liked it," he finally said. "And again I'm sorry I got carried away. I assure you it won't happen again."

"I'm not sorry so please stop apologizing. In fact if you want a repeat performance, I'd be very happy to." She beamed. "It'll just be a one night stand, and after this weekend we won't discuss this ever again."

He hesitated, then said, "Let's try not to complicate things, Susy."

"Fine, fine," she said, waving a hand in dismissal. As if she'd had it with his apologies, she turned on the radio and sang to the tunes, while Michael stared into space. A repeat performance. Hell, he'd love to. But he had to consider, think of the future, and how this would affect them both. This did not bode well for either of them.

It was when Michael noticed the sky was pitch black and they were leaving the city lights behind that he suggested they check into a motel, since one of the headlights of her vintage (Michael's new nickname for her car) didn't work. They stopped at a small one-story motel, and he came back with two room keys before they politely said their goodnights. Less than an hour later, she came knocking on his door. When he opened it, she burst inside, ranting like a madwoman.

"There's a rat in my room! It's huge and horrible and I am *not* going back there, you cannot make me!"

"I'll take care of this, Susy, just calm down and give me the keys to your room. I'll go take a look," he said, his hands rubbing her shoulders in a soothing motion.

"But what if you leave me alone and there's a rat in here too?" she said, eyes wide.

"There's no rat in this room, now sit down, calm down, and let me handle this," he said. "Give me your key."

"No! Don't go! I couldn't stand my conscience if it bites you and has rabies or something." He looked at her curiously, and she smiled shakily. "I guess I'll just have to crash here for the night."

Michael narrowed his eyes at her. "How big did you say this rat was?" "Huge!"

"How huge?"

For a fleeting instant her eyes fell down to his crotch. His cock responded immediately. Uneasy, he shifted in his stance. "Look, Susy, sleeping here together is not a good idea. Why don't you keep this room and I'll take yours? Here, give me the key." He reached out for it but she dodged him and jumped onto the bed, smiling.

She was wearing a very short white cotton t-shirt as a pajama. It had the word BIMBO printed in black just over her breasts. He could see at least seventy percent of her legs, and if he cheated and bent downwards a little, he'd bet he could see much more than that. As it was, he didn't even have to cheat, because she jumped on the bed and the cotton t-shirt rose to the air and exposed her stark naked butt. Michael then realized little Susy had played a joke on him.

He narrowed his eyes at her. "You're lying, aren't you? There's no rat in your room, Susy," he said.

Susy stopped jumping on the bed and studied her nails, suddenly engrossed. "Why would you say that?" she said, trying to sound casual.

"Look at me, Susy."

It took her a few seconds until she did so. Her eyes were on fire, and they did all sorts of reckless things to his insides. Susy sighed and came to sit on the edge of the bed. When she spoke, she stared down at the carpet, her voice a mere whisper. "Yes, I was lying. I'm sorry. There's really no rat. I was just trying to get to sleep, lying there on my bed, remembering how you kissed me, then how you licked me, and I began to get all wet and excited, and so I started to fondle myself, touch myself. I pretended it was you, you touching me, your tongue in my pussy, and I wanted to..."

"Shut up and kiss me," he whispered as he hauled her to her feet and drew her into his arms for a long hard kiss. Susy made him so hot, so damned horny, it was unbelievable. In an instant he yanked off her t-shirt, then he threw her face down on the bed and frantically took his clothes off.

"And then what?" he whispered in her ear as he settled his body over hers, his cock pressing against her buttocks, his chest against her back, his lips on her neck.

"I touched myself over and over again," she answered, her words muffled by the bed. "I groaned and moaned and went crazy thinking about you."

"Did you come?" he asked, his voice raspy.

"No," she sighed. "I was hoping you would make me come."

He couldn't even breathe from the desire he felt. "I swear you're the sexiest thing I've ever seen," he said hotly.

Palms down on the bed, he lifted his weight onto his arms as he moved his cock between the two mounds of her buttocks, feeling for an opening. He found the smaller opening of her ass, but it was tight, and then he found the wet, aching, slick spot of her pussy, and it drew his penis inside like a magnet. He groaned in pleasure when he pushed. Her muscles tightened around him and then slowly stretched to accommodate him.

Her breathing was harsh and uneven. Slowly, he pushed further inside her, and then retrieved, only to repeat the movement again. His cock was wet and shiny every time he pulled it out. Susy closed her eyes in ecstasy and slid a hand between her legs, a finger seeking to tease the tender nub. Her heavy breasts bounced at each of his thrusts. She moaned every time she felt his cock fill her completely, enjoying every second of both the invasion of his huge sex inside her, and the movements of her playful finger on her sensitive little nub. She was noisy and hot and shouted as if he were killing her every time he pushed inside her.

"Yes, more, more Michael," she said feverishly. He had never met a hotter woman in his life, and he had never desired anything as much as he desired her. He felt his body's tension increase and he pulled her closer, rammed into her even faster, in a violent rhythm that made her cry out even louder, until they both shuddered in unison.

Moments later they lay on the bed, their naked bodies entwined, and Susy couldn't stop praising him. Michael felt like Tarzan. No, He-Man. No, Superman. Hell he felt like all three of them combined. Susy rested her cheek on his chest and snuggled against him. He ran a hand up and down her back in a slow caress.

"This is just a circumstance. When we get back everything will be back to normal," Michael said out loud, needing to reassure himself. Susy nodded eagerly against his chest.

"What we do here this weekend has nothing to do with what we want, who we are, and who we really care for," he continued. Susy nodded again. Jeez, she was so eager to please that he faintly wondered if any man came along, would she have been just as desperate? The thought made him glower down at the top of her head.

Suddenly he felt a wayward hand travel downwards only to finally settle over his dick. It instantly responded. "Hello, little friend," Susy said happily.

Michael groaned as she disappeared beneath the bed sheets and took him in her mouth. She was a lustful, horny little cat, and he had no idea where she'd learned the tricks she was doing to him. She touched him everywhere erotic. His cock in her mouth, her fingers on his balls, on his cock, in his ass. It actually felt so damned good when she stuck her finger inside his ass, jerked on his cock with her other hand, and licked his balls with that mischievous tongue of hers. He had never imagined he could feel so much pleasure. He felt drugged, dizzy, and hot for her. Who on earth had taught this little kitten everything she knew? He came inside her mouth while she slid her finger into his ass and caressed his balls with her other hand, and it was heaven. When he asked her afterwards where she learned all those tricks, she said, "Books. Lots and lots of books."

"Kama Sutra?" he asked, a brow lifting upwards at the same time.

"No." She smiled at him. "It's a secret. Did you really like it?"

"You've no idea," he said seriously. Then he flipped her onto her back. "Now it's my turn to please you."

She shrieked in pleasure when he folded her legs up until her knees touched her shoulders. For a few minutes he only looked at her exposed sex, his eyes misting in desire. Susy's breath quickened when he lowered his head to taste her. The moment she felt his tongue inside her, she writhed from the pleasure. His tongue was slick, sure and experienced. It made her

cry out in need, her screams ricocheting on the walls of the small motel room as his tongue transported her to another universe and back, all within a few minutes.

They fell asleep shortly afterwards, naked, and smiling.

* * *

They overslept, and the next morning they bathed and changed in a rush. Susy was disappointed that there hadn't been time to fool around, especially since she had precious little time left to spend with Michael, and he looked just edible with that dark black suit, crisp white shirt, and formal black tie. Tomorrow they would be heading back to Austin, and it pained her to think of having to return to her life as it had previously been without him. Nevertheless, Susy was going to make the most of it. This weekend with Michael had been one of life's most unexpected, wonderful gifts to her, and she was going to enjoy it as if there were no tomorrow.

She drove as fast as she could, meaning they were doing almost fifty on the highway. Cars still drove past them, but they no longer honked. Her 'vintage', as Michael called it, was making a deep noise underneath the hood, which meant it was putting in an extra effort and would probably faint or die very soon. Susy hoped it would do so *after* they arrived at the ranch. And it did. As soon as Susy drove through the dirt path and stopped before the handsome one-story house, it sputtered and fell dead. She and Michael exchanged glances, then burst out laughing. "Don't even worry, it'll recover in a few minutes," she said, smiling.

As he pulled out their luggage from the backseat, his eyes followed a white catering van that drove past them, and then settled on several people

that were loading another van a few feet away with large floral arrangements. Susy fidgeted with her dress and drew a deep breath to flatten her tummy.

"Do I look okay?" she asked worriedly.

"You look beautiful," he said without thinking. And after frowning at the spontaneity of his own words, he realized he meant it. Every word of it. Her body looked curved and womanly, and her rosy cheeks looked amazing against the deep-wine color of her dress. Luggage in hand, he followed Susy across the wooden porch and into the house.

The Sommer's ranch house was large and yet it still managed to look cozy with all that wood and stone. An antler chandelier hung above the entry, and animal artworks in assorted frames and sizes hung on every wall. Michael set down the luggage next to a life-size bronze dog sculpture. There were noises coming from the room to their left, but they were low and hushed.

Susy smiled and took his hand in her smaller one as she guided him towards the voices. "Hope mom likes the dress," she whispered in conspiracy.

They both halted at the image that met them. A bald old man (who'd apparently dozed off) sat on a floral sofa, head limp towards the ceiling and mouth open, while there was a younger woman crying at his feet, the sounds muffled on his lap. Besides them sat a beautiful middle-aged woman who Michael supposed was Susy's mom, and she was gently rubbing her hands over the crying woman's back. She had beautiful dark hair, and big green eyes. Although the woman was striking and beautiful, she looked very somber and had no resemblance at all to the lively, bubbly Susy he knew.

"Did something happen?" he heard Susy ask beside him, concern in her voice. When no one answered, she tried again.

"Hi, mom."

The woman sighed, a displeased expression on her face as her eyes slowly studied Susy's body up and down. "Hi, Susan. I can see you haven't followed the diet I sent you."

"Hi dad," Susy said, ignoring her mother's words.

"What, who? Oh, Suze, hi, sweetie," the bald man said with a wan smile until his eyes dropped closed again. Michael noticed no one looked at least mildly happy to see Susy, and it made something inside him clench.

"Is something wrong? What happened?" Susy said, her eyes on the sobbing bride.

Suddenly the bride turned towards them. She was a younger version of her mother. Her face was red and swollen from crying, but her natural beauty was still obviously apparent. "Something horrible happened, and I know it's something you would just love to hear, wouldn't you?" she said furiously, her eyes narrowed into slits. "Pablo left me. He doesn't want to get married. He's in love with someone else. Does that make you happy? Does it?"

Michael's alarmed eyes turned to stare at Susy. The beautiful smile that was almost permanent on her face had been erased, and the rosy color had drained from her cheeks.

"No, it doesn't make me happy at all, Sylvia," Susy said softly. "In fact I'm very sorry. Pablo seemed like a good guy. He did win all those rodeo prizes," she added the last in an attempt at humor. That was Susy, always looking at the bright side.

But Sylvia looked even more furious. "There you go again, you and that stupid mouth of yours!"

Susy visibly cringed, and now Michael understood perfectly well why she'd wanted him here. After having been raised in a loving family, Michael had never expected to see something like this firsthand. The realization that Susy had had to deal with this sort of treatment probably during her whole childhood life was startling and depressing. It was a miracle Susy was still capable of smiling.

"I'm sorry if my stupid mouth offended you again, Sylvia," he heard Susy say tightly. "And I'm sorry about Pablo, truly I am."

"I don't believe anything you say! You've always hated me, *always*, because you can't be like me, and you hate that, don't you?"

Somebody should control that woman, Michael thought furiously. Susy didn't hate anything. If he'd ever met a more caring person on this earth it was Susy Sommers.

"Good morning," he interrupted, knowing he had to do something now before things got any worse. "I'm Michael Trent, and it's my pleasure to meet you. Susy's told me so much about you all."

Sylvia glowered at him, while Susy's mother stood from her seat and regally walked forward to shake his outstretched hand. "So nice to meet you, Mr. Trent, we're always quite . . . pleased to meet Susy's friends," she said with a calculated smile, her eyes boring into his.

"Oh, I'm not her friend," he said with a wide smile. "I'm her fiancé."

Susy's eyes turned to saucers, and her breath caught at her throat.

Michael swiftly put an arm around her shoulders and pressed her to his side as he lovingly looked down at her. "Isn't that right, my love?"

Susy's smile faltered. "Yes." She gave an apologetic look to her mother. "I was going to surprise you, mom."

Her mother was indeed surprised. She was stunned speechless.

Sylvia rose to her feet, her hands clenched into fists at her sides. "So now you come here, on this very day, the worst day of my life, with this stranger we've never seen nor heard about, and you expect us to do what? Jump with joy? Congratulate you on this, clearly the greatest achievement of your life?"

One look at Susy's pale face told him she was out of words, which was odd, since she always had an opinion about everything, and in the office she never had trouble standing up for herself. Michael could only think to himself that this guy Peter was one lucky bastard to have saved himself from this woman. And why did Sylvia remind him of Wanda somehow? Perhaps it was her selfishness, her snobby attitude, her superiority complex. For some reason, most of the beautiful women he knew felt superior to women who were less beautiful. And yet, women like Wanda and Sylvia were beautiful in an external way. While Susy was wild and free and ten times more beautiful, because her beauty shone from the inside like a sun. How come he hadn't realized this until now?

"Michael, I think we'd better leave," this came from Susy. He knew from the flat tone of her voice how much she was hurting, and it pulled at his insides with a fury.

"I was just about to say that myself, my love," he said, planting a tender kiss on her forehead. That seemed to enrage her sister even more, because Sylvia's body began to shake violently and more tears streamed down her face as she pointed a shaky finger at Susy. "He left me for a fat, ugly, no-good, stupid bitch like you!"

"Sylvia!" Susy's mother scolded, clearly outraged. "Now Susy may be fat and ugly but she's *not* a bitch. You should apologize!"

Michael could take it no more. "Now hold on just a moment!" he bellowed, stunning them all into silence and bringing Susy's dad sputtering awake. "Susy is a kind, gentle, loving person. If anything, she did everything possible to come with all dignity and poise to be with you on your wedding day. While I've been here she has been nothing but sincere and kind to you. I'm sorry to say this but I cannot stand here a minute longer and watch you all treat her in this way. She's certainly not fat, and she's certainly not ugly. She's a healthy beautiful woman and she deserves your respect and admiration. I haven't met a single woman in this world like her, with her spirit and zest for life, and let me just say that everybody at work loves her more than they do their own mothers...because Susy is someone who really cares! If we had more Susys in this world, let me just say it would be a much damned better place than it is now! You should start treating her like families should treat their loved ones; with respect and admiration and love. Now if you'll excuse me."

Before anyone could even answer, he had already dragged Susy out of the house and into the car. They drove in silence for a few minutes. Then he said, "I'm sorry, Susy, I hope you don't think I was disrespectful to your family?" he said, concern in his eyes.

She shook her head and stared straight ahead, lost in thought. "When I was little and my sister and I insisted on something, my mom said I was *stubborn*, but my sister was *persistent*. And when we voiced our opinions, mom said I had a *loose mouth*, but my sister had *strong beliefs*. And when any of us did something really reckless, I was a being a *nuisance*, but my sister was just being *creative*." She shrugged. "I realized early on that

nothing I did was ever going to please her, but for some reason I kept on trying...I guess no matter how old I am, a part of me still wants their acceptance, even if I know it'll probably never come."

"You should stand up for yourself, Susy," he said softly. "You should accept and love yourself first, and they will follow."

She shrugged her plump little shoulders. "I guess I heard so many negative things about me since I was little that maybe deep down I just believed them all...But I've never blamed Sylvia for anything. I've never hated her. She's my sister and I love her despite us being so different. And really, I've never wanted to be like her. Ever."

"I know, Susy," he said fondly. He reached out and took her hand in his. "I know, baby."

"Mom just doesn't like it that I'm not the perfect child she would have wanted. And dad, well, he just wants to please my mom."

"Nobody's perfect, Susy. But you're as perfect as it gets."

She gave him a dazzling, out of this world smile. "Thank you, Michael."

He looked surprised. "For what?"

"For standing up for me. For accompanying me to this wedding in the first place."

He ran his knuckles across her cheek. "Thank *you*, Susy, for the best weekend of my life."

She smiled, and when she did, he cupped her cheek in his palm and ran a thumb over her lips.

"I want you, Susy," he whispered, his voice barely audible through the breeze. "Let's spend one more night together. We can leave for Austin tomorrow morning."

Her eyes gleamed. "You mean one more one night stand?" she asked, clearly excited at the thought.

"If you want to put it that way," he said. "Yes."

"Your wish is my command," she said as she pressed the pedal harder and forced her 'vintage' to fifty.

They stopped at the first motel that appeared in the distance and rented the biggest room they had available, which had a Jacuzzi, and a king bed.

The moment the door closed, Michael took her in his arms and kissed her. But when his hands began to slowly caress her body, she pulled away and with a mischievous glint in her eye said, "On the bed, lover."

Michael climbed onto the bed and yanked off his tie, jacket, pants, and shirt, only to remain in his tight white cotton underwear. He looked like a magazine cover model, all hard muscles and soft skin, jaw-dropping legs, and that gorgeous, manly face. His dark black eyes shone as he looked at her.

"I'm going to dance for you," Susy said as she crossed the room and flipped the radio 'on'. Soft rock music erupted in the room. When she found a song she liked, she danced for him, slowly twisting her hips in a seductive sway while her hands lazily removed her dress.

Michael responded in a second, his cock straining against his underwear. When it pressed hard against the elastic of his underwear, hurting with want, he stripped himself completely and sat back on the bed, naked and erect. Watching her.

Susy was completely naked now, dancing for him; cuddling her heavy breasts with her hands, shaking that delectable jiggly butt, and as he watched he stroked himself. She came forward, just a few feet away from him, and shook her breasts only inches from his face, all the while smiling and

giggling, the heavy temptations of her breasts too hard to resist. He reached out but she evaded him and danced toward a far corner, where a tall silver floor lamp stood. She grabbed the lamp pole with one hand and wrapped one leg around it, thrust her hip against it, as if it were another type of pole, a dancing one. Her moves made his balls ache in need.

She was beautiful, naked and sweaty. He stroked himself faster as he watched her get that dazed look in her eyes, the pole between her legs as she gently rubbed her naked body against it. Her eyes were closed, as if she'd forgotten the show was for him and she was merely enjoying herself. He pulled on his dick, already semen dribbling down the tip of it, as Susy wildly humped the pole, her breasts heaving and jerking, and he stroked faster, wanting to explode now, now as he watched her.

Their eyes met, and within seconds she was on the bed, straddling him. She rode him like a wanton cowgirl, drawing his dick deep inside her and pumping on it hard. She threw her head back, moaned in pleasure, and cupped her own breasts as she thrust her hips against his. His hands tightly held her hips in place as he also thrust his hips against hers, wanting to bury himself into the very core of her being. Wanting to be closer, closer to her. He shuddered first, spilling himself inside. When Susy came she screamed so hard that only moments later they got a call from the reception to ask if they were okay. "We couldn't be better," Michael said sincerely, laughing softly as he hung up the phone.

When they ate dinner Susy ate only half of it, and she smeared the other half of it over his naked chest and face. Likewise, his fruit plate ended up on her breasts and navel. They finished their dinners by licking and tasting the food off of each other's bodies, until they finally lay on the bed, Susy with her head buried between his legs, and Michael with his head

buried between hers, as they gave each other slow, savoring oral pleasure only to come in an earth-shattering climax that left all the others behind.

A few hours later, Michael had her big breasts pressed flat against the wall as he rammed his dick into her delectable, tight little ass. He talked dirty in her ear as he did so, and she talked even dirtier. It made him extremely hot, to hear her say, "Fuck me, fuck me harder," in her sweet sexy voice. It drove him even wilder when she said, "Do you like it, you bastard? Do you like fucking my big fat ass?" Yes, he did. He loved it.

They came three times that night, and they had zero sleep. They spent all night talking, eating, and touching each other. They couldn't get enough of one another, and even after they came, they couldn't stay away. They would wrap their bodies together, feel the warmth of their skin, and talk and cuddle until their bodies asked for more.

The next day, they were both silent during the drive back home. Both of them had millions of thoughts in their heads and they were both having a hard time sorting them out. When they reached Austin and arrived to her small, beautiful house, they were both awkward, neither of them knowing what to say. As she stood on her doorstep, Michael kissed her softly on the lips and said, "I had the best time of my life."

Susy merely nodded. She had somehow lost her voice. It was strange to him, to see her so quiet. It was actually heart-wrenching, to realize that boisterous Susy had nothing to say to him, not even goodbye, before she closed the door behind her.

During the next week, Michael tried to avoid her, because he feared he'd do something crazy if he saw her, like tear off her clothes, or worse, declare his undying love for her. He needed time to think and sort out these intense, overwhelming feelings he felt for her. And he needed time to do something about his situation with Wanda.

Susy also avoided him. She was hurting so much she felt a heaviness in her chest, as if someone she dearly loved had died. Not even her dog Paris, nor a bowl of ice cream, nor a McDonald's Happy Meal, could cheer her up. She tried her best to be as before, to continue on with her life, but she just couldn't. She felt miserable. She should have never pressured Michael to accompany her to the 'wedding', especially since she'd already had a mega-crush on him. But now, now she was *in love* with him, and how could she bare to look at him, remember his laughter, his kisses, and not want to die?

Her bad mood spread throughout the office like a virus. No one was used to Susy being moody, and the workers became worried. They held a meeting one morning, speculating on the reason of Susy's foul mood, and working on suggestions on how to solve the dilemma.

Michael heard that Susy blamed her hellish mood on a diet. It made him smile. He'd also been in a sour mood all week, but he didn't blame it on anyone but himself. He should have never let Susy go. He should have held on to her, and to that weekend, and to the love that had bloomed between them. It was Thursday morning when he called her into his office. She didn't meet his gaze when she entered, only stood at the doorway and stared past his shoulder.

"Is there something you need from me, boss?" By the way she spoke no one would have ever guessed they had been so intimate only a few days before.

"Please come in, Susy, close the door."

She did so and stood there, staring out at the window.

"I broke up with Wanda," he said.

Her eyes flew to his. "Really? You did?" She began to smile but it faded before it reached halfway. "Should I actually feel sorry for you?"

He was silent, his expression solemn as he looked into her eyes.

Susy feared the worst. "Please don't tell me you want me to suggest a kiss-and-make-up present because I won't do it, not now, not in a million years!"

"I wasn't going to say that, Susy," he said softly. There was tenderness in his voice, but she didn't want to think about that right now.

She tensed and averted her gaze as Michael walked towards her. When he reached her, he cupped her cheeks with the palm of his hands and forced her to look up at him. "I want to see you. I want to be with you, Susy," he whispered.

Her expression changed, her eyes lit in surprise. "Really, Michael?" she said. "You want me?"

"Yes, I want all of you," he said, his eyes roving every inch of her beautiful, unique face. "Including your sweet little heart."

Her chin trembled, and when she spoke her voice shook. "I want all of you, too."

"Then kiss me, Susy," he ordered. "This is the end of our one night stands. This is you and I, together from now on."

"I do," she breathed as she linked her hands behind his neck and kissed him hard. He kissed her back with such passion that she could barely catch her breath when he pulled away. Warm and feverish after his kiss, Susy knelt down on the floor and unzipped his pants. Michael groaned as she took his already-hard cock into her hungry mouth.

"Susy, you'll be the end of me," he whispered.

And what a sweet end it would be.