

*Eat, drink and get fatter!* Betty Joe Frazier sipped her Margarita and fought the temptation to dive head first into the bowl of dip.

The Oasis Bar was crowded with the typical Friday after work crowd. Business executives rubbed shoulders with secretaries and a smattering of construction workers from the new high-rise going up down the block. The noise level made normal talking out of the question, presuming of course that she was in the mood for talking, which she wasn't.

Betty Jo took another sip of her chilled drink and wondered why the hell she had let her best friend, JJ, talk her into coming. She had never been comfortable in crowds, but since her divorce and subsequent adding ten pounds to the fifty extra pounds she had already in storage, all she wanted to do was climb under a rock.

She drained the glass and JJ automatically reached for the pitcher to fill it.

"I've had enough!" she shouted. "I should be going."

JJ shook her head. "You just got here. Tomorrow is Saturday. You don't need to rush off. How are going to find a new man if all you do is work and then rush home?"

"Who says I'm looking? Besides, unless he is a Marine Biologist and into beached whales, what man would give me anything more than the time of day?"

JJ shifted her eyes toward the bar, "I think, *he* would."

Betty Jo slowly turned her head.

His wavy brown hair looked as if he had finger combed it. His sweat stained shirt stretched across a pair of broad shoulders before tapering to his narrow waist where it was tucked into a pair of worn faded jeans.

"The one in the light blue shirt?"

"JJ, you're nuts. What makes you think he's looking at me?"

"Cause I've been watching him ever since he sat down."

A curvy blond with big boobs strutted past, but he didn't so much as follow her with his eyes.

He smiled and lifted the longneck beer to his lips.

JJ leaned over and whispered in her ear, "He is so *hot*!"

"I suppose so, if he's your type," Betty Jo replied flippantly.

"What does type have to do with it," JJ laughed. "I'm talking about getting laid. How long has it been?"

"JJ!" she looked quickly around to see if anyone else had heard.

"How long has it been-your dildo don't count."

She felt heat flush her neck and face.

"A year...two years?" JJ continued to press her. "Three?"

"He's not interested in me," Betty argued.

The man swiveled around on the bar stool and faced her. There was no mistaking the outline of his fully aroused cock.

She swallowed and her flush turned into a full-blown heat wave. Betty grabbed the pitcher, poured a fresh drink and downed it.

"You forgot the salt," JJ teased.

The man laughed, swiveled back toward the bar and began to slowly peel the label from the bottle. He glanced at her and his eyes caressed her from her head to her toes.

By the time he finished with the label, she felt as naked as bottle.

Betty Jo forced her attention on her colleagues from work.

JJ leaned closer, "Do you want me to invite him over?"

"No!" she gritted her teeth and smiled. "Would you stop? You're embarrassing me."

"Oh well," JJ sighed and shrugged her shoulders. "To late now, he's leaving."

"Good," she glanced at his broad back as he made his way to the door, "now, I can leave."



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