

A woman with blonde hair is lying on a dark, tufted leather couch. She is looking back over her right shoulder towards the camera, with her right hand resting behind her head. She is wearing a large, ornate circular earring and a thin necklace. The lighting is warm and intimate, creating a romantic atmosphere.

Romance Divine

Play It Again
Sam

J.A. Rawls

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Play It Again Sam

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Other Books By J.A. Rawls

3 Way Weekend

It's supposed to be a 'girls-get-away-weekend' but weather problems leave Jana left alone in a Denver hotel. What's a girl to do but make the best of the situation? Fortunately, identical twins Tim and Tom come to her rescue, and Jana learns about the stamina of youth and her own capacities as a woman.

Angel's Delight

In a new town, at a new job, Angel Jamison was waiting for Mister Right, but if he didn't come soon, she might settle for Mr. 'Right Now.' Could one of her bosses, Scott or Steve, be 'Mr. Right?' Could it be both of them? A wild night in the desert allows this cactus flower to come to full bloom.

All I Want For Christmas

All I Want for Christmas is the sequel to author J.A. Rawls sexy threesome *Angel's Delight*. Angel's friend Janice is down on her luck and desperately needs both a job – and a man. Can Santa deliver? Sparks fly when Steve goes to Denver to move Janice to Tucson; it's a trip in which tempers and passions flare. In Tucson, Angel, Janice, Scott and Steve are together again, but how close will the relationship get, and can Angel make good on the pact she broke with Janice?

Coming Soon from J.A. Rawls
'Cougar' Tales of
Older Women and Their Younger Men

*To my husband, who, as my biggest fan,
doesn't mind being my accomplice for
working through the scenes in my stories;
this is fiction, remember.*

*Play
It
Again
Sam*

J.A. Rawls

Prologue

July 2007

Susan collapsed on the sofa. *How could I be so stupid!* She laid her head back and closed her eyes as crocodile tears streaked her cheeks. She fretted again about the mess she was in. Her back hurt, her feet were swollen, and her doctor confirmed yesterday that she - was pregnant. Her balled fists pressed on her temples. *How could I be so stupid?* The shouting match she'd had earlier today with her daughter played in her mind like an LP with the needle stuck. Sara just doesn't understand. She wants me to tell Sam. *I can't go to him with this. It's his baby and he has a right to know but not yet - not until I have a plan. I don't want him to think I did this on purpose. A weekend of glorious sex shouldn't result in a permanent commitment on his part. I can't do that to him.*

Monica knocked softly and entered her office carrying several files. "You need to sign all these before you leave tonight. I'll send them out first thing in the morning." She looked at Susan and was afraid to say anything else. She'd been her administrative assistance for over five years and she'd never seen her like this. Something was terribly wrong. "Do you need me to stay? I don't mind, really I don't."

"No, Monica you can go. I'll get those signed and then I'm out of here too. Have a nice evening." Susan struggled to get up, rubbing her back as she walked to her desk.

Monica shook her head and left the office. *I can't help if she won't talk to me.* Two doors down, she knocked on yet another door. Opening it slowly, she asked, "Ms Martha, do you have a minute?"

Martha looked up from her computer as she continued to type, "Yes, come on in. What's up?" Something was wrong, she could tell by the look on Monica's face. She turned from the computer, giving Monica her full attention.

"Ms Martha, it's Ms Susan; there's something wrong. She's tired and cranky, which is not like her, and she looks exhausted. Is there something I should know?"

Martha wasn't sure how to answer the question. *It's not my place to say. Shit.* "No, this is a problem she has to work through. I'm glad you came to me though. I'll go talk to her and try to get her out of the office. Don't worry she'll be fine." She smiled, trying to reassure the young woman, but she knew Monica wasn't buying the song and dance. As Monica turned to leave, Martha stopped her. "Monica, can you stay for a few minutes? Let me talk to Susan and see if she's ready to tell you what's going on."

"Sure, uh, I've got a couple more letters I can work on. I'll be at my desk."

Martha walked to Susan's office, knocking as she entered and closing the door behind her. "Lady, you have a problem."

"Not another, I've got enough for now. You handle this one," Susan responded without looking up from the stack of correspondence she was signing.

"It's Monica."

"She was just in here. I sent her home."

"That may have been your intent but she came to me instead. She's worried about you. Monica said you're tired and cranky and it isn't like you. I think you need to tell her what's going on."

"Not yet."

"Susan, the rumors are already flying around here. I overheard a conversation today where someone said you looked like something the cat dragged in. When people don't have the facts they make them up, you know that. You *are* a little green around the gills you know. Did you go to your GYN? Are you okay?"

Susan slammed her pen to the desk. "I'm fine. Yes, I went to the doctor and other than being pregnant at thirty, I'm perfectly fine. She gave me some mega-vitamins and some other stuff and told me I'd be back to my old self in a day or two. I just started taking them this morning. I figure by the end of the week I'll be better. Quit looking at me like that; you look just like Sara did this morning when I left the house." She leaned back in her chair and sighed, "I know what I'm doing."

"Let's table *that* discussion for another time. Today, right now, you need to tell Monica you're pregnant. She'll help curtail some of the gossip and do damage control. She's at her desk waiting to talk to you."

Susan's head jerked up. "You didn't tell her! Did you?"

"No, but you're going to tell her, right now. I'll send her in." Martha walked out leaving the door open in her wake.

Oh shit. Monica appeared in the doorway. "Come in and close the door, we need to talk."

"Is everything okay?" Monica asked hesitantly.

"Yes, in fact everything is fine. Other than Martha, you'll be the first I've told of my good news."

"Yes?"

"I'm going to have a baby."

"Ms Susan that's wonderful!" Monica waved her hands. "I'm so happy for you. Boy that's a relief; I was really worried. I thought maybe you had cancer or something. But what about...?"

"What about the father?" There was a moment of silence. "There isn't one."

"Excuse me. Doesn't there have to be a father?"

Susan chuckled, "I didn't mean it that way. Yes, there is a father, but I'm not intending to marry him. I'm going to have this baby and raise it on my own. It's," she turned to gaze out the window, "it's hard for me to explain all this, but I didn't want you to worry about me. I'm fine. I've been to the doctor," she turned back to Monica, "baby and mother, other than me being a little tired, are doing fine. My doctor gave me some vitamins, and said in a couple days I'd be back to my old self." Susan waited for Monica's reaction.

"Ms Susan, I'm really happy for you. I don't envy you though. I've got two children, and I don't think I could have done it by myself. But I know if this is what you want that you can make it happen. I'll do whatever I can to help."

“Thanks Monica, I really appreciate the support. Now, go home, whatever you’re working on can wait until tomorrow. I’ll be out of here soon too. Thanks for staying,” Susan walked her to the door, giving her a hug as she left.

“You need to go home and rest too; and I need to get home to make dinner for my family. You take care of yourself,” Monica replied.

“Thanks I will. Now get!”

“Yes ma’am,” Monica left smiling.

I wish I was as happy about this as she is. No, that’s not right - I am happy. I really want this baby. I only wish I had Sam too. Susan grabbed her jacket and purse and walked out of her office. *The letters can wait until tomorrow.* She noticed Martha’s door was open. “I’m leaving you old busybody, see you tomorrow.”

“Good. See you tomorrow,” Martha answered. Sara had called her not thirty minutes ago asking what she could do to change her mother’s mind about telling Sam. *I told her we had to give her mom some time. Not the best advice, but I’ve known Susan for over ten years, and until she reasons all this out she won’t make a move. Hell, she may never call him.*

One

Six Months Earlier - February 2007

Susan yawned as she gazed out the window of her office. It was only four and she needed a nap. *How do I let myself get into these messes?* Her friend, Martha, sat in front of her, concern etched on her face.

“Susan, why are you putting yourself through all this?”

“I don’t know.” She bit her lip, her typical nervous tic. “Why would any woman date two men at the same time? I mean, it’s a nightmare just keeping the names straight. I should only date men with the same first name,” she laughed. “That way if I said the wrong name in the throes of passion no one would be the wiser. I guess dating more than one man is fine, but sleeping with more than one has proven to be horrendous. How do men do this and keep it straight?”

“Easy,” Martha replied sarcastically, “they call them honey, baby, sweetheart and that way they never make a

mistake. If I were a wife and those were the only names my husband used I'd be looking at his credit card receipts because the sucker was probably cheating on me."

"Just stop!" she laughed. "That's not always the case. I know my sister dated a guy in college, he called her baby and sweetheart all the time and he was faithful."

"You are kidding right? Stan was so busy unzipping and zipping his pants his teammates told him to have Velcro put on his fly. "

Susan snickered, "That's not true."

"It is. I can guarantee you he dated your sister, but he slept with at least one other female."

"I don't believe you."

"Susan, *I* was sleeping with him at the same time your sister was."

Susan's demeanor immediately changed from playful to serious. "You're lying."

"Afraid not, he'd come get me after Chemistry lab, we'd do the nasty in the back of his truck and then he'd drop me off at the corner. The slug would drive around the block and then walk up to the dorm to pick up your sister for their date. He had no qualms about dipping his wick wherever and whenever he could. If a woman was known to put out, Stan was in line just like most of the football team."

"What a shit. Why didn't you ever say anything?"

"Why would I? He was a great fuck." Martha noted Susan's raised eyebrow. "Give me a break. There's making love and there's blatant fucking. Stan didn't do the first because he never gave a damn if he satisfied his partner. Hell, if I had an orgasm with him it was pure luck. Stan satisfied Stan, and when he was done he'd zip up his pants and leave. Your sister didn't think he was in love with her did she?"

“No, she wasn’t that stupid. Regardless, it doesn’t help me with my current problem. I’m now dating two men and I need to cut down to one. “

“Are you in love with either of them?”

“Hell no!”

Martha shrugged her shoulders, “then cut them loose; start looking again.”

“Jeez I hate to do that. The dating scene, meeting the right man is too hard. I’m just too old for this shit.”

“You’re never too old,” Martha said “to meet the right man. How about if I introduce you to a guy my brother works with?”

“No, I’m not doing any blind dates either. Speaking of your brother, how is he doing since Anita moved on? I know they weren’t married, but they were together a long time.”

“You know, I think he’s fine. He spends more time with my folks now as she never got along with them. He’s helping dad fix the porch on the back of the house and a couple of other home projects. You should come over on Sunday and see what they’ve done. It’s really nice.”

“I’d love to do that,” Susan said. “I miss your mom’s cooking. I remember going to your place for Sunday dinner; it was great. I really enjoyed listening to you and your family fight; it always amazed me.”

“Why is that? It was just sibling rivalry.”

“I know, but it was fun to watch the exchange. You’d fight, but you were never really angry at each other. At my house when my sister and I fought we were mad for days.”

“True, but you two fought over the boys in your lives. My brothers only criticized who I dated and my sister was always too young to care. Now we argue over who is doing more to help the folks and whether my sister’s daughter is too

young to wear makeup; that type of stuff.”

“That’s the easy stuff, help me with my problem,” Susan begged.

“I can’t help you. You need to decide which one of these men you want to keep around. If there’s no possibility of a lasting relationship with either of them then move on.”

“If I gave you all the sexy details would you help me make a decision?”

“A play-by-play of who sucks what, when? Sure, I can help, but it’ll cost you dinner and margaritas at your place with a potential sleep over if I get too snookered and can’t drive home.”

“Deal; we can order in and just stay at my place for the evening. Tomorrow’s Saturday so we don’t have to be in here and we can spend the day recovering or sleeping in; whatever floats our boat.”

“That sounds great. I’ll stop and pick up the makings for margaritas and be at your place around six. Will you be out of here by then?”

“Yes, I’ll leave by five. The boss is gone so no reason for me to hang around.”

“Where’d he go?”

“Not sure. The grapevine has him taking a job in Seattle, but he hasn’t said anything.”

“Do you think it’s true?” Martha asked.

“Don’t know and don’t care. If he takes the job good for him, and if he doesn’t then I guess it’s good for us. Not sure who’d they bring in behind him, but it shouldn’t matter.”

“Do you have a chance at the job?”

Susan huffed, “Not unless I grow facial hair and a ten inch penis. Since that’s not likely to happen I’d say I had a snow ball chance in hell.”

"You work your ass off for them and they just promote around you."

"Actually they don't promote anyone internal over me; they just continue to bring folks in to take the lead position. Since they've never brought a female in to take the job I have to assume they won't do it this time either."

Martha cocked her head, "I did hear that Mr. Thompson was coming here to do a site visit next week. Maybe he's coming to check you out."

"I don't think so. Thompson has never said more than ten words to me and even though he's drop dead gorgeous, he never gives me a second look." Susan's eyes had a faraway look. "Now there's a man I could sink my teeth in."

"Yea, that's a fine piece of man-candy," Martha said. "I heard a couple of years ago he went through a terrible divorce and has sworn off women."

"Well shit; with that he'll never consider me for the Director position because the last time I looked I had a lot of qualities you only found in a woman - you know 36C bust and 36-24-34 measurements. So I'm definitely not on his scope for a promotion - why don't you go ahead and call it a day. I need to finish up this cost proposal and then I'll be on my way too."

"Okay I'll see you tonight," Martha locked eyes with Susan, "remember you need to leave in ten minutes."

"Shut up and get out of here or I won't get this done."

Martha walked away knowing Susan would be late. She always got into just one more thing she found she had to do and was never on time. *Hell the women will probably be late for her own funeral.* She reached forward to press the elevator button when the door opened and out stepped Mr. Thompson. He acknowledged her with a nod and walked

straight to Susan's office. *Oh shit, she's going to really be late this time;* she pulled her cell from her bag and dialed Susan's cell.

"Speak," Susan answered.

"Thompson's on his way to your office. He just got off the elevator. I'll let myself in to your place as I'm pretty sure you'll be late."

"Okay, thanks for the heads up." Susan continued to work on the cost break down for the merger she needed for Mr. Stevens on Monday. She heard a soft rap and Mr. Thompson, in his male splendor, filled the door frame.

"Sir, what a pleasant surprise; what can I help you with?" Susan asked softly.

"Where's Stevens?" he asked abruptly.

"Sir, he's not in today. I'm not exactly sure where he is. He--"

"I need to talk to him."

"I could try to reach him at home or on his cell." *No hello, or greeting, geez, what's up?*

"I've tried that and all I get is his answering machine. I need the cost breakdown on that merger he's been working on."

Susan bundled the papers on her desk into a file folder. "I've got all the info right here. I was just completing the last piece of documentation so it'd be ready for him to present to you on Monday."

"I need the file tonight."

"Yes sir," *shit, the boss left me hanging out there on this one!* "If you let me complete this I'll give you a copy."

"What if I have questions?"

"I can give you my home and cell number," Susan handed him a card, hoping he didn't notice her shaking hand.

“You can call me if you need something this weekend; if you’re still not able to reach Mr. Stevens that is.”

“Okay, I’ll wait.” Mr. Thompson sat down in the chair in front of her desk, his hat in his hand. He twirled it while he looked around her office.

“Sir, can I get you anything,” he was making her nervous.

“Just the file, I’ll discuss my other concerns with Stevens on Monday.”

“Fine!” *What an ass. I could answer anything about this merger but he’s too pig headed to even ask me. He can wait for Stevens; I’m done here.* She sent the cost proposal to the printer and waited. Retrieving it from the tray she placed it in the folder, handing everything to him. “There you go.”

He took the folder and left the room, but stopped and looked over his shoulder, a charming smile lit up his face. “Thanks Susan, I really do appreciate you having this ready today.” He left her office, closing the door behind him.

Wow, that was too weird. Guess I’m done for the day. She grabbed her purse and headed for the elevator, but she was too fast. Mr. Thompson was still waiting for it to arrive. The door opened and they both entered, not even acknowledging each other’s presence. When they reached the lobby he gestured, indicating she should leave the car first, *very gentlemanly*, and she walked out and to the parking lot. *I understand why he’s not married.*

As she approached her car she felt someone step up behind her.

“Susan, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?” he asked softly.

“I’m sorry sir; I have plans; maybe another time.” She didn’t want to hurt his feelings.

“How about tomorrow night?”

“Sure, she brushed aside a lock of hair, trying to be nonchalant, “that’d be fine. Where did you want to go?” *Oh my God, I can’t believe I accepted. I need another man in my life like I need a hole in my head.*

“Let me call you tomorrow and we can work out the details.”

“Okay my number is...”

“I have your number Susan.” He held up her card and flashed that charming smile once again. “I’ll call you to finalize our plans. It was good to see you.” He held up the file with his other hand, “Again, thanks for the merger info.”

The words were coming out, but Susan couldn’t remember saying them. “Talk to you tomorrow. Have a nice evening.” When she got in her car she took a deep breath to settle her nerves. *I wonder what he wants. Martha’s not going to believe this. Hell, I don’t believe it.*

Two

“*M*artha you aren’t going to believe this. I have a date tomorrow night with Mr. Thompson.”

Martha turned off the blender and poured the margaritas. “Why would you do that?”

“He asked; and I was so shocked I didn’t know what to do. In fact he asked me out for tonight but I told him I had plans. He immediately asked about tomorrow night and I agreed.” Susan leaned back on the counter and folded her arms. “What do you think he wants?”

“He’s probably horny and needs sex,” Martha sipped her third margarita.

“You are so bad.” Susan bit her lip. “I can’t figure out what he wants.”

“Don’t worry about it. You said he was going to call you tomorrow to make plans. Just tell him something came up and you can’t go.”

“No! I want to go. I want to know him better.”

"I think you're making a mistake. My mother always told me you don't shit where you eat."

Susan flinched, "God, what does that mean, exactly?"

"It means, dummy, that you don't sleep with people you work with. You definitely don't sleep with someone you work *for*. That's a big no, no."

"I'm going on a date," Susan retorted. "Who said anything about sex or sleeping with anyone? How did you jump to that conclusion?"

"Actually, I'm worried about you. I don't want you to do anything stupid."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence. I'm hungry; let's eat and then we can talk about the other two men in my life and what I should do about them. Mr. Thompson is not, as of yet, a man in my life. Hell, tomorrow he'll probably call and cancel the date because he came to his senses."

"Nope, he'll keep the date." Martha raised her glass in a mock toast. "If he's been divorced for over a year he's in need of a female companion in the worst way."

"Martha stop, it's not that way. As I said we've never even talked about anything other than work. Why would you think sex is on his mind?"

Martha took another sip of her margarita, "Because that's the number one thought on every man's mind."

"You're awful. Do you want another drink?"

"Sure, I'll get them while you bring in the food."

As they ate they discussed the work project Martha was leading. Susan gave her a couple of alternatives to problems she was facing and they agreed she needed two more people to finish the effort on schedule.

"I'll let Human Resources know; they need to give you a couple of the new interns on Monday. They were slated

to go to John's team but his project is ahead of schedule. I'll promise him the next two and he'll be fine with the change."

"Thanks Susan. That should keep me on track. I'll send you a point paper on the requirement for additional resources so you can put it in the project file. Now enough about work; tell me about these two men you're seeing."

Susan laughed, "You just want to hear about the sex."

"True. Since I don't get any I have to live vicariously through you."

"I know you're lying, but I'll indulge you. Let's see; you know I'm dating two men."

"You're having sex with them as well."

Susan's eyes narrowed, "Yes, that too and I think it's creating problems. Both men are very different, and I don't think either is interested in marriage, at least not to me, or a long term relationship for that matter. Don't get me wrong, when we go out we have fun, but neither make my toes curl."

Martha vigorously shook her head, "I told you before; you need to kick them to the curb and start looking again."

"No listen, let me tell you about them and then we can discuss a course of action."

"Okay shoot - and this better be good - I want all the sex details."

"You are one kinky lady," Susan laughed. Martha was her best friend. They'd actually started work the same day and immediately hit it off. Martha had been her tower of strength during her divorce from James. *I can't think about that now.*

Martha giggled, "Yes, and that's why we're such good friends. You're as sick as I am."

"Probably true; okay here goes. Tom is first. He's both sexy and handsome and unfortunately he knows it. His facial features are very English; chiseled but aristocratic. He's a

good head taller than I am and sports both a mustache and goatee. Oh and he also has a beautiful accent,” she could hear him talking to her, “though I can’t quite place it. I do love listening to him talk.”

Martha wiggled her eyes suggestively. “I like the mustache and goatee. That truly has some sexual innuendos in my mind. I can visualize what he does with those little babies.”

“Will you behave? Now Charles, on the other hand, has been in my life on and off since James moved on. We met at a single’s counseling session and commiserated together over the divorces we were going through. We’ve only had sex once and that was last week. He’s sweet; has a great job and really hates being single.” Susan paused, considering her next statement, “I feel like a square-filler for him. Don’t get me wrong, he’s handsome, maybe an inch or two taller than I am. He has long black hair, a sexy mustache and he works out so he’s very trim and fit. I don’t think he has an inch of fat anywhere on his body. He’s also got bedroom eyes. They’re beautiful; hazel and gray with gold specks. Just thinking about them makes me wet.”

“That’s a picture I can visualize,” Martha smiled. “Keep him; send the other one to me.”

“You’re not helping me here,” Susan frowned.

“Oh stop being such a pain in the butt. I’m listening. Tell me the rest.”

“Tom is the perfect lover. He never takes his own pleasure without being sure I’m satisfied. Which for me is a first as James never gave a shit if I was happy.”

Martha chuckled, “James never cared if anyone was happy. He only married you because your dad threatened to remove his male parts for getting you pregnant.”

“True, but the joke was on them. I didn’t get pregnant until after we’d been married for three months. Getting married at fifteen was never my plan.”

“Shit happens.” Martha grabbed the pitcher and topped off their margaritas. “You survived and moved on. James hasn’t, but he’s a shit so who cares? I’m actually amazed your daughter spends so much time with him.”

“It amazes me too. She loves her father, and even though she’s old enough to realize he’s an ass, well, he’s still her father. They get along and he’s good to her which is all I can ask.”

“Yea, you got off lucky. He didn’t have a clue how much money you’d put away from your internship.” Martha walked into the kitchen to get more chips.

Susan could only smile; Martha was exactly right. When James had asked for a divorce, though at the time she was shocked, she knew it was for the best. She recalled exactly what happened when he told her what he wanted. *I asked him what it would cost me to keep him out of my life forever. He told me \$5,000 and I had to keep the kid. I told him to put it in writing and I’d get him the money. He had no clue that I’d saved over ten times that amount. He could have gotten what he wanted and then some if he’d just asked for an equitable split of our assets. I didn’t offer and he didn’t ask. When the divorce was final he came to pick up his money and I wrote him a check, he left the apartment and never looked back. Within ten minutes I left as well, leaving everything behind except for keepsakes of Sara. I bought a condo after the divorce was final and that’s where we went.*

Martha watched Susan, concerned for her friend. As strong as she was, Martha knew the divorce had been rough. The two had drifted apart when Susan went back to school

getting her GED and then her Bachelor and Master's degrees. James couldn't relate to her anymore, resenting her attempts at education, and the sex they had, though good, wasn't enough to keep him from sniffing around. *Yes, she's better off without him.* "So tell me about these two. Why are you sleeping with both of them? That's not like you."

"You're right, it isn't and I can't tell you why it happened; only that it did. Sex with Tom is great, I never come away unsatisfied. He's a very considerate lover. Let me set the scene for you. We usually meet at his place and have dinner or drinks. I know if he wants me to come there that he wants sex because we never do it anywhere else. It's like a script." Susan raised her hand, "Not that it's boring, or anything like that! We have 'blow your mind' gut wrenching sex and it's truly amazing. He always has soft music playing and candles burning; it's very romantic. He takes my clothes off, lays them respectively on the chair and leads me to bed. He lays me down fondles me in the appropriate places, gets me hot and bothered and then we have sex. He has amazing endurance, can last forever." Susan shook her head trying to make sense of the sex scene. "His erection - come to think of it; maybe we always do it at his house because he's using Viagra or something. Maybe he wants to stay home just in case he has a hard on that lasts four hours. I never thought of that."

Martha laughed so hard she choked on a chip, "Stop thinking and just tell me the rest."

"Sorry, got off track there. The sexual act has lasted as long as ten minutes. I've tried to pretend I've had an orgasm, but he seems to know. Until he's sure I've had one, he doesn't stop. His steely rod is thick, about eight inches long," she smiled to herself, "it's a very effective tool. My biggest prob-

lem is he continually asks me while we're in the physical act if I've climaxed yet - like that equates to a notch on his jock strap or something. But when it's all said and done, trust me - it's good sex, he wants me to *describe* how I felt. He tries to 'shrink' me. He wants to know if he can do anything to make it better. Last night we had sex and when it was over I was exhausted. He kept asking how I felt and was there anything different he could do. What I wanted to say is 'shut the fuck up' but I didn't. I smiled nicely and told him it was perfect. So with Tom there are issues that need to be worked even if the sex is good. I'm pretty sure that's not enough to build a lasting relationship. What do you think?"

"I don't know. I have to go to the bathroom, I'll be right back."

Susan sat back on the sofa and closed her eyes replaying the sex scene last night with Tom. When she went to his place he'd immediately taken her into his arms, kissing her. There was no foreplay to speak of. He immediately helped her undress, complimenting her on her sexy underwear and her beautiful body. He was good at making her feel she was the ideal woman for him, at least with his words. His kisses were potent; they ignited a fire in her soul, but regardless of how hard he pressed she held back. Tom had the ability with his tongue, his hand, or his male member to bring her to orgasm multiple times. *The problem I have is he only wants to do it missionary style. He has to be on top each and every time and we always have sex in bed. No bathroom sex, no sofa sex, and no car sex. He's almost anal in how the scene has to be set. I know if he'd loosen up and let me be on top that my experience would be better and ultimately so would his. I've tried to discuss it with him but he's not interested. He says as long as I'm satisfied what does it matter how the act was accom-*

plished, end of discussion. Sex with Tom is satisfying, but frustrating. I'm definitely not an equal partner in this relationship.

"I thought about this while I was in the bathroom," Maratha said as she walked back into the room. "I don't want to hear any more about this guy. You need to kick him to the curb. I mean it; he doesn't have the potential to be a husband and he's too driven by his own needs to be a success in the bedroom. He wants to know *he's* done *his* job. I don't think he cares about your needs. He's nice looking, great arm candy, but he's not for you."

"You decided about my sex and love life in the bathroom?" Susan gave a half-hearted laugh. "I was thinking about this too and I agree. I do like spending time with him but it's not enough of a reason to keep him around." *I just hate to be alone.*

"True, and keeping him around because you don't want to be alone," Martha knew what she'd been thinking, "is not the answer. That's not a reason to stay with someone. What about Charles?"

"I'm not sure about him either. We do have a lot in common in that we worked through our divorces together but that seems to be all there really is; a shared experience of misery. Last week we ended up in bed for the first time. I really believe it was a mistake. I can't tell you how it happened or why."

"Yea, right," Martha giggled. "You know exactly why, you both needed sex."

"Yea, okay," Susan said. "It really did seem like the next logical step. But I have to say even though the sex with Charles blew my socks off - it felt wrong. The man knows what he's doing in bed, that's for damn sure. He comes well

equipped. Afterwards we were both awkward and didn't know how to act. He went to the bathroom to get his robe and when he came back I was fully dressed, standing at the door. We haven't spoken since and I've been debating whether to call him or just leave it alone."

"Hmm, awkward," Martha said. "Tell me about the sex; I want details."

"Oh God, okay. We went to his place last Thursday to pick up some CDs he was going to loan me. He played one and we sat down on his sofa to listen. Within seconds he had his arm around me and we were kissing, with a lot of tongue. He began running his hands up and down my blouse, caressing my breast through the fabric. He unbuttoned the blouse and I had on a front hook bra, which he unhooked and began in earnest running his hands over my breasts. Charles knelt down in front of me, between my legs and continued to caress and suckle each breast. I was in heaven."

"And?"

"And, he removed my blouse and bra and laid me back on the sofa. He'd removed his shirt and we were rubbing flesh to flesh; his kisses..." Susan shuddered. "He unzipped my pants and removed them as well as my panties. As he reached between my legs he told me he knew exactly how I'd look and he wasn't disappointed. He began licking and caressing me, sliding his fingers into my wet channel. He remarked how ready I was for him and I agreed. As he removed his pants I could only stare. He was ten inches long and a good two inches in circumference. I was afraid he wouldn't fit. He spread my legs, placed the head of this huge shaft at my entry and I sighed in anticipation. Slowly he entered me, jeez Martha, it filled me up. On his first push forward he didn't go in all the way. I knew he didn't because I couldn't feel his balls."

She inhaled deeply, remembering how it felt to have Charles inside her. “He pulled out and pressed forward again, giving me time to adjust to his girth. The next time he entered me completely. Then he began to move, in out, in out. It was great. It went on for a good fifteen minutes before I finally climaxed and he still kept going. It took probably another five minutes before I climaxed again and then I felt him stiffen and he came as well. We laid there in each other’s arms for a few minutes not saying a word. Then he got up and said he needed to get his robe. When he left I got dressed. When he came back I made some stupid excuse and left. He hasn’t called and I’ve made no attempt to contact him either.”

Martha took a deep breath. She hadn’t realized she’d stopped breathing during Susan’s account of her sexual exploit. “So what do you intend to do about it? Do you want to take this to the next level?”

“No, I don’t think I do. We messed up what was a pretty good friendship by putting sex into the equation. Don’t get me wrong, the sex was fantastic and if I ever need just sex I might call him. But he wants more than I’m ready to give, and I don’t love him. I know that for sure.”

“Then you need to let him go. You’ve both stepped over the invisible line in the sand and you can’t go back. Kick this one to the curb too.”

“Great! In less than two hours you’ve made me alone again. Thanks a lot for nothing.”

“But you have hope. You have a date tomorrow with Mr. Sam Thompson. He’s a hunk. See where that takes you.”

Susan’s cell rang and she looked at the caller ID. “It’s Mr. Thompson,” she whispered to Martha. She answered, “Susan Masters.”

“Susan, its Sam Thompson. Sorry to bother you this

evening but I had a question. I know you said you had plans.”

“It’s okay sir. My friend and I are having dinner and drinks at my place.”

“Oh well - I didn’t mean to interrupt. Do you want me to call back tomorrow?”

“No sir now is fine. Martha won’t mind.”

“Okay, Martha, yes she works for us right?”

“Yes, sir she does. So what’s your question?”

Sam hesitated, and then responded, “I’m truly sorry to have bothered you. The questions I have can wait until tomorrow. How about I pick you up around eleven and we can start our day with brunch? Would that work?”

“Yes, sir, that would work. Do I need to dress up or are we going casual.”

“Let’s do business casual. It will cover most of the options available to us.”

“That works sir, see you then.”

“Susan?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Please call me Sam.”

“Yes, sir, uh - Sam. See you tomorrow.”

Susan closed her phone and looked at Martha, “I wonder what he truly wants.”

Martha rolled her eyes to the ceiling. “I think he wants you.”

“Don’t be stupid? I’d be lying if I didn’t admit I’m scared. I have no idea where this is going. I need another margarita. Do you want another?”

“I’m game. I’m sleeping here so I don’t have to drive anywhere. Getting together has been good. We could have saved ourselves the hangovers we’re going to have in the morning if you’d just taken my advice earlier.”

“Probably true, but I needed to talk it through. When I put it all out there it’s actually uglier than I thought. In fact, it’s depressing. My personal life is really messed up, isn’t it?”
“It’s not that bad. You’ve moved past James, which is good. But you need to find a man who wants a relationship as much as you do. Wanting sex is one thing, but having sex and then trying to regroup is hard to do. It’s hard to back up and start over. Keep that in mind with Sam will you please.”

“Yes, mother,” Susan laughed as she rolled the rim of the glasses in the sea salt.

Three

Sam Thompson approached the door to Susan's condo; saw his reflection in the glass and nervously ran his hands through his hair. He rang the door bell. *I hope I'm not too early. I'm excited because she finally said yes to a date. I don't know how many times I asked Stevens to see if she was interested and she wasn't. But now she is and that's great.*

"Mr. Thompson, you're a little early." Susan backed up and gestured him into her condo. "Please, come in and have a seat while I finish getting ready." *God, he smells good.* She closed her eyes inhaling his scent.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"Oh no, you smell good," she smiled shyly. "Please have a seat, make yourself at home. Can I get you anything, soft drink, water?"

"No, I'm fine. Go ahead and finish, I'll wait. And please, call me Sam." He walked into her living room, it looked comfortable. A handmade afghan lay across the arm of

the chair. On the corner table was a crocheted scarf, a very delicate design. Sam recognized these items because his mother had them in her home. In fact Susan's home reminded him of his parent's house. It was a *home* and he truly missed that.

"I'm ready," Susan announced as she entered the room. *He didn't sit down. I wonder if something's wrong.*

He had to keep himself from staring at her. "I know this place that serves a mean Mexican brunch if you're interested."

"That sounds wonderful, I love Mexican food. I have to admit sometimes it doesn't like me so much, but I love it. Let's go."

When they left her condo they were holding hands. How that happened she didn't know and she wasn't going to question it either. It felt right.

Sam helped her into his car. "I thought we'd go to the Barrio Café. I try to go there whenever I'm in town because the chef-owner Silvana Salcido Esparza has some of the best and most creative, contemporary Mexican fare. She serves some really distinctive dishes for brunch like *crepa de chorizo* a concoction, with spinach, spicy sausage, and *queso fresco* rolled up in a hollandaise-covered crepe." He brought his finger tips to his lips in a kiss of gratitude for the delicacy of the food he was describing. "She also specializes in this vegi-stuffed omelette slathered in spicy tomatillo sauce that is guaranteed to wake up any taste buds. The *sangrita*, a tequila-soaked version of the bloody Mary, is real nice if you've over-indulged the night before. I had wine last night, probably too much to be exact, and I could use one of those. How does that sound?"

"It sounds great." *Wow, I'm impressed, he really*

knows his food. Can he cook as well? “I’ve been trying to get Mr. Stevens to do some of our leadership development breakfast events there and he’s always declined.”

“Really? He’s been there several times with me. I’ve asked him to invite you on numerous occasions and he’s always told me you were busy.”

“Sir - Sam - he’s never asked me to join you two for anything.”

“That can’t be.” His eyebrows furrowed in confusion. “I’ve asked him on at least four different occasions to invite you to dinner or to breakfast, and he’s always told me you had other engagements.”

Susan didn’t know what to say. She hated to get her boss in trouble, but he’d never extended an invite to her for anything. “Sam, I’m sorry, I don’t know what to say. I will tell you that if Mr. Stevens had asked me I would have gladly accepted. I hate to eat out alone, and when I get an invite I usually go, especially if it’s to a place I’ve been dying to try.”

“Has Stevens ever told you that I’d asked him to see if you’d be interested in going out with me?”

Her mind raced to take it all in, consider all the implications. “No! Never! Did you ask him to ask me that too?”

“I did, and I feel stupid because I believed he had asked and you’d said no.”

“Sam, I’m really sorry.” Susan bit her lip, “Why didn’t you ask me yourself?”

“I know I should have. But I wanted him to test the water. I know you went through a divorce and I didn’t know if you were ready to date yet. Stevens was supposed to find out for me. I guess he decided we wouldn’t be good for each other.” His hands gripped the steering wheel, as if it were a living thing, *some* living thing. “I can’t figure him out.”

“Frankly neither can I.” Susan leaned back against the soft leather seat. *Wow, he wanted to date me. I can’t believe it. This is definitely not what I expected.* “You called last night with questions about the merger. What were they?”

He laughed, “I didn’t have any questions. I was just trying to see if you went out or stayed home last night. I was pretty obvious, right? Like a love struck teenager.”

“I guess not too obvious because I didn’t get it. Let me get this straight; you came to my office yesterday and the invite today was because you’ve wanted to date me?” Susan paused to consider her next statement, “And finally decided to take matters into your own hands?”

“Pretty much; I’ve wanted to do this for a long time, but you were married and so was I. When Stevens told me you were going through a messy divorce I decided I should wait for a while and let the dust settle. Is it better now?”

“The divorce is the divorce.” She shrugged her shoulders, “It wasn’t messy. It only cost me \$5,000 to get rid of the worst mistake in my life. It’s just sad it took me fifteen years to realize it was a mistake.” She laughed, “You seem to know quite a bit about me, how about you? I understand your divorce was costly and ugly.”

He laughed too, “Yes it was both. I need to give you some background so you understand what happened. I’ve been married twice. My first wife Nancy, after being ill for almost a year, was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. Though they started chemo treatment it was too late. She lived only a month after she was diagnosed. The good news I guess was that she didn’t suffer, the bad news was we didn’t have any time together once we knew what we were facing.”

“Sam, I’m sorry.” She put her hand on his arm. “I didn’t realize you’d gone through that. But they said you had an ugly divorce.”

“There’s the rub. Nancy had a best friend who stayed by us through all of this. Mary was the best. She took care of Nancy, she helped me with the funeral; she was indispensable. Within three months of burying my wife I married her. I can tell you from day one I haven’t had any peace. She didn’t like how Nancy decorated the house so I let her change it. She wanted to travel, so I let her travel. She wanted some elective surgery done and I paid for it. Mary was always complaining I didn’t take her anywhere. So one day I bought her this Vera Wang dress; a beautiful slinky red design and had it sent special delivery to the house. I left work early to get dressed so we could attend a function at the Country Club she’d been pestering me about. When I drove up there was a car I didn’t recognize in the driveway. I let myself into the house, looked around for Mary and couldn’t find her downstairs.”

“Oh no, I know where this is going.”

“Yes, exactly; I found her on our bed, with her tennis pro, in the dress I’d sent her, and it was pulled up to her naval. They were doing their rendition of ride a cowboy.”

Susan brought her hand to her mouth to stifle a laugh. She knew it had been a painful incident for Sam, but still, the image he was painting was humorous in its own way. “What’d you do?”

“I’d already filed for divorce, and all I needed was her signature to make it final, part of me hoped I’d never have to do it. I called my attorney, and pulled up a chair outside the bedroom door and waited for them to finish. When the young man came out and saw me I thought he was going to have a heart attack. I shushed him and sent him out the door.” He shook his head and laughed, “When Mary came out of the room calling his name; she saw me, stopped short and asked me what the fuck I was doing there.”

“You sure she isn’t a man?”

“Why?”

“She has balls.”

“True; bigger than grapefruits and made of steel. I told her I wanted a divorce and if she signed the papers right there and then she could walk away with \$2 million in her bank account. If she refused to sign she’d walk away with nothing, as I’d drag her and her tennis pro through the courts for adultery.” He turned to look at Susan and the charming smile and twinkling eyes were now hardened. “She told me I wouldn’t, that I wouldn’t like the publicity it caused. I told her to try me; she folded and opted for the easy money. She signed the divorce papers; my attorney, who was waiting downstairs, witnessed her signature and our marriage was over.”

“That’s beyond awful. You just never know about people, do you?”

“What’s really sad is Nancy told me to watch my back with her. They were friends, but Nancy really knew her and knew what she was capable of. She said the woman was a money hungry, status seeking bitch. I should have listened.”

“It cost you \$2 million to get rid of her. It only cost me \$5,000 to get rid of my husband. I got out easy. I never asked for child support and he never asked for alimony. My daughter told me recently that her father was still pissed about it and continually went on about how I screwed him out of what was rightfully his. I guess when you compare our net worth the payout is proportionate. It’s sad to think you can quantify a screw up like that.” She turned to look at him, “So what are you doing giving me the bum’s rush?”

“I wasn’t looking at it like that. I’ve known you since you started at the firm. When dad was still at the helm, I watched you. Dad told me you were off limits because you

were married and had a child. But you seemed so young.”

“I was young.” She looked vacantly out the window, as if watching her life play on a screen in front of her. “I was forced to get married when I was fifteen; we thought I was pregnant. I wasn’t at the time, but was within a couple of months. My *problem*, as my ex-husband James explains it, is that I’m too uppity. I want to be something I’m not. Unfortunately for us I didn’t agree. I got my education while raising my daughter and taking care of him. When your dad offered me an intern program and assistance with my education I was the happiest person in the world. James, not so much, he was mad, felt we were growing apart.”

“Did you realize that at the time?”

“I think I did, and in my own way I began to prepare myself for that eventuality. I took half my gross check every pay day and put it in a retirement account, something your dad told me about. He helped me pick something with a good return if I just left the money alone. James never realized what I did; he never asked and I never told him. When he said he wanted a divorce and would take \$5,000 to leave us alone, I had him put it in writing and I walked away.”

“You were lucky.”

“But I had one advantage. I’m smarter than he was.” They looked at each other and started laughing. “Today he spends time with Sara and that works. He’s grown up and we’re at least cordial to each other when we’re in the same room. I bought my condo with some of that money.”

“You made a wise investment. You own some prime real estate.”

“Yes, and again I can thank your dad. He helped me find a place where I was close to a school for Sara and where the neighborhood was safe.”

"I never doubted Dad's judgment in business or personal matters. Even today, when I told him I was taking you to brunch he said it's about damn time I got it right."

"Why would he say that? All the time he ran the firm I was still married."

"True, but he knew of the divorce; in fact, I think he told me."

Susan smiled. *That old goat is playing matchmaker.* "I'm hungry; are we almost there?"

"Another mile or so I think." Sam looked at her and smiled, "Susan I'm glad I stopped by your office yesterday."

"I am too." She returned the smile. *Slow down girl. Don't scare him away.*

"Now I need a nap. That was delicious but I'm beyond stuffed." Susan sat back in her chair, placing her napkin on the table.

"You don't look stuffed. You look beautiful." Sam's eyes never lost contact with hers.

"You sweet talker you; I bet you say that to all your dates. Wait, I know; you have a plan to make me so big no one else will date me, right? I have you pegged mister." She laughed as she ran her hand across her stomach.

"You caught me. I confess." He paused, considering the next move. "To prove that point I have another great idea. I'd like to take you somewhere, but it's a surprise. Are you game?"

"Is it far?"

"Not too far; why is that a problem?"

"No, I just need to let my daughter know that I'm not

going to be home. She's spending the night with her dad so she won't be too worried, but in case she needs me I need to let her know to call the cell; which reminds me I need to turn it on." She checked her cell and immediately a voice mail was shown. "Let me check this." She pressed voice mail and listened to Sara give her a hard time about not having it on. "I need to call my daughter. Do you mind?"

"No, go ahead, I'll take care of the check." He signaled to the waitress as Susan made her call.

"Sara, hi honey how's it going - yes I got your message - no I didn't have it on I'm in a restaurant having brunch and I hate when it rings and disturbs other people - yes I promise I'll leave it on - no I'm not home I'm on a date - behave yourself - yes you can call if you need me but you better be bleeding - I love you too sweetheart - Sara wait, when does your dad plan to bring you home - around dinner time on Sunday - okay love, see you then - have fun - bye."

She looked at Sam and saw his questioning look. "She's like a mother to me. Sometimes I think our roles are reversed. I'd say she's a typical teenager - you know fifteen going on twenty."

He laughed, "You two sounded more like friends than mother and daughter."

"I guess we are. Sometimes she's my little girl, but mostly she's my friend. I've been warned that in a year or so she won't even speak to me; she'll think I'm as dumb as a rock. But for now we get along well and I thank my lucky stars for that. She's a good kid, in fact she works part time at a soda fountain in a small pharmacy. You know the one about a block and a half from the office?"

"Yes, I know it well. My dad owns it. In fact I think he told me she was working there this summer. He said she's

smart and he's showing her how to keep the books."

"She told me that too, but I didn't realize she was working for your dad. I never asked who her boss was by name; it's a small world. So where did you want to take me?"

"To get a chocolate phosphate at my dad's place. He hangs out there since he retired from the CEO position."

"Really? That'd be great. It sounds decadent, but I'm game. I'd love to see your dad too. He was always good to me; he was a great mentor."

"He told me he wanted to talk to you too. So going there will kill two birds with one stone."

"What did he want to talk to me about?"

"Oh no you don't - he'd be upset if I spoiled his surprise. Come on let's get out of here." He took her hand, interlacing their fingers as they walked from the restaurant.

Four

*T*he soda fountain was the old fashioned type with stools around a long bar. Susan and Sam took a seat and watched George Thompson make a banana split for a young man at the end of the bar. He worked like an artist, ice-cream his palette, syrup and nuts his paints, each move adding another color and more depth to the design. As he turned and took the treat to the young man he spotted them. "On the house young man, enjoy."

"Dad, you'll never make any money if you keep giving everything away."

"I know, but he's special," George said, looking over at the skinny kid on the stool.

"You're an old softy." He smiled warmly at his father, "Look who I brought to see you."

"Susan, it's good to see you. You look great. Is my son treating you well?"

"Yes sir, but he promised me a chocolate phosphate if I'd let him bring me here."

"He did, did he? Well I better take care of that right now." Moving slowly he turned and prepared one for her and Sam. "So, how are things at the office?"

"They're good; busy but good."

"Has Stevens left yet?"

Susan glanced at Sam who nodded for her to answer. "You know, there's a rumor he has a job in Seattle, but he hasn't said anything to me." She looked at both of them, something was up.

"It's true, he is leaving, and we've picked a new Director." George Thompson watched her for a response, saw her deflate and knew she believed it wouldn't be her.

"Really? Who?" Her voice echoed with doubt and hesitation.

"You!" George leaned over the counter and shook her hand. "Congratulations Ms Masters. It's been a long time coming, but you definitely deserve it."

"I'm - the - new - director! I don't know what to say, except thank you, thank you very much." She stood; shot a clenched fist in the air and did a little dance. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!" She ran around the counter and gave George a big hug and kiss.

"Hey," Sam questioned, "what about me?"

"You didn't give me the job, he did," she smiled. She noted his disappointment, "Oh all right." Sam waited as she wrapped her arms around his neck and softly brought her lips to his.

Sam pulled her tighter and intensified the kiss, forcing her to open her mouth as his tongue ravaged hers. He sighed as she pushed away.

Susan looked at him, a little confused. "That was nice," she whispered.

“Hey you two cut it out, this is a public place.” George handed them their drinks. “Why don’t you two go celebrate Susan’s promotion?”

“I think that’s a great idea. What do you say Susan?”

“I’m game; what did you have in mind?”

“Let me be your tour guide. First let’s go on a tour of the Su Vino Winery in the Arts District of downtown Scottsdale. I hear it’s great and we’ll try some of the local vintage. Then I have another surprise but you have to wait for that one.” He wiggled his eyebrows and twisted his make-believe mustache, ala Grocho Marks.

“You are too cute. Let’s go. I’ve never been to the winery, though I’ve heard good things about it. Bye Mr. Thompson, and thanks again for the promotion. I won’t let you down.”

“I know you won’t. If you need anything just let me know. Good luck.” He waved as his son, and what he hoped would be his future daughter-in-law, left.

“That was amazing. The wine was good, and unexpected for being a local vintage. I’m pleasantly surprised. You didn’t have to buy me a case of wine though. It’ll take me a year or more to drink it all.”

“I’ll help you, don’t worry,” he laughed.

“You don’t live here, so how do you intend to do that?”

“I’ll start visiting you once a month. So a bottle a month, in one year it will be gone.”

“You’re too clever; now where?”

“We’re going to a sanctuary pool cabana at the JW Marriott Resort and Spa. I rented a classic cabana by the pool.

We'll be spoiled for the rest of the afternoon while we laze in the sun and drink margaritas or martinis, or whatever you want."

"Wow, I'm truly impressed. You are definitely spoiling me, but I can take it." She laughed as she contemplated an afternoon in luxury. *I should say no to all this, but what the hell.* "Wait," she looked at the clothes she wore, "I don't have a suit."

"Not a problem," he smiled. "They have them for us to use if we don't have our own. I checked this morning."

Her eyes narrowed at his obviously conspiratorial nature, "You were pretty sure I'd say yes."

"No, not sure, but I was hoping you'd say yes. I know *hope* isn't a strategy, but I'm glad you've agreed. It'll be relaxing, which we both need, and it will give me a chance to get to know you better. Besides it's a celebration of your promotion."

"Speaking of that; did you have anything to do with it?"

"Only as a single yes vote on the board of directors." He raised his right hand as if he were swearing to the authenticity of it. "When dad gave them his one nomination for the job it was unanimous. In fact, he was questioned why he'd originally brought Stevens in. Dad told them the timing was wrong for you. I think that was when your divorce happened."

"Actually that was exactly when all that started. Your dad, he's the best. Here I thought I'd need to grow facial hair and a ten inch penis before I'd be considered. It's nice to know he'd been thinking of me for the job for a while now."

"Ouch! That's a frightening vision. He gave her a scary look, "And if that is even close to being true the afternoon in the cabana is off!"

"I think I'll keep you guessing," Susan laughed. "I'm going to see if the spa has one of those old fashioned, 1920's suit that I can wear."

"Please don't do that. Since yesterday I've had this image of you in a string bikini."

"Mr. Thompson, I'm a mother, and a mother does not wear a string bikini."

"Why not? And remember, it's Sam."

"You're not serious - Sam?" She looked at him and realized he didn't understand. "Women who have children usually have stretch marks, and I'm no exception. A one piece suit is more flattering for me."

"I understand, but will you humor me and wear a bikini - please?"

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll try it on and if I look presentable I'll wear it. If not, I'm wearing a one piece and you'll just have to use your imagination for the other."

"But you'll give it a try?"

"I said I would." *Men, sometimes they're different, sometimes they're all the same.*

It didn't look too bad. The top was thankfully more than a string and the tie at the neck and the back were comfortable. The workouts at the gym had paid off as she had no flab on her back or around her middle. The royal blue material highlighted with silver thread was seductive in its elegance. The bottom – that was another story; the sides tied high on her hips and if she hadn't kept her pussy shaved, her pubic hairs would have stuck out all over. Her stretch marks did show, but with her soft tan and the fact her stomach was as flat as it was

ever going to get without surgery, it too didn't look bad. She turned left to right in the mirror, looking at her backside with the small thong string up the crack of her butt, and decided she looked fine. Susan released her golden brunette hair from the barrette and let it fall softly over her shoulders. She looked soft and approachable. *I guess I'm ready.* She grabbed the soft cotton robe the spa provided and walked out to the cabana, the robe over her arm. She wasn't surprised to see Sam already reclining in one of the deck chairs. He opened his eyes as she approached and gave a soft wolf's whistle.

"Stop, that's not necessary," she blushed.

"I'm glad you decided on the bikini. You're as beautiful as I imagined. Come and sit with me," he pointed to the chair next to his.

She placed her robe on the chair taking in the view. Sam could be easily described as dashing and debonair. He was over six feet tall, with dark brown hair slightly gray at the temples. His eyes were an azure with gold specks. She shook her head, trying to shake the image of the two of them making love from her mind. "No, I'll sit over here."

Sam reached forward and grabbed her hips, pulling her down next to him. "I want you here." He snuggled her closer, looking into her eyes. "This is perfect."

"Sam, we need to be realistic here. I don't want to start anything that we're both not ready for," she bit her lip, realized it and stopped. "Nor do I want to do anything we can't take back."

"Understand." He leaned into her catching her bottom lip with his teeth, slowly moving his tongue around her mouth.

She sighed softly as she moved closer, her hand on his muscled chest. Susan felt his heart beating rapidly. She looked into his eyes and realized he wanted her. He wanted to make

love. *Oh my God. I can't do that.* "I need a drink," she whispered as she pulled back.

The cabana boy, in his black Speedo suit, stepped in and placed a pitcher of margaritas and two glasses with some chips, guacamole and salsa on the table. "Anything else sir," he asked before turning to leave.

"No, thank you very much; we'd like some privacy please," Sam said and watched as the cabana boy pulled the tent closed.

Susan tried to move away from Sam's inviting body. "Sam, I don't think this is a good idea. I'm your employee and you just promoted me. I'd hate folks to think I got this promotion because I had sex with the boss."

"I'm not going to tell anyone we're together." Sam kissed her nose and traced her lips with his tongue. "I want you Susan." He drew her close, circling her in his arms. "I need to make love to you." He devoured her mouth tasting a hint of the wine they'd sampled earlier. "I need to be inside you."

"Sam, please. Wait!" she gasped as her senses were overwhelmed by his desire.

"I can't wait any longer; don't make me, please." He pleaded again, kissing her deeply, curling her toes. His erection pressed against her leg and he shifted her slightly to force it between her thighs. He reached behind her and untied the strings to the bikini top.

She sighed softly as her top slipped to the cabana floor. Sam leaned forward and ran his tongue over her nipple, feeling it harden between his lips. He sucked softly, nipping at the engorged bud and driving her deeper into the chair.

I want him too, but I need to think this through. That feels so good. As she yielded to her own needs, Susan ran her

hand along his thigh, touching his manhood through his suit.

Sam groaned, "There's a sofa behind us, if you want a more comfortable place to be together. I'm afraid if we try to make love in this folding chair we'll kill each other. Come with me Susan. Let me please you, let me make love to you." He moved to help her up.

Susan's only response was a murmured, "Yes." It was softly spoken, but she meant it with all her heart. She let Sam lead her to the sofa, reclining into the soft golden satin cushions as he positioned his body next to hers.

Between the time they'd left the chair and the time they'd reached the sofa Sam had removed his trunks. The only clothing remaining as a barrier to their desires was her string bikini bottom. Sam reached down and untied one side and then the other, letting the fabric slide from her body. He stroked her torso igniting her inner fire. Sam's hand reached between her legs and he smiled as he realized she had no pubic hair. It was one of the sexiest things he'd ever seen. He ran his hand over her mound; surprised how soft and smooth she was to the touch. There was no hair stubble. *This is so sexy; I have to ask her why she shaves.* He smiled as he enjoyed the moisture that flowed from her inner core, saturating his fingers. He lifted his hand to his face to inhale her essence. A woman in the throes of passion emitted an aphrodisiac that enticed any man to please her, and Sam was driven to satisfy. He slid down her body, softly kissing along her shoulders, taking each breast into his mouth enjoying her reaction. As he moved down his tongue ran a line down her center, stopping at the break to her nether lips. He paused and inhaled the scent she emitted. His senses were alive with need. As his tongue worked its way along her nub he felt her tense as he concentrated on that heavenly node.

Susan pressed into him, shoving his face deeper into her sex.

Sam wasn't to be denied his exploration. He went lower, driving his tongue repeatedly into her love channel, lapping up her wetness like a man dying of thirst. As if on cue he began to work his way back up her body, stopping again at her breasts as he positioned his manhood at her female portal. "I want to make love to you Susan, but only if you want me to."

Softly, with longing in her voice, she whispered, "Please Sam, make love to me."

"Yes my sweet." He entered her love canal with a single stroke, letting her warmth enfold his fountain of lust. Sam was in excruciating pain. He was so hard he thought he'd explode on entry, but he knew he couldn't do that to her. He wanted this to be perfect. As he began to move he built a rhythm that she matched.

Susan wrapped her long legs around his waist and pulled him back into her wet heat, wanting him closer if that was possible. Each time he withdrew, she pulled him back. They matched each other stroke for stroke, enjoying the sexual music they created. She knew they'd been in this dance for several minutes and she was tiring. As he continued to thrust in and out, Susan felt his erection grow. She was sure she felt the blood surge through his veins as he pumped into her; his organ rubbing the walls of her hot, wet sheath. *This is amazing; I've never felt anything like this before.* As her climax built she felt her feminine core constrict around his throbbing shaft, and yet he continued to move. She felt his body stop, the quivering of his buttocks as he pushed in as far as he could, spewing his seed into her warmth. He slumped over her, softly kissing her shoulder. As her heartbeat returned to normal, the

reality of what she'd just done hit her hard. *I'm not on birth control and Sam's not wearing a condom. I can't believe I let this happen. Damn.*

Sam rolled to his back and pulled her into his arms. He lifted her head and kissed her with such unbridled passion that she started to cry. "Honey, what's wrong? Did I hurt you?"

"No - no. That was the most beautiful thing I've ever experienced. I know I shouldn't be crying, but it was something I thought would never happen to me. My toes curled." She laughed softly as tears continued to flow down her cheeks. "Thank you, Sam; that was beautiful."

"You're quite welcome, but I can tell you I couldn't have done it without you. Your willingness to be loved is what made this so great. Thank you," he tenderly kissed her swollen lips.

They lay quietly in each other's arms. They heard a voice from outside the tent. "Sir, do you need anything else?"

Whispering, Sam questioned Susan, "What would you say if I asked him to join us?"

"Is this one of your fantasies, Mr. Thompson?" she smiled seductively.

"Actually it is. I've often wondered if Mary would have included me in her little sexual escapades if we'd still be married."

"Really?" She blushed, "I didn't see you as so willing to share what was yours."

"It's not sharing. It's really more the ability to watch the woman I love be pleased. That's hard to do if you're a participant. What do you say? Should I invite him to join us?"

Trying to be practical, she asked, "What makes you think he'd be interested in making love to a woman of my age?"

“Oh, I think he’d be interested, look,” Sam nodded toward the cabana entrance.

Susan turned slowly and saw the young man standing within three feet of the sofa they lay naked on. His erection was evident in the bulge in his Speedo’s and the shit-ass grin on his face. “Now that,” she pointed an elegantly manicured nail at the young man’s loins, “has promise,” she whispered to Sam.

“You’re willing? Fantastic.” Sam beckoned the young man to come forward. “What’s your name?”

“Julian Sir, Julian Gonzalez.” He answered Sam, but his eyes were locked on the beautiful, naked woman beside him.

“Would you like to join us?” Sam asked.

“I will get fired,” Julian said. He looked over his shoulder at the tent front.

“Do you have any other tents you’re responsible for right now?” Sam wanted to determine if there would be a problem if they detained him.

“No, Sir, just yours. I’ve cleaned up the other cabanas already, and was just waiting for you and the misses to leave so I could finish in here.”

“That’s exactly what I had in mind. Why don’t you help me - finish with the misses? See, I’ve been unable to satisfy her and I could use your youthfulness to add a smile to her face. Will you help me?”

“Yes, Sir - but wait I’ll be right back.” Julian left the tent and within a minute he was back.

“What did you need?”

“These!” Julian held up a handful of condoms.

“That’s good thinking. You can’t always depend on the woman to provide the protection,” Sam laughed with the

young man. The flap to the tent opened once more and another young man stepped in. Sam's eyebrows rose in curiosity and delight, "Julian did you ask this young man for assistance?"

"Yes sir, he like woman too and say he can help please her. If you don't want him to join us, tell him and he'll leave."

"Susan, what do you want?" Sam asked, hoping she'd be willing, but afraid he'd stepped across her comfort zone when he'd offered to include Julian.

"I'm game if you don't mind sharing." Susan looked at him waiting for his response. *I can't believe this. I'm going to get the fantasy of my dreams and all because of Sam.* She realized she'd already treated the young men to a good view of her charms and thought it was only fair they show her their equipment. She slipped off the sofa and told them both to undress. At first they hesitated, but she let them know that if they wanted to join them they had to be naked too.

Within seconds both Julian and Herman were naked, their erections pointing up, up and away. Herman's cock was big, even bigger than Sam's. Julian's cock was average-size, but cute as could be. As Susan looked over at Sam she wondered exactly what he expected her to do. "You've brought these two men here, what did you have in mind?"

Sam stood and tied his robe, looking first at Susan in all her naked glory and then at the two young studs standing beside her. "I want them to please you, and you to please them."

"You don't think this is a little strange for a first date?" She wondered what she'd gotten herself into.

"Actually to watch you pleasure them and them pleasure you would make this the most memorable first date I've ever been on," he smiled.

"It'll be a first for me; that's for sure." Susan looked at Julian and Herman, took both their hands and led them to

the sofa, which was in fact a day bed, indicating they should lie down. She knelt and took Julian's manhood into her mouth, running her tongue up his shaft and around his cock-head, sucking until he started to spasm. She took all his nectar into her mouth, licking the last drops.

Next she moved over to Herman. She tried to put her mouth over his cock, but it was too large, so large that her hand barely went around it. She licked the tip and stroked the massive shaft. Finally he too sprayed his seed down her throat, Susan took in every drop.

Lucky for her, both young men quickly regained their erections. Julian began to stroke her womanly treasure. He slid his fingers over her nether lips entering first one, then a second into her sweltering channel. Her wet sheath opened willingly as Julian pumped her slowly. When she felt the moisture between her legs, Susan pulled him on top of her, waiting while he gloved his love tool, guiding it into her puckered opening. Within minutes they both climaxed, moaning loudly. She looked at Sam and he seemed pleased with what he'd seen, his own voyeuristic pleasure made the act even more erotic.

Herman was more than ready when Julian finished. His cock was pointing to the heavens while he waited patiently for his turn.

Susan reached over and pushed him back against the cushion straddling his chest as she licked the head of his engorged member. She moved up and down his erection, applying pressure while tasting his essence with every movement. As he sighed she released the bulbous head and licked the shaft circling him with her tongue.

Their sixty-nine position allowed Herman to extend his tongue and feed upon nectar deep within her channel; to

him a drink for the gods. He continued to give her his undivided attention licking the sweet liquid from her entry.

She took his member and gloved it in its protective jacket. Turning she lowered her womanly entry over his erection, impaling herself on his manhood. He thoroughly filled her slowly moving her up and down as he eased in and out of her body.

Susan started to climax, first slowly, and then the tremors consumed her, seeming to last forever. She thrust hard against Herman, desperate to have more of him inside her. He pushed up against her and she came in a violent and euphoric eruption.

When Susan rolled off him, she could barely move. She leaned up on one elbow and saw Julian and Sam sitting at the table. She climbed off the sofa, picked up her robe and walked over to the table to get a drink. She brushed the hair from her eyes and smiled at Sam, "I'm pretty well spent, hope that was what you wanted." *I hope I didn't take this too far. At least both of them were wearing condoms. Wish I could say the same for Sam.* She sighed, trying to put that thought out of her mind, at least for now.

"That was one of the most erotic things I've ever had the pleasure to watch. Thank you for making this the most memorable day of my life. You realize you're mine now, right?" He smiled slyly as he watched her reaction. Her eyes went wide and she staggered back to fall on the sofa. Meanwhile he reached for his billfold. "Gentlemen, thank you for assisting me in pleasing my lady. I really appreciate it." He handed each man a \$100 dollar bill and escorted them from the tent.

Before they left, Julian asked if there was anything else they needed.

“No, we’re fine, thanks for asking.” Susan and Sam looked at each other and smiled. They were both more than fine. He sat down next to Susan and took her hand. “Can I get you anything?”

“Yes,” reaching down she began to stroke him, feeling his manhood respond to her touch. “I’d like more of this if you don’t mind.”

“No love, I don’t mind. It’s all yours.” He shifted her above him, slowly lowering her onto his erection. *I can’t believe I’m erect so soon. I haven’t had this kind of stamina since I was in college.*

Susan moved slowly up and down, enjoying the control she had over this beautiful man. She leaned forward, offering him her breasts. He took one in his mouth greedily running his hand over the other and moving the nipple between his thumb and finger. Although she enjoyed the dedication he showed to her satisfaction she couldn’t seem to complete the act.

Sam realized this and brought his hand between them rubbing his finger over the nub at the entry of her nether lips. She shivered immediately but he didn’t stop, wanting to insure she was satisfied.

She rode hard, enjoying his touch, not wanting it to end. Her body had other ideas and within seconds she climaxed again, trembling as she collapsed over him. She laughed softly, “You can roll me off if you’re done, I don’t have the energy to move.” She moved her legs out behind her and lay atop his.

“I don’t want you to move, I like having you right where you are.” He held her close as they drifted off into a light slumber.

Susan woke with a start not realizing where she was.

Then she felt Sam's erection grow inside her again and she smiled. *I know exactly where I am; I've died and gone to heaven.*

Sam rolled her on to her back, keeping his hardening shaft deep within her feminine core. He looked at her, nipping her chin as she opened her eyes. He wanted her to watch him make love to her.

She held his gaze as her vision clouded with lust. He continued to penetrate her silk heat. Susan let him enter her again and again, wanting him to fill her with his seed. *Wait, oh God, he's not using a condom. I'm an idiot.* She jerked and the look on his face told her he realized something was wrong. She didn't want him to know what an idiot she was so she smiled, kissed him softly and ran her hands up his back encouraging him to continue. The fourth orgasm of the day came like an erupting volcano. His seed joining her moist core, she sighed, realizing how stupid she'd been in just a matter of hours. *Maybe everything will be fine. I can only pray.*

He held her close. "Are you hungry? Can I get you anything?"

"I'd like to take a hot shower and maybe get a steak. Someone," she smiled seductively, "I won't drop any names, has depleted my protein store and I need to restock."

"I agree, let's go take a hot shower and then we can have dinner here. I'm staying here so we can use my room if you don't mind."

Susan looked hesitant.

"I can get you your own room if you want."

"That's not necessary. After what we've experienced I think sharing the same room is probably okay." She laughed softly. *I am so screwed.*

Five

*A*fter a decadent steak dinner, Sam took her back to his room and made love to her until early in the morning. They didn't talk much; there didn't seem to be a need. They couldn't get enough of each other. They made love on the sofa, in the big overstuffed chair, in the bathtub, and standing in the shower. It wasn't enough and didn't account for the two times they'd climaxed in the king size bed.

Susan was sore, but in a good way. She couldn't seem to get enough of this man. His sexual drive far exceeded any man she'd ever dated. She knew tomorrow would shed a whole new light on their date, but tonight she couldn't stop because for some reason she simply didn't want to. She wanted him to make love to her and he did repeatedly.

The phone rang and Sam answered standing with his back to her.

Susan caressed his firm full ass with her hands, running down the back of his muscular thighs, up his washboard

stomach, and lightly brushing his manhood as she passed. The swift throb it gave under her palm caused her to move one hand down again, this time lingering on his crotch. She felt his erection growing. Her juices were flowing, her nipples getting so hard they seemed to ache for his touch. She pressed her head against his back, taking deep breaths to inhale the scent of him, which only heightened the emotional and sexual arousal she was feeling. She was so excited that she started to rub her crotch with the hand that wasn't rubbing his.

Sam hastened to finish his call, hanging up abruptly. He believed if he told her he had to leave now she'd probably strangle him. Instead he took her hand in his and headed straight for the bed. Sam grabbed her, his tongue seeking hers in a desperate kiss, running his hands over her breasts, taking her hard nipples between his fingers. She moaned as he touched her. "You're a bad girl," he teased, fingering her sensitive buds.

"You make me that way," Susan replied breathlessly.

There was a tone of arrogance in his voice now, "So you want to screw the boss?" Susan nodded her head as he rubbed his throbbing steely rod against her dripping lips. He laid her on the bed and went down on her, his nose brushing against her clit. Tears came to her eyes, tears of total contentment, as his tongue sank deep into her moist entrance. His tongue stabbed at the folds of her sex as he slid one finger into her nether hole, making her climax over and over.

Susan pulled him away from her dripping crotch and gave him a deep passionate kiss enjoying her scent on his eager lips.

Sam placed her on her hands and knees and moved behind her. He ran his hands over her buttocks, his hard stiff cock probing her opening. She moaned uncontrollably as that

long thick pole slid slowly inside her, his hands spreading her ass cheeks so he could go as deep as possible.

He filled her hot, wet, fiery vise as she'd never been filled. Susan couldn't believe how deep he was going, and she couldn't hold back her screams of pleasure. She was overwhelmed, breathless, and climaxing again and again. Sam's sexual attack was relentless in and out, faster and faster. She had never had so much man, or so much ecstasy. The smell of sex, their sex, was intoxicating; they were hot and sweaty, moving together as one. As if by direction they both collapsed, holding each other tight as they regained control of their breathing.

"You're killing me beautiful lady, but what a way to die," Sam smiled down at her kissing her nose.

"Sam, I'm really sorry to be the one to say this, but I need to take a quick shower and get home. James will be returning Sara shortly and I need to be there."

"I know honey, just a couple more minutes." He pulled her closer.

"No more sex, I really do need to shower and go." Susan broke their embrace and walked into the bathroom, locking the door behind her.

"I guess she has to go," Sam said as he thought about the past 24 hours and the woman he'd spent them with. *I love her and I want to marry her. I just can't rush her. I've loved her for as long as I can remember.*

Susan came out of the bathroom dressed and ready to leave. *I have to get out of here.*

"Let me take a quick shower and I'll take you home," Sam said as he walked into the bathroom.

I can't stay here. Susan walked over and took a piece of stationary from the drawer. *'Sam, I'm taking a taxi. I need*

time to think about everything that's happened. I've had a wonderful time. Thanks for everything. I'll call you. Susan'. She left without looking back.

As she entered the condo, Susan closed the door and leaned against it. I thought I had problems on Friday. I can't believe it's only Sunday and I've now had sex with another man – my boss. Good God what was I thinking. What if I'm pregnant? I need to call Martha. No, I can't tell anyone what's happened.

Six

July 2007

*T*he new job was great. It'd been five months since she'd been with Sam. When she told her daughter this morning that she was pregnant Sara had wanted to know who the father was and she'd told her. Her daughter couldn't believe she hadn't told Sam. *I told her I couldn't do that, not yet.* She remembered the look on Sara's face, like a mother who couldn't believe how stupid her daughter had been. *Then there's Martha, who for some ungodly reason realized I was pregnant before I did.* The good news; she hadn't demanded all the gory details. *I know she's biting at the bit to know, but she hasn't asked.* Susan hadn't called Sam and he hadn't called her. *He took my note literally, which gave him an easy out. I know that confirms he only used me to fulfill his fantasy. I made it so*

easy. Sighing, she finished signing yet another letter and took it out to Monica. "Here you go. What's next?"

"Mr. George Thompson called and he's on his way up," Monica responded without looking up from her computer. "He said if you had time he'd like to take you to his place for a chocolate soda."

"Okay, I'll be in my office. Send him in." She couldn't believe her luck. *I guess the good news is that it's Sam's dad and not him. I can do this.* She sat down, hiding behind her desk.

George walked in her office, a frown on his face. "Ms Masters, I'd like a few minutes of your time."

"Yes, sir, is there a problem?"

"What happened?"

"I'm - sorry, sir, I don't understand the question."

"What happened between you and my son?"

"Mr. Thompson, I'm sorry, but I don't want to discuss my personal life with you."

"Did he do something wrong? If he did, he doesn't know what that is. I've tried to talk to him and he said something about the ball being in your court. I don't understand that exactly. I know he's miserable. He mopes around and has no interest in his business anymore. When was the last time he was in the office?"

"I'm not sure, sir." Susan closed her eyes. She knew exactly the day.

"You know. When was it?" He stood firm, waiting for her response.

"The day before you told me I had this job. The day before our first - and last date," Susan snapped; she didn't know what else to say. This was obviously her fault, or so Mr. George Thompson thought.

George paced in front of her desk, not saying a single word. He stopped and looked at her, "Don't you like him?"

"Yes, sir, I like him fine. Maybe he doesn't like me." She bit her lip and turned to look out the window. "I don't know. I haven't talked to him in over four months."

"I need something to drink."

As much as she feared standing she had no choice. She couldn't leave her boss's father standing there wanting water. Susan stood slowly and walked to the bar, her pregnant silhouette clearly visible under her dress. She removed a bottle of water and handed it to Mr. Thompson. "Please, sir won't you sit down?"

"Susan - you're pregnant! Oh my God! Are you carrying my son's baby; my grandchild?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, I am." She sat down, tears running down her cheeks. *I have to make him understand that he can't fix this. Sam and I have to work this out for ourselves.* "Please, sir; I beg you, let me work this out my own way." She gazed into his eyes.

"This is a mistake Susan, a big mistake. My son is going to be furious you haven't told him before now. He'd want to be a part of this; I know. You have to tell him." George took her hands, "Susan do you love my son?"

"Sir, it's not that simple. I've complicated our relationship by getting pregnant. I will not trap him in a marriage he doesn't want."

"How do you know that? You've allowed him no say in the matter. You need to tell him Susan. You need to talk to my son." He took a seat. "Listen, I'll give you two weeks to tell him, if you don't, I will." He looked at her until she shook her head to the affirmative. "I don't want to interfere, I really don't. If the two of you don't want to be together then I can

understand that. But I want to be a part of your baby's life. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir, I hear you. I've got some plans in the works and once they're finalized I'll call Sam and let him know what they are," she offered softly.

"Susan Masters, I gave you more credit than that. You're an intelligent woman. You've achieved the Director's position in this firm on merit, and yet you're not smart enough to realize that you can't make this decision on your own. You need to do it with Sam. He needs to have a say in what you do, and how you plan to raise his child."

"I know, but honestly I'm afraid. I don't know how he feels about me, and I don't want him to feel trapped. My first marriage was based on a mistake. I can't agree to start a second marriage like it was the second scene of the same story. I can't do that to him or myself. But - but I will tell him. I promise."

"Susan, do you love my son?"

"Yes, sir I do, but it's not enough - not now."

"Tell him Susan, tell him soon." He leaned down, kissed her on the cheek and left her office. *What is wrong with kids today?*

Susan didn't get a chance to get up as Martha walked into her office. "What are you going to do? You can't put this off any longer not now that his dad knows. He's not going to keep quiet."

"Not you too; I don't need the added pressure. George gave me two weeks to tell Sam. Now I only have to figure out if I can quit my job and become part of the witness protection program within that time frame." She forced a laugh, "He hasn't even called me. What would make either of you think he gives a damn about me?"

“Stop! You did this to yourself. The phone rings both ways and you’ve made no attempt to contact him. You told me that was part of the message you left for him. What is he to think?”

“I don’t know,” Susan wiped a tear from her eye.

“You know,” Martha demanded. “You told him you’d be in touch and you never called. He probably assumed you didn’t want anything to do with him. Why the hell didn’t you call him?”

“Because I did something really stupid and I didn’t want to make it any worse.”

“Like having sex and not calling him. What else could you have done?”

“I knew I wasn’t using the pill and I didn’t make him use a condom. I know he’ll think I did this to trap him. You know how men think.” She watched for Martha’s reaction.

“You - you who had to get married the first time - didn’t use any protection to prevent getting pregnant? Why would you do that? Then again, in today’s world, why, when you found out you were pregnant, didn’t you abort the baby?”

“I guess - because I want Sam’s baby.” The tears ran down her face; the flood gates opened.

“Okay, I’m sorry,” Martha pointed to the phone, “just call him will you please? Call Sam, give him an opportunity to say yes or no under the circumstances. Give the man a chance.”

“I will, I promise.” Susan sniffled and reached for a Kleenex. “Hey, as your boss; don’t you have work to do?”

“Yes ma’am. I’m out of here. Call him.”

“I will Martha, I will.”

Across town Sam sat at the soda fountain poking a chocolate phosphate with a straw and remembering the time he'd been here with Susan. Sara had made it for him, and hers was almost as good as his dad's. She smiled and he smiled back, he saw a lot of Susan in her. He inhaled, feeling his loss. *I don't know what I did, but she never called. Maybe it was what I made her do with Julian and Herman. She never gave me a chance to talk about it. Maybe I should call her.* He looked up, saw his father walk into the store, and noted he was upset. *I wonder what's wrong.*

"Son, what are you doing here in the middle of the day? I didn't realize you were in town." He gave his son a hug. "Have you been over to see Susan?"

"No dad, I don't think that's a good idea." He watched Sara watching them. "Dad I don't think we should be discussing this here."

"Why the hell not?" George snapped.

"Dad, what's wrong, why are you yelling at me?"

"I want you to go there now. I want you to talk to Susan. You two need to talk – now - today!" He was insistent about Sam going to the office.

What the hell? "Dad, I don't understand. Why are you doing this?"

"Sam, I've tried all my life to let you live your life the way you want. But the two of you; you're making a mistake - one you'll regret your entire life. Go to her Sam, go and talk to Susan."

Sara stepped to the counter looking directly at him, "Your dad's right. Go talk to my mom. You two need to talk."

"What the hell is going on?" Sam demanded.

"Son, go see Susan. Go talk to her." His dad hugged him and turned him toward the door.

A bum's rush he hadn't anticipated, but he'd go. As he walked to the office his thoughts were going a mile a minute. *What's wrong? Why was dad so insistent?* As he entered the building he ran into Martha. "Hello, Martha, do you know if Susan is still in her office?"

"Ah - sure, she's still there. You'll have to let yourself in as Monica has already left for the day. Do you need me to stay?"

"No, that's fine. I can handle this. Have a good evening."

"Thanks." *God, I hope this works out. I hope he doesn't run with his tail between his legs when he realizes why she hasn't called him. Maybe I should stay close just in case. No, she has to work this one out on her own.*

Sam reached Susan's door and debated whether to knock or not. '*Nothing ventured, nothing gained,*' he knocked softly, took a deep breath and entered her office. Susan stood at the window with her back to him. She turned slowly and his eyes went wide and his mouth fell open. *She's pregnant. Oh shit. That's why she didn't call me.*

"Sam, what are you doing here?"

"Susan, why didn't you tell me?"

Her hands absently stroked her belly, "Yea, well I guess we have some things to talk over don't we? Please come in and have a seat. Can I get you anything?"

"How can you be so damn calm? Why the fuck didn't you call me?" he demanded.

"Because I didn't want you to think I trapped you. I can't do that again. I've got a plan on how we can work through this. I want this baby desperately. I'd like for us to be friends and to share in this experience." Her voice quivered and she pleaded with her eyes.

"Susan, I can't be a part time father."

"I understand - I do," she sighed. *I need to get him out of here before I break down.*

"No, I don't think you do. My father was here today wasn't he?"

"Yes, and basically he gave me two weeks to tell you or he was going to do it. My daughter is upset that I haven't told you and so is Martha." She looked at him and realized he was upset too. "I'm sorry Sam."

"I want you to marry me."

"No, I won't do that to you."

"You're not doing anything to me that I don't want to happen."

"Please, Sam, I think you should go."

Sam sat down and ran his hand through his hair. *I have to maintain control.* "No! I've waited patiently for you to call me. I took your stupid note literally. I figured you needed time to work through our romantic adventure and time to get settled into your new job. I should have called you. I should have made you see me."

"I'm sorry Sam," she whispered.

"Damn it Susan, stop saying that. You *will* be my wife. I will not have my child born out of wedlock. You can't do that to our child. You can't."

"Oh Sam, I don't want to force you to marry me. You've already been through that once; why would you want to do it again?"

"I love you Susan. I want you to be my wife. I want this baby with you. I want to give Sara a home. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Please, Susan, marry me, please," Sam pleaded.

Susan looked at him and saw the love in his eyes. *He*

does love me. He really does love me. “Sam - if you’re really sure, I’ll marry you. I love you too. I really truly do.”

Sam stood pulling her into his embrace. He kissed her passionately, taking possession of the woman soon to be his wife.

Epilogue

May 2008

Susan sat on the patio rocking her six month old son in her arms. He was beautiful, with his father's eyes and curly hair. Sam's mother said it would probably all fall out and come in straight, but Susan hoped not. Samuel George Thompson was the apple of his father and grandfather's eye. Sara loved him to death. If it wasn't for the fact Susan was breast feeding the little guy she'd probably never get to hold him. It was their special time. She closed her eyes and felt the tug of his little mouth on her nipple. *He's going to be just like his daddy*, she smiled.

Martha had taken over her job as Director of the firm and Susan was pleased with that. Though they talked every day, Susan wasn't interested in going back to work any time

soon. She wanted only to be a good wife and mother. Sam told her the choice was hers; all he wanted was her happiness.

Grandpa George joined her on the porch with a glass of milk for mommy. "You two are beautiful. I'm so happy you and Sam worked this out. Most of all I'm glad to finally have a daughter that keeps him on his toes," he smiled.

"Thanks dad. Sara told me I have you and her to thank for Sam coming to my office that day. As mad as I was at first, I know she was right. I love Sam; I just want you to know that."

Sam joined them on the patio giving her a kiss on the cheek and one for his son as well. "Dad, Sara said you were giving her a ride to work. You'd better get going or she'll be late."

"Darn, I forgot. Goodbye little lady. See you big boy," George said as he softly caressed little Samuel's soft head.

Sam turned to her with a question in his eyes. "Susan?"

"Yes, love."

"We need to talk about our first date."

"Why would you want to bring that up now?"

"I have a confession to make. You know we went to the Marriott and spent a marvelous afternoon in the cabana."

"Yes, I know."

"It wasn't an accident."

"Excuse me."

"I paid Julian and Herman to come into the cabana and be with us."

"I know; I saw you pay them."

"No, I mean before. I talked to them before I brought you to the hotel. They told me if I waited until later in the afternoon that the other cabanas would be empty and they'd have time to spend with us."

"You wanted to share me with other men?"

“Yes and no. I wanted you all to myself, I still do. But the whole experience was so erotic. Every time I think about it, even now, I get as hard as granite. I don’t mean we need to do it again, but if you want to, I’d be willing. I love having sex with you. You’re open to anything. I’ve never met a woman who was just as happy to have sex in the back seat of my car as in our bed.” He pointed to his groin, “I’m hard just thinking about getting into your pants.”

She smiled, “If you give me a minute big boy, while I put your son down for his nap, I’ll see if I can take care of your problem.”

Susan walked into their bedroom completely naked. “I’m ready to join you.”

Sam pulled her into his arms. He felt the heat radiating from her body as the rough fabric of his pants rubbed against her female mound. Her nakedness put her in a position of power. He lowered his head to kiss her, his hands holding her face steady as his tongue explored her mouth. His lips were firm, his tongue wet and sinuous as it coiled around hers. Her lips parted beneath the hot, demanding pressure of his mouth. His hands moved from framing her face to caressing her shoulders. They skimmed down her naked back and latched onto her bottom, gripping it tightly. He pressed her body against his and she felt the hard bulge pulsing in his pants. He continued to kiss her until they were both breathless, then drew back and stripped off his clothes.

He focused on her breasts. He sucked one of her taut nipples into his mouth, and the tugging sensation sent a lightning bolt of excitement straight to her moist sex. She moaned her approval and ran her fingers through his hair, holding his

head tight to her breast. He moved his tongue over and around one, and then the other before returning to the nipple. She arched her back and thrust her chest toward him, moving her hands to his muscled shoulders and clutching them tightly.

Sam's hand snaked down between her legs to rub her clit. He spread the juices from her aroused sex up to the tiny nub and circled his finger on it, hard and steady just the way she liked it. Groaning and writhing, she reveled in the pleasure of his touch until her legs were trembling and her climax was rapidly building beneath the pressure of his fingertip.

Susan pulled away, focusing her attention on his rock-hard member, which was out in front of him. "Your turn," Susan said, dropping to her knees on the floor in front of him. He was so tall that his cock bobbed somewhere around her forehead. She had to crane her neck to reach it and take it into her mouth. It tasted good, slightly salty and musky and she wrapped her hand around the thick shaft to suck down as much of it as she could. She heard him gasp as his manhood bumped against the back of her throat. Susan pulled her lips off him for just a minute; she sucked her finger into her mouth then ran it from his scrotum back along the delicate line to his ass. She slowly slipped her finger between his ass cheeks and teased his back hole with her wet finger.

"God, that feels so good," he groaned. "Wait stop," he suddenly gasped, "or I'll come."

Susan pulled back and waited.

"Could we...? I'd like to take you from behind," he suggested.

Her lips curled into a sexy, come-hither smile, "Okay!" She slinked to the bed and knelt doggy-style, waiting for him to join her.

Sam knelt behind her and gripped her hips, pulling her

toward him until his hard, tumescent shaft nestled in the groove between her buttocks. His hands circled her waist, holding her steady as he hammered into her wet sheath. Her breasts, full of mother's milk, swayed heavily and gently, rocking in time with his thrusts. His spear of desire filled her channel and receded again and again. He bucked into her so hard it almost drove her across the bed, so she dug in a little deeper to keep from moving forward, clutching the blanket and sheets. She pushed back against him with every thrust, accepting him so deeply inside her that she felt the head of his penis caressing her womanly treasure. She grunted as he drove into her with solid, piercing thrusts. She never before felt so thoroughly possessed. His movements became faster and wilder; his fingers digging into her soft flesh; his speed increasing as he climaxed with a loud cry.

"Sam, be quiet, you're going to wake the baby," she moaned.

He rolled onto his back staring up at the ceiling. "Wow!" was all he could manage. He turned his head toward her. "You weren't satisfied." He grinned and crawled between her splayed legs to lie at her pussy. He seemed to relish the taste of their combined juices, his tongue delving deep inside her before working his way toward the folds of her sex and her swollen nub. It was rigid and aching to be pleased and she jerked when his rough tongue skidded over it. He clutched her hips to still her, not allowing her to arch up the way she wanted. Then he began to play games, kissing around her soft shaved mound, nibbling the insides of her trembling thighs and licking everywhere but the sensitive nub of her clit.

Susan squirmed and twisted against his restraining hands, desperate to have him get her off. She was close already, her pulse quickening and her nerve endings firing off

in every direction. She knew she could come with only a few more licks. But he denied her, tormenting her by keeping just out of range, until she was ready to scream with delayed desire. She didn't scream, but she did beg. "Oh please," she whimpered. "Do it now!"

He chuckled and finally gave her what she craved. Three hard licks and a sharp nip on her aroused sex sent her spiraling up out of her body. Sam let go of her hips and her back arched high as she smashed her sex against his mouth.

Susan's eyes rolled back in her head and she had a brief glimpse of stars before she closed her eyes. She yowled like a wildcat landing back on the bed with a thump. She sucked in a lung full of air letting it out slowly as she tried to catch her breath.

"Honey, I think you're trying to wear out my parts," Sam laughed softly as he waited for his heartbeat to return to normal.

She rolled onto her side, taking his penis into her hand, running her hand softly up and down his shaft. "I truly believe you can play it again Sam, I know you can." She took his manhood into her mouth drawing his blood to the throbbing tip with each stroke. "Yes, play it again Sam, I'm ready and so are you," she mumbled with her mouth full of his most treasured possession next to their son. She smiled, softly satisfied with her life - and the men in it.

END

About the Author

J.A. Rawls writes erotic romance, usually from the view of the Cougar in pursuit. She enjoys including bits of real-life travels that add to the reality and can be identified if you frequent certain cities. Reading, ballroom dancing, travelling and quilting are some of her favorite pursuits when she's not writing. J.A. is currently working on several other erotic romances to include her sexy 'Cougar' series, stories of older women and their younger men.

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