



Blind Date

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Holy crap. He'd definitely have to thank his mom, this time.

Chris eyed the tall, lanky blond threading his way through the outdoor tables, headed in Chris's direction and couldn't believe his luck. After fending off her well-meaning efforts for weeks, he'd finally given in and agreed to meet her coworker's gay son.

"Would you please just meet him? I've seen pictures and he's very cute. I know you like tall and blond, he's sort of blond. Well, sandy haired. But tall. Okay, he's five-eleven, which is way above the national average. Honey, please. Promise me you'll at least just meet him. Meet him for a drink at The Block. If you don't like him, you don't have to stay."

Chris had looked at his mom and sighed. She meant well. God knew she meant well.

Reason never worked, no matter how hard he tried and this time had been no different. He'd finally decided it would be easier to just go with it, meet the guy, and be done with it when things didn't work out. They never did.

But – *ouch!* – this time he might actually be disappointed.

Seriously.

Mr. Tall-blond-and-nicely-muscular was six feet away, close enough to see the friendly smile.

"Hi. Chris?"

Standing to shake hands, Chris had to look up to meet the man's gaze and, please God, could those possibly be green eyes?

"Yeah." Confirming his identity, Chris aimed for discreet as he took in the broad shoulders evident beneath the close-fitting t-shirt. Buff, broad shoulders and well developed pecs filled out the rest and Chris tried to drown out the voice in his head asking what the hell was wrong with the guy that he needed his mom to find him a date. "Nice to meet you."

"Andy." Pulling out a chair he sat, a self-deprecating smile curving his lips. "Sorry about the work clothes, but I have to go straight from here to work."

Chris took a second to process the information, his gaze running over the extensive bits of torso still visible above the glass tabletop. A dark blue t-shirt with some sort of official looking logo and the letters FDOC weren't filling him in completely. "You sleep with doctors?"

"Huh?" Andy scrunched his nose adorably and Chris was already half in love.

"Sorry, bad joke. FDOC... F-docs? No?"

"Oh, yeah. No. Although, if there's an untapped need I don't know about..." Andy's laugh had Chris's hormones purring and his smile made his eyes crinkle at the corners. "Fire department. I know – why isn't it OCFD?"

Nodding, Chris leaned forward and wondered if it was too early in the date to climb into Andy's lap.

"I wish I knew." Shrugging, Andy continued, inclining forward a little himself. "Rumor has it that someone got the bright idea to reverse things after nine-eleven. You know, FDNY."

"Oh, right. Yeah." Chris smiled and gazed into Andy's eyes. A clear, grassy green. Even if they weren't already Chris's favorite, they would be now. "So. You're a fireman?"

"Yeah, I—" Their waitress appeared, interrupting to take their drink orders, all the while silently conveying her interest in taking more than that—from Andy, anyway. Politely, but just as silently, Andy communicated his total lack of interest and Chris's interest kicked up a notch. "Wildlands specialist, actually. I ought to mention, because of the winds I might get called in early."

"Right. Yeah, I can see that." Chris nodded again. Fall in this section of California meant the arrival of the Santa Ana winds. Occasional but inevitable, Chris hated them, but he'd learned to live with them. "What's a wildland specialist do?"

"It means I got extra training in dealing with these kinds of areas. I know more about the techniques used for suppressing fire in wilderness areas. We even have a specially equipped truck. We're on already on alert, but I signed up for overtime and it's real believable that I'll get called in early."

"Oh, wow. That's really interesting. How'd you get into something like that?"

Andy's smile was totally infectious and Chris found himself grinning like an idiot, but completely unable to stop himself as Andy talked.

"You know... Typical dopey kid who wanted to be a fireman since birth, practically. You probably knew one or two when you were that age. Am I right?"

“Yeah, my cousin Alec, for one.” Chris nodded and smiled into Andy’s eyes, not even looking away when the waitress brought their drinks, only then noticing that Andy had ordered iced tea to Chris’s draft beer. “Iced tea. Is that because you’re working?”

“Mmm-hmm, otherwise I’d probably join you.” Andy took a sip of his tea and continued, while Chris fought off visions of the ways he’d like Andy to join him. “Plus, I was always a nature geek and my family did a lot of outdoors stuff – camping and hiking and whatnot -- so it was kind of natural to combine the two. I get to travel more for the training and I get called in on emergencies out of state. I was in Wyoming for a lot of that mess last year. You might have read about it?”

So caught up in admiring the stroke of Andy’s long, tapered fingers over the rim of his glass, Chris had to pause and collect his thoughts enough to respond. “No kidding? That sounds cool. You get to fly in and be the hero?”

“Not quite so glamorous, but almost.” The fingers curled around the tall glass and Chris’s gaze followed as Andy took a drink. The muscles of Andy’s throat worked as he swallowed and Chris bit his lip in response. The man was seriously delicious.

“You might have to go in early? I’m guessing it’s wind-related?”

“Not too surprising, I guess. Yup, unfortunately. I guess y’all didn’t get much rain last year, so it’s even more of a risk than usual. Which is saying something.”

“Y’all?” Chris’s eyebrows went up.

“Yeah. You all. Y’all.”

“Nothing. It was nothing; forget I said anything.” Kicking himself for his stupid mistake, Chris backpedaled for all he was worth. Please, please God, don’t let him have annoyed this teeth-achingly beautiful man. Not before looks at, and maybe even tastes of, dicks had happened. Touching. He’d like to touch. Handle. *Whoa*. “Sounds like you weren’t here, then?”

“No. Idaho.”

“Idaho? What...?”

Andy leaned away from the table and rubbed his cheek. The amount of stubble there looked like maybe he hadn’t shaved that day and Chris had a sudden, intense vision of the two of them -- Andy on his back on the floor, Chris licking at that chiseled, bristly jaw line.

“I was working up in L.A. Things weren’t going so well with the boyfriend and I got seduced by a slick recruiter. Not ‘seduced’ seduced, literally. But, you know, he made it sound so good. Fresh air, unspoiled beauty, all of that.”

“Oh.” Chris nodded. What if he shifted over one chair, so that he was sitting next to Andy, instead of across from him? He could casually lean over and put his hand down Andy’s— *Cut it out. Maintain focus.* “Um, yeah. Sounds nice. But not so much, huh?”

The waitress reappeared, offering to take their food orders and while Andy placed his order for chicken quesadilla, hold the chilies, Chris quickly scanned the menu. Maybe something in his mouth would distract him from what he’d really like to have in there. Deciding that the best he could hope for was that he might just transfer all of that energy to a plate of hot wings, Chris placed the order.

“No, it was pretty enough and all. Just... I guess I’m more of a city boy than I realized. Cows, deer, elk. My coworkers had a pretty good time at my expense, I have to say. If there was a stray bit of wildlife, they did their best to make sure I had to deal with it. I think they might even had had their cop buddies in on it, toward the end there.”

A gust of hot wind kicked up and Chris slapped his hand down over the edge of his napkin as it headed over the edge of the table, just catching the last corner. Still weighed down by his silverware, Andy’s stayed put, but Andy’s gaze rose and swept the outdoor mall containing the restaurant they’d settled on for the date. A few errant wrappers and bits of paper swirled against a neighboring shop, while dry fall leaves were carried on wind funneled through the gap in the buildings.

“Not good.” Andy’s brow furrowed and Chris realized how badly he was smitten when caught himself admiring Andy’s surprisingly dark eyebrows and even wanting to smooth the lines between them with his thumb. “It’s not a matter of ‘if’ – it’s when. And where.”

“What?”

“Fire.” Andy lifted one shoulder and scowled a bit. “It’s just a matter of time until a spark lands in the wrong place and a fire starts. Most of the local fire department’s company got called up to help with the one already burning in Malibu, so I volunteered for extra duty to fill in. But if this wind keeps up, something’s going to happen locally and somebody’s going to lose their home; a lot of somebodys, potentially. I don’t know which way to root for -- people or wildlife. Either way it’s ugly.”

Chris liked that Andy obviously cared and it made him want to soothe Andy’s troubles. A backrub, maybe. Or a blowjob. Whatever worked. “I know what you mean. It’s a tough choice.”

“For the most part Nature’ll choose for us. We just do our best to control it. It’s hard, though, with people pushing out further and further into places people’ve never built before. California’s a huge state and we’re already stretched thin.”

“Wow. That must be hard.” The poor guy really did look worried. Chris’s job was in health care administration, so it wasn’t often that he had to worry about catastrophic events. Maybe if their hospital or provider’s office was closed because of something like a fire, but still. He wondered what it would be like to worry about those kinds of things all the time.

“I shouldn’t be such a whiner. I knew the challenges when I took the job. You’re probably wishing you’d never agreed to this thing in the first place.” Andy’s brow was still furrowed, but his eyes had softened. He propped his elbow on the table, cupping his chin in his hand, and gazed at Chris. It was all Chris could do not to climb over the table and try to kiss that worry off Andy’s gorgeous face and he hurried to reassure him.

“No, you’re not whining – you’re bitching. Big difference. So is that what brought you back to Southern California – job opportunity?”

“Kinda-sorta. Although, there are a lot of places I could’ve gone. A big one’s that my mom is here and she’s starting to have some health problems. My sister’s in Florida and she’s busy with her husband and her kids, so it helps to have me around. The weather was another one. Turns out it gets cold in Idaho in the winter.”

A smile came over Andy’s face with that last comment. Chris liked a man who could laugh at himself and gave an answering grin. He couldn’t help the flirtatious tone that had crept into it and only hoped Andy was feeling a little bit the same way. “Who knew?”

“Yeah, somehow I wasn’t focused on that part when I moved there. I knew it was white and that it was pretty on Christmas cards. It’s cold as well, as it happens.”

“Shut up! Serious? Whoa.”

“Absolutely freakin’ serious. But enough about me; let’s hear about you. Tell me about what do you do.” Picking up his glass, Andy tipped it in Chris’s direction for a moment before taking another drink and Chris took that as a signal to take over the conversation for a while.

“Um, do you want to go to sleep? ‘Cause too much about me’ll do that to you. No, seriously. Three older brothers—an accountant, a journalist and a contractor. I’m in public health care administration.” Chris smiled a little and hoped he wasn’t killing his chances. “And, yes, I know exactly how boring that sounds because I see the looks on my friends’ faces at parties. Which is fair, though, because it’s the exact same look I get when they start talking about their jobs in insurance or manufacturing.”

For several moments Andy didn't respond, just rubbed his thumb over a spot in the tablecloth and Chris could imagine that same thumb rubbing a nipple. Preferably Chris's, but if it was Andy's own, Chris was okay with it. When Andy raised his gaze, it was surprising contemplative. "When you were in college, did you ever try to imagine how your adult life would be? Did it turn out at all how you thought it would?"

"Sure I tried, but did it? Oh, hell no. It's a good thing I wasn't taking a drink when you asked that, 'cause I would've snorted beer all over you. I was going to be a famous international law attorney. Well, maybe not as famous as the guys who defended OJ, but you know what I mean. I was going to negotiate stuff. Like undersea mining rights and help underprivileged kids with my far-sighted, visionary qualities." Chris was playing it for laughs, but he was more or less faithful to the facts.

"So what happened?"

"I took a summer off to go to Europe with a friend. It was supposed to be just a vacation, but I spent a lot more money than I should have. When I came back I needed to pay bills while I went back to school and took a summer job with the County. I got a job at the Health Care Agency. No one was more surprised than me when I liked it. So I'm finishing up my Masters in Public Health. Pretty glamorous, huh?"

Head tilted, Andy was squinting a bit; trying to make the pieces fit, probably. "I'm sure it's good work. You're probably really helping people."

"Yeah, I know and I feel good about that. But it really *is* interesting." Chris had to fight the urge to roll his eyes at himself when the enthusiasm rose, like it always did when he talked about his job. "There's politics and sex and money involved. Most people have no idea."

"Sex?" Andy's ears perked up at that. Never a bad sign.

"It's not always overt, but it's there. People are people and everything comes down to sex or money at some point, seems like."

What an idiot. Chris had a shot at a really hot guy here and he'd probably just blown it, talking about his job, when he knew what a snore-inducer it was for most people. Surprisingly, 'policy wonk' wasn't something most people put on a list of qualities for their candidate for a dream date. No wonder he spent most of his Fridays at the gym then home to either watch TV or read.

"Tell me about the sex part." Andy leaned back and it was probably just Chris's imagination that saw sexual invitation in the body language – the open-thigh sprawl, the arms folded across the chest – and his dick stiffened.

“Okay, full disclosure: not as much sex as I’d like. It’s a lot of politics, but mostly it’s all about the money.”

“Can I get you two another round? Another draft? Some more iced tea?” The waitress was back, brisk and efficient now that she’d apparently decided that flirtatious wasn’t getting her anywhere.

Chris looked at Andy. “I don’t have to be at work tonight so how about if you make the call?”

“I wish I didn’t, but it’s part of the job. I’m having a good time.” Regret shadowed Andy’s clear green eyes as he turned to ask the waitress for the check. As she left it walked away, Chris pulled out his wallet and tossed a few bills on the table. “Would you like to get together again later some time? I’ll probably be busy for the next few days to a week, just depending on how the fire goes. If the winds give us a break, maybe a little sooner.”

As if to answer Andy’s statement and demonstrate its superior power, the winds gusted, blowing more napkins and knocking a wineglass on its side. The few patrons still left outside reached to shield their belongings, while two apparently decided they’d had enough and went inside.

“Am I allowed to bet which way I think it’s going to go?” Chris tried for an upbeat tone, but inside he was let down. Which made no sense. It was a first date. What had he expected, an engagement ring?

“You’d be smart to guess long. It’s nothing but dry tinder out there and it won’t take much to set it off. I’ll know more once I get to the station, but hopefully they’re calling in more back up; planes, the National Guard. The Marines, even. If this gets bad, we’ll need every last one.” Andy sighed. “Can I walk you to your car?”

“Ah, you don’t have to bother. You’ve got fires to put out and people to save.”

Standing, Andy was half a head taller than Chris, the extra height coming from long legs and a lean upper body Andy’s short-sleeved t-shirt showed off to great effect. Those arms would fit around him nicely, Chris decided.

“I’d like to if you don’t mind.” They left the fenced off section that comprised the restaurant’s outdoor dining area and headed out toward the mall’s main thoroughfare. The month might be October, but the wind that swirled around them in fits and gusts was warm; even a lightweight jacket would have been too much and Chris was loving the way it revealed Andy’s chest by molding his shirt to it.

“Okay, then. Cool.”

Setting off in the direction of Chris's car, Chris tried at first to set a businesslike pace, but Andy kept calling him back to show him something interesting he'd seen in a window display. Pretty soon they were openly window shopping and Chris felt vaguely guilty for keeping Andy from his job. He did his best to act normal, but every little glance, every touch on the shoulder was getting to him.

When Andy caught Chris checking his watch, he paused in his inspection of a particularly elaborate display of hiking paraphernalia to shoot Chris a questioning glance. "Do you need to be somewhere?"

"Not really. I thought you did, though."

"I do, but I'm not on until midnight." Pausing to look up at the store's name, as though marking it for future reference, Andy's gaze eventually came back to Chris's face. Their gazes held and Andy seemed to be debating something. "They could call me in early, but unless they do... Chris, come here a minute."

Andy tugged him around the corner and into a darkened alcove. Slipping both hands into Chris's hair, Andy murmured, "I've been wanting to do this all night." And brought his mouth down on Chris's.

Andy leaned back, pulling Chris onto him and groaned at the feel of Chris's body pressing against his.

God, that was, oh yeah.

Chris's arms went around him with an urgency that stoked Andy's ego, not to mention opening up the field to let Andy's hands wander. He reached down, feeling Chris's ass and when Chris moaned and opened his mouth to take Andy's tongue, it was, shit yeah.

"God, are you serious? Oh, man." Chris panted as he gazed up at Andy, looking poised and ready to pounce. Andy was fully prepared to let him.

"Feels pretty serious to me." Arching his hips a little, Andy let his arousal press up into Chris's and they both groaned.

"Shit, I thought..." Coming up on his toes, Chris came after Andy's mouth, angling his head for a better fit. When Andy's tongue slipped into Chris's mouth, Chris pressed harder, digging his fingers into Andy's back as their dicks rubbed together. "Oh, man. I can't believe you."

"What?" Andy brought one hand around to cup Chris through his pants, getting the best grip he could through the material, pressing his thumb over the top. Head falling forward until it rested against Andy's chest, Chris didn't respond. "Chris?"

“I can’t. That feels too good. Do it some more? Please?”

Andy bent his head to catch Chris’s mouth in another kiss as his fingers tested the hardness of Chris’s cock, his own pulsing with the need for Chris’s hand. “I want to see you. Taste you. Where can we go?”

“Go?” Blue eyes gone wide, Chris looked stunned.

“Yeah. It’s a little public, don’t you think?” Beneath his hand, Chris’s dick twitched hard, and a dark little idea began forming in Andy’s head. He scraped his nails along the placket of Chris’s fly as he leaned in to whisper in Chris’s ear. “What would people think? What if someone came by and saw us?”

“That would be bad.”

The look of scandalized shock on Chris’s face had Andy biting his cheek to keep from smiling. There was something so appealing in the feeling that he was about to debauch straight-arrow, responsible citizen Chris. But with Chris’s lips already a little kiss bruised, his eyes glazed with desire, Andy didn’t think he could resist the need to.

“Where could we go, though? My place is too far. What about yours?” He totally wasn’t playing fair, but Andy didn’t care. Whatever Chris’s answer was, he’d find a reason to shoot it down.

“Um, my place.”

While Chris struggled to focus, Andy popped the snap on Chris’s pants and slipped two fingers inside, stroking the soft, sticky head of Chris’s cock. Zeroing in on the portion of Chris’s neck available above the material of his shirt, Andy latched on with his mouth. He sucked up the skin with an open-mouthed kiss, flicking his tongue over it like it was the tip of the dick he was touching with his hand. “Chris, what about your place? How close is it?”

“Unh.” Head lolling to one side, Chris swallowed. “Um... I don’t know. I can’t think when you do that.”

The zipper opened silently and Andy delved inside, taking Chris’s cock in his hand. “You’re so hard.” Andy squeezed, enthralled by the slide of hot skin over hard cock.

“Andy, what are you doing? We can’t! We’re practically in public.”

“It’s okay – no one’s looking,” another side of hand over skin, “I can’t wait. You feel so good.”

Chris put a hand on Andy’s arm. “What if, what if someone walks by?”

“Then we’ll have to hope they don’t.”

It was amazing how the physics of wind worked, because just a few feet away it was swirling and gusting, probably thirty to forty miles an hour. Tucked away in the little alcove Andy’d found, though, it was completely calm and when Andy peeled down Chris’s pants it was only his own breath making the rigid cock that sprang free tremble.

Kneeling, his butt resting on his heels, Andy had a perfect view of the gorgeous curving cock mere inches from his nose. He leaned in, the better to breathe in Chris’s scent – musky and earthy – impossible to resist. To undress Chris he’d had to let go, but Andy wrapped his fingers around it again, running his thumb back and forth across the sweet spot beneath the head, just to hear Chris moan.

“Andy, Andy, this is crazy. You’ve got to stop now.” Breathily and choked, Chris’s words might have carried more weight if he hadn’t been arching into Andy’s hand at the same time he was whispering for him to stop. “I mean it, cut it out—”

Tilting his head to the side, Andy wanted to see Chris’s face as he put his mouth on him and it was every bit as hot as Andy’d thought it would be. Chris’s gasp of pleasure was followed by an involuntary hip thrust as Chris’s body betrayed him. His mind might be saying ‘no,’ but his body was saying ‘hell fucking yeah’ and the tug of war between the two was intense.

Chris’s cock slid easily over Andy’s tongue and Andy did some groaning of his own at how good Chris tasted. Salty and sweet and hard as fuck in his mouth, Andy closed his eyes and went as deep as he could on Chris, until the tip of Chris’s dick hit the back of his throat. Slim, but long, and with a nice little curve to it, Chris’s cock was flirting with Andy’s gag reflex, but Andy concentrated on relaxing his throat. Pulling off slowly, then going deep again, Andy moved in a steady, rhythmic motion.

A hand curled in Andy’s hair and Chris whimpered, digging panicky fingers into Andy’s scalp. “Oh, God. Oh, God. Andy, stop! Stop. Somebody’s coming.” Andy froze his actions but didn’t let go – just held on, breathing through his nose. “Okay, they’re gone. But, shit -- that was close.”

Pulling away, Andy sat back and gazed up at Chris’s face, the wild-eyed look of him – all flushed pale skin and panting mouth – doing something to Andy’s insides. So hot, and all the more so for his complete unawareness of it.

“If they’re gone, then there’s no reason I can’t finish you off, is there?” Andy licked his lips, the salty, delicious taste of Chris rolling around his tongue like so much brut champagne. While he chased it around his mouth, his hands weren’t idle, either. One hand still hung on to Chris’s cock, caressing the base of it, while the other moved up and down the back of one of Chris’s thighs.

When Chris didn't respond, Andy prodded. "Is there?"

"I... oh, God. I..." Chris's hand, still resting atop Andy's head, fingers entwined with Andy's hair, tightened its grip. The answer, when it came, was a helpless whisper of surrender. "No."

Smiling at Chris's acquiescence, Andy went back to work, picking up where he'd left off. The velvet slide of Chris's cock in his mouth was a rush. Whatever Chris's conscious thoughts had been at the almost-interruption, his erection hadn't lost any of its fullness and it was still stiff with lust.

Taking hold of Chris's ass with both hands, Andy closed his eyes and lost himself in the pleasure of going down on Chris. So hot, so hard in his mouth, gliding easily over his tongue, Chris gasped softly when Andy dragged his teeth a little over the sides.

The flesh beneath Andy's hands was like hot, smooth silk; flexed and tense, quivering slightly. It didn't take long. Andy gripped hard, controlling Chris's movements, moving him around, back and forth until the tensing of muscles warned Andy. And then Chris was shooting, hot jets of salty come and Andy was drinking him down.

Bracing himself against the building, Chris's hands hit the wall with the dull splat of skin on brick, his fingers spread wide for support as the tremors shook his body. Andy relaxed his grip a little, letting Chris sag back against the wall, even as he stayed on Chris's dick, encouraging every little spurt; enjoying the spasms that shook Chris's body with every flick of Andy's tongue.

If it was this good the first time, hurried and in semi-public, alone and naked would be a mind altering experience.

Andy only grudgingly released Chris, standing to drag Chris's shorts back up and fasten them while Chris stood passively, dazed. When he had Chris's clothing more or less reassembled, Andy took Chris in his arms, folding him close as Chris melted into him and slipped his own arms around Andy.

"Are you sure you have to go in tonight?" Chris was leaning his head back against Andy's arm, gazing up with an expression of lazy contentment.

"Yeah. Sorry, but yeah."

"Aw, man..."

"Believe me, no one's more sorry than me." To back up his claim Andy let his dick, still hard and aching, bump up against Chris. The wave of desire that rolled up his spine as he imagined easing it over the course of a long, languorous night with Chris made his arms tighten around the other man.

“Oh, man. That’s brutal. You’ve got to let me—”

“Don’t worry about it. I’ll let you make it up to me when I get back. With interest.”

Lips pressed against Andy’s neck, Chris smiled. “I can’t believe I did that.”

“You didn’t – I did. You just stood there and took it. A trait I admire greatly, I should mention.” In his pocket, Andy’s phone buzzed. When he checked the number it was the one he’d been half expecting all night. “Uh-oh, looks like that’s my call.”

As they left the little recessed area between buildings, Andy kept an arm draped over Chris’s shoulders and Chris responded with an arm around Andy’s waist. The press of his jeans over his hard-on as they walked reminded Andy with every step of what he was giving up. “Pride, commitment, service” was the fire department’s motto and it was taking every ounce of his commitment to walk away from the man at his side.

“Crap. I mean, I know that’s your job and all. It’s just... the timing sucks.” Chris’s expression was flatteringly gloomy, but the overall look of him would help carry Andy through the next few days -- disheveled, messy and ready to be fucked.

“Listen, I don’t know when I’ll have another day off. Seriously, this could be a while, but can I call you when I do?”

“Shit, are you kidding? Just tell me where to meet you.” Chris’s high-wattage grin faded a little. “I sound like a total slut, don’t I? Don’t answer that. But, yeah, you can definitely call me.”

“That’s perfect. ‘Cause when I get back, I’m gonna be ready for some serious R & R. I’d really like it if I could do it with you.”

“I’d consider it the absolute least I can do to thank one of my community’s heroes for putting his life on the line. In fact, I would consider it my civic duty.”

The teasing light in Chris’s blue eyes made Andy smile. “I’m gonna hold you to your word, citizen. I don’t believe I’ve ever had a ‘thanks for saving our wildlands’ blowjob before.”

Chris smiled back gave Andy’s ass a squeeze. “Oh, you won’t believe how civic-minded I can be. Hurry back, babe.”

END

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