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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Saturday lunch at my usual haunt, In-N-Out Burger off Rengstorff. Good timing; I dropped my hat and sunglasses on one of the two-person corner tables and placed my order. Filled my cup with root beer and sat down to wait.

A young woman, late twenties perhaps, came up to me, a curious look on her face.

“Are you Artie?” she asked.

I raised an eyebrow and smiled. She must have spotted my license plate. “Yes...”

“You wrote Growing up with Beth?” she followed up.

I smiled more. “Yes,” I admitted. A little over two hundred thousand words.

Whack! She slapped me! “That’s for Karen!” She turned and stormed away!

I touched my stinging cheek in shock. Glancing up, I saw my attacker return to a booth with two other gals sitting with their backs to me; one of the In-N-Out people hurried over and talked to her. She and the In-N-Out guy glanced at me, exchanged a few more words. Shit, most people in the place were looking at me. The three gals left.

Finally recognized in public for what I wrote -- what a reception!

“Sir?”

I looked up. I guessed the In-N-Out guy was the shift manager; they all wear the same uniform as far as I can tell.

“Yes?”

He managed a smile. “I’m sorry about that, sir. You’re an author?”

I nodded. “Yes, and she didn’t like what happened to a character in a story I did a few years ago,” I told him.

He shook his head. “Must be a good story. Weird.”

I shrugged. "Not quite the reception I expected," I admitted.

He picked up my order receipt. "I'll bring your order over. Thank you for your continued patronage."

"You're welcome -- glad you're here, and busy."

He walked away.

Must be management -- he said "continued patronage."

I was still in shock. That part of the story -- of Growing Up With Beth -- had tortured me for a month and a half. I tried, I really tried to make it work between Andy and Karen. But it didn't happen. Finally, I "heard" Andy tell Beth that it "feels like something that was meant to not be..." And he grew from the experience. Both of us did. It worked out well.

And I just got slapped for it! Guess I should pull my picture off the website; it's kind of old anyway. Maybe start throwing in references to Taco Bell or something, or eat at an In-N-Out farther from my house... Chipotle is just down the road, with REI next door, or I could do the hot dog and a coke thing for a buck and a half at Costco...

My lunch arrived. I ate, finished the rest of my errands, and headed home.

Sitting in front of the computer, words on the screen had become unintelligible marks again. I laughed at myself, trying to reframe the incident -- that's how much of an impact my words had made! I touched the side of my face, recalling the impact her hand had made.

My words were strong enough to get a woman to walk up to a stranger in public and slap him in the face! Total stranger? If she'd read that story, and more of mine, she'd seen into some pretty deep parts of me. Once in a while, going back and really reading some of my stories, I realize just how deep -- more than I knew or realized at the time. Wild! That got me laughing some more.

A week later, back at the same In-N-Out. I needed some stuff at Costco, so why not? Pulling into the parking lot, though, I could almost feel the sting on my face. All week long I'd checked e-mail, expecting an "I'm sorry" message. Yeah, I'm sorry, let me make it up to you... Not going to happen...

A month later, the event hardly crossed my mind. Some on-line friends still asked me if anything unusual had happened when I chatted with them...

"Uh, can I sit with you?"

I looked up from cleaning my sunglasses to see a goth chick standing in front of me, order ticket in one hand, soft drink in the other. Black top, black pants, pony-tail black hair with purple and red streaks. Hey, my pony-tail is brown with grey streaks, and they're natural... For me, she had a very attractive figure -- top heavy, with curves. Not on a starvation diet if she's eating here!

“Sure,” I told her. I usually take one of the two-person tables at the place.

“Thanks,” she said, sitting down. She fidgeted a bit, then asked, “You’re Artie, right?”

I felt like a trapped rat; I truly was backed into a corner. Did this broad carry a gun? Knife?

“Yeah, why?”

She sighed, and the words poured out. Her name was Robyn (with a “y”) and she worked with Suzie and Karen they were here about a month ago Suzie was the one who slapped me they talked about it how she was still so mad at what I did to Karen in that story and she finally got the url and she stayed up until like four in the morning reading it and she cried in places and laughed in places and spent the next week reading everything on my site and then reading some of it again and again she must have missed me last Saturday she didn’t get here until a little after noon and waited until almost two but she was so glad she’d met me.

“20, 23, and 24 your orders are ready!” the counter guy called out. I had 20, she had 24. “Be right back,” I told her. I order grilled onions and that usually takes longer.

Her gaze followed me to the counter and back to sitting. I put her tray in front of her. She was looking at me, smiling. One earring in each ear, nothing in the nose or tongue. “*Bon ap  tit*,” I told her.

She looked confused, glanced down in front of her. “Oh... Thanks!”

We ate lunch. She asked what I was working on currently; I told her. She wanted to know if I’d be doing more on the usual bag of stories. I asked her if she thought my writing had changed, from early things like “Beach Balls” to “Rush” and “Intrigue.” Yes, a lot! I explained that it was difficult to fit into those old shoes, to pick up those old stories and their styles, and continue in that same way. Yes, I still cared about the characters, Bill, Nancy, Andy, Rachel, Beth... But I only had so much time -- and I had so much to write, to explore. She sighed and nodded.

Crunch time -- done with lunch. What now? I put a hand on the table. “What now?” I asked, smiling, looking her in the eye.

She sighed, slowly moving a hand to mine, touching me. Her hand was warm and soft. She sighed again, looking at me.

“Robyn, it was nice to meet you.”

She sighed again, nodding. “Come back to my place with me?”

I nodded. “Okay.”

She practically jumped out of her seat. I held her hand. “Slow down,” I whispered.

She nodded, grinning wildly.

I stood and took care of our trays. "I'm getting a refill," I told her, raising my cup.

I refilled my cup; she was waiting by the door.

She was about two inches shorter than me. Looked like she was trying to keep from jumping up and down, she was so excited.

"I'm guessing you know what I drive," I suggested. "What are ..."

She interrupted by putting her arms around my neck and pulling me to a kiss.

I wrapped my arms around her; she felt very nice. I held her gently.

"Follow me," she said, her grin from ear to ear.

Getting in my Mini, contemplating... Opened my little leather coin purse to dump in the change for lunch. I carry a little plastic SD card carrier with some pills in it. Antihistamines, decongestants, migraine medication... And one Levitra, still sealed. What the hell; I opened it and swallowed it with a gulp of soda. Here's to hope... Start the engine and back out, carefully.

Well maintained Accura with a license plate frame for a well known company -- okay, she's not a starving college student. We drove to a nearby townhouse complex. She pointed to a guest parking spot, and I pulled in.

A brief twinge as we walked in; it reminded me of the townhouse complex where we'd lived when I was first married. In the door, closing the door behind us, turning to an open and inviting pair of arms, her head at a slight angle, eyes almost closed, hungry lips... She squeezed me tight, and I held her gently, enjoying feeling her, running my hands over her. I touched an ear and she pushed me against the wall. I held her, encouraging her, kissing her neck. She pressed me against the wall, making breathy, happy sounds.

Pulling me down the short hall to her bedroom, falling on the bed, touching, caressing, kissing, rolling around.

On top of me, she pushed up on her arms, panting a little, smiling a lot. "I'll be right back," she told me, and headed to the bathroom.

I waited until I heard her flush, then went in. She turned to me, still smiling.

"Not so fast," I told her, turning on the hot water at the sink, then holding her and pressing her against the counter as we kissed.

When the water warmed up, I adjusted the temperature and grabbed a washcloth. I got it wet, and then slid down her body, kissing her, and pulling down her pants and panties. I kissed her navel and down to her mound, then wiped her gently with the washcloth, moving in to kiss her as the washcloth passed. Her initial gasps of surprise changed; she turned her legs out and spread them to give me better access, and then encouraged me to stay where I was.

“Go get comfortable? I’ll be there in a bit,” I told her, dumping the washcloth in the sink and turning off the water.

She took my hand and pulled me back to bed, stripping off the rest of her clothes and falling back on her bed, looking so pale-pink delicious and inviting. I shed my clothes and started kissing my way up her legs. She wasn’t sure whether she wanted to squeeze me between her legs, or throw them wide open. She definitely liked what I was doing, though, and so did I.

After a while, though, she started pulling my head up. I kissed my way up her body, paying more attention to her navel. She moved under me, and I blew a loud raspberry in her navel. She laughed and shook, so I did it again. She wrapped her legs around my waist, holding and squeezing me, rolling us over.

Her laughter turned to growling as she moved down me, pausing to let me adore her nipples, then sliding us together. I held her waist and helped her enjoy our ride.

Enjoy she did, sitting up, her head going back as she rocked and swirled, letting me and everyone else in the area know she liked it. She leaned forward, her hands on my shoulders, her eyes closed, slightly biting her lower lip, the look on her face one of erotic concentration. I ran my hands up from her waist to her breasts, cupping and squeezing them gently, making her quake, her head going down and her hair dangling in my face.

I moaned as I got close, breathing deep, letting go as she rode, and rode, and rode...

We collapsed to one side. As we slid apart, she tucked something between her legs. I pulled her closer, taking a nipple, wrapping myself around her, and pulling the bedcovers over us. She sighed and held me.

I woke up still in her arms, nestled in, listening to the sweet soft music of her gentle breathing and her heart beating in my ear. I moved to take a nipple. She moved a bit. And held me.

She woke more with a deep breath, a stretch, and a hand at the back of my head holding me in place.

“Coffee?” she questioned. “I need coffee...”

I needed her, pulling her on top of me, burying my face between her breasts, kissing her.

She pushed up on her arms, looking at me and smiling. “Mmm, you are good...” She leaned down and we kissed. I rubbed her back. She enjoyed that, and it kept her on top of me longer...

But we got up and got dressed again. We walked a couple of blocks, arms around waists, to a local Starbucks. I had a Christmas-gift Starbucks card in my wallet; she had a fancy coffee and I had a hot chocolate. We sat curled up together in a sort of loveseat next to a window.

“That was really nice,” she murmured, blowing over the top of her coffee.

I nodded. “You are delicious, and warm...”

She smiled more, still glowing. “It was so nice taking a nap like that.”

“Snuggling afterwards is the most important part,” I told her.

She nodded.

We walked around the area, holding hands. At one point she twirled into my arms; I held her, squeezing her, picking her up and twirling around. She held on, squealing with delight, and laughed. We kissed when I put her down.

We walked around a bit more, then back to her place. We settled in on the couch, necking gently, slowly.

“Would you like to...?” she murmured as I nestled closer to her on the couch.

“This is nice,” I whispered back, holding her.

“Yes, it is,” she breathed, wrapping her arms around me and getting more comfortable.

We eventually got up and walked to a local Indian place for dinner, sharing communal dishes and feeding each other.

Sitting in a different loveseat at a different Starbucks a few blocks away, she looked in my eyes and whispered, “What would you like?”

“To look in your eyes as we make love,” I whispered back.

She shuddered a bit; I saw her nostrils flare.

When we got back to her place, she ran back to her bathroom. I opened some windows to air the place out and cool it off; it was warm and stuffy.

Surprise -- she returned still clothed! “Where were we?” she said, reclining on the couch again.

I pulled her into my lap and ran my hands under her top, unhooking her bra as I rubbed her back. As we kissed, she reciprocated by working on my belt and my pants. We took our time, sitting together, kissing, feeling enjoying stoking the fires. Later, her head and shoulders were on the sofa and I was pounding into her from behind, holding her hips, then her breasts as we got closer. She had a hand between her legs, and when we got things right, she pushed her head into a couch cushion to muffle her cries. I pushed into her more and more, holding her and tilting my hips, filling her as she pressed back against me.

We collapsed to the floor for a while, still entangled. I held her and kissed her back. We made it to her bed, going to sleep snuggled together. I only had to get up once during the night to visit the bathroom. It was after five in the morning. When I got back into bed, she curled up to my side. Later in the morning we moved around so I could enjoy her nipples. She held me very nicely.

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We drifted that way for quite a while, finally getting up to her pleas of, “Coffee...”

But sitting at a shop a while later as she enjoyed her coffee (and I had a Dr. Pepper), she suddenly sat up with a look of concern and said, “Oh!” She finished her coffee and leaned forward conspiratorially.

I leaned closer as well. “What?”

“We didn’t make love looking in each others’ eyes,” she said quietly.

“We still can,” I suggested.

“Let’s go,” she responded, leaning forward a bit more and kissing me on the nose.

Going to be another good day!

FIN

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