

VEGAS

Getaway

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Shit that happens
in Vegas...doesn't
always STAY in
Vegas...

CHAPTER 1

VEGAS GETAWAY

A STORY OF DRUNKEN SEX & DIRTY SECRETS

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CHAPTER 1

My head was pounding as I tried to fall back asleep. It was no use, of course. I yawned involuntarily and stretched my legs, trying to remember how to open my eyes. I was hung over...seriously hung over.

As my eyelids fluttered, I flinched at the brightness in the room. It was probably mid-afternoon by now. I had been up drinking until at least four in the morning. But hey...that's what you're supposed to do in Vegas, right?

I slowly sat up, noting that the pounding in my head got worse as I did so. My breath was awful. I could smell it as I breathed in and out. It smelled like a week-old dead fish, combined with the stink of an ashtray.

I flung the covers off of me, and tried to stand up. That's when I heard grumbling coming from behind me, in the bed.

"Not yet...still wanna sleep," an unknown female voice uttered.

I shook my head, trying to clear it so that I could perhaps remember what had happened last night, and who this woman was. I realized I was naked, as was she. I *could* say that this was the first time since arriving in Vegas that I had woken up hung over with a naked woman in my bed, but I'd be lying.

It had happened a time or two...or three, I suppose. But, honestly, who cares? I was going through a divorce now and I didn't give a rat's ass about anything anymore.

If that ungrateful bitch had taught me one thing, it was that life was short, and you were undoubtedly going to get fucked in your ass if you allowed it.

I suppose I'm getting ahead of myself. There's really a lot more to my story than random sex in Vegas, although right now that's pretty appealing.

This, I suppose, is the story of my life...the story of Max Holbrook. Well, my given name is Richard Maxwell Holbrook, but I got tired of being called Dick, so I started using my middle name.

It all started when I met that awful bitch-whore of a wife...twenty-three years ago. We were both in college in Tucson. We were young and stupid...the whole world-is-your-oyster kinda shit. She was hot, I must admit. And I was pretty good looking myself.

I had just turned twenty-two, and I was a stud. A full head of short, spiky brown hair, baby-blue eyes that could melt any heart, pearly-white teeth, lightly tanned skin, and a lean, muscular build...not to mention I was on the football team. That guaranteed me plenty of hot chicks.

I was a senior, only one semester away from graduation. That's when I met Barbara and my life changed forever.

She was a senior as well, and even had multiple classes with me, but I had never noticed her until that night. That fateful, life-altering night at the frat party. She came with a friend...Carrie. Carrie was dating a buddy of mine on the football team.

I still remember when Carrie introduced me to Barbara, and the fact that I was crushing on her almost immediately. I was totally buzzed and looking to score, but it seemed different with her.

She was tall and kind of curvy. Not like most of the college girls I had slept with that were so thin you wanted to feed them a cookie to fatten them up a little.

She had long, light brown hair that had the slightest wave to it, and the most gorgeous emerald green eyes I had ever seen. They went with her skin amazingly. I had always gone for the tan, leathery types like myself, but Barbara was fair-skinned, and it made her all the more beautiful.

Even though she was tall, she still managed to be dainty and very feminine. She was different, but in a very good way. Not to mention she was intellectual. She was way too smart for me, even now.

We had some sort of connection; one that I thought meant that we were soul mates. What a load of shit.

The night we met, we started out with small talk, but by the end of the night, she was naked and moaning my name. That was how it usually went. But not this time.

The next morning, she didn't want to leave, and I didn't want her to. That was a new feeling for me. She made me happy.

We started dating and got serious real fast. By the time graduation came, we were engaged. I was faithful to her, putting all of my partying days behind me. Barbara was all I would ever want...I was certain of that.

Just months after graduation, we had both found well-paying jobs in Tucson. We bought a house, got married, and settled into our new life. We were both overwhelmed with joy.

That life only lasted about a year, and then it all went downhill. Barbara didn't adjust to married life as well as I did. It was different, having to learn to live with someone else. She was also stressed out at her new job, which didn't help our marriage any.

She put on a little weight, and was probably ten or fifteen pounds heavier than she was in college by the time we made it to our first anniversary. It didn't bother me, but it seemed to disturb her.

She became really self-critical all the time, and started accusing me of not being turned on by her anymore. That wasn't true at all. I just wasn't as energetic as I had been in college. Working fifty plus hours a week has a way of diminishing your sex drive, but Barbara never believed me.

The second year of our marriage got worse. She gained a good forty pounds only months after our first anniversary, which blew my mind. It was like I was living with a different person.

By the time our second anniversary snuck up on us, she was over two hundred pounds, and I found myself pulling away from her. I wasn't proud of it, but it is what it is. I was still the same guy from school...and she was a

completely new person.

She was heavier, but I could have found a way around that. It was her whole attitude that turned me off. She became depressed, moody, bossy, angry, demanding...the list goes on and on.

She literally became a recluse, never wanting to leave the house except when she had to go to work. We never went out to eat or saw a movie or went shopping...she just wanted to stay home all the time.

And the absolute worst part of it all is that she refused to have sex with me. I didn't know how long it had been...I estimated it had been six months, but it could have been longer. She wouldn't let me see her naked and she always had an excuse any time I tried to initiate sex with her.

That's when I did something deplorable...something I still regret to this very day. It could have very well been the reason Barbara finally left me.

I cheated on her, and I'm not talking about a one-night fling. I had an affair for months with a lovely woman named Daisy. She was a wonderful person in general, and gave me everything I needed at the time.

Daisy was a petite thing, only barely coming up to my shoulders. She had shoulder-length straight blonde hair and brown eyes that went well with her deeply tanned skin. She was bubbly and energetic, but those weren't the only reasons I fell in love with her.

She listened to me and acted like she cared. She was attentive in bed, making sure I was satisfied each time. She loved to go places and do things, and she was a real people-person.

In essence, she was everything Barbara used to be. It sickened me that I was unfaithful to Barbara, but I felt that I had no other choice. She refused help of any kind that I tried to offer her, but didn't want a divorce. So, I did what I had to do to keep our marriage intact.

Daisy was there to provide me with everything that Barbara wouldn't. For a while, it seemed to be working out for everyone.

And then Barbara found out. That one slip-up nearly

cost me my marriage, but somehow I was able to salvage it.

I tried to be cautious with Daisy so that Barbara wouldn't find out and get hurt, but one day I got sloppy and didn't cover my tracks.

Barbara found a receipt in my wallet for a nearby hotel...one that I usually frequented when I met up with Daisy for a quickie. Normally, I would have tossed the receipt since I always paid cash, but that day I was in a hurry and forgot that I had put it in my wallet.

Barbara found it that night when she was going through my wallet looking for something. She normally never did that, but she must have known something was wrong. She admitted that she had been snooping on me for a while, but hadn't caught me doing anything.

She confronted me while I was taking a shower, so I was trapped with nowhere to go. She came into the bathroom, upset and crying, and threw the receipt in my face.

What could I say? That I had gotten tired at lunch and rented a room to take a nap? She knew exactly what was going on, so I didn't try to deny it.

I give myself kudos for not trying to blame her for everything. I actually apologized for betraying her and did my best not to make her feel bad. Most guys would have told their wives that it was all their fault for not putting out.

That night, after I confessed everything to her, she finally was able to have sex with me. I don't know why she did it, but it was a turning point in our marriage. I think she finally realized how bad our relationship had gotten.

The next day, we both skipped work and found a counselor that would see us immediately. We went through some pretty intense therapy, making sure to be completely honest with one another.

After a few months, our marriage was stronger than ever. I had broken things off with Daisy the day Barbara found out about us. She was heartbroken, but she understood. I never heard from her again.

Barbara never lost any weight, and I was fine with that.

I made a promise to myself that I would always be faithful to her, no matter what. She worked on her own issues and life moved on.

Due to her weight and her health, she was never able to conceive, so we never had any kids. We were both okay with that...we just assumed kids weren't meant to be for either of us.

I thought we were going to grow old together and be happy with one another. Boy, was I wrong.

We were married for almost twenty-four years when that bitch changed and ruined my life. I'm no angel, I'll admit, but what she did was beyond evil, especially after I had remained by her side all of those years.

Two years ago, on her birthday, she decided she wanted to get her stomach stapled and get liposuction. Barbara was close to three hundred pounds by then, and her health was declining. I had tried everything in my power to help her get healthy, but she was never able to lose the weight.

Since we were both making pretty decent money, I told her to go ahead with the surgery if that was what she really wanted. Unfortunately, I allowed it all to be billed in my name. She racked up nearly forty thousand dollars in medical bills, which I had to pay with loans and credit cards.

A year after the surgery, Barbara had lost almost one hundred and fifty pounds, and was looking great. She had some plastic surgery done to repair some loose skin, but that was about it.

She was a whole new person. She became more energetic and friendly and outgoing. It was like she was in college all over again. I hated to admit it, but I was relieved that she had lost the weight.

Then, she fucked me in my ass. About a year and a half after her surgery, she cheated on me. That would have been something completely forgivable, considering I had done the same to her, but that wasn't the worst of it.

She was having a fling with a man in his early thirties, and she came up pregnant...after all those years. I didn't

know at the time that she was having an affair, so I just assumed the baby was mine. Even being in my mid-forties, I was kind of happy about it.

She must have done some calculating or had some testing done or something, because one evening when I got home from work, she was waiting on me at home. She had her bags packed and ready to go.

She told me all about the affair she had been having for the past few months, and then assured me that the baby wasn't mine. She also stunned me when she told me she was leaving and wanted a divorce.

She walked out on me without looking back, and not a single tear in her eye. It was a little disturbing.

That was about six months ago, and things have gone from bad to worse since then. It wasn't bad enough that she wanted a divorce, but she was being nasty about it.

She apparently wanted everything I owned, including my underwear, and her new boyfriend was helping her try to get it from me. Her lawyer was relentless, demanding that I had caused all of the damage to our marriage, so I needed to pay.

That may have been true, but considering I had given that whore twenty-four years of my life, I expected at least a little mercy.

She wanted the house, the cars (not just one, but both...I guess so her new man meat could have one to drive around), the savings, half of my retirement...there was no end to it.

I was paying out the ass to have a good lawyer...so I was probably going to be bankrupt by the time that bitch actually divorced me.

I had tried to use her medical debt in my favor, considering I still owed a good twenty-five thousand in bills, but I pretty much got told that if I was stupid enough to pay her bills using my name, then that was my fault.

A single ray of sunshine found its way to me last month, though, and it significantly raised my spirits. While sifting through some bills, I came across an unfamiliar envelope with Barbara's name on it.

And yes, I know it's a crime to open other people's mail, but considering what a fucking bitch she was being, I made an exception.

When I opened the envelope, I found a statement inside. It was for a loan Barbara had gotten a few years ago when we re-did our kitchen. We had both chipped in and paid it off, and now there was a zero balance.

However, she had never cancelled the loan, so they kept sending her statements even though she didn't owe them anything. I almost fell over when I saw that they had raised her loan amount to twelve thousand dollars. Originally it was for seven thousand, but they must have raised it since we paid it off early.

I sat there at the desk, wondering if she knew about the loan account. Obviously not, or she probably would have maxed it out. I had reasoned with myself, knowing it would be wrong to borrow any of that money, and was about to put the statement back in the envelope and forget about it.

But, something happened that changed my mind. While I was staring at the damn loan paper, my phone rang. It was her royal highness calling me to tell me that she was also going to be seeking legal fees from me in the divorce, since I was being unreasonable and not giving her everything she wanted.

She justified her insanity by saying that her little mongrel that was on the way needed a new house to come home to, and her boyfriend's place was just too small.

She also told me that I really should be sympathetic to her, considering she was less than a month away from her due date. She said she was stressed out from all of the divorce nonsense, and wanted me to capitulate.

I gave her my response by slamming the phone down and hanging up on her. I was seething with anger, and didn't think about what I was doing.

I logged on to the computer and went to the website that was on the loan paperwork. Everything was electronic now, including being able to borrow money from them. All

you needed was a checking account. Luckily, I still had one of those that was a joint account, and still had Barbara's name on it.

She had quit accessing it long ago, after she had taken all of the money that was in it. It hadn't been used in several months since I couldn't close it without having her with me. I opened my own personal account that she didn't know about, just in case she wanted my paycheck, too.

I quickly figured out Barbara's login information (she always used the same e-mail and password combo) and had instant access to all of that money.

I figured if I transferred it to *our* checking account, then withdrew the money shortly after, there wouldn't be much anyone could do about it. Not that I cared, considering it wasn't even a drop in the bucket compared to how much I still owed on *her* bills.

And, if the lawyer wanted to come after me for that, so be it. I was past the point of caring anymore. She had fucked me in so many ways that I was beyond noticing.

I quickly figured out how to transfer the money and sent nine thousand five hundred dollars to our joint checking account. I almost felt bad about it...almost.

The hardest part was the waiting. I felt on edge, waiting to get caught, but I never did. It went off without a hitch, so I took that as a sign that it was meant to be.

Two days after the transfer, the money was cleared for access at the bank. I went in first thing in the morning and walked out with the whole sum. I got a few odd looks in the bank, but nobody questioned me.

I felt a little giddy on the way home with all that money in my pocket. While I was driving, I had the urge to get out of town for a little vacation. I didn't have to think about it for long before I knew exactly where I was heading. Vegas, baby! Things didn't seem so bad anymore.

I waited a whole month before I took my trip, so I wouldn't look suspicious. I already had a story all worked

out for when the bitch's lawyer came after me for using her loan account.

I was going to tell them that she called, crying and upset, needing money. Her boyfriend wasn't helping her out and she needed money for doctors and to buy things for the baby, but she couldn't count on him.

I supposedly felt bad for her and tried my best to help her. We figured out that she still had access to an old loan, but she didn't want her new boyfriend to know she had all that money in case he tried to spend it on himself.

I came up with the genius idea to get the money out and give it to her in cash, that way her man wouldn't know a thing about it.

Nobody could prove otherwise. It would be her word against mine. I would probably get fucked in the end, but for now I had a game plan.

I patiently waited for my month to be up, and it flew by. I was actually enjoying being a bachelor. I had so much more free time to do things that I wanted to do. I watched a lot of sports, rented movies, and ordered take-out food almost every night.

I spent my weekends in the car, driving wherever I wanted and not caring where I ended up. I was just happy to be on the road and out of that house.

I also spent a lot more time on the internet. I had accounts on a few social networking sites, but had never really had the time to mess with it much. I had a blast reconnecting with friends from the past. It was actually pretty great getting to talk to old buddies from high school and college.

I was even excitedly telling people I was getting a divorce, and to not feel bad for me. I wasn't the only one amongst my group of friends that was going through a divorce.

I blatantly flirted with a few of my old girlfriends that I had found. Barbara never "allowed" me to be friends online with any of my old flames...it made her jealous. Didn't have to worry about that now.

My trip to Vegas was getting close...less than a week

to go. I had already booked a room for three weeks. I had more accrued vacation time than that at work, but I didn't want to use it all up at once. I was sure that once the divorce was over, I would want to take some time off to celebrate.

Three days before I was due to leave, I logged on to my computer after work, checking for emails. I had one in my inbox stating that someone had sent me a friend request on one of the sites I was signed up for.

I logged in to see who it was, and was surprised when Daisy's face popped up on my screen. I hadn't seen her since we broke up. She hadn't changed much at all...she was still just as beautiful as always.

I accepted her request, and eagerly went to her page to catch up with all that had been going on with her. I was disappointed to see that she was happily married with three kids. But, I was glad she had found someone. She deserved nothing but the best.

I sent her a long email, giving her a rundown of all that had happened since we had last seen each other. I told her that I was glad that she had found me and that I hoped she would write back to let me know how she was doing.

She must have been online, because she emailed me back less than an hour later. I eagerly checked her response.

I'm so glad I found you, Max. It has been such a long time since we've seen each other. Yes, I'm married. Happily married, at that. I found a really great man not long after you and I stopped seeing each other. We've been together ever since. Had 3 kids...one of which has already left the nest to go to college in California. We moved up to Reno, Nevada about ten years ago. We love it here.

So sorry to hear that you and Barbara are going through a divorce. I know that must be rough on you.

Actually, there was a reason I found you after all these years. I was hoping that we could talk on the phone or maybe even get together at some point. I didn't figure meeting up would be such a good idea, but since you're getting a divorce, maybe it will be possible.

There's something I wanted to talk to you about, but I don't think email is the way to go. Let me know what you think. I'm going to be up for a while, so I hope you'll write me back. It was great hearing from you. You look just as handsome as I remember.

Daisy

I read the email twice, enjoying the opportunity to know a little bit about her life. I was also curious as to what she wanted to talk to me about. I wasted no time responding to her.

I replied quickly, telling her that I would love to see her again, as long as her husband wouldn't mind. I told her that I was leaving for Vegas for three weeks on vacation in a couple of days, and maybe we could meet up there since she lived in Reno.

I told her it was completely up to her...just to let me know what to do and I would do it. Anything for her. Apparently I still had feelings for her. I tried to keep them in check. She was a married woman, and I wasn't going to screw her life up like mine was.

Daisy and I emailed back and forth quite a bit that

night. She was very excited that I would be in Nevada, and agreed to meet me in Vegas in a couple of weeks, near the end of my trip. I tried to convince her to come sooner, but she insisted it would be better to wait until the end of my vacation.

I went to bed late, thinking of Daisy and how happy we had been together. It was a brief moment in time, but it was a great one.

I should be ashamed to admit it, but that night, while lying in my bed and thinking about Daisy, I masturbated... multiple times. What I wouldn't give to be with her again.

The next couple of days went by quickly. Finally, the day arrived to pack up and leave town. I cheerily filled my bags, grabbed my stash of money, and loaded up in the car.

I drove all the way to Las Vegas with a smile on my face. I stayed in a modest hotel so I could retain most of my money for entertainment.

After I arrived and settled in to my hotel room, I hit the casinos. I only took five hundred dollars with me, leaving the rest in the hotel safe. I didn't want to end up blowing the whole wad in one night.

Lady luck was on my side that night. I turned five hundred dollars into four thousand dollars somehow. The cards were definitely working in my favor.

I was up until early morning, drinking and gorging myself at the buffets. I somewhat remember a young lady flirting with me at some point during the night, but that was about all I could recall.

I was pretty sure she was only flirting with me because I was making some money. I guess she figured I would spend it on her.

Apparently, I did. I woke up the next morning with her in my bed. We had quite obviously had some raucous sex during the night. The room was a complete mess. I got up to take a shower and try to wake up. When I got out, she was gone. I didn't know her name and I was certain I wouldn't be able to recognize her in a crowd.

The next week was about the same as the first night,

except I didn't always come back with money...sometimes I lost it. I always followed my rule of no more than five hundred with me, and my stash stayed high.

I ended up sleeping with three more women during that time. Only one bothered to stick around and have breakfast with me, but that was as far as it went. I didn't much care...I was just looking to have fun, and I was.

For the first time in my life, I felt free. I was glad to be rid of that worthless bitch. Being single was going to be great!

So, that's the story of how I wound up here...in a Vegas hotel...naked and in bed with a stranger. I had been here over two weeks now, and still had close to seven thousand dollars left. That was pretty good, considering how much I was blowing every night on gambling, booze, and women.

I got up and did the ritual of taking a shower so my fling of the night could sneak off. She didn't disappoint, and I was glad she was gone. She wasn't nearly as pretty as the others had been.

After breakfast, I watched some television until it was late enough in the morning to start drinking. I decided to go down to the hotel bar and restaurant for an early lunch and some drinks.

I dressed in my favorite khaki pants and a dark blue polo shirt. I combed my hair back, making myself presentable. I grabbed a wad of cash out of the safe and shoved it in my pocket as I headed out the door.

I strolled into the empty elevator and hit the lobby button, whistling to myself. The elevator stopped on the next floor instead of descending all of the way to the lobby. I waited as the doors whooshed open, and a lovely young girl stepped into the elevator with me. She couldn't have been more than twenty. She had beautifully clear skin that was a light golden tan, and long, honey blonde hair that hung down past her shoulders.

She smiled at me, showing off a set of perfectly white,

straight teeth. Her clear blue eyes were definitely her most attractive feature. She was petite, probably only barely over five feet.

She had French tips on her fingernails and a light pink color on her toenails that were sticking out of a pair of designer looking sandals. She wore large diamond earrings, a heart-shaped diamond necklace and a gold bracelet that looked extremely expensive.

She was dressed in a skimpy light yellow summer dress with spaghetti straps. The dress had tiny flowers embroidered across the chest, drawing your attention there.

I tried not to stare, but she had some nice cleavage. She was sporting some tits that were at least a big C cup, if not larger. She had them hiked up and nearly spilling out of her dress.

I turned my head in the opposite direction so I wouldn't get caught ogling her. She caught me off guard when she spoke to me.

"I'm Sarah. Are you staying here in the hotel? I think I've seen you here before. I just checked in yesterday," she said, as if we were old friends.

"Uh, hi Sarah. I'm Max. And, yes, I'm staying here. Been here a couple of weeks...still got one week left to go," I informed her.

I couldn't figure out if she was just being polite or if she was hitting on me. She was too pretty to be in my league. Not to mention that she was way too young to be hitting on an old man like myself.

"Hmmm...I think I saw you in the lobby last night. You were with a woman. Think you were pretty wasted," she said with a polite smile.

She was checking me out, that was for sure. And blatantly probing for information.

"Well, I don't remember much. I had a bit too much to drink. I'm here by myself, though. Going through a divorce right now...just needed to blow off some steam and get away from the stress."

I couldn't believe I was babbling my life story to a

stranger in an elevator. Luckily for me, we had finally reached the lobby. The doors whooshed open again, and she quickly stepped out. Must have shared a little too much information with her.

I figured she was just going to take off, but she turned around and looked at me, as if she was waiting.

"Well, are you getting out?" she asked.

"Um, yeah. Sorry. Still asleep this morning I think."

I clumsily stepped out of the elevator and walked past her towards the restaurant.

"Are you going to the restaurant, too?" she asked as she caught up with me.

"Yes," I said, giving her a friendly smile.

"Do you mind if I join you? I hate eating alone," she admitted without looking at me.

Ah, so it made sense now. She was here alone and didn't want to be. She wasn't interested in me. I was just some harmless old man that could sit with her and keep her occupied during lunch...with little risk of me trying to hit on her since she was clearly out of my league.

But I was okay with that. I didn't like eating alone myself, and she seemed pretty interesting. At least she would be someone to talk to.

"Don't mind at all," I replied as I held the restaurant door open for her.

She walked in and greeted the hostess. We got a cozy table in the corner. Not that we needed much privacy... there were only a handful of other people here eating. It was still too early for most people to be up.

The waiter was attentive, and we ordered in record time. I got a fat, juicy steak with a loaded baked potato. Sarah went on the lighter side with a grilled shrimp salad. I also ordered beer with my meal. She only wanted water. After the waiter left, I tried to convince her to have a drink, but then I wondered if she was even old enough.

"Are you old enough to drink yet?" I questioned.

"Yes. Just turned twenty-one, but I'm trying not to waste all of my money on liquor," she said with a laugh.

"Well, if that's the problem, then allow me to buy lunch.

It's the least I can do," I offered.

"Oh, I can't let you do that," she argued.

"It's okay, I insist. I made a killing the first night here, so don't worry about it," I informed her.

She debated for a moment, then agreed. I flagged the waiter to our table to order her a drink. He took her order down, and checked her ID before returning to the bar.

The waiter returned with my beer and Sarah's margarita on the rocks. We chatted about unimportant things while we waited on our food and sipped our drinks. When the food arrived, we got busy eating...and talking.

Sarah was more curious about me than she had let on, but I didn't know why. I wasn't an interesting person, but if she wanted to know more about me, then I would tell her all about myself.

I cautiously explained to her what had happened between me and Barbara, not wanting to sound like a woman hater. It was difficult to try and remain calm while telling her about what Barbara had done and was still doing to me.

Sarah surprised me by laughing out loud. She was chewing a big bite of food, so she covered her mouth. After she swallowed her food, she looked me square in the eyes and said something that made me laugh out loud.

"Wow. She sounds like a real bitch!" she exclaimed.

"Basically, yeah. She wasn't always like that. Or maybe she was and I just didn't see it," I said as I chuckled.

After that, the walls were down. I freely explained any portion of my life that she wanted to know about. I even admitted that I had an affair a long time ago, but I didn't go into details with her about Daisy. I didn't want to bring her up because I still cared about her and I was trying my best not to think about her at the moment.

After a while, I got tired of doing all the talking, so I shifted the conversation to her. She didn't seem to care for it too much.

"So, why don't you tell me about yourself. I feel like I'm dominating the conversation here," I suggested. She

squirmed uncomfortably in her seat, but I pressed on.

"Come on. I told you all about my evil ex-wife. You couldn't possibly tell me anything that will shock me...if that's what you're worried about. What are you doing in Vegas? And why are you alone?" I asked, not bothering to conceal my curiosity.

"Well, I'm here to meet my mom. She's flying in this afternoon. I'm on spring break from school and she insisted that we have a mother-daughter bonding experience. I don't know why she picked Vegas, of all places.

"I didn't want to come, but she made me feel guilty. I eventually gave in. Maybe it won't be so bad. I was going to go home for spring break, but my parents aren't getting along right now. I don't know what's crawled up my dad's ass, but he's been a real asshole lately to my mom. I hate it when they fight."

She was staring down at her plate, and it looked like she was trying hard not to cry. I felt bad for making her bring it up. I tried to change the subject, and she seemed grateful for that.

"Well, that's awful. I'm sorry to hear that. I'm sure it will all be okay, though. All couples go through rough patches. Hey, did you want some dessert? I heard they have a six-layer chocolate cake here that will knock your socks off," I said as I grabbed the dessert menu and began flipping through it.

"Yeah, sure. That sounds good," she said, trying to compose herself.

By the time we got the cake, she was back to her bubbly self. I took care not to bring up her parents again, for fear of upsetting her.

When we were done eating, neither of us made a move to leave. I tipped the waiter nicely, so he didn't try to rush us out.

I tried to be sly when I asked her the next question, but she saw right through me.

"So, why didn't your boyfriend come with you?" I asked, sipping at a fresh beer.

"I don't have one. Haven't had a boyfriend in over a year, as a matter of fact. I was going steady with one guy, but it just didn't work out. We're still friends though," she said.

"Wow. I've been single almost a year myself, so I know what you're going through," I comforted her.

"Oh, I think you have it much worse than I do. Especially with an ex like yours," she giggled.

She stood up and stretched, then looked down at me.

"I think we better go. It's starting to get busy in here and I don't want to tie up a table," she said as she motioned for me to get up.

I looked around and realized that the restaurant was indeed full. I hadn't even noticed...because I was too busy watching Sarah.

I stood up and followed her as she led the way out. When we got to the lobby, she paused, looking at me.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I hope you don't think I'm being too blunt here, but I was hoping you'd invite me back up to your room. If you're not interested, just tell me. But for the record, you seem to be a really great guy."

I was stunned into silence. Was she asking me what I think she was asking me? Most certainly not...there was no freaking way. Surely she just meant to hang out so she wouldn't be alone.

"It's okay. I'm just going to go hang out at one of the casinos for a while. Thanks so much for lunch. I really appreciate it," she said with a smile as she began backing away from me.

She must have interpreted my silence to mean that I wasn't interested. She was wrong.

"Wait!" I called after her. She turned around to look at me, confused.

I ran over to where she was standing, and took her by the hand.

"Sorry. I told you I was a little slow today. Would you like to see the view from my room? I think they even restocked the mini-fridge," I teased.

“That would be nice, thank you,” she said, allowing me to pull her towards the elevator. She stood close beside me on the ride up to my floor. I was shocked and excited at the same time. Surely this couldn’t really be happening.

When the elevator doors opened, I pulled her down the hallway to my room. I almost had a heart attack at the last minute, remembering the state the room had been in when I had left this morning.

That surely wouldn’t make a good impression on her if she saw the dirty sheets and messy room from last night. As I slid my key card into the slot, I was trying to think of a way to explain the mess.

My stress was unnecessary. I had forgotten to leave the “Do Not Disturb” sign on the door, and the cleaning staff had already come in and cleaned up the room. I would be sure to find the workers later that day and give them a gigantic tip for saving my ass.

Sarah followed quietly behind me. She strolled over to the window, looking out over the city. I walked up behind her, not sure what to do next. She made it easy for me.

As soon as she sensed me behind her, she spun around to face me, throwing her arms around my neck and hugging me tightly.

I was bewildered, but I managed to hug her back. She took that as a good sign. She cupped her hand around the back of my neck and pulled my face down to hers. She began to kiss me with an intensity I hadn’t felt in a long time.

I staggered backwards, searching for the edge of the bed, and finally finding it. I spun us around so Sarah would go down on the bed first. I managed to get us both on the bed without breaking our kiss.

She smelled wonderful. I didn’t know what kind of perfume she was wearing, but it wasn’t overpowering at all. It was very subtle, and suited her well. I would have to remember to ask her what it was...later.

I was on top of her, and she didn’t seem to mind. In fact, it seemed to please her. She pulled my shirt up, and began running her hands up and down my bare back. Her

touch alone gave me goose bumps.

I could feel my dick getting stiff in my pants, and hoping that Sarah was serious about this. If she wasn't, I was going to have a serious case of blue balls.

She made her intentions well known, though. She grabbed my hand and cupped it around her left breast. I did one better and yanked on her dress, causing it to fall down below her tits.

She moaned then, sending me into a frenzy. I worked quickly to unsnap her bra, ecstatic when I finally managed to get it undone. Her large breasts spilled out, nipples erect.

Her breasts were amazing. I had forgotten what young, perky breasts looked like. I was used to the old sagging bags that my ex had. Sarah's didn't flop out to the side... they stayed put...which meant her nipples were right in my face.

She pulled my head down, letting me know that she wanted me to assault her boobs. I grabbed her tits with both of my hands, mashing them together. I stuffed both of her nipples in my mouth at one time.

Her skin smelled wonderful...much better than the booze and cigarette smell that the other bitches I'd been fucking since I got here smelled like.

Sarah was squirming underneath me, apparently enjoying what I was doing to her tits. I sucked even harder on her nipples, which she responded to by moaning even louder.

Her grip around my neck got even tighter, and then she began to push me down. I realized at once what she wanted. I got off the bed and pulled her to the edge. I pushed her dress up, revealing some skimpy white silk panties. I carefully slid my hands under the edge of her panties, and pulled them down her legs.

When they were all the way off, I flung them on the floor. Sarah seemed to be getting a little shy now that she was naked and exposed, so I hurriedly got undressed myself, discarding my clothes onto the floor.

Once she saw my raging boner, her fears seemed to

melt away. It must have been a long while since she had been with anyone, because she seemed on the verge of being desperate.

I got down on the floor on my knees and pulled her even closer to the edge of the bed, forcing her legs apart. I hadn't seen such a marvelous pussy in nearly twenty years. She had a tight, pink pussy that was making my mouth water.

She was looking down at me, trying to figure out why I had stopped. I smiled up at her as I slowly slid a finger into her hole. She trembled with desire as she felt my finger in her.

"Will you lick it? Please? I've never been eat out before. My boyfriend wouldn't do it...I'm begging you!" she panted.

"No problem, baby. That's my specialty!" I boasted. If there was one thing my whore of an ex-wife had to admit, it was that I could eat out a pussy like no one else. I had mastered it long ago.

I spread her pussy lips wide open, exposing her firm little clit. She was so warm and wet as I buried my face in her crotch. I went slowly at first, letting her get used to the sensation. If I went too fast, she might orgasm too quick, and I didn't want that to happen. Not on her first time, anyway.

I licked and probed her clit with my tongue, then used my lips to form a suction around it, sucking on it with just a little force.

Sarah was moaning and panting and screaming obscenities out loud as she pulled on my hair and grabbed my shoulders.

I started licking and sucking faster now, knowing that it was driving her crazy. My face was soaking wet with her pussy juices, but I wouldn't have had it any other way.

I kept at it for a couple of minutes...and could have kept going for an hour, but Sarah couldn't make it that long. She started breathing heavily and tensing up.

"Oh shit! I think it's coming! Oh my God! Don't stop! Oh shit! That feels so good! Please don't stop! UNGH!!!"

Sarah grunted at me as I pushed down harder on her clit with my tongue, moving in rapid circles around the edge. I felt her pussy tighten up as she orgasmed. Fluid dripped out of her as she continued to climax.

I don't know if it was because it was just her first time, but she kept trembling without stopping. Finally, she tried to sit up, forcing me off of her.

I looked up at her, with one eyebrow raised. She knew what the look meant.

"Although that was my first time, I don't know that anyone will be able to beat that...ever. I've never had an orgasm like that before. That was...definitely a worthwhile experience."

She climbed all the way up onto the bed, pulling her dress back down and covering herself up. She was still breathing hard and I was just staring as her tits moved up and down.

She looked at me strangely, and I realized she was staring at my dick. I had always been told my penis was above average, and I could tell that Sarah agreed. But she wasn't making a move to continue, and that confused me. Surely that wasn't all she wanted...or at least I hoped not.

"What's wrong?" I asked. My dick was throbbing and I was about to have to spank off if she didn't let me stick it in her.

"I...uh...think you might need to know something," she said hesitantly.

That didn't sound good. I wasn't sure that I wanted to know what she was about to say to me.

"I'm...still...a virgin," she whispered, staring down at the bed.

"What?" I asked. That couldn't be right.

"I've never had sex before," she said, a little louder this time.

"I thought you had a boyfriend..."

"I did have a boyfriend, but I never said I had sex with him. That's the reason it didn't work out between us. I was always too scared. That's what has happened with all of

my boyfriends. They all want one thing, and when they don't get it, they split. That's why I've been single for so long. I'm tired of being pressured."

"I don't understand. What are you doing here then?" I asked, a little frustrated.

"I'm tired of being scared. I'm ready to have sex, but I don't want to do it with anyone at school. That will just lead to a bad reputation, and I don't want that. I made a promise to myself that when I got to Vegas, I would find someone and give myself to them.

"Please don't think badly of me. I've hit on quite a few guys since yesterday, but I just couldn't go through with it. You're different than the rest of them. But, I'm running out of time...that's why I came to Vegas before my mom...I had to do this before she gets here. I just felt bad, like I was using you, so I felt the need to confess. If you're upset with me, I understand," she murmured quietly.

I was a little pissed at first, and then I got over myself. Who cares what her reasons were? She chose me...out of all the potential men here...she chose me. I was a little bit flattered.

Not to mention I was already imagining how tight her pussy was going to feel. It was all I could do not to jump on top of her and take what I wanted right then.

Instead, I sat down beside her and put my hand on her leg. I slid it up under her dress and went straight to her wet, hot pussy. She didn't try to stop me.

"I'm not mad...and it's okay. I promise to take it slow, since it's your first time. Just relax and trust me."

She did seem to relax a little, and she let me slide my fingers into her once more. I could barely shove two fingers in her...I could barely wait to stuff my cock in that tight little hole.

I pulled my fingers out, and she looked a little disappointed. She wouldn't look that way for long. I got up on my knees and moved to her side, yanking on her dress until I got it pulled up over her head.

She helped me pull it off, and put it on the bed beside her. She was finally completely naked, and she was

breathhtaking. Her body was beautiful. I just stared at her for a minute, making mental notes of her to use for future masturbation sessions.

I pulled her by the ankles, forcing her to lie down on the bed. I roughly shoved her legs to the side, and she seemed to enjoy my dominance. Before me was her dripping wet crotch, waiting to be plowed by me.

My dick was so hard it literally hurt. I scooted up close to her, then used one hand to guide my dick straight to her hole.

There was some resistance at first, but I got past it eventually. Her pussy was so tight I didn't think I was going to get my whole shaft in.

Sarah winced when I first entered her, but once I got my cock all the way in, she was okay. I went extremely slow so I wouldn't rip her or cause her any pain. Once my dick was lubed up, I was able to thrust in and out of her without a problem.

Then she got into it. She raised her legs up instinctively, allowing me to penetrate her deeper. Her eyes rolled back into her head as she moaned softly with each thrust of my dick.

I was enjoying the way her titties jiggled every time she bounced against me. I put my arms under her legs, helping to support them so I could go in even deeper. I tried to take it easy, but I couldn't restrain myself any longer. I pounded her like I was trying to literally fuck her brains out.

If I was hurting her, she never said a word. She did moan a lot, though.

For some reason, I was fantasizing about having her on top of me. Having a woman riding me always turned me on...I never could explain it. Maybe it was the tits bouncing in my face...who knew.

I pulled out and flopped down beside her. She was panting and glaring at me, wondering why I had stopped, no doubt.

"Get on top!" I commanded. She scrambled onto her knees and straddled me.

"I don't know what I'm doing," she admitted angrily.

"You don't have to be experienced to do this...there's nothing to it," I assured her.

I helped guide her down on me, showing her how to bend her legs just right so she could bounce up and down. I eased my stiff rod into her, enjoying the look of ecstasy on her face.

"Now what?" she asked when I got all the way in.

"Now you ride it. Just bounce up and down. Go slow at first...then you can pick up speed. There's better penetration with this position...I think you'll like it," I grunted, wanting desperately for her to ride my cock.

She was a little hesitant at first, but after a minute, she got the hang of it. Five minutes in and she was pounding my ass into the bed. I thought she was literally going to pound me right through to the floor.

Not that I was complaining...because it felt fantastic. I reached up, grabbing her by the wrists, and pulled her down onto me, making her tits swing in my face.

She realized what I wanted from her, so she began popping her pussy up and down on my dick at a slow rhythm, allowing her gigantic tits to smack me in the face with each thrust.

Sarah really let go and got swept up in the moment. She was riding my dick...hard...when she stopped and jumped up. I didn't know what she was up to.

"Do me up against the wall...I've always dreamed of doing it that way!" she said breathlessly.

I didn't mind giving her whatever she wanted. I pushed her up against the wall next to the bed, and picked one of her legs up as high as it would go. I hoped that she was really limber.

I sunk down, bending my knees so that I could get access to her pussy since she was so much shorter than me. I finally got in the right position, and slid into her.

It felt different than anything I had ever felt before. It was like she was tighter than ever, because she was tensed up and having to stand on one leg.

I pounded her up against the wall, knowing how much

noise we were making, and not caring. I was surprised we hadn't cracked the wall yet. After a couple of minutes, I decided to see if I could pick her all the way up. She couldn't possibly weigh that much.

I reached down and yanked her other leg out from under her, causing her to gasp with surprise. I was right... she was pretty damn light. It was nothing at all to hold her up against the wall as I fucked the hell out of her.

She was so damn sexy I almost couldn't take it. She began kissing me again. It wasn't like before. She had been holding out on me before, even though her kiss seemed urgent. Now, it was just fierce and intense.

I shoved my tongue as far in her mouth as it would go, relishing the taste of her. She gripped me even tighter, and I felt her tighten her pussy up, making me work even harder to thrust my cock in and out.

The extra pressure she was putting on my dick sent me to the brink. It was almost over for me, and there wasn't much I could do to stop it. I tried to quit fucking her...I really did, but the sensation was so good that I couldn't make myself stop.

I pounded her a few more times and then I felt the hot gush as my cum shot into her. I kissed her even harder, knowing I would never have a fuck like this again, and sad that it was almost over.

I continued to pump her until my dick went completely flaccid. I looked down to see that most of my goop had dripped out of her and onto the floor.

Now I was going to have to triple that tip for the cleaning crew. I let Sarah down and she tottered over to the bed. Her legs didn't seem to be working right as she carefully sat down on the edge of the bed.

She collapsed onto her back and began to laugh. I was breathing so hard from all the exertion I thought I might actually have a heart attack...so I went to sit beside her. When I was able to catch my breath, I asked her what she was laughing about.

"This whole situation...it doesn't seem real!" she replied.

“What do you mean?”

“I just had sex with you...and I’ve only known you for a couple of hours. It just seems like a dream of some sort. Not to mention how amazing it was. If I had known sex could be that good, I would have given it up a long time ago!”

“Well, I’ve had a lot of experience. Take it from me... you’re better off with an old geezer like me than some punk in college. I used to be like them. And I wasn’t very good back then...and I sure as hell didn’t last very long. Just the sight of tits would make me cream my pants.”

She laughed at me again, then pulled me down beside her. She rolled onto her side and put one arm on top of me.

“Thank you. That was better than I could have ever dreamed.”

“You’re welcome,” I replied. I thought of something a little too late, but felt the need to ask her anyway.

“Um, I hate to ask this because I should have been the one to think about it...but I wasn’t wearing a condom and I just shot a load into you. I think you’re great and all, but I don’t want any kids.” I felt like a dick just saying it, but she didn’t take any offense at my words.

“It’s okay. I started on birth control about five months ago in anticipation of this very moment. And I have the morning after pill...just in case. I came prepared,” she reassured me.

I felt better at once. As far as I knew, I had managed to use condoms with all those other loose bitches I’d hooked up with recently. I’d always found used condoms lying around the room the next day...so I hoped it was me that was using them.

Having to use a condom with Sarah would have been a waste though. How many times do you get to fuck a virgin? And why would you want to mess that up by using a rubber? No thanks.

“Do you want me to go?” she asked.

“No, not at all. You can stay here as long as you want. I really don’t mind,” I stated. I sincerely hoped she would

stay...for a long time. I wouldn't mind have sex with her again. Or even getting to know her...that wouldn't be bad either.

I leaned down and kissed the top of her breast, then I went to the bathroom to wash up. I was already getting sticky from my own spooze.

I climbed into the shower when the water got hot, and was surprised when Sarah joined me.

"Do you mind?" she asked, waiting before she got in.

"Get in here," I laughed.

I couldn't remember the last time I had showered with a woman, but I didn't recall it being so much fun. I told her to let me clean her up, and I took great pleasure in squeezing the liquid body wash on her and using my hands to soap her up. Especially her boobs...that was the best part.

If I hadn't just had sex and been so worn out, I would have jumped on her again. The shower was a really sensual experience. From the way Sarah was staring at me as we dried off, I figured she was thinking the same thing.

We got dressed and decided to order room service. Her mom wasn't scheduled to be in for a few more hours, so she was going to stay with me until then.

She was a little hungrier now than she had been this morning, and ordered more than I figured she could eat. She showed me, though. She wolfed her food down like she hadn't eaten in a month.

She saw the way I was staring at her as she ate, and smiled at me apologetically.

"Sorry...I was too nervous to eat much this morning. I'm starving!"

"I don't mind," I assured her. And I didn't. She was still gorgeous...no matter what.

After we were done eating, we sat close together on the bed and watched a movie on television. It was by far one of the better days of my life.

So, of course, it was no surprise that the wicked witch ex-wife would call me and ruin it all. I heard my cell phone

ringing, and for some reason, I just knew it was her calling. I was tempted to ignore it, but I knew she would keep bugging me until I answered.

I gave Sarah a smile as I answered the phone. I was NOT going to let Barbara ruin this day for me. I chanted that in my head over and over again as I answered the phone.

“Hello?”

“Oh-ho! I’ve got you now, you asshole!” Barbara screamed into the phone.

“What is it this time Barbara?” I asked wearily. I didn’t have time for her games.

“Did you think I wasn’t going to find out? That I wouldn’t know that you accessed MY loan account? Do you really think I’m *that* stupid? DO YOU?” she screamed at me.

Sarah was staring at me worriedly. I was sure she could hear Barbara’s fat loud mouth all the way over there. But I wasn’t going to let her ruin this day...no sir. Not today.

“Yes, I actually do,” I replied calmly, smiling.

“What? You actually do what? That doesn’t make any sense!” she screeched.

“You asked me a question, and I answered it. Maybe you should pay more attention,” I replied sweetly, as if gently correcting a five year old.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” she yelled.

“You asked me if I thought you were stupid. Yes. I do. Think that you are that stupid. Do you understand now?” Still calm...still collected. I grinned widely at Sarah, and she covered her mouth to stifle a giggle. She obviously understood it was my ex on the phone.

“Oh, buddy! You are in some deep shit now! You just wait until I get my hands on you! How dare you insult my intelligence! I’m going to kill you!” she grumbled, getting angrier with each word.

“Is that a threat? Are you threatening my life? Because I’m pretty sure that is against the law. I could have you arrested for that, you know. Don’t know if that’s a move you want to make right now. I’m sure the jail isn’t an ideal

place to birth your little bastard child. I'm just looking out for you." I was having so much fun with her. It was nice to be able to push her buttons for once.

And I was able to be calm and collected because I had a fail-proof way of covering my ass with the whole loan issue. I had thought of it one night while I was browsing on the internet.

I had come across some very helpful information that would work in my favor, and had done quite a bit of research on my own. I found out some things that Barbara wasn't aware of...but I knew I would have to bide my time and use this information wisely. Now seemed like a good time.

I didn't want to have to put Barb in her place in front of Sarah, but I wasn't sure I had any other choice. Barbara was pretty strung up and who knew what she might do.

She was apparently so pissed that she was beyond words because she hadn't replied to my little quip about her bastard child.

"You still there, Barb?" I asked casually.

"You listen to me you worthless sack of shit...you are going to pay out the nose for this. I will own your soul by the time my lawyer gets done with you. I've tried to play nice with you but you just don't get it, do you? I want everything...and I am going to get it. You got any snide comments now, jerkoff?" she seethed.

"Actually, I do. Now listen up, honey, because you haven't been paying very good attention so far. I want to make sure you really hear this, okay? Are you ready? Cause this is going to blow your mind."

God it was going to feel good to get back at the bitch. I had one ace up my sleeve and I was pulling it out, baby. Just the thought of her having to give in to my demands was making me giddy.

I winked at Sarah, and almost laughed as she shot me a thumbs-up.

"Listen to me, you filthy, worthless bitch. You are going to do EVERYTHING that I tell you to do from now on, do you hear me? I am sick and tired of your bullshit...and

your fucking mouth! Do you know how annoying your voice is? DO YOU? Would you like to know WHY you are going to anything I want? I will tell you why...cause I've got your fucking ass backed into a corner. You really shouldn't have messed with me. You couldn't just get a divorce, take what was yours and leave me alone, could you? You should have...because I'm about to destroy your little fantasy world, BARB." I sneered her name, enjoying every second of it.

She was dead silent on the phone...for once. Apparently my tone and my attitude had her attention.

"I'm listening," she said quietly.

I took a deep breath, savoring the moment. I really shouldn't have enjoyed it so much, but I did. The moment when Max Holbrook finally won...the moment that I got to destroy that filthy whore's world. It was going to be magnificent...

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**