

# VEGAS

## *Getaway*

AMANDA WRIGHTER



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

**CHAPTER 2**

# VEGAS GETAWAY

A STORY OF DRUNKEN SEX & DIRTY SECRETS

FICTION BY  
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## CHAPTER 2

The second round with Sarah that afternoon was even better than the first...something I thought would never be possible. There was no my shyness, no more hesitance. She was completely comfortable with me and was able to give herself to me completely.

It was the best sex I had ever had in my entire life. Even better than anything that had gone on between me and Daisy. And it probably wasn't so much the sex as it was the euphoric high I was riding from the phone conversation I had with my soon-to-be ex-wife.

I was worried my intensity with Barbara would scare Sarah off, but it didn't. She actually thought I was pretty clever and cunning after I got around to telling her the whole story about what had gone down.

I hadn't previously mentioned the loan "incident" to Sarah, but after I explained it all to her, she laughed at me. Then she told me that she almost felt bad for my ex... almost.

Shortly after that, she jumped on me again. And who was I to decline her invitation?

We were done in less than twenty minutes the second time around, but the sex was more fulfilling than ever. Sara cleaned up and got dressed again and went back to her room to get her cell phone. She wanted to see if her mom had called while she had been with me.

I needed the time alone to think things over. Things had really gone better than I could have *ever* imagined. By the end of the phone call, Barbara was practically licking my asshole...and I rather enjoyed that.

I reclined on the bed, stretching my legs out. I couldn't keep the smile off of my face as the phone conversation played over and over in my head. What a day this had

turned out to be!

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“I’m listening,” Barbara whispered into the phone.

I was smiling as I allowed the silence to drag on.

Barbara was getting impatient, but wisely decided not to hurry me. I could hear her fidgeting over the phone.

“I could fuck you in so *many* different ways. It would have been beneficial for you to have left me alone, but since you didn’t and you WON’T...I’m having to do this to you. It’s nobody’s fault but your own. Remember that.

“We are still married. Do you know what that means, dearest? Maybe you should have spent less time fucking around on me and more time brushing up on the law. It seems that your little bastard child is actually legally MY child. At least, in the state’s eyes, because we are still married.

“And in order for your lover boy to claim the thing you’re carrying, I would have to sign some forms stating that I am not the father. And I have absolutely no intention of doing that. I will fight you every single step of the way. You’ll have to go to court to prove paternity, and it won’t be MY money you’ll be spending. I’m not sure how much your little boy toy will enjoy that headache.”

Yes, I was thoroughly enjoying all of this way too much. Barbara hadn’t so much as breathed into the phone. After I was sure I had allowed her to stew enough, I went on, pouring the proverbial salt in her wound.

“And, honey, that’s not all of it. I wouldn’t consider running to Todd with all of this, because I seriously doubt he’s going to have much sympathy for you.” I heard her gasp, and then I waited. I knew how she would react to my statement, and I was ready for her.

“Don’t you dare bring Todd into this, and don’t you dare tell me what to do. I guarantee you that he’s going to be pissed about what you’re trying to do. You just wait!” she huffed.

Exactly what I was expecting her to say. That’s when I went ahead and popped her little fantasy bubble once and

for all.

“Well, now, that’s not entirely accurate, sweetie. It seems that ole Max had a little P.I. work done, and I happened to uncover some pretty juicy secrets about your little Toddy.”

“What are you talking about, you lunatic?” she snapped.

“Just what I said. Pay attention! I hired a detective not long after you left me. I wanted to know more about the jackass you were sleeping with. Also, I wanted to get as much dirt on both of you as I could...in case you tried to screw me in the divorce.

“I got a report last week that you might find interesting. It seems that TODD is not who you think he is. Todd...is...married.”

I allowed that bomb to sink in before proceeding. I was sure that she was in total disbelief at this point.

“It seems that on the days that he’s “out of town” on business, he’s really going home to his wife, Annie. He also has a son with her. He’s eight. The detective said that they seem happy together. He’s pretty sure that Annie doesn’t know that Todd is having an affair.

“And to top it all off, one night last week, the detective followed Todd into a bar...just to see what he could overhear. Todd got a little bit wasted with one of his drinking buddies and was literally crying in his beer over you. And not in a good way, hon.

“My guy overheard Todd saying how awful his life was now...that he just wanted to have a little fun on the side and call it quits. He said that he actually HAD called it quits with you...till you came up pregnant. He’s not real convinced it’s his kid, either, Barb. So, I think your time with Todd is coming to an end.

“Apparently, he’s a bit disgruntled at your high maintenance lifestyle and he can’t keep up with it anymore. I think he’s about to break it off with you. Have you noticed him being more distant lately? Avoiding you? Being “out of town” more often?”

I didn’t really want a response to any of my questions. I

was just riding her ass. Maybe she shouldn't have been such a royal bitch to me, and I might have taken it easy on her. Too late to worry about that now.

I heard her crying on the other end of the phone, but I didn't feel too badly for her. I knew she how manipulative she was, and I wasn't going to get sucked into her drama again.

"I can't believe this! I hate you, Max! Why did you have to go and fuck it all up?" she sobbed.

"I don't really think that I had much to do with any of your current problems," I corrected her.

She didn't respond for a minute. I was tempted to just hang up on her, but this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity I had here.

"I can't believe it. He's been lying to me this whole time. I knew something was wrong with him lately. He's been acting so weird. I just assumed he was nervous about the baby. Are you sure he's married? You're not just fucking with me?" she asked with a hint of hope in her voice.

I almost felt bad for her for a split second. Then I remembered all of the crap she had put me through over the last couple of months, and I was able to get over it.

"No, I'm not just messing with you. If you want, you can have the information the detective gave me. He has Todd's address, office information, and his schedule. I'm not going to be using any of it," I informed her. I was being pretty damn generous, in spite of everything.

"Thank you, Max, but I don't think I'll be needing any of that. I'm going to get it directly from Todd."

She was quiet for another minute, deep in thought. Then she rushed off of the phone.

"Look, I'm sorry about...causing you trouble. Really, truly sorry. I hope you can look past my insanity and find it in your heart to forgive me. I'll have my lawyer get in touch with your lawyer soon. I just want what is rightfully mine, and nothing more. I have to go," she said and then hung up.

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I was still smiling when Sarah knocked on the door. I got up to let her in. She had an odd look on her face.

"What's up?" I asked.

"I have to go. My mom's flight is on its way, and I don't want to be late picking her up," she said quietly. I realized that she had come here to say goodbye. I was more upset about that than I should have been.

"Okay, well, I uh—" I said lamely. "I'm sorry. I don't really know what to say here," I admitted.

"I know, me either," she agreed. "It's not that it hasn't been great...it's just that I didn't want this to be anything... serious."

"It's okay. I know what you mean. And I understand. Don't worry about it," I assured her.

She looked relieved when she finally managed to meet my gaze.

"Thanks. Really...thanks for everything," she reached up to hug me, and managed to deftly slide a piece of paper into my hand. She pecked me softly on the cheek and then took off down the hall. She didn't look back.

I looked down at the paper in my hand, and chuckled. It was her phone number, along with a note telling me to call her if I was ever in California and needed to blow off some steam.

I put the number in my wallet for future use...just in case. Then, I got dressed and headed off to the casinos. I was in need of some gambling and some alcohol. I knew the fling between me and Sarah wasn't anything but a little fun...but I was still a little sad. She was a great girl. Surely I would be able to drink away my sorrows. I was certain I wasn't the only one in Vegas trying to do the exact same thing.

Two days passed without incident, and without anymore late-night romps with strange women. I managed to blow a little money and stay plastered. I also didn't see Sarah again. She was on a different floor than I was, and

Vegas was a big place packed with people...so it wasn't abnormal that I didn't run into her. As depressing as that was, I also knew my time here was almost up, and I was looking forward to seeing Daisy.

She was supposed to be flying in this afternoon and we were going to meet up for dinner tonight. I tried to stay occupied while time crept by slowly, but I found that I couldn't stop thinking about Daisy. I was eager and nervous at the same time. I ordered room service and settled in to watch a movie while I waited.

Finally, my cell phone rang, and it was Daisy calling. My stomach was doing flips as I answered the phone. Her voice sounded the same as always. It was actually kind of comforting.

"Hello?"

"Hey, you! How is it going?" she said enthusiastically.

"Great! It's wonderful to hear your voice again," I admitted.

"Yours too, Max. It feels like it's been forever!"

"I know...it has been forever. How was your flight?" I asked.

"Oh, it was fine. Say, are we still on for dinner tonight?" she questioned.

"Absolutely. Just name the time and the place, and I'll be there."

"Why don't you meet me in the lobby in an hour, and we'll just walk until we find someplace to eat...sound good?"

"That's fine with me. I'll see you soon, Daisy. I can't wait!"

I showered and got dressed in a hurry, making sure every hair was in place. I dressed in my best clothes that I had brought with me – a dark pair of slacks and a deep navy blue, long sleeved button up shirt. I wanted to make a good impression on Daisy, even though I knew in the back of my mind that she was married, and she was only here as a friend. But I couldn't help but reminisce about our fling in the past.

I cut those thoughts off cold, as they would not help me



tonight. I would be more alone and miserable after Daisy and I parted ways, and reliving old times sure wasn't going to help me any.

I had taken longer to get ready than I thought, and after glancing at the clock on the table beside the bed, I realized I was running late. I cursed under my breath, grabbed my wallet and my room card, and hurried out the door. I streaked down the hall, and managed to catch the elevator doors before they closed as another guest was getting on.

I felt sick, and I wasn't sure why. I mean...this was just Daisy. Not that she wasn't great and everything, but I mean...I had already had sex with her and shared things with her that I'd never shared with anyone else. We had a connection together...even after so many years apart. So why, after all this time, should I be nervous to see her?

When the elevator finally reached the lobby, I took a deep breath to steady myself. When the doors opened, I immediately spotted her. I don't know how it was possible, since the lobby was packed, but I was able to pick her out of the crowd. She was watching the elevators, and a huge grin spread across her face as she spotted me. My heart was thumping unevenly as I made my way towards her.

Daisy was...beautiful. She was wearing a tight fitting white cotton dress that accentuated her curves. Her skin was still a lovely tan color, and her brown eyes were as beautiful as ever. The only difference I could spot was that she had let her blonde hair grow out, and there were soft curls and waves running through it.

She looked exactly the same! I wasn't sure how that was possible! She looked a little more grown up, but she did not look like she had aged hardly at all. That just wasn't fair! I had always thought I had aged well, but tonight I realized I most definitely looked my age, which normally wouldn't bother me, but I felt like an old goat compared to her.

Apparently Daisy didn't seem to mind. As soon as I was close enough, she flung herself at me and gripped me in a tight bear hug. I hugged her back, and for the moment I

was completely happy.

Daisy didn't let go right away, and I was sure people in the lobby were starting to stare at us, but I didn't care. I held onto her tightly, enjoying the moment. Eventually, she released me and stepped back, staring up at me with a warm smile. It brought back another flood of memories.

"You haven't changed a bit," Daisy said.

"Haha! I was just about to say the same thing about you!" I replied.

"It's really good to see you, Max. It's been far too long. I'm really glad you agreed to meet up with me," she whispered to me as she looked at the floor.

"It's great to see you, too, Daisy. I had to admit that I was a little nervous earlier, but now that I'm with you, it feels kind of like old times." I smiled at her as I took her hand in mine and led her out of the lobby.

I figured she would pull her hand away once we were outside, but she didn't. She seemed content as we walked along outside, looking for a place to eat. We bantered back and forth as we walked, making small talk. I could tell she was a little nervous about something, but I didn't think too much about it.

We finally settled on a restaurant, and I tipped the hostess to give us a quiet table so we could talk. Daisy didn't seem inclined to say anything as she stared intently at her menu. I figured she would get around to whatever was on her mind when she was ready. I was just happy to be with her again, even if only for a short time.

After the waitress took our orders and collected our menus, Daisy didn't have anything to keep her occupied. She finally smiled at me hesitantly. I reached across the table and took her hand, smiling back at her.

"What's on your mind? I can tell there's something going on," I said with a laugh.

"You can still read me like a book, can't you?" she chuckled.

"I guess time didn't change that." I waited, but she looked down at the table and didn't say anything else. "You can talk to me, Daisy. You know that. What's going

on?" I asked.

She finally looked up and met my gaze. She smiled at me again, and then patted my hand.

"Nothing, Max. I was just really nervous to see you. But I'm glad I came. I wouldn't miss this for the world. So, what have you been up to lately?"

"Not much. I told you all of the drama between me and Barbara. That's pretty much consumed my whole life for a while, but I think we've finally reached an agreement." I smiled as I remembered the amusing phone conversation a couple of days ago. Barbara hadn't bothered me again since then. I had a feeling that I had finally managed to shut her up for good. I wouldn't be happy, though, until divorce papers were signed and she was out of my life once and for all.

I didn't want to get into the sordid details about my divorce with Daisy at the moment. I know she never particularly cared for Barbara, but I didn't want to admit just how nasty I had been to my soon-to-be-ex.

"There's not much else going on with me. Working, trying to stay upbeat through the divorce...that's about it, really. This trip to Vegas is the first real vacation I've had in a long time. I needed a break from all of the drama.

"So what about you? You told me that you were married and had kids, but that was about it. You seem happy," I murmured. I was eager to hear about her life, and sadly a bit jealous of her husband that got to be with her constantly.

"Well, there's not much else to tell. I met Alan shortly after you and I stopped seeing one another," she said quietly. I figured she probably didn't want to bring up our past affair, and I didn't blame her. She looked down at the table again before she continued.

"So, um, we got married shortly after we met. Love at first sight kind of thing, you know?" she chuckled nervously.

"We have three kids, two girls and a boy. When we moved to Reno, Alan opened up his own company, and I help him with it when he needs me. Other than that,

there's not really anything else interesting to tell you," she glanced up at me then, and I could immediately tell that there was something she was not telling me

I was about to ask her what she was hiding from me, but the waitress appeared, as if on cue, with our food. Daisy seemed thrilled to have a distraction from our conversation. I decided to be patient. I would find out what she was keeping from me before the night was over.

We chatted with small talk through the meal. Despite my efforts, our conversation eventually drifted back to our previous relationship. We exchanged funny stories that I had all but forgotten over the years, and was surprised that I was happy to have those memories. It had really been a great time with Daisy, even though we didn't have a happy ending.

After dinner was over, we walked back to the hotel, and I invited her up to my room. I figured she would turn me down, but was shocked when she accepted. We didn't speak again as I took her to my room. I could feel the tension coming from her, and I wondered again what was on her mind.

I opened the door and let her in. She didn't look at me as she went into the room and took a seat on the sofa by the window. She began fidgeting with her dress as I came to sit beside her.

After a minute of silence, I knelt down on the floor in front of her, and grabbed her softly by the shoulders. I waited until she met my gaze before speaking.

"What's really going on with you? I know something is wrong...so don't lie to me. There's a reason you are here, so tell me. I want to help you, Daisy, but I can't if you don't tell me what's wrong." I watched as her faced crumpled and tears filled up her eyes.

"You're right. I forgot how perceptive you were," she laughed shakily. "Things...are not as great as I made them sound. I think...I think Alan is going to divorce me, and I'm sort of at a loss with the whole situation." Tears were streaming down her face at this point, so I got up off of the floor and sat down close beside her, pulling her

onto my chest.

I allowed her to cry for a while, trying my best not to push her on the matter even though I was dying to know what had happened. I also felt tremendously guilty that I was sort of excited at the prospect of Daisy being single soon.

If she was looking for a partner, well, I was definitely going to be available. I banished the thought from my head immediately, and was disgusted at myself for even thinking such things while she was quite obviously hurting. I was such a pig.

"You can talk to me, you know. I'll listen if you need me to, but I'll understand if you don't want to say anything," I offered. I waited, and she still didn't speak, but I noticed her crying had calmed down some.

After a few more minutes, she sat up, wiped her eyes and took a deep breath. She looked at me with a timid smile.

"Sorry about that. I promised myself I wouldn't get emotional, but I guess that's out of the question now, isn't it?"

"It's okay. I understand what you're going through. Divorces can be tough," I said, hoping she would give me some details to work with.

"Yeah...they can be. I can't say that I didn't see it coming, but it's still hard to handle right now. I'm sure after some time, I will be able to deal with it better."

"Do you...want to talk about it?" I asked, trying to conceal my intense curiosity.

"Well, it kind of has to do with why I wanted to meet you, actually. It's...it goes back to when we were seeing each other. I was really happy then, and when you broke it off with me, I understood completely, but I was still upset. I knew I shouldn't have ever gotten involved with you... because you were married. Don't get me wrong – I don't blame you for anything, and I wouldn't change a thing if I could go back in time. It's just that...it was hard for me to move on.

"And you sounded so broken the night you called me to

tell me we couldn't see each other anymore. I wanted to be with you so badly, but I knew for the sake of your marriage I had to leave you alone. I immediately got a new job and tried really hard to get you out of my head. That's where I met Alan. He was sort of my boss at work. I did my best to pull myself together and cram all my misery down deep inside of me, but Alan saw through my façade. I realized almost immediately after I started my new job that Alan was interested in me, and I was scared.

"I didn't know if I was really ready to be with another man. It had only been a couple of weeks since you broke up with me, and I was terribly vulnerable. Despite my hesitation, I agreed to go out with him. It had been less than three weeks. I will spare you the details, but needless to say, I didn't resist him that night." Daisy grew silent then, allowing me to process the information she had just told me.

I had no right whatsoever to be jealous that she slept with another man so soon after I broke it off with her. Hell, I was married to another woman at the time. But, some part of me was still envious of Alan. If I could go back I *would* change a lot of things. Like telling Barb to hit the road and keeping Daisy for myself.

After another minute or two of silence, Daisy started her story again. She sounded a little calmer, maybe because I hadn't reacted negatively to what she had just told me. At least, not that she could tell.

"Anyway...we got married a few months later. Alan didn't want to wait because of...well...I guess it just didn't make sense to wait. We were in love," she said, stumbling over some of the words. There was something weird about the tone of her voice, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

"Our first child came not too long after that, and we were really happy together. His family wasn't very accepting of me at first. They thought we were rushing into things, but Elizabeth changed all that. Once she arrived, everyone fell in love with her. Especially Alan! Elizabeth was his little girl...she got away with

everything,” Daisy recalled with a chuckle.

“Several years passed before I got pregnant again, but I eventually did...twice...first with Alan junior, then with Gwen. When the two little kids were younger, Alan and I decided to move to Reno. It was stressful to say the least, since he wanted to start up his own company. But, we managed to survive. Things were great until a few months ago...” she trailed off. She didn’t seem to want to say anything else, but I waited.

Eventually I realized that she wasn’t going to tell me what happened. At least not right now. And I was still trying to figure out what she wanted to talk to me about that she couldn’t say in an email.

Then it dawned on me. She knew I was getting a divorce before she wrote me that first email. She knew I was on my way to being single. And she also knew that her own marriage was on the rocks, and headed for divorce too. She was in need of companionship, and she was turning to me.

I wasn’t sure if she was looking for something temporary, or more long term. Either way, I was happy to help her out. I had been dreaming of Daisy since she sent me that first email. She was nervous because she probably wasn’t sure if I still had feelings for her. I would have to remedy that.

I cupped my hand around her chin, and swiveled her head around so she was facing me. The look on her face was pained, as if she was still upset about something. I leaned in to kiss her, but froze when she pulled back.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, confused. I was certain this was what she wanted.

“I didn’t come here...for that, Max. I don’t want you to think that’s all I want from you.”

“I know that, Daisy. I also know that you need someone to love you right now. Just for the record, I have never stopped loving you,” I confessed, feeling stupid for laying it all out on the line like that, but I wasn’t too concerned about it. She knew how I felt about her, and she needed to know that my feelings hadn’t changed over the years.

Daisy still didn't look convinced. I wasn't sure what was holding her back, but I decided to make it easy for her. I grabbed her face again between my hands, and kissed her fiercely. She struggled against me for a moment, trying to mumble something at me, but after a few seconds, she gave in and kissed me back.

She eagerly wrapped her arms around me and kissed me intensely, shoving her tongue in my mouth. I was instantly floored with the rush of memories that filled my mind. All of the "meetings" between Daisy and I years ago were fresh in my head now.

I was suddenly very impatient to get her into bed. But, I wasn't going to push her to do that if she really didn't want to. I merely wanted to show her that I was willing, and let her decide. I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her on top of me as I reclined on the sofa. I pushed her legs to the sides so that she was straddling me.

I was certain that she could feel my raging boner poking her through my pants, but I wasn't ashamed of it. She knew how badly she turned me on. Now all I had to do was wait for her to take it to the next step.

She finally pulled away from me, breaking our kiss. She was panting on top of me, causing my hard dick to writhe in my pants. I was already beyond horny, and near to the point of begging her if she didn't give in.

My worries were unnecessary, though. Daisy looked at me for a long moment, and then she reached down and grabbed her dress, pulling it up over her head and tossing it across the room. She slid out of her lacy panties and flung them on the floor, but I was too busy staring at her chest to notice. She wasn't wearing a bra, so her breasts were hanging down in my face.

They were just as remarkable as I remembered them. Time had definitely been very good to her. She noticed me staring at her tits, and broke into a grin. Obviously she remembered my fascination with them. She smashed them together with her hands and shoved them in my face. If I had died at that very moment, I would have died a happy man with a stupid grin on my face.



While I was busy sucking on her delicious nipples, Daisy reached around and started to unzip my pants. When she finally got my dick free, she sat up, pulling her tits away from me. She saw the disappointment on my face, and that made her chuckle.

She began to unbutton my shirt, a shudder rippling through her once she started to run her hands over my bare chest.

Then, she did something unexpected that nearly made my balls explode. She carefully stood up on the couch, and got over my face, with her feet on either side of my head. I could see her dripping wet pussy directly above me. She smiled as she squatted down, carefully setting her crotch directly on my face.

Maybe Daisy had already given me a heart attack and I *had* died, because for a moment I thought I was in heaven. She stayed poised over me, using the couch arm for support so that she wasn't sitting on me, just sitting over me. I would have had to been pretty fucking stupid not to know what she wanted from me at that point.

I slid my tongue out of my mouth and immediately went straight for her clit. I heard her moan, and felt her body tremble on top of me. I sucked on it softly, gently...not wanting to do anything but tease her. I still remembered just how she liked it.

After a couple of minutes of licking and sucking, I moved my tongue back and forth across her slit, tasting her delicious pussy fluid as it flowed out of her. Then I reached up and eased a few fingers into her, enjoying her tightness. I rammed my fingers in and out of her slowly, listening to her moan.

I moved my mouth back to her clit, intent on finishing her up so that I could shove my dick in her. I kept my fingers going in and out of her at a steady rhythm as I worked her clit over with my tongue. Daisy started bounced gently up and down, grinding her crotch on my face.

She froze all of a sudden, and I felt the muscles in her legs clench down. She let out a huge groan of pleasure,

and I started sucking even faster. After a few seconds, she started to tremble, and I felt a gush of wetness oozing down my fingers. She grabbed my hair with her hands, pulling my face into her crotch roughly. I didn't let up with my mouth, continuing to probe her clit with my tongue as fast as possible.

After a minute, Daisy flopped back on top of me, breathing roughly.

"Oh...my...God! I can't believe how awesome that was. You're even better than I remember!" she assured me.

She looked up at me with a sheepish grin, as if she were suddenly embarrassed that she had done that.

"I don't know about that," I said with a laugh. I was having a hard time keeping my eyes on her face and not on her tits. She seemed to notice my preoccupation.

"Well? What are you waiting for? Are we doing this or not?" she said in a certain tone that I remembered well.

She wanted me just as badly as I wanted her, and that thought was making my dick throb harder than it already was. I clambered on top of her in an instant, and she seemed to approve.

I yanked her legs up, pushing them as far up as they would go, and then I slid my dick into her roughly. I was too horny to try and be gentle. Daisy sucked in a sharp breath, and then let out a low moan.

"I forgot how BIG you were!" she huffed at me as her eyes rolled back into her head.

I rammed my dick into her as hard and as fast as I could manage, and was met with quite a bit of resistance. She was still very, very tight.

"And I forgot how damn *tight* you were! I can barely stuff my dick in there!" I teased.

"It feels so good! You have no idea how fantastic that feels!" she panted.

She reached behind me, grabbing my ass cheeks and forcing me even deeper into her. I wasn't going to complain. I had to pace myself to keep from going too soon. I watched her tits bouncing back and forth with each thrust of my dick, and that sight alone was almost enough

to push me over the edge.

I continued to pound her, relishing the suction her hot, wet pussy had on my dick. She put her hands against my chest, forcing me to stop.

"Let me turn over," she commanded. She liked it doggy-style, I suddenly recalled.

I pulled out of her quickly, and she flipped over onto her knees, grasping the sofa arm with both hands. Her ass was up in the air now, waiting for me. I inched forward towards her and shoved my cock into her again.

Her pussy was even tighter now, and I was able to shove it in even deeper. I thrust my hand forward, reaching under her to grab her boob in my hand, and began to tweak her nipple.

Daisy rocked back and forth, forcing me to slam harder and harder into her. I could tell right away that I wasn't going to be able to hold off much longer.

"Oh, shit! Fuck me, Max! Fuck me HARD! Oh God! You don't know how badly I needed this! Don't stop! Don't stop! Oh, fuck!" she screamed.

I slowed down a little bit so that I could prolong my explosion, but I wasn't sure how much more I could take. I didn't want it to be over, but I wasn't able to help myself.

"I'm about to cum...I can't hold it in any longer!" I grunted between thrusts.

"Stop!" she demanded.

I stopped immediately, pulling out of her. I looked at her, puzzled. I didn't know what she wanted. She had rolled off of the couch, leaving me there on my knees.

"Get off the couch!" she snapped.

I did as she said, still confused. As soon as I stepped onto the floor, she went to her knees in front of me. A groan escaped me as she yanked me close and wrapped her lips around my dick, plunging it deep into her mouth.

She began sucking up and down, pausing every few seconds to lick the head of my dick. She used one hand to caress up and down the shaft, making it harder than ever. As I looked down at her and saw her bobbing her head up and down on my dick, I was overcome with

desire. I saw her tits bouncing back and forth as she moved, and I felt the orgasm building up in me. There was no stopping it this time.

I grabbed Daisy's hair roughly, pushing her down on me with force. She responded by sucking harder. I felt my legs tense up at the last moment, and then the fire swept through my body. I shuddered and trembled as I felt the hot goo explode out of me, straight into Daisy's mouth. She didn't let up for one second, continuing to suck me off until every drop was out.

The cum continued to spurt out of me forcefully, until, finally, it slowed down and then stopped. Daisy kept sucking softly until she was sure I was done. My dick was starting to go limp, and she pulled me out of her mouth. I stumbled backwards, and fell onto the couch.

I watched in awe as Daisy wiped a bit of my goop off of the corner of her mouth, and then licked it off of her finger, swallowing it. Apparently she had swallowed all of my cum. That was also something I had forgotten about her.

If there were any way for me to be horny again, that would have done it. But, my dick was pretty much dead – for a few hours anyway.

She smiled at me as she got to her feet and joined me on the couch.

"Wow...I don't know what to say," she eventually said.

I was still breathing hard and trying to catch my breath. I grabbed her and pulled her on top of me again, crushing her to my chest.

"I know what to say," I assured her. "That was awesome, and I am truly glad you came to see me, Daisy. I wouldn't have missed that for anything in the world."

"Me either, Max. I've really missed you. I forgot how much of a connection we had."

We sat there for a few more minutes, but eventually we had to get up. I went to shower off, hoping she would join me, but she didn't. I was beginning to wonder if she had snuck out on me. I finished washing off and jumped out of the shower, relieved to spot her on the bed.

She had gotten dressed again, but didn't look like she

was going anywhere. I liked that thought. She could stay forever if she wanted to, and I wouldn't object.

After I got dressed, I joined her on the bed, wrapping my arms around her again. There was no tension, no awkwardness with Daisy. It just felt right to be with her, and I was grateful for the time I had with her, even if she left tomorrow.

She seemed hesitant again, and this disturbed me. What would she have to be worried about now?

"Do you...regret what we just did?" I guessed, hoping that she would deny my assumption.

"No! Not at all...that was definitely what I needed, but I'm worried now...that you'll be angry with me. I really had no intention of being...intimate with you. It's just that you know I can't resist you, even after all this time."

I felt my eyebrows pull together as I stared at her. She was having a hard time looking me in the eyes. Why in the world would I be angry with her?

"I don't understand," I finally said.

She pulled free from my arms and stood up. She started pacing around the room with her arms folded over her chest and her mouth twisted into a deep frown.

"Daisy...please just tell me! I don't have any clue what you're talking about!" I said, exasperated.

She looked at me briefly, then her eyes flashed down to the floor again. She never stopped pacing.

"Max, there's something I need to tell you...the real reason I came here. Like I said, I did not come here to sleep with you. I came here to make a confession... something that couldn't be done in an email or over the phone." She stopped talking and came back to the bed, perching on the edge just out of my reach.

She stared straight at me for a moment before she continued.

"Promise me that you'll at least listen to what I have to say, okay? I just need you to listen to the whole thing, without interruption. Then, you can get mad and yell or whatever you want," she pleaded.

I was so mystified at the moment I couldn't do anything

but nod at her. I was sure my mouth was hanging open, but for the life of me I couldn't understand what in the hell she was trying to say. The more she talked, the more confused I got. What could she possibly have to tell me that had her so upset?

I waited, as patient as I could manage, for her to continue. She stood up again, moving across the room. She took a few deep breaths before she spoke. Her voice was so low I almost didn't hear her.

"Max, the night you called me to break up, you were... so upset about Barbara finding out about me, and you wanted your marriage to work out, so I did my best to give you your space. It was hard, but I figured it was for the best. You have no idea how much I really did love you.

"That's why I practically threw myself at Alan when he showed an interest in me. I was looking for anything that would get my mind off of you. There was...a reason why we got married so quickly. I got pregnant the first time Alan and I had slept together. I hadn't even known him but a couple of weeks! I should have known better, really. I knew that I needed to be safe, but I just wasn't myself at the time.

"It was...too much to handle and everything was happening too fast. But, I had to do what was right, and so I agreed to marry him. That's why his family didn't much care for me. They thought I was only after his money. He wasn't rich, but he was a manager and made good money. Not to mention that he had never been married, so he'd been saving up his money for a while. His mother violently opposed our marriage at first.

"Like I said, though...Elizabeth made everyone thaw out a bit. I even let Alan name her after his grandmother, which seemed to make his whole family happy. She was the most adorable baby. Her hair was light, almost the same color as mine, but very curly. And she had blue eyes, which made her all that more precious. Alan's mother and grandmother had the exact same shade of eyes, but Alan had brown eyes like me. It had skipped a generation. His mother was so excited that Elizabeth

avored her so much. Alan was one of three boys, so his mother finally had a little girl to spoil rotten.

"I was able to get along with his family after that, and our life was pretty great. Once I was a mother, I was able to...well, not forget you, but I was able to focus my attention elsewhere.

"Things were good until a few years ago," she said tersely. Her tone had changed considerably, and I started to get up off of the bed to go to her, but she put her hand up, motioning for me to stay put.

"I'm getting there. Just give me a second." She inhaled deeply through her nose, and hung her head.

"It was after we had moved to Reno. The kids were getting older and I began to notice something. Alan junior and Gwen got my shade of brown eyes, and Alan's dark hair, but Elizabeth looked more like me...except for the eyes."

I was processing the information she had given me, still not seeing where she was leading me.

"The older Elizabeth got, the less she looked like Alan junior and Gwen. And then I began to wonder if perhaps..." she stopped suddenly, looking up at me. She saw the confusion on my face. Her face went hard and she blurted out the next sentence.

"I wondered if Elizabeth wasn't really Alan's child!" She turned away from me and fled to the couch. I sat still, watching her, my mind still not quite catching what she was saying.

"Daisy...I don't..." I stuttered. I wanted to comfort her, but she wouldn't even look at me.

"Max!" she yelled at me. She turned back to me then, and dumbed it down for me.

"Elizabeth is YOUR child, Max. I was pregnant before I met Alan. If we hadn't slept together that first night, I would have known within a couple of weeks that I was pregnant. I was so distraught at the time that I didn't realize what had happened. I honestly thought it was Alan's baby. I never dreamed that I was pregnant already! The timing was so close, I never even suspected until

Elizabeth was a teenager!” Daisy began to sob, putting her head in her hands.

I was floored. I was on the verge of passing out when I realized that I wasn’t breathing. I took a ragged breath, trying to clear my head. Surely Daisy was mistaken. That was the only explanation. There was no way I had a child with her.

Daisy stood up and crossed the room in a flash, sitting close beside me.

“There has to be some mistake,” I said lamely.

“No, there isn’t, Max. I had some tests run on Elizabeth when I first began suspicious. I ordered one of those online kits where you can swab the cheek and match the DNA. I convinced Elizabeth to do it...I don’t even remember the excuse I had told her at the time. She was a teenager, though, so she did it just to get me out of her hair. I swabbed Alan’s cheek one night while he was asleep.

“I sent the swabs in and gave them our PO Box as a return address, since I was the only one that ever checked it. I got the results back in less than a week. Alan was not her biological father. Max, I hadn’t been with anyone else but you and Alan at the time. And the eyes... Elizabeth’s eyes. They don’t match his mother’s, like they all thought...they match your eyes.”

I suddenly felt like I was going to throw up, and I didn’t know why. Was this really such a bad thing? This was not the worst thing that could happen to me, by any means.

I was starting to hyperventilate, and had to work to control my breathing. Daisy was waiting on me to respond, but I wasn’t able to catch my breath yet.

Finally, I was able to force the words out of my mouth. I couldn’t look at Daisy as I spoke.

“Are you sure she’s mine?” I asked timidly.

“Yes. I’m positive,” she answered quickly.

“Well, then...what do we do now?” I asked. “Do I get to meet her? Does Alan know, or is this going to have to stay between us?”

“No...Alan knows. That’s the reason we are getting a



divorce. He found the paternity paperwork somehow about six or seven months ago. I had stashed it in a box of my things in the attic. I don't even know what he was doing up there. I just know I got home from the grocery store one day and he was waiting on me, livid.

"At least the kids weren't at home when it happened. I confessed everything to Alan, and told him that I had no idea Elizabeth wasn't his until a few years earlier. He was so furious with me, but he never let the kids know that anything was going on. We tried to keep everything normal for them. He continued to treat Elizabeth the same, but I knew it was killing him on the inside.

"He finally told me a couple of months ago that he wanted a divorce. The kids weren't oblivious to our arguments. They caught on that we had been unhappy for a while. We haven't told them we are splitting up yet, and Elizabeth doesn't know that Alan isn't her father. I wanted to see how you were going to react before I said anything to her.

"I figured I would break the news to her when I tell her about the divorce...if everything went well with you, that is. So...tell me what you're thinking. It's killing me!" she cried.

"I'm just trying to process it all," I answered honestly. "I wasn't prepared for anything of this magnitude."

"Look, I don't expect you to just take my word for it, okay? I found a clinic here in Vegas that can do a DNA sample. They can have results in 24 hours if you put a rush on it. I'll pay for everything if you'd be willing to go. I want you to have proof before you make any decisions. If you decide to go, I'll have Elizabeth...fly in and give another sample.

"Then, when you have the results, you can make your decision. I understand if you're upset and don't want anything to do with me right now. I'm pretty disgusted with myself."

I reached out to her, and pulled her to me once again. I wasn't angry with her...not at all. I knew there was no way in hell that Daisy would hurt anyone on purpose.

"We will figure out a way to make this work, I promise," I assured her. "I will be here for you, and I will do anything you need. I just wish you had told me sooner."

"I would have, but I had already caused enough trouble between you and your wife. But when I realized you were getting a divorce, I figured it might be the right time to tell you. Alan is very happy about the idea of telling Elizabeth the truth, but I think she needs to know. I have struggled with this for a long time, and now that she's older, I feel like it needs to be done."

"We can go tomorrow to the clinic. Make the arrangements...but I believe you. I know you wouldn't lie to me. But, if you are going to convince your daughter, she'll probably need the results more than I will." I stroked her hair and kissed her forehead.

"Thank you, Max...for everything. You've been far kinder to me than I expected. I should probably go now. I need to...go set everything up with Elizabeth. I'll call you in the morning to let you know when I can get you in." She got up off of the bed and slowly walked toward the door.

I could tell she was reluctant to go, and I felt the same way.

"You could stay here tonight...if you wanted. I don't mind," I offered.

"Thank you. I would love to, but I think you might need some time alone to think things over. I know I've probably blown your mind tonight. And, I need to figure out a way to break it to my...*our* daughter. I think I'll wait for the results, like you said. It might make it easier on her if she has the paper in her hand."

I leaned in to kiss Daisy softly on the mouth, and then opened the door for her. She turned back to me, and gave me a quick hug.

"I hope you don't decide to pack up and leave tonight, but I'll understand if you do." She tried to laugh, but she got a little choked up.

"I will be here, don't worry. I'll see you tomorrow." I gave her another kiss, then watched as she walked down the hall and got on the elevator.

I shut the door behind, and staggered over to the bed. I wasn't able to form a coherent thought. There was too much information to process, and I didn't even know where to start. All those years...I had a daughter for all of those years. And if all went well in the next two days, I would be meeting her. I didn't know how I felt about that.

I eventually drifted off to sleep, and didn't move until the phone woke me up the next morning. I had to force myself to wake up, and nearly fell off of the bed trying to get to the phone.

"Hello?" I said drowsily.

"Good morning," Daisy said cautiously.

I woke up immediately as the information from the previous night came rushing back. It all seemed like a dream for a minute.

"Hey," I replied stupidly. I was sure that wasn't very reassuring.

"So, I got an appointment, if you're still up for it."

"Yeah, of course. What time is it for?" I asked.

"Well, it's in an hour. The sooner you get there, the better, if you want the results back by tomorrow. I'm having to pay an arm and a leg for it, but it's worth it. Can you make it that soon?"

"Yeah, yeah. No problem. Are you going to go with me or are you meeting me there, or what?" I questioned as I sat up and started looking for my pants.

"I'm actually already at the clinic with Elizabeth. She's in the back right now."

"Wow. How did she get here so quick? I thought she had to fly in...did she come in last night?"

"No...she was actually already here. I just didn't want to tell you because I didn't want to pressure you. I figured if you knew she was here, you might feel like you had an obligation to meet her. Are you angry?"

"No, not at all. You have to do what is best for her. Tell me where the clinic is at, and I'll get a ride there right away."

Daisy gave me the address and a quick rundown of the directions.

"I think it would be best to wait until tomorrow for you two to meet. I still haven't had a chance to tell her yet, but she knows something is going on," Daisy explained.

"Whatever you think is best. I'm on my way, and you can call me later to let me know what you want to do. I can stay as long as you need me to."

We said our goodbyes, and I hurriedly got dressed and dashed out the door. I got to the clinic in record time, and was sort of relieved to see that Daisy was already gone. I wasn't ready for that yet.

I signed in, handed over my ID, and filled out all the necessary paperwork. After a short wait, I got called to the back. They took a swab of the inside of my cheek, as well as a vial of blood. Apparently Daisy had paid for both. The swab results would be ready tomorrow, and the blood results would just be ready in a couple of days. It was more of a redundancy than a necessity. I didn't blame her for getting both.

As I was heading back to the hotel, my cell phone rang. I flipped it open quickly, and was disappointed to hear Barbara's voice on the other end.

"Hey Barb. What is it?" I asked impatiently.

"You were right, Max, about everything. I got Todd to confess last night. He told me he never wanted to see me again! And then he kicked me out! I have nowhere to go." She continued to whine and moan, and I couldn't have cared less.

"So...what are you calling me for?" I asked coldly. I was not in the mood to deal with her at the moment.

"Max...I want to come home. I think I've made a huge mistake. And I think that I should tell you that...the baby isn't Todd's. It's yours. I was angry with you and didn't want to tell you the truth."

I was instantly furious. I knew she was lying through her teeth, because if that baby was mine, she would have already been using it against me to take me to the cleaner's.

"You are lying," I stated calmly. She didn't care for that accusation much.

“What?! Are you fucking kidding me? I’m telling you the truth!” she screeched at me.

“I seriously doubt that. And, in any case, you aren’t coming back to my house. I don’t really care where you go or what you do, as long as you do it away from me.”

She realized I was still very much pissed at her, so she changed her strategy up a bit.

“Max, would you really want me to be out on the street? While I’m pregnant with your baby? You love me more than that.” She sounded so sure of herself.

“I used to love you a whole lot, but I don’t anymore. You made it very easy for me to get over you. Now, I know you are lying, but in case there is a slightly slim chance that you aren’t, I will take care of my child. Get a test done. I know you can do it at this stage of your pregnancy.

“If you can prove to me that it’s mine, then I will do whatever needs to be done. But...since I doubt that will happen, I am telling you now to leave me alone. I want a divorce and I want you out of my life. I have bigger things going on than you.” I snapped the phone shut, not allowing her to respond. If she called back, I would ignore her.

I whistled to myself all the way back to the hotel room. I tried my hardest to keep myself busy for the rest of the day, but it was hard. Gambling and drinking held no interest for me. I settled into my room, and watched boring movies for something to pass the time. I went to bed early, trying hard not to think about what tomorrow had in store for me.

Once again, I woke to the sound of the phone ringing. I snapped awake this time, grabbing my phone and answering on the second ring.

“Hello?” I asked breathlessly.

“The results are in,” Daisy said. “Is it okay if I come up to your room?”

“Sure. I’m up...come whenever.”

“I’ll be there in ten minutes.”

I got off of the phone and went to take a quick shower. I got dressed in a daze, not really paying attention to what I

was putting on. I suddenly felt nervous. What if the results came back and it turned out I wasn't the father? What if the test Daisy had done years ago was incorrect, and Alan really was the dad? I pushed that thought out of my head, refusing to consider that.

Daisy would be here in a few minutes, and then I would know for certain. I was on edge and pacing when I heard a knock at the door.

Daisy was there, looking lovely as usual. She smiled at me tentatively, and then came into the room. She had an envelope in her hand. I followed inches behind her as she made her way to the couch.

"Well?" I asked, unable to curb my curiosity.

"I haven't looked yet," she explained impatiently. "I wanted to wait to be with you before I opened it."

I guess that made sense. I took a seat beside her on the couch. After a second of deliberation, I grabbed her hand. The envelope was sitting on her lap, which was trembling slightly.

"Are you ready?" I asked. I wasn't sure how much longer I was going to be able to wait.

"Not really...but I guess it's now or never, right?" she chuckled slightly.

She handed me the envelope, and then looked down at the floor. "You do it. Hurry...before the suspense kills me, please."

I hastily ripped the envelope open and yanked the paper out. It was folded up, and I had to take a deep breath before I opened it up.

I smoothed the paper open, and began looking at the rows of numbers, which didn't make a whole lot of sense to me. My eyes zeroed in on the short paragraph at the bottom of the paper. The lab tests confirmed that I was, indeed, Elizabeth's father...99.9% certain to be exact.

A felt a smile spread across my face, and then I was aware that Daisy was looking at me.

"Well?" she asked.

"Why don't you call up my daughter, so I can meet her for the first time?" I said casually, though I felt anything but

on the inside.

She took a big breath and then nodded her head, confirming what she already knew.

“Are you sure you’re okay with this? I know it’s all happening very fast. I don’t want you to rush this if you need more time.”

“I am absolutely fine with this. Now would you PLEASE call her? I’m getting impatient!” I laughed as I hugged Daisy.

“Can you give me a little bit of time? I actually...haven’t told her yet. Give me an hour, and then I’ll bring her up. Maybe we can go out to dinner after we’ve had a chance to talk.” Daisy jumped up and headed for the door.

“Okay...but please hurry. I don’t know how long I’ll be able to wait before I explode.”

“I will. Less than an hour, I promise!” She practically ran down the hallway towards the elevator.

I paced around the room for a while, and I couldn’t stand it anymore. I headed out the door and was out of the hotel before I knew what I was doing. I was wandering around outside, with no specific plan in mind. I stumbled upon a gift shop, and ducked inside.

I saw a large wall of flowers, and figured it might be nice to be able to give Elizabeth something. I picked the biggest bouquet I could find and check out. I walked briskly back to the hotel, anxious to get back to my room. I couldn’t believe I had left! What if Daisy was knocking on my door right now? What a first impression to make! I didn’t want her to think I had chickened out.

I got into the hotel lobby and ran towards the elevators. The doors were just about to close, but I got there in time. I jumped in without looking to see who else was in there. I was surprised to hear my name.

“Hey, Max. Didn’t expect to see you again.”

I looked around the flowers, and was startled to see Sarah standing on the other side of the elevator.

“Oh, hey! Sorry...I didn’t see you there.” I couldn’t believe I had forgotten about Sarah, but after all of the shit that had gone on in the last couple of days, it was a

miracle I was functioning at all.

"Nice flowers," she commented, looking upset.

I realized that she probably figured they were for a woman, and that might depress her a bit. I didn't quite know what to say. I surely couldn't explain that these weren't for a woman, but for a long lost daughter I never knew I had.

I hesitated with my mouth hanging open, and she smiled at me. She still looked upset, though.

"It's okay. I'm not asking you for any details, Max. It's not any of my business, anyway."

"I'm sorry," I mumbled. She looked down, and I felt bad, but I was still at a loss for words.

"So, how is your vacation going?" I asked.

"Good, I guess. But I'll be glad to get back to school. I never thought I would say that." She laughed without humor.

I was about to say something else, but the doors whooshed open, and I realized it was my floor. I stepped out, and turned around to say goodbye, but Sarah was looking away from me, biting her lip. She was pressing a button repeatedly, and the doors shut quickly.

I felt like such a tool, but there wasn't anything I could do about it. She was the one that wanted a fling, not me. And she was the one that told me goodbye. There was no reason for her to be upset over the thought of me with another woman.

I walked slowly back to my room, relieved at least that Daisy wasn't waiting for me. It gave me a few minutes to mentally prepare myself for meeting my daughter.

I placed the flowers on the table beside the bed, then went to splash cold water on my face. I stood at the sink for a long time, staring at myself in the mirror. I almost jumped out of my skin when someone knocked on my door.

I flung the door open with more force than necessary, and saw Daisy waiting on the other side.

"She's ready," Daisy explained when she saw the slight disappointment on my face.



"But she wants you to come upstairs to meet her. She is a little upset right now, and I don't think she felt well enough to come down to meet you. Do you mind?"

"No, of course not. Let's go!" I ran back to collect my flowers, then joined Daisy in the hallway.

"That was nice of you," she smiled as she looked over the flowers.

"I felt like I needed to get her something. I hope she won't be disappointed when she meets me," I said, suddenly terrified.

"She won't be. I promise."

I followed Daisy onto the elevator and we went up several floors. When we got to her floor, I followed behind her, my stomach doing flips. She paused at her door, then patted her pockets down.

"Shoot. I forgot my room key. Hold on a sec." She pulled out her cell phone and dialed a number.

"Elizabeth, open the door. I forgot my key." Daisy paused for a second, then sighed impatiently. "Sorry, I forgot. I'm still trying to get used to it, you know!"

She snapped her phone shut, irritated. "I swear..." she grumbled.

"What is it?"

"She doesn't like for me to call her Elizabeth anymore. She started using her first name when she went to college because there were so many Elizabeth's at school. I never cared for her first name much, but it was Alan's grandmother's name. We compromised and used her middle name instead. Until this year apparently."

"Oh. Well, I guess I shouldn't call her Elizabeth, then, should I? Don't want to upset her right away."

"Yeah...sorry about that. Guess I should have warned you."

"So, what is her first name?" I asked, curious. I had already gotten used to the name Elizabeth. I bet it was pretty...no matter what. I heard footsteps on the other side of the door, and a lock unlatching.

The door popped open. Daisy smiled at me and motioned for me to go in first. I stopped dead in my tracks

as soon as I got inside of the room and the huge vase of flowers was out of my line of sight.

“This is Sarah,” Daisy said with emphasis, as she swept her arm towards my daughter.

I stared in disbelief, thinking that all of this was some sort of sick joke. I looked at Sarah...the same Sarah I had slept with just a few days ago...the same Sarah that was in Vegas, meeting her mother...the same Sarah whose parents were having trouble...the same Sarah who looked upset in the elevator earlier. Obviously, she wasn't upset over me and a stupid bouquet of flowers. She was upset because her mom had just told her some shocking news, and she was preparing to meet her biological dad for the first time.

To meet *me* for the first time, except this wasn't the first time we had met. I felt my stomach roll, and it was all I could do to not vomit. But that was the most control I could ask of my body. I watched as horror crossed Sarah's face as she realized at the same time what I realized...that we had made a very big mistake.

The vase of flowers slipped out of my hand and crashed onto the floor with a sickening thud. I saw Daisy dash in front of me, alarm on her face. She was looking at me, and looking at Sarah, not comprehending our reaction.

I realized that I was not breathing again, and I was starting to sway on my feet. The last thing I registered before I blacked out was the sound of Sarah screaming.

## **TO BE CONTINUED**

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