B.B.W.

By : Zero Gravity

Sam is what happens to the typical high school jock when they get a bit older but don't grow up. Full of ego and testosterone, Sam lives for two things; sports and casual sex with the never ending supply of young, morally flexible, local college dollies. That is, until he meets Hope, an entirely different type of girl, and begins to realize that less isn't always more.

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B.B.W. : Chapter 1

This story contains graphic descriptions of sex between consenting adults.

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Thanks to Painful Beauty and Mohawk Monica whose kind comments motivated me to get back to the keyboard.

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B.B.W.

Chapter One: Bad Habits are Hard to Break.

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Sam needed nicotine; no surprise there, it was four o'clock on a Thursday and the same need assailed him about this time every workday. It was also no coincidence that four o'clock was quitting time. He was a part owner, along with two old friends, of a moderately successful cross training gym in San Luis Obispo, California. At four, the night manager came on and Sam was free to go. As per his usual routine, Sam left the gym, got into his black, 2011 Camaro and pulled into traffic, heading for Newsbeat, the little tobacco shop/newsstand that was on his short commute back to his apartment.

Sam pulled into the parking lot. There were two truisms about the Newsbeat parking lot; It was always stocked with shitty cars, driven by haggard looking drivers, and there would inevitably be an employee out front having a smoke break. It irked Sam, as a small business owner, that this little shop seemed to have to keep two people on the clock all day simply so that someone could always be smoking. Sam guessed that was one of the pitfalls of owning a tobacco shop, maybe it counted as advertising.

Sam himself always felt a twinge of guilt when he made his daily stop here. He was anything but haggard looking. Sam wasn't just a fitness professional, he had been a competitive triathlete for a few years and, at the age of 29, he still dabbled in cycling. He was tall, about six foot one, and lean with little body fat and toned, hard muscles. His weight hovered around 175 pounds. He also possessed many of the narcissistic tendencies that one might expect in someone who spent their life so focused on the physical. Nicotine was one of his weaknesses however and he knew what a hypocritical image it presented for someone in his profession. He started smoking in high school, but tried to quit in college, mostly for sports. He couldn't quite manage that, but a baseball playing friend of his introduced him to chewing tobacco and that had been his dirty little secret ever since.

Sam looked around the lot reflexively as he walked quickly to the Newsbeat entrance. He always dreaded some client driving by and seeing him while he was running this errand. He had a lie already prepared for just such an occasion; he would say he simply stopped in at Newsbeat to get the U.K. Edition of Muscle and Fitness because it was the only place in the sleepy college town where he could find it. Of course, he was probably worried unnecessarily and had never been called upon to use his cover story.

He walked past the leathery middle aged clerk taking her turn in the non-stop smoking break, and through the glass door out front, causing the little brass bell hanging above it to ring. Inside, the store was a hodgepodge of magazine and newspaper racks, tobacco and smoking accessories, and glass cases filled with lighters, pocket knives and other various examples of thoughtless, last minute, Father's Day gifts. There was a beaded

curtain which Sam suspected led to a back room with bongs and the like, but he had never had occasion to peruse it.

Sam headed straight for the counter, walking blithely past the racks of magazines. Despite his cover story, he never did bother to find out if the store even carried the U.K. Edition of Muscle and Fitness. Seeing as he was an almost daily customer, Sam was, at least visually, familiar with all the employees of the store: the leather faced lady (currently smoking on the parking lot), the old man that looked like Wilford Brimley, the grouchy lesbian, and "hair gel guy". Waiting at the register however, was an apparently new employee. The first impression Sam got was "big girl". She was tall for a woman, probably five foot nine, with long, straight, fine, chestnut hair. She was heavy; if Sam had bothered to use his trained eye, he would have guessed between 230 and 240 pounds. The woman wasn't all butt and belly though, she was big all the way around, broad at the shoulder and deep through the chest. She did not possess the massive breasts that many women her size had, but she was still fairly well endowed. She wore a simple, slightly threadbare maroon button down sweater over a black top with a baggy, loose fitting collar. He couldn't see below the counter to what she was wearing on the lower portion of her body.
Narcissist that Sam was, he barely saw women like this. They were just people, there to take his money and give change, or hand him his food through the drive through window, or, most often, come to him as another client, desperate to do something about their body image.

He walked up to her at the register and asked, "A can of Kodiak, please."

"Straight or wintergreen?" the clerk asked. She had a sweet, hi-pitched, musical voice that caught a little of Sam's attention, causing him to focus on her face. She was looking at him expectantly. She had the most beautiful eyes that Sam had ever seen, brilliantly bright opaline eyes that shined with good cheer.

"Uh...wintergreen." Sam managed. The woman's eyes were so compelling that he began to take in the rest of her. As she handed him the small, plastic can, she smiled and said "four thirty five please."

Her smile was as brilliant as her eyes. She had perfect, white teeth and marvelously formed lips. As the smile lifted her cheeks, little dimples appeared in the corners of her mouth. Sam thought impulsively that it was the sweetest face he had ever seen.

Sam handed her a five, still staring at her face. She opened the reg and gave him his sixty five cents back. "Have a good afternoon." she said sweetly, making a girlish wave with her right hand. Sam kind of wanted to stand there and look at her for a few more seconds, but said, "Thanks, I'll do my best.". He turned and headed toward the exit. As he walked out the door, he compulsively turned to steal one more glance at the woman's face. She was, indeed, beautiful.

In fact, Sam reckoned that "stunning" was probably a more apt description for the new clerk at Newsbeat, since the sight of her face had indeed, left him a little stunned. He shook his head to clear it as he got back into the Camaro. "Damn," the lifelong jock thought, "I'm not into fat chicks but...damn, that was a big, sexy, girl."

Before Sam started the car, he opened his purchase and took a dip of the tobacco, placing it into his mouth. He turned up the stereo as it cycled through the hard rock folder on his I-pod and let the screaming strains of Fallout boy's This Ain't a Scene, It's an Arms Race take him the rest of the way back to his apartment. The image of the clerk's angelic face was lightly burned onto his retinas for the drive back and by the time he got home, he was feeling a little horny. He walked up the stairs to his second floor, two-bedroom apartment. It was located in a large complex on Foothill boulevard and was mostly home to some of the town's enormous student population. There was a little pink post it note attached to his door. It read "Hey Sammy, come downstairs when U get in. -M.".

"Perfect timing" Sam said, smiling to himself. He opened the sliding door into his apartment and went inside without closing it. He stayed in the apartment long enough to toss his gym bag on the couch and grab a bottle of Miller Lite from the fridge before heading back out the open door and back down the stairs, making his way to Mia's apartment.

Mia was a 22 year old student at Cal Poly, the local university. She was a business major, and on the volleyball team. She was also a horny little party girl. She worked out at Sam's gym, preferring it to the overcrowded facilities at the student rec. center. Sam had met her before that however, last fall when she was moving in to the unit directly below his. He had just finished a run and was walking toward the stairs, clad only in running shorts. Sam's torso was right off the cover of a fitness magazine, chisled abs and defined obliques popped in glistening relief from the sweat that covered them. Mia, a lithe, brown eyed, bleached blonde, was wearing a loose white tank top over her black sports halter and a pair of Lycra running shorts. She stood in the walkway alone, in front of a large sofa.

As it turned out, Mia had spent her whole day moving stuff into her place with her roommate, but the roommate had apparently rushed off without helping move the last heavy object. Sam gallantly offered his assistance and, with some effort, the two managed to cajole the large piece of furniture into the apartment. Twenty minutes of ogling and small talk later, and Sam was getting a satisfactory blowjob on the couch he had just moved. Since then, he had hooked up with Mia on a number of occasions, mostly for some mutual oral fun and every once in a while, the whole nine yards. It was strictly casual, which suited Sam fine.

In point of fact, he was also banging another Cal Poly girl, or Poly Dolly as the locals called them, who lived on the opposite side of the complex. The availability of nubile, willing, and frequently drunk college girls was the chief explanation for why Sam still lived in the complex, rather than somewhere more befitting a nearly thirty year old business owner. And the ladies certainly didn't object to Sam's attentions. Compared to the other guys that lived in the complex, Sam was a man among boys. Handsome, successful, worldly (at least, in their limited scope of vision), and mature. Thursday night was the start of the drinking week in San Luis Obispo, and Sam got more than a few buzzed text messages from his female neighbors after ten pm n Thursdays, inviting him over for margaritas and a booty call.

Sam knocked on Mia's sliding door, and her her call out, "Sammy? If that's you, come on in!"

Sam opened the door and entered Mia's apartment. She was standing at the far end of the long, shoebox shaped room, a combination of kitchen and living space. She had one of her shapely legs up, her foot in the windowsill, as she bent over her knee, stretching. She was, as she almost always seemed to be during the day, dressed for running. "What's up kid?" Sam said as he walked past the kitchen, sipping his beer.

"Hi Sammy" Mia smiled, "I just got back from a run. I'm glad you got my note, I just left it a few minutes ago.".

"What can I do for you sweetie?" Sam asked, with a sexy, crooked, smile.

"Well, for some reason" Mia said, taking her foot off the windowsill and moving to meet Sam in the center of the room, "my run got me all worked up today." She placed her left hand on Sam's hip, level with his crotch. "I was hoping you might help me...work off the rest of my energy." she finished seductively.

Sam put his arms around her bare waist and drew her up to his chest. "You know," he began, "you're a good neighbor. The only time the girl that lived here before you asked me to come over it was to fix the plumbing under her kitchen sink."

"Well come on," Mia laughed, taking Sam's hand and leading him toward the bedroom, "You can come back here and clean my pipes.".

Mia was indeed feeling frisky that afternoon. As soon as they got into the bedroom, she turned and pounced on him. They kissed wetly for a short time, but Mia was in a hurry to get Sam naked. She peeled off his gym polo shirt and started kissing and licking his well developed chest. She licked and playfully bit at his nipples, causing Sam to roll his head back and groan. Soon, she was kissing his abs, and dipping her tongue in his navel. She stopped at the waistband of Sam's shorts and stood up. She smiled seductively and walked over to the nightstand. She opened the drawer and withdrew a box of condoms and a small bottle of lubricant. She tossed Sam the lube and said "I want you to fuck me Sam, but I'm always afraid you'll kill me with that thing, so you need to get everything nice and wet first, OK?". Mia shucked off her shorts and halter, and lay back on her queen sized bed.

The thing Mia was most likely referring to was Sam's dick. To put it bluntly, Sam had a porn star cock. It was over eight inches long, and more than six-and-a-half inches around at the base. His body hair was trimmed as part of the regular manscapping duties demanded by his considerable vanity, which made his member appear all the more intimidating. Not just Mia, but in fact most of the college girls he shagged, were never really able to take the whole thing, but Sam had a good time trying. Arrogant prick that he was, he sort of looked at it like Cinderella and the glass slipper. One of these days it was just going to fit some girl perfectly, and Prince Charming would finally get to blow a load from so deep, his feet would be empty.

Sam slathered his half hard cock with the lube and it sprang to attention readily. He then began to massage the lubricant onto the lips of Mia's waiting pussy while flicking and pressing her tiny clitoris with his thumb, causing her to make little humming moans between her pursed lips. After a few minutes, Mia's honey pot was providing plenty of it's own lubricant and Sam took advantage by sliding his middle finger inside the girl, while continuing to rub her clit with his other hand. This caused Mia to buck her hips slightly, as she put her arm over her mouth, biting the meat of her supple bicep. Sam worked one finger and then, barely, two, into the co-eds quivering mound and pumped them slowly. Her tiny pussy squeezed his fingers so tightly, they crossed inside her as though Sam was wishing for luck. Sam added more lube and kept at it for a while as Mia continued to enjoy the attention. Finally she said, "I'm ready baby, get up here and fuck me.".

Sam slapped latex onto his tool and moved up between her legs in the missionary position. He placed the bulbous head of his cock at her glistening, pink, opening and began to slide into her. "Ooohh, oooh, slow baby, go slow" Mia moaned. For his part, Sam thought if he were going any slower, he wouldn't be moving at all, but he tried anyway as he introduced still more lube into the situation. He began to stroke just the first two inches into the college girl and after a few minutes, she loosened up but Mia had never really been able to take more than half of Sam's length before she would need him to back off a bit.

After twenty minutes, Sam was rhythmically pumping with controlled strokes, not getting in nearly as deep as he would like but still enjoying himself immensely. Mia lay on her back, with her brown eyes closed tightly, chewing on her lower lip as she grunted with Sam's thrusts. Her right hand was down between their bodies, flying over her clit. She suddenly tensed, screaming out "Shit...shit,shit, I'm cumming!" as little flecks of spittle flew from her mouth. Her abdominal muscles clenched hard, causing her already tight pussy to clamp down almost uncomfortably on his dick, compelling him to pull out.

Mia panted and puffed for a moment, recovering from her orgasm. She looked up at Sam and asked "How close are you?".

"Getting there." Sam lied, "Turn around, let's try doggie." he suggested.

"Um, OK, but you've got to be nice with that thing OK?" Mia cautioned as she turned around on all fours, aiming her firm, athletic butt at Sam.

"You're the one that said you wanted to get fucked," Sam said. He couldn't help but be annoyed, this was a common occurrence, not just with Mia but about three fourths of the girls he hooked up with. Of course, they were all fit, young college girls that fed Sam's ego as much as his sexual appetite.

"I know," Mia said, a little embarrassed, "You're just really big.".

"Don't worry sweetie, I'll be gentle." Sam responded, taking a hold of Mia's hips as she reached back and guided him into her.

Sam was good as his word, screwing the girl gently, still only sinking about half of his massive dick into her tight, velvety, wetness. He desperately wished he could grab her hips with both hands and drive all the way into her, but he knew that wouldn't end well, so he kept on, trying to will himself to orgasm.

He fucked Mia doggie style for about ten minutes, when she stopped him. "Here, lay back" she said, "I'm getting sore down there, let me take care of you this way.".

Sam took off the rubber and laid back on the bed for a consolation BJ. Mia was a decent cock sucker, certainly an enthusiastic one, but once again, Sam's girth was an issue for the girl. She sucked the top half of Sam's tool while rapidly stroking the base. She would occasionally let the glistening, spit soaked head pop from her mouth and offer encouragements like, "Cum for me baby.".

Sam was still having some trouble getting over the hump, so to speak, and closed his eyes, trying to think of the sexiest thing he could imagine. He was surprised when his mind presented him the image of the big, sexy, new clerk at the smoke shop. As soon as he visualized that is was her soft, wet, beautiful mouth engulfing the head of his swollen cock, he came, hard.

Mia pulled her mouth off of his dick as he came and continued to stroke the shaft rapidly. Sam's pelvis pumped into her fist as he shot a rope of semen so hard it landed on the pillow beside his head, splattering a tiny bit under his left eye. The girl laughed with delight as Sam grunted through his orgasm.

Mia ran to the bathroom to fetch a towel as Sam laid back on her bed. "Really?" he silently chided himself, "the fat girl?". As soon as he thought it though, he pictured her again, and as he remembered her captivating smile, and damned if his dick didn't start to stir.

Mia came back with the towel and tossed it to Sam as she hopped up next to him on the bed. "How 'bout another round, sexy?" Sam asked, not entirely thinking of Mia.

"Wow," Mia chuckled, "sorry Superman, you wore me out, besides, my roommate will be home in, like, twenty minutes.".

"Damn," Sam swore with good humor, "next time?"

"Whoo, yeah, next time I go for a run!" Mia agreed, smiling.

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End of Chapter One

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Chapter 2: B.B.W. Chapter Two: One Track Mind

B.B.W. Chapter 2: One Track Mind

After his tryst with Mia, Sam went back up to his apartment. He stripped down to his briefs and clicked on the 54 inch flat screen mounted to the west wall. The television, the Camaro, even the extra thick frame on the Cannondale racing bike hanging from a wall rack, were all the accoutrements of a guy compensating, even though Sam clearly had no physical need. He was just "that guy.".

Sam prepared his dinner, boiled white rice with chicken breast. Sam's sexual lifestyle was only one symptom of his arrested development. It was no accident that his career still basically focused on sport, the thing that had made him a standout in high school. He approached his job like a competition as well, and it was that ethic that had helped carve out a successful niche for his gym in the town of sixty thousand. Arrested development also probably explained why, once he finished preparing it, he ate dinner alone, in front of the television, in his underpants.

After dinner, Sam was watching a Bear Grylls show on Discovery (because, once again, he's just "that guy") when he saw an add for a new brand of milk chocolate bar. The way his mind worked, it reminded him of the Newsbeat girl. The image of her face in his mind persuaded him to hit the shower and work on some relief, despite having gotten laid a scant two hours before. After soaping up and washing his short, dark, hair, Sam began to stroke the shaft of his cock, thinking about the big, sexy, girl with the amazing smile. He imagined her in the shower with him and wondered what it would be like to soap up her ample body. She would, no doubt, be much softer than the women Sam was accustomed to and he wondered, more than a bit lustfully, what that would feel like. The thought of sex with someone so unlike his usual partners was tremendously arousing and soon, Sam was slowing his strokes, wanting to prolong the sensation and the fantasy. Too soon though, he ended up cumming for the second time since leaving work, his seed spewing out of the head of his organ, splattering the shower curtain. The force of his climax caused him to utter a single sharp grunt of pleasure, unusual for Sam during masturbation. Even after exiting the shower, he thoughts lingered on his burgeoning fantasy of the big girl at the newsstand. Before going to bed, the thought had occurred to him that he could simply ask her out. After all, let's be honest, what was she going to say? No? She wasn't wearing a wedding ring, so unless she was gay, how could she refuse? How many prospective suitors could she have, that would be Sam's physical match? Of course she would go out with him, but he dismissed the idea out of hand. To Sam, the very idea violated some asinine notion of aesthetics, not to mention his pride. As if he would ever show up a social function with a date bigger than he was. Nevertheless, there was something about that girl that really got his motor running.

Sam woke up the next morning with the ubiquitous morning wood. He had the time before work so he cranked out another load from his tool, once again thinking about the lovely, Rubenesque girl from the smoke shop. Afterward, he realized that she had been the inspiration for his last three orgasms, despite the fact that yesterday's first was elicited by a twenty two year old, NCAA athlete with a body worth killing for. He had no explanation that satisfied him, so he let the question go, but throughout the work day, her face still popped, unbidden, into his consciousness.

At one point, around two thirty, Sam found himself checking out Mrs. Hollister. She was one of the middle aged working women that attended the gym irregularly. She was heavy, but seemed, at best, only marginally determined to make any real changes to her body, or "improvements" as Sam thought of them. He stared at her rotund behind, which jiggled hypnotically under her strained spandex leggings as she jogged slowly on a treadmill. He felt a little twinge in his belly and balls, but nothing like he usually felt staring at a taut, firm twenty something butt. He thought then of the mystery girl's incredibly sweet face and the twinge got much stronger. His musings were interrupted when Mrs. Hollister noticed him staring. She smiled and waved, "Hi

Sam," she said, "am I doing it right?"

"Doing what right, walking?" Sam thought, "No, I was just staring at your big ass for some reason.". Out loud he said, "No Julie, your doing great, see if you can go for another ten and then we'll do some free weights OK?"

"You got it coach!" the heavyset, one time high school softball standout, said, smiling widely. If she didn't know better, she'd swear that stud had been checking out her ass.

A while later, Julie Hollister was using the nautilus lat pull machine and Sam walked by offering to make a minor correction to her form. "You've got to widen your grip and...here, do you mind if I..." Sam paused, his strong hands hovering over shoulders.

"No, no, it's fine" Mrs. Hollister replied, "Go ahead.".

Sam put his hands firmly on her shoulders. His pinky and ring fingers lay on the outside of her tank top straps, sinking just a little into the soft, white flesh of the older woman's shoulders. He stood behind her, guiding her movement into the proper form for the exercise, feeling slightly aroused throughout. After a few reps, he feared he needed to excuse himself before erecting a tent. "That's great Julie, just keep going like that.".

He walked over to the water cooler, wondering what the hell was wrong with him. He may have been a horn-dog, but he had never had trouble keeping it down at work before. He could, and had, rubbed out cramps from the calves, thighs and even buttocks of several smoking hot female clients over the years without even the slightest dent in his composure. Now, after 15 seconds looking at the smoke shop girl, and the mere touch of a fat lady's shoulder has his body threatening to pop a chubby. What the hell was wrong with him indeed.

When Paul, the night manager came on a few minutes after four, Sam left work and made a bee line for Newsbeat to pick up another can of chew. He arrived in minutes, parking the Camaro and hurrying past "hair gel guy", who was out front, enjoying his pass in the eternal smoke break. Sam entered, jangling the bell, and looked around to see who was working. Leather face was behind the reg. and otherwise, the joint looked empty. "Damn" Sam swore, under his breath. He walked up to the counter and said "Can of Kodiak, green, please.". Leather face handed him the chew and rung up the total without saying anything. Sam had completed the same transaction with her scores of times and had never been one for chit chat. "So," he said lamely as he fished a fiver out of his pocket, "you guys got some new people working here these days?"

Leather face paused for a moment, considering, and said in a gravelly voice perfectly suited to her nicotanned exterior, "No, not lately.".

"Oh, there was a girl yesterday..."Sam began.

"Oh, yesterday? You mean the pretty girl?" leather face said knowingly.

"Um, yeah" Sam said, feeling uncomfortable for some reason.

"That's Hope. She's been here a couple months, but she usually just works weekends. She was filling in for Kevin." Leather face nodded in the direction of the parking lot. Sam's mental Rolodex promoted "hair gel guy" to "hair gel Kevin" and, much more importantly, big sexy clerk to Hope.

"Oh, that explains it, I never come in on weekends" he offered and began to walk to the exit.

"'Levin til seven on Saturdays and Sundays"Leather face offered helpfully, "in case you needed to come in on the weekend".

"Uh, thanks." Sam said, red faced, before hurrying out the door.

Sam couldn't understand why he felt so embarrassed asking after the big, sexy girl; "Hope" he thought. Leather face had called Hope pretty, certainly other customers had tried hitting on her. Of course, none that looked like Sam, he was sure. Still, pursuing women wasn't really his style. His general pattern was: meet a girl, tell the girl what he does and find an excuse to take his shirt off, bang the girl, lather, rinse, repeat as needed. He certainly wasn't the guy who finds out your work schedule and then shows up on your shift. That was actually a little creepy.

Sam went out Friday night and picked up a new girl at Mom's tavern downtown. When he arrived at the bar, a large, well kept club with great live music, he started to scan the crowd for potential playmates as he strode over to the bar for a drink. His recent flights of fancy had caused a change in his predation pattern however. His eyesight had improved to include women that deviated at least a little from his normal physical type. Once he stopped expecting a sexual partner to fit inside one particular silhouette he could see things like a pretty face on top of an out of shape body or beautiful hair that might be paired with crooked teeth or blotchy skin, but he found no amazingly warm smiles on any of the bigger girls; apparently Hope had better things to do than bar hop on Friday nights. After a while, though, all that personal growth made Sam feel uncomfortable, so he singled out another Poly Dolly, a five foot five brunette with a short pixie haircut and olive skin. Apart from skin tone, you could have swapped her head with Mia's and never noticed a difference.

It turns out the girl was sort of there to see her "friend's" band, but apparently ultra-fit gym owner tops long haired bass player, and, after a couple of Jager bombs (again, because he was just "that guy") Sam was leaving Mom's with the girl before the band could finish their second set.

The girl, Shania as it turned out, came back to his place and somehow managed to be both horny and uptight at the same time. They didn't even get through the beers they had opened before the diminutive girl was all over Sam, kissing him and running her hands beneath his shirt, over his muscular chest but her sexual instruction booklet must have been dated 1954, because when they moved from the couch to the bedroom, Shania insisted on leaving the lights off. She didn't give head and Sam never did manage to get her bra off, but when she slipped her hands onto Sam's formidable rod, she was appropriately impressed and eager to take it for a test drive. She was able to take pretty much the whole thing too, as long as Sam was careful, but she was really only comfortable in the missionary position. She was quiet like a mouse too, only squeaking like one after twenty minutes when Sam really started deep dicking her. Mounting her in the dark, Sam's mind began to wander, predictably now, back to Hope. He imagined what it might feel like to be on top of that big, sexy, girl instead of this tiny little paper doll, a carbon copy of all the other girls he had banged since he was 16. Once again, when he pictured Hope's face, an orgasm soon followed. This time, he came so hard thinking about her, that, for a second, he feared he had blown the rubber off of his cock.

The next day, after driving Shania back to her place, Sam decided he desperately needed another can of chew so he swung by Newsbeat around 10:30. He pulled into the parking lot, telling himself that he was being stupid, that his mind had obviously distorted his memory of this fat girl into something supernatural, that he would just walk in, see her and realize that she was just big girl with a sweet face, and he could get back to fucking women that looked like they just stepped out of a Nike ad.

At first, Sam thought the place was closed; there was no one smoking in the parking lot! The neon OPEN sign flickered however, and he opened the door, once again hearing the little jangle of the brass bell suspended above it. Grouchy lesbian was behind the counter. "Dammit" he swore, more loudly than he intended.

"What's the matter, did you forget something?" a sweet, high pitched voice said from behind him. Sam turned to the back of the store, Hope was standing there, stocking what appeared to be various brands of rolling papers onto a shelf. It turns out, Sam's mind had, indeed, been distorting his memory of the brief glance he got of Hope the other day; it had underestimated her beauty considerably.

Hope was wearing a long cotton "hippie" dress and a dark green, open, button down sweater. Today she wore her hair in a long side ponytail. Her "warm, concerned" smile was even more amazing than her "casual greeting" smile. She wore little make up and the skin of her face was a flawless, creamy, tan. Sam was, once again, stunned.

"Huh" he stammered.

"When I say 'dammit' as soon as I walk into a store, it means I forgot my purse. Did you forget your wallet?" the girl asked cheerfully.

"Uh" Sam said, no more suavely.

"Your wallet?" she said again, more slowly, in a tone that suggested many mentally ill and retarded people smoked cigarettes or bought newspapers.

"No, I'm good, I just remembered, uh, that I forgot something at home." Sam finally managed to say.

"Oh, OK then, let me know if you need any help." Hope said and went back to stocking Zig-Zags.

"Nice recovery dumb ass" Sam thought. He struggled to think of a way to keep the girl engaged in conversation. Finally, he said, "I thought you guys were closed, I didn't see anyone smoking in the lot."

She laughed, a light, crystalline, sound, and said, "I don't smoke and Cynthia just had her break." but she nodded her head in agreement and added, "I know what you mean though, it seems like somebody is always standing out front having a smoke doesn't it?"

Sam nodded, and said "Well, maybe it counts as advertising."

Hope smiled wider and said, "Maybe the owner should have people take their smoke breaks out on the sidewalk, so they can wave to cars, maybe hold a sign with their other hand, like those poor people dressed up like the statue of liberty, dancing in front of that tax place up the street."

Sam laughed genuinely, still nervously aware of just how cute he kept finding this girl. He tried to keep the conversation going, "So, you don't smoke eh? That's good, I hear those things are bad for you" he joked lamely.

"Shhh" Hope said, putting her finger up to her lips, "No one around here knows that yet, it's a secret."

Sam laughed again and almost blurted out "Would you like to go out sometime?", but managed to control himself. Instead he said, "Hi, I'm Sam.".

"Hi, Sam, I'm Hope," she responded, "nice to meet you."

Sam continued to make small talk, trying to revert to his usual lines, dropping his occupation and referencing his sports prowess, but without dim bar lights and loud music, his spiel sounded lame, even to him. Hope kept talking with him politely but went back to restocking her shelves. Sam couldn't ever recall being this awkward

around a girl before. He'd had better moves in the eighth grade. He decided that discretion may indeed be the better part of valor this time and started to make a hasty retreat. "Well, Hope it was nice to meet you," he said heading for the door, "hopefully I'll see you again some time."

"Um, did you need to, you know, buy something?" She asked hesitantly as he opened the front door.

"Crap" he said, "you're right, uh, thanks." He went to the counter and bought another can of Kodiak from Cynthia the grouchy lesbian, who seemed mildly amused at the floor show she had been watching. "Bye" he offered lamely again to Hope as he left the store.

Sam sat in his Camaro for a minute, feeling embarrassed, and even a little ashamed. He was a player, and a damned successful one at that. He couldn't believe he was a party to that fiasco that just occurred in the smoke shop. What the hell did he have to be nervous about, so what if she was beautiful, she was a fat girl and she would surely jump at the chance to go out with a guy like Sam, right? He thought about his options. If he went home, he knew he was just going to keep thinking about her, especially in light of the time spent chatting with her. He needed to take her out, maybe to a movie or somewhere his friends wouldn't see him, then take her home, ride the roller coaster and get it out of his system; time to bite the bullet. He screwed up his courage and went back into the store. This time the little brass bell grated against nerves as he walked directly over to Hope.

"You're back" she said, smiling, "did you remember you forgot something again?"

"Uh, yeah, I did actually," Sam began, trying to sound cool, "I was just wondering if you would like to go out with me sometime soon?"

"Oh" Hope's eyes widened, "Wow, that's very sweet, but, um, I don;t think that would be a good idea.".

Of course she had a boyfriend, how could she not. "Oh, boyfriend huh." Sam said, a little bit crushed.

"No, not at the moment." Hope said honestly, "I don't mean to offend you, it's just that, you're kind of, not my type."

Rejection from a woman was a new experience for Sam, and he was surprised to find how similar it was to being punched in the gut.

End Chapter Two.

Chapter 3: B.B.W. Chapter Three: If At First You Don't Succeed...

B.B.W. Chapter Three: If, At First, You Don't Succeed...

Sam was astonished by what was apparently happening to him. He had never experienced rejection from a woman before. He was the work out king of San Luis Obispo, it was unthinkable. And yet, he stood here, in the smoke shop, being let down gently by a fat girl. One that happened to be so sexy, he hadn't been able to stop thinking about her in days, but still. His mind struggled to make sense of this unexpected outcome.

"So, what is your type then?" he asked Hope, with some difficulty as she gave him her equally stunning "warm, consolation" smile. He wasn't quite enough of a pig to assume that any woman that rejected him was automatically gay, but, still thinking about her size, he was nevertheless certain the next word out of Hope's mouth would be "women".

"Well," she started, somewhat awkwardly, "don't take this the wrong way, it's not a physical thing, I mean, you're obviously very handsome, but, well, you probably date a lot right?"

Sam did indeed date a lot. He occasionally had longer relationships but they never seemed to last past late April or early May, not coincidentally, whenever bikini season descended on the pool at his apartment complex. "I do OK." he offered, in response.

"Yeah, I bet you do OK." Hope smiled at him "I'll bet your stomach looks like it's been airbrushed. I don't go out with players, I learned that lesson the hard way a long time ago. I'm sure you're really nice and I'm not saying every date I go on turns into a long term relationship, but I really only go out with guys that have at least some boyfriend potential, and that just doesn't really seem like you, does it?"

Sam had to admit, even to himself, that it didn't. While even Sam knew that commitment-phobia was an almost universal turn off for women, it hadn't been holding him back much, before now at any rate. "Well," he said, tying not to sound dejected, "if that's the way you feel, sorry to have bothered you." He started again for the door.

"No, no, like I said, it was very sweet of you to ask." Hope said kindly, and added "And for what it's worth, I'm flattered, you are really hot.". She gave him a wink, which did, actually, cheer him up a little. The thought that Hope just knew what his ego needed to hear never occurred to him, after all he was really hot.

"Bye" he said as he opened the door.

"Bye" she called back.

Sam left Newsbeat, his confidence shaken like it had never been before. For most of us mere mortals, rejection is something we learn to cope with at an early age, but this was a new experience for Sam, and at the ripe old age of 29 and still a perpetual adolescent, it hit him hard. He raced through the stages of grief on the way home. He didn't spend much time with denial, the events were just too real and recent. He spent a little time on guilt, feeling that he was off his game, tripping over his words like that couldn't have impressed her. Then he parked on Anger for a while, wondering who the hell this stuck up bitch thought she was turning him down like that, but soon he had to admit that he had no right to be angry. Then it was depression's turn. Sam wallowed in this stage for a while, feeling old and impotent. In the back of his mind, he had always known his lifestyle couldn't hold out forever, that someday, no matter how much he continued to sculpt his body, 21 year

old girls just wouldn't bite anymore. He had seen it happen to some of the older guys back in his triathlon days, chasing tail that was way too young for them, getting laughed at behind their backs, a sad parody of their former selves. Sam knew that he would have to change his ways some day but he thought he had another five years, at least. Now he wasn't so sure. Maybe it was time to find the last girl he was ever going to get and settle down. When he had that thought, Hope's face popped into his mind again, he he careened back to anger for a little while. By the time he got home, however, he had taken the upward turn. Sam realized that, while he may have never faced rejection, he had faced defeat before. That's all this situation was; defeat. Sam had been a competitive athlete for fifteen years and no one performs perfectly every time out. He knew what to do with defeat; look it right in the eye and get back on your damn bike. That was the solution, not to give up an slink away, but to get up, disinfect the road rash and race right back up that hill. He made up his mind to go back and try again the next day.

Sam embraced the idea of dealing with his pain like a competition, it was well within his comfort zone. He came home and had an early, light dinner, like he would the night before an event. He planned strategy, like he would before a race, gaming out small talk scenarios in his head. After his brief conversation with Hope that afternoon, his instincts told him humor was the way to go so he went through his repertoire of one liners, dusting off the best ones and rehearsing them in his head. The one problem he kept banging his head against was how to respond to the concern Hope voiced about Sam's roaming nature. He decided that, since she was going to be predisposed to believe any line he fed her on the subject was bullshit, he might as well just be as honest as he could be, within reason, of course. He went to bed early, fully convinced that, the next day, he would be making a date with Hope, and by the end of the week, at the most, he would finally have the satisfaction he had been lusting after.

That night, he was plagued by a frustrating dream, only fragments of which, he could recall the next day. Somehow, Hope was dating his buddy Mark, one of the co-owners of the gym. Mark was supposed to be getting married next month to his longtime girlfriend Jenn, but now he was somehow marrying Hope instead.. In the dream, Sam had to go to all these different places; the gym, his mom's house, even the Jack Ranch Cafe out in the middle of nowhere on highway 46 (it was a dream after all), and Hope and Mark would be there as well. Sam had to pretend to be happy for them and be nice to Mark, the whole time wanting to kick his ass. It was no wonder Sam awoke, pissed off.

He got up and went for a run, trying to move past the crappy mood the dream had put him in. Afterward he showered and got dressed. He chose jeans and a T-shirt given to him for participation in a large cycling event for a children's hospital charity. It was one of the few things he owned that might say, "I'm not a douchebag." although he didn't really think of it in quite those terms. As he grabbed his keys and wallet out of the dish on his dresser, he saw the unopened can of Kodiak he bought yesterday. He still hadn't quite finished the can he had bought on Friday. "Oh well," he thought, "I wonder if that crap goes bad?".

He drove down to Newsbeat around eleven and marched up to the entrance, where Cynthia (the Grouchy lesbian) was smoking. She saw him and smiled, waving. He'd seen her dozens of times and she had never before shown the slightest inclination toward friendliness. His mental Rolodex grudgingly edited her card to simply read Cynthia. "Back already?" she said knowingly.

"Yeah, that's why they call it a habit I guess." he said blithely and breezed past her, jangling the little brass bell.

Hope was behind the counter and the store was empty. "Perfect." Sam thought. She was clad in a light yellow sleeveless polo shirt and khaki capri pants. It was the first time he saw her without a sweater. Her bare arms were well formed, not flabby, just big. He warmly imagined what they would feel like wrapped around his neck.

Although he was still a little nervous after yesterday's false start (that's what he was calling it now), he had his game face on and was ready to play. He wasn't sure how Hope would react to seeing him, and worried about the initial awkwardness, but Hope just smiled widely, reminding Sam why he had come back. "Hi!" She said warmly.

"Good morning Hope," Sam said cheerfully, walking up to the counter.

"A can of Kodiak?" Hope asked, starting to turn to the rows of chewing tobacco on the back counter.

"Please." he said.

Hope got the can and said "Four thirty five please.".

Sam handed her his money and said "So, have you come to your senses yet?" trying to sound playful instead of arrogant.

Hope's smile widened and she laughed, "About what?".

"About going out with me, of course." he replied, displaying his time tested crooked grin.

"Now why would I do that?" She said demurely, "Are you going to tell me you became a different person over night?".

"Come on Hope, be realistic" he plied, "you don't know me as well as you think you do, you can't, we just met. But if you go out with me, then you can find out that I'm just as shallow as you think I am and bask in the satisfaction of being right."

Hope laughed and the sound echoed like wind chimes in Sam's ears. "It's hard to argue with that logic, but I think I'm still going to have to pass."

"Look, I'm being honest here Hope, I don't chase girls. Frankly, I don't usually have to but you're making me work here. Ever since I saw you on Thursday, I can't stop thinking about you. Do you know how hard it was for me to come back in a try again after you shot me down yesterday?". He could see that got to her a little bit, a hairline crack visible in her resolve.

She nodded, still smiling, "Well, that is flattering. Let me ask you something, hypothetically, if I were to agree to go out with you, what would we do?".

"I don't know, how about just a traditional movie?" Sam offered.

Hope nodded her head cynically and said "Someplace dark right? Well at least you didn't say pizza and a six pack at you place."

"What? No..." Sam protested, but he knew he was busted. "Ok, sorry, really, what would you want to do?".

Hope grinned, a little savagely and said, "Go to a big gathering of all your friends and family, right out in broad daylight. What do you think of that?"

"Well, I'm sorry, I'm not currently planning any bar mitzvahs, quinceaneras, or family reunions for us to go to just now." Sam said defensively.

"Well that's just too bad for you then." Hope said, giggling.

"Come on, Hope, one date. What do you say?"

"I'm sorry Sam, you really do seem nice, funny at least, but like I said yesterday, I just don't think it's a good idea.".

Sam shook his head. He couldn't believe it but he refused to give up. "I'm just going to keep asking," he grinned.

"It's a free country," she said aloofly, but she couldn't suppress her smile.

"The problem is, you don't work again until next weekend right?" he asked.

"So." she replied.

"So, that's a really long time for me to have to wait to ask you out again. I may have to ask a hundred times before you say yes, and at a rate of twice a week, that would take..." his eyes rolled up to the ceiling as he calculated, "just under a year.".

"Nice math skills," Hope teased, "So you think, by March of 2014, you'll be able to get me to go out with you?".

"Well, it wouldn't take nearly as long if I didn't just get to see you at work. If there was somewhere else you went periodically, and I met you there, I could ask again, and that would make things go a lot faster. Maybe get it down to eight or nine months." he joked.

"Sam, are you trying to get me to make a date with you so that you can ask me out on a date?" Hope asked laughing genuinely and driving Sam crazy.

"Too smart to fall for that one huh, I can see I'm in over my head here." he said, smiling sheepishly.

"Sorry" she commiserated, "it was a good try though.".

Sam took his chew and started walking toward the door. He didn't have a date with the big, sexy girl yet, but he took some encouragement from their flirtations. "Alright then" he said as he reached the door, "I guess I'll see you next week." he sighed melodramatically and continued "seven loooong days.". He opened the door slowly, again ringing the bell.

Hope sighed in mock exasperation "I walk my dog sometimes, Wednesday mornings at ten am. At Santa Rosa park." She pointed her finger at him, wagging it sternly, "If I happen to run into you there, it is not a date, you understand me mister?".

"No, of course not! Definitely not a date." He said, smiling like the village idiot, "It would just be two acquaintances running into each other at the park.".

"Right." Hope agreed, "Goodbye, Sam." she once again smiled her sweet smile.

"Goooooodbye Hope." Sam half sang as he exited the store.

"Fuck that," he thought, walking to his car, "it's a date!".

Chapter 4: B.B.W. Chapter Four: Persistence Pays Off.

B.B.W. Chapter Four: Persistence Pays Off

Sam walked back out to his car with the Wide World of Sports theme playing in his head. In his mind, he had just snatched victory from the jaws of defeat. Sure maybe it wasn't a date date, but it was something. For the moment at least, Sam had completely forgotten his hang ups about Hope's weight. The way his mind viewed his quest for a date with Hope was very black and white, very goal oriented. The competitor in him had just taken a major step closer to the prize.

For the next three days, any thinking Sam did during unfocused, free time, bounced back and forth neurotically between anticipation of finally getting a chance to win Hope over and embarrassment that he had let himself get worked up over the kind of girl he would have teased one of his jock buddies about, not all that many years ago. In the end, anticipation must have won out, because on Tuesday night, he even declined a text invitation from Mia to come down for drinks.

Ten o' clock in the morning was actually the time Sam was supposed to open the gym, so Tuesday evening, he called Mark to make sure that his buddy was going to be coming in at the same time and could cover for him for an hour or so. When Mark asked the reason, Sam lied about a dentist appointment. Even though Mark would have had no problems covering Sam while his friend went to meet a girl, Sam hadn't matured that much in five days.

When Wednesday morning finally crawled into place, Sam decided it was time to bring out the big guns. At 9:30 he dressed in running shorts and tucked a thin tank top into the back of the waistband. He usually only grabbed his ID, and a condom when he went running (Hey, you never know.) but even Sam didn't think there was going to be any need for a rubber, so he grabbed only his driver's license and stuffed into his pocket. He put on his running shoes and stretched briefly, before jogging out of the apartment. Santa Rosa park was only four blocks from his apartment, so he made sure to take a circuitous route, enough time to work up a light sweat but not enough to reek before arriving at the park promptly at ten. He didn't see Hope anywhere and he sincerely hoped her dog needed a walk. He started running around the half mile footpath, killing time, hoping the object of his recent obsession would arrive.

Fortunately for Sam's ego, Hope strolled into the park from the backside around 10:10, walking a dog. She was wearing a breezy yellow sundress and another button down sweater, this one white, over her otherwise bare shoulders. She walked tall and confidently, a big, gorgeous billboard for the impending Spring. Sam started to jog in her direction, his ripped abdomen and sculpted chest gleamed with sweat in the morning sun. He started to practice his oh-so-clever "Fancy meeting you here" line, trying on various inflections in his mind, searching for the most casual. He was only fifty feet away or so when she noticed him. Their eyes met, he waved, and Hope started laughing. At first she put her hand to her mouth and laughed gently, but by the time he ran up to her, she was chortling hardily.

Sam felt the same confusion we all feel when we walk in on the punchline of a joke. His opening line forgotten, he said simply, "Um, hi.".

Hope had regained a little of her composure and looked at Sam as she wiped a tear from her right eye. "Seriously Sam?" She said, trying to keep from laughing all over again, "No shirt? What's the matter, you didn't have a Ferrari to pull up in?".

"What?" Sam replied pathetically, "I always go for a run this time of morning, I was just, you know, killing two birds with one stone.".

"Oh, uh-huh," Hope smiled condescendingly, making Sam feel that much more ridiculous.

Sam pulled the tank top out of the back of his shorts and started to put it on, but Hope stopped him, "No, no," she teased, "you went through all the trouble of getting sweaty, and I've got to give you credit, you're picture perfect." She reached out and quickly patted his chiseled stomach, causing a chill to race up Sam's spine.

Sam's mojo had been completely derailed. "So, uh, fancy meeting you here." he offered weakly, wanting to kick himself even before the words left his mouth.

Hope put her palm to her face, laughing again and said "Hi, Sam.".

"Hi" he said again weakly, standing in a puddle of his own bravado.

Hope introduced Sam to Sophie, her dog. Sophie was, apparently, a bagel; a basset/beagle cross. Sam was more of a cat person, but the dog was cute enough, with long, floppy, brown ears. He scratched her and made nice, although the dog seemed marginally interested at best, preferring to tug on her leash, and try to get her mom to follow her on some scent trail or other. As they walked together, they had what would probably be their first substantive conversation. They talked about life in SLO, Hope had moved here only a few months ago and was taking a few child development classes at Cuesta, the local community college, and Sam had been there since starting at Cal Poly, a little more than a decade ago now. Sam was trying his hardest to be charming and funny, and Hope seemed at ease, but then, didn't she always? Sam noticed she had a tattoo, the stylized horse head of a chess piece, the knight, was inked in black with silvery blue highlights on the outside of her left ankle. Sam played chess a little himself and asked her about the ink. It turns out that she enjoyed the game as well, giving Sam a much needed topic for a few more minutes conversation. After they had walked the entire lap of the park twice, they sat at a picnic table and continued to chat while Sophie took the opportunity for a nap in the grass under the table. Sam found Hope to be really good company; funny, smart, polite and kind. He thought she was unlike any girl he had ever met. Of course Sam was kind of an idiot; the truth was he rarely got to know a girl any more than was necessary to get into her pants. He had many casual flings and one night stands with girls who were actually very lovely people, he just didn't know it. Even his most recent conquest, the pixie haired Shania, was a sweet girl, an English major who wanted to teach Kindergarten and volunteered at the local animal shelter. For what it's worth though, Mia actually was a shallow bitch, using her only talent, volleyball, as a passport to party and fuck her way through school. A female Sam, really.

At eleven thirty, Hope looked at her watch and said, "well, it's been nice talking to you but Sophie and I have to get back, I have class at noon.".

Sam felt pinpricks of panic along the back of his neck. "So how about another date?" he said.

"Another date" she asked, her eye brow arched.

"I mean a date, sorry, a first date." he corrected quickly.

"I don't know Sam," she said seriously, "I just don't think it would lead anywhere, you know.". Sam couldn't deal with a third rejection and another indeterminate period of obsession. His competitive instincts took over, his desire to win the prize became paramount.

"How about a wedding?" he said suddenly.

"Excuse me?" Hope said nervously.

Seeing the girl's face, Sam quickly said, "No, uh, no, my best friend and business partner is getting married in three weeks. All our friends will be there. Would you go with me, would you be my date?"

"Are you serious?" Hope asked skeptically.

"Yes, absolutely." Nobody was more surprised than Sam that he was, in fact, serious.

"No." she said. Sam groaned and put his forehead in his hand.

"Well, I'm sorry, but that just feels a little weird for a first date." she said.

"But...but you said you wanted to go..." Sam started.

"I know, I know, just hold on a sec," Hope soothed, "you're right, I said I wanted to go somewhere where all your friends were, I can see I may have misjudged you, at least a little. I guess it wouldn't hurt to go out on one date with you.".

Sam's village idiot grin reappeared. "Really?" Sam's competitive instincts may not have the prize yet, but they were surely wearing the yellow jersey now.

"Yes, really, but..." Hope's face got very serious, "There is something you should know about me first. After I tell you, you may not want that date after all."

"Come on, how bad can it be?" Sam joked, trying to hide his nervousness, "It's not like you're an alien, or a lesbian, or a dude, right?"

"I have a kid." Hope said plainly.

Despite the changes in Sam's character since first meeting Hope, he was still about eighty percent "that guy", and as soon as Hope spoke, alarm bells and air raid sirens started going off inside his head, but the competitor couldn't let it go, it was focused like a laser and it didn't hear distracting noises. "Fuck it," Sam thought, "In far a penny, in for a pound.". To Hope he said, "That's great, as long as you're not an alien.".

Hope explained that her son, Jordan, was seven, and finishing out his second grade year back in Marin county with Hope's parents while she was getting set up with school and an apartment in San Luis Obispo. She finished by saying, "So, now you see Sam, why I'm so particular about dating. I'm a single mom with a lot of important things in my life, and I'm trying to avoid drama. I don't date often, so I'm really not looking for a one night stand, or a fling."

Something in Sam's mind clicked, he could actually understand the point she was trying to make. For Hope, going out with a guy like Sam wasn't a huge thrill, as hard as that was to believe. Instead, it was really a huge risk for her. Suddenly he felt like an asshole. All he could think to say was, "I really will take you to my friend's wedding, if you want to go.". He started to hope maybe he wasn't the guy that Hope thought he was, even if, deep down, he knew better.".

"I believe you, but why don't we just start with dinner or something." She said, and she took his hand briefly, squeezing it, before letting it drop.

Sam asked if he could take her out Friday night, and she agreed. They exchanged numbers, and Sam offered to pick her up at her place, but she declined, suggesting they meet somewhere instead. Sam wracked his brain, trying to think of somewhere impressive to take her. He suggested they meet for dinner at Anthony's, an

upscale Italian place on the embarcadero in the near by beach town of Morro Bay. Hope agreed readily and they parted, shaking hands. Even during that simple exchange, the feel of the soft, cool, skin of Hope's hand gave Sam a tiny thrill.

Sam spent a lot of time over the next two days thinking about his upcoming date. He obsessed about wardrobe, not wanting to over dress, especially after his cheesy bare chested move at the park. Most of his best clothes made him look like he stepped out of a vodka ad in Maxim magazine. Everything that had seemed to work so well for him in the past, now did nothing but work against his ambitions with Hope. Sam just was not going to be able to cruise by on looks alone this time, a difficult adjustment to say the least. He started watching the news, trying to absorb a few points for the sake of conversation. He doubted regaling Hope with his tale of third place in a recent double century ride up in Northern California was going to win her over.

When Sam thought about Hope as a single mother, working a crappy job, trying to put herself through school, he couldn't think of any reason why she would want to go out with a guy like him. She had a completely different set of priorities. Sure, Sam might be a great catch if you just needed to get laid, but what else did he have to offer. This sucked; thinking of himself as anything other than awesome was depressing.

When Friday finally came, he settled on khakis and a dress shirt. He forced himself to button the shirt all the way up. He arrived fifteen minutes early, just in case, so that Hope wouldn't have to wait alone. She was prompt, and looked lovely. She had on a teal green sleeveless dress that matched her eyes, with a thin. diamond pattern in a lighter blue. At almost five foot ten, she rarely felt the need to wear heels, but she wore a modest pair tonight. Her long, chestnut hair had been lightly curled, and she wore it down, over her shoulders. With her outfit, Hope had combined the "one-two" combination of her opaline green eyes and flawless smile with something new; a not quite generous peek of her healthy, tanned, cleavage. The impact it had on Sam was pretty obvious. The village idiot made an appearance as he said, "Hi Hope, you look fantastic."

"Thank you Sam," she smiled her perfect smile, "you still look very handsome, even with your shirt on.".

Sam laughed, "I showed up here without one, but they wouldn't let me in. It's a good thing I had this one in the trunk of my car, with the spare tire.". He felt like he was back on his game a little bit, and Hope's beauty motivated him.

Sam had made sure to reserve a table with a view of the ocean. It wasn't quite as great as it sounded, the view of the massive Morro Rock was obstructed by the three smokestacks of a power plant, and there were dozens of tourists from the valley vying for space along the embarcadero with equal numbers of grungy fishermen returning to shore for the evening. Still, for all of it, the sunset was brilliant.

They had a wonderful meal, and Sam kept up the charm offensive. He was funny and self deprecating and tried hard not to bring up the gym, or sports. He was glad for the time spent watching the news, before last week, the gym and sports seemed like the only thing he knew anything about.

They talked about life on the central coast, and since Hope hadn't lived there but a few months, Sam told her about some of the local features. Hope said that she enjoyed hiking, something she had in common with Sam, and he was delighted to tell her about several little known hiking spots within a half hour of the campus. He told her, with a wink, about the secret nude beach only a few miles away. She laughed and said that he'd obviously never had sand in his behind before.

After dinner, Sam asked her if she would like to go play some pool at a little bar he knew across the bay. She agreed, and they decided Sam would drive and then bring her back to her car later. They got into the Camaro and headed across the narrow road, west to the neighboring town of Baywood Park. He drove them to Sweetie's, a road house bar on the main drag in the tiny town. It had been something of a biker joint back in

the day, but now, it was just another bar, with live music and pool tables. The difference was, Terry, the door man, was a friend and client from the gym. Terry was a huge, hairy, good natured redneck, and he and Sam had an arrangement; whenever Sam came in with a girl, Terry would treat him like a VIP, comp the door charge, give the bartender the high sign, and next thing you know, drinks for Sam and his date would be on the house. Sam would always leave a huge tip, far in excess of the bill he would have racked up, that way, everybody wins.

Terry greeted them warmly at the door, treating Sam like a prince, insisting that he put his wallet away, when Sam acted like he was going to pay the cover charge. Terry flirted shamelessly with Hope, like he did with every girl that walked into the place, usually in front of her date. He got away with it because it was obvious he was only playing around, and he was the size of a mountain. Regulars knew though, that he never resorted to violence unless he had no other choice and, among them, he was fairly beloved.

At Terry's signal, the bartender walked past four waiting customers and took their drink order, two Lite beers. The crowd was still pretty thin, the blues cover band hadn't even arrived, and wouldn't start for at least an hour. There were three pool tables, and two of them were open, so Sam and Hope settled at a small cocktail table nearby. Sam spent a lot of time in bars, and was a better than fair pool player. His competitive nature didn't usually allow him to throw a game, even to a date.

Hope kicked his ass in best out of five racks. He didn't even get to play all five, she ran the table twice, he won once, then she beat him handily a third time. She was so good, he didn't even realize she let him win the third rack. He took his whipping like a man however, and afterward, Hope laughed and allowed Sam a brief hug. He marveled at how wonderfully solid she felt when he put his arms around her waist. Sam wished he could really give her a good squeeze, but he was determined to be a gentleman tonight.

At one point, Hope excused herself to the ladies', leaving Sam alone by the pool table. Terry came up to him and said, "So what's up with the girl, brother?"

"What do you mean?" Sam said, defensively.

"Nothin' man, I mean she looks like my dream girl, but she's not quite the type I usually see you with, you know what I'm sayin'?" Terry smiled.

Sam knew he the big man didn't mean any disrespect, not that there was much Sam could do if he did, so he simply said, "People change, man.".

The band arrived, and shortly, started to warm up, prompting Sam to suggest they move on to somewhere else. He told her that Sweetie's could get pretty rowdy once the band started and the crowd showed up. This was sometimes true, but Sam's real motivation was to get out of there before Hope said anything about dancing. Dancing had always been the chink in Sam's armor with the ladies. He had no sense of time or rhythm. Worse, he knew this, so his self consciousness made the activity that much more awkward. It had been described as "painful to watch" from one of his nicer friends, and like "an epileptic, jerking off" according to Chad, who was his friend, the third partner in the gym with Sam and Mark, and an asshole.

They went back to Morro Bay, intending to get some ice cream, but the shop was closing when they got there and Hope said that she probably ought to head home. Sam drove her back to the restaurant where her car was parked, but instead of Hope leaving, they ended up walking along the embarcadero, past the closed tourist junk shops and sparsely populated eateries. Still conversing lightly, the made their way to the end and started back. Hope noticed that Sam had made no move to hold hands or put his arm around her. She forgave him his petty embarrassment, but in truth, it had been the first time she had misjudged him. Sam wasn't a real, hand holding, P.DA. kind of guy to begin with. He would do that sort of thing to a bar pick up, to make his interest

clear, but he was trying to not be pushy tonight. Hope obviously had an idea of where Sam wanted things to go between them, so he kept a respectful distance.

They got back to the cars, and Sam was starting to get nervous. He was generally used to dealing with "good night kiss" scenarios in a horizontal position, and was somewhat out of his depth at the end of a sober, grown-up date. As she unlocked the driver door of her Mazda, Sam pulled it open for her, and Hope helped Sam out immensely, breaking the tension by grabbing the lapel of his shirt with her thumb and forefinger and pulling him closer. "C'mere" she said quietly, and she kissed him, softly, on his cheek, not far from his mouth. That one lingering kiss was all he got though, before she pulled away. "I had fun tonight Sam, it's been a while, it was nice to get out.".

Sam looked at her earnestly, "Would you like to do it again sometime, go out with me, I mean?".

Hope looked to be considering for just a moment, then replied, "I'd like that Sam. You can call me, and we can go out next week.".

"Count on it,". Sam said, his face split by the idiot grin again. At this rate, he would have to take up a tin spare change cup.

Hope got in her car and pulled away, leaving Sam standing there, feeling quite pleased with himself. He was getting a second date. Never mind the fact that, a little over a week ago, Sam would never had believed he was capable of letting any girl get the best of him like Hope had. He was wrapped around her adorable, chubby little finger.

Sam resisted the urge to call Hope or go to the shop on Saturday, but couldn't resist the urge to pleasure himself thinking about her. Not a quick one either, he went all out, drapes closed, proper lube, even, for the first time, a little BBW porn on his laptop. Still though, when he busted his nut after stretching the wank out as long as he could, it was Hope he was thinking of, their brief embrace, her smell and the softness of her lips when she kissed him goodnight.

By Sunday, Sam was ready for another fix. He jogged down to Newsbeat, but wearing a shirt this time. Hope was there, of course, and seemed genuinely pleased to see him. She smiled at him as the little bell jangled above the door. He was beginning to grow fond of the sound. She asked him if he needed a can of Kodiak, but he said no, that he was just there to say hello. They chatted over the counter for a while and Sam tried to be witty. Hope laughed at most of his jokes, and he was hyper sensitively aware of her fingers grazing his arm when she did so. Sam asked her if she would like to go out again on Wednesday night. She agreed, maybe even with some enthusiasm, and Sam left the shop feeling invincible.

Their second date went well; Hope allowed Sam to pick her up in front of her apartment and he took her to dinner at McIntosh's, a popular local steakhouse and then to a comedy performance at the campus Performing Arts Center. They left the performance laughing and in a good mood, around eleven o'clock. When they got back to Sam's Camaro, Hope kissed him again, and not on the cheek this time. He was just putting the key into the ignition, when she put his hand on his. He looked at her, and had been around the block more than enough times to know the look on her gorgeous face. They leaned in at the same time and kissed, still softly, mouths closed, but with more than a little passion and for more than a little while. After just kissing and hand holding for twenty minutes or so, Hope stifled a yawn, and Sam offered to take her home, despite the minor discomfort and tightness in his briefs. Rather than admit to himself how much he cared about the girl, he convinced himself that he was playing the long game; acting like a priest now to further guarantee his chance of acting like a sinner later.

He took her back to her apartment, and walked her to the door, hoping at least, for another kiss. He wasn't disappointed. Under the porch light atop her front door, he reached up and caressed her face. She smiled and he kissed her again. This time, her lips parted a little and her tongue lightly brushed his lips. Sam wrapped his arms around the big girl's waist and pulled her close. He relished her warmth and her strong arms around his neck, squeezing him back. It was so much different, so much better, than holding some fragile, 120 pound waif who felt as if she could snap apart at any moment. After a minute of this Hope pulled back, smiling sweetly, her eyes still closed. Sam felt like he could look at her like that forever.

"Goodnight Sam." she said softly.

"Goodnight Hope" Sam said and kissed her one more time, gently, on her forehead, just below her hairline. "Sleep well.". She went inside and he walked back to the car, a spring in his step.

Sam was finally starting to become something that vaguely resembled an adult male human being. He was still just a guy though, so when he went home, he masturbated again, still thinking about sex between himself and Hope. The only difference was, that night, he wasn't the only one.

They had their third date on Friday. Sam said he knew it wasn't a public place, but he wondered if he could cook her dinner at his apartment. She said that they were probably past the public place rule and agreed, on the condition that she could bring dessert. She giggled, and quickly clarified that she baked a wicked chocolate cake, after Sam waggled his eyebrows lasciviously.

On Thursday night, around ten thirty, Sam got another text from Mia inviting him down to play Mexicali with her and her equally hot roommate, Jessica . He knew the unwritten rule in the world of friends with benefits; ignore two booty calls in a row, and you don't get a third. He started to rationalize that Hope and he had never entered a committed relationship, and that he had been the only one giving his dick any attention for over a week, a real drought by Sam's standards. In the end, though, he couldn't do it, or didn't want to, he wasn't sure. He texted Mia back that he was sick, and going to bed early.

Friday night, Hope came over for dinner, bearing the aforementioned chocolate cake. Sam made Lemon Rosemary Salmon and rice. Sam was a decent cook, and they both enjoyed the meal. Afterward, they sat at the kitchen table, holding hands. "What now?" Hope asked lightly.

"I want a little payback for the pool match the other night." Sam said, rising from the table.

"Oh really?" Hope grinned, "I suppose you're going to tell me you have a pool table in your bedroom.".

"No," Sam began, "but damn, that's a good line. I should have tried that. Would you believe that I have a pool table in my bedroom?".

"Nope." Hope giggled.

"Crap," Sam said grinning his crooked smile, "OK, just sit tight then. I'll be right back.".

He came back into the kitchen a few minutes later, carefully carrying an already set up, glass, chess set. "Time for my revenge, pool hustler!" he said, melodramatically.

Hope's beautiful eyes lit up, "Oh you're on mister!" she said enthusiastically.

Hope kicked Sam's ass again, two games in a row. The second game, she had him in mate without even taking his queen.

Sam pretended to pout for a while, claiming she cheated by hypnotizing him with her feminine wiles. She laughed again, music to Sam's ears, and suggested, maybe a movie. Sam pulled up Netflix on the manly TV, and they settled on Invictus. Sam liked sports, Hope liked good actors, and neither of them had seen it. It seemed like a safe choice.

Sam turned the lights down and they sat next to each other on the couch. When the opening titles started, Hope leaned over and snuggled into the crook of Sam's left arm. She put her head against his chest and started watching the movie. With her ear in contact with Sam's muscular chest, she could actually hear his heartbeat. She put her hand on his stomach, and was surprised to hear his heart rate speed up noticeably. "He can be such a sweet boy." she thought.

About an hour into the movie, they started making out. Hope moved up higher against Sam, and ran her fingers through his hair as they kissed. Their tongues wrestled for position and both of them made occasional sighs of pleasure. After making out for a half our, Sam screwed up his courage, and attempted to round second base. As his hand caressed her large breast, she stiffened only for a second, and then nodded, still kissing him Her hands began to roam freely over his chest, but stayed outside of his shirt. He obliged by the same boundary. They continued like that long after the movie ended, Sam couldn't get enough of Hope. He loved the way her weight felt, leaning against him. He loved how soft she was, and longed to know what it would be like to feel his skin against hers. Eventually, though, Hope pulled away again. It was past eleven, and she said she really should be going. Sam pouted a little, making Hope smile again. She kissed him one more time, wetly, but without her tongue and said "Sorry sweetie, I have to go to work tomorrow, but dinner was great, and so was dessert.".

Sam got up to walk Hope to her car. "Can I come by the shop and see you tomorrow?".

"Sure, that would be nice." she agreed.

Sam opened the door for Hope and they headed out to the walkway. Just as they did so, Mia came out of her first floor apartment, directly behind them. "Fuck." Sam thought.

"Hey, Sammy, there you are!" Mia called. She was wearing a white bikini top and a white towel wrapped around her waist. "Are you feeling better?".

Sam stopped, and he and Hope both turned to face Mia. "Yeah," he said, "I just needed to get some sleep."

"Too bad" she said, eyes moving over Hope from head to toe, "you missed a great game. Jessie was totally plastered." She stepped up and held out her hand to Hope. "I'm Mia" she said.

"Hope" the bigger girl answered, smiling politely, as she shook Mia's hand.

"I was just headed down to the hot tub, Jessie is there with her boyfriend, would you two like to join us?" she asked, sounding more mocking than sincere.

Hope didn't look uncomfortable, but Sam had enough discomfort for both of them. Sam was smart enough to recognize Mia's game, so he impulsively did the only thing he could think of; he reached over and grabbed Hope's hand, entwining her fingers between his own. "Sorry," he said, " I was just walking Hope out to her car. She has to work in the morning.".

Mia's eyebrow arched when she saw her fuck buddy take the fat girl's hand. Sam figured he was essentially dead to her now, but, strangely, he didn't care. "Suit yourself," Mia said breezily/

Before she could walk away Hope said, "Actually, hold on a second Sam, I think I left something back inside, can we run back in for a sec?". Mia shrugged and sauntered off in the direction of the complex pool.

Sam kept holding Hope's hand and led her back inside the apartment. "Oh," he said, "that's right, you forgot the cake.".

"Forget the cake." Hope said, her voice a little deeper than usual, "So, you were too sick to go to that girl's apartment last night huh?" she smiled at him, seductively this time.

"Uh, no, not really" he said awkwardly, "I just, didn't really want to hang out with her. They were playing stupid kids' drinking games and..."

Hope approached him as he talked finally interrupting him. "Shut up, *Sammy,* " she said, mocking Mia's tone. She put her hand in the middle of his chest and pushed him firmly back onto the couch. She got down on her knees between his legs and slid her hands under his shirt, savoring the firm, smooth muscles she found there. "You've been a very good boy," she said, "you've earned this.".

She unbuckled his belt and started to undo his pants. Sam's heart was racing, he couldn't believe this was happening. It was almost like he hadn't ever had a woman pull his pants off before.

Hope giggled with delight when she found what Sam had waiting for her. He was already rock hard by the time she got his briefs off, and she looked at his rod, impressed. "Well, there's something you don't see every day." she grinned, "You are a big, strong boy aren't you.".

"God, Hope," Sam groaned in anticipation, "I'm so hard, and it's only because of you. I've been thinking about this for so long.".

"Just lie back honey." Hope purred. Sam did as he was told.

Sam had never experienced a blow job like this before. After a few bobs, she was able to take more than six inches of his thick tubesteak into her throat. Hope had complete control of Sam while she sucked him. He slowly started licking the head and stroking his shaft, before sliding it between her lips. She reached up and grabbed Sam's hand, placing it on the back of her head. She moaned with pleasure when Sam began to push on the back of her head gently, forcing more of his massive dick into her amazing mouth. When she was deep throating his spit slicked shaft, she began to work her swallowing muscles on the head of the cock lodged in her throat. She stroked the base of his meat and his heavy balls, alternating between her left and right hands to avoid cramping. It took less than seven minutes before Sam's enormous cock started twitching in Hope's hot, wet mouth. He moaned, "Oh, God, Hope, you're gonna make me cum, Oh God!".

He expected Hope to pull off and stroke him to orgasm like most of his girlfriends had, but she did no such thing. She kept up her rhythmic pace, sucking and stroking and swallowing the head constantly until Sam came. He grunted with the power of his orgasm, and blasted a half dozen powerful jets of hot semen all the way down Hope's throat. The girl continued to devour his cock throughout, never missing a beat as he filled her stomach with his hot cum. He eventually had to pull her off his dick gently as it became too sensitive after such a hard climax. Sam laid there, completely drained. He looked at Hope as she rose from her knees, wiping saliva off her chin. "Sweet mother of God," Sam groaned, "that was the most amazing thing I have ever felt.".

Hope walked alongside the couch, bent over and gave Same a gentle kiss on the forehead. "Are you still going to come see me tomorrow?"

"Are you kidding?" he replied dreamily, "If you lock the door, I'll break in.".

"I can get to my car OK, you just lie here and think about what a good boy you are" she teased, "Good night Sam."

"Good night Hope" Sam said sleepily. He started to drift off to sleep, reclining on the couch, his pants still around his ankles, by the time Hope closed the door behind her.

Chapter 5: B.B.W. Chapter Five: Rising Action

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Sam managed to suppress his desire to be down at Newsbeat at 9:59, waiting for Hope to open the stand. Instead, he went for a morning ride, biking down to Pismo Beach and back, before showering and heading down to the tobacco shop around eleven. Hope was there, of course, along with the Wilford Brimley clone. The bell jangled, and she smiled warmly at Sam as he entered the empty store. Much to Sam's delight. she even came around the counter to embrace him, lightly at first, but when Sam wrapped his arms all the way around her and squeezed tightly, she squeezed back. "Mmmm, you give great hug." Sam joked, a subtle reference to the last time he saw the big girl, before letting her go. Hope giggled mischievously.

They chatted for a while before Hope said, "You know, I am at work, I'm not sure the owner would be happy if I spent all my time talking to boys.".

The Brimley clone looked up from the paper we was reading and grumbled, "He doesn't care.".

This made Hope laugh. She said, "Sam, this is Ernie, the owner. Ernie this is Sam.". Sam couldn't help but be a little disappointed that Hope hadn't added the words, "my boyfriend" to her introduction.

"Nice to meet you sir." Sam said politely.

"Likewise" Ernie grumbled, without looking up from his paper.

Sam and Hope continued to talk for a while. Whenever a customer would come up to the counter, Sam would drift off, idly browsing the store, waiting for Hope to take care of business before returning to the counter. Soon, Ernie stood up from his stool and said, "Going for a smoke, when I come back, you can take lunch.". The old man took a pipe from his pocket and shuffled out the front door. When the bell stopped jangling, Hope reached over the counter and grabbed the front of Sam's T-shirt, and pulled him in for a quick kiss. He almost wished she hadn't, the feel of her soft lips brushing his mouth only left him wanting more.

When Ernie returned, Sam offered to escort Hope on her lunch break, and the two walked up the block to the Tio's Taco truck to eat. On the way, Sam didn't give a thought to appearances as he took Hope's hand into his own. Hope gladly slipped her fingers between his. She was, in no way, oblivious to the way Sam had been acting lately.

On the contrary, Hope was far from stupid. She decided, almost as soon as he came in to the shop for his second attempt at asking her out, that she was almost certainly, eventually, going to end up in bed with Sam. She usually like her men to look like men, that bouncer, Terry, had been a good example. She was not usually into skinny, pretty boys, but when an opportunity, that looked like it strutted right out of a Calvin Klein underwear advertisement, presented itself, it would give any straight woman, and more than a couple of the gay ones, pause. She really wasn't looking for a fling at the time, however. Instead, she decided to try to make a project out of him. He had potential; aside from being ridiculously sexy, Sam was funny, and, if you didn't give him the keys to the candy store right away, he could be very sweet and charming as well. Hope decided that Sam was going to have to jump through some traditional relationship hoops, so that he was fit to burst, before she gave it up. Although she did have to admit guiltily to herself that, even if he couldn't handle it, she just might have to take him home once and ride the roller coaster, before kicking him to the curb.

Sam was coming along better than Hope expected, however. His refusal of Mia was proof enough of that, hence his reward the previous evening, and his formidable equipment had been an unexpected, and pleasant,

surprise for Hope. When Sam held her hand, as they walked down the busy street at noon, on the way to the Taco truck, she knew things were going well, but that she was also entering very dangerous territory; she was really starting to like the guy.

They had a couple of burritos, seated at the cheap plastic picnic table in front of the Taco truck and discussed plans for the weekend. Hope was leaving after work Sunday to go up to her parents and spend some time with her son, Jordan. She wouldn't be back until Tuesday, so she agreed to get together with Sam again, that evening. After lunch, Sam walked Hope back to Newsbeat. She gave him a kiss goodbye and he headed for the gym, in a good mood.

It was Saturday, and everyone was at the gym for one reason or another. Chad was on duty as manager and Mark was teaching a self defense class in the mat room. Jenn his fiance was also a trainer and instructor at the gym. She had come with him to work out and catch up on paperwork, which is exactly what Sam had in mind.

Sam strode into the weight room; Chad was leaning on a nautilus machine running his mouth and Jenn was on the adjacent one, a bench press, lifting a small amount of weight repeatedly, and listening to him. Chad and Sam looked different, but were a lot alike. Chad was shorter, about five foot eight, but also in terrific shape. He was a Type A, like Sam, but had a touch of the short man's disease as well, making him a little more aggressive and rude. He and Sam had been friends, along with Mark, since the dorms. Mark was a different sort all together though. He was a very big guy, a former NCAA heavyweight wrestler at the college, and far more reserved and soft spoken than either of his buddies. He had also been the most responsible of the group, looking out for his brothers, even when they were too stupid or, more likely, too drunk to take care of themselves. More than once, Chad especially, had been able to flap his gums at guys that may have been a bit more than he could chew, just because Mark would be standing a few feet away. In fact, Jenn often joked that the only reason her four brother's were letting Mark marry her is because he could take all of them at once. Jenn was the fourth member of their tightly knit group, and the only female. Raised as the only girl among brothers, she knew how to be one of the guys. She and Mark had started dating after being paired up as teammates in a bowling class, of all things, when they were both in their second year. She was very much Mark's physical opposite. Jenn was more than a foot shorter than her fiance, standing only five foot two. She was in great physical condition, a runner and soccer player, but she was just, sort of, stoutly shaped. She had thick thighs and calves, wide shoulders and very small breasts. She was also a flaming ginger. She had a shock of curly red hair, cut short, and a generous dusting of freckles under her eyes and across her nose. It wasn't in Sam's nature to respect women exactly (until recently, at least) but he liked Jenn. He may have thought Mark was crazy for getting married at all, but he was glad it was to Jenn. They were even friendly enough to do things together without Mark, like running. Mark had a lingering knee injury that sometimes made jogging painful and Sam would often go out with Jenn so that she wouldn't be alone. It was a college town after all and there could be some pretty creepy people lurking about. Jenn was as responsible as Mark and the couple sort of acted as the parents in the group's early twenties friendship family.

Jenn finished her set just as Sam walked up to them. They greeted each other jovially and then Chad started to tell Sam all about a new client that had joined that morning. He said, "She's all yours buddy, I had to take the last land whale.". He puffed up his cheeks and held his arms out around his body like a bad impression of Santa Claus. Jenn rolled her eyes and laid back down under the bar, starting once again, to lift.

Sam gave Chad a cold look and said, "Dude, those people are our clients, they keep this place open. One of these days, someone is going to hear you, so show some goddamn respect, would ya'."

Chad looked shocked. "Jesus, dude, you sound like Mark." he bitched. Mark had indeed consistently given Chad grief about ridiculing the clients behind their backs. Jenn almost never said anything; she knew her status as the token girl meant there were some things she should stay out of, but Mark spoke for her. Sam on the other hand had always been the audience for Chad's jokes, although he rarely instigated those comments

himself, he would usually end up laughing hardily at Chad's disrespect.

"Well, Mark's right dude, try to confine that stuff to your inner asshole, OK?" Sam insisted.

"Whatever, Nancy." Chad said, and stalked off, disgusted.

Sam looked over at Jenn. She was sitting up on the bench again, looking at Sam strangely. "What?" he said, trying not to snap.

"Don't look at me," she said, "I think you sound like a chick.".

Sam smirked and flipped her the bird.

Jenn laughed and said, "I'm just fuckin' with ya' Sammy. I'm glad you said something."

Later that night, Sam picked Hope up at her apartment and took her to dinner, pizza and beer, at Snoopy's Pizza. They had been out enough times now that they had a bit of a history, some conversations they could refer back to and even a few inside jokes. All these things are the bricks and mortar of a successful early relationship, far more than sex, if you think about it. They were getting more comfortable around each other, slowly becoming a couple.

After dinner, Hope agreed to go back to Sam's for a while, presumably to pretend to watch another movie. She said she was in the mood for some red wine though, and Sam didn't have any at his apartment, so they stopped by a liquor store. After selecting a bottle of Clos du Bois cab, they headed back to the parking lot.

On the way to the car, a drunken kid in his early twenties wearing baggy jeans and a very douchy Ed Hardy T-shirt swayed up to them, apparently on the way into the store to finish the job. As he passed, he staggered a bit and bumped into Hope. The instant it happened it wasn't a big deal, but a half a second later when the kid sneered and said "Watch it, fat bitch!", Sam spun around.

"What the fuck did you just say?" he snapped. The kid puffed up his hollow chest and glared at Sam.

"Sam" Hope said, as soon as he spoke, "look at me." Sam did as he was told. "We're not doing this OK, Sam?" She said calmly, looking it his eyes. "There are always people like this, they'll say things and you have to learn to let it go, OK?".

Sam couldn't speak, he was so livid. His forearms bulged and his fingers flexed with the desire to strangle the drunken little shit. He took a deep breath, through clenched teeth and closed his eyes. He took Hope's hand and they started to walk back to the car. "That's right Sam," the asshole slurred, "listen to your fat bitch and get your punk ass home before you get hurt!".

Sam almost stopped walking, but Hope kept on, pulling him gently by the hand. They were almost to the car when the kid yelled across the parking lot, "There's a good boy Sam, run your ass home. When you're fuckin' your fat bitch tonight, you'd better nail a two by four to your ass so's you don't fall in!".

This time, it was Hope who stopped. She sighed and looked at Sam, who was almost teary eyed and shaking with rage. "Ok, sweetie, just this one time.".

Sam grinned savagely, and started stalking back to the drunk by the store entrance while Hope waited at the car. The asshole saw Sam was coming back, and thinking he was going to get the fight he wanted, he threw his chest out and postured with his arms, trying to look like some kind of badass. As Sam got nearer however,

the kid got a look at him and realized that, he didn't look quite as small when he wasn't standing next to the fat girl, and that right now, Sam's eyes looked like red, bloody, murder. The douchebag decided he didn't need liquor, or an emergency room visit, as bad as he thought he did, and turned to try to run away. He started running down the street, arms flailing. Sam started after him, having no trouble whatsoever catching up to the little bastard. He had barely gotten faster than his jogging pace when he was behind the intoxicated turd. He simply extended he leg forward, between the kid's feet, and the drunk tripped, face first, bouncing off the rough, worn, asphalt surface of the parking lot. Sam didn't even wait for the kid to finish falling, he just turned and jogged back to Hope who remained by the car. The asshole had been too drunk to get his arms up in time and Sam guessed that, while he wouldn't suffer any life threatening injury, the fall might have cost him a tooth, or at least, part of one.

By the time he got to the car, he turned and saw that the kid had managed to get up, and was standing for a second, and then kneeling, and then standing again, back where Sam had dropped him. "I'm sorry." Sam apologized to Hope. "I hardly ever get in fights, but that guy had it coming.".

"He did." Hope agreed, "I'm glad that you didn't do anything when I asked you not to. I know that was hard and I'm very proud of you.". Sam smiled sheepishly. "Let's go back to your place." Hope said.

The Camaro wended it's way out of the crowded downtown. Throngs of buzzed college kids jaywalked everywhere and traffic was slow going. They finally arrived at Sam's place and settled in, deciding to watch an episode of the TV series Justified that was waiting, unwatched, on Sam's DVR. Hope liked the star, she thought he looked like Sam, but wasn't in quite as good a shape. Sam like the show because every week, at least one sufficiently scuzzy bad guy would get shot. The show managed to hold both of their interest long enough to make the forty five minutes, skipping commercials, but they were making out as soon as the show attempted to entice them with "scenes from next week's episode.".

He didn't wait as long to hit a double this time, moving one hand to cup the front of Hope's breast while cupping her cheek with the other, as they kissed. Her breast was heavy and warm through her cotton shirt and Sam lifted it and pressed it firmly as he leaned into her kissing harder. Hope was making little soft mewling sounds now, as Sam moved his kisses from her mouth to her neck.

After a few minutes of Sam doing all the work, Hope pushed him back against the arm of the couch started to kiss him more aggressively. She climbed up between his legs and leaned on him pinning him to the couch as she kissed and licked his neck. When she nibbled his throat, alongside his adam's apple he moaned, and buried his face in a mass of her long, chestnut hair. She deftly unbuttoned his shirt, and briefly ran her hands deliciously over his pecs. Then Hope, eased Sam's anxiety, by unbuttoning her own shirt. Underneath, she wore a black, lace bra and her gorgeous breasts hung heavy over the smooth, creamy, tanned skin of her ample tummy. The intensity of their playfulness grew as their hands roamed each other's bodies. Sam pressed his face into her cleavage and kissed the tops of her soft tits. Hope then pushed Sam back by his forehead and began to kiss and lick her way all over his molded chest. When she began to lick he nipples, he started to squirm, but Hope held him down and continued driving him crazy. She moved her right hand down and squeezed the huge, hard, bulge in Sam's pants.

"Let's go see your pool table." Hope whispered in Sam's ear, and then she rose, taking him by the hand. He led her to his bedroom and she asked sweetly, "Do you have any lotion? My skin feels kind of dry.". Sam fetched a bottle of hand lotion from the bathroom, and when he returned, Hope had lost her pants and was sitting amongst the pillows, in her black bra and matching panties, leaining seductively against the headboard. Sam made the idiot face as he approached the bed. "Strip." Hope commanded, before Sam reached the bed. He stood at the foot of the bed, nude now, with his member jutting out turgidly in front of him like a rhino's horn. "C'mere." Hope said, enticing him with a crooked finger. Sam slid onto the bed and started to climb on top of Hope when she stopped him. "No, baby, turn around.". She rotated Sam by the shoulders so that he back was

to her chest. She pulled him back against her and wrapped her arms around his chest. He rolled his head back and Hope began nibbling on his neck and ears. Hope picked up the bottle of lotion and squirted a generous streak of the creamy stuff onto Sam's muscular chest. She held him against her chest and massaged the lotion into his muscles, slowly, inexorably, working her way closer to his raging hard on. The whole time she kept kissing and licking the side of Sam's neck and face. When she finally reached Sam's groin, he was in the red zone. Hope wrapped her silky lower legs around Sam's knees to keep him in place and began stroking his engorged cock with her lotion slicked hand. He groaned, low, from deep in his chest, with his eyes closed tightly. She played with him for a while, backing off when she sensed he was getting close. Her hand pumped steadily up and down on his pulsing tool. The shaft was so thick, Hope's finger's couldn't quite touch when the grabbed the base. Sam started to go crazy, trying to hump his dick faster into Hope's well oiled fist. Her legs held him firmly, and her free arm was wrapped around his chest, holding him against her chest while she jerked him off relentlessly. Soon, she decided it was time to give the poor boy some relief; she picked up the pace and pressure of her strokes. Sam kept jerking his pelvis up away from the mattress in time with her hand until he grunted loudly, almost as if he was in pain, and fired a thick rope of semen, followed by three or four more, all the way down and past the length of his queen sized bed. His hips bucked, and his legs squirmed against Hope's as she milked his mammoth rod completely dry.

Sam lay in Hope's arms still, completely spent as she cooed into his ear. "Your such a good boy Sam," she whispered, "That was your reward for being so chivalrous tonight. Not for getting into a fight, but for refusing to fight when I asked you to. I think it's sexy when you're being a better man.".

"I'm trying, for you." Sam said dreamily, lifting Hope's hand to his face and kissing her fingers softly. "Do you want me to take care of you?" He asked, turning over and slipping his arms around Hope's waist.

"It's getting late Honey," Hope consoled, "you can next time, I promise.". Putting Sam and her own orgasm off was a tough choice for Hope, but she didn't want to go all the way with Sam quite yet, especially when she was about to leave town. Better to leave him wanting a little than completely satisfied. She knew she was going to have to get a little relief for herself though, after Sam dropped her off.

"Will you stay?" Sam asked hopefully.

"I don't think so sweetie," Hope said reluctantly, "I don't think I'm ready to stay the night yet." she finished, honestly.

"Will you at least stay a little longer?"

"Yes, just a little bit.".

The pair lay snuggled together, kissing and laughing occasionally for another hour, but around one am. Sam drove Hope back to her place. Sam told her to drive carefully up to Marin, and that, if she wanted, she could call him, just to talk, while she was gone. She gave him a long, wet, goodnight kiss and one of the fierce hugs he seemed to love so much, and went inside. It wasn't long before she was in the shower, lying down in the tub with her hand and the massaging shower head both being put to the test as she thought of Sam.

Chapter 6: B.B.W. Chapter Six: Johnny On The Spot

B.B.W. Chapter Six: Johnny On The Spot.

The next couple of days progressed slowly for Sam. He didn't visit Hope at work on Sunday, thinking it best not to appear too needy after Saturday night, but he called her before she left for Marin to tell her again to drive carefully, and that he would miss her. He found he wasn't just saying it either.

Monday crawled by; there was an owner's meeting at lunch at the gym, and an argument ensued about a new promotional venture for the facility. They had a little extra cash in the promotion budget, and Mark, most likely prodded by Jenn, suggested sponsoring a pair little league and junior basketball teams and Chad was pushing for a bikini calendar photographed at the gym, featuring some of the local hotties. Jenn wasn't technically an owner, but she was present at all the owners meetings because she had a better handle on the business' books than any of the boys, and she was a meticulous note taker. She and Chad were both stunned when Sam ended the debate by siding with Mark. Sam claimed that he didn't want to promote the gym as a meat market, that it would be too limiting for the demographics they were trying to reach. Chad fumed and Jenn just shook her head in quiet amazement.

Later, after Chad had left to go surfing, Jenn and Sam were alone in the office when she cornered him about his recent behavior. "So, I gotta say, I'm surprised you didn't go with Chad on the calendar idea." she started, casually.

"The calendar is a stupid idea," Sam reasoned, "what good is an advertisement that only ends up in the dorm rooms and frat houses for people that can use the Poly rec center, and problably couldn't afford a membership here anyway?".

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Jenn agreed, but continued probing. "But you also jumped Chad's case yesterday about making fun of the clients. Are you pissed at him about something?".

"No, nothing like that." Sam replied.

"What then, did you meet a girl?" Jenn teased.

"Shut up" Sam said, blushing a little.

"Oh," Jenn said, grinning widely, "so you did meet a girl.".

Sam was bright red now, "No, Chad just needs to grow up a little, that's all.".

Jenn's jaw dropped open in shock, "Oh my God," she gasped, putting her hand to her lips, "you didn't meet a girl, you met a woman!".

Sam couldn't even look at Jenn now, he was so embarrassed. "No," he said weakly, "I'm not, I mean I haven't..." he stammered while Jenn smiled at him, trying not to laugh.

"You've got to let me meet her!" Jenn said.

"What?" Sam stuttered, "She's not, I mean there's no girl, I mean..."

"Bullshit!" Jenn laughed, "c'mon, I have to meet the woman that could transform you into a grown up!".

"Hey!" Sam said defensively.

"Face it Sammy," Jenn said, "You just vetoed a packing the gym with chicks in bikinis to spend the gym's promotional budget on a bunch of kid's baseball uniforms.".

Sam put his hand to his face. "OK," he finally admitted, "I'm busted.".

"So when do we get to meet her?" Jenn asked.

Sam was on the spot now. He had gotten over most of the egotistical embarrassment he originally felt about publicly dating Hope, but when it came to his close friends, especially Chad, he wasn't sure how they would react, or how he would feel. "See, there's a, a, thing I guess I should mention." Sam explained, "she, um, Hope, her name is Hope, she is really pretty, beautiful I mean, but, um, she's a big girl.".

"What exactly are we talking about here Sammy?" Jenn asked, "I mean, compared to most of the girls you hook up with, I'm a big girl.".

"Well," Sam said nervously, "she's bigger than I am actually.".

Jenn smiled warmly, "Wow, Sam, I wouldn't have thought you capable of even seeing a woman like that a month ago. So what's the problem with us meeting her?".

"Well, I know you and Mark will be nice, but what about Chad?" Sam worried.

"Screw Chad," she said, chuckling, "He'll be nice or I'll have Mark kick his ass.".

That night, Sam was ecstatic when he got a call from Hope. He had been unwilling to call her when she was visiting her son. He didn't want her to think he was trying to make himself more important than her kid. She had called to tell him that she was having some problems up in Marin and she wouldn't be back for a few more days. He had to press for a while before he could get Hope to tell him what was wrong. Apparently Jordan was sick with the flu, and her Dad started having some chest pains on Sunday afternoon, and had to be admitted to the hospital for observation and tests. To top it off, she now had to go see her lawyer because of some business with Jordan's father. She wanted to visit her Dad, but she couldn't leave Jordan alone, her mom was staying right by her father's side and there was no one to watch the boy. When Sam asked if she had any friends or family in the area, she explained that her parents had moved to Marin from San Jose after Jordan was born and Hope graduated from High School. All of her friends and family, as well as Jordan's paternal grandparent's, who would have been more than happy to help, lived hours away. Sam wasn't sure how Hope would take the offer, but he made it anyway.

"Well, I could come up there in the morning and help you out for a day or two." He said tentatively.

"Oh, Sam, that's sweet, really," Hope said, "but it's too far, and you have work."

"Work can suck it," Sam said, thinking it would only be Chad that would have to cover his shifts anyway, "work owes me some time off anyway. C'mon Hope, let me do this for you. I want to help you out.".

Hope was quiet for several seconds, and then said "I wasn't expecting to do this so soon, but it sounds like you want a shot at the serious boyfriend position.".

"I do." Sam said confidently.

Hope gave him her parents address, thanked him profusely and said she would look forward to seeing him in the morning.

Sam fretted that night about what he had gotten himself into. He debated calling Chad about covering his shifts, but he knew he would have a lot of explaining to do, especially since Chad was still likely butt-hurt about Sam denying him the opportunity to hit on bikini models while they draped themselves over $100,000 worth of fitness equipment. Instead, he called Jenn. He explained the situation to her, and Jenn told him not too worry, that she would make sure everything got sorted. She sounded pleased that Sam would even undertake such a chore. He was, indeed, happy to ditch work and help Hope, but meeting her parents, let alone her son, seemed like a minefield of potentially relationship ending tripwires. Now that Sam had begun this profound personal evolution, he discovered that companionship was the element that had been missing from his sex life for so many years and the thought of screwing up with Hope at this critical point terrified him. His single minded competitive pursuit of getting Hope all the way into the sack had been forgotten days ago, after the ultimate blow job she had given him. Now his goal was to be the man Hope expected him to be.

He left early, before dawn and made it to Marin in six hours. When he got to Hope's parents, a modest three bedroom in Novato, Hope opened the door as soon as he knocked. She looked frazzled, but lovely, and she appeared to have been waiting, and crying. Apparently, her father had taken a turn for the worse about an hour ago, and she was desperate to get to the hospital. She made a hasty introduction between Sam and Jordan, telling the boy, who was lying in bed watching TV, that Sam was Mommy's friend and he would look out for him while she was checking on Grandpa at the hospital. Hope told Sam that Jordan had already taken his medicine and his fever was down to ninety nine, so as long as he stayed in bed and stuck to seven up, he should be fine. She kissed her son on the forehead and then hurried off to see her ailing father.

Sam stood there in Jordan's doorway, a few feet from the kid's bed as they both heard the click of the front door when the boy's mother left the house. They stared at each other. Jordan, a seven year old, had a mop of black, curly hair and mocha colored skin. Whoever Jordan's father was, he was evidently African-American. "What's up dude?" Sam said.

When Hope got to the hospital, her father was being prepped for bypass surgery. She waited with her mother, and prayed with her, more for her mother's comfort than for the sake any vestiges of religious sentiment that remained within her. Hope stayed at the hospital for five hours, until just before sunset, when the doctor came in and told her and her mother that the surgery had been successful and that her father was stable. The doctor said that he would likely be unconscious for many more hours, and in and out for hours after that. Hope's mother was determined to stay, but she insisted Hope go home and check on her grandson.

Hope got home a little after six. She barely got the door open, when she heard Sam scream, "Noooooo!" from the back of the house; Jordan's room. Hope left her keys in the door and dashed toward the scream. When she burst into her son's room, Sam was on his knees in the tiny room, in front of the TV, with both of his fists raised. He had an X-box controller in one of them.

Jordan was on the bed, out from under the covers, rolling with laughter. Hope looked at the TV, and saw the digitized score display of a football video game. The San Francisco Forty Niners, Jordan's favorite team, were leading the Atlanta Falcons thirty six to three and it was just over half way through the second quarter. Sam looked up at Hope, surprised to see her. "Hi Hope." he said, "I don't think your boy is sick, I think he's faking," Sam looked over at the kid in mock anger, "and *I know* he cheats at Madden.".

Jordan howled with laughter, and wailed, "I do not!".

Hope was relieved that things with Sam and Jordan were working out. She was so worried about her dad that she didn't spend much time thinking about her son, at home, sick, with a stranger. She had worried, too, about

how this would affect her relationship with Sam. It was way too early in the game for this kind of thing, but, when he called and offered to help out, she was really up against it, so she reluctantly accepted. Seeing Jordan, who was often a somewhat subdued little boy, smiling and laughing made her feel tremendously relieved.

"I don't know, Sam," Hope said, tousling his hair as she walked past him to sit at her son's bedside, "maybe you're just not that good at sports.".

Sam was not one for spending much time thinking about a family of his own, that was always the subject of far off speculation, left for some future once the fun of casual promiscuity died. He was however, no stranger to dealing with kids. He had worked part time through most of college as a youth sports coach at the local "Y". Working with children hadn't felt like a calling or anything, but he enjoyed it more than most of the jobs that had been available to nineteen year old college boys at the time. When Hope left him alone with Jordan, he just treated the situation like the first day of a new kids' sports team. The sport they were going to play was X-box, and it turned out Jordan didn't need any coaching at that. He had inherited his mother's ability to kick Sam's ass, first at Halo then, when Sam said he was really more of a sports guy, at Madden 2011. At one point Sam had debated looking for a chessboard, but he was afraid what might happen to his self esteem, so he let it go.

Sam had some little idea how much stress Hope had endured that day, and sensed she may need a little alone time with her son. He got up and headed to the door, "I saw a Safeway on my way into town, have you eaten?" he said to Hope.

Hope was hugging Jordan, cradling his head in her arms and feeling his forehead with her palm. She looked up at Sam and smiled a tired, sweet smile, "No, I've been too busy, I forgot."

"I'll go pick up some stuff, should I get anything for Jordan?". Sam asked.

"Um, just a couple cans of chicken noodle if you don't mind." she said tiredly.

"OK, you just relax, I'll be back." Sam said.

"Wait, one second OK." Hope said. She left Jordan, who picked up his controller, and continued kicking the corpse of Sam's now unmanned virtual football team. Hope crossed the room and motioned Sam to step out into the hallway with her.

When they were outside the bedroom, she turned and pulled Sam to her breast, kissing him fiercely, her fingers entwined in his hair. After a few seconds, she broke the kiss, leaving Sam panting. She looked at him and saw the hunger in his eyes and said, "First of all, I'm not screwing you in my parents house, so don't even think about it."

"Crap." He whispered, grinning and snapping his fingers.

"But," Hope said, sliding her palms up his chest and resting them on his muscular shoulders, "you are a good man, Sam.". Her hands continued up around her neck and her fingers locked behind his head, as she lay the side of her face against his chest, "You're my man.".

Sam envisioned himself atop the winner's podium, holding the garland of roses and the oversized, gold plated cup. Flashbulbs popped everywhere and champagne flowed like water. He imagined himself bending over to receive the victor's kiss from a familiar, big, beautiful, chestnut haired model.

He had won. Never mind that he the race he began was to get laid, which he still hadn't properly managed. He was a winner, and felt every bit the part. The beautiful girl with no reason to date a lech like Sam had just called him "her man".

Sam hugged her tightly for a moment, but wanted her to be free to return to Jordan, so he smiled jokingly and said, "So if there's no screwing in your parent's house, how about a handy in the driveway?".

Hope snorted with laughter, and slugged Sam playfully on the arm. "Go to the store." she laughed. Sam kissed her on her hairline and departed. Due to Sam's dance disability (see chapter four) he never felt like dancing, as he walked down the walkway to the parked Camaro, his legs moved in an awkward, rhythmless jig-like shuffle.

Sam came back forty five minutes later with the fixings for french dip sandwiches, which he prepared while a grateful Hope put Jordan to bed for the night. They ate, speaking only a little. Hope had been through the emotional wringer and after dinner, Sam made her lay on the couch, with her head on his lap. He rubbed her temples and told her she could talk about her dad, or Jordan, or whatever she wanted and he would just listen, or she could say nothing at all, and just enjoy the massage. Hope looked at him suspiciously, "Alright mister, nobody changes that much in less than a month, what's your game?"

Sam laughed, stroking her hair, "You're so cynical Hope. I'm not up to anything. Of course, by the time we get back to the coast, if you were feeling the need for some big, expressive, show of gratitude for my gentlemanly behavior, I certainly wouldn't be opposed to it..."

"Oh ho, she said sleepily, "so that's it, is it? Very well, you scoundrel, I accept your terms." She giggled and closed her eyes. She talked about the surgery, and a little about her dad, but mostly she just drifted in and out of consciousness while Sam rubbed her head and scalp. After almost an hour, Sam got her up and took her to her parent's guest room after they checked on Jordan. She had never grown up in this house, her own childhood bedroom in San Jose was now occupied by a ten year old boy named Javier, if that mattered. Something about that felt a tiny bit sad to Sam, being a guest in your parents house. In Sam's parent's house in La Jolla, his room still looked, even after more than a decade, almost exactly like he left it when he departed for Cal Poly, minus the dirt y clothes and the addition of his mother's sewing supplies. The walls were still adorned with snapshots of a teen aged Sam in various ridiculous poses with other beautiful, smiling teenagers; the cool kids. Shelves were piled deep with trophies, ribbons, and medals, still dutifully dusted twice a month by his retentive mother.

Sam put Hope to bed, kissing her again on the forehead. She smiled at him and whispered "Good night Sam."

"Good night Hope." he said, turning off the bedside light, before going out to fall asleep himself, on the couch.

Sam awoke a little after dawn, when he heard a rattling sound in the kitchen. He cracked his eye open and saw someone moving around so he said "Good morning.".

A tiny woman in her fifties walked into the room. She wore a beige sweater and slacks, with short, gray speckled, chestnut hair. She looked exhausted, pallid with dark circles under her eyes.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I was trying not to wake you." She whispered, pointlessly, seeing as he was now awake.

"Oh, no worries," Sam said politely, "I just thought you might be Hope.".

"So you must be Sam?" the little woman smiled warmly, through her exhaustion.

"I must be." Sam agreed.

"It was wonderful of you to come up here like this, you're a real life saver." she said.

"Oh, don't think on it ma'am, I'm just happy Hope called me." Sam said. He was sincere, but when dealing with the girlfriend's mother flattery and modesty were a must, or so he had been told.

Hope's mother, Tammy, was trying to make some coffee, and having a great deal of trouble, because for some reason, she couldn't keep her hands steady. Sam insisted that she sit down and let him attend to it instead. She gratefully accepted and Sam took care of the mundane task. Later, they sat in the breakfast nook, sipping the strong, black beverage as they made small talk. She told Sam that Hope mentioned he owned a gym, and Sam told her a little about the place. He asked about her husband's condition, which was still stable but guarded. He had come to, briefly, around three am. She had come home around four and gotten just a couple hours of sleep. She was on her way back soon, when she accidentally woke Sam.

"So," she said, changing the subject, "you look like you're very fit, do you still play sports?"

"I race bicycles a few times a year ma'am." Sam replied modestly.

"Hope always did have a weakness for athletes." Tammy said wistfully.

Before Sam could press for details, he heard a high pitched, musical voice say "Mo-ther, please."

He turned around and Hope was standing there in a thick, burgundy, terrycloth robe and flannel pajamas. She looked so soft, Sam had to fight the desire to hug her. Sam was still too much of a guy to notice that she had already brushed her hair and teeth, but Tammy did and assumed that meant this boy hadn't yet had the opportunity to wake up next to her daughter. She thought, not unkindly, that this little adventure might end up changing that for the young man.

The three of them spent about a half an hour chatting. Sam was amused by Hope's constant attempts to block her mother's embarrassing stories or questions, and they all ended up laughing a little, which Hope and Tammy, at least, desperately needed. They heard Jordan rummaging around in his room and Hope went to go check on him while Tammy got ready to go to the hospital. When Hope came back, she had put on jeans and a T-shirt. She told Sam that Jordan was up and watching TV. She had given him some seven up and she said that if he kept it down, Sam could make him some soup around ten. As the two women left, the shoe was on the other foot for once, as Sam had to forgive Hope for being too embarrassed to kiss him goodbye in front of her mother.

Sam had a pretty good time playing with Jordan. It beat going to work at any rate. They played some more X-box, and, after eating his soup, Sam helped the kid build a fort with couch cushions and blankets. Jordan happily entertained himself in his fortress of blanketude for a couple of hours. Sam watched Sports Center and checked on him every twenty minutes or so.

Hope and Tammy got home around one in the afternoon, both seeming significantly relieved. Hope's father, Martin was awake, and cranky, which meant he was already getting back to his old self. They had left over french dips for lunch, and then Sam excused himself for a run, claiming he always liked to run in places that were new to him and he had never been to Novato. In truth, he just didn't want to intrude on their family time. It would be easy to say that sentiment was born from simple politeness, but Sam also couldn't help but feel a little awkward given the present circumstances; he was a familial third wheel.

By dinner time, Jordan's fever was gone and he was getting rambunctious. Hope thought he may even be able to return to school tomorrow, a notion the boy vigorously protested, coughing for dramatic effect. After Dinner, Tammy went back to the hospital, leaving Hope and Sam to snuggle on the couch while Jordan played video games in his room.

Hope told Sam again how grateful she was that he was there, and asked, if he wouldn't mind, to just stick around in the morning long enough for her to visit her lawyer, and then she should be able to keep an eye on Jordan while he finished his recovery. He agreed readily, telling Hope he could stay around as long as she needed. At this point, Hope felt the need to give Sam a heads up. With her father coming home to recover from bypass surgery, she may have to pull Jordan out of school and transfer him to San Luis Obispo, with her, earlier than she had planned. She told him that she was likely to have to get a new place, and that with her son at home, she would have less time to spend with Sam. Sam said he understood, and he did, but he hoped that maybe they could reach a point where he spent more time with both of them if that was what it took to be with Hope. Sam mentioned the high cost of rent in the college town, suggesting she may want to consider moving to a nearby smaller hamlet like Baywood Park. Hope said that her meeting with her lawyer tomorrow was to finalize a child support arrangement with Jordan's father and that she should then be able to cover an increase in rent, but that she would still need her job at the store and wasn't sure she could move out of SLO. Sam chose not to pry about her ex, instead telling her that he would keep his ears open at the gym if any good rentals were coming open.

The next morning, Jordan sat at the ktichen table with Tammy, Sam and his mother. His condition had improved to the point that Hope was certain she would send him back to school the next day. She even warned the kid that if he didn't stay in bed and take it easy, she would know he was well enough, and send him back that afternoon. Jordan looked equally horrified at his mother's neglectful attitude and the thought of returning to school.

Tammy left to go to the hospital, looking much better after a full night's sleep, and Hope prepared to go a few minutes later. With her mother already gone and Jordan back in his room, she gave Sam a lingering goodbye kiss and went to meet with her lawyer. Sam and Jordan watched what Sam assumed was some kind of drug fueled, hallucinatory, extasy cartoon from Japan. Apparently all the kids in Jordan's class loved it, but Sam couldn't pronounce the title to save his life. A few hours later, she returned, looking more at peace than she had since Sam had arrived in Novato. She explained that Jordan's father had agreed to a very reasonable child support package, most likely due to pressure from his own mother who still loved Hope and adored her only grandchild. This meant she could afford to give Jordan a decent home instead of sharing her studio apartment or living with her parents. Sam was relieved that she could have a little good news on this trip. Not wanting to seem clingy, Sam said that he would be heading back to the coast, if Hope had everything under control. Besides, he now knew he had some work to so.

Hope thanked him again, for the help. He told her again, that it was nothing, and that being able to do it for her meant a lot to him. Then Hope told him that she hadn't forgotten the debt she had incurred as a result of Sam's generosity, and with a wink, said she would be more than happy to pay up, upon her return to SLO. Sam said goodbye to Jordan, exchanging hi fives with the seven year old. "See you soon dude." Sam said. "Peace out." the kid said, making Sam laugh.

He drove back to San Luis Obispo, arriving not long after seven. He checked in with Jenn, who said that Chad was suspicious that something was up with Sam, and that she had to be honest with Mark about what was going on. Sam expected both things, especially that latter, if you told something to one of them, you had to know you were telling both of them. He said he would deal with the fallout tomorrow and clicked off. He had some internet research to do; he was looking for a needle in a haystack.

Chapter 7: B.B.W. Chapter Seven: An Explosive Climax

B.B.W. Chapter Seven: An Explosive Climax

Hope called Sam's cell the next day. Jordan was back at school, and while her dad would still have to stay at the hospital until next week, he was out of ICU and healing well. Hope planned to stay in Novato until early Saturday morning and then drive back in time to work her shifts. Sam fretted about her leaving so early in the morning, but Hope insisted, saying she needed to keep her hours. He said he wanted to take her out for a quick dinner after her shift on Saturday, if she wasn't too tired. Hope made a counter offer, she would make him dinner at her place after she got off work. Sam agreed eagerly, his dwindling lizard brain reminded him that restaurants don't have beds but Hope's apartment almost certainly did.

Sam used the extra time to complete his homework assignment. He spent a few hours with *the google*, and what turned out to be an aggravating few more making, and returning phone calls. In the end, his options were predictably limited. After he did little bit of legwork, he was ready by Friday afternoon.

He drove to the gym around two thirty. He had been dodging Chad all week, and, when cornered, evading his questions about his three day absence. He would just say that he owed Chad big time, and change the subject. Chad had forgiven his friend for the bikini betrayal, but since Jenn was the one that talked to Chad about covering Sam's clients, that meant she probably knew what was going on, and if she knew, of course Mark knew. He didn't like being kept in the dark.

When Sam arrived Friday afternoon, he had arranged to have Mark and Jenn meet him so they could stage a kind of "asshole intervention" with Chad. When Sam told Chad about Hope, he may as well have told him he was gay, or that he was going to marry a dolphin and live happily ever after, under the sea. Sam told Chad that he didn't give a shit what his friend's opinion was, but that Hope was his girlfriend and he'd better treat her with some Goddamn respect. Chad's type A personality didn't like being told what to do, but when he saw Mark, standing behind Sam, scowling, he decided his type A ass didn't like getting kicked even more. He said he still thought Sam was out of his mind, but he agreed not to make any jokes, and to be as respectful as he knew how. With that out of the way, he told his friends that they would, if everything worked out according to plan, all get to meet Hope next weekend at Mark and Jenn's wedding.

That night, Sam went home and worried about Hope's return the next day. He desperately hoped she would like his idea. Anxiety kept him up long past midnight, but he drifted off finally, and awoke the next morning. He knew that as he lay in bed, Hope was already on the road, only a few hours from town now.

The minutes dripped by that Saturday like an ultra slow leak in an almost perfect faucet. Knowing that Hope was at Newsbeat by now drove him up a wall with anticipation, and fear. His next move was a big gamble, but with it, came the possibility of a big reward.

Finally, Sam looked at the clock and saw that it was only a half hour until Newsbeat closed. He had been sitting, dressed, with his shoes on and his keys in his hand for over an hour. He headed for the Camaro and his date with big, beautiful, destiny.

Sam parked the Camaro and headed for the front door. It appeared that, when it was time to close, the eternal smoke break took a hiatus; the parking lot was empty. Sam opened the door and stepped inside, hearing the ringing of the tiny bell, a sound his mind now indelibly associated with Hope. She was standing behind the counter, completing a transaction with an elderly, hunchbacked man buying a carton of American Spirits. When she looked to the door and saw Sam, she practically shoved the man's change into his hands and ran around the counter, her arms outstretched. She leaped at Sam and he caught her in his arms, squeezing her

fiercely. She had missed him, that alone made his confidence swell.

"Hi." He said, his face muffled by the sweater covering her shoulders.

Hope tried to release Sam, but he wasn't interested in letting go yet, so she kept her arms around his neck, but leaned back, so they could see each other's faces. "Hi back." She said, her radiant smile outshone the fatigue of her long day.

"'Scuse me." Said the hunchback, trying to get past the happy couple. The moved further into the store to allow him to exit.

Sam asked Hope about her father's condition, and Jordan's. She said that nothing had changed with her father since lunchtime, when she had called her mother last, and that Jordan was completely recovered. He had asked his mom to say "hi" to Sam, which made Sam feel the tiniest bit funny.

Finally, Sam asked Hope, "So, now that we've had several dates, do you think it would still be weird to go to my friends' wedding with me next weekend?".

"Well," Hope replied coyly, "I suppose that falls under the job description of a girlfriend. Doesn't that mean I'm obligated to go?".

"Well," Sam replied, his grin at it's crookedest, "I'm no lawyer, but I think that's exactly what it means.".

"OK, then" Hope said, "I don't want any trouble with the law.".

Hope said she had to close out her register, so that they could go to dinner. Sam asked where Cynthia was (he actually said "where's grou...er, Cynthia?"); apparently she had come in alone to open since Hope was running late getting back from Marin. By way of thanks, Hope had let her leave at five and had agreed to handle all the closing duties herself. About five minutes before closing, Sam heard the bell, and the final customer of the evening came in. It was a white guy, skinny and stooped over, with long, stringy blonde hair and half a mouthful of crooked, yellow tusks. He had on a jean jacket and a Van Halen T-shirt, peppered with pinhole burns. He looked like that old Saturday Night Live character, Garth, from Wayne's World, if he had left the show and developed a serious meth habit. The loser shuffled over to the beaded curtain and into the back room.

Hope made a disparaging face. "What's back there, bongs?" Sam asked.

"Yeah, and porn." Hope whispered, "I hope this guy doesn't take forever back there."

As it turned out, he wasn't back there but thirty seconds before he marched back out quickly, but this time he had a makeshift bandana, most likely a scrap from a filthy t-shirt, over his lower face and he was holding a gun, a small, black revolver. He aimed it at Hope and said, "Empty the fucking register, bitch!". Hope made a small squeaking scream and froze, her face white as a sheet.

Sam, who had been standing in front of the counter, near Hope, froze as well. In his mind's eye, he imagined the gun going off, the deafening roar of a firearm being discharged indoors, the acrid puff of gray smoke. He pictured Hope, in the line of fire, falling. His mind screamed for him to act, but what could he do. If he had been Mark, he probably could have handily disarmed the man, breaking several bones in the process, but he was just Sam, the work out king of San Luis Obispo, not some badass wrestler. "Wait!" he screamed.

The gunman turned toward Sam, pointing his gun, when he cried out. "Stay out of this, asshole, or I'll shoot you in the fucking face, do you hear me!"

Sam looked the man in the eye. "I hear you," he said quietly, "please, just keep the gun pointed at me, OK."

"Fuck you!" the dirtbag sneered, "Open the fucking register, now, you fat bitch!" he screamed again.

He started to turn the gun back towards Hope when Sam called out again, "No, no, keep the gun on me OK, I've got what you want.".

The thief looked at Sam and said "Fuck you talkin' about?". He cocked the pistol's hammer back, making Sam's blood freeze.

Sam pulled out his wallet, and spread the billfold open, it was packed with cash. "I've got $700 in here OK, you can have it, just please don't point the gun at her, alright?". He removed the cash, and held it out, along with his car keys. "Here are my keys, it's the black Camaro outside, go on, take them." he insisted.

The robber looked at Sam like he was crazy, but $700 and a car was a hell of a lot more than he expected to get from the register, so he grabbed Sam's offering quickly and bolted out the door. Throughout the entire incident, all twenty seconds of it, Hope had remained virtually paralyzed, staring pallidly at the horrible scene as it played itself out. All she had been able to do was think of Jordan...and Sam. As soon as the robber exited, Sam turned to her and hissed, "Get in the back room Hope!". That broke her trance, and she scurried off through the beaded curtain. As she ran to the back, Sam ran to the front door, and turned the deadbolt knob, locking the door as he watched the bloody red taillights of his prized Camaro retreating down Santa Rosa avenue. He slapped the light switches on the nearby wall and plunged the room into darkness. He ran into the back to join Hope.

He cleared the strands of wooden beads and entered the "adults only" room of the shop, finding Hope, standing in the corner, biting her lower lip and trying like hell not to cry. This just really hadn't been her week.

Sam opened his arms to her and she rushed between them, burying her face against his chest. "Sam," she cried, "you didn't... you wouldn't...I can't believe...". He held her as she sobbed, and reached into his pocket for his cell phone. Hope looked at him as he calmly dialed 911. "You gave him all your money, and your car Sam." she said, incredulously, "You made him point the gun at you.".

911 had put Sam on hold. You had to love Saturday night in a college town. He looked down at Hope and said, "Yeah, that was pretty scary. I wouldn't worry about the car though.". He said, smiling devilishly.

"What do you mean?", she asked, sniffling, "Is it lojacked or something?"

"Better," he laughed, "It's out of gas. The light's been on since yesterday. I told myself when I pulled in here that if I didn't stop at the Texaco across the street when I left, I wouldn't make it the six blocks back to my place. You don't suppose he stopped at the Texaco do you?".

Hope smiled, through her tears, the shock of the robbery wearing off slowly. "I doubt it." she laughed weakly.

"Then I'm betting he doesn't even make the freeway on ramp." Sam said, laughing as he held onto his girlfriend.

Eventually, the 911 operator made it through her cue of emergency noise complaints and took Sam's call. He reported the robbery and gave a description of his car as well as telling them about it's lack of fuel. The

dispatcher promised to send out a car, and true to her word, first two cop cars pulled into the Newsbeat lot, shortly joined by a third. Armed robbery was very exciting indeed for the SLOPD.

The cops took Sam and Hope's statements, as well as the security video from the store's only camera. Hope had calmed down considerably, but she still hadn't released Sam's hand, which suited him fine. He had put on a brave show, but he had been scared shitless, for Hope and for himself. His free hand still trembled as the adrenaline worked it's way out of his system.

The cop asked the couple if they would be willing to come down to the PD and look at some pictures. Sam started to agree, but Hope squeezed his hand and interrupted. She said she had been on the road since four am and was really tired. Then she reminded Sam that he also had something to take care of tonight. Sam was confused for a second, until he saw the look in Hope's eye. He put the cop off, saying he would come in first thing in the morning. The cop gave him a knowing wink, and said that, without gas, they would probably find the guy very soon.

Finally, Hope called Ernie, the shop owner to let him know what had happened. After she assured him that she was alright, "Thanks," she said, "to her boyfriend", he told her to take the day off tomorrow, with pay. They locked up the shop and headed out to Hope's Mazda. Hope said she was too tired to make dinner but asked Sam to come back to her place regardless. In truth, after the events of the previous hour, Sam doubted she could have convinced him to leave her side that night, even if all she wanted to do was sleep.

Sam took Hope back to her small studio apartment. Although he was mostly just relieved that Hope was alright, he lamented the loss of the $700 the scumbag stole from his wallet. He held off on the conversation he had been planning to have with Hope that night, fearing the loss of so much cash might force an alteration of his plan. Instead, he just tried to keep things light, taking Hope's mood off the trauma it had just experienced. She responded to his conversation, somewhat numbly. When they stepped inside her apartment, the first time for Sam, he was still babbling. Somehow he had gotten onto the subject of his past experiences with the occasionally inept San Luis Police Department.

Hope walked in front of Sam, and as he closed the door behind them. She told Sam that she was feeling pretty grungy after her drive this morning and then working all day. Hope asked if he would mind waiting, while she took a shower and of course he did not. Twenty minutes later she cam out of the bathroom wearing the same plush, burgundy robe he had seen her in at her parents; the one that just made him want to cuddle her brains out. He smiled, and resumed his babbling about the cops and robbers show that was undoubtedly playing out somewhere in San Luis tonight, after their little adventure at the store. Hope was squeaky clean from her shower, her long hair hung, still wet, over her shoulders. She walked toward Sam as he stood there, still speaking nervously, about nothing of consequence. "Sam," Hope interrupted him softly, "Shut up.".

"Yes, ma'am." Sam complied, before Hope kissed him. Her kiss started out soft and slow, but it took only seconds for the couple's long pent up desire to flare into a wildfire. Hope began peeling Sam's clothes off of him, a the while, her hungry mouth refused to relinquish his. Sam followed Hope's lead, not wanting to exceed the girl's comfort or desire; she had had a tough day.

There would be no stopping for Hope this time though. Her "build a better man" project seemed to have been a rousing success, and now, she was finally going to take her creation for a test drive. As she worked at the buckle of Sam's belt, his hands found the belt of her robe. He hesitated to untie it, but she nodded her encouragement without taking her full lips from his. As she unbuttoned the top of Sam's jeans, he undid the sash. Her robe fell open, allowing Sam to see her completely nude for the first time. He stared unabashedly, wantonly, like a kid looking at a fir tree with mountains of brightly wrapped presents beneath it. He slipped his hands into her robe, but instead of cupping her warm, pendulous breasts or her soft, succulent ass, he put his arms around her ribs and hugged her to him tightly, relishing the feel of her soft, supple skin against his

tanned, firm, chest. Sam had never been much of a snuggler before meeting Hope. There just wasn't really anything to cuddle with most of the bony girls that Sam dated, but Hope was different. The way she wrapped her arms around him and hugged back as tightly as he squeezed her made him feel, well, loved, for lack of a better description. He could have stood there and held her all night, the smell of her fine, soft hair gently seeping into his nostrils and the sound of her breathing, coming a little deeper and faster now, were intoxicating his senses. Well, he could have stood there all night, except his giant, stiff cock was really starting to feel uncomfortable, bound up by his briefs and jeans and he was worried he might sprain it if he didn't unleash it soon.

Hope wasn't about to let that happen, however. Sam clutched her, his face buried in a mass of her hair while he kissed and licked loudly at her neck as she finished undoing his belt and opening his jeans. After kissing him again, and thoroughly investigating the inside of his mouth with her tongue, she pushed him back gently, and dropped to her knees in front of him, shucking his pants and underwear down to the floor with one rapid, fluid, motion. Sam's porn star dick sprang up, released from it's confinement, and bounced, up and down for a while, as Hope stared, fascinated. She grabbed a hold of Sam's meat, at it's base, and squeezed it, enough to cause a tiny shred of pain to mix itself into Sam's pleasure. "God, I love how thick you are Sam!" Hope said in a husky voice, before she lowered her mouth and took his bulbous head inside it's wetness, laying the smooth skin deliciously against her tongue. She loved the feel of him in her hand and in her mouth; somehow simultaneously as soft as velvet and as stiff and unyielding as oak.

"Don't worry baby," Sam said, "I'll be gentle.".

Hope stopped sucking and looked up at Sam. "Really?" she said sarcastically.

The girl thought that this simply wouldn't do. She understood Sam and what motivated him. She wanted his best efforts tonight, and here he was thinking he was the conquering hero, trying not to ravage his delicate maiden? Bullshit. Sam needed to feel challenged to give one hundred percent to anything, he was still a jock after all.

Sam looked down at her, sort of embarrassed, "Well, yeah, I mean, it's pretty big, but I'll be really careful.".

Hope took her eyes of Sam's and began stroking him again. He closed his eyes and tilted his head back, enjoying Hope's firm grip and slow strokes. "Do you follow football Sam?". She asked, continuing to stroke him. Her thumb started a little dance of it's own now, wriggling like a snake against the shaft of his cock while she jacked him.

"What? Uh, yeah." Sam said, trying to figure out what the hell his big, gorgeous, girlfriend was talking about, and why she was picking this particular moment to talk about it.

"Do you know who Orlandus Hismith is?" she asked casually.

Sam loved sports trivia, but not as much as a good hand job, so he struggled with the answer, until his mind came up with, "Big fucker, offensive line for USC right?".

"Used to be," she said, "Got drafted by the Forty Niners this year.". Hope brought her other hand up and started moving them both up and down more rapidly on Sam's warm, pulsating rod, moving from the lip of it's sensitive head, all the way down to the trimmed hair surrounding it's base.

"Unnnnn," Sam moaned, "So?".

"Orlandus is Jordan's father." she said, before engulfing Sam's dick, once again, in her mouth, this time sliding five inches down her throat. Once again, she worked her swallowing muscles on the head of his cock.

Orlandus "Midnight at Noon" Hismith was six foot six, three hundred and twenty pounds and if racial stereotypes had any basis in truth, probably armed with a telephone pole between his legs, given the size of the rest of him. "Still think you need to treat me like a delicate flower?" she asked, blinking sweetly, and then going back to sucking him.

Sam felt a twinge of that same bewildering insecurity he felt when Hope had first refused his invitation for a date. The thought of going through everything he had, of becoming a whole new man, and now, to find out that his dick wasn't big enough, of all things? Well, he was just going to have to try that much harder. He remembered a fragment of some clichÃ© that guys with little dicks used, something about the motion of the ocean. As Hope predicted, that little insecurity had Sam preparing to give it his all. For Hope's part, she started to hope she hadn't written a check with her mouth that her pussy couldn't cash. Orlandus was, indeed, a very well endowed man, but he was no Sam.

Hope sensed that Sam was getting a little too excited. She let go of him, as he stood stock still, breathing heavily. Hope stood up, allowing her undone robe to fall away as she rose. They stood together, facing one another, now both completely bare. Hope took Sam's hand and started to lead him to the bed, but he stopped, pulling her into his arms for another kiss. He took her angelic face in both his hands as his lips pulled and mashed against hers fiercely. They stumbled the few remaining steps to the bed and fell into it, their busy hands moving freely over each other's nude bodies.

Hope landed partially underneath Sam, and he began to kiss her ripe breasts in earnest. He lavished attention on each in turn, sucking and gently teasing nipples and soft warm flesh. He savored the heavy feel and plush softness of his lover. He continued south, his tongue bathing her ample tummy. She giggled, and kicked her adorable feet a little when he dipped his tongue into her navel.

Finally, he reached his ultimate destination. Sam curled his iron fingers firmly into the soft, creamy, meat of Hope's thighs and said "Come here.". He buried his face into Hope's pussy. She was waxed, and wet as hell as Sam began sucking the outer lips of her sweet honey pot. He squeezed her thighs firmly and pushed his face fully against her mound, when he found her clit and began to suck. Hope cried out, and bucked her hips, grabbing two handfuls of Sam's hair and pulling his face harder into her groin. She wasn't gentle, and Sam loved it.

When Sam added his plunging fingers to the tender ministrations of his tongue, Hope had her first orgasm of the evening. The build up with Sam had been long, and despite her insistence on maintaining a slow pace with their relationship, she had been wanting this every ounce as badly as Sam had. She screamed his name, as her hips thrashed. Sam kept at it, refusing to stop sucking his lover's tender opening. He had to remove his rapidly thrusting fingers however, and resume his firm grip of Hope's outer thighs, refusing to let her pull away from his ravenous mouth. Eventually, hope stopped thrashing, but her body continued to shudder, the muscles of her stomach clenching and unclenching with the force of her cum. Sam moved back up from between her thick thighs and retraced his moist trail, licking her belly, and up between her gorgeous tits, along the breastbone, until he reached her throat, causing her to giggle adorably. He moved up, and kissed her again, smiling into her eyes. Let's see Orlandus Hismith eat pussy like that, they seemed to say.

Hope put her arms around Sam and ran her palms across the smooth, well muscled, plates of his shoulder blades. She pulled him closer to her, his chest pressed firmly against her flushing breast. "Take me, Sam." Hope whispered into his ear. Sam took his place between her thighs, posting up with his sculpted arms. Hope reached down and guided him towards her soft, moist, center. Her pussy was already practically salivating with need.

Sam's eyes closed involuntarily, ecstasy overwhelming him as his cock slid in the first few delicious inches. He stroked slowly, allowing her pussy a chance to get used to his swollen spear. When Sam was about two thirds in, he encountered some resistance, but Hope dug her fingers into his ass cheeks and pulled him into her, encouraging him to thrust harder. Hope clamped her eyes shut, she was being stretched tremendously, but amazingly as well. Eventually, Sam managed to work the entire massive bulk of his cock into Hope's trembling body. She held him still for a moment, hear breath coming in sharp gasps, as she struggled to accommodate his girth. After a few seconds, she said breathily, "Go, Sam, fuck me.".

Prince Charming was finally balls deep in the glass slipper. Sam's eyes slammed shut as he was overwhelmed by the incredible sensation. His shaft felt like it was being milked by liquid velvet. He lasted less than a minute, before exploding with a colossal grunt, filling her with warm, sticky, semen. Hope felt him cum so quickly that she almost warmed up the, "happens to every guy once in a while" speech, that old chestnut, when she realized that Sam wasn't slowing down, or stopping. Sam was so turned on by Hope and the sensations she was giving him, that his rod stayed stone stiff, even after it's quickly induced eruption. Sam gritted his teeth as he pounded away, fighting the brief, but sharp moment of ultra sensitivity in the head of his cock. He kept fucking, picking up his pace, starting to drive into Hope's body now. He could barely control himself; he was fucking her harder than he'd ever fucked a girl, and she was digging it!

Hope realized now how much Sam had wanted her, as he kept right on screwing her to the mattress. God, but he was huge, she felt like she was getting fucked all the way up to her stomach. After three weeks of romantic tension, Hope was as wild with lust as her man. She grabbed his head with both hands as his jackhammer hips pounded and rebounded off her pelvis, the room filled with the sound of flesh smacking against flesh. Hope looked Sam in his eyes, and said, through gritted teeth, "Fuck me, Sam, you fuck me goddamn it, you fucking take me hard Sam!". She was far from submissive, she yelled at him like a fitness coach, somewhat ironically, urging him on, not begging, but demanding more of his cock, ramming into her harder and faster. When Hope came, she didn't even bother trying to be quiet; everyone in her complex, hell, everyone on her street, knew that, somewhere, a woman was getting well and truly fucked. Fifteen minutes after his first cum, Hope stopped him for a second. She was breathing heavily and sweating, strands of her chestnut hair plastered to her forehead. "Fuck me like an animal," she ordered, rising and turning on all fours on the bed. Sam moved behind her and took her hips in his hand. When he sunk the fingers on both hands into the flesh of her hips, he thrilled at the feeling. They sank a little, as if into a firm, warm dough, and Sam positioned himself behind Hope's channel. With one thrust, he slipped almost all the way inside her, and Hope gasped like she'd been stung. The gasp bled into a long, contented sigh as Sam slowly withdrew, and then slipped inside again, more slowly. He loved being able to grab Hope's hips so firmly, without fear of hurting the big girl. He started fucking again, building up speed. Hope was reduced to a series of animalistic grunts, each reaching a crescendo, whenever the head of Sam's cock would plunge to it's deepest point, as deep as she could possibly take. Sam reached up to take a handful of Hope's long hair, pulling her head back and keeping her impaled on his mammoth shaft. "Ohhh, God, Sam, yes!" Hope screamed, "Pull my hair, make me your fucking bitch!". She sounded like she was ordering the football team out to the field, or an army to take a hill.

After another twenty minutes of doggy style, and another blistering cum for Hope, Sam grunted again, "Ungh, I'm going to come inside you Hope!" he said through clenched teeth, flecks of spittle flew from his mouth. Hope, still on all fours and taking all of Sam's dick like a champ, looked over her shoulder and said, "You cum Sam, you fucking cum hard! Cum inside me Sam!". That was all it took, Sam exploded again, painting the inside of his girl with his seed for the second time that evening. Sam rolled off of Hope, and collapsed next to her on the bed.

He needed a break this time; it took almost eight minutes before Hope had him hard again. This time Hope mounted Sam and rode his Diggleresque dong like a cowgirl. Sam loved the feeling of being pinned to the bed by his big girlfriend as she did all the work, bouncing up and down on his thick meat, her tits jiggling and swaying hypnotically. After some of that, and the reverse, Hope was actually starting to get a little sore. Not

that she would admit it, but Sam had given her quite the hammering. She climbed off of him, and gave her man his third orgasm, with her wet, willing mouth. As before, she continued to suck right through his eruption, swallowing the comparatively small amount of hot sperm that he was capable of producing at that point. Right at that instant, the phone on the counter began to ring. Although Hope feared the call may have something to do with her father, she was unable to move and the call went to her machine. It was the SLOPD, they had caught the armed robber from Newsbeat. Sam was wrong about the robber not being able to get to the freeway on ramp. He got there just fine, and almost a half mile beyond, before the car quit on him CHP picked him up trying to jog down the 101 to the next exit. Oh, and they had her boyfriend's car, and better still, his money had been recovered as well. Breathing heavily, Sam joked, "Maybe I should run down and buy a lottery ticket before midnight."

"You should put on pants then." Hope sighed contentedly.

They both lay together, Hope's head resting in the hollow of Sam's shoulder, spent and exhausted for a long while before anyone spoke again. Sam broke the silence first by saying, "I love you, Hope.".

Hope sighed quietly; boys were so predictable. "Are you sure that's not just the intensity of everything we've been through tonight honey?", she asked gently.

Sam looked genuinely hurt. "No," he said petulantly, "I had planned to tell you tonight anyway, before that stuff with the robbery, and before that amazing lay" he finished smiling.

For Hope's part, barring the episode that resulted in Jordan's conception, and even that for entirely different reasons, Sam had just provided her the best sex she had ever experienced. Not that she could just tell him that. Seeing his sincerity, her heart melted a little. "You were? Oh Sam, I love you too.". she said, surprised a little at how much she meant it.

They held each other a while longer when Sam asked, "Do you want me to go for tonight?".

"No" Hope said quickly, moving her body closer to his and holding on tightly.

Sam smiled at her, and returned her embrace, "OK." he said. He wasn't sure if Hope truly did love him, at least not as much as he loved her. He would have to wait until tomorrow to find out.

Chapter 8: B.B.W. Chapter Eight: Old Habits Die Hard

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Hope woke up the next morning while Sam continued to sleep. As she lay in bed, she kept her eyes closed, and tried to take an inventory of her life after her tumultuous week. Temporarily, at least, she was able to think of her father as "handled". His recovery would be long, and uncomfortable, and more to the point, his bypass had raised the specter of mortality in her family. At 24, Hope had thought maybe she had a few more years before she had to start worrying about her parents. Even if her father's condition improved, it really wouldn't do to have a rambunctious seven year old boy tearing around the house while he convalesced.

She debated moving back to Novato. She couldn't stay with her parents, that would still leave Jordan housed alongside her ailing dad, but if she got an apartment nearby, at least she could be handy, in case her mom needed her. She didn't really want to leave San Luis Obispo though. She had made some friends, she enjoyed her classes, and then, there was the big lump snoring beside her. If she was being honest, Sam, more than anything else, explained her resistance to moving back home. Leaving now, after all the effort she had put in would have been like restoring a vintage car and walking away, leaving it to the next driver that came along. Besides, she hoped he had made a serious declaration the night before, because she thought she may actually have loved the guy. Sure, she said she did, but what to do you when a boy looks at you with the sad, puppy dog eyes.

In truth, that kind of love was more gossamer than concrete in Hope's understanding. Her relationship with Orlandus had been high school love; powerful and capricious, and it had ended, badly, even before Jordan had been born. For the first few years after that, Hope did a lot of hard growing up. She tried dating, she was still just a kid and wanted some kind of life beyond raising her son, but most boys required a lot of care, maintenance and feeding. If you couldn't keep up with that stuff, they wandered off, and Hope had bigger obligations.

Hope may have been a big girl, but Sam hadn't imagined her prettiness, she had after all, dated the best football player on the high school team. There were opportunities to date, she was approached fairly often, although admittedly, not so often by guys that looked like Sam, but then, there just weren't a lot of guys that looked like Sam. Nevertheless, she had given up on serious relationships until Jordan was old enough for school, and Hope could find at least an hour or two a day for herself. Every once in a blue moon, she would enjoy a one nighter if she found a suitable candidate, but that was about it. She had started dating one of her co-workers at her old job in Novato, but he had been a dog, and untrainable at that. She broke it off after only a couple of months. When she was let go in a round of lay offs at the winery where she had worked, she decided it was time to make a new start somewhere fresh.

She may have been toying with Sam a little at first, but his eagerness had started to win her over. His timely intervention in Novato had made her more attracted to him, but more wary that he may have been trying to use her misfortune to his advantage, and wriggle deeper into her affections. But then, his heroics last night had really shown Hope just how far Sam had come. When the robber had pointed the gun at Hope, Sam hadn't reacted out of bravado, resisting the urge most men would have had to make a testosterone fueled grab for the gun, and probably getting himself or her shot in the process. Instead he sought only to protect her, insisting the gunman keep his weapon trained on Sam. Forget that he was a gorgeous guy with a job, nothing to sneeze at by itself, he was a bona fide hero. If his behavior last night, after they had finally made love, was any indication, he was willing to be her hero.

"What to do, what to do?" She thought idly as she stroked Sam's shoulder ever so lightly. He stirred against her.

"Mmmorning," he mumbled, as he rolled over, draping one arm over Hope's shoulder's and giving her a very sleepy hug.

"Good morning." Hope replied, returning the hug, "You snore.".

"Well, sure," Sam said, now that I've had my way with you, I can expose my terrible secret.". He made an exaggerated snoring sound and snuffled his nose into her neck, making her laugh.

"Argh, damn, I always fall for that!" Hope smiled, kissing Sam on the end of his nose. Suddenly, Hope's eyes opened wide and her beautiful smile shone like a lighthouse. "I have the day off today!" She exclaimed.

"What are you going to do with your unexpected free time?" Sam asked, twisting a lock of her hair gently with his fingers.

"Well, I don't know, I was thinking I'd spend the day with my boyfriend." she said slyly.

"Oh, I like that idea." Sam agreed.

"OK, well, you'd better get out of here then, so I can call him." Hope said, pushing Sam gently towards the edge of the bed.

They started horsing around, tickling each other and occasionally kissing briefly, but soon, they were kissing each other wetly and only occasionally remembering to tickle. Sam had Hope pinned down and was kissing her neck, half playfully, half passionately, but Hope felt the head of his turgid cock grazing against her pussy. Still giggling, Hope reached down and guided him into her. Sam groaned long and low as he oh-so-slowly slipped all the way inside her. His arms gave way and he lay on Hope's chest. She wrapped her arms around him and whispered, "I love you Sam.". She meant it and she wanted to say it first today, since she had botched it a little bit last night.

"I love you too" he responded, his words almost muffled by Hopes hair as he nuzzled into her neck and shoulder. He began to stroke into her slowly. It wasn't the blistering pace from the previous night, he was slower and more controlled, keeping a rhythm that increased gradually, in tempo, but never reached the level of frenzied pounding that the couple had enjoyed their first time.

Sam screwed Hope like a machine, his pace never faltering, and the level of her pleasure rose to match the cadence of his thrusts. Finally, she had a deep, belly crushing orgasm that forced her legs to shoot out straight and her toes stretch to their limit. As the climax took hold of Hope's body and her muscles began to contract, the feeling drove Sam over the edge. He finished simultaneously, unleashing a deluge of hot cum inside her.

Sam lay on top of Hope, completely boneless now. He lay there for several minutes in silence while she stroked his hair. Finally, he looked up at her and said "Right! Breakfast!".

Hope laughed and then sighed, "You're such a boy."

They went to The Good Time Creole Cafe, Hope had never been, but Sam knew the owner/chef, from where else, but the gym. The food was amazing, Hope was the adventurous sort, so she ordered the alligator etouffee. With some cajoling, she got Sam to try a bite. It wasn't terrible, it tasted like catfish, but with a chewier texture.

After lunch, Hope asked if Sam wanted her to drive him to the Police Station to get his car back. He said that getting his car back would almost certainly involve going down to the impound lot, and take hours. Sam didn't

want Hope to waste her day off with that stuff, so instead, he asked her to drive down California street, to check out a rental property she might like for Jordan. She asked him what was up with the place, and he said that it was a two bedroom, one and three quarter bath house. It had a fireplace and a fenced back yard, and yes, the landlord would let Sophie stay, if they paid a pet deposit. The price was within her range as well.

When they arrived at the address Sam specified, Hope saw a large, grayish blue home, with several rows of windows. It was set high up off the road, above and behind a retaining wall made from rounded river stones, set in mortar. Hope was more surprised when Sam said he had picked up the key from the relator the day before. What was so special about this place? It looked too big for her to afford anyway.

Sam unlocked the door and ushered Hope inside. It was a cute place, the living room was kind of small, but had lots of great, natural light. There was one large bedroom and one smaller one, and a long galley kitchen that had been recently remodeled with granite counter tops and new cabinetry. As they walked to the back door to see the yard, Hope said, "It's weird, the place looks a lot bigger from the outside.".

"That is because it's a duplex." Sam said.

"Oh," Hope's face curled up in distaste, "Well then a lot depends on what the neighbor is like?".

"Well," Sam said, "what if he is handsome, charming and great in the sack?"

"I'd say 'No thanks', I've got one of those already." Hope smiled, until she saw the exasperated look on Sam's face, and she understood what he was driving at. "Wait a minute, Sam, what are you saying?".

"The other half is empty too, it's just like this place but it opens around the corner on Phillips. It wouldn't be moving in together, it would just be, you know, neighbors. Don't worry, the lease is month to month, if you, ya' know, change your mind later.".

Hope was smiling reflexively, but inside, she was deep in thought. She expected the decision would have been harder. They called the landlord that afternoon, as soon as Sam got the money he was going to use for his half of the security deposit, back from the police station.

They spent the next week getting moved. Sam enjoyed the stability of being with Hope, making plans with her, reaching compromises, all the little partings and reunions that seem significant in the early days of a relationship. Hope enjoyed the companionship, even though Sam had earned her love, he had gotten into the habit of trying so hard, that he remained funny and attentive. She also would have been lying if she said she hadn't enjoyed the look on that skinny bitch, Mia's face when Hope and Sam arrived in a U-haul to move his stuff into his half of the duplex. In it's infancy, most relationships seem magical and this one was certainly no exception. Both parties knew their respective histories, and knew just as well that nothing is for certain, but they were content for now, and, really, that's all anyone can ask for.

The next weekend, they made their official debut as a couple at Mark and Jenn's wedding. It was held at a the State Park in Morro Bay, with a breathtaking view of the ocean and surrounding estuary. Jenn was effusive in her praise for the effect Hope had on Sam's personality, prompting an him to ask what the problem with his personality was before, to which Jenn simply responded that he has kind of an ass.

As if on cue, Chad appeared. He was nervous, his eyes scanning his friends as he was introduced to Hope.

"Hope, this is Chad, he's the other owner of the gym, and our friend since the dorms. Chad, this is Hope, my girlfriend." Sam said.

"Nice to meet ya'" Chad said casually, maybe even coolly.

Hope, who was almost two inches taller than Chad, looked down at him and said, "Wow, you're just a little fucker aren't you?".

Sam, Mark and Jenn all burst out laughing. It took a second for Chad to realize the olive branch Hope was offering. It said, "I know you're the kind of guy that wants to give me shit, that's OK, I can give it right back.". He grinned, and said "Wow, attack of the fifty foot girlfriend!", prompting a laugh from Hope.

During the reception, the boys had drifted off to the bar for refills, leaving Hope with Jenn and her bridesmaids. They were all demanding to know how she had managed to civilize Sam so completely. Hope felt the need to tread carefully, she had the distinct impression that at least one of the bridesmaids had had one of her own, fleeting, experiences with Sam. She said, "Boys aren't that hard to figure out. They're like puppies; they're cute and they're fun but if you don't train them carefully when they're still new, once they get a little older, they'll walk all over you. Sometimes you have to be firm and even withhold affection when they're bad, but if you do a conscientious job, you'd be surprised how loyal they can be.". The women just about died laughing, falling all over themselves in agreement.

Later, after the first dance, Sam was chatting with one of Jenn's multitude of brothers when Hope walked up to him and asked, "Do you want to dance sweetie?"

Sam froze. The curse of any and all wedding dates; the dreaded obligatory dance. A bubble of panic swelled in Sam's stomach as he prayed for a spontaneous nosebleed, or a stroke, or a bus to come crashing though the wall. Hope looked expectantly at him as he stammered, desperate for an excuse, diversion, or escape. Hope started laughing and gave a "thumbs up" over her shoulder. Chad came trotting up, holding his gut from laughter, he held up his hand and Hope gave him five.

"I told you, he looked like he was going to have kittens, didn't I tell you?" He brayed like a jackass.

"Thanks dickhead." Sam said dryly to Chad.

Chad danced off waving his middle fingers at Sam, undoubtedly looking for a bridesmaid awash in champagne and the romantic fervor weddings always seem to generate. Hope sat down next to Sam, still laughing, and took his hand. "Sorry sweetie, I was just making friends." she said warmly.

"That's OK," Sam said jokingly, "I just wish it had taken a little longer to discover my one weakness.".

"Oh I already knew," Hope replied, "Chad warned me. So did Jenn. And Mark. And Mark's mom, and Jenn's brothers and all of the bridesmaids, and the minister..."she continued, laughing.

Sam was laughing too. "I need new friends." he said.

After the wedding, they went home, awash in their own romantic fervor. After making love, they went to sleep early, Hope had to get up early the next morning to get Jordan registered for school. They fell asleep in each other's arms, both thinking about how finding something that neither of them were looking for was the key to finding everything they were both looking for.

And that, Ladies and Gentleman, is the story of How Sam Grew Up, Became a Better Person, Found True Love, and Still Didn't Have to Stop Screwing His Neighbor.

THE END

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