



Brandie Buckwine

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Emma

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By

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## **Crazy Emma**

“Last load.” That’s what Gina, the waitress on duty, said when she dumped the tub of dishes on the counter beside me. I looked from the half-filled bus tub to my watch— almost two o’clock. Three hours left of my shift, and less than a tub of dishes to do. That’s why I hated the afternoon shift, even if it did start in the morning. Once the lunch crowd left, there was nothing to do but clean and watch the clock. Luckily, this was only one day, and I told myself I could handle it just this once.

I filled in for Daisy more than my share. I knew we would soon be on the hunt for a new dishwasher. Bob didn’t put up with employees calling in sick as often as she did. I didn’t mind so much today, though. Tuesdays were slow days for tips, and I was making better money washing the stupid half tubs of dishes than I would make waiting on the sparse lunch bunch.

Once I finished the load, I walked toward the front of the restaurant to join Gina

and Alice, the cook, for a quick break. I knew if the place was empty, they would be sitting at a back table, smoking and gossiping, but I was shocked to walk into the dining room and see that there was still one table left, and my two coworkers were in the back dining room, vacuuming.

It would have been the easiest thing, to turn and walk back to my station, but once I saw him, it would have taken a nuclear blast to move me from my spot. He was beautiful. As he laughed and talked with his three friends, his smile had me mesmerized. I can't tell you if everyone thought he was as gorgeous as I did—even my friends say I have odd taste in men— but I know that when I saw him, my heart sped up and I swear there was a *glow* around him.

My friends will also tell you that I don't believe in love, and especially love at first sight. I learned at a young age that love is nothing more than a temporary reaction to someone you *think* you connect with on some weird level. It doesn't last, and it always ends with someone being miserable and someone else who could give a shit. So why did this stranger suddenly have me so captivated? Why couldn't I move my feet from the spot where my feet were now apparently buried in concrete? I don't know, but what happened next is even more strange, and if I live forever, I'm sure I'll never be able to explain it.

He looked at me, and I'm telling you, the elasticity in my knees doubled, whatever, and it was all I could do not to fall on my ass. When his eyes found mine, it was as if a high voltage shock surged through me, forcing me to do whatever was necessary to meet this man; hell, touch this man. If my brain worked as quickly all the time as it did in that instant, I can tell you, I sure as hell wouldn't be waiting tables for a living.

I opened my mouth wide and brought my hand to my cheek. "Oh my God," I said, out loud, to this guy I didn't know. "What are you doing here?" I feigned shock and surprise at seeing him. His eyebrows rose in confusion as I approached his table; his friends looked a little stunned too. Now, keep in mind that this all happened very quickly, but it felt like I, and everyone around me were moving in slow motion. There was a small hesitation on his part, his lips closing to make words, then opening again, unsure of which ones he should use. To me, it seemed his lips opened again in hopes that I might lean over and kiss him, but thinking back on it now, my mind slightly

clearer, I'm sure that wasn't the case. He studied my face carefully, searching my eyes for something to spur his memory. When I was beside the table, he stood.

"I haven't seen you for years!" It was as if I'd rehearsed my lines and my part for months. I threw my arms around him and squeezed him. He felt so solid beneath my embrace, and the scent of his musky cologne filled my senses. Graciously, he returned my hug.

"I know," he played along. "It has been a while."

I reluctantly pushed him away, but held him at arm's length. "You look so great; you haven't changed a bit," I said, taking the opportunity to study him from head to toe. While he wasn't ripped or anything, he did have a nice shape. He was taller than me by almost six inches; his eyes were like dark pools- their depths unfathomable; his hair —not quite as dark as his eyes— fell in gentle waves around his face. A cowlick just to the left of his forehead forced the hair around it up and over to the side, but I could tell he tried to conceal the offensive patch. His smile, his incredible smile, warmed a part of me deep within, a part that I don't recall ever being warm or cold before that meeting. I think it was just after the smile and the warm part deep inside, that I noticed another part of my anatomy was warmer than usual, and, if I wasn't mistaken, was growing damp as well.

"So Derrick, are you going to introduce us to your attractive friend?" one of the men at his table asked. I could see Derrick was at a loss, so I released him from my gaze, and turned to the other man.

"Emma," I said, holding out my hand for his friend.

As we shook hands, Derrick came back to life. "I'm so sorry. How rude of me— Emma, this is John," he introduced the man whose hand I was shaking. "And this is Cody." I shook Cody's hand. "And this is Paul."

After Paul and I formalized our introduction, I pulled a chair up to their table, and Derrick retook his seat. The need to touch him still overwhelmed me, so I took his hand in mine. Who was this Emma, this emboldened lunatic that occupied my willing body? I'm still not sure where she came from.

"Well Derrick, you can't imagine how surprised I am to see you here," I said. "How have you been?" I drug my eyes away from his to check the hand I held prisoner for any sign of matrimony; there was none.

“I’ve been alright, I guess. Just working for a living, like everyone else.”

“Where are you working these days?”

“I’m still with Paulson Surveying.”

I decided if I was going to pull this off, I’d have to place myself in his life before his surveying days. I figured Derrick to be in his early thirties, so probably about three to four years older than me. An old friend from college wouldn’t work- same with high school. Should I go back even farther, I wondered? I considered that maybe we could have worked together somewhere, but that was too easily debunked. I took another route.

“See, I never knew you went into that line of work,” I said, watching his attempt to conceal his confused expression. His hand still rested in my own, and the initial currents of electricity I felt upon seeing him, still raced through my body, but the frequency was a lower, more comfortable one. “My brother still talks about the crazy shit you two did back in high school.” It was better to pretend I knew him through someone older, I decided.

“Yeah, those were some crazy days,” he said, nodding his head. The confused look disappeared, and he seemed genuinely interested in studying me. “How is—”

“Peter?” I threw it out there before he could struggle for a name. Derrick nodded. “Peter is good. He’s married now, has a kid.” Where was I getting this shit? I didn’t even have a brother.

“Did he marry that girl he was dating in high school?” he asked with what could have been a measure of confidence.

“He did. Cindy.” I turned to Derrick’s friends: “Peter and Cindy were almost inseparable back then.” I made a slight effort to pull my hand away, but he now clasped it firmly, and I was content to leave it nestled within his.

“I’m so happy for him. That’s awesome. And you?” he asked, reaching over to tuck an escaped lock of auburn hair behind my ear. I was glad the apron I wore hid the way my nipples sprang to attention with his gentle touch. What the hell was I doing? “How long have you been working here?”

“I’ve been here about two years now.” Wow, I surprised myself with the truth. “I work full time during the summer, and part time the rest of the year. I went back to college a few years ago.” I turned to his friends: “Derrick can tell you, I was a bit of a

wild child. I dropped out of college the first time around. Guess I just wasn't ready for it."

"Yeah, Derrick. You'll have to tell us all about Emma's 'wild child' days," John said, and by his expression, I could tell he was hoping to hear some slutty, titillating tales.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Gina putting the vacuum away, and Alice giving me a strange look. I decided it was probably time to bring fantasy hour to a close.

"I hate to do this," I said, standing, "but I should really get back to work." Derrick still held my hand in his, and I *so* didn't want to break free from the contact. *He* even looked a little panicked that I was ending our brief encounter.

"Wait Emma," he said, squeezing my hand. "Can we get together later? I'd like to catch up, if that's possible. What time do you get off?"

My brain told me to make an excuse, give some reason why we could never get together—I knew if we did, I'd be busted for sure— but that warm spot deep inside, and the one between my legs begged to differ.

"Sure, I get off at five. We could meet at Hannigans, just down the street?"

"Great. I'll see you there." At this point, he pulled me into his arms once again, and I surrendered to his warm embrace, knowing deep down, when saner forces prevailed, that I would likely never see this man again. "It's been so great seeing you," he said, his voice low against my ear. I wished I kept an extra pair of panties in my purse; I never needed them before, but I needed them now.

I finally pulled away, barely able to stand, my mind swimming in the feelings his touch, his smell, and his gaze brought out in me. I know my voice was shaking as I said my good-byes and nice-to-meet-yous to his friends. As I walked away from the table, the warm spot inside me grew hotter, now burning my core almost painfully. When I turned down the hallway, Gina stopped me.

"Do you know that guy? He is hot!" For once, I wasn't alone in my tastes.

"Yeah, he's an old friend," I lied to my coworker, and continued on my way.

"I'd make him more than an 'old friend,' if I was you," she called after me.

That had been my original intent, I think, but now, I found myself in a spot where anything beyond that short encounter was highly unlikely. What was I thinking? If I'd taken my time to think things through—not acted so out of character— maybe I could

have found a way to meet him that left the door open for future relations. I could have just written my phone number on a slip of paper and handed it to him. Even that would have been unusual for me, but at least then, I would have a shot. He was obviously interested in me.

After I sprayed the area around the dishwasher clear of any remaining debris, and soaked myself in the process, I decided crazy Emma needed a cage, so I went to the back room to do some cleaning. At one time, it had been the main kitchen, but when Bob expanded the restaurant, this part was walled off for storage. My watch said two thirty— I still had over two hours to kill until I could go home and seriously wallow in my own stupidity, and possibly find a way to throw some water on my newly discovered, burning desire.

I moved boxes of flour and pancake-batter from under the old prep counter and swept away the fine dust their presence left behind. As I pushed the small pile into the dustpan, I heard the door of the storage room open and close. Gina, I figured, wanting details about my long lost friend. There wasn't time to hide my shock when I stood and discovered Derrick as my new companion in the small room. Now, it was my turn to drop my jaw in surprise.

He approached me and took my hand in his again. "Emma," he said, and the look on his face was almost one of sorrow. I felt a little relieved; of course, he was here to break our date for later. "I'm sorry to bother you, I know you're trying to work, but I have to confess; I've wracked my brain, and I just don't remember you. I feel really bad, because you are so amazing. I don't know how I could possibly forget someone like you, and it feels like I know you, but I don't know how."

I can't be sure if it was crazy, or sane Emma that did the talking from this point on. It should have been easy to tell, because just like Derrick, crazy Emma was a stranger to me. Whoever I was, I grudgingly pulled my hand away from his.

"No, I'm the one who should apologize," I said, determined to confess to my outlandish behavior and be done with it. "I can't tell you why I did that, Derrick. You don't know me, and I've never seen you in my life." I could tell he was shocked, but also relieved to find his memory wasn't totally shot. "When I saw you, something came over me, I'm not sure what, and I had to meet you, had to *touch* you; I needed to experience you, right now." His gaze was fixed on my face as I struggled to explain myself. There

was no escape from my recent insanity. “I’ve never done anything like that before, honestly; it’s *not* who I am.” I had to break his hold on me, so I looked to my feet.

He stepped closer and lifted my chin with his finger, forcing me to lose myself once again in his eyes. It was as though looking into them, I could see the depths of his soul, and the fire inside me grew fierce. I felt dizzy as his face drew near mine, until at last his lips touched my own. The silky feel of them, mixed with his salty, sweet taste, and I eagerly accepted his probing tongue, gently teasing it with my own. A warm cocoon enveloped me as he pressed his body against mine; I could feel his desire now, both internally and externally. My panties were soaked through, I was sure, so you can imagine my embarrassment when he broke our kiss, pulled himself away from me, and said, “You are so wet,” with a little laugh.

Immediately, I felt my cheeks burning and I know my eyes must have been as round as saucers. How did he know? Could he smell my desire, the juices that escaped my sex?

It was now Derrick’s turn to look embarrassed, though it quickly faded into a devilish stare. “I meant your apron.” He reached around behind me and untied the white, cotton protection I wore. As he pulled it over my head, he said, “Your apron is so wet, but my guess is, that’s not all that’s wet.”

My face was still on fire when he reached down to the hem of my dress and slid his smooth palm up my thigh. For a moment, he teased the delicate flesh, with his fingertips, while both sane and crazy Emma willed his hand to continue its upward journey. Slowly, his hand eased itself closer to the part of me that begged for his touch. His lips attacked mine with more power than that first, sweet kiss, and the fire inside engulfed my being in flames when his hand slipped over the top of my panties, and down to the source. While his talented fingers eased along my swollen and slick inner folds, his other hand unzipped my dress and maneuvered the thin straps over my shoulders. I’m sure my fingers, entangled in his dark waves, pulled his hair when he found the most sensitive spot between my legs. My entire body jerked with his discovery, and I know I gasped loud enough to be self-conscious about it.

Was I really involved in a heavy-petting session in the storeroom at work? With a man I hardly knew? What if someone walked in and discovered us? Surely, Alice or Gina saw him come back here. Did I care? No, I decided, as Derrick’s kisses meandered down

my neck, over my collarbone, and to my stiff, expectant nipple. As he pulled it between his lips, the saying 'I was looking for a job when I found this one,' flashed through my mind and disappeared.

I found the engorged bulge in his jeans and kneaded it between by fingers and palm, sliding along his impressive length. My breath turned to short panting as his deft, circling fingers brought me to the verge of something explosive. This was too much; I had to do something before we got busted. My mind spun to determine how best to proceed. The fire inside me threatened to consume me whole as I searched for a plan. I undid his button and zipper, and grabbed his dick with a firm grip. He sucked my nipple harder, released it with a *pop*, and moved on to the next in line.

Just as I was about to burst, he stopped all ministrations on my body and lifted me onto the prep counter. My breathing was all over the place—short bursts, long gasps to suck in needed oxygen— as he pulled my ass to the edge of the counter and dropped to his knees. Firm hands massaged my inner thighs as they lifted them into the air and spread me wide. His eyes locked on mine and his devilish grin returned for a moment before his lips closed on me.

As though propelled on a swing, reaching peak height and driving back the other direction, his tongue eased back and forth over the length of my slit several times before he settled around my clit. The tip ran circles around and over my sensitive bud. The swing, no longer swaying to and fro, began to slowly spin, raising me further from the ground as its ropes twisted together. He ran his hands along my legs to my feet, and left them perched on the edge of the counter. With his hands now free, he spread my folds wide, and eased his fingers inside me. In only seconds, Derrick found the spot within me that remained undiscovered until now, even by my own probing digits. His fingers curled against it while his tongue pushed harder against my swollen nub. I don't remember breathing at all, until the swing could wind no more, having reached its tightest point. The breath rushed out of my body as his hot lips sucked my clit hard, his slick tip still lashing me without relent, and the swing began to spin the opposite direction, gaining momentum with each full circle. It felt as though my body was hurtling through the air- down, around, every which direction as orgasmic spasms seized me.

My knees involuntarily slammed shut, crushing Derrick between them, but he

didn't stop as I squeezed him between my thighs and writhed on the counter. I cried out and panted in ecstasy while he sucked the last of the come from my body. Just as he eased my legs apart to escape, the door to the storeroom opened, and Bob's head popped through the door. He stared at the pair of us, both frozen and trapped, then shook his head and retreated, mumbling, "Crazy, Emma- just crazy."

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I walked through the living room, keenly aware of the dull ache in my legs and pelvic region, yet I still basked from the source. Awaiting me on the dining room table was a cup of coffee and today's paper, open to the help-wanted ads.

"Need a pen?" Derrick asked, handing me a marker and planting a kiss on my temple. "My sweet Emma."

The opened marker found its way to the ad I was looking for: Bob's Family Dining— now hiring dishwashers and wait-staff.

"Thank you," I said, as I marked the ad with a large X.

The End

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