

Suzy

by

Gary L Beer

© 2012

The characters in this Novel are fictitious.
Any similarity to persons living or dead
is purely coincidental.

Any person who uses this material inappropriately without prior
written authorisation in relation to this publication may be
liable to criminal prosecution and civil claims for damages.

Chapter One

Opening the hot oven door Suzy puts her gloves on and takes out the cooking joint of beef. Putting the hot tray onto the top of the oven Suzy turns the meat over and adds potatoes and parsnips to the tray.

Putting the tray back into the oven she frowns as she stands up and thinks if all this effort is worth it; Doug, her partner had been very moody lately. Sometimes he came home with a smile, but that was rare these days.

Doug's behaviour towards her recently had become nasty, aggressive and he was constantly accusing her of being unfaithful and calling her a liar.

Suzy had not done anything wrong and could not understand why he had changed so much recently. Hoping that cooking his favourite roast dinner would make the evening a pleasant one Suzy lights the gas under the vegetables as she hears Doug's car pull up out front.

Checking herself in the mirror Suzy shouts a cheery welcome as Doug opens the front door. Hearing no reply the frown returns to her forehead as she busies herself with getting two plates out of the cupboard. Doug slams the front door and stomps down the hall into the lounge as Suzy's stomach tightens in anxiety. Too frightened to go and talk to him she puts a knife and fork onto a tray and sits at the table and reads her book whilst the dinner cooks.

"Here you are," says Suzy as she walks into the lounge carrying Doug's dinner; "looks like you have had a hard day." she says as she sees the frown on Doug's face.

"Hard day? You don't know the half of it." he snaps as he stares into her eyes not attempting to take the tray from her

hands.

“We are not going to argue are we? Come on, I have cooked your favourite roast dinner.” Suzy replies holding the tray out towards him.

Doug stands up and knocks the tray out of Suzy's hands slapping her on the face before the tray hits the floor; “What are you after?” he demands in a cruel voice.

“I want a quiet evening for a change.” she screams back.

Doug punches her hard on the shoulder as she turns away and only succeeds getting as far as the fireplace; when he grabs her hair, twisting it viciously. Trying to grab hold of the mantel piece her fingers touch the long silver letter opener and Suzy's hand curls around it instinctively.

As Doug pulls her towards him she lashes out with the opener stabbing it into his throat below the right jaw, she hadn't meant to stab him, and she just wanted to hurt him back.

Pulling the silver letter opener out of Doug's throat as the blood pours out over her hand Doug slumps to the floor. She must have stabbed him in the main artery, the blade penetrating into his windpipe as he makes no sound. Suzy looks down at his dead body as tears fill her eyes; now she is in big trouble.

With tears coursing down her cheeks she goes into the kitchen and washes the letter opener and her hands under the hot tap. Evening is approaching and she draws the curtains and turns on the light. Washing her face under the cold running tap she dries it using the kitchen towel and thinks as to what to do next.

Get rid of Doug's body is the dominant thought and her mind races as to where she is going to dump him.

Regaining her composure Suzy walks back into the lounge and looks down at Doug's still form lying on the floor. Blood has flowed out of his neck and soaked into the carpet; she had never liked that carpet anyway and her now ex-husband has ruined it.

A cold smile forms on her red lips as she sees her life

improving without Mr Jealous keeping her prisoner in her own home. It feels as if a great weight has been taken off her shoulders as she looks down at him as she starts to appreciate her freedom.

Walking back into the bathroom she looks at herself in the mirror; Suzy is an attractive middle aged lady aged in her late thirties and has always prided herself on her appearance. Since she had been young the boys had flocked around as she has always been attractive to look at. Tidying her hair gently, as her scalp is still tender from where Doug had pulled her hair; she applies make-up to her face and puts fresh lipstick on. Satisfied with her appearance she smiles at herself in the mirror and walks into the kitchen to make a hot drink.

Suzy lives in a small bungalow on the edge of town and has no worries about unexpected visitors. Doug's grip on her life had been strong and dominating and she had lost most of her friends years ago. Making a sweet milky coffee Suzy sits down at the kitchen table and wonders what she is going to do. To drag out the body, dig a big hole and bury him at the bottom of the garden is a good idea. His heavy weight would be too much for her to drag and she wonders if she has the stomach to cut him into pieces. The idea of cutting him up into pieces appeals to her sense of revenge, her dislike for her domineering partner had grown over the years; and with each beating the dislike *had* turned into hate.

Smiling, Suzy sips at her coffee imagining herself cutting Doug's arms and legs off. Putting her cup onto the table Suzy stands and walks across to the rack of carving knives. Picking up the biggest knife she checks the sharpness with the edge of her thumb. The knife slices into a couple of layers of skin and Suzy pulls her thumb away with a laugh. Putting the knife down onto the worktop Suzy picks up the chopper and lays it beside the knife; she knows the chopper is sharp as she had to sharpen it to prepare Sunday's dinner. Searching under the sink Suzy finds her rubber gloves and puts them on and taking a final sip of her coffee, picks up the knife and chopper and

walks into the lounge.

Doug looks very pale due to the loss of blood as he lies motionless on the floor. Putting the knife and chopper onto the coffee table Suzy starts to remove Doug's clothes. He is heavy and she struggles with the weight of him and after ten minutes of hard effort she finally manages to remove it all.

Exhausted she sits back and catches her breath. Doug, in his nakedness looks peaceful lying on the floor and she looks at his still form remembering the happy days; as tears flow down her cheeks. Standing up quickly she goes back into the kitchen and sits at the table, removing her rubber gloves she drinks the last of the now cold coffee. Silently she sits and tries to remember the horrible way he has been to her and how her life has been so unhappy with him. This thinking helps and with a determined look on her face she puts the gloves back on and goes back into the lounge.

Picking up the chopper she walks over to Doug's body and kneels beside him. Raising the chopper above her head she swings down as hard as she can, aiming for the upper arm. The chopper chops through the flesh and into the bone; making a strange animal noise in her throat Suzy chops away at the arm until it falls away and continues with the other arm. The bone is hard and takes several swipes before she is able to cut them off. Looking at the legs she chops into the knee joint which cuts through after two firm hits. She follows this using the knife, cutting the leg muscles at the top of the thighs and then chopping into them.

Looking down at Doug's peaceful face she is unable to cut his head off and goes back into the kitchen to get some black dustbin sacks. Finding the sacks in the cupboard under the sink she goes back into the lounge and puts Doug's arms and legs into separate sacks. Doug's body is still heavy and she struggles as she puts a sack over his head and slides the sack down over his shoulders. Using another sack she puts the lower half of his body into this and does her best to completely cover the dismembered body. Wearily she sits down on the

floor and leans her back against the wall.

It will look too suspicious if she was to dig the garden in the dark so she decides to put Doug in the shed. Carrying out the arms and legs in their plastic sacks is easy and she puts them in the corner of the shed. Picking up Doug's torso and head is difficult as it is heavy and the two bags that she used immediately start to separate. Pulling off the bottom bag she clasps the body in her arms and struggles out to the shed; dropping it down onto the floor she slams the door shut and bolts and locks it firmly.

Now totally exhausted Suzy goes back into the lounge and covers the blood soaked carpet with old newspapers. Going into the bathroom she runs the water for a bath. Stripping off her clothes she walks to the kitchen and puts them in the washing machine. Putting it on a very hot wash she turns it on and goes back into the bathroom for her bath.

The morning light wakes her, as does the noisy dog three doors away. Frowning in annoyance Suzy buries herself in the bed covers and sleeps for another half hour before the postman, pushing letters through the door wakes her. Throwing back the covers Suzy stares up at the ceiling; Doug's face had kept appearing in her dreams in the night giving her a restless sleep.

Getting out of bed Suzy puts on her gardening clothes and goes into the kitchen for strong coffee. She feels far too upset to eat and sits at the table drinking her coffee; remembering the sound of the letter box she stands and goes to the front door. The gas and electric bills are not what she needs.

Walking back into the kitchen Suzy throws the letters down not having opened them and ignoring her coffee picks up the key to the shed and goes outside.

The morning is a little damp and chilly and Suzy looks up to see a blue sky forming. The lawn is covered in early morning dew and a Robin sings from the top of the flowering cherry tree at the bottom of her garden. It looks like it is going to be a wonderful day, after she has done some work!

Unlocking the shed door she opens it wide and props it open with the old yard broom, looking inside Suzy sees that some of the plastic bag that she used to cover Doug's torso has been ripped and torn.

Rats! It has to be. Leaning in Suzy picks up the spade and fork that are just inside the door and walks round to the side of the shed. Sadly it will mean digging up her Daffodil patch; but will make a good place to grow runner beans.

Looking around for nosey neighbours Suzy sees that all is quiet and wasting no time starts to dig.

One and a half hours later a tired, but happy Suzy, locks the shed door and walks slowly back to her bungalow. Turning at the back door she views her handiwork and cannot help a smile as it looks so neat and tidy. The bean poles are tied into five wigwam shapes and are ready for the beans.

Going inside Suzy kicks off her muddy trainers and puts on clean ones; walking into the lounge she wastes no time in moving the furniture. Using her sharp carving knife she cuts away the blood soaked carpet and underlay. Dragging the carpet outside she tucks it behind the shed deciding to burn it tonight, along with the blood soaked plastic sacks; and the clothes she is wearing!

Stripping her clothes off in the kitchen down to her underwear Suzy goes into the bathroom and turns the hot water on for a bath. Walking into her bedroom Suzy opens her old fashioned walnut veneered wardrobe and thinks what she is going to wear. Picking a bright pink sweatshirt and faded blue jeans she throws them on the bed and goes back into the bathroom to enjoy her bath.

Suzy slams the front door and strides quickly along the path, unlocking Doug's car, which is now hers; she jumps in and starts the engine. This is the first time that she has been out since Doug's death four days ago now and she needs vital shopping. Coffee and sugar and milk mainly as her appetite has been poor. Suzy had been busy cleaning the lounge and trying to scrub the floorboards that were soaked in blood.

The blood remained impregnated into the floorboards as a black stain and Suzy realised that a new carpet is needed. Suzy had measured the room but could not risk carpet fitters coming into her bungalow. She had scrubbed and scrubbed but the blood had soaked in, staining the timber and she decides to leave it for a few more days.

Pulling up outside the corner shop Suzy is pleased to see it empty of customers inside and gets out the car quickly; locking it she enters the shop and makes her way to the coffee and sugar. The supermarket seems too much for her at the moment and Suzy picks up a large jar of coffee and two bags of sugar. Taking them to the till she puts them on the counter and walks over to the fridge picking up two large bottles of full fat milk and returns to the counter as the lad who is serving, totals them up on the till. Paying her money Suzy says a polite 'Thank you' and arms loaded with her shopping walks out to the car.

Putting the milk down onto the pavement Suzy unlocks the car and puts the coffee and sugar onto the back seat. As she picks up the milk a Volkswagen Polo pulls up close to her car and parks. Suzy looks up in irritation as the driver, parking so close has made it difficult for her to drive away as a car is also parked in front of her.

"Hello Suzy." says the driver as he opens his door and gets out; it is her university friend Lewis.

"Hello Lewis, long time no see." she smiles.

"Yes been a while, how are you?" he answers with genuine pleasure at their meeting. Lewis still had long hair as she remembered and had gathered a few grey hairs and wrinkles as he has aged. But Suzy remembers him as if it was yesterday; not the fifteen years it has been.

"Fine thank you; and you?"

"All the better for seeing you, where's Doug?"

"We split up about a week ago."

"Oh, sorry to hear that, but a week is not very long you will get back together again."

“No, not this time he has moved out, gone to live with his fancy woman.” Suzy lies.

“So you are on your own now, no boyfriend?” asks Lewis hopefully, as he had always fancied Suzy.

“Yes all alone now, going to leave it a while before I get involved with someone again.”

“You sound positive about that, all right if I visit you?”

Suzy looks at Lewis, she had always liked him and could do with some company; “Yes that would be nice.” she says her smile broadening.

“What you up to now? I got the day off today if now is not too soon?”

“Be good to see you; as long as you move your car back.” answers Suzy with a big smile as she opens her car door and gets in and puts the bottles of milk on to the passenger’s seat.

Lewis holds her door open until she is settled and shuts it firmly; “See you in about five minutes, I gotta get some baccy.”

“Ok see you in five.” smiles Suzy as Lewis walks back to his car and gets in behind the wheel. Starting the engine with the car door open he reverses the car about two metres and watches Suzy as she reverses and pulls out into the road.

Giving her a wave Lewis drives his car forward and turns the engine off. Smiling broadly and thanking his god for starting the day off well he optimistically goes into the shop.

Chapter Two

Suzy hears Lewis pull up in his car, coming out of the kitchen she opens the front door to a smiling Lewis who is walking along the path towards her.

“Hi Suzy, gotta admit it is good to see you.”

“And to see you, come in I'm making coffee in the kitchen.”

Lewis follows Suzy along the hall and enters her large brightly coloured kitchen of yellow painted walls and darker yellow kitchen units topped with a pink granite worktop; “Sit down I'll pour your coffee.”

Lewis sits down at the table in a hardback chair; “So what you been doing since you became a free woman?”

“Nothing really, just enjoying myself having the place to myself.” smiles Suzy as she puts a mug of coffee in front of Lewis.

“Nice one thanks, yes, living on your own has a lot going for it and I have been doing it for quite a while.”

“What no girlfriend?”

“No not since Holly, she will take more than a few years to get over.”

“You were with her a long time and I know you loved her deeply, but I always knew it would not last.” answers Suzy as she sits down at the table opposite Lewis, aware of the age gap that had been between them; Holly was twenty two years of age and Lewis forty four when they got together.

“I was always of the thought that it should never have happened in the first place, but love does strange things to you.” says Lewis with a sad expression on his face.

“What was that I heard about you throwing her out of the car in Wales?” asks Suzy with a stern face.

“Yes I lost a lot of friends over that, bit unfair really as no one would listen to my side at the time.”

“I am listening now.” Suzy says firmly.

Lewis looks at Suzy sharply, he knew she and Holly had been the best of friends and she would only have heard Holly's

side of the story. Suzy had been one of the people upon hearing Holly's tale had either totally ignored him or made rude comments at the time. As the years passed Lewis knew that Suzy and Holly had fallen out and not been friends for years.

"Does it matter now?" asks Lewis despondently.

"It does to me; I have always wondered what really happened between you two."

Lewis takes a sip of his coffee and puts the mug down onto the table, not looking at Suzy he starts to talk;

"As you know it took us a couple of months to split up, we had applied for these jobs in Wales at a research facility about six months before we started to disagree about things. I wanted to work in the laboratory and as luck would have it the company needed a translator and Holly could speak five languages including Chinese."

"At the time we saw it as almost magical that we would be working together in the future and in the wilds of Wales; it would have been a dream come true. The interviews were even on the same day and even though we were not getting on very well at the time I drove us there."

"All that way, who paid for that?" demands Suzy.

"I paid most, I even paid for the bed and breakfast; in separate rooms so that cost a bit more. My interview went well and within five minutes I knew I had got the job, I spent the next half hour talking about the birdlife that is in Wales. My interviewer, a Mister Jones was a birding enthusiast and we became instant friends."

Lewis pauses for breath and takes a sip of his coffee before continuing; "Holly's interview did not go as well as she was interviewed by six different people all at once. Her two weak points they told her was speaking properly in front of a group, meaning themselves; and her Chinese. It seems there are thousands of dialects in China and Holly had learnt the wrong ones."

"She took the interview very badly and was convinced she had failed; which was my entire fault of course. She started having a right go at me for suggesting the job, for taking her

there and making her endure such a bad interview.”

“Do you want more coffee?” asks Suzy.

“No I am fine thanks, anyway, the drive back from the research headquarters was through the mountains. This place was well hidden away, even with the map we drove right past it three times before we found it. The mountain roads were really narrow and wound up and down the valleys and I really had to concentrate on my driving. But from the moment we drove away Holly started moaning and having a go at me for making her suffer such humiliation at the hands of those six awful people.”

“For over an hour she moaned and cried and I could see the hatred she now felt towards me growing and growing. She became particularly abusive and I nearly smashed the car, I saw a sign pointing the way to some waterfalls and thought it would be a good idea to stop and rest for a few minutes.”

“We had only walked along this path for about a hundred metres with Holly crying and moaning all the way when she decided she wanted to pee. The path we were on was quite open and there were no real trees or bushes about.

The place was deserted when we got there so Holly made me walk back to the car while she pee'd on the path. No sooner had she started when this man and woman came walking along the path. Pulling her knickers up quickly she wet herself and when we got back to the car all hell broke loose.”

“You sure you do not want more coffee?” persists Suzy.

“I have nearly finished, that is unless I am boring you?”

“Far from it and I can tell you are not lying to Me.” assures Suzy.

Lewis gives Suzy an odd look as he continues; “Oh yes,” he says as he remembers where he had stopped talking; “When we got in the car Holly went totally mad, screaming at me that it was my fault she had got wet knickers and what an awful place to bring her! I could take no more so started the car and drove as fast as was safely possible to get her home; and away from me!

Trouble was she did not shut up, when she started having a go at me for upsetting my Mum when I became a motorcycle hooligan at the age of sixteen I started to retaliate a bit. Shouting at her to shut up just made her worse and she turned really nasty. I needed petrol so pulled into this garage. Holly had made no contribution towards the petrol costs but had agreed to help pay before we had left home the day before.

When I asked her for petrol money she went berserk as if I was demanding money with menaces, a tenner would have made me happy. No way was she going to give me any money so I pushed her out. She demanded her clothes, which I threw out the window and drove off. It took me over an hour to calm down and by then I was on the motorway and couldn't remember where I had left her so I went home."

"That was not the way that I heard it." says Suzy staring Lewis in the eyes. Lewis stares back and Suzy can see he has told her the truth, as he sees it.

"Sorry to have to ask and really it is none of my business, but if I am going to have you coming around and we go out somewhere; I would hate it if you dumped me in the middle of nowhere." smiles Suzy.

"Holly had a horrible way with words; it used to really annoy me when she would have a go at me for something I had done wrong years before I met her. Yes that was me then, not me now; and she wouldn't accept that I could learn and change. Well not when she was in one of her hateful moods."

"I hear she upset your sister?" asks Suzy innocently.

"You must have heard that from Holly," replies Lewis angrily; "Yes, I heard that to, about six weeks after it happened Holly decided to tell me. She did not tell me too much, but by what I understand she had a right go at my sister; as if I had said the words. I did not think too much about it at first as I didn't think my sister would have believed her. But believe her lies she did; and I have not spoken to her since."

"How long ago was that?"

"Ten years, maybe more." answers Lewis the sadness in his voice very obvious.

At the time I was so filled with grief for my Mum, who you know died of Alzheimer's disease? And what a horrible way to go that is."

"Yes I know, I remember you visiting her at the home."
answers Suzy

"But Holly used to get on well with your Mum?"

"Yes she did and they used to sit for hours and talk, Mum being Mum would tell her all the family secrets about me. I was a bit of a ruffian when I was growing up, had a motorbike and dirty Levis, until my Mum would sneak in my room when I was at work and wash them!" smiles Lewis; "a dirty greaser with newly washed cut-down and creases in his Levis did not fit the image. Holly tried to make me feel guilty for that; the amount of stress I caused my Mum."

"You probably did, I would not want my son to be a dirty biker." agrees Suzy.

"I was a punk kid who was not aware of such thoughts, how was I to know?" asks Lewis defensively.

"Well I expect your Mum and Dad told you." states Suzy in a deadpan voice.

"They probably did, but I never heard them and I thought my sister knew me better than that." shrugs Lewis with a sad smile.

"It is better to have loved and lost than never have loved at all." quotes Suzy hoping to lighten the mood.

"Yes, and it was because I loved her that we had to split up." smiles Lewis.

"That makes a lot of sense Lewis."

"It does when you think to another ten or twenty years ahead, even to now. As our physical differences would be enormous and as you've noticed I go a lot slower now."

"I hadn't noticed." lies Suzy; "I always wondered if that was the reason, as you were devoted to each other."

"Yes it would have been most unfair to her; she would have ended up being the carer to an old man husband."

Suzy regrets bringing up sad memories and quickly changes the subject; "You still living in that little flat by the old

gas works?" she asks.

"Yes still there, it's a bit noisy at times but I can shut the door and lock the world out and I usually find something to do; either watching telly or playing about on the computer."

"You still write those books, how many have you done now?"
"Only five but I have got a couple of others on the go which helps stop the madness, or is maybe the cause of it, good way to try and stop smoking." laughs Lewis.

Suzy is glad to hear him laugh and see his smiling face and is glad of his company. They talk for an hour or more until Lewis needs to answer the call of nature. As he stands up from the table and starts to walk out of the kitchen Suzy realises that she has not removed Doug's toiletries.

Anxiously she stands and walks over to the kitchen window and looks out at her back garden. The new runner bean patch looks neat and tidy as does the rest of the garden and she returns to the table and sits down.

Lewis comes back into the kitchen a few minutes later and as he sits down he looks Suzy in the eyes; "Doug left in a bit of a hurry; what happened you have a fight?"

Suzy stares back into Lewis's eyes her mind racing as to what to say as she realises *all* of Doug's possessions are still here, but is saved from answering as Lewis's face colours slightly; "Sorry Suzy that is none of my business, please ignore the question and I will ask you another." he smiles reassuringly.

"What is that?" asks a nervous Suzy.

"When you have drunk your coffee would you like to get out of here and come for a drive down to the beach?"

Suzy smiles in relief; "Yes thank you, I would like that it's a nice sunny day." she answers as she looks out of the window at the blue sky above.

Lewis pulls into the deserted car park and switches the engine off; "Looks like we got the place to ourselves, let's hope it is the same when we get down onto the beach.

Suzy nods in agreement appearing lost in her thoughts as

she opens the car door and gets out, shutting it firmly she walks towards the sea and looks along the seafront. A lonely dog walker maybe a kilometre away is the only sign of human life and she looks out to sea. The tide is out showing the vast mudflats and may explain why the beach is empty of people. Lewis walks up to Suzy and stands beside her saying nothing as he takes in the awesome view.

Far out on the tide line he can see a line of white gulls paddling in the water searching for food. On the mud oyster catchers and curlews search for worms and shellfish with their long beaks; the eerie call of a curlew breaks the silence seeming to add depth and a vivid atmosphere to the scene.

“Come on then.” says Lewis excitedly caught up in the joy of the smell of the sea and the freedom it offers and he hurries along the little path towards the beach.

Suzy follows quickly behind caught up in the same excitement, this is the first time she has been to the sea this year and she hadn't realised how much she has missed it. Walking down onto the beach Suzy hurries towards the mud and stops on the border with the pebbles of the beach and the mudflats. Lewis noisily joins her, his size ten trainers crunching on the loose stones until he stands beside her.

“What a fantastic place this is, it feels like my soul is floating on the breeze.” says Lewis as he smiles broadly.

“Yes, I know what you mean and it's been ages since I have been here.” agrees Suzy.

“Shall we go for a walk?” asks Lewis.

“Good idea, can we walk that way, away from the town?” she asks looking towards the beach that stretches away until it meets the horizon.

“Whatever, I am just happy to be here, lead on.” smiles Lewis.

Suzy, keeping close to the mud walks slowly along looking into the little rock pools and occasionally bending down for a closer look. Tiny little fish scatter at her approach and hide themselves in amongst the rocks and seaweed in the pool.

Suzy laughs and points at a small green crab that is trying to hide amongst the rocks as a larger crab keeps pushing it away from *its* hiding place.

“How old are you Suzy? You’re like a little kid.” laughs Lewis looking down at the crabs.

“That’s what it feels like, come on let’s see what else we can find.” says Suzy as she stands and hurries to the next rock pool.

Several hours later and walking hand in hand Suzy and Lewis arrive back at his car. Unlocking the doors Lewis opens the drivers' door wide and sits on the seat behind the steering wheel with his feet touching the ground outside. Glad to sit and rest Suzy gets in and sits in the passenger’s seat beside him. Letting out a tired contented sigh Suzy closes her eyes and leans back in the seat.

“I enjoyed that, let’s sit here for a couple of minutes and then I will get you home, you look worn out.” laughs Lewis.

Suzy opens her eyes grinning broadly; “Do not want you to get too big headed; but that has to be the best time I have had this year.”

“Glad to hear it, yes I really enjoyed the walk as well so that means you will do it again?” Lewis asks hopefully.

“Yes, we must.” smiles Suzy as she closes her eyes again.

They sit in the car enjoying the silence for about a quarter hour before Lewis finally shuts the door and turns the engine on. Suzy slams her door shut and puts on her safety belt. Taking a long final look at the sea she sighs contently and relaxes as Lewis drives her home.

Lewis pulls the car to a stop outside Suzy's bungalow; “Thanks for a wonderful time Suzy, I hope you meant what you said and we can do it again soon.”

“Aren't you coming in for coffee? It is the least I can do after you have taken me to the seaside and I am really thirsty.”

“When do we get to do it again then?” asks Lewis expecting Suzy to say she would 'ring him'.

“How about tomorrow, late morning?”

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

