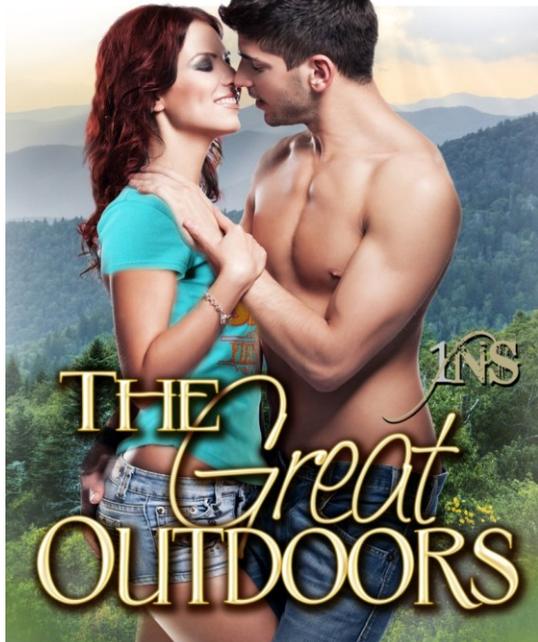


 BECKY MOORE

The Great Outdoors

A 1Night Stand Story

by Becky Moore Decadent Publishing | © 2012 Becky Moore



EXCERPT: Lou stared at the screen, a little stunned.

After a silent moment, Allison elbowed her in the ribs. “So, a cop, huh? That sounds pretty sexy. Maybe he’ll bring his *gun* with him.”

Lou laughed and read the message from the top again. “I love surprises but this makes me a little uneasy. What if he’s really aggressive? I’ve only dated artists and guys like Donald. And check out that description—*likes to play board games*. Good grief, what if he’s a total goober?” She groaned.

“Then you’re also a goober because you’re charitable and you like board games. I sort of like her approach. She’s matching y’all up because you fit, like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. She’s not focusing on any kind of physical beauty. Come on—you had that, and Donald was a dick.”

“You’re right. I know. It just worries me when a date’s described as *he’s a nice guy*.” She sighed and closed her eyes for a second. “Okay, this’ll be fun. There’s no pressure to do anything except enjoy our adventure. If he’s a cop, he’s bound to be in good enough shape to hike, right?”

“Atta girl. It’s nice that your adventure’s over the weekend, so you don’t have to take any time off.”

“Especially since Madame’s only giving us a week. *Geesh*.”

“Actually, that’s not such a bad idea for you. Maybe she felt you’d chicken out or find some silly excuse for changing plans if you had lots of lead-time. You don’t have enough time to be nervous. Speaking of which, do you have everything you’ll need?”

“Yep. I bought a new pair of boots last fall, and I’m mostly set for clothes.”

Allison nodded. “I can’t wait until you get the picture. Will you forward it to me before you leave?”

“I’ll probably have to send it from my phone, but I’ll forward it as soon as she sends it.”

“I’m dying of curiosity, but I also want a picture in case he’s a psycho. You know, in case I have to share something with the FBI. I’m just saying.” She reached into her lunchbox and pulled out two chocolate pudding cups, and handed one over to share.

Holy shit! Lou felt faint. Black spots danced in her periphery and panic swelled in her throat.

“Louie, I’m kidding,” Allison said, laughing. “I’m just messing with you. He’s a policeman. He’s safe. Really.”

She blinked for a moment, then shook her head and opened the pudding. *He’s not a psycho killer...no way would this 1Night Stand place stay in business if they killed their customers. Right?* Taking a bite, she thought how good an adventure would be. And who cared if she found Mr. Right. Mr. Right Now sounded pretty good, too.

PURCHASE

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