



CLAIRE POTTER

**DREAMLUST**

DreamLust

BY

CLAIRE POTTER

DEDICATION

TO BARRY

FOR HIS INSPIRATION TO MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE

## Meeting Ben

### Chapter One-First Meet

By Claire Potter

Another boring date, Can I pick em! Why I am attracted to these self righteous men. Its all about them and what they have. I have a BMW, I have a Condo on the beach, I make 100 thousand a year. Baby, I can give you the moon, whatever you want, just be mine. Only mine, Amelia. Yeah, and the minute you say yes, you end up a kept women, doing nothing but beauty shop, shopping for the most expensive panties to wear. You spend you days seeing how many botox injections and , boob implants you can have, thinking it make you look better, prettier. How many uplifts can I get in a year. Why can't men just except women they way god or goddess made us. I have never wanted to be eye candy for any man. Materials things have never really matter to me. I would go into a second hand shop any day over those big mall department stores and get lots more and be happier.

Well This date is about over with, Thank God, Paul is so sweet and attentive, but I am just not into the whole, I can give you the world thingy. Don't get me wrong, Paul is a very attracted man. Dark hair, clean shaven and smells like Stetson cologne.

Dinner was good, Italian, being my favorite, he can pick great restaurants. My pepperoni spaghetti is excellent. The bread is nice a crusty on the outside and soft , melt in your mouth on the inside. Better than sex, no but real damn close.

Speaking of sex, With Paul its easy. He likes me in control. I could do whatever I want with him. Bondage, Missionary. little S and M, biting- that what he likes. He use to be my sub. Yes, I'm a Dom, I get off with a little pain. Giving not receiving. No sex with him while he was my sub. That is my rule. I would go almost to that point but not quite. Sweet eroticism to the point of climax, but no penetration. He was my best sub, so responsive. I let him stay around after he decide to leave. He fell in love, that's what he says and that is a big no no. You are suppose to enjoy the role play for the thrill of play, organism, the better than sex only, and then walk away.

I always have like the power it gives me. To be a women and be in control of a man. The best orgasm there is for a women. How did I get to this point? Well, that's another story. I guess I owe him one more night, then a sweet goodbye again, till next time he's in town.

He paid for our dinner, flirting a little with the waitress, that's my Paul!, It makes me smile a little. He has grown so much. I guess all those lessons helped him. I walked away, giving him so privacy with her. Maybe he would get lucky tonight and I would be off the hook.

The restaurant was almost empty. Just a few couples having a late dinner. I really liked the decor here. I would be back again, I'm sure. I was smiling to myself and eavesdropping on the conversations some of the other couples were having.

I felt like someone was watching me, so I was searching for who it could be. Something caught my eye from the corner of the restaurant. There was a booth with one person seated. First I saw his arm laying across the table. As my eyes went up the arm, I saw a blue checkered shirt sleeve. My breath caught for some unknown reason. My eyes travel up the shirt arm to a very broad shoulder. I thought to myself, wow, I could lay my head there, on that shoulder and feel. What? My mind was doing tricks with me. Why was I staring so intensely. Then I continue up to see his ear. Oh, I could nibble there for a while. Here I go again. Shit, what was happening to my brain. It was turning to jelly and I smiled. Then I took a chance and look at his face. He was looking right at me. He was smiling, a very sensuous broad smile too. Very cocky!, I thought, must be full of self confidence. I looked into his eyes, dark coal, sparkles, then I completely melted. I feel strange erotic sensations deep inside me. The hair on my neck stands up. I can feel the goose pimples grow on my skin. I felt like I lost total control. I couldn't move my feet, I couldn't turn away. He just kept smiling at me like he knew what I was thinking. Get your shit together girl!

Paul grabs my arm then bringing me back to reality. I blink a few times and look away. The hold breaks and I gain my senses. Paul is in a hurry then to leave. He talking but I am not listening. I'm trying to figure out what just happen to me. He leads me to the door, grabbing my coat, Paul helps me put it on. While he is putting his coat on I take the chance to look again at the stranger in the corner. He's gone.

## Chapter Two Second Chance Meet

We ended up back at Paul's condo. Guess the waitress turned him down or scheduled another time. I knew what the night was going to be like, so no worries here. Paul was his gentleman as always, offering me a drink before bed. He did have his way with women, I must say. I felt very comfortable with him.

I did not actually have sex with many men. After being married to a high school sweetheart, having a family, then being cheated on and hurt, then feeling rejected before, I kept my distance for a long time. I came about this style of life through a very good and close friend. I preferred to get what I need, give you what you want and walk away attitude. No love involved meant no hurt.

We settled in for the night with a little foreplay, then he usually sucked me off please with begging. To my surprise Paul had picked up a saddle for one of his horses that day. So it was Ride the cowboy night. I truly enjoyed the change of pace with him. Exhausted but well spent, we settle down for some sleep time. Paul slept, me not so much. I kept going back to the restaurant in my head. Who was the attractive guy there in the corner booth. How did he leave so quickly. Why was I so entranced with him. I keep seeing his smile, like he knew what I was thinking. No way that could be true, but I had to find out more about him.

I decide to go for a night swim. Here at the condo, I could be naked and enjoy myself. Privacy was important to Paul as well as I. I enjoyed the warm salt water against my naked body. It had a way to calm you. The moon glistening on the water was so soothing to me as I floated with my own thoughts. I would figure this all out. Why was I so attracted to this stranger. I must go back there and see if I could find him again. There must be a reason why I can't shake his smile.

In the morning, Paul and I said our goodbyes. He was smiling from ear to ear when he kissed me and left. He said he would let me know when he would be back in town. I did enjoy this casual affair with him. No love involved made things so much easier. I got showered and dressed and headed back home. I had my fill of love and rejection in my younger days.

Yes, I was the typical married for love from high school/college boyfriend, had the family, caught cheating with the secretary, took him back with "It only happens once and never again" syndrome. Then the rejection, trips with the secretary, now she pregnant and I want to start over again with my new family thing.. This was enough for me to not want love again. Sex, yes, good sex but no love. Never get close enough to get hurt again. Find the clean one on one partner for a while, then I ventured for a more radical lifestyle. For me, it's the control. I like the control over men. They do what I say without question. I get my kick and they do too. I've had as many as two subs in my life at the same time. Not in the same day but at different times during the week. There is no sex with my subs. Just a lot of play, sometimes with tools, and a little pain to them. They like it and I enjoy giving it. It makes me feel high, better than an orgasm ever could.

So I settled in to my usually routine for the week, Monday Session with a prominent attorney. He likes the French maid outfit and a little spanking. Tuesday, the stay at home dad likes the baby crib, diaper changing and tickler role play. Wednesday was my day. With my sub Karl. I was summoned him for our usually session in the hot tub, with champagne and orange juice and then a little restraint. We would catch up on his latest conquest then. He fell to fast and too hard for the wrong women. I was the only stable thing in his life. He so loves me and would do anything I asked. I was not an evil bitch, I only did what he liked. And I never had sex with him. That is how I stayed back just enough to keep him dangling I believed.

Thursday , Jam with Jam at midnight. This was a talk show to help people, couples ask question without worry about sex. Anything goes session for two hours. I would answer all the questioned ask as a guest Dom. I shared this with several Dom's around the city, We were all anonymous so nobody ever knew who we were. It was done thru the phone so , we didn't even have to come down to the station. Friday, was supposed to be night with the girls. Molly calls and tells me everybody coming down with a flu bug so that's out. So I decide to try the restaurant again, alone.

I arrived there around 8pm. Still looks the same, charming but quaint. There is music playing tonight, some Italian ballad I think. The smell makes my stomach ache with hunger. God, When was the last time I ate?

I get seated at a small table for two in the back side. I order a bottle of wine to sip before dinner. The waiter pours me a nice tall glass and I sip it while listening to the beautiful music in the background. I close my eyes just a second to drink in the aromas and sounds around me.

I fell something behind me. I can feel the warmth near me. The breath is hitting the top of my head. Its very close. Do I turn around to see? No, he moves to my side, saying , "Enjoying the wine or the music more, both are very enticing, Don't you think?", he says. I open my eyes slowing to see him again. He is smiling , just like before with the sparkle in his eyes.

My breath catches again. I am lost as to what to say. This is not like me at all. "I am enjoying both at the same time, and is that your normal pick up line for women alone?" I say smiling right back at him. Ha! That's my girl! Take that stranger. Then he laughs, a low heavy laugh, like he enjoyed my comment a little too much. I melted again. " Well, No, but when I'm around a beautiful woman, I find it hard not to speak to her?" he says. I detect a little Italian in the voice. Breathe, Amelia. "Hello again, I'm Ben! It's nice to finally meet you in person." he says. In person! I would remember this person voice. Oh yes, I would remember this feeling. "I'm sorry, Have we met some other way before?" I say.

"In my dreams, we have met several times, and I believe we actual saw each other again the other night right here." he says , doing that smile again.

My heart pounds in my chest. I can't help but smile back at him. I feel like a school girl again. Damn, that smile. And I can tell he has a way with words when talking to women. Back up and get a grip girl! Remember the words hurt, rejection, betrayal. He just a smooth talker, watch your step.

"Nice to meet you for the first time, My name is Amelia." I say smiling right back at him. I extend my hand to him and he takes it in his. Looking into my eyes he reaches down and kisses the top of my hand. My skin burns from his lips. Oh My God! A gentleman too, of the old fashion kind. I am Jello and he is the mold. He lingers there for second, actually taking in a breath from my hand. I know I should pull back but I can't. I am mesmerized by this act. What is this hold he has on me. I am the one who has always had the control. Pull back, Amelia. I take my hand every so gently from his warm grip. He looks up at me as if I just slapped him. Not meaning to offend him, I say "I'm not use to such gallantry, it's such a breathe of fresh air, thank you!" There is that smile again.

"Eating alone, my I join you? Such a beauty should not eat alone." he asks. Careful, Watch your step. Tread lightly girlfriend. "Sure, If you wish." I say. He motion for the waiter to bring another wine glass. They jump straight away. Wow he must know the owners.

"May I order for us both, please?" he ask. "No, I don't eat certain things so I prefer to order myself, thanks." I say. "Ah, Do you not trust me?, you will, just let me try." he says. Okay, typical male control, I knew it. "Sure, you tell me what you have planned and I will tell you what to not order, deal?" I say. He smiles that smile again and looks like he can see right thru me. I can actually feel it. "Deal" he says.

He says something to the waiter in Italian. The waiter answer him in Italian. Oh no, he we go another eat it or starve session. No I'm not doing this. I start to say something and he takes my hand in his again. "So how does Bruschetta topped with a tomato salad, then Pasta e fagioli soup with Michetta bread, and then Baked Lasagne, and we finish with Crostata, a small fruity tart. No fish, right?" he says. Wow, that actual sounds good. It helps that I'm starving. Wait, how did he know I don't eat fish. "Okay, but how did you know not to order fish?" I say. He smiles at me and says, "I remember all my customers likes and dislikes., especially when it's a beautiful women." he says. There's that sparkle in his eyes again.

### Chapter Three Meet Again

Now I got it. He's the owner or one of the owners. I smile back at him and shake my head. "I see, so that is how you know so much." I said. " You had me going there, very funny." I say. Or he is good, this one. A real lady killer. I must really watch my step here.

He looks deep into my eyes, takes my hand again and says, "But Amelia, I can not lie to you, We have known each other before. You have haunted my dreams so many times. I am so lucky that I have the chance to actually meet you in person. I plan with your permission to get to know you better also. I do not say this to scare you, only to speak the truth to you from the start. Please don't let me scare you away, that is not my intention. We are meant to know each other, maybe as friends or as lovers, but we were meant to meet."

I am speechless. This is not like me to let someone especially a stranger get to me. I truly believe him. I take my hand away and smile back sweetly. I don't trust myself to say anything at this point. I'm a cautious, he could be a crazy person. But I don't feel that he is. But I would rather be safe than sorry.

We dine together with small talk. He ask many question about my life. I ask many of him. I am honest in my answer and feel he is honest with his. We both had hard loves, there are grown children for me. He is to young but has had lost loves. He doesn't give away much, keep things inside. You can read in his eyes that he is cautious with what he says.

I do not talk about my sex life. It never comes up and I don't know him well enough to bring it to the conversation. He flirts with me on many levels. I can tell he is trying to figure my likes and dislikes. Yes, he's good, listening attentively to every word, taking it in , storing my answers for later retrieval. Well, two can play that game. It is my profession to learn about my clients. To learn they likes and dislikes, so I let the bait out.

" Any recent loves, Ben, like a bad romance your getting over?" I ask. He looks at me and says, "Well, I love all the way or not at all. I have not had many lovers, but many loves." he smiles , making me feel weak again. "I feel love making is an art form that is lost . I choose wisely my lovers and I see that there needs are fulfilled and my partner are fully satisfied, as I'm sure you do also, but as far as loving someone fully so deeply to the core of human existence, no matter what, well I have my own ideas about that too." he says.

Where did this human being come from. He is not meant for this earth. At least not in this century. I don't know what to say. I am lost in the moment for words to express to him what I am feeling this very minute. He touched me, actually touched me to my core. I don't understand why I feel so close to this stranger. I feel like I can tell him anything, everything. But I don't. I hold back.

“That is very deep, Ben. Are you sure you meant that for me to hear. We don’t know each other that well.” I say. At least not yet. I want to know this person, truly, know him. This is not something I take lightly. Nobody gets close to Amelia. At least not anymore. He smiles at me and says, “You of all people should understand the words I speak. I can feel that you truly do. Yes, I’m a hopeless romantic and I can tell you are too. Maybe together we can re-ignite that lost feeling that is buried deep in all of us” he says. And that smile again.

I am smiling also, He has that effect on me. Here, I have met a perfect stranger, in a random place, that can touch me so deeply. I have heard of this. I had heard of soulmates, but never really witness it. Maybe I have found mine, or he is just a good with words.. I needed more. “It’s getting late.” I say. I don’t want to leave but I must.

All of a sudden, I needed to get some air. I felt strange being near him. He rises and takes my hand again, “May I see you again?”, he says. “Please don’t let my words, scare you away. I am an honest person, I speak the truth and I truly would like to see you again.” he says as he kisses my hand. I feel the burn again from his lips. “We will see, Ben. I have really enjoyed our talk and dinner was excellent, Thank you so much for the company” I say. He leads me to the door. He helps me with my coat, leaving his hands on my shoulders a little longer than needed. I can still feel his hands even when they are gone. Like electricity aftershock. I feel overwhelmed. I smile politely again and say goodnight and “Thank you again. It was so nice to meet you, “I say.

I walk out as the door is held open by him. Away from a feeling that I am leaving my best friend. I feel a little sad. The further away I walk the sadder I become. Even the cool night air doesn’t help me. I am in a hurry now. I want to get home. I need space to figure out why my feelings are changing. How can a complete stranger make me feel this way. I want to go home now.

Yes, we will meet again Ben, that I promise.

## Chapter Four We Meet Again

I take a hot shower and get into bed. My mind is still racing from all that was said. I feel a little empty inside. Why am I letting this get to me. I need to sleep. Things will be clearer in the morning. I will feel normal when I wake up. Its just the heat of the moment. I m sure I'll be fine. Get a grip girl, I say to myself. Trust no one remember?. I try to drift off to sleep, closing off my mind as best I can. Float in the water count the clouds, soon sleep comes.... or does it.

I'm standing on the balcony of the condo. The wind is blowing my hair. Its warm to the touch on my skin. I can smell the salt air drifting inside on the wind. It's night time and the moon is glistening on the water. Hmmm, maybe a quick dip to ease my tension. I walk down to the beach, strip from my gown and enter the water. It feels very inviting to me. Nice and warm to the touch. I swim out so as not to touch the ground with my feet. I float on top of the water, feeling all my tension draining from my mind. This is nice. I don't want to leave but I began to get a little chilled. Slowly I come back to the shoreline.

Looking at the balcony I see a silhouette of a man. Slowly I walk back to the balcony. He is seated in a chair across from the doorway. Nothing on but a towel. There is a smile on his face. It's his smile. I know what that smile means I come forward in front of him and drop my gown. I'm still wet from the saltwater. I used his thighs to kneel down in front of him. Moving the towel to expose his manhood to me. He already ready I see. I kiss him deeply , just enough to arouse him more. Oh, I can tell I turn him on. He whimpers softly, almost a beg. I bite and kiss his nipples and kiss his skin as I move down toward his cock. I can take all of him. I've been here before. I tease him a little, just nibbles and licks. He squirms a little in the chair. I take him in my mouth, just the head at first. Just a little sucking action to get him more aroused. He leans his head back, closes his eyes and sighs.

I take all of him then. Moving up and down slowly at first , planting teasing kisses on the head as I go down on him again. He taste so good. I know he is enjoying this. A few sighs escapes his throat. He grabs my hair on both sides of my head. Slowly he pushed my head down, deeper on him. Not too rough, just enough to get all of him. He sighs deeply again. I suck harder to help him cum. Hmmm, vanilla and sandalwood. The best taste. He is spent. But he knows I'm not done. I kiss him again, hard this time. I bite his shoulder to get him worked up again. It doesn't take long for his organ to grow again. Gotta love the young men. They always ready, willing and able.

This time, its for me. I mount him cross legged in the chair. Up and down slowly at first to make it lasts. He is so huge. Fills me up inside, just what I like. I close my eyes and lean my head back. My hair touches his knees. His hands are on my waist helping guide me. I start to feel deep inside my core. I start moving faster on top of him. He cant take it much more, he grabs me up in his arms and throws us on the bed. He kisses me roughly, biting my lip. Two can play this game, I bite his shoulder again, hard this time. He groans. Still inside him, I start moving my hips, faster and faster, sweat is pouring over are bodies. "Come for me Baby, give me all of you." He says. I meet his gaze as I fully explode. Pure ecstasy, we are spent, laying in each others arms. I look at him again. He's smiling and hes eyes sparkle, It's Ben.

The alarm awakens me with a start. I have had a major orgasm in my sleep. I feel sore too. Just like after a good night of sex. My dream comes back to me. I just fucked a perfect stranger in my dreams. I don't believe this. A perfect stranger that I just officially met the night before. God I am sick. I must be sick. He is really too young for me. More like he would be a sub of mine. From our talk, I don't think that would be likely. What am I thinking. Shit, Amelia, get your head back on straight. It was just the way he spoke to you. You're not this easily flattered. Get a grip girl, my mind keeps repeating to me.

Well, two can play this game. Hang on Ben, I will figure this out. You did touch me, deeply in my soul. Let's just see if you're in for the long haul. We shall meet again.

## Chapter Five We Will Meet Again

That very morning I decide to send a little token of my appreciation for the lovely dinner. The only way I can figure out to get in touch with him is send it to the restaurant in care of Ben. I have the perfect token ready to send, one black laced handkerchief. I spray a little perfume on it and it's ready. I call the delivery service for pick up and sit down to write a brief note to go with it.

*Dearest Ben,*

*I really enjoyed my evening with you. The conversation and dinner were very enlightening. I will take you up on your request to get to know me better. I am sure we could be great friends. Looking forward to hearing from you soon. You may reach me at 819-656-6969. This is my private number.*

*Fond memories,  
Amelia*

I place the note inside the folded handkerchief, then put this in an envelope with my initials on it. Out side of the envelope, I write his name in care of the restaurant and the address. There, more bait. Let's see if he responds to my invitation or not.

I get ready for my day after the deliveryman picks up the note. He should have it by noon. I have a little shopping to do this morning, so I head out for town. My car is parked in the parking garage, so I take the elevator down to it.

Driving to the small rows of shops that I favor shopping at, I daydream a little as to what our first real date will be like. My mind wanders to my dream the night before. I remember it vividly. It was so hot. I feel drawn to him more. We will take this slow at first. I am not in the habit of chasing men. They usually find me. I want to taste this man. My body is telling me so. I am drawn to him like a moth to a flame. I must be careful though. We will have to start. I don't want him knowing me fully yet. I have my secrets to keep.

I buy my necessities and head to my favorite roadside cafe for a early lunch. I really enjoy being outdoors in the morning so I take a seat outside near the park entrance. I order my coffee and a sandwich and start reading over my appointment book for the next week.

There is that feeling again. Like I'm being watch. I feel heat on my neck. "I see we have the same taste in scenery." he says. It's Ben. I look up at him. The sunlight is around his face and he is smiling that smile. "May I join you?" he ask. I feel a little nervous. Surely he has not received my note yet. "Sure, have a seat." I say. He grabs the chair from the other side of the table and seats himself right beside me. He is close enough to touch. My breathe does a little catch. He smells of vanilla and sandlewood. I go a little numb. Careful, girlie, my conscious finally speaks.

The waiter comes forward and takes his order. He turns his attention back to me. "Did you sleep well?" he asks with that smile again. I look at him a few seconds, trying to see if he can really read my mind or knows about my dream. "Yes, I slept well and yourself" I say. "I had the most eventful and pleasurable dream, the scenery was quite exquisite I must say." he tells me. The smile on his face tells me all I need to know. I feel his eyes on me as if he could see my thoughts. "Well, so glad you enjoyed yourself then." I said. He gives a low chuckle and takes my hand.

"You seem a little nervous today, Is everything alright?" He ask. I 'm not quite sure how to answer him. Do I tell him my thoughts.? No , I don't think so , not yet. I smile back at him and say "You seem to be enjoying yourself, like you have a secret to keep." He is quiet for a second then he says, "Well, I will keep no secrets from you, I promise I received your note and would like to officially invite you to accompany tonight, if you are willing." Damn! The delivery service worked fast. I thought I would have more time to prepare. What am I so scared of?. I look him straight in the eye and say "I would be honored. How should I dress?"

Shit, I just left that wide open I thought. He looks deep into my eyes and I feel a little nervous then. "Well, I would prefer you naked , but casual is fine. Were going on a short trip." he says. "Did I tell you how nice you smell, its intoxicating!" he says. I have nothing to say. I am lost in his eyes for the moment.

We finished our brunch and said our goodbyes. Kissing my hand again, leaving burn trails down to my center core. This man is getting to me already. I'm not use to this much attention. It's a little bit scary to have someone else in control. I kinda like it!

We agreed to meet at 7pm for our first date. I smile.

## Chapter Six First Date Meet

I contemplate all afternoon what to wear. I have no idea what's in store. Why do I feel like a school girl again? I decide on casual slacks with a pullover sweater in case it gets warm. Can I be honest with this man? This is a very hard decision to make. I am losing control here. This is not an easy thing for me. My conscience tells me to be careful. The words hurt, rejection, loss of trust are coming back to haunt me. I will have to get more information to know for sure. He has captured my heart that is for sure.

Ben picks me up about 6:55pm. He is dressed in blue jeans and dress shirt. He is stunning. I'm still a little anxious not knowing where we are going. He kisses my hand as I enter the car. A Maserati. I figured that. He must be a man of means. I am a woman of little means. Not too complicated, just have needs. I wonder what his needs are? Maybe I will find out more tonight.

"How was your afternoon, my dear?" he asks. "It was very long," I say. "Ah, then you have been anticipating my plans. I have been on your mind all afternoon. I like that!" he says. "You have to trust me though, I do what women want." he says. I wonder and how many women is that.

He is smiling the whole time like a Cheshire cat during the ride. The radio is playing a classic, Ella Fitzgerald, Reaching over takes my hand in his. His hands are warm and it burns me. My very core is trembling. During the ride. He asks, "So I never did inquire if you have a lover?" I am a little in shock. How do I answer this one. "Nothing on a permanent basis, but I do alright." I say. "Do you prefer younger men to the older ones?" he inquires. Ben is so attentive, listening to every word I say. I am careful, not too much about myself, it's too early. I know he is fishing for information again. "I prefer my men to have experience but I am able to teach them also." I answer. Boy, could I teach you if you were mine. There, grab that one! He smiles that I can read your mind smile again. "Maybe when you trust me, you can teach me." he answers.

We drive out to the airport. He pulls up to a twin engine Cessna. I think we are going for a fly. "Amelia, do you trust me?" he asks. "The verdict is not in yet on that question." I answer. "Well, you must trust me on this. I want to take you to my retreat. Not for sex, for dinner and the view. I think you will enjoy it. Can you trust me?" he says. I look into his eyes to see if I can read them. "I only do what I want to do Ben, so will you trust me?" I say. He smiles and gets out of the car. He walks around to my side and opens my door for me. "Then we will have to trust each other." he says. Taking my hand, he helps me out of the car.

He pre-flights the plane, makes sure I am comfortable seated by his side. "Are you ready, you can still back out if you wish, but I don't want you to." he says. "Let's go" I say. We taxi out. He calls the dispatch for permission for flight and we are off. I have no idea where I'm going. Why do I trust this man so easily?. I am usually more cautious. He overwhelms me.

The flight is about an hour long. During flight, he inquires of my comfort, like a gentleman. He is almost too good to be true. I am wondering if he has any faults. Maybe he has some skeletons in the closet, or some personal oddities that I need to know about. If he gets closer to me, will he understand my wants and needs. We will see.

We arrive at a private landing strip. Just a few planes and a hanger. He parks near the building and helps me from the plane. There is a car waiting for us with a driver. I have no idea yet where I am. I notice it's colder here than home. I am glad I brought a sweater. Seated in the car, he pulls out a blanket and drapes it over my legs. He hand lingers on my thigh for a sec or was that my imagination. He ask, "Comfy? Not much further." "Yes" I answer him. And we are off again.

The first thing I see is a circle driveway. There is a sculpture in the center of two lovers embracing. I finally see some of his taste. Maybe he is a playboy and I am a new conquest. Well, two can play that game. He doesn't realize what I can do yet. He open the car door and leads me into the house. He had is resting on the small of my back as we walk.

The house is a chalet built on the side of a mountain.. There is a huge fireplace on the main wall with a fire blazing in it. The furniture is all made of unpainted wood but fitted with comfortable pillows. The floor is terracotta design. There are wood chest on one wall with an armoire. It is furnish with bright colors of purple, warm gold and black and a balcony with flower-filled window boxes to dream away the hours, gazing at the mountain view. "This is the view I wanted you to see". He says. "It is breath taking." I say. He smiles, "I knew you would like it, come lets have something to eat."

In the next room is the kitchen dining combination. Not to small but just right for cozy cooking and eating. The cupboard has earthenware jugs and bowls made of heavy porcelain of plain white. The dishes are kept on plate racks in open hutch. The island has two stools to sit at. Flowers in a vase adorn the bar with the place setting for two. Have a seat . How bout a drink before dinner." he says. Yes." I say to him.. I am in need of something to calm my nerves. This is a lot to take in. I knew he owned a restaurant but I am seeing a lot more than just a small restaurant owner here. I am out of my element.

He pours us some wine. It's a Pinot and taste so nice. He rolls up his sleeves and puts on a apron. Pour in for a real treat, I only cook for beautiful women. Trust me yet?" he says. There is that smile again. I melt and smile back. So far, so good" I say. But I am cautious. Move slow, Amelia. This could hurt real bad.

Dinner was excellent. He is a good cook. Simple salad, bread with pasta Alfredo. "Where did you learn to cook like this?" I inquire. My grandmother was a wonderful cook. I still use her recipes at the restaurant today." he says. You must have spent a lot of time with her." I say. yes, my grandparents taught me a lot of the old ways. I will always cherish what I have learned." he said. I see a some glimmer leave his face as he speaks. This must be a touchy subject. I will have to remember that.

" Do you have family, Amelia?" he ask. " I have a daughter and son, a sister, three brothers and my mother is still alive." I answer. Are you close with your family?" he asks. We stay in touch but live far apart. I do talk to my children weekly. They have there own lives." I answer. "Same here, I have a large family, but we are all involve in our own worlds but we do stay in touch. I have no children yet, I wish for some in my future but not sure if that will ever happen." he answers. "So we are alone, you and I, to conquer the world. When you learn to trust me." he smiles at me. Again I return the smile and melt a little more.

We finish dinner and I help clear the table. I feel it is only fair that I help wash the dishes. He is beside me, touching my shoulder as he reaches for the dish to dry it. I can not help but look into his eyes. They are young eyes with a deep old soul in them. He is too wise for his young years. His phone rings and he answers it. "I need to take this call, Love." he tells me and walks out of the kitchen. Breathe girl, I tell myself. I feel overwhelmed right now. I am glad he has left me to my thoughts for a few minutes. I need to think. How is he going to understand my lifestyle. How can I balance this man in my life and there type of work I do. Will he understand? Will I have to choose? Many question ponder in my head.

I finished the dishes and go to the balcony. It really is a beautiful view. The stars are out, the air is cool, and I close my eyes to drink in the scenery. His arms wrap around me. They are warm and send sparks thru my middle. "Enjoying the company or the scenery more", He ask. "Both are quite enjoyable." I tell him. "The only scenery I need to see is you, Amelia" he says to me. I turn to look in his face. I am always looking to see if words are true. His eyes are bright and he smiles at me.

"I'm going to kiss you now." he states. Slowly he bends his head to mine. His lips are warm and taste of wine. He kisses me deeply, with much passion. His arms grow tightly around me. I meld to him. We fit together like a glove and a ball, the moon and stars. Like we were meant to be together. I open my mouth more to let him explore. I meet his exploration with my own. My inside turn to jello. I can feel my passion rise deep in my core. I am light-headed. He ends the kiss with a smaller one on my forehead. He does not let me go. His hands are massaging my back. I didn't want it to end. He looks into my eyes deeply. I can see the lust there. He says,

"I want to make love to you all night long, Amelia. But I will keep my promise for now. Do not expect me to hold back again. I have had you in my dreams, and I want you more now, more than ever.. "Let me take you home before I break your trust to me", he says. He releases me but grabs my hand to his. I am still numb and light-headed. Drinking in what just happen. He is very experienced. This is so different to feel again. I am still scared to let go, but I feel deeply for this man I hardly know.

## Chapter Seven We Meet Others

He takes me back home, holding my hand, massaging my back. Speaking to me with passion about his work and family. He wants to tell me so much. I hold back on myself. I am still not ready to speak about me yet. I may lose him. Will he understand?

He walks me to my door. His arms are wrapped around me protected. "I have really enjoyed your company tonight, Love. I kept my promise, yes?" he says. "Yes, you did! I really had a nice time to. Your a very good cook. Most men are not." I answer. He smiles again and hugs me tightly.

"Oh Love, I have so much to tell you. I hope you will trust me more each time we meet. I have to go out of town for a week, but when I return we will see each other again. At least I hope you will except my invitation for another date." he tells me. "Do you trust me more now?" he asks. I look into his eyes, this man that has taken my heart to him to tear apart or love, which ever he chooses. I am scared, more now than ever. I don't want to be hurt anymore. "Yes, I will see you again." I tell him.

He kiss me deeply again, melding our bodies together as if they were met to be that way. I kiss him deeply back. This might be the last time is going thru in my mind. I want to remember every moment. After he places me safely inside my door, he waves goodbye to me. "Love, we will meet again." he says and drives away.

I am happy but sad to see him go. I wanted him to stay with me, but I wanted him to go also. I need to think. This is such a large step for me to take. Do I go over that bridge again or just stay where I am. This week I will have to figure out how to tell him about me. About me, Paul, lark and others. Am I willing to give up my lifestyle for happiness again?

I shower and get into bed. My mind is whirling with thoughts of the night. Damn he is a good kisser. I wonder if he is the same in bed? I need that very passion and I know it. I wanted more tonight. I wanted to know about this dreaming he has. I know he was in mine. More thoughts run thru my head as I fall to sleep.

Another week of clients.

Monday- is Hell. The attorney decides to bring company. Not my cup of tea, but he's paying. It's harder to keep control with two in one scene. I obliged and spank her too. She likes it a little to much. After the session, she comes up to me with a whisper that she really enjoyed it and wanted to have me all to herself in a session. Is this bitch coming on to me? I tell her to call my private number and book it, but remember no sex. She smiles and takes my card, "You will be hearing from me soon." she days. Shit.

Tuesday-Stay at home hubby is in a crying spell. He thinks he wife is cheating on him. Duh! Get out of that crib and stand up like a man, dipshit.

Wednesday- Karl is having a meltdown over some guy hitting on this chick he's not even dating yet. Shit again. I get him in a better mood, your just a chick magnet and the other guy is jealous routine. He is more pleased with himself and I am too after a session of control. Today we used the angler, one of my own invention. Did the job for him. I'm a goddamn therapist and Dom rolled into one. Comes with the job.

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