



## Chapter One

### Getting to know Ben

Visits to Ben in the hospital was part of my daily routine. He smiles warms my heart and I think me being there comforted him. He's coming along nicely with healing and a little therapy. "I decide to take some R and R at the cabin when I get out of here, Love" He tells me . "I want to you to come visit me there, you already know where it is." he says with a smile. "Maybe we could sponge bath each other? I'm gonna need to extra tender loving care during my re-cooperating." he tells me. I smile at him and the thoughts start to come inside my head.

Balancing my career and life with that, not so good. I am not used to hiding my life from people. Until I have "the talk" with him, this is the way it has to be. I know now he was the caller on Radio line, but we haven't discuss anything else. I decided to wait till he is better and he has not questioned my absences yet. I have to do some juggling and a few favors called, thank god for Molly but I think I can do this for now.

Molly is a godsend for me. A truly good friend. I tell her my dilemma. My heart being torn between having a regular life again and one that I chose for myself . At the time I thought was best for all the right reasons, but now I question it. How can I leave what I chose, to be distant, let no one get close again, to this most loving and giving man that I have met. Can I leave what I know and and join his? Will he even understand why I chose where I am now.?

Ben's family come and go, mentioning that is looks like he's in good hands to me. Alfredo and Ben talk in Italian in front of me, then always apologize for it. I don't mind at all. They are co-owners in the restaurant so they have to talk business. "It's just business, Love" Ben tells me. I have a sneaky suspension it's more than that. They talk , then smile and look at me. Yeah, just business, huh!

Ben's dad visit everyday. He is such a hoot. Always flirting with me, as Barry said he would. He calls me "Emelia" which I think is the Italian equivalent to Amelia. He hugs me like I'm already his family. His dad brings food to Ben almost everyday. I'm sure it's from the restaurant. The smells are so enticing. He is such a sweetie and I really like him. Ben eats good and that is all that matters. His strength is returning.

Alfredo brings the wife and child on one occasion. She stares at me as if I was a ghost or something. I don't think she likes me much. I keep my distance when she is there. She talks in Italian the whole time so I don't have to join in the conversation. This is probably best . Alfredo always never makes me feel uncomfortable when he is here. He speaks Italian , but also in English. He is such a sweet man.

After a week, they decide to let Ben go home. He is thrilled at getting out of the hospital. Alfredo makes sure the car is ready in front of the hospital to whisk him away to the cabin. I follow in my own car. Ben is still bandaged and requires dressing changes daily and therapy for the movement to regain in his arm. They arrange a nurse to come visit at the cabin for that.

The cabin is just as I pictured in my dream Rustic with charm. Same furniture from my dream, all rough wood with lots of pillows and color. The same staircase to his bedroom gives me a feeling of Déjà vu as I go up the stairs. The last time I was here was for my own pleasure and his to. A smile comes to my lips “Reminiscing, Love? Soon, Love, Soon.” Ben says to me when he sees my smile. I blush again. Damn!, he gets to me. I love the way he calls me “Love”. Its so sincere when he says it.

Alfredo makes sure we have all the comforts needed and makes a list of things we might need. He is a very good brother, I must say. He is taking care of the restaurant , Ben’s needs and has a family to support. Then he is off to the restaurant and we are alone.

Ben is tired with all the commotion and sleeps awhile. The medicine is meant to keep up still, so he falls fast asleep for a while. I keep myself busy , putting things away, and fixing dinner. I really don’t know what he likes so I decide on homemade potato soup and salad. My baking skills and the kitchen cupboard allow me to gather the ingredients for a small mini loaf of fresh baked potato bread. The smell in the house is delicious.

I check on him , trying to be quiet as a mouse. He is sleeping in his back. Feet outside the covers. Just like in my dream, or his. It takes all my will not to want to go over to him and lay down . I want so much to hold him, kiss him, to cuddle up to him. I want to show him me, not a dream, not a fantasy, just me. God! How can I be so connected to someone I hardly know. And that hardly knows me. This is so unreal. I even feel comfortable in the house. It’s like I have lived here. I shake it off and go check of the bread baking.

My thoughts go how to tell him everything about me. How will this work out. This is something I must do and soon. I’m getting in to deep, too fast. Will he except my life into his or tell me to leave. I don’t know if I can change. It’s still to hard to trust someone else with my heart. I want to so badly. I can tell how he feels toward me. The eyes light up and he smiles every time he looks my way. He speaks to me with such sweetness. His touch is so warm and inviting. But , that haunting feeling of mistrust, betrayal, and hurt , and depression are so close . This will be hard to do.

Dinner is ready so I go to check on him again. His eyes are open. He is sitting up in the bed. He looks right at me and smiles, holding his hand out to me. I go to the side of the bed and sit down carefully. Breathe girl!. He kisses my hand taking a breath in. “Do you need anything?, I ask him. “I have some food ready when you are.” I tell him. “In a minute, Love, right now I want to thank you for coming into my life. I know you want to talk, I can tell. I need to talk about some things with you also. But for now, Can we just enjoy each others company a little while longer. There is nothing that can not wait till we are both ready. “ he says to me. I nod but I have to say something now before my world comes crashing down on me.

“Yes, I need to talk to you, to straighten things, right. It can wait if your wanting to” I tell him. He looks at me, with that smile again. “There is nothing you could tell me that matters anymore. We are meant to be together, that I already know. You might not realized it, but I know. Trust me? “ he says.

## Chapter Two

### Love in the Tub

“I could really use a shower or bath, mind helping me off with some these clothes? I am not shy and you have already seen all that I have to offer.” he smiles at me. I blush, like a schoolgirl, but nod again and start to undress him. He has only one arm and bandages on his chest to shoulder so how could I refuse. This is gonna be fun, even if he can't return the favor as of now. I going to get my eye's full anyway. It's not easy getting the shirt off. He winces a little removing the sleeve. I try to be as careful as possible. “It's OK, Love, my pills are just wearing off and I am not ready to take anymore now.” he tells me.

He moves closer to me wrapping his good arm around me. He takes in a breath that seems to calm him. “You are all the medicine I need right now” he tells me. Pulling me closer to him a little rough, he kisses my neck, then my cheek, then my eye, then my mouth. He stays there exploring inside with his tongue. I take advantage myself exploring inside his. He smells my hair, and lets out a long sigh. “Yes, I want to make love to you now, but it will have to wait till I am able to use both my arms. I want to show you how a women is suppose to feel and how I can please you. We have other ways to feel for now, and I plan to take full advantage of that. I hope you will too” He breathe into my ear.

Oh, God, does he realize how good at talking to women he is? I am aroused just with his words. I move back slightly to finish undressing him. I will not refuse myself either a first peek. His body is young, his skin taunt, his muscles are tight, not bad , not bad at all.

My dreams did not give him the credit he deserves. I fight my emotions not to throw him down on the bed and fuck him, right there and right then. I feel shaky undoing his pants. He lets me take my time. This is like unwrapping a present. It something you always wanted and you know it. Slowly I down his zipper. He stands there looking down at me. His eyes are changed. Ah, Is that lust I see?

I pull his pants down, slowly from one hip down, then the other, and there he is just in his boxers. He stares at me, nothing needs to be said. His manhood is showing all I need to know. I have aroused him. Kneeling in front of him. I finish pulling his pant legs off, and he raises his legs one at a time helping me. Nothing needs to said. We both know what we want. It's in his eyes and mine, but I can't, not yet.

I get up and tell him “Let me start the bath water, I'll be right back. I walk toward the bathroom. Good thing there is a nice big garden tub. I lean over the tub to turn on the faucets. My mind is on the man in the other room. I add some soothing salts to the water and stir it. Not too much water , he is still bandaged. Just enough to wet him. Just enough to wet that gorgeous body that I'm going to get to bathe. My inner core starts to tickle. Just enough to wet his nakedness and his cock. Will he let me bathe his body, his manhood, will he let me? When I raise up and turn, he is standing there.....naked.

I can see he is more than ready for much more than a bath. “Are you not going to join me?” he ask me. “There is plenty room in there for both of us. It would please me much.” he says. You don't have to ask me twice.

I start undressing with him watching. I undo each button slowly, teasing him. I remove my shirt and let it drop to the floor. Then I unzip my jeans for him. He has not taken his eyes off of me. Drinking it in his eyes and I entertain him. Slowly I pull them from my hips, one then the other, a little hip sway doesn't hurt either. I am standing there in panties and bra. He is staying at me still. Lust is full in his eyes. "You are beautiful, much more than I have seen in my dreams. Come here" he says. I do as I'm told. He wraps his good arm around me and kisses me deeply. I return the kiss as best as I can. I am in heaven, here now with Ben.

He has undone my bra. Damn schoolboy thing, but I love it. It falls to the floor between us. He bends and kisses neck, my chest, my nipples, licking and sucking between each kiss. I am so aroused. Is this love or lust. I do not care or want to know. I return his kisses with several to his neck. I nibble his ear and suck at the tip. A little bite on the lobe. He groans. His one good hand roam over my body and I do the same. I get to explore him more. I reach down and touch his cock. Its already so hard and erect. My first instinct is to kneel down and enjoy him fully. It takes all my might not to do this, but I don't.

"Let's get into to water" he says. His breathing is labored. He helps me remove my panties, kneeling on one leg in front of me. He kisses my hips on both sides, taking a little nibble there., then my goddess spot. A little tongue action just inside to get me aroused more. My one arm bandit, so sweet. I help him off the floor and then into the water first. He does not release my hand but pulls me in with him. We are standing now in the tub. It's quite a large tub, plenty of room for both of us and more. He sits down pulling me to him. I sit between his legs.

He kisses me again, deeply, exploring my neck, my face, my breasts. His breathing is labor. I can hear his heart beating fast as well as mine. I don't know how much more I can take. My inner goddess is fighting with me. Fuck him! Fuck him now! she is saying. No, I tell her, slowly, he is hurt, I must be careful. I reach down and take his manhood in my hands. He doesn't need any help in that location, but I like the feel of it. I stroke him with my hands, running my hands up and down his shaft. I want him so bad, but I hold back. I kiss his neck, his chest, I bite his nipple. Another sigh escapes his lips. This is so hot. I am so fucking hot, so full of lust for him and him for me.

I lower my head to enjoy his cock now. I look up and him to see if he is fine with this. He eyes are so full of lust now, I don't have to ask. I take his manhood in my mouth, so sweet. I lick and suck up and down the shaft. He groans throwing his head back. He eyes are closed. I take him fully in my mouth. This is not easy to do, he is quite large. I am enjoying myself and he is enjoying it too. I massage his balls with my other hand as I take him again all the way down. Pulling back up, sucking the whole way. He puts his hand on top of my head then. My one arm bandit. He wants more I see. I start to move up and down quicker, so sweet, so delicious he is. I can't get enough of him. He groans again and then he stops me. I look up at him again. Did I do this wrong? I question myself.

"No, love, I want inside you, I want to look into your eyes when we come together, please." he says. I have no problem wanting to please him. I sit on top of him, straddled across his legs. I rest my arms on his shoulders, being so careful not to hurt him. His eyes are so full of lust. Mine are too. I don't think he feels any pain right now, only wanting. I position myself above him and place him inside me as we look at each others eyes. He closes his for just a second, as I do mine. God, he is so huge but I take him inside me, all of him. I move slowly up and down, staring at his face, his eyes. He has one arm on my hip, helping guide me. I move again a little faster. I don't know how long I can hold back.

He looks at me, deep inside my eyes to my soul. I do this also into his eyes. No words are needed. He kisses me hard then, his tongue is fervent inside my mouth. Going deeper and deeper, exploring all of me as I do him. I move quicker now, faster, up and down on his manhood. He moves his hips to meet me. I groan, tilting my head back. If there is a heaven on earth, we have both found it. I explode looking at his eyes, He groans and does the same. We are one, the both of us, for one second we are one. I stare at him, this man I am falling in love with. This man my savior, my love.

He wraps his arm around me and I do the same. We are still breathing hard. "Are you okay, "Did I hurt you?" I ask him. "No my love, I am fine, better than fine, I just tasted heaven. This is so much better than our dreams. You find this once in a lifetime, Love and I plan to hold onto it as long as you let me. See, I told you we are meant to be together, forever and always." he tells me.

Forever and always, he tells me. I feel the same but my past, my present haunts me. Forever, not sure. Always, I hope so. I plan to enjoy this feeling as long as I can, till he learns more of me and leaves.

I pick up the sponge and some liquid bath soap . I bathe him slowly. He sits there staring at me , smiling and watching. I rinse the soap off, he is still watching me. I wash his manhood. He just keep smiling and staring at me. He is getting aroused again, so I stop. He likes this as much as I do. I wet his hair and add some shampoo to lather up. He closes his eye while I rinse the shampoo out. I look at him then. This man that I am falling for. How can I leave now. I am torn, so torn.

I start to raise to get out of the tub and he grabs my arm. "No, Love, It's my turn' He says. I sit back down. "But your hurt. We need to get you out of this water and re-bandaged. " I tell him. "It can wait" he says. He takes the sponge from the side of the tub. I help him put the liquid soap on it., my one armed man. He rubs my chest , my arms, my legs, my back, my belly and My. I am aroused again. I look at him. He likes this. I kiss him and he returns the kiss, deeply. God!, this is to much. I can't get enough of him. "We need to get you out of the water" I tell him, smiling. He sighs, "Okay, your right." he says. I rise to help him out . I wrap a towel around him. "Let me get this wet bandage off." I tell him.

When I remove it, I see the real damage that is done to him.  
I was not ready .

## Chapter Three

### Love is Hurt

His chest is black and blue. There is a huge hole that has been stitched up at the upper area above his right nipple and shoulder. It is so bad. He will have a scar. I want to cry for this man. Why would someone do this. I want to touch it but I scared too. “Does it hurt bad, Ben” I ask him.

“Yes, Love, but it will heal and I will be good as new.” he tells me. “You will have a scar.” I tell him. “Doesn’t matter, Love. I would have taken another to keep you safe.” He says. His face is changed. Not a sad or happy, just a determined expression. “For, me? I don’t understand.” I tell him. “It not for you to worry about anymore.” He says, still that determined face.

“I still don’t understand, not to worry about anymore. Someone hurt you over me? Who? You tell me.” I demand. I look at him frantic. I would never want to cause someone pain for me. Who would want to hurt Ben over me. I barely have met anyone or know anyone that have known us together.

“Sit down, Love. I didn’t want to talk about this yet. It’s all taken care of. That shit is not gonna hurt you anymore.” he says. “you sit down, I need to bandage this wound. And your going to tell me all of it now.” I tell him. He does as I ask. I get the medical supplies I need and start to wrap his shoulder again. I look at his eyes. He seems to be reluctant to tell me. “Talk” I tell him.

“After I called you the other night about meeting me at the restaurant, I got a call to the front. I must say I was a bit distracted about us when I went up there. All I remember is seeing the back side of a gentleman, with black hair. I thought it was a gentleman. When he turned around, it was that shit I found at your apartment. I believe his name is Paul? Well, Next thing I see is a gun. I didn’t have time to think. I lunged toward him and the gun went off. That’s all I remember. I could hear people yelling, the front door bell, I passed out.” he said. I froze right in the middle of bandaging him. “Paul, did this to you?” I asked.

“When I came to I was looking at my brother Alfredo. He told me I was shot and in the ambulance. All I could think of was you. I warned Alfredo that he might be going for you next. Alfredo assured me he would make sure you were taken care of. I knew you would come to the hospital as soon as you found out, so Alfredo job was easier to do. Forgive me, Love, I had you followed from that point on, unless you were with me. Alfredo suggested the cabin to make it harder for him to get you. He is still out there, hidden.

The police have looked for him at the condo, his business, even your place. He has not been found yet. I just afraid, Love, that he is still so mad, he might try to kill you, as he tried with me. You must stay here with me as much as possible so I can protect you.” he finished.

Tears started to form in my eyes. I’m not sure how I can make this better. “I am so sorry, Ben. This is my fault. I was trying to end my friendship with Paul. He never been this far out of his mind. We have been friends a long time. I never thought he would go so crazy on me. He needs help not jail. I am so sorry. This is all my fault.” I say, then the tears come flowing.

He wipes my tears away with his handkerchief. "Love, you can't take blame for all the craziness if this world. Jail is too good for him. If I hadn't got to you, not telling what shape you would have been in. When I think what could have happened to you if I hadn't showed up." He closed his eyes and let's out a long slow breath.. "Thank God, I did!. He would have been dead if anything had happen to you. I would have killed him myself!" Ben tells me. I can see rage in his eyes.

"No, Ben, Don't throw him in jail, he needs professional help. You don't know his background like I do. He's not like this. I enraged him. I was breaking it off and when he saw your card and the flowers, he just went berserk. Paul would not have hurt me, he just wanted me to love him. But, I couldn't, not the way he wanted me to. I don't believe he would have killed me." I tell him.

"Amelia, I'm not backing down here. Love, he could have killed you. Don't ask me to let him get away with this. He will get help, just after his locked away for good. He will be charged with Kidnapping, Assault and attempted murder times two. I not backing down, Love" He tell me.

"Then I guess I need to get him a good lawyer, and some therapy as soon as possible." I tell Ben, looking in his eyes. I am in control but I am scared what he is going to say now. He looks at me with shock and hurt on his face. He takes my hand into his and kisses it. I feel the burn of his lips. "Your really going to do this aren't you, Love." he says. "Yes, Paul needs help, not jail" I tell him.

"Did we just have our first fight, Love? He looks into my eyes.

"I'm not backing down either, The bastard will go to jail for a long time, therapy or not." I'm going to protect you whether you like it or not!" he says.

## Chapter Four

### Many reasons to Love

I know I'm gonna have a battle now with Ben. Paul really needs professional help. I am determined to get this for him. He is my friend, crazy but my friend for a long time. I have no clue where to find him. He must be in hiding somewhere, so I think.

Ben is still attentive to me as before. This has not change him. We eat together, bathe together, love together for another day. No more talk of Paul every comes up. He tells me about the winter at his chalet home, skiing the slopes then sitting by the fire at night. He tells me about his time at the cabin. This is his favorite place to be. The quiet is very relaxing. We sit by the lake everyday and talk. I learn about this family, his love of music, art and the old ways from his country.

He loves his restaurant so much. The recipes are from the old country. He has always loved to cook. I had that special treat from him. He now helps me in the kitchen prepare our meals. We are happy and I smile a lot. I dream of him, think of him all the time.

That night, we make love again in his bed. His attention to detail is amazing. Even with one arm, he can give me so much pleasure. I can't get enough of him or him me. His kisses to my body are like burning fire. I have never had so much pleasure from one man in my life. He warms me up with kisses to every part of me, speaking in Italian and calling me " My Love" brings me to new erotic heights. That tongue, in my most intimate places , flicking and sucking bring me to climax so quickly. I have so many that I lose count. My breasts, my thighs are on fire. I can't get enough.

I return my passion to him also. I find new spots that really turn him on. His ears are so amazing to suck on and he likes it. His nipples are so erect from my exploring with my tongue, sucking gently to arousal. I nibble and take small bites down his chest, being careful not to hurt him. I find that inside his thigh is a new spot of pleasure. I lick and kiss and suck him on both thighs. His eyes are so full of lust. Slowly I move my tongue up and down his shaft, looking into his face. He groans and throws his head back when I take him into my mouth. I can take all of him, fully erect . He grabs my head again and pushes it down slowly.

His breathing is heavy as is mine. I am not done. I kiss his belly , suck on his bellybutton. I mount him now facing him. . He gently guides me holding my hips. "Love, look at me" he says. I lower myself on him while looking into his eyes. I can feel the sweet hotness of him. His eyes close for a second. When he looks at me again, I can see his lust. I am falling for this man, falling to hard and too fast. I move up and down slowly at first then faster. He returns the rhythm with his hips. We stare at each other, breathing heavily, looking into each others eyes. So full of lust, sweat, heaven again. I throw my head back as we come together. He groans my name in my ear. "My Amelia, My sweet love" he says. We are spent, together in each other arms. He strokes my hair, my face. We fall asleep wrap around each other, together.

I dream of our lovemaking. I seem to be falling for him. I am content with this man. I finally found a reason to be happy. Will he except me as I am? I am smiling in my dreams and he is too. We walk together in the forest holding hands. He stops and kisses me hungrily. I return with the same hunger. Our tongues are intertwined as one together, exploring each other fully. I want more and more. We bath in the lake naked together. He makes love to me there again. I am wrapped around him so tightly. He is such a sweet lover. He knows my body fully now. As I do his. He is like a drug to me. I can't get enough.

I wake to this wonderful man beside me, wrap around me, holding me tightly. I don't want to move while in his arms. I am so content there. But, I must. I slowly unwrap his arms from my waist. Being as quiet as a mouse I get out of bed and head for the shower. The water is so warm against my skin. I think of our times together while bathing. I can't stop smiling. I am falling in love, again. I pray its for the last time and forever.

Will he understand my lifestyle? Can I change and be with just him? I am worried what he will think of things I've already done. Stop it, Amelia!, my inner voice tells me. Stop worrying so much. Just live for this moment, for now. Enjoy this happiness as long as you can. Until it ends.....

I finish showering and wrap in a towel. I check on him and he is still sleeping. I must have worn him out last night. He-he. I smile again. Down the stairs I head to make some coffee. I am so comfortable in his house. It's like I've always been here. The coffee smell is intoxicating. I wish coffee taste as good as it smells. I make a cup and head outside to sit on the porch. It's so peaceful here. Just me , the lake, and forest sounds. I close my eyes to drink it all in, smelling my coffee.

"Enjoying the view again I see, Love?" he says. He wraps his good arm around me, kissing to top of my head. "I am enjoying my view too, Love. I can't stop watching you. Even when your gone, I see you here. You are in my dreams, my thoughts all the time. We are meant to be together, Love. I want us to be together forever. I won't push the issue, but I want you with me all the time. We could live here or at the chalet, doesn't matter, as long as your with me. I want you to think about it, no hurry just think about it, please Love? It would make me so happy to have you here all the time." he tells me.

I turn and look at this man, the one thing that makes me happy . The one person I am falling for. His eyes tell me he means what he says. The one person that calls me Love. Does he love me? He has never said the words, but then again neither have I. At least not to him. This is a lot to think about. This would be a major change and I would have to come clean to him about me. Is he ready to accept my lifestyle or am I ready for a change. Still, I have to tell him who I really am. But, not today, not yet.

"I will think about it" I tell him, smiling.

## Chapter Five

### Fixing a Lost Love

We have a small breakfast on the porch. He is so happy, always smiling at me. Small kisses to my neck as he passes to get more coffee. I am drowning in contentment. But, back to reality I must go. As much as I love this dreamworld we have made for each other, I have to take care of Paul.

The nurse comes daily to change his bandages and has him do a little therapy with his arm. He is still sore as hell and bending is a problem. He tell her that I am all the therapy he needs. So sweet this man, I don't want to lose him, but I need to get home to help Paul.

I have to get home to my phone book to find Paul. "I need to go home for the day, Ben, just to catch up with business and things. I won't be long." I tell him. "I'll go with you. We can run by the restaurant for lunch and a visit. I need to get out of here myself." he tells me. I know what he's doing. Trying to watch over me, and watch what I do also I'm afraid. "Okay, Want me to drop you there on my way home, then I can come back for lunch." I smile at him. "I think I should go with you to the apartment first, just to check it out again, but it's your call, Love" he tells me. "Well, I have security so, I think I will be fine. I am not sure how long I'll be, so let me drop you at the restaurant and meet you later okay?" I ask him. I can tell he is not happy with this but I need alone time to track down Paul and answer some messages that are private. "If you must. I will call Alfredo to plan my visit." He says

We drive into town in my car. "You know I only want to protect you, just to make sure your safe. I am not planning to interfere in your life, Love." he says to me. "I know you mean well, Ben, but I'm okay with being in the apartment alone. I promise I will not be long." I tell him. He is quiet on the trip to the restaurant, planning something I'm sure.

When we arrive at the restaurant, Alfredo meets us at the car. He is smiling and happy to see Ben out for a change. "Thank you, Amelia, for bringing him for a visit. He loves this place so much. I will make sure he behaves himself." Alfredo says. I return his smile and tell him, "I'm sure you will have to keep him an eye on him. He been good so far but you know better than me. Ben is not happy with me at all. I can tell they way he is so quiet. He comes over to my side of the car and gives me a one armed hug. "Be safe, love, for me, please" He whispers in my ear. A small kiss goodbye to my forehead, then my hand and walks away. "I will be in a few hours to have lunch with you, I promise." I tell him.

As I pull away, he watches me go. I feel like I just left my heart behind with him. He has really gotten to me. I am so scared now, that I may lose him. Am I falling for this man, this wonderful person that has come into my life? It's gonna hurt when he leaves me because of my lifestyle, and I know it. Keeping things from him is killing me, but I'm not sure that I am ready to commit fully to one person.

It a little scary coming back to my home. Memories of Paul and me being tied coming flooding back. He needs help, and all will be better for him. My flowers are wilted and I remove them to the trash. The card is still on the floor and I pick it up. Dearest Ben, so sweet, so intoxicating. I can smell his cologne on me still. Such a good lover and yes he knows women well. Our lovemaking is so erotic and electric even with one arm, he knows what please me. The memory of our time together last night come back to make me smile.

My phone is full of messages as is my email. I reply to as many as possible with short answers to get thru them. Molly is having difficult time with tending to my clients and her business. I need to reschedule BabyDaddy and the Attorney. Karl is having another meltdown, so I call him and leave a message that I can see him tomorrow. They want me and not her. She is so sorry she could not help me with that. I arrange another appointment with them for next week, and promise a special treat. They are happy to hear from me again. I still have to do the radio spot in 2 days, so I call to make sure they still need me. How am I gonna work that out with seeing Ben at the cabin and doing my job. Well, he knows that I do the radio spot, so maybe I can do it from the cabin.

I call Molly to let her know that I have rescheduled my clients. “Girl, so glad you called. Is Ben doing okay?” she asks. “He’s coming along. It’s going to take a while to get full use of his arm back. I must tell you who did this to him. It was Paul. I need to find him now to get him some help. Ben is wanting to put him away under the jail.” I tell her. “Well, Amelia, I must agree with Ben. Some people are beyond help and he has been stalking you for a while now. That is why I never mix business with pleasure myself. A clean break is my motto, Paul is lucky to have you and you wanting to help him.” she says. “If you see him or hear where he could be, please let me know.” I tell her. “Sure thing, and I see what I can do to help you find him. He probably hold up somewhere and scared shitless right now.” she tells me. I hang up with a promise to call back in a few days and meet for lunch to catch up.

I go thru my notes on Paul to see if I have a clue where to start to look. First I call the condo and leave a message for him to contact me on my private line. I let him know I’m not mad but we need to get this straighten out soon. What he did was wrong and I am still his friend but he needs to get some help. I call his cell also, but it just rings and never picks up. Not a good sign.

Karl rings back all upset. “Molly told me what happen to you, Mam!” Are you okay? I need to see you for a session, but I can come right now if you need me” “he says. “No Karl, I’m fine, just if you hear from Paul I need to see him. We need to get him some help. He is in a lot of trouble right now and I’m worried he will do something stupid.” I tell him. “I get my feelers out. We’ll find him. Don’t worry. I knew he was obsessed with you, but I thought he would get better when he started dating again. Have you tried Peg? He might be with her.” Karl says. I didn’t think about that. “No, Paul said she broke it off with him, but maybe she took him in. I don’t have a number for her. Can you try to find out for me” I ask him. “No problem, I know where she lives. I kinda helped introduce them. Let me see if I can find out something and I’ll call you back as soon as I see her.” He says. “Karl, he maybe a little unstable so be careful.” I tell him. He agrees to be careful and we hang up. Okay, that is a good start.

## Chapter Six

### This is Gonna Hurt

I get ready for my lunch with Ben. The time has come to let him know some of my life. I have to work and earn my own money. I promised myself that I would always be independent after my first marriage failed. I can not give up this completely, so I must talk to him about some of it at least. Today is as good as any I guess.

When I arrive at the restaurant he is busy talking in Italian with Alfredo. Something is off. He is mad and shaking his hand and pointing at Alfredo. Alfredo is rubbing his neck and looks at me. When Ben sees me his mood changes quickly. He walks over to me smiling and giving me a kiss. "Hello, Love, How was your morning?" he says. "Very productive. Are you enjoying being back at the restaurant?" I ask him. "Aw, yes, but Alfredo is fully capable of handling things." he says. "Come, Lets have a bite. I have something special being prepared for us." he tells me. Ben leads me to the back room, to the same place he was sitting in when I first saw him. Just think, what if I hadn't looked back here that day with Paul. Would we have ever met?

He says something in Italian to the waiter and he hurries off to fetch whatever Ben has ask for. Ben reaches down and takes my hand. He kisses the top again, leaving that burning feeling on it. Will I ever get use to this man's touch. I smile at him. "So, Have you thought about moving in with me, Love?" he asks. Shit, here we go, I feel the pain start. "Ben, We need to talk about this. You said no hurry. As much as I love your company, I need my private time too. This is something we really need to talk about. We need to talk about me." I tell him, looking into his eyes. I can tell already from his eyes that he is concerned.

The waiter returns with wine glasses, a wine bottle and some bread sticks. He places them on the table. Ben is staring at me the whole time holding my hand. The waiter opens the wine and pours into Ben's glass. He is still watching me. He takes sip, nods his head yes and the waiter pours the wine into both our glasses, then leaves. He is waiting for me to speak. This is gonna hurt and I know it. I take a deep breath.

"Ben, listen, I have a certain lifestyle, one you don't know everything about. You already know about the talk show. You've told me you called in before, but there is more you don't know. He eyes never leave mine. He is still holding my hand. This is harder than I thought. How much do I tell him? I need to come clean but I don't want to lose him yet. "Yes, Love. I know about the talk show, I listen to you every night just to hear your voice. If that is what concerns you,? I have know problem with it. I know you can do that from home, any home." he says. Shit, he is not going to make this easy for me. He must know more than he is telling.

Well, there's more. " I tell him. Breath girl, I tell myself.

"Ben, I have clients also. Clients that I help with there needs. More of a one on one basis. It's how I earn my living. When I was divorce, it was a struggle for me in many ways. I wanted nothing to do with loving anyone. I wanted to keep my distance from all of that kind of life. But, I had to earn a living. A very good friend taught me how to do that. I learned a way to earn money by helping people with special needs. Ones I could fill without getting close. These clients need me for private sessions. I need my privacy to do this and they depend on my discretion. It's very important to them and me. He is still holding my hand. Is that a good sign?

“Okay, so you have a studio or something they come to, not a problem. You could go back and forth from any of my homes to do that.” he says. He is still looking at me, but I see his brow is furrowed some. “ Ben, I do have a studio, and yes I go to some of them. They are very private also. I am careful who I choose to have as clients. I don’t think you are understanding what it is I actually do.

“You help people work out their sexual needs. There is nothing wrong with that. Your very good in bed” he smiles at me then, “so I can see why you chose that field of work. I’m sure you help many people work out their sexuality desires and how to please others. A sex therapist is an important career.” he says to me. “If your trying to tell me about your having a fetish yourself, I already know that too, from the talk show, remember. I ask if you would be the one getting spanked, instead of spanking someone. We have not tried that yet, but I think I know what you like. He smiles. “ And we have shared a dream too” Another smile but full of lust.

Okay, now I’m in shock. Well, here goes all of it.

“So you understand what I do. I help people with their fetish fantasy. I dress up, spank, handcuffing, bondage, feathering, special request. No penetration sex, just fetish, dress up and bondage, And you don’t have a problem with that.” I ask him again.

He smile and kisses my hand. “No Love. As long as I am the only one you actually have sex with, there is not a problem. Give me some credit too, Love. I have known all about you for a long time. Your night talk shows are the hit of my evenings, especially in my dreams.” he tells me with a smile.“ And you already know about my special playroom. You've only been there in a dream but I want that to change.” I have my own sexual desires and fantasies. I want to show you them and please your own desires too.” he tells me.

. “ So, what the problem with you moving in with me?” he asks.

## Chapter Seven My Lust or Love

I am in shock. Did he just tell me that it was okay to keep my clients? I stare at him blankly for a minute. This man that I am truly falling for has just said I can keep my income and still have him for my own. I don't think I can find the right words to say how happy I am right now.

"Ben, Are you sure? Some of the request get really kinky. It's not just dress up. I want you to completely understand what it is I do." I ask him. "I fully understand and I don't see the problem. I have been around awhile and know a lot about fetishes and fantasy fulfillment. I have told you, I have had many loves, but not many lovers, remember? I am very particular who I sleep with to". You are the first in a very long time I have chosen to be with sexually". He says. "So, Is that the only problem you were concerned with? Anything can be worked out for both our enjoyments, Love" he says. Then he does that smile I love so dearly.

Wait a minute. He knows about fetishes and fantasies. Okay, I get that but how? Does he have his own or does he please others also. I must ask. "When you say you know of this, do you mean for your own enjoyment or as in pleasing others like I do?" I ask him. "I don't get paid, if that is what you mean. I do have my own fetishes that I am sure you will discover soon, but yes I have pleased others in the past." he tells me. "Now I have my own question to ask you, Love. Do you have any subs now? I know Paul was one at another time, but are there others?" he ask me with no change to his facial expression.

This will probably be the deal breaker. I can feel the hurt building inside me already. "I have one. I see him once a week but no sex. We are more friends but he does have a bondage spanking fetish that I take pleasure in helping him with." I tell him. Honesty is best at this point.

"I won't ask anything of you except no sex with him. And in return I will keep myself for only you." he tells me. "What do you mean, Ben. Do you have someone also?" I ask. "Yes, I do have one, but as you say no sex, just a fetish desire that I fulfill for her." he tells me.

Why did I just feel the green eyed monster rising up my throat. And why would I want to make demands on Ben that I cant keep myself. "May I ask her name?." I ask him. "I think it's best we don't speak of names. I will trust you and I hope you trust me. I know you are probably close to your sub as I am mine. So Trust is the issue here. Can you trust me?" he ask.

I think a minute. Why should I not trust him? He is willing to trust me. This is all so new. I can have my cake and eat it to. Well, there is a first time for everything. "Okay, I will trust you and you trust me." I tell him. "That's my girl! Please come and live with me. We are meant to be together as I told you before." he says. I nod my head, yes! Ben rises and comes around to my side of the table and wraps his arms around me and kisses me deeply that my legs feel like jelly. Our breathing is labored and he whispers in my ear,

"Oh My Love, Amelia. You have made me the happiest man. This life of ours will be wrote about in history. We will have stories for many generations to come.

I not to sure.....I keep my apartment just in case.

## Chapter Eight

### Dream come True?

I move into the cabin with Ben. This is not something that I take lightly. I have fallen for this man to fast, to hard and I know it. We will last or will we fall.

Our weeks of togetherness continues. I go and see my clients, do my talk shows from his home and have time with my sub at my apartment. He tends to his restaurant and see his sub while I'm gone. We make sure not to talk about each others sub business. The nights are filled with just us. We cook together, bathe together, love together. No love is spoken just our lust is filled.

"Get up off your knees. You've been a bad boy this week and need your spanking." I say to Karl. Our session today is the normal. Drinks, talk about his love affairs, then the bondage. Karl enjoys being tied and handcuff, hanging from the ceiling and spanked. He pain tolerance is stronger now. It takes me longer for him to give the secret word. I never leave permanent marks, but the redness is brighter today. "Are you going to be good now? I would hate to have to chain you and use my strap on that pretty ass of yours." I tell him. "Yes, mistress. I will be good, I promise." he is finally done.

Karl is noticing my glow. "Amelia, Mam, you look different. What have you done. New haircut or color?" he ask. "I'm just more settled, Karl." I smile at him. "No, there something, give it up. Wait! I know, are you in love?" he says. I just smile and keep my thoughts to myself. "Next week?" I ask him.

Paul has not been found. Karl tried all he could but we still don't know where he's hiding out. "He turn up at your doorstep, mam. Don't worry about him. You just be happy." Karl tells me before he leaves.

My talk show are three nights a week now. Ben allows me to share his study for privacy. Tonight's show was more for the fetish crowd. Wife swappers, Nipple wax dripping, and the like. I was pretty beat by the end of my session. When I emerge from the study, Ben is waiting with a fire lit, candles and drinks.

He only has his bluejeans on. His hair is messy and I can't stop staring at him. God, he looks good. "Come here, Love! I have something special for you this evening." he tells me. I still catch my breath when I look at him. Will I ever get use to this? I can't get enough of him. Its not just the sex, but something else. I want more.

I do as he bids me. He takes my hand and seats us on the couch in front of the fire. "So, this special treat of yours, Do I get to guess?" I say to him smiling. "Well, have your drink first, Love. Then I think it's time for us to play." He says. I look up at him while sipping my drink. "Play? I ask. " I have something to show you after you finish your drink." he tells me.

He takes my hand and we walk to the other end of the hall from our bedroom. I know of the locked door at the end. I have never been in it. I respect his privacy there. He unlocks the door and opens it. "This is my domain. My playroom. I think it's time we shared it." he says. I look around to see a four poster bed with purple sheets in the center of the room. There are straps on the posters. The room does not have much light. To the right wall is a bureau with drawers. Beside the bureau is a hanging all the usual tools of the trade, straps, whips, crops, silk scarves and ties, rope, and a leather strap. I remember it from my dream.

I don't know why, but I get turned on just thinking about that dream. I never have mentioned this to Ben, but I think he picked up on it earlier in a conversation I was having with Molly. I smile at him. "And just what did you have in mind?" I ask. "Well, since you have pleased me so much this last few weeks, I think its my turn to please you." Ben says. He walks over to the dresser and takes out a box.

"A present for you, Love" He says handing it to me. I open it to find a sheer black corset with garter, belt and silk stockings. "Are you sure this is for me or more for you? And what no panties?" I ask smiling at him. "Well, both of us. The thought of you wearing this for me. Go change Love" he says. That smile of his makes me weak and I cant resist him. Oh, This is gonna be good.

When I return wearing my new corset garter stocking combo, Ben is already set the mood for us. Candles are everywhere and music is playing. He is standing by the bed waiting for me. I walk toward him feeling a little scared. Yes, we had this in my dream but now in real life I am a little worried. Ben has his hand out waiting for me to take it. He is smiling while looking at me. I want to please him so much. Ben kisses me so tenderly and I loose my breath. He wraps his arms around me and hugs me so tightly. Then he whispers in my ear, "Love, You must trust me. We have been here before in our dreams. I will not hurt you. This is for both our enjoyments. I so want to make you happy and I can if you let me. I have so much to show you. Please Love, Trust me?" he says. How can I say no to this man. I have to trust him. This feeling I have has been a long time coming for another man. I love him.

He plants small kisses to my face, neck and shoulders from behind. I am already turned on. He nibbles on my ear and whispers, "Ho voglia di te di , My Love. voglio tenerti vicina a me , My Amelia. Il tuo è tutto per me." he says. His breath is hot against my neck. I don't know what he said, but I'm so turned on by his words in Italian. Then he slaps my ass hard. "Ouch! That hurt, but not to bad" I say to him. He moves to the front of me and kisses the top of my breasts, moving from one side to the other. I wrap my arms around him. He shakes his head no, taking my arms away. "No my love, this is all for you. Lay down for me. Then he ties my wrist to the bedpost. Smiling he pulls a blindfold out of his back pocket, he hides my eyes from his sight. Oh, God! Trust him, my inner goddess says to me.

Ben takes my feet in his hand and kisses them. He gets in between my legs, placing them of each side of him. My inner goddess is in heaven right now. She is smiling. I am already so wet just from his talk and kisses. He kisses then bites my ankles, my calves, moving from one leg to the other, slowly moving up to my thigh. He kisses my stomach, lingering at my belly button with his tongue. His hands are roaming down my hips, thighs. Then under my ass. He pauses there a moment. I know he's smiling that lusty way he smiles. I can feel it. Then he starts to kiss, lick, and nibbles my, oh god, my pleasure parts. I can't help but squirm. His hands under my ass hold me in place. I am so close to.. then he stops. "No Love, I'm not near done yet." he says.

Ben straddles my center then. He starts to undo the front of the corset. He kisses and licks every single open area that he undoes the clasps from. There are many of them. Every so often he blows warm air there after he kisses and licks. I am so hot, so ready by the time he finishes. God, Fuck me, shit! He opens the corset completely, exposing me fully to his eyes. "God, Love you are so beautiful. I could eat you." he says. Then he sucks and bites on my nipples that are already hard. He undoes the garter straps, one at a time, kissing my thighs. Moving up toward my breasts. Again that sucking and nibbling to my nipples. How much more can I take.

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