

Eros Volant



Nine erotic romances

Dag von Schantz

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Foreplay

I dare to say that it is a big leap from sex to eroticism. Sex is pure technique, a lot of fun, merry and without any deep human aspects. Eroticism encompasses much more. It contains the emotional aspects that elevate sex to romance. Eroticism is sexuality infused with the many rich aspects of love. It has deeper water, bigger waves and grabs hold of the heart's roots at the bottom of the sea. Water is traditionally the element of emotions that lives in the psyche. From here, energies are retrieved from the undersea, the unconscious that shatters all rationality, overturns all plans, all notions, renews the life force and unleashes the life improvisation as water meets wind and the waves rise and drive the ship of life on a completely unexpected course. This power of the sea is irresistible and is awakened where two eyes meet and read each other with warmth. Such deep experience makes life richer, emotions stronger, and insights close to endless.

From such a perspective, it is terrible to see that today's young people often seem to have lost this dimension. Real-life intense encounters have been stolen from them and moved onto a small screen supplemented with trivia and influences from countless confusing sources. Sex has taken over. It is the time of 'dating applications'. Everyone wants to have sex, but few understand why. It is about finding a partner, not out in life but on the small screen. One is swiped up and down, sometimes to the right or left. Pictures, ego presentations rush by. All the men and

women of the world, all ages, compete for your attention. Maybe you. Maybe another. Fifteen seconds, next, next... Hmm, he looked handsome, six-pack, nice car, good job – maybe... She was gorgeous, sexy, smart – maybe...

I had the somewhat curious pleasure of talking to a young beautiful woman, not my type, but still. She was beautiful to look at, thoroughly made up and well-trained. She ended up showing me, on the phone, of course – where else, different men trying to check her up. Some had sent a picture of themselves standing by an expensive car, but wildest was a couple of guys who had sent her a picture of their watches, their wristwatches. Expensive stuff, but how stupid can one possibly get? In fact, she wondered that too.

Surfaces, surfaces, dominant materialistic surfaces, flat like the mobile screen. Here you may be able to find someone to have sex with, but very rarely someone to share something deeper with. Society and people are becoming poorer because fewer and fewer people are able to penetrate below the surface, let alone into the depths of the sea in their own interior. They are only hit by waves they do not understand either the cause or the direction of. Flattened, soulless, cool, technical, technological, market-driven supply-demand, impersonal, boom, boom, boom. Can sex really be interesting on such a flat basis?

Where did the live meeting go, the unplanned, the non-date, the unprepared meeting between two eyes where things only happen because they happen; the sudden, the one that just made the hearts beat a little faster and an electric current vibrate through rushing blood?

This tension, the romance that is so beautifully described in medieval literature, the one that defeats the logic of the individuals and knocks down the defence mechanisms and all obstacles, and opens up for the warm, close, intimate fusion that ends in loving lovemaking requires encounters *in vivo*, in living life. It does not exist on a small screen.

It is out in living life that such meetings take place. It requires social frameworks, social interaction, circulation, constantly new meetings. By this I am not referring to the convulsive 'out on the town' to check on someone of the opposite sex, or their own for that matter. It is actually just a more vibrant version of the dating app, yet a notch better. What I am referring to is to be present with yourself in different contexts without necessarily looking for a quick fix, be and let others be, open and without self-selling tricks, real. It leads to real, interesting meetings that sometimes spark and may light stars.

Today's young people live less socially than they did before screens took over their attention. Computer games steal many people's lives in their very prime, consuming time and attention. Flat screens convey social contact without real contact, distanced and constructed as self-boasting platforms. The attention on one's own life is withdrawn with countless updates about almost nothing. So will the 'app' be the solution – or the wrong step?

More and more often, it is claimed that sex is a human right. What does that mean? So what do we do with those who do not make it, cannot find anyone out there or on the phone's bland surface? You find page after

page written about *incels* and *insings*, poor men and women. Is it a societal task, or a task for the internet to save these individuals? No. Sex is not a human right, but an open possibility. It can arrange itself for most people, but some always lose. It is the lottery of life, if one may say it that way. Either way, sex itself is not always worth the effort.

A fix can come easily. One day I was sitting in a café translating a philosophical text, looking up for a moment while my mind was searching for the right expression. Just then, a tall, beautiful woman passed right in front of me with a cinnamon bun and latte. She must have noticed that I watched her because she abruptly stopped, turned around and asked if the seat next to me was available. Of course – no one was sitting there. We started chatting and she wanted to know what I was writing. I explained and the conversation continued for a while.

Suddenly I felt she put her hand on my thigh. I pretended not to notice and continued the conversation. Then she turned to me with her beautiful eyes, smiled and said in a low voice, - "*I would very much like to have sex with you.*" It came unexpectedly to me, but I was ready; - "*Hey, I never have sex with anyone*", I replied and paused for a moment. "*I just make love*". She looked at me wide-eyed and smiled; - "*So wonderful!*" ... - "*Yes, but for some reason I do not think I want to have sex with you*", I replied. The smile disappeared. She did not quite manage to get the conversation going again. I just laughed. The hand disappeared from my thigh. She excused herself and

strode off to the lady's room. I packed my things and left. There was no one there when she returned.

Here is the difference: If we had continued to talk and possibly found a glow in each other's gaze, it could have become a relationship, perhaps an erotic relationship. She was at least 30 years younger than me, but that was obviously no obstacle. I myself am someone who cultivates feminine beauty in youthful form, so that side of the matter was completely unproblematic. It is sometimes about the ability to abstain in order to preserve one's own integrity.

Sex has become rawer, shallower and less personal. Pornography has torn down the beauty of eroticism and produced a lack of perspective in the area of sexuality. Young people have seen on-screen fucking in all its forms almost before they are sexually mature and try to repeat what they have seen, often a little helplessly. The emotional is in exile. There are millions of 'poor' young people out there who are at a loss, rage around, drink shit, fill up on ecstasy and think it gives status to put each other down horizontally. 'Having sex' is status, but also emptiness. It is a desperate, misguided pursuit of something far more groundbreaking they have no idea about.

When I highlight eroticism between these covers, it is to reconstruct a picture of not only deep emotions, but just as much the concept of respect. Pure sex rarely involves respect for the other. It is about your own satisfaction, your own orgasm. It is pure selfishness in a field where everything is really about giving, giving everything unlimited. When both partners do so, an intensity arises that is only found in eroticism. Around

it lies a beautiful setting of romance that holds it all together with warmth, mutual respect and joy.

In an erotic romance, such as I have tried to depict here, there are elements of sexual details, tensions that are triggered, but also elements of a respectful, warm relationship. When the eyes melt together, the starry sky is filled with dreams and hearts beat in unison, things happen that constantly surprise. Not everything is sex, but a lot is because the sexual act is the one that brings the hearts closest together. When the parties drive each other to mutual ecstasy, there are more than two bodies merging.

It is two souls that intertwine and find a way between the stars, a path that carries their unity through the days. Impulsive joy hits the days like lightning from a clear sky and everything becomes possible, anything can happen, the wildest things. Respect is the element that provides security. Security makes room for the impulsive, for ecstatic inventions of unbridled erotic expression, sometimes transgressing gender boundaries.

On the following pages, there is of course much that is taken from my own experience, sometimes well mixed together and all names are fictitious. These are Dian's wild romances.

With these introductory words, I have said what I have to say. I hereby leave the erotic romances to the reader's pleasure.

The Author

Thanks

I owe a debt of gratitude to Piritta Nyberg who made me write these texts, texts I had never imagined putting down on paper. She asked me to continue to fantasize about texts she had started, but they did not hit me even though they were good enough on their own merit. I recommended her to write out her own stories entirely. It was a piece of advice to myself. I took out my quills and inkwell and drew my own lines.

The Polar Star

1

A new girl had started at his school. He had noticed her from day one. She stood out. Heavily dark, almost completely black, long glossy hair, narrow, slightly crooked eyes that lit up under the lashes, clear blue-grey, in a narrow face with high cheekbones. Dian had heard her talk. She spoke quietly with Swedish mixed in and with a special accent. They said she was Finnish, Sámi. She was quite tall, slim and moved in a completely natural way, light, beautiful, feminine, floating.

Dian was completely lost every time he saw her. Unfortunately, she was in the parallel class. In addition, she avoided the boys – especially those who were a couple of years older and who tried to flirt with her. He noticed it too. He admired her from a modest distance and pretended not to see her. In short, he did not dare approach her, especially when he saw how she so elegantly rejected the other, bigger boys with a crooked little smile and showed them her back.

Dian had crashed on 16. He did not look too bad himself either, but had little faith in himself. He looked in the mirror and found what he saw unappealing, sometimes downright ugly. A pale face with long, blond hair and completely ordinary features was what he met every morning. He did not have big muscles either. He hated all sports and sweat and exercise and the smells in the gymnasium. He liked music and dreamed away by reading philosophy, writing his own poetry and

thoughts. Yet he was in love, hopelessly in love with this Ayla from the Finnish Sápmi.

He dreamed away in class, looked out the window without focus. Inside his head, he saw only Ayla. The teacher had to raise his voice when he wanted him to answer a question, he had not heard the third time. During recess, he sat far away from Ayla so that she would not notice that he was watching her. That would be embarrassingly revealing. What he did not know was that she had started to notice him too.

It was one of Ayla's friends who discovered it. She saw Ayla's long gaze directed at this quiet guy who was sitting on the edge of the wall all the way over to the other side. She checked up on who he was and took an appropriate opportunity to talk to him, slowly began to make his acquaintance. They got in touch quite well and one day she invited Dian to a small party on an evening when her parents were away.

On the last steps down to the basement living room, he almost stumbled. Ayla sat there! His heart jumped all the way up into his throat. There were eight girls and two boys from her class there. He hardly knew them, but was well received even by the boy who had called him a wretch and been quite unpleasant to him.

He greeted everyone; Ayla last. Their gaze met for a second or two or was it more? He almost fainted. She too, but he did not know that. Her two best friends observed the meeting, looked at each other and laughed. They had no doubts. Something happened there!

Ayla composed herself, asked the first question: - *I have heard you play music?* The question penetrated the fog in his head – Yes... He discovered that they had not let go of their hands yet – as if they were still greeting. – *Sorry..* He let go of her hand and saw that she blushed slightly. He too, he knew.

Her friend moved so they could sit next to each other. The others intervened in the conversation they had started about music. Who liked what kind of music? Dian stood out because he preferred jazz and classical. Ayla also did not share the common admiration for all the popular groups. She preferred ethnic music from all over the world, but especially Sámi, Karelian and music from central Siberia and Mongolia. It was foreign fare to everyone, so the topic shifted to other things. Ayla, on the other hand, wanted to continue talking to Dian about music. They immediately disappeared into their own bubble and hardly noticed that the room was filled with the smoke of weed and hashish. They turned down the joints that were passed around.

Ayla eventually felt uncomfortable from all the smoke and wanted to go out and get some air – what about him? Yes, he could come out with her. In the hallway, he held the jacket for her and helped her put it on before putting on his own. It was unusual and she liked it. She got a feeling of being treated with respect. She smiled at him and their gaze met again—quivering emotions, slightly suppressed.

Outside, she put her arm into his and looked at him again. The conversation had turned to something else. Imperceptible warm feelings in silence. It was starry,

but not so cold. *"Do you know the constellations?"* "Mmmm, yes," he replied and pointed out the Polar Star. *"Up in the north, where I come from, we see everything even more clearly"*.

After some silence, he turned and looked at her, their eyes met again and all he saw in her eyes were stars. *"You have such beautiful eyes.."*. It just fell out of him without a thought. – *"Thanks..."* She looked him straight in the face, put her other arm around him, pressed herself close to him, and laid her head softly on his shoulder. A little overpowered, he put his arms around her and so they stood in silence until more people came out and the moment was interrupted. – *"Party over. Will you join us downtown?"*

It was Ayla who answered. *"I do not think so. Promised to get home before midnight"*. He noticed her melodic voice. Both in the ear and in the heart, it was like music. – *"Dian? Are you joining?"* He heard himself say no. He saw that the others had also probably drunk a little, thinned out a little in the parents' bar. Said he did not want to. They ran down the road. They were supposed to have fun.

Dian looked at her. – *"Should I follow you home?"* – *"Do you want to? I do not live just around the corner exactly."* He had no idea where she lived, but right now it did not matter. Just walking beside her..... They walked in silence for a few minutes, then she stopped, turned to him, and held him again. They kissed for the first time. *"You're so kind. I love you so much, I like you, I think"*. He floated up into the cloudless starry sky, could not believe what he heard or what he himself said: - *"I think I have watched you since the first day"*

you showed up at school... seen you every day.. A strange feeling. You are completely unique! Not like anyone else.. ”.

Was there more to say? He took her hand as they walked on, she let her fingers slide in between his in a lion grip. It was pretty precise midnight when they stopped at the corner by her garden fence. They kissed for a long time and held each other close. Before she went in, they agreed not to show anything at school. At the same time, they agreed to meet in the woods and he would show her the big stone the next day, it was Saturday. He looked far after her as she came into the light at the front door of the lower floor. She had a small apartment at her disposal under her parents' large house.

2

The large stone sat right out towards the edge with a view in one direction and the forest behind. He had to meet her somewhere else because this was his place. There was no path there, so he had many times sat there and meditated by himself, completely undisturbed. It was a protected spot on earth. Between the rock and the small cliff there was a small flat area, perfect for unfolding the blanket she had brought. The snow was completely gone now and the sun was warming even though the shadows were cold.

Ayla shone like the sun herself when she saw this place. She almost had to dance. She threw herself at him and they kissed fiercely before sitting down next to each other with their backs to the stone. They sat in silence for a little while and enjoyed the warmth of the

sun, the view and the closeness to each other. Two hearts had begun to beat in unison.

"What a wonderful place you have found here!" She smiled at him and laid her head on his shoulder. *"Yes, I do not think anyone else knows about it. I sometimes sit here alone and think, just think".* – *"What are you thinking about?"* - *"Everything, but right now only on you. You are inside my head – and my heart, of course. I do not quite understand what happened yesterday. It just happened as if in an impossible dream".* She kissed him on the cheek. *"A real dream. Miiinä rakastan siiiiinua".* – *"What?"* *"That is how we say in Finnish!"* *"Can you repeat?"* – *"Miiinä rakastan siiiiinua..."* – *"That sounds so nice!"* He kissed her again and then they rolled down on the blanket – softly.

They had thrown the jackets away in the heat and used them to sit on. Then they laid their heads on them and lay looking at each other with warm eyes. He dared. He let his hand slide through her hair. *"Do you know? Everything about you is so beautiful. Your hair, your eyes, everything..."*. She answered not, just let him feel her. He had very sensitive hands, long musical fingers. She took his hand, kissed it and stroked his fingers over her lips before pulling it towards her and placing it between her breasts.

That hand she wanted to own, feel, experience! She moved to a little better position, closer to him, moved his hand to one breast. He felt that it was a firm breast with a slightly hard nipple. He began to fiddle with it. *"You know, no one has been allowed to do that before. Never. And you do it so well. I feel loved! Can you say*

that?" – "Miiina rekistan siinoa..". – "Almost. Again, like this: Minä rakastan sinua". He repeated, once, two, three times. First lesson in Finnish. They laughed and lay down closer together.

He opened the first button of her blouse and looked at her. She smiled and opened the whole blouse. She was not wearing a bra. He started kissing her breasts and caressing them. He had never done anything like this before, but it was so easy and natural. He felt himself harden as she sat over him and let her soft, warm breasts embrace his face. He started massaging her back, a supple back, soft, bare skin. She sank down on top of him. Then they lay for a while like this and just enjoyed each other, felt the heartbeat, felt the breath, experienced the closeness.

Suddenly she lifted herself up and opened his shirt, pulled it aside, kissed him on the chest, put her face to his heart, listened. *"You're alive! It's pounding in there..."*. She laughed, a chuckling, musical laughter. She was genuinely happy, her eyes sparkled. Happy skin closeness. Warm timbres singing between two souls.

She leaned over on her side, let her hand slide over his chest and down over his stomach, all the way down to his pants. He twisted towards her, continued to kiss her breasts, let his tongue circle over the tight nipples, let his teeth gently grip. She began to gasp for breath, squeezed herself closer to him and ran his hand down over her stomach, slowly further and further down. He felt the beginning of her narrow cleft and let his middle finger slowly, gently massage her. Suddenly, a tremor

went through her whole body, a small earthquake, quivering. She whimpered fervently before laughingly pulling his hand out of her panties again and pressing her whole body tightly, strongly against him, holding him firmly. Long quiet. Not a word, just feelings that spanned between the two.

They let themselves be driven on the wave, wordlessly they spoke of love, closeness, warmth. Small movements. Dian suddenly felt that she had imperceptibly opened his pants. A slender hand searched downwards, found, closed around him, and held on tight. She felt him get hard and let her hand play a little. She had never done this before. It was magical, irresistible, powerful. Then she slid his pants down over his thighs, leaned down and started kissing him, letting her tongue play with him. Now it was he who was breathing heavily.

She pulled his pants off completely. He lay completely exposed with his shirt over his shoulders and let her play with his whole body, letting her breasts slide all over him. It was so playful and merry under the warming rays of the sun far out in the universe. It got very hot. He pulled off her pants and little pink panties, kissed her over her stomach, let his tongue play in her belly button until she laughed – it tickled. He continued, put his tongue in the cleft where he had had his finger a while ago, let it play while he massaged her breasts with both hands. She both tasted and smelled like honey. Suddenly her whole body was shaking again, whimpering and laughing as she lifted her hips so he could do even better. He continued and she vibrated like a piano string. It was ecstatic.

She found her breath again, pulled him up towards her, pressed his head against her heart so he could hear it hammering inside her slender body. He started kissing her breasts again until she gasped for breath again. Then he felt her grab him down there and lead him up towards the ravine. He let it slide gently back and forth right where he had licked her. She pulled him closer, he sank deeper in and felt it was tight to penetrate. He gently held back, but she pressed on.

Then something happened. He understood it hurt, felt that she was bleeding and held on, but she pulled him in, all the way in and started rocking with her whole body. They found the rhythm, rocking, soft, close, in complete unity. He put his hand under her lower back and gently lifted her. Her body quivered again, vigorously. She whimpered loudly and laughed as they just went on and on. He kissed and gently sucked on her breasts when he suddenly exploded. She quivered again, laughed loudly and liberatingly. He also had to laugh. This was absolutely fantastic. She continued to hold him tight inside her.

Two naked bodies quivered together like a great chord, like a hymn to the sun, to Eros, the gods and goddesses of love. They stayed together like this for a long, long, long time...

She turned around, laid herself over him, looked down at him with big, open eyes. Said nothing. He saw stars in her eyes and felt his face get wet. She was crying. He pulled her towards him. *"Are you sad?"* She shook her head. – *"Miiinä rakastan siinä."* She sobbed a little, her body still vibrating as the sun sank towards

the horizon. They rolled the large blanket around them. She put herself with her back towards him with his hands on her breasts. This is how they fell asleep together for the first time.

3

They abruptly woke up. It was night and cold. They pulled on their clothes, left the blanket and hugged each other while they tried to massage warmth into each other. Then they ran home. He followed her to the corner. They kissed for a long time, then she quietly crept in. He ran home to the large empty 1800s apartment of his grandparents, where he had two rooms at his disposal. They were away, so he did not wake anyone up.

In the afternoon, they met again as agreed at the same place and disappeared into the woods. The blanket was there. It looked like someone had committed a murder there. They folded it up so they could sit on it. Then her little pink thong fell to the ground. She had not found it in the dark and gone home without it. She looked at him and stuffed it into his jacket pocket. *"For you,"* she said and laughed. He embraced her again, warmly.

He put his hand on her thigh. She wore a light, short dress under her warming coat and tall boots. She leaned against him – *"I can't today... A little sore now, also the period came"*. – *"Of course"*. He would not step over her boundaries. *"If only I can hold you..."*. She took his hand and placed it on her chest. She was wearing a bra now. He opened the dress slightly. It was red with lace on it and carried her soft, fair breasts perfectly.

She pulled his hand down into her bra so he could fondle her. She pried her hands behind her back and opened it. He used both hands, kissed them, let his tongue play with them until she was breathing heavily and leaning back. He continued, felt something wake up in his pants, but let it be. Then her whole body quivered again, she whimpered faintly. Then her whole body went into an arc and she let out a scream that almost scared him.

She sank down. Lifted his hands from her breasts, - *"I don't get it. It's so wonderful. I had an orgasm. Your hands... I love them, I want to own them! Do you remember yesterday? You took me to heaven several times. Do you remember? Miiinä rakastan siiüinua..."*. - *"Miiinä rakastan siiüinua"*, he repeated.

They lay quietly next to each other again, letting the sun massage warmth into their bodies. He felt that he was about to doze off, but woke up when he felt her hand at the bottom of his stomach crawl into his pants and chase the animal down there. *"My turn now,"* she just said and opened the access.

She was playful now; tickled, scratched a little with her red nails, kissed, let her tongue play, took it in... She felt that it was just before he went off. Then she stopped, just held him in her hand softly. Then she continued, stopped, and continued. Again, and again... So, with some gentle movements, she pulled him across the line. Everything exploded in his head at the same time, but she did not stop, let it persist, for a long time, before she settled down by his side and their gaze met again. *"You're talking about hands, you..."*, was all he could say.

She gently wiped him with a corner of the blanket, pulled his pants back up. Then they lay wrapped around each other and whispered little secret words to each other until evening came. On the way back, they agreed that they would pretend as if nothing at school, do as before, pretend they did not know each other. Still, they would never forget those two days. They were softly chiselled into place in two hearts, two minds.

4

The week that followed seemed endless. They kept their distance as agreed, but sent each other long looks, fifty meters, a hundred meters long loving glances! Dian was unusually distant in class and was about to say her name out loud instead of answering the teacher's questions, which of course he had not understood. He felt that everyone could see that something had happened to him, as if he was completely transparent. It was bad.

At home, he had put her little panties under the pillow so that she would be in his dreams, and she was, especially just before he fell asleep. He saw her behind closed eyes and took her into dreamland.

It would probably have been nice if the mobile phone had been invented, but it was not until many years later. They could not make video calls, but they still had some kind of contact. He felt her warm wave over him as her image drew behind his eyelids. He had no idea that she felt the same way. The week passed. It was Friday again.

5

She knew the way now. When he arrived, she was lying there in just her panties, bathed in a late, strong spring sun. She was so beautiful that he almost fainted. She heard the twigs that cracked under his feet when he came, looked up at him and smiled. He immediately saw that she had shaved off the little dot. She saw it and laughed – *“It is soon bikini time, you know”*. He sat down next to her and let his hand slide over the slippery field. – *“Obviously... What else?”*

He undressed too. He had also, after a discovery in London the year before, started wearing thongs. She knew that, – *“But why don't you use the one you got from me?”* – *“A little small, maybe”*. He laughed, – *“Besides, it is under my pillow at night so I can dream about you more easily”*. They laughed and lay down next to each other. They felt this magical closeness for a long time.

He began to gently fondle her breasts again. They fit perfectly in his hands and they tightened as he let his tongue play with them. She turned onto her back and he let one hand slide down over the freshly shaved Venus's mount and gently down into her cleft. One of her hands grabbed his hair above his neck and soon he felt the other grab the spear he was carrying.

They went on for a little while, then she pushed him away. Had he become too eager? *“It's so wonderful to take it slow, let it last, then all the love inside me grows and I get so hot...”*. But she did not let go!

Soon she pushed him onto his back, pulled off her panties and his down over his knees, sat over him and

took him all the way in and began to ride him like a horse, but softly, gently. Now there were no brakes on anymore. Her body quivered again in this special way and soon after everything exploded in both of their heads. They took it all the way out until, without pulling him out, she lay down on top of him and started kissing him all over his chest, neck, chin, eyes and ended in a deep kiss before she sank with all her weight down on him and lay still. Consummatum est!

It started to cloud over and get cold again. The sun was going down. They packed their clothes again, hugged each other, joined hands in the lion's grip and left the scene without feeling guilty. The blanket was left as before; the proof.

He invited her to a place they were not really old enough to enter, but he knew the people who ran it so they were let in. They had a glass of wine and listened to the band playing; A somewhat avant-garde jazz. New music for her, but somewhat like the kind he played himself. Only now did he tell her that he played the bass, a five-string bass guitar.

He took her home and showed her where he was staying, but it was getting late. She did not want her parents to understand what was going on. He followed her to the same corner, saw her enter and quietly strolled the streets before walking home, checking that her panties were under the pillow before sailing into dreamland.

6

On Saturday it rained. She did not show up. He put on a hooded rain jacket and walked past the house. There

was no one home, the car gone. They must have taken her with them. A miserable day. In the evening, he went to the club again. He was remarkably untalkative that night.

Sunday. Late, very late morning. Nothing in the cupboard to make breakfast from. Shit. Why should he eat breakfast? Today. On an idiotic Sunday. He took out his bass guitar to improvise a bit, but the inspiration was gone. Away with it! Should he take the trip today as well just to see? No, just stupid. Or not? Or what...

Suddenly there was a knock on the entrance door, it rang! He opened it, and there she stood with a wet umbrella, raincoat and boots. His heart jumped in his chest. Completely physically. He stood bewitched. She laughed. *"Can I come in?"*

He took her coat, hung it up while she kicked off her oversized boots. Under the warm coat, she was lightly dressed. He could make out her red underwear faintly through her bright fitted dress. She pressed herself close to him and he let his hands slide down her back on the smooth fabric and down her buttocks. He massaged her shapely buttocks and she enjoyed it. They went in and sat down in the large living room with a stucco rosette and a large chandelier. He snatched a bottle of red wine from the storage room behind the kitchen and poured two glasses.

She just tasted the wine a little – *"I am not used to drinking wine. I don't like drunk people; I don't want to get drunk"*. Neither would he, he assured. *"I haven't eaten today. Should we go out and find something?"*

"No, not now. I want to eat you! Miinä rakastan siiinua...". She stood up, stood in front of him, moved his hands to the hem of her dress and raised her hands in the air. The message was unequivocal! He slowly lifted the dress up over her body, but stopped when it covered her head and rolled it around her head so she could not see.

Sexy, amazing sexy lingerie! While she was trapped in her own dress, he unfastened the strapless bra and let it fall to the floor. Then he pulled her towards him and kissed her breasts for a long time. She laughed and breathed heavily under all the fabric. He continued, slowly pulled her panties down, got down on his knees and started licking her cleavage. She vibrated like a piano string and sank to the floor, down to her knees and elbows. She showed him her buttocks.

He kissed her all-over and massaged her breasts fiercely. She was shaking again. He caressed the cleavage, opened it gently with his fingers and let his rock-hard spear slide back and forth over her pubic lips, then gently, softly a little in, making sure to massage her most sensitive points with it, little by little more powerfully and a little further in each time.

His hands gripped her breasts, he kissed her back and she met his movements with her hips, fiercer and fiercer. She quivered again and again. He held back everything he could, but it had to happen. He exploded again, deep inside her. He saw fatamorgana, many fatamorganas, fatamorganisms, fatamorgasma (?), fatamorgasma, morgasma, death and life in one violent sweep through the mind, through his visual field. To love like this is like dying and still be living.

When he opened his eyes again, she had thrown off her dress and was lying there watching him come to himself. *"It was good, wonderful, nice. Was it good for you too?"* He nodded faintly and kissed her for a long time, kissing her neck, her breasts, her heart between them, her navel, her stomach, her thighs, her knees, calves, her feet, and gently biting all her toes, one by one... He worshipped her, all of her, all of beautiful Ayla! He put his head down against the rose she hid between her legs, kissed and kissed it until she quivered again and gasped for breath... Yes, he worshipped her, all the beautiful Ayla!

7

They both went and burned on a low flame. They kept their distance at school, but someone must have said something or at least hinted at something, because while Dian was sitting on the wall one day, Roger came up to him. He saw him coming straight towards him. It was someone he never spoke to. He was a rowdy asshole in the graduating class, big and full of muscle. His friends followed a bit behind.

Roger went right up in his face. *"I hear, you're messing with Ayla!"* Dian met his gaze directly, without flinching. He knew it was his only possible defence. *"What are you talking about? I'm not in the habit of 'messing' with anyone,"* he replied calmly. *"If you touch her, I'll smash your face and stomp you down on the ground so you never get up again!"* Dian kept his eyes fixed and smiled, then he laughed – *"That sounds terrible. You must be terribly strong. I get really anxious"*. He laughed louder.... *"I expect that girl to find out for herself if she wants to deal with you"*. As Roger

raised his fist to strike, he slid down from the wall, looked him straight in the eyes, and left. It was time for class.

Ice in the stomach, one can safely say, but a gaze has a different power than muscles! Someone had told Ayla about the incident. In the next recess, she had made up her mind. She demonstratively walked straight over to Dian, put her arms around him and kissed him. Then she took his hand. They went together to 'his' wall and sat there next to each other. That left Roger dead.

8

They walked together from school that day. *"You are not fucking afraid; I have to say!" – "No, maybe not, but he is a weakling under his muscles. I read that from his eyes. They shied away all the time. It is by his mouth only that he is tough".*

Roger's idiocy suited them well. Everything became easier now. They could hang out more openly. If it was not semi-official that they were together, it was at least quarter-official. *"You know, Ayla, that the eyes tell you everything, that is why I love you, your whole being shines through your beautiful eyes, your whole beautiful inner being. You are completely through and through yourself, one with yourself, whole. That is what I see when I meet your gaze and you meet mine without bending off. It proves that you are not only strong, but also honest and sincere in yourself. I wish I could love you deep inside your soul, but at least I meet it through your beautiful gaze, Ayla".*

Ayla was dumbfounded. No one had said such a thing to her, never. She pressed herself close to him, tears flowing. Joy, deep, indescribable. She could not find words, but the look she fixed on him now spoke beyond every word. That day they went directly to him. She called home from a kiosk and said she had been invited to dinner and an overnight stay at a friend's house. Dinner? Food? Who thinks of such a thing when love rushes through the veins like fire and they see nothing but each other? It was ringing in the ears, it was singing in the whole nervous system, the hearts were hammering in time, hammering!

They made love like crazy all night long, again and again. She rode him like a wild stallion, felt the warm ejaculation fill her. He turned her around, took her from behind softly and intensely. She recognized it and soaked it up as if it were an elixir. For a long time, they just caressed each other, felt the warm bodies against each other, curled around each other like two snakes. They lived through the night on a small bar of chocolate – an energy supplement – they laughed and laughed and, in the morning, she sucked him all the way out and he licked her sweat off. Everything about her smelled and tasted of honey and some magical, Sámi flower from the far north.

They grabbed a couple of raisin buns from a pastry shop on their way to school and were still chewing on them as they walked to their respective classes as if they came from different places. Not everyone believed it... especially not her best friends Tanya and Yvonne.

They celebrated her 16th birthday with some of her classmates and went out more often together now, mostly to his jazz club, but occasionally also elsewhere with Tanya and Yvonne. The two had understood everything even before they met that spring evening. They had seen both the cautious distancing and the long glances across the schoolyard. That is why they invited Dian that night. They liked him a lot and had seen him play with his band a few times. He drove some driving deep bass lines that went through their marrow and bones. There was a separate language in his way of playing, they said. They had understood that they had to get the tight string that was strung across the entire schoolyard between them to resonate. They succeeded! It gave rise to a long melody...

Ayla could not share all the nights with him, but allied with the two girls, she managed to sign up for a 'girlfriend sleepover' about once a week. Then they could be together three, maybe four times a week and make love endlessly. The space outside by the stone was used often. No one knew about this place. Here they were free, naked and playful more than anywhere else. They lost five weeks of the summer because they had to join their families on vacation. The rest of the summer days were all the stronger, even though Ayla studied the school subjects for two to three hours every day. She had the best grade in all subjects except Norwegian! Dian also sharpened up. He introduced her to the philosophers and sometimes they read together – at least until they sank into each other's arms and loved unrestrainedly.

That autumn, Dian turned 17. It was celebrated by gathering the band and playing together. It was the first time she heard them. There was a lot of drinking and some hashish smoking, but the two avoided it and just pretended to take a few puffs while the joints passed. They wanted a different intoxication. It was almost morning before they went to his place.

She lifted the pillow – there it was. She took it around her finger, twirled it around and laughed... – “*You play well on your bass!*” she said and sent the panties through the air right in his face. “*Maybe, but you are a finer instrument*”. He sent the panties straight back onto the pillow. “*It's going to be there forever,*” he laughed.

She sat down on the edge of the bed, at the very end and let the panties show as she slid forward a little while the skirt 'sort of' hung on. What was he waiting for? Nothing... He grabbed her over the knees and carefully parted her legs and began to caress her with her whole face on the outside of her panties. She alternately squeezed her legs together around his head and let go. She smelled of honey and flower meadows and he was a bee buzzing at the source of the nectar. She took his hand and placed it on her hip. It was just a snap, then the panties were opened at the side, the other side as well. He put his teeth in the panty line and pulled it away - little sexy thing....

He parted her soft pinkish-red lips with his tongue and found her most sensitive spot, letting his tongue play while he caressed her back and held her tight. She started to vibrate again, grabbing his hair tightly and holding him in place. Again, her body rose like a tense

bow and she moaned and whimpered and finally howled softly. She slid down from the bed, pushed him backwards with his head stuck between her thighs so that he almost broke his neck. There, all the way down on the floor, he continued to give her his tongue until she vibrated again. She was like a stringed instrument. Of course he was right; she was an instrument and he was allowed to play it.

While he was lying between her thighs, she had opened the gates for his wild beast. She pushed herself down and led him into the warm cleft, all the way in and rode him slowly, magically as he put his hands over her waist. She leaned forward, kissed him hotly while her breasts caressed his chest. It was unbearable. He fired like a cannon; Fatamorgasma – Morgasm.. She boiled over soon after as she felt the hot juice fill her again, shook, trembled, threw herself flat on him and tore his hair, sank quietly down on him. Words were unnecessary. They pushed the little panty back under the pillow, crawled into bed, lay close together and fell asleep to beautiful dreams.

10

The first time gone all night without telling at home. There was an interrogation. Her mother had picked up on some rumours. Who was this 'fiddler'? Ayla kept quiet and had a story, but there was a suspicion over her now. Her parents were pretty strict. No more sleepovers with her girlfriends!

Ayla grabbed him the next day. They went straight to the place by the stone, sat down on the not quite dry, rolled up blanket. It was pretty raw there now. She

explained. They had to come up with something, on weekends at least, but she had to have Tanya and Yvonne on the team, that is, tell them a little bit what was really going on. *"I think they understood it a long time ago,"* said Dian. Yes, it would probably work out.

Another obstacle appeared. Dian's grandparents would be back in a couple of weeks. They had bedrooms at the far end of the huge apartment, but it would be more difficult, so instead of sneaking her in, he would introduce her to them and say they had started reading together. Naïve? Perhaps.... Should she take him home and introduce him as a friend?

The next day, she did just that. He showed his most modest side, bringing a couple of philosophy books. They questioned him about the music he played; - *"Such jazz environments, is there not a lot of drinking and drugs there?"* - *"Yes, among the big ones there probably are, but we are only amateurs..."*. Ayla broke in; - *"It is no wonder he plays music. His mother is a pianist, classical, that is!"* They looked at him as if he rose a notch in status. *"We read a little philosophy together,"* he mumbled. A little more notch up. The father smiled. They were allowed to go down to her small apartment together. They kissed and cuddled, but sat with the books and read when mother came down with some goodies for them. Maybe he was accepted?

11

Dian looked at her. - *"Damn how nervous I was! I figured they would throw me out and punish you"*. She laughed a little. They had talked about him afterwards

and liked that he had interests, but she should be careful, because boys are boys. She laughed, because she had almost replied that girls are girls too, but bit her lip and kept quiet.

A week passed, three, it was November, but then she was going to be home alone for a long weekend. She had behaved perfectly and not spoken a word about Dian. At the same time, her whole body burned. It was a fire that filled her whole being, longing. At school, she dragged him around the corner and almost crushed him against her, telling him about the coming freedom.

Friday came. They went their separate ways. She went home and called her parents, who were already on the other side of the mountains... said she wanted to read and rest and go for a walk with Tanya and Yvonne. He threw down his bag, cut a couple of slices of bread and went straight to her. Her curtains had been drawn, a sign that the coast was clear – she was alone. She was naked under a thin, long dress!

There was a small stain on the back of the dress. *"Shit, it is the last day of my period. It just has to go.."*. She leaned against him, wrapped her arms around him and he caressed her buttocks over the smooth, thin fabric. She was almost as sensitive over her buttocks as she was about her breasts. She loved this touch that went from her shoulder blades all the way down her back to her buttocks and lifted it a little, let it go, lifted it, let go again so that it quivered softly. Delicious...

He bit her shoulder lightly, put his teeth in the dress strap and pulled it over her shoulder – first one, then

the other – kissed her with a firm grip with both hands over her buttocks before pushing her away a little so that the dress slid a little further and exposed her breasts. He loved these beautiful, soft things... Without letting go of her buttocks and pressing her against him, he leaned her upper body back and began kissing, sucking lightly on one breast while letting the other hand embrace the other. She put her head back so that her long hair hung straight down, all the way down to her buttocks. He put his nose in the pit of her throat, kissed her chin and continued to let his tongue play with her chest. She held him by his hair.

Suddenly, she pulled back, pulled his sweater up and wrapped it around his head. She remembered what he had done this summer. He couldn't see anything, couldn't move his arms, but she soon saw everything as the pants slid down to his ankles, and she could touch everything!

She then pushed him towards the bed and knocked him down as she pulled his pants all the way away. Then she sat down between his feet, put her hands over his ankles and held him down. Then he felt a pair of feet start to play with him. They were wearing thin stockings. It was wonderful, playful and tickling. She grabbed and caressed him with her feet, stopping a little when things were about to go for him. Three times he was close. Then he felt her sit over him and take him all the way in. Never had he endured such a short time. She lit up the fire and he felt it running down over him. She unfastened his sweater, pulled it off and smiled the world's widest smile at him. She had taken revenge!

She was naked except for a pair of stockings that stayed up by themselves. So devilishly sexy! There was a red spot in the bed. She pulled off her stockings. – “*Come. We have to take a shower!*” She fired up the shower and started washing him. The piece of soap found its way all over his body and dwelt for a long time on his nobler parts. Then she gave him the soap, and he reciprocated for a long time. She pulled out a bottle of shampoo and washed his hair as well before taking her own. They threw around large, warm towels. She took the hair dryer and dried his hair before pulling off his towel and blowing him dry between his legs while checking that he was still alive. She threw him out of the bathroom and told him to drop in the duvet and wait.

It took some time. He almost fell asleep. He felt a tickle on his face. She had sneaked in and stroked his face with a long feather. She had put on makeup and was standing in front of him in a see-through pink teddy and the same tall stockings with wide lace edges. She smiled. She had a small bottle in her hand and let him smell it. Wonderful smell, for him completely indefinable. “*Essential oil,*” she laughed at him, pulled the blanket off and poured it over his dagger and began to massage. The result was immediate. He was ready again, but she continued the game, alternating between using her lips and hands and both. It was so wonderful that he writhed like a worm.

She pulled him further down into the bed, put her hand in her crotch and showed him that the teddy was open right there. She sat over his face while she continued the tickling massage. He used his tongue

until he felt her start to quiver again in her characteristic way. She moved downwards, pulled him into her, and bent forward until she had her head almost all the way down at his feet. He was locked in, put his hands on her hips and let her softly and warmly drive the madness up to insanity in his head.

Fatamorg... Fata... morgasm She took it all back, held on to his feet, fell flat over his legs with deep breaths. For a long time, they lay like this until she twisted around and lay close to him with her head on his chest.

Dian was inspired. He stood up over her and carefully pulled off her teddy and stockings. Then he took the little bottle and poured oil in a long narrow strip from the pit of his neck to the cleft below. Her whole body was tingling when he started massaging her. Her neck, her face, slowly down over her breasts until she again quivered like a violin string, further over her beautiful, smooth belly, round and around her navel, then slowly down into her cleft with gentle fingers. Back and forth, back and forth, navel, cleavage, for a long while... She raised her hips. Again, her body rose into an arc of pleasure. She whimpered and it increased in strength to small howls. Her body rushed up and down until she finally collapsed with a long sigh.

He heard her whisper – *"Müünä rakastan siiüüünua... Müünä rakastan süünua"*, but he was not done with her yet. He dripped some oil on her thighs and continued the massage all the way down to her feet. He kissed them, massaged them for a long time. She was in dreamland. Then he rolled her over onto her stomach and massaged her legs from behind from her feet

slowly upwards to her beautiful, shapely buttocks. For a long time, he worked on this beautiful piece of the girl he loved endlessly. "*Miinä rakastan siinua*," he whispered as he embraced her entire sex in his hand and massaged her until she quivered and gasped for breath again. He finished up her entire back, pushing her beautiful hair aside and massaging her neck from behind while sitting lightly on her back.

She felt what it was that tickled her lower back, grabbed and held on to it. He slid down on her side. They put their exhausted bodies against each other, kissed, cuddled, finally lay still and felt that they just existed, existed for each other.

The next day they went out to what they had now begun to call 'the place of love'. There had been snow. Everything was different. Nice. The view had also turned white. He made a small snowball without her noticing it and squeezed it up her crotch under her skirt. She screamed and laughed. It was cold and now it was wet. They went back to her and continued the game throughout the afternoon and evening and almost all night. On Sunday morning, he had to flee while she cleaned up and took out her books like a diligent schoolgirl.

12

A few days later, dark clouds towered over the horizon. Ayla came up to him crying and told him. They were going to move back to Finland, far up there in the north. Before Christmas. Two desperate looks met. She was crying. He felt his heart sink like a meatloaf all the way down into his stomach. "*We have to flee! But*

where?" They went straight to his house after school. She threw herself on him. They loved fiercely. They did not have much time. *"If I get pregnant, they cannot divide us. Do you want to?"* It dawned on him. She could have gotten pregnant many times as they had been lovemaking, but it had not happened. They did not have time to talk about it anymore. She sprinted home to avoid suspicion, but her mother had read the signs...

Two weeks later, the moving truck set out on the long trip. Soon after, Ayla was in the back seat and the little family followed. He was a little hidden by a tree. They looked at each other for three seconds. Dian was devastated. The house was empty! They had only managed to be together twice, briefly, always right after school. They had had one last trip to the place of love and taken it all the way out there, leaning against the cold stone. Now he went straight out to the square, kissed the cold stone, and tormented himself by dropping snow under his sweater, under his shirt, right on his skin, again and again. He felt that the tears flowed in torrents...

A few days later, a letter arrived. Ayla suggested that they escape to Sweden and meet somewhere there, find a hiding place or take a train far down into Europe. He answered. They wrote back and forth until one day in the New Year when his letter was returned. "Addressee unknown". Fuck it!! It was the parents who had found the letters, for sure.

Dian went out again to the stone, sat on it, found the North Star and dreamed away, saw her in his mind's eye, wept, felt her heart being eaten up by the acids in

his stomach. He just wanted to die, if he were to jump – no, it was not far enough down. He would just break his legs. Two letters, three, all in return. He received one last letter she had sneaked out: *“I know you write. I am banned. I’m going to boarding school for girls. I love you – Minä rakastan sinua”* ten times. The letter was written with lipstick and full of hearts. He laid it flat in a folder, under the pillow along with the other letters and the little pink panties. The dreams persisted. The days were leaden. The fairy tale was over without the fixed phrase: - Then they lived happily ever after....

Curtain falling!

The Yellow Sweater

1

Udaye had received a letter from the Ministry of Education. Excited, she sat down on the stool in the small house on the outskirts of Yaoundé and opened the envelope. She jumped up in joy. She had received the scholarship and a year at the University of Oslo, far, far up north. She had studied the Nordic countries, especially Norway, and written her final thesis on Norway at the same time as she had learned a little of the language of this distant country. In three months, she was going to pack her bags. She was the best graduating student in Cameroon and the prize was a scholarship with a year of study with her own choice of subject and university.

During the last two years, the family had had a Norwegian anthropologist living with them. She had learned a lot from him about the country and society and about the methods used in the field when studying foreign peoples. She was to be Africa's answer and study the white man as he had studied the black man. She was going to become an anthropologist with the Nordic countries as her field!

Oslo. August. Registration. Get to know each other. Out on the town with the others, many from different countries. Jazz club. The mixed group of people from all over the world got noticed, but they quickly slipped into the environment. Music was the common denominator. The dance captured most people, not

least Udaye with a body that was one with rhythm, all kinds of rhythms.

One evening at the end of the month, Dian played with his quintet. He pulled the usual deep bass lines that carried the long improvisations of the band while he looked out over the floor where a handful were dancing while the vast majority sat with a beer and chatted. Jazz club atmosphere. As it should be. Suddenly, two African girls stood up and walked across the small dance floor in a way he had never seen before. He almost lost his rhythm even as he followed the erect figure of Udaye with his eyes. She was not only fascinating. She was incredible!

During the break, he had to have a beer, too. Over to the bar and the taps. Free for him since he was playing. – “Hello..”. The voice hit him right in his left ear. “*You play so well, African rhythms...*” A strange accent, soft but unfamiliar. He turned around and looked Udaye straight in the face. “*You speak Norwegian?*” An affirmative smile. “*I saw you dancing. You are magnificent!*”, he heard himself say. That was absolutely true. She smiled broadly so that her white teeth shone at him in the black face. That smile and those eyes made his heart beat harder in his chest. Big dark eyes and a face surrounded by enormous hair. He treated her to a free beer and they stood looking at each other, just looking at each other almost as if bewitched. ‘*What should I talk to her about*’, he thought, completely blank in his head. Something happened to him, but what?

The pianist came over and intervened in the suddenly stiffened situation, looked at her and looked at Dian –

"Damn how great she danced", he said to Dian. She laughed, - "Thank you for the compliment..". Thomas looked at her a little surprised. - "Do you know Norwegian?" - "Yes, a little..". They did not get any further. They were going up and playing again. Dian and Udaye looked after each other with a long gaze as he walked back on stage, pulled the bass guitar over his shoulder, fine-tuned it before getting back to work. She was not dancing now, but was sitting at the table with two other African girls, watching and talking. Dian glanced at them for a few moments, but avoided appearing conspicuous.

A table closer to the stage became available. The three moved there. Dian noticed their gazes and did the best he could to pretend not to see them, sometimes playing with his back to the public, communicating with the drummer and picking up the tempo a bit. The girls did not dance, they did not talk, just watched. Second set finished. The musicians jumped down from the stage. She was not sitting at the table, but he collided with her carrying two pints. She lifted it up to him; - *"For you she said, come..."*.

The glass was pushed into his hand. He followed her, greeted the other two from Malawi and Tanzania. They didn't speak Norwegian, but English worked well. He tried not to seem conspicuously interested in Udaye, but that was what he was. She had made his heart pound. He was completely captivated, taken, grabbed by the root of his heart. Not just because she was so beautiful to look at. There was something about the happy, fresh character. At the same time, he

discovered through the conversation that she was anything but stupid, intelligent, intellectual actually.

Third, final set. It went strangely fast, he thought, but they had followed the game plan. Dian went straight over to the three black girls who smiled broadly as he sat down. It was fun to get to know a musician. – *“We are not professionals, you know, but it happens that we get to play here”*. The evening continued with ‘canned’ music and the conversation continued into the night towards the morning. Udaye and Dian exchanged glances more and more often, and there was something subtle going on during the light conversation. They agreed to meet the next day after he had stopped by and picked up the instruments.

2

She was sitting on the edge of the fountain when he came with the long instrument case. She stood up and came to meet him. The other two were not included. She explained that they thought it would be wrong to disturb ‘the music’... She laughed. He was a little embarrassed. Would it have been so visible? She laughed again. Did he read the girl’s language so poorly? Obviously! They went to a nearby pub. She preferred wine. There were two glasses of white wine and a long conversation. She explained what had brought her to his country. She was studying, he was going to start next year, but they were about the same age, she half a year older than him.

Two more glasses. She leaned against him now, smiling at him. His eyes shone warmly and caught his. Were they both about to fall in love, not just him? She

was obviously inviting, he cautious. He would not step over her boundaries. It had always come naturally to him to respect the girls, which he knew many of his friends did not. They always drove on with one single purpose; to get a quick fuck. He wanted to take his feelings with him, and now they were in high gear. Udaye had awakened these strange good feelings almost without saying or doing anything, just being there, being herself, glowing, black, perfectly sculpted, magical, proud, rakish, intelligent. He always had a taste for intelligent girls, someone with whom to share his thoughts.

He put his hand on hers, grabbed it gently, caught her gaze again, felt the magic of the moment where dream and reality flowed into each other, let his lips meet hers. A long, warm kiss... She pressed him against her and he looked straight down into the recess between her plump breasts, night black embraced in a sparkling white bra. He put his hand on her bare belly, white against her black skin, like an old photo, perfect soft skin.

They continued to talk while sitting like this, but the conversation had completely changed in tone of voice. It had become emotional. She felt his hand, left it there while they talked, and put her own hand on his. It was hot. It was good. She let the good feeling move through her whole body like a weak electric current. Two more glasses! She went over to the bar and picked it up. She was over 18, he was not.

Little by little, they felt it go to their heads. At the same time, they vibrated to the beat and just felt it, talking less and less, kissing again and again. They emptied

the glasses. She buttoned her coat – the September days were cool, quite cold actually. Temperatures she had never experienced before. He saw her freeze. Stopped, sat the long suitcase on the ground, pulled her close to him and massaged her over her back on the outside of her coat. She laid her head on his shoulder and let it happen. It was good.

They were not far from where he lived. *"Come up to me, and you'll be able to borrow a warm sweater..."*. She joined, happy. He took care of her. That alone was warming, but a sweater would also be useful.

He showed her around the huge apartment, pulled out a nice, warm-yellow wool sweater and went to the kitchen to make tea. When he brought her the tea, she sat on the sofa and shone like an evening sun. *"If you like the sweater, you can get it. The colour fits your skin perfectly. I've hardly ever used it"*. She felt the warm, woollen fabric, smiled and thanked him. He sat the cups on the table and before he could sit down, she pulled him down beside her, put her arms over his neck and pulled his head down on her chest. He felt her breasts embrace his face. He pushed one hand behind her lower back, put the other on her thigh.

As the tea grew colder, the two became increasingly hot. The enveloping closeness had no need for tea. Eros had obviously flown in and wanted attention. He sat up on the curtain rod and played his lyre, a game that coloured the atmosphere. That smart guy knew exactly what he was getting into. So, what do two simple people have to do when a god of Mount Olympus has taken the lead?

Temperature rise. He started massaging her breasts through her sweater, blouse, and bra. She pulled him closer. Further temperature rise. Suddenly, without a word, she pushed him away, stood up, pulled a zipper and dropped her knee-length skirt straight down to the floor. The yellow sweater was almost long enough to be a dress, but only almost. The little panties peeked out just below the edge. She lifted her sweater and pulled it over his head where he was sitting. He put both hands over her buttocks and pulled her close, kissing her on her stomach, slowly further and further down.

He slipped his hand between her legs from behind and began to caress her on the outside of her panties while kissing her and pulling her panties down with his teeth. It got damp. He pulled it all the way down and put his tongue in the cleft, found her most sensitive spot and continued until she could not stand upright any longer. She looked down at the carpet and tore his trousers away, grabbed him and dragged him down to the floor, pushed him onto his back, ripped off his jacket and shirt and sat over him. He went straight to the bottom. She moved vigorously, held him down, shook abruptly all over her body, screamed softly, and looked down at him with a gaze that was completely distant.

She continued, more and more energetically. Once more, she trembled and fell down on him. Just then, he went off like a firework, filling her up with precious goods. She held him inside, for a long time. Then she lifted her upper body, pulled off her sweater, blouse, everything, and let her breasts play with his chest, with his face, with his lips, his tongue. He teased her

with long sucking kisses, tongue play and lightly gnawing teeth until she began to tremble again, let out another low-pitched howl and collapsed on top of him.

They pulled themselves up on the sofa, naked, satisfied, close together. Not a word, just closeness, warm, loving closeness. The tea was still untouched... cool now. Eros had moved over to the couch and sat there with a satisfied smile. He stroked them both with a long feather and both thought it was the other. They felt the touch and had no idea that a god had blessed their act and had brought a story home to Olympus.

It was night. The temperature drop was noticeable. They put on their clothes. He followed her home. The two teacups were still untouched on the table when he came home to a rather chilly residence...

She undressed. Naked, she pulled on her yellow sweater. Felt it, sensed it, smelled it... She had thus dressed him on to her own body and went to sleep with the sweater on...

3

Dian went to the club every day, all week, but Udaye did not show up. Was it just a short dream? The following week, he heard she had stopped by. She had asked for him at the bar, he was told. It was Friday. He was chatting with friends as a small group entered. There she was, black as night with the yellow sweater! They spotted each other immediately. She rushed over to him and sat down on his lap and put her arms around him – there was no vacant chair at the table. The others laughed; - *“Oh, Dian, are you caught??”* – *“Possibly”*, he muttered. Everyone laughed.

There was an immediate festive atmosphere. She briefly explained that there had been a two-week evening course in Norwegian for all the foreign students. Two tables were moved together, chairs gathered and the entire small group that had arrived at the same time as Udaye was seated. Jonas treated everyone to a round. He always had a lot of money and many people knew why, but no one cared.

Jonas and three others ran up on stage after a while. They were going to play. There was more space around the table and Udaye pulled Dian over to the sofa next to her. He noticed that she had nothing under her sweater. Her breasts moved freely under the woollen fabric. – *“You wear the sweater, I see”*. – *“Yes, it warms; it holds me when you are not there and then I get twice as warm”*. She laughed and let him feel that there was only skin under the yellow. He fetched two glasses of white wine and they sat close together and followed the music of Jonas and his gang. She did not dance, but let him caress her breasts under her sweater. He felt her hot glow as she sat with her head leaning on his shoulder.

After a while, she grabbed his hand and pulled it down under the waistband of her pants, down under her panties. He let his fingers play with her and felt her get wet. He intensified the play, letting his middle finger slide a little deeper. She was breathing heavily now, clinging to him and suddenly jerking with a suppressed scream. He continued, did not stop, but strengthened his grip, let his fingers play on. She breathed, hissed, buried her head against his chest, grabbed his neck, jerked again and again and again.

He finally put his hand flat over her sex and closed it all over. He felt her overflow as she quieted down, lifted her head and started kissing him intensely. She had to sort herself out a bit, she said and disappeared. He sniffed the new warm scent of his hand and emptied his wine glass. In the semi-darkness, he was relieved to see that no one had noticed anything.

Udaye came back with the yellow sweater neatly pulled down. Her entire beautiful body danced lightly under the colour yellow and she beamed at him in the frame of her amazing hair. She had picked up a couple of more glasses. The first set was finished and Jonas with the others sat down with them. *"Did you like what we played?"* he asked... Dian responded with some nice words, but he had to admit to himself that he had not noticed what they were playing. The music had just been like a blanket over the wonderful moment with Udaye.

4

Again, a whole week passed. Udaye was a star student. Took two subjects in parallel. This led to a lot of reading in Norwegian and English, two foreign languages for her. One day she carried a couple of books with her. There was something she did not understand. Dian had no idea that it was just a pretext. She wanted to spend more time with him. Again, she glowed under the yellow sweater that had become a fetish, her way of experiencing him embracing her when she was alone. He closed and opened his eyes again. Twice. Sure, there she stood with books in her hands, long black coat, bag over her shoulder, black and yellow with sparkling eyes.

He took the books in his bag, put his arm around her narrow waist; kissed her. They went straight to the jazz café. It was chilly, drizzling. Then it went well with red wine and hot goulash. He pulled out the books; she showed him some pages with some heavy language. He explained. He sensed that she might have understood it all and just needed to be sure. She played a little, but he did not sense it. He only sensed her warm, slightly peculiar scent. After a while, she leaned softly against him – *“Can we go to your house? You have such a nice place”*. – *“Obviously...”*. He took her hand when she stood up, helped her put on her coat, put the books in the bag. With his arms around her waist, they walked close through the evening mist in the streets, to his home. He felt like they were floating. Everything seemed strangely natural and light and quite dreamlike. She also seemed to float as they walked silently with talking emotions and burning longing.

He looked at her, put the books on the table. *“Do you want to go through chapter 8 again?”* That was not what she had in mind. – *“Would you like to make us some tea?”* – *“Hmm, the last time I did that, the tea got cold”*. She laughed. He made tea. She was sitting with the book, chapter 8, when he came with two steaming hot cups. *“I think I have understood that – thank you for your help”*. She actually spoke surprisingly good Norwegian, except for the special accent.

This time they sipped a little tea. – *“Jonas said it is your birthday soon, will be 18?”* – *“Yes, next week”*. – *“We have to celebrate!”* – *“I reckon there might be quite a group at the club that night.”* – *“Then you will be allowed to buy beer”*. He laughed. *“At the club, some of*

us have had both beer and wine since we were 16, as long as we did not get drunk.... The boss there is decent, but strict...”.

No more talking. He pulled her with her back towards him, put both hands on her breasts; let the warm woollen fabric slide over them before slipping his hands under and grabbing her nipples. They filled his hands and soon became tight. She let herself sink in against him, letting him turn her on, slowly stronger. She was glowing coals, he a white cloud. Eros, Eros, Flying Eros...

The glowing piece of coal flared up, the cloud fell like rain over her, thundering through her emotions with small lightning strikes. She moved every time. He felt the source of the storm rise. She sensed it, twisted around, pushed him backwards on the sofa, pulled off her yellow sweater and let her breasts drift softly in the wind over his chest, over his face and meet his tongue, back and forth, back and forth...

He put his hands over her hips, lifted her up and pulled off her pants and panties. The wind increased in strength; the intensity sparked. She tore off his trousers and grabbed the source of the fire, took it in her mouth, licked, let her lips massage the top of the thunder wand, painted it with red lipstick, long, slowly stronger. Clouds drifted over volcanic landscapes in his head until the eruption coloured the sky red and she swallowed him completely, devoured him for a long time, soaking up the entire eruption. The intense shot sent a meteorite through his head and when he opened his eyes, he looked straight up into her face, as if in a cave formed by the hair that surrounded them.

He pulled her towards him, kissed her breasts, her stomach, his tongue finding its way as she crawled over him. Gently, he let his fingers part the rose's red petals and massaged the entire rose before pulling her over him and continuing to kiss this beautiful flower, adding his tongue and feeling a new storm spread inside her. She sang a merry aria, vibrated and shook. A small earthquake went through her body. He continued and she shook, quivered, glowed, burned, and waved back and forth over him. Then she felt that the thunderbolt had risen again.

She let herself fall down on him again, took it into Aphrodite's warm room and rocked over him, letting him rotate between the petals, playfully, intensely, directly at her most sensitive point. Tremors, earthquakes, the thunderbolt went all the way in. The volcano blew the lava straight into the sky. She pinched him tightly, pressed her legs between his and lay still. They breathed in rhythm. They breathed the same atmosphere. The storm had lied. The tea was cold in two cups on the table. Two closed books.

Night had crept over them. It was dark in the living room. They pulled into the bed, huddled close together and fell asleep. They shared a dream that day. They shared dreams that night. They were fleeing in foreign landscapes. A powerful light swept in over them. They woke up to a late autumn morning, sparkling sun and warm closeness. Not university, not school today, no. They stayed for a long time chatting, caressing each other and sharing a pulse. They both laughed heartily when they entered the living room, found their clothes in wild disarray and two cups of cold tea.

5

Dian turned 18. They first gathered at the pub. Udaye came with the whole herd. Yellow sweater. Dian looked at her – *“Always the yellow sweater”*, he laughed. – *“Obviously. Happy birthday. I love you. Bayaninka! Ina son ku. Félicitations! Je t’aime”*. It was like music to his ear. He kissed her – *“Merci. Je t’aime aussi”*. *“You know French?”* *“No, but I have picked up a little. Love you Udaye, love you limitless, insanely. More than you love the yellow sweater, that is...”*. She laughed.

It turned into a party. Dian was properly celebrated and treated when they went down to the club as well. He felt he was starting to get unsteady, but did not want to get drunk. He did not want to make a fool of himself before Udaye. He just wanted to embrace her, but the party got out of hand, mostly for the others. He slowed down. Udaye also held back. She was from a culture where drinking was uncommon and not so accepted. They often made eye contact throughout the evening, but circulated in this motley gang. The band playing that night was unknown.

The boss at the club sat down with them and put four bottles of bubbles on the tables and a dozen new glasses. He was pleasant – *“Happy birthday”*, he said and started pouring into the glasses. *“I do not have to worry about serving an underage anymore,”* he laughed with a big grin. The evening spun by and it was morning the next day. *“I want to sleep with you”*, Udaye said as they came out into the gray light. *“Of course...”*. She did not fall asleep. She fainted. He cuddled her into dreamland.

It was a slow morning. The day that followed turned into evening when they finally discovered each other in bed with far too much distance between them. They crawled towards each other; eyes that had finally opened found each other. A little heavy in the head, a little distant, but they found their way in the end. *"Bonjour! – Bonjour... So, there you are"*. She grinned at him, showed her white teeth. He studied her beautiful features. She was as if taken out of a good dream and she shone at him through her black skin. Her eyes sparkled at him. The attraction was magical. She sensed the same thing. His eyes were what had caught her, sent her on this lovemaking journey with a white-skinned, long-haired fiddler. She looked at him and felt the strange craving, the strange feeling in the root of her heart.

Udaye followed her inner impulses as she had done all her life, for as long as she could remember. She believed that following one's intuition, one's inner feeling, was always right. It was not theory; it was experience. Now she was lying next to someone she herself had searched, wanted to experience. It was a wonderful experience. She wanted his hands, to feel them touch her, to grasp her, to love her. She sought him with her eyes, shrugged him with small movements she knew he could not resist. His hands came, caressed her and she offered all of herself for this touch, made small, false escape attempts to get more and he let himself be deceived, pursued her playfully, grabbed her firmly.

Udaye loved to feel that she had the power of attraction. It gave her a sense of freedom and some

power, the ability to defeat him. He was defeated to defeat her, playing with her soft attributes and putting his hand in between the rose petals, lifting her towards him and letting his tongue massage the core of the rose until she quivered and sang as only lust can make a woman sing. She was trapped, embraced in the web of lust and pulled him towards her, brought him to her, and held him tight. Feeling him inside gave her violent feelings, it turned her on intensely and she loved this feeling that made lightening flash behind her eyelids and run electric currents through her whole body. She felt like a living firework. She moved so that the pleasure lit all the fuses and she overflowed into ecstasy. It was strangely satisfying to feel that he jerked and filled her deep inside the holy of holies.

She let herself sink into dreamland and held him tight as he continued to pet her. She felt like he was cultivating her. She felt that he valued her through his touch and his gaze confirmed everything. She knew he felt the same way, that he loved her hands and touch. She lay for a long time looking over at him, drawing hearts on his chest with her finger. He turned around, looked at her, met her gaze. "*Udaye, you are so beautiful that I almost cannot believe you are real*". She smiled warmly.

6

A few weeks later, the first snow came. A white blanket of 10-15 centimetres had settled over the world and it was still snowing a little. Udaye had spent the night with Dian again and did not quite understand what she saw when she looked out of the window. Then it dawned on her. She danced through the room towards

him: *"It is raining snow; it is raining snow..."* She had only seen this in pictures. She slipped on her red jumpsuit, put her legs in her boots, dragged him into the hallway.... *"It is raining snow outside; I want to feel it!"*

She let out her hair to receive the snow, looked straight up and got it all over her face, let it melt, tasted it, received the snowflakes on her tongue, cheered and laughed and danced. He led the way to the park. A white blanket and snow on the trees. She danced around and around and stopped abruptly. There were some tracks in the snow, - *"What is it?"* - *"There are some children who have been here and made angels in the snow"*. He explained how. She found a field of untouched snow between the bushes, lay down and made the first angel of her life in the snow, got up and studied it proudly. Again... Three large, fine angels in the snow.

She tore off her boots, socks she had forgotten, and began to leave footprints, nice clear tracks in the slightly crunchy snow. Then she tore off her jumpsuit, sweater, bra and panties. Completely naked, she let herself fall backwards straight into the white carpet. She howled and Dian looked around. There were a number of people walking on the path through the park, but they were quite sheltered. Udaye stood up carefully, studied the beautiful imprint. Then she let herself fall flat forward in the same way and stayed there. Dian admired the beautiful black figure in the white snow. She is absolutely perfect, he thought as she stood up carefully. The imprint was perfect as the first.

She walked over to him, opened his jacket... – “*Snow me, Dian, snow me, snow me*”. He took the point and started mashing her with snow all over her body. Her nipples were sticking out against him. He kissed them as he let a handful of snow slide into her crotch. She screamed, opened his pants, tore them off, grabbed and pulled him in between her thighs, egged him on with soft movements and pulled him down on top of her in the snow. He sucked her breasts, gave her everything. It was ecstatic.

She filled one hand with snow and put it in between them as he rocked back and forth in her before she turned him around and took the lead. More snow between them, she threw snow in his face and wrapped it over his chest. Then they both exploded. She clasped him between her thighs, not wanting to let him go... She sank down on top of him as the snow between their warm bodies melted and ran down his sides with a tickling sensation.

Incredible. They were warm even though they were lying in the snow in a couple of centigrade below zero, but it was time to keep that warmth. They got dressed quickly and studied the imprints in the snow. It had stopped snowing. It was going to get colder. Then her two body images would stay for a while. The picture of chaos in which they had made love would probably be more difficult to interpret! They ran home to the warmth in wet clothes. Later in the day, they went for a walk, warmly dressed, to look at the crime scene. Everything was untouched. Her beautiful body lay there with every detail to see; front and back...

That winter, she made many angels in the snow and almost as many body casts. They laughed a lot about passers-by who spotted them and snow-loved several times when it was not too cold. Udaye was so hot that the snow would melt just by her looking at it, Dian thought. Anyway, it always melted between them!

January was too cold. They had noticed footprints that showed that someone had passed by and seen the sexy imprints in the snow. Especially the last ones that they had made at night close to the main path where everyone walked. There he also was cast in the same way. They remained for a long time in the increasingly severe cold, until a real snowstorm came and covered the happy memories.

7

They had taken to lighting a fire in the fireplace and sitting naked on a large blanket just in front of the fire with a cup of hot tea each time they were together during this cold period. They lit tea lights all around and practiced the arts of love in a veil of romantic feelings. She told about her life in Cameroon and he about his. It was really two different worlds that they gave each other insight into. Often, she also pulled on the yellow sweater and let him feel her whole body through the warm wool. She loved it. She was turned on by it, especially when he pulled it half up and started sucking and licking her breasts before letting his tongue play down her entire belly, circling her navel and finally immersing himself in the little red highlight of her cleavage.

She burned like fire in the fireplace, he felt, heaving for breath, raising and lowering her hips before she trembled all over her body and pulled him up into her, all the way up with rocking movements, soft and strong at once. She turned around, lifted her buttocks and pulled him in from behind with a strong African rhythm. There are volcanoes in Africa. He was in the deep interior of Africa and eruptions were unstoppable.

Sometimes they fell asleep like this in front of the fireplace, she with her back against him, he still in place in Africa and with his hands on her soft savannah. The soft skin over her belly was like the finest silk and the savannah led to two soft hills of magical sensitivity. She was a fire to hold, a rhythm to move to, a song from a distant African village that resounded through the jungle and over the mountains. Her voice was music with that strange accent, her eyes like two great glimpses of a starry sky at the equator, her mouth a wide bed for deep kisses, and her hair, when it fell down on him, an impenetrable jungle. All concepts died hopelessly when she leaned over him and their gaze beamed at each other and there were braids that tied the rays together.

Love, what is it? An impossible concept. They often philosophized where they lay, the woman in the yellow sweater, he in a red one he had received from her. *"Maybe it is best not to define it,"* he said, *"it is just something that happens, much like two magnets are pulled against each other. It is not just what we do to each other, it is what we are to each other..."*. She smiled.

Of course, she agreed; *"It is just a feeling, magic. I feel that we are part of the universe. In Africa, when we look at the stars, we see that they speak to us and are part of our life. They are lights in the night... You are my light in the night, Dian!"* He laid his head on her stomach and looked up at her; - *"You are the whole universe to me, infinitely always my starry sky. I love you!"* - *"Ina son ku"*. She pulled the sweater down over her stomach, over him, and put his hand on her chest. *"This is how I want to live and die with you, sleep with you a little now"*. They fell asleep quietly as they listened to a faintly crackling fireplace.

8

It had become spring, early spring, snow melting in a low, but slightly warming sun. They went for a walk along the piers, hand in hand, a yellow sweater and a red one. The feeling of happiness was just under the skin and made it glow. It was chilly, but they were warm. They found a small spot where they could sit by themselves on a ledge. He supported her as she climbed up and sat on it. It was just the right height. She put her legs over his shoulders and pulled him up between her thighs. She wore a short skirt and long warm socks that were tied with a ribbon at the very top around her thighs; thin, white panties.

Again, he sensed the fire burning inside her and began to blow the embers by kissing her intensely through her panties. That was not enough. She lifted her buttocks so he could pull it off, all the way off. Carefully he parted the petals of the rose and let his tongue play for a while before he sucked on her and let his tongue go deeper, more intensely. She was no

longer glowing, she was burning! She flowed, she trembled, she shouted his name in a whisper, hissing like an African snake over and over again, leaning back with a long sigh.

He supported her as she slid gently down from the high ledge. Foothold. Quick hands opened, pulled down his pants. He was ready like never before. She grabbed him and led him directly all the way in, rocking him out of his senses. The volcano in Africa erupted again, erupted strongly. She pushed her hips forward, gave it her all, took everything, wanted to keep everything, held him tight, locked her legs around his waist, kissed him intensely all over his face, deep kisses...

They let go little by little, looked at each other, picked up her panties. She had blood on her fingers, traces of blood from her nails on his back. They laughed, pulled their clothes back on. Then they heard voices. There was a boat just out there in the water. They shouted at them and clapped. *"Damn, they've seen it all..."*. She laughed, they composed themselves, and bowed deeply to their small audience before running off.

Udaye just laughed and laughed... *"Quel performance!"* They made childish faces at each other and found a place where they could have a drink and something to eat. *"In France, they open a bottle of champagne after every performance,"* she laughed. He ordered half a bottle, so they had something to celebrate with. It was bounced at the table in front of them, very professionally and poured into proper champagne glasses. They toasted. She said she would one day bathe in champagne with him....

Udaye began to fantasize. She had heard stories, suspenseful stories. She wanted him to make her completely defenseless and do all sorts of things with her. *"They call it 'restraints',"* she said. It sounded exciting. They raved away while sitting in her dorm. They just needed a long rope...

A couple of days later, Dian went and bought 5 meters of white, soft, not too thin rope; expensive rope. He did not say anything about it, waiting for the right opportunity. A week passed. Udaye was deeply concentrated. Wrote thesis, an important assignment. He was just a short trip to her dorm with something good she could eat and get energy. She had enough energy to push him out the door again after half an hour, but at least they had figured out that they both still existed and glowed for each other.

Not one week, two. Not one, two theses submitted. Udaye had barely slept for two weeks when she stood outside Dian's door with a dull expression. He pulled her in, took her coat, the cobalt blue, long one. He thought all the colours made her black skin glow darkly, if it is possible to say such a thing. He told her as she snuggled up to him and put her arms around him. *"Missed you, missed you a lot, a lot..."*. – *"It has been cold here for two weeks without you,"* he replied, but there was a fire in the fireplace.

That night they made love intensely almost until the morning, slept until late on Sunday and went for a walk through the park. Flowers had appeared where they had made imprints in the snow just a few weeks

before. They laughed and thought they were their children. Better with such children than those who scream and fill diapers every day. Freedom, just freedom!

Udaye defended both her theses with only a day's break in between and stood with the best grade. Dian also completed his exams with good results, although not with top scores like her. Now they only had a little less than a month left before she was to use the return ticket to Cameroon. It bothered them that that ticket existed, but it was not just a matter of throwing it in the fireplace. The visa also expired around the same time.

Dian had checked out a bit about bondage. Completely new to him and not everything seemed easy to do. He made a 'soft' plan. Udaye had completely forgotten the idea when Dian started undressing her. First the yellow sweater, then the long black skirt. He massaged her buttocks and kissed her belly, opened her bra and egged her on by sucking and letting his tongue play over her breasts. He prevented her from doing anything herself. She still did not get the point as he pulled off her panties, but left the high black stockings remain. He let his tongue play a little in the cleft before he pulled out a scarf and tied it over her eyes. Then it dawned on her!

She felt the rope being placed over her neck and pulled down between her breasts where he intertwined them three times before continuing, putting them under her breasts, over her back, forward over her breasts, tightening lightly as he pulled the ends further over her neck again, down, crossing over her back, forward over

her waist, new cross on her stomach, behind, down into the valley between her buttocks and forward on both sides of her beautiful rose, further up both sides in a long V, under the other windings. From there, he led them like two spirals down her thighs, further over her ankles, tied her feet together and pulled the ropes straight up and tied her wrists together. She was sitting on her knees in the middle of the bed with her legs slightly spread, in a slight arc backwards with her hands behind her. Finally, he attached the ropes to the bedpost.

She felt everything, she felt how his caressing hands moved the ropes around her body until she completely lost the image of how she was bundled and fastened. He looked at her for a long time. He had chosen a white rope on purpose. It now drew a non-existent, sexy garment on her black skin.

He found a long feather and began to tickle her stomach, letting it caress her breasts, over the pit of her throat, chin, mouth. She was quiet, letting all her emotions quiver through her. A long pleasure. He continued, following the ropes over her shoulders, down her back over her buttocks, alternating, tickling her down through the valley and letting the feather play over her back door. She hiccupped; he continued before moving further down the back of her thighs to her feet. She suffered the tickling, squirmed and laughed, but could not stop him from continuing. Then he let the feather play with her thighs on the front and gently brought it up to the rose. She trembled slightly. He teased her, played on and off, short tickles with

short pauses in between. He sniffed the feather. It was wet. She was wet.

He put the feather away. Took one end of the rope from the bedpost, passed it between her legs, pulled it up in the middle of the cleft, carefully tightened and fastened it to the rope that crossed just below her breast. He gently grabbed her by the hips and began to push her back and forth so that the soft rope stuttered and slackened, massaging her quite vigorously where she was most sensitive. She was trembling, breathing heavily, wanted to lie down, but could not change position. It went for her, she flowed, shouted something in her own language.

Dian loosened the rope in her crotch, took out a couple of ice cubes he had prepared, and massaged both of her breasts at the same time with them. She howled. He continued. They melted right on her overheated body as he rotated them over her stomach. He found a new ice cube, placed it right up in the centre of her vibrating rose, and let it slide back and forth between the petals. She ran off again, threw wildly back and forth, but was stuck. He put his head between her legs, licked her, drank the mixture of water and female elixir. She tasted like a tropical fruit. He began to suck on her aroused lust spot. She screamed again, her body tossing back and forth, violently. He did not give up right away, kept going until he felt her press her thighs together around his head and hold him tight. She threw herself on again and again, hissing like a snake up there above him.

He wriggled free. Placed his hard tool between her breasts, squeezed them together and tickled her

throat, over her lips. She had come to herself again and closed her lips around him. He felt it become ecstatic and moved down her body in one long motion, letting it caress a little between the rose petals before he entered her completely and kept going until she screamed loudly, throwing her body around without getting free. Then there was a new volcanic eruption in Africa. She felt the juice fill her and leaned against him. He supported her, pulled the scarf off her eyes, and began to untie the ropes. As soon as her hands were free, she hurled them around him, rolled over him, and whispered beautiful words in his ear—words he did not understand, but understood nonetheless. The melody was unambiguous.

10

Udaye spent three days brooding on the memory of the night she was defenceless. She was plotting revenge – cruel revenge, no, delightful, raw revenge. The day was to come, and it came. She went to his house in the evening, threw herself into his arms. They drank a couple of glasses of wine before she turned to him with a smile – *“Hey, where did you put the white rope?”* – *“I have coiled it up and put it in the drawer. What about it?”* - *“I want it. I want to catch you tonight. I’m going to strip you naked! Now!”*

She dragged him into the bedroom, found the rope, and began to undress him, playfully garment after garment until he stood there without a thread. Then she pushed him onto the bed. *“Get on your knees!”* She commanded. He positioned himself as she wanted. Then she took out a mask she had provided and covered his eyes, making sure he could not see

anything. Then she took the rope, put it over his neck and continued to tie him up much like she remembered he had done to her. She tightened it when she had tied his hands together and tied him to the bedpost. She pulled off her dress and stood there in the world's most gorgeous, sexy lingerie in bright pink and violet. The bra was open so the most important things were visible, the panties as well, but he could not see anything.

She kissed him as she grabbed his knight and woke it up. She put her breasts in his mouth so he could taste her, stroked him further down his chest and his stomach until the standing one ended up between her breasts. She squeezed it a little before she went over to treating him with the long feather as he had done to her. It tickled all his senses at once. He laughed and breathed and laughed again. It was insanely tickling. She let the feather play with the upright knight before threading a metal ring down on it, pulling the rope through the ring, and starting to nibble on it. Then she pulled it off again and wrapped the rope three times around it. The knight was trapped! She licked it around his head and let her lips play with it before releasing him from the rope again.

He felt she let a cold metal object examine the entire chassis before she grabbed it and started painting the top with red lipstick. The knight became a beacon, but he did not see the transformation, only felt something that caressed him softly. Then she drew a heart in the middle of his chest and laughed softly. After a while... No! Lipstick should sit on beautiful lips. She slowly began to use him as lipstick, moving the red colour

onto her soft lips. It was – of course – a long and laborious affair and she felt that he was very ready now. Small break; a little play with the feather again.

She moved close to him, led him in between the rose petals, slowly back and forth, and then a little inside. She grabbed him by the buttocks and pulled him towards her until he was completely in place in Africa. She bounced him back and forth, back and forth, harder and harder. She made sure that he was always in strong contact with her pleasure points. Again, a fire broke out in the jungle caused by a fierce volcanic eruption that seemed to last an eternity. He writhed, moaned and laughed. She loosened his hands and let him down on top of her, holding him in place in the jungle cave. He felt he might as well have run a marathon... – *“Je t’aime! Ina son ku! Ina son ku!”* He whispered to her. She whispered back. The mask had slipped off. He lifted his head and saw her glistening black body in bright pink sexy wrapping, photographing her with his eyes. Eros made big eyes!

11

The days were approaching her departure. They dreaded that day. In order not to think too much about it, they went to museums, the large outdoor museum, art galleries and of course to the club in the evenings. They both had the day off now. Walks in the city, walks in the forests behind the hills that surrounded the city. Always hand in hand or arm in arm. The proximity was absolutely necessary. The yellow sweater too. It was her fetish, she said. She felt it like his hands were woven into it.

In a secluded place with a view of the entire city and the fjord, they still had an outdoor lovemaking. She let the ice cream melt over his hot spear and sucked it in with a rotating tongue and pursing lips before riding him like a wild horse again. The last week she only lived with him and they made love every day intensely, drinking feelings that would be their memories forever. Their souls would merge and the threads would quiver in the atmosphere, singing in the stratosphere over thousands of kilometres for years.

The yellow sweater hung loosely and lightly over her bare breasts every single day. At the airport, they found a quiet corner where they caressed each other fiercely before she had to go through the checkpoint. She carried it elegantly as she disappeared from sight with one last kiss, carried it up into the atmosphere, felt it embrace her as if she had taken his hands with her. He stood there until the plane disappeared in the cloud. Paris, Yaoundé, a yellow sweater with the world's most beautiful girl in it.

Africa!

Waves

1.

Sometimes even the most ordinary situations have room for surprises. Dian attended a congress in a central role. This often leads to 'everyone' wanting to talk to you even if there is not much they have to say. It requires both being social, but also patience, the ability to listen to both the relevant and the irrelevant. In the evening after the joint dinner for the participants, he was in a conversation when a young lady broke in. She commented that he looked straight into the eyes of the people he was talking to all the time. A little surprised by the comment; - *"I like to have contact with the people I talk to"*, he replied. *"I have a few things I would like to ask you,"* she replied. *"I can come up to you when I have finished what we are talking about here..."*

Dian was a little surprised by this approach, but it was an interesting observation. He found her sitting with another lady and settled down with them. They introduced themselves, she; - *"Therese"*. It quickly turned into a good conversation with an interesting exchange of thoughts. After a while, the other lady dropped out and left. Dian continued the conversation with Therese over a few glasses of wine before they went out at midnight under a blanket of stars. Something hot had arisen during the conversation and they ended up walking hand in hand before they parted ways and found their own rooms at the hotel. The next day before departure, they arranged for her to visit him.

Dian thought about her in the days that followed. She was tall, erect, beautiful and had what he had always admired in women, stars in her eyes and a big dark hair. In addition, she was 12-13 years younger than him. He was free after having recently walked out of a long relationship. Free as a bird under the sky, galloping, ready for anything.

Therese came. He had prepared a pleasant evening, but another language was soon spoken under the one carried by words; Looks, hands, gestures conveyed a more subtle message of emotion that was adrift. The words lost ground. The other language took over the conversation. Soon they were lying on the couch. He fingered her and she reacted violently. It was an overnight stay without brakes on.

Dian had met a woman of intensity and power who was even more beautiful without clothes. Beautiful, sensitive breasts, waist, hips – in short, a fabulous woman. He acknowledged that he had stumbled into the snare of infatuation and appreciated both the strong emotion and its target; Therese!

2

If you pay attention, you will see that life is full of labyrinths. In many ways, man's task is to find his way through it to the central point where answers to essential questions of life are to be found. It is liberating as the experience of love is, but its answer is also found in the depths of a labyrinth we humans must search through, often via many adventurous encounters. In each such meeting, we experience ourselves and if we take that experience into account,

we have also come a few rounds closer to the core of the labyrinth of love. Dian realized that he was moving in these strange entanglements, not only in search of her, but in search of himself, the heart of his own life.

Teresa was a new chapter, a new path. He felt that by her affection she brought up something of himself to himself, something that rose from the depths of the sea up to the undulating surface where the wind plays its game and whips dew off the crests of the waves. Water holds the depth of emotions, the wind that sets them in motion, drives forth deep currents.

Everything happened as if driven by a storm. They raged in the face of each other. Teresa had enough initiative to take his breath away at first. A few days later, she was pure fire. She tore off his trousers while he sat on the sofa, egged him up with both hands, deep sucking movements with circling tongue before she sat on her knees against him and sank straight down on top of him, taking him in directly, deeply and with fierce movements. She was so turned on that she fired twice and ran wild before he filled her and pushed them both to the floor. He worked her beautiful breasts until she squealed again and they lay still and looked at each other grinning raw, laughing, very close.

Teresa felt that for some reason she got unusually turned on when she was with Dian. She wondered at her own reaction and the intensity she was experiencing, an intensity that had gained new power, a new dimension. When he touched her, strange feelings poured into her whole body and she could not control herself. She just had to throw herself at him before her emotions let go, before the moment burst.

She could not talk about this, just act on immediate impulse and make it happen, unleash the tension that lay just under her skin and deep inside her. Was this a new form of infatuation or just animal drive?

The first time he visited her, she had sprinkled rose petals on the floor, lit a dozen candles and incense. He entered a room lit only by live flames that smelled of roses and sandalwood, romantic in a way he had never imagined. In addition, she was dressed as a temptation that could dispel any allure Satan himself might have made.

Theresa served an excellent wine with cheeses, grapes, olives and biscuits, something she had understood he had a weakness for. Dian could only laugh. He had never experienced anything like this before, let alone expected to experience. Teresa had arranged the sofa as a nest with glasses and goodies within easy reach. She scurried around in her light garbs with talking movements, moving close to him temptingly while she set everything out and poured wine. For Dian, this was possibly the same as the forecourt of Paradise.

He let his hands feel her body through the thin fabrics that both revealed and hid her adorability. She let him get away with light laughter, moved her body, wiggled her buttocks slightly so that they trembled temptingly, leaned her breasts forward two inches out of reach. She teased him thoroughly before she sat down next to him and they toasted and helped themselves.

When they had emptied one of the bottles, she fetched another. There was still something on the table, but now they mostly began to help themselves to each

other. Theresa began to open access to the goodies she had probably considered the main course and soon the hunter had caught the prey. She began with light actions before letting the first thin garment fall and inviting his hands to play with her, little by little releasing the small garments. She sensed the liberation as pure magic. His hands against her bare skin made it rage around inside her. She had to restrain herself, hold back a little because she would enjoy this feeling well. She accepted the caresses, absorbed the feeling, tore off his shirt before bending down and pulling everything off him.

Theresa caressed him, used her hands, tongue, lips, looked up at him and saw he enjoyed her touch as she pulled in every little movement he made with his hands on her. This time, she wanted them to take their time. Dian had sensed her mode before he pushed her over to the couch and switched roles with her. He massaged and pinched her breasts while intensely working her rose's most sensitive point with his tongue. She fired and ran a little. He continued until she exploded again. Then he pulled up and entered her, at first softly as a caress before increasing the intensity. She grabbed him wildly as he poured into her the goal of all lovemaking. He turned her over onto the couch and immediately gave her another round before he sank down on top of her contentedly and exhausted and kissed her breasts for a long, long time. Theresa lay with her eyes closed, floating in her own emotions on a sea where the waves slowly settled into a mirrorlike, dead calm sea.

3

Dian, who had initially felt overwhelmed by Theresa's intensity, felt that he had now found a good balance with her. He was given leeway to express his own intensity in a liberating way. It was wonderful. In addition, they never ran out of something to talk about, feelings to share. One day they were sitting on the terrace steps, she took his hand, looked at him with a scrutinizing look, took a sip of the beer can; - *"Life is wonderful. Do you really love me, really?"* Dian looked at her in amazement, - *"What do you think. Do you doubt?"* - *"No, not really, but it is so nice to hear it in words too. You never said it..."* - *"I love you, Teresa, love you"*.

They went down to the sea, sat down on the rocks with their arms around each other. *"The sea is mighty. It holds a grip around all land like I hold around you now"*, said Dian. Then they continued to study the waves that made the ocean a living being. *"I want to lie in the water with you,"* she said suddenly and began to undress. They were alone, so it was perfectly fine. She lay down floating on her back while he undressed and followed.

Standing on the bottom at the right depth, he pulled her towards him, parted her legs and slid right into her warm cave. With a good grip on her waist, everything was possible and everything possible happened. With violent movements, they increased the wave height in the sea while at the same time waves rose within themselves. It burned just below the surface of the sea and the fire could not be extinguished. The sea embraced them and let it burn out completely, until she rose from the sea, hung herself over him, and rode

it all out in ecstasy before she fell back into the water with a huge splash and accepted his gift.

He saw her go all the way under and come back up before she swam a short distance out and started splashing water on him. It was a short fight that he won before they lay down on the rocks again to sundry and smeared each other with sunscreen. It was a kind of dream to lie like this completely naked under the sun, peaceful, undisturbed and just enjoy each other's closeness, chat about life and otherwise just let day turn into evening and become night.

4

In Dian's eyes, Theresa was a wild beast, a lovely wild beast with a twinkle in her eye. She could create romance, but was not of the violently emotional type. She also liked sex just for the pleasure, much like you enjoy a good wine. Dian found it a bit liberating that not everything was overwhelming emotions, that it was more temperate. Anyway, she and her antics were resilient.

One night she wanted him in bed. *"Do as I say,"* she said. She wanted him to get on his knees with his back to her and extend his arms to her. Click, click, she had chained them together. Handcuffs! *"What are you doing?"* Click, click, and the feet were also hooked together. She tightened and he noticed that something connected his hands to his feet. He was locked.

Theresa pushed his knees more apart and started playing with him with her hands from behind between his legs. If he was not hard before, he was now. She played like this for quite a while before she began to

tickle him with two feathers, one from behind and one that she held around him and tickled him down his stomach and over the soldier who stood there defenceless in attention.

She came around, sat down in front of him. She was naked, playing lightly and tantalizingly with him while she read his face, kissing him both upstairs and downstairs before taking her panties, pulling it over the soldier's head and starting to pull the thin fabric back and forth, pulling it a little to test his resilience. It was extremely exciting. She tightened the fabric, put her teeth into it and continued with new movements. Dian began to breathe heavily. Then she took the panties away, let herself pass between his legs until she could get up on her elbows and torture the poor prisoner with her breasts. She used her shoulders to push him into the chasm she made with the two soft ridges. Dian had long since sailed out on the open sea where the waves drove him towards completely new sensory experiences.

Theresa felt that he was about to hit the rocks, pulled herself up again, took him in her mouth, let her tongue circle and sucked him until he could not take it anymore. She licked him empty, licked him for a long time while the waves that crashed inside him slowly embraced the shore and he sank down.

She liberated her prisoner and showed him what it was she had used; a set of leather handcuffs and foot cuffs with a cross between them that could be adjusted. He could only laugh at her ingenuity. Amazingly, it had added an extra thrill. He wanted to retaliate even if he could not surprise her the way she had surprised him.

They stayed and talked all night. – *“Is not that stuff there something that people with slightly strange preferences use?”* – *“Yes, but they are not reserved for them. It is pretty cool to play a little. It turns into a borderland. I have never tested it out, but I saw it in a picture, an advertisement and went and bought it a few days ago. Was it ok?”* – *“Yes, as you say, it was a bit of an experience that broke some boundaries. I am going to get revenge!”* She laughed, rejoiced.

The next morning, Dian woke up, ready as a warrior. She was asleep. He pulled the duvet off her, bit her breasts gently, fingered her gently in the cleavage. She squirmed a little in her sleep, whimpered faintly. He felt her getting wet, lifted her up a little by the hips and entered her deeply. Theresa woke up immediately. She had no chance, gave in to his superiority and let him drive her intensely straight into heaven directly without brakes. Her body arched as he filled her with the juices of pleasure. He held her like this until she collapsed. – *“Am I awake now?”* – *“No, you are just dreaming”*.

Dian had hidden away straps and feathers so she would not take them with her. A couple of days later, they sat with a couple of glasses of wine and enjoyed themselves. – *“Theresa, now it is your turn! I crave you!”* She laughed. It was obvious that this was something she wanted to experience, had been waiting for. *“First, I want to see you strip. Can you?”* She smiled and showed all her teeth. *“It is an art of its own, you know, but I will try if you promise not to laugh”*. He put on some music.

Theresa found the rhythm, some rehearsals, exciting movements. She felt her way around, played a little with the dress before she slowly let it fall to the floor, fished it up, swung it in the air and slung it into his face. She leaned forward towards him, letting her breasts move in her bra right in front of his face. He put his hand on her, but she immediately removed it with a fie-fie sign. Not allowed!

With her back turned towards him, she opened her bra, let the shoulder straps fall down over her arms, turned around and played with the garment so that her breasts came over the edges and disappeared a little again. She took it off completely, hung it over his neck and let her breasts hang freely just a couple of inches from his face. Then she turned her back towards him, bent down, pulled a little on the thong while shaking her buttocks a little. She went all the way up to his face before she turned around with light dancing movements and started playing with the panties, pulling them high up, a little to each side, all the way down to the revelation, up again, fingering herself a little under the panties. After some play, she took his hands, put them on the panty hem of both hips and let him pull it all the way down to the floor. She stepped out of the garment where it lay and pulled his face towards her crotch, letting him feel that she was running lightly. The music stopped. – *“Was it sexy enough for you?”* – *“Fantastic! You have it all in your body”*. She had been working for about a quarter of an hour and done the little exercise almost like a pro. Dian leaned her down towards him and kissed her fiercely.

They filled the glasses again. Wine gives a light euphoria. It is an excellent starting point for higher vibes. She sat naked next to him. *"This is unfair. I want to strip you. Stand up. Stand in front of me"*. He followed orders. She opened his pants and pulled them all the way down, slowly, while she let her face massage him on the outside of his panties and noted that he was rising. *"On your knees,"* she commanded and pulled his shirt up over his head, but stopped so that he could not get his arms down and his face was covered. She pulled him back up, turned him around and started pinching his buttocks and pulling on his panties, letting her hand pass between his legs and grabbing up front. She turned him back, pulled his shirt off completely and started playing with his panties as she had been playing with her own before she pulled it all the way down and brought him all the way to her face, played a little and pushed him down onto the couch next to her.

This is crazy, thought Dian as she refilled the wine glasses until the bottle was empty. They calmed down a bit with wine, olives and music, held each other and kept the tension on low. Two empty glasses were the departure signal. The conductor took her by the hand to lead her to her pending fate. Theresa felt the excitement, anticipation was already rushing through her body. Stripping had given a kind of strange feeling of freedom, of acknowledging one's femininity, the desire of appearing attractive and feeling the whole body playing in a sea of music. Tones and rhythm had captured her both physically and emotionally alive. For the moment, she wanted to wait saying anything about this to Dian.

Theresa allowed herself to be placed in bed as she had placed him a few days earlier. She felt it click around her wrists, around her ankles and that she was tightened. He stood behind her and began with a grip on her breasts. She felt the trembling as they tightened and the nipples rose to an erection. She felt one hand stroke her stomach almost all the way down, tickle her over Mount Venus, stroke her encouragingly, waiting. Finally, she felt his hand slip between her legs and lay over her hot cleft while his other hand kept her breasts alive. Small lightning bolts went through her whole body. She quivered, he continued, more and more forcefully directly at the hottest point in her cleft.

Theresa was running, she hissed as she surfed over the crests of the waves. Dian stood in front of her. Took a short art break before he continued fingering her from the front with both hands, letting his fingers slide in and out of the wet cave, massaging deep points, letting her rush off in an inner storm. Teresa felt that she was about to faint when he pushed her down on her face with her arms and legs straight in the air behind her and he entered her from behind forcefully and directly. She felt his hard blows, how they tore her beyond the limits of all sensuality. She experienced her whole body as a single chaos of overwhelming, delicious, inner storms that poured over her until she felt the hot juice fill her and he began to move more slowly just to maintain the feeling for as long as possible.

Theresa was exhausted when he untied her from the harness, laid her comfortably on her side, spread over

her and crept in to her close, close. Two warm bodies eventually fell asleep quietly.

5

A few days later, they were out on a round to bars and different places. They let their hair down a bit and left it until the morning sun came out. They laughed a little at the experiment with the 'harnesses', but could not deny that it was exciting. They played around with other ideas, other ways of using it, which led to small fits of laughter. Theresa admitted that she had been very turned on by stripping. *"Think about what it must be like with a whole audience, knowing that you turn on desires everywhere just by showing off your body and playing a little".* – *"It is really quite sad".* - *"It is probably even more sad that most of the girls who do this are constantly exposed to abuse, rape, sex with messy, nasty men that they would never have chosen themselves. After all, I have chosen you!"* – *"All the same? Despite what?"* Dian laughed, teasing her a little with that comment. *"Do you mean I did not choose you, or that you have thrown yourself at this ugly guy just to see how much sex he can tolerate?"* She laughed. *"You are not ugly, you jerk! You are delicious..."*

Eros can come flying at any time of the day or night. He comes with the wind, like a wind. He had studied Theresa and Dian for a long time. Now he hid in the wind full of expectations of what something as fleeting as a gust of wind can bring. He let the branches wave and a dress lift slightly, flutter a little, just enough to show her beautiful behind. Such gaming was his specialty. It lured his gaze to her bare skin, her soft

movements, and gave him lust. Now he wanted to disturb them as they strolled home.

Dian and Theresa walked hand in hand in the early summer morning that was warm with a little cool breeze mixed in. They were both scantily clad and felt the breeze of Eros stroking their skin. *"When you walk like this with only a short flowing dress, do you feel the wind tickle in your crotch too, do you get turned on by it?"*, Dian wanted to know. – *"Not particularly, then I would probably have to go without panties..."* – *"Okay, take it off. Tell me what you feel"*. She looked at him. *"Take it off!"* Dian did not allow her to be prayed twice. He lifted her dress, pulled the small garment off and put it in his pocket with a small grin. *"Stand like this, against the wind and let it blow on you!"*

Dian stood as an observer and studied the work of the wind. Suddenly, it eased her dress a little and pulled briskly through her crotch. Theresa was a little amazed at how nice it was just to let herself be caressed by the air and wind. This was a new feeling. She put her hands in her crotch and opened the gorge to the joy of the wind. It was a strange, good feeling. Dian had sent her straight into a new experiment and it was amazing.

The wind is also a sea, lightly caressing, stroking bare skin, over meadow and flower, over hers. Dian read her reaction before he walked up to her, put his hand where the wind had already done its thing and massaged her softly, then a little harder. She felt a rise, that the blood flowed faster through the veins and that she became a little dizzy and pulled backwards against a small fence to find support. Dian followed and soon he bent down and let his tongue work where the wind

had begun. Theresa took in all the wonderful feelings, slowly climbed to the high crest of the waves and let herself be blown away in ecstasy. She ran, but let him continue until she could not take any more. She gently pushed him away, picked him up and put her head against his chest. They stood like that for a little while. Then they went to her house, she satisfied and panty-less.

Theresa was not just panty-less when they got home. Dian had also taken off her dress. She had walked naked hand in hand with him and enjoyed it. It was yet another new experience, walking naked several hundred meters on the street in a city where people began to go to work. She was surprised at herself. – *“Do you think anyone saw me?”* – *“Hardly, but it is possible”*. – *“It was an insane experience, absolutely awesome, but also delicious in a strange way”*. – *“Do you remember what you said about stripping for an audience? Here you had a potential audience!”*

She looked at him. – *“Come! I want you now!”* Dian tore off his rags and plunged into her warm embrace. She went straight into action and voluptuously took him in for a fierce one-act play. She was furious, feeling the wild need that would only be satisfied by feeling him inside her. She gave in and rolled them around so that she came over him and did a rhythmic dance around him, grabbing him with her inner muscles, powerful, firm and unstoppable. She loved this feeling of owning him within herself and completely dominating the act. She wanted it all! She got it all.

Dian woke up after the most unrestrained, wild rape he had experienced. Theresa was unstoppable when

she struck and why would he stop her? The next morning for espresso at a café, Theresa had to make a confession. *"What we did yesterday, or really today, this morning, I want to do again. I want to do it with you too"*. Dian tried to imagine it.

6

A few days later, Theresa came to Dian's home. She pulled up a grey sleeveless fitted trouser suit where the entire front and back had been cut away into two long ovals so that it was completely open at the front and back and through the crotch so that the trouser legs only hung on the two sides from the thighs down. *"It is for you,"* she laughed. He looked at the mutilated, open garment with a sceptical look. *"Come on now. Put it on. No panties!"* She is squirting crazy, thought Dian as he pulled it on. It sat tightly around the legs, elastic, and ended as a short top with shoulder straps. *"How nice you are,"* she laughed. – *"Now you're ready!"*

Theresa showed that she had a knee-length, fitted red dress in which she had similarly cut away large oval areas in front and back from the waist down to the middle of the thighs, and she had also removed everything that covered the breasts, so that they were completely exposed. She put it on. They went to the mirror to look and almost laughed themselves to death. Still, Theresa meant business. She had thought of everything. Dian tried, - *"We can't go out like this! Besides, there are a lot of people out now"*. Theresa laughed, - *"Then it will be extra exciting!"*

As said, Theresa had thought of everything. She had two long shirts that were just long enough to cover

everything, but it was possible to see through the fabric if the light hit right. They put it on, but Dian discovered that the snapping did not go all the way down. They would be at the mercy of the wind. It was precisely Theresa's idea; the wind!

Theresa took him by the hand and they left. Her red shirt was more transparent than his black and a little tighter. He saw her buttocks dancing freely under the fluffy fabric, her breasts too, but no one seemed to notice. He laughed quietly and thought about how blind and inattentive people are. Sometimes the wind blew up his shirts. He tried to hold it down with his hands, but then she took him by the hand and he was also exposed. Still, people in the streets are only concerned with themselves and whether there are holes in the asphalt or something to buy in the many windows.

Beautiful, crazy Theresa laughed as they walked into the park. *"Damn. I bet they would not have seen it if we went completely without clothes"*. She turned to him and unbuttoned his shirt completely and told him to do the same with hers. Then they strolled on until they found a bench to sit on. It was a bit secluded, but quite a few people passed by. Only a few looked in their direction, but obviously without seeing.

Theresa began to fondle him where they sat and it did not take much for him to stand tall. He caressed her and played with his fingers back and forth in the cleft. She became agitated, turned on. *"We should move on,"* she said. The two slightly lit individuals stood up and walked with open shirts fluttering, all exposed to a watchful eye, but such eyes were not present.

A little later, they buttoned up again and went to eat. They sat down next to each other. The waitress looked with a long glance at Theresa's breasts that shone through her shirt, but said nothing. They ordered and received food and wine. While they ate, a couple of hands played under the table and a certain tension increased, a tension they had to suppress where they sat. That alone was a dimension of tension.

It was getting late when they moved on, both quite fired up. They walked all the stairs up to the top of the park. It was getting late, almost no people to be seen, except for a few dog walkers. Up there it was a lot windier than down in the streets. Theresa took her shirt off and let the wind work all over her. She took Dian's shirt too. *"It is lovely?"*

Dian scouted to see if people came. When he turned around, she had pulled off her dress as well and was standing there naked in Eva's suit. *"It is absolutely wonderful..."*. She began to pull Dian off as well until only Adam was left – and yes, he was standing! – *"Meow..."* She bent down and kissed and played while the whole city down there started twisting before his eyes. She pushed him down on the bench, sat over him with her back to him and rode him vigorously while he kept a firm grip on her breasts.

There was an earthquake down there. The whole city trembled and shook, but no tower fell. Theresa screamed at full voice just to make a sound, scare birds and squirrels, but quieted down in soft moans after she broke the sound barrier and felt something fill her violently. Slowly, another tower fell, the only one that fell in this earthquake.

They sat still for a while. Then they got up and let the cool wind dry them. She rolled up her dress and his trousers into a bundle before she buttoned the red shirt on him and took the black one herself. Then they slowly strolled to his home while the wind swept through the thin garments. Quite as expected, no one they met noticed their naked bodies under their shirts, except for a small group of drunk girls who came right up to them and wanted to see and touch, especially him. Theresa saw it happen. – *"No. That is enough. He is mine. Goodbye!"* She took him by the hand and they ran away, from five screaming girls.

Dian was furious. *"That was over the line!"* He almost roared at her. *"And a little more than exciting,"* she laughed back. It was impossible to be angry with her for more than five minutes before the laughter took over. It was also impossible to completely disagree with her. Excitement, titillating excitement was in the air at such escapades, but it was not entirely without potential dangers. *"Hey, we could have met a bunch of drunk thugs!"*

7

As winter approached, they decided to take a trip to warmer regions, feel the Mediterranean Sea; Greece. On one of the islands, they had found a small hotel not far from a magnificent beach. Theresa had of course bought three or four sexy bikinis that left little to the imagination. She quickly discovered that here it was okay to be topless, and then the top disappeared immediately. She had also bought him a pair of nice tangas. *"Perfect,"* she said, feeling carefully that they fit before they went down to the edge of the sea.

It was wonderful, warm air, warm water. It was impossible to lie in the sun for more than a short time, so they soon pulled in to the beach bar, to cold Martini Bianco or white wine. They had sand in their hair and sand under their feet, ate and drank good wines. One evening thunderclouds towered up and they brought food and drink to the hotel room and sat on the terrace, making love on the terrace while the rain poured down and the sky sparked continuously. It was wonderful with sparkling ejaculations in time with sky and cloud.

The next morning it rained lightly. They put on the hotel's dressing gowns and strolled barefoot down to the beach bar for morning coffee and breakfast. They were already soaked when they sat down under the large parasol. They ordered. The waiter looked at the two wet figures a little puzzled, but said nothing. They had a glass of Metaxa while they sat and talked and watched the fine rain draw patterns on the waves. There was almost no one on the beach.

After a couple of hours, the waiter came and asked if they wanted anything more. Dian ordered a bottle of white wine and a platter of shellfish. They sat to pick and drink, look at each other and enjoy the passing moments. After a while, she looked at him with a sly smile. – *“Come, let us try the water.”*. – *“Okay”*. They strolled hand in hand to the water's edge, threw off their wet coats and waded into the long sandy bottom.

Theresa was wearing only her little white panties and stopped right where the water washed up her crotch. The panties became wet and transparent. She laughed and moved softly and sexily, playing with the water

and splashing water all over him until he chased her a little further out. He was already fired up.

While her breasts floated just in the water surface, he pulled her panties down under the water, fingering her intensely until she could hold out no longer. She picked him up and led him straight into her own depths, putting her arms over his shoulders and her legs around his hips, moving intensely as the waves formed new patterns around them.

The water carried and at the same time it created just enough imbalance for the balancing act itself to mix with the act of lovemaking, becoming part of the rhythm. The sea foam stood high around them as the shark took its meal and the grey sky lifted and turned blue. They kissed fiercely, lying tightly floating in the sea for a moment before a larger wave drove them apart.

Theresa found her panties floating a few meters further out, swam out and got them and pulled them on before they waded up, found the wet coats that were now also full of sand and they went back to the beach bar and ordered another round of shellfish and a new bottle of wine. The waiter looked at them with a telling look. He had probably understood what was happening out there between the waves. He started to make rude comments, but was dumbfounded when Theresa pulled her coat aside, spread her legs wide, showing her wet panties wriggling her body slightly. Quite rudely, she pointed out that there were simple items he did not have on the menu.

They repeated this act every day, even when the beach and the water around them were full of people. New excitement, high waves and long looks from the waiters at the beach bar. Shellfish, white wine, smiles, fishing trips! In Eros' own homeland.

8

There is something about waves. They cannot exist if there is not a wave crest and a wave trough. Theresa and Dian had been on many peaks without noticing anything about the troughs in between. That is what it is like to live in an almost continuous ecstasy, surfing the wave all the way, but nothing lasts forever. Dian loved many of her wild antics, loved to feel the soft skin under his hand, to breathe in her scents. At the same time, something stirred in him that wanted to move on. Thus, they sank into a deep trough, raged up on even higher crests before disappearing again into a new depth. Everything became violent, emotions raged between them, in and through their inner depths.

Waves.

Rome on stilettos

1.

On a warm late summer day, Dian went to his regular café for an espresso and something to sink his teeth into. He saw a single free chair next to a young, dark-haired woman and asked if it was available. She confirmed and he sat down. She looked over at him as he pulled out the book he was going to read and smiled. He noticed that she had an Italian newspaper in her hands. *"Italiano?"* – *"Sì, sì"*, she replied. In poor Italian, he had to admit that he did not master her language. *"It doesn't matter,"* she replied in a Norwegian that sounded mostly Danish. *"But that book is in French,"* she commented. *"Then you know French! It is philosophy?"* He confirmed. – *"Foucault"*.

Dian was a little surprised that she could speak Norwegian. *"A bit mixed. Danish really. I have a Danish grandmother. That is why I work in Scandinavia. Fashions, clothes..."* Yes, he had noticed that she was very elegantly dressed and wore shoes with thin, high heels. She had a mischievous expression, laughed lightly and seemed light in all her little movements that drew what she spoke in the air. Typically Italian, he thought, and not only the gestures, but the whole beautiful lady radiated something Italian. After many stays in Italy, he knew the traits.

The conversation developed and many topics were rounded. They discovered that they had a few things in common, classical music and philosophical literature. He would not have believed it when he first

saw this light figure in obviously expensive clothes. No, she was not as concerned with material things as she seemed, but liked beautiful clothes and tall shoes. It was her in short. Nothing to discuss or get hung up on. Dian still had to compliment her elegance. She took it with a smile. She looked at the phone; - *"I have to go home immediately"*. - *"Where do you live?"* - *"Straight up the street here"*. - *"I live a short distance the other way. Do you go here often?"* - *"Occasionally"*. - *"Then maybe we'll meet again?"* - *"I would like to"*. She got up to leave, but stopped abruptly; - *"We forgot to say hello to each other... Rozanna"*, she introduced herself. Dian stood up, shook her hand, and introduced himself. Two smiles, two looks, a good meeting.

If she was elegant where she sat, Dian discovered that that elegance took on a whole new dimension as she sauntered up the street in her stilettos. The whole narrow, upright female body moved with obvious certainty and balance, a little cat-like, almost like a model. He was not the only one who looked far after her. What a style, thought Dian. His admiration for beauty, especially female beauty, was given a new reference to relate to.

2

The image of Rozanna lingered in his mind, hard to let go. Dian went almost every day he was free to this café, she only sometimes. A whole week went by without her showing up. What he did not know was that she enjoyed meeting Dian, talking to him about more than superficial, everyday things. She knew not many people in town either, mostly just business associates, boring ladies and gentlemen, mostly concerned with

the fashion garments as a commodity and source of profit. They were most interested in spreadsheets and the bottom line, which Rozanna understood better than all of them. She had the highest education in economics and finance of all. Dian had no idea that she was starting to go to the café more often and varied the times to see him again.

Ten days later, they ran into each other on their way in. There was spontaneous laughter as they greeted each other. They sat down together and the conversation started about where it had ended last time, almost as if there had been no break at all. After a while, they landed on music, which composers they preferred, works, operas. Dian did not want to mention right away that he had a house full of music. He went over to point to her beautiful dress with a short jacket over it. *"It seems to be expensive garments you wear, not HM and that sort of thing exactly". I certainly do not like to go dressed in garbage from such shops. I work for four great fashion houses, high class".* - *"I noticed when you left last. You are absolutely stunningly elegant".* Rozanna smiled. - *"Thanks. That is just the way I am. I know many people measure me with their eyes, but I cannot eat my way up to be a fat Madonna just to avoid it. I have to live with that. I have also made a living from it. I have worked as a model for over ten years, since I was 17, but I did not let myself be controlled by the bosses. I studied and a few years ago I invested everything I had saved and became a boss myself. I'm completely free now and do what I want".*

Dian could not help but be impressed. A young, beautiful, independent woman who stood as steady in

herself as on her high heels! The worst thing he knew was women clinging to men and seeking status through them. He called them 'chicken'. He followed an impulse; - *"If you have the opportunity to have dinner with me today, I will find a nice place"*. - *"Yes, I'm free tonight as I am almost every night, sitting alone and working on things I do not have to do so as not to get bored. I do not like to go out alone, I almost never do"*. Rozanna looked at him with a new look, he noticed, while he had already figured out where he wanted to take her.

It dawned on Dian that he himself did not exactly dress very stylishly. He was pretty straight up and down, cheap clothes. He took an extra-long shower, found something a little stylish and looked forward to the evening. Booked a table for two.

Dian got something close to visual shock when she came towards him. She was *ravissante!* Insanely elegant in a deep pink, long, body-hugging dress, black, short jacket, black belt, bag and shoes. He could not hold back: - *"Damn how great you are!! You are the most beautiful thing I have seen in my entire life..."*. Rozanna laughed. *"You are great yourself,"* she said. *"Where are we going?"* She put her arm in his and arm-in-arm they arrived at the restaurant. Dian knew it was going to cost, but it was worth every penny to sit with this wonderful woman with whom it was also possible to talk about interesting things. It was a long, excellent meal, not least the fact that they let each other into each other's gaze and shared many nice thoughts.

Rozanna felt attraction to Dian and she felt very safe with him. She told him when they went out and she again put her arm in his. – *“Shall we go and have a little glass together before we part ways?”* – *“We can, but I would also like to see your music collection that you mentioned during dinner”*. – *“If it is okay, we can go to my place afterwards”*. – *“Why not right away? We have already drunk quite a lot”*. They headed home to Dian, who hoped that he had cleaned up so that it was presentable at home.

Rozanna looked around wide-eyed while Dian put on some music. They sat down and listened for a while. *“Here you live in a music paradise,”* Rozanna commented as Dian opened a bottle of wine, put the glasses on the table and a little silly welcomed her to his paradise. Dian said that he sometimes lay flat on the floor with one of the sofa cushions under his head and put the music on high. *“I’d like to try that with you sometime,”* Rozanna said, taking his hand in hers. Dian was a little put out, surprised. *“Your hands are as beautiful as your face, as your whole being...”* It just fell out of him. She gently grabbed him by the beard and kissed him. He reciprocated, at first a little cautiously, but the temperature rose.

They looked at each other, both perhaps a little surprised. Dian interrupted, changed the music and refilled the wine glasses. He did not want her to feel like he was just throwing himself at her. He did not want to ruin the good relationship that had built up. *“We must not let the wine overpower us...”* Rozanna laughed; - *“Wine has never overpowered me, but good feelings always win”*. With that, she wrapped her arms

around him and kissed him again. This is not happening, thought Dian, this is not happening, I am just dreaming.

Rozanna leaned confidently towards him; - *"I have not been with anyone for over three or four years. I am always being pursued by men who just want to conquer me and it is not just tiring, it is terribly annoying. You are completely different, giving, but not taking. I know that you like me, but you do not expect anything. You are not trying to catch me. I feel that I am the one who chooses you and you do not dare to receive. You are an aristocrat!"* Dian was analysed, completely dumbfounded. *"But I am much older than you, too old, probably more than twenty years older than you".* Was that a bad excuse? *"I am an adult, 31, I feel what I feel and know what it means. Your age means nothing because you are who you are!"* Dian put his arms around her, held her close, and for the first time really sensed his own feelings.

They sat together until night approached morning, conversing and caressing each other for a long time. Dian experienced every second as alive and full of tense emotions, but did not want to cross the line. As the day began to rise, he followed her home and went back alone. They agreed to meet and have dinner together again the next day and now it was she who invited.

3

It was morning and it was evening the next day. They met for a warm embrace and went to her chosen place. Another long dinner, long exchanges of glances. They

found each other in more and more ways. Rozanna was surprised at herself. She was always reserved and often very dismissive. The world was currently turned upside down. Was she in love? Dian did not feel much different. He felt pleasantly assaulted by an angel. Was he in love? The conversation across the table was slow. Hands met often. They went. She put her arm in his, looked at him, - *"It's shorter home to me than to you. Would you like to see how I live"* - *"Gladly"*.

Rozanna's apartment was about half that of his; living room with kitchenette, bedroom, bathroom and entrance hall. The companies she worked for rented it for her. She had lived there for almost a year, she said. Alone. They sat down on the sofa with a couple of small glasses of grappa. Dian put his arm around her and she snuggled up to him, looked at him with a slightly curious look, said nothing, but took in a good feeling. She pulled his hand up to her chest, turned to him, and kissed him intensely. Dian felt that this became irresistible. He let her lie against him so that he could caress both her breasts. She had firm breasts that fit perfectly in his hands - like holding two soft peaches, he thought, and started laughing. What an idiotic thought. She looked at him, but he did not say anything about that scattered thought.

As she lay leaning against Dian, she noticed that he was about to wake up a bit further down. She moved her body softly towards him and felt the growth. She realized that it had been a long time since she had known a man and felt quite fumbling. At the same time, she enjoyed this feeling and offered herself more and more to Dian, who put one hand down on her

thigh and slowly followed it up under the hem of her skirt. Rozanna met him by lifting her hips slightly and turning towards him. Soon her hand was in his crotch and felt his manhood.

Coals that had been glowing quietly for a couple of days flared up into flames. Both felt the fire and they had no need for firefighting. She pulled her skirt up into a ring around her waist, slipped his hand under her little piquant panties and let him finger her as much as he wanted. She began to gasp for breath and twisted backwards on the sofa. Dian pulled off her panties and began to kiss the flower that revealed itself to him, so beautifully, so delicately. He also tore off her skirt that had just become a crease, let his hands crawl under her bra from below, pushed it up and caressed her breasts while letting his tongue work in sensitive places. She trembled, whimpered, and suddenly she stood up almost completely and sank back with a trembling sound. He knew she had crossed the threshold of lust and he continued, more forcefully until it was repeated. He looked up at her and started kissing her up her stomach, slowly upwards. She pulled off everything she had on her upper body and Dian was soon kissing the most beautiful breasts he could remember having seen.

Rozanna woke up, pulled off his shirt, lifted his head and kissed him fiercely. Soon he felt her start searching, trying to reach out to push his pants down. He pulled them off, felt her hands grab and lead him up to where she wanted to welcome him. He first entered her gently, then he just followed up on her fierce movements. He felt her entire body cheer,

drifting ever wilder, until he could no longer hold on. He gave it his all. She received everything. They sank into each other's arms, kissed each other and lay there melting into each other's warm gaze. Two hot, happy bodies on a light grey sofa, in a small living room, in a small world.

The night caught them like this, and the next morning, Dian woke up to a sight he would never forget. Rozanna's naked body by a mirror. He watched her from front and back at the same time as she fixed her freshly washed hair. He lay for a long time pretending to be asleep, but she revealed his squinting gaze, laughed and said that the shower was free. Delightful.

That night they had really broken through to each other. It was impossible to deny. They were both deeply in love. Dian thought he was going to work, but it was too late. He called in and announced that he was taking time off that day. Then they walked, holding each other tight to the small café where they first met each other and started the day by stepping into each other's gaze, mirroring each other's souls and feeling the harmonious sounds that filled the atmosphere that surrounded them.

4

The flying Eros had once again defeated two beating hearts. He sat like a proud bird in the tree and watched them as they stood by the duck pond with their arms around each other, letting their whole existence mix pastels. There is something strange about falling in love that Eros sprinkles around. One is self-forgetfulness. The second is the experience of the

other. The third and strongest is the fusion where two merge into one and one enters into the other's experience of this unity. There is deep empathy. No words capture such feelings. Therefore, the two just stood still and let everything flow between them, through them, while Eros ticked off yet another victory in his book and moved on to the next mission.

Rozanna and Dian met almost every day and made love as often as they could, but both also travelled a lot, Rozanna much more often than Dian, to the other Scandinavian capitals, Paris, Barcelona and Rome. In this way, they regularly had some week-long separations that helped to strengthen the longing and power of their meetings. One summer day after they had spent the night at Dian's, they sat at the regular café. He glanced at a newspaper that was in front of him, she swiped on her mobile phone, which was also part of her tools at work. She looked over at him; - *"Shall we go to my house?"* - *"Okay"*. Rozanna continued with the phone. A taxi stopped at the curb. *"Come,"* she said and walked towards the taxi. - *"Taxi? It is only a hundred meters..."* - *"Come. Do you have your passport?"* - *"No"*. She asked the taxi to drive to his address. He stormed in, got his passport and got back into the taxi. The airport next.

A few hours later, they were at Rozanna's home in Rome and just as soon out at a restaurant with a good meal and good wine on the table between them. They had travelled with zero luggage, not even a toothbrush, only passports, money, keys and a phone. That was all. Dian marvelled at Rozanna's impulsiveness, absolutely carefree lack of planning. She had paid for

the tickets, business class, directly to Rome, express! She seemed so careful, delicate and modest, but really possessed the power to act and make decisions; a tiger in lambswool.

On this trip, Dian would soon learn that she had a will. She wanted him. Her emotional power possessed everything one can imagine from an Italian woman. Here, at home in her own climate, she threw herself at him unrestrainedly. It was not so long ago that they had torn down the little fence that lay between them and made love, found each other, but here she fired all the spark plugs at once. She dressed in the sexiest garments he had ever seen, yet sexy in a way that was anything but vulgar. She was *alta classe*!

Rozanna owned a large apartment in central Rome. She showed him around, put on some soft music when it started to get dark, opened a bottle of good Italian wine, poured into the glasses and after a short while she disappeared into the chambers. Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour... Then she came back with her hair down, wearing a thin, vaguely see-through dress that hinted at something even sexier underneath. She sat down close to him and they emptied the glasses slowly before she stood up right in front of him, took his hands and placed them on the back of her thighs and began to move softly to the music. He felt the soft skin and muscles playing in her thighs. She walked right up close and caught his face through the fabric, deeply towards her crotch. She moved, teasing him softly but intensely, encouragingly, defeating. Then she began to pull the dress slowly upwards so that it stroked snugly against his face. The fabric disappeared, his hands lay

against her naked butt and he faced a piquant little panty. He put his teeth in the edge of those panties and found the thong behind and pulled the panties down slowly and playfully.

Dian pulled her closer, kissed her, let her tongue slide between the soft folds before she picked him up to stand right in front of her and let him slip open the small bra that immediately fell to the floor. She pulled his shirt off, put her hands around him, kissed him on the chest, on his stomach, pulled off his pants and embraced his brave soldier who was standing at attention. She pushed him down onto the sofa, poured more wine into the glasses and sat down next to him. Two naked bodies on a sofa, two glasses of red wine.

Rozanna let the foot on her glass circle around his most sensitive spot. With a firm grip on the hard rod, she poured some red wine on it and licked the wine in herself, voluptuously. He thought to himself that soldiers also drank, perhaps even before they went to war. The war came stealthily. They sat for a long time and just felt each other at the closeness of the skin, until she got up, took him by the hand and showed him the big bed with lots of large and small pillows on it. She threw herself into bed, dragged him down, and began to ride a large pillow, crawling around; - *"You can't catch me, you can't catch me..."*. Dian chased after her, grabbed an ankle, pulled her towards him. She tore herself free. New hunt.

He threw himself on top of her, forced her down with all his weight and held her face down in the pile of pillows. She laughed and squirmed, but could not get free. He got hold of her breasts and teased her as much

as he could. Rozanna howled and screamed and laughed. He put his arm under her stomach, lifted her up a little. She followed and deliberately screamed like crazy as he entered her from behind, deep and hard while fingering her from the front. She lit all the plugs. The howl subsided into a long-drawn-out sigh. She let herself sink all the way down as he continued and she began to meet him intensely. She burned off again and fired all his rockets at the same time.

It was night. Slightly exhausted after a long journey, an afternoon on the town and a fierce hunt in the big bed, they lay close together on the roof terrace in the warm night under the open sky and fell asleep under a light blanket. Somewhere up there between the stars, someone laughed triumphantly.

5

Five impromptu autumn days in the eternal city, hot lovemaking and playing morning, noon and evening. They sat and took in the Roman atmosphere when Rozanna wanted to shop for clothes. Dian chose to stay where he was and looked admiringly at her erect figure for a long time as it almost floated across the street in stilettos and a light dress with a bare back at the tip all the way down to her lower back. Once again, he was not the only one who let his gaze follow her. He felt with wonder that he was sitting here and was with such a feline, that it was she who had overpowered him and not the other way around. The next morning, he was going home and she to Barcelona. It would be more than a week, almost two alone with only images in the mind and longing in the heart.

However, back home, time passed quickly. One late evening, she stood there in the doorway, directly from the airport in a taxi, a day earlier than expected. She slipped in the large suitcase and threw herself into his arms. Just joy. Joy. It was late summer, but warm nonetheless. Dian opened a bottle of chilled white wine and Rozanna talked about everything she had done in Spain, been to Madrid too. She pulled out some clothes from her suitcase, new beautiful things from the house in Madrid. She changed and was mannequin three times. Dian could not help but think about how beautiful women can be and how good they are at highlighting their natural elegance and beauty, but when she told him what the garments cost, he thought that here an entire month's salary could disappear on just a single piece.

She let the last dress fall to the floor and stood there right in front of him in one of the most gorgeous sets of lingerie he could remember seeing, two tiny pieces of bright pink and silver grey for a small fortune. He wondered if the price of such things increases inversely proportional to the quantity of fabric. She laughed, - *"Yes, it can often be like that. It is the price of men's fantasies that is at stake, and brand religion".*

She sat down on his lap. They toasted in wine. She opened his flowing shirt and laid her head against his heart. *"You are alive! You did not die like you said when I went to Barcelona and not here.... I missed you too". "I have to admit that I have dreamed about you every day and at night too"*, Dian replied and opened the two small hooks in the middle of her back and pulled the small garment over her head. Rozanna started

cuddling. Dian caressed her and felt her breasts tighten in his hands. She got turned on, as always intensely. She quickly bent down and limped off his pants, everything, completely off, grabbed him and picked up the power in him. She knelt on the couch facing him and let him understand that there was a small hook on each side of her hips. Two snaps and exit the last hurdle.

Rozanna went all the way down in splits when she sat over him and took him all the way in, directly without introduction. She wanted him right away, directly, hard. She had been waiting for almost two weeks for this. With her hands on his shoulders, her head leaning against his, she rode him into the sky in full splits. It gave a very special contact she had full control over while Dian could only let it happen where he sat pressed backwards with his hands around her waist. Rozanna exploded twice in quick succession, collapsing on top of him with all of herself. What a reunion, what a resurrection, Dian thought. They had risen from the dead and come back to life!

Slowly, she lifted herself free, turned around and sat on his lap, filled up with wine and handed him the glass. She smiled contentedly, *"I will sleep with you tonight."* - *"We have the whole weekend ahead of us. I have to say you are supple. Not everyone is able to do splits, and you went even further"*. - *"I have trained like this all my life. If you are going to be a model, you need to stay both supple and resilient. You have to be pretty strong too! Not really just physically. You have to be able to resist a lot of sex pressure. I have never let myself be pressured! In my life, I am the only one in*

charge, I make my own choices". Dian liked what he heard. He was of the same cast, the owner of his own life.

6

Autumn comes earlier in the north than in Italy and it soon becomes much colder. They sought warmer clothes and towards the fireplace at Dian's house, folded a large blanket and laid pillows on the floor in front of the fire, sat the wine glasses on the edge of the fireplace, sat close together on the blanket, lay close to each other, talked, loved, and often let Eros play first violin. Dian experienced how light her body was, how soft she was when they collapsed in lovemaking, how close she was mentally and emotionally. They both felt that they had hit their luck. Only interrupted by necessary travel, they hung out together all winter.

About a month into the new year, Rozanna showed up at his house with a serious expression on her face. – *"Il Papa..."*. The Pope was seriously ill, Rozanna was in despair. One thing they had not talked much about was religion and faith. Rozanna was a strongly religious, Catholic believer. Dian wondered how she made her faith fit in with her free attitude to sex. *"It is not sex! That is love. God wants us to love one another. The whole heart must be involved. If not, I do not do this. You love me? – "Obviously. Yes, you are right.... Of course I love you"*. He left that ball. Of course, he loved her!

She stifled her concern for the religious head and threw herself at Dian. They started a wild game on the living room floor and she let herself be caught, tore

herself free, let herself be caught again, again and again, constantly as they pulled off each other garment after garment, playful, titillating. Soon there were two naked bodies chasing around until she surrendered completely into his arms. He pushed her face down into the blanket in front of the fireplace, sat on her and massaged her all over her back and down her buttocks and thighs, slipped his hand against the volcano between her legs and massaged her until the eruptions came often and fierce. She lifted her buttocks again and again, but he tormented her, kept her waiting before he abruptly and somewhat surprisingly entered her from behind. She squealed as if she were going to slaughter, and continued to meet his movements until the hyper charged cannon fired. She received everything and kept it going until it happened again. She lifted one leg, turned around towards him without letting him out and pulled him down towards her. They were sweaty, had taken it all the way out. He lifted his head, looked down at her beautiful face. Two deep glances spun silver threads between each other. They dozed off in each other's arms, rolled into the blanket. The fireplace went out. They were found and embraced by the night.

Dian was happy that she had strong and unambiguous attitudes and could defend them without taking even a small step backwards. Even though she was so religious, or perhaps precisely because of that, she stood clear and genuine with high personal integrity. It amazed him that she had sought him so hard and devoted herself so completely. It helped him experience her beauty as a radiance from within emanating through her skin, her gaze, her smile. Was he worthy

of such love? Did he himself possess such integrity, such deep feeling? He felt he had to go into himself. He was given the opportunity to do so about a month later when she had to go to Rome again and he was not free to accompany her.

She stayed for a long time this time. The Pope was on his last. She was daily in St. Peter's Square and every time she called, often at midnight, she began with a report on the Pope's condition. She cried when she told him he was dead one day. Now she needed comfort, and came back the next day. She was sad, but – “*God has brought home His servant*”. That is how it is! Dian let it sink in, comforted her and let her find herself again after her long waking days in Rome. The Vatican soon got a new king.

7

Spring. The birds sang in the trees. Dian was dizzy when he saw Rozanna coming towards him in the park. She was unmatched, a sight! God must have had a great day when He formed her. Dian still could not understand that she loved him, was always just as amazed when she took his hand or put her arm under his and smiled at him with a devoted look. She was obviously safe with him and it gave him a sense of inner peace. He also felt safe and happy with her. He constantly received an overdose of beauty and heat and could not hold back. His heart was pounding in his chest and all he wanted was to give and give and give of himself, not just in bed, but in every way possible.

When Rozanna was merry, she always wore something that could set fire to even a dead man, and always a set of new gorgeous lingerie. Yet it was only refined, never vulgar. It was her natural, very own, self-evident way of being, effortless and undone. Rozanna also had her own way of looking at him when she sought his hands, his love. She tilted her head slightly to the side and looked up at him as if through her long eyelashes with wide open eyes before squeezing her eyes shut into two narrow arches. Just now, she did just that and put his hand on her hip where they stood in the middle of the busy street. – *“What??”*

Dian was a little surprised, put his arms around her and looked at her with a questioning look. *“I’m going to show you some old ruins here. No tourists come there. It is closed, but I know my way in”*. She grabbed him by the hand and walked with quick steps through some small streets, through a barrier that could barely keep anyone out, and suddenly they were in the middle of a partially collapsed ruin of an indeterminate structure. It was a hot day and the stones were warm to the touch. She showed him a niche that lay in the shade. *“It is so nice here”*, she said.

It wasn't exactly the place for high stilettos, but they gave her the height; she was as tall as him. She was leaning against a solid rock. *“I love you very much right now... I am burning inside!”* Dian immediately understood that you do not fetch water for such a fire. He eased her dress a little, which she immediately pulled completely off over her head. Again, his eyes caught this magically alluring body contrasting with the ancient stone. She tore the shirt over his head, ripped

his pants down over his knees. She was a fire, on fire here and now.

Dian kissed her breasts, letting his hand slide into her wet domain. She was already running. She grabbed hold of him, raised the power within him quickly and effectively. There was no time for any procrastination, any long introductions. It was here and now, immediately this moment that it was all about. Hard and right away. She sank down on top of him as she took him in leaning against the stone. Dian gave it his all. She rode to meet him, intensely and let the song of lust ring between the stones as he filled her with deep thrusts. They stood like two Roman sculptures, completely still, leaning against the stone until they regained their breath. They kissed quietly and pulled free from the stone. The stilettos were deeply planted in the ground.

Rozanna was bleeding from a few wounds on her back. The stone was not entirely smooth. Dian had red scratch marks all over his back and buttocks. They studied the injuries and laughed and were amused by this bloody battle in which all tensions were released in one intense embrace. They carefully treated the injuries. Rozanna did not want blood on her dress. They quickly went to her home, undressed, showered together and lay naked on the roof terrace with a bottle of chilled champagne. They reminisced a little about what they had done. Rozanna could only explain that she had become unstoppable. He quietly thought that stilettos in Roman ruins might be a bit overkill, but oh my, how well it fit! Her intensity also suited him

perfectly. They toasted, made love again and evening came.

8

Days in Rome. Woman in stilettos. Dian had never seen her walk on low heels. He saw her floating above the ground, over asphalt and cobblestones without the slightest hint of imbalance. She was hovering, her curves showing woman in every little movement. He was not only captivated, he was engrossed only by the sight, by her elegant softness, and not least by her intense fieriness. He got a shower of sparks in his head just by holding her and the rain of sparks was reflected in her eyes, always. Rozanna was a living expression of joy. That was her nature. He sensed it already when they met over two years ago.

Rozanna sometimes shared how she felt. The rain of sparks lived in her too, and it started as soon as they got close to each other. Therefore, she liked to walk hand in hand and arm in arm with him as often as possible. *"Women like good, warm men's hands. I notice through the way you touch what you feel for me and I will reveal you immediately if your feelings change. Your hands speak to me so words become completely unnecessary. I hear your inner voice through your skin"*. Dian was dumbfounded and let his hands speak gently and in a low voice as he stroked her back and held her close to him. He felt her almost melt into him the way he melted into her and they became one.

Dian sensed that he was experiencing the same thing, but she said it so nicely. She is not only beautiful on the outside, he thought, but even more beautiful on

the inside. It was this deep beauty that he was constantly overpowered by when their gaze found each other and he read her eyes. It is such a connection that raises the hot union an octave and gives eroticism dimension. It is inner beauty that binds hearts together and makes lovemaking a powerful encounter with Eros.

One dark winter evening, they took this realization to the extreme. She studied his hands, held them in hers, brought them to her chest just above her heart, felt the feeling and held it firmly. Dian searched and found her gaze. Not a word was spoken as they let themselves sink together on the blanket in front of the burning, warming fireplace. The few garments just disappeared. They lay naked skin to naked skin. Hands and eyes spoke. Hands and eyes loved. Hands and gaze searched deeply and for a long time. Two bodies quivered with excitement, seeking each other as gifts to the other, seeking unity.

They lay for a long time caressing each other while new logs were regularly thrown into the fireplace. Two kinds of flames were kept alive with ever-increasing intensity. It became unbearably hot. Rozanna writhed against him, letting him penetrate her little by little while the intensity persisted and increased to near climax. Then they gave it their all. Intensely and energetically, they picked up the fire until it exploded in a torrent of sparks again and again until they sank exhausted into each other's arms. The external heat decreased while the inner one constantly glowed. The fireplace had also collapsed into embers.

Inverno e primavera, estate e autunno, vita breve, amor viva! During the winter of the North and the summer of the South, or the spring of the North and the autumn of the South; There are no boundaries where you do not set them yourself. Loving and being loved enriches life always and everywhere, in all climes. Love is a God-given force that can end any battle, any war. It's the lack of love that kills. Dian often philosophized and they shared thoughts about most things. Sharing thoughts and insights is also an expression of love, security and closeness that develops on several levels. Sometimes they also made love mentally, often on the phone when one of them was traveling. The travels also provided breaks that strengthened the longing until they met again.

One day she had watched him come as she sat waiting in the same place where they had first met. *"You are a beautiful man"*, she said. *"No, men are not beautiful, there is hardly any being on earth who is so unbeautiful..."* He felt stupid. She just laughed at him with her always high-timbered laughter. *"Besides, I'm too old and far too ugly for you!"* He meant it. After all, she was 23 years younger than him and nothing could change that. Rozanna did not answer, but when they had emptied the small espresso cups, she took him by the hand and they walked the short walk up to her small apartment. It was already early evening and she wanted him in bed.

They had a light dinner and shared a bottle of good Italian red wine and a couple of glasses of grappa before she disappeared and came back in beautiful, airy, all-black and decidedly expensive lingerie. A real

temptress appeared, brought him into the bedroom and undressed him, took a large, thin black shawl and wrapped him in it. "*You're beautiful*," she teased him, laughing as she pulled the ends of the long fabric so that he fell over on the bed halfway on top of her. – "*Sexy too!*" She laughed and his laughter mingled with hers.

Rozanna was ready, let him remove everything except the stockings that were stuck around her thighs, pushed him down and sat straddling his face. He parted the beautiful rose petals from each other, raised his hands to her breasts and pulled her down so he could caress her sensitive rose with his tongue. She was obviously in an unusually intense period and fired almost immediately and continued until she almost fainted. Then she rolled over onto her back and brought him in to full fireworks. She was exhausted and happy and kept caressing him until they fell asleep.

The next morning, Dian woke up to her fondling and sucking him, playing with her tongue, biting him playfully until the soldier got up and was ready for battle again. She pushed him down. He was just going to lie still and receive. After a while she tore away the duvet, sat over him and took him in small quick steps. She was heroic, riding him fiercely, harder and harder until he lost his power of resistance, surrendered to her superiority and filled her while he experienced getting the sky in his head. She was completely wild until she suddenly staggered backwards and little by little leaned over him, kissed him; - "*You are beautiful!*"

He did not have a counterargument. He was drowned out and stunned.

9

The flying Eros had been holding his hand over them for quite some time now, secretly visiting them for more than three years and showering them with the ragweed of the gods. The drink has a magical power, intoxicating and eye-opening. Nevertheless, the ordinary reality sometimes penetrates and unspoken wishes find words. – *“Dian. I want to have a child with you. I want to see a fruit of our love. We can move in together in Rome”*. Dian's whole train of thought came to an abrupt halt. This was impossible! He was not going to have children. He was not to depend on her. He was not going to end up as her nursing patient when he approached 100 years of age!

Carefully and with well-chosen words, he presented his thoughts. He saw she was saddened, but they had never really talked about any way forward, just constantly experiencing each other in the present. Their moments together were like loud roars that drowned out any thought of other things. They had cultivated each other through themselves, loved like crazy, as it always was on the last day of life. It precluded any thought that extended as far as the next day. The thought of children had completely new perspectives, impossible perspectives.

They still made love, but something had tickled between them, an unwanted distance. It took time for them both to acknowledge the inevitable. He had to let her go. She had to find her own path to another

happiness, one that met her deeper needs. What they had shared they would own forever, never being able to forget. They wanted to preserve their shared narrative with deep emotion forever.

Rozanna moved base to South America to find distance, but over the next two or three years she came to him on a roundabout journey several times to reunite in lovemaking. They shared the same fire, and in their hearts, they were still one. It took time to completely let go. She sat in Montevideo, looked out over the sea and dreamed away. Her gaze followed the flight of the clouds to the north. Dian often sat by the fireplace and let his mind reminisce about their adventurous experiences. It was a sight he would always miss.

Stiletto!

An Intermezzo

1.

It just happened. They ran into each other. – *“Excuse me!”* – *“Oh, I am so sorry! ... by the way, do you happen to know how I can get to ...”*. – *“Indeed. I am going there myself. Just follow me”*. The lady lifted her umbrella. – *“How nice of you!”* She smiled. A beautiful face under a large reddish hair.

Dian smiled back. There was half a meter of torrential rain between them. They went. *“You are not lucky with the weather on your visit to this country.”* – *“I am following a semester at the university here. Ends before the end of the year. Then I’m going to Toronto for post-doctoral work”*. *“So, you’re from Canada?”* *“No, I’m British, actually from Cornwall”*.

She stopped for a moment, held out her hand. – *“I am Cathryn”*. Dian also introduced himself. They continued with some small talk until they arrived at her destination. *“It was very kind of you to follow me all the way. Interesting to talk to you too. Could we continue that talk tomorrow?”* – *“You are welcome! Of course we can. I’m free after four o’clock. Could it be appropriate to meet after that?”* – *“Perfect!”* They agreed on a place that she knew.

2

Dian arrived early. There was no rain. He did not see her right away because she had come before him. *“I do not like to keep a lady waiting,”* he said. She laughed. *“You’re still ten minutes ahead of time. I finished early,”*

so *I just left*". Dian invited for a small meal at a cozy place nearby. Inside, he took her coat and was a bit of a gentleman according to the British recipe. She thought it was charming. The waiter took notice and pulled out the chair for her. It was a small but good meal and with a conversation that became increasingly interesting, it was also a long meal. Their eyes met all the time across the table and she grabbed his hand a couple of times.

They left the restaurant. *"Where do you live while you're here?"* She explained. It is a long way to walk and Dian found out that it was also some distance from his address, just over a quarter of an hour to walk. She took the initiative. *"Since you treated me to dinner, maybe I can treat you to a drink at a bar I have visited a few times?"* Dian accepted. The conversation continued, now more about their lives. Dian sketched out a bit of his own and she told him that she had spent a lot of time alone in London during her studies and was happy to have met Dian with whom it was possible to share some thoughts. She was quickly approaching 39, she said. After a failed relationship, fortunately without children, she had thrown herself into her studies, drowned herself in them and worked hard to get to where she was. Admirable, thought Dian.

It was getting late. The bar closed. *"Plans for tomorrow?"* Dian asked. *"No, it is Saturday. I usually just sit with the subject matter and get bored".* – *"See you tomorrow!"* Dian's proposal was accepted. They went their separate ways. Dian marvelled at her special style, but also did not overlook her beauty.

3

Saturday morning. They met as agreed, this time with a hug, almost in the French way. They strolled down to the piers. He took her on the boat to the museums, where they spent the whole day. Cathryn was delighted. No one she had met had offered to show her the city and interesting museums. Her subject was social history and now she had just wandered in the middle of it for a whole day: Viking history and the Nordic Middle Ages.

Cathryn wanted to do something that would please him at least half as much as he had made her happy with this all-day outing. It was already late, but they were going to have dinner. She invited. Again, they sat facing each other over a table of good food and exquisite wine. The conversation became increasingly interesting. There was no doubt that they were both fascinated by the other. Their eyes met and a spark struck over the table. Both sensed it, neither of them understood it. Still, they grasped each other's hands across the table and formed a ring around the little candle that burned between them; a symbolic moment. She lowered her gaze for a moment and looked at him again with a smile. Here and now, it did not fit with words.

When he had put the coat over her shoulders, she looked at him and laid her head lightly against his shoulder before putting her arm under his. They went out. Something had begun to stir in both of them, quite cautiously, but unambiguously. *"It is late. I will follow you to the door. It is not a long detour for me.* Cathryn did not answer, let it happen. Outside, he pulled his

arm to say goodnight, but she did not let go. *"Come on and you will see how badly they have accommodated me. Have a glass with me..."*. She pulled him by the arm. He lost all resistance. Eros had landed!

She actually had a pretty nice little apartment at her disposal. It was no bad accommodation at all. She laughed when he pointed it out. *"Sit down!"* She had a bottle of white wine in the fridge and served. *"You are not like others I have met. You make me curious. You have culture. I need to find out who you are"*. Dian laughed. It was quite an observation she threw in his face. *"I'm just as curious about you"*, he replied. *"You are not just beautiful. You have great knowledge; everything you told me in the museums today, much I did not know"*.

They emptied the glasses. Dian thought he was going to go, but no. Cathryn had other plans. She wanted him. Nu! She kissed him intensely. *"I want you to stay with me until tomorrow. I want to sleep with you. I know what happened in the restaurant. I know you will. I just know!"* Dian was bombed. He knew it too. He acknowledged that he had already felt the urge the day before, but did not want to be persistent. Now the fire was lit. No time to lose. They tore off their clothes. She quickly danced into the bedroom and threw herself into bed, inviting Dian with her legs spread to throw herself on top of her. He followed, wholeheartedly, and without any preamble he allowed himself to be led into her warm forge and allowed himself to be forged into a cannon. She felt how he grabbed her under her lower back to best hit her most sensitive points, felt her entire body tremble in lust, ignite, explode as the

ready-made cannon fired deep inside her. This was exactly what she wanted and had not experienced for a long time.

Dian took his time to experience her, her whole being. He caressed her full, firm breasts as she calmed down after ecstasy. He let his hands follow her voluptuous curves until she breathed calmly. Then he went and got the wine bottle and glasses, filled up and sat down next to her, put the duvet tightly around her. She looked at him. He looked at her. They drank the wine without a word. She let him under the covers, lay with her back towards him close and took one of his hands over her and placed it over her chest.

4

Sunday early morning. Dian woke up cold. Cathryn had stolen the entire duvet during the morning. He carefully sneaked back underneath. She lay on her stomach and slept quietly, but it had become light. He began to carefully draw hearts on her back and on her buttocks with his finger. She woke up slowly. *"Do not turn around!"* He was as ready as the day was light, put his hand between her legs and started firing her up. She did not allow herself to be prayed twice. He sensed when she was ready, pulled her up and went straight to the point. He had understood how explosive she was. She hissed like an angry snake, met him in a fast, fierce rhythm and exploded before he gave her everything.

She slowly turned to him, looked at him with wide open eyes, a slightly blurred gaze, and put her arms around him. *"Yesterday you were so careful, but not today..."*

You are really being quite careful". - "Must be, you know. I am a man. I have to experience that you want us to make love, that you want to. I can be accused of rape, not you". Cathryn laughed. "But I wanted you to come and take me. I knew you would, right?" - "Of course, but what would happen if I came up with a form last night and wanted a signature on your consent?" She laughed out loud. "Then we would lose the whole initiative... It would not have come to anything. I think I would have been angry; I would have thrown you out!" "But you understand why I am cautious, right?" She kissed him warmly. Of course, she understood.

They found a patisserie nearby. Late breakfast. They continued to be amused by the topic. *"If the roles had been reversed last night and you raped me, I couldn't have reported you. The whole world would have laughed itself to death."* – *"I will submit a complaint tomorrow!"* Theme exhausted, done. They agreed that we have a society that does not understand the natural dynamics, that sex must not be so serious, that it is good and nice as long as it is not associated with violence. It is important to let go and just let it happen.

5

Cathryn was not just direct and intense. She had kept everything inside, held back for several years and put all her energy into her studies. Now she burned intensely. Dian studied all her expressions and movements. She was remarkably restrained, but it was only on the outside. She expressed that she had broken out of a monastic life, had taken hold of life and of him in order to take back something lost. She said it bluntly. *"We met in the rain and it took me out into the*

nice weather with you. I needed you and I found you. I wanted you and you took me back to my own madness, my own wildness”.

Dian could not help but rejoice at this unexpected meeting. He himself had had a quiet period and felt strongly that life was overtaking him again, that the unpredictable was taking over. It had become part of his philosophy of life to let things happen when they happened, without a plan, without too much speculation. Some things in life are and should be simple, direct and free. Everything that comes across the horizon of life represents different fields where one's own ability for both improvisation and reflection is put to the test. In this way, the experience of life becomes richer and more real. Cathryn was obviously someone who had jumped over his life's horizon as he had jumped over hers.

A few days later, they were at his home. They had a long conversation about life and the unpredictable. They both knew that they only had a few weeks ahead of them before she had to return to London, celebrate Christmas and New Year in Cornwall and soon thereafter fly to Toronto to do further research. Therefore, they decided to cultivate each other and make love as much as they could. No clouds were to obscure the sun they had lit in their own sky.

Dian loved her wildness and egged it on as much as he could. Just fiddling a little with her big dark-reddish-brown hair, letting playful gazes meet her clear green eyes could make everything happen with explosive speed. He let her wild pace rule, let himself be captured by her impulsiveness. At the same time, he teased her

to hold back a little so that her fire grew into a wildfire he could throw himself into and let himself be consumed ecstatically.

She lay naked across the wide bed. She burned so he could almost see the flames rising into the sky. She had a slightly powerful, but still slim and well-shaped body that was able to move with amazing sensuality. Just the sight was enough to set Dian on fire. She wanted him quickly and directly, but he teased her, massaging and kissing her powerful, firm breasts and fingering her gently but effectively in the cleavage. She fired violently, trying to bring him in, but he kept going until she completely unravelled. Then he went straight to the point, hard, gentle and soft, hard again until she completely lost control, unable to meet him. He took over command completely until his own military had no more to give. The game was over.

Two exhausted bodies searched close together. He put his head between her breasts, massaged them calmly with his tongue. She rose and lowered herself and exploded softly again. The gaze that met him, the green eyes that shone softly at him, glowed with a fire that had calmed down, but it still smouldered hot and alive. What a woman, Dian thought to himself, met her gaze and pulled her close to him.

Cathryn was sitting upright in bed, watching him when he woke up. He looked straight up into her face, surrounded by a cloud of hair. She let her hand run lovingly over his cheek and through his beard. She smiled warmly, bent down and kissed him. *"I have never experienced anything like this before. I have never been defeated, but you managed to do that last night. It*

was indescribable. You took away all my power and then gave it back". Dian had no words, he just looked straight up into this beautiful face that had just spoken to him when he felt a hand looking for more of his power finding what it was looking for.

Dian let it happen. She took him in her mouth, played with her tongue, teased him intensely, and studied his face, saw that he gave in completely. Suddenly she sat over him, took him directly all the way in, leaned forward towards him and rocked her hips vigorously. He could barely move and she knew it. He was not to move, only to receive. She increased the intensity. He felt her fire, she overflowed, but continued until she felt herself being filled with his ejaculation. She held him tight, squeezed her legs together between his and lay still as he caressed her back and over her buttocks, a long quiet.

Cathryn had taken revenge, hot revenge. She laughed and joked with him. Now he was defeated and she had regained her position, almost...

6

She was strikingly beautiful as she came out of the shower. Her big hair was wrapped in a huge towel. Otherwise, she was only dressed in her own skin. She came into the living room and sat down on the sofa with her feet in his lap. They were warm with freshly painted nails. She was warm. The living room was warm with a fire in the fireplace. He lightly massaged her feet, continued up her calves, but the rest of her beautiful body was out of reach, so he grabbed her legs and pulled her towards him. She ended up flat and

dragged a pillow to lay her head on. She looked up at him with a playful look. They had made love several times that day and were in sleep mode. Still, he played his way up her thighs and finally put his hand gently over the gate to paradise. He massaged her with his whole hand, flat, playfully, just on the outside.

He read the slow rise from her gaze and face. Her body vibrated, twisted. She closed her eyes, breathed in small bursts and let it happen, taking in the whole delicious feeling. She loved this strange, gentle touch, this slow rise that was so different from her fierce, hot and hasty temper. She floated as if in a dream with wonderful shivers flowing through her. Inside her, the sea roared, the waves washed over her and she let herself float along. He let it last for a long time. He rejoiced that she was devotedly dwindling into her own pleasure, into her own feeling.

He leaned forward, kissed her on the stomach, grabbed her hands and pulled her onto his lap. She put her arms around him, clinging to him. Without a word, she conveyed her feeling that did not need to be translated. He pulled out a large blanket and placed it around her. Finally, he got up, carried her into bed, spread well over her, crawled in behind her, close, put his arms around her with a breast in each hand and slowly cuddled her into dreamland.

The next morning, they woke up just as closely, turned to each other, and read each other for a little while. Cathryn broke the silence; - *"I have never felt so taken care of as what I felt last night. It was like sailing completely safe in a full storm".* - *"I felt it. I was with you on that sailing trip. I kind of felt your feeling inside*

myself. You are so beautiful when you sail!" She smiled warmly, laid her head on his chest and fell silent.

No two days are exactly the same. Cathryn was in a corner of her own. She thought, thought a lot, talked little. Dian knew something was going on in her head as they walked hand in hand until they got hungry. He took her to a quiet place where they could have a better dinner. She ordered a whole bottle of wine. She wanted to find the words that stuck, release them. She looked at him across the table with wide eyes, with a gaze that hit him with warmth. They sat with dessert and still some wine in the bottle. The waiter poured the rest and withdrew. There was a tension about them. – *"Dian. I have been thinking so much today. I have been thinking that I will have to leave soon. At the same time, you have let me stay with you for the past few weeks and I just love being with you. Should I travel to Canada or should I come back to you once I have been home, when I have submitted my report in London and visited my family? You have torn me in two, Dian!"* He was mute. He sat with a dream in front of him. Where does life go from here?

Dian had gotten a knife to his throat. It cut his heart and threatened his life. Now it was he who had to think, feel. *"I have no idea. I love you very much and am mostly in dreamland as long as you are around, Cathryn. You cloud my mind and set my emotions on fire. There is fire in the fog. You are a rare woman. You are also much younger than me and must not ruin your career. I mean you have to finish what is in front of you; a year in Toronto. A year goes by quickly and I can come to you while you are there. I do not want to be a plumb*

around your foot, Cathryn. Let us enjoy the three weeks we have, and we will leave everything open. There are no obstacles between us... Distance in kilometres is always possible to overcome when the distance between our hearts does not exist”.

Something worked out. They walked home with their arms around each other. This evening, it was only closeness that mattered. Distance had become a foreign word. Emotions rippled between them and tied them together.

7

Looking forward to the three weeks, they were going to take it all out, be together as much as possible, do nice things, continue interesting conversations and make love day and night. Cathryn had found a small book of poses taken from the Kama Sutra. She did not say anything to Dian about it, but studied it and found something she wanted to try out. That night she pushed Dian up into a kneeling position, put her legs straight up over his chest with her feet on either side of his head, pulled herself up with her arms over his neck. Dian lifted her with his hands under her buttocks and let her slowly slide down and take him in. She rotated her hips softly and intensely, in full control until ecstasy approached. As the control slipped, she rolled backwards with Dian on top of her and soon they were in the most ordinary tailoring position and took it all out.

They stayed for a long time to pet afterwards. *“That was a bit of a contrivance,”* said Dian. She giggled like a little girl and played playful strings; *“mmmm, yes,*

maybe so... I can also make things up". She leaned over him and looked down at him with a big smile and stars in her eyes. "They say that woman is a gift to man. Was I a gift to you now?" He laughed. "You're a gift no matter what you do, but you know, that is a very patriarchal idea. Are we not a gift to each other? It is quite telling when we see in our modern, anti-patriarchal societies that in the wedding ceremony, the bride's father brings her up and hands her over to the groom just as such a gift. I believe we are all gifts to life and that no one can give away another human being as a gift like that. The parents should only accept that the two want to join forces and not wrap the woman as a gift in white veils. The patriarchal is still lurking, Cathryn!" She looked at him with some wonder. "It is absolutely true; I have never thought of it that way. We are doing this even after two hundred years of fighting for equality!"

Spontaneous reflections on topics like this could spring from the most random observations. Cathryn and Dian also formed interesting bonds intellectually, bonds that were often spun together over a meal. At the same time, Cathryn did not give up her Vedic studies in the art of eroticism. She believed that a step away from the dominance of men had to be to let the woman's imagination run wild. It was difficult to argue against that. She continued her Kama Sutra studies in secret and took her ideas with her, not only in bed, but wherever possible.

One night they were in the bathroom, she started egging him on, playing with him, kissing, taking him in her mouth, letting her tongue play. He followed up with her until she straightened him up, lifted one leg

up to his shoulder and began to let him in, a little in, a little back and forth in the cleft until her whole body trembled and took him all the way into an intense embrace with one leg straight up. Dian soon understood the trick and had to hold her tightly as he felt the ecstatic rush through her body and she almost lost her balance. If she wanted it this way, he was not to disappoint her. Every move they made had a tremendous effect. The steam in the bathroom turned pink before their eyes and they clung to each other as the fog turned completely red and for a long moment they flew far out into the galaxy. They were constantly standing steady on three legs, but the climax of lovemaking had weakened the control, one leg gave way and the other came down a little wobbly. Their gaze met in a kind of strange wonder.

Later in the night she crawled over him again, woke him up with merry play, and at the same time let him finger her until it almost burst. Then she sat over him with her back towards him, took him all the way in, leaned back on top of him. He placed one of his hands over her cleft and fingered her intensely while simultaneously massaging her breasts with the other. She found a rhythmic movement that had a violent effect on him. If they had not made love earlier in the evening, he would have cracked almost immediately, but now he managed to hold on until she crossed the threshold of paradise before he let everything go and joined her over that threshold.

She lay still on top of him for a long time and let him caress her breasts. This was something she enjoyed with great pleasure and which alone could send her

once more over the magic threshold, but more like creeping over, not leaping over in fierce leaps. She finally landed, lay down next to him, and let him hold her close. Again, there were two gazes that found each other warmly and spun silver threads.

The next morning at breakfast he looked at her for a long time; - *“Would think you have studied lovemaking, Kama Sutra or something like that”*. Cathryn giggled, went and got the little book and put it on the table in front of him. He took the book, slapped her on the buttocks with it, slapped her over the head with it and chased her into the bedroom with the book as a weapon. She screamed and laughed and threw herself on the bed. He pulled off her panties, and grabbed her forcefully from behind while she twisted and threw herself as if to avoid the punishment. It turned her on violently and pretty soon they crashed through the wall of light and collapsed like two wet cloths, laughing, playing. She was exposed and rewarded for her antics. Eros laughed so he was shaking all over.

8

It went inexorably towards the last act; a weekend, a week, and another weekend, and Cathryn had to leave. It could not be averted. She had to show up at the appointed time at the University of London and present her work. She worked every day for a few hours on the writing and tested her arguments by discussing them with Dian. During these weeks, especially after she had settled down with him, it had created an exciting professional dialogue that he learned a lot from while she sharpened her formulations. - *“Oh my god, I am going to miss you when I travel. We do so many nice*

things together, not only in bed, but in all kinds of other areas as well". - "What am I going to say when the bed next to me is empty and cold again, when you are no longer sitting on the other side of the table and I can admire your beauty and our conversation quiets down. I'm afraid you're going to run away with a huge piece of my heart. Will I have enough of it left to survive?" There was no doubt that the feelings between them ran high. They prepared separation as they clung to each other and their hearts pounded frantically.

When the best thing would have been to let the intensity subside, it rose sky-high. It did not glow, it burned with a fresh flame all the time. The Kama Sutra remained in place. It was not experimentation they needed, but hot, burning closeness, presence in lovemaking. They were together almost around the clock this last week, only interrupted by her duties at university.

Dian wanted to give her as much joy as possible in these last days. He took his time to warm her up with caresses, played her warm. She noticed that the whole body had become an object of love and that even the toes had a living element of eroticism, of feeling that built a strong sense of desire. He gave her hour-long massages with fragrant, essential oils. She let the wonderful feelings flow through her whole being and awaken the desire for love. When he massaged her breasts, she could drift into orgasm before he had even started massaging her more sensitive points and she fired off again. She let him handle her completely as he wanted and accepted everything with a fire inside her. She let him turn her into every position imaginable.

She had no idea that he had secretly studied her little book. He lifted one of her legs and entered her sideways, taking her to heights she had no idea existed time and time again, until she sank down happily exhausted.

Cathryn took revenge. Drove him to heaven with massage before she bent over and took him in deeply. With hot and deep inner movements, she pinched him until the outbursts filled her. She let it last for a long time so that he came up again after a little while and she could again receive this warm lava within her. Neither had she put the little book away, but discovered a number of techniques that increased her sensation and could bring chain orgasms.

One afternoon they had been at it for a long time. None of them could take it anymore. They were exhausted and happy. They just lay next to each other, looked at each other and laughed. They had no words, showered and went out, found a place where they could have a good meal. "*Kama Sutra*," she just said. "*You have read it, too!*" Dian smiled revealingly, could not deny it. It was their last major meal. Saturday. On Monday, there was a flight waiting for her ticket.

That night they made love intensely. She drove him up, took him with her tongue, as he did at the same time where she wrote over his face. They drove it ecstatically until she felt that she wanted him, moved downwards and took him deep in while she put her head between his feet and rode him violently until the rain of sparks was all around them. She caressed his feet, slowly turned around and gaze met gaze again. Closer to morning, while she was sleeping, he crept to egg her

on, fingering her cleft until she whimpered like a child in a half-sleep. He entered her and she woke up in the middle of the act, letting everything happen while she clung to him with sharp claws planted in his back.

9

Early Monday morning. Suitcase and bag packed. Taxi to the airport. They sat for a long time with their morning coffee and watched, just looked at each other. She moved, sat down next to him. They both had a strong need for closeness in this parting moment. – *“Are you coming to Toronto?” – “Hope I can make it happen, Cathryn... We have to stay in touch”.*

Airports are one noisy chaos, but where the two stood just outside the control zone, there was a bubble that didn't let anything else in. They held each other wordlessly. Only two hearts spoke. He kissed her one last time on the neck as he caressed her breasts under her coat. – *“Love you!” – “Love you madly!”* They kissed, then she had to leave. He followed her with his eyes in the queue. She turned around, saw him, gave him a kiss with a smile and disappeared.

Umbrella collision!

Fado for two

1

She was not only sad, she was furious. He had beaten her again when she had confronted him. Not only had she accessed his phone and read his communication with another woman. She had also found a lot of nasty pornography there. She sensed it when she observed the code, he opened the phone with; 9696.

Marie had long thought about a way out, a way to leave him, but he threatened to pursue her to the end of the world if she ran away. It was not because he loved her, but because he wanted to own her, in short, because he had to have someone he could fuck, who cooked and ironed his shirts. Erik was handsome and well-trained, always wearing expensive suits, yet simply a perfect asshole, spoiled with an important job arranged through family connections. In other words, he earned very well, owned a house, cars, a boat and a large cabin in the mountains, as well as her, the cooking, shirt-ironing Marie, the object of his sex drive. Erik was someone who wanted to own, own everything, and the beautiful Marie served as his button-hole flower and with her beautiful looks and gorgeous clothes gave him status in the circle of like-minded people.

The terrible thing was that he never gave her satisfaction, did not caress her, but decided that she should take different positions while he attacked her, fast and hard without regard for her. For her, it hurt the most and sometimes he hit her afterwards before

storming into the shower as if to wash off everything that had to do with her.

Marie had talked to the other woman. She had experienced much of the same, but wanted to be with him because he was so attractive and promised her a good position in the company and much more, he but had not told her that he had a partner. So, she was like him, a climbing type, up, up regardless of the price. There was nothing more to say, but Erik had exploded when he learned about the conversation. Marie was yellow and blue. She packed her things, withdrew a considerable amount of money from his credit account and checked into a hotel in the city centre, far away from the nice villas.

During the week, she got a job at a law firm with an acceptable salary. After all, she had a good education as a lawyer, but was not allowed by Erik to take a job. Then she could put him in the shade with her higher education and be freer to choose him out.

2

Dian looked at her carefully after she told her story. It was a story that did not come right away. They had been together for almost half a year and now something loosened up in her, tears came from time to time at sore points and she had to hold his hands several times along the way. The details were sometimes gruesome, marked by evil and an absolute lack of love. He had harassed and threatened her in the two years that had passed since she left. That is why she had not been out on the town, not met friends, isolated herself.

Marie began to talk about how she had observed Dian when they happened to take the same tram, before she had the opportunity to approach by pure chance. Dian sometimes took the tram from the city centre at the same time as her. She had observed that he often stood up for the elderly, woman or man. It was a rare sight and testified to consideration for others, something she had missed for many years. One day he made room for a man with crutches, and when this man was about to get off, he had to support him while the tram stopped. He took him under his arm, put his foot in the door so it would not close, and went with the man out onto the sidewalk. Then the door closed and the tram drove away from him. Marie immediately saw that his shoulder bag was left on the floor, picked it up and jumped off at the next stop. It was not that far, so she ran with the bag back to where he had been left behind. She found him while he was looking for a phone number on his phone. – “*Here*”, she said, – “*This one was left on the tram*”. Dian could never have thanked her more heartily. In that bag lay several years of work on a laptop. He immediately invited her for a coffee at a pastry shop just across the street. Marie felt something warm flow through her and joined him.

As soon as coffee and accessories were on the table, they introduced themselves and their eyes met over the coffee cups. Contact. He held out his hand to her and thanked her again. She felt that she would rather not let go of that hand. They talked lightly over coffee and gradually got to know each other. A few months ago, she had moved into an apartment less than a kilometre from where Dian lived. In the conversation, they

touched on various topics that showed that they had some common interests, i.e. something to talk about, to share. They agreed to meet again.

Their afternoon meetings at the pastry shop took place more and more often, three or four times a week. One day, Dian invited her to dinner at a better place. Good food, wine, candles on the table, pleasant service, established the stage for the romantic approach that had been in the air for some time, perhaps ever since they first met. Their eyes beamed at each other across the table, invisible ribbons spun together in the atmosphere between them. Words were quite unnecessary. Hands met and joined. They formed a circle around the candle and the wine glasses. The waiter withdrew and observed them with a smile. It could not be more obvious.

They went. Outside, she turned to him and took his hand. He put his arm around her, pulled her towards him and they kissed for the first time. They had not drunk much during the meal, so Marie said there could be room for another glass if he wanted to see where she lived. Dian did not allow himself to be prayed twice. On the way, Dian reflected: *'She is beautiful, much, much younger than me. She has her own style, is smart, intelligent and has interests. Now I need to know where the brakes are so I do not ruin anything nice'*.

Marie felt his arm over her shoulders and put hers around him, as if they were an old loving couple. They did not talk, just walked and felt the nice atmosphere. Marie, too, thought: *'He is unusually kind and considerate. He is good to discuss things with, open to*

my views. Romantic, yes. Clearly. Am I in love? Oh my God, my emotions are chaos'.

Marie had a smart, small apartment with a living room, kitchen, bedroom, bathroom and a small entrance hall, decorated with good taste. In the kitchen, she had a wine-rack that revealed that she knew wine. She opened a bottle, put two beautiful wine glasses on the table and poured it in. She raised her glass, toasted and thanked him for an incredibly pleasant evening before she sat down on the soft sofa next to him. She kissed him again.

They had discovered that neither of them was particularly enthusiastic about the mundane babbling about the trivial aspects of life, so they were quite immediately engaged in a topic of common interest. During this conversation, Dian noticed more clearly than before that Marie was full of tension, somewhat nervous. He did not ask any questions, but put his arm around her and gently caressed her back. She melted slowly. She became calm and felt that she was taken care of with respect. For her, it was an almost unknown feeling. She crept up against him as if she could not get close enough, like she wanted the feeling to last forever.

They emptied the glasses and she refilled them. They got hot. Marie felt that she was turned on in a way she had not felt before. The interesting conversation died down on its own when she put her hand under his shirt and stroked his bare chest. He put his hand over her neck and felt her immediately stiffen. He did not understand why, and immediately put her face between his hands, looked her in the eyes, and kissed

her warmly. Then she rolled over against him, intensely. Dian pushed her aside, gave her the glass, and took his own. The cups were emptied and Marie shared the rest of the bottle.

Dian held back. He did not want her to feel like he was throwing himself at her, abusing him because they were not completely sober. Marie was a little put off, looked at him with a slightly reproachful expression: - *"Do you not like me? You do not want to be with me?"* These were direct questions Dian could not run away from. - *"Yes, I like you very much, but I want to be sure that you do not perceive me as just seeking to get laid. I will not step over your boundaries and ruin the good we have together"*. Marie was completely dumbfounded. He really respected her fully. There was silence for a moment before she whispered softly in his ear: *"You know, Dian, I have no boundaries with you"*. Then, Dian was dumbfounded.

Quietly, she pushed Dian down onto the couch and snuggled up close to him. He felt her bare breasts under the thin blouse. He had noticed during dinner that she was not wearing a bra. Beautiful, tight breasts had looked up at him as they enjoyed the meal. Now he let his hands slide up under her blouse and caressed her bare back, experienced soft female skin, met her gaze and knew immediately that she was warm.

He pulled her around, lifted her blouse and started caressing and kissing her breasts. She breathed heavily, felt the strange sensations spread throughout her body and let it happen. Uninhibited, she gave in, took his hand and brought it up to the crotch under

her short skirt. Dian started to feel unstoppable, pulled her panties down to her knees and started fingering her until he found out where she reacted the strongest. Marie started to bend backwards and throw herself a little. He gave her everything, massaging and kissing her breasts while fingering her over one threshold after another until she made sounds that were not to be misunderstood. For the first time in many years, she had experienced complete ecstasy.

Marie landed a little, but only a little. She tore off her clothes, ripped off Dian's clothes and threw herself on top of him, intensely. They fell to the floor, barely noticing it, and continued wildly, until they had given each other everything. They lay close until they had regained their breath and kissed for a long time. It was the lack of comfort on the floor that finally got them back on the couch, naked to each other, open feelings, boundless. They took the glasses on the table, looked at each other and drank out. That night, Dian did not sleep at home.

They woke up late the next morning, Saturday, and no duties as called. Warm glances met each other over the pillow, hands found the other's terrain and the play resumed. Now Marie was calmer. She felt safer than in a very long time and gave herself in. The boundaries had fallen. She opened up to him and felt painful tensions leave her body and mind. She let him caress her, lay like a soft cat and felt the new sensations that flowed through her while his hands played and teased her. He kissed her all over her body from her toes to her forehead, fondled her breasts and fingered her a little, licked her, paused for a moment, and let her

expectations rise, slowly, before continuing. Marie sailed on waves, like on a dream sea until he took her over the highest wave tops. He rejoiced at how she rose until ecstasy overtook her, gave her a short pause, and repeated it all.

Marie felt her whole body exploded, her head, everywhere. After the third time, madness took over. She threw herself on top of him, caressed him, kissed and licked him before she led him inside her and gave it her all, intensely and with affection and warmth. She let it go on for a long time, on and off, until Dian could no longer take it. He felt that he almost tore apart and fainted. He grabbed her and let her sink softly onto him. It was hot. They were dripping with sweat, but stayed that way until their hearts beat calmly and in rhythm again.

It was already early afternoon when they went out hand in hand, fresh and freshly showered. They soon found a place to have lunch and sat for a long time without talking, just feeling each other's presence, enjoying their newfound love. Marie sensed the good feeling that had taken her over and chased unpleasant memories away, warm hands that replaced brutal grips and blows, a voice that sought her, did not command, but gave room for her own voice. She did not say it, but let the feeling flow towards him with warm eyes and a glow.

Dian remembered how she had stiffened when he put his hand over her neck and knew intuitively that something had happened earlier in her life. At the same time, he felt that she was completely effortless and devoted this morning. They had both obviously

had a liberating effect on each other because he had also let go of the reins, let everything happen. When she opened up, his fear of transgressing had fallen away and his usual caution let go. His respect for her as a woman stood and he acknowledged that some nice feelings had found a place in his heart. He beamed back at her in a way impossible to misunderstand.

While the morning was bright, evening caught the sun. It was dusk and slowly getting dark as they quietly strolled hand in hand through the park and down into the centre, to the harbour and again found a place where they could shine at each other while enjoying a meal with exquisite wine. It was midnight when they strolled through a sea of noisy and partying, drunk and doped people, strolling home to Dian, still without talking much, constantly hand in hand. They walked on a floating feeling that swayed back and forth between them, conceptlessly.

3

Dian's home was an old, high-ceilinged and spacious apartment overflowing with books and music. Marie, who loved to read, took her time scouring the bookshelves before turning to him and laughing. – *“This is insane! You live in a treasure chest”*. Dian had to smile. It was not often that anyone saw it that way. He handed her a glass of red wine, thanked her for a wonderful day. Marie beamed as some cello concertos by Vivaldi embraced them playfully before they embraced each other again.

Marie sensed the mood. She was a mood person who had not experienced a good atmosphere for a long time.

She took it in deeply. Emotions began to rage wildly in her, magical, strong, happy feelings. She studied Dian. *'Who is he really?'* she thought, so close and yet so strangely distant, as from another planet. She noticed her new feelings and a desire to conquer his world, find her way in to him, his inner hiding place. At the same time, she felt a craving. She wanted to feel him inside her again. Now! Immediately.

Dian suddenly found himself trapped in his own shirt which she pulled over his head before she started kissing him on the chest and pushing him down onto the sofa. He let it happen and soon she had pulled his pants off and taken him in her mouth, playfully but firmly. She quickly pulled her dress off and her panties went the same way, before she pushed him down to the floor and continued as she had begun. He pulled her around and fingered her before he could get to her with his tongue. She was already overheated, flowing lightly before she threw herself on top of him, brought him in, and pressed her legs together as she rode him more and more fiercely, bending down towards his feet. She went off like a machine gun, again and again and again before he followed in fierce thrusts. Again, they lay on a floor, slightly exhausted, warm and heavenly satisfied. Vivaldi had fallen silent in the deep night when they crawled into bed and fell asleep tightly entangled.

Marie woke up first that morning. She grabbed him with both hands and began to lick him, using her lips. He woke up high and hard. She played with him. He played with her. Morning laughter. Titillating. High voltage. He took over, turned her around, grabbed her

breasts and gave them the smooth treatment as he slid into her from behind for a long act. He held her firmly against him, fingered her from the front and kept a caressing grip on one of her breasts as she entered ecstasy and sank down onto her stomach. He continued and she met his movements intensely and they both went to heaven as if in a joint leap. He kissed her on the back, caressed her stomach and breasts until she slipped away from him and turned to him with the world's most satisfied gaze. He continued and caressed her buttocks. It felt magical, like a pure declaration of love with warm hands, a whole new experience for her.

It was not easy to part ways that Sunday evening, but the weekdays demanded both of them in wage slavery. They still loved a couple of evenings before Friday's scheduled meeting. He invited her out and then to his home. He had prepared a special experience for her. They opened a bottle of wine and talked a lot about their own feelings. Dian had understood the joy she had in being caressed and the bedroom was prepared. Two large towels were laid over the bed. The room smelled of eucalyptus and rosemary. He stripped her naked while kissing and fondling her and she felt a tingle in her whole body. Expectatio!

He lifted her light body and gently laid her down on her stomach at an angle across the bed. Then he poured a strip of scented oil down her back and began a calm, caressing massage. She flattened out like a cat and started painting. She loved what she now sensed and allowed herself to be treated. Dian continued with her buttocks and down her legs, up and down. He sensed

how she enjoyed being massaged over her buttocks, the beautiful, shapely, femininely curved and soft buttocks that could awaken a man to deeds just by the sight.

When she was treated from the neck to the soles of her feet, she was limp as a rag. He turned her around and poured another strip of oil down her chest and stomach with a little extra on her busts. He massaged her face first, another new experience for her, before continuing. He took his time and massaged her breasts until she had an orgasm and let it last a long time before continuing down over her stomach, which he fondled for a long time. Then he went further down over the thighs all the way down to the feet, which received a new round of foot reflexology. Finally, he let the oil run straight from the bottle into her crotch. She whimpered lightly at the tickling sensation before he began to massage her most sensitive points, first lightly, then gradually firmer, then lightly again, tantalizingly, again and again. Marie was deep in a dream state and gave herself over to the undulating experience that pulled her repeatedly over the border of ecstasy. The body swelled, writhing in pleasure until everything melted into a long, chaotic flow, a cascade of intensely vivid emotions.

Dian slowly calmed it down, stroking her stomach and breasts for a long time before he let his finger stroke her lips. Marie opened her eyes and Dian looked into her soul, a gaze that was there and yet still far away. A long minute of deep eye contact before she put her hand over Dian's neck and pulled him down for a long, warm kiss. Marie was exhausted. Dian rolled the duvet

over her, made sure she lay well and caressed her head through her hair until she fell asleep like a child.

Marie slept late that morning and Dian had time to prepare a good breakfast before she came barefoot with one of the large towels around her. She smiled warmly and pulled herself close to him before he pulled out the chair for her. He served hot tea and freshly baked baguettes. She looked at him with a somewhat puzzled look, held out her hand with a firm grip, kissed him warmly. – *“Thanks!”* She said everything with one word and a look.

They continued to hang out for a few weeks and were about to go out one evening when she looked out her window after closing it. There was a car she knew and the man sitting there was Erik. Marie grabbed Dian and said they could not go out. Then came the story. She went on to say that one day they had been sitting together outside, they were observed by one of Erik's good friends. In other words, he knew she had a new boyfriend. It was in Erik's nature to torment her, and now he had a new reason to do so.

Dian looked out the window and suggested that he go out and buy something they could make at home. At the same time, he went out into the hallway where he had observed a sturdy wrench in a drawer. He stuck it up his sleeve while Marie wrote a short shopping list. When he came out, he went straight to the car and knocked at the window. Erik lowered the window. – *“Would you be so kind as to get out of the car for a minute?”*, said Dian. – *“Why?”* – *“I want to take a closer look at you”*. Erik came out, flexed his muscles a little and tried to seem threatening, but he was not that tall.

Dian looked down at him demonstratively and smiled. - *Hmm... You are pumping iron, I see, but that is not much worth, bloated, just vanity, right?*” Erik looked at him. Dian fixed his eyes on his and held him until he gave way.

Erik was provoked and made a hint of wanting to strike. - *“Think you should let that hand fall”*, Dian said without moving his eyes. - *“If you get close to me, I will smash your grin all the way to the molars. Then it will be soup with straws for a year or so”*. Dian let the wrench slide into his fist without showing it. - *“You have been bothering Marie enough now. If you appear here again or harass her again in any way, I will see to it that you are destroyed. Both Marie and I know enough about your perverted and criminal activities to get someone to fix that issue”*. Erik was clearly unsure. The hoax worked. Dian was still holding him with his gaze. - *“Expensive car”*, said Dian and quickly smashed the side window in the back door with the wrench so that it looked like he did it with his bare fist. - *“If you want, I can continue, or you can drive out of here right away and never show yourself here again. Your choice!”* Erik was furious, turned red, hurled insults. Dian smiled, though not with his eyes, holding the car door open invitingly for Erik without letting go of his gaze. Erik jumped in and drove away at breakneck speed. Expensive car, expensive windows too. Eros was standing by the fence just a few meters away. He laughed, clapped his hands three times in applause. He liked this.

Dian came back inside and discreetly dropped the wrench back where he had found it. Marie had seen it

all from the window and could hardly believe what she had seen. Dian grabbed her jacket gentlemanly before she could say anything, with a clear signal that she should put her arms in it, put it on. – “*Let’s go*”, he just said and took a firm grip on her hand. They went out into a warm evening.

Dian never revealed the wrench trick. He himself had serious doubts about whether he had managed to break his grin with it, let alone use it on the guy at all, but there is something about using your gaze, having an attitude that does not shrink, doing something shocking, unexpected, like breaking that window. Magical.

Marie was captivated. She wanted to know what they had said to each other, but Dian did not go into details, only assuring her that he would not disturb her again. They shared a pizza and a whole bottle of wine. Towards the end of the meal, a message came on Marie's phone. Erik was furious, extremely rude and vowed revenge. They composed the answer together: *"Forget it. You have met your superior. If you try anything, problems will rain down on your head, police, courts, prison will be your future."* Nothing ever came from that side again.

Marie felt free and safe again. For the first time, she knew that the tormentor would not appear again. She had robbed him of 300,000 when she left, had observed and noted all his passwords and codes, and also snatched a brown envelope with 40,000 in cash bribes he had bragged about. She had also photographed a lot of compromising documents and let him know that she had them. Erik had to bite the

grass, but could not help but bother her, constantly demanding the money back. Now it was over.

4

August. Marie thought she needed a holiday. She wanted to invite Dian along, let him choose where to go. Just over a week later, they were on a plane to Lisbon and a four-star hotel. No sooner had they put down their suitcases than Marie slammed '*Do not disturb*' on the door and pushed Dian down into the big bed. Everything that looked like clothes disappeared in a cloud and landed around on the floor. Marie was wild and crazy, threw herself on top of him and started licking and sucking him before she sat on top of him and started riding, leaning forward, kissing him, loving him intensely and hotly. She went all out, gave it her all, took everything. They both exploded not once, but twice before they sank together, glowing in the heat. It was barely a quarter of an hour since they closed the door behind them. They lay close together for a while before they went into the shower and washed each other with loving hands. Finally, put on light clothes and went out into Lisbon's late evening. Eros followed them with a satisfied smile.

They found a terrace with dining and a view, shared a bottle of good Portuguese wine and a good meal. The atmosphere was hyper-romantic under the dark sky when they went for a walk and found a place where there was live music, traditional fado played by three musicians, a bar, a glass with something good in it; cheers to lovemaking!

They returned to the hotel carrying the atmosphere, a light, vibrant atmosphere. Marie was happier and lighter at heart than Dian could remember experiencing her. They stood next to each other with their backs to the bed and let themselves fall backwards into it. Skin to skin, they again awakened the primal instinct and the deadly act began again. He pulled off her little piquant panties and began to work her with his tongue while massaging her breasts. She loved this total touch, allowed herself to be treated and felt like a queen. The mood of the evening carried her further into a realm of reddish pleasure that lasted and lasted, that brought her over the pinnacle of pleasure again and again and again. Dian felt her quiver, shake, breathe, arch up and sink down several times before he entered her with force, pressed her legs between his and rode her into the same thundercloud he himself disappeared into, sailed through and stepped over, into a deep blue sky until the stars lost their positions and rained down on them.

A couple of days later, it was Marie's birthday. Dian bought her a sexy lingerie set. He knew her taste, her sense of the refined, lace and pomp. He handed over the small package only when they were back in the hotel room after a long dinner accompanied by violin and guitar. She loved the romantic atmosphere, the good food and the wine, and thought it was the gift of the day until she sat with it in her hands. She immediately sensed that it was something small when she opened it up and became almost ecstatic when she saw what was hidden in several layers of black and pink tissue paper; black and pink silk!

Marie kissed him a hundred times before disappearing into the bathroom with the silk. She took her time, wanted to let him torment with waiting, before she finally danced to meet him in black and pink minimalia. It was perfect. She completely enchanted him while dancing with the small garments and the attributes of her body. Teasing... for a long time, before she let him open the bra, play with her breasts and eventually pull the little panties off.

In just Eva's suit, she pushed him down onto the bed, took dominance, slowly and theatrically pulled off his clothes before sitting straddling his face and letting him use his tongue while she leaned back and grabbed his tall gentleman. Marie was already high on fire and flowed before she finally let herself slowly slide down his body until she found the right connection and turned on the main switch. A wild, uninhibited ride. She soon felt something warm fill her, squeezed her legs together between his and lay still and enjoyed it. Accomplished.

Marie had rounded a new year in her life, feeling free and happy. In her mind, she thanked Eros even though she had no idea that he was sitting in the window enjoying a rare, successful show. He laughed, again applauded quietly with three light strokes of his palms, scratched his wing feathers and threw himself into the breeze. The light curtains fluttered quite heavily. - *What was that?* They looked at each other, amazed.

The morning was a late morning. They took the trip holding arms around each other, up one of the slopes and found a shady place for a combined breakfast and

lunch. Skies were blue, the sun brilliant and it was very hot. They shared a light meal of fish and shellfish with a wonderful fresh white wine, although neither of them thought about the fact that starting the day with a whole bottle might be a bit of a stretch. They sat still and enjoyed it for a long time until suddenly Marie said she wanted to go shopping alone and disappeared down the hill. Dian ordered something while waiting and stayed put.

An hour, two hours... so, there she came with two well-filled shopping bags. Clothes, of course, thought Dian. She read his thought. – *“Of course! We need something lighter in this heat”*. They had another glass in the shade before she signalled return to the hotel. There the room was cleaned and the bed freshly made. He sat down on the edge of the bed, waiting. She picked out a bag, pushed him down and poured the contents over him. Five gorgeous thong panties in different colours for him. She knew very well he disliked the silly boxers that were now common and always wore thongs. – *“Try them on!”* It was an order.

Flame red, black, yellow-green, white, cobalt blue. He chose the last one, fitted perfectly but was faintly transparent. Marie pulled him towards her and rubbed her face against the thin fabric; – *“Nice”*, she said. He did not disagree.

Marie took the next bag into the bathroom and came out again with a kind of dress with wide shorts underneath, dark red with a discreet, vague, black line pattern, small buttons all over, hyper-thin fabric. He could only give compliments, magnificently, it was

really beautiful. She floated over to him and let him feel that she was completely naked underneath.

Marie handed him the next bag, pointed to the bathroom; - "*Your turn!*". Order again. It was a trouser suit and a long shirt in the same thin fabric, but black with the same discreet design in dark red, the exact reverse of her dress, with the same small buttons up the entire front. He pulled it on and took the shirt over. It went in an arc from waist height at the front to just below the buttocks at the back. Marie smiled, took him in front of the mirror and there they stood in exactly opposite colours. Stylish, but he thought it was all a bit feminine, perhaps mostly because of the fabric. She touched him: - "*No, off with the panties. We should not have anything underneath. It's hot!*" She insisted. He complied. Did she have plans?

There were still a couple of unopened bags, but they were going to wait. It was getting late and time for dinner. They went out stylishly, rudely and eventually Dian managed to sense how airy the thin fabric was even though he was a little worried because the pants were somewhat baggy in the front. They found a nice place with outdoor seating and a view of the sunset, really romantic. Good food and wine quickly arrived on the table as they sat on the corner facing the street. Marie had chosen two light dishes that she claimed were aphrodisiac.

They still had plenty of wine when the plates were brought away and they soaked up the beautiful sunset atmosphere. Then Dian felt her slender hand find its way around the outside of his pants, find what it was looking for and become playful. Dian suddenly

understood the choice of table because no one could see what she was doing. He followed and began the same game with her. It quickly became intense with the tickling game so they took a break and paid the bill, but stayed seated because they still had wine in their glasses and the sun had only barely crept below the horizon under a golden glow. Dian noticed how this light made the red details in their garments glow. Marie became almost a flame while he looked like smouldering coals. He put his hand on one of her breasts, which felt naked, and kissed her. Then she continued the game until they emptied the glasses and went out into the street while she still had a grip. Eros walked towards them invisibly, excited, waiting for the continuation, and to speed them up a bit, he sprinkled a magic powder on them.

It worked, but they did not quite understand that they could be so turned on, so suddenly. They went in the direction of some trees where they were able to caress. – *“Say a number between one and ten”*, Marie said suddenly. *“Why? Seven”*. That was the lucky number itself. Without a word, Marie bent down and unbuttoned the top seven buttons of his trousers from the pit of his heart to just below his navel. – *“Step back”*, Marie laughed as she pulled the fabric apart. – *“You are crazy. There's no point in asking you to say a number now”*. Marie laughed, – *“Three”*. – *“Ok. I will start from the bottom”*, Dian replied and opened the bottom three buttons, separated the fabric, let his finger play for a moment in what revealed itself. He laughed. – *“Then we will go for a walk, or...”*. They did.

They passed countless people, but no one seemed to see anything but a neat, well-dressed couple in the dark. This was rude and at the same time quite incredibly titillating. They found a bar where they could sit close together and ordered a couple of glasses. Now Eros's powder had reached its full effect. They fingered each other fiercely while Eros sat on the edge of a nearby table, admiring their ability to look like a couple newly in love, who just spoke softly together and kissed a little. Marie went straight to heaven and barely managed to hold back an outburst of lust. Dian took control, handed her the glass. They emptied the glasses. He took her by the arm and they went straight back to the hotel and finished the fun in the wide bed.

Marie threw herself invitingly down on her back, still wearing the thin garments that had been opened in the crotch. Dian pulled her legs apart and started massaging her most sensitive spot with his tongue. Marie shook her whole body, but he just kept going. He was in high gear now and wanted it to last, go from highlight to highlight, no brakes on. Marie threw herself, writhing in lust, but could not get out of his grip until Dian switched to using his fingers. He pulled off her clothes and his own. Then she pushed him down and started sucking him hard, but stopped just before he was about to get off. She continued, stopped, let there be a little artificial break and went to work again while he fingered her to new climaxes each time.

It became unbearable. Marie threw herself backwards, pulled him towards her, and led him all the way in. She raised her hips, put her legs over his lower back

and moved strongly, rocking towards him. He met her with tremendous force. They were almost unconscious when they both passed the highest peak in the geography of eroticism. Wet with sweat, dripping with the juices of life, they sank together close to each other and kissed intensely while Eros tilted his head, smiled crookedly, and applauded silently with three simple pats. Then he ran out the window on his way to more entertainment elsewhere.

They fell asleep for a short while, but woke up in the small hours again with nothing covering them and felt cold. Marie smiled half-open eyes at him and he had to laugh. She opened her eyes completely; Shower! Of course, they needed a proper tear-off. They pulled themselves out of bed, turned on the water, hot, and started rubbing each other in with soap, washing each other. Then Marie discovered that Dian was not only awake in his head, but even more so further down.

Marie began to work him under the running water. They were clean long ago, but this was wonderful. He bent down, licking her as the water ran down all over her. She leaned against the wall, sensed that she was beginning a rapid ascent that vibrated throughout her body. He heard the familiar sounds and immediately knew that she was over and ready for more, stood up and entered her standing. Marie hung herself over his shoulders and crossed her legs over his back. They rocked into ecstasy and finally sank together on the floor under the running water. They were completely surrounded by steam.

Clean as two newborns, they lay down in bed wearing the hotel's warm bathrobes. They stayed looking over

at each other, kissing and whispering flowers and stars to each other. They had not sinned, only loved, lived out the message of love in its full meaning. No Christian soul could accuse them. Lovemaking promises flights to heavenly states of consciousness. They had found their way all the way up during those days in Lisbon. What Eros did not know was that he had missed this act.

The next morning it was already the penultimate day in Lisbon. Marie pulled on the beautiful birthday present and a long tight-fitting dress in the same fabric and pattern as the garments they had worn the night before. It was not difficult to see the gorgeous garments through the somewhat see-through dress. That was obviously the intention. Dian took a pair of black jeans and a light shirt. No more wild leaps now.

Marie was so incredibly beautiful. Dian loved what he saw and had the pleasure of putting his arms around and embracing with his whole being. This catlike, soft, warm, explosive being who met him with all of herself. She drew attention as they strolled through the streets with their arms around each other, but she did not seem to notice. She was in her own fog this afternoon. She felt both taken care of and protected where they went, sensed that he did not take ownership of her, but gave her space in her life, in his in many ways distant world, even though she was not quite able to follow him there. It also gave her a faint sense of insecurity. Could this last?

In the evening, quick return to the hotel. Marie's red days came. Dinner at the hotel restaurant, packing and the next morning, return.

5

At home. A hectic week to find the regular track of normal life, boring, uninspiring, but necessary. Two weeks. Marie became worried. He had not responded to her messages this weekend. She went to his house. Not at home. Her heart sank down towards her stomach, but on Tuesday, Dian called. A long meeting in Copenhagen and a discharged phone. That evening, Dian went straight to Marie's home with a bouquet of roses, hugged her warmly, and invited her out for dinner. Marie felt that she could fly again.

They left the restaurant hand-in-hand and took a long detour to talk and share their thoughts on the experience of the journey and find their path again after more than two weeks. They landed at her home, opened a bottle of wine and some cheese came on the table, but there were stronger forces at work than wine and cheese now. They had barely emptied a glass before Marie crept up to him with unambiguous intentions. She had waited long enough. She let the light blouse slide down and pulled Dian in towards her breasts. She wanted to feel his caresses, and they were not long in coming. He first plucked a rose from the vase and stroked it in spirals over her beautiful bows, stuck it back into the vase and began kissing and caressing her breasts like never before. Marie sank further and further into the sofa, caught in pleasure, and Dian followed without stopping. Marie exploded, felt that she was already running, took his hand, slid it under her panties so he would know. Soon the blouse and skirt were like a belt around Marie, the panties disappeared and Dian entered her with all his

energy. Marie was wild as a tiger, writhing in lust and giving everything until they both almost fainted. Once again, they came to themselves on the floor. Accomplished.

Eros had helped himself to the wine and taken some cheese, put down both glasses as a sign that this was good. *"We have knocked over the glasses. Good thing they were almost empty"*, said Dian. – *"Cheese and wine. They have to be our breakfast tomorrow"*, Marie laughed before they threw themselves into the duvets tightly wrapped around them, chatting a little until they fell asleep.

That Wednesday, they only woke up when they were supposed to go home from work. So what? Life is not at work. Life is where love is, where it is allowed to unfold freely. They did not get up right away, but stayed to cuddle and talk to each other. Marie apologized and disappeared. She returned after a few minutes with two huge towels and the small bottle of fragrant oil. – *"My turn"*, she announced and asked him to move so she could cover with the towels. *"Lie down on your stomach"*. Dian followed orders.

Marie poured oil down his back, took her time massaging his back and arms. Then she let him feel that massage over the buttocks has its own erotic effect. She massaged that feeling thoroughly into him before heading down her legs to her feet. – *"Turn around!"* Again, he followed orders. She massaged his face, slowly down his arms, chest and stomach, playing a little with the gentleman down there, before finishing with both legs. All this was just the appetizer. She switched to the main course, poured oil over it and

began a cunning massage. That gentlemen stand up for the ladies is not just a matter of classic courtesy, it comes quite naturally.

He was tall and hard. Marie felt the calling. She positioned herself on top of him, grabbed him and moved him back and forth between her warm, full, wet lips, to speed herself up. She let him in and out again, a little back and forth again and a little more within a few more rounds until she felt he could hardly hold back any longer. Then she took him all the way home and rode him like a mare. Now it was Dian who writhed like a worm and made ecstatic sounds, incessantly, for Marie pushed on until she herself crashed into the sound barrier and sailed into heaven. She finally sank down on top of him, kissing him intensely until she breathed calmly again.

"Who talked about cheese and red wine breakfast? It is already late afternoon", Dian laughed when they got out of the shower and had put on their rags. Evening slowly turned into night while cheese and red wine left the crime scene.

6

When life goes on its daily track, it always takes an effort to keep the spark alive. The useless normality is a suffocating killing machine that goes undetected because it works so quietly and slowly and strangely enough seems to be socially accepted. Dian had long observed its cunning work and constantly challenged it so as not to end up as its victim. Of course, it was about more than divertissements with women. It was about challenging the normality on its own fields.

After a few weeks, Dian had started to challenge Marie in areas other than those that could easily be solved in bed. Marie, despite her exciting and free-spirited qualities, was quite conventional and accepted much of the 'normal' without further reflection. That was perhaps the reason why she had let herself be run over and sometimes abused. Dian wanted her to confirm and clarify herself as well in all other areas as she had done in her erotic life with him.

Of course, the large age difference between them was a topic they had avoided. A young woman cannot as easily put her foot down and mark an unshakable stand as a man with far more experience and weight, but much can be learned and tested to build experience. That is how Dian challenged her and partly scared her. Then it was up to him to make sure to give her peace of mind back by sharing romantic moments.

Marie felt these tensions. She felt challenged, a little frightened, but was able to retaliate by challenging him on his weak point, her relationship with her. It was she who began to point out the age difference. Still, she threw herself at him at every opportunity. His hands, the feeling he gave her, the care, the security she felt when he put his arms around her, was something she just simply loved. This was also the case regarding the freedom she had to explore new erotic spaces. She had, especially after the trip to Lisbon, started to take some surprising initiatives that to some extent also surprised herself.

She was the one who had invited him to Lisbon. Now she invited him to a long weekend at a mountain hotel. It was autumn, fantastic colours in nature and crystal-

clear skies where the stars twinkled and the Milky Way dominated. Here it was just nature and the hotel with a good restaurant and a lovely room with a view of eternity. Magical. They took a walk in nature immediately after arriving and let darkness descend as they observed the small candles being lit in the firmament. The cold finally chased them straight into the restaurant for dinner with exquisite wine and a small glass at the bar afterwards.

A mighty beautiful bed had been waiting for them all day. Now, at last there would be life in the duvets, it thought, for here sat Eros and scratched impatiently under his wings. Marie pushed Dian down onto the chair by the window. – *“Tonight, it will not be a piano etude, but an erotic sonata in three movements”*, she said in a playful voice. Dian had to laugh. It was theatrical! Marie walked over to him, unbuttoned his shirt and began to kiss and fondle his chest until he could feel the strange sensation that arose when she pushed on his nipples; strangely tickling. Then she found a music station on the TV. There was no sonata. It was pop.

Marie began to move her body sensually following the music, sneaking up to him and out into the room again. She turned her back to him and signalled for him to pull down the zipper at the back of her dress. He followed up and she let the dress slide below her buttocks, shook her buttocks a little, pulled it up again before letting it fall to the floor. She stood there wearing the birthday present from Lisbon with a garter belt with straps and black stockings with lace patterns all over it. Beautiful. Sexy. Irresistible. Marie!

She continued the playful dance even though the music changed. New rhythm, more playful. She stroked close to him, sat down on his lap, unfastened the belt in his pants, before she stood up and offered him one of the stockings. Dian loosened the straps and slowly pulled it off. She hung it around his neck, pulled it a little playfully, turned around and pulled his face all the way into her buttocks, held him a little tight before throwing the stocking on the bed. She immediately offered him the other stocking and Dian pulled it off. Once again, she put it over his neck, but this time she pulled him all the way up by the crotch and held him tight for a few moments before the stocking followed the first one.

Dian briefly pondered the power of women. Just the right movements, and she could have a man in the net. There is beauty in both form and movement, the feminine, the primordial feminine. Marie sensed that he was floating away and quickly brought him back by bending forward just in front of his face and pulling a little on the panty thong. He unfastened the strap belt and threw it straight into the bed. She leaned forward towards him, played with his bra and unzipped his pants at the same time. Then she sat on his lap and let him open his bra, which fell down between them as she put her breasts against his face and played with them. Dian was in the realm of milk.

Marie pulled his pants off, danced in front of him while she played with her panties, pulled them high up and far down, a little to each side, playful, teasing. She sat over him and played with him, caressingly, first on the outside before she put her hand down and took action.

When he stood at attention, she pulled off his panties and let him pull off her little pink thing. She sat right over him and started rocking and riding. She went off and calmed down, went off again. This was to last as long as possible. Dian kissed her breasts while holding her back when she leaned back. The chair creaked dangerously as the tremors from their bodies were at their strongest. Marie squealed with desire twice before they rolled over into bed and continued until they had both broken the sound barrier twice.

The strange thing about intense lovemaking is that you can immediately feel exhausted, but soon after you have more energy than before and are ready for new rounds. The bed at the hotel experienced this very phenomenon. Dian mentioned it to Marie, who could only confirm that this is the case. Walks in nature's fiery colours, to tables covered with well-seasoned food, to a bed on fire. Back in the horror of normality, they both danced on a wave of pent-up lovemaking energy.

7

Marie now began to spend the night with Dian more and more often, also during the weekdays. He began to feel uneasy, a feeling that they had begun to live like in a marriage. It was completely against his wishes, while for her it began to feel normal. Yes, it was this thing about normality that was not allowed to take hold. When the normal kicks in, the original is knocked out. When one begins to take each other for granted, the efforts for renewal slowly fall away. Dian knew that every day must be won, not just come and go. He had known all along that beautiful Marie would

not be his woman for life. He had to be free. She too. They could meet to make love as long as they were both free, but move in together, live together permanently, would end in disaster.

Dian began more and more often to push the visitation back to her, spend the night at her place and make up excuses to be alone. He had to put out the fire before it started. He raised the age perspective, that she was young and should not end up with someone who has a greying beard. Maybe she wanted more than lovemaking, maybe children? He knew he was now playing on her need for normality, felt it was bad, yet maybe the solution.

Marie slowly gave in. She did not want to lose him, all the joy, the security and the experiences of being with him, but she realized that he was right about most things if she could just put her feelings aside. It was difficult, not only for her, for him as well. They both went for several weeks and felt this, met, loved, talked, went to a concert together, were out together.

One evening Marie lay close to him, gave herself to him completely, loved warmly and unrestrainedly, felt him fill her, release ecstasy, possess her. She felt a deep calm and let herself float into his arms with a pure feeling, without a thought. It was the opposite of what she should have done, but redemptive. She felt that in a way they would always possess something in each other, something they should preserve and that she had now sealed in her heart.

It took a couple of days before she could talk about it, but that night they happened to go to the first place

they had been out together. Full circle, Marie thought and began to formulate her thoughts in words that she sent across the table to Dian. He let her almost poetic lines sink in and grabbed her by both hands. Then they sat there again and formed a circle around a candle. They had changed dimension when they went out into the late evening, tightly encircled.

8

Dian answered the phone. It was Marie. They had only talked sporadically for the past two or three years, but now she wanted to take him out. She had something to celebrate, but did not want to say what. Dian pondered. Pregnant?

They met as agreed. She was beaming. They embraced each other closely and for a long time. The food was on the table, they toasted and Marie began to tell. Erik was arrested for embezzlement and various economic crimes, as well as for selling cocaine and various drugs. It went as it had to go. He would be stay inside for a few years!

They toasted again, went to Dian's house, and reunited their forces in a wonderful act of lovemaking, as if to confirm what they had hidden in their hearts. Fado for two.

The Cello

1

Christa was carrying two large frames, looking for an address. She was tired, went into the café on the corner, put the frames down at a high table with free space, asked if the person sitting there could look after them while she went to get something to eat. *"Of course,"* replied Dian. – *"Thanks!"* She came back and sat down opposite him. Dian was curious. *"Are you the one who have made those paintings?"* – *"Yes, I have sold them to someone here in town, but I cannot find the address. Are you local here?"* Swedish, Dian observed, reading the address she had on a piece of paper. *"Yes, I know where it is. It is not far from here. I can show you».* She smiled. They introduced themselves.

When Christa had regained her strength and was ready, Dian took the frames and asked her to follow him. It was only a few minutes to walk until they came to a street with beautiful, old buildings. He found the address and turned the frames back to her. – *"Thank you! Do you have some time, time to wait for me? I am just going to deliver – five minutes?"* – *"Okay, no problem".* Dian wanted to get to know this beautiful artist.

Christa came out after almost ten minutes. The customer had started a conversation that could have been long. Then she could excuse herself by saying that someone was waiting for her. They saw the customer in the window as they left and Christa waved. *"It was really nice of you to help me. Can I offer*

lunch somewhere around here. I just have to check the car". Of course, she had received a parking ticket. He recommended her a place to park safely and they drove there. She paid for three days. *"Are you going to be here for that long?"* Dian asked. She confirmed. She was supposed to meet someone two days later. Business.

Dian took her to a place. It was not lunch. It turned out to be dinner with good wine, a long dinner, conversations about art and much more. She had received a good price for her work. Christa was from Stockholm, lived in the Old City. Dian asked where she was staying while she was in town, which hotel. Without a plan, she just wanted to find a hotel room on the spur of the moment. He took her to a nearby place, not far from where she had put the car and not far from where he lived. She checked in.

There was a bar nearby. They went there. On the way, she took him by the arm and smiled at him. They continued talking where they had left when two wine glasses came on the table. It was getting late. The bar closed. He followed her to the hotel and was about to leave when she grabbed him by the arm. *"Do not go. Come on and let us continue"*. Dian had no objections and went with her to her room.

They found something in the minibar to continue with and the conversation took off again. Suddenly Christa stopped in the middle of a sentence, - *"Hey you, I am turned on by you..."* She smiled tellingly. Dian was a little put off by this sudden change of focus. Of course, he liked her. She had a great figure and was obviously aware of it. He did not have to answer, because she took his jacket off and hung it over the back of the

chair with a big smile. He allowed himself to be seduced.

She sat down on the edge of the bed. He looked at her, she was seductive in her small movements. *"Don't you like me?"* She asked. – *"Yes, of course..."* – *"Come so I can draw on you"*. He moved over to the bed, looked at her and perceived that he was also turned on! It went fast. Christa lay down on the bed and undressed with sensual, arousing movements. She was hungry! She leaned over him and began to undress him. It also went fast. She offered herself, sat over his face, let him play with her, let him ignite her while at the same time she leaned back and played with him, fired him up.

She turned around, started licking and sucking him while he fingered her intensely. She felt the rise, enjoyed the whole long moment until everything unravelled in her whole body and her brain departed for the gates of paradise. She gathered herself and sat over him, took him all the way in, let him grab her breasts, egg her up with his hands while rocking him over into complete ecstasy. She felt him coming and bent down flat over his legs with a firm grip on his feet. Dian almost fainted. She was incredibly intense. She drove him sky high.

They did not wake up until the breakfast restaurant was closed and had to go out to eat. They walked where they had first met each other with their arms around each other and probably some very satisfied, perhaps revealing expressions on their faces.

2

Christa had an unlikely initiative, an erotic monster thought Dian while they were sitting there. All of her attributes were on display without her having to do anything, but she had her ways of promoting them. What on earth was it that turned her on to him who was obviously at least a couple of decades older than her. She gave the answer without him having to ask. She liked his 'wild' exterior, tousled hair and beard, and most of all the way he looked at her. She physically felt that he was using his eyes to feel her body through all the clothes, undressed her, and she liked it. Besides, she thought he looked like an artist, but he was not. He was a music person.

She lifted her eyes, *"When you want to play me, what instrument do you want me to be then?"* Dian paused briefly. *"If not a piano, then it has to be a cello. Your body is a great cello and if I were a cellist, I would grab you by the neck and let the bow fly all over you until you started playing by yourself. Then I would be the bow that conquered all your notes until your song exceeded the register of the cello"*. Christa almost broke down with laughter.

Cello and bow left the café and struck out a melody on the street. She was hot again. He sensed it, felt it, and knew it through her sensual gaze and movements as they walked. Even her voice took on a sensual glow that could not be misunderstood, a little cat-like meowing. Cello-kitty crept close to the bow, but the bow held on, wanting to torment her a little.

She shopped, dragged him inside to buy sexy lingerie. She found something different, showed him, waved it in front of him, - *"How will you like me with this? Or this?"* He smiled in answer and that was answer enough. She bought three gorgeous outfits. On the way out; - *"You said you live around here?"* Dian laughed. She was eager to show what she had bought to adorn her beautiful body. *"It is just around a few corners... We just have to buy some food"*.

They entered his shanty. He set out some Italian and Spanish ham with French cheeses and opened a bottle of wine while she searched the entire apartment. *"Amazing. You must be having a wonderful life here, really..."* He put on some music, they toasted each other, to the chance meeting. After some small talk, - *"I just have to"*. She disappeared into the bathroom and came out again after a few minutes wearing something she had bought. - *"What do you think?"* - *"Insanely sexy! It is just perfect for you"*. She danced a little lightly to the music and disappeared again. Next outfit. *"I have to say you know what you are doing when you buy things like that,"* Dian laughed. Another little dancing show before she leaned over him, - *"Feel this!"* He felt the fine fabric of the narrow bodysuit and let his hand slide down her crotch, tickling her cleft on the outside of the fabric. She egged him on, put her breasts over his face, laughed and disappeared again and came back in the third outfit.

Dian looked at her. It was incredibly sexy, absolutely perfect for her beautiful cello. She again did a dancing display before throwing a small package into his lap. - *"Your turn! Go, put it on!"* Dian went into the bathroom

a little puzzled, tore off the paper. It was a black and red high-cut panty in fine fabric with an outgrowth that he was obviously going to thread on his noblest body part. He started laughing, but put it on. It was a bit of a contrivance. She had bought it without him noticing. Christa opened the bathroom door a little, peeked in and clapped her hands. – “*Now you’re so sexy*”. They went in to the music, the wine and each other.

Christa grabbed the lightly wrapped treat and pulled the fabric downwards until everything sat perfectly around his hard rod. She used her nails to tickle him through the thin fabric. It gave some very special feelings that demanded more wine. She poured more and they lifted the glasses while she kept her grip and he slipped his fingers under her panties.

She pushed him down on the couch, let him kiss her hidden temptation through the thin fabric of her panties. She moved back and forth just above his face before she let her finger slowly part the panties so that it opened in the middle. He grabbed her and gave her his tongue fiercely, hitting the core of her wildness and treating her lusts until she almost collapsed.

She had kept her grip the whole time. Now she bent over him and began to slowly pull the fabric off his erect horn, slowly, playfully. Dian felt that it was almost unbearable when she had completed the entire length and pulled the garment completely off.

They tumbled to the floor. Christa led him through the opening in the panties up between her body and the panties and slowly rode him under the tight, thin

fabric before she took him in, rolled over onto her back and let him satisfy her. She knew which movements worked best and met him with exactly such movements. It fired her like a rocket and then he too was sold, impossible to hold back. Everything overflowed for him as she felt a new warmth flow into her.

Christa's eyes sparkled and sent him playful, satisfied looks. She drew sketches on his body with a finger and he rejoiced at the strange feeling with which she drew on him. Dian's eyes sparkled back.

It was still not late. They went out to eat, had nice conversations and continued with a replay through the night until all the stars in the sky were lit and Eros got up from the bedside and went off with the story.

3

The relationship had developed explosively. Christa stayed the three remaining nights with Dian. They played, made love like crazy. Christa was intense, unstoppable and it affected Dian. He became just as unstoppable. One late night they were out in the park, he grabbed her, pulled down the zipper at the back of her dress and quickly pulled it off her. She suddenly stood in just her panties, in the middle of the park. He also pulled it off her and started fingering her where they stood. Her immediate protests fell on deaf ears. He was intoxicated by her, passionate beyond all reason. She took the sign, pulled down his pants, his shirt, grabbed him, sucked him, stood up and split over him, took him in forcefully. They rode each other straight over all obstacles until paradise came into

view and they rolled through the gate of pearls. St. Peter was asleep. He did not see that they rushed in and soon fled out again, but Eros sat on a branch and took notes in his book.

They had landed in the grass. They looked around. People passed by, but it seemed that no one had noticed them, even two patrolling guards passed by, but they were probably more concerned with keeping pace than scouting for unseemly individuals. They quickly got dressed. Christa looked at Dian with a look full of amazement and admiration. *"That was really cool, so damn tough, so wonderful. You get an award from me for this! It is tempting to do it again!"* Dian was a bit put out himself. The initiative had overpowered him. *"There are no places where you cannot make love,"* he said a little presumptuously, *"there are several nice parks here in the city".* They laughed, put their arms around each other, kissed fiercely and went home to Dian. Here they began to make a plan.

After some early reconnaissance the next day, they had decided. In the middle of the day, at the far end of the pier was perfect. She was wearing a short dress and panties with a French opening. He had trousers that were easy to open and a small pair of panties that were easy to push down. They set off. The clock struck two strokes.

They stood and looked out over the sea, leaning against each other, kissing like all couples in love do, pretending nothing. As he carefully parted her panties, opened them, a group of tourists arrived. They continued to pretend that they were just standing and holding each other while her hand began to open

access to him. The tourists walked on after three minutes of soliloquy from the guide. Then they went to work.

She picked him up, he fingered her. The emotions slowly took off, but it became a little uncomfortable, a little too visible. Dian found an edge to sit on and she sat on him with her back to him and took him straight in. As he caressed her breasts, she moved her hips softly and worked on her inner grip, firm and encouraging. She massaged him inside her while making sure that all of her most sensitive points were in close touch. He felt a rush through his whole body. The cello slowly raced up through the octaves with ever juicier movements and felt how her breasts were alive under his hands.

A small group of cameras on their stomachs lined up right next to them. They calmed down a bit while the idiots took pictures of the fjord and the boats and God knows what. They looked over at them, smiled silly smiles, and disappeared. Christa was immediately on her toes again as they were about to fall apart in fits of laughter. She went full throttle. Two mad lovers howled, cheering out over the sea as the juices flowed and their bodies shook in pleasure.

Three people who had come without them having seen it stood and looked at them, but could not know what had just happened under her dress that covered the act. Christa and Dian just laughed, looked at the three of them. She rudely asked them why they did not also shout out to the sea and all life. They got some strange expressions on their faces and left. Again, they were laughing themselves to death. As soon as they were

alone, they got up, arranged their clothes and stood close together, quietly studying life on the fjord.

It was the last night before she had to leave. They took it all out again, threw themselves at each other with a kind of savagery. They could not know if this was the last time. Dian poured acacia honey so that it ran down into the valley between her legs and licked it off her playfully. She grabbed the bottle and poured over his savage and licked and sucked the honey. He turned her around, attacked her from behind with fierce thrusts while mashing her breasts between his hands. She let go of all emotions, felt the intensity and met him, turned around, twisted him under her and drove him crazy, glorious madness, until she collapsed on top of him. The gazes searched and found each other, wordlessly enjoying the closeness, the warmth and the deep satisfaction.

They had found something in each other that resonated, a harmonious chord composed of notes they both carried. It gave a wonderful and at the same time safe feeling that they shared. That chord now had to carry over a distance.

The next morning, they had breakfast at the same café. She looked at him for a long time. *"You have to come to Stockholm. I want you more. I want to paint you"*. Dian was looking forward to such an opportunity and they agreed that he would come before the autumn got too cold.

4

Less than two months later, Dian was on the train to Stockholm. He replayed several of their best moments

in his head along the way until he arrived and met her in the Old City. It was a warm reunion. – *“I have missed you”*. – *“Me too”*, he had to admit. She was an adventure in his world that had reawakened his sense of excitement. She was just perfectly wild and up for all the wildest antics. Christa felt the same tensions, the challenges of loving in new ways in all possible places and she had set goals.

Christa had also felt the feeling when he admired her in sexy lingerie and in sexy clothes. She liked the way he stroked her with his gaze, acknowledging her femininity. That alone gave her vibrations throughout her body, sensual feelings, sexual desire, inner drive. She had felt the feeling many times while she was waiting and now, she felt it again. Her body quivered and inside her head she saw images that aroused desires, lit her fire.

Of course, she had dressed for his eyes and she hit. He saw her, let his gaze stroke her and embraced her with all his might. She felt it physically rush through her, the wonderful feeling of being appreciated and admired, of feeling the touch of her femininity. He did it with just his eyes and that was enough, but when he held around her it was magical. Dian felt it, felt her reaction but had no idea how intense it was, just that she was full of life and that it made everything vibrate in him too. Such is natural magic, completely unfathomable.

They quickly went up to her apartment where he could leave his luggage, before heading out to a restaurant where she invited her for dinner. Their hands searched each other across the table, their eyes met again, they

found their way back to themselves in each other. The food tasted, the wine was good, but the warmth over the table better. They were glowing.

They went out into the Stockholm dusk with their arms around each other, down towards the water and sat down on a stone staircase. There was a strange romantic atmosphere, a bubble that enveloped them and that they both felt for a long time. *"It is so wonderful that you are here. I have been waiting for this day. Now I feel warm again"*. Dian looked at her, looked deep into her beautiful eyes, and carefully sensed the feeling. *"I feel exactly the same way, Christa. It is so wonderful to see you and hold you, feel your soft skin under my hands, just feel and feel that I exist and can share this existence with something as beautiful and warm as you"*. They kept silent, let the night wrap itself around them while the sea grew dark and the lights of the city began to reflect on the water.

They eventually strolled by a bar, a couple of drinks and to her home. He studied her paintings. They were piled up along the walls of her small studio and the scent of fresh oil paint hung faintly in the air even though the windows were open. A new scent appeared. She had some 'weed' and they shared a joint before she undressed him and told him to lie down on the bed face down. She began to massage him with a kind of fragrant cream from his neck to under his feet. Then she repeated the entire operation while he was lying on his back. She egged him on as she passed, but finished not until he was completely lubricated and massaged.

Christa disappeared for a moment and came back completely naked. She poured oil into her hands and

began massaging him until he was standing at full height and continued. Dian felt his whole body tense up and relax in waves, drifting on waves. Christa held back, continued, held back, continued until Dian soared. Then she poured some oil into his hand and let herself sink down on it. His hand ended up right under her cleft and he pushed her down beside him and massaged her intensely until she writhed like possessed, rested a little and continued until it happened again. Then he turned her around, put his hand under her so that his finger constantly warmed her hot-spot, lifted her buttocks up and entered her from behind with full pressure. Christa howled softly. Their movements met each other powerfully as he massaged her with his fingers from the front. Christa squeezed as she overflowed and let out another howl as he filled her while his head filled with lightning and thunder.

Christa let herself sink down, but held him tight inside her for as long as she could. They turned to each other, kissed intensely and for a long time, letting their gazes bathe each other. They were hot, tired, and eventually fell asleep skin-to-skin. They had no idea that Eros was in Stockholm and continued taking notes. Here was material for the Olympus!

5

Morning was already late in the day. Christa had a plan. She wanted to go riding, but did not reveal anything. She dressed a little provocatively, but without exaggerating. She did not show him what she had underneath, but lent him a high-cut panty in thin fabric that could be divided all the way down and a

tough high-waisted pair of trousers with two zippers at the front that went all the way down to the middle of the thighs. She liked that he was wearing such sexy things, she said and smiled without revealing anything, but Dian strongly suspected that something was lurking. He was on board anyway. Why not?

Revenge is always sweet! Dian had no idea how cute it was going to be. They first went to lunch, then to a small bar where they sat for a long time and shared a bottle with something to snack on the side. The evening was still young as they walked from there and out along the water. They eventually came a little away from the places where there were a lot of people. Christa stopped, held him from behind, ran her hands under his thin, short sweater and caressed his belly, playing with his nipples that reacted by getting hard and giving him an unusual sensation in his body. He absorbed the caresses and let himself be enchanted.

Suddenly, she grabbed the two zippers and pulled them all the way down. The pants disappeared down around his feet as she pulled the sweater over his head. Suddenly he was standing there as bare as he had undressed her in the park not long ago. She was still standing behind him and let both hands caress him on the outside of his thin panties. Soon to her pleasure, he pointed to the sky. She played with the panties, used them to egg him further up before she split them completely and grabbed him. She turned him towards her, continued and pulled off her dress. She had nothing underneath!

She pushed him down, took his head between her legs and invited his tongue. He followed, stood up and

continued with his fingers. She got wet. He was ready. He drove into her. They rode like crazy. All caution was blown away like in a storm. Ecstasy came quickly. It was good, because even before they had regained their balance, a small group of partying girls approached. They pulled on their rags as fast as they could and stood with slightly innocent expressions when the girls passed, but they looked at them for a long time, smiled, greeted, made a few movements of their hips and exchanged laughing glances among themselves. They had seen something, but who cares?

Christa and Dian found a bench nearby. He looked at her with amazement. *"It was really rude! You're worse than me, much worse!"* - *"I went to school with you teaching,"* Christa laughed back. - *"It is so damn exciting. I get fucking turned on by this. I enjoy it. I enjoy your madness that has become my madness".*

It got dark. The night caught them. They went to a new bar and had a couple of drinks. Both felt that the fire had not been extinguished, that there was still something glowing, waiting for more. They went up to her. He cream-massaged her for a whole hour and gave her full benefit with his fingers. She just got even more turned on. She wanted him again and started egging him up for another round before they collapsed, trapped by the night in its third hour.

6

The next morning, Dian woke up to find that he was stuck on something. Christa stood by the bed and looked at him. She had quietly hooked him to the bed fence with a kind of handcuff. *"What have you done?"*

he asked. She did not answer, but slowly began to pull the duvet down. He tried to pull his legs to him, but they were also hooked. She continued to pull the duvet down until it was completely gone and he lay there ready to be slaughtered.

Christa was wearing a sexy black outfit in soft leather and started to brush him with something that looked like some kind of duster. It was lovely, but what was it that she wanted? She just kept going, playfully, slowly, letting the broom sweep him in the crotch more and more often. He saw her sexy movements and felt her arouse him both with her duster and visually. He got high and she continued without a word. Soon she found another tool, a long flat and soft thing that she gently slapped him with on his thighs while she kept letting the broom rotate. She took turns, let the flat tool paint his horn, which now stood tall and excited.

She sat on her knees over him, grabbed him by the buttocks and held him tight before she turned around, letting her breasts play with him, squeezing him firmly between them. She crawled higher up on top of him, letting her breasts play with his face before she stood up and put her crotch all the way up in his face. She egged him in this raw manner and ruthlessly with soft, sexy hip movements, close but only close.

She moved, continued playing with the duster while she put her buttocks over his face. He felt that she began to pull something down his pride, little by little. She took her time. It was a long something she pulled down on him. She stood up, held one end of a long stocking-like thing, and began to pull it off slowly, cranking it slightly. It was extremely titillating, but she

put in small pauses and finished with a quick bite. He saw it at was least one and a half meters long before she swung it triumphantly around her.

Christa stripped off her sexy top and high-cut panties, but left the rest on. She sat down over his face and put the cleft right over his mouth. He kissed her, sucked and played with his tongue while she continued with the duster. She was already as high up as he was, licked him lightly, moved down and took him in for an intense ride. Dian went off like a loose cannon before she came quivering after.

She lay down next to him, petted and kissed him smiling. – “*Surprised? A little kinky in the morning!*” She untied him. – “*Morning meal, but a shower first...*” They went into the shower, washed each other, let the water gush over them.

7

Dian looked at her over her morning coffee. *"I will never forget this morning. You are completely crazy, gloriously crazy. Where did you get the idea for this from?"* - *"I was with a small bondage group, but they were really sick in the head. They stopped playing and became a little too violent for me. I left, but retained my sense of playfulness. You took me outside, made love to me outside. That was new to me. Was this new to you?"* - *"Yes, I have never been involved in anything like this. It was pretty raw, intense".* They had both taken the other across some boundaries, a little wild, but also some absolutely fantastic experiences.

They took the day easy on purpose, because that night they were going to break all limits together. They

discussed how poor sex life was for most people. They found each other, got married, had children and then they fell asleep on the couch in front of the TV, fat and sexually half-dead. It was not the kind of life either of them wanted. Never!

Night came. Straps around the wrists, straps around the ankles, long, light shirt coats, shoes, no more. Christa knew where to go. She showed the way. It was a quiet, rather dimly lit, but slightly open place. High voltage!

Two sign posts about a shoulder-width apart were their goal. They hooked their legs against each other on the outside of the poles, let their coats fall to the ground and hooked their hands together in the same way after they had egged each other up with their hands. Completely naked, they brought their bodies together and with a little wiggle she led him into her warm room. Tension rose several notches when they heard voices, but they continued to bump into each other more and more violently. The hands clung to each other and then it went fast. He got off just before her as they bent their bodies backwards and pressed on in the warm centre. There was a rush through two bodies in high tension.

Christa leaned forward, put her head on his shoulder and they kissed each other for a long time. As soon as the tension was released, they had almost forgotten their exposed state, but the sound of voices woke them up. They loosened the ties and quickly pulled on the long shirts. They went down to the water nearby, where the voices had come from. There were people there. Christa stood in front of him, pulled his arms around

her and chained them together while rocking her buttocks softly against him.

8

The rude manoeuvre became a topic of conversation the next day as they sat on the sidewalk with wine and food between them. – *“We are crazy!”* – *“Yes, not just a little, but it is exciting, a little extra tooth. In fact, you are at least as cunning as I am”.* - *“It is so damn exciting. I get wet just thinking about it. What are we going to do now?”* - *“I’m going to take pictures of you without clothes out on the street!”*

Later in the day, Christa put on a pair of high-heeled shoes and a short, slightly see-through dress with a button down the front. They went out, she opened the dress and he took pictures with her phone. They went out along the water’s edge and she dropped her dress on the ground. She turned around, took a few steps back and forth. He took photographs. Many saw it and stood and watched. She put it back on and they took a series at another place. That was enough. They found a table and got wine. Christa was agitated. *“I do not understand what I have done, but next time it is you!”*

That was the night. They went out, he wearing the long shirt. He opened it down the street and stood naked on a city background with people and life. They went out to a small populated place by the water. He let go of his shirt and did as she did, a little back and forth. It was seen, but they were fast and moved on quickly. There, she repeated, let the short dress fall, walked a short distance back and forth, lay down on a bench and finished by sitting legs slightly spread on the back

of the bench. He took photographs. Then they went on with their light clothes on and sat outside at a bar and ordered a bottle of cool bubbles.

While they sat next to each other and observed the people, she put her hand under his shirt, between the buttons, and began to play with him. It was strange to sit so seemingly relaxed and feel that it was not just in the glasses that it was fizzing. Dian followed up, quietly began to finger her between her legs. They looked at each other with wet eyes, toasted, drank and laughed. No one could guess their secret game if they did not stoop to look.

Christa felt that she loved this game, the excitement that rose and rose inside her. Dian felt the same way, there was excitement to touch and feel. They pulled themselves together when the waiter passed by and asked if they wanted anything more, checked the bottle in the cooler, which was still half full, and poured into the glasses. They thanked him smiling and continued playing. They got hot, kissed closely, stopped, toasted and drank a little. A little pause. They could not stop.

Dian looked at her. She was running, she was ready to fire. So was he. She read him, felt it in her hand. They looked at each other, quickly assessed surroundings, then he moved slightly to the side, she pulled him out between the buttons and quickly sat on his lap, taking him straight into the sanctuary. He put his arms around her so that it looked like she was just sitting on his lap, but it was just camouflage. She rode him with small, effective movements until they both went through the wall of light. She leaned forward, muffled the outbursts as he hissed between his teeth.

Then they just sat quietly and emptied the glasses before she moved neatly next to him again. There were some who looked over at them, but they were tourists. *"They do not understand a damn shit, and if they do, who cares". - "If we come up with something more now, I think we could end up in jail,"* Dian said with a smile that betrayed his jubilant mind. *"I do not give a damn. It is so into the moonlight amazing. I am really turned on by these adventures. I want to keep experimenting. Damn such lovely sex!"* They paid and went home to cool down their thoughts.

9

The next morning, they looked through the 49 photos. They were a little surprised that there might have been be more people who had seen their escapades than they first thought. It actually made the pictures even more naughty. It was especially Christa's first round that had attracted a lot of attention. Dian looked at her admiringly. It was a brave thing done! *"Next time I want you to bring your professional camera, then everyone will think it is a job and we can go on freer, wilder".* Dian imagined it, - *"Why not, really?"*

It was the last day before Dian had to go home. They took it easy, but discussed a lot. They quite agreed that it is incredible that there are so many strange attitudes to sex. It is the finest expression of love there is. Nevertheless, the church says that it is a sin. What about love then? Love is unhappy, Dian believed. Today, even young people sit at home and look for a partner online instead of going out and meeting someone, as they had met each other, spontaneously, straight to the point. Some also believe that sex is a

human right. No, no one can require sex. They have not understood that everything is about affinity, about meeting someone else on the same wavelength. It is like a lottery. They had a good laugh about it all. They themselves were proof that this is so.

They enjoyed an extra nice dinner that evening. They decided that they would meet again in a few weeks at his place and he would visit her again early next year. They competed a bit with imaginative inventions about what to do next, what limits to cross, what naughty pictures to take.

That night became a feast for the imagination, a cavalcade of madness. At the same time, they both knew that their relationship had a limit. He wanted to preserve his freedom and she had needs on other levels that she had to figure out. It was an adventure they could very well continue when they were together. Otherwise, they had to be free.

Nevertheless, this evening was theirs, uninhibited free for play and joyful sensuality. Eros had settled down and sprinkled some magic over them so he could have a little more to write home about, a small instrumental work for example. To Eros's great pleasure, she threw herself into his keys and he got to play with his bow on her well-sounding cello all night long.

Cello Sonata!

Dragon-dance

1

Mona was carrying something. She felt that tug in everything she did. It resisted and flowed into the sand. She was in despair where she sat and everyone was talking, laughing and having a good time. Dian noticed her, not because she was so quiet and withdrawn, but because she had a beautiful face with a somewhat sad expression. She sat with three others who were in charge of the talking and she drank little. Dian took the opportunity as soon as the other three were hijacked over to someone else and she was left alone. He quickly walked over and sat down with her. *"Hey, I have not seen you here before,"* he said. She smiled a little, looked at him and told him that she did not come from here, but rented a room in the same place as the other three. They had invited her so she would not sit alone in her room. Nice thought, but just as soon they had forgotten that she was there.

Dian introduced himself. – *"Mona here"*. It was a mixed party. Dian barely knew half of those present, but here he was sitting with someone he wanted to get to know. She seemed interesting and in the course of the conversation he quickly found out that she had thoughts about most things that were quite out of the ordinary. She came to life just by being herself in Dian's presence, being accepted and being able to share her thoughts with someone who thought outside the box. While the rest of the party split up and disappeared to various other places, they stayed seated. Dian fetched a glass of wine for each of them.

They had developed a nice dialogue, an exciting stream of thoughts that could not just be turned off. Nevertheless, the evening became night and the small hours collided with closing time. Dian invited to a new meeting at the same place the next day.

2

Dian's attitude was never to let a lady wait, so he left in good time, yet he almost walked straight on her less than a hundred metres from the meeting point. She laughed. It was the first time he had seen her laugh, and it was a hearty, soft, and low-key laugh. French hug and they went in. The conversation was underway before the wine was on the table. Strange, thought Dian, how much she knows. She was well under half his age, but in her mind, she was on a par with him. He wanted to win her friendship and be careful not to make approaches that could ruin the nice tone they had found together.

Mona lit up as they continued their thought-sharing. She felt respected by a man who really seemed to like her and could easily follow her world of thoughts. She felt the troublesome shadow that used to lie over her pull back and almost disappear while she was with him. She felt light, yes, downright happy. He was much older, sure, but all the men she had met her own age were empty skulls, only interested in external things, boring things to her. When she had introduced a little to her own world of thought to them, she had quickly been perceived as an odd woman with grills in her head or been told that she only thought about nonsense.

She mentioned this to Dian who grabbed her hand; - *"You are quite unique. When people only have sawdust between their ears, it is no wonder that you will not be understood, let alone listened to. I have experienced the same thing countless times and usually always chosen to remain silent, let people live in their world as I choose to live in mine".* - *"Yes, but you are strong".* - *"So are you, because otherwise you would have succumbed a long time ago and become a little sheep in the big flock".* Mona took a firm grip on his hand, - *"Thank you!"* He saw her eyes were blank before she turned away not to show it. He put his arm kindly over her shoulders as they left.

3

They began to see each other almost daily. Mona loved these meetings. After a few weeks, he invited her home. He felt that she was safe with him now. The first thing that met her there were walls full of interesting books. She wandered for over an hour and studied his books. *"This is fantastic. Here there is knowledge about all sorts of things. Imagine if you could take in all this just by holding each book in your hand for just a couple of minutes!"* Dian laughed. Mona laughed and sat down next to him. Two glasses of wine had been waiting for attention.

Mona looked at him. *"You're so good to me. No one has opened up as much to me as you. Everyone else will either just dominate me or make me smaller than I am, even my parents".* *"I can sense it. When I saw you for the first time at that party, it was like there was a dark shadow over you, one that prevented you from coming forward. I saw you were both silent and bored".* Mona

felt it twitch in her and something released. He had seen it! Dian saw the reaction and put his arm around her, pulling her towards him gently. Then she put her arms around him and her head against his chest, for a long time.

They had only barely tasted the wine. Dian loosened his grip, - *"We forgot the wine..."*. She looked at him. *"You are wine to me. I get completely intoxicated"*. They laughed, toasted and read each other in a new way. They continued the conversation, but now it became more personal. Mona wanted to know a little about his life and he about hers. They were two very different lives, but they had some common denominators and very clear common interests. The conversation enriched both of them and untangled a new sense of closeness. The conversation passed the midnight stroke and the three stroke. Mona was tired. *"You can sleep over on the couch here if you want,"* Dian suggested, *"or I can walk you home and take it as a morning walk"*. Dian looked like a question mark. *"I want to sleep with you"*. He looked at her. *"There's plenty of room for two, but do you trust me, do you feel so safe with me?"* *"You can understand that,"* Mona replied with the world's most beautiful smile.

Dian lit the candle up on the wall and they rigged themselves up with pillows in the back and the duvets pulled up around them. He had seen her beautiful, resilient body as she let her clothes fall. - *"Do you exercise?"* - *"It happens, but not in the studio and such, just a little by myself"*. She looked over at him. She felt the pull in her body and leaned against him, put her arm over him and squeezed her breasts against him.

She was warm. He got hot. They kissed each other for the first time. She fixed her gaze on his. *"Do you want to be mine?"* He kissed her again. *"I am yours!"*

They began to pet each other, to seek towards each other, to find each other. He pulled her towards him, massaged her back down to her buttocks. She twisted around and let him caress her breasts, kiss and suck them. She felt that these were hands that spoke a loving language, touched her not only physically, but also as his words had touched her. Everything was connected. She felt it and let everything flow through her. She felt his hand search down over her stomach followed by kisses before it searched on to her waiting, wet lily. She felt that he hit her hottest point, that a wave was sweeping through her entire body. She let it happen, let him play with his fingers and with his tongue and absorbed all the sensations until her whole body jerked and she had to claw on to herself so as not to lose the powerful experience.

Dian felt that she was over the first height and that she was looking for him with her hand. She grabbed him, pulled him up towards her, and gently led him inside. She felt that he was cautious and drove up the energy, took him all the way in, grabbed him with her inner power and felt intensely how he increased her feeling and lifted her into the mighty realm of desire, gave with power and desire until all the fuses blew at once. She got up and collapsed with some screams she was unable to hold back and as he filled her warmly, it happened again. She felt alive, wildly alive before her body calmed down again. Dian looked at her and just

could not fathom what they had done. He was beyond thought, looked and looked and loved what he saw.

Eros sat on the dresser, well satisfied with the day's work, looked over at the two lovers who finally fell asleep in each other's arms. Then he blew out the candle and flew off to Olympus with yet another story for joy and amusement.

4

Mona jerked off in bed, woke up suddenly. *"It's Monday! I should have gone and prostituted myself. Now it's too late"*. Dian glared over at her. – *"Prostituted?"* – *"Work. It is prostitution. Selling your time is almost worse than selling your body"*. Dian laughed. *"The best thing is to do neither, but it is a kind of compulsion in society. It is full of such pimps who profit from what I have to do to live"*. A new turn, a new conversation was underway, but it died away in a warm embrace. They made love again. – "No work today", they laughed at all the hardships in the world.

Early in the afternoon, they sat outside with coffee and tea and read each other. Dian again saw this vague shadow lay over her. She was definitely a sparkling light herself, but something weighed her down. He approached the subject with caution, but he had already won her trust, so when she sensed where it was going, she opened up. Something had shattered her self-esteem, so even though she was unusually intelligent, she did not quite believe it herself. The shadow that lay over her could be seen as a small demon she had created herself from the influence of others. Others had trampled her down out of envy, out

of their own lack of ability. Dian took her for a long walk with his arm safely over her shoulders.

In the middle of the lawn, they stopped. He took her in both hands, looked at her, caught her gaze, held it tight. *"Imagine that all these discouraging things that are holding you down have evolved into a little guy sitting on your shoulder,"* began Dian, *"a little red demon. It should not sit there. Agree?"* – *"Yes..."* – *"Ok. Then it has to go"*. He held her gaze firmly. *"Look at me. I am a fire-breathing dragon. My dragon will chase, chase that demon away until it disappears and you can forget it"*. He began stroking her shoulders from the neck outwards, waving his hands. Then he started spinning her around, slowly and a little faster, while he 'swept' her with his hands and blew over her shoulders. Of course, it was just a game, but what mattered was the liberating feeling it fostered in her. She laughed a little and then in tears, then she laughed again. She became dizzy. Dian almost danced around her, playing dancing dragon, blowing and waving around her.

Dian stopped the movement. *"Do you see that fog? There it disappears! You are free. Your power rises free and without hindrance. Feel that feeling and let it out"*. Dian drew an arc with his hand in the direction of the clouds, the foggy world up there. At about the same time, the clouds in the sky drifted apart and the sun broke through.

Deep urges drive dragons' dervicious, dopamine-sputtering, dream dance, death-defying demon-driving, devil-hunting, dark-shattering, dawn from the night. Day emerges from dawn, dream-breaking day-

vision kills devils and demons. The power of day dominates, declares the obscure dynasty dead. The demon vaguely drifted away like haze; disfanged, disfaught, disbanished. Fog!

Mona looked at Dian with amazement. *"Dragon man,"* she laughed and sparkled her eyes. They embraced each other and stood like that for a long time. *"Did you see that?"* She said, *"the clouds burst up. It was pure confirmation. What did you do to make it happen?"* *"It was just a little bit of magic... I have to cooperate with everything up there if it is going to work, you know,"* he replied with a laugh that dissolved everything. They walked on arm in arm, close.

5

Mona felt a strong connection to Dian. At the same time, she felt a strange new freedom. The shadow had somehow disappeared and when she felt it approach again, she only had to think about the dragon dance and the darkness was gone again. She talked to Dian a bit about this until he said that they should not talk it to pieces but preserve the feeling and use it.

The attraction between the two was unusually strong on several levels. Eros kept flying by. One evening, Mona wanted to reciprocate the dragon dance. She held him close to her, standing in the living room. Then she began a beautiful, sensual dance around him while waving her hands and brushing the dragon. She danced off her dress and pulled off his shirt. Then the bra disappeared and she let her breasts sneak playfully over his naked chest. Dian wanted to hold her, but she moved his hands away. She unzipped his

pants and pulled them down, letting him take a step out of them. She pushed her lower body forward and massaged him on the outside of his panties with her own body until she felt the real dragon rise. She bent down and began to gently bite him through his panties as she pulled off his socks. When she stood up, her panties were somewhere on the floor. She played with him while she pulled off the last of his garment, took him in her mouth, kissed and licked him more and more intensely. Dian could barely stand upright, so she lay down on the floor and brought him down until he was on his knees over her. She used her hands, playfully.

Dian bent down, licking her between the lily's leaves until he felt her begin to arch upwards. Then he put his arm under her, and entered her gently, a little at a time. She threw him off, rolled him around and brought him back in, bending over him and letting her breasts touch him. She held his hands away. She wanted full control. She wanted to give it her all. He was just going to receive. She massaged him inside, sensual hip movements, rotating. She pressed her legs between his, increasing the pressure. Dian sailed into dragon land, he felt her love all over him, he vibrated like a kettle drum skin in his whole body. She gave small pauses when it almost went for him and continued. Dian experienced a steady rise that rippled through him as she held him in her lovemaking grip, but the clouds cracked, the sun revealed itself as his whole body exploded in a violent shake and filled her like a high pressure.

After a while, Mona lifted her head, looked at him, -
“Was it dragon dancing you called it?” He smiled, -
“Well, the clouds drifted away, the sun showed its fire
and you danced like a dragon so that all my demons
were chased into the fog. You are absolutely
wonderful...”.

6

They were together almost every day. Mona had learned to let all people expressing their opinion keep their opinions without taking them into account. Their opinions, their problem, not hers! The dragon dance with Dian gave new power because it was a dance built on thought sharing, not just sex.

Dian embraced Mona with deep affection. She let herself be embraced and felt that she had intrinsic value in a new way, respected and, yes, beautiful. No one would ever be able to take this away from her again. She told him one evening what she thought about what she had found at Dian's house. It warmed him. He had to admit that she meant a lot to him and had given him a feeling of being constantly young and alive, not only because of her sparkling lovemaking, but because she put him in touch with new perspectives, new experiences.

Mona very often spent the night with Dian, constantly taking new initiatives. She admitted that she had pushed herself over a line of insecurity when she had first said she wanted to sleep with him, but she now felt it was absolutely right. She had never felt such a need to give of herself before and that is what it is all

about. Dian felt the same way. Loving is not a one-way street.

That night she just threw herself on him. She tore off her dress and panties and climbed up on her knees in front of him on the sofa, offering herself to caress. He grabbed her over the buttocks and let his tongue find its way to her hot-spot. She leaned back until she almost fell, taking in everything until she felt herself overflowing into ecstasy several times. She went completely wild, tore off everything he was wearing, quickly, wildly, grabbed him with both hands and licked and sucked him according to all the rules of the art before she sat straight down on top of him and rode like on a galloping track. She was ecstatic, mad, enjoying the wild feeling inside her when he fired and she felt that she had defeated him again as she had used him to defeat herself.

They pulled the pillows down on the floor, lay close and let their eyes search each other, two dragon dancers with fire in their eyes and fire in their bodies. They knew they could drive each other crazy and they loved to do it and they did what they loved to do.

They both knew that their ecstasy could not last. She had to move on, continue her life somewhere else in geography, but the bond they had spun between them could withstand any distance. She came to him as often as she could. They shared a magical erotic attraction with countless overtones. Therefore, they constantly sought together for a fiery dragon dance.

Dragons dance, dominant, drifting, dervicious, demon-driving, dopamine-bursting, dramatic, deep-seeking,

dynamic, dissociating, free. Everything opened up, everything worked out. They still love each other deeply, dragon dancing, dervish drifting, dedicated, demon-free.

The Dragon Dance!

Merlin's stones

1

It is easy to fall in love or at least experience strong attraction towards another person. This time it happened at extreme speed. Dian had boarded the express train in Paris, Montparnasse, on his way to a three-day event in Nantes, Brittany. As the train started moving, a young lady asked if the seat next to him was available. – *“Quite!”* She sat down. She had barely made it, jumping on at the last second.

They introduced themselves and started talking. Mira was going home after two weeks of work in Paris. She was a geographer and geologist and worked to investigate ground conditions where new buildings were to be erected or other work carried out. The train was already speeding at 320 km/h through the landscape while the two talked and made increasingly better eye contact. Strange, thought Dian. She was both beautiful and smart, obviously at least 20 years younger than him. He could not help but offer a small compliment. It caused a wide smile, laughter; – *“Merci, vous êtes gentil...”*

They continued the conversation, but something had come loose. They looked into each other's eyes more often. Suddenly she took him by the hand, – *“Fantastic to meet you. This must be the nicest train trip of all the ones I do all the time between Nantes and Paris, every other week”*. – *“Same here, even though it is the first time I have taken the train this way... Last time I flew direct from Brussels”*. Her slender hand was warm. He

pressed it softly. The train whizzed through the landscape and was reflected in her eyes.

Angers. The only stop on the long stretch. She went and got something to eat and drink for both of them. *"Even if it is only a couple of hours, I like to have something snack on the trip. Here!"* She handed him a baguette with camembert, local ham and lots of goodies, put the glasses on the table in front of them and poured red wine from a half-bottle. He thanked her. They ate and continued the conversation as the train picked up speed again. The baguettes disappeared, and so did the wine. The landscape rushed by.

They began to hold hands as the conversation continued on more tracks than the train. Something was moving. Attraction. They were joking around a bit, but the train did not derail the way they did. Squeeze, touch. It was inevitable. They kissed before the train stopped in Nantes. They arranged to meet at the station the day after Dian had completed the meetings. Rolling on their own small suitcases, they met Dian's colleague who was there to pick him up, said goodbye and went their separate ways. Dian's colleague looked at him; - *"Oh yes... Some lady, wow!"*. Dian just smiled as they got in the car.

Three days in another world. A lot of people. Time passed quickly. He found a message from Mira on his phone. "Tomorrow? When are you there". He figured it out, check-out and transport back to the station. He had changed his return ticket to Paris and shortened the planned week in Paris with arrival two days later. Dian said goodbye to his French colleague and headed

into the station as if he were going to catch the scheduled train, but once inside, he went straight to the agreed bistro. Mira was already sitting there.

2

Railway stations are boring. They immediately went out to her car and drove to a place where they could eat something good and look out over the sea. Dian dragged the conversation over to Celtic history and the many intriguing stone settlements in Carnac, and places like Stonehenge and Callanish that he had visited. He knew that they were now not far from the legendary forests, Le Forêt de Brocéliande, known from the Arthurian legends. *"There is 'Merlin's Grave', a small stone setting deep in Le val sans retour, 'the valley with no return'. Here was so much iron in the ground that the compasses only spun around their own axis,"* said Dian. Mira knew the place well, but had never been inside this forest. *"Let us go there,"* she suggested. It was a glorious day and no need to ask twice. They left.

They orientated themselves, parked as far into the forest as possible and set off. They talked eagerly at first, but as they got further in, the conversation quieted. Both sensed the magical atmosphere as they moved on increasingly sacred ground. They looked at each other, words were unnecessary, both knew what they sensed and felt. They walked hand in hand. So: there it was, the strange stone setting, in the middle of a field with a few remaining stones around; The Tomb of Merlin the Sorcerer!

The magic caught them. Whether it was the old magician or something else, they did not know, but they began to feel emotions. Eros sat on the stones. He looked over at them. They were obviously trapped by the magic, the magic power of the place. He laughingly thought that then it would only take a little nudge and he would win another victory to tell Zeus and the other gods about. They always rejoiced in his juggling with men, his joyful play that brought them together to the madness of lovemaking. He rejoiced and sprinkled them with his magic.

They began to talk about all the romances of the ancient legends, beautiful, often dramatic and sometimes forbidden love affairs. Eros hovered somewhere nearby, perhaps flying like a bird between the branches around them. They became amorous. Mira snuggled up to him, irresistible. She looked at him. They kissed fiercely, lay down just outside the field around the stones. Her light dress slid as if helped by a magic hand up over her stomach and revealed a small red panty with narrow black lace edges. He put his hand just above the small triangle. He massaged her softly before letting his hand crawl under the thin fabric and letting his fingers play. Mira started to pull on, grabbed herself for a moment and opened his pants, pulled everything down to his knees and grabbed him. He completely uncovered her panties and began to kiss and lick her lovely flower, ever stronger, deeper.

Mira laughed a little. It was so lovely. She gave in and massaged him as well. Slow, soft, steep climb. She writhed over him and led him with her hand into the

warm cave. Thus, they rolled back and forth, she at the top, he at the top, she at the top. The forest rushed, the meadow they lay on undulated, the stones followed the rhythm, the vibrations in the ground took over the two lovers' bodies while their hair became full of grassy forest. Mira clung to his back as he exploded and she accepted everything he gave. She trembled violently again, clinging to herself, rode the last of his strength out of him, and let her voice fill the space between the trees. Eros hovered somewhere above them, noting yet another victory over sanity. He ticked off in his book, noted the details of this story. Olympus would rejoice and celebrate the madness that resides in humans.

They lay there for a long time and watched clouds gather over the treetops, kissed fiercely until Mira said it was best to leave before it rained. They kissed all the stones on Merlin's grave goodbye and went back. Not far from where they had parked, there is a small chapel where people hang prayers they have written on paper and wrapped together with a string. Dian went in, found a small silver ring with a Celtic pattern and bought it for her while she was sorting herself out a bit. He walked around for a little while until she came back, smiling her invincible smile and clinging to him.

On the way back, Dian thought they had to find him a cheap hotel, but Mira did said no. He was going to spend the night with her for the two nights they had ahead of them. Now that they had made love in the forest, they might as well continue in her bed, she laughed.

That night, they went to a nearby restaurant. After the appetizer, Dian grabbed Mira's hand and threaded the

small silver ring onto her finger. She stared at the ring in disbelief, laughed, smiled, took his hand, and threaded an exactly similar ring on his finger! Two heads, one thought, two hearts... – *"Wow, did we just get married?"* Mira said smiling. – *"Incredible! Who knows what we are doing"*, Dian replied as the food was on the table and new wine was poured into the glasses. *"None of us will forget this. Never!"* he said, and she replied with a telling, affirmative look.

3

Mira had a nice little apartment in the centre of the city. It was late when they arrived at her home and Dian immediately saw that she was interested in art. The walls were covered with paintings and lithographs. *"Everything is original,"* she explained, showing him some selected works. *"This is my life insurance. I invested the inheritance from my grandfather like this. All just things I like very much"*. She quickly got to work for the night, showing Dian where he could leave his luggage. He saw her bookshelf contained almost only books on art and architecture.

After a few minutes, she came back into the living room wearing some of the coolest outfits Dian had ever seen. Soft black leather and bright red silk. At the same time, it was not vulgar, just beautiful. She walked towards him where he was sitting. He put his arms around her and kissed her on the stomach through the thin silk fabric. She sat on his lap and let her breasts play with his face through the fabric. Then she loosened a hook behind her neck and let the fabric fall and release her beautiful breasts, warm skin to face. Dian massaged

Mira's back and held her close. He felt that this was simply beautiful.

Mira stood up, took Dian's hands, and let him understand that the panty part could be opened by separating the fabric that crossed through her crotch. Dian pulled the 'curtains' apart and placed his hand over her flower. Mira let him play for a while before bending down and pulling off his pants, revealing his excited state. She caressed and kissed him a little, let her tongue rotate before pulling him up and showing the way to the bedroom's large unmade bed.

She lay down in her sexy outfit, opened in all strategic places. "*Come, come,*" she said, "*let me get you hard, hard.*" She lifted her hips towards him and he let his tongue work until she lost control and sank down. Then he put his arm under her and pulled her back up and entered her as hard as he could, harder than he could ever remember. Mira shot off and pressed on by squeezing her legs between his. They went straight into the sky like space rockets, Venus and Mars collided in their orbits and merged into pure feeling, a fluid stream that swirled through two bodies, spun them together like a rope between heaven and earth. – "*Tu es merveilleuse*". Dian whispered, and that is the last thing he remembered from that night.

4

Mira shook him awake. Dian was far away in dreams. He had to struggle a bit to find himself, but Mira was ready for a trip out, not for breakfast, for lunch. It was already early afternoon. "*We have to regenerate, go out*

and wake up...". Mira limped him up and sent him straight to the shower.

Mira was not only beautiful and full of good humour. She was also quite rough in style and very unpretentious. He enjoyed every second as he walked through the city streets hand in hand with this voluptuous lady, more than 20 years younger than himself. He thought that a chance encounter like this on a TGV on the way out into the province must be something like winning the lottery. He admired her nimble, slender, swift figure through her long well-fitting dress. It was so easy to put an arm around her waist and feel her pull close to him as she showed him around her city and gave him a lesson in architecture; amazing how much she knew about all the details he would hardly have noticed without following her index finger.

There was no doubt that the two had found the tone and genuinely appreciated each other. They stopped for almost every other block, held each other, exchanged glances, read each other, had a drink together at the nearest place each time and did not let go of anything to talk about, share with each other. Mira felt a craving in her body, but wanted to let it build up throughout the day and said nothing. Still, Dian could not help but sense that pull. Intuitively, he also let everything build up in silence.

In the evening, Mira took him to a small intimate restaurant for dinner. She wanted to let him experience a really good *cuisine* and ordered a multi-course meal for both of them with good wines. A long meal later they felt satisfied and as after all French

meals they were by no means overfull. This was her contribution, she said, and took the bill. He was her guest.

It was getting dark. Both felt the atmosphere. They walked towards a small park area with some large beautiful trees that formed silhouettes against the sky where stars twinkled in the heights. Mira leaned against a tree, pulled him towards her, and began kissing him. They stood like this for a while and let the good feelings play under the branches. She pushed him away a little, grabbed the dress and pulled it right over her head and dropped it to the ground. Dian stared at the luminous female body that stood out in all its beauty against the dark tree trunk. She was only wearing a small pair of panties with a French opening. Dian felt his strength gather where it should as Mira pulled off his pants. He bent down, kissed her flower, parted the leaves with his fingers, and began to caress her as he stood up and let her use her hands.

Mira was violently excited, trembling all over her body, moved his hand away and pulled him straight into the scorching hot cave. Standing against the tree, the two bodies rushed together in a fierce rhythm. Dian gave everything he had left, as hard as he could. Mira cried out loudly as he filled her and at the same time almost fainted. They stood so close and in order not to lose him too quickly, she squeezed her legs together between his as she had done the night before. Dian had met her wild gaze as she took off, but now he met a warm, slightly blurred look that did not need translation. He hoped she saw the same in him.

Dian pulled his pants back on and helped Mira put on the dress. As they walked, he realized that they had been just a few metres from the nearest street where cars and people passed. He had to ask if Mira knew how close they had been to passing people. *"Yes, but people just look right in front of them and hear nothing. Also, we were on the side of the big tree that does not face the street. Safe.... and kind of exciting, right?"* Dian just nodded.

On the way home, they stopped at a bar and had a glass of Calvados. Dian noticed that Mira was constantly hot. She scratched his arm and looked at him with a teasing look. They had walked quite far and were a little tired when they dumped down on the soft sofa. Mira told him a little more about the pictures on her walls, then she disappeared into the bathroom. He heard the water running a long time before she came out to him completely naked. *"Come, she said, strip for me!"* Dian just laughed. If there was one thing he didn't know how to do, it was stripping. She assisted and soon he was also just bare skin, like her. She pulled him into the bathroom where the large tub was filled almost to the brim with hot water; there was something fragrant in it, because the whole bathroom smelled like a flowering meadow.

They entered the tub from opposite sides and the water gushed over the edges. It was incredibly relaxing as they lay and looked at each other over a blanket of foam. Mira had put in two glasses and a bottle of wine that they could easily reach, and a bowl of fresh walnuts. That was quite a dessert, thought Dian. They lay in the hot water, talking about all sorts of things

that occurred to them until there was very little wine left in the bottle. Then Mira pulled closer to Dian and started massaging him until he was both high and hard again. Mira pulled him closer and led him straight inside. The sea soon went high in the tub. Water overflowed. Mira was high. All her sensitive points had maximum impact. When she eclipsed for the first time, she hit the bottle straight to the floor. She turned into a living firework when Dian sent his rockets into the sky, filling her with his gift and sharing the ecstasy.

Again, they lay for a long time and just enjoyed each other's intimate closeness, until the water lost its temperature. They got up, dried each other lovingly with large, soft towels, picked up the bottle that was unbroken, divided the rest into the glasses and went into the living room wrapped up in new, big, dry towels. They sat and cuddled each other while they slowly emptied the glasses. Both felt that they had drunk enough. *"Tomorrow you are going back to Paris,"* Mira said. *"What do you say to me coming with you?"* Dian, a little surprised; - *"Do you want that? I will just change to a double room when we get there if you really come along".*

5

Paris. Checked in. Out for late lunch. Mira looked at him across the table, took his hands, held them, turned them over, studied them. - *"You know I love your hands; I love to feel them on my skin, everywhere, feel, sense, be in your hands..."*. Dian lifted her hands towards her, kissed them. - *"Your hands are beautiful magic, soft, slim, magical. Just feeling your hand in*

mine makes me tingle, Mira. You are woman, beauty, warmth, everything I cultivate in this world. You are so incredibly beautiful". Both felt warm emotions and their eyes melted together again. "I think it is so wonderful that we are sitting here after knowing each other for less than a week, that we met so surprisingly on that train," Dian said. – "Fate!" Mira smiled, - "the unpredictable fate. It just had to happen. We saw it in the stars above the treetops, remember?" Dian nodded. Fate yes...

They went out in the early evening with their hands magically clenched together, felt it, sensed it. *"We are not far from the Jardins de Luxembourg", Mira pointed out. They went there while Dian told her that the great Swedish author August Strindberg had stayed around here while he wrote down his alchemical observations. They found a place to sit and Mira began to think about their séance in the park in Nantes. She said nothing, but she felt she wanted a replay. "Here I was lying on my back one day a few years ago, studying the clouds and listening to the birds", Dian reminisced. – "Where?" – I cannot remember exactly...". – "Are we going to find that place?" Mira pulled him up and they began the search.*

Dian peeked in between the trees. He remembered it was a bit secluded, undisturbed. *"Here, maybe. It was a bit like this". Mira took it for granted and went onto the grass and lay down, - "Come". Dian lay down next to her. "It is still a little too bright before the stars come out". Mira looked at him. Dian caught her gaze again. "Then your eyes must be my stars for so long," he laughed. "Then I have to look down on you, hang over*

you," Mira smiled, sat over him and looked down at him, took his hands and put them on her buttocks under her short dress. Then the two beautiful eyes turned into stars, sparkling. Dian wondered why women were so sensitive to the buttocks, but was happy that it was so.

Mira loved the massage he gave her, these hands that brought so many nice feelings, the feeling of being loved, of being unique, of being able to indulge safely and completely without inhibitions. She loved the way it made her feel like a woman, a woman in everything, a living, sparkling woman. She felt life as a gift and herself as a gift to life and to the hands that loved her warm body, the gaze there, that devoured her and gave her a sense of worth. She let his hands play with her and indulged in these nice feelings.

Mira slumped over him, kissed him on the neck. At the same time, she felt that he had woken up to deeds. She brought her hand down and handily opened his pants, pulled them down and put both hands on as she bent down and kissed him, let her tongue play, took him in her mouth until she felt him breathing quite heavily. She pulled her dress off, sat over him and let him finger and lick her. She felt tingles through her whole body until it twitched all over her and she let out a long serenade of lust. She was over all heights, but complied, lay down and took him in slow rhythmic movements to slip deeper and deeper into her. The rhythm intensified as his hands held a loving grip over her buttocks. It briefly blackened for both of them as the rain of sparks turned into stars in their inner heavens. He turned her around, lay on top of her and

once more the shooting stars went across the sky. He looked down at her as she opened her eyes, two lakes opened up there and now she mirrored his stars.

They stayed for a while to cuddle and kiss each other. He pulled her long dark hair down over her face and dug into it until he found her face again and caressed this beautiful picture with both hands. They pulled their clothes back on and lay on their backs next to each other. Grass everywhere, grass in their hair, but the stars had come out over the treetops.

6

Sleep, no... they went to a bar on the Seine. *"You know,"* Mira said, *"you can make love on some of the bridges..."* Dian looked a little incredulous. – *"But there are a lot of people walking there and cars drive past around the clock".* – *"Yes, it happens that passers-by see it and understand it, but they just smile, say hello sometimes and do not care. I have not done it before, just heard that it happens. I just want to find out. Are you in?"* Dian laughed. She could ask him anything and he would do it.

Eros had found them again. He had sent ideas into her open mind, ideas he would like to see become reality. He wanted new stories, increasingly fiery, cheeky stories. He knew very well that the two of them had long since been sold on his impulses, that anything was possible. He threw the seeds of lust over their minds, fuelled the imagination, the free feeling that everything is just wonderful, that there are no limits on the map of eroticism as long as he is the one who rules. He was going to follow up!

The next day, Mira decided that she would wear a light, short dress with nothing underneath. When she had put it on, she pulled out a slightly baggy pantsuit with a button down the front for Dian. He was not supposed to have anything underneath either. She egged him on a little. He threw an open shirt over it. Mira was insanely sexy where she walked and the dress constantly threatened to blow up and reveal the nudity underneath, but she was in control; kept a small grip on the hem of her dress.

It was not far to walk to the bridge she had in mind. For Dian, the excitement rose with every step. He had never gone to a planned lovemaking act before. This one was really planned! They walked out toward the centre of the bridge and stood at the edge where they could enjoy the sight of the river flowing toward them. While they were standing like this, Mira put one hand in between the buttons and started to wake up someone who was resting. He put his hand under her dress and began to finger her, first softly, then a little more intensely. Both were on their way to dreamland.

Mira let out an exclamation as something loosened up in her and pointed demonstratively towards a barge as if it was the one that attracted her attention. This prompted a small group of tourists to stop right next to them and photograph the barge. They greeted politely, had no idea, and immediately moved on. Mira kept her composure and with her hand still inside his pants, they walked a few steps back to the nearest niche. Dian sat down, Mira opened a couple of buttons and sat down on his lap as she took him in.

They sat like a neat couple, she on his lap with her back to him and with his arms around her. It looked neat and innocent and the soft movements were difficult to observe for passing people and from cars passing by. Dian massaged her breasts through the dress as long as no one passed close by. Mira became very excited. She felt her hands over the thin fabric and that with her precise movements lit the flame within her. Suddenly she bent forward and moved violently, taking in all the wonderful feeling and giving it her all. She shouted as low as she could, but lost control as Dian filled her and lost all contact with reality; that they sat on a bridge in the middle of the world's origo and were themselves that origo. A river flowed below them; a waterfall flowed between them.

Mira put her hands on the asphalt in front of her and slid down in front of Dian. He quickly unbuttoned his pants, bent forward and pulled her up. The dress had ended all the way up under her arms. He quickly pulled it into place. She turned to him, sat across his lap and kissed him passionately. Dian caressed her for a long time on the outside of her dress. Two elderly ladies passed, smiled and greeted. A small group of tourists came by, Korean or Japanese, with eyes frantically searching for something else to look at than them. Mira and Dian smiled at them, but did not get a smile in response. – *“There are cultural differences here!”*, he laughed, *“and generational differences too”*. – *“They were embarrassed. Imagine if they had come while we were on the high”*, Mira replied, – *“Did you notice that some young people passed by while we were at it?”* No, he had not seen anyone.

They sorted themselves out and went straight to Café de Flore, ordered lunch and wine. Mira smiled and was happy as a sun, sat down opposite him and let him admire her warm rose under the hem of her dress. – *“You know, Dian, I have never made love outside until we did it by Merlin's stones in the woods. It gave me a thrill I have never felt. When we made love by the tree in the park, I felt a risk of being seen, discovered. That created tension in itself. Yesterday, while we were making love, I heard a couple of times that someone passed on the path nearby. It got me fired up even more, but nothing beats what we just did on the bridge. It was really rude!”* Dian nodded, toasted and agreed. There was something extra raw in pushing these limits, taking out the possibility that almost all places can be nice 'places of happiness'.

Mira began to fantasize that they might take it all out at the table at a bistro in the middle of lunch time. Then there are people everywhere, but everyone is busy with their own business. Maybe a little excessive, Dian thought, but not entirely impossible.

7

They had shared a whole bottle of wine and eaten well. Mira took him to places she had been to explore the ground conditions. It was her week off; she worked two weeks in Paris and had a week off. It had been a long time since she had spent free time in Paris, but she knew the whole city inside out, everywhere, and she took him to places no tourists knew about. Here, after several hours of walking in the city, she found a restaurant that served Breton dishes. It was perfect to rest the legs a bit with good food and a new bottle of

wine followed by espresso with Calvados of noble vintage.

It was about to be evening. The street lights came on. They walked, she with her arm around him, he with his arm over her narrow shoulders. Dian could not help but marvel at their meeting and how quickly they had found each other in just the two hours on the TGV. There was something about the eye contact. Both had seen the glow in their eyes and an openness in their posture and movements. Strange!

The day had been very hot and it was going to be a hot night. Dian felt that they barely had clothes on their bodies and put his hand on her buttocks as they walked. She leaned her head against his shoulder and let him create these delightful tingles through her body. At a quiet corner, she stopped, turned to him, and moved her lower body softly toward his until she felt there was life in him. He gripped her buttocks with both hands and caressed playfully. Mira sensed that it sparkled inside her again and moved one of his hands to her crotch. If anyone had passed by now, they would have seen her entire beautiful backside, but they were both about to be overpowered by a pink fog. She pulled him forward, straight into the cave and went full throttle. It was short and intense. A moment of ecstasy.

When they came to themselves, they noticed a black car that had stopped nearby. There were four dark guys sitting there looking over at them. Mira grabbed Dian's hand and they ran off to the nearby boulevard, full of cars and people; safe. They went to a small bar, sat on their stools with a view of the street; each got a cold Martini Bianco with some snacks. Soon they saw

the car pass, but they did not see them where they were sitting. *"These are the kinds of things that make the city unsafe"*, Mira explained. He knew that. He knew the city well and had seen some of its darker sides himself, but now it was only the joy they shared that mattered. They sat until well past midnight, quiet, chatting, feeling, a little caressing and letting their eyes speak to each other in stellar language.

8

It is quite remarkable that direct skin contact has such a strong effect on the emotions, on the emotional. This warm contact creates a connection that reaches far under the skin and finds its way to the heart, where it concentrates like a warming fire. Something happens that does not find a simple explanation. Logic is helpless. Those feelings have no contact with logic, reason or rationality. They just flow on and through the whole body, the entire nervous system, flow through the blood to the brain and blur the thought. A roar throughout the system takes over and control lets go. Anything can happen, and it happens!

Mira and Dian sat on the steps of Sacre Coeur and let their gaze roam over this entire magical city, the cultural heart of the world. Mira began to point out places in the city where she had worked. It was a scattered geography. *"Where do you live when you work here, for two weeks straight?"* Dian asked. *"I am assigned a room in a small hotel or something similar close by, different every time. That is fair enough, but sometimes a bit on the simple side. Sometimes there is only a bed and a small toilet with a shower. I always*

eat out and get all the bills covered, so I have no expenses, not even for TGV". Dian nodded, - "Not bad".

They went for lunch in a nice place just behind the church. They were always close, but also very calm this day. They had made love intensely and often. Now they had become so familiar with each other that they rested in each other's gaze and sank comfortably into each other's closeness with warmth and tranquillity. All day long, they were surrounded by a sphere where no one and nothing could penetrate or disturb.

In the evening, they went to Notre Dame where they stayed for a while because the big organ was played. They walked around the entire large cathedral and down towards the river on the east side. This was an area that awakened some strange senses in Dian every time he was here, every time he was in Paris. He shared some of his thoughts on this with Mira as they sat down where the river flows away from them, like at the stern of a boat.

Mira let Dian's words turn into images in her mind, almost like a dream, laid her head in his lap and let him caress her hair while she let the dream spin on. They were both like in a different, magical world here. After a while, she turned around, looked up at his dreamy face with a warm smile. His gaze, which had followed the river for a while, found hers. They both started laughing. Dian put his hands on her breasts that had almost left the protection of the dress. He caressed her gently and felt tension rise in the two soft elevations. He let one hand make a slow journey down her stomach until he passed the hem of her dress and continued to caress her on the outside of her thin,

small panties. Her body began to quiver, gasping for breath.

Mira loved feeling these hands on her body and it gave an extra, tickling experience when they caressed her through these light fabrics. She let him take his time, put one arm around his waist and with the other she grabbed his leg to keep the good position. She felt her breasts tighten, and was overpowered by a floating feeling, her breasts lifted to receive more and more and suddenly she lost her composure, she experienced this orgasm again through her sensitive breasts that no one else had given her. She felt herself writhing in pleasure, in a pulse of senses that ran through her whole body.

Dian sensed her reaction and let his hand crawl under her panties. He felt she was wet and let his fingers work gently in the cleft, finding the sensitive points. Mira felt a continuation that just rose and rose in her. Her whole body vibrated, quivered, trembled. She felt like a wave, like the whole river flowing right past them. She was a river; she was a stream. Everything swayed back and forth in her. She felt everything explode inside her with unbridled force and at the same time affectionately and freely. She sailed away with the river, and with the birds sailing in the sky above them. Her whole body merged with this free feeling. Again and again, she disappeared into this landscape, embraced in warm, loving hands that held her safely in place in a realm of emotions she wished would last forever.

Dian eventually let his hand rest calmly over her wet cleavage. He looked down at her as she opened her

eyes. Her eyes melted together again until she put both arms around him and pressed her face against him, lying like that still for a long time while he played with her beautiful hair and thought about how beautiful she was, not only on the outside, but also in her being.

Even though Dian himself was a little turned on, he thought it would be wrong to start something more right here and now. Everything was so nice and Mira had calmed down in herself. He grabbed her hands, turned her, met her gaze again; - *"Come. We will find a place on Île Saint Louis"*. She stood up, straightened her dress, pressed herself close to him. *"Are you ok?"* She asked. - *"More than just ok. Come..."*. He kissed her, grabbed her hand; they crossed the small bridge, found the small square between the old buildings, a table at a café, and ordered something to eat. It possessed an element of fire.

Back at the hotel, they were both tired. They had walked through the whole of Paris from the Seine up to Montmartre and back across the river to the hotel. She had again shown Dian small places no tourists knew about. Mira was calm inside, but felt that the fire was there and glowing quite intensely. She dragged him into the shower, wanted to shower with him, wash his hair, his whole body and lubricate it with a fine cream.

Shampoo and soap. There was foam around both of them. She smeared the foam all over his body and began to fondle what she loved most of his physical presence. He let it happen and played gently in her cleft while kissing and biting lightly on her breasts. Full of foam and lust, they lost their balance, fell onto

the bathroom floor, fortunately not hard, and stayed there while the water gushed from the shower. She pulled him to her, lifted her hips and took him straight in and moved intensely, rolling them around and riding him fiercely. She turned around, took him back in and bent down over his legs as she continued with the fierce movements. She knew exactly what she was doing. They broke the sound barrier at about the same time and she sank all the way down to his feet, which she began to fondle and kiss. It was a completely new experience for Dian.

The water was running. The room was full of steam. They crawled back into the shower, washed each other, dried each other gently and lovingly, and he held the hair dryer while she fixed her hair. He also used it to blow a little over her body, without heat, cool, comfortable. They immediately crossed over into the wide bed, threw themselves around each other, searched each other through their gaze and went into dreamland skin to skin.

9

It was already the last day in Paris for Dian. The next morning, he had to use the return ticket and fly home. They walked and felt it all day, knew there would be a void in their lives after those days. They lay down in the grass after lunch and looked up at the Eiffel Tower and all the tourists who stood in an endless queue to get a few moments up there. *"Have you been up there?"* Mira asked. *"Once, but then there was no queue down there"*. Mira turned to him and gently pulled him by the beard, a habit she had acquired, lifted her head and looked down at him. *"You are my Merlin! I think he*

must have looked something like you, not dark, but blonde like you". Dian laughed. She kissed him fiercely. They had not made love this morning, but now they both felt that it glowed again.

They went to Montparnasse. It was here that they had met each other on the train; Gare de Montparnasse. Mira knew of a nice bar where they could get a pastis. Then they went the long way up to the Seine and ended up sitting on the bridge exactly where they had made love. Both of them were trembling. *"It's quite amazing how the excitement of loving such a place in the middle of the day led to an extra strong experience. One day I will come to your city and we will do it in replay there"*, Mira laughed and made a few faces at him. Mira felt she could take him at any time, took his hands and moved them around her whole body. *"I know where we are going,"* she said, grabbing his hands. They went. She stopped a taxi; - *«Bois de Boulogne!»*

They were driven a bit into the forest, to a lake. Time for a forest trip, Dian thought, but it was a crowded forest and many places where people gathered. They went for a long walk. Mira showed him around and told him that there were also places where almost no one went. Dian sensed the plan.

Mira found a small clearing between bushes and trees, but which was also quite open to the small water. They sat down and soon she pushed him down; - *"Merlin, Merlin, my Merlin..."*. She laughed brightly and sat over him, pulled her dress up and put his hands on her breasts. Dian did not need any instructions. These were orders! He caressed her intensely, pulled her down towards him and began kissing and nibbling her

breasts with his lips. Mira took it all in, felt how a pair of hands loved her, cultivated her, and filled her with joy and intense excitement. She was about to get over-ignition and put her breasts down over his face. Dian sniffed her, between her warm breasts and all the way up to the pit of her throat, kissed her neck, under her chin and finally met her soft lips.

She stood up, pulled off his panties, unzipped his pants and began to reconquer his strength, kissing, licking and sucking him hard. She consciously took her time. To hold manhood in your hands and own it like that was wonderful, but it was even more wonderful to own it inside. She sat over him, pulled his shirt off, leaned forward over him and felt how the warm rod was squeezed against her stomach as she kissed him up his chest and met him in a long deep kiss. Then she moved and steered him towards the rose, letting it play back and forth across the ravine, a little in and a little out again until she could not stand it any longer. She led him all the way in, gathered her legs between his and rocked them both more and more fiercely. She got off with violent jerks, sat on her knees and pulled him towards her on her knees, quickly led him back inside and continued until all the fuses blew for both of them and they just leaned against each other, kneeling, close, warm and peaceful. This is how they experienced the magic of the Bois de Boulogne.

10

Back in town, they quickly found a small restaurant Mira already knew. The waiter recognized her and greeted her. She introduced Dian. – “*Mon ami Merlin du Grand Nord!*” Dian nodded and laughed inside. Mira

looked at him. *"I have got a stain in my panties and it is not wine"*. She excused herself and ran off to a nearby store and got what she needed, came back as the first course came on the table, was gone for a moment, back smiling. It had not even crossed Dian's mind that their hectic activity these days could have had consequences. Mira calmed him down. She had taken precautions against such accidents. While they ate and enjoyed themselves behind the open window, it started to rain. Lightning and thunder provided the entertainment as people stormed into all the surrounding cafes and eateries for cover.

They sat silent for a long time, looked at each other and it was in both of their thoughts that tomorrow the adventure would be over. They had four, maybe five, six courses, drank several wines, Calvados and dessert. The sympathetic waiter took care of them and probably sensed that something was weighing them down. *"He is leaving me tomorrow,"* Mira said, *"he has to go home to his world"*. The waiter showed pity, put the whole last bottle of wine on the table, - *"It is on the house!"* He said and put his hand on Dian's shoulder.

They were pretty drunk when they finally ventured out into the wet streets. The thundershower was over and it was raining just barely. They got wet, could not bear to run. Mira stopped for a moment and let the rain hit her in the face. *"Look, all my tears, heaven is crying tonight"*. Dian was touched, feeling this strange feeling in his chest. He put his arms around her, holding her close. They stood like this for quite a long time and let the rain embrace them from above. It was wet, but felt infinitely good. That night they lay close and talked

about themselves, about everything they had felt and experienced in these days since they were united by Merlin's stones in the fairytale forest of Brocéliande. They had started in a forest and ended in a forest. After this night, they would be far apart, but they would never forget each other. They had married magically. Two small silver rings would forever tie them together no matter what else would happen.

They had barely slept. Dian had arranged for her to stay at the hotel until she went back to work in the world's most beautiful city, Paris, the scene of the world's most beautiful adventure, the capital of love. They took a taxi to the airport and found a place to sit together for a light lunch. The night's long conversation continued. They both had to acknowledge that they might never meet again. Maybe one day she would find a man her own age and have children. He did not want to stand in the way of her life and possible happiness. Dian felt it hurt to say that. At the same time, they had both experienced a romance of the rarest kind, feeling that life is good and that alone is a sign that everything good is possible.

It was getting close to departure. He had to go through the checkpoint. They knew they would miss each other, stood for a long time, heart to heart, felt their pulse pounding to the beat, felt that they were both trembling. They kissed each other for a long time, holding each other's hands, but had to let go. Dian felt tears streaming down his face as he lost sight of beautiful Mira in the chaos.

Merlin!

11 (Post Scriptum)

Many, many years later, Dian sat at home and fiddled with the little silver ring, letting his mind travel back to the days with Mira. She was absolute love in her whole being and he could hardly remember having been so captivated, so in love with a woman ever and he knew it was mutual. Nevertheless, he felt that he had acted correctly in letting go. He let his mind wander, went to bed at three o'clock and was caught up in a dream. This is what Dian wrote down immediately after he woke up an hour and a half later:

"I dreamed I was lying in the grass with Mira and that she was pulling on me. The energies of the astral body increased and wanted to exit. Three times it blew on my forearm and suddenly I was in the shining room. Hands grabbed mine, hands I recognized. Then she stepped forward. Mira! She was beaming. Our eyes met; she spoke to me in her special French dialect:

- Dian, my beloved Merlin... I am no longer where you are. My body that you loved, kissed and caressed so lovely, was too weak. It is no more. It was too weak and let go of me. I always held your love high, always wore your ring and held it when I felt life slipping away. It was Merlin himself who joined us by the stones in the magical forest, even though he does not rest there. The bonds between us are long and strong. You are in my heart, Dian, it envelops you with all my love. I am with you for eternity.

The room cracked. Am I about to die? With a jerk, I felt myself fall back into my dreaming body with my arm constantly tilted up over my face. The high vibrations

held me tight. I was still cataleptic, but it loosened up when she blew on my arm again. She let go of my hand and I could move again. My face was wet like when we stood in the rain, but those were tears that just streamed unrestrained down my face and wet the pillow. I could not sleep again, walked out into deserted streets, sat at the foot of a tree for hours, processing beautiful memories, sorrow, and gratitude. I have written her words verbatim and put them deep in my heart.

That day, Dian went in deep thoughts until well past midnight, alone in his own peace.

Afterplay

I dare to say again. There is hardly a place where one cannot make love, even in the church which, despite its message of love, has condemned carnal lovemaking to sin. We just laugh at such things. Love is the most beautiful flower we can grow. If we make the world a garden with such flowers, war and misery will lose and life will prevail. When two living people find resonance in each other, there is nothing else that matters but to let that feeling, that joy, play out completely. It is not a sin; it is life!

A naked body is a free body, a shameless body. Yet our civilization is more concerned with hiding what carries love, sexuality itself. In countries where religion predominates, especially Christianity, Judaism and Islam, this important part of life is pushed into the deepest darkness. Marriage is required, an institution dominated by formalities, by norms and rules. In particular, sex before marriage is condemned, especially for women, while with blushing inconsistency, men's drive is condoned. It is not asked where they take it out. Of course, if it is not someone else's wife, it is most likely with an unmarried woman. Here we must get an impact assessment from some ministry. What will otherwise happen to the morality of the people?

Anyone who has read the above romances will see an immorality and an expression of sexuality that does not follow norms, rules or regulations, but is free, alive and uninhibited. That is precisely why it is also satisfying. Crossing some boundaries, it builds tension, challenging the two who share intimacy to transcend

themselves. Then there is also more to give, because that is exactly what a love relationship is all about. To give!

When we constantly hear about violence associated with sex, we understand that something is fundamentally wrong. Then it is just about one's own satisfaction. To abuse, to take! Rape is a symbol of warped sex and an equally warped relationship with oneself. Resorting to violence to gain something for oneself has become common in our world in a leap from simple theft via rape to war to rob resources from an 'enemy'. At the same time, there is a significant profit element in violence and sex. Both are extreme expressions of something diametrically opposed. The film industry promotes the glorification of violence and increasingly extreme forms of pornographic sex that have nothing to do with love, intimacy and closeness, only crude, sometimes brutal exploitation of others, especially women.

A good relationship between two people can only consist in freedom, in mutual respect and in sharing pleasures and eroticism. Eros is always among us, discreetly flying in search of two souls who understand his language, listen to his music through their hearts. The arrows from his bow have clear targets. He does not scatter them wildly around him. Listen when Eros is there. It is when Eros has flown by and a fire is lit in the heart that sex becomes eroticism through the living romance.

Links to the author's website

Norwegian: <https://www.dagvonschantz.no/>



English: <https://www.dagvonschantz.com/>



Denne boken handler om din verdifulle private og personlige frihet i Kongeriket Norge. Den som følger med vil kjenne til en hel del av det boken handler om, men selv med slik kunnskap lever de fleste et ubekymret liv. Vår frihet er en selvfølge. Hvem eller hva kan påvirke vår frihet?

Neddopet i banaliteter gjennom sosiale medier og TV er det store flertall fornøyd og stoler temmelig blindt på våre politikere. Det er en stor feil. Bak din rygg finner det sted store og små endringer på en rekke områder som samlet sett strammer inn på den individuelle frihet og setter både deg og landet i bånd. Internasjonale påvirkninger dytter Norge i en retning vi ikke styrer selv. Partidemokratiet er korrupt og foreldet. Folket styrer ikke landet slik det skal i et demokrati. Politikerne gjør det, og de gjør det slett.

Mellom disse permer finnes et antall sentrale saker beskrevet som bør få din oppmerksomhet. Det er ikke konspirasjonsteori. Det er virkeligheter i møte med landets grunnlov som skal forsvare din frihet og respektløst overkjøres i politikken. Politikerne har glemt sin hovedoppgave: Å tjene land og folk. Det betyr ikke minst å sikre landets integritet og individets frihet.

Avslutningsvis finnes et radikalt forslag til aktiv handling og nytenkning for et ekte demokrati.

