

Sex Crimes/Crimes of the heart
Romance
Hope C. Clarke
HopeClarke@aol.com
www.anewhopepublishing.com
Created: April 2002

I have been from one bad relationship to another and every one of them seemed to boil down to the same situation. In fact, I had decided that maybe I should just remain by myself. I started surfing on the net and exploring the chat box. That's an in-home, state-of-the-art access center, where anything you need is right at the touch of your finger.

My friend Sherryl told me about the chat box and how she met her husband Enrique. Sherryl and Enrique had what I would call the perfect relationship. They traveled together all the time with an exception of work. However, even then, they stayed in communication with each other. What I wouldn't give to find someone that would have that much interest in me. Of course, I'm very reluctant about finding men through dating services so, every time she brought up the subject, I'd deter the thought.

"Michelle, you have to give it a chance. Listen, I had given up on men myself. I figured if I were meant to find someone it would have happened by now. I was thirty years old and been into at least fifteen different lousy relationships. I had even started dating white men and they were just as bad. If it wasn't one problem, it was another. Black men like to run and white men like to control so tell me who's worse? That's when I heard about the on-line dating service and I met Enrique."

"Listen, you lucked up. I don't have that kind of luck. There is no one on the net who will meet my standards."

"Your problem is you don't give people a chance and you settle for things that you know will get on your nerves in the end. When you go on the net, you enter your profile and what you're looking for in a relationship and explain what you like doing and someone who likes the same things will respond to your ad."

"I don't like the sound of the word ad. I'm not desperate!"

"It's not a matter of being desperate," she said, "You're just exploring new avenues."

I thought about it—what did I have to lose? I was alone and depressed. It had been two years since I had someone in my life and I was about to give up on love. "Okay, I'll come over tomorrow and you'll help me put my profile together. How does that sound?"

"Sounds great, I think that you're making the right choice. Don't worry; this will be good for you."

Even though this situation was very scary, I figured she was right. What could possibly go wrong? Worst scenarios - I don't find anyone of interest and I wasted a few hours of my time going through profiles or I meet someone and they don't turn out to be what I'm looking for. It wouldn't be any worse than anything else I've tried.



For some reason I could not sleep so I sat up and watched the late night movies on cable. Between each movie, the Psychic Network would come on so I decided that I would give them a call to see if they could see what I was about to do in just a few hours from now. I picked up the phone and dialed the number on the screen.

"Hello this is the Psychic Network."

"Hi, this is my first time calling and I wanted to know..."

"I know, you're wondering whether or not you will meet the person of your dreams on the Internet when you call today!"

"How did you know that?"

"I sensed it when you called. There is a person that you're about to meet that will change your entire life. Everything you've ever wanted in a man, you will find. The relationship will be perfect and genuine."

"What's his name?"

“Don’t worry, it’s destiny that the two of you meet, so not to worry. No one else will be suited for this one.”

I hung up the phone with more excitement than one could stand. Looking at the clock, I realized that it was 6:00 a.m. At that very moment I wanted to race over to Sherryl’s house and find this mystery person. My heart was racing with enthusiasm. I had one problem; Sherry was a late sleeper, especially on weekends. After a long week at work, she wanted to recuperate by getting all the morning sleep she could before she got started.

With nothing else to do, I laid on the couch and pulled a blanket over my legs so that I wouldn’t get too comfortable and over sleep. I wanted to be up and ready by 10:00. Of course, I knew I would be up much sooner than that. Anytime you call someone and they can tell you what is destined to happen before you say anything about the situation, they must know.

As the Psychic said, I found someone who was unbelievable on the net. His name was Chris. Chris had a profile that nothing could compare. Any woman looking for a man would want this character, of course if they were looking for a hopeless romantic.

Both Sheryl and I looked over his profile. He was currently working in the Wall Street area as a big time investment broker. In fact, I think I heard of him before. His income range was \$350,000 a year. He loved to work but wanted a woman to spend his leisure time with. He liked adventure and cuddling up. Chris loves the movies and going out to dinner at the finest places. Pampering his woman and catering to her wants and needs was his specialty. My stomach was going flippity-flop. I looked further down on his profile for his appearance - Chris was six feet tall with a deep chocolate complexion and caramel brown eyes. His hair was short and very curly.

“Sounds handsome, Michelle. Are you interested?”

“Most definitely, how do I go about meeting him?”

“Put your profile on his site and see if he responds to it. If he responds to you, then the two of you can set up a meeting place. That way if you don’t like what you find, you can both walk away with no strings attached. You don’t have to see him again if you don’t want to without any apologies.”

So I took her advice and I put my profile on his site. After hitting the send button, she disconnected from the net.

“Do you think he will respond?”

“Why wouldn’t he? You have a beautiful personality and the two of you have the same interests and work backgrounds so understanding each other should be pretty easy.”

“I know but they say opposites attract and we’re alike.”

“Don’t worry. The things you put on his site are the things he said he was looking for. So why should he lie? That would defeat the purpose if you were going to lie about it.”

I thought about it, realizing what she said made sense.

“Listen; let’s go out for the afternoon, shop awhile and then later we can return to see if he responded.”

“That’s a great idea Sherryl. Did I say thanks for the advice?”

“No, but don’t be too quick to be thankful. You never know, you may not like him!” She smiled and pulled me by the arm gesturing that she was just kidding. “Little anxiety humor, I’m sorry. Things will work out, you’ll see.”



That day, we spent the day at Ann Taylor. I found three new suits that showed off my perfectly curved shape. To be a big woman, I had a shape on me and no one could deny that. My hair was pretty long too. Men always loved my hair. In most cases, I allowed it to hang midway my back with a clip holding it to the back on either side. My hair has natural blonde highlights portraying sophistication. I was 28 years old and my success is on the rise! My only problem is my love life. If I could hook up with someone compatible, nothing could stop me.

Later that evening, I went back to Sherryl’s place and we went back to the chat site. Chris had indeed responded and gave his number where he could be reached. I could feel my heart racing.

“So girl, are you ready?”

“I don’t know Sherryl. What if he isn’t what I’m looking for? What if he doesn’t like me?”

“So what if it doesn’t turn out right! You’re just looking to meet him and see if he’s compatible to you. Don’t get so worked up about things. Be casual about it. That way if things do go wrong, it won’t be a terrible loss.”

I heard exactly what she was saying. I took a deep breath and gave him a call. I listened to the telephone ring a couple of times before a male with a nice sexy, charming voice answered. “Hello!”

“Hello is this Chris?”

“Yes, this is Chris, how can I help you?”

“My name is Michelle, I left the response on the net for you and you left your number for me to call.”

“Oh, I’m glad you called Michelle. I was hoping you were serious. Sometimes you have people that leave messages on your site and they are not really interested in meeting you. It just gives them something to do. So, I’ve read over your profile, you seem to be a very interesting person.”

“So, your profile tells me you like going out.”

“That’s true. I do work very hard but I always make time for the person in my life. That’s very important. If your love life isn’t going well, neither will you work life. Money is great but it can’t make you happy. I need someone special in my life that will love me for who I am and not for what I can give her.”

“I may have my faults but one thing I’m not is a user. I like the same things you do and I hope that we will be able to share those likes with each other and find it to be enough to make us fully happy.”

“I like that response. Why don’t we meet for lunch?”

“All right, I know a nice little steak house in Upper Manhattan on 86th street why don’t we meet up there?”

“I think I know just the one you’re talking about. I’ll be there.”

I hung up the phone smiling at Sherryl who was looking at me with approval. Probably because she could see that the conversation went well and we made a date without hesitation. That was always a good sign.

“So does he seem nice?” She asked before I could say anything.

“Yes, he seems wonderful. I’ll be meeting him tomorrow for lunch on 86th street.”

“Great, I hope that things will go well. Please call me the second you get home after the date, and remember, don’t rush things. Take your time so that you don’t seem desperate.”

I took her advice because one thing for sure, when you allow your heart to control your thinking, you are vulnerable for anything. But somehow, I didn’t think that I would have that problem in this relationship. Every man can’t be bad and certainly not when you receive a premonition like the one I received. I had the Psychic Network at my side. If they say it, I believe it.

The following day, I put on one of my new suits because the first impression is the lasting impression and I wanted to make by best impression. I went outside to get my car started because the last thing I needed was to be late on my first date and with the weather being what it was, it was bound to stall before it warmed up. Michelle left the car running while I returned to the house to do the finishing touches to my appearance. I lined my lips with a brick colored lip liner leaving the center pure and natural. It always gave the lips a sweet and supple appearance and was tempting to kiss. My hair was in a neat loose bun with curly ends cascading at the sides and back. It was an elegant but professional look. When I was satisfied with my appearance, I grabbed my purse and hurried downstairs to the car. The drive to the city was hectic due to the heavy traffic but because I left early enough, I made good time. I really didn’t want to be too early to seem too anxious so I hung back a little. I found a great parking spot just a block away on the corner of 87th Street. I looked at my watch and decided that I should get a seat before Chris arrived. Perhaps, that would give me a chance to get a good look at him before he sees me.

When I walked in, the waiter asked me if I would be dinning alone.

“No someone will be meeting me here. His name is Chris. Would you show him to my table when he arrives?”

“Sure ma’am, but I think he’s already here. I nicely dressed gentlemen came in just a few moment ago. He told me that he was expecting a guess.”

“Did you get his name?”

“No ma’am, but he gave me yours. I’ll take you to him.”

The whole scenario seemed strange, but after strong consideration, I dismissed the thought. The last thing I needed was to start imagining some freak seated at the table waiting for me. I guess the waiter sensed my fears...

“Don’t worry ma’am, I can tell this must be a blind date. He is extremely attractive. He caught the attention of every woman in here when he walked in. In fact, they seemed quite shocked to see him alone.”

Finally we approached a private booth. He selected this booth indicating his desire for total privacy. As I neared it, I could feel the butterflies going flippity-flap, flap, flap in my belly. As we approached the opening to the booth, Chris stepped out.

Got Damn, I thought, *he is fine*. The description he gave on the Internet was an understatement. He’s brown like a Brown & Serve Sausage, colored to perfection. His eyes are shaped like perfect almonds; in fact, the color of them was that of an almond, almost gray. Of course, it could just be the lighting. I won’t be able to tell the true color until I see them outside. His sideburns were tight like they had just been done with a straight razor and his nose was in a perfect point and with his smooth skin, just made it look better. His lips had a kissable form like Val Kilmer and his teeth shone brilliantly through his debonair smile.

“Michelle, it’s a pleasure to meet you,” he said as I approached him.

I guess he couldn’t wait any longer just as I felt like running up to the booth to get a better look at him.

“You look stunning,” he told me as I reached the table.

“So do you,” I said understating the fact. Actually I was wondering if he was ateable.

“Please, sit,” he offered properly.

“Have you been waiting long?” I asked feeling a bit embarrassed to walk in intentionally late.

“No, as a matter of fact, I just got here myself. I hope you don’t mind the booth, I felt that being that this was our first meeting absolute privacy was important, but if you feel uncomfortable, I will be happy to request another table.”

“No, that won’t be necessary. Privacy will give us time to get to know each other.”

“I’ve already ordered appetizers. I didn’t know if you had breakfast yet so I wanted something to be ready for you when you got here.”

“That was very thoughtful of you. Thank you.”

Things went so smoothly that I kind of lost myself. I had never felt so important before. Everything I said seemed to have its size and shape just like a puzzle piece. Chris seemed to have everything I wanted in a man although it was just our first meeting and I hadn’t been in his presence for more than an hour.

“What do you have on your calendar for the rest of the day?”

“Currently, I have no plans. What did you have in mind?”

“I just thought that maybe we could spend a little more time together after lunch and continue getting to know each other.”

“Great, would you like to accompany me to Cunningham Park? It’s nice, clean, quiet, and has plenty of grass with a tranquil pond we could sit near and watch the swans swimming.”

“That sounds romantic Chris. I’d like that. I’ll follow behind you.”

“Well actually, I didn’t bring my car with me since I was coming into the City. Did you drive here?”

“Yeah, I parked just up the block.”

He called the waiter over to get the check. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a \$100 bill and paid for our lunch. Chris left a hefty tip on the table. I must admit myself; the waiter did a great job at coming at just the right time and not showing up when not needed. He respected the meaning of privacy. Most waiters forget that because they’re so interested in getting a tip that they forget what the tip is for. He deserved every cent of it.

Chris helped me up and we walked together to the car like friends who had known each other for all our lives. The conversation never ended. He went from the size and components of his family to how he got started in his field of work. I found him more than interesting. As aggressive as he was, he still had a since of

humility and courtesy. Chris was always conscious of my feelings and wants. What more could I ask for? This guy was too perfect.

He offered to drive, but since it was my car and I didn't know him well, I decided that I would do all the driving; At least to the park. If he humored me, and made me trust him with my life, I would offer him the keys to my car.

Finally, we had arrived at the park. He paid the parking fee and I parked the car in the lot. I brought the blanket usually kept on the back seat with us so that we would have something to sit on. He escorted me to the little spot he had previously mentioned at the restaurant. Just as he had suggested, it was beautiful and tranquil. Brightly glowing swans swam across the pond with their young following gracefully behind them. We stood there watching them for a while, and then Chris took the blanket from me and spread it across the floor and gestured for me to sit. I took a seat next to him and continued to gaze at the calm blue sky.

I could feel his gaze penetrating me, daring me to challenge his stare. There was a tingling inside that I hadn't felt before, beckoning me to kiss him. That tingling turned into a throbbing and deep longing, but for some reason, I couldn't turn and look at him. He was, simply put, Gorgeous! There was no way I was going to let this man I'm meeting for the first time, know what was going on in my mind and body.

"Michelle, there's no reason for you to be afraid of your feelings. I feel the same way about you. There's nothing wrong with wanting someone."

"Chris, the timing isn't right," I managed to utter bleakly. "I don't want to seem fast or easy."

"I don't think you're fast or easy. I think you share the same feeling that I have about you from the moment I spoke with you on the telephone the other day. Somehow, I feel that you are right for me. I have never felt that way about anyone before. There is something special about you and I would like to explore that, but I can't if you are going to hold back because you feel that we're breaking a dating code."

"I'm sorry; I didn't want to make it sound like that. What I meant was..."

"I know what you meant. Most women feel that way, that's why when they find the right person; they allow that person to get away from them. You shouldn't try to dish out feelings based on a schedule. Just let it flow, the more you give, the more there is to receive."

He then leaned over and gently kissed me on the cheek. Then searching for reason and understanding, his eyes met mine. The almond colors of his eyes seemed to be topaz now and twinkling like the stars.

"Michelle, can I kiss your lips?"

I didn't know what to say. I could feel his breath hot against my lips as though he was already kissing me. "Yes," I managed. "I would like that."

He patiently watched the slight tremble of my lips as I answered him until they came to a stop with the ending of my words. He tilted his head in a 45° angle and slowly at first then in a passionate rhythm allowed his tongue to dance circles around mine. The sweetness of desired saliva exchanged between us. Chris held my face in his hands while we kissed and then onto my neck. I felt either the pulsations of his thumb or the pulse in my neck throbbing wild with excitement.

His hands moved further down to toy with my hardening nipples. Denial was not a part of my vocabulary neither was stop. I wanted him more than any man I have ever encountered. For the first time I would allow myself to be taken completely. I was enflamed with lust and would permit it to be extinguished by the fervent culmination of ecstasy.

We enjoyed the comfort of each other's arms, never breaking the kiss that linked us. He climbed atop me and moved his body in a lovemaking motion. Our bodies grinned against each other as we allowed our imagination to explore what it would be like if we were actually joined together. We rolled on the blanket until I was on top. He ran his fingers through my hair causing the neat bundle of curls to fall at my shoulders. Your hair is beautiful. It gives your face a lovely shape. He told me to close my eyes and imagine him moving inside me. His body was rising and falling beneath me in circular motions. I could feel his hardened member throbbing hungrily as my body massaged against his in a welcoming motion.

He pulled my mouth down to meet his, kissing more fervently, pleading for the unleashing of longings that tormented him. I too, wanted to let the beast of lasciviousness run free to do whatever it wanted.

“Michelle, I want you so much but there is so much that I feel that we need to know about each other.”

“Baby, nothing else matters right now. Let’s just do it.”

Our lips attacked each other’s between words. Fighting against pleasures our bodies anxiously pleaded for. I felt like tearing his clothes from his body and making hot passionate love to him. Why was he fighting it now? He’s the one that said we could not try to levy our feelings but release them to run free, now he wants to take his time now that I’m all hot and bothered.

“Honey, I really do want this to happen, but now is not the right time, trust me. I know how you feel. I’m excited too.”

He took my hand and made me feel his member. It was throbbing hungrily, beseeching me. “You see. There is nothing I could want more right now than to satisfy your every desire, but I know that ultimately this is not the time. I want it to be perfect and I want to know that you can handle mentally any situation that arises. Our feelings for each other must be unwavering and unconditional. Do you understand what I am saying to you?”

“Yes, I do understand the content of what you’re saying, I just don’t understand why the change.” My eyes searched his for an answer but he gave none. “Chris is there something wrong that you’re trying to tell me?”

“No Michelle, there is nothing wrong; I just want to make certain that you are mentally ready for tomorrow. Every day makes a difference and right now, I know that you are not ready for me and the situation that will follow.”

In my limited knowledge, I reasoned with what he was saying and found it fairly understandable. I would give both him and myself time to grow.

“Michelle, I want you to love me first and I to love you enough to tell you everything about me. I don’t want us to have secrets or things so great that we can’t talk about them. However, if this moment means that much to you, I will give it to you. The man side of me wants you right now but my morals tell me that waiting would be best for you. I will be able to deal with tomorrow, but right now, you won’t!”

“I understand, Chris, I will wait until the time is right. I can appreciate your feelings and definitely will respect them.”

He kissed my hands and we held each other close while watching the swans gathering their young for shelter as the evening was rapidly approaching. Storm clouds began to congregate above our heads and I told Chris that we should be looking to get home.

“I like the sound of that, perhaps one day it will be as it sounded!”

We hurried to the car expecting the rain any moment. I was so excited in meeting him that I didn’t think to check the weather. Right about now, the weather wasn’t important. The important thing was how I felt—confused! I handed Chris the keys so that he could drive. I felt that he would be able to drive us home a lot better than I would follow his direction. He lived in Long Island so the drive wasn’t too bad. He didn’t live far from the park. His house was nice and cozy. It has a brick face with a sheltered patio. He invited me onto his patio.

“Michelle, I hope that you’re in no hurry to get home; tomorrow is Saturday so I hope that you don’t have to go into the office.”

“No, I don’t have to go to the office tomorrow but I think I should be getting home before the storm clouds thicken.”

“All right, I can respect that. Perhaps I can see you tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow sounds good,” I smiled reassuringly, letting him that I meant it.

“I hope that I didn’t offend you today.”

“No Chris, there was nothing you did that has offended me. I am truly grateful for the affection and respect you showed me today. I hope that you will continue being that way.”

“I’m always that way. What you see is what you get as far as person is concerned.”

“Good, then that means we should get along fine.” He kissed me one last time on the lips, reluctantly ending it. “See you tomorrow,” he said as he got out of the car and walked to his door. He watched me drive off.



That night at home I could think of nothing else but him. I had 10 messages from Sherryl. I thought about it for a while and decided that I would keep my promise and call her to let her know how the date went. I dialed her number and she picked up the phone quickly as though she was sitting by the phone waiting for the call.

“Michelle?”

“Yeah, dag, girl! Could you have left me any more messages? You know I wouldn’t hold out on you. Where’s Enrique?”

“He’s asleep.”

“Good, I don’t want him over hearing our conversation.”

“So how was he?”

“Sheryl, he’s great. I can’t even tell you how handsome he is. This guy is drop dead gorgeous.”

“He must be a stuck-up brute!”

“Not at all. He’s even more sensitive than myself. I don’t know. There is something that just seems so right with him. You know I didn’t tell you that I call the Psychic Network the night prior to going on the Net and the psychic told me that I would find the person of my dreams there.”

“So, that confirms it. This guy is for you. What other proof do you want?”

“I don’t know. We were engaged in a moment of heated passion and he stopped it abruptly when I was ready to yield to his desires. There was nothing I wouldn’t have been willing to do at that moment. I was hotter than blue fire.”

“I guess you were hot then. Perhaps he already knew that he could get you like that and wanted more. A skilled guy with experience doesn’t have to work hard to get into a woman’s panties. They can charm or seduce them right off her before she knows what just happened. That’s why women have regrets the next day. They did something that in their right state of mind would never have done.”

“Yeah, I presume that’s what he was trying to say to me. He wanted me to wait until I knew for sure that I could deal with whatever tomorrow brings. Mentally he says.”

“Then that’s what I think you should do. So when will you see him again?”

“Tomorrow.”

“Splendid. See what happens tomorrow and the months after that. Perhaps you will thank him for his graciousness later. Besides the more you wait, the more you want it, the better it is when you get it.”

“We’ll see.”

“Do you think he’s any good?”

“I think he will make me fall in love with him. Mentally, physically and emotionally. He knew exactly what to do to me to make me go crazy. I’ve never had dry sex like that before. His foreplay is too perfect. It’s as though he has gotten into a woman’s head and knows exactly what she would like. It’s like he actually becomes her for a moment and is seeking to please himself through her body.”

“That’s some deep shit to be saying girl. Don’t ever let a man know you feel that way about him. He’ll be destined to take advantage of it. Every time you two have a problem, he will attempt to solve it with his manhood.”

“Hey, there’s nothing wrong with being turned out by a man!”

“It is when you allow it to distort your better judgment and reasoning.”

“No one will ever get me like that. Listen, it’s eleven o’clock. Why don’t I talk to you tomorrow?”

“You’re not upset are you?”

“By no means, I just want to get some sleep so that I will be fresh for tomorrow. I told him that I would come by to pick him up early tomorrow.”

Chris and I had spent a great deal of time together and I became very fond of him. It had been three months since our first meeting and there wasn't a day that I didn't think about him. Our bodies had never touched the naked skin of the other, but we shared like occasions to the first, until the night came when Chris asked me to move in with him. I told him that I wouldn't move in but I will spend some nights with him and he could spend some with me. I had fallen deeply in love with Chris even though we had not been totally physically involved. I also believed that he felt the same way.



One day, about six months into the relationship, he called me at work at asked me to meet him at the restaurant we first met. When I arrived, the same waiter escorted me to the same booth we sat in the first time. Everything was the same as though history was repeating itself. In fact, coincidentally, we had on the same clothes and my hair was pinned up the same way.

“Hello Michelle, I'm so happy you could make it.”

I was thinking *thank God he didn't say the same things as he had said before*. I would have certainly thought myself to be dreaming. He had already ordered the appetizers as before. I tried to reenact the first time we met. I hope that everything turns out right.

“Chris, you didn't have to do this.”

“I did, because it helps me to put into perspective exactly what it was the first time I met you that I was so attracted to.”

“Why is that so important now? Don't you still have those feelings?”

“Yes, I mean no. Those feelings have grown since then. I want more Michelle. Don't you? Are you really satisfied with what we have now or do you want it all?”

“Chris, you know I want it all. There isn't a day that goes by that I don't wish that this wall that stands between us could come down.”

“Then you are feeling the same as me! Without him saying more, I knew exactly what he meant. I knew that afterwards, we would go to Cunningham Park and relive the moment we almost made love except this time we would go all the way.”

Chris kept his eyes focused on mine as we talked and he held my hand with the hand he wasn't using to eat with. It was like he didn't want to break the connection he had with me, not even for a second. When we finished eating, he tipped the guy the same as before and we left together. He didn't have his car with him just as before and, my car was, like *deja vu* in the same place up the block. I drove us to the park and Chris again paid the parking fee and to keep the flow going, I parked in the same spot, as before since it was coincidentally available. We found the spot by the pond where we were before and he laid out the blanket for us.

As crazy it this situation seemed, I had almost expected to see the swans playing their role in this scenario as well but they must have had something else to do today. Chris pulled me into his arms and told me that he loved me. *That was different* I thought. After six months Chris was professing his love for me. I knew somehow that he did, but hearing it confirmed it. I told him that I loved him too. Neither had I told him how I felt about him. Sherryl knew because I told her on many occasions, of course after she had grilled me about him. She was very fond of him herself. In fact, Enrique thought well of him and told me that he was indeed a perfect catch for me.

Our lips met in a different way than before. It was with love and purpose, not lustful, sexual desires. I could see exactly what he meant before about waiting for the right time and knowing that it was right. His body moved atop mine, as before except, the teasing would be fulfilled with the rapture of lovemaking. He opened the tiny designer buttons of my suit jacket revealing the opulent satiny royal brassier on the inside. He toyed with my nipple through the material at first, and then he released my fluffy mounds allowing them to fall freely into place. Chris looked at them in amazement. These are the most beautiful breasts I have ever seen and I have seen many.

He placed his face between them and tantalized them, sending waves of pleasure through me. His hands moved skillfully down my torso onto my waist. He reached behind me and unfastened the fastener on my skirt and unzipped it. Chris straddled over me removing my skirt, gingerly exposing my body. At first, I felt

uncomfortable and I guess he sensed my discomfort and removed his shirt and pants. He was fully developed. His chest rippled with muscles, his arms were bulging with muscles, just enough not to constrict movement. His member was bigger than any I had ever seen and it stood at attention as though it was saluting me. Chris' thighs were built and strong. He waited for me to fully observe him.

"You like?"

"I do."

"I hope it will be well worth the wait." He knelt over me again and pulled my knees into my chest and forced me to straighten my leg so that he could kiss my toes. He sucked them one by one until he had tasted each one. Then he nibbled up my leg until he reached my inner thigh. He continued up, kissing and licking my naval. He turned me over and observed me from behind, then kissed the back of my neck, down my back, and to my buttocks. He instructed me to rise up on my knees and spread my legs. I did what he told me. He kissed my ass on around to my vagina. I had never experienced the kind of oral sex he demonstrated. He loved it as much as I loved getting it. He must have had plenty of practice. Chris knew all the right places and when to give and when to restart. He toyed with my emotions. I was desperately pleading for him to enter me but he told me to wait.

"Enjoy it; there is plenty of time for that." He continued to eat until I ruptured into and exquisite flame of passion. My body was out of control and I had no choice but to thrust against his tongue and lips. He didn't mind, he welcomed it by pulling me closer to his face. Just before the ending pulsations could end, he gently entered me. When he was in, he worked his body with my own, changing positions before I could grasp climax.

"You want it," he questioned, wiggling his penis inside me. It was as though he could feel me on the verge of exploding and knew that one more thrust would cause me to ignite. He didn't want me to explode; he wanted me to pray for it. Salvation of ecstasy was one more thrust away and he refused to give it. He would wait until just the right moment, when he knew it subsided and worked me up to that point again.

"Chris please, I can't take this anymore. Make me come," I pleaded with him. He obliged me by thrusting his body deeper, stroking my walls and hitting sensitive spots until I was coming. He entwined his hands with mine and forced me to release myself to him. I screamed with pleasure and my voice echoed through the park. I didn't care whether or not anyone heard me. Chris deserved a standing ovation. When I reached to touch it, he caught my hand and placed them around his neck.

"Michelle, I want you to hold me. Don't taint the memory. Enjoy me. Accept me blindly, and then seek to know more."

I understood exactly what he meant and refrained from manually measuring it although I wanted to feel of it. Basically, I wanted to know how hard it felt. When it was over, he looked down into my face and asked me if it was everything I imagined.

"Chris, it was more than I imagined. No one has ever made me feel like that before."

"That's because I wanted to please you and it was more than sex. I love you."

Those words burned into my soul and I could do nothing but reciprocate. We held each other for a while. In fact, with his body covering mine and the sounds of passion in my ear, I hadn't realized that it was drizzling. The dressing of rain and sweat soaked our bodies. We remained where we were allowing the rain to wash away the dew of our love. His eyes searched mine for truth. I could tell he was wondering whether or not I meant what I had said or was I just saying it to humor him. I didn't say anything else about it because I felt the best way to prove something was to show it. Actions always spoke louder than words and my actions would be shouting *I love you, I love you, I love you*, at the highest pitch imaginable. He held me close to him just a few moments longer then said we should be getting home.

"Those were my words the last time weren't they?"

"Yeah, but this is where things change. This evening didn't conclude the way our first meeting concluded. We will write this book page-by-page, day-by-day, tomorrow will write its own story."

His words burned deep in my heart. I would never let him go. I have never known anyone who could make me feel the way he does. He always knew exactly what to say to reach my heart. I could probably

forgive him for anything, including betrayal and in my book that was a serious thing. Somehow, I wanted him no matter what he did. He could tell me that he was madly in love with another woman and wanted to be with her and I would still hold on to a fragment of his love if it were available. That's how much he meant to me at the moment.

It had been a year now that we have been dating and the day came when he wanted us to take it just another step further. There was no way I wanted to let him go and I think he had finally realized that. With that state of confidence, he went to a jewelry store and purchased a beautiful one and a half karat diamond engagement ring. It was beautiful. He wanted to make the evening special by preparing a special dish under candle light in his home. His table setting was lovely with cloth napkins shaped like swans with the utensils centered in the china. He had crystal flutes with champagne in an ice bucket waiting to be opened. He had something smelling scrumptious underneath the silver lid of his server. Chris helped Michelle into her chair, then taking a seat across from her.

He opened the lid and chicken cutlets laid in a red wine tomato sauce, garnished with scallions, red, yellow and green peppers. Chris placed finely cut salad on my plate next to my chicken cutlet. In the gravy server, he poured a Swiss cheese sauce made with white wine over the cutlet. Then on the other side of the plate, he placed well-dressed pasta garnished with sliced black olives, onions, garlic, basil and oregano with a light vinaigrette dressing. *A superb combination*, I thought.

"Chris, you never cease to amaze me. This is simply splendid. You have definitely out done yourself this time. I can see that I will have to compete with this."

"No need, you will have plenty of occasions to do this. I love to cook just as much as you do. My father was a master chef and I followed behind him. He told me that the way to a woman's heart was through her stomach."

"Well, my mother always told me that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach, so which one is it?"

"There isn't much difference between men and women as far as feelings are concerned. Most people want to be pampered at some time or another. Tonight is just your night. You have been pampering me all year long."

We ate dinner together and the food was simply marvelous. I would never have been able to do something like that. He really put his heart in this meal, not to mention the display. He even went through the trouble of programming his CD's to play just the right songs at just the right time. It serenaded us and kept the emotions flowing properly.

"Michelle, you know that I love you and would do anything for you."

"Yes, Chris."

"You know that I would never do anything to intentionally hurt you?" He searched my eyes for truth. When he was certain that he didn't see any sign of doubt, he continued. Chris held my hands between the pillars of flame while watching me. "Michelle, you are the most important person in my life right now and I want to make you happy. There isn't anything that I wouldn't do to make you happy. I want you to be a part of my life, not just as a friend or lover; I want you to be my wife."

"Chris, I don't know what to say."

"Please Michelle; this is very hard for me to say. Just listen. What I am about to tell you may make all the difference. I hope that you will continue to harvest those feelings you have for me after I have told you what I have to say."

I could feel a lump forming in my stomach. *What could this man possibly think he could say to me that would even remotely change my feelings toward him? I loved him and its destiny that brought us together. Nothing could break that up.* When he saw that my expression was unchanged and confident, he continued...

"Michelle," he continued in a weak voice.

"Yes Chris."

"Have I lacked making you feel good in any way?"

“No, you please me in every way. We are mentally compatible like no man I have ever known. Sexually, you are the best; I don’t think I will ever find a man to compare to you. You are sensitive to my body’s needs without being selfish. I have never met a man like you, Chris.”

“Michelle, darling have you ever wondered how I came about knowing your needs so well?”

“No, I presumed that experience taught you like most men. There is no mystery in that. I don’t care that you’ve slept with a multitude of women. I wouldn’t even care if you said that you learned from a prostitute. None of that matters Chris, what matters is how you make me feel right now. Your past isn’t important so I don’t know why you’re making such a big deal about it! In fact, I don’t really want to know unless you feel that it is detrimental that I know.”

“Michelle, it is detrimental that you know only because I want to clean out my closets before I ask you to marry me. If I don’t share this with you, I feel that you will eventually learn it from somewhere else and it will hurt you, so I’d rather tell you myself.”

“Okay, what is it Chris? You’re making me nervous.”

“Michelle, I used to be a woman.”

“That’s it! I thought you were going to tell me...What did you say?”

“I was a woman Michelle; I had a sex change about five years ago. I found that I loved women.”

“You’re kidding right?”

“Michelle, I would never kid you about something like this and I hope that it will be inconsequential.”

“Chris how could you do something like this to me? That’s deceitful. I loved and trusted you. How could you do such a thing?”

“Honey, I didn’t do anything to you but love you and make you feel special. You even said it yourself. No man has ever made you feel like I did.”

“No! You are not a man; you’re a he-she! You violated my womanhood! How could you do that Chris? You should have told me from the start that you were a woman.”

“I’m not a woman. When I pull off my clothes and make love to you, do you see a woman or do you see a man?”

“You look like a man but you’re not, you’re just a pretender. Someone made up to look like a man.”

“No Michelle I am a man and I do love you and I hope you will love me too, the way you loved me before I told you this.”

I pulled my hand from him.

“Please don’t do that. Don’t shut me out.”

I began to cry. I felt filthy and hurried out the door. Between tears, I found the lock to my car and managed to open the door. Chris came outside behind me but it was too late. I had started the car and was on my way with screeching tires leaving his home.

When I had arrived home, Sherryl saw my car pull up and she came by to see how things went.

“What happened, Michelle? Why are you crying?”

“Sheryl, it was terrible, unspeakable. I don’t know how anyone could do such a thing to a person.”

“What happened? Calm down and let’s talk about it.”

I tried to compose myself enough to get the words out. “Sheryl, Chris is a woman.”

“A woman, well didn’t you sleep with him?”

I looked at her with distaste. How could she be so cruel when she could see how distraught I was?

“Well didn’t you?”

“Sheryl!” I pleaded. “Show some sympathy.”

She couldn’t believe her ears. “Michelle, Chris loved you. No one has treated you better than he did.”

“Stop calling it a ‘he’. She’s a transsexual.”

“So what! does he or does he not have a fully functional penis?”

“Yes, but.”

“No butts chick. I think you owe him an apology and stop being so dramatic about things. Do you know how hard it is to find someone to love you? I would never have told you this but I think that now is the

time because you my dear need a rude awakening.” She paused a moment to catch her breath. “Michelle, Enrique is also a transsexual and he has given me the best 10 years of my life.”

I couldn't believe it. Just when you think, you know a person. I have been deceived by my best friend and conned by a psychic. I bet the person on the other line was in on this whole thing. It was me against the world. What has the world come to? And to think my best friend would try to encourage me to go against my principles.

“Sheryl, I want you to get the hell out of my house.”

“Michelle, I think you are over reacting.”

“Get out Sherryl! Please don't make this become more than it has to be. Right now, I can't stand the sight of you. I thought you were my friend.”

“I am your friend Michelle, and I did try to help you. You just don't realize what you have right now or what you just let go. When you find someone to love you like Chris loved you or how Enrique loves me, you hold on to that girl and forget about what you thought you knew about life. Did you love him Michelle? Tell the truth.”

“Yes, I did. Not anymore. I lost that when I realized that he had the same thing between his legs as I have.”

“No honey, he had what you have between your legs. He has what a man has now. That makes him a man, you had better realize that girl before you let a good thing walk right out of your hands.”

“I can't Sherryl. I'm just too narrow minded and set in my ways to be able to over look the fact that this man that I have spent a year of my life with used to be a woman.”

“Give him a chance darling. Hear what he has to say, not because I'm telling you, but because I believe that deep down inside, way beneath the hurt, you will see that you still love him and want to make that thing work. Don't walk away like that. I'm leaving now but I want you to think about it.”

“Sheryl, I'm sorry I yelled at you.”

“Don't worry about it. I know you didn't mean it. You were hurting and reacted the way anyone would have.”

She hugged me and continued to walk out the door. I sat on the couch propping my face up with my hands, wondering if perhaps, I did over react. Chris was better than any man I had ever known and made me feel the way a woman should feel when she is loved. The world craves the love I found in him and I threw it away because he revealed to me something he felt important. I picked up the phone to dial his number but the doorbell was ringing. I returned the receiver to its bed and answered the door, it was Chris.

“Michelle, before you close the door on me, I want you to hear me out.” He had been crying—his cheeks still contained the streaks of tears. “Michelle, I didn't want to hurt you, if I had known that you would have responded the way you did, I would never have told you.”

“You shouldn't have. I would have rather not known. I can't see you the same way as I did before. Why did you feel so compelled to tell me that?”

“I wanted to share my entire past with you.”

“My life has not been the same since you came into it. If you had only kept that to yourself, this separation would never have occurred.”

He held my hand and pleaded with me to see his side of things. “Michelle, things will not be the same without you. Please give me a chance. I don't want to start this thing over again. Do you understand what I am saying to you? I don't want to go on without you.”

“Chris, you are special and I hope that you will be able to see the way this makes me feel. I feel violated, you deceived me and I wished that you had continued to deceive me. This is the end Chris, I just can't do this. I can't.”

“Michelle, if you ever loved me, you will try to make this work.” He moved closer to me and attempted to give me a kiss. I pulled away from him, demanding him to leave. He looked at me one last time and left the house. I hated to do that to him but I had no other choice. I could never have seen him as a man again.

“Chris, if and when I decided to have a child, could you give me that? Those things are important to me, it’s not just about being financially or emotionally satisfied, I want to feel complete and you can’t do that for me!”

“There are other ways Michelle.”

“Oh, you mean having some strange man’s lions in my body and we would call it ours? I don’t think so. Do you know how humiliating that would be, to look at your child growing and not knowing who or what he or she is or who their real father is?”

“I would be...”

“No, you wouldn’t. With poor luck, the child would look absolutely nothing like me and without one single ounce of your blood in the child’s veins...” she let her voice trail off. “Think about it Chris, it’s just not worth it to me. I want more and you can’t give me that. I’m sorry but this just won’t work. I hope you will find someone that will accept the kind of love you have to offer, but some things are more important than others and knowing that if and when I want a child I could have it is more important to me right now!” I held him—I mean her, one last time in a friendly embrace and asked her to leave. As hard as it was, I told her that our not seeing each other again would be best.

The winter was long and cold but finally I found someone with whom I could love and he was all man.