

Enchanted - 1

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

She's got me enchanted. How did this happen? She's got me in the palm of her smooth, small, soft hand. And I'm so happy there.

It's incongruous, at the least. I'm six foot, a hundred ninety, strong and lean, sandy brown hair, blue eyes. She's five three, maybe a hundred ten pounds, lithe, voluptuous for her size, so soft, yet strong enough to melt me in her almond-shaped brown eyes and small, soft hands, and I can't wait to be back home and have her do it again.

We work for the same company. I run finance and facilities. Meiling is an engineer, and by everyone's accounts, one of the best in our company. Ours is a culturally diverse organization, from top to bottom. Come to think of it, I'm one of the token white males in upper management.

How did it start? I eat lunch in the cafeteria, along with a lot of others. Even though I'm an exec, I make a point of it, to be accessible to people. People seem to know, from the accounting and credit folks, to the contract security guards we use, that they can talk to me.

I noticed Meiling at lunch, or did she notice me? I can close my eyes and see that look on her face; that slight sly smile, as if she knows a secret, a secret about me that even I don't know. Oh, she knows so many, and has shown me so many -- that smile and those small, soft hands -- I'm helpless in her hands.

We started sitting together at lunch and talking. Even though we're a high tech company, I don't pretend to understand a lot about our products. Meiling explained to me as best she could just what she does. It's easier for me to explain what I do; I provide a comfortable environment in which to work, and count and guard the beans.

Her hands, her eyes, her voice -- everyone calls me "Ed," except for Meiling. To her, I'm always "Edward."

I hadn't noticed I was eating lunch with Meiling every day, and looking forward to it, until Larry Chen, our CFO and my boss, pointed it out. He thought it was funny, and that Meiling was quite a catch -- he was surprised one or more of the young Chinese hotshots weren't chasing after her. What was I going to do about it?

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More incongruities -- I was single, and usually went for tall, full-figured women. Hey, I'll admit it -- I love to be lost in a full, warm, pair of breasts. Yet Meiling is so small, so exotic. There are taller, fuller Chinese women at our company, but Meiling does something to me with a glance and a smile, and then her touch....

After that prodding from Larry, and thinking about it, I asked her to dinner. We were sitting in the cafeteria having lunch, and I asked her, just as we were about to leave the table. She smiled, and then touched my hand with hers. She stroked the back of my hand softly, and looked in my eyes. I know it now -- that's the moment she entranced me. The rest of the room faded. I couldn't move, couldn't look away, even if I'd wanted to. She stroked my hand and smiled, letting me fall into her eyes and her smile, then softly said, "Edward, I'd like that very much, but..."

My heart fell, but I dared not move for fear of breaking her spell.

She smiled a little more, and continued, "I'd prefer to fix you dinner at my apartment."

I sighed and she laughed gently, then took my hand in both of hers. The way she held my hand, and the way she looked at me melted my heart.

I was so happy; I didn't realize we hadn't made specific plans until later that afternoon. Then I got an email from her suggesting the following night. She gave me directions and the time, and I quickly agreed.

I brought her flowers. She lived in a small but meticulous apartment nearby. We had a delicious but simple meal. She was pleased to see I could use chopsticks to a certain degree.

After dinner we went into her living room and sat on the couch. She brought us more tea.

I found myself looking into her eyes, the room quiet around us. She touched the back my right hand and I sighed. Her smile deepened and I fell into her eyes. She stroked my hand, then after a while both my hands. She spoke softly, almost whispering.

Some time later, she touched the tops of my shoulders. My head fell back against the couch and my eyes closed. Some time later I heard her laugh, and tell me, "Edward, you have an early meeting tomorrow."

I raised my head and looked at her. Whatever the spell had been, it was broken.

"Yes, you're right. Thank you for a very nice evening."

"Would you like to do this again?" she asked softly.

"Yes, I would."

She laughed a bit. "I will see you for lunch tomorrow then."

She helped me stand up. Her touch was so ... calming and stimulating both.

I found myself outside her door slipping my shoes on again. I looked at my watch -- had I spent over an hour sitting on the couch with her?

That was Tuesday night. We got together again Thursday night. Another nice meal, and then sitting on the couch, looking into her eyes, feeling those soft hands touch me, and being oh so lost in her caress and soft whispers.

I was out of the office Friday through Sunday at a conference. When we saw each other Monday lunch, I was so happy to see her. She seemed happy as well.

She always brought her lunch; I got something from the cafeteria, usually their special, or something from the grill. I tended to eat light at dinner.

She touched my hand. When she does that, wherever we are, the rest of the world fades away. "Edward," she told me softly, "you should eat better. I'd like to fix your lunch for you."

"Okay," I told her.

She smiled. "And are we having dinner tomorrow night?"

"I don't like to be a burden," I told her, yet longing for it.

"You're not, Edward. You need someone to take care of you."

She brought me a very nice lunch the following day. Not surprisingly, it was oriental in style. She chided me on what I usually ate, and when I remarked on the effort she was making, she chided me to be sure and let her know when I was going to be at lunch meetings, or away from the office.

Tuesday night was another pleasant meal, and then sitting with her on the couch.

"Meiling," I told her, "You are doing so much for me. You should come over to my place for dinner, or let me take you out." I have a spacious house in the Los Altos hills. It was feeling spacious but empty.

In response, she moved in front of me, straddling me, her knees on either side of my legs, sitting facing me on my thighs. I looked into her eyes, and she touched the sides of my neck and my head with her soft, small hands. I sighed.

"Edward," she said softly, almost whispering, "it's no trouble at all."

Then she started stroking my neck and the tops of my shoulders softly. Soon she started whispering again. My head fell back against the couch, but she moved closer, looking down at

me, smiling softly. It was so nice to relax under her touch, to fall into her eyes, and feel her body pressing against me.

Then it was time to leave again. When I got into the car to drive home, I noticed it was after ten. I didn't know where the time went when I was in her spell, but it was time in heaven.

That went on for another couple of weeks, Tuesdays and Thursdays, with her bringing me lunch each day at work, at least when I didn't have lunch meetings. I was getting much better using chopsticks.

Midway through Wednesday things turned to hell. It started during lunch with her. I was startled out of my reverie by one of my security guys. We had a problem. The water line to the HVAC equipment on top of Building 3 had broken, and they'd been trying to get me on the radio. When I'm at work, I carry a radio. Why hadn't I heard it?

The water line had broken -- hours ago -- flooding a section of roof. A drain was plugged, and water is *very* heavy. I didn't get home that night until almost eleven. Thursday morning I was in very early, dressed in clothes more suitable for inspecting the roof and the damage to the building. Luckily enough, we didn't have any damage to the expensive engineering workstations underneath that part of the building.

Meiling and I had lunch together, but it was hurried and harried. As I was called again, I apologized as I stood up. She held my hand and smiled sweetly. "Will I see you for dinner tonight?"

How I longed to fall into her again. "Yes, I promise," I told her.

And as I walked over to Building 3, I set the alarm on my watch. When it went off, I was going to leave.

We needed to move about a half dozen cubicles so a contractor could get in and work on the damaged areas. Rainy weather was coming, and we needed to get things fixed up fast. Just because I'm an exec doesn't mean I'm immune from physical labor. We took over a conference room close by, and as another crew dismantled and helped people pack up, I led the crew building a new set of identical cubes. I had folks taking measurements and radioing them to us, and we duplicated and moved a set of cubes in the space of a few hours. I harassed the info tech folks, and they came through as well. The alarm on my watch went off just as the last workstations were being powered up and their network connections checked. We'd done it, transplanting half a dozen people in an afternoon.

I left, exhausted. I slipped off my shoes outside Meiling's door, and raised my hand to knock, when the door opened. Her soft smile was the best thing I'd seen in a long time. I relaxed just seeing her. I told her I needed to wash up.

Over dinner we talked about the day. I was beat, yet knew we'd done a good job.

As I stood up from the table after dinner, I knew I was going to be sore. I worked out regularly, yet that didn't keep me in shape for an afternoon of slinging panels and cube parts around.

Meiling touched my back and told me, "Take off your shirt."

As I did so, she walked to her bedroom, returning with some cushions, a towel, and something else. She slid the small table out away from the couch.

"Edward, lie down please on your stomach."

I moved to my hands and knees, groaning. She put cushions under me, supporting my shoulders and keeping my head off the floor. I felt her straddle me again, sitting on my bottom. I could feel her heat. I was about to moan when her hands touched me, gliding softly over my back. "You work so hard; rest now," she whispered in my ear, her long hair caressing me.

Her hands pressed on my back, and on my shoulders. She spread oil on my back and began working in earnest. After a while I was dimly aware of her whispering again; she wanted me to breathe deeply. As I exhaled, I felt something pushing along my spine, pushing deep into my sore muscles. Feeling her weight shift, it must have been her elbow. She worked along one side of my back, then the other. Those first strokes felt amazing, as if she was digging through knots and bumps in my back. With each stroke, more of the knots smoothed out. My whole body was melting and relaxing under her touch, and her voice.

I was on my back and she was on top of me. We were both naked. She was whispering softly, her hands dancing over my body. I could feel the heat between her legs, pressing on my cock as she slid back and forth. Her hands ran up my body, up my neck, to my head. She held my head and I heard her whispering still, as she rocked on top of me. Her eyes, her smile, held me as she continued to rock.

I felt the heat of her pressing against me. I saw her gaze waver, and felt her shudder. She leaned forward on me, moving her hips strongly, taking me intently into her gaze, holding me with her eyes and with her hands. Why could I hear her but not understand her? I was breathing deeply; it was so intense. I moaned and she smiled, and then I came.

She rocked on top of me and I pumped my seed on to my belly. She moved her face closer to mine, smiling more, moving my head from side to side a little as she spoke. Her lips touched mine, and my eyes closed. I felt her hands drifting down my neck. I sighed and let go.

I woke up in a different bed, a smaller bed. I must have made some noise, and Meiling was holding me, smiling. Her hands touched me and moved over me, and I was back in the dream again. She smiled and laughed, and moved on top of me. Sunlight was just entering the room; it must have been very early still.

Her hands ran over my body. Her soft hands touched my cock and my eyes closed. I was so hard, so hot, and yet so relaxed under her touch. I looked into her eyes again as I felt her

long dark hair fall across my body. I knew she was speaking again. I could hear but not understand her. My body understood her though -- I was filled with fire, and breathing deeply. I reached up and felt her breasts. They were small, but still full and firm. I held them, cherished them. Her eyes closed momentarily and her head went back, and she shuddered on top of me as she rocked.

She opened her eyes, gazing into me with hungry ferocity. I squeezed her nipples, rolling them between fingers. She moaned again, and I felt her hands sliding up my body again. As they slid up my neck to my head, my arms lost their strength and fell to my sides. She smiled and moved one hand down my body, the other sliding behind my head.

She touched my cock and I moaned again. I couldn't take my eyes off her, even as I watched her eyes close a little, and her mouth form a soft "Ooh" as we slid together. She was so tight, so hot, so wet.

She threw her head back as she rocked on top of me, moaning and shuddering. My eyes drifted down to her nipples, standing erect, and looking so delicious. My hands found her waist, and I pressed her into me, pressing up against her cervix. She made a high-pitched noise, and I held her tight as she ground her hips and I pulled up into her.

Then her head tilted forward and she gave me a hungry smile as her hands went to my shoulders and my neck. Her head dipped forward, approaching me. Her long black hair touched me, and I quivered under her. I wanted to ... I needed to ... But I couldn't, not until she let me.

I felt her heat on me and around me. She rocked on me stronger, slower, and squeezed my neck, almost choking me. I cried out and came deep inside her, pumping, twitching, shaking from head to toe.

Then she relaxed on top of me, the soft scent of her hair in my face as I drifted off to sleep to her whispering caress.

"Time to shower, Edward."

I glanced up and she was sitting up in bed next to me. She moved gracefully off the bed, and looked over her shoulder at me as she went into the bathroom. Her hips swayed and her long hair moved in counterpoint, highlighting her waist.

I got out of bed and followed her into the bathroom. She was in the shower; I joined her. I watched as she washed her long hair. I went down on my knees and held her to me, feeling the water run down us both.

She helped me stand, and finished rinsing her hair. Then she picked up the soap, and started washing me. Her hands touched me again, and I looked into her eyes in wonder. She smiled and the room started spinning as she whispered again. After soaping me down, she stepped into my arms. I picked her up and held her to me, soaping us both. We kissed in the shower, rinsing off.

Out of the shower, we dried off. I went down on my knees again and dried her, cherishing her. She put her hands on my shoulders and laughed. I looked up at her, and she smiled again.

Something inside me needed her. I picked her up and carried her back to the bed, putting her on her back. I went down on my knees beside the bed and pulled her legs to me, pulling my head and her center together. Her bottom was so firm and tight in my hands; her waist was so small and enticing.

And her scent and taste were delicious, filling me with heat and hunger. I tried to be gentle, but I devoured her. I heard her sigh, and laugh, and cry out. I felt her shudder around me, squeezing me with her legs. I pulled her forward more, leaning more onto the bed. Her nipple was tight, her breast firm as I sucked on her. She moaned and put her hands around my head, holding me to her. Her soft hands danced on me again, but as my body started to go mostly limp but in one place hard, I pulled her forward more as I sat back.

I tried to sit up, but couldn't, and she eased me to my back on the floor. Her hands and legs squeezed me again, and I closed my eyes.

"Edward, thank you. You need to get ready for work, and I need to make our lunches."

I opened my eyes to see her smiling above me again.

"Meiling..."

"What, Edward?"

"Stay with me tonight, at my house?" I asked her.

She touched my forehead and my eyes closed again. "Of course, Edward."

She kissed me again, and I felt her getting up. I heard a hair drier going, and got to my feet. She turned as I entered the small bathroom again, smiling. I stepped forward and held her briefly.

"Meiling, I'll drive you to work."

She put a small, soft hand on my chest. "No, Edward. You need to go change. I'll see you for lunch."

I opened my mouth to protest, but she put down the drier and brush. Putting both hands on my shoulders, she pushed and I went once again to my knees. She held me to a nipple, embracing and rocking me.

"Edward, you need to go. Please. For me."

With a final squeeze, she stepped back and helped me stand. She led me out of the bedroom. My clothes were neatly folded on a chair. I started getting dressed. As I buttoned my shirt, I heard the hair drier again.

It wasn't quite eight yet. I went to the house, changed, and picked up. I made it in to work just a little late.

Some people were quite happy with what we'd accomplished the day before. Some were upset -- mostly those around the cubes we'd moved, who now had to put up with contractors working around them. I reviewed everything with my crew, preparing for our weekly executive staff meeting -- I expected to be the center of attention.

And that's what happened at exec staff that morning. As part of the repair work, I'd had our people go over all the roofs and similar systems with a fine-tooth comb. That checking got me some extra brownie points. Our CEO asked if I could guarantee a dry winter. I smiled and answered, "Of course not." That got a laugh.

I was a couple of minutes late for lunch. Meiling was sitting in our usual spot, waiting for me. I was warmed by her smile all the way across the room. I told her I'd take her to dinner, and then we'd go to my place. She smiled and touched one of my hands, stroking it gently, telling me softly that sounded fine. She would come by my office at six.

I had a powow with the contractors working on Building 3. They were going to work over the weekend, and would finish up Tuesday or so. I talked to the leader of the affected engineering group, Daphne Hu. I went over to the Company Store and bought a bunch of movie passes. Daphne and I called an impromptu group meeting. I told folks not to bother coming in over the weekend -- it was going to be a mess. That brought moans, and I think some of them were actually honest. Then I handed out movie passes. That made it a little easier for them.

The rest of the afternoon I spent meeting with my boss, Larry, preparing for our phone call with industry analysts the following week. We had good news to report, but we were going to play it conservatively.

Meiling was waiting outside my office when I got there a few minutes to six. We walked over to Building 3 so I could look at the chaos one more time. I was surprised to see Daphne there. She seemed surprised to see Meiling -- they exchanged pleasantries in Chinese. Daphne told me she still had one group working on stuff for Comdex, a major technical trade show week after next.

We went to Mandarin Gourmet for dinner. We had a good meal. Meiling told me she would be at Comdex all week; she was excited about going. I told her I'd gone a few years back, but didn't understand much other than it was crowded, and Las Vegas was expensive. I love the way she smiles and laughs. She touches me and laughs, and I'm filled with joy.

She followed me to the house, parking her nondescript Camry next to my Lexus in the garage. I'd seen two suitcases in the back seat. I took those and brought them into the house.

I live in a spacious split-level ranch style house in the foothills. It's got four bedrooms, although one is really an office. It has large public rooms, and is good for parties. It has a lot of hardwood floors, and simple furnishings. I keep it clean, and a weekly service helps as well.

I gave her the tour; she held my arm. She liked the layout. I told her Larry had mentioned it had good *feng shui* -- a good layout. She laughed and agreed.

I carried her bags into the master suite. I looked at her, and my king-sized bed. She smiled and touched my arm. "This is very nice, Edward. May I have some time to change?"

I didn't want to leave her touch, her gaze. "Of course, but does that mean I have to leave you?"

She laughed, and ran a hand up my arm to my shoulder and neck. It sent tremors through me, and relaxed me at the same time.

"Only for a few minutes, Edward. A fire in the fireplace would be nice."

I nodded, then kissed her soft hand. I went back to the living room.

I often spent evenings reviewing paperwork sitting in front of the fire. I told the people who worked for me that I burned the reports I didn't like. Sometimes I actually did. I brought in oak and some kindling, and started a fire. On second thought, I dimmed the room lights.

I sat on the floor, drifting in the flickering firelight, lost in memories of Meiling's soft hands.

I looked up to see her standing by a chair. I caught my breath; I was so hungry for her. She was wearing a dark-colored stretch velvet top with matching pants. The outfit showed her curves so well, her bust line, her waist, and her hips. Her feet were bare, and I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra. I wanted her.

She stepped to me, her hips swaying, her long hair moving in counterpoint. As she approached I could see her outfit was deep blue in color.

"Do you like, Edward?" she asked as she approached.

"You are beautiful," I whispered.

As she moved me so my back was to the couch, I caught her perfume. It made her even more enticing. Then, with my back to the chair, sitting on the floor with my legs together in front of me, she sat straddling my legs, taking me into her eyes. I waited for the electric touch of her hands.

Instead, she went up on her knees, saying, "Touch me, Edward. Caress me."

I was happy to comply. I ran my hands up her legs, feeling her bottom. "I want to bury my head between your legs," I told her, looking into her eyes. I was rewarded by a lusty smile. I squeezed her waist and moved her around a little. She sighed, and lifted her arms. Once again I expected, longed, to be taken away by her touch. She put her hands on the chair behind me, leaning forward a bit.

I could smell her perfume much stronger now. My hands reached her breasts. For her size, they were full and firm. Her nipples seemed hungry for my touch. I caressed them gently, and she moaned, letting her head go back and her tummy lean forward against me. The softness of the fabric, the softness of her perfume, the softness of her moans -- I was so hungry.

I touched her neck, and her hair. She leaned forward a bit more and we kissed. I ran my hands over her, and she leaned against me. I felt her thighs squeeze me, as she pushed her hips against me, rocking them. I slid a hand down her back, down that luscious mane, down her small, tight bottom, and between her legs.

She gasped as I reached between her legs from the back to finger her through the fabric. It was damp, and as I found her button she moaned in my mouth and moved her hips in a jerky fashion. I put my other arm around her and held her to me. She moved harder, taking a deep breath through her nose, then stiffened and cried out. I held her to me tightly and she shook, relaxing in my arms, letting her head slide to my shoulder, and her body slide down relaxing on mine.

I held her and rocked her, my face partially covered by her perfumed hair.

She took a deep breath and straightened up, still leaning against me, looking down into my eyes again.

"Thank you, Edward," she whispered.

I started to say, "I want..." when she drew her velvet-covered arms against my neck, sliding them until her hands were on me. Her hands touched my head and I fell into her eyes.

She ran her hands over me, whispering as she does, and started unbuttoning my shirt. She took off my shirt, and ran her body across my chest, teasing me. I could feel her nipples, tight under the softness of the fabric, as they slid across me. She slid up and pulled my head to one fabric covered breast, wrapping her arms around my head sensuously. I took her nipple and sucked, smelling perfume and the scent of her sweat. She laughed as she held me, then pulled back.

She looked into me, eyes full of lust. She slid her hands up my chest, across my shoulders, and down my arms. I almost came from her touch.

“Come with me, Edward,” she whispered as she held my hands in hers.

How could I do otherwise? She led me to my bedroom, our bedroom.

The room had been transformed. The air was heavy with the scent of incense, and there were candles lit on the nightstands to each side of the bed. There was something else present, almost like the smell of burnt hair. The bed was turned down. She led me to one side, and placing her hands at the sides of my head, turned my head so I was looking into her eyes. She smiled, and caressed me softly as she started whispering again.

The room wavered as she touched me. Her hands slid down and took off my pants. I looked on, as if from a distance, as she lowered my underwear, and then began caressing my cock, as she held my eyes in hers. I couldn't keep my eyes open, yet I couldn't take them off her. I got dizzy and started to fall back, collapsing on the bed.

Her soft hands pulled my socks, underwear, and pants off, and moved me to the center of the bed. Her whispers came from so far away, yet were so clear, even though I couldn't understand her. I understood her hands as she stroked my body. My eyes were closed and I was breathing deep and slow.

I felt her skin slide against mine, and I shook and moaned. I felt her legs straddling me. Her whispering started, and her hands started. My heart was pounding, yet I could barely move. Someone was making a lot of noise -- it may have been me; it probably was me. I wanted her -- I needed her.

I had to do something before I could have her. I don't know what it was. I think I cried out for her to help. I must have done something right, because I felt more relaxed, or at least not as anxious, and then I was sliding deep into her.

My eyes popped open to see her smiling above me in the candlelight. I saw the concentration on her face as we rocked together. I could see it on her face -- the closer she got, the better I felt, and the more relaxed. She pushed onto me and squeezed me with her legs, her eyes closing and her head raising up.

I felt her shudder above and around me, and I wasn't anxious anymore. Her rocking was softer now, less insistent. She sighed, almost laughing, and looked at me again, capturing my eyes in hers. Her hands danced on me again, and I heard her soft voice. We were flying together, or floating. She rocked on top of me, and the sensations built. I was so close to the edge, and still the feeling increased. The rest of me was sinking, melting away, as it got stronger and stronger.

I knew what it was, or I thought so. I'd gotten to that point of inevitability -- I knew I was going to come. Sometimes there's hardly a breath between that moment and coming; sometimes there are a few delicious strokes.

That's where I was. My body was moving in slow, luxurious waves, with her on top of me. With each wave she rode me deeper into something so relaxing, so pleasant. She leaned forward on me and we kissed, still moving, still building. I felt her hair on me, and her soft hands caressed my head. I came inside her; I came in waves, melting, floating.

Her lips pulled away, and I felt her move a little faster on me, then heard her soft cry once more, as she shook, still moving, contracting around me. Then her hands were on my chest, and I heard her call my name. I heard my name in her whispering, and drifted off to sleep.

A full bladder woke me during the night. I got up and sat on the toilet. I flushed and went over to the sink. I had a sip of water, and in the soft blue glow of the nightlight, saw a perfume bottle by the other sink. It felt so good to see those feminine accoutrements in the bathroom again. I picked up the bottle, and after giving it a light swishing around, took off the glass stopper top. I held the bottle to my nose and inhaled.

It was spicy, exotic, and her. As I was taking another breath, I sensed motion and turned. She came in behind me and took her turn on the toilet. I turned to the mirror again to give her privacy. She flushed, and stepped over to me, touching me on the back. I felt her long hair brush up against me.

"Do you like that, Edward?" she asked.

I was quite erect again. I turned to her and went down on one knee, still holding the perfume bottle.

"Yes, I do. I'd like you to wear some here," I dabbed a bit above her breasts with the stopper top, "so I'm filled with it when I suck on you."

I stoppered the bottle and put it on the sink, then took her nipple in my mouth, wrapping my arms around her. She wrapped her arms around my head and held me.

She sighed and said, "Oh, I will, Edward. That feels very nice."

I picked her up and carried her to the bed, putting her on her back. I started kissing my way up her.

"I should have put some here," I told her as I kissed her mound, "all the better to eat you with."

"I can do that if you like, Edward."

I held her waist and plunged my tongue into her briefly, then growled, "Not right now."

She laughed, and I slid up her body. Rather than stopping at her nipples, I slid up and into her. I slid in slowly and watched her expression, my arms straight holding me up, our hips pressed together. As the tip of my cock entered her, she closed her eyes and smiled. Her mouth

formed a sighing “Ooh” as I slowly slid in all the way. I rocked my hips around, moving her on the bed. She smiled and moaned gently.

She opened her eyes and looked at me in wonder. “Oh Edward... This is where you belong.”

I couldn't have agreed more.

The look on her face changed, became more intent, as if she was studying me.

The shock was intense as her soft hands touched my balls. I jerked into her, crying out as my eyes closed. She moved me with the tips of her fingers, moving me in and out of her. Those soft, small hands were controlling me.

“Edward, look at me.”

I opened my eyes and looked at her. She was looking up so intently, smiling as she flicked her fingers, making me move to her rhythm. I was falling into her eyes again.

“What are you doing to me?” I cried.

She moved her hands differently, guiding me in and out of her, tilting her head a little to the side as she smiled intently.

“Do you like, Edward?” she whispered.

“Oh, Meiling! Yes!” I cried.

Her smile grew, and for a moment her eyes closed and her head tilted back. She moaned as she controlled me with her fingers, and let out a soft cry. After a few more strokes she opened her eyes, and said, “Enjoy it, Edward. Enjoy.” She whispered to my body again, moving me, and I fell into her eyes, barely visible in the predawn darkness of the bedroom.

She took me past that point of inevitability again, into the paradise beyond. Her eyes closed and her head went back, moving gently from side to side. I could see her lips move, and almost hear her words.

I felt myself melting again, my arms shaking as I struggled to hold myself up. My head dipped down as my neck gave way.

I filled her again, pumping into her as her hands controlled me still, her whispering changed into soft moans.

Her hands ran up my abdomen and I contracted strongly into her, spurting deep inside her one more time.

Her hands started moving me to my side and my back, and soon she was on top of me again. She smiled as she looked into my face. I saw one of her hands moving to touch my face.

“No...” I managed to whisper.

She frowned slightly above me. “What is it, Edward.”

“Hold me, let me hold you. I want to be in your arms,” I told her.

She smiled and nodded slowly. She reached for a hand towel, slipping it between her legs as she moved off me. She wiped me with something else. She pulled the covers back around us, and I felt her body slide alongside mine.

“Here, Edward,” she whispered as she pulled me to my side and to her. She cradled me to a nipple. I sighed and drank in her perfume.

“Is that better?” she cooed.

I moaned my response.

As I sucked, she started stroking my cheek. I heard her soft sigh, and then her whisper starting again. I let go in her arms, drifting off once more.

When I awoke later in the morning, she wasn't in bed. I heard the shower running. I rolled to my back and closed my eyes. Thinking about her sent waves of sensation through me -- waves of passion, waves of relaxation. I got up.

As I was sitting on the toilet, she turned off the water in the shower, and grabbed the towel hanging over the edge of the shower enclosure. Through the frosted glass I could see her sensuous outline as she dried off.

She stepped out of the shower and saw me. She gave me a soft smile, put the towel on the counter, and stepped over to me, reaching out with her hands. She cradled me gently to her body.

“Oh, Edward... Did you sleep well?”

I moved a little on the toilet to let my prong spring up. My arms found her waist, but with difficulty, as they were heavy and hard to move.

“Meiling... What a night...”

She laughed softly as she rocked me. “Oh Edward, I enjoyed it very much as well.”

She held me a bit more, then stepped back. As she did, I managed to raise my arms enough to catch her hands. With a couple of breaths, my strength returned and my head cleared

somewhat. I was sitting there, holding those incredible soft hands in mine. I looked at her hands, then into her eyes.

“Meiling, will you move in with me?” I asked her.

She gave me an intent look, head tilted slightly.

“Would you like that, Edward?”

I sighed. “Very much.”

She smiled and nodded. “So would I -- very much.”

I let go of her hands. I flushed the toilet and stood up, backing her up, and sitting her on the towel on the counter. That put her head at the same height as mine. I took her in my arms and kissed her, feeling her damp hair. She kissed hungrily, wrapping her legs around me and pressing her body against mine.

I held her to me, and she let her head fall back, laughing softly. I kissed her neck. I wanted to devour her again.

“Edward, why don’t you shower while I dry my hair. Then we can think about breakfast.”

I stepped back. I could take her to the bed again, right now. But, I needed the shower.

“I’ll fix us breakfast,” I told her. I took one of her soft hands in mine and kissed it. She turned and handed me a dry towel.

I listened to the hair drier as I showered quickly. I could swing by work and pick up one of the company trucks, and some boxes. That would work. I wanted her here, with me.

She’d left the bathroom by the time I finished showering. I dried off, ran the electric shaver over my face, and put on sweat pants and a T-shirt. I found her in the kitchen, standing in front of the coffee maker.

She turned, smiling, as I approached. She was wearing a silk top, no bra, and sweat pants. I smiled and turned her again so she was facing the counter. I ran my hands over her, and buried my face in her long raven hair. I could smell her perfume. As I caressed her breasts through the soft silk, she moaned and let her head fall back. I gently encouraged her nipples, feeling them stand up, demanding more attention.

I sat her on the kitchen counter and we kissed once more. She wrapped her legs around me again. Her body felt hungry.

I kissed her neck and put my arms around her. “Hold on,” I said softly.

I picked her up; she made a startled noise. I carried her into the living room and put her on an upholstered ottoman, leaning her back against the chair. I pulled her sweat pants off and dived into her.

She'd put on perfume. She was hot, wet, and delicious. Soon she was moaning, shuddering, and crying out under me. I ate her until she cried out again and her legs went limp around me. I took down my sweat pants and slid into her. She moaned and pulled her legs up.

Her bottom was hanging over the edge of the ottoman. She wrapped her legs around my chest and pulled us together. I put my hands around her waist.

It was my turn to watch her. She moved her hands to my forearms, her eyes closed and her head rolling back and forth with our motion. She looked relaxed, yet enjoying it intently, savoring each thrust.

Watching and hearing her filled me with a new feeling, a warmth and a satisfaction I hadn't known before. I moved my hands to her nipples, so delicious and so far away. Her volume increased, and her sounds became more animal as I rolled her nipples gently between my thumbs and fingers.

I moved my right hand and slid my thumb between her legs, searching for her button. I found it and she took in a sharp breath, arching her back. She matched my rhythm with her deep breathing, almost grunting as we came together.

Her eyes flew open and she raised her head, staring into my face intently. And then it felt as if she was milking me, squeezing me rhythmically, deep inside her. I moaned, and moved my thumb more. My body started moving on its own, and she started smiling, still staring into me.

I rolled my thumb around and she pulled in a breath, pulling her shoulders up and together. She shuddered and reached for my head with her hands.

Her shuddering squeezing along my cock pushed me over the edge. I arched my back and pushed in deep, rolling my hips, pulling her hips to me. I felt myself pushing against her cervix. She let out a shriek as I pulsed into her, and she collapsed on her back.

I filled her, moving my hips and hers, savoring the release.

Lifting my head and looking at her, she was smiling again, eyes closed, panting slightly. I slid my hands along her sweet, tight bottom, eliciting a shiver and a slight arching of her neck.

I peeled off my T-shirt, and sliding out of her, put it between her legs. I bent down and kissed her mound, inhaling the combination of perfume and our scents.

"Rest, my love. I'll start breakfast," I told her. I stood up slowly, and went into the kitchen, pulling up my sweats.

I wiped myself with a paper towel, then got coffee cups. I poured myself a cup, and after that first delicious sip, started getting stuff out for breakfast. The clock said it wasn't even eight yet!

I put two plates in the upper oven and set it to warm as the bacon started cooking. I started some sourdough toast.

I'd put the first load of bacon on another plate to warm in the oven, and was buttering the first slices of toast when I felt her arms go around me. She held me, and I felt her head resting on my back. I finished buttering that slice and put down the knife. I put my hands over hers and rocked gently back and forth. She filled me with such warmth!

That thought set off something inside me. I laughed, loud. She stepped to my side, one hand still on my back. I turned and picked her up with one arm, sitting her on the counter again, and kissed her.

When we came up for air, she asked, "Edward, what was so funny?"

I held her hands again and kissed them. What had those hands done to me?

I looked in her eyes. She was giving me that look again; so intent, head tilted slightly to one side. I let go of one hand and touched her brow. "Don't do that, I don't want you to get wrinkles."

She relaxed her brow and laughed. "What was so funny?" she asked again.

I sighed. "Meiling, please tell me you are using some kind of contraceptive."

She gave me a small tight smile and nodded. "Yes, Edward, for weeks, for you."

I would have stayed there, falling into her eyes, but she reminded me, "Edward, our breakfast."

I turned back to the stove. Oh well, one batch of very crisp bacon. I pulled it out of the pan, drained it briefly, then put it in the oven with the rest of the bacon and the toast.

"One egg, or two?" I asked her, "and would you like coffee? Black or with what?"

"One egg," she answered with a lilt in her voice, "and black coffee, thank you."

I poured her a cup and handed it to her. She touched my hands with hers as she took it, and looked deep into my eyes, smiling as she did so.

I sighed and went back to the stove.

"I figured," I told her as I cooked, "we'd swing by work and I'd pick up one of the company trucks and some empty boxes. We should be able to make quick work of things. What else do we need to do today?"

I turned to look at her. She looked pixie-like, sitting on the counter, sipping coffee. But she was one very voluptuous, oriental pixie!

She nodded. "We need to do grocery shopping. I have a class this afternoon as well. You should come."

"Oh?"

"Would you study Tai Chi with me?" she asked.

I smiled and nodded. "I would like that very much. I haven't done it before, so I'll need a lot of help."

She smiled and nodded, sipping her coffee.

I did our cackleberries over-easy -- she laughed when I explained that term to her, it was one she'd not heard before. We ate at the kitchen table. She thought we should be able to move things easily; she didn't have much furniture, and what she did have we could leave for now.

We cleaned up, got dressed, and hopped in my car for the quick ride to work. I checked on the efforts in Building 3. I was happy to see the contractor's crew at work, with one of their senior people there as well. He seemed a bit surprised to see me. We chatted for a few minutes. I gave him my home phone number in case anything came up. It was good to see him taking the job seriously -- we certainly did. I signed out a truck and put some empty boxes in the back. We headed over to her apartment.

We did a walkthrough first. She had a small bedroom set, kitchen table and two chairs, the couch I'd spent so much time on, the small table. In corner of the living room, with another chair in front of it, was something with a cloth cover. I pulled up the cover to reveal an electronic keyboard, with a pair of headphones sitting on it. There was also a closed music book, of Chopin Polonaises.

"You like to play?" I asked. She must.

She sighed and nodded. "Very much. But a real piano is so big, and so loud."

We started in the bedroom, filling six boxes. Two boxes took care of the bathroom and her extra towels and linens. I took those down to the truck as she started in on the kitchen. I packed books and stuff from the living room while she did the kitchen.

We got everything packed up, including the food in the refrigerator, with a few boxes to spare. We loaded that last, after the keyboard. The keyboard, a Yamaha, was heavier than it looked. She had almost a full box of sheet music.

We unloaded the food first. After that, I set up the keyboard and hauled in boxes, kitchen stuff first. While she unpacked food and kitchen, I brought in the rest of the boxes, mostly to the bedroom. It was “our” bedroom now. That thought sent a tingle through me.

She didn’t have a lot of clothes, but some were very sensual. I saw her outfit from last night sitting on the pile with my shirts waiting to go to the cleaners. That was some premeditated selection she’d made! I was touching it gently, my mind drifting, when I felt her hand on my back again. She moved so quietly!

“Do you like that, Edward?” she asked softly, caressing my back.

I could feel the stirring in my pants. “Very much.” I turned to her. “I’d like to have you in it again.”

She smiled up at me, and melted up against me, putting her arms around my waist. “Then you shall,” she told me.

We made short work of unpacking the clothes. The linens and most of the kitchen stuff -- plates, silverware, and the like -- we left in boxes and moved back to the garage. She’d unpacked what she’d need to cook, telling me she would let me cook breakfast on the weekends, but that she would prepare the rest of our meals.

Her tone of voice was such as she told me, that I went over to her, went down on my knees in front of her, took her hands, kissed them, and said, “Yes, dear.”

Her initial surprise changed to laughter, and she hugged me to her. She wrapped her arms around my head and rocked me as she laughed. I slid my hands up to her bottom, and felt appreciatively, taking a deep breath of her scent.

She stepped back, holding me at arm’s length.

“Edward, we still have much to do today.”

I stuck out my lower lip. “Yes, dear.”

She laughed again and helped me stand up. I picked her up in my arms, squeezed her, and spun her around, holding her, until she laughed and pleaded with me to stop. Then I kissed her and put her down.

We took the truck back and picked up my car. From there, we went grocery shopping. I must admit, I’d never been inside an oriental market before, even though the area has many of

them. As I pushed the cart for her, which I enjoyed, I wondered how much cash I had. I usually went to Lucky or Petrini's, and used my credit card.

"Edward, do you like spicy foods?" she asked.

"Yes, very much."

She grinned as she picked a couple things off a shelf. I didn't have a clue what they were, even though they were clearly labeled -- in Chinese. As we unloaded them at the checkout, I did recognize some of the things I'd been eating for lunch. Meiling carried on an animated conversation with the young gal behind the register. At one point Meiling put a hand on me, and they both laughed. Prize catch, I guess. I paid with my credit card.

I decided to take a detour home, since we didn't have anything frozen to worry about.

"Where are we going?" Meiling asked, putting a hand on my arm.

It was almost an involuntary sigh as I relaxed under her touch.

"I wanted to check something along the way. It will only take a few minutes. When is the class?"

She squeezed my shoulder gently. "Not until four."

I'd remembered correctly -- we pulled into the lot of a piano dealer. I could tell she was excited.

"How much do you usually practice a day?" I asked her as we walked to the door.

She took my arm in hers. "Oh, an hour or more most days. Do you play?"

I nodded. "Not for a few years." Something about my ex-wife taking the piano.

We walked in and a sales gal latched on to us. We walked initially to some spinets. I remarked, "That's not a piano," interrupting the gal. I went over to a Yamaha upright, one with a full sized harp. Meiling sat down and was soon playing a Chopin piece from memory that I wouldn't attempt with the music in front of me. I walked over to another corner of the floor. I sat down at a Yamaha baby grand. It was beautiful, its ebony finish reminding me of her hair. I'd studied piano for a long time -- twelve years. I hadn't played since Janice... That was a mistake, and one I needed to rectify.

I played a couple of my favorite Bach pieces, from the Anna Magdalena Bach book. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turned to see Meiling standing next to me, beaming.

I don't know what possessed me, but my fingers started playing a Gershwin tune -- "Someone to Watch Over Me." I would have sung the words, but my throat choked up. I finished it and turned to her, my eyes damp.

She looked surprised, even shocked. I took one of her soft hands and dried my eyes, then kissed her hand. I stood up. We got one of the gal's cards. I told her we needed to talk about it, and thanked her for her time.

Outside the store, I picked her up and hugged her again. She sighed and held on.

In the car, I put my sunglasses on again, more to hide the moisture in my eyes than anything else. She touched me, and I turned to her.

Head tilted, she said, "Edward, you play very well, with so much heart."

My voice was a little ragged as I laughed softly. "I was almost a music major, but decided studying beans would be more profitable."

She smiled and nodded. We drove home and unloaded the groceries. I hatched a plot as we put things away. I knew what I wanted to get. I even knew who I'd put on the job of doing it, come Monday morning.

We'd finished unpacking groceries, when she took me by the hand. Her touch is so electric! We went into the living room, to the bare area where I would have a piano standing, and soon.

"Take off your socks please, Edward," she asked me.

I slipped off my socks. Somehow, my shoes had stayed in the garage, with hers.

She started showing me Tai Chi. She had studied for many years, and moved so gracefully. She explained as she moved. I could tell from her expression that this was something important to her -- she lit up from inside.

Then she started with me, which was comical. I tried following her movements. I did better with her leading me, positioning me with those soft yet strong hands. After about half an hour, and a little after three in the afternoon, we stopped. I turned to face her.

She smiled, an impish smile. "Let's try something a little different, shall we?"

I nodded. She reached up and took my head in her hands. I fell into her eyes as she touched me and whispered. But this time the world faded, and I became more aware. I could hear her and understand her as we moved once more. She moved me, repeating the same motions we'd done. It was far easier this time. I was calm and relaxed, moving under her touch and her voice.

Then she spoke, and the world was back again. I looked at her. Those hands....

“We need to clean up and go. You should wear sweats. Would you like me to drive?”

I looked at her again, in awe. I blinked and took a breath. “I’ll change. It would be nice for you to drive.”

I went to the can, shaved, and even brushed my teeth again. I put on my sweats, dumping my wallet in my pocket.

We slipped on our shoes in the garage and got into the car. I have the bad habit of leaving my keys in the car when it’s in the garage. She was starting to adjust the seat, and I stopped her. The car “remembers” two sets of adjustments. I hit the button to store a set for her, and then we adjusted things. That pleased her.

We drove over to Sunnyvale, off in an industrial tract, parking in front of what looked to be a small warehouse. The real estate part of me was guessing at market values and rents for the area. We added our shoes to the collection outside the door.

Meiling introduced to Master Chuang. She was a Chinese woman of indeterminate age, and incredible energy. If you told me she was sixty, I wouldn’t have been surprised. She was probably older than thirty. But between the two, who knows?

A big surprise to me was her English, which was clear and very idiomatic. With so many people I deal with at work, they speak English, but formally, stiffly. Master Chuang soon had me laughing and at ease.

Meiling attended a class which met Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. I politely told Master Chuang that I would like to attend as well, if that was allowed. She smiled and told me that I would be welcome.

Class started. I wasn’t the only westerner in the room. But I was the only novice. After a little while, Master Chuang moved me off to the side, and paired me with a younger oriental woman. She seemed to be in her early twenties. As she worked with me, guiding me, I soon felt myself slipping into the fog I’d been in while practicing with Meiling.

The hour and a half was soon over. I felt calm and centered. I thanked my young instructor, bowing to her. She blushed a little, covering her mouth with a hand.

Meiling spoke with the Master and my young instructor, probably discussing my fate in Chinese. The Master came over to me and told me, “You learn well. With practice, you will do well.”

I bowed to her and thanked her for her patience. As we got our shoes, I palmed one of her cards by the door. I had another idea to float.

“How was that, Edward?” Meiling asked as we were driving home.

“It was interesting. Whatever you did with me at the house helped a great deal. I feel more centered, and calmer somehow.” I turned and looked at her, watching her as she drove. “What are you doing to me?” I said softly.

She glanced over to me, then reached over and stroked my cheek. I relaxed into the seat.

“Edward, do you like what I do to you?”

I sighed. “God yes.”

She laughed softly. “I’m giving you what you need.”

When we got back to the house, Meiling started to walk in from the garage. I stopped her as I slipped off my shoes.

“What is it, Edward?” she said, turning to me.

I picked her up in my arms and carried her into the house, putting her down after we crossed the threshold, and I turned off the security alarm.

She laughed with delight as I put her down, then gave me her intent look again. I brushed her furrowed brows. “What is it, Meiling?”

She relaxed her brow, looking at me intently, and asked, “What are you doing to me, Edward?”

I smiled, from inside. “Making you happy? Giving you what you need?”

She put her arms around me and hugged me, her head going to my chest. I wrapped my arms around her and rocked her, standing in the hallway as she said, “Oh yes, Edward, happier than I could imagine.”

We held each other for a while. My stomach growled loudly; we hadn’t had lunch. She looked up at me and said, “I’ll start dinner.”

I kissed her on the forehead as we walked into the main part of the house. She went to the kitchen. I went down the hall to the closest bathroom.

I stopped in the hallway at the temperature controls for the house. With a piano in here, I was going to have to keep the temperature more controlled. That took a couple of minutes to program.

I went over to the cabinet with the stereo system in it, and started an instrumental jazz disc going.

I laughed as I stepped into the kitchen. Meiling turned to me from the stove, smiling, giving me a questioning glance.

“You don’t have a television set,” I told her.

She shook her head and smiled. “And neither do you.” She took a breath, and put her spoon down, turning down a burner a bit. She walked over to me, her hips swaying seductively. She took me in her soft hands and started backing me out of the room, looking into my eyes, as she said, “What will we do in the evenings to keep occupied?”

She backed me to the couch and pushed me to sitting. She sat on me, straddling me with her knees pressed into the back of the couch. She looked into me, drawing me in with her eyes. She started raising her hands.

I must have moaned, or made some noise. My heart was pounding -- I felt so confused, aroused, excited, maybe scared, but also hungry for what she did to me. Maybe that’s what scared me.

She stopped, and put her hands gently on my shoulders. As she touched me, my breath escaped in a sigh and I relaxed under her. I couldn’t help it.

“What’s the matter, Edward? Do you like what I do to you?”

I looked into her eyes. Did I like it? “Oh, yes Meiling; yes.”

A soft smile filled her face, and she slid her small, soft hands up to my head.

“And so do I, Edward; so do I. So relax and enjoy it. Relax, Edward.”

She was stroking me again, and her whispering started. The apprehension, the fear, the excitement -- I let go of it all and gave myself to her, falling into her eyes.

“Dinner in a few minutes, Edward,” she said, and I felt a hand on my shoulder as I woke up. I was curled up in a ball on the couch, lying on my side. I opened my eyes to see her crouched next to me, smiling sweetly. I felt so relaxed, so peaceful.

I sat up and pulled her into my lap, pulling her hips to me. Oh how I wanted her. I looked into her eyes. “Meiling, you make me very happy.”

She smiled, and I saw a new expression on her face -- tears forming. I touched her soft, perfect skin as she whispered, emotion in her voice, “Oh Edward...”

We hugged, and then stood up.

“Could you get us something to drink?” she asked.

I nodded. "White wine?"

"That would be very nice."

I got a cold bottle of Chardonnay from the garage refrigerator. As I opened it in the kitchen, I saw she'd set two places at the kitchen table. After opening the wine, I put the bottle and the opener down.

"Is something wrong, Edward?" she asked, stepping over to me.

I looked at her, smiling and taking her magical hands gently in mine.

"Meiling, during the week we can eat in here, breakfasts too. But dinner, especially on the weekend, we eat in the dining room."

I helped her move things to the dining room table. I got out candles and cloth napkins, and good crystal wine glasses. We moved things in from the kitchen. I dimmed the lights and seated her, then I sat down.

"This is much better," I said, raising my wine glass to her.

She nodded and said, "But?"

She was very perceptive. She knows me better than I do, I think.

"The table should have flowers. We'll take care of that tomorrow."

She served us dinner. We ate and talked as the music continued in the background.

After dinner I started to help her clear the table. I'd picked up a dish when she took it from my hands and put it down on the table. She took me by the hand and led me to the couch. "Edward, cleaning up is my job."

I looked into her eyes, my heart starting to pound again, anticipating ... what?

"Could we have another fire in the fireplace?" she asked.

"Of course."

She kissed one of my hands, and turned to walk back to the dining room table. She took a few steps, her hips swaying deliciously, then stopped. She turned slightly and looked back at me. She gave me an impish grin, swayed her hips for me, and walked on.

I laughed and went to bring in more wood for the fireplace. I'd have to order more, I could tell. I should start making a list for Monday.

With the crackling of the fire starting up, the sounds of the music, and the sounds of her cleaning up in the kitchen, I stood in the space where the piano would go. If I got a Disklavier, I'd need an outlet to plug it in. I went to my office and got a pad of paper and started making notes. I knew the contractor to call to get an outlet put in the hardwood floor. It made sense to get the piano first -- run it on an extension cord for a while until we get the layout set. Hmmm... I should check with one of the info tech gurus about MIDI wiring as well. What would I need for a simple computer to record and play back MIDI tracks?

I'd dropped the notepad back in my briefcase and returned to the living room to see Meiling standing in front of the fire, looking at furniture.

She turned as I walked up. She moved so quietly -- I never knew when she was approaching.

"What is it?" I asked, putting my hands on her waist, leaning forward and kissing her head, taking in her scent and her perfume.

"Edward, could we move things around, to give us open space here, in front of the fire?"

"Of course. For what?"

She moved her hips sensuously. "Oh, for stretching, for being together..."

"Mmmm... Maybe we should get a cushion or something for the floor, rather than just the rug?" I asked her.

She laughed softly, pulling my hands around her waist, then turning to face me. She rested her head against me. I put a hand on her head gently, holding her to me. Oh, if only I could touch her the way she touched me.

We moved furniture a bit, opening up space. Then I sat on the floor with her. It was hard to believe how limber she was. I thought I was still flexible. I'm not too bad, but I've got a long way to go, in comparison. We worked together stretching. I'd help her, and she would help me, guiding me with her soft voice and soft touch.

We also talked about the next week. We'd drive together to work. Monday and Wednesday we'd go right to the Tai Chi class. Sunday she flew to Las Vegas for Comdex, returning late Friday night. Even though it was a week away, I missed her already.

She reached over and raised my chin a little, saying, "Edward, what's the matter?"

"Larry asked me earlier if I wanted to go to Comdex, and I told him no. I'm going to miss you."

A pained look flashed across her face, resolving into a soft smile. "I will miss you as well, Edward."

She swung over into my lap, wrapping her legs around me and giving me a squeeze.

"But that isn't until next week. What would you like now, Edward?" she whispered, dancing her hands up my arms to my shoulders.

I was filled with that feeling again, feeling my cock grow erect, pressing against her, and feeling her rock gently in response. And there was the anticipation, the excitement, that little bit of fear, and that longing to fall into her eyes again, to let go to those hands.

"What would you like, Edward?" she whispered, stroking me with her hands as she rocked her hips against me, "What would you like?"

"I... I want to make love," I managed to say.

"Mmmm... So would I."

Somehow we got to the bedroom and shed our clothes. I sat on the middle of the bed. I don't recall her stepping away, but she must have, because she now had on fresh perfume.

I drew her to my lap. I wanted her. I wanted to be deep inside her. As I drew her close, she smiled and locked my eyes in hers. I moaned as I felt the touch of her cool hand on my cock. We slid together without breaking eye contact, although my vision wavered, and I saw her eyes close halfway. Her smile broadened, and she started whispering as her hands touched my neck. The air sighed out of me and I collapsed back on the bed. She pulled a pillow under my head, so I was looking at her again.

She moved slowly on me, a yearning, hungry look on her face.

"Touch me, Edward."

My arms and hands were heavy, but I lifted them, first sliding to her waist. As I held her waist, my strength returned, and taking a deep breath, I held her waist, and exhaling pulled her down on me as I rocked my hips into her. She moaned and cried out, sitting back on me. Her head went back and we rocked together, my hands now strong holding her waist and pulling her to me. I saw her start breathing deeply, an animal noise building up in her. She reached up and held her breasts with her hands, squeezing her nipples as we rocked. After some time she held her breath, pushing down, grinding into me, until she let out a squeak and shuddered, relaxing again, barely remaining sitting up.

I rocked her gently, feeling her around me, watching her head move with the motion of her body, barely controlled.

She shuddered and moaned again, and lifted her head. As she looked at me her expression changed from one of relaxed bliss to one of lust.

“Oh Edward, Edward,” she whispered as she leaned forward.

Her hands touched me, and I heard her whispering. I was dizzy and lost in her as we rocked together. My body was hers; I was hers. She sat up, breaking eye contact, and my eyes closed. I was enveloped in softness, and warmth, responding to the urging of her body, her hands, her voice. As I came, filling her again, I could feel the pleasure in her voice. Her hands and her voice carried me off to sleep again.

Or did they? I had strange dreams, reliving events and almost living new ones. I saw Janet again, and talked to her -- but sometimes she had Meiling's voice. How could that be? There were fantasies of Meiling, seeing her in that velvet outfit again, making love amongst a pile of soft cushions, seeing and hearing her cry out in ecstasy, longing to bury my face between her legs again. Those dreams turned into more normal dreams, and into no dreams at all.

I awoke with her next to me in bed. I glanced at the clock -- a little after seven. I went to the toilet, then washed up, brushed my teeth, and shaved. As I walked back into the bedroom, Meiling stretched in bed, resembling a very amorous cat.

“Where are you going, Edward?” she asked, her voice husky.

I turned. “Where would you like me to go?”

She rolled up to sitting and patted the bed. “Right here. I'll be right back. I need you to keep me warm.”

I listened to the toilet, then the sink, and her soft humming as I stretched on the bed. I felt the bed move, and looked up. She was crawling to me on all fours, looking feminine, feline, and predatory. I saw one of her magic hands reaching for my cock.

“No... Please,” I said.

She stopped, looking somewhat pained.

I sat up and reached for her. “I want you on your back!”

She smiled and slid up to me, running a hand across my body, sending lightning bolts through me. She rolled off the bed and scampered back into the bathroom, returning with a sultry look and walk moments later.

She crawled in bed next to me with a sultry smile. She ran her hands over me quickly, and when my head cleared again, she was on her back next to me.

I kissed my way down her body, starting with her soft, raven hair. I paused at her mouth for a while, and at her neck, and at each nipple. As I adored her nipples, I moved a hand down her belly slowly, softly. I felt her muscles ripple under my touch, and when I started stroking her nether lips, she sighed and held my head.

As I suckled, I teased around her nub with a finger, never touching it, picking up lubrication, then sliding my finger deep into her. She moaned and arched her back, squeezing my head, pulling me to her. My head spun and my arms went limp.

After a while, she let go of me. My head cleared and I rolled to my back, sighing. I heard her soft laugh.

“Meiling,” I said, “When you do that, I can’t think. It’s wonderful.”

She laughed again, and started sliding a hand over my belly. I quickly slid down, getting my cock out of her reach. I moved between her legs, drinking deep of the perfume she’d put on her mound.

As I moved my head down, kissing softly, she moaned and trembled. Her legs held me as I started kissing her folds, and exploring them with my tongue.

I teased her shamelessly, darting with my tongue, but not touching her nub. I teased her with a finger, sliding it in just a little. I wanted to hear those animal noises again.

And hear them I did. She was moaning, thrashing, and crying out in Chinese. Her hands were on my head, but holding without the purpose, without the magic they usually had. I slid a finger in all the way, moving it around, then curving it back to reach her sweet spot inside as I touched her nub with my tongue. She thrashed so wonderfully, squeezing me with her legs, pumping my face into her until she shook from head to toe and fell limp on the bed.

I continued to enjoy my breakfast in bed for a while longer. As she began to stir again, I pulled up and rolled her to her stomach, spreading her legs a little. I moved up the bed and guiding myself with one hand, slid into her. She moaned and clutched at the pillow under her. My legs were outside hers, her tight bottom under me. I let myself down on to my elbows, thrusting into her, moving her hair up on to the pillow and burying my face in its softness. She arched her back and rolled her bottom, moaning underneath me. “Oh, Meiling...” I felt it building. Then I felt a hand on my thigh, stroking me gently, as she said, “Edward, oh Edward -- now, please, please, please.”

I tried to pull deeper into her as I came, holding myself in while she rocked her hips. I put an arm around her waist and rolled to one side, holding us together, putting both arms around her. She touched my arms and I quivered, sending that last drop into her, then relaxing on the bed.

We got up a while later, cleaning up and getting dressed. I fixed us breakfast once more, with her sitting on the counter sipping her coffee, close by for holding and kissing. We'd finished breakfast and started cleaning up when the phone rang.

It was the contractor at work. They had a problem and needed me there right away. I could tell by the guy's voice it was serious. I told him I'd be there in twenty minutes.

I hung up the phone and turned sadly to Meiling. She nodded her head; she'd heard me. Now I had to rush something I'd wanted to do with more ceremony. I gave her a house key, and the spare garage door opener. I told her I'd show her how to set and clear the alarm system later. I told her I'd be home as soon as I could, but didn't know when that would be -- I'd call if it would be after four. She told me she understood, and we kissed once more before I left.

I met the guys in the parking lot at work. They were right; they had a mess, though not any of the ones I'd anticipated or feared. I'm not going into it. It's going to take days to sort out, and will have long-term repercussions. I called Meiling a little after three, telling her I was on the way home.

She met me at the door, and her ever-present smile quickly turned to a look of concern. The place smelled great -- she must have been doing a lot of cooking.

"Edward, you are injured!" she said, looking at the torn knee on my pants. I'd gotten that from tackling the bastard in the parking lot as he tried to make a run for it.

I smiled and told her I was okay. She dropped my pants right there in the laundry area between the garage and the main part of the house, and looked at my skinned knee.

We went into the bedroom. She got some wet and dry towels and cleaned my knee as I sat on the edge of the bed.

"What happened, Edward?" she asked softly.

I shook my head. It didn't concern her. "Did you have a good day?" I asked, changing the subject.

She sighed, and pushed me back on the bed.

"Yes, Edward, I did. But you are upset, and hurt, and need to relax."

She took me into her eyes. Oh how I did want to get away from all that, and be lost in her. And her hands touched me, her eyes took me in, and her whispers carried me away.

I woke up curled in a ball, the bedspread pulled over me. My knee hurt a little, as did my shoulders and left elbow. I needed to go to the bathroom. After taking care of that, I washed up a bit and put on sweat pants. It was a little after five -- I guess I needed the nap.

Opening the door and going into the main part of the house, I noticed a number of changes. First, it smelled great, and I was hungry. Then, walking out of the hall into the living room, there were some small cushions or pillows and a large, probably seven or so feet on a side, cushion or pad, with a very soft and sexy looking cover on it, in front of the fireplace. I pushed it with a toe -- it was a few inches thick, and seemed to be a couple of different kinds of foam, most likely. I looked forward to that!

The dining room table was set, with flowers and candles. It looked quite nice. We even had ceramic rests for our chopsticks.

Meiling stepped out of the kitchen and into my arms. Parts of me melted into her, other parts hardened considerably. She laughed as I pressed her up against the wall.

“You are feeling better I see, Edward,” she said, hugging me.

“Meiling, thank you. You take me to another world.”

She looked up at me. “Do you like that world, Edward?”

I sighed. “It still frightens me, but yes, I do, very much.”

She gave me her concerned intent look. “Why does it frighten you, Edward? I don’t understand.”

I felt like going down on my knees and holding her.

“Meiling, sweet, wonderful Meiling... I don’t understand either. I’m so helpless. And I want it so much.” My heart was pounding again, and I was so hard, so hot for her.

She wiggled a little, still between me and the wall. “Edward,” she said softly, “would you like to make love now? Dinner can wait.”

I laughed, but I was torn. “Meiling, I want you so much... But I can wait. I’m hungry, for more than you. But I am looking forward to being in front of the fire tonight.”

She smiled. “Edward, so am I. Do I excite you? Does what I do excite you?”

My heart stepped up a notch. “Oh yes, more than anyone I’ve known.”

She moved her hands up my back. I took a breath.

“Edward, look at me.”

I looked in her eyes, and her hands moved around and up to my head. I fell into her eyes, totally captivated.

“Edward, I will never hurt you. I will never hurt you.”

I sighed and fell deeper. My knees started to buckle. She did something, said something, and I was alert again. I took one of her magic hands and kissed it.

“Why don’t you open us some wine, Edward, and light the candles. Some music would be nice.”

I kissed her hand again. “Yes, my love.”

I went to the garage to get the wine. As I did, I thought about what I’d said. Was I falling for her? Of course. Was I serious about her? Don’t know. Is she serious about me? Better question.

I opened the wine and poured two glasses. I lit the candles and started music going for the evening. She brought out bowls of hot soup. It smelled delicious.

As I was smelling the soup, my mouth watering, she laughed.

“Edward, forgive me. I bought the soup.”

I laughed and raised my wineglass. We drank a silent toast.

A thought crossed my mind, and she said, “What is it, Edward?”

I shook my head. “You know what I’m thinking before I do.”

She reached over a hand and touched me. Oh what that touch does.

“I want you to be happy, Edward. Can you tell me? Or would you rather not?”

I chuckled. “No, I can tell you. I was wondering, now that you’ve got me, are you going to cut your hair?”

She sat back a bit, surprised. “What? Why would I do that?”

I smiled, swirling my wine. “Oh, I know it’s hard to take care of, and it seems that for some women, long hair is like bait on a hook. Once you’ve caught the fish, you don’t need the bait anymore.”

She stroked my hand as she smiled. “Do you like my long hair, Edward?”

I sighed, melting again. “Yes, Meiling. I want to love and adore your beautiful hair. I love it when you put perfume in it. I love to be lost in it.”

“And have I caught you, Edward?” she asked softly.

"I... I don't know. I think you have," I replied just as softly.

Her face became more serious. She must have heard the apprehension in my voice.

"It's your choice Edward, whether or not you're caught. You must choose to be caught."

I didn't know what to say, or how to say it. Was it too late?

"I won't cut my hair, Edward. If I have caught you, I want you to stay caught."

We ate our soup, with the traditional Chinese soup spoons. It was very good. She served us a varied and very good meal.

As we finished, she probed gently about what had happened at work. Everyone in the company would know in a few days, if not by lunch tomorrow.

I sighed. "Meiling, it's very sad. One of our contract security guards was stealing from the offices. The roofing contractor spotted him and called me."

"So, he was fired?"

"He was arrested. He'll be fired as well."

"This sounds positive -- you've stopped a terrible thing. Why does it bother you?"

I shook my head. "Meiling, he was abusing a position of power, of authority. He used his power to his benefit and to harm others."

That sobered her enormously. She looked at me, then at one of her hands. I reached for her hand; she started to pull away, but I took her hand, and held it.

"What, Meiling?"

"Oh Edward... I have such power over you..."

I got down on my knees beside her. I took her small, soft hand and held it over my heart.

"Do you feel that, Meiling? Do you feel my heart beating wildly? That's what you do to me. I don't know what you are doing to me, Meiling, but please don't stop."

She looked down at me, moisture forming in her eyes. "Edward, you don't know..."

"And I don't care, Meiling. Meiling, you hold me in your hands, and I love it. Meiling, I love you."

She had such a look on her face, a look of wonder, of pain, and yet....

“Edward, you didn’t have any choice...”

I laughed and held both her hands to my heart. “Meiling, I didn’t have any choice after the first time I saw you, looking at me from across the cafeteria. Meiling, I was unsure a few minutes ago, but each time I say it, I’m more and more certain. I love you. I choose to love you.”

She looked as if she was teetering, unsure which way to go.

I sighed again. “Meiling, I know this is sudden. We’re so different. I understand, you may not love me. But please, stay with me for a while. You have me in a dream, and it’s such a wonderful dream. Please let it last a while longer. Please share it with me a while longer. Please make it more than a dream, for both of us.”

She was on the edge of tears, looking shocked. I turned her chair so it was facing me. I sat on the floor and drew her to my lap, pulling her to me. I held her to me and rocked her. After a while she started to cry. I held her and rocked her.

Holding her close to me, rocking her in my lap was having its effects. She had stopped crying, and was holding me.

“Where is the sensuous woman who offered to postpone dinner so we could make love? Where is the sensuous lover who got that pad in front of the fireplace? Where is the seductress who took my breath away in a soft, blue outfit, and takes me to such incredible places? Hmmm?”

She sniffled and looked up at me. I wiped her eyes with my hands. She smiled and sighed. She opened her mouth as if to speak, and I kissed her, moving my hands up her back, feeling her soft black mane, and holding her head. She was tentative at first, but then became more amorous, even hungry. Her legs around my waist squeezed me. I moved a hand to between her shoulders and pressed her against me so I could feel her nipples against my chest. I slid my hand down to her sacrum and pressed there. I felt and heard her appreciation.

She leaned back, letting her head fall back as I held her. I hunched over more so I could bite her lovely neck. She laughed and writhed against me. Her hands had been around my back, and the way I was holding her close, she couldn’t easily get them to my neck and head. I held my arms down, pinning hers as best I could.

Then I sat up, releasing her, looking in her eyes again.

She gave me a resigned sort of smile, and a small sigh. “Edward, let me clean up the dishes and the kitchen. It won’t take long.”

“Take as long as you need, Meiling.” I kissed her forehead. “I can help, if you wish.”

“No, it’s my job. But afterwards...” Her eyes changed somehow, and I fell into them as I felt her hands on my shoulders, moving to my head. I was incredibly dizzy and lost.

Then she was standing up. I grabbed her before she could get away, pulling her waist to me, putting my face between her legs, kissing her through her sweats. I could smell her, and feel the heat she was radiating. I felt soft hands on my head, and felt her hips turn as she moaned. I kissed her again, took a deep breath through my nose, then let her go.

She stepped back, seemingly a little wobbly, a lusty smile on her face. She gave a short laugh as she stepped out of my reach. She picked up the plates from the table and took them into the kitchen.

I moved away from the table on hands and knees until I felt steady enough to stand. I set up the fireplace, and made sure the music would continue soft and slow through the evening. It seemed a little cooler in the room. Was it just me? I checked the thermostat -- it had been turned down a little.

“Meiling, did you turn down the heat?” I called out.

She stepped out of the kitchen, drying a pot. “Yes, Edward. I wanted it a little cooler tonight in front of the fire. Is that okay?”

That sounded very encouraging. “Yes, my love.”

I could see her taking a breath, and see a lusty smile. “I’m almost done,” she said, and walked back into the kitchen, hips asway.

I thought about work. Holy shit. I went into the office, got out my list of phone numbers, and started leaving voicemail messages, filling people in on what happened, and proposing meetings for the morning to try and manage the situation as best we could.

I thought it would only take a few minutes -- it took half an hour. I finally put down the phone, tossed things into my briefcase for tomorrow, and hurried back to the living room.

Meiling was on the pad in front of the fireplace, stretching slowly and rhythmically.

“Meiling, I’m sorry, I...,” I started to say, but she put a finger to her lips, and smiled, holding out her hands. I joined her on the pad.

We stretched silently. The pad was very comfortable. I was eyeing one of the smaller cushions -- it looked to be just the right size for putting under her luscious bottom while I ate her.

She was helping me stretch, pressing on my back, pressing me forward gently, when her talented hands found tight spots.

“Oh Edward, what did you do to yourself today?”

“Meiling, nothing your soft hands can’t undo.”

“Edward,” she laughed, “go to the bathroom, then come back here.” She patted me on the bottom.

“Yes dear,” I groaned as I got up. She swatted my bottom as I stepped off the pad.

I used our bathroom, running the shaver over my face again, washing up, and visiting the can. When I returned, the lights were dimmer, and candles were lit.

Along with her sweats, she was wearing her intent smile -- tight and focused.

“Edward, naked and on your stomach.” She pointed to the pad.

I bowed and complied. She put cushions under my shoulders again, and straddled me. This is where we’d started, what was it, Thursday night? Only a few days ago? I didn’t know if it felt like a long time, or a short time. I didn’t want it to end, though.

She worked kinks out of my shoulders and upper back, especially between the shoulder blades, then worked on my hips and butt. As she worked, I drifted into that dreamy place again.

Her hands had stopped. When?

“Edward?” I heard her call.

I rolled to my side, then sat up in front of her. Now she looked pensive, uncertain, but with something else underneath.

“What is it, my love?” I asked her.

That seemed to pain her. Why?

But she smiled, and shook her head slowly. “Edward... I’m not sure anymore.”

“Meiling... I’m sorry if this disturbs you. What were you planning on doing, earlier today, before this ever happened?”

That brought a lusty smile and glow from within her, but only momentarily, and it quickly faded.

“Tell me, Meiling. Show me, Meiling. Please.”

“Oh Edward... I had such plans...”

“And you still do. Here we are. Here I am. I’m yours, Meiling.”

I felt the feelings building again -- strange sensations, in my legs, in my hips, in my neck and chest -- tightness, anticipation, hunger, apprehension?

“Meiling, especially after today at work, I need you. I want you to take me. I want to fall into your eyes again, and have your hands and your voice work their magic on me. Please.”

She smiled, now a more relaxed smile. I looked at her, waiting for that shift in her gaze that would let me fall into her.

“Edward,” she said softly, “would you like a fantasy?”

I took a breath. “Yes, Meiling, if you will share it with me.”

That broadened her smile. “It is a dangerous fantasy, Edward...”

“How? Why?”

“Because you will enjoy it very much.”

“Why is that dangerous?”

“Because you will want me and need me all the more.”

“Meiling, how could I want you more than I do now? And will you enjoy this fantasy?”

She nodded. “Yes, Edward, very much.”

I smiled, breathing deep and throwing myself into the unknown. “Then it sounds dangerous for both of us. We should do it together. *You* are my fantasy, Meiling.”

Her gaze was now smoldering, her nostrils flaring slightly. I felt calmer -- my fate had been decided.

“Start the fire for us, Edward.”

I bowed my head a bit, then turned to the fireplace. I opened the glass doors and lit a match, lighting the paper and kindling under the wood I’d stacked earlier. I closed the doors and sat back. It was cool in the room. Even with the heat from the fire, it was going to be cool. I’d need her heat to keep me warm, and she’d need mine. That brought out a smile in me.

“Edward, go to the bathroom down the hall, then come back here.”

I bowed and did it. Surprisingly, she was still sitting on the pad when I got back. The fire was going well. I sat down beside her.

She moved quickly and gracefully to straddling me, taking me quickly into her eyes, her hands lightly on my shoulders.

“Are you ready, Edward?” she asked, looking deep into me.

My heart was pounding. “No, Meiling. Yes, Meiling. Please, Meiling.”

Her gaze shifted and I started falling into her eyes. Her hands moved on me and her whispering started. I melted on to my back, melted into a place so soft, so relaxing, and so comforting, falling into her eyes. My eyes closed, and I floated deeper. I felt her leaving me.

Her hands ran over me, pulling me back to the real world. She was on her hands and knees over me, straddling me, wearing that dark blue velvet outfit again. She shook her hair down on my face, and I was filled with its softness and her perfume.

I breathed deep, running my hands up her legs, feeling her lithe body underneath the sensuous fabric. I ran one hand up the inside of her thighs. I was startled when my hand found warm, moist flesh!

I grabbed her and flipped her to her back, grabbing a cushion and putting it under her bottom. She’d split the crotch in her pants. I dived in.

She wasn’t wearing any perfume there, but her own scent and taste were enticing enough. Her legs clamped around my head as I devoured her. I ran my hands over her bottom, her waist, her stomach, her breasts, enjoying the sensations. And she was thrashing, pulling, squeezing me with her legs, and making delicious noises.

I devoured her until her legs became weak around my head. I sat up, panting and hungry for her. She was panting as well, her head moving aimlessly from side to side. I sat down, spreading my legs on either side of her, and putting her legs around my waist. I held her waist and pulled her to me. As I impaled her, pulling her up to sitting, sliding deep into her, she moaned and shook. Her legs clamped around my back and her hands grasped my arms, but from the glazed look on her face, it must have been by reflex. I ran my hands over her, feeling her under that sensuous fabric. I slid my arms under hers and drew her head to me and kissed her.

Our lips touching revived her; she held me and kissed passionately, her hips rocking on top of me.

I was too close; I put a hand on her lower back, pulled from her lips, and said, “Not yet! I’m so close!”

She grabbed my head with her hands, and looked deep into my eyes. Her voice and her hands started working their magic on me, and I fell into that dream world as she lowered me to my back. As I fell deeper into her, the pressure, the immediacy went away.

But it built again as my hands explored her body, and as she moved on top of me, my eyes held in hers. Her whispers continued, and I writhed underneath her. She caressed me with her hair, and danced her hands over me.

My hands settled into making circles on her hips as she rocked, feeling her tight bottom under the sensuous fabric. She brushed me with her hair, with her fabric covered arms and body, all the time whispering to my body, building, building, building.

Suddenly things shifted, our rhythm shifted. I was past the point of inevitability again, with her riding me deeper and deeper in slow, luxurious waves. My hands still moved on her hips, and as I felt her tighten on top of me, I held her tighter as we rocked through that wave, and was rewarded with a sighing cry and her shudder of delight.

Her hands were more energetic, and her voice more urging, and the waves became stronger. I was so deep, it was so hard to move, I was so relaxed, yet so close, so close. Fresh perfume on her hair and something else so soft on my face filled me, and the scent, along with her hands and her voice, carried me over the edge with the next wave.

She rode me, emptying me into her, the intensity of the waves diminishing as I filled myself with her perfume. Her hands and her voice carried me off yet again.

During the night I half-woke, searching the bed for her. I found her and held her close, filling myself with the perfume from her hair.

The alarm went off and I rolled over to whack it. I didn't remember setting it. As I whacked the clock, I felt the bed move, and rolled back to see Meiling scampering to the bathroom. It was half an hour earlier than I usually got up. I smiled; that would give us time. I heard the toilet flush as I got up. I met her in the doorway.

She ran a hand along my naked belly and said, "Come back to me, Edward."

I managed to pee, and rinse my mouth out before returning to bed, fully erect.

As I got in on her side, she smiled and reached out, touching my cock. Her touch was so light, so gentle, so electric, yet it collapsed me to my back. She pounced on me, taking me inside her, and pulling a pillow under my head. Her hands and voice inflamed me, and my back and neck arched as we moved together, rocketing to orgasm.

As I reached the precipice and moaned, my face was covered with something dark and soft. It was either her top or her pants from last night, soft and full of her scent and more perfume. Her hands pressed the soft fabric to me as I came explosively. Her hands moved to my chest, brushing me with the fabric as I pumped convulsively into her.

Then her hands and voice slowed, caressing me gently, melting me under her.

I floated in a perfumed fog, caressed by her hands and her voice. I felt her move off me, and felt something like a dry towel on us. The fabric covering my face moved, but was replaced by soft, warm lips on mine. My arms wouldn't quite work yet.

She sat up and said, "Good morning, my love."

I felt energized. "Good morning, my love," I repeated.

We sat up and kissed with a towel between us. As we got out of bed, I saw both the top and the bottom of her outfit on the bed, along with a perfume sprayer.

We'd have to set the alarm earlier, if we wanted to make love and shower the way we did that morning. We ended up rushing through getting dressed and having a bite to eat. She'd made our lunches the previous day. She grabbed her bags and I grabbed my briefcase and we headed out. I showed her how to arm the alarm system, and we headed to work together, with me driving.

It felt so good to have her next to me. I put a hand on her leg, feeling her thigh.

"Oh, your thighs feel so good wrapped around my head," I told her.

She shivered a little and moaned. "Oh Edward, you are so good to me."

We parked in the lot reserved for execs. She started to get out, but I held her leg. She turned to me, and I looked in her deep brown eyes and said, "Meiling, I love you."

In the course of two breaths, her eyes filled with moisture, but she smiled. She flung her arms out and around my neck.

"Oh Edward, I love you. I love you."

I held her for a minute while she cried, while we cried.

We straightened up and dried our faces, laughing a little, giggling really.

"Will I see you at lunch, Edward?" she asked, with her pixie smile.

I held her head with my hands and lost myself in her eyes for a moment.

"I hope so, love. Call my office a few minutes early; it may be wild today."

She nodded and said, "Yes dear." We both laughed.

We got out of the car and I locked it. We hugged briefly. She set out for Building 2, and I set out for Building 1. With her love, I felt as if I could take on the world.

Enchanted

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