

3. HOT NIGHTS

Estelle realizes that she is not totally convinced by Dan interest in her. The kiss did a great deal towards softening her heart. But the incident with her admirer in the bar only heightened doubts that she already had.

Estelle is in a short black chiffon dress. It hugs her figure in a most seductive way. Her straight blonde hair enticingly falls off her shoulders. She catches him staring at her breasts. She smiles and pretends to adjust the dress. It is hardly possible; it is meant to be revealing.

She pouts her lips. The only thing that he is thinking about is a kiss. But she doesn't want to tip her hand too early. She at least deserves a night of elegant dining and fine champagne. She only hopes that none of this is too rich for his taste. He is still escorting her around in his workaday Honda Accord. Can she really entrust her dreams with a man who is so uneasy with risk?

As he drives, Dan can hardly keep his eyes on the road. He is stunned by her delightful glamor. This is hardly what he is used to. He is trying to break it down to something that he can make sense of, something more practical. But her charms will not fit the narrow grids of measurement and equation. She is the undecidable, the puzzle without a solution. His eyes follow down her smooth shoulders to her wrists both adorned with shiny bracelets. On the left, a silver band surrounds the wrist in a simple adornment. On the right, the sparkling gold surrounds dainty white roses.

Estelle notices how distracted he seems. For his sake, she almost wishes that she could turn down her spell so that might adjust more gradually. But these appeals show no mercy. If he is stupefied, so be it. Let him gratify her least significant whim. She is worthy of it.

When they get to the restaurant, he parks the car himself. He's not one to squander his limited means on a valet. He is out to impress her, but he wants the attempt to be heartfelt, not a garish display of prodigality. He thoughtfully opens the door for her, and he leads her by the arm to the door. Each gentle step makes her feel as if she is walking on air.

She take it easy by only having one cocktail before dinner. She ends up giving in while dining as she downs a few glasses of wine with her meal. She still feels tense as hell in his presence. She wonders if any of this is right.

She is starting to wonder if any of this is right

He still looks at her with undivided attention. *I only have eye for you, dear.* She looks away to avoid his gaze. She needs to take a breath before she gets caught up with what's happening.

Even as he eats his meal, she provides a real distraction to him. She is straining to hear his words. They are whispers amidst the noise from the crowded restaurant. If she moves closer, she can catch the melodies of the words. But it is still like this buzzing in her ear. She only feels this faint tickle. She almost is stimulated by his words. But they are too muffled to have any lasting effect.

The more that Dan talks to her, the more that she feels that she is somewhere else. She has almost tuned him out. She still hears enough of the content to keep up her end of the

conversation. But there is no life to influence her emotions. She tries to imagine his potent kiss. She only wants to reawaken the feeling from the other day. When she looks in his eyes, she can sense his desire. It shows in his face. She has never seen him this animated. It is as if he believes that she is feeling just the same thing. And he is only reacting to her involvement.

In his own way, Dan is right. She has taken so much time in getting ready for this moment that she needs his attention to set her off. She watches his animation and that is sufficient to flatter her. But none of his efforts touch the heart. This is where she needs to feel his affection. Of that, she is still unsure. She is sitting across from this lusting adolescent. She can pretend that this is enough to calm her loneliness. However, all this seems temporary.

Dan looks unable to contain his excitement. He expects some acknowledgment on her part to match all his energy. She is doing her best to give him those signals which might incite his passions. All this is so automatic on Estelle's part. She just offers him a few morsels of attention and he fashions the fantasy around her. This full-bodied phantom is enough to sustain him. This is what he loves. In a sense, it has little if anything to do with sex inner self.

Estelle is feeling more divided than ever about Dan. She has the promise from the other night that has been communicated by the longing kiss. At the same time, he is hardly able to provoke the same intensity this evening. It only reminds her of the doubts that she has had all along. She could go along with him in the hope that a new faith might arise from their physical intimacies. Nevertheless, she could simply use the sex as a way of abstracting herself from the situation. Sure, her body would go along with the heat of the moment. But her mind would be off somewhere else. And in the aftermath, the wandering soul would return to claim her focus. She would then be filled with this intense guilt about something that she never wanted to do in the first place.

Dan can barely observe any of this occurring. He is concentrating on her evident charm. She is all arms and legs and shoulders. Her revealing dress is reminding him of the way of the flesh. He follows its outlines along her body. It only arouses him with the promise of imminent closeness. He sees exactly what he wants to see. But he also thinks that his desire is fueled by an obvious intent on her part. The intoxicating perfume is the exclamation point of her appeal. And he listens with rapt attention. He doesn't want to miss a single word in her language of seduction. Even in a full restaurant, he only has eyes for her. In the final analysis, he believes that is enough to involve her completely.

Estelle look around. She is trying to catch her bearings. She knows where this is heading. She wants to stop it before it happens. If she was only taken in more by the experience, she would feel this tingle all over her. A vague chill comes over her. Maybe the restaurant is too cool. Or she could be underdressed for the temperature. The feeling of discomfort only adds to her other distractions. She tries to think about her meal in the hope that this might motivate further concerns on her part. But it doesn't really help. She is still somewhere else.

Estelle wants to analyze her reticence. The man from the other night only needed to whistle and Estelle would have followed him down a dangerous path. But she can't even raise a peep from Dan. Why does this silence predominate in this room full of noise? She looks over to see Dan again staring at her body. She know that he is imagining her naked. The longer that he looks, the more that he follows through with his narrative. She can feel his kisses along her arms. His hands work their magic on her. But she is unresponsive to his caresses. That hardly

stops his story. He want something. He is relentless. He won't stop until he is satisfied.

As he eats, Dan feels that he is already participating in a very physical moment with her. Tasting his food or chewing the pieces of tender chicken only further engage his body in the overall experience. He has never tasted food this way. It only adds to the sensuality of the moment. Between bites, he is on the verge of drooling from his excitement. His satisfaction is so immediate.

She notices how wrapped up he is in himself. Estelle resents him for that. She wishes that she could be more open with the moment. She wonder what would happen if she just let herself go. She hardly feels secure in the situation. She takes a sip of water.

Estelle stares at her plate. She has eaten very little. She works to motivate herself to finish her meal. It is difficult. It's not as if she's not hungry. As she goes through the motions, her taste buds seem to come into play. She gives in to delectable meal. The cream sauce on the sole is heavenly. She bites into a new potato.

He turns to her, "It's a great meal."

She nods, "Yes, it is." She only wishes that the gourmet meal could awaken other sensual delights. The food is only reminding her of the frustration that is affecting her.

She again catches him staring. He seems to have only one thing on the brain, pleasure. She realizes that the rich sauces and the wine are only going to his head. She stretches both her hands along the table and smiles at him. This catches him off guard. He almost seems unprepared for the vision of loveliness to respond to him.

"Dan, what are you thinking about?" For once in the evening, Estelle actually seems involved in the conversation.

"Nothing really. I was just enjoying my meal and admiring your dress."

She asks, "And what do you think of the dress? I never saw you as a great fan of fashion."

"It is a lovely dress. It makes you look so..." he pauses, unsure what to say.

"Delicious. Is that the word that you are looking for?"

He chuckles. "Are you going to have dessert?" he wonders.

"The question is not whether I'm going to have dessert. Are you?"

Now he seems embarrassed, "I was thinking about it."

She continues to tease him, "So you like sweet things."

"Now and then."

She sits up and lets him give her a once over look. Estelle feels very confident at this moment. He is almost a canine to whom she has just tossed a bone. He is scurrying around trying to makes his mistress happy.

She asks, "Is it sweet enough for you?"

Dan looks confused, "What are you talking about?"

He is again tracing the outlines of the dress. She wants to slap his hand to punish him for his misdeeds. She knows that will only encourage him.

"Do you have plans for later on?" Estelle asks.

"I think that it's a little late for a movie."

She continues to drop obvious hints, "We could write our own script."

He doesn't take the bait, "I'm not a very good writer."

“Just let you fingers do the talking.”

They settle on an apertif. It seems to really get him going.

When they go out the car, he rests his hand on her shoulder. He can just feel it sliding down towards her partially revealed breasts. Estelle senses his anticipation and guess what he wants to do. She wants to oblige, but she catches his hand before it drifts any lower.

She wore this dress to leave no doubts about her intentions. But she finds him a little fast on the trigger. The parking lot is hardly the place to begin the romance. He does excite her at this point. She has forgotten about her misgivings at dinner. He has her propped against his car. Her long legs extend from the skirt of the short dress. He rests his hand on her hip as he moves closer. His breath is hot as she takes his kiss. It is deep and longing. She surrenders herself to him.

They remain locked in passionate embrace for a good five minutes. They more or less ignore the other customers who pass to their cars. But after this point, it is hard for Estelle not to feel a little embarrassed.

“Maybe this isn’t the right place,” she suggests.

“Do you want to come back to my apartment?” he asks

She has already found him sufficiently enticing. But, at this point, she needs to break free. She can feel the fire burn inside her. But she wants it to simmer more before she can let herself go completely.

When she gets home, she starts to pound her little pillows with her fist. She has built up the exhilaration to such a pitch that she needs to come down. She can sense him ravishing her in her bed. But she needed to stop things before they went too far. She is not the sort to give of herself without giving her heart. Through and through she is still unsure. Of course, she wants his firm muscles to press against her flesh. But she is not that weak. She wants something more, some kind of assurance on his part, maybe an assurance for the future. She will not give in to a vague hope of intimacy.

At dinner, he seemed so eager to give in to her physical attributes. But he never shared anything about himself. There was no real tenderness in his glances. Estelle is beginning to feel guilty. Maybe she herself looked too ready for sex. The dress may have given too much away. She had started a fire and had been unable to put it out. She wasn’t even able to call a temporary halt to the roaring train of his passion. That was why she had to call it quits in the parking lot. She did not want to get steam-rolled by his runaway desires.

Her only fear is that her fluctuating heart may finally take its toll with someone that she is attracted to. She recognizes that her games with him are all part of the doubts that she is feeling about herself. What more does he have to do?

She knows exactly what she needs. She needs him to say something more to her. She doesn’t want to feel as if she is just being selected off the shelf at the grocery store. If he could give her the sense, that there was some kind of sacrifice on his part. She needs to feel love. She needs to feel that he is actually risking himself.

She handles numbers and accounts all day. And that is how he is treating all this. He is just trying to put her into the gain column. It’s another financial transaction. You just can’t treat the heart that way. He’s not in the commodities market making a deal for a fine steer. She has feelings and he has to show some kind of concern for her.

She is so wrapped up in thinking about the evening that she can hardly settle down. It is going to be a long day at work tomorrow. She needs a good night's sleep, all the better that she didn't traipse off to his place.

Estelle decides to meet Dan the next day for coffee. She doesn't want to let the ardor between them cool down. She figures that this is as good a time as any to get him to talk about his feelings.

Dan is not the sort to share how he feels. He is afraid that he sees life in too rigid terms. He has made every effort to open his personality to feel things in different ways. But he still feels a little constrained by his feelings. He knows that he is attracted to Estelle. And that attraction has been developing over the past few weeks. But he's not sure what he needs to say to her to make her feel more comfortable with him. He is not ready to give her his world. He doesn't want to make any promises. He is so committed to developing his career that he is hardly sure how he can alter his course to include another person. He almost assumes that things should be obvious for her. If he is interested in her, she should oblige by sharing that same feeling with him.

Dan thinks that the physical part of the relationship should follow based on their mutual attraction. He barely knows how the future might change any plans that they make now. He wants to live for the moment. Estelle has been trying to think that way. But she can't. If he isn't going to offer her something concrete, at least he has to give her some kind of emotional commitment. It's not enough to offer his sweet kisses.

When they are together, she feels how much he wants to be with her. She wishes that was sufficient. But she can feel their love crashing on the rocks.

"Can you even say *I love you*?" She wants to pose the question to him so simply. She fears his answer. He is almost deaf to her true feelings. What does he really want?

Estelle works to guide him. They talk about work and school. But none of the talk is really helping. He can barely understand why they have come together.

Maybe this meeting wasn't such a good idea. Estelle considers what she has to do to get him to come around. She is off on a Wednesday afternoon. On his suggestion, they decide to go roller-blading in Piedmont Park. By the time that she makes it down there, he already has his skates strapped on.

She has parked on 10th Street, and she walks down the hill to the paved area. She finds a nearby bench and dons her skates. At first he tries a few tricks to show off. Then they skate together along the straightaway course. She is starting to see him in a different light. On skates, he appears more confident. There is none of that geekiness that has put her off.

At one point, he skates ahead and disappears. He surprises her by hiding behind a clump of trees. When he comes up to her, he approaches her from behind. He clasps something around her neck.

She looks down, "What's this?"

"It's a gift."

She looks at it. It's pretty wild. It is this beautiful amulet.

"Where did you get it?"

"It's Egyptian."

"Wow!"

She can almost feel a spell come over her as she wears the necklace. It makes her feel so excited. She can feel things starting to change between them,

In anticipation of them getting together again, Estelle senses that something is coming over her. Her whole body aches to be with him again. That night when she falls asleep, she imagines that he is with her. She can feel his body fill her bed. There is such a feeling of completeness. All her questions seem to have been answered by this change.

Her window is open. There is a light breeze. It wafts over her. She first feels this chill, then she is warmed as if something has touched her from the inside. The sensation is amazing. She can feel this heat source emanate from deep inside her. She awaits these waves of passion that will pulse over her body.

As she gives in to sleep, his presence passes throughout the room. He is like a ghost that is embracing her. In her dream, she gives in to the phantom. There is no longer any reason to hold back. She believes that they are meant to be together forever.

When Estelle awakens from her dream, she clasps her necklace. There is something to this magic. She feels as if he has understood her completely. He has learned to satisfy her longing. In her imagination, she sees him emerging from the wooded area of the park. He is like a pagan god. He has achieved special powers, and he is transmitting them to her.

When she goes to work, she still feels the power. She can barely pay any attention to her required tasks due to all the excitement that has built up. She gives in to her daydreams and just puts her mind on automatic pilot. Somehow, she comes through with no mistakes. She is now living the charmed life.

During class, she has to focus her attention. But when she comes home, she is under the dazzling spell. She wishes that he would come over tonight. She hardly wants to be alone with her feelings. He has an exam the next day. They plan to celebrate the next evening.

She consoles herself with the intense feelings. It is almost as if she is provoking that warmth to spread across her body. As it radiates along, she is using her will to extend its reach. And it increases in intensity. She vibrates with the intensity. The whole room shakes with rhythms. She wants to scream out.

Estelle longs for his touch, the man's touch. She wants something firm and confident. She imagines his kisses spreading all over her body. There is nowhere that they do not reach. She is tickled by their boldness. The tingle spreads over her whole body. And the waves reestablish themselves. She is being bathed in the massive ocean. She has learned to flow with the currents. They pass through her.

There is sweat pouring from her whole body. This is not simply a fantasy for her. She has given herself up to the feeling. It is a real presence. She is almost possessed with the desire. She has already sensed that relentlessness on his part. Now it has been transmitted to her. She wants him to hold her and squeeze her tight.

His skin is moist. She can feel his hands glide up her arm. He digs his hands deep into the flesh, and she obliges.

In the morning, she is so well-rested. The fantasy has taken on a real form and penetrated her sleep. It is more than relaxation. Now she knows that everything is right. She has peace of mind. And this peace has passed all through her body.

The next day, she wanders through her work as if she is somewhere else. She has become

a spirit. Her co-workers see that glow on her face. They wonder what has made her so sprightly. If this is what she feels now, she can barely imagine how intense it will be when he arrives later that evening. She makes it through class as if she is not even there. Her heart is running way ahead of her. It is at home preparing for her lover Dan.

Tonight, there will be no confusion on his part. She will dress the part so that he will know exactly what she expects. She even has champagne in the fridge. This will only underline the intention of the evening.

She emerges from her bath all perfumed. Her skin has been rubbed with smoothing lotions. It is so soft to the touch. He will melt as he touches her gentle skin. She will melt as she feels his caress.

If she is to play the part, she will have to make sure that her clothes speak volumes. First she puts on the garter belt. She has bought a pair of shiny white silk-stockings to wear with the garter belt. She knows how enticing they will make her legs seem. They are so fragile almost formed out of china. Then she slides her matching panties over the garter. The outfit is almost innocent in its provocation. Anything that might speak of desire is covered by dainty fabrics with elegant stitching. Her sexual appeal is hidden by these layers of suggestion. Each attempted caress sounds word of affection unspoken.

She questions herself. How obvious does she want to be when Dan shows up. It is in her interest to tease Dan. But she still wants her intentions left to the imagination. She debates whether to remove her panties. For the time being, she leave them on.

She feels like a package waiting to be opened. The ribbons and bows leave no doubt about the designs of the giver. Only a soft touch could weave its way through this river of fabric. But its surprises will finally excite the exploring hands. And her lover will be aroused by her delicate gift.

Her perfume fills the room. It allows for no other thoughts on his part but those that enhance her appeals. Its fragrance will intoxicate him and render him practically helpless. There is nothing that she can do to hold back from surrendering herself completely. She will be unable to restrain his advances. Once passion seizes him, she will open herself to his raging desire. The two of them will fall to the bed overcome by their affection for each other.

All this will feel so natural. Body and mind will be joined as one. She has hesitated too long. She has nurtured her doubts. No more!

She pulls her transparent robe around her. It will be daring just to open the door. Until he comes, she is not sure what to do with herself. She romps around in her cute little slings with the pom-poms on them. This is only too charming.

Everything about her place speaks about the coming union between them. The secrets of the room are to be soon revealed. There is nowhere to hide. They both will expose themselves completely.

She can hear his footsteps on the stairs. The champagne is now chilling on ice. He will pull the glass to his mouth to taste the bubbling liquor. It will only encourage him to bring his lips to bear on hers. As she waits for him to knock, she can feel the kiss affect her deep inside. Her flesh comes alive. She wants to be touched.

There is only one thing to do to make this perfect. She must slide her panties off. There

can be no second thoughts. He has been invited to a night of love. She must accede to its demands. She needs to let him know why he has been asked here. He can't shirk the duties of the lover.

When he knocks on the door, her heart skips a beat. She wonders what she can do to turn back. It is already too late. As she opens the door, he feels that this is forever. She is a little afraid to turn the lock. This moment of horror has already seized her. There is nothing that she can do. She gives in. She opens the door.

When Estelle opens the door, Dan is stunned. He is in awe of her magnificent splendor. She has always attracted him. This time is more than that. Even at dinner, she had been a picture of splendor. But there had been something almost icy about her presence. She was just too formidable for him to overcome. Now she oozes with sexuality. Everything speaks of her wish for more.

"You look wonderful," Dan's mouth is half-open.

She leads him to the couch and plies him with champagne. Tonight he is not staring at her breasts. His gaze is more directed. It is a testament to her naughtiness. His desire moves way ahead of anything that they do at this moment. They sit close to each other drinking champagne. But he sees something that is driving him wild. He is aroused before touching her.

Estelle tries to effect a modesty. The best that she can do is to use her robe to try to veil her intentions. But it is so transparent that it only encourages him to stare. She lets it fold over her as she sits next to him. He plays with the edge of the fabric in the hope of feeling some of the electricity of her body. The shock is working its way over him. But its initial impression is gradual. It will only build until it knocks him against his chair.

She watches his hand at play. She moves her free hand close to his so that she can be ready when the feeling is right. The champagne is working its way in the system. She is giving in to its influence. Imperceptibly, the hands move closer and closer. Now they barely touch and that proximity creates a pull that they can't resist. They can't hold back any longer as their hands weave together. It is only a matter of minutes before he pulls her on top of him.

She smiles at him. They look at each other, and their silence speaks volumes. There is no longer this uncertainty on her part. She has put all her doubts away. He promises to her with his eyes. They are a gentle blue.

Once their hands start to play together, it only encourages them to wrestle each other. Their glasses are already down on the table. The champagne has proven to be the perfect lubricant for what follows.

Estelle now on top of him. He can feel the deep warmth of her body. As they kiss, their bodies slowly rock together. This is more than physical. She can feel the promise in their movement. She positions herself so that he doesn't even feel the weight of her body. They are almost one.

Once she removes her robe, her nakedness is all the more evident. She pulls apart the buttons of his shirt. His muscular tone turns her on. She is now immersed in the physical side of their connection. He struggles with her bra. But once he undoes the clasp, it falls to the floor. Whereas he had stared at her in the restaurant, now he feels that exquisite figure of hers wrapped around his. Her breasts are now resting on his magnificent chest. They move more intensely together. This only incites their passion.

The kisses are now deep and without let up. There is something almost savage in the coming together. In the heat of desire, they put aside everything but their satisfaction. Now it seems so natural. He runs his hand along her smooth back. Her trim physique only adds to the sense of wonder. He is now touching the edge of her garter belt.

She realizes that they are crossing a point of no return. If she jumped up at this point, that would probably end his pursuit for good. He couldn't take more uncertainty on her part. But she has prepared herself for this moment. Everything speaks of them being together. Even with other men, she has never felt this merging of her physical and spiritual sides. At this point, he can do anything that he wants to do with her. She is game.

His hand now rests on her butt. He is still wearing his pants. But she can feel how excited he is. He pulls her tighter towards him. They thrust together. His face is now buried between her breasts. He turns her over so that she is now lying on the couch, her right leg straddles the edge. His kisses follow the outlines of her breasts. She burns from inside. She begs for his caress.

Dan rests his hands on her hips. She is only too willing to oblige him. He is no longer the shy boy watching her from afar. He has lost his clumsiness. He is a knowing lover. She is lulled by his mouth taking her flesh inside. He welcomes its kisses. He draws all the power from it touch. Her skin is wet. His mouth slides along her breasts.

His kisses work their way down her stomach. She closes her eyes. She lets her body come alive. It is no longer just his touch. It is more than that. It is what he can suggest by his gestures. His tongue runs a path along it way to the belly button. She shivers with excitement.

Once he passes this point, he will be in no man's land. From here he will only plunge deeper and deeper into her heart of darkness. He contemplates his journey with all the import that it deserves. He is on a mission. He is giving all of himself for her. She is his queen. There is nothing that he will not do to satisfy her least whim.

He can now smell the deep perfumes of her body. The air is moist and heavy. The more that he breathes, the more that he feels overcome. His descent is definite. She has predetermined his path from the moment that she got ready for the night. He does not have to tear her panties off with his teeth. She has already inflamed his passion.

Estelle only expects him to do all that he can to satisfy her desires. And for the moment, he does all that he can to give. His kisses first tickle and then they lull her. She lets go to the pleasure. It is like a tidal wave turning her around. But she still has not attained climax.

He is part of her. She hardly thinks about it as if he is doing something to her. This is the crescendo of her desire making its way from deep inside her. It is her body's response to her initial awakening. She rides this high until it is so overwhelming that it almost tears her in two.

She wants him inside her. She wants that sense of completeness when she knows that he is enjoying this as much as she is.

She is not afraid to pull down his pants and strip off his shorts. She wants to know for certain that he is in to it. It is not enough for her to feel his touch on her body. She needs to explore with her hands. To run her hands along his firm butt. To press her fingers against his hips. To touch and truly know. She wants him to feel everything that she does. She makes him feel pleasure.

She leads him through the heights of arousal until even he can take it no more. She has

done everything that she needs to protect her feelings. There is now no reason to hold back.

When she take him inside her, she feels a permanence between them. This is nothing like the blind passion that she experienced with Phil. This is real. They have nurtured this feeling over weeks. She has tested his love over and over again. This is real gold. And she is now prepared to devote herself to the precious metal. This love is real. As the glare forces her to close her eyes, she again sees with her inner eye. She sees this amazing flash of light. It lights the back of the mind. Their bodies follow along so comfortably

The longer that they move together, the more that she can feel them travel to exotic world. Spices fill the air to celebrate the mysteries that are shared between them. She opens up a magic that has been lying dormant. The thrill swirls around her. She comes out of her skin. She screams wildly.

With her intense enjoyment, he only feels more driven. She gives in to his advances. She imagines that they would have already given out. But there is so much ahead. It is as if a barrier has vanished. There is an infinity of the night that awaits them. Neither of them is in the least fatigued. As the darkness descends over them, they only have other delights to share with each other.

They wake together to an embracing morning. The sun's caresses of light only prepare for deeper kisses between them. They remember their night of passion, and its intoxicating reminder only gets them in the mood once more. She remembers how his excitement drove her crazy all night long, and now she works on him to bring to life the madness of the darkness.

Their morning passions takes them to a place that is so far removed from the usual pressures of the daytime. They act as if nothing will interfere with their present satisfaction. And present follows present until they are again rolling together in eternity.

They have hardly slept, but they both feel refreshed, at least for the moment. She takes a quick shower and rushes off to work. He follows her out since he has to get to class. Estelle realizes that something marvelous has happened. They exchange their final kisses as they stand in front of their cars. This is too good to do only once. They plan to renew the feeling that night.

At work, she floats on air. There is a bounce in her step. She has become a new person. While sitting at the desk, she fingers the amulet. She again feels the magic. Her body spoke to her of this far away land. And she traveled there with his kisses.

All questions that she had about Dan are now a thing of the past. For the future, she only sees great plans. Both of them are about to graduate. It seems too perfect. They can marry their good fortunes together. Nothing will come in their way.

Estelle loves how the pleasures of the body can create a clarity for everything else in her life. She is able to handle work and school with such ease. Even her brain seems to have been set on overdrive. Homework problems that seemed like drudgery now make so much sense. She breezes through it all.

All along Estelle has been looking for something like this. Her insecurities were becoming such a weight that they were dragging her down. She could feel herself drowning with no way to escape. Now she is free to float to the surface. She is swimming through her life.

She doesn't want to pretend that she is putting too much faith in Dan. It is not like that at all. He has allowed her to express all the creative impulses that were in her all along.

Estelle starts to reflect on her background and her family. Perhaps growing up in the

suburbs only made her hesitant about herself. She had everything going for her. But she was raised to be cautious. That need to protect herself had grown out of all proportion. It prevented her from trying new things. She missed opportunities that were right in front of her nose. The whole world now looks different to her.

Estelle wants to make sure that she doesn't blow it. She has something great. She has to take it for what it is. She can't ask the world of Dan. She has to let him be himself. Estelle has to let the relationship grow.

She knows that she is being so practical. But there is this fierce wildness that is also taking her over. She wants to satisfy that hunger. As it overtakes her, she expects the rest of the world to follow. Her mind tells her to be patient. But her desires tell her to ignore everything that does not give her the utmost pleasure. She wants it all. There is no restraint on her part. Since her passions run so far ahead of her, she is now building her dreams on the power of the kiss. She runs her fingers along the amulet. What does the future have in store?