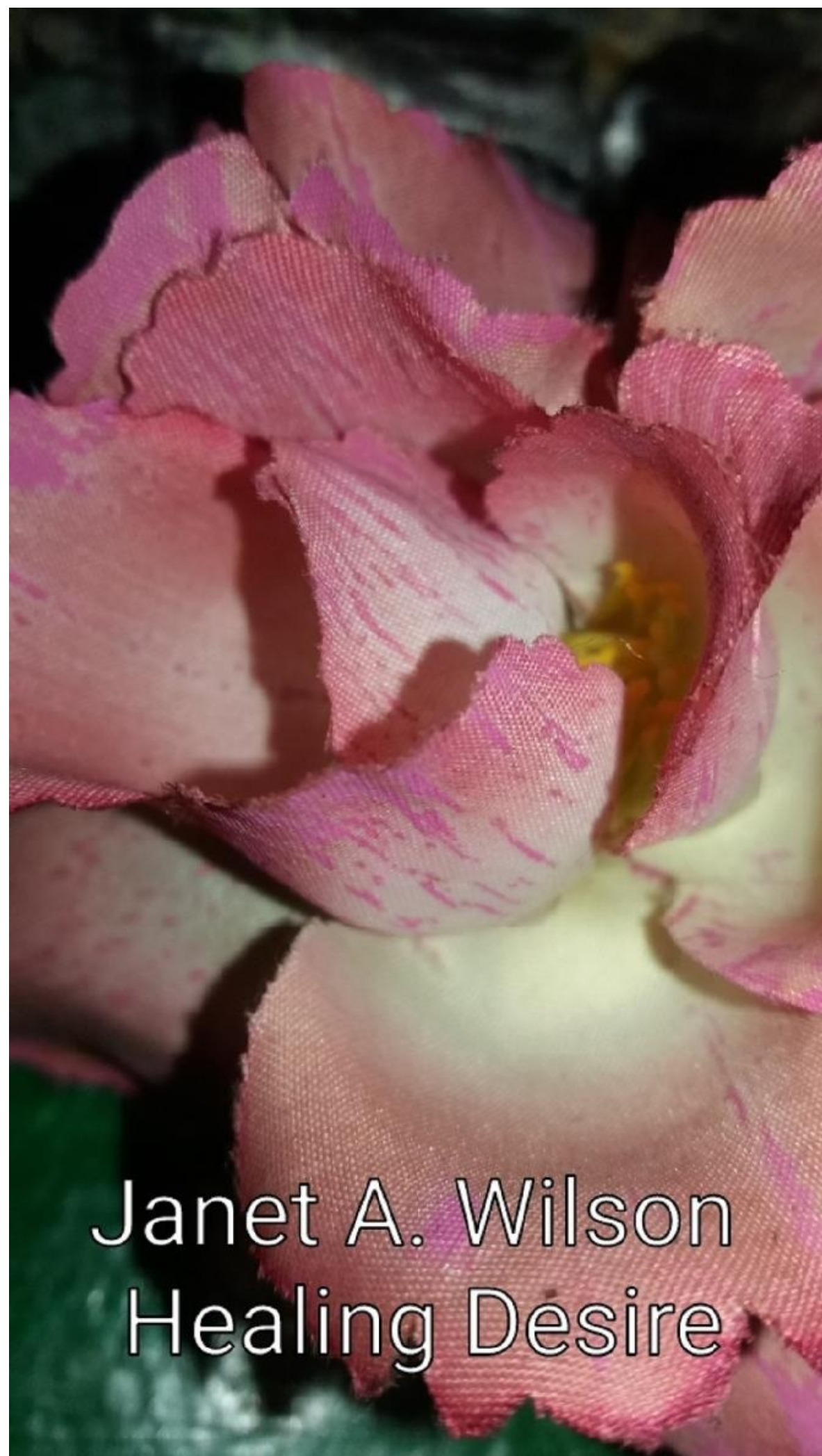


# Healing Desire



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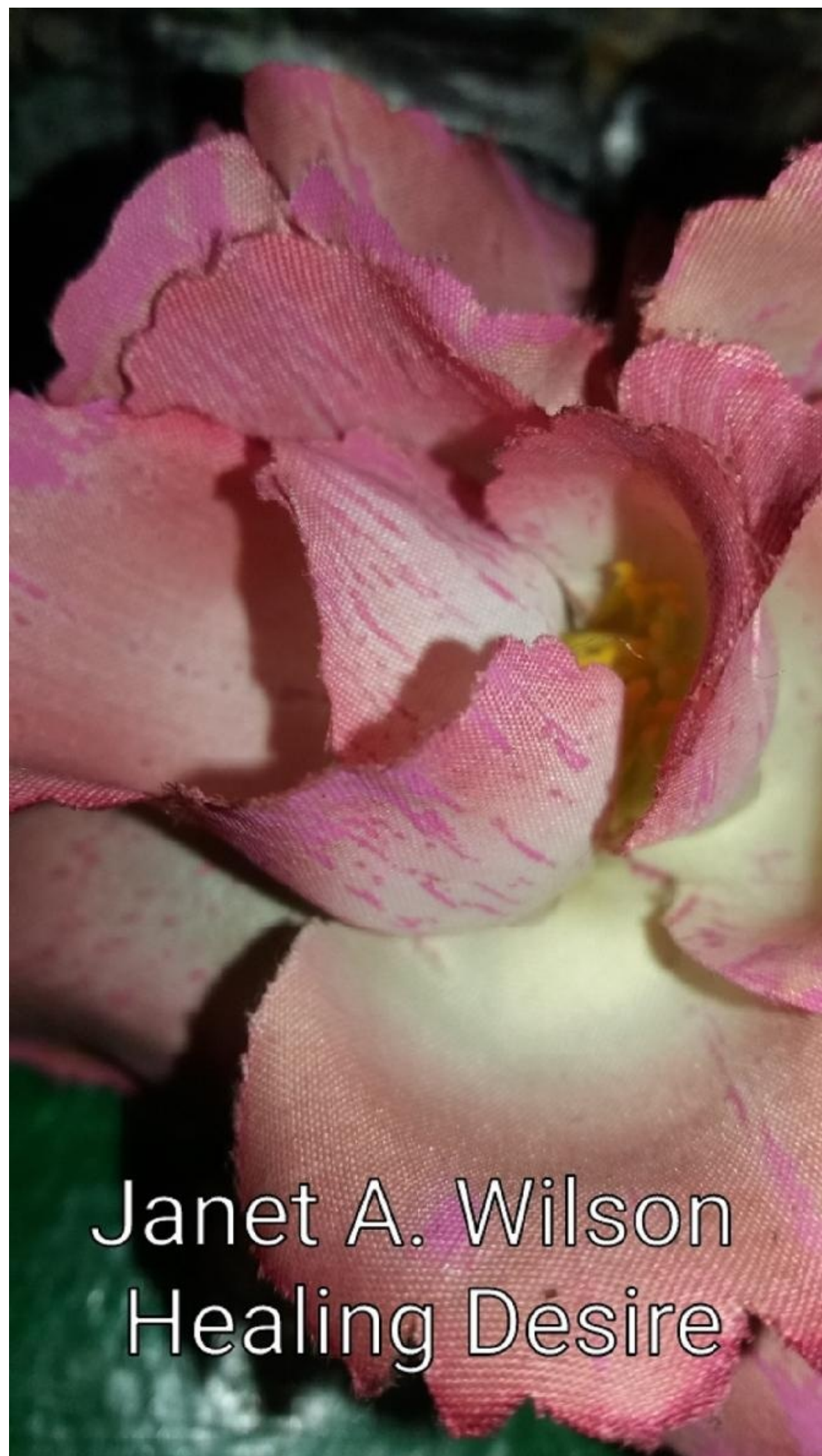
Janet Wilson



Janet A. Wilson  
Healing Desire







Janet A. Wilson  
Healing Desire

**JANET A. WILSON**

Healing Desire/Love Spiritual Realm

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*Healing Desire/Love Spiritual Realm is Dedicated to myself, my children, all women who are*

*independent and successful and lastly my ex-husband...*

Poem - Love Finding Love

by Janet A. Wilson

When Love finds Love...

Who knows what will be...

It all occur naturally...

The moments interfered by time and space...

All actions have its place...

Our thoughts intertwine the powers that be...

Our loins yearn for the ecstasy...

When love finds love...

Who knows what will be...

It all occur naturally...

Spells broken its only you and I...

There is no witchcraft in me...

Spirits vanish, stride by stride...

Negativity, have no place to abide...

When love finds love...

Who knows what will be...

It all occur naturally...

Janet A. Wilson

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Acknowledgement

Everyone and everything in my life who has a cause and reason to do what is being done...



**One**

The Train Station

Love Spiritual Realm/Healing Desire by Janet A. Wilson

Twenty Four Hour Train Ride is an experience of traveling on a popular Train Service in the United States of America. The experience was overwhelming and daunting.

It was a wet and rainy autumn evening in the South of Florida, I was early for my departure to New York, I was already checked in by the agents who were very polite, from the day before when I picked up my ticket. They were informative and seemed to have been the only modern adornment, at the train depot; they spoke in a very southern accent. The following day, early evening I was expected to depart Florida for an unknown time.

First time traveler on the famous United States passenger train, I thought would have been scenic, historical and maybe romantic journey.

The quaint, authentic, very old, railroad station, was painted in beige and brown with benches for waiting passenger both on the inside and on the outside along the platform of the track, a newspaper stand, a ticket machine Quick-Trac Ticketing Kiosk all blended in with the decor a small waiting



area and restrooms that could accommodate four people, let me not forget a vending machine.

I scanned the place quickly and decided to pick up my tickets from ticket agent, have a friendly chat and inquired about the train and other pertinent questions so I could be prepared for the trip the following day. I walked through the depot as they were getting ready to close, it was late in the afternoon.

The day of the trip we were anxious, as this was the end of five years in Florida State, I was disappointed, as we accomplished nothing, my mom was ill and she passed away during the course of that five years...we spent time in essence and the last of her days were unexpected.

We arrived at the Train station early it was a stormy afternoon, I checked in validated my tickets and I went to check in my bags on the other side of the track which was even more authenticated than that of the entrance, the ambiance of 18th century decor was made appealing by the old scale, old boxes and suitcases lying around. The checking in of the luggage was the same method as the modern technique at the airport, for the exception of the scale, which was not digital as it had to be in another area. Check-in went well, as I patiently waited for the arrival of the train, my well wishers and I reminisced on all we had experienced while I was in Florida. It was raining lightly and sometimes hard a short lightening storm made is dismal.

At the depot there was an arrival of the Grey Hound Bus which had its final stop in old town where I waited for my long awaited departure for a 24 hour trip to my favorite city. We shopped at the convenience which was conveniently located across the street from the train tracks. The rain and lightening became more intense, and lasted for a good half hour as we hurried for shelter out of the lightening storm our train arrived.

The train arrived on time, we walked along the platform to embark, the boarding was a bit clumsy as the steps were as a ladder with thick metal rungs at least twelve inches (12") from the ground. I was helped on board by a very polite female conductor and male conductor, they both worked coherently as they took

our bags; yet it seems like another looked at our tickets and showed us to our seats, as we settled in we were eager to begin the trip. The voices of a conductor shouted

"All Aboard" Silver-light 2339 (not the correct number of the train) bound to New York City, next Stop arriving in 45 minutes.

We continued to settle into our seats and began to observe everyone in our compartment and closest to us; my Son and I glanced at each other, and I reassured him it was going to be a fun trip.

The train began to move away from the station, we waved good-bye at our entourage who escorted us to the Train Station, relatives and friends, of whom we resided while we were in Florida. We looked out at them for the last time, as it was unknown when we would be returning to Florida or be seeing them again.

It was 7 pm in the evening, our journey by train and car would end at 10 pm on Monday night. We had a full train at least so I thought, the car we were in was full to capacity, our immediate neighbors for 24 hours were before us, a man and a woman, to the exact right of us another man and woman, behind us a man, woman and child, who seem to be traveling with another older child and a older

woman, these were together and who seemed to have been a family, I prayed for a safe arrival for some reason, I started feeling uncomfortable, so I made myself as comfortable as possible and so did my son.

The train slowly, clanked out of our station; there were another ten stations to go until the end of the train ride. The next stop would be Orlando, then Jacksonville, Charleston, Columbia, Selma, Raleigh, Washington D.C., Baltimore, Philadelphia and then New York Pennsylvania Station.



## Two

### The Compartment and the Passengers

The compartment was not as I had expected, we cleared our seating area of all bags and other pieces of carry-on bags and placed the bags in the provided luggage compartments. The comfort pieces in the necessary places, head pillows, head rests and neck rest were all where they should be, snacks, coffee and drink cups, blankets, sheets and everything else to make ourselves comfortable, because of the night travel, we did not want to move around too much; or disturb anyone, the space was limited and we wanted everything to be at arm's length.

There was nothing to see out the windows everything was pitch black, there was an announcement at about 10 p.m; that the snack bar was open for those who wanted something to eat. At about the third or fourth stop we went to explore, we found a snack bar it was stocked with all kinds of fast microwave foods, pretzels, Danishes, hot dogs, coffee, etc.

The bathroom we did not have a problem locating it was very obvious and apparent where it was located, about six seats away from our seat and it was not pleasant as we would soon learn later on the journey.

The night rolled by nicely, it was not at all quiet, the noise, from chattering passengers was unbearable, but we ignored everything, as the car was packed, every seat was occupied in our compartment.

It was not a problem, however, the passing passengers and the immediate passenger sitting behind us holding on to my seat and hitting and kicking of the seats were intolerable. We tried sleeping through it and ignoring it, as best as we could. I would soon learn, later on that journey that it was mere rudeness and they did not care or know any better.

My son and tried to sleep as much as we could throughout the night, we would

taking turns, as he stayed awake while I sleep and I would stay awake while he slept, as it appears, we both fell asleep together sometime during the night into the early morning, the people were not very neighborly, and I did not thought of asking the conductor to be removed to another car, as I did not know I could have asked, as I thought the train was full.

Morning arrived not a moment too soon, I went to the bathroom, to freshen up, it was a tad bit bigger than that of a plane's, as I have only flew from place to place in the past I could only compare the bathroom with that of the train; it was not pleasant, I did what I had to do and return to my seat, waited until my son freshened up and left the car, we went to the snack bar car to have breakfast, we stayed there two to three hours of the journey, we were now arriving in either Selma or Raleigh the middle rack of the journey. I was thinking about my daughter she traveled this journey to be with us sometimes twice per year whenever, she could afford it, I was hoping all those times it was more pleasant, because I made a silent pledged unless I traveled business class, I would never travel by train ever for the remainder of my life. The train I thought was an experience to relax into a journey to arrive at a place that one has not been to for a while or to call home.

Don, my son left the snack bar, which was sunny and warm, I remained there

for another hour or two, I returned to the car, and to my surprise someone was just leaving our seats, Don went to the restroom, and it seemed as if someone was in my carryon luggage, I reluctantly sat down and waited for my son to return, we glanced

and each other and continued on the journey, to my surprised, the person behind us purposely hit the seat as I drifted off into a nap, I got up and asked if they could possible control themselves and their child, to which I and my son and I was bombarded with insults and curse words, shouting began the conductors were now on the scene to which after lots of shouts and intolerable behavior were amiss, we were told we would be removed (both offenders and defenders) from the train or to me, if to another car, to which I responded that my child and I would prefer to be removed to another car.

Some of the nightmare ended, when we were taken to another car, which I was

somewhat elated to see was half empty and quieter, we napped for a while, and it was more comfortable. The journey continued with little or no disturbance, one heck of a long stop in Washington D.C. which caused some restlessness, the train was on time, and, also it must have been a stop to clean the restrooms and refuel if there is such a thing to do. We have "two stops left I said to my son, Baltimore, Philadelphia and then lastly New York. He was looking a bit traveled, eyes tired and a weary smile popped up on his lips. He fell asleep, for a little while, we walked the aisles where no one was sitting, the car was emptier now, we had a few passing smiles here and there; the conductors made their schedule walks and had a little chit chat with the passengers in the car, answering their brief questions, they, the conductors although showed a bit of tiredness in their eyes, were courteous and helpful.



### Three

Arriving as Schedule

I really thought I would have met someone on the train, I did, a cuddly, sweet little toddler, who had her

beautiful big eyes on me since we changed seats in the new compartment, I cooed and played peek-a-boo with her, for a while until it was their turn to disembark.

The scenic views of the entire ride were mostly of train stations, bushes, some towns and more bushes, there was nothing exciting to see, old lumber and metal yards, farms of some kind, and fields. The stop in Baltimore, Philadelphia/New Jersey was lengthy as we were now eager to complete and end this weary time consuming journey. It was time, they called our station “New York” Pennsylvania arrival next 10-5 minutes. I went to the restroom to changed and freshen up, the train was on time, we the passengers were given instructions as to disembark procedures as this was one of the main and last stop, it was to be done in a orderly manner. We followed through, we were carefully aided down from the train onto the platform at Penn station, we walked up the second level to where we picked up our luggage after about an hour’s wait, we did so, quietly and cooperatively the “red cap” assisted us we were assisted to the street where I tipped him as he was very polite and helpful.

My son and I saw our nightmarish couple and child; waiting we exchange glances and looked away. We waited patiently for my daughter to pick us up, this was for another hour, I did not mind at all, we arrived safely at my favorite city, where the smells of food, the night lights and the people were all incredible (if you get to know them) I felt love, restoration and knowledge all at once, it was as if we were being rejuvenated from the train ride. We waited at 8th Avenue and 31st street, we spoke, made fun of the “rats” my son said he saw running around the suitcases, we admired the young people and the jazzy old ones, the food vendors were selling up a storm on that beautiful scented autumn evening, it was a refreshing and wonderful feeling, I really felt love and other mix feelings. I said to my son, “Honey, it’s been five years since we have been here, (exactly five years and a month) we may not have money, but I can try again, I love New York City, its life, fun, and knowledge, you got to love and appreciated and be appreciated as it is the wisdom of Godliness of all humanity.

My daughter Alicia arrived without a car, she told we have to take the subway,

“okay” I said, we hugged for a good 5 minutes and exchange welcome greetings she and I and Don, I asked her for Alex and she told me he was home with their dad. We headed down 31st street towards where we would get to the subway to take us home.

There at the end of that ride my other son met us, we Don and I have not seen each other for seven months, we hugged and kissed and group hugged. We finally arrived at our destination 10:35 pm on Monday night September 7, 2010, where a new life and another journey and experience would begin, I am hoping it will end in my favor this time.

Good Luck folks and may your train, plane and ship travels be pleasant and up to your expectations.



**Four**

New Beginnings



## The Journey Continues...

The waves of one of the most beautiful beaches in Athens, powerfully, splash across the shores of the small Greek Island. The magnificent of crystal like waters of this private enchanted beach is as a fairy tale story, the winds reverberated from the ruins which were close by, it was as therapeutic as being at all natural spa, Janet moaned restlessly on the sand as the water splashed speedily and carelessly on the shore, where she have been laying most of the morning, the tides splashing in ebbs and flows on the soft sandy shore massage her back and thighs. The sunbathing made her even tan body appears to be glowing as she lays there thinking of nothing but of the endlessness and vastness of the sea. Janet was vacationing alone she requested room service daily and a guide.

It was noon, time to return to her room which was being cleaned by the villa

maid she hired, Cara, she and her had become friends as they would go for dinner each evening, Janet had not wanted to welcome or entertained unwelcome admirers. (Cara) lived in Mykonos (Mykonos, an island of Cyclades, is known as

“jewel” of the Aegean for its cosmopolitan character, romantic atmosphere and intense nightlife. As one of the places for diving, it trendy beaches of powder-like

sand. The culture, friendly people and relaxing environment make Mykonos just what Janet wanted, to be away from New York City and let go in one Nature’s splendor all her life.

The village where Janet was on vacation on the island of Mykonos, a small, Greek residence known as Villa Delos,

the southern location of the Delos Limelight within easy reach of Mykonos Town and the trendy southern beaches, the two nearest being Agiosloannis and Ornos. The fabulous views breathtaking of both on the front terrace and in the pool area.

The three-bedroom was modernly designed, with updated appliances and

furnishing and other amenities located near shops and restaurants. This was her second day at the villa, Janet had booked a week, to be away from the New York City one of three vacations she made sure to have schedule throughout the year, Janet had to get away from the Board of Directors for which she was Director of Foreign Affairs for a chain of Hotels in ten major countries.

As Janet entered the room, the phone rang, it was her daughter Shaneika, both her children were in France on vacation, she called to give the good news that she was engaged to her pen-pal who she has been corresponding and dating for years, whenever he had the chance to vacation in the States.

Francois had just slipped a 10 K diamond on her finger and they were planning to get married in December, it was September, Janet was excited, Shaneika was in love with Francois and he with her, “I am surprised”, she said “Mom” you are the first to know” “Sheldon and Shaun is out sightseeing”, it was their first time in Europe, France being the initial conquest. We talked endlessly for an hour or so until Sheldon and Shaun arrived, they were staying with Francois parents. I wish

them well and they were not happy to hear of what had occurred with me and John, but my daughter reassured me that I will be over it as soon as I see her engagement

ring. I laughed and I told her, I will be in New York on Sunday; we bid each other good bye until then.

The flight was incredible; the process from the Airport to the hotel went beautifully, as is expected for most first class passenger. Janet arrived at the villa everything was already arranged, Janet was impressed with the service, she was shown to her three bedroom villa by the most witty concierge. The vacation began with massage therapy at a small spa, followed by sauna and dinner at a local restaurant she dined alone that evening. She was told, breakfast would be served in bed the following morning, and the service at the villa was incredible. She could not wait to relax lazily on the beach and have her mind tune out of from the surprise of her final fantasy of falling in love.

Which she was sure was meant to be, some day on one of her excursions but not on this vacation or week. She was confused and did not understand why John left her in the middle of the night in frenzy after making fiery and passionate love to her. He kissed her softly on the cheeks and fled, without a word. She was bewildered and humiliated. Was she to be imputed for the chemistry and magnetism of their magical spirited and emotional lovemaking, was he ashamed or scared of what they shared together. Their week-end together in the mountains was so fiery even the snow seemed to have melted, but John left Janet in the middle of the night without even a note or a goodbye. She has not heard from him for a whole week, after calling and leaving messages, she thought it was over, book a ticket to Greece to revamp her to forget about him.

Janet Alexander tried to rid herself of the disappointments, and the emotional damage of the emptiness she felt, not accepting the fact that she may be just has lost John and may be lonely for the remainder of her life, it was not one of the ordinary stress filled week, for which, she often take, a vacation two or three times a year, this trek was to get away from falling in love with and being rejected by a stranger who she may never see again, it was shocking and a bomb from hell, Janet, was not

expecting John to leave in the middle she knew John Vanderbilt felt the same, he too had fallen in love with her, their physical attraction and desires left them both exhausted at their business meetings, it was as metal to magnet, their minds connected causing them not only to complete each other sentences, but sometimes not to speak at all. John was in denial to of this fiery encounter the passion which they ignited caused him to weaken at the sight of her, as she also had very troubling tremors and palpitations. They could not wait to be together. This attitude, they both dealt with for months on a professional basis.



## Five

### John and Janet's Physical Attraction

The first encounter with John left her trembling at his very appearance and mannerism. The moment she stepped into the office she knew she had to ask him on a date, she hesitated but made sure

he knew of his roaming eyes and deliberate, bashful touch for which he so admiringly and softly caressed. Their eyes met so very often, John refused to have a conversation with her other than that of business.

Janet decided, she'd asked John on a date, if he didn't. After the meeting she walked to the other side of the conference table and claimed the man she knew she had to be with, the room was empty and they both packed and shoved their files in separate cases, Janet asked "what are you doing tonight John, I made dinner reservation for us at Restaurant, his reply was yes, a friend had recommended the ambiance and cuisine to be superb. John said "I'll pick you up at 8 pm. I said "O.K.

we are on. John also had kids from a previous marriage; they spoke of the kids briefly at a previous meeting. Janet knew John for a year or so only meeting on a professional basis, they were physically, attracted to each other but never seem to rush their carnal desires.

Janet rushed home in my 2010 Porsche, her commissions gave her a lifestyle she deserved, she spent it well, on luxury items money earned is money spent to

enhance living and beauty, she stepped out of her car and ran to her front door where she was met by her well personal assistant, with messages and news from her kids who were in France on vacation; Deena, her assistant in New York, would also assist her into getting dressed for her date as she told Deena of the outcome of the day and finally a date with John Vanderbilt one of the most sort after male in Malibu Florida, he was in New York on business and contemplating as to whether or not to purchase a house in New England State or the big City. Deena was as excited as Janet regarding the date and hoped it went well.

Janet chose a red dress with a low back drop and transparent patent shoes, hair in chignon and a single diamond bracelet for enhancing her beautiful left arm and a large burning hot red sapphire ring for her right pinkie.

Janet had her assistant and butler prepared a small cocktail before John's arrival.

I had finish putting together the documents, for the courier to pick up first thing in the morning, I napped until it was time to get dress, John arrived on time, 7 pm, reservations was at 8 pm, we had a 45 minute drive, handsomely dressed in white shirt and a very dark sports jacket along with dark slacks nicely suave and great looking. Every single woman in the industry wanted him.

We talked leisurely of the restaurant, and who may be there to see us together while we drove into the city, he was a well known socialite, this is one of the reasons I did not think of dating him before now, I knew he fancied me and all but the timing had to be right and I had to be ready for him and the rest of his world.

We arrived at the restaurant on time, as he handed the keys to the valet attendant, we were approach by a woman who appeared to be half my age, his daughter Jasmine, we met before, as startled as I was to see her showing up on our date, I greeted her calmly and glanced at him, she retorted a hello, and greeted her father, kissed him lightly on the cheek and explained, that she'd had arrived last evening, but was exhausted so she slept all day, called his house, and was told he was on his way here to the restaurant with me, she came by with a friend to say

hello and she would see him later on that night or tomorrow. For which he said tomorrow. They both kissed good-bye, she nodded and I nodded in return, Jasmine and her date walked back to their car and left.

The restaurant was semi-formal, known mostly for the ambiance, cuisine and

service, it catered to a well dressed social crowd, distinctive as the main dining room, the Lounge offers the same service and cuisine as the main dining, as my eyes roamed the room to check out the patrons, I saw John was being eyed inquisitively by passerby and other female vixens.

Our evening began with a surprise, Jasmine showing up unexpectedly, I had reserve a table away from the lounge and in the main area, at a window by the lake where the sunsets during twilight was spectacular.

The ambiance was calming, after settling in at our table; it seemed as if there was no one else in the restaurant that evening, when our conversation had peaked to personal interest the focus was uninterrupted, unpretentious and relaxed.

We became so enthralled in our each other presence, the romance filled the room of divine ecstasy, I had a couple of martini's before leaving home, so I decided to have a couple more before dinner with added fruit juice, to keep my appetite stimulate and ready to enjoy the meal, for which John ordered, his favorite flambé stuffed chicken breast and a scoop of whipped buttered almond flavored potatoes with parsley and olive asparagus in salty vinaigrette. At the candle lit table, a bottle of white wine, too fancy for me to recall and for desert strawberry whipped cream cake with tumbled butter frosting... the night ended with brandy in large glasses which caused us to giggle, the glasses were almost as large as our heads.

I wanted something hot and spicy other than tea, we both decided on a good aged old brandy, which would add nostalgia to the moment. We talked of everything, like a couple who wanted to get together and see more of each other, we recalled the day, when he dropped the files in my lap accidentally, when our eyes met for the first time at the Real Estate Convention in Houston early last year.

We both had something energetic and demanding occurring in our bodies and personalities. It was very hard to conceal and it was very disturbing for him, as it appears he was unable to handle the magnetic vibrations of our attraction.

We went for a stroll in the garden, in the back of the restaurant, where there was a small lake, a cherry trees and a couple ducks wading, we talked more of for our next meeting, we turned and faced each other the closeness made me weak and vulnerable, I trembled as his lips touched mine, and I teasingly did the same and whispered I could love you endlessly, without him, hearing, ( as I thought, he did not hear when I spoke) he hungrily tasted my mouth gently and walked away. We strolled on the path in the garden by the lake holding hands, having light conversation he asked if I was seeing someone, the question came hauntingly as John whispered in my ear.

I thought, it was only the drinks and our desire to get together after all these years of knowing, and keeping our relationship at a professional level, but, I cautiously, said it getting late, I had an appointment in the morning and it was now 12 midnight.



The Restaurant was beginning to close as we walked to the valet to have our car returned to us. He turned and kissed me again, he was sober enough to drive home, I had suggested a cab, but he waved me on and said he able to drive us home.

As we drove home, he popped the question, again, “you have not answered my question, are you seeing someone?” “Are you dating?” “When will we be seeing each other again?” being bombarded by his questions and I thought it was just the brandy, I was happy, but did not show any emotion, although I am sure he knew, he was also hiding his emotions; we had too much to drink, it was not the right moment or time for me to allow John Vanderbilt in my life, I needed to know him and who he had before this date. As there was someone meddling with our lives.



## Six

James Jones - Real Estate Billionaire

He wanted me to go back to his place, for a drink, as for which I declined the invitation. He said okay with a warm air of relinquishment and disappointment. I said “we’ll talk at lunch tomorrow”. We sat silent listening to classical music on the remainder of the ride home. John, walked me to my door and said goodnight, pulsating long kiss, our embraced seemed to last forever, for which he gasped as I let go of him as he said placidly, “I’ll call you the minute I get home and set up our next date for the week-end away from the city. I whispered goodnight and said call me. We’ll talk about lunch tomorrow.

I rushed to my bedroom, undressed showered, went to the kitchen to make a cup of tea, when the phone rang, I quickly answered, it was John, “did you shower?” he asked, “no I did not”, I jokingly replied. “I am in the kitchen making tea,” he said

“I am too”, I said, and we continued speaking of each other the things we liked and disliked, the kids and everything else we did and shared in common until about 3:15 am, when I had to remind him I had a 8 am appointment with a client who I had to meet to view a bed and breakfast we were opening in Vermont and our lunch date, for which he said he would call. We hung up from each other at exactly 3:30 am that morning.

I rushed out the door to the meeting, which was very important to the Company, this was the deal of the year with one of our biggest clients James Jones, the appointment he was with a wealthy Texan, billionaire to be exact, he managed and did all his original transactions and new property investment personally, he has several investment with our company and I was to close this agreement with him, his assistant usually closes all the bids.

The Bed and Breakfast was located on Long Island, in the Wine Country of Suffolk County, the Company won the bid and I had to meet with James Jones, who I have been speaking with on the

telephone and e-mailing for weeks, for dates, he wanted to spend some time with me, this was the big date; he was young and exciting very attractive to look at, short black hair, face of a Greek God..had the mannerism of cowboy who trained horses, he was not my type of guy but he was great for business and conversations.

I called John, and told him, I would call him after the appointment and gladly meet him for late lunch. I was out of the office until 3 p.m. that afternoon, had me accompany him to inspect the property with a team of engineers, inspectors and designers, I don't usually inspect properties with my clients but, he offered me partnership with his company for which I told him I would have to think about it and inform him at another time, I had so many appointments on my schedule, there was no time to focus on a new contract for a new job, I take my work seriously, and had to see all the pros and cons of new business, I don't like losing or using, no matter how insanely attractive the incentives or bonuses was at this time, and moreover, my contract stipulated a five year deal which was binding for another month.

James laughed, that I have been putting him off for years, and he would let me decide when and if I wanted to partnered with him and or have dinner with him, he was so demanding but non-consenting as he walked alongside me and slipped his

fingers through mine. I smiled as how now, I am being hunted and pursued, by two handsome and wealthy men.

The drive to Suffolk, the meeting and inspection went well, it was exhilarating, overwhelming and tiring, I did not hear from John, I thought he would called me, lunch was evidently, cancelled, I returned to my office, lazily tossed my bags and files on the desk picked up my messages and asked my assistant to bring me coffee, I went through my messages, upon doing so, I saw where John called the office, and left a detailed message and e-mail, he had made reservations for us to spend the week-end in Napa Valley, California, to begin on Thursday, (this could not happen I had a meeting schedule Friday Morning, anytime afternoon on Friday would be great). No if, but, or no's, I had a fit, and remembered I dated him and now he is returning the favors of etiquette. I called John immediately and told him I would love to fly to Napa with him, but not until Friday Afternoon, he said " great I will change the flight for noon (3 p.m.) and pick you up at home" we both laughed, as I hanged up from John.

I looked up and saw James walking into the office at 5 p.m. that afternoon, surprisingly, he apologize for stopping by unannounced or having made an appointment, after all he said "we are more than just business partners," softly curt and business like, he said "I would like for us to go to dinner I made reservations, I have a new project," he wanted me to work on with his assistant, (his excuse for spending the evening with me ) I cannot refuse James offers, his company pays, high commissions, I try to please him, he is always satisfied with my decisions as I make him happy whenever, I close his deals. As I am also aware, he is terribly attracted to me, I don't feel a thing for him but lust at his appearance and suave attitude of a Greek God, and as

I am in confusion as to why, I did not fall in love him more than I did with John.

I am flowing with the moment with James, I met him for the first time at a

conference on a field auction, a partners of the company introduce us, since then every deal of his was close by me and my assistant.

Dinner went well with James, this was my first informal semi-business meeting with him, unlike other dates with him, we discussed very little business and spoke lightly of music, current affairs and events in the Real Estate Hotel entrepreneurship business, thinking of being a partner with a billionaire, is being married to him, it was a giant step, James was implying more than business, I was not ready for this commitment and loyalty, as I know he inherited his wealth, was born into wealth and became the man he is today from dedication and hard work also, the proposal was informal and pertinent, we have only been speaking socially via the internet and closing deals we spent a lot of time together, but I was not expecting this offer, as I am older, not that age matters, I am not in love with him as I expect to fall in love with the man I marry.

As he gazed into my eyes I saw for the first time that he had fallen in love, his deep sea blue eyes ignited something deep within, it was explainable as this was the very first time, I felt this way with him, the conversation ended and I was not aware that my gazed became a stare so intense it we both shuddered and looked away. We finish off dinner with brandy, when he spoke, in loose sentences, he asked if I thought about his proposal, I told him, this is not a good time James, there is so much I must close from my files and the Company would not know as my deals are individually initiated and required tact and precision. I mentioned I would not be around for the week-end, and if there was anything needed to be added to the agreements and other paper work he was to notify my assistant. I kept dinner business like, but friendly, as I was not sure what I was feeling with James and the confusion was intimidating.



## Seven

### Week-end at Napa Valley

I drove home alone, that evening, I had a full day, having spent the night before with John and the day with James I wondered if they had a wager, they both attended a few conventions I was present at and the conference in Houston was where the three of us had lunch. The thought went through my head as quickly as it came, the ride home up rejuvenating, as I drove up to the door of my drive-way my butler, who lived on the property came out to greet me, I had shopped at the mall and grocery store after dinner. As we both emptied the car of my loot, he mentioned Mr. Vanderbilt came by unannounced, he left a bottle of wine and some flowers, said Bill, and I laughed as both men are on the same thought waves as they both initiated the same actions in different place, one at my home and the other at the office. Bill said, "He told me not to notify you Janet, so I complied." Janet thanked Bill, and assist with the packing of the goods she brought home.

We packed the stuff away out of the kitchen and I fled up stairs, to my surprise with some new outfits and toiletries I bought for the week-end with John, I looked up and saw my daughter sitting in the loft above the stair,(a space we used for relaxing when my ex- husband lived in the home) with her friend from France, Francois, they turned and said hello alternatively, "hello Mom", "hello Mrs.

Alexander, he was visiting, it was the end of the summer and

Sheldon, Shaun and Shaneika went to get Visas for visiting Francois parents in September; this is the news they both had.

I sat with them spoke of their trip and my week-end plans with John for the following day, we laughed and left them going through magazines Shaneika looking at different places she wanted to visit, while in France.

I had a late night brandy, showered, washed my hair and jumped in bed, just as I was about to cuddle up with my pillow and Brit (my terrier) the phone rang at exactly, 10:45 p.m. it was John, hello “Cherie” my nick-name for which he called me whenever he was in the mood for his passionate and innate love making, which has not happened in the physical sense...but were we steaming...hi John, he said ” I can’t wait for tomorrow afternoon, I hope you are ready,” “yes John I am, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice”, we both moaned on the phone with exasperation and remained silent for a while. John said “goodnight, I see you tomorrow” call me after the meeting.” I told him goodnight and hanged up.

Friday morning was right on time, Brit nibble my toes, and I was awake, I picked him up gave him a hug and returned him to his basket. Shaneika entered my room, at about 8 am the meeting was not until 9:30 am, the drive from Hudson Valley to Madison Avenue, was about an 45 minutes to an hour. We talked as I placed my suits on the bed, asked her to choose one, while I did my makeup and hair. She was a bit faint, as she said “Mom I feel as if I am in love with him” ” I said honey, it o.k. don’t worry about it, go with the way you feel and let it happen, if it was not meant to be it cannot be”, “whatever decision is made, it is what will be”, I stopped a while hugged her and told her I am sure it will all work out in your favor, Francois and Shaneika has been friends for five years, they were both young, and happy, he flew to the States every summer, sometime he stayed at the Windsor Hotel in the City (I guess for their privacy and when he was with his parents) and other times he would stay at the house here in Newburgh.

We had relatives all over New York, you name the City my parents and cousins lived there and had ties to someone in or around the communities. It was getting late Shaneika chose, my suit, and outfits for the week-end, she packed the new things I bought and walked with me to the car after drinking a mouthful of orange juice and sip a cup of coffee, her brother was just returning from a business meeting, from Miami, so he said, he had a busy day ahead and needed to do some shopping for his trip to France. This being their first time, they wanted everything newly bought. I kissed them both, told them to have a good time and rushed out the door.

On our way to the airport, John asked of the happenings of the day, and relax into traveling mode of his day, he visited his mom, his once a week visit, she was now aging, and being her only son he thought it would be appropriate as he was concerned about her well being, to hire an assistant to live with her to help with her chores and other tasks. He, would mention his mom more than he would speak of his daughter, his daughter he said, “Jan is a loner, she likes being on her own and doing what she does with her friends and people she meets, she lives a clean and social life...she spends time with and live with her mother, John’s, ex-wife, when she is not at her apartment. As my only child she become annoyed at my constant protective attitude and questionings, so as to not aggravate the relationship, I let her be and do whatever she seek to do. If and when she needs me I am here for her all the time, no matter where or what the situation may be”. I understood very well, I do the same for my



children and John and I had an understanding, no matter how intimate we may be, our relationship and business will not come between us and the children. Shaneika, Shaun and Sheldon would be away in France for two weeks starting on Monday.

We finally, got the kids and his mom out of the way, we continued in light conversation of our progress on the job, the plans for the week-end in Napa Valley was on, the wine tasting occasion, a tour of the vineyard, spa and then just us, we

both sighed, as we share some traits of compatibility, and in our astrological signs, I was becoming frustrated sometime by our attitudes and mind bending in our personal lives, the fact of the matter is I liked it so much, I was afraid of being in a relationship with John, it was as if I was him and he me is some of our thoughts and actions, the individuality was a concern, we were not engaged, how could this be, all we did was exchange kisses, the only “deoxyribonucleic acid” (DNA) we shared.

The Flight was on time, we departed at 5 p.m. and would not be in San Francisco until 11 p.m. that night, we had first class seats and decided to sleep, dinner would be served within a hour or two after takeoff and John had a bottle of Champagne sent to our seats. There were only two other couple traveling in our compartment so he had the mostly the stewardesses attending mainly his needs and crooning over him. On flight we, hardly spoke of anything or anyone we were careful not to fall in each other trance and or stare too deeply in each other’s eyes. I have nothing in my life but by children and job at the Corporation, my dog Brit is my only personal possession who is handle and petted by me daily, my ex-husband lives on his own he was stricken by some unknown virus after the divorce, and he and his doctors are working on a cure.

The flight attendant interrupted us as we were about to land, the Champagne

made me a bit light headed and I could hardly stand when it was time to disembark.

John allowed everyone to leave the plane so I could stand on my own, as I did so he laughed hugged me as if he was a support beam and we walked side by side to our waiting car.

On our way to the lodge or villa, we played with each other until the giggles were silenced with kisses and moans and groans although we did not make love in the car, the passion and desired we had bottled up inside our being exploded and erupted into a wild frenzy of carnal ecstasy and pleasure. We stopped ourselves as the car pulled up at the entry of our destination of our excursion. I got myself

together and stepped out of the car with my luggage as the driver was told to pick us up on Monday morning bright and early.

As we approached the entrance we were met by a Valet attendant, who took our

luggage and escorted us to a four bedroom private house with extensive lush green meadow like view and acres of vineyard beyond, the warmth of the house made us shiver as we entered the living space with all the modern amenities, we were told pick for Spa at

11 am John said, sorry I think you have the wrong guest, Spa is a not until 1

p.m. and the tour and picnic Sunday afternoon. Please check our itinerary and call us in the morning, we are vamped and lagged. John politely thanked him and the Valet Tom left us to ourselves. As I ran out of the room and down the hallway to see the remainder of the house and the extensiveness of the view, the pool and the hot Tub on the terrace made the ambiance more romantic and ecstatic more than ever.

I felt weak in the knees, and continued to explore the house, as John was right behind me, with a quickness in his step, it seemed the trip he planned was for my seduction, I secretly smiled, he was at my side now, he grabbed me by the waist twisted me around to face him and whispered in my ears that he waited years to taste my mouth, and wanted all of me, and he will take what belonged to him without any repose from his touch she returned his longing as she drew his head down and his hard body reclaimed hers with a fierce yearning that aroused her own longing to a dizzy pitch, then slowly fulfilled it with piercing, welling intensity until her cry was swept away with the wind. He then lifted her to one of the bedrooms and devoured her flesh from head to toe, until they were both breathless and filled with the anxiety of making love again, and again until they were exhausted.

Shivering, and claiming the moment as heavenly, she screamed his name, and he murmured, brushing her lips with his. Gently he explored her face with his fingers as if he was blind, as if he had never seen him before and might never again. He

looked at he and kissed he hard on the mouth and she rise above him as he rise in her and thrust again until moans exhaled into deep breathing and finally sleep.

They awoke in the middle of the afternoon in each other arms, smiling at each other, the hunger and craving for each other became a need which had to be fulfilled. I'm caught in some spell, John said, no one has ever done this, or made me feel this way, your mouth and eyes are not of this world, my sweet, I kissed him and mounted him as he mumbled into unrest and listlessness of our passion and sweat into the afternoon.

We rise out of bed at 3 p.m., we said nothing as we wondered the room in nudity, listened to our messages from the Front Office in silence while we stared in each other eyes, we missed our appointment at the spa, and we hoped to go on tour in the morning if our hearts and body allowed to be apart.

I made a bubble bath in the gigantic bath tub for both of us in a gigantic jet streamed tub, while John ordered room service, in the room, the warmth and scent of the water restored my body, John entered the bathtub after the meal was delivered, he entwined his body with mine as we both sank into a bliss that our bodies seemed to be screaming for inherently and the quenching of the thirst of our desire for each other, we ended this splendorous moment with trembling kisses and sighs.

We lunched on the terrace and spend the afternoon in bed, hoping to have dinner later that evening, if our bodies would allow, there were no thoughts now, no business, no no's, just the satisfying of our sexual desires, and fulfilling every need, blissfully. John shamelessly took me in his arms again, kissing me everywhere exploring with his tongue, like a heat-seeking missile and taking my breath away over and over again, I fainted in his arms and he carried me to the other bedroom, place me gently on the bed, spreading my leg with his mouth, he entered me with his tongue, up and down he went until I flinched away, as the explosion between my legs made me screamed and grabbed him deeper within my loins. He mounted

me and the rhythm was wild and rose into a flame of sighs and moans until we fell asleep.

The sunset was just happening when John held me in his arms and pleaded with

me not to stop him, he wanted me to be aware of how he felt and wanted every moment to be his and his command alone we watched the sunset until the sky became lit with stars, silently, in nudity embracing each other in silence.

Dinner reservations, was at 7 p.m., we both got dressed, looked at the itinerary which was not observed at all, we were obsessed with each other and loving every moment of it, the car came on time, took us to a restaurant across town,

The cuisine was superb we had Crustacean medley and red and white wine alternatively, we talked of the vineyard and hoped we would allow each other to go wine tasting and picnicking as these were the only two things which was left for us to do before our flight on Monday morning. There was a dance floor in the lounge of the Restaurant and piano bar, we both stayed over for a little disco and chatted with a couple who was also from New York City. The evening ended superbly with laughter and new acquaintances.

John, had a surprise for me when we returned to the house, it was filled with flowers, roses and orchids in every room, there was a huge champagne bottle on the table and a gift box, the aura and feeling of the place made me so weak, I stood there breathless as my words came out nervously, I said, pretentiously, who is this from, I told no one, only Shaneika, Shaun and Sheldon, I was afraid James, would do something like this, caused it seemed the moment I started dating John he became interested and proposed partnership which was much more than business.

John, said "It is a gift from me of appreciation to you for your trust and love.

I was overwhelmed, by the sincerity in his voice and rushed to the bathroom,

where I stayed for a few minutes and sealed the moment with a kiss. For which he hungrily ceased her mouth and filled her with the intensity of his much desired manhood right there and then in the middle of the room, a long night stretches

ahead of them, they had nothing else to do but to make love again and again until they tire of each other and limped lifelessly in each other arms.

John slept silently through the morning sunrise, as Janet watched him sleep, she never knew there would ever be such bliss with a man she desired for years, it was just the beginning, she thought, she would never tire of him and she would never be alone with Brit, she was looking and the emerald necklace and chandelier earrings which came with the week-end, she wondered if he had another love, and treated her this way too, she shuddered at the thought and dismissed it immediately.

Janet woke John, although she wanted him and ache for him that morning, she

made a bath ordered breakfast and had him dressed in white linen shirt, light blue jeans and tan boots, very trendy and casual, I wore a white sundress with eyelets all over and a lacy ankle boots, the moment was divine, as we manage for the first time since Friday afternoon to keep our hands off each other

bodies. He promised he would stick to the itinerary schedule be awake from the trance which commandeers his possessiveness and obsessive love making. Which we enjoyed so much it made us hungry for each other over and over again.

The car was on time as usual, we were out the door for wine tasting and picnic, we held onto each other as if we were about to become obsolete, the car took us at the Ferry Building, while we waited to be shuttled, there was no one else there, we had a “quickie” secretly without anyone knowing of seeing, we laughed so much we cried at cravings we had for each other so hungry and naughty, it’s as if we could not keep our hands off each other or our mouths away from each other lips, traumatized by the moment we heard the shuttle, we quickly, adjusted our clothes.

We said “hello” and sat on board for our destination, we were shuttled to Napa Valley, (over the Golden Gate Bridge) entered the Winery, in Napa Valley.

We were taken to a Picnic Lunch spot, where the grass was green as green and

soft as the plush rug in the house, everything was arranged, there was a basket with napkins, sandwiches, wine, silverware, wineglasses, nuts, fruits and more than two

people could consume, the wine choice for the day was Chardonnay After our picnic lunch, we will taste more Chardonnay and Sauvignon.

The Napa Valley tour went on to several other winery after picnic, where we

discussed the taste, flavors, aroma and age of the wines, it was all interesting I loved every moment of being with John and he showed me his love and appreciation that I dismissed all thoughts of another woman and James. The tour ended with us returning to the Ferry Building where we would be picked up by our driver, John carried me in the house as I was tipsy to the point of being stoned. I was unable to walk to the door, the scent of the orchids and roses restored my being and helped me to walk on my own, I changed into a light strapless dress, had some coffee, while John checked his messages on his phone, “you cheated” I said I left my phone, as you told me no phone, I teased, we had coffee.

I ran a bath that evening, as there was no plans, we both agreed on spending the night together, by ourselves, there were no room service or anyone or anything else just us and the sweet scent of flowers and John. I soaked in the tub of scented oil and musk alone, while John sat in the Hot Tub, he seemed concerned about something, but said nothing as to why he was so aloof, a got out of the bath and wrapped myself in a beautiful gold lace robe, scented with his favorite perfume, the surprise of the evening, John met me in the other bedroom, that evening, with Champagne from the winery and caviar which he brought with him, the heat that arise from him as he leaned in on me caused to lift her leg onto his hips, he grabbed her gently and took her, right there, entering her until screams and moans escape her lips, as he placed her on the bed roughly, he mounted her again, she stopped him crawled forward, until she could lean even farther across him straddling his chest instead of his hips. Until her gold robe of lace was right there, nearly in his face, it slid off her shoulders and off the side of the bed, he could not possibly resist as he shifted down and kissed her, between the legs and roughly licked her, breathing in the sweet muskiness of her perfume, the gift for the last evening, musk

and sandalwood with a hint of sunflower, her thighs tightened around his face and she gasped as he

pressed his tongue deep within her.

But she didn't pull back. And that was all the invitation he needed he reached up and tore her legs opened and then, oh yes, he was in heaven once more. The sounds she made were incredible—laughter mixed with pure, desperate pleasure. She wasn't at all shy about letting him know how much she liked what he was doing, they were lost in each other pleasure until the wee hours of the morning. Janet and John drifted off into deep sleep, forgetting the life around them they only existed for each other and their unquenched desire, each time each moment each encounter new and exciting than before. This their last night together fulfilling the needs of their mind, body and soul had hungered and thirst for, for years.



## **Eight**

### **Reuniting and Announcements**

John quietly, left Janet at 3 am in the morning, kissing her softly on the forehead, he was called away by his daughter Jan, she had a problem with her boyfriend that needed urgent attention, she did not want the police involvement as they only seemed to make the matter worst.

John forgot to leave a note for Janet, he left her undisturbed and deeply asleep, he flew out to New York on the first available flight. Jan was in the car which picked him up at the Airport, the message on the phone is dad I need your help now, Jerry, Jan's boyfriend was caught with another woman at her apartment and she wanted her father to put an end to his disloyal and abusive relationship. John did not think or read the "text" in its entirety, he mumbled to himself, it was all he need, he thought the urgency was more or an emergency,

but it really was not so.

Janet, awoken by the alarm John had set, so she would be up and ready for the car, to catch her flight on time, it was noon and she groped around on the bed for John, he wasn't there, she thought, he was probably running a bath or taking a Shower, the flight was at 2 p.m. they had to be at the airport by at least 1:30 p.m., John was not running a bath or taking a Shower, she tried calling his phone, but there was only voice-mail. Janet panicked, she showered quickly, brushed her hair

in tears and rushed out the door to the waiting car, she took nothing of the flowers, only her perfume and jewelry, while traveling to the airport, she called, only voice-mail, when she landed at 6 p.m. that evening she called John right through the night.

John has lost, his phone in the scuffle with Jan's boyfriend, a rich "bomb" who was using his daughter for convenience and money. He was not aware of losing his phone and did not call Janet to inform her of the situation, a neighbor on her way into her apartment, saw John and scuffling with Jerry and called the cops, they were both arrested, to make matters worse no one called Janet, she called his office and was told he was on vacation, there was no answer at Jan's apartment, Jan left to be with her mom.

Janet did not have a number for his ex-wife or mother. She could not work, she could not sleep, the man she was in love with for years, the man who took her breath away, disappeared, without a trace, no one had any information on him, she was broken and devastated, she made reservation, and flew out to Greece, the following, she called Shaneika, told her briefly where she would be and would be home the week when they were expected to return home. She cancelled her meeting, and re-schedule them with her assistant Deena, she refused to see James and did not speak or answered his e-mail or messages. She stopped eating and resorted to drinking tea.

John was not bailed until the week-end, and he was diminished morally and not speak with anyone, especially Janet. He was lost to all that had happened with his daughter, he and her sat together at his place consoling each other and comforting one another, the charges was dropped, but the damage to his daughter reputation and her mother was done. John, insisted that he wanted to speak with no one and instructed his assistant to tell all callers he was on vacation. Until there was a sense of belonging and the need has lessened between him and his daughter.

She was now in Greece, with only memories, of John touches all over her body and mouth, she called his office one last time only to be told he was on vacation,

Cara and she went to dinner that evening after speaking with Shaneika, Shaun, Sheldon and Francois. She felt a sense of renewal and was happy her daughter was engaged to a very prominent and educated young man; but right now she was restoring and rejuvenating her body and senses, to enable her to better deal with the loneliness she felt. Cara was good company, they spoke of the city and the love views from her hotel and as Cara felt her sadness, she told her the man she loved would return to her the day she return to her country. Janet smiled and said, I don't know Cara, it seems as if when I find someone to love me the way I want to be love there is always something of someone of hindrance. I have not given up on him, but I can't see or understand why he has not called or write.

The days went by quickly in Greece, Janet was bored, on a very windy day, while she was on the beach and before she returned to her Villa, Cara ran out to meet her with a note, this came for you this afternoon Janet, it is marked urgent, she was feeling sad all day and began to cry. Cara handed her the note, her heart began to beat really fast, being anxious she opened the note, it was a message from John, he was in Greece, and wanted to see her, Bill told him of her whereabouts, but he did not want to call her or be standing at her door, as if he was a long lost lover.

Janet began, crying, and sobbing real hard, the telephone number was in the note, both Janet and Cara ran to the room, Cara crying as well, and repeatedly asked if everything was o.k., Janet said yes, he is here, here in Greece, Cara clapped her hand in joy of the matter and left her as she dialed the number, John she screamed, where are you, what happened, how could you, Why? The questions was not be out of her mouth quick enough, "I missed you so much", said Janet I thought all manner of things, and most of all I could not come to terms with just being a week-end escort, she said I had to leave the country to get myself together and get you out of my mind and body, John, hello, are you there? say something, he, asked for the address and told her she would see him later that evening.

She hung up the phone and wept for hours; she was overjoyed and could not wait to hear what had happened. She got a hold of herself showered and dressed.



John was there on time, with flowers and a tiny box, they left the villa for dinner, he relayed the whole fiasco and proposed right there and then at dinner.

They toured Greece, sightseeing and all, their love blossomed and the love making was more intense and passionate than the week-end at Napa Valley, Greece was an enlightenment, John and Janet enjoyed each other.

Cara and Janet became friends, she promised to visit Janet in New York later that year as she was excited for her.

On the flight to New York, Janet told John about James Jones and the business proposal. He laughed and said “We will talk more on that as soon as we return to the office, they kissed and slept on the flight home.

Janet and John arrived in New York, they met Shaneika, Shaun and Sheldon for

dinner later that night, Shaneika could not wait to show off her engagement ring, she was feeling rapturous, the plans for her wedding was on its way, Shaneika did not know that her mother was also engaged. Janet was at her best; the happiness she felt made her delirious. John was her illness. The surprise, was to be unfold at dinner, the brothers were steady and heeding to their busy schedule of college and their businesses.

Jan, John’s daughter was now living with her mother no one knew she was dating James Jones, not even her father.

The End...

## **Nine**



## **Chapter 9**



## **Ten**

James Jones

He wanted me to go back to his place, for a drink, as for which I declined the invitation. He said okay with a warm air of relinquishment and disappointment. I said “we’ll talk at lunch tomorrow”. We sat silent listening to classical music on the remainder of the ride home. John, walked me to my door and said goodnight, pulsating long kiss, our embraced seemed to last forever, for which he gasped as I let go of him as he said placidly, ” I’ll call you the minute I get home and set up our next

date for the week-end away from the city. I whispered goodnight and said call me. We'll talk about lunch tomorrow.

I rushed to my bedroom, undressed showered, went to the kitchen to make a

cup of tea, when the phone rang, I quickly answered, it was John, "did you shower?"

he asked, "no I did not", I jokingly replied. "I am in the kitchen making tea," he said

"I am too", I said, and we continued speaking of each other the things we liked and disliked, the kids and everything else we did and shared in common until about 3:15 am, when I had to remind him I had a 8 am appointment with a client who I had to meet to view a bed and breakfast we were opening in Vermont and our lunch date, for which he said he would call. We hung up from each other at exactly 3:30 am that morning.

I ran out the door to the meeting, which was very important to the Company, this was the deal of the year with one of our biggest clients James Jones, the appointment was with a wealthy Texan, billionaire to be exact, he managed and did all his original transactions and new property investment personally, he has several investment with our company and I was to close this agreement with him, his assistant usually closes all the bids.

The Bed and Breakfast was located on Long Island, in the Wine Country of Suffolk County, the Company won the bid and I had to meet with James Jones, who I have been speaking with on the telephone and e-mailing for weeks, for dates, he wanted to spend some time with me, this was the big date; he was young and exciting very attractive to look at, short black hair, face of a Greek God..had the mannerism of cowboy who trained horses, he was not my type of guy but he was great for business and conversations.

I called John, and told him, I would call him after the appointment and gladly meet him for late lunch. I was out of the office until 3 p.m. that afternoon, had me accompany him to inspect the property with a team of engineers, inspectors and designers, I don't usually inspect properties with my clients but, he offered me partnership with his company for which I told him I would have to think about it and inform him at another time, I had so many appointments on my schedule, there was no time to focus on a new contract for a new job, I take my work seriously, and had to see all the pros and cons of new business, I don't like losing or using, no matter how insanely attractive the incentives or bonuses was at this time, and moreover, my contract stipulated a five year deal which was binding for another month.

James laughed, that I have been putting him off for years, and he would let me decide when and if I wanted to partnered with him and or have dinner with him, he was so demanding but non-consenting as he walked alongside me and slipped his

fingers through mine. I smiled as how now, I am being hunted and pursued, by two handsome and wealthy men.

The drive to Suffolk, the meeting and inspection went well, it was exhilarating, overwhelming and tiring, I did not hear from John, I thought he would called me, lunch was evidently, cancelled, I

returned to my office, lazily tossed my bags and files on the desk picked up my messages and asked my assistant to bring me coffee, I went through my messages, upon doing so, I saw where John called the office, and left a detailed message and e-mail, he had made reservations for us to spend the week-end in Napa Valley, California, to begin on Thursday, (this could not happen I had a meeting schedule Friday Morning, anytime afternoon on Friday would be great). No if, but, or no's, I had a fit, and remembered I dated him and now he is returning the favors of etiquette. I called John immediately and told him I would love to fly to Napa with him, but not until Friday Afternoon, he said "great I will change the flight for noon (3 p.m.) and pick you up at home" we both laughed, as I hanged up from John.

I looked up and saw James walking into the office at 5 p.m. that afternoon, surprisingly, he apologize for stopping by unannounced or having made an appointment, after all he said "we are more than just business partners," softly curt and business like, he said "I would like for us to go to dinner I made reservations, I have a new project," he wanted me to work on with his assistant, (his excuse for spending the evening with me ) I cannot refuse James offers, his company pays, high commissions, I try to please him, he is always satisfied with my decisions as I make him happy whenever, I close his deals. As I am also aware, he is terribly attracted to me, I don't feel a thing for him but lust at his appearance and suave attitude of a Greek God, and as

I am in confusion as to why, I did not fall in love him more than I did with John.

I am flowing with the moment with James, I met him for the first time at a

conference on a field auction, a partners of the company introduce us, since then every deal of his was close by me and my assistant.

Dinner went well with James, this was my first informal semi-business meeting with him, unlike other dates with him, we discussed very little business and spoke lightly of music, current affairs and events in the Real Estate Hotel entrepreneurship business, thinking of being a partner with a billionaire, is being married to him, it was a giant step, James was implying more than business, I was not ready for this commitment and loyalty, as I know he inherited his wealth, was born into wealth and became the man he is today from dedication and hard work also, the proposal was informal and pertinent, we have only been speaking socially via the internet and closing deals we spent a lot of time together, but I was not expecting this offer, as I am older, not that age matters, I am not in love with him as I expect to fall in love with the man I marry.

As he gazed into my eyes I saw for the first time that he had fallen in love, his deep sea blue eyes ignited something deep within, it was explainable as this was the very first time, I felt this way with him, the conversation ended and I was not aware that my gazed became a stare so intense it we both shuddered and looked away. We finish off dinner with brandy, when he spoke, in loose sentences, he asked if I thought about his proposal, I told him, this is not a good time James, there is so much I must close from my files and the Company would not know as my deals are individually initiated and required tact and precision. I mentioned I would not be around for the week-end, and if there was anything needed to be added to the agreements and other paper work he was to notify my assistant. I kept dinner business like, but friendly, as I was not sure what I was feeling with James and the confusion was intimidating.

I drove home alone, that evening, I had a full day, having spent the night before with John and the

day with James I wondered if they had a wager, they both attended a few conventions I was present at and the conference in Houston was

where the three of us had lunch. The thought went through my head as quickly as it came, the ride home up rejuvenating, as I drove up to the door of my drive-way my butler, who lived on the property came out to greet me, I had shopped at the mall and grocery store after dinner. As we both emptied the car of my loot, he mentioned Mr. Vanderbilt came by unannounced, he left a bottle of wine and some flowers, said Bill, and I laughed as both men are on the same thought waves as they both initiated the same actions in different place, one at my home and the other at the office. Bill said, "He told me not to notify you Janet, so I complied." Janet thanked Bill, and assist with the packing of the goods she brought home.

We packed the stuff away out of the kitchen and I fled up stairs, to my surprise with some new outfits and toiletries I bought for the week-end with John, I looked up and saw my daughter sitting in the loft above the stair,(a space we used for relaxing when my ex- husband lived in the home) with her friend from France, Francois, they turned and said hello alternatively, "hello Mom", "hello Mrs.

Alexander, he was visiting, it was the end of the summer and

Sheldon, Shaun and Shaneika went to get Visas for visiting Francois parents in September; this is the news they both had.

I sat with them spoke of their trip and my week-end plans with John for the following day, we laughed and left them going through magazines Shaneika looking at different places she wanted to visit, while in France.

I had a late night brandy, showered, washed my hair and jumped in bed, just as I was about to cuddle up with my pillow and Brit (my terrier) the phone rang at exactly, 10:45 p.m. it was John, hello "Cherie" my nick-name for which he called me whenever he was in the mood for his passionate and innate love making, which has not happened in the physical sense...but were we steaming...hi John, he said " I can't wait for tomorrow afternoon, I hope you are ready," "yes John I am, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice", we both moaned on the phone with

exasperation and remained silent for a while. John said "goodnight, I see you tomorrow" call me after the meeting." I told him goodnight and hanged up.

**Eleven**



Chapter 11



About the Author

The Author, I am Janet Audrey Wilson, an independent writer/author. I am a mother of three children; I pen short stories, of fiction and non-fiction and poems.

My books are for both children and adults, my books, bring about human feelings of love, self-esteem, caring, independence and awareness of self, they are fun, educational and entertaining.

*Janet A. Wilson; I love...*

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