

A NIGHT WITH A STRANGER

A Novel

[AUTHOR NAME]

A Night with a Stranger

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Chapter 1

I wanted to get laid that night.

My boyfriend for the past two years just walked out on me. He met a slut one day and they decided to go to Europe together. I thought my life was devastated when he told me he was leaving me. I locked myself up in my apartment and cried for days.

"I am a nice looking woman. I have a good slender body and a nice personality, so why in the hell was he leaving me for that bitch?" I kept asking myself.

I am still in my thirties, I have a good job and I was doing well for myself, so who cares what he thinks! It is his loss.

That night I was all out of tears and I wanted revenge. Most importantly I wanted sex, raw passionate sex, to get my mind away from that idiot.

I wanted to find a nice looking guy for a one night stand. So I took a taxi downtown and I ended up having sex with the taxi driver. Well, how hard could that be in 1985 in New York?

I was dressed up in a sleazy red dress that barely hid any of my charms. He kept looking at me in the car's rearview mirror. Our eyes met and we stared at each other for a few minutes.

Was I taking a big chance here? Was he the guy I was looking for? This was the first time I was doing such a thing and I was terrified, but I did not back out.

He broke the silence first, "Is it the dress you are wearing or are your eyes a little red?" he asked.

I have not heard such an awful pickup line in a long time, but I was relieved that he was also interested in me. "No, I was crying all night and my eyes are all puffed up," I replied.

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I did not know why I was spilling my guts out to this stranger, and a taxi driver at that. He looked like a fairly handsome man whom I could use to help me release my built-up anger. He seemed a decent guy, clean shaven, in his forties with a fair complexion, so what the hell. We ended up in his place that night.

It was a small but tidy rooftop studio on the upper side of Manhattan. We had a few drinks and we talked about trivial things at first. Then we walked out onto the patio overlooking the city.

The scene from the terrace was not the usual landscape of tall bright skyscrapers one would imagine of New York. But nonetheless it was a nice view of the other side of the city with the far dim building lights beneath a dark cloudless sky. Everything looked good so far and the tension I had was slowly fading away.

There was a light early summer breeze that night so we sat on two recliner chairs staring at the night sky. He pointed out the names of the stars and the various constellations in the heavens. I was fascinated. I had not bothered to look up to see the stars in this town before. I did not know that I could even do that with all the bright lights suffocating this city.

He pretended to help me bring down the back of my chair so I could see better when he suddenly kissed me on the lips. I froze up waiting for his next move. He kissed me again and I surrendered to his touch.

His hands started to probe underneath my dress until he reached my wet panties. Suddenly, he stopped again. He looked in my eyes while slowly caressing my undies. His eyes were asking my permission to proceed. I moaned quietly, giving him the go-ahead to continue.

His other hand started to grope my breasts. He squeezed gently at first then harder until my nipples almost shot out of my tight outfit. He inserted his hands inside my dress and lightly caressed my tits and nipples. I was prepared for that night so I was not wearing a bra.

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His cold hands were like electricity going through my entire body. He brought my dress all the way down and helped me take it off then threw it on the floor. That night I only wanted sex and I got my wish.

I was lying in a stranger's apartment, entirely naked, with only my panties on. Suddenly, I remembered that I did not even know that man's name.

Who cares. I was having sex with a complete stranger under a beautiful night sky and having the time of my life.

He stood up and started taking his clothes off. He had a fairly good body for a man who spent most of his time sitting in a car. He wasn't one of those muscular athletic men but he looked like he took care of his body. He had a slightly rounded muscle structure with minimal fat on the waist and stomach.

He stood completely naked in front of me. His dick, a little hard, was dangling a few inches away. I thought that I was lucky to have picked that guy up on the first try.

While still on my back I grabbed his cock and squeezed gently. We were looking directly into each other's eyes. I sat up and pulled him by his shaft, bringing him closer to me. I started playing with it, caressing the tip then squeezing and pulling to make it harder.

I kissed it a few times, then put his entire cock in my mouth. One of my hands was holding it tightly while the other was playing with his balls. I brought it out of my mouth and started licking it one inch at a time.

I reached his balls, kissing at first then licking until I put each ball in my mouth and sucked them as if they were large pieces of deliciously sweet candy.

I kept at his cock for the next couple of minutes. I gradually felt the pressure building up and I expected his dick to explode any second. He tried to pull away, afraid

that I did not want him to come in my mouth, but I kept going.

He grabbed me by my hair and pushed his cock deeper inside my throat. I kept licking and sucking, keeping his entire shaft in my mouth. He spilled his seed and I tried to drink it all up. His come kept flowing until it filled my mouth and started dripping out onto my chin.

I lay back on my chair waiting for him to recover.

I spread my legs wide apart, inviting him to go down on me, and he obliged. With his tongue he licked my wet panties a few times. Pushing them aside, he exposed my pussy and started licking it all the way up then down. Then he narrowed his attack closer and closer to my clit until it started to tingle uncontrollably.

My heart started to pound faster and faster with every stroke of his tongue. Suddenly, my heart stopped and a large surge of juices shot out of me. My nectar mixed with his saliva covered his mouth and face.

He lay back in his chair waiting for me to recover.

"By the way, I forgot to ask you your name," I managed to say after regaining my breath from that wonderful orgasm.

"It is Murad," he replied.

"Can you tell me a story? Please," I asked.

I did not know why I asked him that question. Maybe I wanted to learn more about him without getting too involved in his life. I expected him to tell me about his experiences driving the taxi around New York. I did not expect the kind of tale I would be hearing next.

He brought his chair back to an upright position and started telling me this strange story.

"Berg was almost ten years old when he escaped with his family across the river. They bombed his village for three days. Almost every house in the village was

destroyed. Many of his friends and neighbors were either dead or dying underneath the rubble of their own homes.

All the people in his village ever talked about were the killings and massacres which had been committed against his people. Everyone said that their village would be next. So his family decided to run across the border to escape with their lives.

They were tired and hungry from days of running and hiding when they came across a small farmhouse. They were hoping to find shelter or buy some food for their journey.

They knocked on the door and an old man opened it for them. He invited them in, offering what little he had of food, and insisted that they stay in his house until they rested.

The old man was called Murad. He was living with his wife Ayesha in that old derelict farmhouse.

That night a bombshell struck Murad's house, nearly leveling it to the ground. Everyone in the house was killed except for Berg and Murad.

For days Berg and Murad hid in that half-destroyed house not knowing what to do. Murad was severely injured in that incident and his health was deteriorating rapidly. He developed a high fever and was constantly shivering all day.

Berg wanted to go to the next village to bring a doctor but Murad refused to let him go. He was afraid that Berg would be caught or killed.

Murad died the next day.

Berg was devastated. He lost his family, his friends, and now this stranger who was kind enough to give him shelter when the world was abandoning him. He blamed himself for not insisting on going to bring the doctor earlier."

When Murad finished this sad tale I was dumbstruck. I did not understand the meaning behind the story or the reason he was telling it to me.

Two complete strangers whose lives were accidentally brought together in a terrible and unfortunate circumstance. Was their story mirroring our own? Or was he telling me something else?

I was afraid to ask any more questions after that. I kept trying to comprehend what I had just heard that night.

We continued sitting there looking at the night sky until the early morning light crept between the buildings across the city.

We went back inside Murad's apartment and snuggled up on the bed together. We played with each other for a while. I played with his cock and he caressed my nipples to get the blood flowing again, then we had sex. It was plain old sex.

He climbed on top of me and thrust his dick into my pussy. We continued at it until we both simultaneously came together. That was the first time I had slept in someone else's apartment. I slept soundlessly until noon.

The next day I woke up feeling wonderfully satisfied and fully recovered from my boyfriend's treachery. I dressed to go back home, eager to start my life anew. Murad offered to take me home but I declined. I didn't want him to know where I lived until I got my head straight.

He walked me out of the building and called me a cab. He kissed me goodbye, hoping that this would not be the last time he would see me again.

"Whatever happened to Berg?" I finally asked him with my head out of the taxi window.

Murad smiled and said, "He managed to reach the US, get married, and worked as a taxi driver until he died in this city."

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The last words I heard while the car was pulling away were, "He was my father."

Chapter 2

Should I give him a call?

I missed our night of sex together. I was also curious to know more about that stranger. Should I get involved in a new relationship that early? I just broke up from one. Well that idiot broke up with me so what the hell.

"Hi Jane." he answered before I even said hello.

Did I give him my number? I forgot. That night was just a blur and I am still trying to recover. But I would do it again in an instance.

"Hi Murad. What are you doing?" I asked.

"Nothing much. I was just thinking of you. I wanted to return your panties to you," he said.

My tongue got tide up. He always seem to do this to me. I did not reply for a few seconds. When I returned from Murad's home that night I went back and slept for the entire day. When I took my clothes off I couldn't remember if I was wearing any panties or not. I was glad he was on the other end of the line otherwise he would have seen how red my face was.

"Keep it. It is a souvenir. I might take it from you one day," I said trying to sound relaxed and cool, but my heart was racing like a thousand miles an hour.

"I will take your word on this. So, when can I see you again?" he asked.

"How about dinner tonight. lets just start slow." I was trying to play it tough.

"I like to start slow. Now that we had sex, the difficult part is already over," he said.

I didn't expect such a reply either. How far had we reached with this relationship? If there was one. My panties were in his hands and I was playing hard to get. I

was going about this the other way round. So what now? I wanted sex again, so what the fuck.

"Meet you at eight at Nicolas in Regant square. Do you know it?"

"I cant wait," he said.

"Oh, and bring the panties with you. I won't be wearing one so I might need it," I finally said before quickly closing the phone.

I arrived at Nicolas at eight thirty. He was not there so I waited. I still wanted to play hard to get and I was failing up to now. He arrived a few minutes later and we sat to dinner. The food was good and the atmosphere was excellent. I liked Nicolas. It was a classy little dinner without the high price tag. We talked about trivial things, like the weather, our favorite music and films. After we finished desert he wanted to be a gentleman and pay for this first date and I accepted.

He called the waitress to bring him the check. She was a young pretty blond, busty but slim. She must have been a student working part time. She brought the bill and waited for the money and hopefully a good tip. We were her last and only customers and she wanted to close up.

When Murad put his hands in his pocket I thought he would bring out the money to pay the waitress. We were both shocked when he brought out my red panties and put it on the table.

"I thought you might need this. It is cold outside," he said.

My face must have turned as red as the color of my panties. I looked at the waitress who was as much embarrassed as I was. Her eyes were wide open. She looked at me then at my panties which were spread on the dining table and back again.

Murad interrupted our stares by giving the waitress her money with a large tip. At first she did not know what

to do. She took the money but waited to see what would happen next. I don't know what I was thinking of but this guy always made me do the unexpected. So I looked around and grabbed the panties from the table. I stood up, pulled my skirt high and slowly put my old panties on. I didn't lie when I said I would not be wearing any underpants. I was wearing fishnet stockings and a garter belt but I put on the panties anyway. The waitress smiled at us and we left her to her imagination.

"What do you want to do next," Murad said after we left the restaurant.

"Let's go to your place again. I like the view of the city from up there," we drove all the way to the other side of the city in his taxi.

We entered Murad's apartment and I waited for him to sit down. I brought my skirt up once again and took off my red panties and gave it back to him.

He smiled and said, "I will keep this with me until you need it." We made love again that night. We started on the sofa and ended up in the bedroom.

I approached him while he was sitting on the sofa. I was still holding my skirt up high. The lower part of my body was exposed and he liked it. I was only wearing the garter belt and stockings. My panties were now in one of his hands. He brought his other hand up and caressed the entrance to my vagina. I sighed. He pulled me towards him. My pussy was on the same level as his mouth and he used it. Oh how he used it! He licked my pussy in slow strokes at the beginning. Then he increased the pace, brushing his tongue all over my clit. Then with his two hands he pushed the two lips of my entrance wide apart and aimed at the little sensitive bud. He started with a few quick licks then he put the whole of my clit inside his mouth and sucked. And I came. Oh how I came. It was the first of many that night.

I fell to the floor on my knees. My legs could not hold me up after that orgasm. He stood up. I could see the bulge in his trousers right in front of me. I quickly

unbuttoned his pants, exposed his erect dick and started my part of the work. And it was a lovely job. I always liked to suck cock and his was good. Oh so good. It did not take long for him to come in my mouth. But I knew that it would not be the last that night.

"Whatever happened to Berg? You didn't tell me the rest of the story," I asked Murad after we made love for the second time in the bedroom.

"Berg walked in the forests for days until he arrived at a major town. He saw many of his people gathering in the town square. Many looked like they had experienced similar incidents to his own. They were tired, cold, hungry, dirty and in shock.

He waited. The authorities told them that they should leave to another city on the sea where a camp was being prepared for them. They walked once again. They walked for days and weeks. Many did not make it. They were buried along the roadsides. They finally arrived at a small fishing village. The few who survived were brought into the camp, given food and blankets and shown the tents where they could sleep.

Berg slept in a small tent which was packed with men. He had to share his sleeping blanket with a man called Bedros. The two alternated the time of their sleep. For one week Berg would sleep in the day and Bedros would sleep at night, and they switched the times the week after.

Many months passed and they just waited. They waited for boats to take them away from that place to another. No one knew where that other place was. Every few weeks a short, ugly man would come and he would call the names of the few who were to be transferred to the boats in the sea.

One day the short, ugly man came and he started to call out new names, "Serik, Ano, Vartan, Zatik, Manush..... Bedros."

Bedros was sleeping in the tent. It was his turn to sleep that day. Berg wanted to go and wake him up. He wanted to tell him that his name had been called. He wanted to tell him that he was lucky to finally leave this place.

The boat left with a few hundred people cramped on the deck of the ship. They were leaving for that other place. A place where they could start a new life for themselves. Berg was one of them, and Bedros was still sleeping in the tent."

"Wow, your stories are really something," I said when he finished telling this part of the tale. I wanted to hear more but he said that it was better to leave it for another day. I hoped for another day of sex as well.

The next morning I woke up refreshed. I wondered why I always woke up that way at Murad's house. Was it the sex? Or maybe the feeling of satisfaction or security with this stranger. Stranger! Was he still a stranger? After two nights of sex I still didn't know much about him, but I intended to find out.

It was a little chilly waking up naked so I put on the top of his pajamas without buttoning it up. I went to the kitchen to make us some breakfast. I was bending down to bring out a pan from the lower cabinet when I felt Murad right behind me. I had thought that he was still sleeping. He pressed his body on top of me, taking the same bent form as mine. His hands squeezed my tits. I could also feel his hard penis brushing my ass. I stayed where I was. My legs were wide apart, my hands held the kitchen top waiting for his next move. And he knew what to do.

He slowly inserted his dick in my pussy and started pumping slowly. He gradually increased the speed and kept at it for a few minutes. He did not stop squeezing my breasts and pulling on my nipples while fucking me. My blood pressure increased with every stroke and my orgasm was on the verge of exploding. I suddenly felt his semen flooding inside me and we both came together.

"When will you call me again?" Murad asked while he was driving me home.

"Maybe I'll call you tomorrow, we'll see," again trying to play hard to get and failing miserably.

I could not escape this stranger anymore. I don't think I wanted to. He now knew where I lived and I wanted him in my life and in my body. All the way inside my body. I wanted to invite him to my apartment but not that day. I was still sore from the morning fuck and I could not wait to soak myself in a bubble bath and relax.

Chapter 3

I was a little startled when the phone rang. It was way past midnight but I wasn't asleep. I was in bed trying to recollect the events of the past few days. Two days I spent with a complete stranger. For heavens sake I have fucked this guy twice already. Why do I still consider him a stranger? We have made love two nights in a row. We have had dinner, we have talked for hours and I still don't know his full name.

"Hi Jane," Murad commenced the conversation.

"Hi," I replied angrily followed with, "do you know what time it is?" which I immediately regretted asking.

Why was I angry? Was it because he was calling me this late at night or the fact that he caught me thinking about him with my pants down, literally down. I was lying naked in bed thinking about him with my panties down to my knees, one of my hands gently rubbing the entrance to my vagina while the other squeezing my breasts.

"It is ten to one in the morning and you miss me," he calmly replied.

"I what? It is you who is calling me remember! Maybe you are the one who is a little confused as to who misses who," I retaliated. He remained silent. I thought I scored this one time but I knew my outburst was a mistake so I finally surrendered and confessed, "ok, ok, so I miss you, but I didn't expect you to be calling this late at night."

"I miss you too," I was relieved to finally hear him say. Oh that was a close call.

"Are you calling me to return my panties again this time," I wanted to surprise him with my quick wit but I failed miserably.

"I am holding it right now," he said.

Why does he always do this to me. He seems to surprise me when I least expect it so my tongue got tied

up once again until he was the one who broke the silence, "I thought you gave it to me as a souvenir. It is one of my greatest possessions," he said.

"What are you doing this late at night?" I asked. I wanted so badly to change the subject which was making me uncomfortable but I was also a little curious as to the fate of my famous panties in his hands.

"I couldn't sleep thinking about you and I guess you feel the same way I do," he explained. "I am also lying in bed naked with your red panties wrapped around my cock."

I was shocked. How did he know I was naked in bed? I didn't expect this other reply from him either. But the imagery of him stroking his dick using my panties as a helping device was so arousing that my juices immediately started flowing. I guess I was right on the edge of my orgasm and I just needed this one last push to get me going.

"What are you doing Jane?" he must have heard me sighing.

"Nothing," I lied.

"I heard you Jane and I am glad I could be of assistance," he said "now it is your turn to help me."

The arrogance of the man, but I was already hooked. "What do you want me to do?" I embarrassedly asked.

"You tell me," he said.

"Ok. Let's see. I want you to keep stroking your cock with my red panties wrapped around your big shaft," I said.

Oh my God. I was ordering Murad to masturbate while we talked on the phone. That was the first time I had done something like that and I loved it.

"Just imagine my mouth going up and down sucking your cock. I start by licking it like a popsicle with long strokes all the way up. I circle the head with my tongue

and lick the precum coming out of the small hole. Then I go all the way down to your balls. Up and down, up and down. I put the first ball in my mouth and I suck. Then I try to put the other one inside as well. Oh they are so full they don't fit in my mouth, but they taste so good," I tried to tease Murad by drawing him a picture of what I would have done if he was right here with me.

I am not sure who was doing what to whom but I had forgotten that one of my hands was still down there hovering on my entrance caressing my clit which started to throb once again.

"How do you feel? Is your dick ready to burst?" I asked. "Tell me before you do because I want you to come right in my mouth. Do you hear me?" I commanded after I heard the sound of heavy breathing from the other side of the phone line.

"Oh yes," he said "keep going. I am about to come."

"Your cock is now fully in my mouth. It is so big I can't breathe. I am trying to wiggle my mouth around it. I am trying to lick it while it is all the way up my throat," I continued my description and I could feel that he was about to explode and so was I.

"Oh my God I am coming. I am cominnnnng," was that him or me shouting? I don't remember. I almost blacked out. Both of our juices flooded our hands, covering our sexual organs with wet, slippery liquid.

"Look what you made me do! Your panties are all wet now," Murad finally said after he recovered from his orgasm.

"Bring them with you when I see you tomorrow at dinner. I want to smell and touch your cum. Same time, same place, ok? I won't be wearing any panties so I will be needing them again," I finally said and I quickly put down the phone, not giving him a chance to respond. Oh my God I did it again. What have I gotten myself into?

I arrived at Nicolas at eight thirty the next evening. He was waiting for me this time and so was Else, the

same waitress that served us the previous night. She hurriedly welcomed me to the restaurant and showed me where Murad was sitting. He always chose a rounded booth at the back of the place that was almost out of sight of everyone in the restaurant. We had an excellent dinner as usual and we talked about trivial matters among other things.

"Aren't you going to tell me more about Berg this time?" I asked Murad after most of the customers had left and he resumed telling me the story:

"Berg spent weeks and weeks sleeping on the upper deck of the ship. The boat rocked and swirled. It flipped and turned. He thought he was going to die. Not from fear, for after all the ordeals he had been through nothing frightened him anymore. But he thought the boat was definitely going to sink from the amount of rain that drenched it. They finally arrived at this new place which was to be their new home. Berg had never seen such a huge city in his life. Not that he had seen many, but with hundreds of buildings that almost reached the sky, thousands of people and cars jamming up the streets, it was a daunting place. They called it the city of New York.

He waited for a few more days at the sea port until the authorities gave him his identity papers, a few dimes, and told him to go and find a job. He was only twelve years old and he didn't know where to go. He didn't even know the language of this new country. He was left to fend for himself in this city. "Maybe coming to this place wasn't a good idea after all," he kept telling himself, but he didn't have a choice in this matter.

One day Berg was sitting on a curb by a small side alley, waiting for his luck to change, when an ugly old man came up to him and said, "You just come off one of those ships?" Berg was surprised to hear someone speak to him in his native language but he just nodded. "I can give you some food and a place to sleep if you agree to do as I tell you." He took him to a small room in a derelict old building where he met a few more kids almost his

own age. They were all dirty, lonely, hungry and miserable as he was.

"I will teach you how to hold a knife and use it to rob people on the streets," the ugly old man told the kids who were huddled up in the room. At the beginning Berg was reluctant to remain with this villain. He didn't want to hurt people. He was brought up in a decent family and they condemned such acts of thievery. But what was he supposed to do? He was hungry, cold, and sleeping on the streets, so he gave up his soul for a piece of bread and a roof over his head. This is how Berg came to be one of the city rats in a place they call New York."

"You know, this is such a fascinating story. I can't wait to learn more about Berg next time round," I commented. By the time Murad finished his recital we were the last ones in the restaurant so he called for the bill.

Else the waitress hurriedly came and stood waiting for Murad to pay her. From the expression on her face I knew that she wanted more than his money. She wanted to see what Murad would do next and he didn't disappoint her. We were both surprised when he brought out my red panties yet again and put them on the table. I had completely forgotten about those since we sat down to dinner but I already came prepared. I wasn't wearing any panties and I felt my juices slowly trickling down my thighs.

"I thought you needed your old panties back," he told me. "You said to bring them because you wanted to wear them again," he followed, "and just to warn you, they might still be sticky from last night."

I looked at Else. She wasn't as embarrassed as last night, maybe a little surprised that Murad would repeat the same thing all over again. She looked at me to see what I would do with this integral piece of my attire which was now spread on the dining table right in front of her. So as not to disappoint her myself, I did what I had done the last time. I grabbed my panties off the table and put them on, but before I put them on I brought them

up to my mouth and nose. I was delighted to smell the aroma and taste the essence of the illicit fabric.

After this fragrant display of underwear drama the waitress smiled and asked us, "Are you going to repeat this same ritual every night?"

"Sorry if we have offended you," Murad apologized.

"No, it's not that. But I was looking forward to another one of your shows. Working as a waitress in this restaurant can become a little boring sometimes," she said, "and I was surprised to see something interesting for a change."

"Thank you. Glad that we spiced up your night," Murad said, "maybe you will have an opportunity to participate next time."

The waitress beamed him a shy smile, took the money that Murad put on the table and ran inside the kitchen to finish closing up, or maybe do other things to release the tension coming off her face and body.

"What did you mean by having her participate?" I asked Murad in surprise after listening to that brief exchange between Else and my date. I didn't understand where this might eventually lead, and I wasn't quite sure I wanted to.

"Don't worry. I was only teasing her," he said with mischief in his eyes that made me nervous. I didn't believe him. He had something up his sleeve. We went to his home again and had another wonderful night of passionate sex, then he took me home and bid me good night. As he was leaving he said that he was going to have a surprise for me tomorrow after dinner. Now I felt nervous, real nervous. Oh, and I forgot to ask him his full name once again.

Chapter 4

"Why do I feel like a teenage girl once again? It is not like he was my first date. I am thirty years old for heaven's sake. So why are all my clothes scattered on the bed like that? I can't seem to choose anything to wear for our date tonight. Oh hell, I need to go shopping again. Unfortunately there is no time. He is coming in a few minutes and I should have been ready a long time ago. Damn!! I need to go on a diet. Nothing seems to fit."

I finally managed to choose a blue dress that I had worn a few times before. As I was putting it on the doorbell rang. I looked at myself in the mirror and decided to change my dress again.

"Sorry I kept you waiting," was the first thing I said as I opened the door.

"You look lovely in that black dress Jane," he complimented me on my attire with a smirk on his face. He knew. Ever since I'd known Murad, and that was just a few weeks ago, he seemed to know exactly what I was thinking even before I did. Uncanny.

We went downstairs and strolled out of my apartment building hand in hand. He stopped in front of a limousine parked outside and waited. I didn't know what we were waiting for. He must have left his car at home and he was waiting for a cab. I almost chuckled. A cab driver hailing a cab. What an irony!! But I didn't think much of it.

A smart middle-aged man came out of the black limo, opened the back door in a hurry and said, "Sorry Mr V. I didn't see you coming out."

"It is ok Angelo," Murad replied, pointing at the big car and said, "I promised you a surprise yesterday, so here it is. How about we take a ride in Mr Angelo's limousine?"

My jaw must have dropped and my eyes beamed out with joyous surprise. I had never ridden in a limousine

before. I was excited like a child in a chocolate factory. I stepped inside and slumped on the lush leather seat while Murad sat next to me in the back of this brand new stretched-out Cadillac.

"Take us for a spin around town Angelo," Murad told the driver, then he closed the dark window separating the main cabin from the driver's section.

"Well this surely is a surprise," I said. "Are you sure you can afford this?" I asked. I knew that Murad was a taxi driver and he could not possibly afford to rent something as expensive as this. He must have paid a week's wages to hire this limo for the night.

"Don't worry. I have known Angelo for a long time and he is giving me a good discount," he reassuringly replied with a smile on his face.

It was a strange feeling having to sit in a limo all cooped up inside watching the world go by. The tinted windows prevented anyone from seeing inside while we could see the lights and the pedestrians passing by. I knew now why the rich loved to be driven around in cars like these. It felt powerful, mysterious and reassuringly decadent. I loved it. The inside of the car was almost as big as my bedroom. With seating for six and a drinks cabinet which held a few bottles and some glasses, I could live in here forever. I looked at Murad who was watching my excitement and smirking back at me, "What?" I just beamed.

"Oh nothing," he replied, "I'm just glad that you are enjoying yourself."

He put his hand on mine, brought it up to his lips and kissed it gently. I smiled, knowing that this was not the last kiss of the night, and I was right. He leaned towards me, giving me another passionate kiss that made both my upper and lower lips tremble and moisten. He put his hand on my chest, bringing one of his fingers just inside the fold of my dress, and touched my nipple and I squealed, "Murad!! We are in the car!!"

"I know," he replied.

"People can see us," I said.

"No they won't," he reassured me.

He was right. It was dark outside and no one could see inside the limo but still I was hesitating. It was the first time I had had sex in a car, any car. But I wasn't going to let this opportunity go by. I put my hand on his pants and felt his cock flicker. It was dying to get out of the confines of his tight trousers. So I brought down the zipper and let it breathe. It sprung right out between my waiting fingers like a rod. We were doing all that while our mouths were locked together in a fiery embrace. The more I squeezed my fingers around his cock the more his eyes popped out. I knew what he wanted and I wanted to show him my appreciation for the surprise limo ride. So I pushed him back and squatted between his legs, pulling his pants further down. I had always heard that sex in a car was a tight affair, but with the sheer size of this limo you could have accommodated a whole orgy inside.

I held his cock in my hand and proceeded to lick. I loved oral sex, giving and taking. And I planned to do both, giving him a blow job and taking it in all the way inside my mouth. His balls were not left out either. I licked and squeezed them a few times along the way as I went up and down the hard shaft.

I was fully concentrating on his cock when he stopped me before I could finish my task and said, "I want you now Jane," pulling me up towards him. I scrambled to take my panties off and sat on his lap, resting my legs on the car seat. His cock went slowly into my pussy until it was perfectly lodged inside. I was hoping my dress would not tear apart. I wasn't too concerned for that old thing but I wanted it at least to last the night. I began to pump him slowly, gradually building up speed. My hands were locked behind his neck while his face was buried between my cleavage. He was desperately trying to hold himself waiting for me but I wasn't that far behind. My first orgasm was usually pretty fast and I could feel it was about to explode. It didn't take me long until,

"Aaaaaahhhhhh," I uncontrollably screamed as he pumped his load inside as well. Angelo must have heard that but he was smart enough not to check up on us. Being a limo driver, he probably had heard similar screams from his passengers before. I hoped mine wasn't the loudest. A few minutes later we were straightening our clothes, pretending all was normal, while my face was as red as my favorite panties, which I was wearing again tonight. I always wore those panties when I was with Murad. It was our little thing, and from the look on his face I knew that he knew it. Now they were being soaked drop by drop as his cum was gradually seeping out of my pussy with every bump on the road.

Dinner at Nicolas was lovely as usual. Else, the waitress, was serving us with a grin on her face. I had no idea why, but she was probably waiting for another surprise, which I was reluctant to give this time. No way in hell was I going to repeat those two stunts with my panties. No way. Besides, they were probably stuck on me like glue by now.

Being with Murad was fascinating. I didn't know that a taxi driver in 1985 New York could be so interesting. He knew about politics, about the world, about life, he even knew about the stars, and I mean the real shiny dots up above with all their science and history. All very fascinating. Throughout the night we talked, we smiled, we had a wonderful time.

As we were eating our desserts I asked, "Whatever happened to Berg after he became a city rat?" I knew Berg was Murad's father and I was dying to know about his family and what he was willing to tell me about his past life. He was still a stranger to me but I was desperately trying to remedy this situation. Murad looked at me and continued to recite the story of Berg from where he had left off last time:

"A City Rat, as Berg used to call himself, is a kid who lived on the streets, hid in sewers and robbed his way for a living. Being a New York rat was not a choice for Berg. 1915 wasn't a fun place to live in this city. Most young

men couldn't find jobs and people ate lard and cold cereal and paid a lot of money for them. Berg's luck happened to land him in the gutters with this lot. For more than ten years he lived like that and became notorious as one of the deadliest young men in town. He even became a gang leader with tens of kids working for him.

One day he was roaming the streets at night with a few of his buddies when an old couple happened to be leaving the back door of a theater. The street was dark and the night was cold, a perfect place and a perfect time for a snatch. He approached the couple while his buddies waited behind in the shadows, eager to see the master at work.

'Hand me that purse, old lady, or you are dead,' Berg threatened as he waved his flip knife at the couple, not hesitating to use the weapon if he needed to.

Naturally the old man jumped to stand between him and his wife, but what surprised Berg was what the old man said: 'Why are you doing this, young man?' The old man was not afraid, nor did he sound threatened by any means. He was genuinely concerned for Berg. 'There must be another way you can live your life other than this,' he added.

All of a sudden a car came zipping by, shining its lights on the couple, and Berg just froze. 'This can't be,' he almost yelled out of fear. It was as if he was seeing Murad and his wife Ayesha, the dead couple that gave him shelter when he escaped from his village more than ten years ago. Those two looked exactly alike and they were right in front of him. His whole body went ice cold and he shivered uncontrollably. He stared at the couple and fell on his knees in front of them, dropping his knife to the ground, sobbing, as he heard his so-called buddies scattering away behind him."

Murad stopped reciting the story and returned to eating his cake, and I was left waiting for him to continue but he did not. "AANNDD," I screamed at him, "what happened next?" wanting to know more. Every time he

gives me bits and pieces of Berg's story and he leaves me wondering at the end.

"That is it. Berg quits being a rat and goes to work for the old man. I'll tell you the rest later," Murad said and kept on munching on his cake. Oh God, I am going to kill him one day.

It was getting late and we were the last to leave the restaurant as usual. Else the waitress came with the check and was grinning like a child who was about to be handed a box of candy. I was starting to get annoyed at this girl.

"What are you planning for tonight's show?" she asked. She was eyeing my man like a hawk and I wanted to slap her before we left.

However, before I did or said anything, Murad answered her back, "Nothing for tonight, my dear." I relaxed.

"A pity," she replied, "I was looking forward to participating with you guys."

This was it. I was about to stand up and slap her when Murad surprised me yet again and said, "So why don't you." Oh God, I almost stood and slapped him instead.

I could see that Else was as shocked as me from the way she blushed and opened her mouth, then she chuckled out loud and did what I thought she would never do. She just lifted her skirt up, brought down her panties and put them on the table in front of us and ran straight to the kitchen.

I was furious. I swore I was never going to come to Nicolas ever again. I wanted to get out of there before something else happened and I hurried out of the door into the limo parked outside, leaving Murad to settle the bill before he joined me in the car.

Chapter 5

He has been calling and I haven't been answering. After that last debacle at Nicolas I was furious. Murad tried to apologize on our way back home but I would not hear any of it. I almost slammed the limousine door in his face before I ran to my apartment. He kept calling me up for the last week and I kept hanging up on him every time. I've always been a stubborn and dramatic girl but he didn't deserve all that!!!

Of course he deserved all that!!!!

He almost fucked that waitress slut right in front of me. He deserved all that and everything he was getting. Oh God, why was I so mad at him? Besides, it's not like we are a couple or anything. Murad is just a stranger I met and used to have sex. It has been a month since I first hopped in his taxi. He happened to be right there at the right time. Right when I wanted revenge sex after my ex left me. So why was I feeling so guilty now? Of course the sex was great, but he was starting to grow on me. He is a fascinating guy. The stories he tells are so mind-blowing I can recall every single detail. I probably should go and apologize to him.

Hell no!!!

The keys to his apartment were in my hands and I was looking at them, wondering why he gave them to me in the first place. It is usually when a relationship has progressed well into the moving-in stage that keys get exchanged. My relationship with Murad has started back to front anyway. We had sex first, then we started dating. So why was I surprised his keys were in my hands? My thoughts and feelings were swirling around in my head so fast I was starting to feel dizzy. I had to see him. I had to explain why I wasn't answering his calls.

So at 6 in the afternoon I was standing right in front of his apartment. I came straight from work and my hair was in shambles. I needed a shower and a change of clothes but most importantly I needed to see him to say I

was sorry. As I was sliding the key in, the door suddenly opened and she looked at me and chuckled.

She was holding her panties in her hands and laughing out loud. Else the waitress from Nicolas was standing right in front of me, waving her panties in the air. "Your boyfriend is inside," she said before she pushed her way out of Murad's apartment and down the flight of stairs.

I was frozen solid right outside the door of his apartment. I could see him inside looking at me. He was standing across the living room with a huge surprised look on his face. "Aren't you going to come in?" and he had the nerve to invite me in. That son of a bitch. I was boiling inside. Probably on the outside as well.

"You fucked her," it wasn't a question. More like a shocked comment on what I had just witnessed.

He kept staring at me until he said, "No," and he had the nerve to lie to my face.

I had no idea I could move so quick. In less than a second he was rubbing his cheek to soothe away the sting of my slap. "You fucked her," I reaffirmed.

He looked at me for a minute then all of a sudden I found myself pinned to the wall of his apartment. His hands were firmly holding mine up over my head and pressing tightly. His face a few inches away. "I didn't," he softly said, and I was thrashing out trying to push him away and screaming, "You fucked her."

That is when all hell broke loose. His mouth locked onto mine, sucking my breath away, and I was reciprocating. I had no idea why my passion just kicked in. I was angry as hell, only I was hornier than ever. I came expecting sex and I was getting it, only not on my terms. With one leg wrapped behind his back I tried to pull him even closer towards me. He unzipped his pants while still keeping his other hand up on the wall, tightening the grip on my hand. It was as if he did not want me to escape. I sure as hell wasn't planning to. He

lifted my skirt up and shoved his cock into my pussy in one quick stroke. Of course I wasn't wearing any panties. I seldom wear those when I am with him. They either get torn or end up in his hands or with him somehow. Then he stopped. He fucking stopped as his cock was all the way inside of me and I screamed again, "Don't you dare stop now!" For a second I thought he was going to back off, then he resumed his pounding and I just exploded. But he kept at it for a few more minutes until he himself exploded inside of me and I screamed my second orgasm out. The only image that went through my mind as my body was spasming was him fucking that slut, and I kept repeating again and again, "You fucked her, you son of a bitch," with tears streaming out of my eyes like a spring.

He lifted me up and carried me to the sofa while he sat on the chair next to me. My tears were trickling down my cheeks and his cum was spilling out of my pussy. I was a mess. I didn't want to look at him so I kept my eyes shut. I was waiting for my heart to stop pounding so fast so I could get the hell out of there. I didn't expect him to say anything, only he did.

"She came here wanting to give me her panties again," he started to explain, "the ones I left at the restaurant last week."

The only words I managed to say to that were, "And you fucked her." Oh God! How could my vocabulary be limited to only those words?! My eyes were still closed and my body was starting to relax after that electric shock.

"No," he said.

That is when I opened my eyes and looked at him. Oh shit. He didn't fuck her and my heart just stopped. She had come to him and he had sent her away. He sent her away right when I was coming into his apartment.

Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit!!! How could I be so stupid?

There was no need to speak. He didn't expect an apology and I didn't give it. He understood why I was

angry and he accepted it. Only I was hoping he would forgive me. When he came over and slid next to me on the sofa I knew he did. I squeezed myself next to him and laid my head on his chest and we stayed like that for a few minutes without saying a word. He was still wearing his shirt so I started unbuttoning it for him. Oh hell! After two orgasms how could I still be horny?! I felt his cock start to stir next to my belly and I knew he was as well. So I climbed on him and slid his cock inside my pussy once again. It easily went into the entrance of my vagina, which was still wet from his previous cum. I was sitting on his waist with his dick pushed all the way inside. I started to unbutton my own shirt and he helped me with it. I unhooked my bra to show him my aching breasts and hard nipples, which he caressed, sending me into another frenzy of lust once again. So I started going up and down, sucking at his cock with every jump. His hands were on my breasts, squeezing my nipples. As I felt another orgasm approaching he pinched them and I combusted, sending shivers all the way down to his shaft, milking it of every drop for the second time.

We stayed like that for more than an hour. He was lying on the sofa holding me tight while I was on top of him. I didn't want to get up lest he think I wanted to leave, and he didn't want to disturb me, hoping I would not go away. I had to break the silence somehow and the only thing that came to my mind was, "Aren't you going to tell me what happened to Berg?" Yep, I needed a crash course in English so bad. My vocabulary was getting so limited whenever I was with this guy. So once again he started to continue that fascinating story from where he had left off last time.

"James Eastman, the old man, took Berg home and gave him a place to stay. James owned a small grocery store in a neighborhood where venturing out at night was at one's own risk. The Eastmans lived in a small two-bedroom apartment above their shop, and Berg was given a small room at the back to sleep in.

At the beginning, James's wife Elinor tried to question her husband's decision to bring a stranger into their

home. A man who had almost killed them, a man whose history she didn't even want to ask about. But after a few weeks she accepted her partner's reasoning. He needed someone to help him in the store, and he recognized some good in this young man. Slowly she also started to see that Berg wasn't a bad boy. He had only fallen on bad times. She had always wanted a son, and Berg became as much a part of her family as her own flesh and blood, Ann.

At the time Berg came to live with the Eastmans, Ann was just a kid. A fourteen-year-old girl with curly hair and dreamy eyes. As the days went by those dreamy eyes started to dream about Berg. However, he didn't recognize that until later on. He had always thought of Ann as a little sister. A kid whom he grew to love and went out of his way to protect. She wasn't only the daughter of the man who had rescued his soul, she became his best friend, his only friend.

One day, as Ann was working outside the shop, stacking some vegetables on a wooden stand, two men dressed in suits started to flirt with her. One even tried to hug her and forcefully solicit a kiss but she tried to push him away. The two thugs were part of a local mob who had been terrorizing shop owners in the neighborhood for protection money. Berg was inside sweeping the floor and he saw what was happening. In one second he was standing behind the man and he said, 'You'd better take your hands off her or you're going to lose it.' The man looked at him and laughed. But the other thug standing a few feet away recognized Berg and warned his friend, 'Hey Stan! You don't want to mess with this guy.' But Stan wouldn't listen. He pushed Ann away, where she crash-landed on the vegetable stand and turned to face Berg. That was the last mistake he ever made. The last thing he saw were the splinters of Berg's broom crashing into his face as he flew ten feet across the street. The other man ran to his friend and carried him away, yelling at his semiconscious partner, 'I told you, you idiot, stay away from this guy. He is a killer.'

Berg carried Ann inside and tended to her wounds. She wasn't hurt badly. Minor scratches on her hands, but she pretended otherwise so she could get Berg's attention. As he was washing the blood off her hands she kissed him. 'What was that about?' he asked in surprise.

She was furious. How could he be so blind and not see what she felt for him? 'Don't you care for me, Berg?' she was about to cry.

'Of course I do,' he replied, 'how can you say that?'

'Then kiss me back, you idiot!'

And that was how Ann proposed to Berg. They married that same year and Berg moved up from his little room down in the shop to Ann's bedroom upstairs. Berg was twenty-seven and Ann was almost nineteen."

"And they lived happily ever after," I tried to add after Murad stopped reciting the story.

"Actually, that is when their troubles really started," Murad corrected.

"Grrrr... And you are going to keep me in suspense until you finally decide to tell me how?" I growled.

"Of course. How else can I keep you coming back for more?"

"I need more." I have no idea why I said that.

Murad looked at me, then jumped off the sofa and pulled me to my feet. "What are you doing?" I squealed.

"I am taking you inside," he said.

"What for?"

"For the more." And the more being the next two or three orgasms that night. I don't remember anything after that. I must have passed out from exhaustion.

Chapter 6

"You look radiant today," oh damn, he noticed. I so don't need this today.

Mark and I have been coworkers for almost five years now. Just last year he had been promoted to my supervisor. He sure as hell doesn't deserve it. He is an ass and a male chauvinist pig. We started working for this insurance company almost at the same time. And to this day he still doesn't know how to write a proper life insurance policy if his life depended on it. This goes to show you that even now, in 1985, we women still have a lot of work ahead of us if we are to compete in the multimillion-dollar world of corporate America.

"Yeah, well, I have a date today," I replied. Mark has been hitting on me since we met and I was getting tired of his nonsense. Maybe if he knew I had a date he'd back off. Even when I was with my ex-boyfriend he didn't relent. When Mark found out that idiot had run off to Europe with another woman, he was ecstatic. Oh God! When will he learn that he doesn't have a chance with me, even if he was the last man on earth?

"So who is the new Prince Charming?" Sarcasm was not his strong suit either. I didn't even bother to reply.

"Hi Jane," Murad came out of nowhere. I was waiting for him to pick me up from work and he was a little early. Early enough, I hoped, to save me from this idiot.

"Oh hi Murad," I replied, "I am so glad you're here."

For a second there I forgot about Mark, who was standing right behind me, probably with his face on fire. "So you must be the new boyfriend?" He came and stood between us like a stubborn tree extending a branch of poisonous venom.

Murad looked over at me and smiled. I'd told him all about my ass of a supervisor and he was now about to shake hands with that sack of shit.

Only he didn't. Murad kept his arms crossed on his chest and said, "Actually, no. I am not the boyfriend. I am her lover and I am about to propose to her as her fiancée."

I think both Mark and I opened our mouths to the wind. I didn't expect that, and I am sure Mark was about to combust from jealousy. Fiancée?! I don't even know how to spell that word.

"Ooo... her fiancée?!" Oh shit! Mark was going to blurt out more of his crap. "She does move fast. She was just dumped a few weeks ago." This was enough. I was about to kick him in the balls but Murad was quicker.

"If she hadn't kicked that guy out of her life I would not have met this amazing woman," Murad countered. My superhero.

If I had been closer to Mark I would have been scorched by his anger. "So how did you two lovebirds meet?" he asked, pretending he cared. Why the hell does everyone want to run my life for me? If I didn't want to keep my job I would have slapped that pig right then. Who does he think he is, butting into my life like that?

"It was really my luck," Murad answered, "she just happened to land in my taxi and we became friends." Oh God. Please let the earth open up and swallow me right now.

Mark turned towards me and said, "So you fucked a taxi driver?" He was beaming with joy. All I could think of at this point was getting out of there, leaving those two to fight it out among themselves. So I grabbed my purse and ran out of the building.

I was walking as fast as my legs could carry me but Murad caught up with me just at the corner of Central Park and Fifth Avenue. He grabbed my arm to stop me and asked, "Why are you running away?"

"Why the hell did you tell him that?" I almost screamed at him.

From the look on Murad's face he was confused. How could he be so stupid? He looked at me and asked, "You're embarrassed that I told him I'm a taxi driver?" Oh God, I thought he was much smarter than that.

"No, you idiot," I yelled, "I am not embarrassed that you're a taxi driver. You told him I am your fiancée before you even told me. What if I don't want to be your fiancée? I've never been anyone's fiancée. No one has ever proposed to make me a fiancée." By the end of that my tears were flowing down my cheeks like a river.

Murad wrapped his arms around me and I continued to cry on his shoulder like a child. "So now you are a fiancée. How do you feel about that?" he said, and my crying turned to uncontrollable sobbing in front of thousands of New Yorkers. Add embarrassment to that.

I don't know how long we stayed in the middle of the street until my tears dried out. The only thing I managed to say was, "I always thought it would be more romantic than that," and we both burst out laughing.

Suddenly Murad grabbed my hand and almost ran towards the park, pulling me behind him. I was dragging my feet trying to keep up and crying out, "What are you doing? Where are you taking me?"

We stopped in front of one of those horse-drawn buggies that tour Central Park. It was chilly and dark. The driver was about to call it quits for the day but Murad had other plans. "Take us around until I tell you to stop," he told the driver and handed him a bunch of cash, which the driver could not possibly refuse. Murad pushed me up into the carriage and I slumped onto the leather bench before the horses galloped off. The carriage driver gave us a woolen blanket so we could cover ourselves from the chill of the autumn night.

"So, Miss Jane, is this romantic enough for you?" Murad asked. "How would you like to be my fiancée now?" And I burst out crying again. Oh God! This is the third time this man has made me cry. I have never cried in front of anyone since my mother died almost fifteen

years ago. I could not help myself. Tears kept flowing and I was shaking in the arms of a stranger I had met just a few weeks ago. What is wrong with me?

"Yes," I finally managed to squeal, "yes, I'd love to be your fiancée."

Then he kissed me. I can still remember that kiss. I don't know how many times the horses went around Central Park as our mouths stayed locked together. Neither of us wanted to let go. It was mesmerizing. On the fourth or fifth lap of the park I suddenly felt Murad's hand crawling up my skirt. Only I didn't want to break away from the kiss. His fingers went up slowly until they found my panties. Oh shit! Why the hell did I have to wear one now? Murad has always been a resourceful man. He just went around it to find my dripping pussy. I was glad for the woolen blanket. It kept us hidden even though it was dark and few people walked the park on this chilly day. His fingers brushed against the lips of my entrance and I moaned. His tongue was still inside my mouth as his first finger made its way between the lips of my pussy. Suddenly it went in and I gasped. My eyes sprang wide open. When his second finger went in I almost fainted. I couldn't keep my eyes open anymore. Oh, he was an expert finger-fucker. With every push of those knuckles, tunneling their way inside, his hand brushed my clit, sending shivers of electricity up my spine. One, two, three, and I was gone, bucking like crazy and screaming out his name like a madwoman. If his mouth hadn't been covering mine, the horses would have been startled out of fear.

"Oh fuck... oh fuck... oh fuck," I finally managed to breathe those words out as I almost died from a multi-orgasmic episode. I've never experienced anything like that before in my entire life. It was intoxicating. Oh, I wanted more of that.

Now that every kind of driver in New York had heard me scream—a taxi driver, a limo driver, and now a horse-carriage driver—I don't think I'll be able to show my face in this city ever again.

"Are you ok?" I heard Murad ask as I tried to hide my face in my hands. He looked as concerned as he was proud of his accomplishment.

"Of course I am ok," I replied, "why would I not be? I am now the fiancée of Mr Murad Vanlian, son of Berg and Ann. Isn't that right?"

"No, Miss Jane," Murad replied with a smirk, "the son of Berg and Ann is proud to be your fiancé," he stopped for a second then asked, "but why are you so interested in knowing more about Berg and Ann? I meant to ask you that last time."

"Seriously?" I burst out, "I want to know more about you and your family. Their story is so fascinating. Besides, if I am to be Miss Fiancée I have to know everything. So start talking or I might change my mind about this fiancée thing."

Murad looked at me and laughed before he resumed telling the story of Berg and Ann as we strolled through Central Park in an open horse carriage.

"The first few years of their marriage were great. Berg and Ann's love for one another grew stronger. Money didn't matter as long as they had one another. Not only was Berg a good husband, he was a romantic at heart. He went out of his way to make Ann happy and satisfied, both sexually and emotionally. However, as the years passed, Ann felt there was something missing in her life. She had always loved children and she really wanted to have one of her own. But no matter how much they tried, she could not get pregnant, and this almost broke her heart.

Ten years had passed. Then one day Ann's mother got sick. Her health deteriorated rapidly and she passed away in her sleep one night. This devastated the whole family, especially her husband, James. He followed his wife to the grave a few months later. His heart, as well as his body, just gave up. He could not recover from the shock of his wife's death.

All those events were as great a blow to Berg as they were to Ann. Not only was James like a father to him, he was also his savior, his conscience, as well as his closest friend and business associate. But he had to stay strong for his wife. She had lost both parents in one year, and the thought of not having children was adding to her misery. After more than fifteen years of trying, they had almost given up on the idea of having children. One day Ann came to him and told him she thought this was it. She had told him that so many times he didn't believe it was possible. But that time it really was. A month later it was confirmed. Ann was finally pregnant, and a couple of months later they had a beautiful baby boy."

Murad stopped until I thought he was not going to continue anymore. "So you were a beautiful baby boy?" I jokingly asked. "I am sure their lives started to turn for the better after that?" I added.

He sadly looked back at me and said, "Actually, no. It didn't," he continued. "Ann wanted more children. She knew if she tried harder she could have a second. She really wanted a baby girl. It was just a matter of time. Only time was not on her side this time around. After another ten years of trying, Ann got pregnant again, but her pregnancy was marred with strife from the beginning. Only she didn't give up. The pregnancy was successful and Ann got her wish. She finally heard the cries of her baby girl as they gave her the baby to hold in her arms. Unfortunately, nine months of carrying that baby had put a huge strain on her body, until it just collapsed at the last moment. The doctors could not stop the bleeding. Ann died before she could see her baby girl smile for the first time."

Murad stopped reciting his story as my tears started to pour out of my eyes for the second time that day.

"You didn't tell me you had a sister," was the only comment I finally managed to make.

Chapter 7

"Would you like to go dancing?" he asked. Of course I would. It was 1985. Who doesn't like to go dancing?! I loved to dance but I hadn't been to a club in years. The last time was after I graduated from college. And now Murad wanted to take me dancing.

"Sure," I replied, "why not?" playing it cool but thinking about what I was going to wear.

"OK. I'll meet you tomorrow outside Roxy at ten," he said and hung up the phone before I had time to process it all.

I can't believe he's taking me to Roxy! Everyone who is anyone wants to get into this club. It used to be a roller rink but I heard they recently revamped it. It is now one of the trendiest dance clubs in Chelsea. I was surprised he chose this place. I am in my thirties and he is ten years older than me. I would think he'd want to take me somewhere much quieter. We'd probably be the oldest couple in there. But I wouldn't want to skip out on this. I am not getting any younger. This might be the last chance I have to disco. All I have to do now is find something to wear. I am going to shock the socks off my fiancé.

A few months ago I went to see Madonna perform on stage at Radio City Music Hall. She was awesome. The concert was full of screaming kids but I love Madonna. She is an incredible performer. She was wearing some kind of flashy patterned bomber jacket. Underneath she wore a laced bra of some kind. It was so shocking. She also wore cropped lacy leggings under a green tube mini skirt, probably with no panties. Murad would have loved that. He has a thing against panties. I also loved those black lace gloves on her hands. Yes, I am going to go for something similar. Murad had better have a strong heart for what he is about to see. His fault for wanting to take me to Roxy's.

At ten in the evening I was waiting outside the club. There was a line of maybe a hundred people trying to get in. No way were we going to get inside. Murad came and stood in front of me. I could see his eyes wandering all over my outfit trying to get a glimpse inside my jacket to check out my nipples under my lace bra. "Wow," he said, "Madonna would be jealous."

"Yeah, well, even Madonna doesn't have a chance getting into Roxy tonight," I sighed, looking at the large crowd gathered outside the club.

With a smirk on his face he said, "Don't worry. I know the owner," he vaguely explained before we started walking towards the entrance. He stopped in front of a couple of bouncers who were turning away almost everyone at the door.

"Is she here?" Murad asked one of the guys, who looked like a six-foot black basketball player with arms as wide as my waistline.

The bouncer waved us in and said, "Yes sir. She is waiting for you."

Who the hell was she? I was about to ask Murad that but the sound of music and screaming dancers was deafening. He held my hand as we walked all the way to the back and up a few steps to a private booth overlooking the dance floor.

We slumped onto the round, soft seats but before I could start my interrogation a server popped her head up behind us and squealed, "Mr V." Then she jumped all over him, hugging him and sitting on his lap. She didn't even bother looking at me. "It's been a while since we've seen you here." They must really know one another. I've known Murad for a couple of months now and I still feel like he's a complete stranger sometimes, even though he just proposed a few days ago. Now a beautiful girl was sitting on his lap and I was wondering if this was the she he was asking about.

"Hello Angel," Murad greeted her, "please tell her we are here." So Angel is not the she. What a relief!

"OK Mr V," and she ran off before I could slap her.

I kept my mouth shut, waiting to see what was going to happen next. This was bound to be an interesting night. I was boiling inside. Suddenly the title of fiancée was not so appealing anymore. I was watching the young men and women perform all those dance routines and remembering days gone by when I used to be one of them. Am I too old for this? Oh God, I hope not!

Suddenly another woman popped her head up behind us and yelled, "MURAD!" this time. She ran and hugged my guy, who was about to be awarded an EX in front of that fancy fiancée title of his. What is this? A hugging contest? I wanted to scream myself.

I was left to sit between those two as they stood resting their heads on each other's shoulders. After what felt like an eternity, Murad turned towards me with his hand still on her shoulder and said, "Jane," finally remembering I was alive, "I would like you to meet Ayesha, my sister."

If I had been standing on top of a tall building I would have jumped right then. I put my hands on my face for a second and chuckled.

"So this is the famous Jane who has captured my brother's heart," Ayesha said, running to me and hugging me tightly. "I am so dying to meet you," she was so very bubbly and excited, "he hasn't stopped talking about you for months," she added.

Ayesha was strikingly beautiful. I could now see the resemblance between brother and sister. She was almost the same age as I am. That is why I didn't expect her to be in Roxy tonight. I hadn't met her until today. Heck, I didn't even know she existed until a few days ago. But she seemed nice.

"Enjoy yourselves, you two," Ayesha excused herself, "I will see you later tonight. I have a few friends I want to

see," and she disappeared into the crowd before we could be introduced further.

"Shall we dance?" and I thought he'd never ask. I hadn't imagined the size of this place until now. There were literally hundreds of young men and women on the dance floor. They were all lost to the rhythm of the music. In a few minutes we succumbed to the same magic ourselves. It was incredible. I hadn't danced so much since I was in high school. Beautiful young bodies swaying everywhere, but my eyes were locked on my man. And his were definitely fixed on mine, or shall I say on my lace bra. With every beat of the music I kept flashing open my jacket so he could get a glimpse of my breasts inside the most transparent lace bra I could find. The bulge in his pants proved it. In another devious move I turned around and tried to grind my ass against his crotch. He must have had a good tailor or that thing would certainly have ripped right out of that zipper.

Suddenly he grabbed my hand and pulled me behind him. "MURAD!" I screamed, "where are you taking me?"

He didn't listen. He kept making his way through the crowd, pushing people left and right until we came to a room at the back. He opened the door and pushed me inside. It was some kind of office but no one was inside. He closed the door, swung me up against the wall and kissed me with lust dripping from his mouth. This was the second time I'd been pinned up against a wall by this guy and I was loving it. He scrambled to open my jacket to get to what had been taunting him for hours, my breasts. Without bothering to take off my bra he just put one nipple in his mouth and sucked at it right through the silk fabric. All that rubbing and his mouth sucking on my nipples was almost enough to make me explode. But I didn't want to come just yet. He pulled up my mini skirt to slip his hand inside my leggings until his fingers found his prize. But not yet. I hadn't finished with him yet.

I pushed him away and knelt on the floor. I proceeded to unzip his pants to pull his hard cock out. It was beautiful. All shiny and a little wet from his precum. I'd

forgotten I still had the lace gloves on. It must have been a strange sensation, getting a hand job with those things. The friction of the silk pattern on his sensitive skin must have added to his delight. From the moans I heard I knew he was loving it. He would have loved it even more if I added my mouth to that. So I just engulfed his entire cock until it touched my throat. I almost gagged. It was throbbing in my mouth like hell. I felt he was about to explode. I didn't want him there just yet. There is a place for that and it was warm and eagerly waiting for him. So I pulled out and slowed down. I licked and teased his throbbing dick a few times while my lace-gloved hands played with his balls. I knew that I had pushed him to his limit when he yanked me up and pulled my leggings down. In one quick thrust he pushed his hard pole inside my pussy. All I could do was hang on for life. I wrapped one leg around his back, giving him a better angle to push it all the way in. That almost blew my mind away. We were both so far to the edge that a couple of thrusts were enough to push us both over the edge.

We returned to our reserved booth at the back of the club to relax after that amazing fuck. I'd never imagined myself sneaking into a room for a quickie before. I'd never been that spontaneous or adventurous, but Murad does seem to push my limits. And tonight he pushed real hard. Throughout the remainder of the night I kept pulling down my skirt, trying to hide the wet cum that kept seeping out of my pussy and dripping down my thighs. It was the only time I wished I had worn panties.

"I like your sister," I told him as we were resting from yet another round of dancing. "How come you didn't tell me about her before?" I really wanted to know more. She seemed to be an interesting person, "I would really like to get to know her better," I finally added.

"I think she likes you too," he said. "Ayesha and I are very close. We have gone through a lot together. She has had a few mishaps in her life but she is ok right now."

"I am sure growing up without a mother must have been difficult for her," I regretted saying that the second it escaped my mouth.

From the look on Murad's face this must have brought up some bad memories. "Yes, I know. Losing one's mother so early in life is difficult," he said.

Murad didn't say anything for a few minutes. But knowing how eager I was to learn about his family, he surprised me with the continuation of Berg's story:

"Even before she was born, Berg had already agreed with Ann that if they had a girl he wanted to call her Ayesha. It was a fitting memory for the family that had saved his life when he escaped from his village so long ago. He had buried the old man Murad and his wife Ayesha together with his own hands. But losing his wife and kin, the only other family he had, was even more devastating.

Not only that, he had a ten-year-old son to raise and a crying baby in his arms. He didn't know what to do. But life always seemed to throw in bits of scrap to keep us afloat. Some of the neighbors helped a little until Berg managed to get his life back together again.

But that was only for a short while. After a year, things started to get bad again. The neighborhood was changing and the grocery store was barely making a living. He had to do something or they would all go hungry. The only other job he could find was working the night shift as a cab driver. He had to work in the shop during the day and drive a taxi all night to make ends meet. But it still wasn't enough.

One day the proprietor of the taxi company told him he could make extra money doing some special deliveries. At first Berg refused. But life kept pressing, and the look in his kids' eyes, especially Ayesha's when he couldn't afford to get her dinner, was more than he could stand. Finally he accepted.

He knew that those special deliveries weren't legal. He didn't even want to know what they contained. He didn't ask. He only made deliveries, nothing else. No one would suspect a yellow cab roaming the streets of New York of doing anything fishy. They were the perfect undercover carriers.

One night, on one of his scheduled drop-offs, a couple of thugs confronted him. They wanted to take the box of goods he was transporting. Suddenly his past training came rushing back to him. He left all three men sprawled on the sidewalk. As he was picking up the package to leave the scene it broke open in his hands, revealing what was inside. He knew it was drugs of some kind."

Before Murad could tell me about Berg's revelation, Angel, the flirty server, popped her head back and squeaked, "Mr V." I so wanted to pull that tongue out of her annoying mouth. "Miss Ayesha wanted me to tell you she had to leave. One of her friends wasn't feeling well. She had to take her to the hospital." She added.

Murad jumped to his feet and asked, "Is she ok?"

"Yeah, I think she is."

That didn't sound too reassuring. I could see Murad was worried about his sister. "We have to go," he said, "I'll get you a cab and go check on Ayesha." I wanted to go with him but he refused. It was getting late and there was probably nothing to worry about. That is what he said.

It was very nice of the basketball bouncer to call us a cab so late at night. From the way everyone was treating us it looked like Murad was pretty well known at Roxy's. I was curious. As I was getting in the cab I had to ask, "By the way, you didn't introduce me to the owner of the club?!"

"Oh, but I did," he said, "you have already met her."

"WHAT, WAIT!" I cried out, but the cab sped off into the night before I could wring my fiancé's neck. He is so dead.

A Night with a Stranger

Chapter 8

I couldn't sleep. I tossed and turned in bed all night thinking about what he had told me. How could that be? How could his sister be the owner of the largest dance club in New York? If Ayesha was the owner of Roxy, then why the hell was he driving a cab?

He has been lying to me! Many things didn't add up. That son of a bitch has been lying to me ever since we met. But why? I can feel it in my gut. He is no taxi driver. He never was. He has been playing me like a fiddle. How could I have been so gullible? And he fucking proposed to me! He even called me his fiancée. How could he? On top of all that I didn't get a ring! Who proposes without a ring?! He is a liar and a cheap one at that. I am going to tell him what I feel and give him back the key to his fucking apartment.

I called in sick from work that day. I had to know the truth or get him out of my system. Either way I had to confront him. But could I?

"ANGELO?!" I shouted in surprise as I entered Murad's apartment, "what are you doing here?" Angelo was the limousine driver who drove us around town a couple of weeks ago. I certainly didn't expect to see him in my ex-fiancé's home. Yeah, that's what he is to me now. Another ex-liar.

"Oh, hello Miss Jane," Angelo replied, "I just came to get Mr V's stuff to his hotel."

This was getting ridiculous. What stuff? What hotel? And who the hell was Mr V? "OK! I will help you get Mr V's stuff to his hotel," I was hissing like a snake.

"It is very kind of you Miss Jane," Angelo innocently accepted.

I followed Angelo into the bedroom and saw an open suitcase on the bed. He must have been trying to fold Murad's clothes into that bag when I came into the

apartment. He wasn't doing a great job. So I started to help. As I did I couldn't help but notice how little there was in here. Murad had a few shirts and a few suits hanging in an almost empty closet. I hadn't noticed that before. I'd only been here a couple of times and I didn't really go through his stuff until now. As I was folding one of his suits I wondered what a cab driver needed with so many suits, and not just any kind of suits—silk Armani suits. More questions!!

"Why do you keep calling him Mr V?" I curiously asked Angelo, "his family name is Vanlian, isn't it?"

Angelo smiled. "I am sorry. I guess I've gotten used to that name," he said, "it was what we used to call his father, and now it has passed on to him."

"So Berg was called Mr V?"

Angelo chuckled, then leaned towards me, whispering in my ear, "I wouldn't have called the old man by his first name if I were you." Then he relaxed with a sad smile on his face, resuming to pack the last of the clothes in the bag. "Yeah, the old man Berg was THE Mr V," Angelo finally said with a shaky voice, "may God rest his soul."

"So why are you taking Murad's stuff to the hotel?" I had to keep interrogating Angelo as much as I could. I thought I'd get some answers before I saw that snake who claims to be my fiancé. "Doesn't he live here?" The last one-million-dollar question.

Angelo chuckled again. "Oh no, this is the old man's place," he replied, "it's a pity this whole building is going down. As long as he was alive, the old man wouldn't allow anyone to touch it. This was where his wife died and where he raised his children." Oh God, I knew this was not going to be easy.

We went down to the limo, which was parked right outside the small building. Angelo opened the back door of the car so that I could get inside, and that was when I noticed the sign. "Eastman Grocery Store." I'd been here a few times before and hadn't seen it. I guess I had a lot

on my mind to have not noticed a faded old sign on a derelict, run-down grocery store. It was right at the entrance of Murad's building and I hadn't seen it.

For the next few minutes, while the limo fought its way through New York traffic, my mind zipped through everything that had happened in the last few months. I had known Murad for just a few months and I realized I didn't know anything about him. All the time he was telling me those stories about Berg, he was giving me a glimpse of his life. But I wasn't really paying too much attention. The more I thought about it, the more I realized he was still a stranger to me. And now I was getting a strange feeling that I wasn't going to like what I was about to see. But I had no choice. I had to go through this. I had to know the truth. When the limo stopped in front of the St. Moritz I felt a shiver run through my body.

Angelo opened the door of the limo and beckoned me to follow him. He walked me through the lobby of the most prestigious hotel in New York like he owned the place. The St. Moritz was a New York icon. This can't be. Can Murad be? Impossible! He can't be!

As we walked to the elevator, Angelo was greeted by everyone in the hotel lobby. I could also feel the eyes of the hotel receptionists and concierges burning holes in my back. I didn't like the way they were looking at me. Who did they think I was? I was following Angelo like a puppy. They must have known where I was going and I didn't like it.

1, 2, 3, 4... holy shit, 31. We finally reached the thirty-first floor of the St. Moritz Hotel, right at the top of the building. The presidential suite, or more like the penthouse on top of the world.

I remembered the movie "Annie," which I'd seen a few years back. It was about a little girl who goes to the rich man's house and stands in wonderment as she enters his home. Well, forget Annie. This was way more astonishing. I wanted to run but I couldn't. I'd never seen anything like this before. This was no presidential suite. It was

more like a museum. Paintings of unbelievable beauty, sculptures of gold and silver adorned every corner of this place, and I just stood in the middle of it all, admiring every piece.

Suddenly the door in front of me opened and there stood Murad. He was wearing a black suit with a dark silver tie and holding some papers in his hands. "JANE?!" He seemed surprised to see me. "What are you doing here?" He looked at Angelo, who was standing between us. Angelo realized he had made a mistake bringing me here and tried to apologize, but Mr V stopped him. "It's ok Angelo. I was going to bring her here today anyway."

Angelo dropped the suitcase he was holding and almost ran out of the room. I just stood looking at Murad with tears about to burst out of my eyes. I tried to hold them in. I was never going to cry in front of this man ever again. "You lied to me once again," I said.

At first I thought he was not going to say anything, then he loosened his tie a little to take a breath and said, "I've never lied to you Jane. Ever."

That is when my tears slowly started to trickle down my cheeks. Damn him! He was standing right in front of me and he was lying again. How could he?

"Everything I've ever told you was the truth, only you still haven't heard the whole story yet," he added.

"And you expect me to stay here after you tell me everything?" I snapped back at him.

He stood his ground and said, "No, I expect you to run."

"YOU WHAT?!" I burst out, "you think I am a little girl who runs every time she hears something bad?"

"I would," he said, "many did."

For a few minutes we remained standing, each on his own side of the room. Neither of us wanted to move or say anything to make the situation worse. Then he said, "I was going to have lunch, care to join me?" He started

up some stairs to what I assumed was the dining room. He didn't look back at me but I felt he knew I would follow him, and we came upon two large doors and entered into yet another indescribable room. It was a huge ballroom with mirrors and arabesque murals painted all over the walls. They were almost magical. Right at the center of the room stood a dining table with all kinds of food imaginable. He could have fed the entire hotel with that much food and had more to spare.

He pulled out a chair and invited me to sit down, and I did. For the next few minutes we ate in silence. All the while I was looking at him, then looking around at those mural paintings on the walls. More than twenty of these amazing pieces of art surrounded us. They almost all depicted a bearded man sitting on a sofa or cushion with ladies all around him, either giving him food, wine, or playing some musical instrument, even dancing as he sat smiling at them. There were a few that depicted them reading to him from a book or a scroll. Such amazing details and colors, I'd never seen anything like this before. It wasn't any Western art I had ever seen. It was more like old Eastern or Indian art, drawn right there on the walls of this room.

"Interesting paintings, don't you think?" Murad asked.

"They are beautiful," and that was an understatement.

"When I bought this place I wanted this room for my own," Murad started to explain. "Can you imagine, the guy I hired to do the interior decoration wanted to paint over these murals?" He smiled when he saw the surprise on my face. "It's true. Of course I made sure he did not work in this city ever again," he chuckled wickedly to himself. "These paintings were done a few years back by David Karfunkle. He was an amazing local artist. Brilliant, I might add. This was a ballroom of some kind and I converted it into my dining room. I love to eat here and look at these murals. They remind me of a man I wanted to be, only life had other plans for me."

"Who is the man depicted in these paintings?" I was really interested. Who wouldn't be.

"His name is Omar Khayyam," Murad explained. "He was an eleventh-century Persian astronomer. He was also a mathematician, a philosopher, but most importantly he was a brilliant poet."

Murad stood up and came over to me from his side of the table. He bent down and brushed his mouth over mine and I melted. I'd come here to give him a piece of my mind, but all that was blank now. As he continued to kiss me I brought my arms up around his neck, pulling him closer to me so that his tongue went further inside my mouth.

Then he suddenly stopped and pulled back. With a quick move he brushed aside the food and plates on the table, which scattered all over the floor. He lifted me up and put me on the table. When he knelt down between my legs I knew what he was after. The only thing I could do was lie back on the table and open my legs to give him more access to what he was after. We hadn't had our dessert but this was way sweeter. He lifted my skirt up and spread my legs further apart. Unfortunately for him I was wearing my panties this time, but this didn't deter him. He tore them apart to get to the treasure behind them and dove in with all his might. As his mouth touched my lips I moaned out loud. His tongue raced to clean every drop coming out of me. My legs were shaking from ecstasy so I rested them on his shoulders. As he continued to explore me, my high heels dug into his back, urging him to go deeper and deeper until I was about to explode once again. But I wanted more. I wanted him in me. "I want you," I begged, "please, fuck me," I pleaded some more until he finally conceded. He stood up, dropped his trousers and inserted his cock inside my pussy, sending me into a further frenzy. As he was going in and out of me my eyes kept wandering around those murals on the walls. I was lost in a trance, as if I was all those women offering Khayyam what he wanted from this world: food, drink, wine, poetry, music, love, sex, friendship, companionship... That is what I am to Murad. That is what my Khayyam was looking for. He wanted all that and more, "oh fuckkkkkkkkk," way, way more, as we both came into each other like a flood of raw emotion.

Every one of my senses was spinning around as if I was flying around that room, around and around, until I passed out.

I woke up in another room, a huge bedroom, in the middle of a large bed. I don't remember how I ended up here. I vaguely remembered we'd had more sex but the details escaped me. Maybe I'd had a little more to drink than I thought. I was completely naked, covered with a silk velvet blanket. I found my clothes on a chair next to the bed so I dressed and went looking for Murad. I finally found him in his office. He was reading as I came in. "I hope I didn't wake you?" he said, "I see you are all dressed up and ready to leave." His face was pale and sad.

"Yes, Mr V. I have to go home. It's late," I said, "but before I do, I want to know why you said I would run from you." Ever since he'd said those words I had been dreading this moment. But I wanted to know. I needed to know. I had to know what future, if any, I had with this man.

"This is precisely it," he said, "everything goes back to Mr V. Mr Berg Vanlian and that taxi of his."

"Care to elaborate?" I said, and waited for Murad to explain.

"Everything started with Berg and his cab. I think you remember I told you about Berg and his special deliveries. His reputation as a tough guy propelled him into fame one more time. In a few years he bought his own ten-car cab company. After ten years he had almost a thousand cars in his fleet. He also had controlling interest in almost every cab company in New York. But what's even more important is that he became the number-one drug distributor in this city."

That is when my heart froze. Of course! Everything made sense now. Berg and his family—Murad, Ayesha—were all drug dealers, and I had just fallen right into the middle of it. Oh shit! What a fool I'd been. He was right. I wanted to run. I had to run. And I did. I just turned

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around and walked out of his suite without saying a word. He didn't even say anything or come after me. I just ran like hell.

Chapter 9

I stood shivering from the blustery cold wind on a small, desolate island. Both my hands were tied to the rocks on the beach. I was completely naked, awaiting the arrival of Cetus, the sea monster.

"Andromeda. Princess of the kingdom of Aethiopia," Poseidon's voice crackled above the clouds, overshadowing the sound of thunder and lightning coming from his staff. "You are to atone for the crimes of arrogance, a crime punishable only by death," he said, spelling out his final judgment for the whole world to hear.

I tried to plead with the god of the seas, "Please, my lord, spare me your punishment. This is not of my doing." The crime for which I am to be punished is that I am said to be more beautiful than all the creatures of the seas.

Suddenly Cetus, the sea monster, arrived. He emerged from the ocean with his tentacles swirling about. His body morphed into a snakelike figure, its red and green scales glittering in the sun as the sea waves foamed around him. His lavish mane hid his face, whirling in the wind in every direction. He approached me and looked deep into my eyes, freezing my heart in its cage. I'd seen these eyes before. They were those of the man I used to love, a man more of a monster than I had imagined. His soul was trapped inside the beast and there was nothing I could do about it.

"You are mine," he growled, but I recognized the voice. How could this be? He swung me around, parted my legs and thrust his penis inside my anus. As it penetrated deep inside of me I moaned out, in pain as well as pleasure. I wanted him. I wanted him inside of me, yet I knew he was tearing me apart. He rode me with the point of his spear like the monster he is, possessed, yet trying to be gentle, like a lover who knows he is slowly killing the one he loves. As he thrust with all his might, plunging ever deeper, his tentacles wrapped

themselves around my body, pinching my nipples, clutching at my breasts, sucking, pulling, almost tearing them apart.

As I was slowly ravished by this monster, my rescuer emerged from the sky. He was riding Pegasus, his winged stallion, flying like an eagle between the clouds. He jumped down and stood in front of me, trying to pull me away from the clutches of the beast. That is when I noticed his face. The same face as that of the sea monster. Those same eyes with almost the same features were looking at me with lust. A feeling he could not hide.

"You are mine," Perseus said. It was the same voice again. The son of Zeus embraced me to his chest and thrust his penis inside of my vagina, and I screamed louder this time. Both my killer and my rescuer were inside of me. Both giving me pleasure and pain like I'd never experienced before. Only they were the same person. Two different men, yet they were one and the same, and I was trapped between the two as they ripped me apart with their passion.

"MURAD! Pleeeeeeease..." I begged them.....

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I woke up from this dream, startled out of my wits. I was saved by the sound of my doorbell. I'd never had such a nightmare before. I saw myself as Princess Andromeda and Murad as Cetus. He was the sea monster who comes to ravish the beautiful princess as she is chained naked on an island in the sea. Then I saw Murad again as Perseus, the demigod who comes to rescue Andromeda from the clutches of Cetus. Murad had once told me this strange Greek myth. It was such a powerful tale that it was represented by the stars in the night sky: the Andromeda, Cetus and Perseus constellations. But what did that have to do with Murad and me? My life had been torn apart by this man, and now I was seeing myself being torn apart in every way imaginable.

The bell rang again and I scrambled out of bed to see who was at my door at this time of night. I looked

through the peephole and was surprised to see Ayesha, Murad's sister. She was one of two people I had been trying to hide from for the past couple of weeks. After that day at the Moritz hotel Murad had tried to get hold of me. He tried to call me day and night but I did not answer. He even came to my flat, rang the bell and stood outside for an hour, but I did not open the door. I was afraid to see that man again. Every time we did, I ended up in his bed somehow. Only he had lied to me and I could not forgive him this time. Knowing he was a drug dealer had rocked my world to its core. He was no ordinary drug dealer, at that. He was Mr V, the number-one drug lord of New York. How could he not have told me that? OK, maybe I understood some of his reasons for keeping such a thing from me, but still I felt used. He could at least have given me a clue.

Now he was sending his sister to do his bidding. Doesn't this man ever give up? "I might as well get this over with," I thought to myself. It is better to confront the sister than the boss himself. I could give her a message to give to her brother. "Go to hell," and that is saying it nicely.

I opened the door and stood with my hand on the door frame, blocking the way into my apartment. I wanted to give Ayesha the impression that I did not want her or her brother in my life anymore. What I failed to remember was that I was not wearing any panties, and the pullover I had on rode up, revealing my nakedness.

With her hands crossed on her chest, Ayesha smiled at me and said, "He told me you don't wear panties to bed anymore. I guess he wasn't joking."

"Oh shit," I fumbled to pull my sweater down to hide what I had revealed by mistake. I'd blown this one big time. From then on Ayesha was in control. She just barged into my flat and sat herself on my couch, waiting for me to follow her, and I did. Who the hell were these people? Could I ever get one over on them?! Just once. First it was the brother and now the sister. I really

wanted to throw this woman out of my apartment as quickly as possible.

"He didn't send me here, if that is what you are thinking," and all my plans went out the door. Now I was eager to know why she was here.

"He tells you everything then?" I asked her, shocked she even knew what I wore or didn't wear to bed. "So why are you here then?" adding another question.

"OK, first of all I wanted to see you myself since we haven't really been introduced properly. I guess it's my fault. I like you and I wanted to get to know the woman my brother is so infatuated with, the only one he has ever called his fiancée," she explained, "and yes, he tells me everything," as if I hadn't figured that out already.

Murad had told me that he was very close to his sister but I didn't expect he'd tell her everything down to my underpants. "He is not my fiancé," I shot back at her, "see, I have no ring on my finger," raising my hand in the air to emphasize my point. Murad had never given me a ring, another reason to add to the hate list.

Ayesha smiled again and said, "Yes, he told me about that as well. Unfortunately you ran away from the hotel before he was able to give you the ring." Strike deflected. "He paid a fortune for that ring. It is beautiful, I might add." Another point to team Vanlian.

I remained quiet for some time until I finally managed to squeal, "What do you want from me, Ayesha?" almost whimpering as I said that, "what do you both want from me? I can't be involved with you. I can't be part of your family, knowing who you are." I finally said it, hoping she would leave me alone now. Only she didn't.

"My brother told me that you ran away before he could explain," Ayesha said, "he told me about the way he related the story of our family to you, one snippet at a time. He should have told you everything all at once. I scolded him for that. But he has had some bad experiences with women in the past. They either ran

away like you did or clung to him for his money. I guess he wanted to take this one slow."

Once again I remained quiet, sitting on the sofa opposite Murad's sister. I had surmised all of that from what Murad told me himself and I could comprehend some of it, but still I was afraid to get more involved with this man or his family.

Finally Ayesha sighed, "since you don't want to hear the rest of the story from my brother, I am going to tell you what you have missed so far," and she resumed telling me about Berg and Murad in the same manner as her brother used to do. Very clever.

"I believe you already know how my mother died giving birth to me. How Berg, my father, raised us all by himself in that same apartment which he lived in for the remainder of his life and where he died a few months ago. I think Murad also told you how Berg worked day and night to put food on the table for his family. How all his hard work paid off and how he came to own half the cabs in this city and controlled the other half. And of course you also know how he came to be known as Mr V, the number-one drug lord on this island.

But what you don't know is that Murad hated what Berg had become. They fought about it for years. Ever since Murad came to understand what his father did for a living, he opposed it, always arguing with his dad that he didn't need to do that, not anymore. Only Berg refused to listen to his son. He tried hard to convince him to join the family business but Murad declined, and they drifted apart, year after year, not speaking to one another.

Just after finishing high school, Murad left home to live on his own. He was a brilliant kid. By the age of twenty-three he had graduated with a double major in history and astronomy, two subjects he had loved since he was a boy, and he was about to continue his PhD in those topics as well. He did all that on his own, without relying on his father for help.

But what you'd be surprised to know is how the father and son went from not speaking to one another to being inseparable. I did that. Well, not deliberately, but I had everything to do with it. You see, my relationship with my brother had always been special. We had gone through a lot together. He was not only my brother but my best friend. I relied on him for everything. So when he decided to leave home, my life was devastated. Of course we kept in close contact but it wasn't the same. He wasn't there for me like he used to be and it broke me. Berg was ever occupied with his work, too busy to pay much attention to me. He had relied on his son to do that, so when Murad left I was on my own.

By the time I was fifteen I was a wild one. I did all kinds of drugs I could get my hands on. I had the money. I had the power, and I was stupid. One day I did more than I was supposed to and I ended up in a coma for a month. And that was how Berg and Murad came face to face once again. They stayed next to my bed the whole time until I was able to go back home. It took me almost dying for Berg to realize he was doing something wrong, and Murad was there to show him how to fix it.

The father and son vowed to work together to clean up their business and turn it into the legitimate empire it is today. Berg relied on his son to do everything, but it took Murad more than ten years to complete it. You simply can't pull out of this business in one night or you'd be dead, as well as everyone you hold dear, and that was me again.

So yes, basically I was the catalyst for everything Berg and Murad did since the day I was born. The only reason Murad hadn't quit and gone back to his love of astronomy and history was because of Berg and me, his only family.

Isn't that what really counts in life? Family? I believe that Murad really wanted you to be part of ours. I don't know what you want to do. It's your choice. I, for one, hope that you do."

A Night with a Stranger

By the time Ayesha finished her story I could not bring myself to reply to any of it. My mouth was so dry my lips cracked. Ayesha just stood up and walked out of my apartment, leaving me to curse myself for everything I had done. I had to fix this. But would he let me?

Chapter 10

"I would really like to help you, Miss Jane, but Mr Vanlian is not here," the hotel receptionist was trying to shoo me away, but I stood my ground. I wasn't going to let some minor technicality keep me from seeing him. If Murad was in his suite then no one was going to keep me from my destiny. No one. Not that smiling receptionist nor that security guard who stood behind him with his flashy outfit and his shiny badge. No one.

"But you know me, Kevin," I almost cried, "I need to go up to Murad's room. I really need to see him." I wanted to smack that smile off his face, but I bottled up my anger, trying to appeal to the man's good nature. Only it didn't work.

"You know I can't do that," the idiot kept smiling, "I am really telling you the truth, Miss Jane. Mr Vanlian has left the hotel. He went back home."

That wasn't going to get me anywhere, so I pretended to leave the lobby of the St. Moritz hotel, only to slip through the back door and take the service elevator to the top floor where Murad's suite was located. Luck was smiling on me as I saw the door to his room wide open. The housekeeper's cart was in the main corridor, blocking the entrance, so I pushed it away and went inside. I headed straight to the bedroom but no one was there. All the doors of the bedroom closet stood ajar. I was surprised that they were all empty. Murad's clothes were all gone, even his toothbrush was missing. I decided to head to his office. If he was here then that was the place I was sure to find him. Or at least I could find a clue as to where he had gone. As I entered the room I bumped into a brick wall.

"Can I help you?" the brick wall asked. A stout, square-set housekeeper with her hands on her waist tried to block me from going any further. "I think you're in the wrong room," she said. I had come this far; no square woman with an attitude was going to stop me.

"I am Mr Vanlian's fiancée," listening to myself say that sent a shiver up my spine.

"The hell you are," I was busted, "I know for sure Mr Vanlian doesn't have a fiancée, so you'd better leave, missy, or I'm calling security."

"Go to hell," I cursed as I walked around the loudmouthed hotel maid and headed to Murad's desk. I was going to sit there and wait for him all day if I had to.

I slumped into the plush leather chair, admiring the handiwork of the large wooden desk. I looked for clues as to where he might be but I was again surprised that it held nothing of value except for some books and a few torn-up papers scattered on top.

One book caught my eye. It was a poetry book by some famous dead guy called Rumi. I remembered hearing Murad mention this man. He was another oriental poet, like Omar Khayyam, only I had seen Rumi's books in many bookshops here in New York. I guess he was more famous than I thought.

I opened Rumi's book and was dumbstruck. My picture was right there inside the folds of the worn-out book. Murad had used it as a bookmark, right next to a verse he had highlighted with a pen.

I have been a seeker
and still am.

But I stopped asking
the books and the stars.

I started listening
to the teachings of my soul.

My tears started trickling down my cheeks, smudging the words in the poetry book. That is when I noticed Murad's handwriting. He had scribbled a few lines on those papers he had left on his desk.

Never will I love again.

When all I know is strife.
Never will I remain sane
When she ran out of my life.
Never will my heart remain
When it is torched alive.
Never will it sing again
When love is in vain.

I never knew Murad was a poet. He never told me. I guess he was still a stranger in some ways, preferring to play his cards closer to his chest. I rested my head between my arms on the desk and started sobbing. I had never been a crier. But I couldn't help myself. I cried for him. In the short time since I'd known him I had managed to raise this man's hopes up to the stars, then brought them down to hell. What had I done?! What had I done to myself?!

"Miss Jane?!" The sound of a man startled me. I must have dozed off while crying on the desk. I looked up and saw him.

"I lost him, Angelo." I told the limousine driver, who now stood on the other side of Murad's desk, waking me up as two security guards flanked him on either side. He nodded to the men and they left the room, leaving us alone in Murad's office.

"He went home, Miss Jane," Angelo repeated what the smiling hotel receptionist had been telling me all along. Only I hadn't been listening. I didn't know where home was for Murad and I was afraid to ask, but I had to know.

"Take me to his home, Angelo. Please."

Murad's chauffeur stood silently, looking at me with sadness in his eyes, then he said, "I am so sorry, Miss Jane. But Mr V doesn't live here in New York. He went back to Chicago. That is where his home is. That is where his home has been for the past ten years." Seeing the

surprise on my face, he continued to explain, "he just came back a few months ago when the old man died. I don't know what has happened, but I heard him say he wasn't coming back to New York anymore. I've even heard some say he's going to sell this hotel to some investor or something."

Upon hearing that I broke down and started crying once again. I don't know why crying makes me sleep. I believe it is a safety mechanism of some kind. When I woke up I found myself in Angelo's limousine. He must have carried me out of the hotel and was taking me home. I looked out the window at the bustling New York traffic, grieving about my life; what it had come down to and what it could have become. I was admiring the view from the Manhattan Bridge. Wait!

"That wasn't the way home," I shouted as I jumped to open the glass divider inside the limo.

"Sit and relax, Miss Jane," Angelo said, "I am taking you to the airport," closing the glass panel and leaving me fuming inside the car.

We arrived at the airport and headed out to an aircraft hangar surrounded by private jets of all types and sizes. After the car stopped, Angelo opened the door and helped me out.

"So is he here?" I asked the moment my head popped out of the car.

"No, Miss Jane," Angelo replied, "but I called him and told him you were asking for him, so he sent his private airplane to take you to Chicago."

"So now I'm supposed to hop to whenever Mr V says so?" trying to hide the smirk on my face.

Angelo burst out laughing and said, "You'd better, or I'm going to kick you all the way there myself."

The flight to Chicago was a terrible two-hour journey. All the way I kept thinking to myself, "Would he want to take me back? Does he still consider me his fiancée? Has

he moved on? Has he found someone else? What does he see in me anyway? If he doesn't want me, then why did he send his private jet to bring me?"

After the plane landed I was whisked away in another limo to downtown Chicago and up into another high-rise building. Murad must like living in such high places, for I was ushered into his penthouse overlooking the lake and told to wait. Lake Michigan was beautiful that time of year, so vast, almost like an ocean, yet so peaceful and calm. I spent almost an hour admiring the view as daylight slowly faded until I heard him behind me.

"What made you change your mind?" was the first thing he asked.

I was looking out the window, afraid to turn around. His voice was stern with a hint of anger and sadness. I didn't want to look into his eyes lest he see my trembling lips. "Your sister," I managed to reply, still looking out the window as he stood behind me.

"Yes," he paused before he said, "I knew she would have something to do with it. What did she tell you?"

I figured I had one of two choices. I had to break the ice somehow or jump out the window. I knew that the truth was the only way I could get out of this, so I went for it. "She said you forgot to give me my ring, so I came to get it."

The force of his body as he turned me around knocked the breath out of me. I was pinned against the glass pane with Murad's mouth on mine, sucking what was left of the air from inside my spinning head. Damn that man. What's with the pinning?! Why does he love to pin me up against every hard surface every time we're together? Mind you, I was not complaining. Surprised, that's all.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and rested my arms on his shoulders, pulling him closer to me. I don't remember how long we stayed locked in each other's arms against the window frame. The only distraction we had was to try to take as much of our clothes off as we

could. As I tore his shirt off, buttons flying everywhere, he groped for my nipples, trying to expose my breasts so he could get a better grip. Fumbling with his belt and zipper seemed impossible, but we managed it somehow. In less than ten seconds his cock was hard inside my pussy and pounding away. Of course I had left my panties somewhere in his private jet, anticipating a situation like this. Suddenly, in the midst of it all, he stopped.

His cock was inside my vagina, so I tried to move my hips to compensate for his lack of movement. He couldn't have wanted to pull out. Not now. So why did he? I stopped and looked into his questioning eyes. I knew that what was coming was the pivotal point in our relationship, so I braced myself for it. While my legs were trembling I securely wrapped them around him, his dick firmly inside of me, not wanting to let him go.

"Would you like to marry me, Miss Jane?"

Fucking hell! Did I hear that right? Did he just propose to me in the midst of a fucking joust? Could he not have waited a few more minutes? Doesn't this guy ever do anything the easy way? That is when he resumed another round of mind-boggling pounding. "Ohhhh... fuckkkkk..." I exhaled as he pummeled away for what felt like hours, then he stopped again.

"Noooooooooo..., " prompting me to scream once again.

"No, you don't want to marry me, Miss Jane?" with a smirk on his face he had the audacity to ask such a silly question.

When he didn't get a reply he resumed another pounding, rocking my whole body against the cold glass surface. I was plunged into another roller-coaster ride as I cried, "Ohhh fuckkkkkkk.....yessssssss."

"You do, Miss Jane?" stopping yet again to ask.

"Don't you fucking dare stop." I shouted from the bottom of my heart, "I do, you idiot, I do, I do... now finish me off or, by God, I'm going to kill you."

A Night with a Stranger

Those were the only two words he wanted to hear. Two words I kept repeating again and again until we both exploded with lust and pleasure, flooding my world with love for this man who knew exactly how to pull my strings every time we were together. By the end of that night, and a hundred "I dos" later, our fate had been sealed. Since then I've been known as Mrs V, or Mrs Jane Vanlian, and I have been happily living in Chicago ever since.

This is how I met my stranger in New York. Now Chicago is another story.

Author's Notes

On Chapter 8

The St. Moritz was one of the most prestigious hotels in 1985 New York. It is now the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

The room with murals depicting scenes from Omar Khayyam's poems did exist at the Moritz Hotel. It was located on the 31st floor of the hotel. The murals were drawn by David Karfunkle.

The Roxy was one of the main dance clubs in 1985 New York.

On Chapter 9

The above painting is by Frederic Leighton (British painter, 1830-1896). It shows Andromeda tied to a rock, with Cetus, a snakelike figure, wrapped around her while Perseus flies on his Pegasus above.

A constellation is a group of stars forming a recognizable pattern in the night sky. They were traditionally named after a form or a mythological figure.

About the Author

[Add a short author bio here — a paragraph or two about you, your other work, and where readers can find you online.]