

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a white, strapless, tube-style bikini top and white thong bottoms. She is leaning against a wooden railing, with her hands raised behind her head. The background is a bright, outdoor setting with a thatched roof and blurred greenery. The overall mood is tropical and relaxed.

FOLLOW ME
IN MY...

*Caribbean
Dream*

by Ariadna Majewska

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VIP Version



My dear friend

Nikolai Kuzmin

Beautiful sandy beaches, delicious refreshing drinks, and the soothing sound of the waves... Do you know there are places in the world that look like they are from a fairy-tale? Today you will keep me company on a unique journey to one of the most amazing places that I have ever visited. The Caribbean paradise will gradually reveal its secrets to you... but first I will show you what my suitcase hides. I took a dozen different swimsuits, high heels and stockings because I know how you love to see me in different looks. We will also eat a delicious dinner, take a long romantic shower together, and go on a trip to a wonderful deserted island where we will experience pleasant moments... It will be an exciting and emotional adventure that you will not forget for a long time. Sit back and let your imagination run wild.

Aniada 



































































The sun glints off of the wings...

...of the Boeing Dreamliner as it cruises at thirty thousand feet, high above the Atlantic Ocean. The passengers onboard still chat away excitedly, five hours into a ten-hour flight, looking forward to their dream holiday in paradise, and enjoying the in-flight hospitality.

One flight attendant in particular, with long blond hair and well-fitting uniform, has become a centre of interest for many of the other men on the flight.

She is, in fact, standing before you now, handing you a drink and giving you her best smile. "Thank you, Anna," you say, reading her name badge.

The next drink that Anna hands you, though, you pass to the girl on your right, who smiles at you in a different way. Sitting in the window seat, she has dressed

comfortably for the long flight, wearing charcoal-black leggings, a fitted cotton top with straps, and her favourite sneakers.

Her long dark hair is loose, and apart from a splash of vivid scarlet lipstick, her face is fresh and makeup free. To you, she's the most beautiful girl in the world, but at this moment she's looking worried, so you take her hand and squeeze it reassuringly.

She doesn't enjoy flying, and this is the furthest she has ever flown. Trying to find something to distract her, you hunt through the in-flight entertainment together.

There are many movies to choose from, most of them you have already seen. However, her eyes light up when she sees "Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind." She loves that film, and the two of you have watched it many



times before. You put it on and pull her close to you, wrapping a blanket around both of you to make her feel more secure. Before long she has forgotten her fear of flying, absorbed in the romantic story and feeling safe in your arms. Europe is four time zones behind her, and the magnificent, metallic bird that carries you has another two to go, chasing the sun and trying to turn the clock back.

From her seat by the window, it has been an endless landless ocean for hours now, blue sea to the horizon of blue sky, with scatterings of small white clouds like aerial whitecaps for as far as she can see. But then the captain's voice sounds over the intercom, announcing that Bermuda is coming into view on the starboard side.

As with the sailing ships

of centuries past, the excitement of landfall after that much emptiness is electric, and as she watches it pass and then fall behind, you can feel her quickening anticipation of the bigger landfall still to come.

Flight Attendant Anna is collecting the final drinks and trays from the passengers, and you give her a final parting glance. She is clearly a favourite among the male passengers, but your own choice was made years ago, one which you have certainly never regretted.

You approach from the north, the big island appears, the second largest in the Caribbean. As you cross its coastline, you are already low enough to see individual buildings and trees and the girl beside you has become like a cat stretching in a sun too long delayed.

The Boeing is banking to the left



now and mountains appear close on your right, and then, at last, the final approach to the airport. The adjacent beach drawing closer and closer, rushing toward you, the blue of its crystalline waters like the blue of her eyes.

Holding hands, you walk through the airport together. At baggage reclaim her stylish, metallic red suitcase, monogrammed with its large AM is already circling on the carousel. Placing it with your own, more anonymous case, you wheel your luggage trolley towards the airport exit. She's moving ahead with an excitement you haven't seen in weeks. Then, in an instant, all memory of the air-conditioned terminal is blasted away by the tropical heat that embraces you both as the hydraulic doors open wide to the world outside.

You find a taxi and hold the door

for her to get in while the driver loads your cases into the boot, but she's too busy looking around. It's late afternoon, the temperature is still pushing 30 degrees celsius, and you can feel that newfound surge of energy and creativity running through her, an inner heat to match the heat outside.

Sitting next to her in the back seat, as the taxi speeds you to your hotel, a constant line of palm trees accompanies your progress, and her eyes are wide with all she sees.

The Polish winter that wouldn't end, the hoped-for April warmth that never came, the gloomy cold monotony of the rains that reduced her motivation to work, and people asking you if she was okay while she sat alone in her rooms wrapped in a blanket - all of this is as though it had never been. As you listen to her talk enthusiastically about the



PITCOLE

AM

places of interest she wants to see, you realise that this is not only the girl you've known at last restored, but a girl you've yet to fully experience.

Before long, you reach the beach-front resort she had selected back in Poznan. Its more than two hundred rooms are arranged across acres of pools, and walkways and well-tended lawns. As you pass among the gently waving palms, it is even more impressive than pictured in its brochure.

At last you reach the room she has chosen for the two of you, after many long and winding corridors. It is on the third floor of one of the four or so separate villas. You open the door, and, like the gentleman she's used to you being, let her go in first, then follow her with the suitcases.

As you step across the threshold, a vast interior decorated in the Caribbean colonial style greets your eyes. Immediately to your right is a cosy bathroom with a stone-tiled floor and an open shower. After your long journey, you dream about refreshing your body under a cold stream of water. Before you do, however, and while your companion attends to other matters, you keep walking to explore what is hiding in the rest of the apartment.

In the middle of the room on the right is a solid king-size four-poster bed. Its structure resembles a large cuboid. Directly alongside, barely the width of the bed away, is an elevated jacuzzi-style bathtub, a stimulating proximity you had never thought of before.

Further on the left is the strangest lamp you've ever seen.



A wicker construction like some science-fiction gourd, rising six feet in height, with its yellow light emanating from a giant opened bulb at the level of the floor.

But the main light filling the room comes from outside, filtered by the white floor-to-ceiling curtains that open onto the balcony, and onto which now are projected large curving shadows cast by the setting sun.

What new realm of reality and possibility have you entered, you wonder, as you pull the curtains aside, step through the sliding glass door, and settle into one of the two wicker chairs outside.

The tops of four large coconut palms greet you, their gently waving fronds close enough to touch, brushing the balcony rail and screening your vantage point from the walkway below.

The clear sky of this new hemisphere not your own opens above them, unimpeded, intimacy and the infinite in one. Tropical birds sound in the near distance, high-pitched sounds from a realm of nature alien to your ear, and yet just as swiftly seeming to become a part of you.

You are a long way from home. How far are you from the self you've grown too accustomed to? How close are you to that other self you've always suspected?

"I'm hungry," she says, behind you, and you start involuntarily, wondering how long she's been standing there. "You look overheated," she remarks, studying you with the interested dispassion of a cat with a captive bird. "I'm not sure this climate is good for you," and then laughs. "Before we go to dinner,



I suggest you take a shower.”

“Yes, of course, as per your command, my lady,” you reply, and begin to unbutton your shirt. “I think it will be faster if we shower together,” she says. “By the way, you will wash my back” - and you accede without discussion.

A stream of water rains down on your naked bodies. She moans gently as she feels the cool drops on her warm skin. She is facing the wall, enjoying the refreshing ritual, and you are free for a moment to contemplate her once more. Her shapely back topped with dimples of Venus - lovely valleys above her buttocks that have always delighted you. Even the Roman goddess of beauty and passion would not be ashamed of such a figure.

You turn off the water, then grab

the tube of bath gel and squeeze a little onto your hand. It smells wonderful - like honey and milk. In circular motions, you put it on her shoulders, and then begin gradually to move down her back. Her velvety, creamy skin gives in to your touch as you carefully soap each part, her body relaxing under the influence of a pleasant massage.

With another and deeper moan, she languorously turns around to face you, her long, wet hair falling over her breasts, and drops of crystalline water adorning her belly, like beautiful jewellery. Your immediate impulse is to lick them all off, but she has turned on the tap and another cascade of water is running over your bodies, washing away any remaining foam. She kisses you gently and whispers, “Thank you, darling.”



Privileged
Palm Beach
Palm Beach

















































The balmy morning air...

...promises another glorious day on the paradise island. The sun is still low in the cloudless, azure sky, but the tropical birds are already flying among the coconut palms, chattering excitedly and putting on a brilliant display with their brightly coloured plumage.

This is the fourth day of your holiday in the Dominican Republic, and you are enjoying it more than any other trip you have ever been on before. The weather has been marvellous, the hotel is extremely nice, and the food is delicious. However, none of these are the real reason you are enjoying your holiday so much; rather it's the beautiful lady you are spending the vacation time with who is making it so amazing.

She is with you now, and she is looking ravishing in her white bikini. Her figure is stunning,

the tightly fitting top emphasising the shape of her naturally perfect breasts, and the high-cut bottoms making her legs look exceptionally long. Her waist has the slenderness of an hourglass, and the past few days spent on the beach are evident in the glowing tan all over her body, which makes her look even more appealing.

Today isn't a beach day, though. You are embarking on an adventure. The barman at the hotel has told you about an idyllic deserted island just around the coast from the hotel beach, and you both thought it would be fun to discover it. You clasp her hand as you walk down to the beach, enjoying the feeling of her small, delicate hand in yours. She's extremely excited about the trip and before long you reach the boat hire shop.

Explaining to the owner where



you want to go, you expect him to recommend you take kayaks. But no, he points at a small white catamaran with brightly coloured sails, saying, "You'll have more fun with this!" You respond with a sharp intake of breath, one you immediately hope she hasn't noticed, as you've never sailed before. But you see her looking at the boat and her eyes are wide like a child's in some magic toyshop. "We'll take it," she says enthusiastically.

"Good choice, little lady," he says, looking her up and down and obviously appreciating her beauty.

So after a few basic instructions from the boatman, you push the catamaran into the warm, clear water and both jump aboard. The light breeze fills the sails, and you begin to move forward.

You watch in amazement as she skilfully adjusts the ropes to trim the sails and sets you on course for a dim speck on the horizon, which you hope is the island you are looking for.

When you enquire how she knows so much about sailing she merely smiles and says, "It is a secret, but you can call me Ms. Captain!" You feel reassured and hope the boatman's parting words about watching out for the Bermuda Triangle won't come true.

With everything going smoothly with the boat, she slips off her life vest, laughingly saying, "Safety last," and relaxes on the canvas deck, dipping her cute feet into the sea. You sit beside her, also splashing your feet in the sea and looking down into the crystal clear water at the brightly coloured



fish darting hither and thither among the corals.

She places her head on your shoulder, and you look deep into her eyes. They are the most alluring blue, and you could happily hold her gaze all day. Her hair smells like wildflowers, and you feel deeply blessed to be here with her.

Your blissful moment is suddenly brought to an end as you feel something nudge your foot in the water. Your initial thought is SHARK and you hastily pull her back onto the boat. But she wriggles free from your grasp, laughing and pointing into the water.

You look down and see a giant sea turtle. His shell must be over a meter across, and he is swimming lazily alongside you. She leans forward, putting her hand into the water, and the turtle swims towards her, bringing

his head up beneath her hand, like a dog that wants petting.

She obliges, stroking his head, smiling and clearly enjoying herself immensely. The turtle also seems to be enjoying the encounter, and lets her fuss him for several minutes before swimming to the front of the boat as if to guide it like a pilot.

After another ten minutes of sailing, the island is very close, and the turtle swims away, his job done. The wind and tide soon bring you into shallow water, and you both jump into the sea to pull the catamaran up onto the beach.

The hotel barman certainly hadn't exaggerated when describing the island. If the resort is paradise, then this is utopia. The pure white sand is immaculate, untouched by humans and washed





clean by the surf. Just off the beach, a row of palm trees gives way to the impenetrable tropical jungle, which promises to hide many exotic animals, while a small stream meanders its way through the trees. The birds flying among the trees seem even more colourful than those at the hotel, and their calls seem louder. This is what nature looks like when left to its own devices.

After the exertions of hauling the boat up onto the beach, you both sit down on the sand. From your backpack you take out two fresh coconuts, a pineapple, and some strawberries. Slicing the top off the first coconut, you hand it to her and she accepts it gratefully and drinks deeply, clearly enjoying the refreshing water.

She is thirsty, very thirsty, and a trickle of this precious liquid runs down her neck, reaching the valley hidden in the middle

of her skimpy bra. You could admire this view for eternity. Then you see her looking at you gratefully, licking her lips in what seems the most subtle of ways. And once again you feel convinced that you understand each other without words.

You cut the ripe pineapple and strawberries up on a plate, and you both tuck into them, enjoying your picnic on the beach. She loves strawberries and relishes the sweet taste of them, and you always care for her as best you can. You joke that you feel like Robinson Crusoe on the deserted island and she says, "I'll be your Girl Friday," and you both laugh happily.

Once you have finished eating, you lie back on the sand, beckoning her to you. You love the cute way she crawls over the sand to you, then puts her head on your chest before moving upwards to your lips.



You kiss her passionately, still tasting the strawberries on her soft lips and feeling waves of ecstasy flow through you as she lustfully kisses you back. After what seems like hours, but was really only a few minutes, she lays her head back on your chest and you hold her close to you in a loving embrace. You happily lie together, the lapping of the waves on the beach and the feeling of relaxed contentment causing you both to doze off into a dreamy slumber.

Half an hour later you both awake, feeling refreshed and ready to explore the island. You walk hand-in-hand along the water's edge, enjoying the feeling of the soft sand between your toes. You love how she runs up the beach laughing like a child seeing the ocean for the first time.

After a little while you come across a shallow bay, protected from the tide by rocks and ringed by palm trees. The water is a splendid shade of turquoise blue and looks perfect for swimming in. She lets go of your hand and skips excitedly into the water, turning to swim on her back and calling for you to join her. Without hesitation, you jump into the water and swim over to her.

She splashes water in your face, turns, and swims away from you, shouting, "Come and get me!" You pause for a moment to admire her as she glides gracefully through the water, her body looking lithe and toned in her bikini, just like a swimwear model. Then you set off after her. She swims very well, and with her head-start, it takes you a while to reach her.

Catching her up, you grab her



slender waist and lift her onto your shoulder. She laughs and kicks as you carry her towards the beach. "You'll pay for this!" she says, still laughing and wiggling in your arms, her long, wet hair falling around her face and hanging down your back. But you don't let her go, she's as light as a feather, and her skin smells of the coconut sunscreen you applied for her earlier in the day.

As you reach the beach, you carefully place her down on the sand, then drop down onto your knees and tenderly rearrange her hair out of her face. She reaches for you, gently pulling you down onto her so she can kiss you softly. Her body is still wet and glistening from the ocean, and your bodies entwine in a magical embrace, passion flowing through both of you like a single being as you lock in a sustained kiss.

The sun is falling in the sky, and although neither of you are wearing watches, you know it must be time to head back to the resort. You get up, and hold out your hand to help her to her feet. Walking back along the shoreline, you place your arm around her waist and enjoy the feeling of closeness to her.

You get back to the catamaran just in time, as the tide has come in and water is already lapping around it. So, with ease, you push the already half-floating boat into the water and then both of you climb aboard for the trip back to the resort.

She takes charge - "Pull that line and watch out for the boom," she says authoritatively. "Aye, Captain Ari," you reply, ducking as the boom swings over your



head. "Actually, it's Admiral Ari now - I got a promotion!" she says laughing.

The trip back is into the wind, and although she skilfully handles the craft, it takes longer than you expected. The sun is setting as you approach the hotel beach, and you see a figure on the sand scanning the horizon anxiously. It's the boatman, and as you get closer he wades into the water and helps you pull the boat ashore.

"You should have been back an hour ago, I thought the Triangle had got you," he says with mock annoyance. "I'm sorry, please forgive me," she says, fixing him a look that could melt the coldest heart. Of course, it works. "That's okay, I'm just glad you are safe," he replies, giving her a broad smile and once again admiring how beautiful she looks in the

fading light. "Thank you so much," she says, and with that you take her hand and walk up the beach to enjoy another wonderful evening at your amazing hotel.































































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The stars are out...

...and the catamaran trip and secret island are hours behind you, but you both feel the afternoon deserves a celebration. And besides, it's approaching full moon.

The two of you had discovered the resort's pizzeria early on, and old habits die hard, but tonight requires the formal restaurant. As always, you are aware of the furtive glances the other male diners are giving her, some of them even under the darkening glare of their own dinner dates. And also as always, you know that your companion across the table is equally aware, though she acknowledges the presence of no-one but you.

Her attire would seem to be casual, but no detail has been neglected. The tropical warmth of the island has allowed her to open her body to the sensual feel of the air in displays impossible

these last few months in Poland. And always there are the shoes. Tonight they are her beige Louboutins, and they are the delicate erotic pedestal on which the freedom of possibility she has found here declares itself.

She is halfway through her main dish of pasta, with two giant prawns on the side. You never cease to be amazed at the amount she can pack away. Tonight she eats with appreciative gusto, while the taste of your own food seems to pale against the taste of her lips on the beach.

The waiters take every opportunity to enquire after her satisfaction, allowing themselves another close-up examination of her bare midriff and abbreviated flesh-coloured top. You are glad when it's time to retire to the privacy and security of your room, where it will once



again be just the two of you, away from all of the hungry eyes.

But, no, it seems you are back in the room just for a wardrobe change. She has discovered that the hotel offers a night-time circus show, the perfect ending to a glorious day, and she doesn't want to miss it. While she changes in the bathroom, you ponder the options open to you, and decide on a classically cut tropical linen suit. Then retrieve your best silk tie from the bottom of your suitcase.

You had wondered about the wisdom of packing it, considering it likely too formal for this luxurious but laid-back resort, where everyone would surely be on the beach or lounging around the pool. This evening, however, you are glad you brought it along. Ari has always defined the occasion, but here she seems to be inventing new ones. So it is

necessary for you to be seen by the world as the companion who rises to them, lest some debonair secret agent in tuxedo sweep her away on some globe-spanning mission of intrigue. But now she's stepped out of the bathroom, and you wonder if anyone could rise to equal this occasion.

She's changed into a low-cut, black floor-length gown, with parallel leg-slits on either side, which run up to her lower hips. The separations of the fabric are the plaything of any breeze, a continuing enticement of revealing and concealing when she walks, and a dazzling display whenever and wherever she sits. And for her clicking announcement of arrival she has selected her gold Jimmy Choos.

It is as you expect when you arrive at the show; royalty has entered, and you hope you make



a suitable impression as consort. The best seats, as if by magic, have remained waiting for the two of you, but then again, how could it be otherwise?

Settled in, the show begins, and the colours of the costumes and backdrops are a riot of bold tropical hues. Pink-maned unicorns promenade, and female dancers spread their arms and become giant butterflies with wings the shades of unimagined rainbows.

More musical numbers follow, and then at last come the acrobatic acts. The goddess beside you is commingled with the child, and her eyes open wide, rapt in attention as the aerial performers go through their paces. There is a woman in a suspended steel hoop, weaving herself in and around it as it spins. Then another man inside a floor hoop, rotating like a gyroscope as he continually

switches arm and leg positions.

It is an impressive display, and you carefully monitor your companion's reaction out of the corner of your eye, uncertain if you should be jealous of the male performer's excellent physique.

More to your taste is a male and female pairing, both of them hanging upside down, the woman held in the man's arms, and the man suspended from a cloudswing. The strength with which he lifts and handles her, and their choreographed mid-air intertwinings, take you back to earlier in the day. This is the perfected form of what you felt, this the strength and tenderness by which you want her to know you and forever receive you.

Your reverie passes all too soon, but what follows seems to especially catch your companion's interest. It is an act known as



the aerial silks. Two long strips of fabric stretch from ceiling to floor some twenty feet in length. The solo female performer uses them in a kind of pliant pole dance, wrapping the fabric in endless variations around herself to hang, slide and pose. Sometimes rotating around from the hips, sometimes extending from a single wrapped ankle. And then the dramatic unrolling fall almost to the floor, caught up just feet before seeming impact, and then dangling there as if in soft surrender amid a crescendo of applause.

You are both in your different ways affected by what you've seen, and a round of drinks is called for afterwards at the poolside bar that never seems to close.

In the daytime, beachside in her sun chair, Ari has favoured pina colodas, with rum for later in the day, and wine for dinner. Now,

at this late hour, as a female singer and her keyboardist work through a repertoire of alternately upbeat and plangent Latin songs, she has chosen her favourite of all her newly discovered beverages. It is called Mamajuana, concocted by allowing rum, red wine, and honey to soak in a bottle with tree bark and herbs. The locals say it's a liquid aphrodisiac... You're not sure if you've developed a taste for it, but for her it has almost been love at first sight.

You try to keep pace with her, but sense your limits when you begin to lose track of your respective positions on whether the inflections in the music are more Brazilian than Mexican, and when the Spanish lyrics start to become mere blurs of sound. A walk around the grounds clears your head to some degree, while Ari is greeted by her newest



friend, the hotel cat whose distant mewling can often be heard at night through your open sliding glass door. He gazes up adoringly as she strokes him behind the ears, purring like some miniature ocelot that has found a home around the campfire.

And then at long last you are back in your room, this time to stay. Ari retires to the bathroom, doubtless to get ready for bed. Choosing your favourite wicker chair, you sit on the balcony, wondering what she'll choose to wear.

If reincarnation is true, then in some distant past she must have certainly been a cat. So strong is her affinity, and so like them is her nature. Agile, graceful and cute, but with sharp claws hidden in soft paws, which she does not hesitate to use when needed. You have always been

intrigued and attracted by this unusual mixture of features.

Although most people perceive her as a fragile girl, you've long known her real nature. She is usually calm and sweet like candy, but there are times when she reveals her dominant character. She just loves to rule and to get her own way, traits for which you have admired her more than once. It is in this way that she has always achieved her goals, even when they seemed impossible.

Tonight, though, you have begun to wonder. Nature can be too free, possibilities for the impossible too open, appetites too feral. Perhaps some domestication is in order.

You absently finger your tie and remember the circus, especially her response to the aerial silk dancer - and then you pause. Silk. Your fingers stop moving.



Your best silk tie - and your attention slowly shifts to the bed, and to those cleanly geometric dark wood columns that delineate the compass points of the vast white mattress for which she is doubtless still preparing herself.

Tonight will be different. Tonight, instead of this tie simply tumbling down your torso, you will take it and wrap its delicate fabric around the shapely wrists of your impossible travelling companion, and then tie those wrists to the bed frame. Visions of that male aerialist and his masterful manipulations of his female partner flood your mind. In total submission, your own partner will find herself lost in your caresses and kisses, experiencing a whole range of unique emotions that she will remember forever.

But then the breeze ruffles the palm fronds, and the warmth of the rum and the languid heat

of the night offer other points of view. Dominance is taxing and wearing, and perhaps after all too hard a burden to carry for very long. What about switching roles? If she loves to have her way so much, isn't there just as much love in letting her?

Now it is you who are lying tied to the bed frame, and it is she who is beginning to circle around you, those high heels tapping rhythmically on the stone floor.

Her black fitted bodysuit accentuates her curves, and sheer seamed stockings in the same colour enhance the smoothness of her long legs, and her shoes... yes, those shoes...

She had brought four pairs with her, one pair so new that she hasn't worn them yet. Black Italian sandals, ankle straps with elegant black bows tied behind. She'd promised herself



LOVE

a special occasion on which to debut them in this new world of hers. Is this not that occasion? You can hear them tapping on the floor as she circles you, see them in your mind's eye exposing her tiny red lacquered toenails, smell the virgin newness of their suede.

She is running her fingers over your body and tickling your sides, teasing you, and then gradually running them to the bottom of your hips. The sight of her is almost overwhelming. You want to touch her, but your bindings hold you tightly. It is all but impossible to move, all but for the increasing writhing of your hips. The ceiling fan is spinning continuously, but the atmosphere in the bedroom is growing inexorably hotter.

And now she is starting to take off those exquisite Italian heels; you can hear the first fall, then the second. You imagine them

lying there, but no, she is lifting them high above you, so that you can truly see them, dangling them over you like a spell to mark the occasion. And then they are gone, and in their stead she is lifting her foot to you, wrapped in its thin taut nylon casing, moving it delicately across your chest. The lingering scent of the suede and her feet fill your head, the thrill of it running through your body.

Seeing your excitement clearly and unmistakably at its peak, she begins to slowly slide one of her stockings down, uncovering a slender calf. She does the same with the second, taking her time while you writhe helplessly, until she has the pair of them in her hands. She comes close to your mouth, barely brushing it with her soft lips, and then unexpectedly lays the nylons across your face.



Deprived of your sense of sight, your others sharpen in immediate response. Your awareness of her touch, of her smell, of the taste of her lips, the delicate feel of her breath on your face - all of these become more intense than anything you've experienced before.

She is sitting astride you now, and you feel the heat of her body as she touches you at last in the most sensitive places. Uncovering your eyes, you find yourself looking directly into the sensual opening of her bodysuit, the neckline cut to the sides, revealing her plentiful round...

"Hey! What in the world are you thinking about?" You jerk around involuntarily, and there she is, framed in the open glass doorway, looking at you impatiently. She reminds you that she has set aside tomorrow for an all-day

photoshoot, and needs your opinion on her selections of attire.

Trying as best you can to clear your head and not show that you are aroused, you carefully approach where she stands by the bed. You see that she has wheeled out her red monogrammed suitcase, and has begun unpacking its most important treasures.

You watch her lay them out carefully one by one across the mattress, that vast white expanse of your dreams - one swimsuit after another, and not one of them do you recognise.

At first, you are able to pick out some classic two-pieces in white, black, and nude. Then there are other two-pieces with cupless tops so narrow they seem designed for the sole purpose of sliding off at all the most inopportune moments. And then a bright-red one-piece that seems straight out



of Baywatch but is apparently all front and no sides at all.

You grow aware of your heartbeat, and in the distance, outside the window, somewhere down below in the nearby hedges, you hear that soft meow of Ari's new friend.

Here is a floral-pattern one-piece so small you wonder briefly if it can even fit on her body. Then observe that it is cut so high on the sides that, when fully stretched to its limit, not only will both of her perfectly rounded buttocks be fully open to view, but maybe even your treasured Venus dimples as well.

Here is another one-piece in snakeskin print that seems all draw-strings and lacings, with not enough fabric left over to cover her breasts. Then you recall her recent enthusiasm for cuts that allow for generous displays of underside

curves, and only token coverage of their upper half. This piece of near nothingness seems designed instead for a mayhem of sensory overload.

She has said she wants your opinion, but it is clear as she watches you that whatever you might actually say is of only secondary concern. The beads of sweat breaking out on your forehead, that can not plausibly be attributed solely to the warmth of the night, seem to elicit her interest more than the measured verbal evaluations you are clumsily failing to render. But then again, she has long known that the involuntary testimonies of the body are always the most reliable.

Like some erotic Santa's bag of devilment, the red suitcase has at last been fully unpacked, and the swimsuits cover

the mattress, too many for you to count, each a story that hasn't happened yet, each an unknown fantasy still to beckon.

Are you awake, really awake?
Is this still a part of some dream?
Is there any way to tell?

You look around the room, needing to reorient yourself. There is her camera on the glass-topped table near the sliding doors, the lens alongside, the tripod set up on the floor. How long have they been there? How much have they already seen?

You turn back, and she is smiling at you, a smile you should by now be long familiar with, but which you seem to be seeing for the first time, like some undiscovered country made flesh.

The anxious apprehensive girl of the aeroplane has vanished. The mistress of the tropics is in process of being born.

























































The End

