

“Where do you see yourself five years from now?” Paul asked me. We were sitting on the beach hearing the waves break. I had never been to the beach at night and was pleasantly surprised at how nice and romantic it was.

“Five years from now?” I said. “Well, hopefully married with kids. I kind of see myself settled down with a good job.

Paul nodded. “How many kids would you like to have?” Paul asked.

I gave him a shy smile. “These are pretty deep and personal questions for a first date,” I said teasingly.

Paul smiled. “Yeah, perhaps but they’re important to me. I guess what I’m interested in knowing is your outlook on life right now. Are you looking to just have some fun? Kind of like a fling kind of a thing or are you looking for your One?”

I looked out at the dark ocean beyond me. There were quite a few number of people at the beach just sitting or walking. I was surprised to see so many people at night. I thought it would be deserted. “You know my previous relationship was bad. I’m not looking to rush into anything. It was a whirlwind and bad roller coaster ride. It was pretty bad and I didn’t see it coming. I don’t want to make the same mistake again.” I said seriously.

“I hear you. I know what it’s like to have your heart broken. My ex broke my heart and not necessarily because I was in love with her but because she decided to give up on any possibility of working things out. She didn’t give me a chance to

even say goodbye to her. Her death still haunts me. It really messed me up. I blamed myself for a while and kept going back in my head if I had missed anything or if I had done anything differently, would she still be alive? The pain never goes away but I had to let it go before it consumed me. I'm not suggesting we jump into anything but I do want you to know that I am looking for my One. I don't want to play games and just have a fling with you Chrissy. I like you very much. I have liked you since the first time I saw you back at Shelly's place. I thought you looked like an angel. You blew me away and I hated hearing that your ex had hurt you so much."

"You liked me since the first time you saw me?" I asked surprised.

He nodded smiling.

"Wow, you hid it well. I mean, you acted so calm and cool all the time around me. I wasn't sure you were even into me until you asked for my number."

"Yeah, I'm good at hiding my feelings and playing it cool," he said winking.

"I'm not looking for a fling." I said. "I don't do flings. I wear my heart on my sleeve. I guess that's why my ex was able to take advantage of me so much. I thought I was set on giving up men but deep down I guess I'm still looking for my One. Deep down, I still believe that true love exists. My ex wasn't able to take that away from me." I said thoughtfully.

“Good,” Paul said matter of fact. He looked at me intently and reached out for one of my hands. As soon as he touched me I felt goosebumps all over. I shivered a bit.

“Are you cold?” Paul asked.

“A little.” I said.

Paul took off his jacket and wrapped it around me. Then he pulled me closer to him and put his arms around me. It made me feel nice and fuzzy inside. I took in his masculine scent that reminded me of wood and cut grass. It was intoxicating.

“Is this okay?” He asked.

“Yes.” I replied smiling.

We sat there quietly listening to the sound of the waves. Being with Paul and being in his arms felt great. It felt exciting but also safe. I liked how big and strong he was and how he enveloped me in his arms. It felt like I was in a nice, warm cocoon. I really liked that feeling. I wanted, no, I needed a man strong enough to catch me when I fell because I knew I would fall. Nobody is perfect. Maybe Paul was that man.

Paul moved us a bit so he could see my face. He brought his hand up to my face and caressed my cheek. I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply. He cupped my face with both hands and brushed his lips with mine.

“Is this okay?” He asked.

I opened my eyes and saw tenderness in his eyes. I nodded not being able at the moment to say anything. I felt Paul press his lips against mine. I closed my eyes. He kissed me slowly at first, taking his time. He was in no rush. I slowly opened up to him and let him taste me. He pushed in and took his time savoring me. It felt so incredibly good. I just melted in his arms. He twirled his tongue around in my mouth and went deeper and deeper until my whole mouth was almost all in his mouth. I let out a soft moan, barely audible. But it was all the encouragement he needed. He continued to kiss me until I was completely out of breath. He paused a few times to let me catch my breath but never broke apart. He grabbed the back of my head and interlaced his fingers in my hair and tugged at it ever so slightly. The sensation sent shivers down my body and I let out another soft moan. He continued to hold my head with one hand as he kissed me, and with the other he began to caress my neck and shoulders, traveling down to my breasts. He placed his hand on one of them and pulled just slightly.

“Is this okay?”

I opened my eyes and looked into his. I could see desire in his eyes but the tenderness was also still there if not more.

I nodded and he continued to kiss me as I closed my eyes again. He squeezed and massaged one of my breasts slowly and tenderly and slowly increased the pressure, not enough to hurt but enough to make me moan a little louder. I wasn't too worried

about people hearing us though because the waves were quite loud. I felt Paul reach under my shirt and squeeze my breast.

“Is this okay?” He asked in a soft but hoarse voice.

“I thought about telling him to stop and not go there but honestly it just felt too good, and I was getting lost in him. It had been a long time since I was touched so intimately. Paul was being very gentle. Dan had never been gentle.

He kept going further and further and then reached under my bra and caressed my bare breast.

I gasped at the sensation. It felt so good to be touched like that by him.

He flicked my nipple and I wiggled a bit. I took in a deep breath as it sent strong sensations down my core. I arched my back and pushed into him. He squeezed harder and pinched my nipple. The shock of it made me jerk my body away and I opened my eyes.

“Shhhhh. It’s all right. Did it hurt too much?” He whispered in my ear. He still held my head with one hand and with the other he kept caressing my breast.

I shook my head. It hadn’t hurt at all but I wasn’t expecting it and it took me by surprise.

“It just took me by surprise.” I said hoarsely.

“Did you like it or not?” He asked quietly.

I pulled back a little so I could look him in the face. He wasn't teasing me. I could see sincerity in his eyes. He really wanted to know.

"Umm, I'm not sure."

"I won't do it again if you don't like it."

"It's not that. Like I said, I just wasn't expecting it from you."

"From me?" He asked confused.

I didn't think you were one of them." I said quietly.

"What do you mean?" He asked pulling back some more so he could look at me more clearly.

"One of those men that like it painful."

"Painful? "

"Yeah, a sadist."

Paul took his hand out of my shirt and sat me on his lap right in front of him.

"Chrissy, I'm sorry I gave you that impression. I'm not a sadist. I don't like causing women pain. But I do like to push the boundaries a little bit. I'll never do anything that you don't want or that you're not comfortable with. I want you to be honest with me and tell me if you really like something or not. That's why I kept asking if you were okay with what I was doing. I would've stopped if you'd asked me. Maybe I'm moving too fast, I don't know," he said running a hand through his hair.

“I feel like I’ve known you forever. In my mind, our first date was a year ago when we talked at Shelly’s apartment for the first time. It was so deep and personal to me. I’ve thought about you ever since. I didn’t make a move on you then because you were still on the rebound. I could tell that you weren’t ready and needed more time. But damn, Chrissy! I wanted to lay you down on that bed and have my way with you. I kept thinking about undressing you and running my hands all over your body. You’re so beautiful inside and out. But I didn’t want to scare you off or move too fast so I waited for the right time. I want you Chrissy.”

I just sat there on his lap staring at him awestruck. I didn’t know what to say.

“He laid me down on the blanket and kissed me again but this time he didn’t do it slowly but hungrily and passionately. I couldn’t speak. I couldn’t think. All I could do was moan and arch my back and press my body into his. He put his hand under my shirt again but this time he reached back and unhooked my bra. Ever so subtly he pulled it off of me.

“Don’t worry baby, I’m not going to let anyone see you. Your body is for my eyes only,” he whispered in my ear.

I breathed in deeply. I should feel exposed but I didn’t. Somehow, I trusted what Paul said and I knew he wouldn’t do anything to hurt me or to make me feel bad.

He carefully pulled my shirt up over one breast and reached down and kissed it. He did it in such a way that I was completely covered and anyone who happened to

look at us could only see him on top of me kissing me. His body covered me up. I completely melted into him and gave myself over to him. It wasn't just because of the physical aspect of it but also the emotional one. I felt such a strong connection to him from the beginning. Deep down I trusted Paul and knew he was being sincere about everything he'd said.

He continued to kiss me some more; softly and gently. It felt so good! I just let myself be in the moment. It felt so good to just feel and enjoy it.

He finished kissing me and pulled my shirt back down. He sat me up and put his jacket completely over me zipping it up and put my bra into one of his jacket pockets then helped me stand up.

"If I'm moving too fast or you want to slow down, it's okay with me," he said wrapping his arms around me and enveloping me. I was still on cloud nine and all I could do was nod my head. He took me by the arm and walked gingerly to his car. The whole drive back to his place was a beautiful blur. We made small talk but I was completely buzzed with excitement. I had never felt like this before.

My ex had been the only man I had intimately been with but he'd never made me feel excited. Yeah, I had dated a bit and kissed a few guys in my life but besides my ex but I hadn't been intimate with anyone else. My ex never made me feel the way Paul was making me feel. Even when I was intimate with Dan for the first time, he

didn't make me climax. I was nervous and fearful the whole time and in a lot of pain. I didn't enjoy it at all.

Paul made me feel so good. I could honestly say that no one made me feel the way Paul was making me feel. *Was this what it was like to fall in love?*