

~ Happy Birthday To Me ~

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November 2003

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A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mountaingirl.

As always this is for Heather.

Oh boy, where to begin? How does one explain my hedonistic adventure? I guess that is one way to describe what happened. It all started with my birthday. I was about to turn thirty-three, and decided that I needed to do something special for myself. I work for a large hotel chain I won't mention which one. As I was saying, I was about to celebrate yet another birthday, and for the past several years I've been working nonstop to climb the corporate ladder. My social life had fizzled years ago so I put all of my energy into my career. I finally decided that I needed to do something for me, something frivolous.

The really great thing about working for a hotel chain is the deals you get when you travel. I can stay at any of our hotels for about twenty bucks a night. Pretty sweet deal huh? The only thing was that I was always too busy working to take advantage of the perk. One night about a month before my birthday, I was working late and caught my reflection in the ladies room mirror. I looked tired and much older than my thirty-two years. That is when I decided I needed a vacation. It was starting to turn cold in Boston, so I immediately decided that I should go some place warm with white, sandy beaches. So, I made my reservations for one and planned out a week in Cancun. My birthday would arrive on the Friday of my stay. What better way to celebrate another passing year than lying on a beach without a care in the world?

My flight was departing on Sunday morning, so my friends took me out for dinner and drinks on Saturday. They plied me with alcohol, birthday cards, good wishes and a promise that my presents would be waiting for me when I arrived at my hotel. They dropped not so subtle hints that I should spend my birthday, receiving my birthday spankings from a gorgeous seniorita with bodacious Tatas. My friends were good people who have been insisting for years that I really need to get laid. Despite my squawking at their tawdry suggestions, I was beginning to agree with them.

The next morning I flew to Mexico nursing a hangover and planning to spend my first day in paradise sleeping. Frankly flying with a hangover is a really bad idea, making my plight worse as I was, of course, seated near the engines and the family behind me were traveling with a crying infant and a hyper active three year old. My bad luck continued when the very same family was seated behind me after I made my connection in Miami. My mantra through the excruciating journey was limited to hot bath and bed, hot bath and bed. I just kept whispering it over and over again.

My needs on that Sunday were simple. We finally landed and I grabbed the shuttle to the hotel. My head was still pounding, so I slipped on my sunglasses and ignored the majestic scenery as the van made its way towards my hotel.

My first surprise came when I was checking in and discovered that my room had been upgraded at no extra charge. In fact there was no charge. I assumed that this was my gift from my friends. Stacy must have made the arrangements since she works with me. I made a mental note to pick up some nice gifts for them and thank them when I returned home. The bellhop showed me to my suite.

I tipped him generously as I looked around the room. I had to admit the suite was a lot nicer than the single I had originally booked. I passed on allowing my eager bellhop from showing me around since I was already acquainted with the amenities, basically no matter where you are in the world; all of our rooms look the same. Still, the basket of flowers and bottle of champagne my friends had ordered was a nice touch. There were a couple of packages awaiting my arrival, also from my friends. I decided to put off opening the rest of my gifts since I knew that there was a Jacuzzi waiting for me inside the spacious bathroom.

I walked into the bedroom, drew the curtains and stripped off my clothing. "Bubbles," I exclaimed gleefully as I headed towards the bathroom. I was just about to reach for the doorknob when the door swung open. I squeaked in horror as the petite blonde clad only in a white terry cloth bathrobe emerged. "Hello," she greeted me with a brilliant smile.

I darted back towards the bedroom needing to find something to cover my naked body. "Hold on," she called after me.

I was stunned when she caught up with me and clasped my arm. "There must be some kind of mistake," I babbled like an idiot as she kept smiling up at me.

"I hope not," she offered in a sultry tone.

"Huh?" I stammered once again trying to understand why this stranger was in my room and why she wouldn't let me go so I could put something on.

"Liora?" She questioned me as I felt my entire body turning beet red. "Liora Blasdel?"

"Yes," I responded still reeling from the situation. "They must have booked me in the wrong room," I began to explain before I realized she had called me by my name. "Wait, how did you

know my name?"

"I'm Gena," she explained her smile growing brighter as she wrapped her arms around my waist. "I'm your birthday present," she pronounced.

"What?" I gaped down at her. Certainly she hadn't said what I thought she said.

"Happy Birthday," she huskily responded as she reached up and caressed the back of my head. I felt helpless as she guided me closer and claimed me in a fiery kiss.

I'm ashamed to admit that her kiss had caught me completely off guard and I ended up lacing my fingers in her long, blonde hair as her tongue caressed my own. I was jolted back to reality when I felt her hands gliding along the curve my body and caressing my hip. Okay, so I didn't stop her touching at first, I was too caught up in the feel of her touching me, to care. But when I felt her knee slipping between my thighs, I pulled away.

My body was pissed that I hadn't allowed her thigh to greet my wetness. My head was also calling me an idiot as I backed away from this beautiful woman. "Uhm," I stammered as she continued to smile at me. I have to admit she had an amazing smile not to mention sparkling, green eyes, both of which were making it difficult for me to focus on the situation. "What do you mean?" I finally managed to sputter out.

"I am your birthday present," she asserted with a cocky smirk. "Well one of them," she continued as she stepped closer to me. "The room, champagne, strawberries with chocolate, flowers and me. I am your companion for the entire week."

"Companion?" I questioned as she closed the gap between us.

"I'll be whatever you want," she taunted me as her fingers brushed along the swell of my breasts. I inhaled sharply as my skin burned from her touch. "I'll do whatever you want," she murmured as I felt her breath on my breast.

"You're a prostitute?" I gasped as I once again stepped away from her.

"Not really," she shrugged as she took me by the hand and led me towards the bathroom. "You must be exhausted after your trip. I'll fire up the Jacuzzi for you and fetch the champagne. Would you like a bubble bath?"

I couldn't speak as I followed her blindly into the bathroom. I stood there like a naked idiot as she filled the Jacuzzi. She heated it, filled it with bubble bath, and when it was ready lowered me into the tub. The warm, bubbling water felt so good as I became lost in the sensation. "I'll be right back," Gena promised before disappearing.

Now I have to ask, what would you do? There I was lounging in a bubble bath while hot jets massaged my body and a beautiful blonde stepped back into the room with a bucket of champagne and a tray of strawberries. My first rational thought was that I had snapped and none

of this was real. Then she leaned over and handed me a glass of champagne, her movements giving me a glimpse of her ample cleavage.

I thanked her as I reminded myself that she had been hired to spend time with me. It is not a concept that I am comfortable with. But here she was, ready to cater to my every whim. I could tell her to leave, confident that she would receive her payment whether or not I sent her packing. I could let her stay, and join me on my vacation as a friend. Or I could give in to the constant pounding of my lower anatomy. I quickly dismissed the last suggestion thinking that it would be wrong.

I was still pondering my options as I sipped my champagne and she held up a huge strawberry dripping with chocolate. I stared at the berry wondering what I should do when she guided it to my lips. *'What the hell it is just one bite,'* I reasoned wondering if Adam used the same rationalization.

My mouth burst with flavor as juice and chocolate dribbled down my chin. My guest took it upon herself to lick the errant drops from my face and neck. "Am I making you nervous?" She asked as she refilled my champagne flute.

"A little," I confessed.

"Liora," she began. "May I call you Liora?" She politely inquired. I nodded my head finding it strange that she would ask if it is all right to address me by my first name after spending the past few minutes licking my face. "Liora," she calmly continued. "I am your gift. If you wish to send me away that is your choice. If you wish to simply spend your time sight seeing or reading a book then that is what you will get, and if you wish for me to join you as a friend then that is all I will be. And if you want more, I am more than willing. But it is your choice. It is your birthday and whatever you wish, I will do everything to make it possible."

For some bizarre reason having her sitting on the edge of the tub, washing my back as she explained my options seemed completely normal. "I'm not comfortable with casual sex," I heard myself saying as my body screamed blue bloody murder at my stupidity. I mean this girl was not only attractive she was most definitely my type, blonde, great smile, quick wit and a great pair of . . . Well you get my point.

"Good to know," she smiled as she kept washing my back. "I promise not to lick your face anymore. Can I still help you bathe?"

"Yes," I conceded with a goofy grin and a contented sigh. "It has been a really long time since I've done this."

"Bath time is a lot more fun when it is a shared experience," she quipped as she began to massage my shoulders. "You're so tense," she commented as she kneaded my sore muscles. "Since you are tired from your trip why don't we finish getting you squeaky clean and then maybe go to the beach, or the pool or perhaps a stroll around some of the shops or we could just take a nap. Maybe have lunch or an early dinner out on the balcony?"

All of her suggestions sounded positively wonderful as I yawned. I was already tired from my flight; the bath, champagne and massage were making me sleepy. "A nap and room service it is," she decided for me.

"There is just so much to do and see," I yawned once again.

"Yes, there is," she agreed. "You have seven days to see it all. You are on vacation and it isn't against the rules to sleep in on your first day."

"Okay," I conceded as I wondered just why it was I was letting this complete stranger take over my vacation. One look in her sparkling green eyes and I had my answer. I could feel my body warming from her touch. I felt suddenly cold when her hands departed from my body.

"Have you been to Mexico before?" She asked as she perched herself back on the edge of the tub and sipped her glass of champagne.

"No, I don't travel much," I confessed.

"You're in the hotel business and you don't travel much?" She exclaimed with surprise.

"I work a great deal," I grimly explained. "How did you know that I work in the hotel industry?"

"I know a lot about you," she smirked.

"Right all part of the package," I grumbled as I reminded myself just what it was this woman did for a living.

"Something like that," she threw out casually. "Seems I do nothing but travel. I have been here many times; if you want I can show you around."

"My own personal tour guide," I chuckled as she dipped another strawberry in chocolate and offered it up to me.

"Tour guide, waitress, and back scratcher, whatever you desire," she reminded me as I sank my teeth into the succulent fruit she was offering.

I gave her a wary look as I licked the juice and chocolate from my lips. "I only promised not to lick your face anymore," she explained in a cocky manner. "I never said that I was going to stop flirting with you."

"You don't have to," I offered as her infectious smile beamed down at me.

"No, I don't," she asserted. "I want to."

"Oh," I responded with a hard swallow.

"Now when was the last time another woman washed your hair?" She playfully inquired. "Besides your stylist," she quickly added before I could lie. "That's what I thought."

I let her wash my hair and let me tell you the feel of her blunt nails massaging my scalp was pure bliss. She fed me more strawberries and champagne before offering me some alone time, of course that was after I promised not to fall asleep in the tub. Once I was alone with my thoughts and bubbles I felt calm and relaxed. I also felt nervous and edgy. Things like this just don't happen to people like me. Up until an hour ago I was thoroughly convinced that they never happened in real life. Yet, there I was lounging in a Jacuzzi filled with bubbles with a beautiful blonde stranger waiting for me in the next room.

I started to nod off, so I decided that drowning myself would be a really bad idea. I climbed out of the tub, dried off and wrapped one of the fluffy white robes around my body. I went looking for my quirky guest. My eyes almost fell out of my head when I discovered her curled up in the middle of the king size bed, fast asleep.

I guess I should have inquired about the sleeping arrangements. I have to confess Gena looked absolutely adorable with her little fists tucked under her chin, and her lips slightly parted. I crossed over to the window and peeked out at the white beach. I felt uncertain as to which sight was more breath taking the paradise awaiting me just outside my window or the beautiful woman sleeping on my bed.

Gena released a thunderous snore. I laughed at the monstrous sound emanating out of such a tiny person. I climbed onto the bed, telling myself that the bed was more than big enough for us to share. I nestled my body as far away from her as humanly possible. So, how did I end up with her in my arms?

I was sound asleep, feeling warm, and lost in a very erotic dream. Breath tickled my skin, forcing my eyes to open slightly. Through half open lids, I peered down and discovered tufts of blonde hair covering my body. During our slumber somehow, Gena and I had wrapped our arms and legs around one another. Instead of pulling away, I began to stroke her back, causing my slumbering friend to nestle closer to my body.

Holding Gena was so soothing that I slipped back into a joyous slumber. When I awoke for a second time my body felt so cold that my eyes snapped open. "Gena?" My voice was groggy from sleep. I looked around for my companion. Once again I was confused by my actions. I had known this woman for less than a couple of hours and for some reason I was missing her.

I tightened the knot on my robe and went searching for my bunkmate. I found Gena in the living room talking quietly on the telephone. I couldn't hear what she was saying as she turned to me and smiled. I swear if she could bottle those smiles she would make millions. She winked at me before turning away from me so she could wrap up her conversation.

"Sleep well?" She asked brightly.

"Yes, thank you," I responded as I stared at the way she was leaning against the sofa. "And you?"

"Very well," she purred as I shivered at the way she was looking at me. "I've ordered dinner for us, I hope you don't mind."

I laughed lightly realizing I hadn't been in control of anything since she magically emerged from my bathroom. "I can get my own room," she timidly offered.

"No, no," I smiled not fully understanding why I didn't just send her away. But there I stood agreeing to let her share my vacation. "So, what's for dinner?"

"I figure by the amazing shape that you are in you eat nothing but rabbit food," she theorized as I blushed. "I ordered you a very decadent authentic Mexican dinner sans the margarita's. I figured between your fatigue and the champagne you didn't need any more alcohol."

"Good point," I conceded. "Plus, I'm not to be trusted when it comes to tequila."

"Interesting," she hummed as her eyes continued to wander up and down my body. "This is Mexico, sampling the tequila is a requirement. I know this little Cantina for women only, it isn't far from here, and we should give it a try one night. For tonight would you like to dine inside or out on the balcony?"

"The balcony," I readily agreed thinking of the view of the ocean and the moonlight. "Shall we dress for dinner?" I added as I motioned towards the bathrobes we were wearing.

"No need," she taunted me. "We are on the top floor and with the candle light no one will be able to see us."

"Done this before?" I asked in a slightly bitter tone.

"No," she admitted in a surprisingly honest tone. "Nothing about this trip is routine for me."

Later that I evening I was sipping good coffee while gazing at the stars and the ocean. While the ocean breeze blew through my long dark hair, my gaze would drift over to my companion. More than once when I would steal a glance, I would find her looking back at me.

"Are you enjoying your birthday?" She softly asked.

"Yes," I confessed while releasing a very contented sigh. "Although, my birthday really isn't until Friday."

"And how many spankies will you be receiving this year?" She toyed with me.

I swallowed hard before offering my answer. "Thirty-three," I gulped.

"Plus one to grow on," she slyly retorted. "Spankings aside, I know what you would like to do on your birthday."

"Do you now?" I snickered as I pictured her administering my spankings.

"Chichen Itza," she confidently supplied as my jaw dropped. She couldn't have known this by talking to my friends. All of them assumed that I was going to sun myself at the beach or linger at the pool, which had a bar you could swim up to.

"How did you know that?" I stammered.

"You are much too deep to waste all of your time window shopping and working on your tan," she thoughtfully explained.

"You think so, huh?" I teased blushing slightly from her assessment.

"Yes, I do," she asserted. "You want to see the ruins, you want to explore and see if the feeling of spirituality so many have claimed to feel exists, and just perhaps you want to see if you can find some small clue that would explain why the city was suddenly abandoned."

"Its like you've read my diary," I whispered.

"I'm making you uncomfortable again, aren't I?" She pouted which I found completely adorable. "It was just a guess. You just seem like a person who would think those things. Somehow, I can't see you spending your entire trip drinking and cruising in the bars."

"Thank you," I offered as I cleared my throat, realizing that Gena's profession probably gave her a certain insight into people.

"What about tomorrow?" Gena asked quickly shifting the conversation. "What would you like to do?"

"I'd like to spend the day at the beach, but not sunning myself," I explained. "There is so much to do."

"I know," she smiled. "Jet-Skiing, snorkeling, parasailing, a boat trip to one of the nearby islands. If we head out very early, we could do as much as possible; I know the best places for rentals."

"I'll leave it up to you," I conceded.

"Good, first you have to agree to something," she cautioned me.

"What?" I questioned her nervously.

"No reservations," she asserted.

"Excuse me?" I gasped.

"If you do that then you'll feel trapped and rush through things instead of enjoying them," she carefully explained in a slightly chastising tone.

"It just goes against my nature," I squawked.

"I'm sure it does," she laughed. "This is a vacation. Just relax and trust me. And if I end up driving your anal nature up the wall, you can always kick me out."

I nodded in agreement completely ignoring my innate need to have an itinerary, a back up time schedule and a list of things I would need. "Time for bed," she softly instructed me as she stood and held out her hand.

My palm felt sweaty as I accepted her offer. "I can sleep on the sofa," she reminded me. I stumbled realizing that I didn't want her to be so far away. I just didn't trust myself to be able to sleep in the same bed with her. "We can share a bed without making love," she shyly explained.

"I don't think we can," I muttered as I turned to her. My heart was racing as I looked down into her shimmering emerald eyes. "I'm not ready,"

"Ssh," she silenced me as she pressed her fingers to my trembling lips. "Good night, Liora," she whispered before brushing her lips against my own. "Now go before I change my mind," she teased me as she headed in the direction of the sofa.

I growled at my stupidity before making a hasty exit into the bedroom. For the first time I noticed her luggage stacked in the corner. I tossed my robe onto the bed and threw on my nightshirt before climbing into bed. The huge bed felt empty as I tossed and turned. I did contemplate calling my friends, and asking them just what in the hell were they thinking? My waking them up in the middle of the night was the least of their problems because I vowed that the moment I returned to Boston, I planned on tracking them down and wringing their collective necks.

By some miracle I did manage to finally nod off before sunrise. I was awakened by an overly perky voice informing me that it was morning. "Oh God, she's a morning person," I bitched while furrowing beneath the sheets.

"Breakfast," she tried to entreat me as she tugged on the covers that I was holding in a death grip. "If you don't come out I'm coming in after you," she giggled her threat.

I am quite certain my garbled response wasn't even remotely close to any spoken language. The next thing I was aware of was a cool breeze greeting my body as Gena snuck in from the opposite side of the bed. I snapped the sheets down and squealed as she pounced on me and began to assault my rib cage. "Stop," I pleaded as she tickled me furiously. "Stop, please or I'm

going to pee," I begged my little assailant.

My threat halted her movements. I gazed up at Gena who was straddling my body. She was panting heavily as she looked down at me. I blushed from the intensity of her gaze. "We can't have that," she panted never breaking the fiery gaze we were sharing.

I was mesmerized as I watched her nearing my body. My fingers drifted along her khaki shorts brushing her bare thighs slightly. I became focused on her slightly parted lips as she closed the distance between us. "What the hell," I whispered as I gave in to the way my body was feeling.

Sadly my utterance wasn't what Gena wanted to hear at that moment. Gena pulled away, still straddling my hips I watched as she folded her arms across her chest and sneered at me. "Not the right thing to say?" I said meekly.

"No," she confirmed. "Gena you are so beautiful, how can I possibly resist you, would be the right thing to say. What the hell earns you a trip to the shower," she chastised me while wagging her finger down at me.

"Well, crap," I grumbled as she climbed off of my body.

"Hee hee," she snickered. "Shower, dress in something comfortable because the breakfast fare in the hotel restaurant is incredible, so we will need to go for a walk afterward."

"Fine, Miss Bossy," I continued to grouse as I obediently complied with her instructions.

"You weren't kidding about the breakfast," I sighed as we strolled along the boardwalk that circled the hotel. "I think I am going to have to review the buffet back in Boston."

"You're the operations manager?" She asked me seemingly lost in thought.

"Yes," I shrugged as she guided me away from the hotel.

"There are some quaint little shops down this way," she prattled on as I fought against the urge to reach out and hold her hand. "Over dinner last night you mentioned wanting to pick up some trinkets for your friends."

"I should, after all they have done so much for me," I explained softly as I peered over my sunglasses at the best gift.

"You still haven't opened what they've sent you," she noted as we looked around.

"Not yet," I responded with a blush while my focus remained locked on Gena.

We talked as I shopped. She helped me with the shopkeepers and the exchange rate. As we

strolled back to the hotel I was having a problem reconciling Gena's persona with her profession. Gena was bright, witty, charming and very self-assured, why would anyone like her chose to become a paid escort? Not only didn't it make sense to me, but also it just didn't fit. Something else was nagging at me; the hotel staff seemed to snap to attention whenever we were around. Perhaps they were just very strict with the staff or simple professional courtesy. Still they seemed to go overboard at times.

"Everything was just so amazing," I babbled on as we entered our hotel room that evening. "Thanks for reminding about the sunscreen," I added as we tossed our bags down.

"Can't have you getting burned," she smiled. "What was your favorite part about today?"

My first reaction was to tell her that spending the day with her was the best part, but somehow I refrained. "Scuba," I beamed. "The colors, the feelings, it felt great and for some reason it made me feel insignificant, but in a good way. Does that make any sense?"

"Yes," she agreed as she wrapped her arms around my waist. My body warmed instantly from her touch. "There is a quaint little restaurant down the road that only the locals know about. That is if you feel like dinning out tonight."

"Sounds great," I chimed in agreement. "Just let me take a shower."

"If you're not too tired after Jet-Skiing, parasailing, swimming and, of course, scuba diving, the cantina I told you about is near the restaurant, we could do a little dancing," she suggested hopefully.

"Whatever," I agreed as I headed towards the bathroom. "I'm all yours," I said before I realized what I was implying. I couldn't hear what she muttered in response as I ducked into the bathroom.

After I had showered, Gena took her turn in the bathroom. After I dressed in a simple summer dress, I strolled into the living room and waited for Gena to finish with her shower. Naturally, I contemplated sneaking into the bathroom and joining her. I managed to resist the urge by opening the packages my friends had sent.

I stood there gaping at the items I had spread out on the coffee table. I was so shocked by the contents that I failed to notice Gena entering the room. My friends seemed very determined that I was going to start having a sex life. Spread across the table was an assortment of vibrators, a strap on complete with a leather belt, a variety of lubes, a box of dental dams, and of course a black lace teddy.

"How in the hell did this get through customs?" I pondered out loud oblivious to the fact that I had an audience.

"NAFTA," Gena snickered as she sat down beside me. "Mexico isn't nearly as concerned by what we send into their country as we are of what is being shipped into our own."

"I Uhm," I stammered as I turned to her. The amused smirk she flashed at me only served to make me more uncomfortable.

"Your friends are very thoughtful," she said in a husky tone as she devoured me with her eyes. My throat constricted as I became lost in her gaze. "We should go to dinner, before I ask you to model this for me," she insisted as she held the lacy garment up.

I no longer cared about going to dinner or ever leaving that hotel room. I was captured in her spell as I leaned in closer. Her eyes fluttered shut as the space between us disappeared. Then I remembered that the only reason Gena was in my hotel room was because she had been hired to be there.

The hurt look on Gena's delicate face tore at me as I pulled away from her. "So, you said something about dinner?" I tossed out lightly hoping that it would somehow ease the tension. She stood and held out her hand to me. My resolve wavered when I drank in the sight of her in the simple black dress that revealed just a hint of cleavage.

"Dinner," she asserted coldly.

When we entered the tiny restaurant Gena was greeted with enthusiasm. Once again her presence commanded respect. Everyone addressed her by her first name as they tripped over themselves to please her. She caused a similar reaction when we entered the cantina. She didn't seem to notice the way people responded to her as she guided me over to a table away from the small crowd. Of course part of the reason people paid so close attention to Gena was because of her looks, and that very shiny credit card she used to pay for everything.

I did try to spy a glimpse of the name engraved on the card, but Gena was very quick in hiding it. "Come here often?" I sincerely inquired as two margaritas were delivered to our table without either of us having to bother ordering them.

"I told you I travel a lot," she shrugged.

"Apparently," I grumbled. "Are you at least going to allow to pick up the check every now and then?"

"It's your birthday," she innocently protested.

"And?" I tried to reason with her. "All of this can't be on my friends tab."

"I'm not a prostitute," she gleefully reminded me.

"I know," I played along finally understanding that Gena probably preferred a classier term for what she was. Only I had no concept of just what that would be. "As I was saying," Gena leaned forward to listen more closely. Her actions revealed more of her cleavage to my hungry eyes. Suddenly I had no recollection of just what it was I had been talking about. "What the hell was I saying? You are very distracting."

"I know," she laughed as I sipped my cocktail. "You were saying that you would prefer that from now on we split the expenses."

"Yes," I beamed realizing that was the original focus of the conversation before I took a little detour into cleavage-Ville.

"See, I was paying attention," she teased. "Unlike others who were too busy staring at my boobies."

"You looked at mine too," I retorted in a very serious tone.

"Oh?" She blushed. "I didn't think you caught that," she apologized while staring into her drink.

"I didn't," I proclaimed. "Just a lucky guess."

I couldn't help smiling when she released a boisterous laugh. The music grew louder, forcing us to slide our chairs closer together so we could hear one another. It was so easy to talk to Gena. At one point I did manage to explain, that even if our roles were reversed I wouldn't feel comfortable with her footing the bill. She agreed, she didn't like it, but she agreed.

The subjects we talked about as we drank amazed me. We didn't drink a lot, but there is something about tequila. Well, there is something about tequila and me that has a very interesting effect. For some reason, it causes my hormone level to peek and my IQ to drop. Not a good combination when you haven't had sex in a very long time, and a gorgeous blonde is sitting so close to you that your knees are touching and you have to whisper into one another's ear just so you can understand the conversation. Add to the mix Gena's hand caressing my thigh mixed with the best tequila I had ever drunk, and my self-control decided to take its own vacation.

My pulse raced each time I felt her hot breath in my ear. My heart pounded as her hand slipped higher and higher up my thigh. Each time the scent of her hair greeted me; all sense of reason left my realm of reality. Perhaps that was why I found myself whispering, "Dance with me?"

We joined the few couples scattered across the dingy dance floor, her hands finding their way to my waist. I melted into her touch as I placed my hands on her waist and drew her closer to me. Gena's hands massaged my hips as we began to sway to the music. The demanding rhythm of the music seemed to add to the crackling energy flowing between us. I couldn't stop looking into her eyes as we moved in unison our bodies a breath apart. By her flushed features I knew she felt the same heat that was coursing through my body.

I felt the other women in the bar fading away, becoming only aware of holding Gena in my arms

as our bodies began brushing against one another. I could feel our hearts beating as one as we shared the same breaths. My hands slipped from her waist so I could caress her back.

Gena leaned into my touch her head nestled against my chest as her hands drifted to my backside. No longer were we moving in time with the music, now we seemed to follow our own rhythm, as our touches grew bolder. The feel of her thigh brushing my own sent a shiver through my body as I laced my fingers in her hair. It was the softest thing I had ever felt. My nipples hardened as I watched her eyes darken with desire.

At that moment in time, I knew that I belonged in her arms. Without uttering a word I led her out of the cantina. The ocean air caressed my body as we stumbled against each other. The sounds of loud music filtered through the night as I pressed her against the white walls of the building. I felt her hands roaming across my back, as my focus remained locked on her soft pink lips.

My kiss was hungry as I claimed her mouth. I felt her warmth spreading through me, as I pressed harder against her. I parted her lips with my tongue. She greeted my touch as we rejected the need to breathe. Our bodies swayed as our tongues wrapped around one another. I couldn't get enough of her touch.

I broke away from the passionate embrace when I heard someone's voice. "Cuidado," a husky woman offered with a knowing smirk. I looked down at Gena with confusion.

"She's telling us to be careful," Gena translated with a smile.

I nodded with understanding, realizing that groping another woman in a back alley in a foreign country probably wasn't the wisest course of action. "It's late," Gena whispered in an inviting tone. "Time for bed."

I smiled knowingly as I followed her back to the hotel. Not once during our stroll did I question what I was doing or why. I knew why, the reason was simple. I wanted to be with this woman more than I wanted to breathe. The beautiful night air and ocean breeze only served to further fan our desires. By the time we entered our hotel suite we were unable to get past the threshold.

Once the door was shut we became locked in an embrace. Our mouths eagerly sought out the others lips. I didn't waste a moment as I lowered the zipper on her dress. I needed to feel her. Gena's movements were just as urgent. We kissed deeply as our hands fumbled with our clothing while stumbling towards the bedroom.

"Do we need to bring the toys," she gasped as we neared the bedroom.

"Not tonight," I shuddered as I felt my dress being lowered down my body. "Tonight the only thing I need is you," I confessed as I stepped out of my dress. Her eyes welled up as she dragged me into the bedroom.

It was the truth the only thing I wanted at that moment was to feel our skin touching. Well not the only thing, but it was my primary focus as we undressed one another. I didn't care about her

past, or why she was there, I only cared about making love to her. My body was trembling as she lowered me down onto the bed and finished removing my clothing. I watched in nervous anticipation as she shed the last of her clothing and joined me. "You are so beautiful," I whispered with sheer amazement as I cupped her face.

Her head dipped bashfully as I drew her in for another lingering kiss. My flesh erupted as our bodies met. The feel of her pressing against me set me on fire. Our kisses grew deeper as our hands began to explore the other's skin. Everywhere she touched me, and everywhere I touched her burned. I could feel my wetness painting my thighs as I cupped her breast.

Her nipple puckered against my palm as I caressed her. Gena's hand massaged my thigh while she nudged my legs apart. "I need to touch you," she whimpered as I began kissing her neck. My thighs trembled as I felt her hand slipping between them. I shifted my body so she could touch me while my tongue teased her nipple.

Her body arched beneath me as I captured her nipple between my lips. I moaned against her skin when I felt her fingers brushing my dampness. I suckled her harder as I felt her gliding along my sex. My hips swayed as she teased my throbbing clit. I struggled in an effort not to topple down on her.

She guided me down onto my back. I whimpered with disappointment that her breast was no longer filling my mouth. My body convulsed as I felt her entering me, while she kissed my neck. Her kisses drifted lower until I felt her tongue flickering across my erect nipple. She suckled me urgently while her fingers plunged in and out of my wetness. My body quivered as her mouth moved down my body. I became lost, as I felt her flattened tongue teasing my passion. I cried out her name as my world exploded.

I drew her into my arms, and tasted my passion on her lips when I kissed her. Gena's wetness painted my skin as we swayed against each other. I slipped my hand between our bodies. Her desire filled my hand as I parted her. I kept kissing her as I dipped into her wetness. She thrust against me as I took her. I could feel her body tightening against my touch as I rolled her onto her back. Looming above I took her higher while she wriggled beneath me. I kept pleasuring her as she climaxed.

"Liora!" She screamed out as her body shuddered.

I held her in my arms as she trembled. We began caressing and kissing until we were once again caught up in the hurricane of our desire. I only stumbled from her embrace to retrieve the box of dental dams from the living room. I hated the damn things, pun intended but given the circumstances, I wasn't going to be an idiot no matter how many times she reassured me.

I fell asleep holding her in my arms. I had never felt at peace before, with the exception that I had the unsettling feeling that Gena wasn't being completely honest with me. When I awoke the following morning I brushed the disturbing thoughts aside when I discovered her still nestled in my arms. I slipped carefully from her embrace and stumbled into the shower.

I felt giddy as the warm water caressed my body. A sudden breeze informed me that I wouldn't be showering alone. I didn't say a word as she stepped in behind me and began washing my back. Lather covered my body as she pretended to clean me. Her hands caressed me as I rinsed the soap from my body.

My arms flew out and I clutched the wall when her tiny hands drifted to my backside. She nudged my legs apart and I felt her wetness pressing against my skin. Her arm encircled my waist. Her fingers teased my stomach as I ground against her. I gasped as I felt her fingers brushing my mound. She kissed my back as she parted me and began to glide her digits along my slick folds.

She stroked my clit while our bodies thrust urgently against one another. The water cascaded down my body as I exploded against her. "Good morning," she greeted me coyly when I turned to her.

"Good morning," I echoed as I pressed her up against the tiled wall and kissed her. It was my turn to play I decided as I slipped my hand between us. She moaned as I entered her.

"Yes," she pleaded as I pleased her. "Fuck me," she cried out as she rocked against my touch. Gena's blunt nails dug into my skin as I drove her over the edge.

We were so exhausted from our shower that we climbed right back into bed and fell asleep. Okay, so we didn't fall asleep right away. But after we did I was awakened a few moments later, or least I thought it was a few moments later, to the scent of freshly brewed coffee.

I blinked open my weary eyes and discovered Gena fully dressed, kneeling beside the bed waving a cup of coffee under my nose. "Time to get up," she informed me.

"Why?" I grumbled as I snatched the coffee from her perky little paws.

"Tuluma," she directly informed me.

"Excuse me?" I yawned before I took a sip of coffee.

"Tuluma," she repeated slowly like I was a small child. "Mayan ruins just south of here. The only ruins in Mexico that over look the Caribbean. Interested?"

"Yes," I perked up.

"Drink your coffee and get dressed," She said blushing slightly.

"What?" I inquired.

"Nothing," she responded shyly. "It is just that I love making you smile." It was my turn to blush. Not able to think of a response to her obviously sincere statement I returned my attention back to my coffee. "Did you know you have a hickey on your back?"

I almost spewed coffee on the unsuspecting girl as I started to laugh. "It is only fair," I choked out. "You have one on your ass."

"I know," she beamed as she wiggled her eyebrows at me. "I'll let you get dressed."

That day she showed me another wonder; the ruins, the ocean, there is no way to describe the beauty or the beauty of sharing it with Gena. That night we ordered room service and made love in the Jacuzzi.

The following morning I awoke with a sense of dread, as I realized that the week was half over. Gena must have sensed my trepidation because that day she took me swimming with the dolphins. "Happy?" She asked that evening while we dined out on the balcony.

"Yes," I murmured as I felt her thumb caressing the back of my hand.

"Not completely," she said as if she was reading my thoughts.

"The week is half gone," I tried to explain, "and then it is back to the real world."

"Such a pesky place, the real world," she concurred.

"Are you going to tell me?" I finally asked.

"Tell you what?" She sighed while she continued to caress my hand as she looked out at the ocean.

"What you're lying about?" I dryly asked. I wasn't making an accusation, just stating a fact. Based on the sigh she released, I knew that she understood.

"I haven't lied to you," she carefully began. "But I haven't been completely honest with you either."

"Ready?" I encouraged.

"Not yet," she sighed.

"Okay," I agreed not certain I was really ready to hear the truth.

"Ready for bed?" She asked.

"Tired?" I responded with concern.

"No," she smirked. "I want to play with some of your toys."

"We need to," I began as she helped me to my feet.

"I cleaned them while you were asleep," she cut me off as she led me to the bedroom.

"You are so resourceful," I complimented her as she undid the knot on my robe.

"You have no idea," she boasted. "Tell me birthday girl, how do you want to play?" She taunted me as she lowered the robe down my body before dropping it onto the floor.

"Take off your robe," I whispered as I caressed her face. She smiled sweetly as she opened her robe and dropped it onto the floor. I ran my fingers along the curve of her neck, across her shoulders and to the swell of her breasts, my eyes never leaving her beauty as I touched her.

She shivered as my fingers tickled her skin. I brushed my fingertips across her nipples watching as they puckered. My lover released a deep moan as her eyes drifted shut. She licked her lips as I guided my touch lower to just below her breasts. I watched as her breathing became erratic.

I brushed my cheek against her face and nuzzled her long golden hair. "Climb onto the bed," I whispered hotly in her ear. Her eyes opened, she looked up at me with a dreamy expression as she climbed onto the bed. I spied the toys on the nightstand. "Which one?" I asked while climbing up on the bed.

I leaned over her. I circled her nipple with my tongue as she made her selection. I nipped gently on the erect bud as she slipped the slender tube into my hand. Giving her nipple one last flicker I moved away from my lover and peered at the sleek aqua colored vibrator she had handed me. "Ever wonder why they make them in so many interesting colors?" She quipped as she leaned into my body.

"Constantly," I agreed before I reclaimed her lips in a searing kiss.

I could feel her hands roaming along my body while my tongue explored the warmth of her mouth. "God, I love the way you kiss," came my breathy response as our lips parted. She responded by kissing my neck as I knelt between her thighs. We began kissing again, her hands cupping my breasts while I turned on the vibrator.

I ran the humming toy down the front of her body. She moaned into the warmth of my mouth as I glided the vibrator between her slick folds. I teased her with it, her body arching against my hand until I slipped it deep inside of her. She clasped my shoulders and wrapped her legs around my waist. I could feel my own desire escalating as I glided the toy in and out of her. Hearing her calling out my name as she climaxed made my heart swell.

All too soon I found myself lying on my stomach with my hips in the air while she pleased me with another vibrator. After our bodies and the batteries were exhausted we snuggled up together. "I really like your friends," she yawned before falling fast asleep.

The following day our bodies were still spent so we spent the day lounging and swimming in the hotel pool. I must admit a bar you can swim up to is a rather nifty invention. We were wading at

the bar, sipping on some unknown concoction. The only thing I knew about our beverages were that they were made in a blender with a lot of rum and they tasted like candy. Not a good combination, I decided when I slipped more than once.

"I really like that suit on you," Gena whispered as she caressed my stomach. When her hand drifted to the top of my bikini I thought perhaps it was time to swim away from the bar.

"Want to go back to the room before we drown?" I suggested as I began to play with the straps of her bathing suit.

"I think I'm drunk," she confessed as we climbed out of the pool.

"Me too," I agreed as I led her towards the lobby.

"I need to wash the chlorine out of my hair," she announced when we arrived in our room. "Care to join me?" She coaxed as she took off her top.

"But of course," I readily agreed.

We took turns soaping up one another's bodies and washing each other's hair. Gena seemed disappointed when I finished and excused myself. I really wanted to stay and explore every inch of her body, but there was a little something I wanted to do more. I was lounging on the bed when she entered the room. I was wearing one of the hotel robes with a little surprise I hoped she wouldn't notice hidden underneath.

"What are you up to?" She asked as she dried her hair with a towel.

"What makes you think I'm up to something?" I innocently retorted.

"I just can," she seemed surprised by her answer. "Why do you have to be so damn beautiful?" She asked as she climbed up and straddled my hips.

"Why do you?" I sincerely inquired knowing that our time together was nearing the end.

"Ah," she moaned as her hips pressed against my body. "Is that what I think it is?" She panted as she opened my robe with a flurry. Her eyes lit up when she discovered the phallus strapped to my body. Her breath became shallow as she gripped the shaft. I watched as she lubricated it with her wetness. Our eyes met and she stripped off her robe before kneeling beside me.

I leaned up on my elbows and watched as she clasped the phallus once again. I thought I was going to die as I watched her tongue circling the tip before she plunged it into her mouth. I was on fire as I begged her to suck it harder. My stomach was in knots as she complied with my requests.

I was ready to explode when I slipped it from her grasp. "Turn around Baby," I pleaded.

Gena quickly turned away from me balancing on her hands and knees while my hands caressed her ass. I knelt behind her and began kissing her back. She shivered from my touch as I slipped the phallus between her thighs. "Liora," she whispered as I stroked her clit with the shaft. I clasped the shaft with one hand and her shoulder with the other. "Please," she pleaded as I pressed the tip against the warm wet opening of her center.

She repeated her plea as her hips jerked backwards. I thrust forward and filled her. I remained still behind her, as her body adjusted to the phallus. She groaned as she thrust against my body and our bodies began to grind wildly. She growled with frustration as each time she neared the edge I slowed our movements.

My body was shaking knowing that neither of us could resist any longer. I rode against her nimble body furiously until we collapsed. Our hearts were racing as we just lay there in a heap. When I could breathe and move I finally slipped away from her and removed the last of my friend's gifts and tossed it on the floor. "Can't move," she squeaked as I kissed her shoulder. Somehow I managed to get the both us under the covers before we fell asleep.

I awoke the next morning to the delightful aroma of freshly brewed coffee and some idiot singing "Happy Birthday" at the top of her lungs. I didn't need to look up to know it was Gena. "What don't like my singing?" She quipped as I laughed and reluctantly opened my eyes. "In lieu of cake," she explained as she handed me the coffee. "Happy Birthday," she repeated before placing a lingering kiss on my lips.

"Thank you," I smiled.

"Okay, we have a big day ahead of us so you really need to get your tired old carcass moving," she instructed me.

"Old?" I squawked. "And just how old are you?"

"Twenty-nine," she boasted as I grumbled. "Seriously, Chichen Itza is huge and there is so much to see, I don't want you to miss any of it."

"I know the drill my little dictator," I continued to grumble. "Coffee, shower, and clothing." She smiled brightly at my response. Then the oddest thing happened, as she was staring into my eyes she opened her mouth as if she was going to say something. Then she just snapped it shut and left the room.

Chichen Itza was everything I had read it was. Yet, nothing compared to seeing it in person. Once again I felt humbled by my surroundings. Each stone I touched filled me with a sense of peace. Neither of us spoke as Gena led me around trying to allow me to experience every nook and cranny. At one point I was so overcome by what we were experiencing and that we were

sharing it together I almost burst into tears.

I was still speechless when we returned to the hotel. Gena held my hand as we approached the room. "I never," I began still awestruck.

"I know," Gena murmured in agreement as she unlocked the door. "Someday we, I mean you should really see," her words were cut off as a group of hotel employees standing inside our room holding a blazing cake as they sang happy birthday or least I think it was happy birthday. "I forgot I had arranged this," she muttered as I blew out the candles and thanked everyone.

As the staff shuffled out of the room I gave Gena a very curious look. "How is it that you have so much pull around here?" I asked knowing that I couldn't have pulled off such a stunt back in Boston.

"Not now," she said as pleading green eyes blinked up at me.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," I huffed as she took me by the hand.

"Please, it is your birthday," she requested. "I don't want to ruin it. We have cake, presents and spankings."

"No," I blushed before darting away from her.

We laughed loudly as she chased me around the suite. She finally managed to tackle me in the bedroom. Gena's nimble fingers tickled me furiously until I was helpless enough for her to bend me over. "Don't," I laughed.

"One," she declared as she swatted me. My body lurched forward from the sensation as I gripped the edge of the bed. "Two," she said more gently before delivering the second blow. With each spank I could feel my wetness pooling and my body warming. By her labored breathing I knew that Gena was enjoying this just as much as I was.

My face was flushed as my knees trembled when she started caressing my backside with each blow. By the time she reached twenty I couldn't stand it. She moaned deeply as I fumbled to pull down my shorts and underwear. "Don't lose count," I gasped as I felt her hand smacking my bare flesh.

Now with each blow her hand would linger and fondle my ass exploring each crevasse thoroughly before returning to her count. I felt her painting the puckered opening with my wetness as she continued. I was ready to scream by the time she reached thirty-three. "And one to grow on," she choked out as her fingers slipped inside of me.

My hips thrust against her touch as I felt her thumb pressing against the opening. "Do it," I begged before she filled me completely. My body erupted as she pleased me. Our pleas filled the room as we rocked against one another until I sank to my knees. My body quaking as she held me.

Our passion quickly reunited after I ate my birthday cake off of her naked body. We made love all through the night until it was impossible for either of us to speak. I awoke just before dawn alone. I wrapped a robe around my body. I wasn't surprised to find her on the balcony looking out at the ocean. What did surprise me was that she was fully dressed and her bags were waiting by the sofa.

"Birthday is over," I grimly acknowledged as I joined her. I noticed that she had been crying. I was about to wrap my arms around her when she cleared her throat.

"Back to reality," she blew out trying a little too hard to sound flippant.

"Where are you off to next?" I asked hoping that the answer would be Boston.

"I have a destination," she said clearing her throat once again.

"And someone special waiting for you?" I fearfully inquired.

"I hope so," she timidly answered as my heart shattered. "I'm normally a very intelligent person. I hope someday you will see that." Her tone was pleading with me as she reached into her pocket and extracted a small wrapped package and placed it in my hand. "A birthday gift and something to remember me by."

"Gena," I began fully prepared to beg her to come back to Boston with me when a knock on the door interrupted me.

"I have to go," she blurted out as she pushed past me.

"Gena," I repeated as she opened the door and showed the bellhop in. I watched helplessly as he gathered up her luggage and she stepped towards the doorway.

"Liora, I don't normally do impulsive things," she stammered as the tears rolled down her face. I rushed to her only to have her step away from me. "I'm very controlled," she continued.

"Gena," I echoed once again.

"Liora, your friends didn't send me," she blew out.

"What?" I gasped as she stepped out into the hallway.

"Don't hate me," she pleaded.

"What do you mean my friends didn't send you?" I demanded thinking that somehow them not sending her made sense.

"I did this on my own," she confessed. I was still trying to get my bearings as she walked away.

"Damn it," I scowled as I raced after her. I was too late.

By the time I returned to work on Monday I was a mess. Not only had my room been comped, but also all the little extras I had accumulated during the week. I had no idea who Gena really was. All I had to remember her by was the memories and a simple jade necklace carved into the shape of a rose. Of course the little trinket I was wearing around my neck only added to my confusion since I had never seen anything remotely similar being sold on the island.

"Thank God you're back," Stacy greeted me as I stepped into the lobby.

"Did you upgrade my room?" I demanded as she looked at me with confusion.

"Huh?" She blinked with surprise.

"Did you guys send me flowers, champagne, chocolate covered strawberries, upgrade my room, and throw in a blonde?" I blurted out as the doorman stared at me.

Stacy pulled me aside. "We sent you flowers, champagne and sex toys," she whispered. "I have no idea what you are babbling about. Wait did you meet someone? Never mind you can fill me in later. You will never guess who checked in last night?"

"Jesus Christ," I snarled.

"He would be easier to deal with," Stacy cautioned me. "Genevieve Ashcroft."

"Oh crap," I sputtered, as I turned pale. Genevieve Ashcroft was the daughter of Lawrence Horton Ashcroft III who owned the hotel chain. Genevieve for all intents and purposes worked for Daddy. She traveled from hotel to hotel. One word from Daddy's little girl could get you promoted or terminated. "Okay don't panic," I said more to myself than to poor Stacy. "You put her in the penthouse right? Gave her all the fax, telephone lines, modem hooks she could handle?"

"Yes," Stacy nodded.

"Sent her flowers, fruit and offered her anything she wants?" I continued to rant.

"Done," Stacy confirmed. "I used the plan you put in place in case she ever showed up."

"Does she have any pets or guests with her?" I continued.

"None," Stacy answered. "She wants to see you."

"Not a problem," I said before taking a cleansing breath.

"She's not happy you weren't available until today," Stacy sputtered.

"I take one vacation in seven years and she's pissed?" I hissed. "Fine, I'm off to see her highness. Don't worry no one is going to lose their jobs," I reassured Stacy before bolting towards the elevator.

As I slid the key for the penthouse into the elevator's security system I said a silent prayer that I hadn't just lied to Stacy. My head was pounding when the elevator doors opened at the penthouse. I brushed my sweaty palms on my skirt before knocking lightly on the door. "Come in," a hauntingly familiar voice beckoned.

I shook my head as I opened the door. "When I say Monday, I mean Monday," she shouted into the cell phone that was plastered to her ear.

"Now this should be interesting," I theorized as I entered the suite and poured myself a cup of coffee from the tray on the table. I figured what the hell, I'm probably already fired, and I might as well be comfortable.

"Would you pour me a cup?" She curtly requested.

"No," I snickered.

"Please," Gena pleaded.

"Fine," I sighed dramatically as I poured her a cup. "Now I know why you are so bossy," I grumbled as I handed her the cup. Gena stuck her tongue out at me. "No thanks," I snickered once again. "Anything else Ms. Ashcroft?"

"No, I said Boston," Gena shouted into the telephone. "Not Buffalo, Boston." She covered the telephone. "I can explain," she addressed me.

"Hang up the phone," I demanded in a surprisingly calm voice. "You have exactly two seconds to explain Cancun before I hit the bricks."

Much to my surprise she snapped the phone shut. "It all started when I arrived in Boston last week," she began as I sat down on the sofa and sipped my coffee. "I wanted to relax before checking into the hotel. I get really uncomfortable with all the sucking up the staff does. Anyhoo, I went to dinner and saw the most beautiful woman in the world who, based on the conversation I over heard, was single and about to go on vacation in Cancun."

"You stalked me?" I shouted.

"No," she vehemently denied. "Okay yes, and trust me I've never done anything remotely close to this before. But when I heard that you worked for Ashcroft enterprises what else could I do?"

"Several things come to mind," I noted while she fidgeted.

"I came up with better ideas myself," she offered with a halfhearted laugh. "But that was after you arrived in Mexico. I couldn't meet you as me."

"Okay, that does make a certain twisted kind of sense," I reasoned secretly enjoying watching her squirm. "I could have rejected or accepted you based solely on your name. But posing as a working girl? You do know that is insane don't you?"

"Yes," she agreed as she slumped down beside me. "I don't know why I did it. I sat there listening to the sound of your voice and I just had to meet you. But I already knew that we were going to meet. But not as Gena and Liora, I'd be Ms. Ashcroft."

"I work for you," I stammered.

"Technically you work for my father," she pointed out.

"Same thing and everyone knows it," I argued. "Just like everyone knows you are already running most of the company."

"True," she grumbled.

"You know what I find truly amazing?" I laughed. "You are running a billion dollar corporation and you had no idea on how to ask me out?"

"Because it is a multi billion dollar corporation, I couldn't ask you out," she clarified. "Just so there is no misunderstandings, I'm not here to review you or your staff. That would be inappropriate."

"Now you understand that word," I laughed once again.

"Bit late, I know," she smiled. "Anyhoo, the reason I came to Boston is to review the security measures you want to put in place for the Democratic Convention. The home office is very impressed."

"Really?" I chimed.

"Yes, I do have a few suggestions so we need to work together," she explained. "And by work, I mean work."

"I understand," I nodded in agreement once again captivated by her smile. "Damn that smile of yours. Any chance that once this assignment is completed, you might take some time off to enjoy our city?"

"Yes," she blurted quickly as we both started laughing.

"And I thought I was a stressed out executive," I laughed. "All right I need to get to work the boss is in town," I explained as I stood.

"I really like you Liora," she sheepishly offered.

"I like you too, Gena," I confessed. "Insanity must be contagious."

"I hope so," she shouted after me.

That is the whole story. She of course stayed on after the project. Not full time, but eventually she moved her base of operations to Boston, and she has convinced me to take more vacations.

The End

This tale continues in [True Hearts](#)

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