

BRING HIM HOME

A TWIN FLAME LOVE STORY



MIGUEL DEAN

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Miguel Dean

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*May the energy of this story be a catalyst for
healing the deep wounds between men and women.
May we have the courage to look inside ourselves and do our
work so that we may realise the divine twin flame union within.
May we learn to father and mother ourselves and take care of our inner child.
May we remember what it is to love ourselves, each other,
all sentient beings and this sacred earth, for ourselves,
our children, and the generations to come.*



PROLOGUE

It wasn't so much that he noticed her when she entered the room, rather, he noticed how everything else seemed to fade; like a camera, zoomed and focused in on the subject of the photograph, everything else was a blur. The moving shapes of the other people were only vaguely apparent amongst the distant sounds and bustle at the author fair where he was promoting himself and his books.

Her blonde hair was like a glowing beacon, and she walked with the gentle grace of a quietly confident woman who knows that she is pleasing to the eye. He couldn't tell her age from where he stood, although the way she moved suggested that she was not young and had experienced a generous portion of life.

A voice in front of him returned him to his location in the room, and he focused on his author's role as people came and went from the table which he stood behind, littered with piles of books. Sometimes a person would pause and engage him in conversation while others just browsed, leafing through the pages. Occasionally, he would sign a copy for a customer. All the while, he was

aware that she was still in the room, making her way slowly round to where he stood.

He hoped that she would hurry up so he could engage her in conversation, but the time arrived for him to give his presentation. He made his way from behind the stand and walked through the crowds of dawdling browsers to the room where he needed to be. He readied himself at the front of the small hall with a sip of water and a glance at his notes. A steady stream of people arrived unhurriedly in ones, twos, and threes and he waited as the chairs filled, and the clock silently moved its hands. Then, at the last minute, she arrived, settling herself into an empty seat at the back of the room. He felt unusually self-conscious by her presence, knowing that she had come to listen to what he had to say. He brought his attention back to the moment as best as he could and took another sip of water before beginning to speak. He shared a little of his story and how his latest book had come to be written, doing his best not to look in her direction, though he was acutely aware that she sat motionlessly and listened with a calm smile across her pretty face.

Time always accelerated when he gave a talk and soon he was back behind his table with his books. There was the usual flurry of interest to buy a book that often followed his heartfelt speaking, and he engaged appreciatively with the people that came to buy, to ask questions or who just wanted to share their stories with him.

His passions were to make a difference to the world through his writing and his own inner journey of self-actualisation. Intensely aware of the suffering and injustice in the world, he had pledged his life to create a more beautiful world for the children and generations to come. Events like these helped remind him that he did have a positive impact on people's lives.

He forgot her for a moment, until she arrived at his stand before him, smiling. She had an otherworldly, angelic quality about her, and it was her eyes that he immediately found most alluring. They were blue, clear and bright. When she smiled the gentle squint seemed to intensify the radiance of the sparkling beam that emanated from them.

He glanced down at her elegant fingers to see that there was no wedding ring. It was an almost automatic thing to do; though he was also without a ring, he was not available. He was trying hopelessly to salvage a five-year relationship. His heart still belonged to another and, even though he didn't want to accept it, the writing was on the wall, and the outcome was inevitable. It was just a matter of time. Although he had always been faithful, at this moment, as this strange, beautiful woman stood before him, unexpected feelings arose, and he blushed inwardly as if he were guilty of infidelity and that she might be able to read his mind.

As he spoke, his words seemed to have lost their usual flow, and he felt awkward and clumsy; gone was his usual eloquence. He retreated into a mock confidence that sometimes emerged when he was nervous. In their conversation, she revealed that she had been travelling abroad for over a year and on returning home she was aware of the need to find other like-minded souls now that she felt so different to when she had left. She asked him if he was a member of any personal development or holistic growth groups that might be of value to her in making connections. He didn't, and his arrogance surfaced a little when he suggested that she look inside of her self for that which she was seeking. He didn't have much time for the New Age movement, preferring to call it the 'New Cage'! In his haste to share his opinion and, possibly because he was not yet single, he failed to see that she may have also wanted to attend a meeting so that she could see him again.

The conversation lost its flow at this point and, glancing around, she noticed other people waiting patiently to talk with him; all too quickly she politely excused herself. He didn't want her to go. He tried to find something witty or memorable to say, but all that he could manage was an awkward smile. He breathed a small sigh as he watched her walk away, acutely aware of the gorgeous curves in her tight-fitting jeans. He exhaled once again, this time more heavily and, returning his attention to the people in front of him, she fell from his mind.



CHAPTER 1

It was nine months before he was to see her again.

He wasn't supposed to be on an internet dating site, but he was. His relationship had wound its inevitable way to the end seven months earlier and, he had left his home once again with his broken open heart. He didn't believe in broken hearts; the pain he felt, as well as the grief of leaving his partner, was also a purging of old pain from childhood wounds. He preferred to consider the discomfort as growing pains, or the breaking open of his heart like the petals of a rose. And he knew that he needed time to heal, time to let the woman who he had loved so much, go. He was surprised at how deeply he had allowed her inside him. He thought that the final months of disharmony would have played some part in making the end a little easier, but this was not to be.

We can prepare for an ending in our minds as much as we like. But when it actually comes to pass, the grief of the physical parting is often not reduced by the awareness of its coming and is still extremely painful. The end of this relationship was particularly hard because as well as leaving his lover, he also needed to leave his home; she owned the house where they had lived. When

he finally decided to give in to the inevitable truth that the relationship was unsalvageable, he plucked up the courage to leave and began his search for a new home.

Before long he moved into the house of another woman who he had recently met. They both knew that he was still grieving the end of his relationship and was on the rebound, but he needed somewhere to stay, and his confidence had suffered from the failure of his relationship. He would need to increase his income now that he was not sharing living costs with his ex-partner and living with another person made sense financially. They knew that his moving in so quickly after meeting was a gamble but hoped that the passing of time would heal his heart and they might fall in love. But it never happened. As the weeks passed his heart did indeed heal, but he could feel no love for his new companion. After five months they decided that it was best for them to go their separate ways.

He moved into a friend's spare room until he got back on his feet and could find somewhere more suitable to live. Each day he would spend time feeling the fullness of his loneliness, but it didn't seem to get any easier. Life somehow felt incomplete on his own, and he felt, for the most part, that he was just going through the motions of living as he drifted around a joyless, grey world. Though those feelings were strong, he also felt a growing desire for connection, companionship, sex, and intimacy. He knew he needed time to heal from all he had been through and that time alone was a good idea; he tried to remind himself that the intimacy that he sought with a woman was also the intimacy that he needed to find within himself. His outward desire was a distraction from his need to feel and fully grieve an old wound so that he might be able to then deepen his connection with the divine feminine within himself that had been so suddenly torn from him in his infancy. He knew that although there was a longing in his heart to be with another, part of what he felt was an uncomfortableness at being fully with himself.

He had lost his mother to cancer when he was a baby, and the abrupt loss of the woman who was the embodiment of love and the feminine had wounded

him deeply. He knew that his journey to healing, lay not in finding a lover to become the surrogate mother for his inner child, but in connecting and nurturing the divine feminine essence within his own heart. He had spent so much time searching externally for what could only be healed internally.

It had been seven months since he had left his five-year relationship. During that time, he had done his best to find answers and healing within himself. But on this dark and cold evening, alone in his room, before he was aware of what he was doing, he had signed up for the online dating site. He hurriedly created a brief profile of himself and added a few photos. The monthly subscription was paid, and he browsed through the images and profiles of the women that caught his attention. Initially, it wasn't so much that he thought he would contact any of the women; he just wanted to avoid the feeling of loneliness and allow his imagination to fast forward to a time when he might no longer be alone.

As his fingers guided the cursor across the pages, though, he felt a pang of shame, as if he was doing something wrong. Wasn't he supposed to be spending time alone? Didn't he need to do some inner healing work so that he was a little more complete unto himself? But, like an addict, his need for a hit of female company silenced his doubts, and he continued to browse the site.

Some of the women were pleasing to the eye, yet, on reading the information they had written about themselves, he felt it unlikely that they would have much in common. After all, he was a somewhat unconventional man, and he knew that many women would find him a little too weird! He didn't fit into the usual macho man stereotype. He didn't play or watch sport, he was not financially motivated, and he wasn't interested in status. Instead, he had adopted a unique masculine identity throughout his life, what he referred to as his sacred masculinity. Its divine strength was derived from the honouring, revering, and protecting of women, and a recognition of the sacredness of life.

He had found that some women were not necessarily accustomed to such a celebration of their femininity and he was quite aware that the kind of woman he wanted to share his life with was a rare creature and might not be easily found. He often imagined meeting 'the one.' But the more he thought

about it, the more unlikely he felt that he was in the right place to find anyone compatible. Still, he carried on looking at the profiles anyway. As an afterthought, he reminded himself that if he did find a date, he would take his time, move slowly and be sure that even if he liked her a lot, he would not fall in love so quickly this time. The pain in his heart from his last experience was still too fresh.

Then, her photograph appeared before him. His eyes were held transfixed, initially at the simple beauty and kindness of her face. There wasn't an instant recognition, but the more he looked, the more there was something familiar about her. Her pose was playful and light as she sat looking at the camera. There was an innocent aura about her that gripped him. He thought she was probably out of his league. He scanned the words that she had written and her other photographs, and before he really knew what he was doing, he sent her a short message. He closed the laptop feeling a mixture of excitement, shame, and fear. But it was done. The message was sent, and now he would just have to be patient, even though waiting was not one of his strengths.

To his delight, the following evening when he opened his laptop and returned to the dating site, there was a message. It was from her. His sense of fear and shame were forgotten, and he immediately found himself surfing a wave of excitement. He answered the message, doing his best to disguise how delighted he was that she had responded. A little later in the evening, she replied again, and they wrote to each other a few more times before he decided to see if she was a potential date or whether she just wanted a pen pal. He stated plainly that he wasn't really a big fan of written communication and that he would prefer to have a conversation by phone if she was happy to give him her number. He knew that his mind would build up a picture of this attractive woman by filling in all the information about her that he did not yet know, which was pretty much everything, and he didn't want this to happen. He wanted to know her, the real person. Hearing her voice, the tone, the pitch, the cadence would give him more information in a few moments than pages of

written messages. To his surprise, she felt the same. She gave him her telephone number, and as agreed, the following evening he called.

He dearly hoped that her voice was in alignment with the warm glow that he felt when he looked at her photographs. Sure enough, when she answered his call, her gentle voice pleased him and only complimented the visual image he had of her on the computer in front of him. She spoke calmly and assuredly, and they took turns asking questions to get to know each other a little, and she laughed easily at his light-hearted humour. After a momentary pause in the conversation, she asked if he had been at a book fair the previous year in April. When he acknowledged that he had, she asked whether he realised that they had met there. It wasn't often that he found himself lost for words and, embarrassed, he stammered something about how he had known that there was something familiar about her. She teased him a little, and he felt his cheeks glow, and he was grateful that she could not see his crimson blush. Yes, the woman with the golden blonde hair and the delicious curves! The welcome memory of her returned and, immediately, he was alerted to the synchronicity of them meeting again on the dating site. He was not able to be with her nine months earlier, but now he was single and available. Was it possible that they were meant to be together, but the timing had not been right before which was why they were meeting again now? He knew his mind was racing ahead, and he reminded himself that they hadn't even met yet! Still, when he looked at her photos on his computer screen, she looked even more gorgeous.

Forty minutes of easy flowing conversation passed in a flash, and they said goodnight, but not before they had arranged to meet the coming weekend at a pub halfway between where they each lived. He had asked her if he could see her without too much hope that she would accept, thinking that it was perhaps too soon, but he was both surprised and delighted when she had agreed to the suggestion. It appeared that she also wanted to know if there was an energy between them and was not frightened to meet. They decided that she would choose a pub and text him with the location. He didn't mind where they met; he was happy to drive pretty much anywhere to meet her.

Later that evening as he lay in bed reliving their conversation his mind began making mischief. What if she didn't like the fact that he had long hair? What if the world that she inhabited was too different from his? What if she didn't care about the things that were important to him? What if she wasn't attracted to him?

He decided that these fears were beyond his control and all he could do was turn up at the agreed time and place; the rest would be up to fate. Friday was only three days away, and he would soon know if this was the beginning or the end of something. He turned over on his side and tucked the bed covers tightly around himself. Eventually, his chattering mind settled, the excitement in his belly subsided, and he drifted off to sleep.



He had two flats to view, emails to write and phone calls to make. All the while, the thought of meeting this new mysterious and beautiful woman was a constant distraction. The second flat that he visited was perfect, and he gratefully busied himself over the next few days moving in and getting himself settled.

Friday finally came only to find that when he turned the car lights on something was not right. The side lights were working, and when he put them on the main beam they worked, but when he dipped them there was only blackness. It was getting late by now, and there would be no shops or garages open; even if he did find somewhere, it would probably mean he would be late for their meeting. He didn't fancy his chances at fitting new bulbs, even if he could find somewhere to buy them, as he had no tools and was not great when it came to practical tasks.

He had been so looking forward to meeting her that he just couldn't cancel at this late stage. There was only one thing for it. He adjusted the setting on the main beam so that the lights were facing down onto the road as much as possible and, apologising in advance to any oncoming motorists that he might

dazzle, he set off. He wondered if the faulty car lights were an omen, a sign that he was not meant to meet her. Was this divine intervention warning him? But his anticipation was much too strong, and he dismissed the thoughts as best he could.

To his relief, nobody flashed him to tell him to dip his headlights as he wound his way along the main roads. By the time he was on the motorway, his concern had disappeared and been replaced with excited anticipation at meeting her.

He arrived early at the pub and parked in the corner of the dark car park where he sat for a moment, drinking in the silence and enjoying the obscurity of the night. He felt more alive than he had in a long time. On entering the pub, he went to the bar and bought himself half a pint of lager. He didn't drink alcohol very often, and he hoped that just a little would settle his nerves. He took his drink and sat down. But there were too many other tables close by, and he picked up his drink and moved to one by the door where he would be able to see her arrive. This new location would also give them more privacy to talk without being overheard.

He waited anxiously in the noisy room, fully aware that it was possible that she might not even come. There were too many people, particularly too many men, and he was reminded of how different he was to other men. He found that he had always related better to women, probably because he was more in tune with his feminine side. His sensitive nature found little common ground with most men, and he was particularly distressed by the way most men objectified women. As he observed the bustle of the bar, he wondered if the lack of a feminine presence in his childhood had given him his deep reverence and respect for women.

The door opened every so often to let someone in, but each time it was not her. After what seemed like an eternity, she arrived. He was not disappointed at what he saw. Memories of her and the magnetic attraction that he had felt at their meeting the previous year came flooding back. His face broke into a massive smile as his eyes drunk in the beauty of the woman that stood before

him. He took her outstretched hand which was probably extended for him to shake; instead, he pulled himself towards her a little and kissed her lightly on the cheek. She smelt exquisite.

She wore a blue denim jacket and jeans, with a pretty blouse, a brightly coloured pashmina draped around her shoulders and smart black ankle boots with a small heel. She looked amazing. He went to the bar and ordered her vodka and tonic and returned to sit across the table from her.

As the conversation ebbed and flowed between them, he tried to keep his eyes on hers, even though he wanted to look her up and down and inspect every aspect of her form. It always felt to him that on a first date each person should be allowed to stand up and turn around slowly so that the physical form could be seen and appreciated fully. In this way, it would then be easier to focus more fully on the conversation instead of being distracted by trying to sneak glances at the physical features. He thought that perhaps it was just a man thing, or maybe it was just him! He wondered what she thought about him and tried to guess from her conversation and body language, but he knew he was not really in a fit state to assess anything objectively. He felt unusually excited and probably looked like a Cheshire cat grinning ridiculously from ear to ear!

Before long he had to excuse himself and visit the toilet. He cursed his body for causing him to miss some precious minutes with her and half an hour later, to his dismay, he needed to go again. He didn't know if it was the alcohol or the emotions that were affecting his bladder. Then, to make matters worse, his nose began to run, as if he was experiencing some sort of allergic reaction. What was going on? He wished that his body would behave itself; he so wanted to be at his best.

After a while she asked him the question that he knew could make or break her willingness to see him again.

“How long have you been single?”

He knew he had to be honest, telling the truth was important to him. If he were to have the opportunity to possibly have a relationship with this woman

he would have to begin from an honest, true place. He told her what had happened since they had last met at the book fair, watching carefully to gauge her reaction. But she said little in response to his story and their conversation quickly wound itself round to more comfortable topics.

They talked about some humorous experiences of online dating and, judging by some of her encounters, he at least had to be in the 'relatively okay' category. All the while his nose kept running, and he kept self-consciously blowing it, acutely aware that it was probably looking rather red by now!

He bought another drink for them both and was glad that she was not hurrying away, yet the evening was passing too quickly. He wished that he had the power to pause time, but this was not currently one of the skills that he had.

Not long before the pub was due to close, she excused herself to use the bathroom. He waited until she was almost out of sight before turning to admire the view of her womanly curves as she left the bar and he whispered a little prayer that he might, one day, be blessed enough to lie naked with her. All too soon the time arrived for them to part, and he walked her to her car. The only good thing about their parting was the invigorating cold night air and the privacy granted by the dark where they were alone together for the first time. He wanted to know if he would ever see her again. He wanted to write a date in his diary that was clear and visible that he could look at time and time again so that he would know she was real. Still, he knew that her promise to call him was the best that he could hope for. She would probably need time to decide, especially after his confession that he had not been technically single for very long at all.

Why didn't he need time? Yes, he found her very attractive, but he had met many good-looking women and had not felt the same level of attraction; there was something else that whispered to him of the importance of being with her. Their slightly awkward parting embrace lasted only a moment, but it was long enough to feel the softness of woman against him, for him to inhale a breath of her delicate fragrance. He wanted more.

He walked back to his car, climbed in and sat for a moment, watching her drive away. Then he turned the keys in the ignition, cursed his faulty headlights, made a mental note to get them fixed the next day and drove himself home.



A couple of days passed, but he heard nothing and thoughts of her dominated his mind. Would she agree to see him again?

He tried to remind himself that if it were meant to be then, it would be, but it was a futile attempt to find peace. Any vague thoughts that he had of a solitary life were gone, and he knew that he wanted to see her again; he wanted to be with her.

At first, he accepted that there was nothing he could do apart from practice patience, but on the third evening, struggling with his sense of powerlessness, he changed his mind and decided to write. He messaged her and asked for her email address and sat down to write. In his letter, he told her of his strong feelings for her and how he knew that it didn't look good on paper that he had spent so little time alone. He reminded her that he had not been in love for many months and, although he had been living with a woman until recently, he had not loved her, it had been more of a mutually convenient situation. He continued saying how he knew seeing her again was a risk, but that he believed that living fully was all about risk. If they did not meet again and explore a relationship, they would never know how compatible they might be. He asked her to listen to the voice of her heart and not just her mind. He didn't want to influence her decision, but at the same time, for his own peace of mind, he needed to know that he had expressed his thoughts and feelings. Whatever came to pass he would know that he had done everything that he could to see her again. He hit the send button on his computer and sat back in his chair, resigned to his fate of more waiting.

That evening, he chanced upon a poem that warned of the amazing things that might happen if you fell in love with a conscious man. There was the

potential for an amazing depth of love and beauty and also the potential for great healing which might not always be comfortable. The poem seemed to sum up his feelings so clearly that he decided to send this to her, too. She might find the poem too weird and he knew sending it was also a risk. However, he wanted to be honest with her so that she would know the sort of man he was, as the poem seemed to be about him.

The wait was delightfully short-lived; a few hours later she replied to his email, saying that she would like to see him again. She mentioned how much she loved poetry and on reading the words she had felt a tingling sensation all over her body. He noticed the date in the bottom corner of his laptop. Until that moment he had been unaware that it was February 14th, St. Valentine's Day!



CHAPTER 2

Before long they were together again in a quiet pub in the countryside. He bought their drinks despite her offer to pay. He would not hear of it and joked that he would pay for the drinks and she could get the bill when they went out for something to eat. They found a cosy corner to sit, and she did most of the talking. He loved the sound of her voice. While he listened, he was able to admire her beauty, but their time together was cut short; unbeknownst to them the pub only stayed open for the lunchtime trade. The weather outside was cold and windy; nevertheless, they took a short walk along the path and up the small hill behind the car park. The chilly gusts buffeted them, and her nose began to run and turn red, her eyes watered and her usually tidy hair was soon wild and unkempt. He enjoyed seeing her in this new light with the wildness of the weather and her elegance enhanced by the bleak, wintry countryside that framed her as they walked side by side.

He wanted so much to take her hand in his, but he wasn't sure whether it would be moving too quickly for her. They talked about this and that, but mostly she talked, and he listened. He enjoyed hearing the easy, gentle, feminine lilt of her voice and he wanted to know her, he wanted to know all about her. She told

him that she owned a small café that she ran. Her lovely smile broadened across her beautiful face as she told of how it was a place of safety and warmth, where all the food and drinks were prepared and served with love and kindness. He was impressed by her generous and magnanimous spirit; he could see that she was a kind soul.

She told him of her passion for books, literature, and culture and his heart sank a little. Even though he was an author, he was not really a very cultured man. He made a mental note of what was important to her and decided there and then that he was more than willing to be introduced to her world. In the past, he was aware that he had been too closed and set in his ways and he had pledged to himself that he would be more open to whatever life brought his way. It was time that he discovered and appreciated a little more of what culture had to offer

The conversation wound its way along with the path around the hill, and she talked about her part-time studies at university. He felt a pang of sadness, wondering if she would have time for him, but he let go of the thought and brought his attention back to her enthusiasm as she told him about her studies. As he listened, they made their way back to where their cars were parked. His little blue Peugeot and her little green Citroen were parked side by side as if keeping each other company while they waited for their owners' return.

He stood in front of her and took her gloved hands in his and looked for a moment into her pretty blue eyes. She held his gaze with only a hint of shyness, and he asked if he could kiss her. She said nothing but kept looking at him with smiling eyes, so he took a small step, slowly leaned forward and kissed her gently on her mouth. There was no sign of yielding from her fragile, cool lips and in a moment he had pulled back. They looked at each other again, this time with blushing smiles.

"That tickled," she said, giggling. "I have never kissed a man with a beard before."

He apologised with a grin and added "You may find it will tickle less if you open your mouth."

She quickly changed the subject, and they agreed that they would meet again the following weekend. He didn't remember the drive home; his mind was full of images of her grace and elegance. He couldn't help himself; as he imagined her naked in his bed, he felt a small wave of heat rise inside him.



The day took their time in passing. He wanted to tell all of his friends about his new lover, but he thought they might think he was ridiculous to feel so much so soon. Why was he so hopeless when it came to playing it cool? Occasionally, he noticed an uncomfortable feeling, as if he was somehow doing something wrong and that he should be alone; that perhaps he should find himself a little more before getting involved with another woman. But he didn't like 'shoulds' and life had brought this gorgeous woman into his life for a second time, and now he was available. How could he possibly be expected to turn down such an unexpected and beautiful gift?

His articles and blogs took a back seat to his new literary outlet, and their connection grew as he wrote her long emails and they began to message each other more frequently. He tried his best not to text too often, partly because he didn't want her to know how much he longed for her as she might think him to be too needy. Then, once he had sent a message, his attention on other things was always compromised by awaiting her reply. Sometimes, while he did his best not to wait, he would find himself worrying that he might have said the wrong thing or offended her in some way. As a writer, he loved the power of the written word, but in writing to her, he became desperately aware of its limitations and how easy it could be to misinterpret the tone or cadence of what he had typed. He didn't want to do anything that might upset her. She was interested in him, that much was sure, but he always had this feeling that she could disappear at any moment and say that she didn't want to see him again. And, anyway, he didn't want to write to her; all he really wanted was to be with her.

The days blended together until at last, Saturday evening arrived, when they had arranged to meet. At her suggestion, they were to meet at another pub, but this time they would go on to an Indian restaurant nearby that she knew. Oddly, they arrived at the same time, and he hurriedly parked so that he could run over and open her car door. As she got out, her warm padded jacket was unzipped, and he could see that she wore a pretty red top that matched her black cotton skirt with seams of red and multicolored patterns. A simple cord held a smooth pewter pendant below her throat. Her alluring eyes narrowed and glistened, while an innocent smile spread across her face as if she knew what he was thinking. He beamed from ear to ear in semi-disbelief that she was even more beautiful than he remembered.

"Hello," she said.

"Hi," he replied.

He took her cool hand in the warmth of his. They decided not to go to the pub, and they walked the short distance down the lamp lit high street that took them directly to the restaurant. She said that she was hungry and when asked if he was hungry too, he said that he was. But the truth was that he didn't really know. He should have been ravenous since he had eaten little all day, but his stomach was so full of butterflies. Besides, a different sort of appetite was alight within him.

He hardly noticed the food or the other people. The polite visits from the waiter were an unwanted intrusion. They took it, in turn, to share a little more about each other, but again he preferred to listen as he could focus all of his attention on her. At times his concentration would waver, and her words would become vague sounds in the distance while his mind wandered. What he really wanted was for her to stand up in front of him and turn around slowly so that his eyes could drink in the curves, the rise and fall of her woman's body.

To him, women were the embodiment of the Goddess, the feminine essence of creation. There was something magical and mysterious about their powerful, captivating energy and awesome ability to grow and birth new life from the darkness of the womb.

He did his best to pay attention to what she was saying. His secret wish was briefly granted when she left for the bathroom, and this time he watched unashamedly as her swaying hips sauntered across the restaurant. By the time they had paid the bill, it was almost eleven o'clock, and the short walk meant that they arrived much too soon at the car park. Sensing that she too was disappointed that the evening was coming to an end, he asked her if she would like to sit a while in the car and continue their conversation. She replied, with a hint of shyness, that she would. As they sat in the semi-darkness of the car, he could contain himself no longer.

"May I kiss you?" he asked for the second time.

"You may."

He leaned over and for the first time felt the silken feel of her hair brush his hand as he held the back of her head and eased his lips upon hers. This time they were not cool, they were warm, and his lips lingered a little, while hers parted and yielded willingly to the gentle touch of the tip of his hot tongue. He pulled her closer, and their mouths and tongues met fully with a fierceness and passion that surprised him. The seemingly innocent and shy woman was gone, and they kissed long and slow while their arms held each other close and tight.

When the need for more air became too much to bear, he drew back and sat looking out of the windscreen while his chest rose and fell, and his breathing slowly began to settle.

He looked across at her in disbelief, amazed by her transformation. The innocent girl had been replaced by the wild, fiery Goddess, Lilith.

After he had caught his breath and the silence had stretched as far as it could he looked at her with a grin on his face.

"I am not too fond of this handbrake," he said.

She laughed. "Is that a subtle hint?" she asked. "Would you like to sit in the back seat?"

"I think it may be a bit more comfortable," he explained with a cheeky grin.

She looked around outside to see if anyone was about, but the car park was quiet.

“Okay,” she said.

In the back of the car, it was much more comfortable! Pretty soon she was sat on his lap facing him with her legs on either side of his. They kissed like he had never kissed before, their wet lips parted, and their mouths opened wide to allow their agile tongues to dance together like two serpents coupling. It was as if their mouths were two halves of a whole that had finally been reunited. His hands were free to explore the contours of her back and neck and the most wonderful yielding flesh of her shapely hips. He untucked her blouse from her skirt and shivered at the feel of her warm, soft, silken skin and the delicate lace at the top of her cotton knickers. She clutched and clawed at his firm shoulders and ran her fingers through his long thick hair. In the back seat of a blue Peugeot in a semi-lit car park, heaven had arrived on earth. Nothing existed apart from their passion, their longing that circled and danced and spiraled around and through them. She sighed and moaned as his hands roughly, and then gently, worked their way exploring every inch of her neck, back, and hips. Her sensuous noises fueled his desire for her because he knew that she would be wet for him.

Almost two hours passed and finally, they rested as if they both knew that they could take things no further. Despite the heat of their aroused bodies, it was a cold February night. After holding each other in the dark stillness for a while, she shivered and, on looking at her watch, reported that it was nearly 2:00 am. He tucked her in as best as he could, and she removed herself as gracefully as possible from his lap. On leaving the car, they embraced tenderly under the sky in the chill night air. He saw her safely to her car, and she drove away into the night. While he waited for the condensation to clear from his windscreen, he whispered words of gratitude to the night while he felt the buzz of exhilaration and passion slowly ebb from his body. When he felt able to drive, he turned the ignition, shifted the gear lever, released the handbrake, with a grin on his face, and drove away.

End of Excerpt –

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