



OWN TRUTH

WILL J ABRIE

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By
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Eloquent Books

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Thursday



The surfer sat on his surfboard and waited for the big wave to come in. The ocean was as calm as was expected on a windless, hot sunshine day, but he was sure that the wave would come; patience was part of this game. That's why he came here; the place was world-renowned for its wonderful waves, long golden beaches, and good surf. For the good life in general and now he was part of it. His feet hung from both sides of the board, acting as balances like on an old-fashioned scale. He waited for the swell to lift him high then he would jump on the board and ride it. It was easy for him to visualise himself speeding with the water, the warm air brushing in his face as he picked up momentum; the high force and power of nature pushing him forward in what seemed an internal flight, then into the tube that the water formed over him. His one hand stretched out to touch the solid wall of blue liquid in an attempt to keep his balance.

The thought of the whole process worked on his inner body, prepared it for the adrenaline rush that would follow. He could feel the excitement stirred up in the proud parts of his anatomy covered by the board short. All he needed was the right wave, perfect timing (of which he was a master), and the pleasure that would follow was orgasmic. He looked back stared at the water and waited. Then he saw it building up from deep in the ocean. It seemed as if it sucked up the water from the front. He had not seen one of those in a very long time. He positioned himself to jump to his feet the moment the wave lifted him high enough and gave him enough momentum. He turned the board so that it faced the beach, but his neck turned backward as he watched and concentrated on the blue moving mass of exceptional power that would change his position in seconds. One wrong move and the water could kill him. He was well aware of that.

Then he felt the lift, it was steady, very powerful but quick. He started to row towards the shore and then jumped up straight onto the board, his feet apart, turned sideways. How perfect could the timing be? He was lifted well over six metres above the water in front of him. The concentration and excitement was visible on his face, there was no sign of fear. Then the drop came, roughly three metres. He put a little more weight on the back foot so that he could force the fin of the board into the water, using the momentum to keep his balance. Easy as pie, the rush made his heart pump faster. Adrenaline flowed through his body at the speed of light as he went into the tube, the sound of the plunging water was deafening. Now it was him, the water, the sound, and the sensation of ultimate freedom. He sped forward, as he tried to keep ahead of the water that closed the tube behind him with a destructive force. He filled his lungs to capacity with the warm salt air. Then it was over. He made it to the beach, the wave flattened as it washed out on the golden sand to bring life to all organisms living there. What a life? He dived into the water, the board strapped to his ankle with an elastic cord.

Ready for the next one he got back on the board, flat on his stomach where he could feel the pressure of the fibres against his six-pack muscles. The sun had bleached his hair to a light brown blonde and turned his skin into a golden brown. He turned the nose of the board to face the deep blue water and started to paddle with his hands, his feet kicked fast and furiously to speed him forward. He needed another rush of adrenaline and he was positive that the right waves would be coming in because the tide was about to reach its peak. For the next hour or so, he would get indescribable pleasure from the ebb and flow rhythm of the sea. It reminded him of the rhythm of lovemaking, in and out the pleasure grotto, first slowly then harder thrusts at first to keep control over the uncontrollable, with the sweat forming clear drops on his back, salty like the water that splashed on him from his paddling. This was what life was all about, riding the waves

with their white foam heads and the rounds of the female body with its exciting curves and different pleasure zones that waited to be rediscovered and worked up to levels of ecstasy. He has mastered the art to pretend that he was giving himself in love but his real motive was to maximise his own pleasure to grab with both hands what he could derive from any willing partner. So smooth, he had developed the ability to slip upward underneath any skirt, just to have her excitement waiting for him, warm, wet, and willing.

Many a man envied him his muscled, palace of a body turned to golden brown perfection of healthiness by the sun, like the beauty of Eros. He realised it from an early age and used it to victimise the people caught by it, for it was hard to see that there was some evil hidden within all that physical perfection.

It did not take him long to reach his waiting point. It was almost as if he deceived and cheated the water to his next starting point of a pleasure ride. The waiting process began once more. He studied the water intensely and waited. He looked for the perfect wave to lift and keep him high, right up to the beach.

Once again he sat in the middle of the board, his legs hung over the edges on both sides. The warm water surrounded them just under the kneecaps. He was completely relaxed and calm. His mind worked on a plan to get free use of a boat, as he had some good business to conduct in the area and a boat was essential for the success. The boat should not be linked to him but must give him access to the deep ocean with enough power and speed. Speed was of the essence.

The next moment he was forcibly thrown into the water and he sank into the blue. He spun around, eyes open, awake, and alert to see what had happened. That's when he saw it with a piece of his favourite board in its mouth. For one second he met the large, black, dead cold eye of the Great White shark. The shark's face was full of horrible scars. He realised the most vicious of all predators has taken away most of his board with a force and somehow had mi-

raculously missed his body, because as far as he knew, they saw man and board as one. Instinctively, he realised he had only seconds to get out of the water. The elastic that kept the board tied to him was still around his ankle, but the rope was severed. He kicked like a maniac and pushed his body forward. He concentrated on not breaking the surface of the water immediately, to prevent stress signals going to the killing machine right behind him. He was desperate for air, his lungs were on fire, and it took all his concentration not to just open his mouth instinctively and fill his lungs with water. He forced the very last bit of air from his lungs under the water, then broke the surface and sucked up as much as humanly possible and dived again just under the surface. It was of utmost importance that he did not loose touch with the waves. If he went too deep, he would not feel the flow, never before did he need a wave to take him ashore as he did then. Air! Air! Air! It rushed through his mind. He got rid of the very last air in his body and then surfaced once more to fill his lungs to capacity, unsure where that constant hungry monster was. As he breathed in, he realised the perfect wave was right behind him. He aligned his body to make the most of the power of that one single wave and prayed that it would get him ashore. The minute the water level rose under him, he started to swim as hard as he could. The second miracle of the day happened; he hit that wave on the right spot at the perfect moment. As if weightless, the water pushed him forward. He stretched his arms in-front of him and stiffened his body to minimise the resistance of his body to the water. He body-surfed as he had never done before, as fast as the wave would carry him. He lifted his head to fill his lungs once more, and then he kept it in between his stretched out arms. He knew the force of the water would not allow him to breathe again before it ground and moulded him into the sand. He was thankful for the ability to stay clear of the rocks on the southern side of the beach. The water gave him the last bit of a lift before it threw him down in the sand.

He relaxed his body in total submissiveness to the power of nature; the power forced his body to be turned and tossed in all directions. He was aware of the sand and the ways that he hit it, head first, then the right side followed by the feet just before the water turned him over once more. He didn't put up any resistance. The fact that he had escaped from the jaws of death forced him to take the hits and pain with ease. He rolled with the wave as far as it would carry him. In an instant, the water changed direction, pulled back into the deep ocean, and left him on dry land. Tired and a little disorientated, he lifted himself up, turned back to the sea, studied it, and searched for the Great White and his surfboard. He took the elastic from his ankle, thankful that the shark had relieved him of the board because it would have been a burden.

There was no sign of the vicious animal or any remains of his surfboard. *Maybe it will wash up on shore in the next few days* he talked to himself. There was no one on the beach. He heard his mother's warning "Don't go into the ocean by yourself, you never know when you'll land in danger and there's no one to help you." If she had told him once, she had told him a hundred times, but whenever he got the chance, ever since he was twelve years old, he got on his board and rode the waves. There was never any report of a shark attack or even that a shark had been seen in the area. He never thought that he would be the first one in Pleasure Bay to meet up with a gigantic grey and white monster.

When he walked up the sand to where he left his rug sack with his shirt and shoes, his legs were wobbly. This took every bit of energy his strong body had to offer. It also turned on a new ambition; besides getting hold of a fast boat, he would come back to the blue depths and hunt those demonic large eyes till he came face to face with it once more. Then they would match powers, but this time the monster would be the shocked and rattled one, because he would meet it on his terms and conditions.

The surfer decided to walk on the wet sand of the beach as far as he could till he got to the rocky area on the southern end. He was very shaken, but had to do it to get himself collected, and if there was any retrievable piece of his board left, it should theoretically wash up on shore in that area, as that was the direction in which the currents flowed. At least he would have it as a souvenir and evidence should he need it one day. He was well aware of the information he would be able to get about his new enemy if he was able to retrieve the remains of that board, vital information about the size, speed and general state of health of that monster, which he could use in the counter attack. The next time around, he would be the one with the element of surprise.

Not that he wanted to show the board off as a trophy, because he was not sure whether any of the people of Pleasure Bay would believe him. Those waters were not exactly known for shark paradise, and after all, he was the new kid on the block, seen as a bit of an arrogant loud mouth surfer that could easily win the 'Womaniser of the Week' trophy. There was no sign of the board. It was possible that the shark had swallowed the piece it had grabbed.

Great Whites usually attack from beneath. That is why they sometimes attack surfers, as they don't like human flesh in particular, but from the deep, surfers might resemble seals, and a grown shark could easily attack a large seal, even an elephant seal or small whale.

He started to climb the rocks, still looking for his board or any piece of it, but there was nothing. The surfer looked over the edges; he scanned every little opening that the water had eaten in the rocks through the years. There was no sign of any remains of the board. The board had disappeared with the shark. The only option he had left was to catch that evil fish with the dark eyes, huge mouth and razor teeth. He just had to get hold of a boat, now there was one more very important reason to do so.

The sun touched the horizon when he decided to give up his search for whatever was left of his surfboard. Maybe the

Great White swallowed or dragged the whole thing into the blue depths with it. He could not remember seeing the surfboard in its mouth when he looked the monster in the eye, but then they don't stay around and chew their food with closed mouths, do they? It was far more important to get out of harm's way. The surfboard must have left a very bad taste in its mouth, so maybe that was why it didn't come back for him and gave him the perfect opportunity to escape.

All he knew was that he needed to return to hunt this vicious animal down, firstly for revenge and then to prevent it from carrying on with its path of terror. The surfer had the immense lust to see the shark in pain while it struggled instinctively to survive the fight and stay alive. Not that he had resources to launch such a hunt, he was certain that he could manage the time, but then where there was a will, there was a way, and sure as hell, he was going to find it.

That evening, he shaved, smooth as he possibly could. He got rid of every visible hair on his face. It took a year or two off him with great effect. He put on his best pair of jeans, his best shirt and spent a bit of time in front of the mirror getting his hair as stylish as humanly possible. Then he sat off to the pub with a mission. He made damn sure that he would attract the attention of the right people tonight. He knew how to play this game. It was part of his makeup to engage his looks and charm to get what he wanted, like a sophisticated call-girl who serviced the high and mighty. Satisfied with the image the mirror threw back at him, he left his cottage.

He sat at the bar counter and ordered a beer, "Extra chilled," he asked the beautiful young lady behind the counter. He played with half a smile on his mouth corners, just a slight hint that he found her attractive, but she could not help looking in his eyes to see the lust that he had for her. Instinctively, she wanted to return the look to let him know that she might be a willing pray, but decided against it, because the likes of him had it too easy with the ladies. He was the kind of man that expected any woman to turn into a slut when he looked at her. For this one, he would have to use the

ultimate of his hunting skills. She had no plans to roll over at the click of his fingers, as she had studied enough ceilings in her life. Not that she did not flirt. She was not stupid because she liked to be there when a round of passion and hardcore fun came around. So there was a slight sexual gesture in her touch when she handed him his cold beer.

It seemed if he was just sitting there, drinking his beer slowly, but that was where the innocent bystander would be mistaken. He was aware of every person in the room, he did not stare or look directly at them, but he knew who was there. Being such a laid back and relaxed community, he was certain that someone would come and talk to him. That was one lesson he learned early in life; people are attracted to physical beauty, even the most heterosexual man would be the friend of a very handsome man on the other side of the room. This was the night to use his physique as part of his total game plan. He was still strategising when an older man walked into the bar. He was very neatly dressed, casual, but obviously expensive, as if he did not really belong in that kind of bar environment. The man acknowledged a few people as he made his way to the counter. He was fifteen years the surfer's senior. The surfer waited for the older man to come up to the bar counter and order his drink. Once the barmaid has handed the drink to Mr Senior, the surfer looked at him and smiled, but with his eyes he invited the man into his personal space. The older man walked up to him, changed his drink from his right hand to his left and put his right hand out to the surfer. "John Senior," he introduced himself.

"Jonathan Lightfoot," it came with a smile. He liked what he saw.

"I haven't seen you in here before."

"I don't really like coming into bars by myself, but just felt like a cold one tonight so here I am."

"Me neither, but I purposely get pissed off with the wife once in a while, then I have an excuse. She sulks for an hour or two and I come for a lager, and in the end the 'making up' builds a stronger marriage."

“How long have you been married?”

“Close on twenty-five years and still going strong. I actually love my wife, but sometimes just need a little male space.”

“What do you do for a living?”

“I have the majority shares in a small group of companies that is run by a very competent team of people. I worked very hard in my earlier life and still do from time to time, but can afford to relax a little more, so we bought a beach house here in Pleasure Bay and come here whenever we get the chance. We usually stay for a few weeks, up to a month. Then I return to the city and show my face at the office to make sure that everything’s running smoothly and do a bit of crisis management till everything is under control, once I’m positive that my wealth isn’t slipping away, we return to Pleasure Bay.”

“You are wealthy a man then?” Jonathan knew if you want to bond with someone, make them boast about themselves. When they do that, you give that ego a good loving rub. It is the most effective way to penetrate the other person’s life to the level where you need to be.

“Well, I won’t take on the Bill Gates’ of this life; let’s say I am just a little more comfortable than the average man in the street.”

“And that affords you more and more time here in Pleasure Bay. Well, what a live! I envy you.” He lifted his glass in a gesture of a toast; then brought it to his mouth to take a sip. Patience was important here, just as it was to wait for the perfect wave. *Careful!* Jonathan reminded himself, the bait was on the hook. “Don’t you get bored with all the relaxing that you are doing now? It must be hard for a man that is used to working hard long hours. I bet deep down that you’re a workaholic.”

“It’s very important for me to keep busy. I don’t hang around doing nothing. For your information, I might be your senior by a good couple of years but I’m very fit and alive. I enjoy the ocean very much. If you put your face in that blue

water and open your eyes, a whole new, undisturbed, and picturesque scene opens up, even if you do it in the small pools in the rocks. Here, they are full of life, and the moment you enter the water, it's as if someone let a magical airbrush free because everything gets colour. So my days in Pleasure Bay are filled with marine life."

"Do you scuba dive as well?"

"Whenever I get the chance, but it's not always that easy. I have a boat but can't dive if there's not someone to help. My wife is less fond of the sea, and my friends around here work for a living, so the much needed support structure isn't always available. You know if you're ten metres down, you can lose track of what happens on the surface. I can't just anchor the boat and jump overboard for an hour or so to chase fish around."

"I can always come with you and stay on the boat while you do your thing in the water. At least I can ensure that the anchor is effective and that the boat stays in the place where you left it. I have a fair feel for the ocean; I'm a surfer after all." Jonathan added, thinking of the boat opportunity.

"Is that why you came to Pleasure Bay?"

"Mainly why. Professional surfing has not made me the world's wealthiest man, but it keeps me alive. The sponsorships have been good so far, but I must be realistic, I'm getting close to the end of my career." It was easy to make a layman believe that he was one of the world's best surfers. He had some well developed surfing skills but was far from a world class act.

"That's always a thing with professional sports people. They do extremely well when they're good, but very few of them have a life afterwards. It's always flashy cars, wine, women, and song, and the closer they get to the women, the more expensive they become. They get into stupid competitions like who pays the most for a pair of shoes or some horrible brand named handbag. In the end, very few of them manage their riches and names to last them a lifetime."

“Very true, but do you realise how easy it is to fall into that trap, especially when the cash flows in, fast and thick?”

“I can imagine, because most are too young and have not developed the necessary life skills to survive in a very competitive financial world when they start their careers, but for some of us mortals, it’s hard work and wise decisions, with a lot of dedication and endurance that brings in what ever wealth we gather. Then there’s always the risk of losing it; one bad business move and it’s all gone. I’ve seen it so many times in my life.”

“You might as well enjoy it while you have it, which brings us back to the diving. Saturday is two days away. I’ll come with you. You can dive and I’ll watch the boat for you.” *Come on man I need the boat*, was the part that Jonathan did not add to the words that came out of his mouth.

“My daughter is coming to visit this weekend so I don’t know about that.”

“Doesn’t she dive as well?”

“She did a diving course a few years ago but I’ve come to the conclusion that there is no use in pushing one’s ambitions down onto one’s children. She enjoys fishing though. I’ll give her a ring and see if she wants to go out to sea on Saturday.”

“I enjoy deep sea fishing myself. We can have some fun with the rods while you explore the reefs. Maybe you can guide us to a few big ones.” Jonathan made a mental note to pass the pharmacy so that he could get motion sickness tablets. He knew from experience a day at sea was not going to do him good, as he easily turned very green on the open water.

“Come to my house tomorrow then we can make the necessary arrangements. I’ll have an answer for you by then. If not the weekend, we can do it someday next week. I have to do a thorough check on my equipment; it has not been used for a while.”

The bait had been taken, swallowed completely hook and all. Jonathan Lightfoot gave a smile. The smile was inter-

puted as goodwill, but the real intention was very well disguised. If the father's profile was any indication, the sleek Lightfoot knew he would be in the company of a real beauty on Saturday. He was positive that the young miss rich girl would lay very soft on the eye.

"Have you ever come across sharks in these waters?" Jonathan asked.

"Small species like the sand shark, angel shark, and a school of spiny dogfish once. They probably just passed through at the time, because I had to research them. They're a migrating bunch that swims in large schools. I don't think there has ever been any attack on humans recorded in the Pleasure Bay region." John was in his element because someone was interested in his passion. He continued, "This is not the habitat for species like the Great White. I don't think there's enough food for them around. The place isn't overcrowded with seals and sea lions. So I think the chance of coming across a man-eating fish is very slim. They don't like human flesh as a rule. Sharks usually attack humans because they think the human is an injured seal. It's in the way that we swim, on the surface of the water with kicking feet and swinging arms. They usually pick up the vibrations and then attack. The problem is they only realise we're not a seal after they've tasted the meat. By the time they realise what they've eaten, it's too late for the human."

"I'm glad to hear that because I thought I saw one earlier today while I was out surfing," Jonathan didn't sound too convincing and he did not want to push the matter.

"Did you get out of the water then?" The older man gave a smile.

"I did! Immediately, it was late in any case, and the sun was already looking for its resting place behind the mountain. So I thought I'd rather be scared Jon than dead Jon. I did a thing my mother always warned me against when I was younger. I went out alone, so if the worse had happened nobody would have noticed. It was not a wise idea to be out there all by my lonesome self." This was not a time to reveal

the actual attack: one his ego might get bruised if this man did not believe him and make fun of him in public, and secondly he was afraid that he would scare the boat owner off. He needed the boat. The second most important thing to him was to get back into that water in the safest possible way to hunt that vicious animal.

“Can I buy you another beer?” Jonathan asked, anxious to do this male bonding thing properly.

“Sure! I’m relaxed now and certain that the missus got her balls and bearings together by now, so why not have one for the road before I head back home.”

“Where do you live? If I want to see you sometime tomorrow, I’ll need directions,” Jonathan knew he could not miss this opportunity.

“Just up the road. Right at the traffic lights, the second left, the fourth house on the left hand side. It is about a kilometre from here.”

“Is that the big house painted soft yellow and white? Your boat’s always parked at the side?”

“Just the one. Come after lunch so that we can spend the afternoon getting the diving equipment and fishing tackle ready. You never know you might hook a marlin or a good fighting tuna.”

I have my marlin hooked Jonathan thought but said, “Sure, that’s good. I don’t plan to do any surfing tomorrow.” *I’m not going into that water again before I’m sure it’s absolutely safe. I don’t know whether that animal is staying, or just passing here on a migrating trip, but I’m sure as hell going to find out.* “I don’t think the conditions will be good for surfing tomorrow.” Jonathan added to make sure that John Senior knew he was serious.

“Did you listen to any weather forecasts?” John asked with a little excitement in his voice.

“Yes I did, they said that they expect very calm seas tomorrow and the rest of the weekend.”

“That’s good news. It also means that the water will be very clear, which makes the diving experience so much

more fun. Good visibility on a diving day is a bonus. I look forward to get out to the reefs. Thanks for the beer, I'll see you round two o'clock tomorrow."

"My pleasure, I'll be there," Jonathan replied, shaking the man's hand.

The older man stood up and walked out of the bar. Jonathan Lightfoot made a fist with his right hand and brought his elbow into his side whispering "Yes!" to himself very carefully so that no one heard him. It was not the time to involve other people in the scheme. He came here looking for someone to carry him on the water to where there was a lot of gain, and after today, there was also a shark. He just found his willing carrier.

He took the last sip from his glass. It became time to lay off the alcohol for the next few days. He did not need anything to clutter his thought processes and it was very important that he stayed razor sharp. He made sure that he was able to react in milliseconds on anything that was passed his way.

He put his empty glass on the bar counter, thanked the bar lady and swung his legs to get off the barstool. Then he saw the young lady at the table near the window. She was not there when he came in. She must have entered while he talked to Mr Senior. Their eyes met as he lifted himself from the barstool. He walked straight up to her, holding her gaze with his eyes. *What luck!* "Good evening," the smile that followed was genuine and warm.

"Hello." She moved her eyes from his, moving it down over the strong square jaw, down to his chest to the hands, with their big square palms and well groomed fingernails. Good hands and the bum she had noticed when he got up, was not bad at all.

"Did I see you out on your surfboard earlier today?"

"It's possible I was there, depends on where you were."

"I had my usual jog on the beach. I put in my mileage for the day."

"I'm glad I did not see you then, I would have fallen off my board trying to catch up with you, because you're so beautiful."

“Thank you, flatterer,” she smiled.

“Can I get you another?” he pointed at her empty glass.

“Gin and tonic would be fine, thank you. Quite a gentleman too,” she bent down to pick up her purse beside her.

“Not to worry, I am buying,” he pulled his hand from his pocket to ensure that she noticed the roll of banknotes that he had on him.

He returned to the table with two glasses, one in each hand. He handed her hers and put his on the opposite side of the table. Not really invited but he still made himself comfortable in the chair opposite her.

“Thank you,” she smiled. “That looks awfully healthy,” pointing at his glass.

“Just an apple juice, I’ve had my quota for the week while I talked to Mr Senior. He seems like a real nice guy.”

“Oh he is. Just one of those people that everyone likes and I’m sure that he isn’t able to hurt a fly.”

“Sure he wouldn’t! Do you know if he’s rich?”

“Judged on the house and the capital parked in the driveway, I’m sure he must be quite into a bit of money. He sometimes brags about his companies and that he has built them up from nothing. So, I suppose he’s a very successful businessman, but people coming from a not such successful background usually brag if they have a bit of luck in life. The heads expand with the purse, you know. Do you have a big head as well?”

“Both heads fit my body.” He took a sip of the apple juice, in anticipation of a reaction from her side but there was none. “Well that’s enough about him, what are you doing in a place like Pleasure Bay?” Jonathan asked to keep the conversation going.

“I work at the pharmacy to earn my daily bread and the rest of my available time is spent in my apartment, living like the average, unattached twenty-eight year old woman. There’s nothing exciting and nothing glamorous about my lifestyle. When I feel like it, I come here for a drink, talk to the people I know and sometimes get to meet someone new. Working where I do allow me the privilege to know a lot of people and a lot about them.”

“I sure am glad that I came to talk to you before you were surrounded by hundreds of fans.”

“I wish I had hundreds, but I must admit, I’m not that lonely and I have very good friends here in Pleasure Bay. How about you? You’re new in town and I’ve never seen you in the pharmacy, so I presume you’re so fit that you don’t even get a headache.”

“I came to Pleasure Bay for the surf; that’s what I do with my life, ride the waves. It’s a bit of a surfer’s paradise. Good weather, water temperature is very pleasant, the waves are good, and it’s a nice clean town. I am preparing for the Mr Price Pro competition in Durban South Africa, which takes place from the end of June for three weeks. Pleasure Bay gives me the opportunity to escape, and leave my competitors in the dark till we hit the waves in Durban. It’s an important event on the surfing calendar and the prize money will be more than welcome.”

“But that’s still way off. Are you staying till then?”

“It depends on the weather, but yes, that’s the plan.”

She put her glass down, smiled at him. Her eyes met his. Both of them had blue eyes “That’s me for the evening. Do you want to come around for a cup of coffee?”

“That’s the best invitation that I’ve had in weeks. I’ve had enough of the pub myself. Is the coffee offer on for now?”

“Why not, the night is still an infant.”

It took them five minutes to walk to her apartment. They walked through the main entrance of the building, up the two flights of stairs, turned down the passage. Her door was the last one. She unlocked the door and pushed it wide open. He took a step back to allow her to enter first. It was a typical girly apartment: the lounge suite was covered with coral pink leather. The walls were painted with a softer shade of pink and the windows were covered with beige curtains that had huge pink roses printed on them. When he absorbed the pink shock, he realised that he had directly entered the dining room, as there was an oak table with matching chairs and a sideboard. Because of the open plan, the walls were

the same pink as the lounge. There was a big vase full of gladioli. To his surprise, they were white. Next to the flowers were three large candles, also white. The rest of the furniture consisted of glass top coffee tables, a stand with an out-of-date television set, and an iPod on a docking station. Opposite the television in the other corner was a lamp with a pink shade on a coffee table.

First thing, she walked to the iPod and turned on the music. Soft music filled the room. He was not familiar with the song that played but it created a very calm and relaxed atmosphere. "So what can I offer you? There's a cold beer in the fridge and some spirit in the buffet."

"Coffee would be fine, thank you. I've really had enough alcohol for a couple of weeks. The dehydrating effect of booze for a man in my position can be devastating, especially during competitions so I try not to overindulge."

"Then coffee it is. I normally don't go to the pub during the week and for a Thursday night this is unusual."

"I'm glad you came. You are a bright spot in my otherwise dull life."

"Flattery is not going to help you."

"The fact is that I find you very attractive and beautiful, so you must forgive a man for trying."

"Now Mr Flatterer, do you by any chance see any necessity in sharing your name with me? I don't really go around inviting strangers to my home and if my mother walked through that door at this minute and I can't introduce you, I'd be disowned and stripped of all family privileges."

"Jonathan Lightfoot is the name," he said as he followed her to the kitchen. She filled the kettle and turned it on to boil; then she took two coffee mugs from the top cupboard, put them onto the worktop. He was standing behind her in the corner.

"I'll have a teaspoon of sugar in there, please. And I'm sure your mother would never accept me as a human being if I don't know your name should she walk in here."

"Sarah Foster."

“Please to make you acquaintance the beautiful Sarah Foster.” He moved closer to her, he forced his presence into her personal space without any physical contact. The result was exactly what he wanted, to have the sexual tension rise and to let her know of his intentions. She became very aware of his presence and could feel the flow of energy between them, his muscular body tensed with anticipation. There had not been a man in her life for quite a while and she had not felt like this in a long time.

“Do you want milk as well?” she asked when she moved away from him towards the fridge.

“Please, just half a cow?”

She looked at him with a question mark on her face. He smiled and explained, “Just a little milk is sufficient.” He illustrated with his thumb and forefinger.

“I get it, don’t worry, sometimes I’m a bit slow. I am actually a blond turned brunette via the bottle.”

“Oh no, you’re not, that’s your natural colour, I am a brunette’s man and the hair is the second thing that I notice on a woman. Only Mother Nature can give you that look as far as hair colour is concerned. I bet you it changes during winter, because you see less sun.”

“Not that I’ve noticed!”

She handed him his coffee and walked to the lounge. He followed closely. She sat down in her favourite armchair, and he took place on the coach on the end closest to her, so that she was within his reach. She took a sip of her coffee then got up to turn on the lamp. It gave the room a soft atmosphere and accentuated the pink; then she turned to the dining room and lit the candles. They had a flower fragrance that he could not identify, but it was very pleasant. He emptied his coffee mug with the last big mouthful. “I’m hungry, have you had supper?”

“No, I could do with some food myself, shall we order something?” Sarah suggested.

“Allow me to cook you a meal.”

“Here, in my kitchen? You can only do it if it won’t take me a week to clean up the mess.”

“Promise, I’ll help you with that as well.”

“We’ll have to see what is in the fridge; I don’t carry a restaurant’s stock in here.”

“No need to, I promise you won’t be disappointed.”

“I must admit that most people fare better in the kitchen than me. After all, I’m into the tiny chemical stuff consumed by humans.”

“Even better. Come let’s see what there is. You must help. I don’t want to go around scratching in your cupboards.”

She could not believe her eyes at the efficiency and comfort that he moved in the kitchen. The aroma that arose from the stove was unbelievable and really stimulated her appetite. He only asked her where he could find what he needed and asked her to prepare a Greek salad.

It took him forty-five minutes to cook up a feast with what she had in the apartment. Never in her live had she seen someone improvising so much with food to create something special in such a short time.

She set the table for two with the best cutlery and crockery she had, very neatly as the rest of the apartment. She moved the candles to the table. It changed the dining room into a romantic festivity. She fished out a bottle of white wine from the fridge; the one that she kept for emergencies. He brought their plates to the table, dished to perfection, as was his style. Chicken thighs in a lemon sauce, with sliced cream potato and green beans with olives.

“Who taught you to cook?”

“Nobody. It’s just a talent I developed from my love of good food. I can’t stand eating in a restaurant and paying a fortune for food if I know I can do a better job, and guaranteed, this is better than any take-away you can order from the high street.”

“Thank you for this. Bon Appetite”

She was pleasantly surprised with the taste of everything. This man was stirring up emotions and feelings within her that she did not really want to be touched at this stage of her life. She had come to Pleasure Bay eighteen months before after a disaster of a relationship, and here was a complete

stranger giving her butterflies where she had never felt them before. He was physically superior to any man she knew with his six foot four body planted in a size thirteen shoe. An athlete with all the muscles in the right places, developed to perfection. Never in her life did she think that she would draw the attention of a hunk and it was never her aim to do so, but here she was with a very good specimen of what male beauty in any animal species represents. So much so that her hormones were tumbling in all directions. The whole rollercoaster was chased by the taste of every mouthful that she took.

He made her laugh with the stories that he told; another of his hidden talents. They were mostly about his experiences in competitions, some to his own embarrassment. She was just relaxing and having fun, more than she had in a long time.

“What are your plans after South Africa?” Sarah asked.

“After the Durban event, we move onto the Billabong Pro-J-bay in Jeffreys Bay, also in South Africa; that’ll take us well into the second half of July. It’s an important event, usually attended by the top forty-five surfers male and female in the world. I haven’t entered any competitions after that till September when the ASP World Tour starts in California.”

“Will you be returning to Pleasure Bay before you go on to California?”

“I haven’t planned anything for that time. It’s high season here and there’ll be a lot of people around.”

“So?”

“You can’t really surf with a sea of humans that can’t even swim properly. It’s hard enough to stay up on the board, let alone try and avoid collisions with a few thousand screaming kids. It’s still winter in South Africa. The waves there are good and we’ll have the beaches to ourselves. Depending on how well it goes and how much work I have to put in before California. I might come around for a week or two to have a rest. Between the two tournaments in Africa, I’m going

to spent a few days in a game reserve as part of my annual holiday.”

Jonathan filled her glass and then emptied the bottle in his own. The wine was actually more than he planned to consume but it had become part of the night and the mood. He dished another portion of salad. “The other thing is if I want to come back here, I should have booked a place to stay, I doubt if I’ll be able to find anything now.”

She wanted to invite him to stay with her but thought that it might sound too desperate, so she just bit her tongue and got up to clear the table. He stood up as well and started to collect dishes in order to fulfil his promise. She was busy letting water in the sink when he came in. He put whatever he had in the water and started to wash it.

Sarah was still busy drying a plate when he put his arms around her and kissed her full on the mouth, his tongue searched for hers. She almost dropped the plate but managed to put it down replying to his kiss. She could feel his arm muscles tighten as he pulled her closer to him. She answered his kiss with the same passion. In her mind, she wanted to stop and turn away but her body refused. *This was not the time to let him know about your hunger and excitement because this man was about to abuse all of that for his own satisfaction.* Their lips parted for a while, he looked deep into her eyes. She tried to read him but he did not open up for that, he just whispered, “Beautiful Sarah, where have you been all my life?” and planted the next kiss. She lifted her left leg with the hope that he would not notice, but it excited him more.

His right hand slipped to her front, the fingers fondled to undo her blouse button. She moved her hand underneath his in a last attempt of resistance, but clearly she did not know that he was not a man that gave up the fight that easily. He just made the kiss more intense; his aim was to make the seduction complete, so that she could not come back and shout rape. He moved his mouth to her ears and neck, lovingly

stroking her with his lips and tongue, playing with her erotic zones down her throat, the buttons undone, and his tongue playing with the most attractive part of her anatomy.

Jonathan picked her up effortlessly and carried her into the bedroom, where she got hasty and took his shirt off. Her hands worked fast and expertly to undo his belt. They moved to get rid off the clothing that was in the way. What she felt when he entered surprised her but it was definitely not a disappointment. He filled her with what she prayed was love.

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