

*Only
Love
Twice*



Kat Canfield

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by
Kat Canfield



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*To my family and friends who kept encouraging
me to keep at my writing. Thank you all!*

Chapter 1

*H*ow the world had changed in a few short years. No one could do anything without a computer, and everyone had a phone in his or her pocket. There was nothing you could not do with a computer and a smartphone. And the technology made it so easy to make money now. Who would have thought you could become a millionaire with a webcam and a domain name? The fifty-something red-haired wonder had done just that. Madison made her millions selling sex to perverts on the Internet. Well, maybe not all of them were perverts. They were just faceless persons who watched the women she employed perform for the camera. The girls enjoyed getting paid to perform as solo acts, and they did not have to see the people they performed for. It was a nice combination for them.

Madison Kelly, though anonymous, made a few friends of the customers. No one saw her face or knew her true name. They just chatted online, told her things they would like to see, and she told the girls what someone wanted to see. They did the work; she did the selling. What was the old saying? A fool and his money are soon parted. That was how her business ran for the past few years.

She had recently met a person online who captured her attention. The problem with anonymous Internet is you can't tell about someone just by chatting, but she felt sure this was a man and he interested her.

They had been chatting for about eight months. One of the short flicks she had posted showed an Arab woman pleasuring herself. The woman wore a veil so her face could not be seen. He seemed to think that would never happen as Arab men would never let a woman have needs of pleasure without him taking care of those needs. That conversation evolved to a friendship online. Now she thought she would like to take the next step and see the face behind the conversation. She

would be revealing herself as she never had before. Not even her friends knew the type of website she ran. It kept the “crazies” away and allowed her to live a normal life.

She did not always have such a career. In her twenty-five years as a police officer, she had dealt with crazies, perverts, druggies, and other lawbreakers. Now retired, she still dealt with them, but now on the other side of the law and without ever having contact with them. Her retirement money meant that no one had to know she had an alternative life, and she could appear normal to everyone around her. Now she was about to blur the lines.

People had been meeting in chat rooms for a long time. Now they could meet face-to-face in real time via Skype or “on a cloud” if they had a webcam. Madison was nervous and apprehensive about meeting this guy. Her husband had died two and a half years ago. She had not ventured back into the world of dating yet. There were too many strange people out there. Maybe it had something to do with the way she saw people now. For some reason this man had intensified her curiosity. He seemed intelligent and well schooled, certainly college educated, as he said he was. She usually read people pretty well and could see through their airs. Or so she hoped. It was nearly twenty years since she dated or had been with a man other than her husband. He was the love of her life, and she had dedicated everything in her life to him. So why did this man suddenly have her attention?

It was almost time to meet. Madison took her time dressing and putting on her makeup. It was like a first date. With the new technology, she could easily end the conversation and no one would be the wiser, but what if she liked what she saw? What if he liked what he saw? It could actually go somewhere. *It is the unknowns in life that make it worth living.*

Madison turned on her computer’s webcam. She only talked to friends and family this way, never to someone she didn’t know. This was like plunging into the ocean without feeling the temperature of the water first. It was time. The

man's name was Saleem. She had not dealt with Middle Easterners at all in her fifty-plus years. This was a very new experience. She hoped he would think she looked business-like. From the information they had exchanged, she knew he owned a large oil drilling firm based in Saudi Arabia and had offices elsewhere in the world. That clicked because oil was the main, if not the only, export of his country. She also knew he grew up primarily in England, where his mother was born.

Suddenly there was the Saleem's face, impressive. He looked very handsome, but not at all what she expected. His were the rugged good looks of a man who spends all of his time outdoors. She noticed his thin mustache and just a hint of gray in his straight dark hair. "Hello, Madison, it is great to finally see you. Wow, you don't look like what I had pictured from our conversations," he said.

"Well, I hope that is good. What did you expect?" she asked.

"Funny you should ask that. I don't know what I was expecting. But I am very pleased. Am I what you expected?" Saleem asked.

Very direct and to the point, I see. To Saleem she said, "No, actually. I really didn't know what to expect, but I did not think I would be hearing Sean Connery's voice and seeing Pierce Brosnan. Yes, I can say I am pleased to finally see you face to face. Now I wonder what I was so afraid of."

"Pierce Brosnan? He does not ride horses; I would think you could find a better comparison than that. I have been set up on many a blind date in my time, but this time I am not disappointed."

She had told him her passion was riding and showing horses. "Well, thank you. The comparison was to the James Bond persona, not a horse reference. I do think about things other than horses, although no one in my family would say so. I think you can understand why I am careful not to reveal myself to people."

"OK, I will take the comparison to Bond as I am a Bond aficionado. My family says the same thing about my horse

passion. And yes, I do understand that you have to be careful to keep the more unpleasant types from knocking down your door. I would happily knock at your door. Now I am more intrigued than ever. Why would a nice looking woman like you host a triple-X website?"

"OK, back at you. Why would a good looking man like you go there? I don't begin to understand the clientele's mentality, but they spend lots of money to see sex on the computer. I figured I could tap into that, keep the bills paid, and enjoy the extra income."

"We had this conversation before. You have the right to make money where fools are willing to spend it. I don't go looking at that stuff, but I was told by a friend about that one story line, so I had to take a look. Now I am glad I did and that I had the courage to e-mail you about it. It has taken us eight months to get to this meeting. I think we are both a bit shy in the area of relationships, and the use of computers to meet."

"I feel we know each other fairly well from the e-mails. It's like it used to be years ago, when we talked on the telephone before meeting face-to-face. It is good to finally see you in person, my dear James Bond."

"Cute, do you really think I sound like Sean Connery? That is quite a compliment."

"Actually you do. It's sure not an accent I expected from a man from Saudi Arabia."

"Considering the Brits held control of the region for so long, why is that surprising? Actually, my mother is British, and I went to prep school and college there, it is only natural I would speak English like a Brit. The accent is easy to pick up and not easy to lose. Speaking of accents, yours isn't what I usually hear from Americans. What would you call it?"

"I don't have an accent! The northern Americans, like the New Yorkers you deal with have accents. Southerners speak correctly, the rest of the U.S. talks funny. Where do the people you talk to come from? New York, New Jersey, California? Now they have accents."

“OK, most of the people I deal with from America come from New York, but a lot come from Texas, and they have an accent. Still, yours is different. Very pleasant, I might add.”

“Why, thank you. Southerners think we talk correctly. But it depends on the part of the South you come from also. Georgians talk differently than Texans, and Floridians talk differently than Tennesseans. I have the combination of both Florida and Tennessee. Since I come from South Florida, there is a bit of New York and New Jersey thrown in, plus a bit of a Spanish accent. Florida was Spanish until after the Civil War.”

As they continued to talk it began to feel like they were old friends. What had they both been so afraid of? She was a widow and he was divorced. There was nothing unusual about that in the modern world.

Madison had been careful in their conversations not to reveal too much about her life. Some men were totally put off by a strong woman, especially a female former police officer. That was something she fought her entire twenty-five years on the job. Either they were interested in what she could do for them, like a get-out-of-jail-free card from the Monopoly game, or they would try to dominate her. Like so many young policewomen, she had married another police officer. It had worked out well for them. The job took a toll on people, though, and her husband died of a heart attack, like so many of their friends. It was the dreaded killer of police officers, even some of the women she knew.

Madison told Saleem she had always been a businesswoman and liked running her own businesses. This was completely true, as she had owned several different businesses even while working as a police officer. Besides the sex website, she also ran a multilevel marketing business. She shared some of her life experiences with him. She told him about her obsession, as her father had called it, with horses and riding and that she showed dressage and worked hard for many years perfecting the art. The love of horses was one of the things that drew them together. Saleem told her he had ridden jumpers

for many years, was classically schooled in riding, and now played polo. Horse people know other horse people, and there is no fooling a horse person by one who is not. Business was another commonality between them. He owned an oil rigging company and a shipping business moving oil and other commodities. This would follow since he lived in Saudi Arabia. He told her he had spent most of his life in England where he had attended school and that his mother was English and his father Saudi Arabian. Madison tried to verify that through an old friend in Florida who worked in the FBI, but was only able to verify that Saleem did not have a criminal record based on the name he had given her.

Their common interests made this first meeting successful. Although Madison was sure there were things he had not told her, she also withheld some things about her own life, so she would not fault him if he held something back. *As long as he is not an ax murderer or rapist, I can handle whatever might be hiding.*

They talked for over an hour the first time. Before that, they had conversed for hours by instant message, text, or e-mail, as you could do that and still do other things at the same time. So what would be next? Saleem made that decision. "I could make a trip to the United States next week if you would like to go to dinner with me?"

"Yes," she said, knowing she would like to see if there was more to their budding friendship. "I would like that. Would you like to see the real heartland of America here in Tennessee, or are you not so adventurous?" she asked.

"Do they have airports in Tennessee?" he teased. "What is the closest airport?"

"Knoxville, I could pick you up and show you the town. I live right outside of town."

"I think I can find everything I need there, so I will take care of everything," Saleem said.

"Gee, a prince flying in on a magic carpet! Just like every girl's fantasy. Is there anything I can tell you to help you make the arrangements? You realize Knoxville is not as

cosmopolitan as most of the places you have been.” Now she was teasing. Saleem could not tell how much she really knew about him by the expression and hoped it was just an American impression from the Arabian Nights book.

“I have been to third world places that would make Knoxville seem like New York or Paris,” Saleem said. “I will make the arrangements from here and let you know the details. You pick the restaurant and I will make it happen. How does next Friday sound?”

“That will be great. You told me you like sushi, so I’ll make reservations at my favorite sushi restaurant for Friday evening. It’s downtown Knoxville, in the heart of everything I’m really looking forward to it.”

“So am I,” Saleem said, and he was. This lady was very intriguing. He could tell there was more to her than he had learned from months of communications. He was hoping there would be months more of learning about her. He did not find it easy to date women, especially once they discovered who he really was. This lady had made her own way in life and was not looking to latch onto his. She was her own person and did not need a man to take care of her. This could be very interesting.

* * * * *

Madison could barely wait for Friday to arrive. When it did she was nervous. Seeing Saleem’s face online gave credibility to the words they had communicated to each other over the previous months online. They each liked what they saw in each other. Now it was time for real dating, where they could get to know each other better. They were about to exchange the new age meeting scenario for the old-fashioned way—one on one.

Madison walked into the Knoxville airport, which was small with only one concourse. All commercial passengers came down the same ramp to a waiting area in the ticketing section before going downstairs to pick up their baggage.

She immediately saw Saleem approaching from the Airport Hilton entrance. His flight must have arrived early for him to already be there. *So much for getting here before him.* He walked up to her and gave her a hug and a kiss on the forehead. He was taller than he appeared on the computer screen. The well-tailored blue suit did not hide the fact that he worked out. *I'll bet he is a runner.*

Saleem gave her a very approving look. She was wearing a dark blue dress with Italian leather shoes and a purse by a designer he didn't recognize. Strange it was not the same Italian leather as the shoes. *Very tastefully dressed. She wears clothes well.* Having purchased fine clothes and shoes for several ladies through the years, he knew quite a bit about sizes and how the female body looks under various fabrics. She knew how to dress. All of Saleem's clothing was tailored, from his suits to his casual clothes. He could tell that Madison's dress was off the rack, but it fit as if it had been made for her. She had the body of a woman who worked out but not fanatically. In fact, she had conditioned her body for riding, which was her passion.

"You said you were taking care of transportation for us, but I wanted to show off a bit, so I thought we could go in my car," Madison said. "I parked in the lot outside. Is that OK?"

"I had arranged a limo, but we could change that. I don't expect you to drive us around though."

"Tomorrow we can go that way if you want. I thought tonight we could ride just the two of us."

Saleem liked this freethinking woman. "I'm not sure what I think about being driven around by a woman," he said. It was meant as a joke, and he hoped she would take it that way. She probably didn't know that women did not drive in Saudi Arabia.

"Well, I could allow you to drive. You do drive where you come from, don't you?" she asked, throwing the joke right back.

"Depends on the vehicle presented to me to drive," he countered.

They walked out the front of the airport and across the drive to the parking area. "You didn't have luggage?" Madison asked.

"I sent it over in the limo to the Crown Plaza when I got off the plane. He was coming back for us."

"When you said you would take care of everything you meant it."

"I always take care of the details. It makes life much easier. I will call and let the driver have the evening off if you like."

Madison hit the remote unlock on her key chain and the car chirped. Saleem looked surprised. "Well, I did not expect to be cruising around in such style," he said, admiring the latest model black Mustang Cobra. Madison hit the remote start and the car roared to life.

"It is a Roush! You know your cars," Saleem said with great admiration.

"As do you. I wasn't sure a man from Saudi Arabia would know what a Mustang was, let alone a Roush version. "

"You think we don't know the Mustang or the Corvette? They are as international as the Mercedes and Ferrari. We have a large car-racing venue in the Middle East."

"Yes, I know, the Gran Prix of Dubai. I like Formula One racing as well as our NASCAR."

"You are full of surprises. I'd love to go to the Daytona Five Hundred. I've been to several Formula One races including Monaco."

"I've been to many NASCAR races. They are a lot of fun. I don't care much for road racing unless it is on television. You can't see anything except right in front of you, and it always seems things happen elsewhere on the track. But I would make an exception for Monaco."

"Well, perhaps I can arrange that. But first, I want to drive this one!" Saleem opened the passenger door for Madison, helped her in, and closed the door. He got in the driver's side and let the car envelope him.

Madison was impressed. Good that chivalry was not dead. Her husband had always helped her into the car from the

time of their first date until he could no longer do it because of his health. In the end she had returned the favor by helping him into the car and chauffeuring him.

Saleem was engrossed in the car. It felt so good. A well-made car should feel like you were putting it on you and this one did. "Madison, you have excellent taste," Saleem said to her. "I may not agree with how you made your money, but you certainly put it to good use."

"Why, thank you, Saleem. I make it so I can enjoy it. As I say, if the fools are willing to part with their money, I am willing to take it, as long as it is legal, and the website is."

Saleem put the car in gear and backed out of the space. The exit was straight ahead. He found his way out of the airport onto the four lanes that paralleled the airport heading back toward Knoxville. Madison could tell he wanted to open up the engine. She knew the feeling all too well. She directed him onto I-40, but eastbound, away from town. "I know a place you can open it up a bit if you want before we go to dinner."

"Are you kidding? Tell me where."

Madison directed him to a small section of road, only a few miles long, but straight and flat, where she liked to drive. There was usually very little traffic on the road, though she had once seen a local deputy driving the other direction. Saleem gave it gas and the Mustang responded. The adrenalin spiked for both of them as the speedometer climbed. It felt great, but Saleem backed off when it hit one hundred, then slowing down to a respectable forty. Madison showed him where to turn around and head back toward Knoxville. As they started in the other direction, blue lights began to flash on the car behind them. It seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

"Oh great, first time driving in Tennessee, and I am about to get a speeding ticket," Saleem said.

Madison looked back at the unmarked car. "Don't stop. Keep driving toward the interstate," she said.

“What, not stop? Why, you must stop for the police whenever you drive.”

“No you don’t. Not for an unmarked car,” warned Madison. “There have been recent reports about unmarked cars with blue lights stopping unsuspecting drivers, robbing them, killing them, then leaving the bodies beside the road. We need to get back to where there are people before we stop.”

“Are you sure? I have heard the police don’t treat you very nice if you seem to be running from them.”

“Well, that is also true. But they understand when it is an unmarked car trying to stop you. Just go forty or so and stay on the road until we get to the overpass. Then pull into the gas station there.”

“OK, if you say so.”

Madison pulled out her cell phone while she explained what to do to Saleem. She dialed 9-1-1. “Hi, my name is Madison Kelly,” she said when the operator answered. “We are driving on State Road Eleven east of Knoxville and west of Sevierville. There is an unmarked car with blue lights trying to pull us off. Do you know if there is an unmarked car working out here tonight? I am not going to stop until there is a marked unit with it or we get to the interstate connection at I-Forty.”

“Hold on, I’ll check with the Highway Patrol and the local police.”

“Thank you,” Madison said to the operator.

Saleem glanced at Madison as he watched the rear view mirror. It impressed him the way she handled herself. *I wonder why she is so knowledgeable.*

They had driven several miles when another car, this one a marked police unit, joined the unmarked car. Madison directed Saleem to go ahead and pull off the road then, which he did. She told the 9-1-1 operator that a marked unit was now with them and thanked her for her help as they waited for the officers to approach. One walked toward the driver’s

side and the other stood at the back of the car on the passenger side. Saleem put the window down. "Your license and registration please," the young officer said.

Saleem pulled a wallet out of his jacket pocket and gave the officer his International driver's license and his passport. "Why didn't you pull off back there where I first turned my lights on?"

"My passenger, who is the owner of the car, told me not to unless there was a marked police car with you or we got to the overpass. Madison, where is the registration?"

"It is in the glove box. Officer, I will get it for you," she said.

Saleem noticed that she pulled her purse close to her as if to hide something it might contain.

She carefully opened the glove box and retrieved the registration, then shut the glove box and handed the registration to Saleem. As Saleem handed it to the officer, he glanced back at Madison, who was watching the officer standing behind the car in the side-view mirror. At the same time, she kept an eye on the officer beside him.

"Step out of the car, sir. You don't have a Tennessee driver's license, or one from a state in the U.S.?"

"No, I am visiting Ms. Kelly."

"Ma'am, please step out of the car and stand toward the front; both of you, hands on the car," directed the young officer. Saleem did as directed. Madison did also, but she seemed extremely agitated by the request. She left her purse on the floorboard inside the car.

"Please step back while I search your car." Saleem stepped back, but Madison broke out in a tirade toward the officer.

"No, you cannot search my car. You have no reason for a search. If you have clocked us for speeding I will argue that, and you should give me the ticket because I told him it was OK out here. But you do not have probable cause for a search and I do not give you permission to search without a warrant."

"What are you, some sort of lawyer? You refused to pull over when instructed, so that gives me probable cause to search your car," the officer said.

“Excuse me, no it doesn’t. I know about the problems the Tennessee Highway Patrol is having with an unmarked car pulling over unsuspecting people to harm them. I know it is recommended to find out if this was a legitimate stop or not. We stopped only when you were joined by the marked unit. So that does not give you probable cause to search this car, or us for that matter.”

Both of the officers were young and more used to the people they stopped being intimidated by them, rather than challenging their authority.

Just then, another marked police car pulled up. The officer and a dog got out and walked toward Madison. “Oh, no, you will not check my car with a K-nine. You get a search warrant, now; no search without one.”

Saleem was very bewildered by Madison’s behavior. What did she have in the car that she was so adamant they not see? He certainly did not think she was a drug user, but perhaps she was making money in a way that was more illegal than she had told him. Sex and drugs could go hand in hand. He was a good judge of character, how had he missed this? With his international reputation, he did not want to be in this position.

“What is your problem, lady? If you have nothing to hide, then you have nothing to worry about, and can soon be on your way,” said the officer with the dog.

“My problem is you don’t have a search warrant to search this car. I am a U.S. citizen and I know the law. You are trampling on my rights right now. Perhaps you should get your sergeant or lieutenant out here so I can explain things to him.”

“Call the sarge, Greg; this will make his night,” the other officer who had not yet spoken said.

The first young officer turned in a huff and walked back to his unmarked car. A few minutes later, he returned very angry. “The sergeant is on his way,” he said, walking away again. The other two officers stood by to keep an eye on the foreigner and the strange authoritative woman.

The sergeant arrived. An older officer who appeared to have many years on the job, he talked first to the three young

officers then turned to Madison. Walking her away from the car a few paces, he said, "He is new and overzealous. He told us about a black Mustang that had run from him a few nights back, so I guess he thought he had found it again. Most people they stop don't say anything and just let them search the car, but you are right; there is no probable cause. I'm curious, how did you know not to let them search your car?"

"Sergeant Briggs," Madison said as she looked closely at the name on his uniform, "this is my first date with this man and I was rather showing off by letting him drive my car and open it up on your road. I am retired as an officer from south Florida, and I have not disclosed that information to my date yet. So I knew the search was not warranted, and I did not need your officers finding the weapons I have in the car."

Briggs shot Madison a knowing look. That sounded like protocol for most women in police work he knew. She would be carrying to defend herself but also just because. He always had a backup weapon, even off duty. To the other officers he said, "No search, guys. She is right; you have no probable cause."

"Thank you, Sergeant Briggs. I could tell how you were reading this. How many years have you got on?" asked Madison.

"Twenty. I am on the downhill slide and hope these young guys don't do me in before I get to retire."

"I hope not either. You should get to enjoy your retirement. You have earned it. These young guys don't get it. Since you are forthcoming, I will be too. It is our first date, but also my first date after the death of my husband two years ago. I let Saleem drive my car because, well, it is a Mustang, and how can you not let a man have fun with it. I knew this area as I have opened up the car a few times out here. But I have only once seen a deputy pass me. Believe me, I would have stopped for a marked unit. My husband of twenty years was also a retired officer with thirty-five years. He died two years ago from heart disease brought on by the job. That's why I

say if you can retire soon, do it and enjoy what you can of retirement.”

“Thank you, I hope I can. Do you have your badge and identification?”

“If you check my purse, there is a badge and an identification card that says ‘retired’ on it. There is a gun inside in a special pocket that you can access from the outside below the carry strap. You will also find a gun in the glove box and in the center console.”

Briggs walked to the passenger side, reached inside the car and took out the purse. The young officer came up to him. “What was she telling you, Sarge? I see she has decided to cooperate and let you search.”

“You idiot, Harmon, she knew her law because she is a cop. If you had not come on with such an attitude, she might have told you the same thing she told me. See, here is her badge, and she has a gun, which is why she was not going to let you do a search without a warrant.” Briggs showed the badge and ID card with the picture saying retired on it to the young officer. “You have just ruined this couple’s first date. You said first date since losing your husband two years ago?” he looked back at Madison.

“Yes, it is,” she said.

“Well, Harmon, you should feel real good about yourself tonight.” To Saleem, he said, “You have a good lady here, if you didn’t know that already. She was prepared and gave you good advice about pulling over for an unmarked car. Since you are not from around here, she could have kept you from potential harm.” Then he said to Madison, “I bet you can shoot as well as you know your rights?”

“Yes, sir; I take my responsibility of carrying a gun very seriously.”

“Either write a ticket or let them go. You have certainly made the night a memorable one for them,” said the sergeant.

Harmon walked back to his car, slammed the door, and peeled out, throwing gravel.

“You two have a good evening. At least you will have a good story to remember about your first date,” said Briggs, who walked back to his car and left, along with the officer in the marked unit and the K-9 officer. Saleem stood there looking at Madison as she got into the car and waited for him to get in. They both sat in silence; then Saleem asked, “How many guns do you have with you?”

“Just three. I always have them with me, so it is not you or that I don’t trust you to take care of me. It is just me being me. I didn’t want to tell you I was a police officer until I really knew how you would take the information. Some men do not handle that knowledge well.”

“I am shocked to say the least. I couldn’t figure out why you were so adamant about them searching the car. I certainly would have let them. What a change in careers, from police officer to webmaster of a pornography site.”

“Hey, artistic expression website. So I’m a paradox.”

“Well, it explains why you are so secretive about your life. I could tell there was something you had not shared with me, but I would never have guessed that.”

“Does it make a difference now that you know?” she asked.

“No, it doesn’t. It just is a pleasant shock, and I am glad I did not find the guns by accident.”

He started the car and began to drive back toward the interstate. They sat in silence for a few minutes before Madison asked, “Are you upset with me?”

“No, Madison; I understand, more than you know.” They again fell into the silence of their thoughts.

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