

The Art of Romance

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She awoke to his caressing, and he had prepared a tray of gourmet tea, coffee and orange juice with rare cheese, crackers, scrambled eggs, French toast and strawberries. She ate and they made love all morning before she dreamed about the day ahead. Everything was happy from the first moment she started to come out of her slumber. He was an attractive man who had obviously studied *the art of romance*. She decided to sew at her machine and make a baby quilt for her new nephew, reveling in the afterglow of love-making. Her name is Ava. His name is Anthony. They always loved that their names both started with an A. They met at an interesting location in Hollywood – interestingly enough, it was at a chance meeting in Hotel Bel Aire. Her friend from her day job as a fashion consultant on Rodeo drive, Lisa had invited her there for brunch and he happened to be playing the Cello for the restaurant that day. She loved music, and was a musician herself. Piano. She loved to write songs and was drawn into the music the moment she walked down the hall to the restaurant area. She and Lisa ate a lovely brunch and had crème brulee dessert. The waiter dropped the CD of the cello music off at the table as a gift for stopping by the restaurant, and she decided to wave at the handsome gentleman before she left with Lisa that beautiful California Spring day. She went on with her life until, she decided to play the songs and join his small fan club. She mentioned where she had seen him in the e-mail and she e-mailed his heart, because he replied with an invitation back to the café – to have a coffee. Delighted, she immediately agreed.

From the moment they reacquainted, she was taken by him. They were obscure stars. They had fallen in love the moment the strings hit her heart that beautiful Spring day with Lisa. They had both had so many heart breaks, they almost had given up on love, until they met. Thankfully, Anthony agreed to play that day, because he almost didn't go, thinking that he hadn't a chance at a career in music anymore after his multiple attempts at fame. Everyone in the record industry wanted him to be like Justin Timberlake. But that just wasn't him. And, Ava had tried so many times to find a good band to play with her. When they finally played together it was pure magic. It was just the right combination of string to piano music and they decided to play locally and wowed their audiences. Eventually, they traveled the world touring at beautiful venues. But, hey, let's get to the good part, right?

How did he do it, she thought every time he made her swoon with pure bliss. She was baffled in love. She melted and breathed in his every move and was incredibly happy and satisfied. She never once doubted his love for her and he made sure of that. So, how did they do it? Weren't they both a little bitter, stand-offish from previous tries at love? No. They appreciated each other so much that there was nothing there standing in the way of pure romantic heaven. It was as if all the stars aligned and everything all finally made sense. They appreciated each other so much. They would do things like give each other rub downs, kisses and hugs and so much more at sporadic times throughout the day and nights. The love is completely wild and unadulterated. I know what you're thinking, guys. How could he support her on an obscure musician's salary? Well, it was never about that. It was about the connection. About the trust and the passion.

Anthony had blonde curls and she called him her cherub angel. She loved his looks and he hers. She had supple breasts and a shapely derriere. She was a sought-after model, who just never had much interest in becoming a super-model compared to music. She was 30 and he was 32. They seemed to fit together like two missing puzzle pieces. Neither of them had any ambitions for anything other than growing their love after they met. It was no longer about fame, about money or anyone else. It was about them. They wanted to share their love with each other and the world was simply a backdrop to their love story.

Their first encounter was after their beautiful lunch at the café. She invited him to her apartment to help him out, because he needed somewhere to take a nap. Smooth, right? Well, it turned out that he had been up late the night before reading (obviously because he couldn't sleep knowing he would be having a date with her the next day!) and she obliged to a non-threatening nap. But, of course that's not what happened.

She led him up her stairs to the third floor and he had forgotten his keys in his motorcycle in the street, and so she went with him. She was wearing a cute dress and she jogged behind him as he went to grab the keys. She led him up the stairs again. The elevator was a little unromantic, seeing as how anyone could be trapped in there with them. So, she took the stairs and they made it to the second floor and then stopped for a quick chat about if she was sure he was invited. She of course agreed again and he got close to her and she backed up into the wall and they started to kiss after a long gaze in the eyes. He walked her lovestruck body into her place after helping her open the door with her keys. They went into the artsy apartment and she had made up a beautiful bohemian sofa bed in the living room and they made love for the first time and he bumped her straight off the bed. They were wet with pleasure and they both smelled of good food, fragrance and sex. They drank fresh watermelon juice out of her juicer and she chased him to the door when he finally said he had to leave, saying, "don't go!"

He could read her mind and she could intuitively follow his every signal. They had an animalistic passionate love. They had amazing music that inspired them and they looked forward to every encounter until they quickly decided to move in together to save on expensive rent. He was attending Pepperdine, working towards a degree to become a college professor in Music. She had her sights set on becoming a famous recording artist or actress, though she had only done a commercial and extra work, though it was in the big studios. They both decided to get an agent

together and ended up working with a little management company that booked them gigs worldwide as an act together.

Ava and Anthony write love letters to each other every week. They seem to live in a world of their own, building love stronger every day. Of course, they have their moments, because they're normal. But they are short-lived because they know how important their love is and just how lucky they are to have found each other. They both grew up Catholic, but neither were avid church-goers. Instead they got into meditation, Buddhism and Christian history study. She had World Religion, Feng Shui and other spiritual books, including horoscopes and dream books. But he was more of a scientist when it came to religion and spirituality. He loved to know the facts and didn't believe in ghosts, aliens or Jesus Christ (as anything more than a man made-up story of faith.) She wasn't sure about JC, but she wondered and loved Christian values. They talked about having children together, but they were not quite ready, so they used the pill as birth control choice.

They decided to rent quarter horses and walk along the beach together and ended up having a picnic at a park. Then, they went into the woods and went down on each other. They were spontaneous and seized the moments they had together. They made love at least once a day. They couldn't help but make time for it. They were definitely meant to be together. She decided to give him a haircut. She was a detailed fine art painter, so she didn't need school. Plus, she had gotten a lot of experience with world-class hairstylists with some of the modeling work she had done. She made his hair look so good with fine little details here and there whispering his bangs in just the right places. She used a touch of her finishing oil to make his hair shine. Then they made love.

Anthony drove up to her and she jumped on the back of his crotch-rocket. He swerved through the night traffic and they went to the famous 24-hour restaurants in the cool night air with all the city lights. They took drives around the beautiful neighborhoods. They ate at nice vegetarian restaurants and tried all sorts of food and wrote a recipe book of their own creations. They decided to share an experience one night. Anthony had an interesting friend, and they did drugs together and laughed and loved all night. They weren't the type of people to sleep a long time. Although they were lucky enough to be able to sleep in sometimes.

So, after a while you would think this spark would fade, right? Wrong. They only grew closer. They got to know each other better and looked forward to future plans. They spread out the love-making sessions, but there were times when there were more frequent sessions as well. As, they say, variety is the spice of life. The little things came alive. The smell of the cigars they loved to purchase together at nice smoke shops, and the wonderful food they ate out and made themselves. The sexy music. The everything!

They cared deeply for one another. They loved the other person as if they were the only person they would ever love and cherished every moment together. Ava was in utter enjoyment every time she sat at her vanity and did her makeup and hair for him. She loved making him feel special and she collected a nice variety of perfumes, oils and lotions. She always asked Anthony if he was hungry or thirsty and without even asking sometimes would offer him gourmet treats. She was his queen and he was her king. She loved dreaming about the next nice things she could do or buy for him. They both completely trusted that everything would go their way and it did.

She found out she couldn't have kids, so they adopted a little boy and named him Anthony Jr. That was the only child they decided to have, until they decided to adopt a girl and named her Antonia. Clearly, she wanted to carry on the legacy of Anthony's name. They were beautiful little children from America. Their mothers were drug addicts and they were very poor, so they were rescued from what would have been dire situations. Ava loved planning out all the fun things that come along with parenting such as cute outfits, room décor and she even homeschooled the children part of the time. She loved being a Mom and he loved being a Dad.

They saved up enough money to buy a house and created a guest house in the back yard for family and their love sessions. They took late night walks and participated in community events like art shows. They loved taking care of their home and only got sexier in time. They took great care of themselves and got a 24-hour gym membership. They decided to teach Yoga in their spare time. They took great care in their love and made sure to say nice things to each other, though they had a great sense of humor and practiced self-deprecating humor frequently.

So how did they do it? Romance. The art of romance was present at all times. They loved the dream, because they loved each other. They had a deep respect and well-wishes for each other. And they only wanted the best for each other. Neither one would ever be unfaithful. They had faith. They wanted to trust each other. And they did. And, they wanted each other to have friends. They loved to party. They loved life. And they loved romance. They would do little nice things for each other like run to the store when they were out of things, and give cute little gifts and cards and said they loved each other frequently. They really loved all the little ways they could express their love, and they didn't try ever. It was always natural and never forced. And they respected each other sexually, always being very gentle and loving. They loved to cuddle. And the magic was in the air. He would know exactly when to open the bedroom door and surprise her in just the right amount of startling ways. She would get tickled gently by him and laugh for him. She had the cutest laugh and he loved tickling her. He cared about her orgasming and he knew exactly how to work his hands, being a musician.

They didn't practice karma sutra, but instead they became one with each other. They decided to learn even more by doing the research and letting the love flow. He would do things to confuse her just enough so that she wouldn't be able to think about anything but him. And, they brushed up against each other when they passed each other in the halls at home. And they stopped and connected frequently. They knew how to turn each other on. And she planned an amazing party

and he bought her jewelry. She felt very in love and was vulnerable but confident when he loved her. There was a sense of being in love with each other every time they connected at home, whether that was through an encounter in the halls or cuddling before bed or whenever. They always said they loved each other and decided to be kind in some way. Of course, the pressures of Hollywood made them slightly insecure about themselves, but very secure in each other. They were deeply in love and it showed. They decided to move either to Seattle or a suburb of Los Angeles to settle down.

They kept a romantic scene calendar and notebook on their writing desk in the living room and together they would keep track of their bills and spending and incoming money together. Ava used feminine handwriting and hearts and Anthony drew funny little sketches. They were never concerned about who's money was who's. They just pooled their money from the start, and made finances a fun, romantic affair.

Confusion can be sexy. Ava was easily drunk in love. Anthony loved being the boss. He knew exactly what to do and she reassured him every step of the way. What made the magic happen was keeping the love alive. They always had lingering feelings of lust and love filling the air because of this. The guessing game was over.