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Sexy Confessions to Venus



Andrea
Glenn

*Safe
Haven*



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**“Sexy Confessions to Venus”
SAFE HAVEN**

BY

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SAFE HAVEN

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Andrea Glenn

Dear Venus,

Not too long ago, my normally, very boring neighborhood had a rash of burglaries. Needless to say, I was terrified. Living alone in a large rambling house was not as fun as I thought it would be when I agreed to house-sit for my aunt, who was going to take a year long tour of Europe.

If that wasn't enough, I had been getting some pretty sick obscene phone calls, and there had been quite a few times I just knew I had been followed. Now it was possible that someone was watching me through my very own windows.

After listening to my parents fret for over an hour, I agreed to have a security company representative come over and evaluate the property, for the installation of a burglar alarm system. My dad contacted my aunt in France and she was adamant that some sort of system be installed immediately.

On the day I scheduled for the security company to come over, I was more nervous than usual. I don't know why. I just had an odd feeling in the pit of my stomach. When the doorbell finally rang, I literally jumped, a feeling of dread washed over me.

Going to the door I stopped with my hand on the handle, but didn't open it. Instead I called out, "Who is it?" Considering all that was happening in the neighborhood, and what I had been going through personally, it was better to be safe than sorry.

A deep voice with a foreign accent answered me. "My name is Rick. Rick Celio. I'm from Safe Haven, the security company."

Taking a deep breath, I opened the door an inch or two, allowing the chain to stay intact. What I saw took my breath away. Standing on my porch, was an exceptionally handsome, Latino man with warm, dark eyes and long, brown hair tied back into a ponytail. The day was mild, and his short sleeved t-shirt left his arms bare, showing an array of tattoos decorating his muscled upper arms.

"Here's my card," he offered with an understanding smile.

"Oh, thank you." I studied the identification card he handed me, not really knowing what I was supposed to be looking for. "Okay, I'm sorry about this. I'm not

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usually this jumpy. My name's Alyson Reed. I've been expecting you. Please come in." Stepping back, I released the safety chain and allowed the door to swing wide, allowing him to enter.

Rick stepped through the door and extended his hand. "Nice to meet you, Alyson. And don't worry about being jumpy. People should always beware of strangers at the door."

Shaking his hand, I felt almost giddy with relief. I had never encountered such intense, yet, comforting eyes. He seemed to be looking right through me. I looked down at his hand gently squeezing mine. "Please, come have a seat," I stammered. "May I get you anything? I have coffee, tea, soda...water." I somehow knew that I was going to be safe now. His every movement screamed security and safety.

"Water would be great, thank you."

I strode into the kitchen and retrieved two bottles of ice-cold water. Once I was back in the living room, I noticed Rick had sat down and was opening up a folder. "Here you go," I handed him one of the bottles, twisting my own nervously.

He took the water and nodded his thanks. I sat down on a chair that was near the sofa and tried to look busy opening my water.

After shuffling a few papers, Rick looked at me. "Alyson, what can I do for you?" His eyes seemed to do the deep stare again. As if he could read everything inside me.

The truth was that I was finding it difficult to tell him about my problem. I had explained over the phone to the secretary that the neighborhood had a few burglaries, but when it came time to tell Rick, a complete stranger, that I felt that I was personally in some sort of danger, I just couldn't get the words out of my mouth. I was afraid he would think I was some scared little mouse.

As if he sensed my reluctance, he said softly, "I'm here to help you. Please tell me what's wrong."

I felt a ripple of emotion as he spoke to me. It was as though I knew he had come here to slay dragons for me. The thought grew in my mind as I stared at his numerous tattoos of knight's, dragons, and serpents. "Well..." Not knowing where to start, I hesitated.

Taking the initiative Rick shifted on the sofa. "Okay, here is what I have... You told Mary that there were some burglaries in the neighborhood recently, and that you would like to go over some possible alarm system options that we have. Is that about right so far?" The way he looked, so confident that he could do whatever it took to make sure I was safe and protected had me relaxing under his gaze even more.

I nodded, but my face growing warm. I was going to have to tell him everything. After taking a large sip of water, I told him about the telephone calls that had started several days ago.

Rick frowned. "So, you're saying that there is a problem in the neighborhood and you may have a possible stalker?"

I blushed openly now. "Yeah, I guess so."

"Do you think the two are related?" he questioned.

"No, err...well, I don't think so. I mean, not unless the others have gotten weird calls before they were burglarized."

Rick looked down and began taking notes. "Tell me everything."

I set the water bottle down, and clasped my hands on my lap. I desperately wanted to chew on my nails, but forced my hands to remain still. "Okay, well...at first there was silence when I would pick up the phone. Then, later on a man's voice began whispering obscenities that stunned me. I didn't recognize the voice, but the man seemed to know me very well. He mentioned places that I had been, and groceries that I had bought."

Rick's jaw tightened and his eyes darkened with what looked like anger as the story poured out. "This man is a very sick person," His hands tightened slightly before relaxing, "But, we'll make sure that he can't harm you. Please show me the rest of your house so that I can see how the doors and windows are secured as of now."

We moved through the house slowly as he tested the locks on each door and window. We had just reached the bedroom when the telephone rang, and I began to tremble violently.

"Answer it," Rick's voice soothed me as nothing else could as he moved me closer to the phone. "It's okay, I'm here."

Watching him, I picked up the telephone. Almost instantly he bent his head close to mine so that he could hear the caller. It was the voice that I dreaded, speaking with such vulgarity, that I felt physically sick. My hands were shaking so much that the telephone slipped from my grasp.

Instantly, Rick's arms were around me, supporting me. He cradled me against his chest, stroking my hair and murmuring, "It's all right, Alyson, it's all right. I won't let him hurt you. I won't let him near you." He picked up the phone and hung it up. "Let's go sit in the living room. I'll answer if he calls back."

I sat in the chair quivering as Rick sat down on the sofa and looked at me. "You're not all right, are you?"

"No," I whispered.

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“Do you have liquor in the house?”

I looked at him, confused. “Liquor?”

“Yes, I think you might need a shot to calm your nerves.”

“No, I’ll be fine.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” I tried to be convincing but apparently I didn’t pull it off.

Rick looked back down at his notes, but continued to glance back up at me from time to time. After about an hour, he asked me to sit beside him. “I think this is where we need to start,” he said softly. He then proceeded to go over the type of burglar and fire alarm system he felt would best suit my needs. “Now, as for the caller, I think it would be best for you to contact the police and have a report made.”

“Right, I didn’t really even think of that,” I closed my eyes, feeling like a stupid idiot for not thinking of it myself.

“That’s okay. It’s something I’m sure you don’t like to think about at all. But the sooner you do, the sooner they can have a trace put in your line. In fact, I have a good friend that is a police officer. I could call him and have him come over and make a report. This is his district.”

I looked up at him. His eyes were shining and wide.

“All right, but will you stay?” I asked.

A deep laugh rumbled in his chest. “Of course. Let me make the call. I don’t have anything else scheduled for the day.”

Within thirty minutes, Officer Tony Velez rang my doorbell. Again, I jumped. This time, I had a very reaffirming squeeze from Rick as I stood to answer the door.

After stuttering and stammering for almost an hour, I had gone over the phone calls I had been getting and I rehashed the burglaries for Officer Velez. He took copious notes and assured me he would do everything he could. I contacted the telephone company, and I was told they would take care of putting a trace on my line. All was set for the caller to resume his obscenities.

“Thank you for coming,” I said as the Officer left.

“Feel better?” Rick asked as I came back into the living room.

“Yes, sort of.” It was true, I was feeling a bit better, but I still couldn’t shake the feelings completely.

“Sort of?”

“Maybe I should go stay with some friends tonight. I’m just rattled.”

“Nonsense. You can’t let this man take over your life.” Rick said reasonably.

I shrugged my shoulders, not knowing what to say. I couldn't help but feel tears spring up behind my eyes. "Excuse me," I whispered, and dashed out of the room.

Footsteps echoed behind me "Alyson...wait."

In the bedroom, I hesitated, almost closing the door. Instead I sank to the mattress and buried my face into a tissue.

"Querida," Rick said softly as he sat next to me. "What can I do?"

"It's okay, Rick. I'll be fine. I'm just spooked."

"Let me stay with you tonight,"

I looked up into his brown eyes, and felt a sudden calm overwhelm me. "Will you? I know it's not part of your service. I mean...I don't even know you, but I've been so nervous lately, and...well, I trust you. Don't ask me why." I fidgeted under his stare. "But, I have felt better ever since you walked in the door."

"Forget the service. This is something I want to do for you, Alyson."

I closed my eyes and he moved closer to me, wrapping me in his arms. I inhaled his warm, clean smell and the sound of his voice comforted me so that I never wanted to leave his embrace. As my eyes opened I looked up at him, he was gazing at me with tenderness and concern, yet, something else flickered in his dark eyes as well.

Gently, Rick touched my face, slowly bending his head to mine, kissing me so softly that I was startled by the rush of heat that swept through me. I hadn't expected this at all.

My lips opened beneath his, and suddenly my tongue tasted his mouth. A fire shot through my body and straight to the pit of my stomach where I had been feeling so uneasy, only a few hours before.

His hands moved to cover my breasts, lightly caressing the hardening nipples through the thin fabric of my summer dress. He unbuttoned the dress, slipping it from my shoulders to pool around my waist. For some reason, I wasn't embarrassed or shy. It was like I had been waiting for this moment my entire life.

Rick slipped off the bed and knelt, encircling my waist with one arm as he kissed my breasts and gently tugged my panties to the floor. I moaned with pleasure as he began to suck my nipples, his hands moving to stroke my inner thighs. His hand rose higher until it brushed against my center. I was panting with desire.

"Touch me," I begged. My voice was breathless, whimpering, and yearning for his touch. "Touch me, now."

His fingers parted my most sensitive area, and found the warm, wet place within. As he stroked me, my hips moved against him, loving the feel of his fingers inside me.

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Within seconds my entire world exploded into flashes of light. I cried out with such intensity that my body sagged against him.

He rose slowly, and laid me gently back on the bed. His breathing was heavy as he removed his shirt and unzipped his jeans, pulling them off in frenzy. The skin he revealed was dark, muscular and beautiful, and my eyes instantly fell on him, hard and erect with longing.

I held out my arms to him and drew him down onto the bed with me. He kissed me deeply before whispering, "I must have you now."

With his accent and the look in his eyes, his words shook me. They weren't corny or a come-on line. They were real.

"Yes, now," I sighed as he entered me, easily. I angled my hips toward him, wanting him to fill me completely.

"Yes," he groaned loudly as he began to thrust inside me, slowly at first and then with the mounting urgency we both felt. His body was glistening with sweat, as I grabbed his pumping hips, and my own excitement grew to heights it had never been before.

"Rick," I couldn't help but yell, clawing at his back.

"Yes, I'm here," he said hoarsely.

We had finally reached the point where we could no longer hold back. "Oh mi dios, me ayuda por favor." Rick shouted, as he released deep inside me.

I gasped as the most erotic orgasm I had ever known ripped through me, leaving me throbbing and gasping for air. I pulled his face to mine and kissed him deeply, exploring him, wanting to drown in him.

As we lay in each other's arms, our breathing slowed and a delicious lassitude crept over us. Drifting dreamily, I knew that I would sleep soundly that night. I also had a good feeling that nothing bad could happen to me as long as Rick was around, and I knew for sure that I was going to keep him around for as long as possible.

Alyson

Andrea Glenn

About the Author

I've been writing for many years, actually since I was a child. I began writing ghost stories and comic books with a neighbor. Over the years, I've continued my fascination and writing in the paranormal field. Now, I have the opportunity to research and write new articles for a very popular paranormal website. In the last few years, my interests have been leaning towards romance and seduction. I literally fell in love with the genre while reading some fantastic fan fiction in 2002. I live in the hills of Tennessee and am a true Southern Belle at heart. I still consider "Gone with the Wind" one of my all time favorite books. I have a passion for writing that comes from my heart and soul. My romance inspiration comes from the many loves of my life.

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