



Destiny
Blaine

Becoming
A Mistress

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By
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Hope Taylor had another three weeks before she was scheduled to start her new job but as she looked around at her empty surroundings, she knew three weeks wouldn't begin to be enough time to finish remodeling her home. After graduating in May from the University of Georgia, she took time off to get settled into her new Savannah surroundings. Her summer mornings had been occupied by remodeling chores at her Victory Drive residence while her afternoons had been spent at the beach out on Tybee Island. She had spent far too much time as a sun goddess and very little time with a paintbrush in her hand.

Tybee would have been a choice spot for Hope to live since she would be working out on the Island but with real estate prices well above \$300,000 it was out of the question. Savannah's Victory Drive was close in proximity to the bridge leading to the beaches and the street was also home to some beautiful stately mansions. Some of which she hoped to someday restore.

Hope graduated from the University of Georgia with a degree in Finance. However, she knew even before she attended college, her calling would be in real estate. Hope loved the business. She liked fixing up houses and reselling them for a profit. She enjoyed looking at vacant land and trying to envision what would best occupy the spot.

Her father had been a developer prior to his death and Hope inherited his love of real estate.

Thanks to her father's generosity of several hundred thousand in life insurance, Hope's first home purchase had been a \$225,000 antebellum home in dire straights sold at a foreclosure auction. The house was a six bedroom home with gorgeous woodwork throughout and Hope's goal was to return it to its original splendor before returning it to the market for a profit. With any luck, she would double her investment and be on to another home within a year.

This particular day; however, she stood in her bathing suit and looked around at her work in progress. After only a moment of thought, she decided the day would be better spent out on the island and grabbed her beach bag. Soon, she was off to the beach with her top down on her old Mustang convertible.

It was a beautiful day and without rain in the forecast, there was no need to waste a day intended for the beach. The traffic leading out to the island wasn't heavy so she tossed on a pair of cheap sunglasses she found in her console, turned up the radio and took in the view.

Driving out to the Island, Hope first noticed him in her review mirror. He was in a red Corvette convertible. Hope's second passion after real estate was in fact, cars. In fact, truth be told, she'd actually noticed the car before she spotted the man behind the wheel. After admiring it for a moment, she found herself lost in traffic. She forgot all about the vehicle until she swerved into Chu's Convenience Market near the ocean, where she almost plowed right into the sporty little automobile and the person driving it!

Still, she never stopped for a moment to examine the car or the guy further until she came out of the market toting what she retrieved.

"Hey, excuse me," Hope heard a man's voice.

She turned around and asked pointedly, "Who me?"

The man in the Corvette was most definitely talking to her and wow, what a sight for sore eyes. She approached him cautiously, "Yes?" He eyed her as if he was equally impressed with her good looks.

Tall, dark and handsome didn't do this man justice. He was almost beautiful. He had wavy jet black hair, dark brown eyes, and his tan muscles bulging through a pink Tommy Hilfiger golf shirt made him just perfect-looking. He was easy on the eyes. Hope had never seen anyone who could even come close in the good-looks department. He smiled and sported the cutest boyish dimples as he said, "Look, I just moved here and was wondering if you know where the best beach is around here?"

Hope laughed, "Tybee is less than four miles so I'm sure you won't have any trouble," she continued, "If you aren't staying on the island, follow me and I'll show you a good place to park for public access." He nodded and thanked her as she returned to her car with a wave.

As she pulled out of Chu's parking lot, she was aware of him once again in her rear-view mirror. This time though, she was more interested in the driver than in the car. He stayed right with her as they passed the public library and then the new dog park Tybee had for pet owners on the island. When Hope pulled into the public parking area, it didn't dawn on her that her life was about to change. Even when the very forward Mike Shannon hopped out of his car and asked her if he could join her on the beach, she had no way of knowing just how complicated her life was about to become.

Hope watched him intently as he seemed to sheepishly search for the right words.

"Listen, I have a confession," he began, "I just moved here from California and finally have a free weekend away from the headaches of moving and wanted to see this fabulous little Island everyone raves about. I don't know anyone here. Obviously I'm alone and you appear to be; how do you feel about hanging out with me today?"

As Mike Shannon paused long enough to introduce himself, Hope was intrigued with his obvious zest for life. He was one of those rare people who reminded her of her father. Mike had enthusiasm for life and apparently had never met a stranger. Hope

liked him immediately, but was very aware of the little gold band on the handsome man's left hand. *What the hell. It's only a day at the beach.*

Mike stripped his Hilfiger shirt off to leave it in his front seat. "I have two boogieboards in the trunk, how are the waves here?"

Hope smiled. "Well, it's not west-coast waves, but for me they work just fine. I never get in the water anyway."

He turned to look at her to see if she was kidding and saw no signs of it. "You won't be getting in the ocean?"

She smiled as she informed him with a hint of flirtation, "probably not by myself."

He took that as an invitation to bring along two boards, "My lady, a day at the beach with me and you'll be in love with the water." Somehow, she believed him. In fact, a day anywhere with him would probably make *anyone enjoy anything*.

As they walked across the sand to find a landing spot, Hope and Mike talked about who they were and what brought them to the Savannah area. Mike was a surgeon and would be beginning his new career at St. Joseph's Hospital in Savannah in less than a week. His wife was also a physician although he didn't say much about her. Hope explained she was in real estate and gave him the whole Hope-story right down to where she would be working on Tybee.

Hope spread out her beach quilt. They both plopped down with some level of comfort between them already established. "So, Ms. Hope Taylor, what do you do for fun around here?"

Hope's green eyes sparkled as she spoke. "I don't know. After I finished college, things were just a whirlwind for me. I moved here and started working on the house and looked for any excuse to come to the beach even though I will have plenty of time to explore the beach once I start to work."

Mike pressed on, "and for fun?"

She shrugged. "Right now, my fun is restoring my home and coming to the beach."

He wanted more. "No boyfriend or husband?"

She had to look away as she laughed, "No, not yet, *and not* in any immediate future plans. I'm far too busy for commitments." He liked her already.

As she spoke, Mike poured tanning oil over his body and stood up to bathe in it. Hope became aware of every inch of him as he towered over her continuing to listen intently to everything she said. "So, when you come to the beach," he almost smirked, "do you sit in your bathing suit cover-up or do you have a bathing suit under there?"

Hope felt her face blush as she took off her bathing suit cover-up. She had on a string white bikini which showed off her figure and her tan but wouldn't have been her first choice had she known she'd be joined by a male companion. It was far too sexy to be close-up and personal with someone she just met.

"Wow, I'm speechless." Mike took in her entire body to the point that he made her uncomfortable.

Hope grabbed a beach towel and draped it over her chest for a second, "Embarrass me, why don't you?"

He made no apologies but instead reached down for her hand. "Come on, we are going in the water."

Hope hesitated and then decided to explain, "It's not that I've never been in the water, it's just that I never go in because," she paused and then bluntly added, "I don't swim alone." There was more to it than that and he could see it in her eyes but he chose to ignore it, "you're not alone today doll, so come on."

The day was perfect in every way. Mike was a charming gentleman most of the time and at other times managed to flirt his ass off just to let Hope know that even if he was in fact married; the door was open to her for possibilities. In 90-degree heat, the day consisted of sunbathing and floating on the boogie-boards. By the time the sun started to cascade across the sky, they were both comfortable with one another.

"So, this is what you do when you come to the beach?" Mike nodded in the direction of the book Hope hadn't opened.

She picked up the book, "I love Grisham," she confessed. "I usually walk on the beach, read a few chapters and then walk again. That's my day at the beach."

Mike thought for a moment. "Well, who am I to ruin a good thing? I don't want to mess up your beach routine. Let's walk!"

Hope and Mike walked playfully down the beach. He would kick and splash the water towards her and she'd return the spray right back. "Tell me more about your house," he encouraged.

Hope began, "Well, you'd just have to see it, it's a big undertaking and I probably bit off more than I can chew but I think when it's done, it'll be worth the work."

Mike stopped. "Was that an invitation?" Hope was clueless. She had no idea what she had said so she just grinned as he slipped his hand in hers. They walked until it was almost completely dark and returned to their things and sat down on the quilt.

Mike began, "This has been such a fun day. I hate to see it end."

Hope started, "Mike, you're married and I don't..." He stopped her with a tender kiss on the lips, "then don't." After the kiss, he returned to his feet and held out both hands to help her up again. They packed up their beach gear in silence and strolled back across highway to the public parking area. He kept his hand on her lower back as they walked across to the parked cars.

Hope placed her beach bag in the front passenger seat of her car and started it so she could roll down the windows to let the heat out. Mike reached over into the front seat of his vehicle to retrieve his shirt. "I love a man in pink," Hope offered.

Mike didn't miss a beat. "Then you'll love me, because I wear pink all the time." He grabbed her around her waist and looked into her eyes. "I've had fun today and would love to see you again." Hope thought it was a question more than a statement. She didn't know what to do. Mike had told her he was 42, she was 23. He was married but didn't have children. Still, married was married and besides, he was a little bit too forward for a first date. *Date? Was this a date?*

Mike planted another kiss on her lips before she could voice her concern. This time, the kiss was passionate and she felt a tingle creep up her spine. *Had it really been so long since she'd been intimate with someone that even a kiss made her weak in the knees?* Hope

returned the kiss with just as much passion and then stopped herself as she felt his hand move north and brush past her breast. She moved back, "I have to go."

Realizing it could be the last time he saw her, Mike offered, "There's a place you need to see if you're going to be doing a lot of decorating. I'm sure you haven't found it yet. What's your address? Let me pick you up tomorrow and take you there."

She hesitated only for a second and then jotted down her phone number on a receipt she found in the car. "Give me a call and I'll give you directions."

* * * *

Hope couldn't believe she had agreed to let Mike take her out for a day of shopping for antiques for the house. First of all, she was nowhere near ready for furniture and secondly, she was nowhere near ready for a relationship or a romp with Mike. She needed to get that off her chest the moment he arrived. This was *not* going to happen. He wasn't going to sweep her off her feet and she wasn't going to fall for a married man.

As Hope was getting ready, she looked in the mirror and decided she wasn't at all as skinny as she used to be. In fact, all the nights she ate carry-out must've done her some good. She had put on ten pounds in all the right places and found her body wasn't half bad now. An avid runner, Hope always had trouble gaining weight. She decided on a pair of Abercrombie denim shorts with a bright pink tank top and twisted her long black hair into a clip. She had started to thumb through some samples of wallpaper when the doorbell rang.

She could see a large bouquet of flowers through the glass panel of the front door. "Hey sexy," he said with a smile which immediately told her the short-shorts were probably a bit much.

"Right back at you," she said as she took in every masculine inch of him standing in her doorway. *What was she thinking? Oh, what the hell! Look at him!* She smiled and took the flowers. "You shouldn't have."

He winked, "I don't guess you would believe I found them in the driveway?" Her smile widened and she invited him inside for a look.

As he stepped inside the foyer, his eyes left her only long enough to travel around the interior walls. He noticed the grand stairway, the study off to the right, the formal living room, all of these places he would have her. *Just the way he wanted her.* She cut his thoughts off almost deliberately, "Can I offer you something to drink before we go?"

He nodded, "Hope, this old place is just gorgeous. I see what you mean. It's exquisite. There's a lot of potential. What is this all of this wood work; walnut?"

She looked around seemingly pleased that he was interested in the house, "Actually, it's Mahogany. Isn't it incredible?"

As if the word 'incredible' snapped him into focusing on her, his reply came across as sexy as he looked, "I'll tell you what's incredible," he eyed her up and down, "you." Hope turned to walk into the kitchen as she let out a giggle, "Come on, let me get you something to cool you down."

As they walked into the kitchen, Mike noticed the way she moved. He was overwhelmed by wanting her and when she opened the refrigerator door, he shut it. He looked at every curve. Studying her up and down while undressing her with his eyes, there was no question of what he wanted. Down deep, when she agreed to go antiquing with him, she knew it would come down to this. Although, she thought they would make it out the door and then back again first.

Even though they only stared at each other for a minute, it seemed like forever. She nodded as if she consented and he swooped down on her fiercely. His mouth covered hers with wet, passionate kisses. He took her in his arms and placed her on the breakfast bar in the middle of the kitchen wasting no time in removing her tank top. Even though they had only met the day before, the fire between them was intense.

"Touch me Hope," he whispered as he moved her hand to his crotch. As she began to stroke him, she felt his hand travel up her inner thigh. She moaned as his fingers found their way to the warmth between her legs. She knew she would climax before he ever entered her. It had been way too long since a man had touched her. As his fingers gently massaged her to climax, his mouth ravaged her breasts. He took one nipple and encircled it with his tongue and then moved to the next. As his mouth traveled past her

flat stomach, he reached where he knew she wanted him to be and wasted no time in introducing her to pure ecstasy.

When she came for the third time, he felt satisfied in knowing it was now his turn. He didn't wait for her to explore him in the same way he had discovered her. Instead, he turned her over flat on the cold granite countertop and moved her down so that he could enter her from behind. He unclipped her hair and wrapped his fingers in a tangled web of black mane as he entered her. She moaned as he thrust into her. "Oh baby," he groaned as he quickened his pace. Her body moved in rhythm with his and as he climaxed, she began a quickened pace to help enhance his pleasure. When it was over, he collapsed against her back.

Hope almost felt guilty but was quickly reassured by Mike. "I had to have you. You were mine from the moment I saw you." He stood up and turned her to look at him. She gazed openly at his body now that she had the chance. She understood what he wanted and he clearly still wanted her. She was tired from her own pleasure but decided he felt too good to deny. She took his hand and he followed her up the back steps from the kitchen to a door which opened to her bedroom.

Once inside she pushed him down on the bed. He could still taste her on his lips as she climbed on top and rode him. He could feel every ripple of her along his shaft and it drove him to thrust deeper and deeper until she cried out in sheer pleasure again. Hope knew this wasn't lovemaking but it felt too good to be shamed by it all. As they lay exhausted in one another's arms, Mike fell asleep.

As he slept, Hope regained her composure. She threw on an oversized T-shirt she often used as a nightshirt and ran down stairs to make use of the day. The thought of going out to the antique shops had quickly diminished with their earlier acts of passion but she didn't mind. It had been a long time. Even if Mike had gotten what he came for and she never saw him again, it was well worth it. He was a fantastic lover. She wouldn't have regrets. While he slept, she worked.

Several hours had passed when he finally appeared at the top of the stairs. "I almost forgot you were here," she looked up and smiled as he made his way down the stairs in his nakedness. "Your pants are in the kitchen, I think."

He laughed. "No, you *know* they're in the kitchen because that's where *we* lost them."

Hope was sitting on the floor with some fabrics scattered about. He sat down, too. "So, are you just going to sit there in your birthday suit and watch me work?"

He kissed her neck and as he did he quickly moved her around to position her the way he wanted her. He spread her legs out over his.

"You can't be serious." It was a statement and not a question but as she looked into his eyes, she saw he was very serious and more importantly as he raised her to sit across his lap, what she couldn't see, she could *definitely* feel. "I want you now and yes, I'm very serious about that." She didn't deny him. She couldn't resist him.

He positioned her over him and moved his hands to the backs of her thighs. He was glad to discover she hadn't thought to put her panties back on because he wanted nothing to impede his progress. As she sat on his lap, her legs encircled his waist and his mouth began to explore her breasts and neck as they rocked gently back and forth, almost savoring the moment. "You're hot as hell," was all he whispered as they became one, rocking in rhythm as they climaxed in tandem.

* * * *

She woke up to an empty house and a note on the ladder. "I loved every minute of it but had to go. I'll be back sooner than you can start to miss me". Almost as soon as she had read the note, she heard a knock on the door. "Just a minute," she shouted. *Shit. Where's my shirt?* She began to fumble around in the dark. She must've slept the rest of the afternoon away after the last round of sexual bliss. Finally, she heard him on the other side of the door. "If you aren't dressed, just open the door, it's me." She was half-way grateful it was him on the other side of the door and half-way annoyed. She opened it and marched back to the center of the room to retrieve her shirt while he admired her tight ass.

"I hope you don't mind, I couldn't just leave without returning," he winked as he brushed a kiss on her cheek. "I was starving so I ran out to pick up some groceries. I'm an excellent cook."

This was all too much. "Mike, I think it's really sweet that you feel like you need to cook for me but I really need to get some work done and..." He never looked back as he trailed down the hall with the groceries.

When he reappeared, he had a glass of white wine in one hand and a green pepper in the other, "I make great stuffed peppers. It's easy and quick. You just get to work and I'll be in the kitchen if you need me." As Mike returned to the kitchen, Hope was left to wonder if she wanted him in her kitchen. More importantly, if this meant he might return often.

* * * *

After the weekend with Mike, Hope was glad to have a break from the excitement. As she chatted on the phone on Tuesday night with Colleen, her old college roommate, she revisited the sex fest she had experienced with Mike. She told Colleen all of the explicit details and was reminded of how much pleasure she had discovered with this man who had appeared out of nowhere. Her friend warned her of the dangers of playing with fire; after all he was a married man. Hope assured her it was only fun and games. When she hung up, the phone rang right back. "Hey sexy, can I come over?" It was Mike.

Colleen had told her friend she probably wouldn't hear from him again. She was wrong. However, she had offered some sound advice. She told her if she heard from him to waste no time in finding out what exactly it was that he wanted. Did he want a few rolls in the hay? A couple of nights together until his wife rejoined him from California? A mistress young enough to be his daughter? What did he want?

When he showed up on her porch in his lime green shirt and white shorts, Hope didn't care what *he* wanted. She knew she wanted him. "You didn't call yesterday so I thought maybe you had forgotten all about me." He kissed her hard on the mouth and

with a teasing pinch on her waist released her. "Maybe I didn't call but you were on my mind most of the day."

As he walked inside, he paused and turned around to look at the fireplace. "Oh, I almost forgot, I have something in the trunk of my car for you. I'll be right back." He walked out to the car and retrieved a Glynda Turley oil painting. It was one of her *OLD MILL* pieces. "I thought you might like this. I saw it yesterday and wanted to give you a housewarming gift."

Hope thanked him and added, "you know a housewarming gift is usually what you give to friends you've known for some time and plan to keep knowing..." Her voiced trailed off as he interrupted her. "I plan to know you, Ms. Taylor. I plan to know you for quite a number of days. Isn't that what you *really* want to ask?" She nodded and took his hand as she led him to the grand staircase in the middle of the room.

He already knew those steps were next. He'd fantasized about them. There was a landing on them that divided the spiral staircase which was probably one of stately introductions in the earlier days of the home. Tonight, it would hold a stately presence all right but it would be for a very different reason. As she led him to the landing, he had already started to slowly undress himself and her. She was down to a thong by the time they started to climb the second half of the staircase. He stopped her there.

Overcome by passion, his fingers played with her nipples as she began to carelessly explore his body. She wasted no time in kissing him down to where his manhood was most evident. She took him in her mouth. She'd never done anything so personal to anyone before. In fact, she'd never wanted to explore a man in this way. His body gave way and he leaned back against the wall with every intention of enjoying the attention. Her tongue wandered around the tip of his shaft and he reveled in the excitement as he watched her somewhat clumsily explore him. He knew it was her first time for oral pleasure and it excited him all the more.

He brought her to him and kissed her hard on the mouth. As if there would be no stopping her, she returned to where she could discover what she wanted to know about him. He moaned and warned her he was going to come. She ignored his warning and

when he came, he pleaded for her not to stop and she fulfilled his request explicitly. He raised her to him and began exploring her just as she had conquered him. He wanted to eat graciously as he cupped her breasts and explored her inner thighs but he couldn't withstand the temptation to be inside her so he took her on the steps with force so intense that he was afraid he might hurt her. Instead, she pleaded for more. He thrust deeper and deeper until they both screamed with pleasure; each overcome by the other's vocal expression of passion.

Hope looked at him in awe when it was over. This time, there was no denying what she felt and what she wanted. She had to have him. She didn't care if he was married. She didn't care if he never would be hers entirely. She wanted him *like this* as much as possible and she knew, it was time to talk about it. It was time to voice her desires.

* * * *

"So, you like the picture?" Mike was stroking her hair as they sat on an overstuffed chair in the living room. She nodded. "I really like the colors. I've seen a lot of the Glynda Turley paintings and I like her work." Mike took a second look at the Old Mill painting. *It is extraordinary over the mantle, don't you think?*" Their eyes met. He knew what was next. He'd done this before. He was very aware of his effect on women. However, he never bargained for Hope.

"Mike, let me be blunt," Hope began, "I've never been too keen on being any man's whore."

He sat up surprised. "Have I made you feel like a whore?"

Hope's mind raced back to the last few days and decided yes, it had been a sex marathon weekend but no, he had not made her feel like a whore. She had done that all by herself. She continued, "I'm not complaining and I knew you were married when I slept with you. Thank goodness, you didn't hide it from me. I'm walking into this with open eyes, in other words." He touched her hand and started to say something but decided to let her finish.

"When I came to Savannah, I had no expectations of marriage or a love affair because that's not who I am. I'm a strong, independent woman and I don't like strings. I

do like sex so you can see where it is you might fit in," she paused with a smile that dimmed as it lingered. "What I'm trying to say is I'm not big on relationships because I was burned badly at one point and once was more than enough. I want what you are willing to give if this is what you can give but I want some sort of sexual relationship with one person."

He grinned, "I'd be happy to oblige ma'am." Hope elbowed him gently in the ribs, "I'm serious, Mike. Either come around on some consistent basis, even when your wife moves here or don't come around at all."

"Well, I wasn't expecting that!" Mike seemed all too excited with the fact Hope wanted to assume the role of his mistress; he had expected something quite different. "In other words, you don't mind playing even when we aren't playing for keeps?"

She looked at him and gave him the only honest answer she could at the moment. "I don't want to play for keeps; I'm only interested in playing. I'm offering to be your mistress because believe me, I find the benefits, mutually beneficial."

Mike leaned back slightly on the couch and looked at her in disbelief, "And you're OK with things—just like *this*?"

Hope stood up and took her clothes off slowly never looking away from his deep brown eyes. As she did, he followed suit. She didn't wait for foreplay; she just climbed on top of him. He felt as if he was wanted more than anyone had ever wanted him. As she rode him like an untamed soul, he knew she was like no one he'd ever known in the bedroom. She was carefree and enjoyed every minute of the experience. He took in her beauty and became lost in her eyes. As she came, she whispered in his ear, "Yeah Mike, *just like this*. Exactly like this."