

You really are so beautiful.

I can't believe I can say that, even to myself.

Donna Parker. I have become obsessed with you, and not in a good way. This is the moment that I always knew would come some at time in my life. Nothing I could have done, no amount of self-control or conditioning could prevent my feelings at this moment. And that, too, is something I didn't think I could ever admit to myself.

It was work; business as usual. Steve Walden, President/CEO and your ex-husband's partner at UniTech, was the one who brought you to my attention. He contacted me several months ago to discuss employing my services when your name came into the discussion. Steve wouldn't admit it, but I could sense his frustration at how adept and business-savvy you are. Your dossier from UniTech contained the usual disclosures and information that would be typical of a corporate owner: Articles of Organization, SEC filings, your involvement with several other businesses and charities. My surprise came from reading the filings for your divorce from Kevin Jennings. Mostly, I was surprised he didn't try to have the divorce documents sealed with a non-disclosure agreement. I'm glad you divorced him, especially after what I read in your file.

Kevin Jennings was, and probably still is, an addict: gambling and women are his compulsion. According to the transcript of the divorce proceedings, the gambling was making him unreliable and a liability to your household. His ownership of UniTech didn't give him access or opportunity to abuse company funds. So it had quite the impact on your home life. Especially when the repossessions started. I know now that was the final insult. Money will hide blemishes, and with Kevin losing the means to a comfortable lifestyle, you made your decision. Neither the judge, the attorneys, nor Kevin made any statements about the list of the names and matching evidence of the lovers he took behind your back. Twelve of your eight years of marriage shows your patience and your forgiving nature. I guess you had had enough when you caught him with your sister. I also know that you no longer have ties to your family.

Look at you now. Dinner at VanCliffe's with your friends Tanya and Abby. Even sitting, you look simply delicious in that body-hugging, wet-look, black cocktail dress. Your long black hair intensifies the contrast to your tanned, supple and soft skin. The three of you laugh. Even after being divorced for three years, maybe Kevin is still a joke.

You played very cool at your divorce while Kevin knew he was in big trouble. Getting a substantial amount of his assets in UniTech in the settlement was a very strategic move. Along with several other assets, including the house and two of the three cars, you received twenty percent ownership in UniTech. With only a thirty-one percent interest in UniTech, Kevin lost majority ownership, giving Steve fifty percent. You now had a twenty-nine percent voice in UniTech's operations. This was the first of many losses for Kevin in the months shortly after your divorce.

He tried to start again. Your sister would have nothing to do with him, and without his wealth women that he once bedded didn't give him a second look. The gambling took a stronger hold and brought him deeper into debt. Within a year his gambling debts brought him back to you. That's when you paid him for his remaining control in UniTech and took majority ownership in the company. Your face had a bit of a smirk when you told this to me. You always seemed to be smiling. You're smiling

right now between forkfuls of your dinner, apparently listening to Abby as she tells some tale that involves her using many hand gestures. You were smiling when we first met.

Our encounter caught me off guard. I was working and very rarely do I have any conversations until the end of a project. I remember you were running ahead of schedule when we literally bumped into each other at Java Jitters. I saw you in line waiting for your order to be filled as I walked to the restroom. That path led me into yours. You spilled hot coffee on my thigh, but it didn't have as much impact on me as did your sincere apology and genuine concern for my condition. I tried to make a hasty escape, and took extra napkins with me as I walked out the door. I knew I had lost any sense of composure and professionalism when you startled me a block away from the coffeehouse. I assured you I was all right; you insisted we go buy me a new pair of pants. That's when your smile touched me. I remember you joked that dressed like a bachelor, regardless of how handsome and masculine you said I was, that I was in need of a woman's touch. How true that still is. I became lost in your warmth, your eyes and, soon, your heart.

I see you now, Donna. The waiter tempting the three of you with the dessert cart obviously looking down the V-neck of your dress. His gaze focused on the breasts my head nestled against only a few days ago. Even though other people mix work and pleasure all the time, I knew getting too close to you would be bad for me.

There was no escaping your invitation to go shop for clothing and lunch together. I had forgotten the soothing comfort and pleasure a woman brings to life until that day. Hours slipped away while we talked. You told me of your ex-husband, your rise to power at UniTech, your friends. I told you about my life in the military, friends killed in action, and that I lived on investments and unnamed business ventures. You told me about your life that I had already known. I told you things about me that were half-truths. During lunch we talked and discovered many mutual passions in life...and a mutual sense of loneliness. That's when you kissed me.

I wipe the watery blur from my right eye and look at you again. The sugary dessert that you are enjoying with such delight makes the eating experience seem that much more indulgent. Almost sensual. A morsel of cheesecake on the end of your fork. The utensil engulfed by the warm passions of your slightly opened mouth. Your lips barely caress the fork as you withdraw it. The dessert was destined to be part of you as I was.

I have never believed in Fate, but tonight it seems that there are unexpected twists in the cosmic stream. It was your kiss that made me believe that. More so the fact that I kissed you back. I was too caught up in that twist to say 'no' when you invited me to your place. It was late afternoon, and we made love in your living room. The sunset beaming through the plate glass from your balcony splashing us both in a crimson equal to our passions. We enjoyed each other and each other's company the entire weekend. I don't regret what happened. I regret that it will be the last time. Sunday evening, out of professional habit, I cleaned up your place before promising to see you again.

You really are so beautiful. If only Steve Walden knew how beautiful you really are, he wouldn't feel threatened by you.

Donna, I can see you now. My right eye can see you through the crosshairs centered on your forehead. I am a professional. Steve wants to regain control of UniTech, not to know your beauty.

I know in my heart that I could never love another woman as I have fallen in love with you. I now wait with breath held for the point between the beats of my heart to squeeze the trigger.