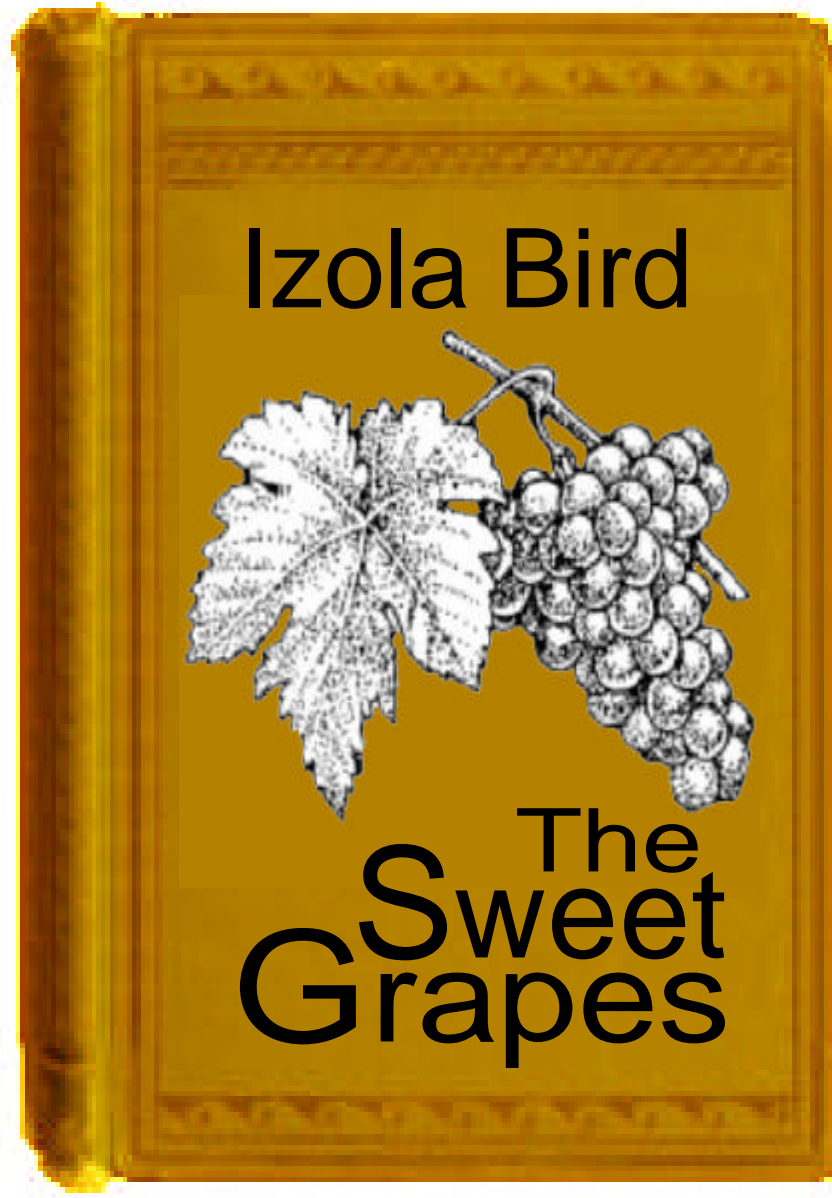




Instructions:
Use arrow keys
to turn between pages.





The Sweet Grapes

Izola Bird

The Sweet Grapes

Izola Bird

Illustrated by Lionel Hartley, PhD

Initial editing by Wayne Ude

Editorial Amelioration by the publisher.

This book is copyright. Apart from any fair dealing for the purpose of private study, research, criticism or review as permitted under the Copyright Act, no part of this book may be reproduced by any process without the written permission of the publisher or author.

Concepts, ideas, philosophies and theology reflected in these pages are those of the author and may not necessarily reflect those of the publisher.

Intellectual Property Rights ©2006 Izola Bird

Beta (preliminary) Multimedia (electronic) Edition ©2006

L&R Hartley, Publishers

Beta-published by L&R Hartley, Publishers

P O Box 1471, Murwillumbah, NSW, Australia, 2484

<www.geocities.com/freepublish>

Email: lionelhartley@bigpond.com

ABN - 26040604011

Font: Arial (©1995 The Monotype Corporation)

Formatting, layout, and design and cover art by Dr Lionel Hartley

Catalogue reference SGR-E01

With special thanks to the South Bend Library



The Author

Izola Bird



The Sweet Grapes

L & R
Hartley

2006

CHAPTER 1

It was a humid day and the meteorologist predicted rain for the afternoon, but that was his predication three days ago.

At least there was a breeze coming from my window as the sheer drapes blew back and forth. Central air I have, but why waste this breeze that I often don't feel when it has been so dry. I loved the smell of it just before and after it rains. I walked slowly to the bed trying to catch the last of the breeze and the tumbling vapors that tingled on my lustrous skin. Later that evening without a slight of mannerism clouds drifted in growing lower, thicker, and darker, resembling an eagle's wing just before it over-shadowed the sun. All of a sudden

the rain came down, and it didn't stop for small drops, but began to pour. I could feel tiny little drops as the wind pushed harder to let them in.

The love of my life reached out his hand to me cuffing mine inside of his and pulling me slowly toward him. His hands were hot as they went up to my shoulders and then back down to the strings of my camisole top. When I heard it snap like a rubber band I felt a burning sensation piercing intensely through my skin. His eyes were cooling like the breeze coming from my window as he looked down at the seductive keyhole opening that revealed matching panties. He ran his hands through my naturally wavy hair that went beyond my shoulders. He brought his lips up to mine and we locked, and our tongues rolled in a winding dance of each other.

It was his hands that stopped me from getting up to close the window. I didn't mind at all, because it was meant to be — him and me at that very moment. His fingers melted into my skin as he pressed his hands deeper into it. It felt so good being with him, and making love as if it were my first good experience. I let out a deep moan again and again.

I heard someone clearing his or her throat trying to get my attention.

"Oh, no not again," I said.

I rose up from the piles of crumpled papers and quickly brushed off that embarrassing flushed expression. Eric Shaw had his associate come to my office with a report for me to read. She stood there with a smile inching across her college face before she gave me the report. Just for a moment we seemed to share a certain commonality

of women who have had the same dream that women all over the world have experienced, "The sex dream." Women who were virgins or just had not had sex in a long time, in my case three years and four months to be exact. Not since Cartier Armstrong, and we had the most popular break-up of the year.

"Will there be anything else," I said still trying to cover up my embarrassment.

"No, that it," she said with a faint giggle.

She quickly turned around making a perky military turn and headed out of the door bracing the stride carefully trying not to look back. I had a feeling she was laughing at me, and couldn't wait to share her secrets with the other associates. I've never had "the dream" before well not like this, so real, so vivid. I

needed to make love, and feel a man's slow hand on all over me. My body was yearning like a volcano about to erupt. As my mind kept wandering off, *'Making love in the rain, that's crazy, I could never do anything so wild — but it was quite interesting'*, I thought to myself. I was too decorously modestly mannered to say anything like that out loud. My body would burn until that right guy comes along to put out my desires.

I had so many things going on in my life that kept me busy. It's not that I did not want a guy in my life, but I had to put it on hold just until I saw this project through. My co-workers, and partner Jackie and I were all tramped in small spaces. I was right in the middle of finalizing a deal on relocating our business. Eric Shaw and I often bumped heads about moving out of this building

that was located downtown Indianapolis. He was responsible for getting our biggest client since the business started. At the time when I decided to start the business it was a great opportunity, but now we must move forward and expand our horizon. Our hallway was elbowroom only, we had little storage space, and my office was stacked with storage boxes. Eric Shaw would have to deal with my decision, and frankly I was sick and tired of the power play between us.

At this point I had enough on my mind, dream lover and all. I dated since Cartier, but I never got too close that it would lead to a good relationship. Not only did I want to be fulfilled sexually, but physically as well. I needed something good and solid. I wanted the great guy in the movie after the popcorn was gone.

Running this business and trying to

Continued ...

(This is only an extract.)

What is Beta Publishing?

Beta formatting of publications is a free service to writers by L&R Hartley, Publishers, to allow beta (or preliminary) editions of a writer's work to be market-appraised, sold to generate publication awareness (and revenue for the writer) and for sharing with potential publishers.

Please note that the layout and cover design are limited to the beta format and may not reflect design and layout in future publishing of this manuscript.

If you have a manuscript that you would like published in beta format free-of-charge, contact:

L&R Hartley, Publishers
P O Box 1471,
Murwillumbah NSW Australia 2484
<www.geocities.com/freepublish>
Email: lionelhartley@bigpond.com