

Julie, a rising executive may marry Henry, a retired widower who wants to study art. An unbeatable professional opportunity for her interferes. He pursues, offering steadiness, understanding and compassion. Can it overcome her desire to "fall crazy in love?" Can they find a deeper love by sharing life's problems?

New Beginnings

by Murray Levine

**Order the complete book from the publisher
[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/9360.html?s=pdf>
or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

Murray Bevine



*New
Beginnings*



Copyright © 2017 Murray Levine

ISBN: 978-1-63492-425-2

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida, U.S.A.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2017

First Edition

Chapter 3

The modern rule is that if a woman invites just you alone for dinner at her place, she is prepared to go to bed with you. I don't know if he knew that when he accepted my invitation. He arrived right on time, carrying a nicely wrapped bottle of cold chardonnay. I was wearing a basic black that flattered my figure, with small pearl earring dots, a single strand pearl necklace, silk stockings and high heels. In those years, in our town, women dressed for dinner even if they were cooking. I also fluffed up my hair so it looked less tailored, maybe a little sexier. I wanted a conservative look, but not dowdy. By now, we felt familiar enough that he greeted me with a hug and a light kiss. I was surprised when he told me that I looked real nice and somehow different. I think he was responding to my hairdo. Henry was dressed more informally than I ever recalled. He had on a new camel hair sports coat over dark trousers with a sharp crease. Instead of a tie, he was wearing a turtle neck shirt. He looked like he was stuck in the fifties, but it was nice he was making an effort. I returned the compliment saying he looked very sharp,.

I had set the table in the dining room with a white tablecloth, butterfly folded napkins standing in the two water glasses, a wine glass at each setting, my best china, and low candles in the center of the table on either side of a small, neat flower arrangement. The lights were low with soft 30s and 40s big band

music in the background. I served cold shrimp and cocktail sauce, some bacon wrapped dates, some cheese squares, and a small bowl of cashew nuts on a table in the living room. Nothing exotic. I put an open bottle of 21 year old Glenfiddich, single malt scotch and another of Jack Daniels, with an ice bucket, soda and glasses on a tray on the coffee table. He noted the extravagance of the scotch approvingly. I poured a drink for him and one for myself and toasted something like “Here is to new beginnings.”

He said nice things about how the house and the table looked. I thanked him. We chatted a little awkwardly and inconsequentially for a while. I had prepared a cold vichyssoise soup; we would have salmon for dinner with a lobster risotto and salad. He was delighted. He hadn’t had such a nice homemade meal for months. I told him the excellent wine he brought would go exactly right with the meal.

So far so good. But I had a dilemma. I was ready to go to bed with him, but I was worried about how to do it. I wasn’t a blushing bride, and he understood that I am sure, but I didn’t want to come across as a slut either. And I was pretty sure that he had not had any sex for months. What if I came on to him and he couldn’t perform? I had had a lot of experience with the young guys, and more or less knew what to say and do, but that was when it didn’t matter. I didn’t want to leave him so embarrassed and ashamed that he would never want to see me again. I really wanted to develop our

relationship. All that went through my mind as we went in for dinner.

After dinner, he helped put the dishes and glasses in the dishwasher. I stood close to him, and even rubbed up against him lightly, as if by accident. He didn't move away. I suggested we go into the living room for an after dinner drink. I had several bottles of liqueur that I had gotten duty free on occasional overnight trips to Canada. He thought that an after dinner drink was a good idea. Fortunately, he sat on the couch where I could sit down next to him instead of on a single sofa chair. I kicked off my shoes and tucked my legs under me. I took his hand. I was pleased when he squeezed my hand lightly. Now the next move was mine.

The kids today have it so much easier. In a situation like this they'll just say, "Do you want to hook up?" and that's it. Except now with all this business of having to ask for consent at every step – You know, Can I hold your hand? Can I put my arm around you? Can I kiss you? And so on. I understand they even have an app for your smart phone with all the questions specified and a key to press to make a permanent record of consent.

I thought about asking him if he wanted to tour my small house, starting with the bedroom, but that seemed crass. I could have said something like "I want to slip into something more comfortable," but

that seemed so trite. So I decided to take a chance. I said, "You know Henry, I find you very attractive," as I snuggled up close to him on the couch, and turned my face to him invitingly. Much to my delight, he leaned over and kissed me on the mouth. I could taste the mint on his breath. I responded by kissing him, and pretty soon he was holding me tight. After a while, I felt his hands lightly caressing my back, my bare arms, and my sides. He hadn't yet touched my breasts or my legs, but I felt the time was right. We held each other and kissed some more. Neither one of us said very much, except I told him that I liked him holding me and he said that he liked the feel of me in his arms.

I could tell he was interested, and even aroused, but my instincts told me to go slow. It wouldn't do just to lead him to the bed. I backed off a little bit, and said maybe we should go slower. I was thinking it would be better if it were more him seducing me than the other way around. I wanted him to feel like he was strong and in charge. I said something like "We don't know each other very long." He didn't take his arms away from around me but he was probably thinking, "Oh shit! There goes my chance of getting laid." But he said "I know you long enough to know that I really like you. What would you like to know about me?"

Well that was an opportunity. I gently slipped out of his arms. "I don't want you to think less of me; I do like you a lot. I have been on my own for a long time

and it gets lonely. I feel comfortable with you; you treat me with respect. I like that. I worry if our relationship went to the next level it might get complicated. You might want something more from me that I might not be able to give, or I might get more involved with you and want more than you are prepared to give.”

At this point, he really surprised me. “You know you’re right. Suppose we did spend some time together. It may turn out that one of us had a habit the other couldn’t stand or we ran out of things we could talk about. I think we should go away together for a long weekend, to a place maybe two or three hours away. We could take a room in a five star hotel with a spa, a room with a Jacuzzi, get massages in the room, breakfast in bed, eat at the best restaurants, go to the theater, if one is nearby, blow some money in a casino, laugh a lot, and maybe just sit by a lake and enjoy a sunset, all on my nickel.

I didn’t know what to say. “I am not sure what you expect.”

“As far as sex is concerned, I won’t ask you to do anything you don’t want to do. I will follow your lead, and if you say “No” I will stop. It could be a sensuous, or is it sensual, weekend? I could never keep the two words straight. We would get a chance to know each other over a long weekend. If we were only two or three hours away, if it didn’t work out, the worst that

would happen is that we would scrunch down in opposite corners of the car, arms folded akimbo, driving silently until we got home. If you are willing to try, I would be happy to sit down with you, go on the internet to pick out the place together and plan what to do.”

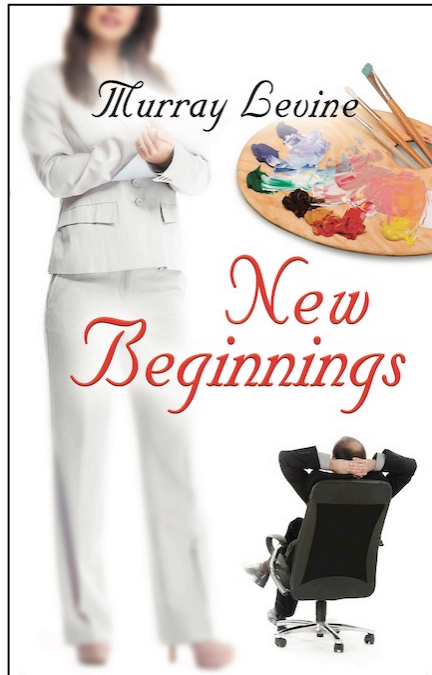
I was really surprised. I never had an offer like that before. It was so well thought through, especially coming from him. He seemed like such a strait-laced guy. It proved to be one among many surprising things that I learned about him. You never know about the quiet ones. I guess they can have pretty rich fantasy lives. I felt like jumping at the offer, but still I held back a little.

He explained that he had thought about what might happen after Agatha died. He expected the casserole ladies, but he just didn't feel up to another relationship so quickly. Now that time had gone by and he was past a stage of acute mourning, for they did have a reasonably satisfying life and he did love her (interesting – first time I heard him use that word), his mind turned to the future. He was still reasonably healthy – he jokingly said that his cardiologist told him his heart was healthy enough for sex—and that he was not that old. Occasionally he felt a stirring, so he started thinking.

What he said was so interesting. Agatha was a good woman, and a good partner, but she was really quite

conventional. He often wondered what would have happened if he made the offer to her. It was as if he was thinking about lost opportunities, or how he had contributed to her conventionality. Maybe if he had been a bit more daring, willing to be unconventional, even if he was an accountant and needed a veneer of propriety, maybe their life would have been fuller. Then he said, "I promised myself that if I met someone else who really interested me that she would benefit from my past mistakes."

With that, I nearly leaped into his arms. We hugged and kissed some more. Even though we were both getting aroused, we held back. It took a lot of effort. We agreed to meet the next day and calmly plan out what we were going to do.



Julie, a rising executive may marry Henry, a retired widower who wants to study art. An unbeatable professional opportunity for her interferes. He pursues, offering steadiness, understanding and compassion. Can it overcome her desire to "fall crazy in love?" Can they find a deeper love by sharing life's problems?

New Beginnings

by Murray Levine

**Order the complete book from the publisher
[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/9360.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**