

The Bath

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5 I look up when I hear some noise on the path to my house, smiling softly as I see you arrive. Quietly I stand up, to greet you properly, letting my eyes wander over your body as I approach you. You stand still, uncertain what to do, you seem to have decided to let the coming events happen to you.

10 As I stand before you and see you are about to speak, I bring my finger to your lips. Your eyes open in surprise but you give a quick nod. Then I take your hand, pulling you along with me as I walk back into my home. Through the bright lit living room where I sat reading, into a dim lit corridor, down a pair of stairs bringing you deep under my home. I lead you with a firm hand, pulling you with me as I feel you hesitate before stepping down on the stairs.

15 Then, as we approach our destination, I hear the faint tickling of water, murmuring softly in its basin. The closer we get, the louder it becomes. The air gets more moist as well, taking on that special smell you only find in those dimly lit underground caves. I feel your hand trembling, giving it a soft squeeze, realizing how oddly exciting it must be for you, to trust a virtual stranger, letting her take you into her house, to be let into a deep basement, how knows what will happen!

20 During our walk I think back on how we first met, you sitting at a coffee table in a mall, resting from what seemed a busy day. Me walking by, suddenly thirsty by the faint scent of the cylon tea. Stepping into the shop, getting myself a tea, only to discover all the tables have suddenly become full with shopping moms. While I look around, my eyes fall on you, a fierce red head, surrounded by bags of undisclosed items, looking shyly down at the table top, trying to avert everybody's eyes. I walk towards you, standing before the table and waiting the short while it takes you to notice me, realizing I was not going to move along. After asking and getting your permission, I sit down at your table and quickly an animated conversation follows in which we discover we both like water. After a short moment of hesitation, I invite you to come over to my house for a swim. Since I had the most luxurious swimming pool money could buy, built into my own home. That makes you laugh and I press on, making you admit into coming over this week. And here you are. All shy, walking right behind me.

35 After a last turn on the corridor, I stop before two large sliding doors which I push open with my shoulder, allowing you to enter before me. As you walk through the doors I hear your soft sigh of amazement. I smile, knowing full well what you just stepped into: a room so large it could have doubled as a cathedral hall without much trouble. In the middle of it, a large pool, partly hidden by the large bushes and jungle flowers I have collected from my travels. The sound of the small 2 meter high waterfall is louder in here, not so loud so you can't hear what the other says, but a steady noise in the background, eliminating the need for music. To its side, dimly lit, so you have to look carefully to see them, a little bar and lots of mysterious old wooden cabinets, containing things only I know.

40 As I turn to you, I see the surprised look on your face and I nod, my smile widening. "No sweet, I'm not a millionaire. I just happen to stumble across a home which was built over a cold-war shelter for military brass. They closed it up and after lots of paperwork, I opened it back up, adding a large underground complex to my little home upstairs." I point to the pool, "please, enjoy. I'll be right back with drinks." I walk to the bar, carefully not looking back, leaving you in the entrance, counting on social pressure to let you to step in with me. As I return with two large glasses of 7-up, I nod to the lounge chairs close to the pool. "Come dear" I say, while I lead the way. You follow, sitting down quietly, eyes cast down as you accepting the drink I offer to you.