

# Adventure Vixen

## Krystian

The week passes by in a blur of work, phone calls, coffee dates with friends and chores. Thursday flashes by, and soon it is time to leave the office and prepare for my tryst with Krystian! I rush to arrive home in time to jump through the shower. Dammit! I'm running late. Not horrendously as yet, but enough to give myself a stern talking to, to try and move a bit faster. A final glance at the Book which is glowing in golden approval, a spritz of perfume and I'm out the door! I should only be a few minutes late, as long as the traffic is OK, of course.

What was I thinking? I slam straight into a wall of cars that is the usual delightful afternoon peak-hour traffic which still has not cleared. Perhaps I should have considered this in my calculations as to how long the drive would take. Oops! I start to weave my way through a myriad of back streets as best I can to avoid the onslaught of traffic and manage to arrive at my destination only a mere fifteen-minutes behind schedule. A stellar performance, if I may say so myself!

Of course, I let him know that I am running late. He meets me outside the quaint English style pub we chose for our date. Krystian is wearing a checked shirt, jeans and sneakers, which compliment his big smile and twinkling eyes. I'm instantly enveloped by his big friendly hello hug.

"Lovely to meet you, Miss Arleia!"

I step back slightly and look up to take all of Krystian in. His broad shoulders, well-built body and smile are the exact image of his pictures. He also smells delicious ... phew! He has passed the essential scent check test! For me it is an essential 'must do' when I meet a new man. If I get the chance early on in the date to inhale my intended Mark's scent, I take it.

I'm always as discreet as possible - I don't want to remind him of a sniffer dog at the airport looking for drugs! We all own a natural scent specific to us. We can't inhale our own scent, but we pick up

the scent of others. Some men emit an organic odour I just can't abide. When I am not attracted to the scent of a guy, it is never a good sign!

This is why I sneak in the sniff test as soon as possible—usually in the initial 'hello, it's delightful to meet you!' hug stage. If I don't like the smell of my Mark, I may put my prearranged escape plan into place much earlier than anticipated. I know this sounds harsh, but it is true. If I don't like the natural scent of a guy, the chances are strong that I will not be as into him in the bedroom either, no matter how witty or attractive he may appear! So I advise you to pay serious attention the next time you hug a member of the opposite sex. Take particular note of his unique fragrance and ask yourself whether it is an appealing aroma. It's a lot more in depth than the aftershave or cologne they choose to wear. Their natural essence is what you want to identify and examine.

Many years ago, I met this incredible, gorgeous, hot guy from Pakistan. This guy was spectacular and reminded me of a hot young Antonio Banderas—suave with smouldering dark eyes and an incredible sexy smile. Even thinking about him now brings a smile to my face! He was super intelligent, amazingly attractive, rich, kind, funny, considerate, desirable, and a good friend all rolled into one delicious package. When he stepped fresh from the shower, he smelt divine. However, as soon as his natural odour snuck back, I was not as attracted to him. Even though I wanted to be! Indeed, after a day of work or horse riding which was his passion, his natural aroma made my lip curl and nose crinkle; and not in a good way! I was devastated to realise that we do need to listen to our basic animal instincts regarding scent and attraction. Think about any animal's behaviour. The first thing they all do is to sniff each other in an intimate and thorough manner. It seems to work for them. This initial testing should be the principle followed by us.

Krystian and I chat as we walk towards the pub. He steps forward to open the heavy wooden door for me. Impressive! I like this so far! He leads me over to the bar, and, as per my request, orders a glass of champagne.

I glance around the interior of the pub. Decorated in an old cosy English pub style, it features elaborate stained-glass windows and a rich wooden interior. Beautiful roaring flames in the open

fireplace beckon us to sit closer to its warmth. I become mesmerised by the flickering tendrils from its glowing logs licking upwards towards the chimney.

Krystian recaptures my attention as he hands me a glass of champagne and leads me away from the fire and over to one of the cosy red leather booths. We slide in and end up sitting at right angles from each other. I swivel my knees around towards him so that I can observe him better.

"So, Miss Arleia! It is lovely to meet you." His eye smile at me along with his cheeky grin.

"Yes indeed, Master Krystian, it is," I reply with a stupid matching grin.

Sucking in a deep breath, I take a couple of large sips of my champagne. As the warm feel of the alcohol invades my system, I realise there had been no time to eat anything in my rush. Quite OK with me, as I rather appreciate a bit of Dutch courage with a first date!

Krystian is funny and charming ... I hope I am too! Three flutes of champagne later I am feeling pretty relaxed and happy, as is he. The only thing I find disconcerting is that he often talks without looking me in the eye. Perhaps he is shy. My eyes can be pretty mesmerising, so I can't blame the poor guy for not being able to stare into them for a long time! Mwaaahahahaahaaaa!

By this time I'm quite convinced that he is not some sort of psychopath, stalker or weirdo. I agree to go back to his place nearby for a drink and to check out his spa.

Krystian is courteous in welcoming me into his home. He invites me to sit down on the black leather couch while he gets us a drink. I realise that he lit a few candles on his way to fetch us drinks from the kitchen. Awwwww, how cute, I think, stifling a smile.

"Do you have any music we can listen to, Krystian?" I raise my voice to reach him in the kitchen. The black leather lounge is the feature along with a couple of bookcases, all giving the room a bachelor pad feel. On the walls there are posters of favourite movies, swords and war memorabilia. I wonder how long it took him to tidy up his house, in the hope that I would agree to come back to his place tonight for a visit.

A small, white furry dog launches itself at me in a friendly and enthusiastic way ... Yikes! The little Maltese cross wags his tail at a furious speed in greeting and licks any part of me he can reach until Krystian comes back into the room bearing drinks.

"Baxy! Leave Miss Arleia alone!" he admonishes the over-excited dog.

"It's OK, he's such a cutie ... must take after his owner!" Smiling, I take one of the drinks from his hand. He winks at me.

"Hahaaaa! Of course he does! Come on, Miss Arleia, come check out my spa. I will even put the lights on and give you a show!"

We make our way out to the back of the house where there is a long half-enclosed veranda with the large bubbling hot tub down the far end. The frothing water and rising steam beckon me towards the edge to dip my fingers in. Warm and steaming, it is set at the ultimate temperature for pleasure. Krystian walks over to the spa and leans over, turning on the lights. The swirling water turns green, then red, purple and blue, making the water in the spa almost appear magical.

"So, do you want to take a dip in the spa, Miss Arleia? There is nothing better or more relaxing than hot bubbling water at the end of a long workday!"

Krystian is slyly enticing me, so I stall for time to think. I did come half prepared with a fitted black silky tank top and lace edged cute black knickers, which would be suitable hot tub wear. But there's no way I am getting naked in a hot tub at this point, especially not in one equipped with bright flashing lights!

A good Vixen is always prepared, hence the right choice of clothing knowing there is even a slight chance I would end up wet later! The only thing I forgot to pack is a spare pair of knickers! How remiss of me! You never know when you may need them.

Another drink or two and I will join him in the spa, I decide. But I must do something immensely important first. I need to see whether he can pass the next test or not ... the kiss!

I can't stress enough how imperative it is that a Mark must be a skilful kisser. It will determine whether you want to go out with the guy again or not. I'm looking forward to testing out Krystian's kissing skills!

## *Natural Smell Test*

*upon meeting your Mark for the first time, you need to conduct the Vixen smell test. We are all either attracted or repelled by each other's natural scent. Why waste time with a guy if you are not attracted to the smell of his body, and cringe while holding your breath whenever he raises an armpit? If he is so drenched with his favourite cologne that hugging him makes your eyes water and you can taste the fumes on your tongue, you tend to wonder what kind of odour he is trying to cover up!*

*This test involves hugging your Mark hello on purpose, ensuring that your nose is well positioned into his neck to enable you to inhale a large dose and make an assessment. This is best done at the beginning in case you almost vomit at his stench and need to employ an immediate emergency exit strategy.*

*When enveloped in his hug, what impact does the smell of your potential Mark make on you?*

*Do you want to: 1. Muzzle your nose further into his neck or chest inhaling his scent more deeply, feeling like you want to eat him then and there because you can't get enough of how good his scent is to you?*

Or do you want to: 2. Vomit or hold your breath and run from the nostril burning stench of stale sweat, strong spices, garlic or the overpowering stench of cheap cologne?

Smell? What smell? Did you even notice your Mark's scent; if not check again. Ensure that you inhale deep enough each time as this is an important test. Should you still come up with nothing, you may be suffering from a cold or blocked nose and an impaired sense of smell.

If your answer is A ... your Mark has aced this test. There is nothing better than inhaling the aroma of a man you find delicious! PASS.

If you answered B ... run now Vixens! Put your escape plan into action and leave post-haste. You know it won't become any better, so don't waste your time. Employ the sudden migraine or friend in trouble emergency action plan before you even order a drink, leave as fast as possible without being rude.

If your answer is C ... you are either sick or not paying enough attention.

Shame on you, Vixen! Retest and determine whether this Mark has potential or not.