



Isn't it time

Erotic relationship drama

Iris Pinson

Isn't it time is about the life story of a woman who distances herself from her origins and pursues a successful career.

Sonja Plattel is an independent woman who has learned from an early age to stand up for herself and manage her own affairs.

Her appearance attracts men who find her attractive. She realizes that she can wrap them around her finger when it suits her. It is their problem that they fall in love with her, and she consumes them as if enjoying a meal. She carefully weighs how much she invests in a relationship, until she herself becomes consumed in a relationship and denies that this is her great love. She represses her passion by immersing herself in other relationships, of which she deep down knows that they are only limited in duration.

Without caring too much about it, she settles in a world that is not hers, but adapts surprisingly well. Sonja cherishes the image that people have of her. Hardworking, neat, honest, and loyal. The question is to what extent she is really honest and loyal? It is a continuous trade-off between unrestrained short-term sex and passion. Or is short-term sex merely a means to get to the acceptance process of passion and true love?

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This book does not contain a personal life story. What is it then? It's fiction. The story was entirely created in the writer's imagination. All names were randomly chosen and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and refers to the frequent occurrence of similar thought patterns, behavior, events or dreamed fantasies of people.

Part I - Is it not time

Chapter 1

"Why debts? I've always worked hard for it. Who do you think you are to judge me? You either want me or you don't," said Sonja coldly.

From a young age, Sonja Plattel learned to stand up for herself and take care of her own affairs. With her long, slender body, straight blonde hair, and big blue eyes, she attracts men whom she easily manipulates. But Sonja makes a sophisticated calculation about how much she invests in a relationship. Are the men sexually attractive, do they have status, and what does it bring her? It's their problem if they fall in love with her. It's not about money, it's about her.

Shortly after her fourteenth birthday, her mother died. Sonja felt responsible for taking care of her father. He was a kind, gentle man who made few demands. They lived on the first floor of a small three-room apartment in the centre of The Hague. It was a stuffy apartment that Sonja kept clean. Actually, a major renovation was needed. The paintwork was yellowed and the carpet with the burgundy flower motif was worn in the walking direction. The furniture was outdated, like the dull polished sideboard and the sofa with synthetic olive-green upholstery. When the sun shone in, it looked like you were looking through a filter.

On the dining table stood an old cracked flower vase on a Persian rug. According to her mother's stories, grandpa, who sailed as a captain on small retail vessels, had brought the vase and rug back from Egypt on one of his many trips. Grandpa was always spoken of with nostalgia. Nostalgia from bygone times that would never return. In addition to beautiful objects, grandpa always brought boxes of nougat from Spain, which the family eagerly awaited when his ship came in. They tasted the nougat greedily and laughed. Grandpa didn't say much, but enjoyed the hustle and bustle. Sonja was too young to remember that.

After the cremation of her mother, her father had isolated himself and contact with the family had faded away. Shortly after Sonja obtained her bachelor's degree, her father passed away. He had never overcome the loss of her mother.

After his cremation, Sonja stood lonely and alone in the living room and looked around. It was a dated museum full of memories.

While cleaning out the old buffet cabinet, Sonja looked at her father's personal belongings. The wedding album of her parents, where her mother stood next to her father, looking happy with a big belly in a white wedding dress. Her father, looking a little sad, static in his suit. He didn't like to be made up. Next to the album was his reading glasses, with the greasy fingerprints still visible. In a box that was tight and difficult to open, Sonja found his gilded cufflinks, which he only wore on festive occasions. Underneath the dented cardboard, two small black and white photos were hidden. They were crumpled and deliberately hidden. One photo showed a newborn baby. Sonja turned the photo over and saw "1958" in her father's handwriting. She put the photo back and looked at the other one. Here was a little girl on a tricycle, looking enthusiastically at the photographer, as if she had just succeeded in riding alone for the first time. Sonja was struck by the resemblance. This girl looked like her. She turned the photo over, but there was nothing on it. She wondered who the baby from 1958 was and the girl on the tricycle.

Sonja was born in 1959 and she was sure there were no deceased siblings because she was born a few months after her parents' marriage. Then she carefully put all the personal belongings in a box and put it away.

1981

After obtaining her bachelor's degree, Sonja applied for a job at the bank in The Hague and was hired. She quickly found her place and became part of a close-knit team of people her own age. After a short orientation period, she became involved in international transactions, which she enjoyed and learned a lot from.

When she started at the bank, Sonja also joined an athletics club. She loved running, and at the club, she could meet new people and keep her

fitness level up, as she didn't get much exercise during the day at the office.

On the first night, she met Ronald at the athletics club. She recognized him from her time at the University. Ronald was a spontaneous but handsome man with light brown eyes, blond hair, and small curls in his neck. He had freckles on his nose, and when he laughed, dimples appeared in his cheeks. Ronald was an easy-going guy who seemed to live without much effort. Life came to him. His smooth way of moving was cat-like.

"Hey there! Don't I know you from somewhere?" He walked up to Sonja and gave her a firm handshake.

"I think we took classes together? I just can't remember your name."

Sonja was pleasantly surprised that Ronald still recognized her.

"Is this your first training?"

"Yes," she said with a charming smile. Ronald looked at her curiously.

"I'm your trainer tonight and will introduce you to the group. Have you run before?"

"Occasionally jogged a bit, but not really consistently."

"There are two more beginners tonight, so we'll build it up nicely," Ronald said confidently.

"Are you a sports teacher by profession?" Sonja asked with interest.

"No, in daily life, I'm a logistics manager and give athletics training as a hobby."

After the introductions on the athletics field, Ronald took Sonja and the other two new members aside to assess their fitness level. Sonja quickly got into the right form to join the group and became a loyal visitor to the athletics training. Ronald was always talkative, and after the workouts, they had a chat in the canteen. In the beginning, they reminisced about their study period, and later on, they talked about work-related matters.

On the bulletin board in the canteen of the athletics club hung the announcement for the annual club party. The theme was "Disco" and Sonja loved it. She had signed up and was looking forward to the club party, because Ronald would also be there.

In the evening, Sonja changed her outfit several times in front of the mirror. She hesitated and couldn't choose between something frivolous or something sporty. In the end, she opted for something frivolous because she was in the mood for Ronald tonight and wanted to seduce him. She put on a black mini-skirt with a tight red blouse and grabbed her high-heeled red shoes. She let her long, straight blonde hair hang loose and confidently tossed it back over her shoulders.

Upon entering the canteen, she saw Ronald standing at the bar. He looked sexy with his muscular arms in a tight white T-shirt. He was talking to a club member, casually taking a sip from his glass and laughing again with the man. Sonja looked at the dimples in his cheeks and the loose curls in his neck. She found him irresistible.

The DJ played good music and Sonja had already been on the dance floor several times with her running club. The DJ was a cheeky guy with long blond hair and was dressed in a shiny black disco blouse with a white tie. He created an excellent atmosphere and managed to stir up the party mood.

Ronald was now alone, and Sonja walked up to him with a half-full glass of wine in her hand.

"Hi Ronald."

"Are you having a good time?" he asked.

Sonja nodded and took a sip from her glass.

"I haven't seen you on the dance floor yet. Do you like to dance?" she asked.

"Yes, but it has to be good music," he replied, looking at Sonja provocatively.

"What kind of music do you like?"

"It's different. I like some disco songs, but a hard rock song every once in a while can be great too."

Ronald ordered two glasses of wine and gave one to Sonja. She took it and touched his hand. He smiled mischievously, stood closer, and ran his fingers over her forearm. She looked at him longingly, took a sip from her glass and asked casually: "I don't really know anything about

you. We have weekly interesting conversations about the companies we work for. What would you like to achieve in life?"

Ronald got dimples in his cheeks.

"What a philosophical question. I thought you were going to ask if I had a girlfriend."

"Well, I'm curious about that too."

Ronald walked over to Sonja and whispered softly, "She's not here. Will you be my girlfriend tonight?"

"Why only tonight?" she asked.

He didn't answer her question. The DJ had put on a slow song and Ronald led Sonja to the dance floor. He pulled her close and whispered in her ear, "Are you single?"

"Yes," she said sultrily and surrendered herself to Ronald.

The song couldn't last long enough for Sonja. She smelled his body scent and felt the firm, muscular upper body of Ronald through his T-shirt. She found Ronald sexy and wanted to spend the night with him. His gaze, when he looked at her, spoke volumes. Whether it was just for one night didn't matter much to Sonja.

When the last words of the song sounded ..."It's only words, and words are all I have, to take your heart away," Ronald took her hand and led her towards the open door.

Outside the canteen, a few people stood talking with a drink in their hand in the mild evening air. It was pitch black on the athletics field. She walked hand in hand with him and she knew as well as anyone what was going to happen.

Ronald led Sonja to the back of the canteen. Only the thumping of the disco was audible here. The bushes pricked at her bare skin. Ronald gently pushed Sonja against the back wall of the canteen, tenderly took hold of her face, pressed his lips gently against hers, and thrust his tongue inside, which she eagerly sucked in. He deftly undid the buttons on her blouse and she felt him gently squeezing her nipples. She became aroused, opened his zipper, squatted down, and took his stiff penis in her mouth. She heard Ronald sigh. He pulled her up, pushed her forward, and fucked Sonja like a rabbit, with short, rapid jerks.

Afterwards, he whispered softly in her ear, "I'm horny and want more," and began squeezing her nipples again.

"Your place or mine?"

"Yours," but Sonja couldn't let go of Ronald and kissed him again. She felt his fingers penetrating her again and Sonja said hoarsely, "Let's go now," and closed her eyes in pleasure.

Sonja fastened her blouse, pulled her skirt down modestly, and confidently walked into the canteen to get her bag. She waved goodbye to her training club.

She heard someone call out, "Already? It's still too early."

Sonja waved, "See you Tuesday evening. Bye," and quickly left. Ronald waited outside, put his arm around her shoulders, and they went to his house.

Ronald lived in a small one-bedroom flat on the first floor in Rijswijk. Upon entering, he led Sonja straight to his bedroom. They dropped everything, undressed, and in no time Sonja was lying on her stomach. Ronald massaged her body from her neck to her buttocks, spreading her legs and taking her with small jerks.

The next morning when Sonja woke up, she looked around surprised. Through the slit of the sturdy orange curtains, she saw that she was lying in a makeshift bed made up of two pushed-together double mattresses. The sliding doors with stained glass windows to the living room were slightly open.

She heard Ronald rummaging in the kitchen, walked over to him, and saw that he was making coffee. He was naked and she looked longingly at his beautiful athletic body.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, I just woke up. Can I take a shower?"

"Of course, the second door in the hallway."

Chapter 2

After a lonely start in her younger years, Sonja now had control over her life path. Her relationship with Ronald had already passed two years in the meantime. She was ready for a new phase in her life when she saw an interesting job vacancy at the Bank in Rotterdam on the bulletin board on Monday morning. The job responsibilities were more challenging than her current ones. Sonja considered the pros and cons of a transfer to Rotterdam. She wanted to push her limits and applied for the job.

Ms. van Kouwenhoven, the personnel manager, was surprised when Sonja expressed interest in the vacancy. They had an extensive conversation about the step Sonja had in mind. Ms. van Kouwenhoven promised to inquire about the status of the procedure at the Rotterdam branch.

Shortly thereafter, Sonja received an invitation for a job interview. The interview went smoothly and it made her excited. She liked the Rotterdam mentality. When Sonja walked to the train after the interview, she decided that if she got the job, she would move to Rotterdam.

There was good news, as she was accepted at the Rotterdam branch. Ms. van Kouwenhoven said that she was sorry to see Sonja leave The Hague, but was happy that she stayed with the organization.

On a cold Saturday in January, Sonja went to Rotterdam to visit real estate agencies. She had made a list and mapped out the route in advance. At one of the real estate agencies, she saw a double upper house in the city center and immediately made an appointment to view the property.

The house met her requirements and was at a reasonable distance from the office in Rotterdam. After the viewing, Sonja made the decision right away. She made an offer and put her house in The Hague up for sale. The time had come to inform Ronald. She hadn't told him anything about her job application and moving plans because she didn't want his interference. Ronald would not be happy at all if she went to work in Rotterdam, let alone live there. Sonja expected a mountain of objections

and irritations because she had kept him out of her plans and decision-making, but the opposite happened.

On Friday night, they had agreed to meet at a bistro in the city center of The Hague. Sonja was late and Ronald was already sitting at the bar. He smiled at her with a glass of white wine in his hand.

"Why do you look worried? It's the weekend," he said, raising his glass. "Me?" Sonja asked.

"Yes, you. Would you like a glass of white wine too?"

They sat down at the reserved table with full glasses.

"I think you're going to tell me something in a moment. Aren't you?" Ronald said.

Sonja was startled. It seemed like Ronald could read her mind.

"Yes, I do have something to tell you. Today, I was offered a promotion. I have been offered a job in our Rotterdam office."

"That's great news. Congratulations. What will you be doing there?"

"I will be managing some major clients in the shipping industry."

"That sounds good. When will you start in Rotterdam?"

"Next month. I still have to hand over my duties in The Hague first."

"Well, we should toast to that. Cheers!"

Sonja thought it was too early to talk about her future move. That wouldn't happen for at least a few months.

On her way to her first day of work in Rotterdam, there was a cold, bitter wind outside. She struggled through it.

Sonja was welcomed in Rotterdam by a friendly personnel staff member who introduced her to her new colleagues. She sat next to Edward in the cubicle. He would train her and hand over the clients.

From the first moment she saw Edward, she was charmed by him. His dark, intriguing eyes, long dark locks at the nape of his neck, and slim figure immediately caught her attention. His nimble movements reminded her of John Travolta in the movie Saturday Night Fever. The other female colleagues in the department seemed envious because Sonja was allowed to sit next to Edward and personally trained by him. The work at the Rotterdam office was challenging, and serving the big clients was not easy. There were dominant shippers who made unreasonable demands. However, through clear communication and

good agreements, the business went smoothly to everyone's satisfaction.

Meanwhile, the transfer of the apartment in Rotterdam took place at the notary, and her own house in The Hague was sold. The time had come to tell Ronald that she would be moving to Rotterdam.

"Sonja, I find you strange. Since when do you decide to buy a house in Rotterdam without me knowing?" said Ronald angrily. "I expected us to live together. You make independent decisions without involving me. Apparently, you decided to move a while ago. I'm upset about this," and he glared at Sonja.

"Ronald, it happened a bit unexpectedly," Sonja lied. "My colleagues in Rotterdam alerted me to this apartment because a bank customer could not secure financing. One thing led to another, and before you know it, everything is settled. But I'm informing you now, so what's the problem?"

"Sonja, we've been in a relationship for a few years now, and you're the first girlfriend I've taken seriously. I love you and want to live with you. What do you think?" and he looked at her questioningly.

"I love you too, but why the rush? Maybe next year when I'm settled in my new job."

Sonja had been hesitant for a while. Ronald was a nice guy, but not the man she wanted to share her life with. The right moment to end the relationship had not presented itself yet.

Ronald looked at Sonja resentfully and was not convinced by her argument. "Couldn't you have moved in with me? Then I'd have you with me every night."

He stood up, walked over to Sonja, stood behind her and massaged her shoulders. "Why is it so hard to get a grip on you?" and he slid his hands down her blouse, gently grabbing her breasts. She closed her eyes and let Ronald do as he pleased.

Every last Friday of the month at four o'clock, there was a happy hour at the Rotterdam branch. The trolley with chips and drinks was rolled in by the secretary, and work was finished and cleaned up.

On a warm summer day, after the happy hour, the colleagues decided to go to the city center to grab a drink at a terrace. The Stadhoudersplein

was pleasantly busy. The group settled on a terrace, near street musicians playing cheerful sing-alongs with enthusiasm. Rounds of drinks followed each other rapidly. Trays of bitterballs passed by, and they eagerly grabbed them.

Lulled by the evening sun and intoxicated by the drinks, Sonja giggled slumped down telling lame jokes. She looked at her watch and realized she still had to go to Rijswijk. She had promised to spend the weekend with Ronald. It hadn't been easy, but she had eventually agreed. At moments like this, she regretted not having ended her relationship with Ronald yet. Sonja rummaged in her bag and took out her wallet.

"Hey, are you leaving already?" her colleagues chorused.

"Yes, I have to go to Rijswijk tonight," said Sonja with a bored expression.

"How are you getting there?"

"By train, and I have to leave now. Otherwise, it will be very late. How much do I owe you guys?" but they waved their hands saying they would settle on Monday.

"Shall I drop you off in Rijswijk?" Edward asked. "I'm heading that way anyway."

"If it's not too much trouble, I would appreciate it," and she looked at him receptively.

Sonja said goodbye to her colleagues. She walked to the parking lot with Edward. He turned out to be driving a fast red car. The seats were very low, making Sonja feel like she was lying more than sitting in the seat.

"Where do you have to go in Rijswijk?"

Sonja named the street name, which Edward apparently didn't know.

"Then you have to help me. I don't know where that is."

Sonja effortlessly guided him through the city, and he parked his car in front of Ronald's house.

"Thanks, because it would have taken me twice as long by train," and she was about to open the car door. But Edward leaned toward Sonja, looked at her seductively with his mischievous dark eyes, and kissed her slowly on the mouth. She opened her mouth, allowing Edward in, because she was into him. She felt his hand skillfully sliding between her legs. With a soft movement, he slid her panties aside and inserted his finger into her vagina. Sonja closed her eyes in pleasure and moaned

softly: "No, Edward, don't do that. Ronald might see us if he's standing by the window." She reluctantly removed his hand. Edward licked his finger and wanted to insert it again, but Sonja resolutely said, "No, stop." She gave him a fleeting kiss on the mouth and got out of the car.

With a tingling and excited feeling in her body, she entered the lobby, took the key to the apartment from the front pocket of her weekend bag, and opened the door. The apartment had a strange, sickly smell. Sonja dropped her weekend bag with a thud in the hallway and kicked off her shoes. In the living room, she saw a vague light shining through a crack in the sliding doors. When she pushed the doors further, she saw that the bedroom was lit by a sea of burning tea lights. It gave a romantic and erotic feeling. At the same time, Sonja was stunned. To her full surprise, Ronald was lying on his back in bed, being ridden by a woman with long red hair. Sonja heard Ronald moaning in excitement. Before she could say anything, the woman gestured with her index finger to her mouth to be quiet. Sonja was tipsy from drinking and was captivated by the woman who was excitingly riding Ronald. Her breasts were firm and standing straight ahead, and her long red hair hung over her shoulders to the back. Sonja found her beautifully slender and became erotically aroused by the exciting scene.

She was already warmed up by Edward's touches, and what she saw made her body crave more. The brakes were off. The live spectacle fueled her desires.

Sonja undressed while keeping her eyes fixed on Ronald. She sat in front of him, looked at the woman with the red hair, and kissed Ronald on his mouth, who opened his eyes blissfully. His hands sought her lower body. She got on her knees and slid her lower body over his face until his tongue found her. The woman with the red hair leaned forward and kissed Sonja. Sonja lost control of herself and became engulfed in a sexual explosion that had no equal.

Chapter 3

When Sonja woke up the next morning, the woman with the red hair was curled up next to her. She had apparently mistaken Ronald, thinking she was the only woman in his love life. But she had kept him hanging for too long.

They spent the morning together in bed, had sex, drank coffee, and ate crackers with fresh fruit. Sonja was surprised at how familiar it felt, as if they had known each other for years.

The woman with the red hair was named Esmeralda and was friendly. She paid a lot of attention to Sonja and occasionally kissed her on the mouth as if they were lovers. It was strange because Sonja had never had sex with a woman before. She had to admit to herself that she loved it and even took initiatives herself. Esmeralda was an attractive woman with beautiful green eyes and full lips that were tempting to kiss. When she gently pressed her lips against Esmeralda's, she could smell her sweet, seductive scent. Ronald enjoyed both women and divided his attention equally. Sonja was surprised by his inexhaustible libido because she hadn't expected that from him.

In the afternoon, they went to the beach and settled at a trendy beach bar. They ordered wine and relaxed in a lounge chair. Sonja liked Esmeralda and had been watching her. She was surprised at the similarity they had. They were both equally tall, had the same slim build and long legs. Esmeralda had long straight red hair with green eyes, and Sonja had long straight blonde hair with blue eyes. They seemed like some sort of twins, but in a different color combination.

On Monday morning at the office, Sonja couldn't help but laugh internally when Edward walked in and sat behind his desk. She hadn't forgotten his attempt to flirt with her on Friday night. They made eye contact. Edward smirked, took a sip of coffee, and said, "I would like to coordinate some files with you today. Shall we do that this afternoon? I'm thinking about the files with the unusual financial structures."
"That's a good idea," Sonja said businesslike. "We can also process the bookings at the same time."

In the afternoon, Sonja sat in the meeting room with Edward, but she struggled. She didn't dare look Edward straight in the eyes because she was afraid she would betray her feelings for him. Sonja had no control over the situation, and she didn't like that. The dilemma lasted an hour until the files were processed.

With a warm feeling in her heart, Sonja thought that Edward could be the ideal addition to the love triangle with Ronald and Esmeralda. She had planned to involve him in the escapades and took the plunge. She invited Esmeralda and Ronald to her home for the coming weekend.

The next morning at the bank, when the typewriters rattled non-stop, she asked Edward if he could give her advice on a file. She handed him the folder with a memo paper attached with the following message: "Do you want to go out for dinner with two friends next Saturday and have drinks at my place?"

Edward opened the file and started explaining seriously. While talking, his eyes fell on the memo paper, but he continued his story undeterred. He looked at Sonja with his dark eyes mischievously and put a checkmark of approval on the memo paper.

The days of the week passed slowly and it seemed to take an eternity before Saturday evening arrived. Around seven o'clock, the doorbell rang and Ronald and Esmeralda were standing at the door. They greeted each other warmly and Sonja mentioned that she had also invited a colleague who could arrive at any moment.

Shortly thereafter, Edward arrived and walked into the room. Sonja could see from Esmeralda's greedy eyes that she was charmed by him. Sonja proudly showed off her new home, but Ronald looked at her with an indignant expression.

"You've been doing everything on your own again. Why didn't you call me? I would have helped you move. I must say, you've decorated it beautifully. Minimalistic, but with taste. You're still a lone wolf," Ronald commented.

Edward and Esmeralda were too engrossed in their conversation to notice Ronald's comment.

In the early evening, they all went to the bistro. It was exactly what Sonja expected - Edward fit in well with the group. There was no

shortage of conversation topics, as both Edward and Ronald loved fast cars. However, Edward wanted to be seen as a show-off, while Ronald had more of an eye for the technical design.

Esmeralda was very talkative and she talked about her job as an executive secretary at a luxurious French cosmetic company. After a few glasses of wine, she started to reveal juicy stories. She talked about how models were recruited by management, and that there was more going on behind the scenes after closing time than the public knew. She recently saw a pair of panties lying under the director's desk.

"You're not averse to that, are you, Esmeralda?" Ronald said with a laugh.

Esmeralda confidently revealed that she regularly accompanied the director on external meetings.

"You know, it's so relaxing. In the late afternoon, you put on a sexy outfit, get in his car, and tease him a little. After the meeting, you check into a hotel and, while enjoying a few lines of coke, he has his way with you. The director is married, wants to have sex, and when he's finished, he goes back to his family. The advantage is that you're relieved of his endless chatter after a few hours. The next morning, I'm back behind my desk again," Esmeralda said, tossing her long red hair over her shoulder. "And at the end of the year, I get a substantial bonus."

After dinner, they walked back to Sonja's apartment. She poured glasses of Jack Daniels without being asked and turned the music up loud. Esmeralda took two bags of cocaine out of her purse and retrieved a hand mirror from Sonja's bedroom. The others watched her awkwardly, but after Esmeralda set the example, they all took turns snorting the cocaine.

Esmeralda couldn't control herself and stripped naked. In the middle of the room, she began to dance erotically to the driving music, sensually rubbed her naked body, and sat on Ronald's lap like a lap dancer. He eagerly sucked on her breasts, and his hand slid down. Esmeralda rode his fingers to the beat of the music. Sonja looked at Edward and saw his mischievous eyes glimmering. He stood up, took Sonja's hand from the couch, and led her to the bedroom. She sat on the edge of the bed, unzipped his pants, and gave Edward a blowjob until he came in her mouth with great jolts. She pulled him into bed and began to erotically massage him.

In the middle of the night, Esmeralda woke Sonja up and got into bed with her. Sonja smelled her sweet scent and felt Esmeralda's tongue dominantly enter her mouth. But Esmeralda pulled away and whispered, "Ronald is waiting for you." Sonja lay still for a while, but Esmeralda had already started with Edward, who blinked awkwardly because he was in a deep sleep.

Sonja walked to Ronald in the other bedroom. "Where were you, my love? I missed you." Sonja kissed him, felt his erection, sat on him, and rode him until he came in a firm rhythm.

Monday morning at the office was not easy for Sonja, as she was afraid her female colleagues could read her feelings for Edward on her face. She avoided eye contact with him as much as possible. In the afternoon, he handed her a file with a memo inside. "Saturday and Sunday were amazing! Would you like to come over for dinner tonight?"

Sonja was interested because the wild escapades of the weekend were still fresh in her memory. She handed the file back to Edward and said seriously, "Addendum two is approved."

"Great, then I'll follow up on the process," replied Edward, turning around to continue typing his weekly report.

In the early evening, Sonja took the tram home, changed her clothes, and put a bottle of wine in her bag, along with clean clothes and makeup. She assumed she wouldn't be sleeping at home tonight.

Edward was already grinning when she walked up the stairs.

"Now I can finally say everything to you without those gossiping coworkers listening in," he said.

"Don't worry, those gossips think I have a boyfriend," said Sonja nonchalantly.

"That may be true, but as you know, several colleagues live in Rotterdam. Sooner or later, we'll run into one of them. Before we know it, the wildest rumors will be spreading, and we can't have that. I don't want one of us to be transferred because of an intimate relationship. The advantage is when Ronald and Esmeralda are around, they might think Esmeralda belongs to me."

"If colleagues had seen us over the weekend, I would have heard about it first thing Monday morning," said Sonja, placing her bag next to the couch.

Edward walked up to her and kissed her tenderly.

"I can hardly let you go. I'm crazy about you. You walk around the office in that strict dark blue suit with your beautiful long blonde hair in a bun. But I'm turned on by your high heels with that snow-white blouse that I'd like to open right away to suck on your pointed breasts. Did you wear that black see-through panties today? I couldn't stop thinking about it." Sonja pouted her lips. "If you had dropped your pen on the floor this morning and looked under the desk, I would have spread my legs. Oh well..."

"You're insatiable!" said Edward, pulling Sonja back into his arms.

Sonja complimented Edward on the interior of his home. She looked around and saw a pristine white space with only black furniture and red accents. The black plastic dining table was set with white placemats and black plates. Edward surprised her, as she had classified him as a "fast guy," but he now appeared as an artistic type. She opened her bag, took out the bottle of wine, and placed it on the table.

"You didn't have to do that. I brought wine, but that one looks good. Shall I open it and pour a glass?"

Edward took the opener, opened the bottle, and poured the glasses.

"The food is almost ready. Do you have a particular preference for music?"

Edward walked to the wall, pressed an even black panel, which opened silently. He put on some calm background music. After a few sips of his wine, Edward walked to the kitchen and returned shortly with a bowl of fresh pasta and a salad.

"I'm not much of a cook, but I thought it would be nice to cook for you." Sonja was surprised. She hadn't expected that from Edward, sat down at the table, and enjoyed the food. During the meal, Edward looked at Sonja seriously.

"So, what's the deal now? I thought Ronald was your boyfriend and that you had arranged Esmeralda for me. I have to admit that I was a bit confused when Esmeralda sat naked on Ronald. Especially since she crawled into bed with me at night and apparently you were with

Ronald. I loved Esmeralda. The bizarre, but also confusing thing is that you look so much alike. Is Esmeralda related to you?"

Sonja smiled warmly, "It is confusing, but we are not related. I met Esmeralda last week. Ronald was my boyfriend, but since last week, I share him with Esmeralda. As you heard, I am quite stubborn and like to make my own decisions. Ronald wants to live with me, but I am not ready for this yet. Now he has entered into a relationship with Esmeralda and involved me in it. I like her, though, because she is honest and genuine."

Sonja looked at Edward with love in her eyes. "From the first second I was placed in the same block as you, I found you attractive."

They were silent for a moment, as if Sonja's words were sinking in for Edward. "You've surprised me," Edward said. "I've never experienced anything like this before. I have to say, I enjoyed it very much. Do you think Ronald and Esmeralda would be open to a continuation?"

"I'll gauge Ronald's interest tomorrow night after the athletics training," Sonja replied.

After dinner, they cuddled on the couch and watched TV. Edward pulled Sonja towards him and kissed her. She felt his hands glide over her body and before long, they were entangled in each other's arms.

On Tuesday evening at athletics training, Ronald approached Sonja immediately. "Nice to see you. Do you want to come home with me after training?"

Sonja agreed, but the training was tough because she was tired. She hadn't slept much the night before with Edward.

When they arrived at Ronald's place, he looked at Sonja with concern. "Sonja, I had a great weekend, but I'm lost. Do we still have a future together? Esmeralda is a great girl and Edward is a good guy, but if we want to continue, we have to make a choice. I know you like to make your own decisions, preferably without interference from others. I can live with that. But do you really want to live with me?"

Sonja looked at Ronald, but she didn't have the courage to tell him then and there that she wanted to break up with him. "The strange thing is, I love you, I can't live without you, but after Esmeralda made love to me in your bed, I realized that I can't live without her either. We're like

clones of each other. I'm in a confusing period of my life and I need to get clarity on this first," Sonja said in despair.

"Maybe we should postpone living together for a while. Is Esmeralda coming over tonight?"

"No, she had a busy week. You're staying tonight, right?" Ronald asked hopefully. "I don't want to share you with anyone tonight."

Despite Ronald's reservations, he organized the next event with Esmeralda and Edward. They had many more of these events afterward. During Christmas, they rented a cottage in Drenthe with the four of them. They were carefree days and nights. During the day, they went on outings, and at night, they pushed the beds together on the mezzanine and slept with all four of them. There was no jealousy about who had sex with whom.



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