

An ancient high ceiling loft in Paris...

The vast room is open to the living room and gourmet kitchen that is cluttered with a diversity of Parisian cookery, wines, fruits, vegetables, juices, meats, cheeses, breads and pastries that surround the most captivating feminine spirit imaginable...

Aging wooden floors with designer rugs. Tasteful modern furnishings and intriguing works of art and statuary create a stylish ambiance as a subtle French melody drifts through the rooms...

The Eiffel Tower is visible through the grand, ancient windows against the backdrop of the sun rising from the morning mists. So much fascinating human history has unfolded within this view...

I wake up alone on a huge bed with all white linens. I savor her perfume & aromas on the sheets until the scent of bacon arrives...

I hear subtle sounds of cooking in the kitchen.
God's most beautiful creature is near but just out
of sight...

I curiously rise to see Anya cooking. My emotions
race with excitement as she appears wearing
nothing but her magical aura...

My mind is filled with awe at her extreme beauty
as I savor her enchanting feminine contours that
were skillfully designed to excite every attraction
factor in the male psyche...

I wonder again how this living miracle of femininity
found her way into my life and made me the
luckiest guy of all?;)

She senses my gaze and flashes her most alluring
smile. My heart stops as she moves toward me with
the most graceful sensuality...

Her beguiling eyes are deep pools of mystery that
reveal a fascinating inner world that endlessly
captivates my imagination and drive a relentless

desire to explore and understand all of its wonders and secrets...

I focus on the natural warmth & beauty that flows from the spirit of the woman that God created on his very best day...

The serene music seems to follow her movements as she playfully dances over to the huge windows to gaze out at the amazing scene of magical Paris...

Her long, silky hair cascades down her back to below her waist...

She shuns modesty as she arches her back to reveal all her sensational attributes to the city of light and love...

Paris in all its long history has never seen the wonders of her feminine perfections that inspire awe in every dimension...

She glares at the sky and seems to conger up great clouds in the heavens that soon ignite lightning flashes that reflect off her sensual contours as

intense thunder shakes the building to its aged frame...

Rain falls serenely and she traces the drops down the glass with her flawless fingers...

The surreal sight of sensual feminine perfection against a scene of the magic of Paris and the great forces of nature causes a surge of visceral desire to surge within me...

I approach her from behind as she toys with my senses in her always clever indifference to my presence...

A huge lightning burst fills the sky as I touch her and unleash a thunderbolt of intense emotions and desires that consume us...

To know Anya is to feel God's grace every moment...

To win her heart would ignite joy beyond imagination and unleash a never ending devotion to her happiness...