

# Jasmine

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# Prologue

There she stood as she did every morning, at attention, facing the picture of the cute, almost loveable donkey. His hat was cocked to one side as he stood in the barnyard. Jasmine was not alone. Her best friend Mary stood next to her between the salon chairs, also at attention. Like a precision drill team they looked at each other, and snapped their heads back to the photo. Their arms rose slowly yet deliberately from their sides extending out in front, fingers clenched tightly into a fist. You could almost hear the snare drums pounding out their slow and steady beat.

Their arms were extended, fists pointing at the photo, when they abruptly stopped. Arms trembled as they stood in the empty silence of the shop. The ladies heads turned once again to each other. A hint of a smile caressed their lips. Jasmine and Mary had repeated this ritual every day since the divorce. In perfect synchronization, heads snapped back to the picture, suddenly wrists turned and their middle fingers, in unison, snapped to attention as they performed the Fred salute.

Hatred of Fred had gotten Jasmine through the last ten years. Little did she know just how much her life was about to change. Nothing she had known would be the same again.

## Life

Jasmine fumbled through her purse, digging for the key. *Where is that key?* She wondered. The three plastic grocery bags swayed on her arms hindering the search. She presses on, fingers probing the array of thing she had accumulated since the last time she cleaned out her purse. She listened for the sound of the keys knocking together revealing their hiding place as the purse swayed.

It's the start of another week at the shop. Finally Jasmine's fingers touched the cool metal of the keys and out of the purse they came. *I need to clean this thing out* she complained to herself, as the key slid into the lock and with a flick of her wrist another week began at Jasmine's.

Walking quickly to the counter, Jasmine set the bags down providing relief to the hands that were starting to ache under their weight. Jasmine paused, as she always did, and surveyed the small shop. Two stations, each with a chair holding a neatly folded cape, the sinks sparkle as the light hits the porcelain, hair dryers, and other tools lying neatly on the towel covered shelf. Off to one side the bottles of gel and hair spray stood neatly arranged according to height. The magical mirror was spotless and awaited the customer's gaze. Each of the two stations were identical having evolved over fifteen years of experience in giving her customers what they wanted.

The narrow hallway was somewhat less inviting, leading to the restroom and small office in the rear of the salon. Let's not forget the picture of the shop mascot, Fred, hanging predominately between the

chairs. Today is a special day. It had been fifteen years since she'd created Jasmine's.

Jasmine had always loved doing hair. In high school she had colored and cut the hair of all of her friends as well as her mom's. The brave ones even let her experiment with a Toni perm and she'd worked hard to get those cute spit curls and long flowing tube curls she had seen in magazines just right. Jasmine had many successes and a few failures as she learned her craft. But hair had always been a passion for her. After high school, she attended beauty school and graduated as a licensed hairdresser.

Jasmine had spent most of her life married. She and Fred met at a club one night and the connection was instant. She knew he was the man for her and after dating for many months he finally proposed. They married and settled into a warm and loving life. Fred was everything to Jasmine. He could make her laugh when she was down. His touch would send bolts of electricity to all the right places, and he was always able to make her feel special.

Jake was born shortly after they married and was the light of her life. As he grew her love for both of the men in her life grew even stronger. Jasmine and Fred stood together though all of the joy, trials and drama that came along with raising a rambunctious boy.

Together they celebrated the triumphs and overcame the struggles of just living. They were a team. Fred held her the day her precious Jake went off to the army, cradling her as their baby left home. On that horrible day when the letter came, it was Fred who held her and got her through the agony of her loss.

They had been together more than 25 years when Fred came to her one day and said he wanted a divorce. He had found someone new in his life and was leaving. Her life came crashing down. The relationship had not been strained, in her eyes, and she was caught totally by surprise. The devastation was total and immediate. Jasmine turned to her friend Mary, and her work, in order to get through the pain.

Many days she could not even get out of bed. She just laid there and cried. Mary covered for her, doing every client's hair, working until her fingers could no longer hold the scissors. Mary would then come to Jasmine and sit with her as she cried. It was Mary who finally got Jasmine to move on, and move on she did. Jasmine built a fine business with extremely loyal clients that were more like family than customers.

She did, however, resign herself to one fact. Fred was her one true love. There could never be another Fred, and as time passed she began to slip deeper and deeper into social isolation. She didn't even notice the UPS man when he delivered packages to the salon. She was silent as the ladies discussed their love lives while spending time in the chairs or under the dryers. She patterned her life after that of the nuns she had spent time with in grade school. Men were there, just not for her.

Jasmine had actually become bitter towards men in general and Fred in particular. She needed a focus point for her pain and Fred was it. One day she was shopping in a thrift store and noticed a photograph of a broken down donkey. *An ass, now that's perfect*, she thought to herself and bought it. She placed the photograph on the wall in the shop and each and every

day she would look at it and remember. She would remember the pain a man had caused in her life and vowed that it would never happen again. Never would she allow herself to be so dependent on a man.

Mary was the one who got her started.

“Don’t you think it’s about time you found someone to share your life with again?”

Jasmine was not interested in sharing her life again, but she was a little bored at night. It took several prods from Mary, but finally one night she and Mary sat at the computer together, with a bottle of white wine, and Mary introduced her friend to the wonders of the internet. It was pretty innocent at first, but as the second glass of wine turned into the third and the first bottle into the second, things started to get a bit interesting. The two women were acting like schoolgirls again. Schoolgirls who had just found another steamy romance novel and could not wait to get to the good part.

By the end of the night Jasmine had several “sites with true potential” added to her favorites and she would never look back. In the weeks and months that followed Jasmine learned the hard way how to tell an interesting man from a sleazy one. Slowly she added people to her chat list.

She considered them friends since they shared common interests and were fun to talk with. She began to look forward to meeting her friends on-line and talking about anything and everything.

Then one day she connected with Luke. There was just something about him that made her want to be with him more and more. They began sending each other short text messages during the day and would

spend hours at night chatting on-line. Soon Luke was the only one she wanted to talk to and she let nearly all of her other on-line friends drop by the wayside.

Months passed and then one fateful night she thought to herself, *I wonder what it would be like to meet him?* She kept the thought to herself, but spent many satisfying late nights dreaming of what an evening with Luke might be like. How would his hands feel as they caressed her skin? Would the touch of his lips ignite the fire within her? His image became the focus of her special nights. Then one night her dreams got the best of her. After hours of wonderful chatting she just inserted it, the question she had been frightened to ask for nearly a month. Her fingers trembled as she typed out the simple question.

**Jasmine:**

Luke, do you ever think about what it would be like to meet somewhere?

Jasmine felt a jolt of electricity shoot through her body as she pressed the ENTER key sending her message into cyber space.. Her breathing quickened as she leaned back in the chair staring at her monitor awaiting his response.

**Luke:**

Yes I have Jasmine, but this is the Internet, and I wasn't sure what you would think of me if I suggested it. Our towns are not that far apart, maybe forty-five minutes. Would you like to meet for coffee some day?

Jasmine's heart skipped a beat as she read Luke's response. She paused for a moment then once again her trembling fingers continued.

**Jasmine:**

I've just been thinking about it lately. How does this Saturday sound?

Her entire body exploding in goose bumps as she could feel her heart pounding in her chest.

**Luke:**

That sounds wonderful, Jasmine. I'd love to. Where shall we meet?

Jasmine thought for a moment. *It has been so long since I've been out on the town I don't know where to go.* The paper was open in front of her on the table and she spotted an advertisement for a pub. It was in a section of town she drove through on her way to the grocery store.

**Jasmine:**

There is a pub on Main Street. We could meet there. What do you think Luke?

Jasmine could feel herself growing excited as the now familiar tingles swept over her.

**Luke:**

That sounds wonderful! About 7:00 then.

**Jasmine:**

Get a table in the back so we can talk.

Jasmine typed with her fingers now trembling uncontrollably.

From that message on, Jasmine knew her life would never be the same. She had taken the leap. She would

meet this man that had captured her imagination. The two continued their conversation until Luke had to leave.

Jasmine immediately reached for the phone sitting beside the computer. Her fingers flew over the keys and she tapped on the table as she awaited the connection. Finally the phone began to ring, and ring, and ring again. *Come on, pickup, pickup* she thought to herself.

“Hi this is Mary” came from the phone and an excited Jasmine nearly shouted into it.

“I did it Mary, I did it! I’ve got”

“I’m not home right now please leave a message at the beep.”

Jasmine could not believe her ears. She was so excited she could hardly breathe and she got the machine! Jasmine hung up the phone. This was way to special for the answering machine. Mary would just have to wait until morning to find out.

That night Jasmine treated herself to a bath, not just any bath, but a real bath. She lit candles, poured wine, turned on the soft music; she even treated herself to a facial. She laid there, her legs and arms floating in the steamy water, and dreamed. She dreamed of being with this man who had reawakened her sleeping womanhood, her repressed desires, and allowed her to once again dream of being with a man.

## The Awakening

*It's so hot in this mall. Why do they keep these places so hot? Maybe it's just me that's hot!* Jasmine thought as the conversation continued within herself. *I get to see him in six hours and I just need something to keep my mind off him.* Jasmine had fantasized about Luke so many times that she knew exactly what it would be like to be with him. *It's been so long since I've done this. I'm not even sure what I'm doing.*

What was it about him that moved her to want to meet? There is just something sweet, yet powerful in his voice. When he spoke, he was sexy and funny all at the same time. She couldn't help the feeling. She just wanted, no needed to meet him. Jasmine's head was alive with a spirited conversation between herself and herself.

The many nights of discovery while chatting were wonderful. Jasmine's friend Mary was right; there is life beyond her door. Jasmine began to doubt herself as she strolled through the mall. *I'm not sure I can truly MEET a man after all this time of being alone. I'm not a young girl any longer.* She paused as she caught her reflection in the storefront window. She studied the woman in the window taking note of every detail.

*I bulge in places I didn't bulge years ago. I've had a child and raised a family. I was a wife, lover, and sometimes nursemaid to a man.* Jasmine continued to wander the mall and consider what she had gotten herself into.

*Will the feelings of hurt and betrayal I felt during the divorce ever go away? Do I really want to bring a man into my life? It's very strange though, how he made me feel while we chatted on-line.*

Their discussions had awakened feelings in Jasmine she had kept hidden for years. Suddenly she found herself craving those feelings again.

They chatted about everything. At first it was the weather, hobbies, movies, music, culture, her son, and then what it was like to be alone. They even talked about sex.

It was so natural though. When she stopped to think about it she knew others would not understand. Jasmine discussing sex with a “stranger” over the Internet! Her friends would die if they knew. Oh it was innocent at first, talking about what she found attractive in a man, giggling about what made her tingle. It’s a good thing he couldn’t see her face as the blazing red took over when she spoke of things she barely admitted to herself.

When Jasmine spoke to Mary about her chatting, Mary simply laughed and said she was a big girl and that it was only natural that Jasmine spoke of big girl things. But sex, she had never discussed sex with anyone, not even Fred. What was she thinking? Jasmine felt young and tingly as they spoke of their thoughts and desires. What was it that made her want to tell this man her innermost secrets?

Now she was going to actually sit across the table from him. A date! Jasmine was not sure she even remembered how to date. All she knew was that she wanted to be with him. Jasmine wanted the tingling to continue. When she spoke with Luke, she felt special, truly special.

Jasmine’s dreams had changed and nearly always centered on him doing “things”. Things she used to enjoy. Visions that caused her to lock the bedroom

door, shut her eyes, and enjoy the soothing results of pleasuring herself. It had almost become an obsession since that first reawakening in the tub when she dropped the spray head and its jets touched her in that “special” place. The jet of water took her breath away, and brought back the memories of the euphoria she had experienced while taking those long, private, baths.

Now she just needed to kill some time and make the clock spin faster. Perhaps a little shopping would pass the time. *Maybe I should find just the right outfit for tonight? Jeans? Jasmine asked herself. No that just won't do for tonight. Luke said he's partial to frill. Frill, my god, I haven't had frill on this body for 10 years! He'll get jeans and like it.*

Jasmine felt a bit lost without Mary. She would know what outfit to get. It was not like Mary to miss something so important. Normally the two ladies would be shopping together. Had she not been doing 75 in a 45 she would be here rather than in Traffic School! She just loses her mind when she gets on that bike.

Jasmine scanned the area and spotted a rack of skirts. *These skirts look nice, classic black and split up the side, she thought to herself. Black is slimming. The straight shape and the slit could work nicely, if I choose to work it. A skirt and turtleneck; I'll be warm and safe. Wow. These lace blouses are gorgeous and they button up to the neck. Oh they have lavender! Maybe a skirt and lace blouse; yes, that will do. He'll like that.* Jasmine was suddenly aware that her nipples were hardening, and there was a feeling of heat inside of her. Giggling to herself, she grabbed the blouse and skirt and headed for the changing room.

Once in the room, Jasmine quickly latched the door. Stripping off her clothes, she prepared for the rough ride that was typical of trying on new outfits. Removing the skirt from the hanger, Jasmine suddenly came face to face with her reflection. She turned left, then right, then left again.

The bra she was wearing was basic white. The thick cups and wide straps provided the support needed to keep her breasts under control. The straps of the bra were pulled so tight that by the end of the day her body screamed for release. Her matching white underpants pulled tightly across her buns yet somehow were still slightly baggy in the butt. Their high wasted design covered every inch of what they should; even her belly button was hidden from view.

*How did I get here, she wondered? What would Luke think if he ever saw me like this? I've been wearing the same bra for nearly three years. My god, I'm wearing my mother's underwear! I'm not that old... why do I dress this way? I need to start with the basics for this outfit!*

She pulled the skirt over her hips, closed the clasp and tugged the zipper up. The hem hit just below her knees. *Yes, I like it. It's a bit snug but...* Jasmine turned to look at herself in the mirror and as she did her leg peaked through the slit. *Oh now that is sexy.* She slid her hands down over her hips and onto her thighs. She pressed the fabric against the goose bumps on her legs to smooth it. She felt pretty. The decision was made.

Jasmine slipped the blouse up her arms and began to close the delicate buttons; she noticed the telltale signs of her excitement showing through. *My god, this is fun* she thought with a grin, as she continued to fasten the small buttons. She lifted her head as she closed the last

one, at her throat. Jasmine looked at herself in the mirror. An approving smile came to her face. *Now it's off to lingerie.*

Jasmine weaved her way through the racks of bras and underwear; she could not believe what was there. She'd avoided these racks for so long. Now here she is looking for sexy underwear once again. Suddenly something occurred to her. *When did panties become underwear? Panties are sexy, underwear is functional. I want panties not underwear!* Jasmine's breathing was more labored and her body seemed to have come alive with chills as she envisioned herself in each style she passed.

The dampness forming was unmistakable and Jasmine could feel the flush in her face as she picked up a pair of thong panties. *How can I wear this? That small string would go right up my butt, I would feel like a slut.* Then she grinned to herself as she pictured Mary standing there beside her. *Maybe you want to be a little slutty tonight. Well Mary maybe... but these are just too much.*

She put them back on the rack and continued shopping. *Something with a little lace perhaps?* Jasmine picked up a pair of bikinis. *Now these are panties.* She held them up. The black lace was so delicate but the cut was tiny compared to what she had been wearing for as long as she could remember. She gently stroked the lace with her fingers as she imagined what it would be like to wear something so beautiful. *These are nice and would match well.* Suddenly she realized she was holding them high above the racks and jerked them back down to the privacy of her cart. Jasmine grabbed a

couple of sizes, not sure just how they would fit. *Now for a bra.*

Jasmine looked and looked, but the only one that matched had those low cut cups. *I cannot imagine she said excitedly to herself, but what the hell! Normally I need a C cup but this looks way too small so I'll grab the C, D, and even DD. They all look too small, but we'll see,* as she placed them into the cart, being careful to pull the skirt over the top. After all, no one needed to know what she was trying on.

As Jasmine approached the dressing rooms, she noticed the twenty something clerk smiling. Reaching to the bottom of the cart, her hand caresses the soft fabric as she dreamed of her man and her desires. Her long fingers curled, gripping her selections, and she handed them to the clerk. The clerk smiled, accepted the selections and guided her to a vacant dressing room. She placed the delicate lingerie on a hook, then turned and pulled the door closed behind her.

*Oh my God,* Jasmine wondered in panic, *was that a grin I saw on her face?* She could feel a flush come over her once again. With a click, the door was secure. Jasmine quickly disrobed then reached, with a trembling hand, for the first pair of panties. She slid them slowly up her long legs and over her underwear as a chill shot through her. *Is it cold in here?*

With the dainty panties in place, she looked at herself in the mirror, turned once, then again. *Damn, I just cannot tell with these granny panties on underneath* Looking quickly side-to-side, as if someone could see what she was about to do, she slipped off the new panties, and then her own underwear. She quickly slid the panties back up her legs.

What a sight! The way they seem to showcase her bottom, the lace clinging to its roundness. The triangle in the front seemed to mold itself to her body. *Do they actually make my legs look longer, maybe even thinner? We will need to trim a few things though,* Jasmine giggled.

She reached behind her and deftly releases the clasp of her bra and let it slide effortlessly down her arms. With a quick flick, the heavy white bra landed on the changing room bench. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and paused. *My goodness, I remember when the girls were much higher on my chest. Guess that was a lot of years ago. Time is just cruel.*

Jasmine cupped each breast, lifting them and pushing them together. She looked longingly at herself and took a deep breath. She recalled when a bra was something she wore to be pretty. Somehow over the years something had happened. She wasn't happy about it but the effects were there none the less. She pulled her hands away and heard a distinct "flop" as her breast took up their natural position.

*What the hell!* she thought to herself. *It is what it is.* Jasmine then reached for the first bra. She stretched the delicate lace across her chest and reached behind her back slipping the hooks together. Then she slid it up her torso and lifted each breast into place. She tried to position herself into the cups, but no matter how she did it, the bra just didn't seem right.

*These cups are just way too small but look at the pushup!* She turned to the side and once again remembered the days when her breasts actually were this perky. A smile came across her face, but her breasts seem to spill over the top like nothing she had ever felt. With that thought she removed the bra and reached for the DD.

*This cup doesn't look right either* she commented to herself. She looked into the mirror holding her arm high in the air. It gapped under her arms leaving her uncomfortable as her breast sped across her chest.

*Well, maybe the D? No, that's not right either.* Disappointment began to come over her. She looked at the C lying on the bench and with a grin tried it again. She felt young and sexy when it was on her body and that is exactly how she had felt since chatting with Luke. Jasmine gazed at herself in the dressing room mirror. Her eyes stroll up and down her body as she turned one way then the other. Jasmine could actually see the tops of her areolas peeking out from the cups. This was the first time in years that her nipples had not been staring at the floor.

As Jasmine's eyes took in the view in the mirror she realized that she was not looking at that lonely lady that stayed home every night. She was a vibrant sexy woman. *I look it, feel it, and damn it, I'm going to be it! I'm not my mother and I won't dress like her!* Her mind flashed back to those arguments she had with her mother over fashion while in high school. A smile grew across her face.

Jasmine hurriedly removed the garments, taking care to fold them neatly. She then dressed, grabbed her selections and left the dressing room. Quickly she returned her selections to the bottom of the cart and once again pulled the skirt over them.

*I'll need a pair of panty hose.* Jasmine strolled past the racks and noticed a garter belt that matched the underwear. *Well, she thought to herself, I used to wear one a hundred years ago.* She checked the sizes and snatched one up. Under the skirt it went and she could

feel the flush in her cheeks. In the hosiery department Jasmine found a pair of nude silk stockings in her size. *These are expensive* she said to herself but decided that for this special occasion, she would be going all out and under the skirt they went.

The bottom of Jasmine's cart now had an apparent lump under the skirt. She took a look around to be sure no one was watching her as she continued on her mission of rediscovery. *What's left: shoes! Yes I need new heels.*

The store was crowded, but it didn't take long to find a nice pair of strappy heels to complete the look. A little flashier than normal, but this was not a normal outfit. The heel was a little high, but when Jasmine got them on; they fit perfectly. She headed for the check out.

Jasmine wheeled her cart up to the checkout. "May I help you ma'am?" echoed across the store and her heart leapt into her throat. Jasmine slowly raised her head and she came face to face with an 18-year-old boy with a smile on his face.

*Oh my god!* Jasmine thought to herself! *How can I let a pimple-faced adolescent boy ring me up? He'll touch my things, and probably picture me in them! No, I won't do it. There must be another cashier somewhere?* Jasmine mumbled something about forgetting an item and took off at top speed, the wheels of the cart begging for mercy as she headed for the cover of the clothes racks.

Once there, she paused. Her chest was heaving; and her hands were shaking as she again imagined that BOY touching her special purchases. As she regained her composure, she pointed the cart to the far end of the store and the other checkout lines, hoping females

manned them. *Thank god*, Jasmine sighed to herself as she quickly slipped into the checkout line.

“Did you find everything?” the sales girl asks.

“Yes thank you” she replied as the clerk scanned, folded, and slid her treasures into a bag. Jasmine handed the clerk the credit card and with a swipe was on her way. Realizing the time, she was suddenly on a mission.

Jasmine arrived home and headed straight for her room. Hanging her new skirt and blouse in the closet, she laid the rest of her purchases neatly onto the bed. Quickly she striped her clothes off and headed for the shower. The warm water soothed her body as it cascaded downward. Jasmine let the water spray over her hair, face, shoulders, and down her torso. The streams felt wonderful and she could feel herself relaxing. Her mind wandered as she stood there, eyes closed, trying to remember how it felt to have a man’s hands roaming over her sensitive skin.

*Yes, I want to feel that again and I will feel that again* Jasmine said to herself with conviction. She recalled her chat sessions when she intimated exactly what she missed, the soft stroking of her hair, and warm kisses on her shoulders. Strong hands caressing her back and drawing her close into someone she cared for. Jasmine was quickly drifting off into her fantasy of discovery.

Lips, soft and moist, pressing against her own. She missed the deep steady rhythm of his heart beating while she nuzzled into his chest. The slight tickle of his chest hair on her face. These were the things she missed most.

Her hand rose, gently cupping her breast. She began massaging the sensitive orb with soft feathery strokes.

The warm water cascaded over her. Suddenly she jerked herself back to reality. Time, we have limited time. She washed her hair, then her body. Once this was complete, she splurged and grabbed a new razor. Almost without effort, she shaved her legs leaving them silky smooth.

Stepping out of the shower, she dried herself. Jasmine took a deep breath and thought, *now for the other trim. It's been years since I've done this and it shows*, Jasmine pondered as she looked back on the days when she wore a two-piece swimsuit. Taking her time, she worked carefully but when done; she was pleased with the results.

Jasmine sat and looked at herself in the dressing table mirror. *Young, that's the only way to describe how I feel*, was Jasmine's comment to herself. *But look at me; I'm not young anymore*. The woman staring back at her had raised a child, run a household, and even fixed a leaky faucet. *Experience*, she laughed to herself, but then the demons of doubt snuck into her brain.

*I have no business meeting a man. It's been years since I dated. There I've said it; dated. What will he think of me? We've grown so close over the computer. He seems to be such a wonderful and caring man, and sexy. Let's not forget sexy. He's awakened feelings I've kept locked away for many years*, Jasmine thought to herself.

*My god, I've even had dreams about him! Adult dreams of a man softly stroking my body while whispering in my ear "I want you." Dreams of him holding me in his strong arms, kissing me with soft, moist lips, and then carrying me off to his bed. Those are the dreams I'm having.*

Jasmine's stomach was alive now, like a schoolgirl about to meet her boyfriend. Her hands were trembling. *I can hardly hold my hairbrush* she thought.

Suddenly Jasmine snapped back to reality and hurried to dry her hair and put on her makeup. *Time, where has all of the time gone?* The sun had gone down and she needed to get in gear or she would be late.

Jasmine took one more look in the mirror. Her hair was perfect. Could this be an omen? She untied the waistband of her robe, let it slide off her shoulders and placed it across the back of the dressing table chair. *Now let's get dressed.* Again the demons return. *Oh, come on now,* she thought to herself as she looked at her foundations. The excitement she was feeling could not be denied. The flutters in her stomach, the moisture, it all said she had chosen well. Jasmine was past rationalizing this. She wanted to knock his socks off.

Jasmine slowly slipped on her new panties and bra as she noticed her hands were shaking uncontrollably causing her to fight with the hooks. She lifted and positioned her breasts into the cups, noticing her body awakening to the excitement of the evening.

Sitting in the chair at the dressing table, she slid the stockings up one leg, then the other, and fastened the garters. She stood to pick up her blouse and she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror across the room. *Wow, I look good!*

Between the high cut of the panties, and the stockings, her legs seem to go on forever. And they look thinner, much thinner. A smile came to her face as she looked at what she'd created. *Not bad for a woman my age* Jasmine said to herself.

She carefully removed the blouse from its hanger. It was so light, as it glided onto her arms. The lace was soft and felt so wonderful against her tingling skin. She closed the buttons one after the other until she raised her chin and fastened the last one tight against her neck.

She reached for the skirt, opened the clasp and slid the zipper down. Carefully she stepped into the skirt and pulled it up, wiggling side to side as she coaxed the skirt over her hips. She fumbled with the clasp until the hooks joined. Her fingers tugged at the zipper and the skirt was on. She then gathered the skirt around her waist, gripped the hem of the blouse, and tugged everything into place. Jasmine let the skirt drop and the fabric tumble down against her thighs. She grabbed one shoe then the other, struggling a bit with the straps, but finally she was dressed.

Looking over at the full-length mirror she saw the beautiful vibrant woman he keeps telling her she is. She turned one way then the other. Yes, she had chosen well. But Jasmine noticed something seemed out of place. It's subtle, but it's there. She reaches up and unbuttoned the top button of her blouse, then the second, and the third. The image looked better as each button opens. She had cleavage; and she daringly showed it.

Jasmine opened the fourth button. Oops, too far! After all she wanted him to notice her, not her cleavage. There needs to be something for his imagination. *Yes, this is what I want him to see* and Jasmine turned to leave the room.

On her way out she stopped and gave her neck a short spritz of perfume, then her wrists and finally the

important spritz between her breasts. Out of her bedroom, down the steps and into the living room she went. Jasmine grabbed her small purse and headed for the door listening to the click of her heels on the tile wishing her good luck as she left.

*The photos they exchanged should let him know exactly what she looks like, but what if the photos he sent are not representative of him? What if he is really older than you; much older?* She remembered when she was selecting photos to send to him. The first one was a “few” years old... like 10. Her hair didn’t have a hint of grey. Then she got to know him better and sent the more recent photos. He loved all of them. Each photo resulted in a very flattering compliment. Even the ones of her in her one-piece swimsuit at the beach were met with compliments. *He knows what he is getting and he still wants me... and I definitely want him,* Jasmine thought as she walked to her car.