

Sensual Treats

A magazine devoted to the readers of fine romance....
with a sweetly sexy flavor...

In this Issue...

Volume 1 Issue 1

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Modern Romantic:
Meet Riccardo Foresi...

The Truth About
Soul Mates:
from Relationship
Counsellor
Dr. Kelly Wallace

Travel to Magical
Milan Italy

Without spending a fortune!

Sensual Foods:
Timeless Aphrodisiacs

A Romantic Read to get
You Steamed Up!



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Talking to a Modern Romantic....

Meet Riccardo Foresi –

For anyone who is not already familiar with Riccardo Foresi, let me tell you, he is not only a very special artist, he is a wonderful and loving man, as well. A true Romantic Hero for a modern audience. He Blesses my life each day with the gift of his friendship and his music. When I asked him if he would be our first guest for this magazine, he was gracious and generous, and now you will all have the pleasure of meeting him in his own words.

Born in Central Italy, in a region call Marche, on the hills over the Adriatic Sea, 850 people is the highest number of people that have populated the thousands-of-years-old town. Riccardo is the second born in his family, his father is a furniture maker, his mother a housewife. Music has always been around him. He told me once that a few years ago he asked his mom if she remembered when he started showing an interest in music, and she answered: "You were singing the day you were born."

Thankfully, for us, he continues to sing! Riccardo has

the voice of an angel, truly, and currently is recording his debut CD. For those who have been lucky enough to have heard some of the songs being prepared for the CD, it is a pleasure you should all anticipate... Young, handsome, filled with vibrant energy, and a passion that will reach into your heart and never leave you, meet the voice of love itself.... Riccardo Foresi....

Q: How would you describe the styling of music that you are recording at the moment? I've had the pleasure of hearing some of the new songs and they are truly beautiful, the feel of Old World romance and passion, but uniquely you, modern and young, and powerful with emotion.

A: With the help of my team, I always try to create something to be considered timeless, based on the great music of the past, the drama of the opera, the depth of soul music and romantic poetry. That's who I am and what's inside my heart.



Q: It has been said that you have updated an old sound and made it new again, do you think that's an accurate description of your music? Do you have any particular favourite among those you have recorded so far?

A: Yes it is.

I was born and raised in Italy. And at the time of my birth Italian music was shining at it's best, with songs that today are still considered the best. It's obvious that sound and style changes, and everything needs to be modernized and updated. So this is all I did.

Bel canto and passion is what comes natural out of my voice. I would say that Grande Amore, (one of the songs I co-wrote with Wayne Cohen) is



probably what gets closer to those feelings and stories.

Q: What kind of music do you prefer to listen to when you are relaxing?

A: Beside the fact that I am with music most of the day... between practicing, learning, writing, producing etc.. at the end of my day, I always leave time to exercise. Always! So I fill my ipod with anything that gives me energy, from contemporary dance music, club music, and always the latest releases of the pop world...relaxing time needs soothing music... the music that takes the macho out of your system for a little bit. So there you go with all the classic tears makers...

Q: Do you prefer to sing in your beautiful, native Italian, or English? (Sidenote here from me, I adore the songs that are in Italian, or mixed!)

A: Italian is a beautiful language! And I'm thrilled that in the last decade, Italian music has crossed the world. English is such a musical language... everything sounds great in English...So like you say...both it's better.

Q: How would you describe Riccardo Foresi, and what he is all about musically? What do you want to give your audience through your music?

A: There is an Italian song that says... "what do you know if you didn't do the piano bar?" I started working as



one man band when I was 15 years old... Gigs of all kinds. Now almost 15 years of songs of any style has merged in to one. Now that I'm an adult, I've really started to appreciate the beauty of things. Looking back in history, there are things that mankind has created that are just breathtaking. And Italy is a beautiful country that has wonderful things made by great generations of men and women. That I think is what wanna give. The voice is just a vessel of your soul. You must have a story to tell...something that counts.

Q: Is there a special dream that you want to fulfill in your career? Goals are what keep us striving for perfection in our art, but what is the one thing that you truly want to achieve professionally?

A: Dream! You can say it out loud... I am a dreamer. I've always been and probably I

always will be. I like to dream. Growing up I dreamed things that I have achieved today. Like this interview for instance. (Thank you, Riccardo, this is MY privilege, truly, having you take time to talk with me and the readers.)

America was just a dream for a little town boy. And here I am 20 years later launching my first CD out of New York City. What comes next? Well, being successful, meeting people all over the world and sharing my music and my story. Being an inspiration for the new generations to come like a lot of people have been for me.

Thank you, Riccardo, for taking the time to talk with everyone today.

And, anyone who wants to listen to this wonderful singer, and fall in love with his magic, you can visit him on MySpace: <http://www.myspace.com/riccardoforesi>

Or, Visit the newly launched "OfficialRiccardoForesiWebsite", enjoy Riccardo's first video, and his fabulous new songs: <http://www.riccardoforesi.net>

The Magic of Milan....

A few reminiscences from Dr. Lisa FitzPatrick

Arriving in Milan on what threatened to be the hottest week in the year, I was immediately struck by how different the air smelled – thick and sultry. This was to be my home for the next three days; food, wine and sunshine interspersed with business meetings. Queuing seemed to be an alien concept as I waited politely for my case to arrive on what seemed to be the carousel that *every single* flight was using, despite there being about eight others. After around twenty minutes of being squashed, I realised my case wasn't there – someone else had picked it up by mistake.

I wasn't the happiest person in the airport that evening.....

Bag duly reported lost, I made my way out of the airport with my Italian colleagues to be nearly run over. Yes, they really DO drive like that! Speed limits are merely a suggestion of the MINIMUM velocity you should drive at. Despite the missing case, the near death experience, and scary driving, even the airport was stunning. Somehow chaotic, but very laid back and calm at the same time.

The hotel where we were staying was a renovated castle medieval *Castello di Carimate* – which was in the process of having more repairs done – very quietly (?). Rather than a somewhat dark and cluttered appearance, as you might expect from such an old building, it was light and airy. Minimalist, but steeped in age and history – remove one small element and the entire atmosphere would collapse.

There is something really quite old fashioned about the way I was treated. Friendly, but very respectful. Chivalry is most certainly NOT dead in Italy. It was nice to have doors opened for you, to have your chair pulled out, to have wine poured for you. While I am perfectly capable of looking after myself, it made a change to have other people think of my comfort. It wasn't forced, or 'put on', as it seems to be in the UK or the States, it was just the natural way of doing things.

Lunchtime was three courses, with wine (another culture shock!!). Very relaxed and a total break from work. Not a sandwich and coffee on the run, or at your

Ellen Ashe Author of Paranormal Romance
& Dark Fantasy
Dare to Believe www.ellenashe.net

desk while desperately trying to type up your reports.

Food and company is something that is relished in Italy. It isn't about how ornately the chef has put the dish together, it is about the actual *food* on the plate, and the pleasure that is gained from just eating and interacting with your fellow diners.

We were lucky enough to have dinner on the top of a hotel in Como, by the pool (seemingly, Italians will cut a deal with ANYONE about pretty much ANYTHING).

The views were stunning, and although I couldn't see the lake, I swear I could smell it.

Dinner was an unhurried, dive in and help yourself affair, pretty much sitting in each others laps. No formal silver service starchiness, with extra-small portions.

As much as you could eat, and it just kept coming.....wine, antipasti, meat, fish, wine, salads, cheese, gelato, fruit, more wine, coffee, biscotti.....now I understand the need for digestifs.

There is something very different about Italy. An air of unhurried calm and efficiency, that hasn't been touched by the cynicism of 'modern' life. You can't *help* but be caught up in the timeless romanticism that IS Italy.

Sensual Foods

by Heather Gardener

Offentimes food is used as the prelude to a long night in the bedroom. Food as foreplay isn't a new concept and indeed in ancient Greek and Roman cultures many foods were used as symbols of love and romance. Peaches were a sign of fertility and used to entice partners when the time was right. In today's cultures there are some very common food/sex pairings, whip cream and chocolate sauce for example. However, there is more to food and the bedroom than just food in the bedroom. What is it about food that entices a romantic mood? What foods are considered the most romantic? This isn't going to be an article about what foods are used in the bedroom, but rather what foods are used to get to the bedroom.

Chocolate

Why is it that chocolate is sexy, sensual, and romantic? According to Amy Painter



at Discovery Health (<http://health.discovery.com/centers/sex/food/foodforsex.html>) the rich, delicious decadence known as chocolate contains phenylalanine, an amino acid that raises the body's endorphins, our natural antidepressants. Enjoyed in moderation, a few morsels can lift libido, providing a tantalizing prelude to sex. The cocoa in chocolate also triggers the release of phenyl ethylamine, the chemical produced when you fall in love – and when you have an orgasm. It sparks feelings of attraction, excitement and giddiness. What seals the deal: Tryptophan, which the brain uses to make a neurotransmitter called serotonin – the “feel-good” chemical released during any pleasurable experience, including eating chocolate. Last, chocolate causes a release of endorphins, which heighten your sensitivity to pain – and pleasure. No wonder our legendary lothario chugged a mug before getting down to business. So indulge in some chocolate, with the rich velvety taste and smooth texture and find yourself in the mood for a little bit more.

Aspen Mountain Press
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Carly Young: http://www.lifescrpt.com/Body/Diet/Eat-well/Chocolate_Casanovas_Sensual_Secret.aspx



Strawberries, Cherries and Grapes (indeed all fruits)

Bursting with fiber and antioxidants, and thought to be imbued with aphrodisiac properties, many fresh fruits are as sensual as they are nutritious. Apples, apricots, bananas, cherries, coconut, dates, figs, grapes, mangoes, papayas, peaches, pears, plums, pomegranates, quince, raspberries and strawberries are celebrated in erotic literature throughout the world. Whichever fruits you choose, enjoy them often, and with a new appreciation of their attributes (Amy Painter, Discovery Health). So choose your fruits wisely for their sensual look, strawberries with their heart shaped look (maybe dipped in some of that melted smooth chocolate) and sweet juice.

Maybe some cherries, ripe, red and round bursting with fresh flavor, or perhaps a banana with just the right shape to go in and out just perfectly, of your mouth of course.



Drinks

A little bubbly, especially if garnished with one of those luscious berries, or any other, from above is about as sensual as it gets. The bubble fizzes nicely, leaving just a light effervescent feeling in the mouth, almost like preparing it for the great stuff that is going to come. Of course any drink can be turned into a sensual food if done right. Sipping slowly while gazing into each other's eyes can turn drinking champagne into a truly sensual moment that anyone would want to experience.



Pasta

Believe it or not pasta tops the list of sensual foods. The texture, the tastes exploding in the mouth, the smells, pasta appeals to all of the senses, bringing them alive and ready to experience whatever is about to come. Pasta will always have a special place in a romantic's heart. Just recall what is probably considered the sweetest onscreen kiss, the one shared between Lady and the Tramp while eating their plate of spaghetti, and you'll understand all the romantic possibilities. Why not recreate a little Italian romance at home?

Top Ten Sensual Foods by Jennifer Good: <http://www.lovingyou.com/content/passion/lovmaking-content.php?ART=top10sensualfoods>



Part of the sensuality of food is not the food itself, but the atmosphere with which it is created and eaten in. Remember that cooking together can be sensual, perhaps in very little clothing, or clothing created to entice and tease. Feed one another, serve slices of fruits that are a little bit juicy, like a mango, or cherries and strawberries that

can be eaten in such a way as to be a turn on all by themselves. Sip that drink, gaze into each other's eyes and remember the emotions that are being created and that got you to the place you are now. Use a creative plate, perhaps the chest of your partner, or their navel. Navels make a great glass for whatever it is you are sipping. Don't rush your meal, make the food foreplay. Use the food to entice your partner to the bedroom where you won't need any more food, but if you wanted, honey makes a great dessert.



Peggy Bakes

Peggy Tupaz is a wonderful lady from Singapore, who has a passion for Italian music and baking the most amazing and tempting treats imaginable. I asked her to share a few thoughts with us about her wonderful baking, and she very graciously consented. Her website is also available for those of you who want to see and learn more about this business she is so very passionate about.

www.peggybakes.com

Now, to Peggy herself:

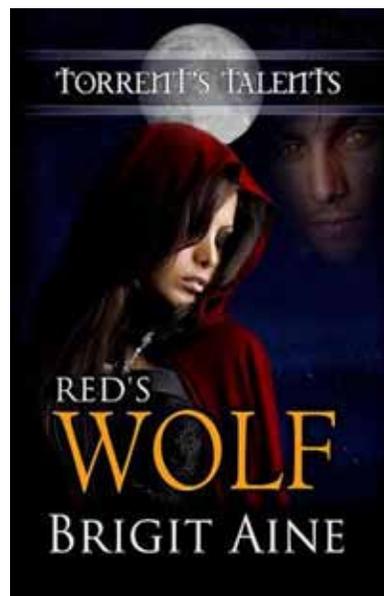
Here's a little something about myself. Well my passion for baking and cooking began when I was about 10 years old and have created my own cakes, cookies and muffin recipes.

I have always love to watch how my mom used to prepare the ingredients for the cakes or dishes that she does so attentively.

Well, I do hope one day I will have a little cafe called "Peggybakes Cafe" where people can relax over a cup of tea or coffee with a slice of my home-made baking.

So do please visit PeggyBakes whenever you have a moment and let me know with a feedback if you so wish.

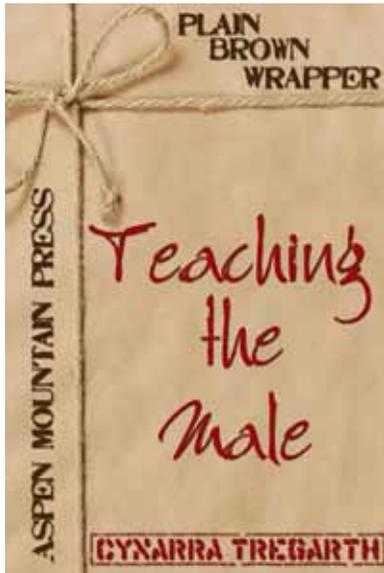
Pineapple cookies



Chocolate jelly for birthdays



Chocolate Almond Torte with Rum, popular cake



The Truth about Soulmates

by Relationship Counsellor Dr. Kelly Wallace

This is one of the areas that people ask about the most. Who, what and where is their soul mate? And how to find that person?

The truth is we have more than one soul mate. Thank goodness! Who wants to try and track down that ONE elusive person? Here are other frequently asked questions about the mate of our soul...

How Can I Find a Soulmate?
Never fear about finding your soul mate. You WILL come together. And you have a better chance if you are open to it. Being open to this means that you know you deserve true love and that you aren't so worried about finding him/her that you actually create a block. Our souls can get rather complicated on us!

How Do I Know If He/She Is My Soulmate? This is easier than you think. People often believe that a soulmate union is pure bliss. Not so! A soulmate union is very deep, indeed! But a soulmate will also challenge you, frustrate you, and dig in so deep it feels like a thorn at times. Simply put, it's a person that you can't get out of your system.

So Are Some Soulmate

Unions Negative? Nothing having to do with the soul is negative. Everything we go through here on earth in our human form is presented to us so that our souls can learn, love, and grow.

Should I Stay With A Soulmate Who Is Making Me Miserable? NEVER! You deserve to be happy and have true love. Just because a soulmate has come into your life and you live in misery doesn't mean you have to stay! You are/were with this person in order to learn something. Believe it or not, many times it's the simple lesson of letting go and raising your self-esteem! And don't forget, they are going through their own soul lessons. If they are stuck in a low place, (anger problems, abuse, addiction, etc.) they are here to learn self-control, love and tolerance, but you shouldn't stick around while they refuse to learn! Once you move on, the lesson is learned and you can now find a more positive relationship. Never stay with anyone who abuses you in ANY way! That is not a soul lesson for you to learn!

How Do I Attract My Soulmate? Our energies reach



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far and wide and our souls will recognize one another and come together at some point. The main problem that I find is people who crave love so badly that they jump into the first relationship that comes along, stay in it and end up miserable, find someone else before they're even out of that relationship, then they attract more of the same...so on and so on.

Our energy is what attracts people to us. If we're in a bad place in our life or feel badly about ourselves, we will attract a person who is attracted to the energy we have at that time. So it's wise to be sure your self-esteem is in a good place and that the energy from your current/previous relationship isn't affecting you.

The subject of soulmates is very complicated on the one hand, yet infinitely easy on the other. Simply put, be the best you can be so you'll attract someone of the same caliber.

Kelly Wallace is a certified counselor, multi-published author, teacher, speaker, radio show host, and marketing director for Strategic Book Publishing. She's penned several sexy romances that are sure to make your heart race and imagination run rampant! You can visit her at:

www.KellyWallace.com

Homecoming

by Denysé Bridger

(This one is a for a new friend, Ric C., who will probably recognize a bit of himself in the words... flatteringly so, I hope.)

As the rings went through, Francesco Donati smiled, his mind preoccupied with what still lay ahead of him before he could leave the office. His team had come through another tough assignment, and they'd asked him to join them for drinks. Much as he would have preferred to go directly home, the tenuous bond that was slowly being forged with Guido, Sal, Angelia and Alexa was important, and it deserved his time and attention as much as his personal life presently did. The rings stopped when the receiver was picked up in his apartment.

"Ciao, bella mia..."

He smiled when Jade Casinni murmured his name, her voice husky with sleep. The flight into Rome from South America had been a long one, and she was obviously still jet-lagged.

"Come stai, caro?"

"Hard day," Francesco assured her.

"Mmmm..." The sheets rustled, and Donati could practically feel her stretching

sensuously. "How much longer will you be?"

"About an hour."

She groaned slightly.

"I may have to make a short stop on the way," he added, his smile still solidly in place.

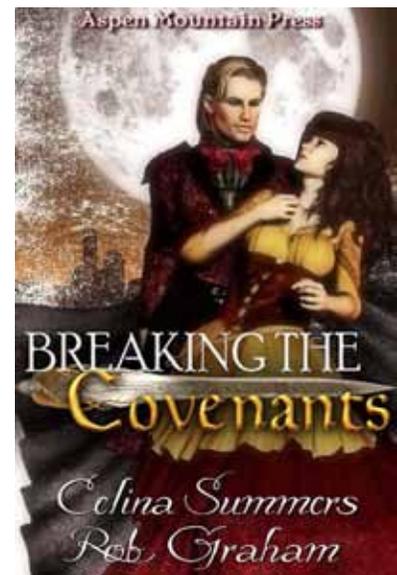
"Francesco," she said quietly, her voice an appealing mix of petulance and frustration.

"Half hour, no more, tesoro," he promised.

"Ti amo, Francesco Donati," Jade told him in a seductive whisper.

"Yeah, me too," he answered instantly.

"It's been too long," she observed, tone low and blatantly



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suggestive.

"I know," he agreed.

"I miss you, Francesco," Jade decreed, voice soft but filled with unmistakable longing.

"I miss you, too," he told her.

"Hurry home," she ordered with a throaty laugh, then the line went dead.

Donati's smile deepened with pleasure and he replaced the receiver in its cradle, then reached out to drag his computer's keyboard closer.

"You don't really have to leave already?" Guido asked when he saw Donati reaching behind him to drag his leather coat off the back of the chair he'd been occupying for less than an hour.

Francesco smiled, his amusement genuine when faced with the varying degrees of suspicion in the four pairs of eyes now waiting for his answer.

"I've already been longer than I meant to be," he said quietly. "Listen, I appreciate you including me in this, but I really do have to go."

"Who is she?" Alexa asked, her large blue eyes sparkling with teasing and real curiosity about his answer.

"She?" Guido interjected. "Are we only now learning about a Signora Donati?" he wondered with a broad grin. The truth was, they didn't know if Donati was married, involved, or really the loner he appeared to be. For all any of them knew, the man could be gay.

"No," Francesco replied, not telling them anything. They actually did know Jade, but it had been nearly six months since they'd worked with her.

"No what?" Sal asked, turning his attention back to the conversation after paying for a round of drinks. "Hey, I just paid for this," he added, indicating the five drinks that had just replaced empty glasses on the table. "You can't leave now."

Francesco looked from face to face, saw the same appeal in all of them, and he relented. He sat down and picked up his glass, silently toasting the team.

Donati stared carefully at the security panel inside his front door and punched in his personal code after only a slight hesitation. He glanced at the heavy silver watch on his right wrist and winced at the lateness of the hour. He'd promised Jade he'd be home about four hours earlier than it was now. He glanced around his apartment, still lit

by a single lamp left burning in the living room. Her coat was draped over the back of a dining room chair, and he saw her keys on the table. The rooms were quiet, but oddly comforting in their present tranquility. He could feel her presence in his home, and it felt good.

Francesco hung up his coat and headed straight through to the large bedroom at the rear of the spacious flat. He stood in the doorway for several moments, simply watching her sleep. The bed linen was only pulled partway up, and the air conditioning unit was whirring away, making the place a few degrees cooler than he liked it. She'd always preferred the cold to heat, though, and he made no adjustment to the temperature. Moving with customary silence and grace, he crossed the room and went into the bathroom.

When he returned a short while later, she was no longer in the bed. He heard the soft sounds of music drifting from the living room and headed toward it. Italian opera Arias, she adored them, especially the weepy romantic ones... When he reached the room, he leaned on the doorframe and the smile was deeply satisfied. She was lighting candles, the nightgown was silk and lace panels left no room for speculation that there was anything under the gown... She was curvaceous and sexy, every motion fluid and graceful.

The mane of golden red hair that fell in massive waves to



her waist was one of the sexiest things about her, and she hadn't done more than brush it and let it tumble in disarray around her shoulders and down her back.

"Feel like dinner?"

"Not really, did you cook?"

She laughed. "Not tonight. I knew you'd be late." She grinned and walked over to him, the heeled slippers making the sway of her hips even more evocative. She put her arms around his neck and pulled him down to meet her kiss.

It was endless, passion and love, mingled with discovery and need. She tasted like wine, he tasted like his last beer.

"You and I are like explosives, Francesco," she murmured against his mouth, when they finally eased back on the kiss but did not lose their contact.

The sense of danger was returning rapidly. Jade knew he was waiting to see if she'd be brave enough to continue being honest with him, despite her fears. They'd left a lot of things unsaid before she'd gone to her last assignment. She slipped from his arms and walked to the window that overlooked the street where she'd almost run away from him earlier, though he hadn't known it then. She was suddenly thinking that it might have been better had she kept going.

"Passion can be a very deceiving emotion, Francesco,"

she said eventually. "A lot of people mistake it for love, and love for passion. They aren't always one and the same, despite what poets, writers, and singers say to the contrary."

She didn't dare look back at him as she spoke, and when his arms wrapped around her waist then pulled her back against his chest, she bit her lip to stop a murmur of surprised pleasure from escaping her.

"Sometimes," he said, speaking into her ear, "passion is all you need it to be, complex or simple." He lifted her hair from her neck and kissed the exposed curve with lingering purpose.

Jade couldn't repress a shudder of reaction as her entire body woke with shocking speed. His touch was magical, the soft stroke of his tongue near her collarbone making her weak in the knees. He lifted his head, turned her in his arms, then claimed her mouth in a kiss that demanded surrender. Her arms slid around him, stroking the length of his back as she pressed herself tighter to him, trembling as she opened her mouth to his.

She'd been kissed many times but never like this, some part of her mind insisted, not with this arousing seduction in every tiny nuance of the caress. She tasted the hint of coffee still on his tongue, and the sweet, gentle glide of his lips on hers was

more intoxicating than the finest wine. He drew back, held her head with his fingers entwined in the thickness of her hair, and his lips brushed over closed eyelids, her cheeks, her temple, then reclaimed her mouth as she gasped. He kissed her thoroughly again, a slow, sensuous caress that explored the recesses of her mouth and provoked her into a gratifying, exotic duel with his probing tongue. When he finally drew back for breath, she looked up into his blazing eyes, seeing a fire there that equaled the searing need raging through her veins.

"Are you going to push me away again, Francesco?" She tried, but the words were shaken and textured with fear. "I don't think I could stand that."

"I want you, *bella*," he assured her. "Very much. And we *are* going to make love, properly. Finally." His mouth still so close she felt his words as much as she heard them.

She wasn't sure she could utter a word without stammering, and merely nodded in reply. He took her by the hand and they settled in front of the beautiful fireplace. She watched him go through the motions of building the fire, enjoying the pleasure of staring at his hands as he worked, and the graceful movement of his muscles. When he sat in front of her and smiled, that dazzling expression that reached right



inside her, she chewed her bottom lip.

"A week ago this was too fast," she whispered. "It still is."

Francesco moved toward her and drew her close, and she made no effort to resist him when he lowered her to the thickly cushioned rug in front of the fireplace. The crackle of the blaze drowned the pounding of her heartbeat, and his stunning features were suddenly tinted with gold reflecting from the dancing flames.

He touched her lips with the tip of his tongue and a tiny flutter of air rushed from her at the light caress. The second time he licked at her quivering bottom lip, then covered her mouth with his, deepening the kiss into a promise as he pressed more intimately to her.

The world spun crazily, even behind her closed lids, and Jade had a fleeting moment of sanity that warned her she had to stop his kisses from robbing her of all sense of control. But when his tongue coaxed hers into a slow, tantalizing, stroking dance, she shuddered with a simple rapture that she wanted to drown in. Her hands drifted over the broad expanse of his back, exploring, drawing in the sensation of muscle moving smoothly under the thin layer of his shirt. His hands were as persuasive as

his mouth, and she was aching in places she'd seldom been aware of before as he began to trace the curve of her waist, then his fingers were moving upward and she wondered if she'd faint in his arms if he touched her bare skin.

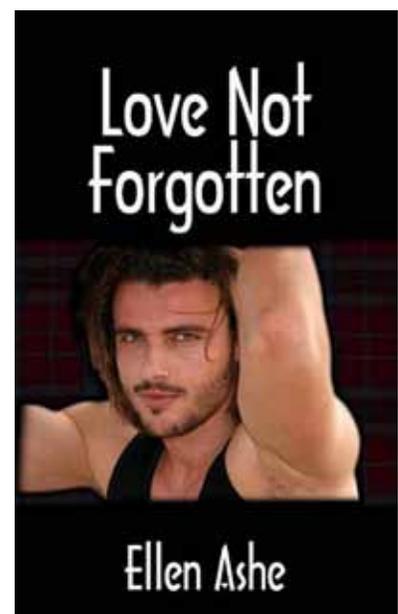
Francesco's mouth moved to her neck, his bewitching tongue gliding over her skin until he stopped and began to stroke the sensitive hollow near her collarbone. Jade's fingers slid into the thick silk of his hair and she hardly recognized the tiny, strangled whimper that came from her when one of his hands began to caress her breast, kneading firm flesh with gentle pressure. When his nimble fingers started to pull the straps from her shoulders and downward, she didn't object. A few moments later, she bit back a moan as he eased back and drew the lace and silk down to expose the thrusting peaks of her breasts.

Slowly, his eyes never losing their hold on her, Francesco's fingers traced the shape and fullness of her ample bosom, his thumbs gradually moving closer to the pebble-hard points that crested the silken mounds of flesh. He flicked lightly at the hard buds and she arched into the touch, her spine curling with pleasure. He finally looked from her eyes and bent to take one rosy nipple

into his mouth. His tongue licked repeatedly before he began to suckle.

Jade arched beneath him and one leg tangled around his as her hips pressed upward, seeking more intimate contact with him. She shifted again and he settled between her thighs, his hips pushing into her, telling her clearly how much he wanted her. They were treading a dangerous path if they continued, but she knew she didn't want to deny what she'd wanted from the moment she'd first seen him. She silenced her doubts, and ignored the voice in her head that was warning her to stop what was happening. They still had so many things to truly settle between them...

His mouth left her breasts and he covered her lips, drawing her into another breath-stealing kiss that felt like it went on forever. Every nerve ending in her body was alive with awareness of him, the weight of him in her arms,



the steady glide of his hands exploring her, the heat of the fire beside them and within them. She was so enraptured by her senses, it took several seconds to realize that once again, he was pulling back. She felt the withdrawal in her heart moments before he actually moved physically.

Unable to shape any sound that wasn't a sob, Jade watched in combined anger and disbelief as Francesco slid off her and sat up, not meeting her eyes as he fought to breathe evenly.

"So, is this homecoming, or goodbye? We have to decide, Franc. We can't keep doing this to each other, it's not right. Playing lovers one moment, strangers the next. You have to tell me what you need from me or I just won't be here anymore?"

He nodded. Fully in agreement.

She waited.... Praying fervently for the right answer.....

5-Minute Fudge

by Christina Loren

This is a recipe that my mother used to make when us kids wanted fudge and she didn't want to spend the hours making the traditional version. This recipe will make one average-sized baking sheet or a large deep-dish glass pan.

Ingredients:

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup Milk
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sugar
2 cups Marshmallows
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Nuts
1 tsp Vanilla
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Semi-sweet
Chocolate chips

Method:

Combine the milk and sugar in a saucepan, bring to a boil. Cook for 5 minutes stirring constantly. Remove from heat.

Add in the remaining ingredients and stir until the marshmallows have melted. Pour into a greased pan and leave until cool to the touch. Cut into squares and serve.

Do you have a favorite recipe you wish to share with us? Or perhaps a recipe that you find special? Or maybe a recipe that would make the perfect romantic meal?

Let us know by sending us an email to the email address found on our website!

Make sure to include a bit of background to the recipe and let us know why you can't live without it!





