

Nearly an hour later, their flight landed gracefully on schedule at the world renowned, London Heathrow International Airport.

The lines through customs were moving slower than usual and an hour later they hadn't yet cleared customs. Finally their turn came and the airport personnel motioned for them to come forward. She's an attractive African woman in her mid-fifties with a very stern expression on her face. "Are you visiting England for business or pleasure?" she asked sternly. We are here visiting family madam," Phillip answered warmly. She then appeared a bit friendlier. "Oh, you have family in England? Yes, Madam, this is Phillip my fiancé. My name is Natalie, the daughter of Richard; a Royal Guard. We are here to get my father's approval to marry," Natalie then presented her with her British Passport. By then she appeared much friendlier. "How wonderful, since you are a British Citizen it's only your fiancé that needs a visa; do you think a six month stay would allow sufficient time?" She asked warmly. "Absolutely madam," Phillip replied enthusiastically. Although they didn't need this much time, the couple was ecstatic and thanked the officer for her generosity. Luckily their luggage was ready to be claimed. They grabbed their belongings and flagged the first available taxi to the Palace Hotel.

It seemed that every passenger was waiting outside the airport for the same purpose. They were thankful for two things; they had arrived safely and that the city of London was not as cold as they had expected. It took almost a half an hour but they finally got into a taxi. When they arrived at the hotel lobby, they were surprised that there were only two people ahead of them. "Thank goodness, I was beginning to get sick of lines," said Natalie in relief. The couple standing in line looked around at them and smiled as though agreeing with Natalie's statement. "That's hilarious babe," Phillip said hugging her closely. When they got into their room it was cold, yet cozy. After turning on the fireplace, they both took hot showers. After their showers and despite having slept almost the entire trip, they both fell fast asleep.

The next morning, Natalie woke up to the smell of tea and the flaming sound of the fireplace as it warms their room. Phillip was peeking over the window. Natalie looked at the clock on the wall and it was a little after six in the morning. "Come to bed babe," she called. Phillip turned to face her. Her messy hair and half opened eyes were more inviting than the busy London streets below. "We made it babe, we are in the largest little city in the world. I'm home? Yikes!" she said with a cringe. "Come have tea with me babe." Before he says another

word, he heard soft snores coming from below the blankets. He smiled, "*I thought she would be more thrilled about being home, oh well,*" he sighed. A short while later, he returned to bed; Somehow he just wasn't tired and was a little jealous that his fiancé was completely out. He slowly removed the blankets revealing her silky tan nightgown. He ran his fingers over her perfectly sculpted abs. He thought she looked quite becoming. Even asleep she moaned lightly at his touch. He kissed her neck gently and she wrapped her arms around him kissing him passionately. He removed her hair from her face, revealing her sparkling green eyes which almost appeared frightened. She then wrapped her strong legs around his hips, as if attempting to resist him. Surprised and unsure, he kissed her softly, even more surprised that she didn't resist. She suddenly appeared more womanly as they satisfy each other's long awaited hunger.

It was almost noon when Natalie finally awoke and noticed that Phillip was not laying next to her. She searched around the room and peeked into the bathroom, but he was nowhere. Then she noticed a piece of paper lying on the floor next to the bed. As she got closer, she realized that it was a note that Phil had left her which must have fallen on the floor, when she got out of bed. It read "Hey babe, I went to pick up our rental. You were sleeping so peacefully, I didn't want to wake you. I will

return within the hour-xx Phillip." After breakfast and a hot bath, Phillip still hadn't returned. She pulled the curtains and peeked out of the window. There is a major advantage being on the fifth floor and having a sound proof room. The view was spectacular; and despite being in the heart of the city, she couldn't hear a sound from all the commotion taking place in the busy streets below. As she was about to go through her luggage, Phillip came through the door. "Hey babe, ready for a little adventure. The weather forecast this morning said that we'll have a few hours of sunshine. I also GPS your dad's address this morning; he's roughly an hour's drive outside of the city. Natalie yawned. "Yes, about that," then she paused. "It's a good thing we're here for a few weeks; I think it will take me at least a week to get over this jetlag," she said with a yawn. "So what did we get? It's a surprise, but rugged enough to get around the toughest terrain," he boasted. "What's this you're holding?" she asked. "Oh it's a city guide I got from front desk; we are only a short drive from all of London's major attractions. Sorry babe, we won't be needing that, forgot?" she giggled. "Sure we do," he said unfolding it. Finally realizing he said "Oh silly me, that's right, this is your old stomping ground," he laughed. "Bet I can tell you exactly what's written in that tour guide," she said sitting on the sofa next to the fireplace. "Edinburg Clock is only twenty miles away and the

Palace manor is only a half an hour's drive from here. Thorpe Park, one of London's most popular theme parks is only a twenty minute drive from here. Oh really, how exciting," he said pretentiously. Want to hear something even more exciting; Windsor Castle is only about a ten minute drive from here and they do tours every hour. They conduct tours all week except for the weekends. The last tour occurs right at six thirty this evening. That's awesome; maybe we can make that one. That's the only Castle I didn't get to see on my tour of Europe," he replied.

Then suddenly Natalie appeared withdrawn. He sat beside her. "Are you okay babe? Umm, maybe I should call my father," she said looking up at him. "Perhaps you should wait till after we get back, by then you might feel better about it," he suggested. "I think you're right but I have to remain as discreet as possible," she warned. Phillip was already dressed, so she slipped on some casuals, a visor and matching pink and white tennis shoes. After looping a white cardigan around her hips, they were off.