



*“Countermeasures: Spark” – A.H. Scott  
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## *Book Description*

*A date of dining and dancing offered by Andrew turned into a night filled with temptation and desire for Deborah.*

*Even when a person is caught off guard their balance can be found in the most unlikely of places.*

*A.H. Scott unfurls a memorable night in “Countermeasures/Spark”.*

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Excerpt –

His name was Mr. Norman. I mean, Andrew was his name. Andrew Norman.

I'm Deborah Benson.

Mr. Norman, I mean Andrew; had always seen me with my hair pinned back with a hairclip or twisted tightly in a bun at the dentist office where I am the receptionist. This is how we met and where he asked me out for a date.

The one word that always popped into my head whenever he came into the dentist's office was sophisticated. Of course I didn't know him beyond the sage painted walls of this reception and waiting area; but, there was something about him that conveyed an air of worldliness.

Whenever Mr. Norman – damnit, there I go again – I mean, Andrew, yes, Andrew; he always wore tailored suits. Simply put, he was a fine man of fine fabric, cufflinks and even finer diction.

Being only a graduate of High School, my luckiest break was getting a temporary assignment at this dental office as a receptionist. Maternity leave for the dentist's receptionist turned permanent when she decided to leave her position.

That was over three years ago and I have been bushy-tailed and being a smiling greeter at the reception desk ever since.

Who would have ever guessed that somebody like me would have ever been at the right place and time to know such a man like Andrew?

I always thought he never noticed me; I mean other than when I was telling him the dentist was ready to see him.

Putting my best foot forward has always been my motto. And, with a man like Andrew, well, let's just say I wanted to make a good impression on him.

I could tell there was something special about him inviting me to a little café that I'd never heard of before.

Andrew kept the details of the location close to his vest, but with the package he had delivered to my place earlier that afternoon of our date; I knew I better take a deep breath and get ready for a night I shall not soon forget.

Since I never wore my hair out of those darned hairclips, I decided to pamper myself at the salon with a new hairstyle – feathered and layered.

After showering, I made a decision to go off my usual script. I chose not to wear any perfume, not even my favorite. Only a slight scent of Yardley soap and lotion with aloe would be sensed by an astute Andrew. My purest scent would be for his nose only.

As for that package, well, I'll get into that a bit later as I tell you what happened.

The name of the café doesn't matter. In fact, it seemed to be more of a private club. But, let me just say that it was quite different from my usual nibble of éclair and decaf at the doughnut shop across from the dentist's office where I work.

I had actually walked past this place twice before I even realized this was the address Andrew had given me to meet. With no obvious marker or flashing lights of an entrance, the only thing that made me realize this was where I belonged for this night was a trio of numbers in light grey stencil on a black awning.

As I walked into this dimly lit location, there was this music playing in the background. It was something quite ambient and nice to hear. Perky pops of Alpert's horn on a famously sweet melody flowed from the inside.

I took off the tan raincoat I was wearing and handed it to the coat check person. She was a woman in her late 20's with a slim build, and dark brown hair in a slicked back ponytail.

To my right side, there were two men who looked like they were defensive ends for the NFL standing by a pair of black French doors. Coat check woman nodded to them and they opened the doors for me to enter further inside.

Standing there, a man approached me in silhouette. As he walked closer, I realized it was the man I was going to meet there.

Andrew Norman had this grin from ear to ear, as he got his first look at my wardrobe. He was quite pleased with what he was seeing.

He wore a black jacket, pants and crisp white shirt. Even when he was casually dressed, his style was evident.

I have on this dress. It's a wraparound dress. The color of it is orange – I mean burnt over with almost a day-glow, neon tinge to it.

Truly fabulous was this color, even though I did have one little problem with this dress. Well, I'll let you in on what that tiny bit of distress was when it came to my orange dress a bit later.

He wanted me in this dress and I adhered to this choice in me wearing it this night. When it was delivered to my place earlier in that day, he had a note with instructions upon it inside of the box. I followed them, except for one of them. I didn't wear a bra as he wished, but I did have on a pair of panties.

Well, we'll get back to talking about the panties later. As for me without a bra, it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. You see; after all, the dress I was wearing was actually a size too small. So, the girls were nicely held in place.

Andrew Norman seemed to have a keen eye for measurements and how a certain type of fabric could stretch to fit a woman's body like a velvet glove.



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