

Talent Hunter



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Career, Eroticism, and Tragedy

Amber Hofman, a successful recruiter, is on the lookout for an attractive partner, someone to share her life with. Alongside her colleague Dusty, she ventures into the nightlife of Rotterdam and meets Dolf, who identifies with the philosophical insights of 'The Discovery of Heaven' by Harry Mulisch, seeing it as his life's mission. Through social media, Amber gets in touch with Frederico, a handsome divine dandy, and they arrange to meet at the Witte Aap on a Sunday afternoon. Securing a follow-up appointment with Frederico proves challenging, given his ownership of a business and his international operations.

Amber faces a dilemma in making a choice. Will she choose Dolf or Frederico? Amber decides to undergo a treatment with Detox coach and Medium Odin. During this session, Odin hints that Amber will get a promotion at work and will experience the love of her life.

After a sexual climax on a red pouf, followed by a heavenly weekend on the Christina Onassis Yacht, Amber finds it difficult to terminate one of the two friendships. Meanwhile, Amber gets a promotion and joins the workforce of an innovative company that sends her abroad. The path she envisioned takes a different turn than expected, and after a trial, she chooses the love of her life.

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This book does not contain a personal life story. What is it then? It's fiction. The story was entirely created in the writer's imagination. All names were randomly chosen and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and refers to the frequent occurrence of similar thought patterns, behavior, events or dreamed fantasies of people.

Part I - Composition

Water and oil don't mix

Chapter 1

Hello, I'm Frederico. My zodiac sign is Leo. I love a woman with self-respect, a woman who radiates the aura of Miss Universe. A woman who embraces me in her arms and says, 'Frederico, darling.' If you recognize yourself in this, then I'm yours.

Amber leaned back in her comfortable chair and closed her eyes. With her mobile phone in her hand, she pondered, as she impulsively tapped the green heart icon when Frederico's photo appeared on Tinder.

Amber found Frederico handsome. His photo seemed to have been taken in the dunes near the beach, given the background of marram grass. Sun rays reflected like luminous particles on his broad, oiled shoulders, prominently positioned in his selfie. A well-trained body, Amber thought self-assuredly. Frederico had a beautiful, full Northern European face with dark blond hair slicked back, except for a loose strand that casually fell over his forehead. A cool, dark blue sunglasses shielded his eyes, preventing her from seeing his gaze, but he was undeniably stunning.

Amber wondered what words could surprise Frederico. She would prefer to arrange a date with him now, but Amber hesitated. She still wanted to gather more background information about Frederico before committing to a meeting. It shouldn't be that Frederico turned out to be a disappointment that she'd unnecessarily spend time on.

In her daily life, Amber worked as a recruiter at Residentialibus, a large housing corporation in the Randstad. The standard question she posed to her job applicants at the start of the interview was: *'Who do you admire the most and why?'*

Amber enjoyed pushing candidates out of their comfort zones and uncovering their creative personalities in this way. She typed the same question into Frederico's profile.

Frederico responded: *'Ben Affleck. A good actor and director.'*

Amber looked slightly disappointed at the answer. Given his muscular physique, she had expected Federico to name a successful athlete. While staring disappointedly ahead, text appeared on the screen again.

'My wish is to drift with you on a raft to the Land of Love.'

Amber squinted her eyes slightly. Was Federico a charmer who only wanted her for a one-night stand, or could she keep him around longer? she wondered.

Amber was a serious young woman, with a round face and beautiful light blue almond-shaped eyes. When she smiled, her upper lip automatically lifted slightly, revealing her front teeth with a disproportionately large piece of pink gum visible. Her sleek dark blonde hair hung gracefully over her shoulders. Amber styled her hair daily because she disliked her fine curly mane, which was hard to manage. Due to excessive styling, her thin hair appeared dull and wispy.

As an individual, she had a curious mindset and always thought carefully before making a decision. Problem-solving was second nature to her. This stemmed from her business acumen, which involved analyzing situations thoroughly and then coming up with practical solutions. Amber didn't get stressed easily because she had sufficient self-awareness and self-confidence. Her colleagues envied her approach, as no matter what happened, things always seemed to work out for her. But this was just a facade because the precision Amber was endowed with turned out to be her pitfall. Sometimes, she got so meticulous that she focused too much on the tiniest details, losing sight of the bigger picture when evaluating candidates. She tried to cleverly hide this when she became aware of her own blunders.

Amber worked at Residentialibus, an ambitious housing corporation with 85,000 residential units in its portfolio, which effectively carried out its legal and societal responsibilities. Residentialibus had its own maintenance service, and Amber saw herself as the connecting link between Residentialibus on one side and the applicants on the other.

These applicants, seen as promising talents, were meant to uphold and ensure the quality and stability of the organization. She firmly believed that her contributions made the collaboration between both parties much smoother.

Over the past years, Amber had become comfortable in her professional role, but her personal life didn't unfold as she had hoped. She had hooked up with a few nice guys, but it never led to a real relationship. When she went out with her girlfriends, they met attractive men, but so far, it hadn't gone beyond a few fun weekends.

Amber could still vividly recall the moment when, after work, she went out with her colleague and friend Dusty to the city center of Rotterdam. In the Wine Bar, she spotted an attractive young man chatting with his friends at the bar. He exuded nonchalance, but based on his attire and demeanor, Amber could tell he had more to offer. His jet-black hair was neatly styled with a sharp part on the right side. With his light stubble beard, he looked wildly appealing, but Amber was sure he would shave it off on Monday morning when heading to his employer.

Amber nudged Dusty and said with a smile, 'He's mine.' She placed her empty glass demonstratively on the table and walked elegantly on her high heels to the bar. With a mischievous smile on her face, she mingled among the men and placed her order with the bartender.

'One Pornstar Martini, please.'

She immediately captured the men's attention, who looked at her curiously. The bartender took the order and skillfully started preparing the cocktail. In the meantime, Amber maintained eye contact with the attractive man at the bar. While she continued to look at him, she casually brushed her dry locks over her shoulder and gave him a mischievous smile. The bartender placed the Pornstar Martini in front of her, with a halved passion fruit in the middle of the glass, resembling an open eye assessing the situation. Before picking up the glass, she sought eye contact again with the handsome man, who still appeared interested.

In a slightly posh tone, he said, 'That looks delicious.'

'It's my favorite cocktail,' Amber replied with a sultry voice as she slowly moved toward the handsome man. He picked up his half-full beer glass from the bar and clinked it elegantly against her Pornstar Martini. Amber wasted no time, intentionally picking up the cocktail with her left hand as she started a conversation with the man at the bar.

Standard questions were exchanged, such as how often Amber frequented the Wine Bar and how it was surprising they hadn't noticed each other before. While sipping her cocktail, she placed her right hand on the upper arm of the handsome man, who turned out to be named Dolf. An intimate atmosphere emerged, and Amber noticed that Dolf was indeed interested.

Dolf turned out to be an Amsterdammer staying in Rotterdam for work. He was a senior policy officer at the Rotterdam municipality. Dolf mentioned being approached for the role due to his extensive experience as an advisor and researcher in the field of housing distribution. Amber was charmed by his demeanor and sensed a connection with Dolf since they both worked within the same field of housing corporations.

'Goodbye, Amber, I'm heading out,' Dusty said softly. Amber understood that Dusty didn't feel comfortable in the Wine Bar anymore. She could tell from her tone that it didn't bother her much.

Meanwhile, Dolf had ordered a new Pornstar Martini for Amber without asking and casually let his hand slide over her shoulder. He had turned away from his group of friends, and after a few cocktails, he asked in a charming tone, 'Shall we do something fun soon?' Simultaneously, he looked at Amber curiously, who responded with an amused glance but didn't answer his question.

'We can grab a bite somewhere or go for a walk,' Dolf suggested.

Amber took his hand and whispered conspiratorially, 'We can take a walk in a bit,' taking a sip from her cocktail. Dolf smiled confidently, put down his empty glass, took Amber by the hand, and said in a fitting tone, 'Let's do it now.'

To her disappointment, Amber found it quite challenging, as it was a considerable walk to Dolf's apartment. Whether it was due to the

cocktails, she wasn't sure, but she was exhausted when he inserted the key into the lock and opened the front door.

Amber followed Dolf through the hallway into the living room. It was a modernly furnished space that appeared more empty than lived-in, with a minimal number of objects on a solid cherry wood floor. Classic wooden beams were mounted on the ceiling, creating a rustic feel.

Dolf wasted no time, firmly gripping Amber's hips, pulling her slowly towards him, and looking at her with desire. Before she could even say anything, Dolf lovingly kissed her on the lips. She felt his warm hands glide over her body and offered no resistance as he undressed her and led her into his bedroom.

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'Amber, I can't seem to track down the right candidate. Do you have any tips?' asked Dusty, who worked as a recruiter at Residentialibus Housing Corporation, responsible for recruiting maintenance personnel.

Amber turned around and rolled her chair over to Dusty's workstation. She looked at the screen to see the selection list that Dusty had prepared and said, 'Unfortunately, I have to agree with you, because right now, finding employees for building management is challenging. The ideal candidate should be capable of managing facility installations, as well as taking responsibility for maintaining the systems and structural components. Recently, I came across a resume from an applicant where I believe they had mentioned installation or electrical engineering at the vocational level for their education. I'll see if I can locate it,' said Amber, rolling her chair back to her own workspace.

It took Amber about fifteen minutes, but she found the resume.

'Dusty, I found him. Ruben Deen.'

Dusty turned around, rolled her chair to Amber's workspace, and looked at Ruben's profile on her screen. Dusty took over the mouse and scrolled through Ruben's profile.

‘Perfect, this is the candidate I’ve been looking for. Look, he has experience collaborating with purchasers and housemasters, as well as the skills to report activities. The ultimate candidate needs to maintain contacts with tenants and executing companies,’ said Dusty enthusiastically.

Dusty glanced around. When she saw no colleagues nearby, she looked mischievously at Amber, pointed at the photo on Ruben’s resume, and said in a soft tone, ‘An attractive guy to look at. By the way, how did things go with that Frederico on Tinder? I thought he looked great with those broad shoulders in that small photo.’

Amber smiled mysteriously and said, ‘I’m still debating whether to go on a date with him. It all seems a bit too perfect. By the way, last night with Dolf wasn’t unpleasant. He was good in bed and a verbal charmer. I’m up for spending a few weekends at Dolf’s apartment.’

Amber looked around and whispered, ‘You know what he said?’

Dusty shook her head curiously, wanting to hear the juicy details.

‘According to Dolf, he lost his gravity when he climaxed inside me. I have to admit, he did a weird somersault, and it was also a strange position. Dolf has a large red velvet pouf on wheels. I had to get on my hands and knees, with my butt in the air, on the pouf. It was quite an experience, being ridden on a rolling velvet pouf in the living room.’

Dusty was speechless and looked at Amber longingly, hoping for more details.

‘And then?’ asked Dusty.

‘After he climaxed, he collapsed on top of me, making it feel like the pouf was launched,’ Amber said, laughing.

‘Didn’t you hit your head on the wall?’ Dusty asked, concerned.

‘No, because the big pouf rolled against the couch, and I had already extended my arms to protect myself,’ Amber chuckled.

‘I’d like to experience this a few more times. Maybe Dolf is someone to keep around for a bit. I still need to investigate Frederico further, and I’ll keep chatting with him on Tinder. If Dolf disappoints next time, I might consider replacing him with Frederico,’ Amber said confidently.

‘When are you going to arrange a date for yourself again?’ Amber asked Dusty.

‘I’m done with Tinder. For me, it’s nothing more than a superficial judgment. It usually ends up as just a weekend appointment, and

sometimes you're relieved when it's over. I've heard that the dating site Inner Circle is more suitable for educated individuals. I'm thinking of giving it a shot,' Dusty said, brimming with confidence.

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Amber and Dusty were hired at Residentialibus after obtaining their Human Resource Management bachelor certificate. This housing corporation had recently merged with several smaller housing corporations in the Rotterdam region. Many former employees had left on their own accord because they no longer felt at home in this new organization. After the reorganization, Amber and Dusty gained their first experiences in recruiting personnel. They enthusiastically dove into finding suitable candidates, and when they found a match, they would give each other a high five.

Initially, they were mainly focused on searching for candidates at the vocational education level and learned the tricks of the trade by concentrating on the application process. Amber vividly remembered her first independently conducted interview. The HR manager was present to provide support. Amber had thoroughly reviewed the candidate's resume and, just to be sure, checked his profiles on social media for any unusual photos or messages.

The job interview was for the position of a porter. Amber thought it was a nice and straightforward role, which would allow her to gain her first experience as a recruiter. However, despite her good preparation, she felt a certain tension during the interview. It didn't go as expected. The candidate seemed introverted at first, but once he started talking, he couldn't stop. Amber struggled to silence him. She was conflicted. On one hand, given his diplomas and work experience, he seemed like the perfect candidate that Residentialibus had been searching for a while. On the other hand, Amber couldn't get a good grasp of the candidate's competencies. The HR manager had to intervene twice to clarify the candidate's competencies, personal characteristics, and motivations.

After the interview, Amber spoke with her supervisor, who warned her that she had only sought confirmation of her initial superficial impression. This was a lesson that Amber took seriously. The next interview was structured, which made Amber feel like she had chosen the right approach. All subsequent conversations went well, and Amber grew in her role and excelled.

Her passion was finding good candidates to equip the organization with the right knowledge and experience. Good candidates were scarce, and Amber put everything into an ideal mix of sourcing and branding across communication channels to win her personal 'war on talent.'

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After a day of hard work, Amber received a push notification from Frederico in the evening.

... Let me show how sweet I could be, sharing your love with me...

Amber looked at Frederico's sweet message and checked out his photo. He looked fantastic. Maybe it was smart to work with both Dolf and Frederico. She typed the following text: *Are you an early bird or a night owl?*

The response that followed was: *Both.*

It irritated Amber because that wasn't a clear answer. But she didn't want Frederico to slip through her fingers and impulsively typed: *When shall we meet?*

Frederico replied: *Saturday night at midnight? The early bird following the night owl.*

Now, Amber had to smile. Frederico wasted no time.

Chapter 2

Just before midnight, Amber attempted to enter Café De Witte Aap. It was quite crowded inside, and groups of people with half-full glasses were chatting on the sidewalk and terrace outside. Confidently, she looked around to see if she could recognize her Tinder date, Frederico.

Back home, Amber had spent a couple of hours in front of the mirror hesitating on what to wear. Striving for elegance, she decided against wearing pants. A skirt emphasized her femininity. She discarded a white shirt as it wasn't mysterious enough. Eventually, she settled on a tight black leather skirt with a sexy zipper that could be opened from the hem upwards. Since it was a pleasant summer evening, Amber put on a matching crepe de Chine top. She completed the outfit with a pair of red pumps and a red leather handbag. After applying fire-red lipstick to her lips, she slid her stubborn hair back over her shoulders in satisfaction. She had looked at a photo of Frederico to form an impression of him. He appeared sporty, but Amber estimated he would be casually dressed. Especially considering the crowd at De Witte Aap, where Frederico had to be familiar, otherwise you wouldn't arrange a meeting there. In the past, Amber had ended up in De Witte Aap during a pub crawl; this brown cafe offered a unique experience due to its diverse clientele. Many students, but also the type of 'businesspeople' roamed around.

Amber spotted Frederico at the bar. He had pushed the dark blue sunglasses he had on in the photo up to his forehead. They made eye contact, and Amber navigated through the crowd to the bar where Frederico stood. She liked what she saw. Frederico had a divine body. He wore brown skinny jeans with a white linen shirt, the top buttons of which were casually undone, and his tanned skin stood out prominently. She could tell from his eyes that she was appealing to him.

'Hi, I'm Amber,' she said.

Frederico extended his hand, observing Amber while gently shaking his head, a blissful expression in his eyes. 'You look sublime,' he said, took Amber's hand, and elegantly kissed the top of it.

Amber was taken aback because she had intended to take the evening slowly and then decide if she wanted to pursue something with Frederico. A desire for intimacy wasn't wrong, but such a statement that she looked sublime hinted at flirting.

The night with Frederico at De Witte Aap turned into an unforgettable dream. Who wouldn't want to be seen with a sporty man who looked impeccable? This made Amber gaze at him lovingly all night long. Frederico had more class than Dolf, who, riding on his red velvet pouf, moved through the room like an eager hare, seducing women. Amber didn't see Frederico in that light. Frederico exuded class.

Amber felt like she had known Frederico for years; the conversation flowed informally and relaxed. Luckily, he had taken off his sunglasses from his forehead after they introduced themselves.

Frederico possessed a pronounced charisma, as Amber noticed different women observing him with interest and secretly flirting. Amber had decided not to act prudish, as it could confuse Frederico. She was dressed sexily in her black leather skirt, the zipper of which she had slightly opened on her right thigh as the night progressed. Her sexy black lace bra was visible through her elegant blouse. Amber had noticed during their conversation at the bar that Fernando's eyes were frequently fixed on her breasts. She enjoyed the emotional interaction that was unfolding. In the meantime, Amber had already made the decision to spend the night with Fernando, or rather, she dreamed of it.

Just before closing time, Frederico looked at Amber ominously, waited deliberately to ratchet up the tension and in the meantime he probed her unnoticed. Frederico did not have much work on Amber as she followed him slavishly, as her unsatisfied sex life gnawed at her and Frederico had unleashed an uncontrollable lust in her body and mind. On the way in the cab to his apartment, he had whispered lovingly in Amber's ear that she was his surprise as he slid the zipper of her skirt

all the way up, sliding his fingers under her skirt and resting on the inside of her thigh. He rested his lips on Amber's lips, but did not kiss her. Then he looked at Amber and asked worriedly, 'Is your vibo working overtime?'

Amber closed her eyes, tried to spread slightly her thighs that were trapped in the top part of the tight skirt, and she whispered, 'Yes, but not tonight.'

'Tonight you will experience the land of love...' Frederico whispered, kissing Amber tenderly on her neck as he slowly slid his other hand over her shoulder, rested on her breast and began to massage it.

The cab driver parked the cab in front of the High Lords apartment complex and opened the back seat door. Amber had quickly pulled down the zipper of her skirt. Hand in hand, Frederico had led Amber to the elevator. As he pressed the button for the 32nd floor in the elevator, he turned, pulled Amber to him and kissed her intimately.

After entering his apartment, he trotted Amber to his bedroom, where she had looked at him with yearning eyes. In the red lamplight, Frederico undressed Amber in a controlled manner with the elegance of a gentleman who respects a woman, but it was not fast enough for Amber's liking, as she did the rest herself. Her kissing turned into animalistic fondling, as Amber was no longer in control of her lust. Even before Frederico knew it, she had his glans in her mouth and was sucking on it as if her last minutes had been spent on an IV of life elixir. This was the highest form of pent-up frustrated horniness Frederico had never experienced before in his sex life.

When Amber woke up the next morning, she looked around with curiosity. Last night, she had consumed far too many glasses of wine with Frederico at De Witte Aap. Beside her, Frederico was fast asleep. In the incoming sunlight, she studied Frederico's body. He was a handsome man, someone she regarded as the epitome of perfection. His smooth skin covering an impressive muscle mass, a flawless body, and even his beautiful eyelashes and full lips. Everything about Frederico was delightful. Amber glanced around and had no idea of the address she was at. She had gotten quite tipsy in the taxi, paid little attention when she entered the elevator, and had blindly followed Frederico to his apartment. She found the bedroom unusually

decorated. A large classical bed adorned with beige velvet fabric, and the beddings consisted of deep red silk sheets piled up at the foot. A tad too extravagant for a stylish man like Frederico.

Amber looked at Frederico and felt an immense passion for him. She rolled onto her side and slowly let her hand glide over Frederico's body as he cautiously opened his eyes, allowing Amber to proceed.

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'Recruitment is seduction,' the course instructor stated firmly. Amber and Dusty had enrolled in a follow-up course on personnel recruitment at the request of HR manager Menno. Menno had enthusiastically described it as an excellent course to learn the ins and outs of the trade.

The course instructor, named Kim, stood in front of a large screen with a presenter in her hand, enthusiastically greeting the students who had taken their seats in a crescent arrangement. She pressed the presenter button, causing a new PowerPoint slide to appear on the screen. The image displayed twelve brown eggs and one white egg on a plate. Above it was the text: 'Are you looking for number thirteen in a dozen?'

'Who wants to share their reaction to this image?' Kim asked, looking expectantly at the group.

A young man answered, 'You're suggesting that we're essentially digging through a big batch of the same candidates.'

Some students chuckled, prompting Kim to respond quite seriously, 'That's correct, but I'm looking for a bit more nuance,' as she looked expectantly at the group.

Another student said, 'Actually, we're searching for a unicorn. Someone with extensive experience in a particular industry, not older than thirty-five, and it shouldn't cost much.'

Several students nodded in agreement.

'I think you hit the nail on the head. Recruiters are tasked with finding candidates based on guidelines that are unrealistic, with profiles often

drafted by employees who lack experience in this field,' Kim said. 'The art is to entice job seekers with an image that keeps promising candidates engaged on the company's website with vacancies and ultimately encourages them to apply. Job seekers decide within a fraction of a second whether they've landed on an interesting website. Soon, we'll work on models to entice the right candidates through some assignments,' Kim said enthusiastically.

Amber and Dusty were busy. They found it a valuable course that fueled their passion, and Kim offered new perspectives they could effectively implement at Residentialibus to attract the right technical employees. In the afternoon, they focused on recruiting challenging and hard-to-reach professional groups, such as technical IT professionals. Amber and Dusty prioritized recruitment and selection models to attract IT professionals, including options like remote work.

'Have you considered the concept of The New Way of Working at Residentialibus? Can employees actually decide when and where they work, especially when there are technical issues?' Kim asked, standing next to Amber and Dusty.

'We aim for a good work-life balance,' Dusty explained.

'What's your solution to the fact that IT professionals have high expectations for the content of their roles? They won't settle for work that lacks challenges,' Kim said.

'During the first job interview, it's our task to understand their wishes and demands,' Amber stated firmly.

'Is it solely about salary, company cars, and career prospects? Or does the home situation play a role? Is the new colleague interested in flexible parenting days? With the information we gather, we create the profile and tailor the offer accordingly,' Dusty confidently explained. 'It shouldn't be the case that an employee wants to work from home but is actually holding onto an as-yet-unacquired 'parenting day' and not doing what's expected. If the main motivation is salary, we need to present a good offer, and then the employee will want to work from home to avoid traffic, ultimately leading to better productivity for Residentialibus.' Amber nodded to confirm Dusty's argument. Kim provided a few more pointers, such as development opportunities, and emphasized the use of referral recruitment where Residentialibus IT

staff are involved in the recruitment process. They would never recommend weak candidates.

In the car on the way home, Amber and Dusty chatted non-stop about the course and the concepts they were planning to implement at Residentialibus.

'Just recently, I had a job interview with a candidate for the position of Front Office Rental Assistant. A part-time job, mind you,' Amber said arrogantly.

'For this role, we're looking for people who can stand their ground and perform under high pressure. Potential renters aren't always the easiest customers. From a large pool of applicants, I selected a few candidates who I felt were a good match based on their education and demonstrated assertiveness, such as senior reviews with at least ten years of work experience. The appointments for the first round were quickly scheduled since it wasn't a vacation period. But then, it starts,' Amber said, highly irritated.

'The first candidate on Tuesday morning came across quite arrogantly. I asked my usual opening question: 'Who do you admire the most and why?' The woman, who is forty years old, looked at me and asked: 'Why are you asking such pointless questions?'

Dusty looked at Amber in surprise and said, 'What an arrogant attitude. She was invited for an interview, and as Recruiters, we need to understand her personality to assess whether she fits within the Residentialibus team. Such behavior should actually be a reason to reject her immediately. Did you do that?'

'I kept the conversation brief and said goodbye after half an hour,' Amber sniffed.

'Then candidate number two was ready for an interview in the reception area. This woman wasn't much better. She started asking me questions before I even finished introducing the procedure. She fired off a bunch of questions about signing lease agreements and handing over keys to tenants. I politely asked if I could finish my explanation first. Then she continued with more questions, which I had no interest in answering. For form's sake, I asked her for a few references, and then I ended the conversation. Residentialibus definitely doesn't want these know-it-all types,' Amber said with a deep sigh.

'But did you end up hiring someone?' Dusty asked.

'Yes, eventually, I found a young woman who was ready for the next step in her career. I'm sure she'll fit well within the team,' Amber said contentedly.

'I had more luck with Ruben Deen, the building management employee. He had the right credentials, the necessary experience, and could start right away,' Dusty said. Amber turned her head towards Dusty and gave her a meaningful smile: 'I think you have a crush on Ruben.'

While they were stuck in traffic on the highway, Amber looked to the side and saw an attractive man in the car next to them. 'What a hunk!' Dusty also looked to the side and said curtly, 'You always have eyes for guys. You seem like a nymphomaniac. What are your plans with Frederico and Dolf?'

'I'm going for Frederico,' Amber said and recounted in vivid detail all the romantic aspects of the past weekend with Frederico.

'Did you go to his place?'

'Yes, why not?' Amber said confidently.

'I would never do that on a first meeting. You never know,' Dusty cautioned. 'It doesn't seem like you to act so impulsively. Or had you had too much to drink?'

Amber sniffed, lowered the corner of her mouth slightly, and said with a raised upper lip, 'He was incredibly handsome, and he knew how to please. You know, I've never been so satisfied.'

As the traffic slowly started moving again and Amber continued down the road at full speed, she said, 'You know what Frederico told me the next morning?' She turned her head towards Dusty. 'He said I'm his addiction. From the moment he saw my picture on Tinder, Frederico felt a connection with me, even without meeting me. Now that he's felt my body, he's convinced there's a deep bond between us. My body emits invisible signals that he experiences as his addiction,' Amber passionately explained.

Dusty stared out the windshield, amazed by the dream world Amber seemed to have entered. When Amber fell silent for a moment, Dusty said, 'I was planning to go out this weekend and was hoping you'd join me. But hearing you now, I think you won't have time.'

Amber laughed and said, 'I'll come with you because Frederico is already overseas for work.'

'And what about Dolf?' Dusty asked cautiously.

'Frederico is my number one, and Dolf is the smart follower,' Amber said, laughing.

'Don't you need to say goodbye to Dolf? It seems complicated to string along two men at once,' Dusty asked.

'Maybe. Dolf has an apartment in Rotterdam but spends weekends in Amsterdam,' Amber said.

'Jesus, Amber, have you been to Dolf's apartment already? You should never go to a man's place on the first meeting. I thought you were going to a hotel,' Dusty said indignantly.

'I think you're just a little jealous,' Amber sniffed, raising her upper lip.

'And by the way, have you found anyone of caliber on that IC dating site?' Amber asked.

'I'm in touch with a few nice and serious men, but I haven't scheduled any meetings yet,' Dusty said.

'Then we're going for it this coming weekend!' Amber said as she parked her car in front of the house.

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Arm in arm and dressed in 1970s glitter clothing, Dusty and Amber walked along the Maasboulevard quay on their way to the Seventies Party aboard the steamship The Partyzone. They stumbled on the unevenly paved quay in their high platform shoes.

'I can't imagine our mothers could walk, let alone dance, in these kinds of shoes back in the day,' Dusty laughed.

'Great idea to order the tickets online,' Amber said as she stumbled and grabbed onto Dusty for support.

'I read on the internet that the cover band B70 is the perfect band that plays all the famous disco songs. I'm curious how I'm going to survive the evening in these platform shoes,' Dusty laughed.

In the covered gangway, speakers hung from which the music of the BeeGees and Gloria Gaynor streamed. Amber started moving her hips and her bell-bottom pants' legs swung to the music. 'You wouldn't

believe how often my mother used to blast this music on the radio and sing along. I know all the lyrics by heart,' Amber laughed, and she began singing along loudly. Dusty adjusted her tight glitter mini skirt, which had slid up due to the tight elastic around her thighs.

After checking in, they entered the grand reception hall of the steamship. Their eyes widened as they looked around, because all the guests were dressed in glitters just like themselves.

The evening began with an extensive buffet. Amber and Dusty filled their plates several times and deliberately sat at large tables with other guests. To start a conversation, they enthusiastically exclaimed, 'What a delicious buffet! What do you like the most?'

Most partygoers had an opinion on this, and this way, they struck up conversations with a group of friends. They were spontaneous guys who had organized a bachelor party for a friend who would get married next week. They all wore funky afro wigs that were much too big, along with overly large sunglasses.

Dusty couldn't tear herself away from the group of friends and clung to them tightly.

Amber nudged Dusty and said, 'Come on, it's their party, let the guys do their thing among themselves. We shouldn't insert ourselves here.'

Dusty looked indignant at Amber and said, 'Haven't you figured it out?'

Amber looked at her in surprise and shrugged nonchalantly. 'One of those friends is Ruben Deen. There, with that orange fringed shirt,' Dusty whispered excitedly.

After dinner, the buffet sunk into the floor, creating a large dance floor. Large shiny silver balls with rotating lights descended from the ceiling. The tone was set. Disco music poured out from all corners and the dance floor filled with guests who were all dressed exuberantly. Amber and Dusty joined them, having kicked off their platform shoes and dancing barefoot to the disco music. This was one of those parties where everything was perfect. It created a relaxing atmosphere, something they, as hardworking women, desperately needed after the busyness at Residentialibus. They danced with anyone who momentarily lacked a dance partner. It didn't matter who was in front of them; after all, everyone was in costume.

By midnight, much to Amber's annoyance, Dusty had fully infiltrated the bachelor party group. Dusty had managed to get close to Ruben and was dancing with him in the middle of the dance floor. A friend of Ruben's stood behind Dusty and swayed his hands on her hips in time with the disco music. Then Ruben knelt on the crowded dance floor and rapped to the music: *'Play with me tonight, baby?'* Dusty grinned provocatively and then sang along loudly: *'It's ladies' night and the feeling is right.'* After which Ruben got back up, grabbed Dusty by the hips, and danced and sang with her to the rhythm of the music: *'Party here, party there, everywhere. This is your night, baby ...'* While he slowly pulled Dusty towards him and kissed her in the middle of the crowded dance floor. Gasping, Dusty pulled away and whispered, *'This is my night, let's celebrate!'*

Amber saw Ruben's hand slip under Dusty's top on the crowded dance floor. With a self-satisfied smile, Amber felt that Dusty deserved this adventure. She was a beautiful girl, but far too serious and focused on perfection, leaving little room for indulgence, let alone an exciting one-night stand. Ruben was the right guy for her, and maybe it was good that Dusty could finally let loose. Was this finally the start of the new Dusty? While Amber watched Dusty on the dance floor, she saw Dusty tilt her head back and Ruben kiss her neck. Amber went to the bar to get a glass of wine, and when she returned, Dusty and Ruben were gone.

Dusty had let Ruben have his way under her shirt. She had loved it when he had kissed her neck. Slowly he had maneuvered Dusty to the side of the dance floor, grabbed her hand and led her out to the back deck.

In a dark alcove on the back deck, he kissed Dusty intensely and pushed up her shiny miniskirt. When Dusty wanted to balk, Ruben whispered, 'I won't hurt you ...' and he deftly pushed aside the crotch of her panties. He grabbed her thigh and lifted it, shoved his stiff cock inside and fucked Dusty mercilessly on the deck against the wall. Trembling with pleasure, Dusty sighed, 'Don't stop ... And a loud scream escaped from her mouth.



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