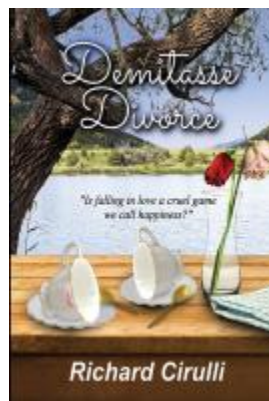


Steamy Romantic Novel Tells How A Chance Encounter Over Coffee Led to an Inescapable Harmonious Love Affair

But is Synchronicity Enough to Satisfy Their Lives?



Demitasse Divorce By Richard Cirulli

Suave and sophisticated, Elia is an architect residing in Hudson Valley, New York circa 1992 where his failed, conventional marriage with Beth is leaving him uneasy with life. Marriage in general can be hard enough but throw in Beth's mental illness and years of trying to keep it all together – everyone, including Elia was surprised it lasted as long as it did. Then, a chance encounter with the alluring, hedonist Anais over morning coffee helps him to regain the passions he thought he lost forever.

Elia and Anais find themselves drawn together in a hot and uninhibited affair as they attempt to find harmony in the analogy of their opposites. Their attempt to free themselves from the conventions and taboos of the adolescent bourgeoisie sexual mores, they eventually find themselves shackled to an inescapable mutual love they never anticipated and equally fear. But is this love enough to sustain their boomer lives?

About the Author:

Richard Cirulli is an author, playwright and founder of the Demitasse Players, a 501 (c) (3) charity. Founded on the mission to write and produce plays to bring awareness to mental health, to help remove its many taboos, and to improve the mental outlook on life. We teach people about mental disorders, and to also address how these family of illnesses impact care givers, friends, and family.

Excerpt:

Elia takes a casual glance around the dining area and notices they are the last diners in the room. He summons the waitress for the tab and apologizes for not being more sensitive to the time.

“Anais, we should get going, the staff wants to go home. I was so caught up in our conversation I lost track of the time. Why we never even ordered dessert and our demitasse.”

“I agree Elia, no problem. Can you believe we have been here for close to six hours?”

“It must mean something Anais, when two people on a shared quest can transmute time to prolong the pleasure.”

“Yes Elia, it will give us time to transmute our hearts and souls alike.”

Outside the restaurant in the deserted parking lot, Elia turns to Anais, “Would you like to take a quick stroll along the river path? The river is alone and seeks our company.”

“Sounds quite romantic,” Anais says as she takes Elia’s hand. They walk to the river and stop at the rail at the edge of the foot path. Elia gazes spellbound into the water.

“Elia, what do you see in the river? What is it saying to you?”

Elia turns to Anais, takes her in his arms and applying a little pressure to his embrace looks deeply into her eyes as he kisses her passionately. She offers no resistance, returning his kiss and embrace. Slowly they pull apart.

“Anais, the river speaks in silence.”

“Elia, is that another riddle or clue for me to decipher.”

“Hardly, I am as transparent as the waters of our mutual desires.”

“Then Elia, we should bathe in those mystical waters. My daughters are with their father tonight. I don’t believe they will be coming home. It’s well past midnight and we have a ride ahead of us. Let’s head to my place and continue on with our quest.”

They quickly walk back to the car, consumed with passion knowing it’s a long ride home.

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