



Adriana Šinka

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Dedicated to
My son Julian

With special thanks to
Ati

About the book:

Provoking, provocative, erotic, sensual, sexual... All these adjectives describe this novel of the present. Four protagonists. Two males, two females. Four intertwined fates. Sweethearts, spouses, lovers, enemies. Enormous yearning. Fatal attraction. Absolute fulfillment in love. Drifting apart. Mortal hatred. Passion, insatiability, addiction. Betrayal. Suspense.

Saturation I is a thrilling story from the present day depicting the never-ending pilgrimage of human beings in need of love, happiness, fulfillment. Written in a modern, enthralling style and spiced with a more than a pinch of sensuality. It will leave you reeling and craving for the sequel...

PhDr. Erika Mináriková

PART I Illusion

Sabrina Kvetanská shivered. All confused, she whispered "I'm here again. In the old familiar place. All alone." The young woman clenched her fists. For protection. It was her defence mechanism. She didn't feel well here. Several issues were getting on her nerves. The twilight. Also the cold quiet. The past. And that wasn't all. Her own imagination and fantasy were working her up. "It's like a nightmare," she summed up the situation, biting nervously the nail of her forefinger stuck between her teeth. She squinted. The walls and ceiling were alive with the dance of terrifying shadows. The interplay between the antique table lamp dominating the worktop and the hundred year-old lime tree swaying behind the window was horrifying. "This is stupid!" she thought with disgust and shook her head in disagreement. She flicked the light on. The fear was overpowering, shaking inside her body. The bare twigs of the tree rubbed against the wooden shutters. Scraping, disturbing, nagging. She felt uncomfortable not only from the cold, but also from this sudden flood of memories. The chill embraced her slight body. "What have I come to? A once confident woman reduced to a cowardly bunny? Enough!" Upset, but determined, she stood alone in her old home. It was an old, luxurious house, which she and Mathias had used to call a heavenly paradise. She sighed. "Yes, this was to be a perfect paradise for me and my seemingly idyllic family." She eased up the pressure in her fists. With mixed feelings she looked around. "Oh, good. After six months I'm back. Not of my own will. ... But still..." She was suppressing various emotions. In the back pocket of her tight jeans, a mobile phone had been vibrating at regular intervals for almost two minutes

now. It didn't want to stop. Nagging at her. Provoking her. In the end it got her. Angrily she grumbled "Leave me alone, all of you!" Suddenly it went quiet. It seemed that her determined wish had worked. Yes, the tiring vibrations on her perfectly-formed bum had fallen silent at her command as if by magic. But not for long. After a while they were back, nagging at her again. Enough is enough. She failed to control herself. Her nerves snapped and she screamed "Alright, alright!" She resigned; in confusion she reached out for the phone, asking herself "Who could be so bloody persistent? Can't they leave me alone just tonight?" With resentment, she looked to see who the caller could be. She stopped short. It was her lover. Biting her lip, waves of reprimand swelled up inside her, beating against her like waves at a rock. She shook her head, protesting, with the intention of hushing them away, but failed. She hesitated. "I can't. I'm not getting into this now. What am I supposed to say? I still need time."



She reproached herself for her silence. She also reproached herself for neglecting him recently. Ignoring him. A red light flashed on in her head. Maybe I'll lose him in the end. Just like that. With the wave of a hand. Yes, I may lose him thanks to my stupidity and cowardice. Horrified at the thought, she had to do something. To at least promise herself something. She resolved to suppress her worries. "That's not going to happen. I will fight for this guy. I won't mess it up this time." Then she whispered to him as if he were standing right beside her "Give me time, Adrian. Give me time, Honey! From tomorrow on, I'll be near you. With you. You in me, me in you." The vibrating

finally desisted. After a few seconds a message arrived. She guessed “He’s probably worried for me. He’s a darling.” She read, worrying in advance about what to say back. The message, though, scared her. Its vulgarity infuriated her. “Bastard!” she screamed in irritation. The letters stung her. “You bitch. You made a beggar out of me. A drunkard. A shithead. What else have you done to me? How dare you lie to me like this! You’re manipulating everyone around you. You’ll be sorry for this!!!!” She tried to take a breath, struggling to grasp any rational understanding. Restlessly pulling on her thick curls, she sighed, with disgust and at the same time also remorse, “The same old song.” She was starting to lose faith that this madness would ever end. Nothing new under the sun. My husband needs drama. Anger fulfils and self-pity suits him. She struggled on, succumbed even to silly self-pity. I can never tell in advance what that idiot is up to. But..., I’ll stop him! Once and for all.” With the determination of a film’s heroine who has just found a solution, she slipped the mobile back into her pocket. She focused on the task in front of her, “I won’t get distracted.” At that moment she had no intention of contacting either her husband or lover. Rather, she was considering her next steps. “I need time. Just a bit more time. I’ll regain my battered, trampled self-confidence. And I know very well how...”



From similar experience with her husband she had recently gotten used to self-doubt. She hesitated whether she was doing the right thing, whether she was not taking on too high a risk. For some time now she had been going out on a limb. Even now, Sabrina was grop-

ing around in her own worries. On this late evening, this cold, chilly night. "I don't know whether I'll make it! I've no strength left to fight him." Her forefingers pressed against her temples, the pale woman circled her fingertips, massaging her mood, succumbing to momentary self-pity. I can't go against the flow. The rueful expression cast on her beautiful yet haggard face said it all. She was afraid of her own decisions, terrified of her shaky courage. She pulled out her phone. It was obvious she shouldn't have done, but she couldn't help herself. She replied to her 'dear husband'. "Mathias, don't write to me! And, please, leave me out of your dark thoughts. I've had enough!" In this moment of hopelessness and fear, she found herself also struggling against an unpleasant dryness in her mouth. A stinging ache in her throat. She tried to remove this discomfort from her body. With an elegant glide of her hand, she lifted a crystal glass of water to her lips, took a sip and placed it back on the worktop of the white, rustic kitchen where she stood. She coughed. Breathed out. "A bit better." Now, feeling slightly more satisfied, she took another look around. The room was dominated by timber carved with ornamental details, alongside stone and china. The wooden floor with built-in heating, in combination with the terracotta-coloured stone tiling, helped her feel cosy. The cute dimples in her cheeks deepened with a grin as she thought "All these beautiful things still didn't save us, and nor could they have done." She shook her head. "Still thirsty. I need more." This time she downed the whole glass. With her right hand she wiped her finely formed chin where a few wet, cooling drops had settled. With relish in her voice she said "Mmm, that's done it. That hit the spot." Her lips shone. Full, fresh, their perfect shape was inviting and ready for kissing. They resembled a rose bud just before bloom. She felt a pulsing energy surge through her body. Hope. Faith. The calm, though,

lasted only a short while. Her eardrums were suddenly affronted by an unpleasant, whistling sound. She turned around in irritation. The kettle on the gas hob had finally come to the boil, announcing its readiness with a piercing scream. "I'm coming!" she yelled, glaring at the smart retro stainless steel vessel with coloured powder paint finish. She reached out for it while bending slightly, sticking out for admiration the curvatures of her bum, packed in her tight pale blue jeans. She careened off into memories of the past: I would lure him like this. Tempting him, provoking him, reeling him in. He was an easy catch. How often he used to come slap my bum...



Many a time... In the morning, when I was fixing breakfast for him. He would sit here, on this chair. The first year in this house. Sprawled out, in just his thin cotton boxer shorts. With interest he would watch me move, near-naked in my tight panties and white thigh-length socks, rolled down to my calves. He was observing me, gradually getting turned on. Then, at an unexpected moment, he took hold of my mounds, cupping and squeezing them together, pushing my cleavage up and then confidently, possessively tugging my panties down to the knees. He knelt down and gently took my supple rear into his mouth. Mapping it, tasting it and then slapping it again with his tender hand. The smack aroused me; the slight pain made me ready. Getting moist, I leaned over the bar top. And then... Instead of morning coffee we first drank one another deep. The image upset Sabrina. Inside she wailed: Those mornings spent together fascinated me, charging me up like a battery. A perfect start to the day..., until... A chill scamp-

ered about her spine, evoking somehow an enigmatic Mona Lisa smile as she lifted the kettle carefully and poured the boiling water onto the instant coffee discovered in the cupboard. As the granules melted away she tried to forbid herself to think of it: Don't be sentimental, just think about the coffee. Wafts of the strong aroma rose from the cup. She drew them in deep. Her mood relaxed, only to be broken by a sharp bleep. It wasn't hard to guess who that might be. She whispered "Who else? ... Mathias again". She had turned off the vibration mode just a few minutes earlier. She decided to ignore the message for the time being. "Wait a moment. I won't read it yet." Her five-foot-eight shapely body rested leisurely on the bar stool. Resting her chin on the back her hands, she gazed across the top of the cashmere-white stone, pondering her life. Her thoughts ran to her career. Her professional rise. Her personal fall. In a mist of conflicting conclusions she told herself "Today, on this gloomy evening, nothing is finished. It might seem so, but it's not. Quite the opposite. All this is now just beginning." She paused, unsure of whether she really understood her chaotic streams of thought, opting instead just to close her eyes in the firm faith that the sudden dark would deliver soothing calm. How wrong she was. Yet, at least she came to the answer: "Shut up! I won't whine anymore! It's my turn now. I won't find peace until I gain my redemption!"



Sabrina's look was fascinating. Casting an expression reminiscent of a wild, proud cat, she sat upright gazing forward. Her large, slightly slanted eyes, set apart a little wider than normal, distinguished her

subtly, making her engaging, interesting, attractive. She was that special type of woman who would turn heads. Besides her eyes and perfectly symmetrical facial features, her strongly photogenic looks were emphasised by broad cheekbones and a small freckled button nose. She was the perfect model of an ideal. And not just for men. Many women wished to look at least a bit like her. Wherever she went she attracted attention. Sometimes she stirred up an almost immodest appeal. She could arouse diverse emotions in others. Admiration. Envy. Desire. Love. Focus. Sometimes even anger. She wasn't egotistical or vain though. The success she had achieved in her career pleased her from time to time, but it was privacy that she sought most. Indeed, she guarded it at all costs. Especially in recent months. "Truly. I have a number of personal reasons. The impending scandal will utterly destroy me. I must stay out the limelight!" Admiring the small crystals of the kitchen chandelier, she took stock of her situation now. The light scattering from the glistening teardrops created curious light effects. She closed one eye, then the other and smiled. A fascinating and yet, at the same time, absurd performance. Just like that diamond. From him. Supposedly out of love. It was, though, not the right jewellery or the right man. Pulling herself back out of her daydreams and the light show, she devoted her attention back onto her coffee, lowering her slight arms onto her thighs. Her enthusiasm was slowly draining away. Her fingers itched. She knew that a stabbing message was waiting for her in the phone. In spite of herself, she looked at it. Yes, her fears had been well grounded. "You bitch! Shut up. I'll write what I want to who I want. Keep your advice to yourself. And I want my money back. Tomorrow! Or else get ready for your real disgrace! Your public execution!" Gazing at his last sentence, words failed her. Slowly, very gradually, she was coping with yet more mal-

ice from her husband. She groaned. Why, like an idiot, did I reply? I always fall for his drunkard games, while that cretin splutters one coarse, degrading rebuke after another. Round and around. She forbade herself from making similar mistakes. Leaning on the chair she toyed with the cup, about to take a sip, all the while thinking about everything she had discovered tonight in this large, spacious, empty house. "And I'm sure I'll find a lot more!" She knew that she would do everything possible, and more. She was plucking up threads of courage. It's clear! This time I have to dig deep, beyond my limits. She wanted to be bold, but in truth this imposing, unavoidable task was beating her down. She sat, fidgeting slightly, on the pale soft leather seat, summoning herself to action. In the meantime, while gathering courage, she was at least appreciating the supplies she had found in the room. I'm really surprised that I found anything at all here. When I left a few months ago I emptied almost the whole kitchen. I took the smart coffee maker, accessories, appliances, almost all the tableware, cutlery, food.... It seemed as if it had all happened yesterday. Even after such a long time she still couldn't get rid of the aftertaste from the distinctive stress she had felt in that particular period of her life. Trying to scare off the painful memories, she frowned. After my looting there was only the furniture left here, a couple of trinkets, three glasses and one special cup. Nervously she rubbed her wrists. "Since then I have not been here once. Until now. My heart would be ripped apart..." Unfortunately, I can't change the past. That sudden, urgent escape utterly turned my emotional world upside down. Since that fateful day, I haven't had the slightest intention of returning to it. Better said, I ordered my mind to forget it. Oh well, life's a package of all sorts of experience. Or better said "Especially my..." she stammered "... m-my mess-messed up life." She buried her long fingernails into

her palms. The pain at that moment was stimulating.



Another bleep came. “No! I won’t read it any more. He won’t get me this time!” she commanded herself, with determination burning in her narrowed eyes, still letting herself to be carried away by that moreish scent rising up from the cup like a genie out of a magic lamp, ready to fulfil any wish of his master. In this case his mistress. The special aroma of coffee always evoked in Sabrina a sense of comfort, family, a piece of sweet dessert, a friendly chat, and, of course, the unforgettable relish from that delicious and yet so common drink. She was guessing. Maybe my parents brought all this here when making arrangements with the new tenant. Actually, I’m 99% sure that my mum is behind this. She’s a real hostess. Everywhere she goes, she must have her essentials. She always says “What if.” And Dad sees the funny side of it, but doesn’t intervene. He knows that his wife, unlike him, learned personally what it is like to not have much and what it is like to be in need. Sabrina placed back on the shelf the glass jar labelled Viennese Organic Coffee Temptation. She was trying to think of anything else but... anything but Mathias. She was trying not to think of his base games. The unread message, though, was tempting her. She reprimanded herself “No! I can hold out. Nothing positive is hidden in those messages of his.” The decision, though, failed to calm her down in any real way. Outwardly she pretended that it had. She resolved the indecisiveness in her own way. She had to distract herself. With curiosity she peeped into the cupboard where she discovered further supplies. With a glance she scanned the strawberry

jam, lime flower honey, chocolate biscuits, ginger tea and also soy milk powder. The find delighted her. Enthusiastically she exclaimed “Great, there’s milk. And not just that! That sweet chocolaty temptation definitely won’t go unnoticed.” After this short moment of joy, she placed the biscuits on the table and then scooped up two teaspoonfuls of white soy powder from the bag. She poured them into the coffee and mixed it well. She observed how the added ingredients slowly dissolved until without trace. She perched herself back on the barstool, still watching the coffee. The dark hues in the cup suddenly took on a pleasing shade of beige. She clasped the cup between her fingers, intending to take a sip, but her fingers reeled back. “Ouch!” she yelped, feeling a sharp pain in the fingers and her bottom lip. She was angry at herself for not foreseeing the obvious. She reached for her ear. Her self-preservation instinct hadn’t failed her. Instantly childhood advice surfaced in her mind “Pain after scalding is muted by pressing the ear lobe.” And indeed, it seemed to her that it had worked. She chided herself “Are you nuts? Drinking boiling water? This stress is driving me mad.” Ashamed, she admitted the mistake. She instructed herself: You must wait! Focus! The freshly prepared treat will have to wait, whether you like it or not. At least she could have the pleasure of munching on the dark, sun-shaped biscuits, fishing them out of the deep box. She drifted away again... Our favourite. In the evening I would bring them to our large bed, with a glass of warm milk. We would feed one another. He put the treat on my nipple poured the warmer milk and then enjoyed the biscuit off my mound. Sucking on it, licking it, nibbling gently on it. Making a path from my breasts, across my ribs, over my tummy, and down to my pussy. Stroking his tongue over my body... until sated. And I got my turn. I also found my favourite place – between his firm navel and

shaven treasure.



He would laugh. It so tickled him. And the mess we made. Our games left us with prickly crumbs pitted into our skin, our backs, our legs as we rested after the snack and lovemaking. Sabrina suppressed that provoking soothing thrill down inside her. Forcibly she drew herself back into reality. She reached out for yet another sun-shaped biscuit. She felt remorse. “I can’t just hang around like this!” she scolded her sweet tooth tickling her taste buds. Resolutely she told herself “No time for nibbling sweets! I still have work to do here.” Reminding herself why she came here in the first place, and in order to banish that strong yearning for the second most consumed beverage in the world, she added “Get a grip and resist it. Pull yourself together. But... But as soon... As soon as I find it, I’ll get a treat.” The yearning stayed, but she resisted. Finally she got up, or rather unwound her incredibly long legs from the barstool. She tried to concentrate, but the phone hidden in her back pocket kept bothering her. “What might he have written me? What is he planning next? I must find out!” She unlocked it, in spite of all her resolutions. She scanned the scrolling words. “It is very interesting how brave you are all of a sudden. A bitch playing a saint? We’ll see who’s going to have the last laugh.” The message ended with three ironically laughing smileys. It drove her mad. “What a shit! Who does he think he is?” She immediately wanted to bite back, but didn’t know what to say. Think Sabrina, think! A witty retort, something spot-on that will shut him up. She recognised it was hopeless and gave up. Nothing pays with him. While considering

her strategy, she paced the kitchen nervously. The stress in her slim body, despite the modest refreshment, had been accumulating like a poison. Merciless chills ran like lightning along her gracious curves. An intense shiver starting from her slender nape progressed quickly along the Venus-like shoulders, peeking down at the seductive nipples. Impressively large, and pink, resembling a clematis bloom. The famous Ruben's variety. Under the pressure of emotion they hardened up...



She tried to calm down. She still didn't want to believe the situation she was currently facing. She walked from the kitchen into the spacious hallway. She summed it up: A few years ago I was at the top of my career. I was a supermodel. Young, desired, socially spoiled. Twice ranked by People magazine among the 50 most beautiful people on Earth. I was admired by crowds of male fans, flooding me with offers. From hundreds of letters containing declarations of love, through to various luxurious, romantic and funny gifts. I also experienced the smiling favours of teen girls dreaming night and day about ending up in my enviable position. As if that weren't enough, I was fatefully in love and fully sated with sex. What else could I have wished for? Probably nothing at that moment. I beamed with happiness, and not just that. I was boundlessly, crazily and blindly in love," she said quietly to herself. Still enchanting, though a bit too skinny, the 30-year-old stood in front of a dusty antique mirror with a massive, ornamental gold frame brushing through her long enchantingly ginger curls. The embitterment that refused to leave her dictated her next actions.

“I’m not going to leave it at that. He’ll be sorry!” With determination she tapped out the message to her husband. “I’m no bitch! I’m the mother of your child! And the one earning you money. Don’t forget that!” She was taking a risk, but she could afford it. She was nearing the end. She was confident. Sent. She revelled in her vigour. “No more backing down!” She held the mobile firmly in her hand, ready for his immediate reply. She predicted: After that reaction, I won’t have a long wait. “He’ll be furious. And pay me back, with interest on top.” Tense and upset, still standing in front of the mirror, she observed its imposing oval frame. She felt a precious past emanate from it. “Who knows who had it before me? It’s about 150 years old. Who could have been dressing in front of it every day?” Who would have been standing here every day? The curiosity was engulfing her. Maybe some lovers. Maybe newlyweds. In love and extremely passionate. “Just like we were at the start.” Her hand ran over the tiny dimple on her neck. The fingertips over her chest. Goosebumps ran through her. A similar antique piece stands in my bedroom. Her thoughts strayed. I was naked, clad only in my wedding pearl earrings. Our first night in this house. Looking at myself from every angle. Spreading cream into some dry places. Feet, elbows, thighs. “May I?” I was hoping that he would come to help me. He took the baby oil and painted. Stroking butterflies on my back. Flowers on my waist and the cheeks of my bum. Stars in my lap. “You’re my star, Sabrina. Never forget that. The only one. Shining, for ever and ever,” he whispered and painted on, moving his dextrous fingers ever lower. He was working me up. I spread my legs wide, clutching the frame hard. I leaned against it. And that massive piece of furniture luckily sustained our weight... Sabrina had vivid recollections of that time. She remembered the many weird and wonderful times she had spent with him. With the

then love of her life. Sadness overwhelmed her. She noted “All the shine has gone. Just dullness remains.” She was speaking not just of the jilted, grey, neglected place in the hallway, where she had allowed herself to get lost in the past.



She was about to turn and leave when something stopped. One disruptive detail on the mirror caught her eye. She brought her face closer. On the right-hand section of the frame she saw a cobweb strung taut across the edge. She focused on it. “Let’s have a look at that little rascal.” Her body perfectly still, Sabina’s eyes sought out the busy web maker. Bit by bit she distinguished it as the cellar spider, present now almost in every European household. The large belly sat on the long thin legs was grotesque, but moving swiftly on its undeniably fascinating architecture. Its head was almost invisible. She continued to observe the hard-working builder and fearless hunter in one. Guessing, she said “the spider is probably tracking its prey”. Then, with some sympathy in her voice, she said: The victim is headed for real bad luck here. If it somehow gets caught in the web, it will end up wrapped in fibre. Unable to move. She narrowed her eyes. Git! Such a miniscule creature and yet so clever. The pretty woman reeled off further facts as if there was a curious audience in front of her, or at least her restless son asking never ending questions. And that’s not all. If this species fails to find food on its own, it won’t hesitate to loot another’s web. And the owner of that web is also welcome for dinner. “The laws of nature are perfect. The stronger wins, the weaker is liquidated,” there she ended her observation. She waited

another minute to see what would happen. After a while, disappointed she concluded her research “That was a waste of time. This time the hunter will go hungry.... No success. That happens, too,” she added. She was so close to it that she now noticed how her breath was gently rocking the web together with the still motionless spider on it. Finally, at least there was some small action. After a moment of hesitation on the spot, the long-legged creature lowered itself on one of its fibres down to the ground and disappeared somewhere into the dark shadows in the room. Sabrina took a long breath. She whispered “Gone.” At that point she heard the bleep announcing a new message. Melancholy embraced her. Sticky, impenetrable, dominating, besieging her whole figure, her whole aura.



Standing there in that huge empty house, she asked herself: Where have all the good old times gone? Where is my boundless happiness? I just can't find it. She answered with anxiety spreading like glue around her heart. She shook her head in incomprehension. “I have no idea, but I do know one thing for sure, and that's that the sides have switched ironically here. Today, it is me who is in desperate longing. A famous celebrity with a huge fan base now longing sincerely just for one love. For a peaceful family life, lived by those millions of “common” people. I crave for a picture-book marriage with an understanding partner. For all those day-to-day little things, kind moments and the prospect of a shared future. The redhead ran through her life bit by bit up to the present, while pondering the nasty, though still tiny, crow's feet emerging from the corners of her bewitching