

AN UNUSUAL PASSION WILL LEAD MIKE TO AN IMPOSSIBLE CHOICE

ENLIGHTENED SHADOWS

MIDNIGHT
TRAIN
TRILOGY HIT SERIES

RICHARD LIONHEART

ENLIGHTENED SHADOWS

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Midnight Train Series part I

RICHARD LIONHEART



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ENLIGHTENED SHADOWS

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If opportunity doesn't **knock**,
build a **door**

Milton Berle

ENLIGHTENED SHADOWS

Dedicated to my twin flame, Nathalie. Wherever
You may be, I will find you across dimensions
and time.

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Before you board the Midnight Train, you need to get yourself ready.

- Prepare a quiet space for a couple of hours without any distractions
- No Cellphones, TV, nagging wife, or noisy mother-in-law
- Have a printed copy in hand, and dim the light a bit for a comfortable environment
- Have loosened clothes on you
- You can have soft music in the background
- Read slowly, and imagine you are Mike

All passengers are asked to board the train, The Midnight Train will depart at 23:59 at Platform 2

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Chapter 1 – A Night of Passion



The rin

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Monday, 07:00 at Mike's House

The sounds of the alarm clock lasted only seconds, but they seemed to last forever. A stray hand knocked it to the cold floor; thus another alarm clock ended its life prematurely.

I feel a little giddy and exhausted from yesterday's party at the Kappa Delta Gamma Fatherhood House. Anthony celebrated his 27th birthday. It was a double celebration, both his birthday and his newborn daughter, Samantha. So, you can imagine how the party started with a relaxed mood, and when the blood alcohol level "went over the top," it turned into more of a combination of Playboy Mansion RIP, frat party and American Pie movie series. At midnight, the grass was indeed a fine encore, and based on those, you can imagine what happened there. Can you imagine it? If not, close the book and watch the History Channel instead. If so, let us continue down memory lane.

The woman there was from Latin America and was imported by Anthony's father, who was himself a legend in that fraternity. Only wild girls are allowed there.

As for me, I could not celebrate too much because I had a long day of work ahead of me. I woke up with two 18-year-old Colombians, with no clothes and no memory of what had happened and how they had gotten here.

Allow me to introduce myself first -.

I am Mike Stanford Dunleavy, 27 years old, from Miami, Florida. I have one sister and one successful parent. My father is a former FBI agent who spent most of his last years in Latin America. Now he helps me with my business and uses his contacts and unique skills to help us grow.

My mother owns a personal growth company that uses extraterrestrial technologies to benefit humanity, in addition to the 12 Laws of the Universe.

My sister is 22 years old and an independent fashion designer. She has just opened her business. Our parents instilled in us that each of us must be our own boss and never be an employee. My sister Arianne has found a wonderful niche combining her designs with antique fashion, fabric knowledge, geometry and two elements that are not of the earth.

She helps me develop my style, so I stand out from the rest. Every 6 months my style changes, so I am constantly in motion.

Your clothes affect your mood and self-image. Once a week, our family has dinner where we discuss family matters. Like a board meeting, we share insights and solutions to problems we face in our daily business. My father also reveals body language tricks for reading people - and I'll tell you right now that this skill is **critical for you.**

A united, strong family is crucial for a child's life and success. The male and female contribute to a balanced life. My family has implemented our values of personal responsibility, determination, perseverance, faith, purposeful thinking and taking advantage of opportunities that come one's way.

Okay, back to our Monday morning

I swung on my way to the shower and my head was like a volcano of buzzing sounds. If a police officer had given me a breathalyzer test, I probably would have failed on the spot.

My image reflected at me through the mirror.

"Yeah, I have got plenty of time to get ready," I told myself, washing my face. When my eyes fell on the clock, which read 07:15, I had my answer: I have no time to waste.

I need to visit my private banker before returning to my office. From there, I must travel to California to give a two-day seminar to the government inner circle on secret technologies from advanced cavities that we want to disclose and virtually eliminate secrecy.

The kind of secrecy required here are 5 levels above "Top Secret."

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I walked back to my bedroom to dress up, and just when I grabbed my clothes, I saw the two girls sleeping on their bellies with their pear-shaped asses “breaking free” from the blankets.

“Men, I don’t need this shit; I will be late” I said to myself out loud.

But my other brain said: “Mission control, ready for launch!” So, I went on top of one of the girls to pound her ass hard, and it didn’t take long until she went off all over my bedsheets. Well, I’m not going to clean this, they are going to do that. lucky for me, the other one slept it through, so I ditched the room fast, so I wouldn’t wake her up, just to fuck her down.

Decaffeinated coffee, Yoga practice, cold shower, and the garage door went up. From there, a red Ferrari Berlinetta 2023 crawled out with an engine roar. What a summer day outside, love it.

2 minutes later, an incoming call from my father

“Hey son, where are you now?”

“I just went out now.”

“How are the two girls, they are alive? (laughing)

“Wait a minute. You dropped them off at my place?”

“Well, I did interview them at first, and you know I got your back, son.”

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– “Shit, they were hot. Don’t worry, mom doesn’t need to know (mike is laughing)”

– “Mom knows about it, and she is okay with it. Men can love one woman and fuck other women; women can’t do it as we do.” Dad well said.
“By the way, I wanted to remind you to take the X115 chip from my office, and hand it over to Harrison McClelland in California. Ok, son?”

“Sure, I sent Caitlyn to bring it to my office, so we won’t waste too much time. Ok, dad, I will talk to you, later on, to keep you posted.”

Mike’s Office, Monday, 08:30 am

“Good morning, Mike!” The security guard of the building entrance.

“Good morning, Arthur. How was your last date with Michelle, the one who friend-zoned you for 2 years?” I asked him as I was curious to know.

“Your advice worked like a magic. We hooked up last night. She said you’ve changed, and I like it.” Arthur looked excited.

“Remember! Never ask for advice from fish on how to catch a fish. ¿Entiendes, Carbon?” I padded on his shoulder, and went inside the building, straight to floor 19.

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As I entered the office, Caitlyn hugged me tightly

"What are you doing, feeling good, BAE?" I wondered at her warm greeting, as if we had just seen each other in the office on Wednesday.

"I am having that time of the month and I needed a hug, so you are the chosen one," I replied as I wrapped my arms around her body.

"Today you have to receive your father's package, sign a document to finance the building in Cartagena at the bank, have a coaching session at 3:00 p.m. and help me connect a device in the back office." She informed me.

"And you cannot connect a simple device yourself?" I wondered. I know women tend to be unbalanced during their periods, but this is a record.

"Reschedule the meeting for Friday and let us see what it's all about." I followed her into the back office. Before I could do anything, she began pleasuring me orally.

"Caitlyn, I do not have time for this right now, I am running late. Did not you just say you were on your period!" I asked,

"Well, my mouth is not," she mumbled her words. I need to talk to her parents because it's rude to talk with your mouth full.

"Ok, I guess I have to do something for the team

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then." I let her do her thing, after all, she is my fuck secretary.

"Ok, I guess I have to do something for the team then." I let her do her thing, after all, she is my fuck secretary. I will tell you more about her later on, as she is my right-hand person for a reason.

As I am going down to the parking lot, I am talking to Arthur for a couple of minutes. As a Founder of a company, I always acknowledged the simple guys and ladies in my company. That is who I am. each person is matter to me and the company.

After 15 minutes or so, I went out with my package and schedule. The first stop Is Bank of America. as I opened the Ferrari door, I saw Caitlyn in the driver's seat. She smiled at me, with one of her Knockers out of her dress; on purpose, I guess.

"I am driving today, as I booked you a night train, so I will be bringing back the car to the HQ. Ok, Papi?"

"Can you handle a manual car with a stick?" I asked,

"I handle your stick for 2 years now, Papi." She smiled while looking at her purse.

"Jesus, Caitlyn, you are worse than men with your jokes, But OK, I trust you," I answered while putting back her DD34 inside her dress. Caitlyn is the feminine side of the success of my businesses, as she is a pure Indigo child, a very evolved person,

smart. She is 24 years old, from Medellín, Colombia. She closes deals using her voice and soft approach in ways men can never do. Not only that, but she manages the floor by her self. Furthermore, she can work and live well on her own, and still, she is with me as she loves me, and everything that we stand for.

10:00 am, Bank of America. Nine hundred thirty Washington Ave, Miami Beach. I went inside the bank to sign the purchase documents for my building in Cartagena, and pick some “presidents” for my trips. As my baker was off today, I stood in line. Heck, there are just 4 people in front of me.

while standing in line I got a message from Caitlyn about a tax refund of \$52,000 for last year, well, looks good. This moment interrupted by someone who pushed me a bit and moved on to the teller without looking back. she looked about in her mid-20s with long straight natural hazelnut hair, her body was of a Latina fitness goddess (Catalina Otalvaro in her prime), her ass was pear-shaped with curved by angels and hiding behind blue-purple pantyhose. She was 5’5, her breast size was about D70, sensual natural red lips, without any excessive make-up.

She then turned toward me, and I could see her gray eyes, shy smile, almost apologizing smile. she then left the counter, passed me by, not before whispering in Spanish:

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“Sé Que me quieres, Mike”, And she left the bank. I wanted to follow her, but I was called to the business department to sign the document and get my cash. After 5 minutes, I went out to look for her... Not a sign of her. at that point, my brain is closed for renovations, as he saw something he can't explain.

I went towards my car, and I saw an inspector standing next to my car, writing a report while Caitlyn is arguing with him. I approached him and handed him my phone.

“What you want me to do with that?” he asked me

“Trust me, you want to take this call” I commanded him with my alpha male voice.

He took my phone, and after 20 seconds his face turned white, like a man seeing a ghost. He started apologizing to me while returning the phone to me. I said, *“That is ok. Now you know who I am. Here takes this card, go there, and ask for Sofia. She will take care of you.”*

Caitlyn offered to go for an early dinner as we have some time to kill until the train ride. So, we went to Manhattan Bistro Café for dinner and even had an hour to be a guest on Fresh&Fit Podcast.

19:04 – Silver Line Express Terminal

The passenger traffic at the train terminal was very spare. Not a usual sight on Mondays here. One thing I like about long howls is that it gives me time for writing, and ease my brain.

A gentleman approached me, asking for my name. He made sure that the check-in process will be smooth – the VIP service Caitlyn insisted on being. After 10 minutes I was handed over the tickets, and more documents for my business.

So, I was having a coffee in the business lounge until the boarding time at 21:15.

I entered the train, walking wagon by wagon, scanning the train from regular passenger class into a first-class area. Now, here is quite different from what I used to see on trains. The first wagon was with side leather seats, blue-purple lightning from the bottom and upper side of the space. Tables for two with round wood design. There was a bar in the middle of the space in the shape of a

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blue oyster shell, with whiskey bottles from Scotland – All of them. The background music was relaxing 432hrz, so I've decided to have a seat here as I like the ambient here.

At the bar, I saw the book "Inferno" by Dan Brown. A Jack Daniel's bottle, and a "Gaia" magazine with my picture on it. Well, when you're famous, LOL.

I secured a perfect sitting spot, a man's Magazine before approaching the bar counter. There I saw Jack Daniel's honey bottle with one low fancy whiskey glass on a black napkin. While reaching for the bottle, I saw I figure rising slowly from under the counter. Look and behold, I can't believe it – It took me a few seconds to find out that was the beauty I saw at the Bank of America just a few hours ago.

We just stood there for seconds looking at each other, smiling. I broke the ice by taking her hand: "My name is a cliché, but I'm Mike, and you must be my future girlfriend, right?" I kissed her hand like a gentleman.

"I am Nathalie. You act like a gentleman, are you?" Asked me, Nathalie, to see what I'm made of. While looking at me, and waiting for my delayed response, response, she poured me a glass of JD.

"No. I am not just like you aren't a schoolgirl" I sipped a drink while pointing for an 84 whiskey, 2 shots, please.

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Nathalie stepped out with a small towel, a bottle of beer to serve another gentleman on the opposite side of the bar. she tried to take the glass of the beer. The drink spilled partially on the counter. She looked at me with a guilty smile.

My brain issued a press release: “Hug her already!” As she cleaned and served the gentleman, she passed me by, and I hugged her surprised. Oops!

“What are you doing, Mike? Behave!” she smiled a bit while looking up at me.

“If I only was that kind of gentleman, dear” I replied before releasing her slowly. As she started to go away, I pulled her back to me, “it is unclear to me why I am doing it, but I like it that way”

I went back to my seat, taking the magazine, while the whole time I didn't make eye contact with her. It is a technique to get women to crave men's attention. The number 1 currency of women.

“So, let's see what is new in today's magazine” I spoke out loud. I felt Nathalie looking at me. I saw a piece on human cloning in the 22nd century, so I started reading it. Furthermore, I am managed to read 2 paragraphs until an old lady sat in front of me. Furthermore, I sensed that right now, my luck was a scarce commodity. She managed to share several topics in a single breath: Her dog that was run over by a car (later on, about 10 seconds, I've found out that it was the neighbors' dog, and guess who ran him over?); her daughter cheats on her

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husband (I have to visit her); her husband who is living for too many years for her taste.

At some point, I nodded my head up and sideways, and then towards Nathalie with a look “Save Me”. It wasn’t long before Nathalie came, and sat on my lap: “Shall we go?”



She took my hand, and I followed her crossing 2 wagons where hardly any people were there. One was sleeping on the leather seats, one was with his Mac pro laptop, and another 2 were knocked out by too much alcohol. Then we reached the last one.

“Welcome to my humble suit, Mikey” she giggled and jumped like a schoolgirl. Let me tell you that this wagon was off the hook: All was designed like a galaxy, with blue neon lights from the ceiling and

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pink from the floor panels. In the middle was a queen size bed with golden sheets. In the right corner, there was a shower with milky glass walls. It was like an escape room with a unique style, of which later on I made plans for that same space. (Author's note: This story has been experienced in the astral projection state of trance; hence I remember everything from these events).



Enigmatic music gave this space a magic vibe.

I pulled her towards me, looking into her eyes before kissing her eagerly. Her dress dropped to the wagon's floor, revealing a body which was carved by god's architects. She pulled me toward the bed, and I am still dressed. let me confess to you right here, she was so hot that I didn't know where to touch her first – Neck, face, waist, and I don't want to think about other Area 51 restricted flight zones.

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She kissed me so well, that you can become addicted to her. What is so unique about you, that I can't decipher yet, Nathalie?

She wrapped her legs around my waist while one kiss of lust follows another. Who needs to breathe between kisses, right? At some point, she pushed me away and dropped her underwear, bending down while her back pointed to me.

"Why you don't want me, Papi?" she said in a Colombian Spanish accent. Oh, dear, you chose to tease the wrong man. Now let's punish you.

My face looked like I am in control, but my brain issued another press release that stated: "Our offices will be closed for the next hours due to renovations. We don't need this shit."

Nathalie took my hand and laid it on her ass. The feeling was like silk and goosebumps all together. Did I tell you she is a teaser? She pushed my hand, and stood on the other side of the bed, away from me. "You are playing with fire, babe. Estoy el fuego, Cariña."

"Ohhh, I am so scared, Papi. You are too quiet today. Say something!" she laughed. before she was able to finish the sentence, I raised her with one arm by her neck, and threw her away to the center of the bed;

"You talk too much!" I pinned her hands on top of her, tied her hands, and paused for 3 seconds.

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Then I kissed her forehead, cheeks, lips with small bites while my hands played with her neck. I went down to her breasts with circular movements of my tongue and hands around her nipples... Now she is aroused for sure. I went down her belly, between her legs, ignoring her temple after a minute of arousing her enough. Then I pulled away, grabbed a book, and started reading it. Nathalie was pissed, looking at me; begging me to complete my mission.

“How’s that for being teased, Hah?” I smiled and went down to give her the one thing she was craving, an orgasm that shocked her body muscles for long minutes.

I played on top of her, uniting her bonds while pounding her temple so hard I thought the train had an emergency stop. She screamed “OMG”, and I replied: “Thanks, but Mike will do”.

Now she was on top of me, kissing my neck, my face, and lips. And for me? My hands are behind my neck with a pose of “let’s see what you got?” she dropped my chest, middle of my abs down to the “Anola Gey”. I knew what she is going to do... She then skipped him and went up to look at me to see my response.

“Didn’t your parents tell you that playing with fire is a dangerous habit?” I smiled, grabbed her face, and kissed her passionately. Then she caved and put him inside her mouth (My brain: “Touch Down baby, as the 49ers won the finals); he is now

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plunged into the oblivion, the abyss. The music in the background elevated this moment of intimacy. “So Sad – Enigma” gave us the sounds behind the soft voices of her throat hugging with warmth and wetness of her mouth.

Then she flipped into 69 positions.

“Thanks, but I have eaten already” I teased her, and burst with laughter. Man, I am mean!

“Are you sure?” she sat on my face. “What? I can’t hear you? Want to say something?” she teased me back.

So, I knew that there is only one way to get her off my face. Dinner is served. I used my finger in the G-spot and my devilish tongue with such precision that she wasn’t able to perform her singing act. I felt like I can be with her for days on end – Her humor, voice, body, feminine, Colombian FFS, young – Finally God spoils me. Keep ‘em coming.

I felt my climax was coming, and she felt it too. She was managed to lock her head in a way to secure the best deep throat position. She sucked every drop out of me... Omg, I can see Jesus now smoking weed... Damn, she is a keeper.

After a couple of minutes, she sat on me, cowgirl. The lights went into a soft red mode, and the music changed to “Yakuro – Voices of infinity”.

She moved her body slowly, controlling every muscle and rhythm in her space. She owns herself

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to the last details. We are moving like the rhythm of the wave. I am looking at her and enjoying seeing her smile and move back and forth, up and down.

I am scratching her back, hugging her, slapping her ass, and kissing her every chance I get. "Are you my twin flame?" I whispered. "Yes!" she answered.

Nathalie moves her pelvis deeper and stronger, her divine body close to her climax. She wants us to climax together. She doesn't say this, but as an experienced man, you just know this. The phase is getting harder and stronger... she kissed me at the moment when we climax together. She failed on me, hugging me like a true lover. we didn't move for long minutes, we wanted to cherish those moments together, touch, kiss, smell, slap her ass, bite her lips and see her smile.

"My Nathalie, you don't know what lays ahead of your path. My Colombian little angel." I whispered. she just kissed me before falling asleep on me.

An hour went by, and I woke up just to see her in the shower. I saw her body reflected via the steams of water. The water flowed down from her hair, down the hair, back, her ass, her legs, and down to the floor. What a sight of divinity. it was enough for me, as I wanted to save every moment from her, as I don't know how much we do have together on the midnight train.

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I hugged her from behind, she held my arms and melted into my arms. I washed her body not missing a single spot, and she returned a favor with passionate sex while I press her against the wall, under the water. We can't see anything because of the steam; we needed only our touch.

I don't recall how much time we were inside the shower, but we did go to bed.

Break of Dawn

Nathalie inspected the room when the first rays of the sun penetrated the window curtains, hitting the doormat, and part of her body. She was naked and handcuffed to the bed.

"You feel like getting kinky in the morning?" she asked me, growling like a kitten.

"Maybe yes, my devil," I said while laying on top of her, maneuvering myself to be inside her.

"Harder, babe! Harder!" she begged me for her last dance. I had her harder than a football linebacker, she begged me to slow down, but I had a hearing problem, and I didn't quit until she was satisfied. I let her take her breath while I dress her up, she kissed me, and I feel torn apart inside from what I am going to do next.

Nathalie stood up and I kissed her. Then I turned her while chocking her, touching her breast, and... I turned her while tightening her cuffs

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“Nathalie Lewis Kane, you are being detained for suspicion of assassination and transferring top-secret information to the IRA on 2.5.2009. You are entitled to shut a fuck up, and have a lawyer. If you can’t afford one, tough shit. Got it?” I read her rights while looking into her baffled eyes.

My baby girl looked shocked. She didn’t see it coming from the men who made sure she is cuming.



“What is happening here. ¿ Que esta pasando aqui y quien eres?” she tried to get her mind set.

The train stopped at the terminal. Police cars were waiting, and police stormed into the train. They took her away, and I instructed them: “Be easy on her, I like her”. she gave me a look as she knew she was caught; our eyes were locked into each other

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until I lost sight of her. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath as I felt different from other incidents with women

I slowly went outside the train, wherein on platform 2 my Lt. Neil DiAngelo approached me.

“Congrats, Mike. I see you are a little spooked up, is anything wrong with you?” Neil asked me, noticing something different with me.

“I don’t know, something is different about Nathalie. I can’t explain why. I do know that I do want to keep that piece of evidence in my bedroom, you get me?” I answered while watching the police car, with Nathalie inside, driving away.

“Oh, she got you, didn’t she? I get you; it is very rare to see 10/10 young women like her. And by the way, I wouldn’t mind confiscating that piece of evidence, and remember that I am married.” Neil and I laughed it out.

“Drinks on you, Mike!” Neil volunteered me again for a round of drinks.

“Cheap ass motherfucker! Lucky for you, I like you” I tapped on Neil’s shoulder, and we walked to the nearest strip club for a shout-out of drinks.

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