

A woman meets a guy in a bar. They talk; they connect; they end up leaving together. They get back to his place, and as he shows her around his apartment, she notices that one wall of his bedroom is completely filled with soft, sweet, cuddly teddy bears. There are three shelves in the bedroom, with hundreds of cute, cuddly teddy bears, carefully placed in rows covering the entire wall!

It was obvious that he had taken quite some time to lovingly arrange them and she was immediately touched by the amount of thought he had put into organizing the display. There were small bears all along the bottom shelf, medium-sized bears covering the length of the middle shelf, and huge, enormous bears running all the way along the top shelf. She found it strange for an obviously masculine guy to have such a large a collection of Teddy Bears, but doesn't mention this to him, and actually is quite impressed by his sensitive side.

They share a bottle of wine and continue talking and after a while, she finds herself thinking, 'Oh my God! Maybe this guy could be the one! Could he be the future father of my children?'

She turns to him and kisses him lightly on the lips. He responds warmly. They continue to kiss; the passion builds; and he romantically lifts her in his arms and carries her into his bedroom where they rip off each other's clothes and make hot, steamy love. She is so overwhelmed that she responds with more passion, more creativity, more heat than she has ever known.

After an intense, explosive night of raw passion with this sensitive guy, they lie there together in the afterglow. The woman rolls over, gently strokes his chest and asks coyly, "Well, how was it?"

The guy gently smiles at her, strokes her cheek, looks deeply into her eyes, and says: "Help yourself to any prize from the middle shelf."