



***Welcome to the Kinetikus
E-book Experience!***

Thank you very much for reading the following excerpt of Kinetikus!

Kinetikus is a highly sensual and spiritual novel that is based on a true story and written from the heart.

It will take you on an exquisite journey of the senses whilst sharing universal truths and helping you to align with the vibration of divine love.

In aligning yourself fully you will attract true love into your own physical experience.

It is my deepest wish for all women and men to re-unite in Love and Bliss.

With love and gratitude,

Susanne

Praise for Kinetikus:

"I love Kinetikus. I spoke to many friends and when they saw how excited I was about it, they knew I was serious. I recommend Kinetikus as one of the TOP-books I've read, and would put it on the same shelf as 'The Alchemist' by Paulo Coelho.

A. Ostrowska, Hotel Manager

"I just finished reading your book. I so loved it. It was inspiring, enchanting and compelling and moved me deeply. I loved the beautiful descriptions of the divine realms that open in the pleasure and joy of union and sexuality. It is a soul-stirring tale of love; open, honest and from the heart. I think anyone would gain magic from your book and the seeds of love and wisdom within it. Your work is a wonderful gift and a transformational beacon that can help people awaken to the joys of love and intimacy. Thank you for sharing the brightness and beauty of your spirit."

A. Belton, Author

"Thank you for the beautiful gift that is your book Kinetikus. What a beautiful story. It unlocked many feelings in my body, and memories in my cells."

L. Grove, Holistic Practitioner

"Thank you so much for Kinetikus. I had a wonderful reading experience. Kinetikus is very stimulating and helped me to open to possibly the most important experience of my life"

I. De Baets, Student

Kinetikus

The Story of a Divine Lover

Susanne Meis

Orangelily Publications

For information and inspiration visit www.angelily.net

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PART ONE

A Sensual Adventurer

Sandrine loved her body. Moving her hips alluringly, she was absorbed in the music, savouring her dance. Unlike her colleagues, she appreciated most of the male attention she received during her performances. The raw energy of purposeful arousal, beyond any pretence, felt superior to the suppressed desire she sensed from men on public transport. The small round stage, minimally lit, acted as the main light source of the club. Tonight there was the usual crowd, made up mostly of smartly dressed business men, small clusters of younger men with slightly embarrassed faces, and a few unkempt alcoholised louder types. Sandrine had finished her act for the night when her boss motioned her to one of the private booths. Someone had chosen her for a private dance. The first tonight.

*

Approaching the booth, Sandrine was surprised to feel a slight wave of excitement. She had danced for individual customers before but it suddenly struck her that it was a bigger challenge to please one selective customer than a

mediocre anonymous crowd. While she had never been concerned about this before, she was suddenly afraid of failure. Realising the absurdity in her need to serve a man she had not even met, she composed herself and entered the booth. She knew the rules - no physical contact but full exposure if she chose. Inside the booth, her eyes quickly grew accustomed to the dimmed lights. He was elegantly dressed and sat in a relaxed manner on the small plush sofa. Nothing in his posture revealed any tension or apprehension - not even excitement. Sandrine was experienced in reading the needs of her customers but was wondering if the man wanted to be aroused at all. Maybe he was new to the club and did not know what it meant to order a private dancer.

Against the rules she broke the silence. ‘What do you like?’ she asked. Offering her a comforting smile, he breathed in deeply and seemed to look inward for the answer. He was in no hurry. After what seemed an eternity, he said slowly and decisively, ‘**Dance as if to arouse God!**’

She froze for a second. Then choosing a tape with an instrumental piece, Sandrine looked straight into the eyes of the man. The beat of the music began to merge with that of her heart. Closing her eyes, she entered into her own universe. Her arms floating slowly towards the skies, she was dancing for herself, not for anybody else, not even God. Sandrine allowed her body to travel freely with the melody, liberated from the constraints of the mind, into a space of pure movement. Pearls of sweat were forming on her forehead and in the nape of her neck as she stripped down to her under garments.

*

The man observed her with appreciation. Their eyes met for a brief moment and she suddenly understood that he wanted to serve her too.

Sandrine noticed that he had changed position and was now sitting up straight, his hands resting on his lap pointing towards her with open palms.

'He is receiving my dance with his hands,' she thought.

This was when she first noticed his hands. They were fine and slender. The hands of an artist or musician. She caught herself wondering what it would feel like to be touched by them. Her hips were drawn towards these hands. They began to move on their own like waves lapping onto a home shore. Sensing the heat of his energy field, her mind warned with meagre authority ‘No touch!’ whilst her soul smiled in victory when she surrendered to breaking the rules for the second time. Her behind nestled peacefully in his hands, as she sat on his lap facing away from him. What perfect hands! So soft, appreciative and receptive. She expected them to move. She desired them to move. Instead *she* began to move. His hands had become an instrument of divine service.

*

Kinetikus had always felt the energy of the unseen. As a young boy he saw the ghost of a king sitting on his brother’s bike in his bedroom, staring at him without

words, as if he wanted to tell him something about himself. He did not understand then. He was three when he decided that reality would follow his will. He willed his colds away and he willed the universe to be kind to him. But the universe had its own plans on HOW to be kind. People needed to be near him - physically near! When he was eleven, a woman had hugged him innocently and he felt a sudden heat rise in his body, the force of which took him by surprise. He knew that he had sensed her energy in addition to his own. He could feel people in a way that was unique. Often he had taken on vibrations from total strangers and people in the street and felt faint and depleted. Until one day, something unexpected happened.

His voice had broken and he had recently discovered an extremely pleasurable way to release energy from his body. He was riding on a crowded bus on the way to school. The bus was old and tatty and aching under the load of the passengers who were battling with the

summer heat. Despite the open windows, there was no tangible ventilation and Kinetikus, who was standing up, felt faint. While his right hand was gripping onto a pole, he was trying to distract himself from the heat. He had to survive for another fifteen minutes on the way to school. When the bus stopped rather abruptly at a red light, he felt a pair of breasts bounce against his back. His unusually strong response to female energy had been another of his concerns of late. On the bus, there was little he could do to exchange energy with the clouds. He fought his arousal for a while and then decided to surrender to it. He tried to imagine the shape and size of the breasts of the woman behind him from the way he had sensed them on his back. He could still feel the impact just below his shoulder blades and was forming an image of them. He liked what he saw. A plan formulated in his mind. Casually, he lowered his left hand behind his back. With his palm facing outward, he waited with baited breath for the coming red light to deliver the next piece of his female puzzle. It was not the

red light but an elderly lady crossing the road, who rendered the day unforgettable. When the bus gradually hit the brakes, a most feminine treasure was placed perfectly and gently into his burning hand. He could feel his energy pour through his hand into the soft warm mount.

He found himself eagerly anticipating the bus rides to school. Every day proved to be an unpredictable adventure. To his endless delight, his hand found many female hips and thighs. Kinetikus grew more and more confident and daring in his puzzle play.

*

On one particularly rainy day, he was standing on the bus when once more, through a soft fabric, he could feel the shape of the most desirable female organ brushing against his hand. This was an extremely rare event. He instinctively moved closer and, gently, rested his slightly cupped hand against it. Anticipating the usual rather

sudden separation that followed either through the movements of the bus or the woman's awareness of his hand, he was surprised when she tentatively moved closer. His heart began to pound and his hand started to tingle with heat which spread throughout his entire body. He gathered all his courage. Very gently squeezing the forbidden fruit, he moved beyond the probability of coincidence. A silent agreement between two people, who did not dare to look at each other, was sealed with the most intimate handshake.

The next day, on the bus, his hand was in its habitual place, but off duty, while he was talking to a friend. He instinctively felt a woman approaching from behind. Continuing his conversation, he did not expect his hand to be occupied so suddenly, without his prior consent. Listening absentmindedly to his friend's account of a family funeral, he found immense pleasure in the ambiguity of the situation. His soul rejoiced as his hand moved on a journey of discovery. He felt a silky smooth

fabric and gasped, noticing the deliberate absence of underwear. Time stood still. His blood turned into fire and spread into his loins. Drunken with desire, he realised that there was no obvious way out of his predicament. He decided to disperse the pent-up energy within his whole body. It was spiralling slowly back up his spine when he chose to divert it. He sensed a mighty wave travelling down through his left arm and hand back into the woman. Seconds later he heard a muffled scream of pleasure and felt her trembling in his hand.

*

Sitting in a hotel room overlooking the river, Kinetikus felt tired. It had been a long night. He looked at his watch. 3.07 am. The company he had created out of the ether two and a half years ago was growing rapidly and required his full attention during the day and late into most nights. He loved his work. It allowed him to connect with a wealth of cosmopolitan people and he enjoyed his travels to meet corporate clients. This

particular European city, despite its hypocrisy and arrogance, had greeted him with tangible sensuality. It awoke the memory of a previous chapter in his life when merging with the female physical body was all that sustained him. It seemed a lifetime ago. Tonight he had submerged himself once more into the old world, but with the recognition of familiar pleasure came the scent of loneliness and the desire for growth.

*

He had loved many women throughout his early adulthood. Making love came as naturally to him as his own breath. Remembering the very first time he was granted entry into the female heaven, Kinetikus smiled to himself. Barbara was 11 years his senior and had been one of his most interactive victims on a crammed tourist bus during his holidays. The puzzle play escalated in such a way that fellow passengers protested with righteous indignation. They were thrown off the bus and, suddenly, found themselves on a scorching summer

afternoon at the side of a dusty countryside road to nowhere. Two young aroused people being forced to look at each other properly for the first time. He laughed when he remembered their rather brief introductory dialogue. Then Barbara quickly and decisively pulled him under an orange tree where they continued the dance that had opened with a few, not so tentative, steps on the bus. He marvelled at her soft curves and let his hands go on a series of joyful roller coaster rides before her arousal took him to new ventures. Rather than just his hands, he offered his whole body in service, to give and receive pleasure before merging with the absolute.

*

In the beginning Kinetikus was surprised to learn, from so many of these early encounters, that he was the first to end their struggles for fulfilment. Later, he realised, that their pleasure was inextricably linked to the way he could feel and touch a woman. His touch powerfully transmitted his masculine essence, and enabled them to

become part of his sensual experience, while liberating their own. They felt his desire, appreciation, admiration and worship of their female beauty, and so saw themselves through his eyes. Experiencing his energy, they simultaneously felt the flow of their own sensuality circulating freely throughout their bodies, while their thoughts were gently pulled into a nurturing black hole. At this void of thought, all they were left with was pure energy flowing through two physical bodies in a loving embrace.

*

With the realisation of his sensual powers had come the greed of a hungry young masculine ego, and Kinetikus, himself, had fallen prey to his prey. He loved the physical union so much that he decided to sample what he perceived as all possible types of women. He started to write down his observations on body types, ethnic backgrounds and appearances, and developed his own theories on how they were linked to the personality and

sensuality of a woman. He gained a deep understanding of how a woman's face and body could reveal much of her life-story. Conquering, loving, healing, and befriending many women, he enjoyed his identity of a sensual superhero until one day, he realised, it was merely an illusion.

Kinetikus took his purple notebook and wrote:

My body is a divine instrument of love.

Yet so is my mind and my soul.

I can no longer pretend to love, if all I love with is my body.

To love completely, I have to love with my mind, body and soul.

I now choose to draw into my life the woman who will not only receive the gift of my healing touch but will also bring her unique gift for me.

My body desires to explore, heal, caress and become one with her.

My mind feels inspired, intrigued, challenged and entertained by her.

Our souls recognise each other in the blink of an eye.

Kinetikus leaned back and was suddenly overcome with gratitude:

*I am **feeling** my love filling her.*

*I am **feeling** her love filling me.*

*I am **feeling** our love creating miracles.*

He wiped his tears and continued to write:

With gratitude and certainty, I acknowledge that this precious gift is already reserved for me. With patience, I trust that she will enter my life at the perfect moment. Until then, I will follow my dreams with an open heart and mind, and focus on nurturing myself, while serving others in love and respect.

*

‘You are booked on the 10:00 am flight for next week.’
His assistant was handing Kinetikus the ticket. He had not been to this grand historical city on business before and looked forward to overseeing the event that he had organised over the past month. His presence was a formality. All the legwork was complete. He would only have to make sure that everything was running smoothly.

‘Did you book our usual interpreter?’

‘Yes, Mrs. Schubert will meet you at the hotel an hour before the meeting begins.’

‘No problem there. Most of the clients speak very good English anyway. We will hardly need her.’

The phone rang.

‘Kin, I have got Don on the phone. Would you like to speak to him?’

‘Put him through – it’s so seldom I get to say hi to him these days.’

*

Kinetikus smiled when he put the phone down. Don was one of his oldest friends. They had shared challenging times together, well before they became successful in the eyes of the world. They had always felt certain of a bright future, regardless of how much money they had in their pockets, and harboured big dreams together. Don had just invited him to his birthday party. Kinetikus realised, that his commitment to focus full time on the business until he could take a backseat, had led to five months of virtually no social activity. Most of his friends knew him to be the soul of the party and were concerned, when he no longer seemed to be interested in women. Don sounded very happy on the phone and Kinetikus looked forward to seeing his friend again, after such a long time.

I deserve a little fun.

The party was already in full swing. Kinetikus was late, which was usual for him, as he liked to make an entrance. There was no point entering an empty party. In

the shower, he had thought of all the times that he had ever attended parties in the past. He would usually focus his mind on the type of woman that he wanted to attract. He was always very specific about her body and appearance. He would repeat many times in his mind that he was the most magnetic, desirable person at the party. He would then put to trust that his female playmate would be delivered to him in due course. This was the manifestation game. He challenged the universe with sheer impossible tasks only to be amazed, time after time, to find the embodiment of his intentions heaving in his arms some hours later.

Tonight, he did not feel like a sensual adventure.

I don't choose to experience the same over and over again.

I will change the parameters of the game!

Tonight I choose to meet somebody who can teach me something.

As he arrived at the party, he noticed with amazement

that he loved feeling invisible.

Don opened his arms to welcome him.

He took Kinetikus aside.

‘You look tired. Are you alright? Have you been working too hard again? You need some serious fun!’

Don gestured with his hands as he led the way forward.

‘Let me introduce you to a friend of my sister.’

He pulled him to a group of people and started reeling off names.

Kinetikus was not present. Doing small talk, felt like wading through mud. He was looking for a way to exit the situation. Don had left him with an attractive, friendly and intelligent woman who was absolutely perfect. Everybody could see that...

- Apart from him!

The woman sensed that the conversation grew laboured and asked if he would like another drink from the bar?

‘I’ll get you one’, he replied happy to have the chance of a change of scenery.

On the way to the bar, he stumbled over something soft

in the corner.

He looked down.

It was a teddy bear.

He was puzzled. What was a teddy bear doing in a nightclub?

He asked one of the waitresses who looked stressed.

‘Natalie, we found Jimmy’s bear,’ she shouted across the bar to one of her colleagues who seemed equally hectic and hardly took any notice.

‘Natalie brought her little boy to work tonight,’ she whispered to Kinetikus. ‘Our boss is not supposed to know.’

‘Where is the boy?’

‘Upstairs, asleep in the billiard room. He was looking for it earlier. I have no idea how it got in here.’

Somebody called the girl and she went back to her work.

Kinetikus held the teddy bear in his hand.

I used to have one just like that.

*

He approached the door, and could hear a child's voice talking softly inside. He knocked at the door.

'Who is it?'

'Jimmy, I found your teddy.'

'Come in.'

Kinetikus saw a young boy sitting on a blanket on the floor of the billiard room.

'I wasn't sure if you were asleep, but I heard you talking to someone.'

'I was talking to my teddy.'

'But your teddy was not here.'

'I know, but I can still talk to him. I told him that he needn't worry, that I am with him everywhere and will find him soon.'

'You were right about that,' Kinetikus smiled. 'I used to have a teddy just like yours.'

'Where is it now?'

'I lost it, and nobody found it.'

'Don't be sad, you can cuddle mine if you like.' The boy continued, 'When I want to find something, I sometimes

imagine how it would be if I never found it. First, I hate that thought and get sad. Then I think about all the other nice things around me and that I don't really need it to be happy. I think of my mummy and all the people who love me and, in the end, I am so happy that I don't think about it anymore.

And then I find it. Maybe looking for something when you *need* it makes it more difficult to find it.'

PART TWO

Divine Lovers

Kinetikus was flying in his dream. He followed a magic faraway tune. Approaching the music, he realised that it was a voice which was talking melodically in a language he did not understand. He smelled a sweet scent and realised it came from a flower with six voluptuous petals and black spots on the inside. As an orange mist emanated from the flower, he breathed in the voice that came in the mist. He noticed seven big bubbles stacked on top of each other inside his body. They were spinning slowly. One by one, they filled with orange mist and started spinning faster until his whole body turned into mist and completely dissolved.

*

Kinetikus woke up feeling unusually refreshed. His alarm was not due to go off for another hour. He stretched, and decided to go for a slow run to wake up his body fully. He loved waking up with the birds to witness the world asleep. The dawn was crisp and clear. No disturbances from continuously colliding atoms of a

rushing nation. *I felt more awake in my dream last night than during the day.*

Running a little faster now, the slight breathlessness was soon compensated with warm blood dutifully being pumped through his lean body. His endorphins had started to kick in.

I am so alive when I feel my body. What a magnificent instrument it is!

*

In the taxi from the airport, he attuned to the different frequency of this city. *Friendly, intellectual and a lot of troubled history. Cities are like people. This one has been through a lot.* He studied the FT. Nothing particularly inspiring today. His investments looked fine. With the help of a pocket dictionary he practised how to welcome his clients in their mother tongue. The conference would start tomorrow morning at 10.00 am with an introduction by him. This meant he had plenty of time to get acquainted with his surroundings and go over

his notes. The hotel had offered him a complimentary upgrade to a larger suite in recognition of the substantial business he brought them. An informal meeting with the managing director of the hotel was scheduled for the afternoon in the hotel lounge. It should take no longer than 30 minutes. He slid the credit card style key through the automatic lock of his suite and opened the door. Something seemed familiar about the suite. He could not quite put it into words but he felt very much at ease in the bright, traditionally decorated, uncluttered space. His window had a direct view of one of the most famous gates in the world. Many people had lost their lives trying to cross the border that no longer existed. *I can still feel it. The divided city.*

An oversized, well stocked fruit bowl caught his attention. He picked a grape and breathed in deeply. What a lovely scent! He turned his head and noticed a bouquet of flowers on one of the side tables.

About half of the flowers were in full blossom. They each displayed six bright orange silky petals which were

playfully speckled on the inside. He smiled.

*

The meeting with the Hotel Director had been the usual mix of courteous appreciation for the generated business, trade jokes and a renewed sales pitch. Kinetikus always found it amusing to walk into a first class hotel lobby in a casual outfit, with nobody taking much notice of him, only to be treated like royalty half an hour after registration. *Money seems to buy respect. But it never really does. People can always see the person behind the money. We are unable to hide behind it, but neither should we hide it.*

Money is energy. In its essence, it is pure. My relationship to money reflects how I relate to everything else including myself.

Kinetikus was deep in thought and absentmindedly glanced around the hotel lobby, enjoying the buzzing atmosphere that announced the impending evening.

I like big international cities.

To his right, a group of business clad Arabs were talking in hushed voices. *I can see their racehorses win a buck or two at Royal Ascot.* A lively group of 3 women in elegant casual outfits entered the lobby. One of them was laughing loudly when her bright orange coat got caught in the revolving doors. Her laugh was uninhibited and infectious.

Kinetikus suddenly felt ravenous. He asked one of the staff members if the International restaurants had started serving food.

‘We have two big conferences starting tomorrow and most of the delegates have already arrived. The restaurant started serving about forty minutes ago, and, I am afraid, we do not have any tables left at the moment.’

Kinetikus had learnt to welcome challenges. In his experience, they often harboured the greatest gifts. He reflected for a moment while casting his eyes over the restaurant tables.

‘Excuse me, there is a table for six over there with two spare seats at the end.

Would you mind asking those guests if I may join them?’

Kinetikus watched, as the waiter approached the table hesitantly, and saw him pointing towards him in an apologetic gesture. *Don't loose the game before I have even started playing.* One of the occupants looked up and Kinetikus flaunted his most dashing, unthreatening smile. *I now choose to eat at this table. I see myself eating at this table. I can taste the food already.* He seemed to have sparked a mini-discussion at the table and heard laughter.

Eventually the waiter, who seemed slightly uncomfortable, came over and directed him to the table. ‘They said, if you keep smiling like that, they will have to pay for your dinner too! Apparently you are welcome to join them,’ he told him.

Great. He sat down and smiled at his four table mates.

‘Good evening. I am Kinetikus, and a very hungry one at that.’

‘We can recommend the Thai vegetable curry with cashew nuts, it’s delicious.’

‘Thank you. That sounds good to me. I tend to trust personal recommendations.’

The group ordered their deserts. *I will definitely have some apple pie with vanilla ice-cream after the main course.*

A lively conversation on the topic of savoury versus sweet endings to a meal ensued. He was unaware that he would not be able to indulge his sweet tooth tonight. When he felt the tingle in his upper lip, it was already too late.

‘Oh my God, what happened to your lip? It is all puffy and swollen.’

‘Really? I am not sure. It stings and feels hot. Maybe it’s an allergic reaction to something in the food. It happened to me once before and I was given antihistamines by my doctor.

Perhaps the concierge will get some help for me.’

‘Excuse me, I overheard your conversation.’

The voice permeated every fibre of his being...

To instantly download the entire Kinetikus ebook and continue reading please click on the below link!

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Kinetikus the Book:

Kinetikus is a highly sensual and spiritual novel, revealing the keys to discovering true love, creating divine intimacy and feeling vibrantly alive. It is a deeply honest and intimate account of divine love, helping us to align with its vibration and draw this love to us.

- **It raises our overall vibration and energy**
- **It helps us to align with divine love and draw the experience closer**
- **It contains fundamental wisdom and truths relevant to all of us**

- **It is based on a true story and written from fullness versus lack**
- **It is deeply sensual and transportive**

Click below to read further:

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Kinetikus The Story:

When Kinetikus discovers his sensual gift at a young age, he begins to act like a kid in a candy store. Years later, as a successful entrepreneur, he realises, that none of his female conquests has ever truly touched his soul. A chance encounter with independent foreigner Lilliane marks the beginning of a mutual soul-searching journey. Their radical honesty and deepest exposure opens the gateway to exquisite sensuality, confirming that there are no coincidences.

More praise for Kinetikus:

"I was a little anxious about reading Kinetikus. I have not sat down and committed myself to a book since the birth of my daughter - four years ago! When I sat down I planned to read the first few opening pages. Two hours later I was gripped by 'Kinetikus the story of a Divine Lover', the journey and the strong messages I was receiving whilst reading it. The story is powerful and will relate to every human being alive. It made me sit up and realise that relationships are ever evolving, and that the first day to the last of a relationship is of equal importance. I have since taken some time to really think about both my past and present relationships and now feel that I have gained closure on the old and inspiration for the new. A

wonderful read, and a truly magical experience. Thank you Susanne"

R. Keane, Company Director

"Kinetikus is an exceptional book, so honest and flowing easily. I could not put it down, thank you!"

B. Oxlade, Housewife and Mother

"Tonight I sat down to read Kinetikus. I had been so busy lately trips abroad and lots of work but after a difficult week I suddenly had an inkling that this book would contain some guidance and help me get some clarity. Well help me it certainly did. This book contains innumerable coincidences and parallels with some events in my life. I had only intended to read a few lines but ended up reading the whole book in one go staying up till almost 2am in the process. Thank you Susanne, very, very, much for sharing this wonderful book with me. I am actually looking forward to re-reading my 'best bits' to ensure the pearls of wisdom really sink in and I can do my best to wholly and fully show 'divine love'. Something I think I may have forgotten a little in the past."

L. Milne, Property Finder and Lawyer

"I really enjoyed reading Kinetikus and loved your use of language. I thought the sex scenes were beautifully written and the overall book reminded me of some of Richard Bach's books. It is an intelligent, thoughtful book and I'm sure it will fly."

F. Segel, Company Director

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