

CHAPTER ONE

Like a garden of pink asters, her face shone brightly in a soft tone of gloss. All smirk and plush, Grace Anslem walked out of her apartment. Her attractiveness adds colour to the serene atmosphere in view. The morning sun kissed her skin causing it to glow and radiate in-between her dress puckers. While she worked the locks, her face caught the mirror of her door frame and soon became null, as though devoid of emotions. In a flick, a telephone call came in; the loud noise from the device stabbed the quietude that blew tenderly with the gentle wind. It was Richard calling. She attended to the call after the door was well locked.

“How’re you doing, Richie?” “Great, I must confess. What’s up?”

“Nothing serious. I’m just stepping out. Anything special?”

“Not really. Missed you a lot. So, I considered checking up on you.”

Richard has a way of making her feel special. Like a satellite in space, she was lost in a trance - letting out a smile and blushing in the same instance. “Thank you, dear. I miss you.”

Richard Walter has a wholesome smile, one that made his dimples come out clear. Whenever he smiles, a sparkle reflects in his dark eyes. He passes for a dream man and has unimaginable attributes. He has an athletic body, a handsome look, shiny dark hair and glowing. Grace could not help but smile at the thought of his finesse. Though, Richie had attitudes that seem unfit for a guy like him. He detests teases, gets upset easily and is mostly unforgiving. She recalled a cool Saturday morning, when she called him to know if they could hang out.

"Hello Richie, how're you doing?"

"Fine, I guess," he answered.