

Emily

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He narrowed his eyes as he saw her in the distance. A bad habit he had adopted when he was a rebellious teenager who refused to wear glasses, claiming they were 'for nerds'. Now, as an adult in his thirties, he had embraced the need for sight aid.

The woman merged into the crowd, only to reappear out of the swarm: radiant, mocking, unique. He knew her. Of course he did. How could he ever not recognize those opaque yet slightly translucent stockings that embraced her slender thighs? How could he ever forget those azure eyes that gleamed in desire with his sole presence? How could he ever put his thoughts aside from that silky red dress?

He approached her, pushing through the crowd. People cursed him, stomped on him or even stuck their elbows into his ribs to stop his way, to prevent him from reaching her. But it was her. It was his woman. His Emily.

How could he disown those appetizing pomegranate lips? How could he evade the silvery gleam on her tantalizing chest when the moonlight fell graciously upon her? How would he be stopped by a group of insane people oblivious to the concept of the deepest love that has ever existed?

Finally, he reached her: gorgeous, heaven-like, coquettish. He smiled. Pure Bliss. Face to face with his beloved. At last. His heart pounded. Once again, he felt like a teenager. He recalled that boy, short sighted and with acne who believed himself to be the baddest in town, and yet could not utter a word whenever his childhood crush crossed his path. But now he was a grown man, he had been able to talk to women, to seduce them, to even be on the verge of marrying one. Until she arrived in his life.

Fields of love, valleys of lust, mountains of ecstasy. His. His. His. His woman. His woman in red: the apex of perfection, the climax of seduction, the ultimate magnificence.

Letting go of his shyness, he replied to her smile with a lustful glance. His silver eyes met her indigo ones. They were one. Their gazes locked— his eyes devoured her.

"Emily..." he called out and reached out his hand to touch her.

"Sir, I am afraid you can't touch the paintings in the exhibition."

"But she's mine! Emily is mine," he complained.

"Congratulations on your work of art, sir. Please follow me out of the room."

Rebellious, savage, amorous, he decided to kiss Emily's plump lips. They were tasteless. He went pale. Two hands restrained his arms.

"Emily!" He yelled, as they dragged him out of the place and her silent grin seemed to turn into boisterous laughter.

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