

*Butterfly Kisses*  
Judith P. Vaughan

HERE IS AN EXCERPT FROM CHAPTER 1 (THE FIRST TIME SHE SAW HIM)

A young man appeared at the top of the elaborated stairwell. He was tall with a slim built. He then proceeded to walk down the stairs; his steps were slow and cautious, creating a sense of mystery about him. He then stopped and looked to where we were standing.

I do not think he had noticed that we were standing there, because he seemed surprised to see us. I got chills when I saw his face. I could hear my heart pounding, it sounded like wild horses galloping. I do not know if it was for good or bad reasons, but he made me feel uncomfortable especially when he looked at me. I had seen him before but it was not in person. It was in one of my recurring delusional dreams, one of those that you want to forget. Small portions of that crazy dream flashed inside my head. I remembered that in the dream, I was dead and he was looking for me.

“Victor, come meet our neighbors,” Estella motioned him to come.

On his way down, I felt like running away, but I did not.

He approached us and stood in front of us.

“This is our son, Victor,” Estella said.

Victor also had dark brown hair and light ivory skin, beautiful hazel eyes, with a shifty mysterious gaze. He was remarkably handsome, I noticed. He was slim but physically fit, his firmed abs showed through the grey v-neck fitted shirt he was wearing. He was about my age perhaps a little bit older.

Then I saw him smile, and I felt like I could not breathe.

“This is Savannah and her daughter, ---Amber,” Estella grinned.

She used her hands to display me as if I was an exhibit, and that made me feel even more uncomfortable.

My mom cleared her throat, “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Victor,” she shook his hand.

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“The pleasure is mine,” Victor answered in a serene tone. He looked at me and continued, “Hi Amber.” He said softly, and tried to make eye contact with me.

I gulped when I heard him say my name. It sounded like a beautiful melody in the wind, but still I did not want to look at him. I glanced down at the floor to avoid staring at him straight in the eyes, but I could feel his eyes glued on me, waiting for me to answer him.

His voice echoed in my head, overlapping the sound of my pounding heart. For some reason, I wanted to escape his presence, I wanted to run and hide, but my feet were getting heavier and heavier, I felt as if the tiled floor had turned into quicksand, and I was sinking with no one to save me.

“Are you ok, Amber?” Mr. Cromwell asked.

“Uhm, ---yeah,” I nodded and immediately turned to my mom. “Mom, can we go, please?” I said urgently.

“Sure honey,” she glanced at me concerned.

Before fleeing, I took a quick look at Victor again. I wanted to make sure my head was not playing tricks on me, and unfortunately, it was not. Victor looked exactly like the guy that had appeared in my dream.

READ A SNIPIT OF CHAPTER 4 (THEIR FIRST KISS)

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HERE IS A SNIPIT FROM CHAPTER 4 (THEIR FIRST KISS)

I closed my eyes and drifted away, letting all my feelings flow. I was feeling warm and dreamy; I could feel my heart leaping out from my chest. I was experiencing something I had never felt before. His soft gentle kisses were torturing me, I wanted more than what it felt to me like butterfly kisses.

The porch light turned on.

I stepped back startled by the light. “That’s my clue, I have to go in.” I chuckled.

My mother opened the door, “Amber, time to come in.”

“C’ya,” I said to Victor.

Victor continued to stare at me as if he was in a trance. From his expression, I knew he had experienced the same thing I had, a brief moment of pure ecstasy.

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