

PAGES OF DECEPTION

By T.L. Moore

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Dedications

This book is dedicated to anyone who has ever felt the most amazing emotion God ever designed: Love. I dedicate this book to my three loves that make my life worth living and overflow my heart with love and so much joy. My loves are my children: Desiree, Cameron, Branden. I adore you and without you I am nothing. When the good Lord gave me y'all, he gave me my very own little pieces of heaven.

1 Cor 13:13 "And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love."

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Honorable mentions

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Chapter One

Today is Not My Day

On an autumn day in New York City time stops for no one including a thirty-five year old woman who was running very late for work. On this particular day, time seemed to have no remorse for thirty-five year old Breeze Thompson. She started her day with an alarm clock that refused to go off and now she was forced to rush around her tiny charming brownstone apartment. She was running into one issue after the next that morning and she found herself getting more and more aggravated as the minutes ticked on. "I can't believe this! God, help me here!" Breeze slams the empty coffee can down on the kitchen counter. "I can't even have a cup of coffee this morning!" She glances up at the clock on the wall. "I don't have time to make coffee anyhow. I have ten minutes to get dressed and get to the publishers," She yelled as she ran out of the kitchen.

Breeze Thompson is a woman who is head strong, independent, and very successful as an author. She worked very hard to get to where she is in her writing career, but even though she is very successful she never let it go to her head. She keeps her feet planted firmly on the ground and her head out of the clouds and she owes it all to her very strong faith in God.

Breeze has always loved writing, even in her youth but her only regret is putting her books ahead of ever having a family of her own. She adores children and loves being around her nieces and nephews; but there remains an empty hole in her heart for the children she never had.

Breeze dressed in jeans, boots and a very nice blouse rushed to her apartment door. She stood there while she frantically searched through her bottomless purse for her keys.

"Where are you? I know you are in here somewhere," Breeze irately said.

She got down on her knees and turned her purse upside down until all the contents fell to the wooden floor. She searched through all the rubbish multiple times, but she could not find her house keys anywhere.

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Breeze's cell phone started ringing as it rested among her clutter on the floor. "Now what?" She reached down and picked up the phone and let out a small growl when she saw it was her agent calling. She hesitated before answering, "Hello."

Breeze rolled her eyes as she listened closely to her agent reminding her for the fifth time how important the meeting is at the publishers.

"I know that, Mary." Breeze picked up her things and threw them back in her purse. "I understand that, Mary. I am sorry I— Breeze picked up her hairbrush and tossed it inside of her leather purse as she continued to listen to her agent.

"Mary, I am on my way." She placed her purse strap over her shoulder and stood up. "Mary, I am coming now. Just hold them off. I am walking out the door as we speak. I know that! Bye." Breeze slammed her phone closed and chucked it back inside of her purse. "I swear I am going to fire that woman someday. Now where are my stupid keys?"

Breeze ran over to the coffee table and looked frantically for her keys. She glanced back at the door when she heard a sudden knock.

"Come in, Debra!"

The door opened and a red headed woman in jeans and a baggy T-shirt walked in.

"How do you always know when it is me?" Debra asked as she walked in leaving the door opened behind her. "Because I have no other friends besides you," Breeze said as she turned around and started to search for her keys under the sofa's cushions. Debra walked over toward Breeze. "What are you doing?" "I can't find my keys and I am already so late for a meeting this morning." Breeze stopped searching in the sofa and looked at Debra. "I just want to go to bed, pull the covers up over my head, and stay there."

"I hear that," Debra said laughing.

"I have to go." Breeze walked past Debra to the door. "Keep an eye on my place today.

Debra turned around and looked at her frantic friend and replied,

"Okay, I guess. You really need to slow down and breathe,

Breeze.”

“Breathe? What’s that?” Breeze turned around and stopped just inside of the opened door when she heard Debra reply. “Something I do not think you do often enough. You need to let Mary deal with what ever is going on this morning. Take a day off.” “Yeah, right. Mary is the one that is pushing me to the max.” Breeze turned around and started to walk out the door. “Breeze, slow down!” Debra walked quickly to the door. “Breeze!” Breeze ran down the hallway and she glanced back at Debra just as she made it to the stairs. “Get the spare key from Mrs. Smith and lock my door!” Breeze yelled running down the stairs. “Okay, I guess! Breeze, slow down and be careful!” Debra raised her hand in the air. “I have it all under control, I suppose. She is so going to burn herself out.” Debra turned on her heels and closed the door to Breeze’s apartment.

Breeze ran out the front door of the brownstone and down the street as fast as she could run in her high healed boots. The weather was cool as the fall leaves danced around the sidewalk and the only sound she could hear was the clattering noise of her boots against the pavement.

“I am never going to make it there on time. I need a taxi!” Breeze stopped running and stood at the corner of the street. “There’s one! Over here!” Breeze raised her hand to her mouth and whistled loudly.

The taxicab raced down the street toward her and she stood there with her arms up in the air waving. The cab got closer to her and suddenly it made a fast left hand turn through a large muddy water puddle. The water splashed all over her and the driver did not stop, but instead continued on his way. Breeze screamed as the driver drove away with not so much as a look back. “No! This is not happening to me, not this morning!” Breeze stood there almost in tears as dirty water dripped from her chin. She looked up at the gray sky and whispered, “Lord, why me?” She lowered her head and whimpered.

After a few minutes Breeze grabbed a tissue out of her purse and wiped her face and clothes with it the best she could. She was drenched from her head to toes with dirty street water. She slowly crossed the street and walked toward downtown.

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“I will go to the restroom when I get to the publishers and cleanup before I meet with them. It won’t make to much difference, but ole well.” Breeze started running up the street with her long blonde, damp hair dancing behind her.

It was only a short few minutes run to downtown from the brownstone, but as always the city was alive with people everywhere. Breeze ran as fast as she could through the busy streets with its abundance of people. She tried to remain calm, but it wasn’t working. “Almost there, almost there. Excuse me,” Breeze said as she bumped into a gentleman in a suit. “I see the building now,” she said to herself as the tall building across the street came into view. She hurried across the street as the sounds of the city rang out around her. She had one thing on her mind and that was to get to that meeting. She was in her own personal bubble as she made her way up the steps of the building. She was not paying attention to anyone at this point and just as she reached the top she ran right into a very handsome man in a very expensive suit. Breeze looked up to see the tall man in sunglasses now drenched in coffee. “I am so sorry!” Breeze shouted as her eyes met his. “Its okay, Miss, it wasn’t decaf anyhow.”

Breeze smiled and said, “I am really sorry, but I am...I need to go.”

The man was standing there smiling at her and Breeze looked into his eyes for what seemed like several minutes, but actually it was only seconds. A fast thought crossed her mind to give this very handsome man her number, but she didn’t have time right now to hunt for Mister Right.

“I am, uh...sorry,” Breeze forced out.

“It is okay. What is your name?” The man asked. “I, I have to go. Sorry about the coffee.” Breeze ran past him. The man turned around and shouted, “You owe me a coffee! You could at least tell me your name.”

Breeze continued running up the stairs as she glanced back and said, “Breeze Thompson!”

The man grinned as he stood there watching her run like a banshee up the stairs.

“I am so very in trouble here. I am so late! Excuse me!” Breeze ran into a woman who had an arm full of books. The woman

dropped the books and Breeze bent down to help her pick them up. "You need to watch where you are going!" The woman snapped.

"I am sorry," Breeze said as she picked up a book and handed it to the woman.

"Yeah," The woman said under her breath.

"I am truly sorry, but I have to go!" Breeze stood up and looked at the woman.

"Aren't you, uh, that author person?" The woman asked. "Right now I don't feel like an author. I am sorry, but I have to go." Breeze ran past the woman into the publisher's building. Breeze ran straight to the restroom to try and clean herself up just a tad before she met with her agent and the publisher. She looked into the mirror and almost started to cry again when she saw that her makeup was smeared under her eyes; she looked like a wreck. "God, help me before I have a complete nervous breakdown. I am going to be put in a padded cell with my invisible friend fighting over the crayons." Breeze laughed as she washed the makeup under her eyes off with a wet paper towel.

A few minutes later she emerged from the restroom looking somewhat refreshed compared to earlier. Her phone in her purse started to ring as she walked toward the elevators. She knew it was Mary, so she didn't even bother to answer.

Breeze was standing at the elevators and was just about to push the button when a young man with a cart full of cakes and coffees ran smack-dab into her. The container filled with hot coffee fell over and coffee went spewing all over her boots.

Breeze screamed and jumped back as every eye around her watched the coffee spill all over the floor and her black boots. She stood there staring down at her boots as her cell phone continued to ring from the inside of her purse. "Ma'am, I am so sorry." The young man glanced at Breeze as he turned the container of coffee back on its side. "Let me get you a towel." He picked up a towel from the bottom of the cart. "Here you go." He tried to hand her the towel.

Breeze looked at him and rolled her eyes, "It's okay." "I am really sorry and I will pay for your shoes."

"No, that is not necessary," Breeze said.

The elevator's bell rang and the doors opened and people

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started to rush inside.

“Let me give you a cake at least.” The young man picked up a slice of cake that was wrapped in cellophane.

“No, thanks.” Breeze walked inside of the elevator and turned around. “Please take it.” The man handed her the cake right before the doors closed.

“Thanks,” Breeze said with a forced smile as the doors completely closed. “Just what my hips need.” She looked down at the cake in her hand and shook her head.

Breeze was on her way up to the twenty-fifth floor and the elevator was as packed as a can of sardines. There was an elderly man standing right behind her and without warning everyone in the elevator heard a loud squeaking sound followed by a very unpleasant smell.

“Oh geeze what is that smell?” A woman in a pants suit said.

Breeze looked behind her at the little old man and she crinkled up her nose. The man smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Everyone in the elevator was holding their noses and making gagging sounds.

“That is so nasty!” A heavysset lady said that was standing in the back of the elevator.

“Who did that?” A teenage boy asked.

You could of heard a pin drop as everyone at the same exact time looked at the little old man.

“Sorry. Blame my wife, she is the one who made me eat those beans for breakfast.” The old man glanced around at everyone’s very nauseated faces.

Breeze slowly turned around and looked up at the numbers above the doors flashing as the elevator went higher and higher. Once again a very sickening sound came from behind her as the old man filled the small packed elevator with his bodily smell. “You are just sick, Mister!” The teenage boy shouted. “This is not my day,” Breeze whispered as she stared at the closed doors. “Just hurry and open.”

When the elevator reached its destination and the doors opened everyone quickly filed out. The only one left in the elevator

was the little old man who was standing there smiling. Breeze was walking down the hallway when Mary ran up beside her and said, "It is about time."

Breeze looked over at Mary and rolled her eyes as she continued to walk. "Here, I brought you breakfast." She handed Mary the piece of cake.

"What happened to you, Breeze? You look like you got ran over by a truck and dragged here," Mary said.

"Mary that is exactly what happened. How did you know?" Breeze said sarcastically.

Breeze and Mary stopped walking when they reached the end of the hallway.

"What happened to you? Breeze, you can not go inside to talk to the publisher looking like that," Mary said.

"Watch me!" Breeze said as she opened the door and walked inside.

"This is not going to go well at all," Mary said to herself as she followed Breeze.

About thirty minutes later Breeze and Mary emerged from the publisher's office.

"I do not know how you won them over with the way you look today, but you did," Mary said.

"What is so wrong with the way I look today, Mary?" Breeze placed her hand on her hip as she looked at her agent. "Well, you look like you have escaped from a mental hospital." Mary tried not to laugh.

"I did, but do not tell anyone," Breeze said in a very serious tone.

"Uh, what?"

"Messing with you," Breeze said as she laughed. "Lunch is on me."

"You want to go to your place to get cleaned up?" Mary asked as she followed.

"Nope," Breeze replied as she walked down the hall.

Chapter Two

A Central Park Run

It was a few days later and Breeze was given a chance to recuperate after the meeting with her agent and the publishers. She had a really bad habit of pushing herself to the limits when it came to her career and sometimes that meant running into major burnout; but not this time. This time she stopped being an author and was just being herself if only for a few days. She was enjoying a few days off from writing, meetings and dealing with her agent who she swore never slept and had coffee coursing through her veins instead of blood.

Early Friday morning Breeze was relaxing reading her Bible out on the patio. It was a beautiful day as she sat there in a pair of white sweat pants and a T-shirt. Breeze was raised in church and faith in God was her foundation not only in her life, but also the Christian books she wrote. Breeze loved Jesus Christ with ever sense of her being and she knew without him she was nothing. As Breeze always said: Jesus is my everything.

“God, I am sorry I haven’t been to church in ages and I am sorry I haven’t spoken to you like I use to do,” Breeze said as she looked up into the blue sky. “I have no excuse, no excuse at all.” She placed her bookmark inside her Bible and closed the book. “I feel like I am losing myself sometimes, Lord. Does that make any sense?” Breeze stood up from her chair, turned and walked into her apartment closing the sliding glass door behind her. Breeze walked over to the coffee table and placed her Bible down upon it. She looked around her apartment and spoke, “This place feels so empty.” She walked into her bedroom and sat down on the edge of her bed. “I think a brisk walk in the park is just what the doctor ordered.” She reached underneath her bed and pulled out her tennis shoes and put them on.

It was a beautiful day in Central park and on days like this the park somehow seemed magical. It was like everything inside of the park, even the trees came to life in a sense and the park was its own little world. Central park was a beautiful place to be if you

wanted to enjoy the outdoors and even though it was located in the heart of the city; it seemed like it was a million miles away from the hustle and bustle.

Breeze was listening to a sermon and music on her MP3-player as she walked through the park. The leaves beneath her shoes made a crackling sound as she walked over them on the pathway. She smiled at an elderly couple holding hands like they were newlyweds as she walked past them. The whole atmosphere around her was very relaxing and that is just what she needed. "Oh darn," Breeze said to herself when she noticed one of her tennis shoes had come untied. She walked over to a nearby bench and sat down to tie her shoe.

Breeze was humming along to a song she was listening to and she didn't notice a man standing there on the path watching her. The man was intrigued with her as she started to sing out loud and this made him smile. This went on for several seconds when she had an overwhelming sense she wasn't alone. The singing instantly stopped when she turned her head and saw the man smiling at her. "Good morning," the man said as he walked closer to her. Breeze removed her earphones from her ears and stood up from the bench. "Good morning."

"Nice tune you were singing there." The man stood there smiling.

Breeze felt her face turning nine different shades of red and she softly replied, "Yeah, sure."

"No, really, it was... nice."

"You almost choked on those words," Breeze said as she smiled. The man once again smiled revealing a very nice set of teeth. Breeze could not help but notice how attractive this stranger was who stood before her. He was tall, blonde, and in very good shape. His eyes, she instantly noticed, were as blue as the ocean. A group of kids were playing frisbee nearby and they shouted, "Watch out!"

Breeze and the man quickly turned around and they saw the frisbee coming straight toward Breeze's head. Breeze screamed, raised her hand in front of her face and in a blink of an eye the man ran in front of her and caught the frisbee.

"Wow," Breeze whispered as she lowered her hand.

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"You okay?" The man asked as he placed his other hand on her shoulder.

"Yeah, I am fine."

"Mister, that was an awesome catch!" A boy ran up to them. "Thanks, but you kids need to be more careful. You could have really hurt this lady," The man said as he removed his hand from her shoulder and handed the frisbee to the boy.

"Sorry, Lady," the boy said.

"It's okay," Breeze replied.

The boy smiled and turned around and ran back over to his friends.

"You sure you are okay?" The man asked.

"Yeah. It just scared the daylights out of me is all." Breeze sat down on the bench. "Thank you so much."

"Anytime." The man sat down beside her.

Breeze looked at him and smiled, then she looked back over toward the kids that were playing.

"I am Sean Maverick." Sean extended his hand out to her. Breeze looked into his face and then she glanced down at his hand. "Nice to meet you and thanks again." She stood up from the bench. Sean lowered his hand and looked up at her with a confused look on his face and said, "I just saved your life and you are going to walk away just like that?"

Breeze grinned and looked down at him. "Well, I wouldn't exactly say you saved my life, but you did save my nose from being broken." She started to walk over to the pathway. "You really are going to walk away without hesitating, aren't you?" Sean stood up from the bench.

Breeze stopped walking and she turned around to face him. "Not to be rude or anything like that, but yes I am." She turned back around and walked up the pathway. "Thanks for being my hero!" "How rude," Sean said to himself. "No, this isn't going to end like this, Missy!" Sean ran to catch up to her.

Breeze smiled when she heard him running up from behind. "Name isn't Missy."

Sean ran up beside her and started walking to keep up with her. "Burned bad, huh?"

"Excuse me?"

“Some stupid man somewhere in time hurt you, huh?” Sean asked.

Breeze smiled over at him, and then she placed her earphones in her ears. “Thanks again and have a blessed day, Mister.” She started to run.

Sean’s mouth fell open as he stopped walking and stood there watching her run away. “No, this is so not over.” He grinned and started running after her.

Breeze had a feeling that this stranger named Sean Maverick was not the type to let her slip away so easily. She was deliberately picking up her pace as she glanced behind her to see how close he was getting. She ran faster and faster, and so did Sean, but he was having a hard time catching up to her; he wasn’t exactly dressed for a morning run through Central Park. Breeze slowed down after a few minutes to let him catch up to her and she looked behind her and laughed. Sean was in good shape, but his suit and shoes he was wearing made it very hard to run. She decided to stop running and sat down underneath a tree to wait on him.

“You do know stalking is against the law, right?” Breeze smiled as he stopped running and stood there breathing fast and hard.

Sean bent over and placed his hands on his knees while he tried to catch his breath. “Uh... Yeah, but I am not stalking you.” He looked at her and removed his hands from his knees. “Chasing a woman through the park, a woman you do not know might be considered stalking, Mr. Maverick.”

“You remembered my name.”

Breeze knew she was playing hard to get and she had her reasons: One being she did not trust any man because she had been burnt in the past. She was engaged to a wonderful man, so she thought, but when he didn’t even bother to show up for their wedding; her thoughts and feelings changed. The nightmare took place over ten years ago, but to her and her heart it felt just like yesterday.

“Have a seat before you fall down,” Breeze said and she patted the ground beside her.

“Thank you,” Sean said as he sat down on the grass. “You hit the nail right on the head.” Breeze looked at him.

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“About what? You being a fantastic singer?”

“No,” Breeze laughingly replied.

“Then what?” Sean laid back on the grass and turned his head to look at her.

Breeze smiled, and then she looked away. “Some stupid man burnt me really bad.”

“Sorry, uh...I don’t even know your name,” Sean said. “You can call me Missy.” Breeze turned to look at him and she grinned.

Sean smiled, took a deep breath and exhaled. “Thought your name wasn’t Missy?”

“It isn’t.” Breeze giggled and looked away.

“Okay...Missy, I am sorry some stupid man hurt you so bad that you won’t give a fantastic catch like me a chance,” Sean said in a matter-of-fact-attitude.

“Conceited or convinced?”

“Neither, just trying to make you laugh.” Sean sat up. “And I see I am failing miserably.”

Breeze laughed and shook her head. “No you are not.”

“That is good to hear.”

“You’re not from around here, are you?” Breeze asked.

“Accent gave it away, huh?” Sean winked at her.

Breeze smiled and replied, “Slightly. Texas?”

“You’re good. I am from Houston.”

“Cool.” Breeze looked up into the sky as the cool wind blew across her. “Beautiful day.”

“The day isn’t the only thing beautiful around here.”

Breeze turned her head to look at him. She smiled. “Smooth talker I see.”

“No, not at all. Just speaking the truth and trying to make conversation is all,” Sean said.

“Anyone ever tell you that you look like that actor Matthew M —

“Yeah, I have heard it a few times, but I don’t see it myself.” Sean turned to look at a dog that was barking. “Wish I had his money.”

“Me too.” Breeze nodded.

Sean smiled when he looked at her, which made her very

uncomfortable. Breeze stood up and wiped the grass and leaves off the back of her sweat pants.

“Listen, the only men that are in my life are: God, Jesus, my daddy, my brother and my nephews. Other than those I have no time in my life for anyone else.”

Sean swallowed the lump in his throat as he stood up and looked her square in the face. “Don’t hold back now.”

Breeze looked deep into his eyes and she felt nervous and her heart started to race within her chest. Sean’s hands were getting sweaty as they stood there staring at each other as if they were frozen in time.

“I, uh...I need to run now.” Breeze was feeling very antsy. “You are very good at that, Missy.” Sean said with a grin. “Funny.” Breeze smiled a small smile and she looked down at the ground.

“Do you come here often? That sounded so much like a lame pick up line.”

“Yeah, it did, but no I do not come here too often. I really need to go now,” Breeze said.

“Can I see you again? What is your name?” “My name remains a mystery.” Breeze smiled and placed her headphones in her ears.

“Please tell me your name.”

“Thank you for being my hero today. Bye.” Breeze smiled and turned and ran up the pathway.

“That really bites!” Sean said loudly.

Breeze stopped for a brief second and said, “You should hear the sermon that I am listening to right now: Wolves in sheep’s clothing!” She laughed and continued running away. “What does that suppose to mean?” Sean walked toward the pathway. “I am not no wolf, Missy, or what ever your name is! Hey, come back here!”

Breeze smiled as she glanced back at Sean and she waved. “Yeah, bye, who ever you are. What a woman.” Sean smiled, turned, and walked in the opposite direction.

Chapter Three

A Wolf in Knight's Clothing

Later that same day as her Central Park adventure Breeze was sitting upon her sofa watching a movie and snacking on chips when a knock at the door caught her attention. She picked up the remote to the TV and paused her movie.

"Coming!" Breeze got up from the sofa and walked to the door. She opened the door and smiled when she saw that it was Debra.

"What's up?" Debra asked as she stood there in her housecoat and slippers.

"Not much, just watching a movie. Come in." Breeze turned around and walked over to the sofa.

"Sounds like fun." Debra walked into the apartment and closed the door behind her.

"You will for sure snag a man in that getup." Breeze sat back down on the sofa.

Debra walked into the living room and picked up the bowl of chips and sat down next to Breeze. "Not trying to snag a man."

"Well, the way you look that is a good thing," Breeze jokingly said.

"You have something against this blue housecoat and my bunny slippers?" Debra placed a chip in her mouth.

"Nah, not at all, the old woman look I hear is back in style nowadays." Breeze smiled.

"Ha-ha. So what movie are you watching?" Debra asked.

Breeze picked up the remote to the TV and clicked play. "Some chick-flick."

"That will for sure cheer you up, Breeze." Debra placed another chip in her mouth.

"Yeah."

Breeze and Debra sat there for a few minutes without saying another word as they watched the movie.

"He is gorgeous. Why can't an everyday man on the streets look like that?" Debra said.

"I saw one of those today," Breeze said as she looked over at Debra.

"Saw one of those what? A gorgeous man?"

"Yep, I sure did," Breeze replied and reached over and took a hand full of chips out of the bowl. "You thirsty?" She placed the chips in her mouth and got up from the sofa.

"Yeah, but I want to hear about Mister Gorgeous." Debra followed Breeze into the kitchen.

"Nothing to tell ya really," Breeze said as she opened up the refrigerator. "He was nice looking, very nice looking and a very smooth talker." She picked up two cans of soda water and closed the refrigerator.

"And?" Debra said excitably.

"And what?" Breeze handed her a can of soda.

"And what? You talked to him?"

"Yes, we spoke briefly." Breeze walked past her into the living room.

"Are you crazy?" Debra walked out of the kitchen and stood at the end of the sofa.

"It is no big deal really. Calm down." Breeze sat down on the sofa and opened her drink.

"You talked to a gorgeous man and it is no big deal? Breeze, what is wrong with you?" Debra sat down on the sofa. "What did he look like? Tell me every detail!"

"He looked a lot like that," Breeze said as she pointed to the other side of the room.

Debra turned her head and looked over at a picture of Breeze's daddy when he was in Vietnam. "He looks like your daddy? Uh, isn't that somewhat gross?"

Breeze laughed and she pointed to the TV. "No, he looked a little like him."

"What? Mister Gorgeous looked like Matthew McConaughey?!"

"Yeah, a little." Breeze took a drink of her soda water.

"And you are sitting here watching a chick flick when you could be with the real deal? You are insane!" Debra nodded.

Breeze reached over and placed her drink on the coffee table. "He didn't exactly ask me out, but he did ask if he would see me

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again.”

Debra jumped up on her knees as she sat on the sofa. “That is asking you out dim-wit! Did you get his number? What is his name?”

“Will you calm down, please?” Breeze laughed out loud.

“Well, tell me everything, Breeze. Where did you meet him?”

“Central Park and I am not interested, okay?” Breeze looked at the movie on the TV.

“Why not?”

“Don’t have time anymore and don’t want to make time to be honest with you. I am happy with my life as it is,” Breeze said.

“Yeah, right. All you do is work all the time. Breeze, you need to have a social life.” Debra got off her knees and sat down. “There is more to life than books, Breeze.”

“I guess. Let’s watch the movie.”

“What was his name?” Debra asked.

“Sean, Sean Masterson or something like that.”

“A man who looks like sweet Matthew there and you are telling me you don’t remember his name? You are so full of it, Breeze!” Debra playfully slapped Breeze on her arm.

Breeze smiled and turned to look at Debra. “Sean Maverick.”

“Aww, nice name.” Debra smiled a big smile and nodded. “So, you exchanged numbers?”

“No, we didn’t.”

“Why? A man like that is one in a zillion and you turned him down? You really need to seek help with a doctor, Breeze.”

“Maybe I do at that.” Breeze grinned.

“Well, where can I find him? If you don’t want him, then I will take him,” Debra said.

“I have no clue and I really do not care to find him, Debra.”

“Sick, sick, sick, woman.” Debra looked at Breeze in disbelief.

Breeze gets up from the sofa and looks at Debra. “I have a meeting in the morning, so I really need to get to bed early.”

“Stop thinking work, work, work and start thinking man, man, man,” Debra said.

“Man, man, man equals trouble, trouble, trouble.” Breeze

picked up the remote to the TV and turned it off. "Listen, Cupid, I really need to get to bed." Breeze reached down and took a hold of Debra's arm and pulled her off the sofa.

"I might dress like an old woman, but you are turning into an old woman, Breeze," Debra said as she stood up.

"I know it is a very sad world." Breeze pulled on Debra's arm and led her to the front door. "Good night, Debra."

Debra jerked her arm away from Breeze and said, "I am leaving, but you need to find that gorgeous man and give him a chance."

Breeze opened the front door. "I hear you. Now good night."

"You hear me, but you aren't listening to me at all." Debra shook her head.

"I am listening to you, but you just do not understand where I am coming from, Debra," Breeze said as she stood in front of Debra. "I like my life as it is and the very last thing I need is a man."

"Not every man is a lying, cheating rat." Debra stood there with her back to the door.

"Okay, name one my friend," Breeze said as she slowly started walking toward Debra.

"Uh, that...I can't think under pressure," Debra said as she slowly backed out the door.

"Case and point. Good night, Debra." Breeze starts to close the door in Debra's face.

"This guy could be the one. You never know and you refuse to give him a chance," Debra said as she placed her hands upon the door to stop it from closing.

"Yeah, you are right; he could be the one who helps me find my way to that padded cell." Breeze pushed the door closed.

"Breeze, think about what I am saying!" Debra said loudly from the other side of the door.

"Good night, Debra!" Breeze smiled, turned around and walked back into the living room. "The one? Yeah, right. Debra just doesn't understand me." She sat down on the sofa. "God, could this man be the one?" She looks up toward the ceiling. "Nah." She lowers her head and grins.

Breeze turned the TV back on to finish her movie and she stretched out on the sofa. She watched the romance on the screen

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and wished that somehow, sometime in her life she could experience it for herself. The sad thing about it all was that she had built a wall around herself and was not prepared or willing to let anyone break down that wall of protection.

“Breeze, can you hear me? Breeze, please come outside!” A familiar voice shouted.

“What? Who’s there?” Breeze opened her eyes and looked around the dimly lit room.

“Breeze, are you awake my love?!” Sean asked.

“Uh, Sean? No way,” Breeze said as she sat up on the sofa.

“Breeze, come outside!” Sean repeated.

“What? How did he find out where I live?” Breeze got up from the sofa and turned to look at the glass patio doors. “Maybe he is a psycho after all.”

“Breeze, please come here before I wake up the whole neighborhood!”

“911.” Breeze picked up her cell phone from the coffee table.

“Beautiful Breeze, please come to me!” Sean loudly said.

Breeze with her phone clutched tightly in her hand walked toward the patio door. She was afraid and thought maybe she was being stalked by some kind of weirdo who couldn’t take no for an answer.

“Hello!” Sean shouted from outside.

Breeze stopped at the patio door and looked out through the glass. “Sean, are you out there?!”

“Yes, and I am not alone.”

“Oh wonderful. He probably has a crazy twin brother with him. Oh well, Debra can date him.” Breeze laughed, and then the laughter stopped as she tried to see where Sean was.

“Come outside!”

“Why?!” Breeze shouted through the glass.

“Trust me, Breeze.”

“Trust you? I do not even know you!” Breeze shouted.

Breeze took a deep breath and slowly slid the patio door open, and then she walked out onto the patio. “How did you find out where I lived?!”

“I googled you, Breeze.”

The patio was small with many plants all around it and there