

11:30pm...

Angel: "Stubborn."

Amara: "Pardon?"

Angel: "Somehow I knew you wouldn't sleep."

Amara: "It's better this way."

Angel: "You are quite safe... no one else suspects."

Amara: "Suspects what?"

Angel leaned close enough to me so that even in the darkness of the room, I could see his face and feel his breath. I had to fight the urge to reach out and touch him as he was that irresistible. The problem was that if I started touching him, it might just feel too good and I wouldn't want to stop. I prided myself in control and some man who I just met in a jail cell, wouldn't make me lose control. So I focused on things other than his beautiful body. I didn't care what I thought about as long as it wasn't him.

Angel: (Whisper) "That you are a woman."

Amara: "How did you..."

Angel: "Does it matter?"

Amara: "Are you going to tell them?"

Angel: "If I was, I would have by now."

Amara: "Why didn't you?"

Angel: "I'm baffled as to why a woman would disguise herself as a man."

Amara: "So it's the mystery that holds your tongue."

Angel: "Probably."

Amara: "So now what?"

Angel: "For starters, what is your real name?"

Amara: "Amara."

Angel: "What's it mean?"

Amara: "Unfading."

Angel hesitated before he spoke.

Angel: "Amara, it suits you."

When Angel said my name, I couldn't but shiver. It must have been the breeze. What else could it be?

Angel: "You are not like the other women."

Amara: "I say my thoughts, maybe that's it."

Angel: "No, a lot of them do."

Angel started circling me.

Amara: "Hey, knock it off."

Angel: "Quiet or you'll wake everyone."

Amara: "Well, what are you doing?"

Angel: "I think I got it. You are from the other world..."

Amara: "Other world? What are you talking about?"

Angel: "Tell me what the other world was like."