

New York Dreams

The beautiful redhead with green eyes stared at it all. Dusk was settling, the city was teeming with people and buzzing with city nightlife. The cars were crowding the street, leaving very little room for people to cross. Billboards screamed at passerby's desperate for attention. The buildings, tall and reminiscent of skyscrapers reflected light spilling from various windows. The smell of fresh pasta sauce contrasted sharply with the smell of hot apple cider. The marquis announced the latest Broadway production of *Phantom of the Opera*. Shops were crammed with people making purchases while trying to escape the cold. The air was crisp and clean, and the wardrobe of choice was scarves, sweaters, and jackets. Genevieve stood in the middle of it all and breathed. She had forgotten what New York City was like, the very feel of it. To be clear, it was nothing like the lush gardens and quiet towns in Holland, or the hum of the Italian Piazza's. She missed that, but for the all things those were, for all the enchantment and wonder those places held, this was home, and for better or worse it had a hold on her heart and wouldn't let her go.

Genevieve smoothed down her knee length, sparkly, black, dress that shimmered and adjusted the matching scarf around her neck. She ran her fingers through her curly hair and sighed. Her cell phone buzzed and she smiled as she looked down at the text.

"Hey, I can't wait to see you! I have missed you so much ! Love you..." Genevieve checked her watch. If she hurried, she could walk to her favorite coffee shop and have plenty of time to grab a cup and freshen up before meeting Charles for dinner at one of the most expensive restaurants in town.

That was one of the perks of having a devoted boyfriend. She sighed and hurried to cross the street, trying to avoid the crowd of people threatening to encroach on her personal space. She made it the sidewalk and was moving so fast that she collided with construction worker carrying a bag of asphalt. The substance spilled all over her clothes.

“Watch where you are going”, she yelled and let out an exasperated sigh. The man turned around and looked at her.

“Maybe you should watch, where you are going, princess, the guy shot back. Some people have work to do.”

“Well, now you have ruined my 200 dollar dress and coach handbag, and you have the audacity to tell me to watch where I am going. You are unbelievable.” Genevieve smoothed down her dress and attempted to brush the asphalt from her dress and handbag. She rushed off, not believing the nerve of the man who had just spoken to her. She shook her head. Clearly he did not have the manners to recognize that it was not good manners to act so familiar with people that he didn't know. Genevieve hurried into the coffee shop and sighed, trying to put the unsettling experience behind her.

Kyle sighed, he had seen this before, self-absorbed, rich Daddy's girls more concerned with their coach purses than the people around them, and whoever she was she had to be one of those. He glanced down and noticed that the young woman had dropped the ring she was wearing and the address book she was carrying slipped from her pocket. He half smiled, and groaned at the possibility. He picked the items up and put them in his pocket. This could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

