

Anaya

Soft freckled skin, brunette hair bathed by the morning light. Her brown eyes reflect the first sun rays in an exotic fashion, as if they shined by themselves. Red lips of molten lust and a little pointy nose. The name is Anaya. She could easily be considered a new standard of beauty in the little village of Ebenholz, Liechtenstein. She came from a further Asian country to study photography and to get to know a new world full of amazing people and, most importantly, artists. Two months have passed since she came, and she is already familiar with her neighbours, especially with Abigail, the elder woman living next door. Abigail is a really good cook who likes to share a nice lunch and a few gossips, and Anaya is really good at eating and listening.

Today she has woken up in a good mood. She can't keep her laughter as she realizes once again that she really is living her dream. Her translucent silk pyjamas get thrown in the air, slowly descending to the ground like a leaf while Anaya lets her naked body dance happily in front of the mirror (such a grace and delicacy in her sensual silhouette). Then, she reaches for some clean clothes. She is ready after no more than a minute. Today she is wearing beige boots and an orange dress, slightly based on her birthplace's typical clothes. It is a simple outfit, but it fits her perfectly. The mirror smiles at her and she smiles back. The bright blue sky can be seen in the reflection through the open window. She hums her favourite songs as she brushes her beautiful hair. Today is going to be a good day for the young and passionate Anaya.

Camera in hand, she proceeds to get outside. There is not class today, but she does not need any reason to go practice by herself. After all, it is her favourite activity, and there is still a lot of nature to explore and capture in the surroundings of her village. Every time she goes out alone, she leaves the house at exactly 9:30 am. But today... today is different. 9:25. The front door is opening. Such a beautiful, radiant face. It's her. She was not supposed to get out this early. She sees me, in front of her house, in her front yard, hidden between the bushes. In this very moment I see all the beauty disappear off her face. A frowned, scared and creeped out face gets between me and the girl of my dreams. She jumps back and shuts the door, I run away. Anaya, I'm sorry, I know it was wrong. You were so pure, but I perverted your innocence. Just five minutes. If you had opened that door five minutes later, I would have had time to change my hideout, I would have been able to keep on watching you. But now... I've lost you for ever.