

The Strong Within Us

by J. A. Boulet

EXCERPT

She was a stunning woman with beautiful long black hair, shockingly rare blue eyes and tanned skin. She was captivating and absolutely gorgeous. Ivan thought that he didn't have a chance until he found out that she lived down by the pier with her father. He bought fish from her father regularly, trading vegetables and grains some days. Every time Ivan visited the large fishery at the pier, he was always scanning the crowd for the beautiful blue-eyed fisherman girl. He found out that she was almost the same age as himself; she was 18, and he was 19. How she had managed to remain single was something beyond his stretch of knowledge. Maybe she was too beautiful, he thought. No man was courageous enough to approach her. Until this day, he thought.

Ivan straightened his tie and proceeded to the fishery. He ran his fingers through his hair, adjusting his cowlick. The pesky tuft of hair at his crown annoyed him greatly. It seemed to have a mind of its own, especially in tense situations; it would stick up like a fork in a haystack. Otherwise, he thought that he was quite a handsome fellow, standing at six feet tall, slim but fit, with dark blonde hair, a young uneven beard and captivating green eyes. Women looked at him often, so he knew that he was attractive, but he still felt unsure of himself some days, especially around stunning women like her. Ivan pulled the door to the fishery open, unconsciously licking his hand and smoothing down the cowlick again as he stepped inside.