

Chapter Three

NICE TO MEET YOU AGAIN DANIEL (3)

"Wow.....you are cooking my favourite dish and I am hungry!"

I said it to my mum as soon as I opened the kitchen door where a gentle steam was streaming from a large pan while the fresh smell of the cooked food filled the entire kitchen.

"Well, the food is ready, but we have to wait for our guests to arrive. I think they will be here within the next twenty minutes or so. By the way, have you bought the wine?"

Just as I was going to answer my mum, the front doorbell rang, and mum rushed to open the door while telling me to go to my room and put on a nice dress and not to forget to smile!

I went to my room. While I was there I could still hear my mum and occasionally my dad chatting with the new guests.

I changed my clothes after I had a quick shower and rushed to put on some makeup, to refresh my tired face.

"Camilla, come down."

I heard my mother calling me, so I shut the door on my messy bedroom and was ready to meet our new guests.

As I opened the guest room door, I was puzzled and surprised to see the same face of the man that gave me my lost purse, sitting chatting with my dad. Then I heard my mum saying:

"This is Daniel, and this is Linda, his mum."

Daniel stood up and smiled and said while shaking my hand "we already met early today, but nice to meet you again

I Do Not Love You But I Love You – Sample Section from Chapter Three

Camilla." Similar words came from his mum while I was still showing obvious surprise on my face noticed by everyone in the room. Then my dad asked me to sit beside him as he was cutting part of the cooked food for the guests and chatting at the same time.

Daniel smiled and asked me:

"Could you pass me the salt, please, Camilla?"

I did what he asked me to.

"So, how're you today?" Daniel asked. "You're studying at the same university as me, I guess?"

"True!" I winked at him.

My goodness! My tendency towards flirting with men was so obvious now!

And what was I doing, for God's sake? It was shameful. Wrong. Incorrect. Idiotic, in the end. What was I doing? What about my promise called "No men in my life anymore"? How could I explain all that?

"Let's go out to the garden after the meal," my interlocutor suggested. "We could have a more proper talk there."

"Sure!" I nodded.

Mum got into our dialogue:

"It seems like we've chosen a proper candidate to be Camilla's husband!" She clapped her hands.

I blushed. My stupid cheeks.

Daniel didn't say anything.

He was a fair-skinned man, with blonde hair and blue eyes. In stark contrast with Narcis...

Again Narcis in my mind!