

STEP INSIDE THE STORY

DIANA DIAS BRITO

A man and a woman are shown from the chest up, embracing. The man is on the left, seen from the back and side, with a large tattoo of a sword and a snake on his back. The woman is on the right, facing him, with tattoos on her arms and shoulders, including a large blue flower. They are in front of a window with a view of the London Eye at night.

*A Whisper
Beyond Our Eyes*

A FIRST-CHAPTER GIFT

DIANA DIAS BRITO

Chapter One

First Glance

The morning light filtered softly through the tattoo parlor's window, casting long shadows over the curves of his back.

Every muscle beneath the pale skin moved with a slow, deliberate grace, strong yet vulnerable under the buzzing needle.

His hair was shaved close along the sides, clean and sharp, but the top was longer, tousled, sun-kissed strands of light brown and blonde falling messily forward. It looked like it had been shaped by his hands rather than a mirror, as if even his hair refused to be tamed.

His shoulders were broad, a canvas of skin stretched tight over scars I could only guess at, the kind that whispered stories too heavy for words. The needle traced a path down the center of his back, marking him, claiming him in quiet defiance.

But it wasn't just his body that held me captive.

His lips, slightly parted as he breathed through the sting, held a sensual vulnerability, full, soft, yet edged with tension, like the pause before a secret confession.

His eyes were hidden, but I felt their weight like a presence, dark and intense beneath the curtain of lashes.

I wanted to know what they saw, what they hid.

My breath hitched. Heat pooled low in my belly, rising with a hunger I hadn't known I still carried.

Desire wrapped around me like a silk thread delicate yet impossible to break.

I tried to anchor myself to the moment, sipping my coffee, pretending I was just a casual observer. But every instinct screamed otherwise.

And then, almost without warning, the air shifted.

He tensed a subtle flicker in his stance, a tightening in his spine.

He turned his head slightly, as if sensing eyes on him.

For a heartbeat, our worlds collided, though I stayed frozen behind the glass, hidden in plain sight. But when his gaze swept across the street, I was already gone.

I walked away, but part of me stayed behind.

My steps were steady, rehearsed, like muscle memory pulling me through the city I knew too well. But inside, I wasn't moving at all. I was still sitting at that café, still watching him, still tangled in the quiet violence of wanting something I didn't understand.

The wind kissed my skin, cool and sharp, but it couldn't chase the heat he'd left behind.

I didn't even know his name. Just a shape. A mouth. A body carved like a question I wasn't sure I wanted answered.

Back at my house, I tried to shake him off, like a song that lingers long after it stops playing.

I peeled off my coat. Kicked off my heels. Poured myself a glass of wine I wouldn't drink. And sat, notebook open, pen resting against the inside of my thumb.

But the words didn't come.

Just flashes. His shoulders flexing as the needle dragged down his spine.

The way his breath caught and settled again.

The golden strands in his hair, like sunlight trapped in chaos.

The rough edges. The softness beneath them.

What was it about him? I'd seen beauty before. I'd even felt desire. But this... this was different. This was pull magnetic and unspoken. A whisper under my skin.

I stared at the blank page, heartbeat loud in my throat.

I didn't want to write him into my life.

But he was already there, inked between the lines I hadn't written yet.



YOUR NEXT CHAPTER

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