

## PROLOGUE

Isabel Rossi's sultry, brown eyes explored ~~around~~ the long white-clothed covered table, lit by decorative candles. ~~She lit up herself inside whilst taking a moment to appreciate her chosen rich palette of gold's and creams for the tableware.~~ ~~She'd created such a beautiful display,~~ she mused heartily. ~~The gold-gold-rimmed cream-plates were only brought out for special occasions, after all. She sighted a spare napkin and reached for it; she needed to soak up a spot of spill wine, which occurred had been spilled when she'd had been pouring-poured it rather too prematurely and enthusiastically into her glass. The corners of her shapely soft lips lifted as she envisioned the two decorative plates adorned with chargrilled salmon fillet, steamed asparagus and watercress hollandaise. A keen observer and participant of elegant social situations. -Big dinner parties for her Isabel's friends and acquaintances within her home-~~ were ideal. But that was not on the menu tonight. Life that evening was full enough, and she awaited her simple dinner; *for two*.

Letting out a sigh of excitable anticipation, she walked briskly out of the dining room and into the hall towards the staircase to the ground floor and then to the second floor. The soft neutral backdrop throughout Isabel Rossi's Upper East Side brownstone in the heart of the Upper East Side, simply allowed the textures of her furnishings and the artwork in each room to shine. ~~Placing Her~~ new, linen curtains within her bedroom, meant they now billowed more freely in the breeze, ~~which created creating an air of more~~ romance in the room. ~~Should she ever experience it again,~~ she mused. ~~But the The~~ new curtains also allowed ~~helped~~ Isabel to discreetly peer through the gap without being seen. ~~and She~~ dressed only in a bathrobe with black, lace panties underneath, ~~she stood, and watching watched~~ some debonair-looking people walk by along the tree-lined street down below. The prestigious neighbourhood she lived in, ~~loved money~~, but all the money in the world could never buy what she was experiencing experienced in her heart. She glanced down at her diamond encrusted watch and smiled; ~~that That~~ stunning woman would soon be arriving, she smiled within and she walked over to her bed, where she and trailed her freshly clear-varnished fingernails along the freshly washed and ironed sheets. The thought of rolling about with a naked woman in it, was arousing aroused her far too easily, and she let out a wisp of a frustrated groaned with slight frustration on as she walking dragged herself away from the tempting bed.

**Commented [CT1]:** The amount of description makes this sentence a bit clunky, so I would cut it into two shorter sentences while keeping the detail.  
For example:

*...explored the wooden table. It was dressed in a long, white tablecloth which was lit by decorative candles.*

**Commented [CT2]:** Choose an alternative word due to already using "lit" a few words before.

**Commented [CT3]:** I would flip this sentence around, so Isabel takes a moment to appreciate *before* describing how she reacts.

*She took a moment to appreciate her rich palette of gold and cream tableware and she illuminated with pride.*

**Commented [CT4]:** New line.

**Commented [CT5]:** As this section is what Isabel is thinking, rather than begin with "She'd," it would make more sense to begin with "I've." 😊

*I've created such a beautiful display!*

Or

*What a beautiful display!*

**Commented [CT6]:** New line.

**Commented [CT7]:** She'd or she had 😊

**Commented [CT8]:** Be careful with using the dreaded adverbs! A way to still use these words would be:

*...poured it into the glass with a bit too much enthusiasm.*

**Commented [CT9]:** You tell the reader at the end of the paragraph that's it's a dinner for two, so mentioning that there is "two" plates isn't necessary.

**Commented [CT10]:** I'd use an alternative word to "big" as it can come across a tad weak.

**Commented [CT11]:** The reader will already gather that it's within Isabel's home due to her preparing the table.

**Commented [CT12]:** Be careful with the adverbs. Walking briskly could also be:

**Commented [CT13]:** This sentence needs chopping in two, so the reader doesn't lose focus on what you're saying.

**Commented [CT14]:** New line.

**Commented [CT15]:** New line.

**Commented [CT16]:** I would flip this sentence around to make it that bit sharper:

**Commented [CT17]:** Think about how debonair-looking folk would move.

**Commented [CT18]:** I would only italicize *love* as it then adds much more emphasis on the fact that they *love* money.

**Commented [CT19]:** New line.

**Commented [CT20]:** New line.

**Commented [CT21]:** New line.

**Commented [CT22]:** How did she walk? Did she stroll? Skip? Dance?

But it was now just after six-thirty in the evening, and there was only about an hour to go before her date, Leah Banks, would be arriving arrived to bestow all sorts of pleasure on her. Isabel Lowering lowered herself onto her the chair that accompanied her dressing table chair, with her bathrobe parting either side of her waist. Isabel She glided her hands along her smooth thighs and down her long slender legs, to her ankles. She'd enjoyed her waxing sessions earlier that day, which they always made her feel revitalised and fresh. 'I just have a friend coming over,' she pressed to herself firmly, in a bid to calm her nerves. She slipped on her gold Valentino cuff bracelet and stared at her reflection in the dressing table mirror. She tensed her eyes at herself in the reflection of her dressing table mirror. Although she very naturally exuded beauty and elegance, she could see noticed some a sort of tiredness in her face – but she was not one for showing any kind of nervousness, and s She threw herself a confident gaze in preparation for what was to come. No one would ever realise how nervous she could get after her success in the modelling industry, that They had adored her sultry expression since she'd been about was seventeen. Now at forty-four, it was a look that still won her many hearts but few, had ever won hers, and it It was for this reason - that made this night so very exciting.

'Everything will go fine,' she sighed imperiously. She Isabel picked up the first diamond yellow gold earring and with a diamond, which would romantically sparkle in the chandelier lights, and swept her tousled honey brown hair to one side, so she could put it on in. She loved the way women played with their hair, the way they swept it back from one shoulder to the other, so the sensual neck was exposed. She tensed her softly defined jaw with the as saucy images arising filled her mind. Particularly if she's wearing a strapless gown, she mused yearningly within as she put on the second earring. She loved seeing a woman in a one shoulder gown, knowing that when the only strap slipped off, she was only seconds away from a revealing of the tantalizing lingerie, that begging begged to be pulled off. She loved long soft slender legs... the smooth curves of a woman's calves to her feet in elegant high heels. She loved the arch of a woman's back; admiring it when a woman was lying beside her or when she was next to a gorgeous woman in a backless dress. Feeling her heart Isabel's heart beating pounded faster with as the sexy imagery steamy images in her mind heating heated her mind. up, s She composed herself by bringing brought her hand to her yellow gold with a pave necklace to compose herself. diamond pendant necklace. She simply had to ensure she was still in control of whatever it was, that would be unfolding for her as the final hour ticked by. the time drew nearer for her date to arrive. She reached for

**Commented [CT23]:** To make the start of this sentence tighter, I would maybe write something like:

*The clock struck six-thirty...*

**Commented [CT24]:** New line.

**Commented [CT25]:** New line.

**Commented [CT26]:** A suggestion:  
*She tensed her eyes and cocked her head...*

Many people cock their head to the side when they admire themselves in the mirror.

**Commented [CT27]:** What made her display tiredness in her face? Did her eyes droop? Wrinkles? Noticeable aging?

It may help to show the reader what Isabel noticed in her face.

Maybe it could be something like:

*...she saw a sort of tiredness in her face that she hadn't noticed before. Her eyes drooped a little and a few wrinkles emerged from under her makeup. Her face didn't shine the way it used to, but she was not one for showing any kind of nervousness...*

**Commented [CT28]:** Show what the confident gaze is. Did she squint as if to challenge herself? Did she readjust her hair or exhale as if to mentally prepare for what was to come?

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**Commented [CT29]:** Your writing will be sharper and much tighter if you give the reader an exact answer rather than an approximation or an estimation, e.g. *was seventeen* rather than *about seventeen*.

**Commented [CT30]:** Be careful when using adverbs, they can weaken your writing. You could replace *imperiously* with something like *she sighed with an air of...*

**Commented [CT31]:** New line.

**Commented [CT32]:** Adding *honey brown* here makes the sentence a bit clunky...maybe you could mention the colour of Isabel's hair when she looks in the mirror previously.

**Commented [CT33]:** I would restructure this section.

*She loved the way women played with their hair, the way they swept it back from one shoulder to the other, exposing the sensual neck. Particularly if she's wearing a strapless gown, she yearned as she put her second earring in.*

**Commented [CT34]:** As you've already written that Isabel loves the way women play with their hair, perhaps this time you could write something like: *She couldn't resist a woman in a one shoulder gown*

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**Commented [CT35]:** Suggestion:

*She could caress a woman's long, slender legs all day, admiring the smooth curves that were accentuated by elegant heels.*

**Commented [CT36]:** This sentence is a little wordy, so it could be cut into two to make it stronger.

*But the one thing she could not tear her gaze away from was the arch of a woman's back. A woman in a backless dress made her stomach twist and turn in all sorts of directions.*

**Commented [CT37]:** New line.

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~~her burgundy lipstick and Reaching for her lipstick,~~ she swept it across her lips for a hint of burgundy colour. ~~It was the~~ seduction of a woman's lips that she yearned for most of all, and regardless of wherever those soft lips were teasing her, on her body. ~~Rubbing her lips~~ ~~She rubbed them~~ together, ~~before the buzz of her cell phone jolted her from her thoughts.~~ ~~she jolted out of her thoughts with the sound of her cell phone buzzing. She'd left it on the ledge of the French window, and she lifted herself up from the chair to collect it.~~ Parting the curtains to retrieve ~~it from the French window ledge, her cell phone,~~ her softly arched eyebrows lowered ~~into a frown slightly as when~~ she looked out onto the street below. 'She's early?!' Isabel murmured, glancing at the time on her ~~cell~~ phone. 'Goodness!' ~~She stood~~ ~~watching-watched~~ the young woman, walking towards her home like a shining beacon of clarity. Her ~~real~~ physical attraction was to feminine women her own age, but this twenty-four-year old woman had ignited something else within her. Leah wasn't masculine ~~and she wasn't nor~~ feminine. She ~~was fierce with a fiery attitude simply had a 'I don't give a shit attitude'~~ and her sophisticated androgyny led her to a style of ~~dressing~~ that moved Isabel. Even in baggy clothing, ~~she mused,~~ Leah ~~simply~~ hid her toned physique, which was for ~~her~~ pleasure only. ~~But the daughter of a prominent family within the business world, the young woman was trying to carve out her own successful career in dancing and acting, which Isabel admired. Isabel watched with narrowed eyes as t~~ The young woman ~~walked hurried~~ up the short flight of stairs to ~~her Isabel's front door,~~ and ~~then flew~~ back down ~~the stairs~~ onto the street. ~~her steps were evidently brisk as she walked back the way she came.~~ 'What the...'

~~Hurriedly,~~ Isabel ~~headed-dashed~~ down to the ~~golden lit~~ entrance hall and ~~she immediately~~ sighted ~~an sealed~~ envelope on the floor. ~~She bent down and eagerly picked up the sealed envelope.~~ 'A letter?' she muttered, ~~and now-hesitant,~~ ~~she~~ ~~She bent down and~~ opened it. Her eyes intensified as she scanned the poignant letter, which meant only one thing. 'Oh god,' ~~she sighed lowly and~~ ~~She brought-smacked~~ her hand to her forehead ~~and breathed a deep sigh. Her thoughts spiralled and she struggled in some attempt to subside her spiralling thoughts to remain keep herself~~ standing. ~~from the abrupt and sharp deflation she felt.~~ Placing the letter down onto the side table, she moved her hand to her lowered ~~anguished face.~~ The letter certainly implied that Leah was ~~potentially~~ in danger – but ~~then,~~ Leah ~~was~~ always on the dramatic side. ~~In her slippers,~~ Isabel ~~now~~ embraced her ~~own~~ dramatic side and she flew towards the door. ~~She~~ swung it open and ~~dashed-out~~ ~~rushed~~ after Leah in the cold October air.

**Commented [CT38]:** I would move this sentence to the part where you're telling the reader what she loves about women. When they sweep their hair to the side etc.

**Commented [CT39]:** New line.

**Commented [CT40]:** New line.

**Commented [CT41]:** The use of the word *real* suggests that this relationship isn't real or less genuine than her previous relationships. Maybe change *real* to *usual* or *typical*, then it will highlight this new relationship is out of the ordinary 😊

Perhaps reword the sentence to something like this:

*Her typical relationships were with feminine women her own age, but Leah, a twenty-four-year-old beauty had ignited something within her.*

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**Commented [CT42]:** This feels out of place here...perhaps it would sound better elsewhere in the story. This section will flow a lot smoother without this part here.

**Commented [CT43]:** New line.

**Commented [CT44]:** New line.

**Commented [CT45]:** New line.

**Commented [CT46]:** The reader shouldn't have to be told how the character feels, they will be able to figure these emotions out for themselves.

**Commented [CT47]:** I would remove this sentence as it slows the pace of this section.

**Commented [CT48]:** New line.

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'Leah!' she cried. Leah turned and Isabel's ~~and her~~ skin tingled ~~instantly~~ under Leah's ~~her~~ surprised gaze. ~~They stood Standing only~~ inches away from her ~~apart, and her eyes~~ Isabel surveyed Leah's ~~strong features the alluringly strong features on Leah's face and~~ awaited for an answer to her unspoken questions. ~~But the young woman's eyes also seemed to have a question.~~ 'You just post this letter – and ~~run~~ ran?!

**Commented [CT49]:** Show how Leah looked surprised.

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'Yes,' Leah replied ~~dejectedly~~. 'And you've come out in your robe?'

**Commented [CT50]:** Describe how she replied dejectedly so you can remove the adverb. Did Leah lower her gaze? Sigh? Shuffle her feet, clearly uncomfortable?

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'What does this even mean?' Isabel asked, holding up the letter ~~up~~ and ignoring Leah's ridiculous observation. 'Is this a *goodbye*?!' she pressed, perplexed. 'Because it *very much* reads as one?!' Her eyes narrowed under the weight of her eyebrows drawing together, as Leah now refused to meet her gaze. 'Talk to me Leah!'

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**Commented [CT51]:** This section needs to be separated and restructured. See below:

'I'm going through a ~~very, very~~ difficult time with everything that's unfolding with my dad – I just need to be alone for a while –'

"What does this even *mean*?" Isabel pressed, holding up the letter and ignoring Leah's ridiculous observation. "Is this *goodbye*? Because it *very much* reads like one!" Leah lowered her gaze and shifted where she stood. "Talk to me, Leah!"

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'So, ~~it's it is~~ a goodbye?' Isabel pressed, ~~and stared at Leah,~~ watching Leah's every move. ~~ment on the young woman's face as sullenness in her own face, arose. For a moment, Isabel she~~ couldn't ~~breath~~ breathe, but ~~and~~ she managed to continue with the questions. ~~uttered some more words on finding her voice.~~ 'Are you *ever* capable of making sense?! We've been sleeping together for the past four years and now you can't ~~even~~ come into my home to ~~talk~~ talk to me?'

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'~~This~~ It isn't ~~that~~ straightforward!' Leah faltered and she brushed ~~a few strands of her away some of her soft~~ brown, wavy hair, ~~that had been blown across, out of her~~ her face. 'You *know* this isn't what I want! – I ~~wanted~~ to spend the night with you, but I ~~just~~ need to be ~~very~~ careful right now with everything going on – *for your sake*.'

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'Oh, for goodness ~~sake!~~ – ~~W~~ What are you going on about?' Isabel threw her hands up in confusion, uncaring of ~~some the fe~~ people walking around her that dark, early evening. ~~Isabel groaned and Groaning heavily to express her angst, she~~ tightened the belt of her robe to ensure her ample breasts were ~~now~~ entirely covered. 'Come inside and speak to me properly, about your worries – ~~you at least owe me that?~~ We've known each other for four years, honey!'

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**Commented [CT52]:** This makes Isabel sound more entitled than I think she's meant to appear. Unless this line is meant to create an air of arrogance, I would flip it, so Isabel is asking: *I at least deserve that?* This will then create sympathy for Isabel.

'Does it not trouble you, at all?'

~~With~~ Isabel's refined features tensed into a frown, ~~she answered,~~ 'you-You wrote that I would have awareness or something about the company Riqueza through Ralph – but how? Why would Ralph know *anything* about your dad's company?'

'I think you should be asking – how and ~~why, would why would~~ Ralph not know anything about Riqueza?' ~~Allowing a few seconds of a~~ tensed silence to linger, she spoke on. 'I've gotta go Isabel... I'll be in touch ~~at some point~~, OK?'

'What?!' Isabel's expression loosened on Leah abruptly turning and walking away, and she cried out again – this time reaching for her shoulder. 'Come back to mine honey – please – I've prepared everything for you! Dinner – fresh bedsheets – towels-'

'I can't!' Leah shot and now angled towards Isabel.

Isabel threw her hands in the air, exasperated ~~with as~~ Leah's pulled away from her. 'Leah - I need you to stay with me tonight – please?! We can talk indoors - it's so cold out here...'

'I've got to go,' Leah ~~finished-finalised~~ with stern coldness in her ~~usually warm~~ green eyes, ~~and she turned away again.~~ 'I'm so sorry Isabel – take care, OK?. Bye.'

'OK- Fine! you- Go! – But I never want to see your face again,' Isabel shot ~~flatly~~. 'I mean it.' ~~Crestfallen,~~ Isabel ~~folded her arms stood with tightly folded arms~~ and watched as Leah ~~march away without a word or a single glance back. made no objection to her final words and instead, walked adamantly away – but now with a Her slower pace slowed, but~~ that did nothing to console Isabel. ~~On reaching her home,~~ Isabel ~~rushed home and shut~~ the front door and rested the weight of her dejected body against the wall and she blinked away tears. 'The more I want it – the less I get,' she sighed shakily before finding nothing but firm and adamant strength in her voice. 'Never again.' ~~After the initial outburst, she Managing managed to find enough the strength in her legs to walk back drag herself towards the back to her~~ bedroom on the second floor, ~~she- She~~ stuffed the ~~now~~ crumpled letter into her robe pocket ~~and reminisced over what could have been. The turn of events had destroyed her appetite, so The the~~ salmon fillets would have to be eaten for lunch the next day, if not for her cat's breakfast. ~~Bringing her hand to her now swelling eyes as she entered her bedroom, she acknowledged that she'd lost all appetite as a result of the unexpected turn in events. She slumped onto would just have to go to her bed and her eyes began to swell with tears, starved of what she'd desired and needed more than anything over the past several weeks.~~

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Commented [CT53]: Be careful not to repeat certain words and vocabulary. *Tense* was used when describing Isabel's features a few sentences back, so make sure you use a variety of vocab! 😊

It could be an uncomfortable silence, or a sour silence, an awkward silence...

Commented [CT54]: An awkward silence lingered between them before Leah continued.

Commented [CT55]: I would reword and restructure this section:

“...I'll be in touch, OK?”  
Leah turned on her heel and hurried back the way she came. Isabel's expression loosened. “Wait!”  
She reached out her hand and lightly pulled Leah's shoulder.  
“Come back to mine, honey,” Isabel begged. “Please! I've prepared everything for you! Dinner – fresh bedsheets – towels-”

Commented [CT56]: I'm not sure what this part means so make sure it's clear enough for the reader to be able to visualize what's going on.

Commented [CT57]: Isabel has already thrown her hands in the air a few sentences ago. I would either state that she's doing it again or show another reaction from Isabel to keep things fresh.

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Commented [CT58]: New line.

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Commented [CT59]: New line.

Commented [CT60]: Did she just shut it like normal? In this situation many people would either be angry and slam the door or feel so weak that they collapsed against it, shutting it with their body weight.

I may write something like:  
Isabel rushed home and slammed the front door behind her before collapsing into a heap on the floor. She wept into her robe and her body shook like never before.  
“Never again!” she promised herself.

Commented [CT61]: New line.

Commented [CT62]: You already write at the end of the paragraph that she desires this *more than ever*, so I wouldn't emphasize this more than once in a short space as it will appear too desperate.

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Romance Fiction Genre  
Edited by Chelsea Terry – Stand Corrected Editing

'She'll be back,' she whispered ~~strenuously~~ to herself ~~as she and pushing ran~~ her hand ~~back~~ ~~roughly~~ through her tousled hair. She'd been promised *masculine sex* and she now yearned for it, *more than ever*.

She lowered herself onto the edge of the bed and looked over to the cupboard across the room. Her ~~softly~~ arched eyebrows drew together ~~for a moment~~ as her gaze fixated on it, ~~because w~~ What was inside that cupboard, allowed her to embrace a much lesser-known side to her, that she ~~yearned~~ to bring out again – *and soon*.

**Commented [CT63]:** Find another word for yearn as it was used in the previous paragraph.