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Freddie Pearson stood in front of the mirror flexing his pecs and biceps. His muscles, recently pumped from weights, were plump, taut and shiny. Turning three quarters on, he bent his left leg, flexed his quads, adopted a deep voice, and raised one eyebrow: 'Hey, Baby!' He sighed, relaxed and stared absently out of the bathroom window. At least he could tell Sophie about his interview when he saw her tonight, whereas he wasn't sure about the other: better not tell her about that – not yet, any rate.

Switching on his electric shaver, he examined his face for stray hairs and spots. When you were in Sophie's presence: speaking to her, gazing into those gorgeous brown eyes, you were sorely tempted to share your confidences. She had that way of looking at you as though you were special. Made you feel safe – so safe in fact you wanted to tell her your deepest, darkest secret. He cringed. She'd probably laugh, think him weird: some kind of crackpot. But if he didn't tell her she might find out, and that would be worse. Freddie guessed there were several of his mates who knew, probably tittered about him behind his back. He didn't fancy being the butt of some bloke's joke, not when she was around. Now hang on! What had he to be ashamed of? Just because he was different – no crime in that. Not long now and he'd have enough material to write a book and what was more, it would be based on personal, first hand experience.

He ran a comb through his straight blond hair, drew in his already flat tummy and pulled on his running shorts. Right! She should know. It was his duty to tell her. Relationships were supposed to be based on trust, weren't they? If he loved Sophie – really loved her, then he must