

# Prologue

'Grandma! Grandma!' The little girl runs down the dirt path through a field of poppies and wildflowers between high grass, hands held over each other to cover something. Solana looks up from sweeping the courtyard and smiles when she sees the apple of her eye running towards her.

'What have you got now? Careful! Don't run so fast!' She calls out as she puts down the broom to catch the little wild cat, her only grandchild given into her care practically from the day she was born.

'Look!' Carefully the little girl opens up her hands a bit to give grandma a peek at the butterfly, 'Beautiful, eh? I caught it!'

'Oh, yes but now you have to give it back to the sky, darling, let her go!'

'Okay, there you go!' The chubby hands open all the way and her catch of the day flaps about in circles before it takes off and is gone from sight. Solana hugs the child and gives her a couple of big fat kisses on both cheeks. 'That's a good girl, now go inside and wash your hands, then you can help me set the table on the patio, grandpa will be here soon... Ah, look, there he is already.'

A handsome tall, broad shouldered, dark headed man of about forty-five comes walking down the dirt path with a big smile upon his face and scoops up the little girl who ran towards him the moment she saw him. 'Hey, Buttercup, what have you been up to?'

'I played with Alejandro, we were catching butterflies and I

had a big one and showed it to grandma but I let it go because butterflies need to be free and fly and, hey grandpa, shall we go fishing?' Grandpa hugs her tight and laughs as he puts her down again. 'Cibelle!' Grandma calls out from the kitchen.

'Run along now, go help grandma.' With a soft pat on her behind he ushers her inside and walks right behind her to greet and kiss his pretty wife.

Cibelle's childhood is a happy one; showered with love and affection from her doting grandparents, she runs wild in the abundant countryside. Her little friend Alejandro, a Zapotec boy who lives nearby, and she are like peas in a pot, inseparable.

‘Heard it through the grapevine, eh?’ She said, letting out a little tinkling laugh. He looked at her for a second, stopped in his tracks and, realizing he had been talking non-stop, he quickly shifted gears. ‘Yep, but enough about me, tell me how you have been doing, sweetie, you look great by the way.’

Cibelle raised her eyebrows in warning. ‘Am fine, thanks.’ She said in a measured tone, lifting the glass to her lips. Alejandro was at a loss for words for a moment, struck as he was by the beauty of her oval face with the fine features, crowned by an abundance of black curly hair that held together with a silver clip to one side, her light brown big eyes with the luscious lashes... he felt an urge and, in a reflex, crossed his legs as if by doing so his spontaneous erection would go limp. It did when she smashed him flat on his face by saying: ‘The grapevine told me things too, you’re a player, aren’t you? I never expected that of you... I...’

Alejandro quickly found his equilibrium back. ‘No, baby, no,’ he said, ‘you heard wrong... You know there was, is and always will be only one for me.’ He looked at her with puppy eyes and she burst out laughing. ‘Oh please,’ she shrieked, ‘stop it! You are so full of it! It’s alright, Alejandro, really.’ His handsome face broke out in a big smile showing a set of perfect straight sparkling white teeth. He leaned across the table, ‘Tell me about the Paris trip, when are you leaving?’ And as a worrisome afterthought, concern spread all over his face, ‘Alone? By yourself?’ Again, Cibelle couldn’t help but laugh. ‘With grandma and grandpa,’ she said between pearls of laughter that revitalized the penis gone limp and left Alejandro slightly uncomfortable. *I need to make her mine, one way or the other*, he mused but immediately snapped to attention to