Abbie strolled into her bedroom, feeling on top of the world. This is one of the many times she’s glad she pays $100 a month more than Maria so she could have the master bedroom with a private bathroom. The privacy of her own bathroom and the isolation of her shower provide an ideal environment to reflect upon the days’ events.

She reached in and turned on the shower a little bit hotter than she normally would. While the water heated up, Abbie returned to her bedroom and grabbed a hanger from her closet. She took off the leather jacket she was wearing and put it on the hanger. Then, she returned to the master bathroom and hung the jacket on a towel hook that is easily visible from her bathtub.

She completely undressed, deciding to just leave her damp clothes on the floor for now. Her skin was cold and wet from the clothes, and this made stepping into the hot shower all the more soothing. She stepped completely under the hot streaming water and found herself reliving the best parts of the night’s events. Abbie was in ecstasy.

She replayed every touch, every kiss, every word, every embrace repeatedly in her mind. The one time shadowy, blurry face of her unknown rescuer had transformed into a crystal clear image of the man who had captured her heart. Every detail of his face was now etched in Abbie’s mind. This would be the only place she could access it for the next three months.

It all felt like a dream. Several times she peeked outside the shower curtain to make sure the jacket was still there. That was the only evidence she had to prove to both herself and Maria that this night actually happened and that her Mystery Man was not imaginary.

Abbie was in no rush. So she took her time to wash her hair and her body and perform her nightly beauty routine. When she was finished, she got into her nighttime outfit, grabbed the leather jacket, and headed out to the living room.