

4 Diamonds
in your
Eyes



TURBULENCE

NAILA HALFBODY

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Impressum:

Diamonds in Your Eyes

Turbulence

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Naila Halfbody

Diamonds in your Eyes-

Turbulence

Disclaimer Let's keep it fictional and fun

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real people, places, or steamy situations is purely accidental, though we wouldn't blame you for wondering. The characters, their passions, and the drama they stir up exist only in the author's imagination-and maybe your fantasies too.

Some locations are loosely inspired by real places, but let's just say... liberties were taken. So relax, enjoy, and remember: it's all made up, just the way we like it.

Turbulence

Kaya

I've been sitting on the plane to Mexico for three hours now, and I'm starting to feel more and more like a prisoner in a tin can. The worst part is that there are many more hours ahead. This is not how I imagined my thirtieth birthday. Nervously, I grip the armrests. I hate flying! I hope I can hold it together for the rest of the flight.

I glance to the left. The man sitting next to me is an older gentleman, probably in his mid-sixties, however I could be completely wrong since I'm not great at guessing ages. He seems very calm and relaxed. Should I warn him? But how can I explain it without him thinking I'm completely crazy? Excuse me, I suffer from severe fear of flying, and if I happen to touch you, it will only be because I can't control myself during turbulences and need to hold onto someone. I usually prefer thighs or other body parts that don't belong to me and might be misunderstood as inappropriate touches.

Not that I haven't warned my co-passengers before. Usually, I just get blank stares. One passenger even thought I was saying it just to hit on him. That was just a bumpy domestic flight, yet he was quickly proven wrong after takeoff. Ladies and gentlemen, the captain had said monotonously over the speaker, "unfortunately, we are flying through a bad weather front. The thunderclouds are swirling around the wings, causing turbulences. I can assure you, though, that the turbulence is not dangerous to

the aircraft. It's just uncomfortable for you. Once we reach cruising altitude, it will ease." The captain was right. As soon as we reached cruising altitude, the flight calmed down, at least until shortly before landing. So, I often found my hands wandering off, far from where they should have been.

If I could have chosen, I would have preferred to sit next to an older lady. Many older women have a strong protective instinct. During turbulence, they tend to hold my hand and speak to me in a calming voice. Men, on the other hand, are usually completely overwhelmed by my fear of flying.

I tell myself not to disturb my seatmate this time and to keep control of myself. With all the techniques I've learned in my fear of flying training, it should work eventually, so why not start today? Even though I don't buy it and am already expecting the worst, I force a smile. "Would you mind letting me through? I just need to stretch my legs for a moment." In extreme situations, I always have to make sure I'm extra polite.

These extreme situations only manifest for me inside the plane, usually when the aircraft starts flying into thunderclouds.

Today, however, I seem to be lucky. Aside from a brief bump earlier, everything has been calm, at least so far. My luck doesn't run out when I head down the aisle to the restroom, as there are no passengers waiting, and I can enter immediately. In business class, which I'm allowed to use on long flights, the restroom isn't any bigger than in economy class, but at least they have nice-smelling soaps, the scents of which don't exactly match my taste, but I still find the gesture quite pleasant.

The moment I sit down on the toilet, the turbulence hits.

I should have known!

I see the newspaper headline in my mind: "Passenger in airplane restroom dies from turbulence!"

I try to relax.

It's not working. Instead, my breathing becomes more rapid, and tension builds in my muscles. I turn on the faucet, but it's useless, the water's sound is swallowed by the constant noise of the plane.

The shaking continues, and I start to question why the captain hasn't switched on the seatbelt sign. A possible explanation in my mind only worsens my anxiety: What if he's so busy trying to control the plane that he can't make an announcement?

I squeeze my eyes and force myself to breathe calmly while trying to remember the calming techniques I learned in the silly training, but I am not able to remember a single thing. This certainly isn't the time to pee. Quickly, I pull my clothes back on. I don't want to be found with my pants down in the event of a crash landing.

It shakes again, and I manage to stabilize myself with one hand avoiding hitting my head.

My heart starts to race, and I'm breathing heavily.

I have to get back to my seat!

As soon as I open the cabin door, another jolt rattles the airplane.

My eyes snap shut, and I clutch at my chest, trying to corral the panic clawing up my throat.

My stomach flips violently, as if the air itself has punched a hole beneath me. Instinctively, I reach out blindly, desperate for something solid to hold on to.

What was it we learned in that damn Fear-of-flying seminar? What?

Fear isn't real, it is just my comfort zone that is feeling ignored. Don't hold your breath, keep breathing, I remind myself, rather than getting upset by that stupid mantra that does absolutely nothing to calm me.

I break out in cold sweat, and my hand is getting damp. And it feels strangely warm.

No, it feels hot. Oh, please, don't let that be true!

I force my eyes open, heart hammering. A white shirt stares back at me, or at least what used to be white. Now it proudly sports a giant coffee stain, like it's been to a coffee shop and spilled its life story. Attached to that shirt is a black suit, Versace's unmistakable signature.

Still gripped by panic, I close my eyes again, hoping it will magically make everything better or even disappear. My thoughts are in chaos, but suddenly I wonder, why on earth would anyone wear such an expensive suit on a plane? On a flight that lasts a good eight hours? It would be far too uncomfortable for me, even if I could afford such a classy designer piece.

Well, that's what you get! Next time, you should have had your coffee delivered to first class, where all the fancy people are probably sipping their drinks, I think quietly.

As my panic slowly ebbs, I force myself to take in the scene. My gaze drifts from the rebellious coffee stain upward, and freezes. The darkest eyes I've ever seen lock onto mine.

Black. Pure, impossible black. Where does the iris end and the pupil begin? I can't tell. And yet, before I even realize it, a shiver runs through me. Are they that dark because he's furious, all because I've just ruined his expensive designer shirt? Or... is there something else hiding in those depths, something I can't name but already feel tugging at me?

The plane shudders violently, and I grasp at whatever's near, my fingers trembling uncontrollably.

I squeeze my eyes shut, trying to breathe through the rising panic, but he's still there. The man with the ruined suit. His silent fury is like a thundercloud in first class. And yes, I'm still clinging to his arm like it's a seatbelt.

We are in an airplane, thousands of miles above Mother Earth, so turbulences are completely normal.

I take a deep breath.

This mishap could have happened without me.

The turbulence eases just enough for reality to hit: I've ruined his Versace shirt. Panic spikes again, clawing at my chest as I search for the right words, any words, to undo what I've done.

I look up.

"This probably wouldn't have happened if you had stayed seated and had the coffee brought to you."

My voice sounds embarrassingly awkward, and I mentally slap myself.

Sure, it's true... but not exactly the comforting thing to say. My guilty conscience pokes at me, but I quickly remind myself that my inability to handle the situation is probably just the altitude or the painfully low cabin pressure messing with my head.

His left eyebrow rises, and his head tilts as though he's about to unleash judgment.

"I—I... I'm sorry!" I blurt, my voice squeaky, trying to stop him from exploding. "I'm usually not like this. I... I have a fear of flying, and I can't be blamed for how I'm acting. In this plane." I am getting quieter and quieter.

He suddenly straightens, his muscles tense, and his gaze turns serious, almost intense. Arrogance drips from him like honey, thick and powerful, pressing down on me. Even though he hasn't said a word yet, my guilty conscience disappears instantly.

Who does he think he is?

Calm down now, black-eyed man, I think silently and follow the trail of coffee spots on his shirt and pants.

Pants...

My breath catches.

Oh no, please not the pants!

I blush and stare at his... well, his pants. I've burned him.

What should I do now? A napkin? Try to dry it?

No, I'm not that far gone.

"Do you need to cool down? If you want to go to the restroom..." I say without thinking.

He stares at me, and his second eyebrow rises. They really are beautiful. Black, just like his hair, straight and full, giving his face a sharp, defining look.

What is wrong with me?

"What then?" he grumbles in a surprisingly deep voice that sends a shiver down my spine. "Shall we go together to the restroom so I can cool off?" His full lips curl into a teasing smile.

"What? No! I just thought..."

He bends his head toward me. His eyes move over me, scanning me, slowly traveling down my body and then leisurely back up, lingering on my breasts far too long for my liking.

I suddenly think the plane's air conditioning must be broken. I feel the heat rising in my face.

"Hello? My face is up here, and I already apologized. Don't look at me like that. I just thought you were hot, um, no, I mean, that you were warm. Because of the coffee..." Please, Earth, take me now and spare me from this embarrassment.

"You are coming at me a little too fast, young lady. Maybe we should get to know each other first? My name is Tian," he responds with a teasing glint in his eyes.

I am not sure what I have actually said out loud and what only played out silently in my head, but I need to get out of here before I lose the last bit of my dignity.

I step out of the cabin, hold the door open for him, and gesture with a playful nod and a hint of a smile toward the inside. "You can go ahead, and if you can't manage on your own, I will gladly give you a hand. This service is part of the First Class service." I bat my eyelashes seductively and turn slowly, making sure he sees all of my curves, and walk back to my seat, my hips swaying. My fear is gone, and I cannot help but grin.

Take that!

Goodbye, Kaya, the shy girl. From now on, it is only the confident version!

Despite these thoughts, I sit down and slide a little lower in my seat, put the headphones in my ears, and pray I will never see this guy again.

Palm of Crystal

Kaya

Arriving in Mexico City, the first thing I do is rush to the restroom, my bladder practically screaming for relief. The airport is quite manageable, and the walking distances are thankfully short. I quickly squeeze myself into the tiny stall with my handbag and laptop backpack, just in time. After the moderate coffee disaster on the plane, I did not have the courage to face the onboard restroom again. At least the onboard entertainment was engaging enough to distract me from thinking further about it.

After squeezing myself back out of the cabin and washing my hands, I look for my suitcase. On the way to the baggage claim, fatigue begins to creep in. I barely slept during the flight, just a few short dozing moments, nothing more.

At the baggage claim, I scan the hall, there is no sign of Black Eyes. The sudden disappointment surprises me, and I shake my head at the absurdity of that feeling.

Of course, first-class passengers are given priority, while we mere mortals from business and economy class hope that we don't have to line up at the Lost and Found counter afterward.

I can understand "Lost," but "Found"? Has it ever happened that staff walked around and announced, "Your

luggage has arrived ahead of you and can be picked up at the Found counter!”?

This time, everything goes smoothly with my luggage. My suitcase is neither lost nor the last one rotating in sad circles. I grab it and head for the taxi stand. I hand the driver the printed hotel address and get in while he loads my luggage into the car.

I lean back with a sense of relief.

I use the trip after each flight to thank myself for making it back down to earth safely and to think again about whether it's time to look for another career. Something with less than eighty percent travel would be great. I currently work at a pharmaceutical company in the quality department as an auditor, and it is not that I don't enjoy it. The precise search for errors and then creating training methods to ensure they don't happen again is something I'm good at and it fulfills me.

My job involves reviewing and ensuring compliance with the regulatory standards from the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) for clinical trials and the European Medicines Agency (EMA).

In practical terms, it is quite simple: a pharmaceutical company would like to bring a product to the market. But before that can happen, there are several phases to go through.

In preclinical research, laboratory studies are conducted for several years.

Phase I involves about twenty healthy volunteers, usually young men, who sign up for testing. The primary focus is

on pharmacokinetics and pharmacodynamics. These are called FIH studies, with FIH standing for First-In-Human.

Phase IIa is conducted worldwide with around one hundred patients. Higher medication doses are given for the first time, similar to what would be used in therapeutic settings. The focus here is on the product's tolerance and safety.

Phase IIb involves up to five hundred patients worldwide. The main points are dose determination and initial evaluations of efficacy.

Phase III is carried out on up to ten thousand patients with the specific disease needed. In this phase, evidence must be provided to demonstrate that the treatment has shown a significant therapeutic effect and its safety.

Phase IV studies are long-term observations conducted after the product has been approved and is available on the market. In this phase, rare side effects are monitored, and long-term outcomes.

For each of these phases, the sponsoring pharmaceutical company must prepare a protocol, and the staff at the participating study centers must carry out their tasks precisely in compliance with the protocol. A comprehensive training program is always provided.

The internal staff, known as Clinical Monitors, travel to the respective study centers to ensure compliance with the protocol and regulations, and they are also trained. This ensures that everyone is as well-prepared as possible.

The monitors are the link between the study centers and the pharmaceutical company. They also make sure that the well-being of the patient remains the top priority.

My job is to check whether the clinical trials are being conducted consistently across all countries and sites. Unfortunately, I often uncover deviations. In many cases, the protocols aren't followed correctly, or laws meant to protect patients are disregarded.

Naturally, the monitors find it frustrating when I point out issues despite their supervision. Since I was once a Clinical Monitor myself, I understand that frustration very well. Mistakes happen, they're human. I'd actually be more suspicious if I met someone who never made any.

What used to bother me was how often blame was shifted to the monitors, rather than using mistakes as opportunities to improve. I wasn't perfect either, and constant blame didn't help-it only increased my frustration. No improvements were made; instead, everyone just passed responsibility along.

"The study protocol is unclear..."

"The monitor didn't supervise carefully enough..."

"The site didn't fully understand the instructions..."

...and so on. Meaningless excuses.

The cab driver turns left onto a wide, bustling avenue. After a few blocks, the National Palace appears before me, pulling me out of my thoughts. The building is large and impressive, adorned with many small arches. I remember reading that there are beautiful murals inside. I sighed softly. I would love to see them, but I know there won't be any time for that.

Again, my thoughts wander back. After a confrontation with the auditor at the time, who discovered a minor

mistake I had made and dwelled on it for hours, I went to my supervisor with a suggestion for improvement. It involved a global concept and an accompanying training method, so that the mistakes made in Germany wouldn't be repeated in the UK or Mexico. The "lessons learned" meetings, a global concept for all the involved personnel, were developed by our pharmaceutical company staff, based on the actual findings and recurring errors. To save on travel expenses, I came up with the idea to conduct these meetings via videoconference. It was a proposal that was embraced by everyone, even the management. I was praised a lot for it back then.

Pleased by the memory, I look out the window again, watching people pass by. Some walk by having a deep conversation, others pause to take pictures of the buildings, while a few simply wander in quiet thought.

The concept I developed earned me a new job as an auditor with eighty percent travel and the prospect of taking over the quality department. I was actually very happy about it, but now, I have almost completely given up on having a private life. Going out with friends has become a rarity, and I haven't had a steady boyfriend in about two years, nor sex in over two years.

No wonder I unintentionally blurted out that the man on the plane was hot. His unusually dark eyes are like pitch-black tourmaline.

"Aquí estamos!" the cap driver says, pulling me out of my thoughts, which probably means we have arrived at our destination. I pay, thank him politely, and give him a generous tip.

Arriving at the hotel reception, I automatically pull out the printed document and place it on the counter, wondering why we cannot check in online like we do on the plane. That way, we could skip the annoying paperwork and just enter the hotel room using a numeric code.

There it is again, the search for errors and the development of improvements, which seems to be in my blood.

“Excuse me, Señora, but I cannot find a reservation under your name.”

I look up in shock. “That can’t be.” I desperately inspect my travel folder, which was put together by our team assistant. Flipping past crumpled tickets and folded maps, study center address, the name of the principal investigator, and the agenda for the audit, hoping to find my hotel reservation.

Finally, I find the printed piece of paper I received from our Travel Agency and place it on the counter. The receptionist enters the reservation number into the system. His eyes scan the monitor, as if searching for something, and finally, he shakes his head. He then turns to his colleague and discusses something with him, after which the other one starts typing vigorously on his keyboard before both of them look at me sympathetically.

“I am sorry, your room was requested by a Señora Meier, but despite our inquiry, it was never confirmed. This week, the GAIT is taking place in Mexico City, so your room has been given to someone else.”

“Given to someone else?” I repeat in shock. “Then give me another one. It can’t be so that difficult.”

“I am truly sorry, but due to the GAIT, we are fully booked.” His apologetic look doesn’t make his words any less final.

“The what, sorry?” I ask, buying myself some time to think.

“The Global Exhibition for Information Technologies and Telecommunications.” I can tell from his expression that he is surprised I haven’t heard of it. “We are completely booked,” he explains again with a professional smile.

I feel panic rising within me. “I am sure you have a free room available, I will take a tiny one, anything near the laundry room.” As I say this, I realize his madly typing on the keyboard was probably searching for exactly that and he was not successful.

“I am truly sorry, Señora Singer, but we have no vacancies left.”

A bunch of people staring at a screen and typing in algorithms are trying to steal my hotel room?

“You must have an emergency plan for situations like this? Or a room that is big enough to share with someone,” I try again, feeling myself getting angrier.

Iker, his name is on the name tag, looks at me longingly and smiles, but before he can say what I think is coming, I grab my suitcase, turn around, and hurry out of the hotel. Outside the door, I try to calm myself down.

Focus on your task. This is not the end of the world. You’re not going to celebrate your birthday on a park bench somewhere in Mexico.

These thoughts make me begin to hyperventilate. A dull tingling sensation starts in my legs.

Today I turn thirty. Hello, magical number three, I am still single, and I haven't had sex in two years.

Think, I remind myself. In that moment, I remember that our travel department has an emergency number.

Well, if this isn't an emergency...

I search for the phone number and dial. "This is the Travel Department of TervElth, Susanne Meier speaking, how can I assist you?" a high-pitched female voice asks. Given her enthusiasm, I suspect she is just completed her travel agent training and is eager to assist any traveler she can.

"Hello, my name is Kaya Singer, I am here in Mexico City at the Galaria City Hotel. Unfortunately, my room was given away because it wasn't confirmed, and due to an event, there are no other rooms available," I try to explain my problem as clearly and politely as possible. "I need you to find me a room, and it needs to be today," I add more firmly than intended.

Mrs. Meier doesn't let me throw her off, as if my nearly meltdown is just another Monday for her. She calmly asks for my name and booking number.

I provide the details and immediately hear the sound of her nails tapping on the keyboard. Then she exhales loudly, and I wait with growing tension.

"One moment, please, Mrs. Singer, I will be right with you," she says, her tone unchanged. At the same moment, a soothing melody begins to play on the line, probably intended to have a calming effect.

I set my suitcase aside and pace up and down in front of the hotel.

Meier... the name sounds familiar, but I can't quite place why.

After five long minutes, when I had nearly given up hope, the melody suddenly cuts off.

"Hello, Ms. Singer, thank you for waiting so patiently," Susanne Meier says, this time less enthusiastic. I would say she sounds a bit embarrassed, maybe even disappointed. Unfortunately..." She clears her throat. "Your room confirmation was forgotten.

Ah, yes, I was already aware of that.

"I've booked you into a different hotel," she continues, her voice softening as if trying to ease the blow. Before I can respond, "I was even able to get an upgrade for you. The Palacio de Cristal is located right in the city center. A really beautiful hotel. I apologize for the inconvenience and will send you the documents by email. Is there anything else I can assist you with?"

She can. I explain that I don't trust the internet connection here and worry I might not be able to access the details on my smartphone. So, as a precaution, she reads everything aloud over the phone, and I jot down the hotel name, new booking number, and address. I thank her, and this time I think my voice sounds high-pitched and euphoric because I'm genuinely excited about the upgrade.

"My pleasure. I wish you a pleasant stay."

I hang up, hop into the next available cab, and head to the new address.

Now that is a positive turn of events.

Normally, we are only allowed to book within a set budget, which usually means a nice four-star business hotel. It's still better than what I could afford privately, but with this upgrade, I'm hoping for a five-star hotel with a luxury room that includes a whirlpool. After all, a little wishful thinking never hurt anyone.

When I arrive at the Hotel Palacio de Cristal, it takes my breath away. Even the driveway, surrounded by palm trees to the left and right, is like a dream. In the middle of the driveway is an illuminated water fountain that amazes me.

As soon as we stop, the cab door is gracefully opened for me by a doorman, while a second one retrieves my well-traveled suitcase from the trunk and carries it to the hotel reception.

Another doorman opens the door for me and wishes me a pleasant stay as I walk past him, smiling. I enter the lobby. In the center, a water fountain features a crystal-carved Greek woman, completely naked, peacefully leaning against a crystal palm tree.

The palm tree is bathed in beautiful colors, while sleek white leather seats surround the fountain. Directly aligned with it, there is a Spanish staircase leading to the first floor. The handrail of the staircase is ornamented with crystals, while the transparent steps give the illusion of being crafted from glass.

My attention wanders up to the hotel ceiling. I'm impressed by the beautiful Roman-style paintings and quickly remind myself to close my mouth and pull myself together so that my appearance doesn't look insane.

I look down at myself as a precaution. Thankfully, I have chosen a pair of black fabric trousers and a red blouse. The

three little buttons running up my chest are open, but I don't dare close them right here in the hotel lobby, so I take a deep breath. At least my décolleté is not embarrassingly low. I could have been dressed much more inappropriately and I'm glad I'm not just wearing jeans. However, I do fear everyone can tell I don't quite belong here.

I carefully glance around. The guests here are all dressed like they stepped out of a Chanel or Dior fashion journal. Even the hotel staff look stylish.

It is as if the manager is doing his rounds once an hour, adjusting everything that doesn't fit properly and then brushing his staff's clothes with a lint roller and I stand here fascinated, in this shimmering lobby, as if I'm in another time, and unfortunately feel out of place.

I just hope no one can tell that I'm a little uncomfortable with my appearance.

Alright, Mrs. Singer, this isn't your first business trip, I tell myself. You know the drill. Smile, confident, not creepy. Engage your core, lift your chest, but not too much, or it will look like you are trying too hard. Bend your arm just so, letting the 'Lydia's Bag Store' handbag-a bargain at twenty-nine ninety- hang effortlessly, as if it cost a small fortune. And now, head high, walk to the reception like you own the place!

When I arrive in my L-shaped room, I am blown away by the size. As you can step straight to the towering floor-to-ceiling windows, where the world outside stretches out before you. Opposite of this is a luxurious king-size bed with soaring colonial-style pillars. Both the ornate headboard and footboard look like they are made from mahogany, with beautiful carved embellishments. Lying in

bed, you are guaranteed a breathtaking view of the dazzling city, talk about a room with a view.

It is just a shame that I am a tummy sleeper.

Diagonally opposite the bed, by the large window, is a long chair furnished in red velvet, perfectly matching the bedcover. To the left, upon entering, is a desk with a matching chair and a giant screen, perfect for connecting a laptop or something similar. Across from it is a black leather two-seater sofa, with a door next to it that probably leads to the bathroom.

To the right of the entrance is a wardrobe front at least five meters long, certainly meant for all the clothes one might need for a weekend like this, if you can afford such a room. When I open it, a note catches my eye, saying that laundry service is included, with highlighting on eco-friendly washing and no chemical used. Given the kind of guests that probably stay here, I can easily imagine the need for such a service. It is a bit much for my taste, though.

Although...

Suddenly, I am fascinated by the idea of not having to do laundry at home next weekend. I could definitely have Black Eye's shirt cleaned here.

I wonder where Tian is staying.

For him, this Hotel would probably be nothing unusual. I didn't see him at the baggage claim or the exit. His suitcase was probably marked VIP and personally handed to him.

Forget about his shirt.

He can place the order himself or simply buy a new one from the hotel boutique, which he has surely already done. Although all this is running through my head, I sigh. The whole situation makes me terribly uncomfortable, and I sincerely hope I never see him again, yet that very thought makes me a little sad. Because, honestly, it would be a shame. I found him quite attractive, even though he came across as incredibly arrogant.

Shaking my head at the mess of my own thoughts, I open the door next to the sofa and find myself in the bathroom. It is larger than my entire bedroom at home.

When I am not traveling around the world, I live in my hometown of Berlin. I am a true Berliner and also studied there. At first, I was thrilled to get this job, as it allowed me to see much of the world, which I probably would never have done otherwise.

After deciding to move out of my parents house, I bought an apartment of 120 square meters with the help of my mother and father. I was actually looking for something smaller, but when I saw this old building with four-meter-high ceilings, I fell in love with it at first sight. In all four rooms, there's ornate stucco on the ceilings, typical of Berlin's historic buildings.

The largest room has a corner bay window, where I created a cozy reading and work corner. The kitchen is so spacious that I could fit a dining table with six chairs and still have room to cook with several people. This is especially important to me, as I rarely have time for other activities with friends. During the week, I am on business trips, and on weekends, I am busy washing clothes and packing for the next trip.

Dear Reader

Thank you for joining me on this passionate journey. Writing this story has been a labor of love, and I hope it stirred your emotions, made your heart race, and maybe even made you blush a little.

If you enjoyed this book, I would be incredibly grateful if you could take a moment to leave a quick review or rating. Your feedback not only means the world to me, but it also helps other romance lovers discover this story.

Leave a Review:

<https://linktr.ee/naila.halfbody>

Your support inspires me to keep writing and to bring you more love stories filled with desire, tension, and unforgettable characters.

With all my gratitude,

Naila Halfbody

Closing words

When I first started writing Kaya and Tian's story, I thought it would end there. But as their lives unfolded on the page, I realized it wouldn't be right to leave Kaya's friends behind. Anne, Ignaz, Klara, Otis, and Viktoria each carry their own dreams, scars, and desires, and they deserve to have their stories told too.

If you've enjoyed this glimpse into Kaya's world and are curious about what really happened during Kaya and Viktoria's vacation together, get ready, the next novel will reveal the electrifying story of Viktoria and Ignaz. You'll discover why Viktoria had to flee to Boston, and what dangers, secrets, and temptations await her when she dares to return to Berlin.

Step even deeper into this intoxicating world, where every character hides a passion they can't ignore. Feel the tension rise as Prim is irresistibly pulled into a storm of desire and intrigue, where love and danger collide.

This journey has only just begun. Are you ready for what comes next?

Naila Halfbody



Born in Hamburg, rooted in Berlin, but my heart beats on two continents. As an author, I crave movement, change, and the freedom to unfold creatively. Living between worlds inspires my stories, passionate, intense, and without borders.

I discovered my love for writing at 46, during a sea journey between Belgium and the UK, where my first erotic novel was born. Four years later, I published. The beginning of my Diamonds in Your Eyes series.

What began with a racing heart has become my way of telling stories of emotion, desire, and inner strength. My books explore connection, transformation, and the sometimes painful paths we take, journeys into light, darkness, and self-discovery.

Writing lets me turn thoughts and feelings into words, guiding readers on immersive emotional adventures. My passion is to create stories that captivate, inspire curiosity, and linger long after the last page.

Diamonds-in-Your-Eyes Series:

Book 1: Turbulence

Book 2: Undiscovered Desire

Book 2.1: Undiscovered Desire: Secrets of BYCOTT Castle

Book 3: Unbroken (Expected Winter 2025)

For my son

Because you are unique

Your very being fills my life with joy and wonder. You are a rare and precious gift, reminding me again and again how beautiful life truly is.

Because you are here

Your presence fills my heart with boundless love and gratitude. You are my light in the darkest moments, my courage when I falter, and my greatest source of happiness.

Thank you for enriching my life and inspiring me every single day.