

4.

He was staring at himself in the mirror as the sharp blades of his razor cut off the stubbles of his beard with precision. His ice cold blue eyes were intense, yet they had kindness in them, a subtle smile was lingering on his lips. He admired himself in the mirror. His dirty blonde hair was long enough for it to lie in waves on his head, he would fit right in on a Californian beach. His toned upper body still bore the hint of a tan from a family holiday in the Whitsundays in Australia. He mopped the remainder of the shaving foam off his face, before gently rubbing some aftershave lotion onto his perfect skin. He put his coconut ice white shirt on, carefully buttoning every button leaving the shirt perfect without a single crease. He put his tie on, making the knot himself then ran a comb through his hair. He took one final look at himself in the mirror before he left the bathroom, a smile of satisfaction on his face. His wife told him often that he looked like a Greek god in the way he was built. He couldn't help but agree.

