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Bianca Grandi / Meet me in Manhattan Epi.1: The Dream of New York.

I had been living in New York over a year, when everything changed. New York became as cinematic and romantic as only the movies can portray it.

The complete contrary to what it had been, for the whole year that I had lived here.

Before I moved, I had been working in a café in Malmö. I guess I hadn't exactly thrived there either. But there I had my life: my friends, my family. I had ex-boyfriends. Someone I slept with. I was young and excited about where my life would take me. And that was probably the reason why my boss had offered me the job of starting up a coffee shop in New York.

I had only visited the city once before. It felt like being in the epicenter of events. I loved the bars, the wide streets, the parks and the water. The skyscrapers rising towards the sky. There was nothing I would rather do than move there. I didn't hesitate for a second.

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Bianca Grandi / Meet me in Manhattan Epi.2: The Date

I noticed that he wasn't as shy and modest as he had appeared to be. He was charming, simple and curious. And so unbelievably gorgeous. I had spent the last couple of days watching the series that had made him famous, and it was crystal clear why he had been cast in the role of a younger lover to a rich woman. And why he had risen to fame so quickly.

- Do you invite all people who work in coffee shops like this? I asked and pointed around the room. The first dish had arrived. A scallop served in its' shell.

- No, of course I don't, Amanda.

He reached for my arm. He stroked the crook of my arm with his thumb.

I shivered. Looked into his eyes. The pupils that sank into his eyes. The moment was magical. I wanted to get out of my seat, I wanted to pounce on him. His lips looked so soft. I wanted his tongue in my mouth. All over my body. The woman appeared again, serving us more dishes and more wine. He pulled back his hand.