

Prologue London, March 1888:

The swirl of gowns as young women were twirled around the richly decorated ballroom of the Duke of Devonshire created a discord of sound over the light jaunt of ~~athe~~ slow waltz playing.

The rustle of moving fabric scratching against itself gave Nelly a headache.

Eleanor "Nelly" Worthington was not one of the women dancing. Instead, she sat in the corner hiding from her stepmother and praying that none of the men would attempt to get on her dance card, which she'd managed to keep mercifully blank. At twenty-four, she was much older than some of the other young woman, but that was okay with her.

Watching the dancers, Nelly felt herself stifling a yawn. It had taken hours to get ready for tonight's ball, the largest one of the season, and Nelly wished for nothing more than to crawl back into her warm bed. Of course, her stepmother would never hear of such a thing. Tonight, was to be her crowning achievement, the night when she convinced the Duke of Devonshire's son and heir to give Nelly a glance.

The thought of James being interested in her caused Nelly to release an unladylike snort. James, who upon his father's death would become a peer of the realm, would never look to someone like Nelly. It wasn't that Nelly was plain. ~~n't homely~~. In fact, she was positively pretty. ~~w~~With her long red hair, large blue eyes, and fair skin, she was often compared to a porcelain doll. The only thing working against her was that her much more slender build was out of fashion with the times, which her stepmother constantly reminded her.

James might dance with her, but she was not a serious contender because she was not an aristocrat. As a Duke, James would be expected to marry someone of his station, which Nelly certainly was not. Nelly's family was wealthy, much wealthier than James' own, but they weren't titled, which in London society was a very, large deal.

Nelly didn't care. She'd sooner cut off all her hair than allow herself to be tied down in marriage, especially to a man as boring as James.

That was what Nelly contemplated as her father strode towards her looking frazzled. "Father?" she asked as he came upon her.

Given his pace and the redness of his face, those who weren't dancing stopped their polite conversations to turn their attention and ears towards Charles Worthington and his oddity of a daughter.

Nelly instantly knew that something was terribly wrong. Though her father did not care for propriety as much as her stepmother, he was not a man prone to dramatics.

"Come with me," he said. His white, gloved hand gripped her elbow as he led her out of the ballroom and the prying eyes of society. Nelly was certain that the moment they were out of view, the town would begin tittering about her father's action, each person developing their own theory as to why Charles Worthington, would pull his daughter away ~~sofom~~ abruptly.

"What's going on?" Nelly asked, her voice trembling slightly.

"I'll tell you when we get in the carriage," he told her.

They were standing outside in the cool air waiting as the Devonshire footmen brought round their family carriage.

"Where is Charlotte?" Nelly asked. *Surely, whatever has happened isn't so dire that he'd leave his own wife behind*, Nelly thought.

Commented [SL1]: As the story is set in 1888, you've done a good job choosing the waltz. That dance was popular at that time, so well done. In the early 19th-century, it was actually considered quite scandalous!

Commented [SL2]: I recommend that you re-phrase this so it's a bit more elegantly stated. Perhaps you could begin with something like, "The swirl of gowns created a discord of sound over the light jaunt of a slow waltz, as young women twirled around the Duke of Devonshire's richly decorated ballroom." Make it longer, probably at least 3 or 4 sentences, and use some more vivid description. 😊 You've said that the ballroom is richly decorated, but it would be more engaging if you offered vivid detail.

Commented [SL3]: Which fabrics? It would be more evocative to say which ones. You could talk about the colors, too.

Commented [SL4]: Nice! I like how this makes Nelly relatable and unpretentious. She's not impressed by pomp and circumstance.

Commented [SL5]: I like how you're giving us important hints about Nelly's character so early in the story! 😊 We're getting a strong hint here that there's a good reason she doesn't want any of the young men to like her, and we will soon find out it's because of the pressure from her father and step-mother.

Commented [SL6]: I love this! Nelly is so confident and she's unimpressed by self-important people.

Commented [SL7]: Maybe add in a bit more vivid description. I know that the ballroom scene is going ... [1]

Commented [SL8]: It's clear from the beginning of the story that while this story has a 3rd-person narrator, it's clearly told from Nelly's perspective. That's great!

Commented [SL9]: Good description of her physical characteristics. I think you could be more detailed about the shade of red of her hair and blue of her ... [2]

Commented [SL10]: You should add a physical description of her father and other characters. I'd ... [3]

Commented [SL11]: Compelling action, and a great way of changing the scene.

Commented [SL12]: You did a good job opening the story. I was able to get oriented quickly and understood what was going on.

Commented [SL13]: "What's going on?" is a pretty modern expression. Try to think of something mor ... [4]

Commented [SL14]: Why are the Devonshire footmen assisting them in this way? It would much more likely be their own servants who would do this. In fact, v ... [5]

Commented [SL15]: Try to find out exactly what kind of carriage wealthy and fashionable people like this would have probably used.

Commented [SL16]: Who is Charlotte? Here it seems like Charlotte is Nelly's father's wife, but in the next section, it seems like Charlotte is another daughter ... [6]

"I'm here," Charlotte said as she came rushing out, her expensive stole wrapped elegantly around her shoulders. Charlotte opened her mouth, probably to denounce her husband's father's actions, but one look from him and her jaw snapped shut with a resounding click.

The three of them looked a sight as they stood in the drizzle awaiting their carriage.

Nelly was nervous. She couldn't stop tapping her foot. She hadn't seen her father like this since her mother died, and her stomach dropped at the thought. Her mind raced as she began thinking about beloved relatives who might have passed on. There weren't many left, and surely none that would cause her father this much outward grief.

As their carriage approached, Nelly released a small sigh. She wanted out of the rain, and she wanted answers.

"Now tell us what is going on," Charlotte said as the three of them settled into the carriage. "This isn't like you, and you are scaring the both of us," Charlotte told him, her tone short and clipped.

Nelly hated agreeing with her stepmother, but at this point, she must. Her father was scaring her.

"Josiah's perished," her father said, his voice gruff with emotion.

For a moment, Nelly scrunched up her face as she searched her brain for the name Josiah. When it came to her, she gasped.

"Uncle Josiah?" Nelly asked. Her father nodded clearly too choked up to speak. He turned his face away from the two women in the carriage, but Nelly could see the tears shining in his eyes.

"A letter arrived this evening informing the family," her father told them after he took a few quiet moments to collect himself.

Nelly wasn't sure what to say. She hardly knew her Uncle Josiah. Her father rarely talked about him unless it was to curse his name when the responsibilities of being a Worthington fell solely on his shoulders. Josiah had always sent Nelly trinkets from America and sweet letters telling him about her exports.

Though Nelly hadn't known her Uncle Josiah, she'd always secretly felt him to be a kindred spirit. Only, he'd been brave enough to escape the expectations of the Worthington family whilst Nelly was simply buying time until she became stuck forever.

Being a woman is a terrible fate, Nelly thought.

"What are you going to do?" Charlotte asked. Nelly felt guilty for not doing the same, for not offering her father some sort of comfort, but she didn't really know what to say or do. Grief was an oddly isolating emotion, something that Nelly remembered from when her mother passed.

"There's nothing to do," Charles said gruffly. Nelly noticed him swipe a stray tear that had escaped, and her heart ached for her father. Though they disagreed on many things, she adored him. "His ranch hand sent the letter informing me that he'd already been buried. Apparently, Josiah left instructions to be interred somewhere on his own land."

That sounded reasonable to Nelly, but she could hear the hurt in her father's voice.

"We'll have prayers said for his soul during church," Charlotte said. From the eager look on her face, she wanted to do something for Charles, which would prove difficult since Josiah and his remains were back in America.

Commented [SL17]: This is skillful introduction of backstory.

Commented [SL18]: Now we see that Charlotte is indeed Nelly's stepmother, but in an earlier passage, it seemed like she was her sister (where you said "Charlotte opened her mouth, probably to denounce her father's actions"). I'm going to change that for you.

Commented [SL19]: What do you mean here?

Commented [SL20]: I can imagine the interactions and the dialogue seems natural and believable.

Commented [SL21]: I think your dialogue is natural and believable, but you might want to make sure that you think it's true to the period.

"You'd need every person in the congregation, perhaps even all of London, to say a prayer if you wished to deliver Josiah's soul unto heaven."

Nelly tried not to laugh at her father's words. It didn't seem like the appropriate time, especially since her father probably spoke out of grief-ridden anger rather than true sarcasm.

"Still..." Charlotte said, her voice calm, we will speak with the bishop, find some way to honor Josiah.

This time Nelly did roll her eyes. From what she knew of Josiah, he'd not been a particularly religious man, and all of this trouble felt like a way for Charlotte to be important rather than for her to honor her fallen brother-in-law, one who she'd never even met.

"We'll do what you think is the best dear," Charles said.

The clicking and clomping of the carriage on the cobbled streets of London was the only sound as they made their way home. The Devonshire's estate was slightly outside of the city center, which meant they were in for a long ride.

"There's more," Nelly's father said breaking the cloud of quiet reflection that had slid over the three of them.

"More?" Charlotte asked. She sounded just as confused as Nelly felt. What more could Josiah's ranch hand have written in the letter he sent to her father.

"Josiah died without any heirs," her father told them.

Nelly wasn't shocked by that. Josiah never mentioned a wife or children in any of the letters he sent her, though, in his letters, he generally told her more about the freedoms of America rather than anything bibliographical.

"That should make things rather simple," Nelly said. From the way, her father and grandparents spoke about Josiah, Nelly couldn't imagine that he had much for an heir to argue over.

"Not quite," her father said. This time he turned his full attention on her. His crystal blue eyes, so much like her own, stared intensely at her. His gaze made her nervous, and she tried not to squirm in her seat.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Josiah amassed a large amount of land in Nevada," her father told her.

"Nevada, how horrible" Charlotte shuddered as she said the word aloud. Nelly tried not to laugh at Charlotte's expression. Charlotte thought that any country outside of Europe was inhabited by heathens. She might have tolerated, or even been excited by the idea of Josiah owning land if it had been in New York, but she certainly did not think much about his holdings being in Nevada.

"I suppose we will have to figure out what to do with the land," Nelly said. She didn't know much about the law in England, let alone the law in America, but she did know that oftentimes not having male children ready to inherit could cause incredible problems. Her father spoke of that problem himself; it was partially why he was so desperate for Nelly to marry. He needed someone to leave his considerable fortune should he perish.

"Josiah already figured it out," her father said. His crystal blue eyes remained on her, and she felt as though she were missing something important.

"That's splendid, I suppose," Nelly said hesitantly unsure of what reaction would be the most appropriate.

Commented [SL22]: I'm a bit confused. Do they live at the Devonshire estate?

Commented [SL23]: I think you mean *biographical*. 😊

"Is the ranch hand who sent you the letter sent to inherit?" Charlotte asked. Nelly tried not to look suspiciously -at her stepmother whose tone belayed that she thought it ridiculous that her uncle's ranch hand was inheriting his land; it wasn't as though Charlotte wanted the land for herself, but she did have very specific ideas about who should inherit and who should not.

"No," her father said. Nelly tried not to get frustrated. It felt as though her father were drawing all of this out unnecessarily, and Nelly's already thin patience was at an all-time low.

"Then who?"

Nelly's father looked more displeased at delivering this news than he did at the death of his brother, and it instantly made her wary.

"He left it to you. Eleanor," her father spit out. "He left everything to you."

Four weeks had passed since news of her uncle's passing reached her father. Now, standing on the deck of the ship that would take her to her new life, Nelly could just barely make out the form of her father. He'd escorted her to the ship, reluctantly, but he'd come, nonetheless. It meant a great deal to Nelly that he supported her.

Thinking about the argument they had the night that she found out about her Uncle Josiah's death and her subsequent inheritance, Nelly felt a deep sense of sadness over the words they'd yelled to one another.

In the end, they'd both recognized the stubbornness in the other, and they came to a mutual agreement. One that allowed Nelly to escape the confines of her society life and taste the freedom that her uncle willed to her.

The sound of the ship's honk startled Nelly. Fear clawed its way into her chest, and a part of her wanted to run off the ship and throw herself back into her father's arms. But she knew that if she allowed her fear to take control, she'd end up living out her worst nightmare.

So, with one last look at her father, Nelly turned away preparing herself for the next chapter of her life. The most exciting chapter.

Hopefully, I'm not getting in over my head. Nelly shivered at the thought. Nevada can't be that terrible. Can it?

Commented [SL24]: Dialogue seems natural and will be interest the reader. It describes the situation well, so it brings the reader in.

Commented [SL25]: Exciting and unexpected twist! I like this! I can't wait to find out what happens next.

Commented [SL26]: I like the pacing in this story. I don't feel that it lags or speeds up too much at any point.

Chapter One:

Thump! Nelly grabbed the window of the carriage to stop her head from hitting the ceiling of the stagecoach. Groaning as the stagecoach hit a second bump in the road, Nelly tensed every muscle in her body in an effort to not go through the window.

"Wanna drink?" one of her traveling companions asked. The dirty man, who smelled like body odor and whose clothing was stained yellow with age and sweat, handed her a flask. Nelly wrinkled her nose as the smell of alcohol and her stomach roiled.

"No thank you," Nelly said, her thick English accent drawing attention from the other members of their traveling party.

"Ya sure?" the man asked the flask still extended towards Nelly. "Might help settle ya in. We've still got many miles to go."

Nelly tried not to groan as she shot the man a small, tight smile. "I'm fine," she said her voice slightly terse. Nelly didn't mean to come off so snooty--she didn't mind this man--but the idea of spending more time in a cramp stagecoach with several smelly men did not make her very happy.

"Here," her traveling companion, Robert, told her as he handed her a flagon full of water. Nelly tried not to roll her eyes as the flagon was practically shoved into her lap. The escort her father had hired to take her from the ship in New York City to her new home in Paradise Valley was driving her to lunacy. He was a friend of her late Uncle Josiah, who'd seen to her Uncle's affairs after his death. He'd offered himself as an escort to ensure that Nelly got to Nevada safely, but he'd been incredibly high-handed in his treatment of her, and Nelly was beginning to resent the treatment.

"Thank you," she said tersely. Nelly did not wish to isolate her protector. **A**fter all, America was a foreign land that she was still learning. **B**ut with every passing mile, she felt herself growing more tired by his overbearing behavior. It embarrassed her that these men might think her soft.

Sipping the water, Nelly thought about the future that lay ahead. After convincing her father to allow her to travel to Nevada, Nelly'd left on the first ship from London before he could change his mind and forbid her from going. Now, she was heading towards Nevada with her stomach turning from the rough terrain and, if she were honest, from her nerves.

"Why's a lady like ya heading out West?" the man who'd offered her the flask asked her. Nelly was shocked. Most of the men they'd encountered on their journey had ignored her, and until now, her stagecoach companions hadn't paid her much thought.

"I'm not a lady," she said quickly. In England being a lady meant something different than it did here in America. It was another thing that was going to take some getting used to for her--everyone assuming that because she dressed nicely and wore her traveling hat meant that she was a lady. "And I'm heading out to begin running a ranch," she told him proudly.

Much to the chagrin of her traveling companion, Nelly told anyone who'd lend her their ear about her inheritance. Oftentimes, like this man, they gave her an incredulous look unsure why such a young woman would undertake such a hefty task. It shocked Nelly that no one turned up their nose at her when she shared her plans. In fact, most people wished her well and told her to look up a friend or family member once she got out West.

If I had said these things in London, I would probably have given the ton multiple convulsions.

Commented [SL27]: I like the tension you create here. Nelly's only companion on this long journey is someone she finds annoying, and we can't be quite sure of him.

Commented [SL28]: Shows that Nelly is outspoken and has her own opinions, which helps us understand her character.

Commented [SL29]: I think you do a good job of overall keeping a balance between description and exposition in this story. However, I would recommend sprinkling some more vivid description throughout the story wherever you can.

Nelly smiled at the thought, especially as she recalled how her stepmother nearly caught the vapors when Nelly shared her plans to take control of her inheritance herself by traveling to the American West.

"Are ya runnin' from ya daddy to go off and be a ranch hand?" the man asked.

Snorting, Nelly shook her head. "No," she said primly. "I own the ranch."

The man released a low whistle, and she tried not to be too pleased with herself. It felt good to admit to owning something. As a woman, Nelly had not ever really had anything of her own. Even her jewels, which she left back in England, belonged to her father.

"That's quite a tale," the man said. Nelly scrunched up her face at his words. *What does he mean?* She wondered to herself. Before she could ask, the stagecoach hit another bump in the road, and Nelly found herself nearly catapulting towards her chaperone.

"Bloody hell," she cursed. The second the words escaped her lips, Nelly instinctively began to apologize. Though not a lady in the aristocratic sense, Nelly ~~had'd~~ still spent a great deal of time learning proper society manners ~~and s~~ She knew that cursing was not how a lady conducted herself in public. From the look on her chaperone's face, he felt the same way her father did about well-heeled ladies cursing. *But here in America, I'm not confined by society.* Nelly thought to herself.

Nelly knew that America was not so different from England. She also knew that she'd have more opportunities for freedom, which is why she decided to take the risk of leaving her home and everything she knew.

Looking out at the terrain, Nelly couldn't help but think of her uncle Josiah as she watched the lush greenery pass by them. America fascinated Nelly. Being from London, she was used to seeing stone building after building, and even when one came across a park, it was generally choked with people. Heading west, Nelly noticed the sprawling land covered in nothing but green, and though there weren't many people to see, Nelly couldn't stop looking at the window. Everything fascinated her. Every tree, every cowboy heading West, and even every flower caught her attention.

The frontier felt like a new start for Nelly, and she prayed that she'd be able to start a new life, one without the yolk of expectation that she'd felt at home.

Thank you, Uncle Josiah, Nelly thought as she allowed the cool air wash over her.

Louis grumbled as he worked on the broken wagon. He'd need the wagon in a couple of days, but the older structure had taken quite a beating during a late summer storm. Work on the ranch had fallen by the wayside after the death of ~~his Louis'~~ employer, Josiah.

Sighing at the thought of his former boss, ~~the ranch hand~~ Louis began inspecting the wagon. The wagon needed more work than Louis had planned to do, but it looked like he wouldn't have the luxury of leaving it until he knew more about what would come next for the ranch. Louis would need the wagon to pick up his new boss, Eleanor Worthington, from town. Josiah's niece would be making her way into Paradise Valley in three days' time. Louis didn't want to be frustrated. After all, he didn't know Eleanor, Josiah had never mentioned much about his family from London, but Louis didn't like change. He'd worked for Josiah for several years, and he'd appreciated the work. He also enjoyed the fact that Josiah left him to his own devices.

Commented [SL30]: I did this to make it clearer that Louis is the ranch hand.

Commented [SL31]: I like your characterization of Louis. It seems natural and engaging.

Why'd you have to go and get yourself dead, Louis thought to himself. He shook his head as he recalled the events that led up to Josiah's death.

Josiah had been the kind of man with a chip on his shoulder for absolutely no reason that Louis could figure out. After all, the man had been rich, unmarried, and free to do whatever he wanted. Life seemed good for Josiah Worthington, but he was always looking for something more.

Maybe it has something to do with his mysterious family. Louis thought as he began tearing damaged pieces of the wagon apart. His calloused hands barely flinched when it came into contact with the splintered wood. He'd been working as a ranch hand so long that his body had adapted to the physical exertions of his profession. The hard work wasn't something that Josiah minded. During times like this, when Louis' head was filled with anxious thoughts, the work helped to calm him.

Why Josiah? Louis thought. Why did you constantly have to be so reckless?

His mind began thinking back to the fateful night that stole Josiah's young life. Josiah was always reckless, which was something that Louis could normally temper. But the night that Josiah decided to perform a reckless horse stunt, Louis had been in town too far to talk Josiah out of pure recklessness. Louis hadn't been able to do anything but pray for Josiah's soul as he lay broken in the dirt.

And now everything's an absolute mess. Things hadn't been good on the ranch since Josiah's death, but Louis managed to keep things together. He'd planned to leave the moment Josiah's last rites were said over his grave, but when he'd found out that Josiah had willed the ranch to some niece, Louis felt an obligation to ensure that Josiah's last wishes were completed.

Of course, that was before Louis spent months exchanging missives with Josiah's very difficult brother--the father to the young woman who now owned the ranch. Sighing once more, Josiah tried to release the tension in his chest. He didn't care to be in charge of someone who knew next to nothing, and he especially did not wish to be in charge of some aristocratic darling who probably enjoyed trying on new gowns instead of dirtying herself in the mud taking care of the cows.

"Louis," Amanda Carter came up behind Louis, her slight footsteps barely making even a single sound as she startled him out of his thoughts. Amanda recently started working at the ranch, but Louis had known her for many years.

"What can I do for ya," Louis asked, his Texas accent as thick as his frustration grew. He tried to temper his anger towards, but he found it harder than he anticipated. His mind had thought back to the unknown English woman making her way towards Paradise Valley, and his hackles raised again. He tried to temper his temper down. Amanda did not deserve his anger.

He'd been desperate to find good help, and she answered his plea. She deserved nothing but his appreciation.

"When is Miss Worthington expected to arrive?" Amanda asked, her voice chipper. Louis hired Amanda to help when Miss Worthington arrived since Louis hardly knew the first thing about women. Amanda would act as cook, housekeeper, and Lady's maid to the new arrival, which Louis hoped meant that she'd stay mostly out of his hair.

"She's expected to arrive in three days' time," he told her tersely. Louis wanted to keep his mind focused on fixing the wagon and not on Miss Worthington.

Commented [SL32]: Was Josiah young, then?

Commented [SL33]: Nice intro to backstory.

Commented [SL34]: You should introduce this character first.

Commented [SL35]: What do you mean here? Do you mean his accent seemed to get stronger as he got more frustrated?

"We should get some new linens for her. The ones Mr. Worthington left behind are worn and nearly threadbare," Amanda told him.

Louis sighed. He knew that he'd hired Amanda for this reason, but her words still brought forth an uncontrollable sense of irritation.

"I can't get you into town until the wagon is fixed," he said.

Amanda sighed. "I imagine that that is going to take about three days?"

Louis said nothing but gave her a terse nod as she questioned him. He focused hard on solving the problem of the wagon, and it was all that he could focus on at this moment. Amanda, sensing his attention waning gave a sigh before she bid him goodbye and went back to the main house. Louis knew that he was being rude, but he felt that rudeness was preferable to an outburst of anger.

I should have fled when I had the chance, Louis thought. Some sort of ingrained sense of loyalty had kept him from leaving Paradise Valley behind and finding work elsewhere. It wouldn't have been difficult considering that the entire west was being bought up by men determined to make their fortunes off the land, and most of them were looking for men like Louis to show them what to do. Sure, he wouldn't ever find an employer who gave him the amount of freedom that Josiah Worthington did, but perhaps that wasn't a bad thing.

After all, that relationship was why Louis stayed behind. Had Josiah not been so good to Louis when no one else was, Louis would have left the moment he was in the ground. Instead, Louis found himself facing down the possibility of the past repeating itself.

This is going to end completely poorly, Louis thought. He just prayed that whatever happened next didn't land him back in jail.

Commented [SL36]: Skillful intro of this bit of backstory. Well done. Also functions as part of the cliffhanger. So not only are we eager to know what happens to Nelly but we also want to know about Louis's backstory!

Overall Comments:

I think you did a good job of introducing the characters in an engaging and natural way, moving along with the story as it progresses and/or introducing them earlier when needed. Well done! That's something many writers struggle with. You did a good job of providing a physical description of Nelly, but I think you could elaborate on it. Also, work on creating some engaging physical descriptions of the other characters.

When it comes to description, I recommend adding more vivid description all over the story. Your descriptions are already quite evocative, but I think you could make them easier to picture in the reader's mind's eye.

I like the way the plot progresses, and there are some great twists in this story. It's exciting to see the action suddenly move from an elegant

ballroom in London to characters discussing a ranch in Nevada, and then to Nelly actually traveling to America! It takes skill to move the plot along so quickly, so nicely done.

I quickly realized the premise of the story, that Charles has brought his family to live in England, with one of the goals being getting a rich and titled husband for Nelly.

All of Charles's plans (which create anxiety for Nelly) are foiled by Nelly's unexpected inheritance from Uncle Josiah. I think this is engaging for readers and they'll want to keep reading. They'll be happy for Nelly that she is able to escape her father's grasp and worrying plans, but they'll also be concerned about how she is going to survive running a ranch when she has spent her life in England (a fact you skillfully introduce later on by mentioning that Nelly has an English accent).

I think that the dialogue sounds natural, but make sure to take your time looking at it carefully and making sure you think it is completely appropriate for the time. I understand that the family is American, so obviously they're probably going to use more informal language than the English people they live among and socialize with, especially in private.

Overall, your punctuation and grammar are pretty good in most instances, but please take a look at your work and make corrections where necessary. **I haven't marked or corrected them all here as this isn't the copyediting/proofreading stage. When this story gets to the editing/proofreading stage, I will tweak and re-write many of the sentences, etc.**

I'm looking forward to reading the next installment, so I can find out how Nelly is going to tackle her new role as a ranch owner. I'm also keen to learn about Louis's backstory and why he was in prison.