
THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF AN ORDINARY BOY

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Aaron Skyler was a normal boy, until that day that the nanny called in sick and his father had to take him to work with him. Aaron had protested against it, saying it would be so boring to be there. Aaron was twelve at the time. It was a regular Saturday in Miami beach. His father was a businessman, or so he had told his son. But why did a boy of twelve need a nanny? That mystery question was answered whenever Aaron walked into the office. He thought it was just a random office, nothing more. But no, signs everywhere on the wall, Skyler industries, Skyler productions and Skyler airlines. His father had achieved much, much more than he had told him. No wonder they could afford that huge mansion on the Miami Beach. They had three cars and a private beach. Their garden had a big pool and a hot tub. The rooms were huge too, he had one with a big television in it.

Aaron sat down on the big leather arm chair in his father's office as he was running the business. The office had a big glass window and was high up. It was cool to see. He imagined Spiderman climbing on one of these buildings. When he looked down at the desk, he found a piece of paper with the company logo on it and a pen, also with the logo. He started doodling on the paper when a woman with a clipboard and a headset walked in, looking for his father probably. But no, she didn't look for his father. She looked for him. One of the cast members for a commercial had cancelled, and they needed Aaron to stand in. He figured that he should do that, what else was he going to do all day? He had permission from his father and went to the commercial shoot. A lot of grown ups were there. It was a commercial for a clothing line, which seemed alright to him. This is the day his life changed. Among the grown ups was a person Aaron had called the 'talent seeker' back then. Now he knew she was an employee from a casting bureau. And she had selected Aaron to be a part of their team.

So here he was, Aaron Skyler. Nowadays eighteen years old, hot, blond, toned. He was on his way to a premiere of the New York Fashion Week where he was featured as the male lead of the Calvin Klein and the Hugo Boss selection. It didn't happen a lot that models made it to two brands in the same fashion week. His heart beat went up when the limo slowed down. Was it time to get out his shades, or would he show the audience his eyes today? Shades were better for the total effect. Good the limo stopped. He could hear the crowd cheer. It wasn't unexpected that a crowd of girls was out there, waiting for him. Sometimes they were waiting for him if he was just going to a photo shoot. He liked it, the attention. And he had the right to like it. He was only eighteen and yet he had made it to super model at the Elite Modelling Agency. Life was good. And apart from the hangovers at the beach parties he threw then, other than that it was all good.

He stepped out of the limo, running a quick hand through his hair as his feet landed on the red carpet. The crowd went wild. Banners, flag, but mostly there was cheering. Girls threw teddy bears at him as he walked, and roses. He picked one up, glancing over at the press that was standing at the door. They were ready to take pictures, so he casually shoved one hand in his pocket and held the rose close to him with the other. "In other words..." he said and he heard the screaming of the girls. Normally the models didn't speak to their fans. "I'm still single... and throwing a party for all my fans on Friday." With that, things became unstoppable. Girls cheering louder and he walked closer to them to sign their body parts and papers. He did so and smiled a toothpaste smile. Life wouldn't get much better than this.

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