

***Ready to ride.***

***- Dear, it's just ride, not most important evening in your life. Can I come in? -***

***Man knocks at the closed room door.***

***- Just few more minutes, my love. - Answers woman behind the door.***

***- You said this two and half hour ago, honey. - Mumbles man and sits back in the pink fluffy armchair. - I'll wait. What else I could do?***

***- Love, just shoes didn't go with that dress. I changed dress to other dress. With that dress didn't suit earrings. I changed earrings. When I changed earrings, I needed to change hairstyle. And with that hairstyle I changed make up. - Loudly explains woman.***

***- And in that moment you noticed that shoes are wrong. - Said man.***

***- Yes. - Agreed woman. - Love, you understand everything.***

***- Damn. - Man put his hands and head to the helmet on his knees.***

***- I will be ready in ten minutes. - Added woman.***

***- Don't dare to give a promise which can't hold. - Mumbled man.***

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- *Surprise.* - *Door opened and woman turned around herself to show results of her work.* - *How do I look?* - *She tossed her loose hair.*

- *Amazing.* - *Jumped from the armchair man.*

- *I am ready to ride.* - *Said proudly woman.*

- *Here is your helmet.* - *Said man.*

- *Helmet?!*

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