

# Stockholm Nights

A Novel



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After the final roar of the Stockholm crowd, Leo steps onto the quiet tour bus, leaving the bright stage lights behind. The air is cool, and the hum of the engine is the only sound in the narrow hallway as he seeks a moment of solitude.



He retreats into the small bathroom, where strings of blue and pink fairy lights wrap around the mirror. The neon glow transforms the cramped space into a dreamy sanctuary of color and shadows, reflecting off the slightly fogged glass.



Leo stands before the mirror, his messy brown hair catching the soft light as the adrenaline of the show begins to fade. His blue eyes reflect the vibrant hues of the room, showing a mix of exhaustion and deep, quiet satisfaction.



He adjusts his rich red satin jacket, feeling the smooth fabric catch the light with a subtle, luxurious sheen. Beneath it, his black graphic t-shirt remains a reminder of the energy he just poured out on the stage only an hour ago.



The mirror is slightly fogged from the humidity, blurring the edges of the metal fixtures and creating a soft, cinematic haze. He reaches out to wipe a small section, revealing a clear view of his tired but content expression.



With a relaxed hand, he raises his phone to capture the moment, a digital memory of a night he never wants to forget. The lens focuses on his reflection, framing him perfectly against the intimate, glowing backdrop of the bus.



He lights a cigarette, and the thin trail of smoke curls upward, dancing through the pink and blue light. The smoke catches the neon glow, swirling like a tiny galaxy in the small, quiet room as he takes a slow, steady breath.



On the narrow counter, personal items are scattered—a water bottle, a stray ring, and a crumpled setlist from the night's performance. These small details tell the story of a life lived on the road, moving endlessly from one city to the next.



A soft, teasing half-smile plays on his lips as he looks at the photo he just took on his phone. It is a quiet moment of after-the-show energy, where the world feels small, private, and perfectly still despite the journey ahead.



As the bus begins to roll through the dark streets of Stockholm, Leo leans against the wall, finding peace in the neon-lit mirror. He knows that tonight was special, a memory etched in light and smoke that he will carry to the next destination.