

## SUDDEN LOVE

BY

ERIK OTTENGREN

The clock in the hotel lobby showed a few minutes before noon. He had spent his whole weekend in one long, tuff conference. Finally they had come up with a successful agreement, so he felt in titled to sleep in this Monday morning. He was catching a train the same evening, a train that would bring him home to his beloved wife. It was actually his wife that wanted him to stay a day extra. She felt him to be to stressed and cranky otherwise. And it was true, the butterflies and stress that always bothered him during these never ending conferences, didn't fade away until late the day after.

He left the railway station where he had stored his luggage, and strolled around relatively relaxed, enjoying the warm spring sun. As he was walking his wife appeared in his thoughts. He missed her, always did when he was away from her.

Approaching the verandah of a cafe, he gave in to the temptation, and sat down for a while. The lovely aroma of newly brewed coffee filled his nostrils and he immediately ordered a cup. While looking through the newspaper he had grabbed on his way from the station, his eyes now and then went up to see what was happening around him. He enjoyed peeping at beautiful women, not to see if he could get to know them or anything, but just to admire her beauty and maybe compliment her for it. He moved his cup of coffee towards his mouth, and steam soon surrounded his face. He let the coffee circle around in his mouth before swallowing. In the same moment his eyes left his paper, he spotted a beautiful woman coming down the street. When she stopped at the entrance to the cafe, his coffee almost got stuck in his throat. She was looking for an available seat; a little desperate it seemed. "Wow what features!", he thought and hid behind his paper.

Her dark, wavy hair was reaching far down her back. Her facial were as perfect as if she was a photo-model. Her cloths did not hide her beauty either. "Just think if she could sit down at my table." he thought and his pulse

rose several degrees. Suddenly their eyes met and he subconsciously raised his paper to cover his embarrassment, but lowered it again just as fast. With an even more embarrassing feeling, he discovered that she smiled at him and headed towards him.

- Excuse me, but is this seat free?

She was standing just in front of his table, lightly resting her tanned fingers against the white backrest of the chair. He put down the paper and met her smile with a smile just as stiff as hers was devastating beautiful.

- Yeah, sure. Please join me.

With a questioning look he ordered another cup of coffee.

- Yes, please. she answered his unspoken question.

\* \* \*

**The whole story can be viewed upon appointment.**