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Beauty Interrupts

by Maureen Marsh

She liked anonymity. It suited her to be another face in another crowd, not too bright, not too dull. For the same reason, she liked being a receptionist for Gable and Gable Insurance Brokers. A job neither too great, not too small and 3 years from Retirement with a good pension, not too good, but good enough. She was just about to take a sneaky peak at her Sudoku Puzzle book when she heard the gentle purr of a motorcycle drawing up outside the building. The large windows gave her a clear view of the Courier as he swung off the motorcycle seat and buzzed the buzzer.

She let him into the reception area and he took off his motorcycle helmet to reveal an astonishingly handsome visage. A shock of thick, dark shiny hair and the healthy glow of young skin. She felt a flush envelop her. Hormones that she thought had long given up the good fight, resurfaced as if to say “we are still here....just!”

“Can I help?” She asked breathlessly

“Some documents for Mr Kerr”

Mr Kerr was the General Manager of the firm and she knew he was likely to still be in the meeting.

“He's in a meeting, I can sign for them”

“They're legal documents, so he has to sign for them himself, I'm afraid” He said, giving a smile that revealed a set of perfect white teeth.

At this point Mr Price deputy General Manager appeared.

“Oh Mr Price. Has the meeting finished?” She said “Theres some papers for mr Kerr to sign for”

“He'l be down in a minute” said Mr price Gruffly as he turned to survey the Courier.

His stomach did a little cartwheel. Mr price, 37, married with 2 children and a Grindr app secretly installed on his phone. He liked being Deputy Manager because it gave him an opportunity to flex his power over those beneath him, which he was apt to do, especially if those beneath him happened to be younger, vulnerable Men that he could secretly fantasise over.

Looking at the Courier, at his plump damson lips, his innocent large orbs, he was taken with a desire to say something harsh, something sharp, to make the young man feel small, but nothing came. Instead Mr Kerr himself appeared.

“Oh Mr Kerr, you need to sign for some papers” she said, flushed and light headed.

He turned to the young man and signed the digital tablet, glancing up at the young man, he saw his symmetrical pleasing features, his tall athletic frame and was painfully reminded of his own younger self. Back when he had the whole world ahead of him. He could have done anything, been anyone, such energy and ambition. He felt a lump of envy rise up unexpectantly into his throat like bile.....

All 3 faces watched as the Couriers athletic frame casually walked out to get back on his motorcycle and disappear into the early evening light.