

She stood ...

Not taking notice of her surroundings, me included.

I was pleased by that, her seeming indifference ... she was a beautiful creature, and her distance from all around her allowed me to stare, examine, imagine, wonder ... and bathe in the pleasure of the moment.

If she had noticed me, might that imply some interest?

The thought of that both excited and frightened me.

I'm old, and overweight, out of shape and, frankly, not sure I could pleasure a woman in the way, for the time she deserved. But that didn't lessen the pleasure I derived from the image of her, however fleeting.

As she walked toward the door, she paused a moment, then continued on, out of the room and was gone.