

Escape

If I could make it through the double doors, I'd be out of sight. I charged toward them, hampered by my tight skirt and heels, and by the heavy leather bag bouncing against my side. Glancing behind me I ran smack into someone bigger than I. We hit the floor hard, me on top, both of us breathless. I wriggled and tried to get off, but he held me tightly in his arms.

"I'm sorry, I didn't see you. Please let me go."

"I don't think so."

Someone snickered. Oh no! A crowd was gathering. I put my forehead against his broad chest. "I have to get out of here. People are watching us!"

His hands slid swiftly to my upper arms, grasping them tightly. "You ran into me. You haven't even asked if I'm ok."

"You're breathing and talking; you've got my arms in a vice grip: I figure you're okay. Please let go, you're hurting me!"

"Actually, I'm quite comfortable. I won't let you go yet, you'll run. We'll sit up together, but you aren't leaving. Roll onto to your side, no not that side, the other side, and sit. Then tell me why you ran me down."

As I rolled over my sweater caught on something. Oh! There was a badge on his belt! I yanked the sweater free and struggled to get up, but my bag popped open: the contents spilled out.