

**UNFORESEEN ENCOUNTER BY PIETER HAASBROEK**



**SUMMARY**

In "Unforeseen Encounter," Colette, a stunning and successful real estate agent in Cape Town, lives a fast-paced life filled with work but lacking romance. On what seems like an ordinary morning, she has an unexpected encounter with a handsome stranger named Paul, who helps her after she stumbles on the street. Their playful banter hints at a deeper connection, but just as quickly as Paul enters her life, he leaves, leaving Colette puzzled and disappointed. As she heads to work to meet her new boss, she is stunned to discover something that leads to an ending that promises both intrigue and warmth.

## UNFORESEEN ENCOUNTER

A gentle breeze rustles through the long, undulating, black hair of the stunning woman walking through the streets of Cape Town on her way to work. She resides in an apartment just two blocks away from her workplace, and thus, she sees no reason to drive the short distance. She always enjoys the fresh morning air, and, subsequently, it serves as a bit of exercise for her. In her busy real estate job, she rarely has time to go to a gym after working hours to keep her body fit and healthy. She is so occupied that most of her evenings are spent showing prospective buyers properties, making her workdays long, and leaving her with little time for anything else. Perhaps this is also the reason why, at the age of 25, she hasn't yet been involved in a relationship. However, she has had a longing for someone special in her life for quite some time, trusting that the right man will come into her life at the right time. Her busy work life brings in enough money, making her almost a millionaire and not dependent on anyone. Furthermore, she still greatly enjoys working with people and has no intention of giving that up anytime soon.

Colette's attention is divided among various places today, and she doesn't even notice what's happening around her. She has become so accustomed to it that it doesn't affect her anymore. Almost every man who catches a glimpse of her is left in awe and admiration for the incredibly beautiful woman passing by. Some even stop and openly stare at her for several seconds, like mischievous schoolboys seeing a beautiful girl for the first time. The one-piece red skirt she's wearing clings tightly to her, emphasizing every part of her perfectly shaped body. The skirt extends to almost her ankles, where two black high-heeled shoes complete the picture. The top of her skirt exposes her shoulders and is just low enough in the front to reveal her perfect neck, leaving men breathless when they catch sight of it. If they finally look up at her face, they see someone who looks like a world-class supermodel in the prime of her life. It is especially Colette's full lips and two blue eyes the color of sapphire that leave men short of breath when they gaze upon them.

There is a strange excitement prevailing in Colette's mind because today will be special. Her boss, who has always treated her with the utmost respect, has retired, and she heard that his son will take over the business from today. Maybe he is very attractive, and she might have a chance with him before other women might snatch him away, she silently thinks as she comes to a halt in front of the street flower stall and looks for a suitable bouquet to buy. She thought it would be a good idea to buy a bouquet for the new owner's desk, as her previous boss loved having flowers on his desk. Who knows, maybe his son also loves flowers. Well, she hopes so, or else she'll place the flowers on her desk. Colette selects a beautiful bouquet consisting of various

colorful flowers. She pays the street vendor and then turns around to tackle the last block to her office. But then, the unexpected suddenly happens.

Her high-heeled shoe's heel gets stuck in a gap between two stones, and she stumbles forward, falling with the bouquet of flowers in front of her. For a fraction of a second, she realizes that she is about to hit the pavement hard, and there's absolutely nothing she can do about it. However, the next moment, her body collides with someone, and she feels two powerful hands gently catching her shoulders, preventing her from falling. He holds her firmly until she pulls her heel out of the gap, and only then does he release her shoulders. Colette quickly recovers from her initial light shock and then looks up to see who her hero is, the one who spared her from inconvenience and embarrassment. Then, she gazes into the eyes of arguably the most handsome man she has ever seen in her life. Before her stands a tall, well-built man in a light blue suit with a dark blue tie. He has short, neatly trimmed brown hair. His face, with its blue eyes and broad jawline with a dimple, radiates masculinity. He looks down at her with a slightly amused smile on his mouth, revealing his perfect white teeth. The image is enough to make Colette slightly weak in her knees and quickly spread a warm glow through her body.

"Women try anything to get my attention, but I must say this technique is something I've never experienced," he teases her.

"I... I... thank you very much for your help," stammers Colette, not knowing what else to say. Her head feels slightly dizzy, and she doesn't quite understand what's happening to her.

"My name is Paul, and I gladly help beautiful ladies in distress," he winks at Colette and still looks at her with his deadly beautiful smile.

Colette quickly regains her confidence, and then she realizes that the flowers she still holds in her right hand are completely ruined from the collision with Paul. Almost all the roses in the bouquet have burst, and the rest also look bad.

"Pleasure to meet you, Paul. My name is Colette. I appreciate your help. You saved me from a big drama this morning."

"Sorry I couldn't save your bouquet of flowers. The man who gets it is a very lucky man." And then his eyes shamelessly and quickly glide over Colette's body from bottom to top, where they then linger and look deep into her eyes. His eyes tell Colette that he appreciated and enjoyed everything he just observed.

Such improper behavior does not earn Colette's approval, but it's as if she doesn't care at all about the stranger's wild behavior. On the contrary, she gets a pleasant tingling feeling in her stomach with the realization that this attractive man might not just be looking at her like other men, but might actually be interested in the person she is.

"It is indeed for a man, yes, but not as you think?"

"Well, how should I think, Colette?" and once again, his teasing eyes and smile playfully engage her.

"Well, Paul, seeing that we already know each other quite well," she teases him back. "This bouquet of flowers was for my boss's son, who takes over from his father at the 'Elite Estates' real estate agency, just a block from here."

"I'm sure the gentleman in question will appreciate it very much, Colette. Our men don't get a bouquet of flowers from a woman who looks like one of the Greek goddesses every day."

A light blush appears on Colette's cheeks, and she feels the warmth spreading.

However, when he said that, Colette notices something in his eyes for a split moment, but she can't quite determine what it is, so she immediately forgets about it.

"I'll tell you what, Colette. Do me the honor of letting me buy you another bouquet. Then I can always brag that I bought a bouquet for the most beautiful woman in the universe."

Colette feels flattered by his words, and once again, there are gentle butterflies in her stomach, as if she suddenly can't think clearly again. What is happening to her today, she wonders. Is she catching a cold? At the same time, her words tell her that he is helping her out of respect and not because he is more interested in her. Either way, such a tall, attractive man with his impeccable manners, expensive clothing, and golden watch indicates someone well-off, and that's any woman's dream man. He would likely have someone in his life by now. She has already glimpsed at his left hand, but she couldn't see a ring, and to some extent, it gives her a bit of satisfaction with the knowledge that there might be hope for her if she plays her cards right.

"If you really want to buy flowers for me, I won't refuse, thank you, Paul. It's a lovely gesture from you. Ironically, you're actually buying flowers for another man now!" This time, Colette giggles while it's her turn to wink at Paul.

"Colette, as long as you enjoy it while you have it, that's all that matters to me." And with those words, Paul casually selects an expensive bouquet and pays for it. It consists of a combination of the most luxurious and beautiful flowers.

Immediately, Colette notices that the man is very knowledgeable about flowers because he mentions the names of the flowers he is looking for, and the bouquet almost resembles the main bouquet at any bride's wedding. Once again, Colette wonders about this gesture, as it seems moderately excessive to her to spend so much money and do it for another man, but perhaps he is just trying to make a good impression on her.

The next moment, her world tumbles down, and her excited feelings gives way to total disappointment, even a touch of sadness, with Paul's words he just uttered.

"Colette, it was pleasant to meet you. Unfortunately, I am already almost late for an appointment and have to leave you now. You must have a wonderful day, and who knows, maybe we'll meet again someday. If not, then I hope you meet the man of your dreams and that you are happy together."

Before Colette can respond, Paul is already walking away from her.

Stunned and dismayed, Colette stands still on the sidewalk for several seconds, staring after him. Then her emotions suddenly return with full force.

"The most superficial buffalo, the arrogant man, who does he think he is? He acts like he's so wonderful, and then he just leaves me without even inviting me for coffee or asking for my number or anything else. He didn't even give me a chance to greet him or say anything back!" Colette speaks half aloud to herself, and some of the people passing by look at her outburst, partially shocked. Her mood is now severely upset, and she decides to quickly calm down at the café on the corner, in front of the agency where she works. She still has about 15 minutes before she has to start working.

While enjoying her coffee, the man and everything that has happened between them in the last 5 minutes run through her thoughts again. She has calmed down a bit now, and her sober thoughts are taking over again. So much just doesn't make sense to her. Due to the nature of her work, she must quickly sum up clients by paying attention to what they like or dislike and even how they say something. She uses this to create a quick profile of her client to say and do the right things at the right time to sell the property the client is interested in. This intelligence, combined with her beauty, has made her a successful real estate agent in a very short time.

She finishes her coffee and picks up the large bouquet of flowers on the table in front of her, which many men have looked at, probably thinking that the man in her life is indeed a very lucky man. If only they knew the truth! She has decided to completely forget about Paul and focus on the day ahead.

Colette briskly crosses the street, as fast as her high heels allow, as she suddenly realizes that she will meet her previous boss's son. Perhaps he is a much more attractive man who may suit her better than the self-centered Paul. Her day may have started poorly, but it might end on a high note. With renewed courage and excitement, she climbs the few steps to the front door of the two-story building. The doorman opens the door for her, and she enters.

"Good morning, Miss Colette," greets the doorman.

"Good morning, Stephan. Is the new boss here already?" Colette asks with a slight excitement in her voice.

"Yes, Miss Colette, he arrived about 10 minutes ago and has already met everyone except for you. He asked me to send you to his office as soon as you come in."

"Thank you, Stephan," and Colette feels like she could run to the elevator right in front of her.

She paid close attention when Stephan spoke about the new boss. She cannot completely decipher his tone of voice and the slight smile on his face. Is the man competent and attractive, capable of filling his father's shoes, or is he just a spoiled brat who got the golden spoon and won't handle the business with the necessary respect, love, and dedication like his father? Numerous thoughts race through Colette's mind. Well, if he treats her poorly, she might as well resign today and use all her money to travel abroad. She has already saved enough to comfortably tour for several years and perhaps meet the man of her dreams there.

Finally, she stands in front of the new boss's office door. She has entered this door so many times to either get or provide information to her previous boss to make his real estate business the most successful in the entire country. She knocks lightly and holds the large bouquet of flowers firmly in front of her. This is the moment that will determine her future, and a slight shiver runs down her spine.

"Come in," she hears a strong male voice from inside.

Colette was about to reach out her hand to turn the doorknob when her hand freezes above it. It feels as if someone has thrown ice water down her back. The next moment, she feels a heat wave through her body again, and the butterflies in her stomach return. It's impossible. Her imagination is now running wild. Yet, she is certain she recognizes the voice, but then she doubts again because it can't be!

"Come in," she hears the same voice again, this time more urgent.

Colette's hand starts moving again, and she slowly turns the doorknob and steps inside.

What she sees in front of her almost makes her drop the bouquet of flowers from her hand. She feels completely numb and shaky from a light shock, and her body refuses to move forward. There, in front of her, sits Paul in the flesh!

"Hello Colette, glad to see you finally decided to come to work." Paul stands up, walks around the desk, and steps towards Colette, who is still standing like a lamppost, holding the bouquet of flowers tightly in her hand.

"It looks like you've seen a ghost, Colette. Let me get you a glass of water and help with the flowers before you drop them." Once again, Colette gazes into Paul's enchanting smile.

Meanwhile, Colette has pulled herself together, and color returns to her cheeks. Suddenly, everything that bothered her now makes sense to her. When Paul heard where she works, he decided to play a prank on her, pretending he wasn't interested at all. He is not only as intelligent and capable as his father but also seems to be a great romantic. If he is genuinely interested in her, she couldn't ask for more.

Colette takes a step forward to hand the flowers to Paul, but then her high-heeled shoe's heel finally snaps off, the one that got hurt in her earlier incident.

Colette stumbles forward again, but this time, fortunately, the flowers don't end up between them, and Paul deftly catches her, putting his arms shamelessly around her. Without thinking, Colette's arms also automatically wrap around his body. They stand like this for several seconds, savoring this incredible moment in their lives.

Then, Paul slides his hand away, and he takes Colette's hand in his. Colette reacts immediately and tightens her grip on his hand.

"Colette, let me take you for a quick cup of coffee across the street, and then you can tell me everything about yourself. And yes, the flowers you brought, I bought them especially for you..."

**THE END**