

My vision landed and stayed on the wet pavement below. The walk to the brownstone would take only minutes, and besides, I needed to get wet, to wash her out of my mind.

Her name was Block, Wryter Block, and I knew I'd never be the same again.

Saloon songs heralded a woman like Wryter, hell, Sinatra made a mint over broads like that. I'm a man of few words and what I'd filed in my head weren't very complex, but I'd never had the opportunity to use the word "alluring." I found that opportunity.

Statuesque, the breath-stopping curves of a satisfying roller-coaster ride, my hungry eyes surveyed. If she had let me, my fingers would have climbed into the car, strapped in and held on for dear life. But women like that don't see men like me, yet my fingers tingled and saliva sprayed in the back of my mouth.

Grand Central station. A luggage boy, cap-adorned, stood a lackadaisical guard against a mountain of Louis Vuitton as Wryter sat ever so erect on the main trunk. Fake stole, fake fur-lined hat, cream cashmere dress suit and French stockings. I knew they were French. They were silk-worm made legging creations woven by God Himself — God must be French — and the minute strands married one to another shimmered in the lamplight.

I vaped under that lamplight and she looked my way. Her gaze sped right through me. I was a no man, I was a nothing. She had no way of knowing how I would treat her, how she would fall in sync, as in a waltz, with my love making lead. She had no way of knowing she would never meet another man like me and go the rest of her life unfulfilled because of it.

"All aboard!" clamoured the station-master.

The train whistle blew. Steam erased her presence, and mine, and we went our separate ways.

The wet pavement was reassuring. You knew where you were with wet pavement. But Wryter Block — I saw the gold embossed letters on her trunk as I walked by — something told me it'd be some time before even wet pavement looked familiar, homey.

My Florsheim's reached the stoop. The clicking sound to the front door snapped me out of my fevered reverie.

"Welcome Home, dear. Did you meet your deadline?"

"Yeah. Paper's put to bed. I missed you, Clare."

"I missed you, too, sweetie, come on in out of the wet."

Just like that, Wryter Block vacated my soul.

Home. Hearth. Love.

Immunity against Blocks like her.