

At First Glance (100 word tidbit)

by Cindy Rae

Flashbulbs left white spots before Elliot's eyes. The Museum Benefit.

His art hung, everywhere. Not that he'd painted it. Elliot Burch was a builder, not a painter.

And even though the art was being donated, it was still "his" art. In a way, it always would be.

A legacy.

Elliot was beginning to view his life in those terms.

Just then, a beautiful blonde woman came into his awareness.

Expensive earrings dangled. She was exquisite. She glanced over. Green eyes, but not purely so. Something smokier. Deeper.

She glanced away.

Elliot didn't.

Could she become part of my legacy, too?