

I enter the quaint café in the Olde City section of Philadelphia to escape the blistering sun. I remove my pocket square, wipe the sweat from my brow then return it. The bar is open but there are no patrons. I sit directly under a ceiling fan that's also circulating the flow from the air conditioner. I try to draw the attention of the bartender currently replenishing the alcohol supply. He finally sees me and approaches.

"What can I do for you today, Sir?" Charles asks while washing his hands. He dries them on a paper towel then tosses it in the trash.

"I'll have a tall glass of water with ice and lemon followed by a Corona, Charles," I say observing his nametag.

"You got it. Do you want to start a tab?"

"Sure, why not," I declare as my work for today is done.

"And who might you be?"

"Shane Roberts," I say as we shake hands.

"Is this your first time at our establishment?"

"Yes, it is. I've walked by hundreds of times over the years, but was always in a hurry."

"But the heat broke you down, huh?"

"Yes, it did."

"Doesn't matter what brought you in, only that you are here. Once you get a taste of the people, food and atmosphere, I guarantee you'll become a regular." Charles professes proudly. He sets the water down, grabs a Corona and opens it.

"Would you like a glass and do you prefer a lemon or a lime?"

"No glass and a lime, please."

Charles places the lime wedge in the bottle and places it in front of me. He grabs a menu.

"Menu?"

"What's your personal favorite?"

"My favorite is the Chicken and Shrimp Salad on a Spinach Wrap."

"Sounds good, let's have it." Charles walks away to place the order. He then returns to stocking the bar as I quench my thirst.

I open my laptop to review upcoming appointments and projects. I pull out my flash drive and drop it. As I'm on my knees, I hear approaching footsteps.

I look up, and in all of her glory stands a 5'7", brown-eyed, gorgeous, brown-skinned woman with long jet-black locks of hair. She's in a fuchsia linen short skirt suit with matching red bottom pumps. She's wearing little jewelry, make-up and wet lip gloss which draws you to her full lips. I stand as she passes. Her breasts innocently peek out of her jacket from her strut.

This woman sits two bar stools down and Charles comes from behind to greet her immediately. They kiss on both cheeks. She's obviously a regular as other employees rush over, too. He leaves and quickly returns with her drink and food. I see this as an opportunity to interact.

"Excuse me, miss. My name is Shane Roberts," I say extending my hand in friendship.

"I don't do strangers, boo," she says, never looking up from her dish. She can't decide which appetizer to enjoy first.

"You're getting a little ahead of yourself aren't you, lady? I don't want sex, just pass the ketchup, salt and pepper," I say in my Steve Urkel voice, then snort twice. She pauses, lowers her head and laughs.

"So you got jokes, huh? My name is Olivia Stanton," Olivia states extending her hand. We shake.

“Yes, a few. Why walk around being miserable with so many reasons to be thankful.”

“That’s true. So you’re one of those glass half full folks?”

“No darling, my cup runneth over even if there’s only an ounce in it.”

“Self-assured, motivated, driven, yada, yada, yada.”

“You’ve got it. And don’t you forget it,” I say jokingly.

“I’ve heard it all before only to find out the brother’s still living at home with Momma and borrowed her car for the first two dates.”

“Don’t punish me for your experiences with those losers.”

“Yeah, I know because you’re a different kind of guy, right?”

“You’d better ask somebody, baby.”

“I’ll give you credit for one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“Some men mumble that I’m a stuck-up bitch as they’re walking away for not accepting their advances.”

“That’s because they’re idiots.”

“I thank you for not going there. Wait a minute? You don’t even have any food to need ketchup.” Olivia says playfully slapping me on the arm.

“Gotcha.”

“Okay, you played me.”

“You could always share your appetizers with me until my dish arrives.”

“Okay, but this doesn’t mean I like you with that puppy dog look on your face.” She pinches me on the cheek.

“Why thank you, kind lady. So what’s your profession?”

“I’m an entrepreneur involved in multiple businesses. And you?”

“In the daytime, I’m a business administrator. The rest of the day, I’m an entrepreneur. Tell me more about what you do?”

“I’ve got to go, duty calls.”

“Will I see you again?”

“Maybe.”

“Can I have your business card?”

“No.”

“How will I contact you?”

“Use some of that motivation, driven, cup runneth over shit you just talked about,” Olivia says winking while walking away.

“Touché, see you soon.”

