

Fur Coated Beluga

They breezed in from the East and slumped down at the next table. The beluga had clearly made his money from the rich Russian oil fields and was content that his wealth afforded such an arm ornament as his partner; Although to say she was, his partner was more than likely raising her standing beyond her stature as, to coin a phrase my dear old mum used to say about such women, 'She was all fur coat and no knickers.'

She was quite the polar opposite of the beluga. She was curvaceous and caked in make-up embellishing her long blonde hair, extended lashes and plumped botoxed lips in an attempt to keep such a spending opportunity. Her tight-fitting clothes were deliberately bought and worn to meet with her beluga's approval. They showed off her figure for all to see, but for him to own.

They spent the next twenty minutes all but ignoring each other's existences; both at the same table physically, yet mentally elsewhere, browsing the internet and social media via their respective expensive mobile phones. This ignorance was interspersed with occasional trips to the hotel food presentation areas to select yet more distractions from the other's current existence.

Little to no conversation passed their lips, and each was happy with this arrangement. The beluga simply wanted his trophy partner to be displayed for others to see and hopefully be in awe of his prowess at landing such a prize while his trophy was content to live a blissful spend thrift free life.

Before long, with food options and stomach space depleted, they played out a subconsciously agreed upon departure routine. The trophy sashayed towards the door, head held high, while the beluga attained lock step by her side placing his arm around her waist maintaining his ownership status. Continually made self-confidence glances to the other dinner guests, ensured the beluga's position of dominance, or at least that is how the perception played out in his head. Then they were gone. Talked about, but not forgotten.

337 Words (Not including title)

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