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## **Motion Granted**

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## Motion Granted

### Author Bio

Julie is a published author and creative storyteller, captivating her readers with incredible imagery while covering realistic topics. She aspires to be on the New York Times Best Sellers list.

## MOTION GRANTED



JULIE SAINT-FLEUR

The sidewalks downtown are always hectic on Monday mornings. Imagine rush hour, but without the guilt that the pollution from cars brings you. Cyclists weave through bodies of adults crossing busy intersections in unison. Everyone is dreading the next eight hours of their day as they continue their stride to their respective buildings. In front of the 1400 building, an opaque fifty-five-floored structure, a Lincoln MKZ comes to a stop. Seemingly before the car could even fully settle into park, the driver made it around the car, reaching for the handle of the passenger-side backseat. On the sidewalk, the crowd of rushing feet suddenly scurried in other directions, lengthening their own commutes. She had arrived! And no one wanted to be caught in her way.

Eliza Gamble was feared by all who frequented the downtown area. Her reputation for being a nightmare on earth had spilled out of her office and into the busy Miami area. She was a powerhouse of a corporate lawyer. Her firm represented the biggest companies around the world, and there was no situation too big for her to control. And her name anywhere on your resumé was a surefire way of getting hired to work there. The saying was: any Eliza Gamble survivor was a safe gamble.

This particular morning, the distinct clack of Eliza's brand-name heels hitting the sidewalk quickly changed the atmosphere of the space she was about to enter. Getting out of the car Eliza adjusted her pencil skirt – purse – and ear bud in what seemed to be one swift motion. If you blinked, you would have missed the transitions. The pedestrians seemed to bow as she floated from the car towards the building's entrance. But her graceful walk was no match for gravity – as a large structure walked right into her, sending her flying into the air. Everyone simultaneously started to gasp on a single note. Before she could react, the individual who had knocked her off her feet was holding her inches from hitting the pavement.

Frustration and irritation swept over her face as she mentally attempted to keep her composure. That's when she made eye contact with the clumsy culprit. And she blushed! This handsome stranger had the most innocent eyes, encompassed in a perfectly symmetrical face. Not only had he knocked the wind out of her when they collided but even here, he was taking her breath away. She didn't even realize they were standing upright again until his voice broke her trance.

"I'm sorry ma'am," a voice as strong as whiskey, yet smooth at the same time, came out of the man's mouth.

"Watch where you're going!" Eliza struggled to say sternly as she noticed all the bystanders. Clutching her bag, she stormed into the building.

"Good morning, Ms. Gamble." The security guard said as he tried to wipe the exchange he just witnessed from his memory. He feared that even her thinking he saw it could make him lose his job. Without acknowledging him, she hit the elevator button fiercely.

Despite the guard's desire to be safely oblivious, news of collision spread through the office quickly. The entire building walked around with their heads down and made sure to scramble whenever their paths crossed with Eliza's. No one dared make a peep on the 55<sup>th</sup> floor, afraid of receiving the backlash that the man had deserved. Meanwhile, Eliza sat at her desk all day and could not get the face of this handsome creature out of her head. She fumed as she chewed the back of her pen, distracted from today's agenda. The day went by in a haze. She didn't leave her office, and no one dared make a sound. You could hear keyboards clicking and printers spitting out papers – but not a single voice.

The next morning, Eliza walked into the building where the security guard from the day before nervously tried to get her attention.

"Good morning, Ms. Gamble," he moved towards the elevator. "These were delivered this morning for you." In his hands were a large bouquet of white tulips. "Didn't know the gentlemen, so we didn't send it up to your office."

She walked over and grabbed the card and motioned for him to get on the elevators with her, flowers in tow.

When Eliza got in her office and the security guard was gone. She opened the card:

Hello Eliza Gamble,

Let me start by apologizing for the new scuffs on your heels caused by my carelessness. I'm afraid I was not looking in front of me as I was walking yesterday. I'm new in this area and was looking for a building. It seems as if your reputation precedes you, because it didn't take much to get your correspondence information. I'd like to make the apology even more sincere by inviting you out to dinner.

305-555-1500  
Jacob Davis

The card now flipped between Eliza's fingers as she searched the internet for his name. She came up blank every time. Not even a parking citation under this name. No Facebook account, let alone a LinkedIn. After a deep dive into the internet came up with nothing, and driven by curiosity, she picked up her phone and texted the number. "If you insist. I'm available Thursday at 7pm."

Thursday wasted no time coming around. Eliza and Jacob made plans to eat at a restaurant steps away from where they had their chance encounter. This time it was Jacob who was lost for words when Eliza stepped out of the vehicle, wearing a plunging satin champagne dress. Her hair wasn't in the usual stern work-force slicked back ponytail. Instead, that night, it was parted down the middle exposing beach curls that fell right by her bosom. She looked amazing, and he couldn't take his eyes off her as she made her way to where he awaited.

Dinner went without a hitch. Eliza, notorious for being an unpleasant person to be around, let her hair down literally and figuratively. She smiled between bites and laughed at his jokes as her eyes danced. They spoke about their childhoods and how they made it to this big city. They talked about their hobbies and almost everything under the sun - except work. She knew her career's reputation wasn't pretty and didn't even bother mentioning it, and he didn't either. She had accepted his apology the moment she seen the flowers but would never admit it. And so, Eliza let him apologize for the incident all throughout dinner. She felt like a giddy schoolgirl as she romanticized their dinner. The staff, who were quite familiar with Ms. Gamble, felt like they were having an out-of-body experience. No one in her building would believe them if they gave an account of how pleasant she was that night.

It wasn't until a staff person stacked the chairs at a nearby table that Eliza checked the time. Cinderella had to run out because in the morning she would be representing one of her biggest clients ever.

"I'm so sorry," she looked at her phone to find that the driver had been outside waiting. "I have an early morning and did not realize all this time had gone by." Eliza could feel her cheeks getting warm at the idea that she let her guards down and enjoyed herself.

"No need to apologize. I have an early morning as well." Jacob replied as he motioned for the check.

The following morning, Eliza made her way into the courthouse prepared to take down the plaintiffs that were bringing a class action suit against the company she had been hired to represent. This case was

huge. The commission alone could retire her and the 100% success rate she held would be further solidified. Everyone made it into the room and sat around the round table as the plaintiffs awaited the entrance of their representation. Eliza liked to sit with her back facing the door to catch the facial expression of the adversaries change as they came around the table and discovered she'd be the person she was going up against. It was now officially 17 minutes past the start time and everyone was growing antsy.

"We apologize, our lawyer will be here momentarily." An advisor on the other team's side spoke up. "We went into great lengths to get him down here to Florida."

Five more minutes went by before the door finally opened, and the entire left side of the table stood up to greet the person who had just walked into the door.

"My apologies . . ." Eliza's eyes popped wide open, and her jaw visibly fell as she heard Jacob's voice.

**Author Statement**

*"An ode to the film Laws of Attraction, 'Motion Granted' is about a lawyer who is caught off guard by a mysterious gentleman."*