

18+

The woman in the red shoes

A little bit about love



Tatyana Golitsyna

Tatyana Golitsyna
**The woman in the red
shoes. A little bit about love**

<https://litres.ru/74224979>

ISBN 9785007037549

Аннотация

A short story about love, in the title of which you can put only one word «She». And about how sometimes, just foolishly, in one minute, you can lose a lot of happiness. And not to allow it, overcoming your stupid pride. Medieval chivalry, the cult of the beautiful lady, and the sacred service of the feminine principle have degenerated into caricature and buffoonery. But maybe the time will come for poets and knights, and the spirit of the aristocrats will return.

The woman in the red shoes

A little bit about love

Tatyana Golitsyna

© Tatyana Golitsyna, 2026

ISBN 978-5-0070-3754-9

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

The woman in the red shoes

Alexey Granitny, in his fifties, gave the impression of a big, strong man. He wasn't fat, but he exuded an inner energy. A broad-shouldered man with rough features and a direct gaze with steely eyes. Those eyes often changed expression, but his face remained calm. His innate posture expressed the dignity and upbringing of a man of the world who could adapt to any situation. His long, muscular arms with strong, dexterous fingers could squeeze painfully if circumstances required it.

The end of the working day was approaching. Alexey moved with slow steps from his desk to the window of his office, from where he had a view of the avenue, with a characteristic expression of thoughtfulness on his face. There was still no long-awaited call. A dark veil of longing softly touched his eyes.

Granitny woke up in the morning with longing in his heart, he felt that today the separation would come to an end, and She would call. And all day he was haunted by this visible and invisible image of a woman, a hazy pale image, She was like a guest from the past, a woman who had once changed his whole life.... and again the longing in the heart.

Like any man, before meeting this woman, he had other connections, other women, other mistresses. And Alexey treated all these relations with a certain pragmatism. This was the way it was accepted in the social circle to which his family belonged, where social importance was put above all else. For example, Olga. She was in love with him, obviously. And it was almost obvious to everyone that he didn't love her. Why did he have to marry her? How can you marry someone you don't love? Sometimes it happens that a marriage is arranged, sometimes it happens that it is necessary. Alexey's mother's marriage was also arranged, but she was not really happy, like a human being.

He smokes and looks at his watch. And as usual, his thoughts drifted back to the same warm autumn evening many years ago. Then he felt as if some heavy weight had been lifted from him. Alexey has become a completely different person. He remembered her face when he saw her for the first time, many years ago, in a restaurant, her lovely face, her hands, and even then he felt that he believed her unshakeably.

She quietly entered the room with her companion, and sat

down two tables away from Alexey Granitny. She looked up at him thoughtfully. And he saw her face, looked into her black eyes, and felt that he would never find such a woman again, even if he searched his whole life. So beautiful, so gentle... Alexei felt like he was being whirled around. Everything around him disappeared, and only this face in a hazy halo. It only lasted a second, not ten, not twenty, just an instant. But, God, her eyes! Dark velvety eyes... where had he seen those eyes, so defenseless, but at the same time, strikingly firm, not shedding tears? Where had he seen that face, so open and yet so gentle, surrounded by thick dark brown hair?

Their eyes met. Where had he seen her? She was also silent, not paying attention to her companion, did not say a word, just looked, looked... smiled, just a little, a light smile...

He freezes in surprise, his hands are frozen. They look into each other's eyes.

Two people who already love each other look into each other's eyes across the room. How much anguish, how much mental anguish there was in those glances!

Her man said something, She replied something, and turned her gaze back to Alexei. This time, their eyes met in a smile. Nothing connects people like a light smile. And isn't that the beginning of every true love?

And that's it!

Just glances— eye to eye. Just the eyes...

And then he realized with delight that a merciful fate, or

Creator, had sent him the greatest happiness in the world. He felt it with his heart, although he still did not understand it with his mind.

This day is forever, indelibly etched in his memory. He remembers her every gesture, every smile, and now it's like a secret locket on his chest. And this feeling not only did not fade, but became stronger, and Alexey felt twenty-five years old again, as if the past years had not happened, as if all his dreams could still come true.

Later, Alexey confessed to his beloved: «Although I'm a little ashamed of it, when I saw you for the first time, I instantly felt that you would be my happiness, and I would be your joy. No, no, I didn't imagine myself as some kind of winner, predator, seducer, but I clearly felt that soon our hearts would beat to the same beat, very close to each other.»

Yes, these are the first, quick premonitions! They are more reliable than the years of living together. Alexey saw his beloved girl everywhere, sometimes in the park, sometimes sitting on a bench, sometimes standing at the university gates, always smiling, shoulder—length brown hair, eyes like black grapes, while shining like pitch. Even when Alexey was at work, she seemed to be sitting quietly next to him and listening to the conversations of his colleagues. And the same thing happened when he went into a cafe, or just wandered the streets, everywhere he was haunted by a cute image, everything, everything brought back her cute image.

And now, remembering all the circumstances of their first meeting, Alexey Granitny stopped at the window, shocked by the thought that if he had just left the restaurant, he would have been tormented all his life, imagining what could have happened if...

Alexey walked from the window to the table and back again. His movements resembled the behavior of a tiger in a cage, it was noticeable that he couldn't wait to do something, but he restrained himself.

During his next trip from the desk to the window and back, he glanced at the department staff through the glass windows in the walls that separated his office from the main room of the department, and noticed how employees were watching him. Why are they so interested in him? Is his nervous anticipation really that noticeable?

«A big man, such thoroughness in everything — in his appearance, movements, and manners. There is an inexplicable heavy grace in him. I love big men. They're like an asphalt roller, ... hmm, hmm, at least it'll squeeze well.» Rita, a girl with a slender figure and bold eyes, said slowly. She's been working in this department for two months now, and she immediately set her sights on her boss. «I think he's even a good kisser.» She turned to an elderly male colleague, leaned close to his ear, and playfully said, «Mikhail, do you think older men are good at kissing? Ah? when a man spreads a woman's lips so slowly with his tongue... ah? ah?... You like women, don't you? Share your experience.»

«With you? My dear,» the man coughed, «I like women, and especially in sex, and when they are a little drunk. But since I „retired“ from this field, I have lost the art of kissing. And I don't give such recommendations to everyone anymore. Only selectively. You are not one of them.»

«Alexey Granitny is a devoted family man, and loves his wife.» Chubby Vera snapped jealously, having long believed that she was entrusted with the role of a devoted secretary. In relation to other women, she always behaved with suspicious restraint, like a guard dog that bypasses a potential enemy on tense paws.

«So what? I am intrigued by his personality and his money, even if we are not suitable for each other, which I strongly doubt. He definitely likes thin, fragile girls. And he's so big next to me, a bear, a patron. I just feel it. I have a nose for them. He probably plays fair with women, although he can't always expect the girls to pay him back in kind. A smart guy, it's obvious.» Rita teased the plump girl with sadistic pleasure. And seeing her annoyance, she defiantly took the folder with the documents and moved to the chief's office.

«I hate her, and such pretty birds, innocent fools who open their eyes wide,» Vera thought indignantly, «I get everything by my own labor, and this one has never worked properly in her life, she just turns her ass. Everyone tries, everyone praises, but no one marries.» She even hated the ground that Rita walks on. It was something more than hate. Vera had some bad feelings. She looked at the boss with a look that clearly expressed tenderness

and a mute question: «This fool won't succeed, right? It's a cunning snake that will lead you into a trap without any remorse and leave you there.» Vera was ready to throw herself at Rita.

Alexey Granitny looked thoughtfully at Vera, and warmth was suddenly reflected in his gaze. He couldn't hear the girls talking because of the impenetrable glass walls, but he knew exactly what they were talking about, or who they were talking about. «She's a nice girl, even though she's unfriendly towards all the females in the department. But why do you hate Rita so much?» It's fun, he thought condescendingly.

Rita was proud of herself, her figure, and her bold look. She moved with indescribable self-confidence. Upon entering the office, the girl gave her face an expression of childish naivety, her brown eyes, with which she seemed to study the boss incredulously, suddenly widened as if under the influence of a conscious effort of will.

The boss stood with his legs wide apart, his hands in his pockets, and did not take his piercing gaze off her. There is something unpleasant and dangerous, insidious about this girl. She had a curvy figure, deftly accentuated by an expensive dress, but a completely featureless face under an excessive layer of makeup. She was beautiful in her own way, but in fact completely uninteresting, although with pretension. There are girls like that, they're beautiful, but they're completely uninteresting.

«I'm in trouble,» Rita looked at Alexey with a piercing, appraising look, and tried to make her voice velvety. «It's strange,

but I can't find an error in the report. Will you help me?» She paused to look at her boss, but found no sympathy in his eyes. The chief's eyes were hard and cold as diamonds. His face remained completely calm, only his eyes were firm and alert. He made a vague movement with his shoulders.

Something like annoyance flashed across Rita's face. She's used to men getting up when she enters a room and generally treating her with the gallantry appropriate to her youth and appearance.

Alexey Granitny gave her a polite smile. He slowly approached the table and put his hands on its edge, leaned on them with all his weight, leaning slightly in her direction: «You're a liar, girl,» his eyes said, «you're trying to deceive me again. A pathetic liar living a lie. You're cheating on every man who's ever loved you. But surely there were those who loved you, and whom you have ever loved.»

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «Литрес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на Литрес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.