

the girl who dropped in

By Warren Griffiths

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Saturday

Jonathan Theodore lived an ordinary life in a common suburban street in a Canberra suburb so much like every other as to be not worth describing. Suffice to say that, if you are a suburban dweller, simply venture outside and look around. There, you have successfully set the opening scene of this tale. For those who live elsewhere, find a suburb and stand in it. Any suburb will do, they are all pretty much the same around here.

In general, Jonathan Theodore's life was routine, unsurprising and contained very little of interest to anyone whose name was not Jonathan Theodore. If your name happens to be Jonathan Theodore and you are not the subject of this story, my apologies for describing you as boring. I'm sure you lead a very exciting life but you may wish to perhaps change your name to create a better self-image. Something like Max Strong might work.

It came as some surprise for Jonathan, therefore, to be talking to a policeman at his door this day. It would come as a greater surprise when he was to discover that he had in fact lied to said policeman regarding the matter at hand. Being a law-abiding citizen, Jonathan would not normally entertain such deceptions for a minute. But Jonathan's life was soon to change in ways he could not yet imagine.

Closing the door he frowned at the interruption to his routine. He frowned even more at the sounds of cracking, breaking, falling and a rather large thud coming from the kitchen. Today was just not going to schedule.

That schedule by the way consisted of:

Wake up - tick,

Make breakfast consisting of a cup of tea and two poached eggs on toast (it being a Saturday) - tick,

Whilst reading the paper (the one that doesn't contain page 3 girls - you will understand what I am talking about soon) - tick,

Shower - tick,

Brush teeth - tick,

Shop for fruit and veggies at the local market,

Lunch,

Pottering in his rather proud of garden (it being sunny),

Reading a book for 2 hours,

Cooking dinner and finally

Watching the evening TV whilst sipping on a nice glass of red.

It did NOT consist of talking to random police officers concerning missing persons nor the sound of his house falling apart! Imagine the depth of his frown, and other possible facial expressions, when upon venturing to the rear of the house he was to come across a partially clad girl laying on his kitchen floor! Unconscious! By all accounts the very same one that he had just told the police, "I'm sorry there is no one by that description here."

Of greater surprise was the gaping hole where there was once pristine ceiling. Well, actually it wasn't all that pristine, there had been some dodgy work done over the ... hang on there's a partially clad girl lying on the kitchen floor! Unconscious! Which incidentally is pretty much the only condition a partially clad girl would be by lying on his kitchen floor. Let's face it, it is extremely unlikely that a random girl would rip off her shirt, walk in off the street and decide to take a nap in the middle of this particular kitchen after first surrounding herself by broken plaster and splinters of wood. I mean the odds of such an event would require a computer with significant power to calculate. By coincidence such a computer did exist at work and, ... hang on there's a partially clad girl lying on the kitchen floor! Unconscious!

Thinking quickly, Jonathan stared at the girl ... for rather a long time. She was slim, very pretty and a little bit like those page three girls one sees in the local rag when the page just happens to flip open accidentally while one is at the newsstand buying a copy of the Financial Times! Yes, the Financial Times!

You know the sort of girls. Perfect in every way, and smart too. I mean they are just doing this to help pay for their way through medical school ... honest. (This raises an obvious question. If so many gorgeous girls are studying to become doctors then why is it that every time he goes to the local medical centre he always seems to be treated by someone who would only make page three of 'Back End of a Horse Monthly'! Sorry I digress.)

There was also the issue of her being partially clad. Her shirt, assuming she had once worn one, was nowhere to be seen, leaving her in a bra and a skirt that was made with an economical use of material to say the least. As such he was somewhat distracted by her appearance.

Once he had regained his composure, and putting his first aid skills to good use, he immediately ascertained she was breathing by the rise and fall of her ... um ... she was breathing. Looking for signs of blood he was pleased to find none. Nor any swelling ... on her anyway!

The next problem was that she couldn't stay where she was. Breaking a number of First Aid rules, he decided he would need to move her to somewhere more suitable. This was easier said than done. Jonathan was not what you would describe in terms other than weedy, thin, rake and, "Perhaps sir would find his size in the boys wear section."

He tried several options of grabbing hold of her none of which yielded much success although, to his initial titillation (if you excuse the pun), he managed to gain a good grip on a rather firm breast. That was his first breast ever! That, by the way, included his mother who decided right from the start that neither man nor child was ever going to be doing anything to ruin those things! It's a wonder Father hung around for as long as he did.

Eventually, he managed to drag the girl into the house proper. He placed her in the spare room that he always had ready for guests. A rather strange notion as Jonathan had no friends to speak of, nor family. He was an only child and his parents were both deceased, his Father five years ago finally realising that it was the only way to get some peace and quiet and his Mother only a year ago leading to a noticeable shrinking in both his phone and petrol bills. This meant that the only time this room was ever going to be used would be when somebody as yet unknown happened to just drop in ... well what do you know!

Later on, whilst finally in bed after checking on the girl for the 500th time, Jonathan realised that he had failed to do two things:

Call an ambulance - no tick and

Call the police - no tick.

Sunday

The Sunday routine consists of the following:

Wake up - tick,

Make breakfast consisting of a cup of tea and two poached eggs on toast (it being a Sunday) - tick,

Reading the Sunday paper (the one that doesn't contain page 3 girls - no further explanation required),

Shower,

Brush teeth,

Prepare a week's worth of work clothes,

Lunch,

Pottering in his rather proud of garden (it being sunny),

Reading a book for 2 hours,

Cooking dinner and finally

Watching the evening TV whilst sipping on a nice glass of red.

He stood by the kitchen bench eating his routine Sunday breakfast of eggs and toast (*it being a Sunday - tick*) gazing out the window at his proud of garden thinking that a water feature would be nice.

"Why is there a hole in your ceiling?"

In an instant the vista featured a fetching yellow and white fresco. He was so lost in his thoughts (well thought) that he had not noticed the dishevelled, creeping ninja behind him.

He turned around only to notice that she was actually quite tall (by comparison) and that his eyes fell rather short of hers but not her ... hmmm. Eyes up!

"Ah ... hello ... umm how do you feel?"

"Fine ... I guess."

She ran her fingers through her hair. They got stuck halfway.

"Excellent ... umm," he stuck out his hand, "I'm Jonathan."

She replied with a confused look her hand still embedded in the spaghetti of her sandy locks.

"Jonathan," he repeated still holding out his hand altering his gaze between her and his outstretched limb as a hint.

She replied with a confused look.

Uncertain he began to withdraw his hand. Maybe he had breached some convention although he was certain he had not. But women were somewhat alien creatures to him. 'Blimey,' he thought, 'if touching her hand was taboo, lucky she didn't know about him copping a feel last night!'

Her arm dropped slowly to her side.

"I ... I don't know my name."

The confused voice matched the confused look.

Really? Everyone has a name. How can anyone not know their name? It's generally not something you get wrong is it? Mind you for much of the earliest part of his life he was sure his name was 'little shit!' Unless....

"Ah amnesia!" He announced.

"I don't think that's my name."

"No, you have amnesia ... from the fall."

"Fall?"

He looked up at the ceiling.

She followed his gaze upwards.

"What was I doing up there?"

"Don't really know."

At this point he could have mentioned the possibility of being wanted by the Police but then thought better of it.

She wrinkled her nose.

"I think I need a shower ... and some clean clothes."

Unsurprisingly the first request was easy.

Surprisingly so was the second.

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Let me tell you briefly about Jonathan's Mother. Despite her increasing years, the matriarch had long ago decided that her body was that of a twenty five year old. This immediately raised questions in the minds of those around her such as a twenty five year old what? Or times how much?

This belief led to a creation of a wardrobe somewhat out of character with someone who had collected almost as many years as some people's frequent flyer points! It was always certain to generate comment in the local shopping and entertainment centres too. One can only wonder what the various sales assistants thought. Maybe she was buying for her daughter. Maybe it was for some weird theme party. Maybe I'm attributing the capacity to think on boutique sales assistants. Well, this is fiction after all. More likely they didn't give a toss as long as money was handed over.

"How do I look?"

From the boxes of clothing that had been stored in the garage post Mother's demise and classified under *things to sort out one day*, she had selected a white summer shirt and short skirt not much longer than the previous one. This was accompanied with a bright blue headband and matching shoes. It all went together quite well in a kinda retro 60's style and, even though she was wearing his Mother's clothing, she managed not to look like ageing mutton well past its due date which tended to be the maternal trademark.

While she was now wearing a shirt, it was clear she was not wearing a bra! This caused a certain amount of disturbance for Jonathan, which he was struggling to contain.

"Fine ... fine. Quite ... fetching."

She smiled quite pleased with the effect then frowned as if deep in thought.

"White no sugar."

"Sorry?" asked Jonathan wondering if this was some strange fashion term to describe what she was wearing. Well, it could be for all he knew. After all his knowledge of fashion stretched to ... well not very far.

"I think I drink my tea white no sugar," she replied with a pleasant smile, "if not perhaps I could start with that and see if I like it or not."

Eager to please Jonathan leaped into action and in as much time as it took to boil the water and let the brew ... brew, a cup of steaming hot tea was placed in front of his guest who returned to the kitchen after a brief expedition in the garden of which Jonathan was quite proud of.

"Thank you."

She flopped down on the closest kitchen chair. This caused her breasts to momentarily become highly animated before bouncing back into their normal position. Jonathan gulped silently. If this continued he would need to excuse himself.

"May I?" she asked reaching for the fruit bowl.

"Yes, of course please help yourself. Sorry, you must be starving. I can cook you something if you want."

She reached for a banana, oh it had to be a banana didn't it!

"This will do just fine."

Slowly she unpeeled the skin and slid the fruit into her mouth.

Jonathan excused himself.

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'Right', Jonathan thought summarising his situation once his mind had cleared.

'A strange but beautiful girl falls through the ceiling of my kitchen giving herself a dose of amnesia in the process. This girl is wanted by the police, supposedly as a missing person but maybe that is just a cover for a possible more serious crime. She is currently sitting in my kitchen wearing my mother's clothes and was eating a banana which is why I am thinking all of this in the toilet.'

'You should notify the police,' the law-abiding part of his brain informed him. 'But, she has amnesia so even if she was guilty of a crime, she doesn't know that she has committed one. So in a sense she is innocent. In that case she still needs help after all she is innocent until proven guilty. Besides her disappearance hadn't made it to any of the news sources so it can't have been a major crime. Maybe she was just a missing person then.'

This rambling internal rhetoric was masking the reality that there was a beautiful girl in his house and he wanted her to stay there for as long as possible. That meant ruling out going to the police and making enquiries in case they got suspicious and started snooping around and then coming to the conclusion that he had lied to them or, even worse, had kidnapped her!

"You were gone quite a while."

"Things to do," he said in a carefree manner swinging his arms around supposedly in a carefree manner but really looking like a weedy version of Peter Garrett during his Midnight Oil days.

She withdrew and looked distant.

"Anything wrong?"

She looked up at him with pleading eyes, gorgeous deep blue fall in to ... stop it!

"I don't know who I am. I don't know where I live. I don't have any money. What am I going to do?"

It looked like she was about to burst into tears at any moment.

'Think quick,' his brain commanded.

"Umm"

'Oh yes that's very good,' brain retorted sarcastically.

"Well ... umm ... I'm sure your memory will come soon ... in the meantime you could stay here? Until you feel better?"

He wasn't sure why the last part of that sentence had ended in a feeble question a bit like that famous line from Dickens, 'Please sir, may I have some more?' but even more feeble and begging.

"And you don't need to worry about money or anything else. Just relax and get better."

"You don't mind? You would do that for me even though you don't know me?"

"Of course ... no problemo." Jonathan replied trying to look even more casual but managing to make dancing Garrett look like he was having a seizure ... more so.

"That's so sweet. I'm sure I'll be fine in a day or two ... a week at the most. Thank you." She stood up, walked over to him and kissed him on the cheek close enough for a breast to brush against his arm.

Everyone smiled what an excellent outcome!

Jonathan excused himself very soon after.

Monday

The Monday routine consists of the following:

Wake up - tick,

Make breakfast consisting of a cup of tea and two poached eggs on toast (it being a Monday) - tick,

Whilst listening to the morning current affairs on ABC- tick,

Shower - tick,

Brush teeth - tick,

Catch the 8:07 to work (Of course he could drive but it's just no fun having to share the road with the knuckle draggers that constitute the average Canberra driver),

Work,

Take lunch in the library whilst reading the latest copy of The Economist or similar authoritative magazine,

Work,

Catch the 5:15 home,

Cook dinner and finally,

Watch some evening TV whilst sipping on a nice glass of red.

Of course today was somewhat different in the sense that there was someone else in the house. However, that was no reason not to maintain the routine. Life without structure is chaos and he felt he had enough chaos for the time being. As she was still asleep and as he would be away most of the day, he decided that he should leave her a note.

'Dear...' At this point he ran into a problem. Dear who or what? Dear houseguest? That sounded a bit formal. Dear lovely firm breasted girl? That sounded rather too familiar. Dear person who wrecked my ceiling and caused me to masturbate furiously several times? (Technically known as an onesome!) Hmmm, probably too much information there. Dear - insert name once you remember it? No let's not try to be funny. (Which is incidentally what the first reviewer of this story told me - I ignored them)

Eventually he decided on something quite casual.

'Hi there. Hope you had a good rest.' Well, after the amount of wine she had last night rest was assured. 'I have to go to work but I have left the spare key on the kitchen table for you if you wish to go out although that may not be a good idea in case you get lost what with your memory not quite there. There is plenty of food and TV, DVDs and books if you want to relax.

See you sometime before 6.

J.'

There that should do it. With that he quietly left the house in plenty of time to catch the *8:07 to Work - tick* and commence the working day.

You may be interested in knowing what Jonathan does for a living. Or you may not. Doesn't matter because either way you are going to find out. It will come as no surprise to be informed that Jonathan Theodore is a Public Servant. A Program/Project Manager no less. Ever wanted to know what a Program/Project Manager does? I do and I am one! From what I can tell it involves spending lots of money on activities that may, or may not, achieve some or any results.

Over the years the Australian Public Service had copped several public beatings for projects that had not gone according to plan. Mind you, with project management nothing ever goes according to plan anyway. Over time this led to sayings such as "Project Management = planned failure." & "Public Servants are dickheads." The latter is not so much a saying as a general comment made by my strange friend Davo who lives in the bush and is so inbred that he probably fathered himself!

Anyway, new procedures were put in place to ensure that nothing like this ever happened again. They went something like this. A project would be devised. After much delay caused by people running around, making lots of noise and looking very busy without actually doing anything, someone finally realises that something needs to be produced. Then a project plan is created, a budget devised, resources allocated and the project is ready for implementation. Then big announcement and fanfare and everyone gears up for the next step.

At this point an assessment is undertaken that clearly demonstrates that it is way too risky to do anything and the paperwork is correctly filed and everyone moves on to the next project safe in the knowledge that there is no way public money is ever going to be wasted on actually doing anything in case it goes wrong.

Whilst at work, in-between shuffling papers and looking busy, Jonathan had time to think. Who is this girl? Why didn't she have any ID on her or even a phone, all girls have mobiles. It's like they are grafted on at birth or something. Must have something to do with her missing shirt. It was all a bit of a mystery. A kinda good mystery but a mystery never the less. Maybe it was time to ask a few questions to try and jog her memory.

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A surprise awaited Jonathan when he arrived home. He was starting to get used to surprises so far all of them had been pretty good, well if you ignore the gaping hole in the kitchen ceiling that is. As soon as he opened the door the smell of cooking wafted to greet him gently guiding him into the kitchen area like a well-trained usher.

She had been busy while he had been at work

On the stove various pots were gurgling away like witches' cauldrons. Columns of steam rose to the ceiling where upon they billowed out before disappearing into the void created in the incident a few days ago. No need to put the extractor fan on then.

"I hope you don't mind. I found a cookbook in your drawer and thought I would cook you dinner for being so nice to me."

"Not at all." He replied amazed at all the activity. It was never like this when he made dinner but then again his dinners were somewhat simpler i.e. a toasted sandwich, steamed veggies, contents of a packet, etc. On one occasion he decided to be adventurous and make an omelette. He ended up with scrambled eggs but at least they were nice scrambled eggs.

She had raided his mother's clothes and come up with jeans and a short-sleeved shirt. Still no bra though for which he was grateful and forgetful, especially while she was furiously mixing something in a bowl. He wasn't exactly sure what as his gaze was directed slightly elsewhere. Temporarily transfixed he completely failed to do any form of interrogation what so ever. The subsequent cake was nothing short of dreamy.

Not only had she whipped up a meal but also set a mean dining table as well complete with candles and a bottle of Bin 128 Shiraz. He was saving those for something special. Oh what the hell, simply having a girl in his house was special enough. By the end of the evening there would be several other empties to accompany it.

You may wonder what one says to someone with no memory. Well, it has to be said that the evening's conversation did tend to be a bit one sided but she seemed to be genuinely interested in what he had to say, encouraging him to continue and hardly ever taking her eyes off him. Whenever the topic swung towards her all she seemed to be able to say is, "I really don't remember anything."

He didn't want to push the issue too much. The truth is that deep down he was thinking, 'if she never regains her memory then she may never leave.' That led to the obvious fantasy of her deciding to become a permanent guest. There were several obvious practicalities that had not been considered at this stage but it's a fantasy so who cares.

At the end of dinner she insisted that she would do the washing up the next day and they retired to the TV area where another bottle of red was sacrificed and the evening's programs removed any need to talk.

At about 9:30 she said goodnight and wandered, well staggered, unsteadily off to bed bouncing off a couple of walls on the way. He was left alone with the remnants of bottle number one, two, three ... yes three and the Movie Show.

He must have started to phase out or something because a curious thing happened half way through one of the reviews. At one moment David, the male host, was talking about the theme of this movie being one of deception and lies and Margaret turning to face the audience and saying, "Yes all is not what it seems here. There are a lot of things here that don't make sense." It was almost like she was talking directly to him ... crazy. Now David was staring at him too, "Be very careful. Don't let yourself be taken in."

That felt kinda weird but not as weird as when he got up to turn the TV off, their gaze seemed to follow him.

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Let's summarise the story so far shall we? A totally boring public servant has his life turned upside down when a partially clad girl happens to drop through his kitchen ceiling. Not only does this beauty afford Jonathan his first breast experience but it appears she is quite the whiz in the kitchen. Up to that point, Jonathan's life was about as exciting as ... how can I say this without being cruel to the boring twat ... I can't. Imagine the most boring life possible and you're getting close!

Tuesday

The more astute (and by that I mean still awake) amongst you would have no trouble determining what the Tuesday routine is but here it is anyway

Wake up - tick,

Make breakfast consisting of a cup of tea and two poached eggs on toast (it being a Tuesday) - tick,

Whilst listening to the morning current affairs on ABC- tick,

Shower - tick,

Brush teeth - tick,

Catch the 8:07 to Civic (Of course he could drive but it's just no fun having to share the road with the knuckle draggers that constitute the average Canberra driver),

Work,

Take lunch in the library whilst reading the latest copy of The Economist or similar authoritative journal,

Work,

Catch the 5:15 home,

Cook dinner and finally,

Watch some evening TV whilst sipping on a nice glass of red.

Now there were obviously one or two minor changes to be made to allow for the different circumstances. As such, 'cook dinner and finally watching some evening TV whilst sipping on a nice glass of red', should be changed to something like, 'walk in to find dinner already cooked by a beautiful stranger not wearing a bra, partake in a fairly one way conversation and finally drink large amounts of wine in front of the TV while mind is full of thoughts regarding his mysterious still unnamed house guest.'

...

Little Emily Baker worked in the departmental library where she happily spent her working days amongst her favourite companions ... books in case you couldn't figure it out. Nothing would please her more than to rummage through the various shelves seeking out titbits of information to satisfy a request or just her own desire to learn. It didn't seem to worry her that the onwards march of technology would probably make her redundant soon enough. She figured that there would always be books and libraries and therefore the need for librarians.

The library was her domain but others were welcome to share it especially that shy little man who often called in during lunchtime to contemplate the world through the pages of *The Economist* or similar authoritative journal. How terribly responsible. He would be an interesting man to talk to, no useless trivia there. If only he wasn't so shy.

The problem was Emily was just as shy, possibly more so, and so the conversation ... wasn't.

Each lunchtime would begin with the glimmer of hope only to be followed by disappointment 45 minutes later when he left to return to his desk ... number 4213 on the 4th floor. She knew where he worked ... and lived (she never let on how she got that bit of information) but it did her little good. She would return to her duties a little sadder each time.

You see Little Emily Baker had secret ambitions. They were secret mostly because she didn't really know anyone to tell them to. But, it sounds better to say that they were secret ambitions ... it adds an element of mystery, always good in a story.

Emily wanted a baby. More precisely she wanted her own baby. I don't want to give the impression that Little Emily Baker haunts the streets waiting for a pram to be left unattended for a second so she can steal the contents. No, Emily wanted the whole deal, man ... love ... marriage ... baby. (Of course, this being the modern age we should add arguments ... disappointment ... separation ... custody ... child support ... and maybe offspring having two homes and time share parents! Probably don't really need to add that but what the hell.)

Surprisingly, all the words of wisdom contained in this room had not informed her as to how she was going to achieve this. Emily was forced to admit that, for all her love of books, they could not answer her ultimate question. When would she finally snare the man of her dreams? What is also surprising is that Emily was quite an attractive lass and, had she been more out-going, would have no doubt accumulated a number of potential suitors. But she wasn't and so didn't.

Ah 12:15. There he is. Dressed smartly as always. There's the little shy greeting smile and there he goes scurrying off towards *The Economist* or other similar authoritative journal. She knows that, come 1pm, he will leave her and hope will fade once more.

'One day,' she promised herself, 'I'm going to do something about this.'

...

Jonathan had to admit that it was nice having someone else around. Walking in through the door at the end of the working day to a flurry of activity and exotic cooking smells. After all the thrills and spills of the last few days, Jonathan had begun to realise how ordinary his normal life was. He was starting to get the taste for something a bit more exciting. For too long he had faced the prospect that he would spend the rest of his life as a single man with his defined routine and to do lists. At the same time, he began to wonder how long his could go on. The trouble with Jonathan is that he is an honest law abiding citizen and at some point he was bound to stuff things up by trying to do the proper thing.

There they were sitting in front of the TV fully sated by another sumptuous culinary triumph whipped by his delightful guest turned chef who, by the way, had decided to remain bra-less ... bonus! It doesn't get much better than this.

And then it happened.

Halfway through the second bottle of wine, it came out. He just couldn't help himself.

"You know, there must be someone out there who is missing you. I wonder if maybe we should call the Police perhaps. Just to let them know that you are OK. Maybe meeting someone familiar will jog your memory."

Wednesday

The Wednesday routine consists of the following:

Wake up

Make breakfast consisting of a cup of tea and two poached eggs on toast (it being a Wednesday),

Whilst listening to the morning current affairs on ABC,

Shower,

Brush teeth,

Catch the 8:07 to Work (Of course he could drive but it's just no fun having to share the road with the knuckle draggers that constitute the average Canberra driver),

Work,

*Take lunch in the library whilst reading the latest copy of *The Economist* or similar authoritative journal,*

Work,

Catch the 5:15 home,

Cook dinner and finally

Watch some evening TV whilst sipping on a nice glass of red.

Ah, but not this Wednesday. This Wednesday all the rules would be broken. This Wednesday would go down in history as the day Jonathan Theodore became a man! Yes, you heard me. Jonathan Theodore had SEX!!! Well, ok he'd had sex before but this was with someone else!!! (Technically a shift from a onesome to a twosome!) How different is that?!

OK, let's be honest. It actually happened last night, too late to go on that to do list, AND yes he did have sex ... technically. But only because there is no time restriction on what qualifies as sex. Indeed an efficient operator could easily be able to get his jollies off without a significant impact on the rest of the day's routine.

In fact, if one were to take the average Aussie female at her word, the male of the species was quite able to engage in act amore and still be able to get back to watching the football in time for the ad break to end and match coverage to resume.

QUESTION: What is the Aussie male's definition of foreplay? ANSWER: "You awake?"

All it takes is entry and climax, although it is better if the two events don't happen at the same time! So yes he had sex and nothing was going to take that away from him. And there was nudity ... although it was too dark to see much ... but nudity felt so good!

Today's routine consisted of *SEX!!!!* - tick

So how did this come about?

Mostly it had to do with a large amount of very nice red wine, which she took to with great gusto requiring several trips to the cellar. Ok it wasn't actually a cellar, just a large cupboard in the hallway, but he liked the idea of having a cellar so that is what it was called.

At about the usual time she would stagger off to bed she stood up, hesitated, turned around and lunged at him a bit like a rugby player in full flight.

At first he wasn't sure whether to run, curl into foetal position hands covering his face until the threat passed, or just scream in terror! Too late! By the time the signal had left the brain to his various limbs and vocal chords, she was upon him mouth attached to his like a limpet. In time, his flailing arms came to rest on her as he gradually adopted a rather unfamiliar posture, namely wrapped around someone else.

What would you do if a gorgeous girl, whom you fancied like anything, suddenly displayed open affection to you? You would respond. Of course you would. And he did, once he realised what was going on.

She had been strangely contemplative all evening. She must have been contemplating having sex with him! Yes, my God that was it! She couldn't control her passion for him anymore! Jonathan you chick magnet!

Of course it wouldn't be Jonathan if some part of his brain didn't lodge a formal protest about taking advantage of a young, impressionable and drunk girl. However, by this time Jonathan had also drunk enough that even the moral objection lacked conviction.

So there we have it at last, sex yea!

Even in his excited state Jonathan had the presence of mind to assume that he would not receive any medals for his love making technique. However, he was consoled by the act that since she had lost her memory then she wouldn't remember anyone better to compare him with ... Bonus!

History would record that Jonathan seemed a little different at work that day. No one could put their finger on exactly what had changed, probably because they didn't really care and were far too busy trying to look busy to ask.

Thursday

The Thursday routine consists of ... oh who cares!

Try this routine on for size.

Wake up wrapped around a gorgeous naked body - tick

Decide for the first time ever not to go to work - tick

Spend the rest of the day dressed in bathrobes with owner of previously mentioned gorgeous body - tick

Actually spend a significant part of the day without bathrobes - tick

Jono (We can call him Jono now. After all sex makes you that little bit more relaxed and cool and the name should reflect that) was in seventh heaven. Somehow, after years of same old same old, life had taken an exciting twist. It was like he was finally being rewarded but for what he wasn't sure. He had been set free. There was no going back.

By his reckoning he'd had so much sex in the last few hours that he had managed to make up for all that lost time. Mind you it would be nice to be able to take a bit of a breather. Things are starting to chafe if you know what I mean. A hand slides inside his robe surveying the real estate before heading south towards ...ooh hello!

Now this is where we subtly take our leave and give the lovebirds some privacy and let them get on with getting on. For those, whose lack of imagination requires some visual representation of what these two were about to do, I can inform you that there are plenty of websites out there to satisfy your voyeuristic needs. So I'm told!

Fast forward to tomorrow morning.

Friday

Let's dispense with the tawdry routine description shall we? You can imagine what it will be and unless you are engaging in something similar, you probably don't want to know. For what it's worth I'm with you. Suffice to say, Jono took this day off as well and that wasn't the only thing that got off if you know what I mean. (I must apologise for that last line ... it is particularly bad. Should you end up being subjected to it, you should direct all your disappointment at the Editor. He/she should have had the presence of mind to delete it.)

Let us instead fast-forward to 12:15 where there is a disturbance in the force ... well in the library anyway. Little Emily Baker was feeling very much not at ease. Something was wrong. It was the right time. It was the right place, but something was missing. He was! Not only that but he was, or should we say wasn't, two days in a row.

There was a nagging feeling deep inside that something was wrong. As it turned out, the feeling disappeared once she ate lunch ... probably just hungry then, but she was also fearful. Fearful that the one man who she thought could mean anything to her would leave her possibly forever. This was too much to take.

What if he got another job? What if each lunchtime from now he saw another librarian? What if she was that much bolder and they ended up going out together? Oh My God! (or OMG! for those hip young things that no longer use actual words).

Deep down inside, Little Emily Baker knew what she had to do. The time for action had arrived.

Saturday (early)

Wow it had been a whole week already. How time flies when you start spending it naked. Needless to say this had been the most exciting week in Jono's life. Mind you it wouldn't take much to have been the most exciting week in Jono's life. A seat on the bus, ten percent off the price of cheese, maybe even a small refund on his tax return so you can image that having sex was pretty much uncontested for the number one spot!

Now he was setting new highs, exploring new ground, going where no man ... no that's probably not correct. How about where no Jonathan has gone before (well until very recently). He smiled to himself with contentment as he made breakfast. Two cups of tea and four poached eggs on toast (*it being a Saturday - tick*) and allowed his mind to wander a few years into the future. (Roll dream sequence ... everything goes squiggly and cue really bad harp music).

Images of a man and a woman whose lives were so much entwined that they had even started to wear the same clothes. In this case matching home knitted jumpers featuring little birds on the front ... lovely. Look at them smiling at each other as they enjoy tea in the garden they are so proud of. But wait, is that the sound of several little feet we hear running towards them? Yes, it is ... children! Two of them, each resplendent in the same homemade matching jumpers ... bless!

End dream sequence ... quick.

That was going too far even for him!

How about just being content with the love of a beautiful girl. Let's not rush things ... yet.

Saturday (a bit later)

There are times when things happen. You are right, things happen all the time but there are times when a crises point is reached and there is no return. A decision is made, an action is taken and the way back shuts behind you like a steel door. Little Emily Baker had reached that point. Somewhere deep inside her courage had been summoned and she stepped forward on a quest that would determine the rest of her life!

She was ready for action, to leap forth, to move forward and meet the world head on, rushing headlong into the unknown. Well, at least she would if the 9:35 to city wasn't running late. There is nothing worse than being ready to dash towards one's future whilst standing still at a bus stop. She paced. Then she paced some more. Finally a familiar shape appeared just down the road ... at last. Hang in there future - I'm on my way!

Saturday (a bit later still)

There was a knock at the door.

This is an unusual event. The last time there was a knock at the door he ended up lying to a policeman and having sex. Not with the policeman you understand, but with the first person who dropped in ... literally!

She was closest and so naturally she opened the door without thinking while Jono was only halfway down the hall. The abbreviated resulting conversation went like this:

Girl with no name: "Emily!?"

Emily: "Juliet!?"

Girl now known as Juliet: "Emily!?"

Emily: "Juliet!?"

Jono: "Emily?"

Jono: "Juliet?"

Although he joined the conversation late, Jono was able to determine that the strangely familiar girl at the door was called Emily and his love was Juliet. Quite the thinker our man. Juliet ... what a beautiful name. How fitting. How romantic. If only he was called Romeo then this would be perfect (well if you exclude the bit in the tale about both of them ending up dead of course)!

Emily: "What are you doing here?"

Jono: "I live here."

Emily: "Not you ... her!"

Jono: "Oh right."

Juliet: "Well ... what are you doing here?"

Emily: "I ... I asked first. This isn't your home. You live around the corner."

Juliet: "I know where I live thank you."

Jono: "Having sex with me."

Actually Jono only thought that, although he did kinda want to tell the world that he and her were ... well ... you know.

Emily: "Are you having sex with him?"

Jono: "Damn you are good but yes she is having sex with me. Beautiful naked sex. Best sex ever!"

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