



Kathy Cakebread

Love Comes Knocking

Kathy Cakebread

Love Comes Knocking

Copyright © Kathy Cakebread 2009

All characters in this book are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

ISBN: 978-1-4452-5881-2

This book is dedicated to an old friend who inspired the story of a man with no luck in love.

1. Welcome to the City

If you were to venture one day to the city of Carmago you would find at the heart of the many streets and intersections a coffee shop called *Ben Dover's Café*. The café was never short of customers, was almost always filled to the brim with coffee/cappuccino-fuelled fanatics. The popularity of this little café has never ceased to be beaten but alas those that tried have failed and the reason? The man that was behind the establishment of such a fine institution was of course Ben Dover – a big guy with a big heart whose number one priority was his duty towards others. To everyone else a customer was money but to Ben they were royalty - the means to fund his living. And that is why a small coffee shop like Ben Dover's Café really was the heart of the city.

Adorned with characteristics to suit all, Ben was never short of friends...but his love life that was a whole different story. A sorry one, a morbid, solitary tale that was doomed to failure. In fact it never got off the shelf. All girls ever saw was his almost laughable exterior, his slightly extravagant dress sense and most undoubtedly his weight. Although conditionally unsuccessful in finding someone to love, tonight was a night to romance- he had a date, and boy was he excited.

"So Ben, you're rather chirpy today, who's the lucky lady?" Jose, Ben's best friend commented through his floppy bed head hair.

Ben glanced up from the box he was opening, an unrestrained smile imprinted on his face. He had known José since he was a small boy and they'd grown up together. Be it scraped knees, first loves, broken hearts- they had done it together. He couldn't withhold what could possibly be the most important part instalment in his life so far.

"That good huh?" Jose laughed.

"Well to answer your question Jose, I'd say yes she is. Quite a number really, something fancy to hang off my arm, you get my drift...?" Ben said.

Aiming to bombard Ben with questions, Jose hacked over them in his head. His dark blue eyes roved excitedly as he glanced expectantly at his friend.

"So what's her name?"

Ben bit his lip.

"Um... Hayleigh I think."

"You think? When did you meet this girl Ben?"

There was a small silence. Turning slightly scarlet, he uttered his reply.

"About a hour ago on my lunch break, I met her in McDonald's, she looked a little, well, lost so I said my greetings and she was all over me like a rash... it was like I was a celebrity..."

"So naturally you..."

"Invite her to go out of course." Ben grinned, finishing the sentence.

Jose rolled his eyes. Ben's dates were always a case of feeling sorry for people, and generally always ended in tears. Somehow or the other Ben ended up being taken for a ride—a very long, nauseating, almost suicidal ride... Still beggars can't be choosers.

2. The First Date

That evening Ben applied the finishing touches to his outfit. With a checked red and white shirt, black checked trousers and a dashing of cologne he felt the business—all it took was a touch of classiness and he could be transformed into a true gentleman. Hayleigh was going to be so pleased!

Grabbing his mouth freshener, he paraded into the café's lobby, enjoying his ten minutes of fame from his customers before leaving for the date that could very well change his life. Planning to meet Hayleigh outside the restaurants doors, Ben was slightly amused to see her already standing there; looking slightly on the impatient side...wasn't it in the daters' handbook that the lady arrives a few minutes later? Figuring she must've had a new version he hurried to greet her.

"Hayleigh! Good evening!" Ben said chirpily.

Hayleigh's mouth was set in a firm frown.

"Where have you been!? I've been waiting ages, I looked such a loner standing here all on my own, I could see all those couples pitying me as they walked past and here's me thinking I've got a date, I HAVE, he's just STANDING ME UP!"

"What! But we weren't supposed to meet till 8pm I'm on time, bang on in fact look." He said, indicating to his watch.

"Argh! You're so out of date, you should know the gentleman always arrives half an hour early!"

"Do they?" Ben murmured; his face befuddled.

Hayleigh sighed, threw her hands up in frustration.

"Oh forget it, come on let's get down to it."

His chirpy grin slipping slightly, Ben followed Hayleigh into the restaurants entrance hall.

Greeted at the podium by a waiter, Ben was asked for his name.

"Ben Dover." He replied.

"Excuse me sir? I asked for your name, not a crude comment. What is your name?"

Mystified Ben repeated himself.

"Sir would you PLEASE tell me your name."

"Ben Dover!" he repeated calmly.

"No sir, I will NOT bend over! If you carry on these shenanigans I will report you to the manager!"

Cursing the day his mother decided to christen him Ben, he tried to joke through his embarrassment.

"No I assure you I'm not asking you to bend over, my name is Ben Dover," he said, with as much assurance as he could muster.

The waiter glanced suspiciously at Ben, a judgmental remark plastered on his face.

"Prove it." He muttered through clenched teeth.

By now the whole episode had lasted far too long, and gathered behind them stood many people, all in their Sunday Best, looking intolerant to wait. Groaning Ben delved through his pockets, fumbling over aged receipts and bus tickets to try and find some sort of identification. Eventually he came upon his bus pass, pulling it out he showed it to the waiter. Reluctantly the waiter nodded, wrote down Ben's name and led them into the seating area.

"Smoking or non smoking?" he said slowly.

"No smoking please." Ben said.

“Hey wait I have a part in this too, I want to sit in the smoking area!” Hayleigh piped up.

Ben’s enthusiasm for the night all having dried up, a scowl set to curd cream formed on his lips. An acrid glare enveloping both the waiter and Hayleigh he agreed to her terms.

“Sure whatever, like the date isn’t ruined enough already.”

The pair was led to a seating area enveloped in cigarette fumes. Ben couldn’t stand smoking and this was worse then he could possibly imagine. Despite the smoke the table looked pretty with a white tablecloth, smart china vase and a single red rose in its helm. A candle burned brightly by the vase; perfect for lighting your fags with he thought dryly.

Despite the bad start Ben decided to be a gentleman and pulled out Hayleigh’s seat for her. She sat down almost as quickly as he pulled the chair out, staring at him as if to wonder why he was still standing there. Trying to not let it bother him Ben sat down and quickly glanced over the menu. This kind of eatery wouldn’t have been his normal choice and much of the menu didn’t sound too appetising. Frogs legs anyone? Deciding the best option was a lasagne with a unique twist he wondered what Hayleigh would decide to order. The answer arrived fifteen minutes later in the form of a simple salad that looked so unappetising even a rabbit might turn its nose up. Sighing Ben decided he had to make something of the date and tried striking conversation.

“So Hayleigh, what sort of things do you like doing?”

“Erm Ben, if that’s what your name is; how could you embarrass me like that? Standing for 20 minutes as you try to sort your stupid name out, and why have a bloody name like that anyway? And I’m stressed enough as it is without that to back it up!”

Ben was gob smacked, could the night get any worse?

Sniffing slightly Hayleigh pulled out a pocket mirror from her handbag and peered cautiously at her reflection, every now and again she would purse her lips, lift her eyes and then frown, cursing at the image.

“Umm Hayleigh?” Ben said.

“Yeah what?”

“Could you please put the mirror down?”

She glanced up, her eyes narrowed—from her expression it was clear she was not impressed.

“You think I’m a ugly goon don’t you!” she accused.

“No, no I don’t you’re lovely, in fact I never got the chance to say it tonight but you look beautiful.”

It was clear Hayleigh didn’t believe a word of it, in her disillusioned state of mind any positive comment meant the opposite.

Rifling through her bag she took out two packets of pills and put them on the table. She took two of each before washing them down with a glass of wine. Ben looked curiously at the pill bottles trying to read what the writing said on them. All he could make out was some sort of medical jargon that didn’t make any sense to him. Glancing up Hayleigh caught him staring at her, he quickly averted his eyes but she knew he had been looking.

“What are you looking at? These are my sweeties if you’re interested.” She said proudly.

“Sweeties? What do you mean they look like medicine to me.” Ben muttered.

She looked at Ben as if he was stupid.

“Of course it’s medicine, it keeps my mood swings under control but I prefer to call them my sweets because I don’t like taking medicine too much. I was supposed to take two earlier in MacDonald’s but I didn’t want to.”

A sense of uneasiness rose up Ben's spine. Did Hayleigh have some sort of mental issues?

"Erm not to state the obvious but if you were supposed to take your pills to keep you happy why didn't you."

She shrugged, her gaze suggesting she was bored.

"I don't know, just doesn't go so well with my food I guess. So at least if I take them now I'll still be getting my proper dose."

Not wanting to argue Ben nodded weakly. He looked around him trying to find the nearest exit but in the end his courteous manners meant he decided to stay. He smiled, racking his brains to think of something interesting to say.

"So... this is nice isn't it?"

Glancing up he saw she was more interested in staring at the couple next door.

He could sense their embarrassment as she sat and watched them eat their food, her mouth watering as they started on their Italian delicacies. Just witnessing such an act made him feel uncomfortable and desperate to leave. At this rate Ben would be able to write a book on some of the world's worst dates imaginable.

"Err Hayleigh... I don't mean to interrupt but I think they're trying to eat in peace."

Her head turned quickly, her eyes as sharp as a vultures trained on Ben's face taking in his features. She was silent for a moment, almost as if she was contemplating what action to take next.

"Have you got a problem with me?" She said quietly, her voice drowned in anger.

"No I just don't think you should be looking at people when they're eating." He said calmly.

The couple glanced over, their gaze both sympathetic and thankful.

"I was just interested okay." She said finally.

"Okay." Ben muttered.

As time went on he wished he had a back up plan but he was always too nice for his own good. Even if Hayleigh was a crazy mare it was only right to pay the bill and see her home, or even into the nearest taxi. Glancing at their empty plates Ben decided it was time to signal the waiter.

As Ben glanced around the room trying to catch the eye of the nearest waiter available Hayleigh began to fidget nervously in her chair. Hearing a loud clattering noise Ben turned around to see the table's vase had been knocked violently onto the floor. The single red rose lay pitifully on the floor, like the symbol of oncoming danger.

Clearly Ben should have paid more attention to it as his gaze rose from the flower to Hayleigh's face. An appalled look seemed to eat away at her; it was like she wanted to rip the flesh of anyone who came in her way. It was obvious the chemical balance in Hayleigh's brain had gone drastically wrong, as she seemed set to cause a scene. Pushing the table away from her, straight into Ben's belly, she picked up her glass and waved it about dangerously. Meanwhile Ben looked on, a cagey expression transforming his face. Her behaviour was questionable, what was she going to do?

"Hayleigh...please what's wrong?" he started.

"How dare you ruin my night out like this Ben, all I was looking for was a bit of companionship and you wreck it all with your pathetic acts and dumb comments. I hope you know what an upset you've given me, and when I'm already depressed too! If I ever see you again it'd be too soon, good riddance!" she yelled, throwing the contents of her glass at Ben before storming off.

Without a single look back she threw the now empty glass onto the floor. The sound of the glass shattering shocked the restaurant into silence as the chaos created the wake of calm.

3. Wrong place, wrong time

Equally dripping wet and humiliated, Ben welcomed all revolted glares with his own bitter stare. This wasn't the first time he'd been humiliated by a date but it was certainly the only time he'd been surprised by a girl who hadn't taken her happy pills. Every time he went all out to impress a girl and what did he get in return? At best a battered ego and at worst he lost every inch of dignity he struggled to maintain. What right did these girls have to use that sort of power over him? Still when he tried to look on the bright side of things, he realised he could make a fair few dollars from a book on his ordeals.

Trying to compose himself he turned around to see a waiter standing directly behind him. The waiter who was clearly trying to suppress his laughter had a pinched smile on his face, his laughing eyes denying the emotion he was trying to hold in.

"Sir, would you like a tissue with that?" he muttered through clenched teeth.

As Ben stared through weary eyes—captured the look of mock on the waiters face—he just snapped. A sensation of searing rage pouring through him, Ben's face clouded, his eyebrows funnelled together, and his fist burrowed itself into the waiters face.

"Now you can shove your service, and your tissue and your wine where the sun don't shine!!" Ben screeched.

Meaty, strong arms clamped onto Ben's as he was pulled off the livid waiter, only to be roughly escorted to the manager's office. As he was ushered through the crowded dining room, all that had viewed the scene dismissed feelings of repugnance through their glares—sent Ben's rowdy exterior slinking back into the cage it escaped from as a sorry, apologetic face replaced it.

Ben wasn't a violent man, it was simply a case of wrong place, wrong time. Angry at the way women had treated him he was bound to snap at one point or another, but why did it have to be here. Beating the stuffing out of his old teddy would have been a much more safe bet. Cursing himself Ben made a vow never to let a woman affect him like that again. The two men holding onto him seemed determined never to let him go, surely they could see this was an accident? Hoping for the best Ben braced himself as he entered the managers office.

Inside the office Ben sat quietly in a chair, his mind focused on forming a reasonably acceptable apology. As he glanced up from pondering the manager's face blared a demeaning sense of incrimination. By the looks of it Ben wasn't going to be let away with just a warning. Gulping slowly Ben felt the prickles of sweat forming like colonies on his forehead, felt the trickle of anxiety slither down his spine. As the waiter in question entered the office, a triumphant smirk formed on his lips, Ben could feel his rage bubbling up once more. He knew he couldn't let it consume him, he had to control the rage and remember the good times, the people in his coffee shop, his best friend Jose.

The manager was a tall stocky man, with a baldhead and unshaved stubble on his face. He wasn't what you would call attractive but he was sure women were drawn to the man's rugged exterior and his bad boy attitude. His smart attire made him look like he was straight out of a gangster movie.

"So Ben I hear you did this to our wonderful waiters face?" The manager started, addressing Ben.

"Yes I did, but I can tell you it wasn't without reason!" Ben muttered.

"Is this true Brendan?" the manager questioned to the waiter.

The waiter feigned shock.

“No, no way he came at me like a animal, pushing me to the ground before punching my face in!”

“That’s a lie and you know it is!” Ben shouted.

The manager turned round slowly, his beady eyes settling on Ben’s form.

“A lie? So would you like to explain what *really* happened?”

“First of all when I came in here with a girl he seemed to think I was telling him to bend over when it was my name! Then when the girl got a little, well, rowdy she threw drink all over me and HE came and sneered in my face, trying ever so hard to force his laughter back. If he had no self control he would’ve been laughing in my face!” Ben muttered.

The manager let out a low chortle, his face set in a sneer.

“So you reckon that’s a good enough reason to launch a savage attack on one of our best waiters? These waiters give you their time, their hours of service and you throw it back in their face by pulling a stunt like this... I think we’re going to have to get the police in to sort this out.” The manager snorted.

The colour drained from Ben’s face and he seemed to go positively white as he absorbed the manager’s words.

“What! But you can’t...”

“Why can’t we? You assaulted a waiter that’s news enough for us.”

“Oh man.” Ben groaned, his face in his hands.

What if he got sent to jail, what would happen to his coffee shop, the heart of the community? It would go down like a block of demolished flats. And so would Ben.

Swallowing his pride Ben tried to apologise.

“Please sir, can’t I just give my sincere apology and then we can just sweep this under the carpet?” he said hopefully.

The manager’s eyes gawked at Ben as if he was crazy. He looked around the room and smiled at the waiter who sat there innocently, like butter wouldn’t melt.

“After an indecent assault against our waiters? You’d be lucky my son. The police are on their way, what they do with you is their own choice.”

“This is outrageous!” Ben yelled.

“You would say that.” The waiter laughed.

Minutes later the police arrived, their manner both professional and stern.

“Where is he?” they asked.

The manager pointed directly at Ben and smirked as the cops closed the handcuffs on Ben’s wrists. The cuffs felt cold and restrictive on his wrists and he could only bear to think positive thoughts as they led him away. Anything negative would be enough to destroy him.

4. Allo Allo

As the police car pulled up outside the station Ben suddenly felt very self-conscious. He'd never had so much as a speed ticket in his life and now he had been arrested for assault. The handcuffs felt heavy and imprisoning on his wrists, the air claustrophobic and suffocating. His eyes scanned the exterior of the modern police station with its multi million-dollar security.

With barbed wire mounted on 10-foot walls there wasn't much hope of a prisoner escaping from here. As the policeman opened the door for him he shuffled out his weight making it difficult to get up properly. He took a good look around at the car park; it was virtually empty the police wagons out protecting the streets from hooligans like him. The car park was bright with light as floodlights directed the way. No one would be joyriding a police car in a hurry!

With a smirk imprinted on his lips he felt a bit of resilience come back. If he was going to go down, it wasn't without a fight. As he followed the footsteps of the chief officer, he felt his heart pacing in rhythm with the beat of his feet, pounding faster and faster as his eyes fixed on the heavy metal gate. The gate led into the heart of the police station, a station that some would call the beginning passage to hell. As he was led through the gate into a tunnel of locks and more gates Ben tried to calm himself down, singing happy songs in his head. As he gave his details to the receptionist he waited patiently to be taken into the interview room. Led into the police station, Ben's details were taken before he was taken to the interview room.

The interviewer checked over Ben, his eyes curious.

"Haven't seen you around here before."

"Well I don't tend to commit crimes often." Ben replied sarcastically.

"I see. What are you in for?"

"Hitting a waiter out of self defence, I don't even know why I'm here it wasn't even that serious!"

"Speak poorly of your case again and we'll detain you for breach of rules held here."

Ben sighed, his face sucked into a deep look of depression.

"Interview starting at 21:02 hours." The police officer said, as he pressed the record tape on the player.

"Right if you go from start to finish and tell us your account of today's events please."

"Well I was meeting this girl Hayleigh for a date, I met her and then we went up to the podium to get a seat but the waiter serving me.... He seemed to think I was telling him to bend over!" Ben explained.

"Were you?"

The lines on Ben's face tightened. Why did he always end up having to defend his own perfectly reasonable actions!?

"No of course not, my name is Ben Dover!"

"I see..." the officer sniggered slightly.

"Oh yeah that's it laugh, it isn't that bad!"

"No of course not." He replied, trying hard to keep a straight face.

"Okay anyway what happened after that?"

"Well I tried for half an hour to book a seat with him thinking every time I was telling him to bend over and finally I show him some ID and he accepts my name. Then after a disastrous date he mocked me in every way he could, and I just couldn't take it anymore so I hit him!" Ben exclaimed.

He hoped his frank explanation of events would be enough to settle such a petty issue.

“Let me stop you there, he annoyed you in every way he could? When he kindly offered you a tissue to clean yourself up?” the officer snorted.

Ben felt powerless; whatever he said would just be upstaged by the waiter’s claims.

“It was the look on his face, it was sheer mocking! Surely you know the feeling!” Ben stressed.

The officer shook his head.

“Afraid not. Well we’ve got both your statements and considering this is your first offence and you don’t appear to be a violent person let this be a sharp warning to you.”

A blanket of relief engulfed Ben; he’d won!

“Will I have a criminal record?”

“No... but should you commit this offence again you may be officially charged with assault.”

“Don’t worry officer that won’t happen again!”

“Glad to hear it.”

Triumphant that he was a free man Ben left the interview room in delight. Meanwhile, the officer glanced over at the door, a bemused expression plastered on his face.

“Ben Dover!” he spoke duly, not quite believing the ridiculousness of the name.

The next morning Ben was roused from sleep by the sound of a sharp rapping on the door. Irritated that he’d been woken early on a Sunday he ignored the knocking. In answer to this act of ignorance, the rapping rose up a notch on the sound wave scale.

“Alright, alright I’m coming! Jesus what’s so urgent in this time of morning anyways?” Ben yelled.

Yanking the door open Ben was surprised to see an anxious looking Jose on the doorstep. Sweat lined his brow and perspiration swarmed on his forehead.

“Jose what ever is wrong?!” Ben cried.

“You better have a look at this.” He replied, shoving a newspaper in Ben’s face.

Taking the newspaper Ben’s eyes scanned frantically over the front page article.

BEN DOVER MUGGING RIOT the headline read, jumping like bullets straight through Ben’s eyes. His heart racing he read on.

Last night around the time of 12:30am a local waiter Cristiano Marko was mugged roughly by a man he claims announced his presence, as “Ben Dover”. The magnitude of events clearly tides in with the earlier incident in which the man in question, Ben Dover, punched the waiter in what he claimed was ‘self defence’. Police are taking the uncalled for matter very seriously, in which the victims car, a red Larda was stolen.

Ben dropped the paper in disbelief. What the paper was claiming was totally and utterly ridiculous, he was in bed at the time the incident took place.

“Jose there’s no question that this is a pathetic matter.”

Jose stared uneasily at his friend.

“Ben, are you not taking any of this in? The police are going to come and question you again. You went on the date with Hayleigh last night didn’t you.”

Ben nodded solemnly. Jose rolled his eyes as if to say ‘I told you so’.

“Look don’t even start on the pep talk okay ‘cos I don’t want to know right now.”

“But Ben you know what taking in all those waifs and strangers does to you, you end up in a state like this! And there’s this waiter claiming it was you who mugged him! Why you would want a car like that I don’t know but that’s not the point.”

Frustrated Ben peered through the corridor leading to the stairs.

“When are the police gonna come knocking?”

“How about now?” Jose murmured, his gaze settling on the two officers scaling the stairs.

The whitewashed walls of the police interview room had started to become familiar territory for Ben as he sat facing two officers that looked like their frowns had been set in stone. Aggravation invaded him as the chief officer loitered in chat with his companion whilst setting up the tape recorder. Drumming his fingers against the table as a hint Ben was relieved to see the tape had started to roll.

“Interview started at 9:30am. With Mister Ben Dover. Accompanying officers are Mr Smith and Johnson.”

“So Ben where were you in the early hours of this morning?”

“In bed.” Ben replied simply.

“What were you doing in bed?”

There was an uncomfortable silence.

“You know what people usually do in bed...” he paused for effect.

“Sleeping.” He finished.

Officer Smith shuffled his notes.

“Yes of course. So do you have anyone to back up this alibi?”

Ben thought frantically, roving over his acquaintances in his head, in the end only one came to light.

“Barney can.”

“Well what’s Barney’s number, we need to be able to interview him.”

“Oh Barney wouldn’t like that.”

A frown erupted on Smith’s face.

“Look Ben do you want to get out of here or not? At this rate it looks like you’ll be punished for something you may or may not have done!”

“No seriously you wouldn’t get much sense out of Barney.” Ben insisted.

“Why not?”

“Because Barney’s a fish.” Ben said glumly.

Whilst Smith’s exasperation towards Ben’s attitude was hard to contain, Johnson found the sudden revelation quite amusing.

“Yes Dover I’m sure Barney would love to back you up but he can’t think past his next swim around the bowl right now, so I suggest that you pull your act together or face a cosy night down in the cells.” Smith said sternly.

“You know if you had a parrot you might have been able to use him as a witness in this case.” Johnson chuckled.

“Funny.” Ben mumbled under his breath.

“Carrying on. I’m sure you know by now of the serious event that took place at 12:30 this morning. The waiter in question Cristiano Marko was indeed assaulted by you earlier in the evening, in which you came to be questioned in this very here interview room, am I correct?”

“Yes sir.” Ben muttered.

“And am I therefore correct to assume that you later, severely annoyed with the turn of events waited out for Cristiano and mugged him, stealing in your conquest his Lada car?”

“No!” Ben insisted.

“I would never steal, my mum brought me up to be a good lad not a ruffian.” He continued.

As honest as he was being it was doubtful that the officers would believe his side of the story. How he got roped into this he didn’t know.

“Look officer are you sure the waiter heard the assailant correctly?”

“Yes of course, he recalls hearing the name Ben Dover.”

Imagining the event in his mind eye Ben realised something, something drastic.

“You say he said he was sure he heard my name? Well maybe he heard bend over. You can tell how similar they are, I get made a laughing stock out of it! Please for goodness sake, investigate it.”

A look of desperation filled Ben’s eyes as he looked at the officers for pity. Scratching his head in hope of stirring his grey matter officer Smith looked thoughtful.

“Now I think about it, it does sound that way...”

“Thank you!” Ben sighed.

“But... we can’t rely on that alone, we need evidence. Hopefully we can turn up the car, see if your fingerprints are on it.”

“But that will take ages!”

“Or we’ve got some CCTV footage, we can go over that see if the figure matches your physical description.”

“Perfect, then we can sort out this fiasco once and for all.” Ben said triumphantly.

Only it wasn’t that simple...

Slipping the CCTV footage into the video slot a musky, dark image appeared on the screen. Within that image came the profile of Cristiano making his way to his car, his keys jangling merrily at his side—then like a shadow of the night another profile slipped out of the darkness. Silence filled the interview room as the trio stared intently at the monitor.

“What the...” Smith muttered.

Visible for all to see was the physicality of the assailant. All six foot of him—encased in what could be only described as a mountain of hair – with the addition of specs.

“Well I guess what we’re looking for is a Cousin IT look-alike.” Johnson sniggered.

Ben banged his head on the table in defeat.

“This isn’t funny!” he whimpered.

“Hey wait a minute, Cristiano is slumped over the bonnet and is being body searched by Cousin IT here, do you think that could’ve been when he mistake the words bend over for Ben Dover?” Smith suggested.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Ben cried.

Switching off the video Smith turned to address Ben.

“Although we’ve seen footage of the incident, it doesn’t actually tell us anything we didn’t already know...”

“Except that someone is in dire need of a haircut.” Johnson added.

Smith turned to Johnson a satirical look on his face.

“Or maybe they were just in fancy dress.” He suggested.

“Well there’s that too of course.”

“Anyway, the video doesn’t prove anything conclusive- it could be anyone in that costume—including you. It does show however that at some point Cristiano was leaning over the bonnet. He may have been forced to having previously misinterpreted the hairy assailants order ‘Bend over’ as ‘Ben Dover’, returning for his revenge. Thus disobeying the assailants commands and being punished in return.”

A round of applause filled the room.

“Here, here.” Ben agreed.

Smith smiled weakly.

“It doesn’t mean you’re off the hook yet, we hopefully should uncover the stolen car soon and that should unearth some answers. Until then we’ve got nothing to hold you here any longer- no real substantial evidence.”

Ben’s face lit up.

“So I’m free to go?”

“For now. But if that car has got any of your fingerprints on it you’ll be back in this interview room quicker then you can say ‘Bobs your uncle’.”

“Or bend over and give me fifty!” Johnson added.

The look on Ben’s face was clearly far from comical.

5. The Hoover Demonstration

Hour's later standing at the bar, Jose couldn't quite work out what the dim expression on Ben's face was there for. Notable for his chirpy, friendly service the customers were sure going to get a dodgy deal with his current snappy state.

"Ben you've practically got off Scot free with the police, what's the problem?" Jose enquired.

Ben stayed put with his back facing Jose. He pretended to be filling a mug of already overflowing coffee.

"Not quite, they've got to find the car yet."

"But your prints wont be on the car will they..."

"No." Ben sniffed.

"So what's the real problem?"

"Nothing."

Intrigued by Ben's evident huff Jose pried further.

"You'll make the cream curdle." Jose sniggered.

That did the trick. Ben spun round angrily forgetting that at that moment in time he was holding a steaming mug of coffee. Naturally, the contents went everywhere. Perfect.

"For pete's sake!" Ben screamed; disrupting what was a fairly quiet afternoon.

Jose hurried over taking the spilt coffee from Ben's hand.

"Hey Mary can you take over for a minute, Ben needs a quiet word."

"Sure." She replied.

Scurrying into the back office dragging a reluctant Ben with him Jose planned to sort this out once and for all.

"Ben, really what is the problem?"

"Nothing - like I said." Ben sniffed.

"Look I know you, you're never like this, all this business with the police and that disastrous date it's messed you up! You need some serious therapy and I know exactly the place." Jose paused slightly, a mysterious smile appearing on his lips.

"Where is this place? Where are we going?" Ben demanded.

"It's auction night at the Wackodollars it's going to be a blast!"

"Auction night? What? How?"

"A man gets auctioned off a night to a unlimited number of women, however many want to have him basically. The main purpose is you get to have some sort of courtship with these women and one of them has got to turn out good! Don't I come up with great ideas!?" Jose grinned.

"Oh yeah, you should be a philosopher." Ben said dryly.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

