

John & Amanda.

a story by
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John and Amanda had been together for only a short time, just over a month to be a bit more precise. John was not really an outgoing sort of guy, which Amanda tolerated, but didn't really like. She, of course, was out going, as most females are. She figured she'd work on him for a spell and see if she could get him to change. If not, there were plenty more fish in the sea, and she knew she could catch just about anyone of them she wanted. She wasn't stuck up about it, she just knew she was a looker. John was too, or she wouldn't have set up with him. She just wished he would be more assertive, and do things like, dance.

John, on the other hand, was totally happy with Amanda, she fulfilled all his dreams. He felt very lucky to have found her, let alone to have won her. The phrase, cat with two tails came to mind.

It was Friday and John was on his way home from work. It had been a hard day and he was more than a little tired. He was looking forward to seeing Amanda, and having tea with her. She was a great cook, and his flat hadn't been the same since she had been around. "There's nothing quite like a woman's touch." He said often as he looked at how she had rearranged things making the place more homely. Yes, she had changed his life and he was grateful for it.

The train arrived at his station and he leapt from it as always beating the rush. John hated the rush, "Like cattle," was his comment. John was a quick walker, but tonight he ran all the way home. There was something in the air that just compelled him too. Maybe it was the thought of tea, he didn't know. He just wanted to be home.

He got to the gate and saw straight away that something wasn't right, there were no lights on. Amanda always put the lights on, even if she was going to be out. John stopped dead in his tracks. A very uneasy feeling came over him and he didn't want to go any further. He had to of course, but it was a struggle.

His key went into the lock and turned. The door opened to a dark cold house. "Amanda," he called softly. Somehow his voice didn't want to work. Without taking his coat off, he entered the house and went straight to the lounge and flipped the light switch. Oh how he wished he hadn't, the place was in a mess. There had been a struggle, and things had been knocked over. His hours of watching TV kicked in, "Don't touch anything," he told himself. There seemed little point in shouting again, so he quickly looked in every room in the house to make sure she wasn't there. She wasn't. He dug his phone out of his pocket and dialed 999.

"Yes officer, she's missing, and there are signs of a struggle." John waited by the gate for the police to arrive. It took them twenty five minutes. John was not impressed. He explained that he hadn't touched anything other than the light switch and left them to carry on with their business.

Some twenty minutes later, and guy who looked just like a car salesman came out to him and asked him to go to the station. The trip in the car was strained. John wanted to help, but knew nothing. The officer seemed to just know nothing. Once in the station, John was questioned repeatedly in, what to him, seemed a meaningless way. "Surely there's something you can do officer." John insisted, but the officer just kept telling him to be calm and let them do their job.

After an hour of this, the team returned to the station saying that the house was now safe for John to return home. It was the last thing that he wanted to do, but he had to get out of that station and away from these people who were only doing a job. His Amanda had been abducted, and he wanted it sorted, and now. John accepted the offer of a lift home. The woman PC was

pleasant, and showed some sympathy. They talked as she drove. "In most cases Mr. Davis, it's someone known to the victim." She looked at him after saying this, and John understood from the look that she wasn't supposed to say such things. "Thanks for that," John said, "I'll give it some thought."

He got out of the car, and it drove off. John turned to the house and hated it. None the less, he went in and began his own investigation. He was not prepared to accept the official line, and had no intention of holding off whilst the police did their work. He began a detailed search of the lounge, and then the other rooms in the house.

Some hours later, he decided to go to bed. It was late and he was extremely tired. It was as he left the lounge and turned towards the stairs that he saw a crumpled up piece of paper. John almost dived on it, and frantically opened it up. It had a single word written upon it, 'Ron'. John's blood boiled. Ron was Amanda's ex, and had been stalking her for months. It had to be him, but where did he live? John flew up the stairs to Amanda's dressing table drawer, he knew that her journal was kept there, and Ron's address was in it.

He found the book, tore the page out, and was back out of the house in seconds. The car started first time and he screamed off the drive and headed for town. It wasn't that far to Ron's address, and John arrived in less than five minutes. He pulled up a little away from the house so as not to arouse any suspicions. "Now what?" He heard himself say softly. "Go round the back," he answered. Very carefully, John threaded his way around to the back of the house. There had been no lights on at the front, but there was one on at the back.

Slowly and carefully, John crept up to the window and peered in through the crack in the middle of the curtains. She was there, he could see her sat on the sofa with her hands tied behind her. It was all John could do to stop himself from shouting out, but he knew it wasn't over until he had overpowered Ron. And that might not be easy. Having gone this far, Ron might be armed. John decided to bide his time and see if he could catch a glimpse of Ron before making his move.

Minutes passed without any sign of him. He could hear a man's voice, so he knew Ron was in there. "He must be sitting along the same wall as the window, else I'd be able to see him," John figured. Then, there was movement. Ron stood up and moved towards Amanda. He had a shot gun in his right hand. The hairs went up on the back of John's neck, but he kept his cool. "It's in his right hand, so that means he has to switch hands to fire it... Good, now's my chance."

John burst through the window causing glass to go everywhere. He caught Ron totally by surprise and he jumped half out of his skin. The shot gun changed hands but it was too late. John had it off Ron and brought it down across the bridge of his nose. Ron hit the floor and was motionless. John opened the shot gun ejecting the cartridges onto the floor. He gave Ron one more look to make sure he was out and then turned to Amanda who was crying her eyes out. John untied her and she grabbed him hysterically. "There there, it's all over, I'm here."

John managed to calm her down and called the police. "Yes officer, I've made a citizens arrest." John gave the address, and hung up. The instant he did so Amanda grabbed him again and wouldn't let go. "Was that assertive enough for you?" He said with a chuckle, but Amanda shut him up with a passionate kiss.