



# ***The Weekly Man***

## **Episode 46: Thursday – Jacky**

It felt good, waking up feeling Krista's rump pressed against his. He thought she was asleep until he felt her press closer, harder, and he realized that she had deliberately waked him up.

*Now this is how you start the day*

He turned and snuggled into her back, his erection sliding between her legs. She squeezed it with her thighs.

"Someone woke up feeling frisky," she said.

"Someone woke me up feeling frisky."

She turned her head and kissed him and turned her body, laying on her back. As he rolled his body on top of hers, he saw her jeans and blue sweater on the chair by his bed. He seemed to remember her wearing a brown blouse and skirt. She pulled him down onto her and wrapped her legs around him. He forgot about the chair and everything on it.

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They walked to a restaurant for blueberry pancakes and coffee. Jacky brought his camera and had taken half a dozen shots before reaching the restaurant.

He watched as Krista dug enthusiastically into her pancakes.

"Hungry?" he said.

"Starved," she said through a mouthful of pancakes, trying to smile as she chewed. "She sipped some coffee and swallowed. "You kept me awake pretty late last night, Jacky."

He smiled and then looked confused. Krista noticed.

"What is it? You look suddenly very thoughtful."

"Um...nothing really." He stirred his coffee with the spoon "It's just that...well...it seems like I remember you wearing a brown blouse and skirt last night but you're dressed differently today."

*Shit*, thought Krista. *A week's difference for me, one night for him. Have to start being careful what I wear. Time to change the subject.*

"Oh...that's..." she said. "Oh...look!" She pointed out the window.

Jacky looked in the direction she pointed but didn't see anything unusual. "What are you looking at? I don't see anything."

"The brick building. See the green vines all on one side? Do they count as plants taking back the city?"

Jacky laughed and took a big gulp of coffee. "Never really thought about that. Guess I've never thought of that type of vine as a wild plant. I mean, we plant them so that they'll grow on the building. They're sort of ornamental." He lifted a forkful of pancake smothered in syrup to his mouth and held it at the tip of his lips. "So...you have the whole day off?" He stuffed the pancake into his mouth.

"Yep," said Krista. "I don't have anything really pressing at the moment and just wanted to spend the day with you."

Almost as soon as the words left her mouth, it hit her. She would have to be careful about the times she would see him. Being self-employed, she could make her own hours, but she would have to miss the occasional Thursday to make it convincing.

"And how is being self-employed working for you so far?"

"I was just thinking about that. I love it. I pretty much get to set my own hours. If a client wants to meet at a certain time and I don't want to, then I can just say that I'm already scheduled for that time. I love it."

"So, did you have to reschedule for me?"

She reached over and put one finger on his arm. "Just dropped everything to spend the day with you."

"Glad to hear that." Another gulp of coffee. "Do you like your clients?"

"Haven't worked with them long enough yet to really know them well, and I only have three clients so far but they seem nice. So, yes. So far, yes."

*God, she's so beautiful. It's going to work this time. It's going to work.*

He reached over the table and held both her hands in his. "Krista, have you ever done any modeling?"

She laughed and blushed. "No. Never, Jacky. I get nervous and very self-conscious in front of a camera."

"You just need more camera time."

"Jacky, I..."

"I don't feel like going to the mall today. I think it's time to take a break. You took today off to spend with me and now I want to take the day off to spend with you. Let's just walk around and I'll take pictures of you..."

Krista giggled. "I told you, Jacky, I'm not good in front of a..."

"You won't even know I'm taking your picture. All you have to do is the kind of stuff you would normally do: smell flowers, look in store windows, walk down the street. Totally unposed. You just being you. And I'll delete any pictures you don't like. C'mon, let's do it. I can tell from your smile that you're interested. C'mon...it'll be fun."

She looked at him sternly, closing one eye. "And you'll delete any shots I don't like? You really will?"

Jacky crossed his heart. "Promise."

"OK. But I'm not posing."

“Right. Not posing.”

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She posed.

And Jacky had found a new favorite model other than flowers and plants breaking through bricks and concrete. She posed with flowers growing through the cracks of asphalt and lush green leaves sprouting out of sidewalks and the whole time she posed she laughed and he fell in love with her laugh. He could see the excitement in her eyes and the reluctance in her voice as she said, “Jacky, I’ll just make the plants look bad.” She was modest about her looks and so down to earth and Jacky knew that he wanted this woman in his life forever.

But, as she lay pressed against him after an evening of love-making, there was something at the back of his mind, something just under the surface of everything that had passed during the day that he couldn’t bring into focus. He was no stranger to this feeling. It had been there in every failed relationship in his life, as though he knew from the start that it was going no further, that something would happen to bring it to an end. It always did.

But not this time. This time, he would make it last. This time, he would find a way to keep Krista with him. They would lead a normal life together. They would get married, live together, have babies.

But as he thought these thoughts, that deep simmering doubt nagged at the peripheries of his mind, unseen and undefined as he sank into a dreamless sleep.