

Edward and Amanda Part I

By Jacks

This fictional story is based on the Secretary character E. Edward Grey. This multi-part story begins a few years after the end of the movie. Style: Season N ~ Rating: PG

It had been over a year since Lee had left. He had come home from work one evening to find the house a mess, the closets open, drawers askew. She had taken everything that was hers. There was not a bottle of lotion or a piece of clothing or a hair clip, nothing, left in the house that had ever been hers. Except for her wedding ring. She left it lying on his treadmill with the letter. He had spent the evening putting the house to rights, knowing without having to check that she had taken nothing that was his.

She took a few thousand out of checking, which she had sent back to him a few months later; along with the divorce papers he signed quickly and sent back. All she wanted was out, and he saw no reason to attempt to prevent it. Over the last year of their marriage, she had grown. She had gone to college, gained in confidence. Her father had died from liver disease, and after that, she became more demanding, less compliant. She changed. Edward had watched her become more aware that there was a big world out there that she could explore. Her mother had asked her to go on a trip to Europe, and Edward had reluctantly agreed. When she came back, he had been so happy to see her, but she had interrupted their lovemaking to tell him that she no longer wanted to play games. She wanted him to try more of the things that she wanted to do. He had tried, for he did love her still, but they both realized that it was unfulfilling and robotic. What had been special between them was over. By the time she had left, it was almost a relief. Almost.

Edward had settled back into his usual routine. There was one exception, however. He never touched his secretaries. Never again, he determined. It was enough that he had barely escaped a lawsuit with the one after Lee. He could not afford the complications it created for him anymore. He simply stopped. He had been through a couple of secretaries since then, one fired for her incompetence, one quit when he installed a computer at her desk. The one he had now was efficient and friendly, without being overly familiar. She dressed appropriately and had organized much of the office to a smooth running professional workplace. She still put too much sugar in his coffee, but he was trying to overlook that.

His nights were harder. He would eat a TV dinner, drink wine, run on the treadmill and then retire. He never dated; his only release being himself and even that required that he studiously avoid allowing any thought of Lee into his head. Finally, one evening, he had decided to take a walk. He dropped off his cleaning at the Laundromat and walked past the ice cream parlor that he and Lee used to go to. He looked around for something to distract him, to keep him from having to go home. That was when he saw the neon sign for the bar that advertised cold beer and pretty girls. Edward shrugged and crossed the street, walking into the dimly lit bar and allowing his eyes to adjust.

Around him, he saw a number of tables with men sitting at them, and pool tables in the back that had several people arguing over a missed shot. Behind the bar, he saw two women. One was dark haired and coarse looking, with that punk-ish look that Edward never found attractive. The other was a slightly chunky brunette. Both were clad in garish, skimpy outfits. The floor behind the bar was raised, to give men a clear view of the barmaids in their bikinis and lingerie. Edward sat on a stool at the far end of the bar, deciding to have a drink and then go home.

The punk girl came and asked him what he wanted, her voice harsh over the loud jukebox in the corner that was blasting out random songs that Edward ignored. He ordered a Scotch on the rocks, a change from the wine he usually drank. A few minutes later, she plunked it down on the bar, told him it was \$4.50 and got him his change for a twenty. He looked at the drink and noticed that it looked cloudy. Further examination showed him the glass was smudged and dirty, with lipstick traces. He frowned and tried to get the girl's attention, but she was off down the bar, gyrating for some drunken businessman who was sliding money into a garter on her leg.

Edward noticed a fresh scent hit his nostrils, and he turned sideways to see a different woman go behind the bar. She smelled of soap, and a slightly fruity scent that made him think of watermelon. Her golden blonde hair hung in waves down to the top of her behind, and her blue eyes were large and open, intelligently taking in everything around her. She was dressed in a lingerie outfit, but hers was soft and feminine, tastefully covering her while still enticing. It was rose silk and lace, and she was immaculately groomed, her makeup skilled but soft. She was lovely, and completely out of place in this garish place. She belonged in some Victorian bedroom, draped across a down comforter on a wrought iron bed, not serving beer to uncouth, leering slobs.

She must have felt him staring at her, for she turned and looked at him. Then she smiled, and Edward was struck by the open and warm expression. Then she frowned, and shook her head, and he cocked his head as she walked over and took his glass away.

"I am so sorry. This glass was not cleaned properly...let me get you another."

She walked over to the sink and dumped out the ice and Scotch, running hot water into one side and soap. She washed the glass efficiently, dried it with a fresh towel that she took out of the cabinet. She put ice and the best Scotch they had into the glass, and then plunged a clean towel into the hot, soapy water. Wringing it out, she walked over to the bar before him and wiped it down completely, then dried it. Placing a crisp, white napkin in front of him on the clean bar, she set the drink down.

“Better?” She smiled at him brightly.

“Yes...thank you.” Edward nodded.

“I am Amanda, and I am the shift manager tonight. If you need anything at all, don’t hesitate to ask...” she looked at him quizzically.

“Edward, Edward Grey.”

“Edward. Please let me know if you need anything else, Edward.”

She gave him another smile and went down the bar to admonish the other two women over cleaning and glass washing. Edward watched her greet every customer, some by name, all with the same friendly ease. She moved quickly and efficiently, her long tan legs taking her up and down the bar, stocking and cleaning, serving and smiling. She was fit, with lush breasts and a tiny waist, the kind that men used to span with their hands. Her face was breathtaking, her voice was soft and easy on the ears. She was like a rare flower blooming in the middle of a barren lot covered in trash. Hours went by and Edward sipped Scotch and watched her. She finally came past him on her way to play some music on the jukebox, which had gone silent, as most of the customers had drifted out. With just an hour to closing, she had sent home the other barmaids, leaving only her to close.

She stood with her back to him, looking at the songs listed. She bent over, and her derriere was in full view to him, clothed in the silk and lace tap pants. Edward forced his eyes away, and closed them until he heard the Etta James song she had played. He smiled as she came by, and she stopped.

“Is something funny?”

“I never expected to hear ‘At Last’ in a place like this.” Edward took a sip of his drink.

“It is one of my favorites. No one ever plays it but me.”

“You have good taste.” Edward smiled.

“Thank you.”

Seeing the bar was empty, save for the two of them and one couple in a corner table, she poured a glass of white wine for herself and sat on a barstool on the other side of the bar in front of him. She sipped and looked at him over the glass. Handsome, she thought, but sad. She glanced down at his hand and noticed no wedding ring. Of course, that meant nothing. Suit and tie...she loved the color of his shirt. Doctor? Lawyer? She guessed he was professional, with his neatly manicured hands and his freshly trimmed hair. His eyes were what held her gaze. They were hazel and deep, with a sadness she could almost touch.

“What is it that you do, Edward?”

“I am an attorney. I have my own practice here in town.”

She smiled at him. Lawyer. She was right. He was not like any of the professional men who came in here. They would try and boast, showing off their expensive watches and talking about their cars and money. None of it impressed her, especially after the alcohol hit them, and they started talking about how much they hated their jobs and lives. She looked at Edward, and surmised that he probably liked his job. Maybe not his life, but his job. She reached for his empty glass at the same time he did, and his hand moved over hers as they both gripped the glass. The warmth of his hand over hers mixed with the cold glass on the other side of her hand caused her to start. He stared at her, and then quickly withdrew his hand, brushing at some imaginary lint on his tie. She raised the glass and smiled at him questioningly. He shook his head and looked at his watch, and she realized that they were all alone, and it was closing time. She locked the back door, turning off most of the rear lights. He stood uncertainly by the bar when she walked back in.

“You really should not close by yourself this late. It isn’t safe.” He frowned as she took the cash register tray out and locked it in a safe under the bar, to be counted in the morning.

“It is ok, I am used to it, and I don’t stay long. We do cleaning and counting the deposit in the mornings.” Amanda locked the front door from the inside, leaving Edward inside with her.

“You see that? For all you know, I could be some rapist or murderer. You could be locking yourself in here with a psycho.” Grey frowned at the pretty blonde as she picked up her bag from behind the bar and walked by him.

“I doubt that. You look pretty harmless to me.” She laughed and walked to a door leading to the ladies room. “Do you mind waiting a moment while I change? Then you could walk me to my car, if it is not too much trouble.”

Edward nodded and stood uncomfortably for a few minutes. He heard the door open and turned to see her standing there in tight jeans and a sweatshirt that had Winnie the Pooh on the front. He smiled at how young and soft and still sexy she was.

Amanda walked over and unlocked the front door, letting them both out and setting the alarm before she relocked it. She walked over to a beat up old Toyota, with Edward trailing her.

“Where is your car?” She asked him.

“I walked. I live close by.” Edward looked down at her in the light from the street lamp. Even in this light, she was stunning.

“Hop in, I will give you a ride.” She waved off his protests and unlocked the door, getting in the driver’s side. The car protested starting loudly, and she patiently kept trying until it finally turned over. “Sorry, my car is a real junker.”

He smiled wanly at her, “No problem.”

The drove on in tired silence, and he directed her to the front of his house. She stopped and put the car in park. He looked at her for a few more minutes, memorizing her face for later that night, when he was alone and in need of inspiration. He opened the door and started to get out. That was when she leaned over and gave him the lightest kiss on his cheek. He felt electric and excited at that touch of her soft pink lips on his cheek. He flushed and got out of the car, smiling at her a last time.

“Thank you for the ride. Goodnight, Amanda. Be careful.”

“Goodnight Edward. Come see me again soon at the club.” She smiled brightly at him before she roared off down the silent street.

I will, thought Edward.

Soon.

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To Be Continued...