

Figs from the jar

by Christina

Elsie was so surprised at the way her reasoning was going these days. Totally appalled at her behavior, so ashamed of herself. But, why should she be? Was life not perfectly awesome right now, was she not 'floating on air', as they say? Sure, that was right. She stood by her breakfast table, sipping the last drops, fingering a small sugar cube, lost in thought. The drumming of raindrops on her window, a dreary day, but it did not matter in any way at all. She realized she was thinking about Beth. She was in love, such a forbidden, lovely state of mind!! Oh she smiled at the thought of that 'sexy bitch' as she called herself. Why would Beth turn her on in this way? Perhaps her jovial nature, her good looks, mischievous expression always. And Beth had a special undefinable something about her, was that not so? Something that drew other women...something mysterious and exciting...yes that was it. Now, Elsie felt all worked up, she imagined getting real close, hugging and kissing Beth so much. Beth would have pinned her to the couch, yes that would have been so perfect. Lord, she wanted Beth to be there, weighing her down, she liked the idea of being taken quickly and somewhat harshly. Elsie smiled again, chewing on her figs from the jar, enjoying the sweetness, the satisfaction of these erotic thoughts as well. Oh, there were so many things to take care of on a day like today, but now they seemed not as insurmountable as before. She was in love. Things would go easier, things would certainly work out for the best.

Beth bit her lip again. For her, this day had begun less than awesome. Clients had complaints, lots of them. They just would not stop calling her, even yelling angrily in her ear. She had had it with all of this, what could she do? What it all boiled down to was this: Faulty materials, less than adequate load-bearing capacity of the laminated beams, lots of roofs that could not withstand the heaps of snow which collected everywhere this month. OK: She had better

get the correct data on this, she ordered beams to be sent up for a thorough examination by the certification lab. If these beams failed at lesser loads than expected, they had to pay customers huge amounts of damage money, not at all a desired situation, quite on the contrary. Understandably, she hated it! But what caused these flaws? They had to examine failures thoroughly, was there any sign of bad bonding or too fragile wood structure in the first place? More sleuthing needed for sure. When the phone rang again, she was expecting another angry voice, but it wasn't: It was Elsie.

'Elsie? Oh hi, dear. You look beautiful. I think...'

'Oh hahaha that's a good one, Beth! How are you? Thought I'd check up on you, see if you might want to go for some lunch with me.'

'Oh of course, Elsie, I'd love that. Gosh, I need a break. Badly!'

'What's up? Has someone been complaining? You sound exhausted and not in a good mood...'

'Eh, yeah. It's been pretty rough this morning, love.'

'What happened? This is not the usual thing when I call you.'

'Ahh, well, there has been some roof damage. In several places. My boss had to go around and check it. I think there are faulty laminated beams which we have sold. We must investigate what is wrong here. Rapidly. But I dearly need some food now. I'd love to go with you, Elsie.'

'Oh no, it sounds serious. Maybe you can't go?'

'Really, it's OK. If I can hurry. See you soon, honey.'

'All right sweetie, I'll be there in a short while. Kisses.'

'Muahhhh kisses back at you. Can't wait. Bye.'

The roads were cleared, though snow was falling continually and it might get worse quickly from what Elsie could tell. She thought they were very lucky not to have to go far for work or meals. Soon she was in the driveway at the construction company. She trembled slightly, maybe partly because of the cold weather, but mostly because it was Beth she was meeting. The main door was so heavy, she felt like a midget with no strength at all, fighting also the winds that worked against her. Finally inside, she sighed, relieved, and

looked around. She spotted Beth and the warm feeling flared up again. Oh she looked so cool and confident at her desk!

'Hi there', Beth said. 'Are you cold, dear? Let me just get you a cup of something here. Have a seat, please, I can see you are a little out of balance..'

Gee, Elsie loved the smirk there. She would do exactly everything that Beth said, even if it meant holding up heavy beams or something. She was totally lost in this bubble of joy.

'Oh, thank you, Beth. I was feeling so exhausted just by driving here and getting the door open, I don't know why...'

Beth handed her a cup of coffee and she touched her hand. It was a comforting feeling, Elsie felt calmer but it also made her want to get closer. Soon. She looked at Beth's face - serene, happy, and yes, that mischeivous quality lurking somewhere, a hint which was beginning to make her tremble again...

