

J.A.Malec

JUN



J. A. Malec JUN

J. A. Malec

JUN

© Copyright by J. A. Malec & Mind Reflection LTD

Graphic design of the cover: shutterstock

Cover design: e-bookowo

Translation: Elzbieta & Filip Baranowscy

E-book: ISBN 978-0-9957124-0-9

Print Book: ISBN 978-0-9957124-1-6

Publisher: Publishing House Mind Reflection LTD

www.mindreflection.co.uk

Contact: info@mindreflection.co.uk



All rights reserved

Copying or distribution of a part or of the whole book without the author's consent is forbidden.

Edition I, 2017

1.

I'm Jun. I'm in my late twenties and I'm chubby. I must admit, there is way too much of me (and of my talking, too) and I'm lonely. And now there are more problems on the top of that mess which is called 'my life'. Well, as I said before, I tend to act before I think. Right now, I'm hanging on a thread, pinned to the wall some half a yard above the ground (thank God I'm pinned by the shoulders, not by the neck, but either way I'm going to have a lot of bruises when I get out of this – if I get out of this at all) and it's all because of some bloke whose brother I rescued. Well, sort of.

But let me start from the beginning.

One month earlier, Thursday.

“ Listen Eve, guys don't just fall down from the sky and even if they did, none of them would fancy me. So, please. I am thirty and overweight, and it's at least twice too much for them to want to eye me.”

“ You are silly.” She said. “ Life starts after thirty.”

“ Yeah...look who's talking - a twenty three year old woman!” Sarcasm is my middle name.

“ That's right. Let me tell you, I cannot wait till I'm thirty because then the guys start treating women seriously.”

“ Muhahahaha! Really?! Where did you get such rubbish from? I haven't met a guy yet who would be serious, regardless of his age.”

“ You're a pessimist, that's all. I'm telling you that you'll find yourself in the veil of love, but don't forget about me then!” She's a romantic, isn't she?

“ O.K., you win. Let's end this boring conversation. I have to run, 'cause if I'm late again I'm gonna get sacked.”

“ You say that every time, but they still haven't sacked you. You know, your boss slobbers over you, so I don't think that he would punish himself and kick you off.”

“ FYI, he slobbers over every girl. He is hideous. I got shivers down my spine when I think about him, so please don't remind me of him.”

Eve chuckled when she saw the expression on my face.

“ Have a nice day at work precious, see you on Saturday.” She said casually with a silly grin, what made me think.

“ You're up to something?!”

“ Get going 'cause you'll be late.” She said as she pushed me out of the flat.

“ Say it now!”

“ Over my dead body!”

“ Oh, common, you can't leave me in the dark!”

“ You'll know everything on Saturday, I just love birthdays, especially those of roaring thirties.” She replied and slammed the door straight into my face.

“Eve!”

“ Have a nice day at work!” I heard from behind the closed door.

“ You're a bitch, you know that!”

“ I love you too!” She retorted laughingly.

Well, what can I do? If Eve doesn't want to say something, nobody can drag it out of her. O.K. then, it's time to get ready for work. Damn it, I so don't feel like it. If only I had a reason

to come back home, maybe then I could get-up-and-go. I've been with this company for the last five years, and not only haven't I got a raise, but I'm still stuck in the same position – a general accountant. I'm tired of it, but looking for another job these days is pretty much like looking for a needle in a haystack. O.K., so that's what I should take to work...”

And that was when I had a complete blackout. Why? Well...A minute before passing out I heard a scream. Then, I felt as if I were hit by something, but interestingly enough I wasn't hit by a car, no, that would be too good to be true. Simply, my words decided to take revenge on me, and you won't believe this: a guy fell on me! I could only manage to see that something is heading towards me. However, my brain didn't have time to register it – that's probably because I'm a blonde. I could only take a step back, and that's why I'm still alive, but he managed to clip me anyways. I think my pride suffered the most, but my body also got a share of it.

I wound up at the hospital with a fractured right wrist, with my left leg and a few ribs broken as well, and with a whole lot of bruises and a concussion. I slept for two days doped up with pain killers. I'm telling you, morphine is king. I felt relaxed and calm, it was a total bliss and loads of euphoria. Unfortunately, they only gave it to me a few times when I was in excruciating pain. Well, I'm fragile and I have a low tolerance of pain. Later on it was bearable (considering the fact that I couldn't take one step without assistance) and I was discharged home in the afternoon.

“ What do you mean a guy fell on me?!” I yelled.

“ God...one can see you're healthy again. I almost went deaf and – do I have to remind you that we're in the hospital? Stop yelling!” Eve growled.

“Oops, sorry, I forgot. What do you mean a guy fell on me? Where from? Damn, I can't remember a thing.” I whispered as I clutched my head in disbelief.

“And that is where the mystery lies. They say it's hard to figure out how it happened, 'cause you were far away from any building. Maybe he fell out of a plane?”

“Oh no, it's impossible, I saw a TV programme about it. Not only would he freeze to death on his way down, but also I would turn into nothing else but a wet blot on the ground.” I answered while pondering.

“Ugh! The way you describe it immediately makes me sick.”

“Unless he fell off a puddle jumper or another small plane.” I added without paying attention to what Eve was saying. “They fly pretty low.”

“That's possible.”

“Did he make it?”

“Oh yeah, and to make it even more interesting, he didn't suffer any injuries except for a concussion. He's been in the room next door for the last two days, and he is unconscious. Do you want to see him?” She made a suggestion.

“You must be joking! I won't be walking into somebody's hospital room! What if somebody is visiting him now? What then?”

“Well, we can always say that you saved his life.” She suggested, lifting me up in my bed. “After all, it's true.”

“But we'll only take a peek, all right?”

“All right, just a peek.”

So she pushed me in my wheelchair straight to his room (I was so embarrassed being in a wheelchair – I felt like an old lady).

I knocked at the door gently and opened it right away. He was the only one inside. Eve pushed my wheelchair in, and walked in behind me. I approached his bed. The man wasn't hooked up to any IVs or other machines, and to my surprise, he wasn't lying on his back as he was supposed, while being unconscious (I must have seen too many films), but he was on his right side, facing the door. If he opened his eyes when I entered the room, I would surely get a heart attack (thank God we were at the hospital!).

It turned out, that I've been knocked down by quite a hottie! He was blond, the skin on his face kissed by the sun, he had a straight nose, protruding cheekbones, and a slight stubble, which made him look even hotter. Too bad he was all covered, and I couldn't see his body, but looking at his arms (which were his only body part that I could actually see) he seemed not to shy away from the gym.

“ You got knocked down by some hottie, didn't you?” Said Eve as if she was reading my mind.

“ Not bad, ha?”

The man moved.

“ Eve, let's get outta here!” I started jerking the wheels of my wheelchair, trying to get out, when the man spoke.

“ Who are you?” He asked with a scruffy voice from his sleep.

“ Hmm...”

“ She was the one you fell on, and she saved your life” Eve blurted out.

“ Oh, indeed they told me I fell on somebody...Thank you, I guess. Are you O.K.?” He looked at me.

I felt as if I were naked. I couldn't spit out a word. Thank God for Eve.

“ She's got some bruises and broken bones, but other than that she's fine.” She stole my answer.

“ Is she speech impaired?” He asked Eve.

“ Oh, no!” I protested. “ It should heal within a few weeks. What about you? Are you all right?”

“ Yes, I guess so. I've got some sleep but I can see that I roughed you up a bit. I feel really sorry, it wasn't my intention to fall down on anybody on purpose”

“ On purpose? No, it wasn't on purpose, that's for sure! I'm wondering though where you could possibly fall from?”

“ I fell from Heaven, of course.” He answered, being dead serious.

“ I think he probably got a few screws loose after that accident.” Eve whispered to my ear.

“ No, I didn't!” He sounded upset.

How on earth did he manage to hear what Eve said, when I could hardly hear it?

“ We beg your pardon for our intrusion. Please, get some rest. My insurance agent will contact you. Bye. I wish you a speedy recovery.” I was trying to leave the room.

“ My apologies, I didn't want to raise my voice. Thank you for saving my life.” He said and gave us a million dollar smile. He showed us a row of perfect pearly white teeth and two cute dimples in his cheeks. Damn it, I knew it! A guy falls on me from the sky and of course he has to be out of my league! Such blokes never eye girls like me, as they always look for easy ones. I'm too old for this.

“ You're welcome. Bye, bye.” And I quickly rolled out of there, as if the place was on fire.

“ He's cute, don't you think?”

“ He's a shark which is hunting to sink its teeth into its prey, toy with it for a while and spit it out. Stay away from him 'cause he will break your heart.” I warned her.

“ I was rather thinking about you. You could use some relaxation. Sometimes a quickie is better than nothing.” Eve affirmed laughingly.

“ You are some bitch, you know?” I looked at her with a gaze of a murderer.

“ Oh, and also sex can be pain-relieving.”

“ I'm gonna kill you if you don't shut up!”

“ You would have to catch up with me in that little wheelchair of yours.” She said grinning.

“ Just wait till I recover!” I warned her. “ You'll be looking for your arse for a week!”

“ Oh, I'm so scared!” Now she was laughing at me without hesitation, and I was laughing with her.

“ Beotch. Beastly, ugly, unbearable, spoiled and mean bitch.

“ Hey, I'm not ugly!”

“ O.K., O.K.” I burst into laughter. “You're not ugly but the rest is correct!”

“ But you love me anyway.”

“ I know, too bad.”

And then we went back to my hospital room, laughing our heads off.