

## **Intense Emotional Moment**

I was perched atop a ladder, probably one step past where I should have been, with half of my body hidden inside the ceiling of an office building in Chicago. It was about 10:00pm, and Ashley and I were the only two left in the building. I was a contractor and had planned to work late running computer network cables. I was to lock the front door when I finished working. I heard Ashley say something indiscernible to me, so I climbed down a little to see what she wanted. Ashley was freaking hot. I mean model hot. She was tall, thin, blonde, and gorgeous. I remember being stunned when I first met her a few months prior to this night. When I periodically came to do work at the office, I could not even look at her because she was just too beautiful. She was off limits anyway. She was married.

She peered up at me on the ladder and said, “Do you want a Coke?” I thought to myself, “Holy crap, she just talked to me, AND she offered me a Coke. That was very nice of her.” I was thirsty, so I said “Yes.” I expected to step down and get the Coke, but she scurried back quickly and outstretched her arms to give it to me. I sipped it while she stood there staring at me. Sensing something was up, I climbed down the ladder and told her that I was taking a break. It was now well past the time when she said she would leave for the night. I was astounded by the fact that this gorgeous creature even knew I was there, breathing in the same air as her. I assumed that to her, I was just an overweight computer technician who did not justify a second glance.

Somehow, we began chatting about everything: each other, life, the good, and the bad. After about an hour or so of chatting back and forth, I noticed that she had begun to just stare into my eyes. I am no Casanova, but I have had my fair share of experiences with the opposite sex. I did not know why, but I could tell that she kind of dug me. I have no idea where I grew the balls to say the next words that came out of my mouth, but I stared at her, staring at me, and said, “You want me to kiss you...don’t you.” She blushed...and said “Yes.” I stood up, took her by the hand, pressed her against the wall, and passionately kissed her. I was way out of my league and in over my head. We were kissing and groping each other like animals. Somehow, we walked and kissed at the same time and found ourselves in the dark office that belonged to the manager of the building.

Suddenly, we both heard a pounding sound in the distance. I wanted to ignore it, but she quickly realized it was someone at the front door, the only way in or out of the building. She said, “It’s my husband! Oh shit!” She ran out of the manager’s office and closed the door behind her. She did not lock it, because no doors in this office had locks. It was a very trusting environment. I heard screaming coming closer and closer. I heard her trying to explain why there was a ladder in the hallway and computer tools and cables everywhere. “He is coming back in the morning to finish the job,” she said. “What the hell is going on here?” her husband feverishly exclaimed. “Why are you working so late?” I saw their shadows run by the office where I was trapped. I was now sitting in the dark in the manager’s chair, facing the door. I sat frozen in place, as if I were waiting for my justifiable judgment. I could hear him opening every door to every office. Slam! Stomp, stomp, stomp. Slam! My door would come soon. As I sat there, my heart leaped out of my throat and went to a safe distance from me. It knew I was about to die and wanted no part of it. I contemplated my choices. Allow him to rush in and beat the crap out of me because I deserved it? Protect myself and say I did not know she was married? Ration with him and try to defuse the situation? I knew that it was not up to me. Was this how I was going to die? Whatever happened in the next ten seconds was completely up to him, a husband in rage.

I saw their shadows through the edges of the door quickly approaching. Even though my heart was no longer in my chest, it was beating faster than a hummingbird’s wings. And then, he stormed past the door. He had checked every door prior to this one and every one after it. For some reason, he did not open the manager’s office door; the one that contained the culprit to the crime that he suspected.

I heard them still screaming and leave a few minutes later. Before Ashley left the building, she turned off all the lights and locked the front door. I sat there motionless in complete darkness, easily for thirty minutes, frozen and doing absolutely nothing, waiting for my heart to jump back into my chest.