



# John Doe, The Stranger In Town

A Novel by: Ralph C Johnson - - Edited by: Jacalyn A Johnson

A Most Unusual June/September Love Affair

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*To John, the job at hand is paramount. He's in town for one last job when he lets his emotional guard down for a moment. A married woman enters his existence and changes his life forever.*

*A Short Story By: Ralph C Johnson*

*Edited By: Jacalyn A Johnson*

*The KCM Chronicles – Book Two*



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If you develop a rash or other discomfort, seek medical help. If at any moment you become ill or displeased, stop reading immediately! No animals were used or harmed during the writing of this story. Other than my two labs watching me write this story. (Or sleeping while I wrote it)  
There is no cover charge – There is a two drink minimum – Don't forget to tip your waitress –  
Do not park in the red zone – When in doubt, vote them out – Cash only – Try the veal.

While you are reading any of these fictional stories, I am not responsible for your laughter disturbing others or your use of tissues to wipe away the tears.

Read and enjoy them for what they are, love stories. If you love them, hate them or anything in between, feel free to let me know. I have broad shoulders, I can handle rejection. At my age, I've had a lot of rejection. Ralph C Johnson, old man and novice author.

## John Doe, the Stranger in Town

It's early Tuesday morning; there are only a few customers in the small diner. The place looks like it's been around for a lot of years with the occasional face lift every now and then that was done on the cheap.

John walked through the front door and surveyed the place along with the customers within seconds. He decided it's safe; there is a rear booth against the back wall where he could sit looking forward. That way the entire restaurant would be in view. The only exception would be the kitchen; no possible threats could come from that direction. Unless the threat was some undercooked corned beef hash.

He walked to the rear booth and sat down. The waitress walked up and asked; "Would you mind sitting at the counter? ... We try to keep the booths open for groups of two or more."

John looked at the name tag and responded in a pleasant voice, but firm demeanor; "Hello Sarah with an 'h' ... I have this fear of rubbing elbows with strangers while eating breakfast at the counter. If the booth is needed before I'm finished, I'll get up, pay my check and leave. ... Is that okay with you?"

"Oh don't worry about it. If you're comfortable back here, then you stay here. ... The normal breakfast crowd sits almost everywhere anyway, so they don't care."

"Thank you Sarah, I am in your debt. ... I always repay my debts."

John ordered breakfast and Sarah kept the coffee refills coming. After breakfast was done, John paid his breakfast check by handing Sarah a twenty dollar bill and asking her to handle the check. Not a bad tip for an eight dollar breakfast.

Wednesday was almost a repeat of Tuesday except Sarah didn't say a word about John occupying the back booth. This time she mustered the nerve to ask him his name.

"I'm at a disadvantage, you know my name but I don't know yours."

"Your right Sarah with an 'h', my name is John. It is a pleasure to finally meet you. ... How long have you been married?"

"Oh, my wedding band gave it away. ... It's been oh, eighteen years now. ... Well let's move onto a happier topic; would you like your usual breakfast?"

“I am saddened to hear your marriage is in difficulty. ... Yes please on the breakfast.”

During one of her trips back to his booth, Sarah told him that she had a daughter that recently graduated high school and asked; “Would you like some more coffee?”

“No thank you, I have to go to work now. I would love to continue chatting with someone as pretty and pleasant as you; but that does not pay the rent.”

“Boy don’t I know that. My husband used to work construction, he made good money. But he drank away most of his paycheck. ... The construction company fired him; he’s been out of construction work for some time now. He finally found a security guard job at the mall; he works second shift. ... I’m sorry I didn’t mean to burden you with my domestic problems. ... Will you be in tomorrow?”

“Yes, I have some more time in town before my job here is complete. ... See you tomorrow for breakfast.” As usual, John paid the breakfast check with a twenty dollar bill and left.

What nobody noticed was he avoided the security camera aimed at the cash register. That way his image would not be captured when he paid the check.

Thursday morning and the restaurant was almost full. John entered, seen the back booth was occupied so he turned and left. Sarah seeing this ran after him on the street.

“I’m sorry John; I couldn’t hold the booth for you. The place filled up so fast; there was nothing I could do. ... Do you live around here? ... I can get you can get something to go.”

“Sarah, don’t give it another thought. ... I live in the apartment next door, second floor front. If you could arrange to get my breakfast delivered, there’s a twenty for the extra service.”

“Consider it done! I’ll get your usual up to you in ten minutes. See you then!”

“Thanks, I am in your debt twice now, I always repay my debts.”

John walked back to his rented furnished apartment and waited for his breakfast. ... Sure enough, a few minutes later Sarah showed up with the carryout containers. The door was already open for her when she arrived.

She heard John’s voice come from another room; “Come on in; set the food on the kitchen table; the money is there also.”

She set the food on the table and glanced at the kitchen. It looked very unused, almost like nobody lived there. She looked in the living room, it looked the same way. There wasn't a personal item in sight.

"John, are you all right? ... I don't see you anywhere."

A bedroom door opened and he exited. Through the door she seen an athletic bag on the bed along with the jacket he was wearing earlier. Other than those items, that room looked unused too.

"Hi John, your food is here on the kitchen table."

"Thank you very much for bringing my breakfast. ... I had a light dinner last night, I'm hungry. In my business and at my age, I don't eat heavy at night."

"You're very welcome and the tip doesn't hurt either. ... Can I ask you a personal question? ... What type of business are you in that brought you here?"

There was a long pause before he said; "I am in the cleaning business. ... Let's say a corporation has a problem with industrial espionage. ... I'm an independent contractor they hire to take care of those problems before they cost them a fortune."

"That sounds like an interesting business. Do you have employees or do you work alone?"

"You ask a lot of questions young Sarah, let me save you some time. I'm knocking on the door of sixty, I have never been married nor do I have any children. I have always worked alone and my breakfast is getting cold."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry; I was just curious that's all. ... See you tomorrow ... I hope."

"See you tomorrow young Sarah."

"Why do you call me young Sarah? I recently turned forty and I have a seventeen year old daughter. ... I'll have you know I am a fully grown mature woman."

"Looking at you through my eyes, you're a beautiful young married woman; goodbye for now young Sarah."

"Oh hell John, you need new glasses, but thank you very much; see you tomorrow."

She left the bland apartment and went back to work with two crisp twenty dollar bills in her pocket. John ate his breakfast and left on his mission.

Friday morning and the following weekend mornings were uneventful. The slightly odd casual friendship between Sarah and John grew to the point where they looked for each other in the mornings. Monday morning, John told Sarah that his time here is almost finished and that he would miss her company at breakfast.

“That’s a shame you’re moving on and leaving town. Do you have any idea where you’re going for your next job?”

“This is it my young friend; I’m retiring after this one. I was going to retire after the last job, but this job came along with a very hefty paycheck.”

“It sounds like you’ve had an exciting career. Where are you going to retire; what about the girlfriend; is she going to be part of your retirement plan?”

“I’m thinking of somewhere away from people; perhaps up in the mountains somewhere. ... There is no girlfriend. ... My line of work does not permit those types of relationships.”

John looked around the room like he was contemplating what to say next; choosing his words carefully.

“I don’t really have a home in the sense you think of home. I’ve been on the road constantly since I left the military. One furnished rental apartment after the other; I go where the jobs are. When I retire, I’ll have my very first home. ... I might even have to buy furniture!”

They both laughed at John’s comments. At that moment, the door opened and a somewhat unkempt looking man walked through the front door. The look of fear came over Sarah’s face. The man was wearing a security guard uniform with the name of a mall on the front, the patch on the shoulder read ‘Special Police’. He weighed about 240 pounds, about 5’ 10” tall.

Sarah spoke to the man; “Do you want some breakfast Paul?” It was instantly obvious that this was the drunkard husband.

“No I don’t want any breakfast. Where’s your purse? I want some money, I’m broke.”

“I don’t have any extra money; all I have is bus fare to get home. I would give you my tip money, but I don’t have any yet. ... We’ve only had one customer and he’s still eating.”

Paul turned to John and asked; “Are you going to get finished soon so my wife can get her tip?”

“Actually, I am going to read the newspaper and drink some more coffee. Then I’m going to pay my bill with a credit card and add the tip to that, since I’m low on cash. ... But that is no business of yours ... pal.”

Paul now angered, grabbed John’s coffee and threw the contents of the cup at his wife. The hot liquid hit her square in the chest. ... John was not fast enough to prevent Paul’s action. But he was fast enough to grab the pitcher of ice water on the counter and toss it on Sarah’s chest to minimize the burn time to a couple of seconds.

John turned and said with an angered voice; “That was uncalled for; that was my coffee.”

Paul ignored John for the moment and yelled; “You better come home with some real money or your ass is grass and I’m a lawn mower.”

The former construction worker turned to John and said; “Listen you old man, you screw with me and your screwing with death. ... You better give her a good tip for her own good.”

Her husband stormed out of the restaurant with Spiro the owner yelling at him that if he ever comes back, he will call the police.

Spiro told a very wet and embarrassed Sarah that if her husband ever comes back again, she’s fired. The other staffers were worried about Sarah’s physical and mental conditions. John grabbed the counter towel and placed it on Sarah’s very wet chest to absorb the water. The second he touched her chest, he froze in place for a moment. Then replaced his hand with hers and pulled away. The look of embarrassment passed over his face as he turned away.

He mumbled; “I’m sorry, that was totally inappropriate of me; I should not have touched you.”

She seemed not to notice or if she did, she said nothing.

In a very forceful manor John asked; “Does anyone have Sarah’s daughter’s phone number? ... Now would be a good time to give me an answer people!”

Sarah speaking in fear filled tears; “Get my phone from my purse, its speed dial number three.”

“You, next to her purse; speed dial number three. Have her daughter bring a clean bra and blouse here as fast as she can. ... Spiro, do you own this place?”

“Yes I do, I can’t have this type of thing going on in my restaurant; it’s bad for business.”

“Do me a huge favor and don’t fire her; I give you my word this will be resolved shortly. ... I live in the building next door; second floor front. When her daughter gets here, please send her to my apartment.”

John put his jacket on a wet Sarah, retrieved her purse and cell phone.

“Come with me so you can compose yourself and get dry.”

On the way out the door, John tipped Spiro forty dollars; “Here’s for the breakfast and the cleanup.”

Once in the apartment, John showed Sarah the bathroom, told her to remove her wet garments and that he would be right back with something she can wear. Moments later he stuck his arm through the partly opened bathroom door and handed her a shirt. ... She put his shirt on and left the bathroom buttoning it from the bottom up.

She entered the kitchen with only two buttons secured and working on the third. John turned to face her and let out a gasp; “Oh! I’m sorry; I thought you were finished.”

“The shirt is new, the button holes are stiff and on the wrong side; it’s like putting on a top backward. ... Why are you looking away? ... I won’t bite.”

“I’m sorry; you’re so attractive and young enough to be my daughter. It would not be appropriate for me to watch you get dressed.”

“John, I’m so screwed up right now, I couldn’t care less what you see or don’t see. ... I told you that I’m a mature grown woman; I’m not a child anymore. ... I’ve had my fill with that asshole I’m married to and I’m in a single man’s apartment. ... So what do we do now?”

“We wait for your daughter to get here and you put on dry replacement garments. After that, I need to finish my job, find a home and retire.”

“Where do you call home? Are you from around here?”

“Home is where you lay your hat and I’ve hung my hat in many places over the years. I’m thinking of going up to the mountains and retire to a quiet peaceful life away from people after this job. ... The problem at hand is you my dear friend. I never get involved in domestic affairs; it’s bad for my business.”

“As soon as my daughter gets here, I’ll change and leave you alone; if that’s what you want.”

“That is not what I want; but I am very concerned about you. ... Dam, this whole thing is not good at all. ... I cannot allow myself to get emotionally involved; but now I have.

First things first, you and your daughter can stay here as long as you want. The lease has been paid for a year in advance. ... My job here will be finished within a couple of days at most. You and your daughter are welcome to stay here.”

Just then, the downstairs front door opened and they heard; “Mom? Are you here?”

“I’m up here Amanda, come on up.”

A pleasant but worried looking girl came in with a look of surprise and apprehension on her face. Sarah told her what happened and introduced her to John. Mother and daughter were in disagreement on to what to do next. Amanda wanted her mother to take John up on his offer; Sarah said it was just a phase that her husband would get over with soon.

Sarah went into the bathroom and put on her replacement garments. While she was in there, Amanda was talking with John about the situation. He assured Amanda that his offer for the apartment still stands. He showed her the lease and the receipts.

“They’re right here if you need them. I’m a terrible book keeper, so I keep them on the side of the refrigerator. ... I need to go to work; please lock up on your way out when you leave. There is a spare set of keys in a coffee cup on the kitchen counter if you want to live here.”

John and Amanda talked for a couple more minutes. Amanda noticed his speech patterns changing to a warmer and softer tone while he was talking about her mother. ... He suddenly realized he was talking to the daughter of another man’s wife. Without saying another word, he retrieved his jacket, notebook and left. A couple of minutes later, Sarah left the bathroom and asked where John went.

Her daughter replied; “That is a very strange man. It’s like talking to someone that is only half here. The other half is somewhere else and thinking about something totally different. ... Did he try to hit on you? You know cop a feel or sneak a peek?”

“Good grief no; he was embarrassed when I was buttoning his shirt in front of him. He actually turned away red faced.”

Amanda paused for a moment and thought she would try to comfort her mother by telling her the observations she made while talking to John; “You know John has feelings for you don’t you? ... I see it in his eyes when he talks about you. ... Mom, here’s your opportunity; leave dad before he does something bad to you again. Next time it may be even worse.”

“I can’t do that; your father needs me as much as I need him. Besides where would we go? You work in a cooking store and I’m a waitress. ... As for John and his feelings, he slipped earlier before you came in; I know he has feelings for me.”

“Mom, he showed me the lease on this apartment; it’s paid for the next year. Utilities are included so we only need to buy food. ... Come on mom, be reasonable. ... I’m going to ask John if I can move in here after he leaves. At least that way, you have a place to escape if dad gets nuts again.”

The two women discussed the situation; they agreed to disagree. Sarah almost knocked her daughter off her feet when she proclaimed; “Maybe I would have been better off with an older man instead of the stud turned asshole I married.”

Amanda yelled out; “Mother!”

“Let this be a lesson to you; your father was a stud back in the day. He was great in bed, good to look at and he made good money. That all fell apart and degenerated over the years to where we are now. ... Let’s get out of here so we can both go back to work.”

They left the apartment and checked the doors on their way out to be sure they were locked. Sarah went back to the restaurant and Amanda went to her job at a small cooking retail store.

That day, there were some visitors to Zocalo Pharmaceuticals in Kansas City. It was a high level meeting between the security chiefs at Zocalo and the representatives of several law enforcement agencies. Everyone met in a conference room and introductions were made.

The visiting law enforcement officers were Scotland Yard Detective Aaron T. Russell, Interpol Agent Alexander Bachmeier and DEA Agent Mary A. Cooper.

Detective Russell started; “We have been tracking the illegal manufacturing of your patented drugs in England, Scotland and Ireland. ... The counterfeit drugs were shipped to America for packaging and distribution.”

Agent Bachmeier added; “We have found the same type of illegal manufacturing of your patented drugs in Austria and Germany. We also found that the drugs were shipped here for distribution.”

Eric took over; “As head of international security, I am aware of those manufacturing operations. I am also aware that they had some very unfortunate industrial accidents in every one of those locations. I’ve read that in every case, there was a total loss of life. Terrible situations, but industrial accidents do happen. ... Besides, people kill each other in the workplace all the time. I’m sure even all of you have heard the expression ‘going postal.’”

Agent Bachmeier spoke; “In every case, the raw materials were substituted with things that should not be mixed. One plant had two ingredients replaced with automotive brake fluid and chlorine bleach. It proved to be a very explosive mistake. Both locations were leveled from the explosions. What my government questions is the total loss of life involved in every case.”

Detective Russell added; “Another factory had their chemicals replaced with cyanide and ammonia. ... There were some very ‘interesting’ accidents with every place that was making counterfeits of your company’s drugs. ... What’s also interesting is the management of these facilities all met with unfortunate fatal accidents or suicides.”

“Are you hinting that we at Zocalo are somehow involved with things that went wrong inside your countries borders? ... I would think that’s a huge stretch even for honorable investigators like you. ... What is the DEA’s role in all of this?”

Agent Cooper replied; “The DEA is wondering where those drugs are right now and if you are trying to stop the distribution of these counterfeit drugs. We know they are going to be packaged and distributed from Kansas City; we don’t know from what location.”

“Since that involves domestic issues, I’ll turn the meeting over to the head of domestic security, Clark.”

“Thank you Eric, we at Zocalo are very concerned about the counterfeiting of our products. The loss could be valued at billions of dollars a year in lost revenue; so we take this very seriously. ... Just as soon as we identify the location of the counterfeit products and the person or persons involved, we will handle it in the swiftest and most appropriate fashion.”

Eric shot Clark a look and growled; “Clark!”

Clark continued in a very sarcastic voice; “That means we will contact the DEA and all the law enforcement agencies immediately so they may take the appropriate actions to resolve this matter in a timely fashion.”

All three detectives looked very uncomfortable and they all said in one form or another; “You two are full of crap and we know you’re company is behind all of these killings and destruction.”

Eric wanted to put their minds at ease; “Do you know why you were searched and scanned when you came in here? ... We do not want any conversations recorded or transmitted. ... Lady and gentlemen, Zocalo measures their profits in tens of billions of dollars per quarter. ... Protecting our patents means protecting our revenue stream.

There are people all over the world killing each other because some assholes ancestor killed some other assholes ancestor hundreds of years ago. These human animals kill each other for free. Now what do you think people would do if there were a sizable bounty placed on the heads of a few people along with their operations?”

Eric paused for a few moments and before he continued; “That is all speculation on my part of course. Your respective governments and agencies are concerned with people breaking the law. That gets you your paycheck and eventually retirement. I’m sure that is your entire goal and I commend you for working as hard as you do. ... You’ll retire with your pension and a few thousand dollars in the bank.

Clark and I do not work for the taxpayers; we work for a private corporation. We are not concerned with little chicken shit criminals stealing from the cookie jar. We are concerned with not thousands but billions of dollars in potential losses. ... You continue to chase after your bank robbers, car thieves, morons killing each other and dope dealers. ... Because when it comes to billions of dollars at risk, you’re all frankly way out of your depth.”

There was a little more discussion with Eric and Clark telling the detectives that the all mighty must have a financial interest in Zocalo Pharmaceuticals. The law enforcement people left the building with nothing more than the thought they were out resourced by a company that has extremely deep pockets.

Eric returned to Clark’s office after escorting the guests out of the building and asked; “How are we doing on the potential counterfeit distribution problem?”

Clark responded; “I’ve been assured our cleaner is the best there is; everything will be resolved within forty-eight hours.”

“What about the link to you or the company? We can’t have this coming back to us like it almost did with the former security chief Garibaldi.”

“Eric, you worry too much. The cleaner doesn’t know about us, I will take care of his contact right after the job is finished. It has all been arranged my old friend; there is nothing to worry about. ... Since your back in town for this crap, would you and Susan like to have dinner with us tonight?”

“That would normally be a great idea, but make it tomorrow night. I’ve been on the road for over a month, Sue and I have some catching up to do; if you get my drift. ... You and Valerie can enjoy each other’s companionship every night if you want. Susan and I have to make up for lost time when we can.”

“When are you going to make Susan an honest woman? Since Valerie and I tied the knot a couple of years ago, I can’t even think about life without her. She means that much to me.”

In a totally relaxed voice, Eric replied; “We’re fine the way we are; I hope. The only drawback is it’s her apartment. If she ever throws me out, I’ll have to come live with you and Val for a while. ... So where do you want to go to dinner?”

“Let’s go to Sal’s for dinner. I’ll make the reservations for tomorrow at six, four people. ... Stop and say hello to Bill and Marcy before you leave town again.”

“I’ll stop in Bill’s place for breakfast before I leave town again. This trip won’t be bad because Susan is coming with and she loves the Swiss Alps in the summer. ... Anyway, let’s get some lunch. I thought I seen Swedish meatballs on the cafeteria menu when I walked by this morning.”

While the Zocalo meeting was taking place, John had tracked down where the counterfeit drugs were being stored and repacked in plastic bottles for distribution. It was a non-descript section of town that was mostly old industrial and right on the edge of a commercial/residential area.

The first floor of the building used to be a retail space. While John was staking the place out, a couple of people entered, a brief glimpse inside showed him that was where the drugs were being repackaged. The suspects lived in the apartment upstairs; they looked like four Chinese Nationals.

One woman looked Americanized and the others looked like immigrants. They were most likely members of some Chinese street gang that was expanding their business interests. ... Several days of investigation and leg work really paid off. Now all he had to do is watch their habits in the way of coming, going, sleeping, and he will take care of the rest.

While watching his targets come and go; John devised his plan. He was going to tell Sarah during breakfast this morning this was his last day here and wish her well. John went home to lie down and get some sleep before breakfast.

His watch alarm woke him up about five twenty in the morning. "I've got a big day ahead of me this morning. This is going to be my last job ever!" He thought to himself. ... He splashed some water on his face and went downstairs to the restaurant for breakfast. ... He saw Sarah wearing dark glasses and avoiding him like the plague.

A different server was going to take his order when he said; "I'm sure you're a nice pleasant woman; but I wish to be served by Sarah this morning."

"I'm sorry, but Sarah isn't feeling well today. I'm Megan and I'm taking her place."

"Hello Megan, I'll have the corned beef skillet, eggs over easy and rye toast."

"I'll have that up for you in a couple of minutes."

John kept watching the other servers hovering over Sarah. It appeared they were trying to convince her of something. But they were slightly out of hearing range. John could not stand by any longer, so he walked over to find out what was going on. He was shocked by what he saw.

First emotion was sorrow, and then the rage set in. Sarah had a badly bruised chin, cheek and swollen nose. John reached up, removed Sarah's dark glasses. He discovered two bruised and swollen eyes.

"Where is your daughter Amanda? ... Is she safe?"

"She stayed overnight at a friend's home."

"Who did this to you? Was it your husband?"

"Yes, when he came home this morning; I didn't have enough tip money for his booze. I was putting it away for the rent."

John composed himself enough to ask; "When does he leave for work and when does he come home?"

He leaves for work about four o'clock in the afternoon because he starts his shift at five. He gets off work at one thirty and gets home between two fifteen and two thirty in the morning. Why do you want to know?"

"You don't need or want to know; this is not open for negotiation. Spiro, you're going to be without Sarah for a few days. She needs time to heal; I will make it up to you. Ladies, do you have vehicles available?"

The women all replied with; "Yes."

"Good, there are three of you; here is a thousand dollars. Whoever helps Sarah move out of her old apartment and into her new apartment can split the money. Spiro, that goes for you too. This has to be done after four o'clock this afternoon; while her ex-husband is at work.

Sarah, you're moving into my place; only your personal belongings. Leave the furniture, the apartment is already furnished. Call your daughter; tell her what's going on. She can go to your old apartment and tell all of you when the coast is clear. I don't think she's in danger of being beat up by your husband.

Things have changed for me; I cannot help with the move. I need to make some unanticipated arrangements and confirm my travel plans. ... Spiro, I need a phonebook please."

The ladies agreed to help Sarah this afternoon. While she was on the phone with her daughter, John was making notes in his notebook. After Sarah finished her phone call, she went with John to his apartment where he insisted she lay down and rest in the bedroom.

Amanda came by, brought some aspirin and talked with her mother for a while. She found John resting on the sofa.

"John, are you awake?"

"Barely, I've had a long night and I'm very little sleep. I'm trying to take a nap before I have to go out for a while and run some unexpected final errands before tonight. What can I do for you?"

"What are you going to do for my mom? ... You know that son of a bitch is going to come looking for her; then what is she supposed to do? What am I supposed to do when he can't find her and comes after me? ... I'm scared and I don't know what to do about any of this."

"Close the bedroom door please, your mother doesn't need to hear what I am going to tell you."

Amanda closed the bedroom door and returned to see John sitting upright on the sofa. He instructed her to sit in the chair next to the sofa so he is facing her on an angle. His voice was “matter of fact” calm.

“What we say in this room is between only us and can never be repeated. ... My occupation does not bode well for having a social or personal life, much less a romantic life. I never allow myself to get involved with peoples personal lives; it’s easier for me to remain detached.

I let my guard down for a second and let your mother in. ... This cannot be allowed to happen, but it did; now I must make things right. ... I cannot tell you anymore than within twenty-four hours, I will have left and everything will be resolved. ... Your mother must stay here for the next twenty-four to thirty-six hours; that is absolutely critical.”

“John, may I ask you a very personal question?”

“No. I really need to get a couple of hours sleep before I go downtown and conduct some last minute business that came up.”

Amanda leaned over and whispered; “You have never been in love before have you? You’re in love with my mother and you don’t know what to do about it. ... ”

“I have never felt this way about anyone in memory. ... I am in love with her and I really don’t know what to do about it. ... She is a married woman that is almost twenty years my junior. I’m ashamed of myself for thinking such thoughts. I must make things right for her and you before I go.”

“Did you listen to yourself? ... She’s not a child, she’s a grown woman. ... I think the married part is over or will be as soon as she can afford a lawyer.”

“Amanda, regardless of what happens over the next twenty four hours, please don’t think less of me. ... Now I really need to get a couple hours sleep. I have a job that I must complete tonight.”

John lay down on the sofa and was out cold within a couple of minutes. Amanda could not find another blanket or cover, so she draped his jacket over him. She returned downstairs and spoke with the women in the restaurant about the plans for this afternoon.

Amanda would go home and tell her father that her mother is pulling a double shift to earn extra money. That should put him at ease and keep him off her case for now. Afterwards she went back to her job at the cooking store. She would leave early to go home and put her plan in action.

Later that morning, John awoke and checked on Sarah. He didn't know she was awake when he kissed her forehead and softly said; "Please forgive me for what I must do sweet lady."

He left the bedroom, turned to look at her one more time while in the doorway. He noticed a tear falling from her left eye.

"I must leave right now. If I don't, I will never forgive myself for what I will say and do. I will see you again before I leave for the last time. Goodbye for now my darling. Perhaps in another time and another place things could have been different."

John was out the door and on his way to run his errands. Sarah crying from a combination of the pain of her injuries and her overwhelming emotions John stirred in her.

John ran his errands and returned to his apartment. Sarah was sitting at the kitchen table when John told her he is going to lie down for a while and get some sleep because he has a busy night ahead. He also asked her to let him know when her co-workers arrive with her belongings.

Late that afternoon/early evening Sarah's belongings arrived. John instructed the women that if anyone comes around asking about strangers, please tell them nothing. He gave each woman a package of twenty dollar bills for their silence.

"Ladies, I never existed. ... Here is a gift for Spiro, make him understand that I never existed. ... Everyone's silence concerning me is for Sarah's well-being."

Sarah's co-workers left, Amanda and her mother started making the apartment their new home. John retrieved a small athletic bag from under the bed, brought it into the living room and set it down on the side of the sofa.

"Ladies, this is your home now. ... I'm going to lie on the sofa for a few minutes so I can get some rest. ... I stopped at the bank today; here is some money for expenses; it should hold you until my agents arrive after all this crap is over."

John reached into the athletic bag that was on the floor next to the sofa and pulled out another pack of twenty dollar bills. He handed it to Sarah; she looked at the bank wrapper; it was a hundred twenty dollar bills.

"John, I can't take this."

“Yes you can, you must and you will. It is not stolen money, I earned it. ... Listen, you’re banged up real bad. You’re not going to be able to work for a few days. This will see you through the next couple of weeks. ... After that, you can go back to your normal life.”

The discussion went on for a couple of minutes more and John told them that he will not discuss this anymore. “You ladies will need the money over the next few days; this subject is closed.”

They ordered a light dinner; afterwards, John took another nap while the ladies were making a list of things to get from the department store.

Time flew by very fast, the women went to bed and John awoke around midnight. He proceeded to wipe every door knob and handle in the place with window cleaner. Amanda awoke to use the bathroom; she tried to question him, he declined and told her to think of him as very eccentric.

“Remember I was never here. I’m making sure there are no traces of me; just in case. Amanda, dispose of my old clothing in the charity drop box down the street.”

He picked up his athletic bag and set it by the front door. He walked over to the bedroom and gazed upon the sleeping Sarah.

Amanda was standing behind him when he very softly said; “I will miss you dearly my sweet lady. ... Perhaps in another life, I could have been your champion to win your heart. ... Now the best I can hope for is to be your savior so you may have a future where you have no fear.”

John turned and almost knocked Amanda down. “I’m so sorry; I didn’t know you were there. ... I must leave now. Goodbye my young friend and could you do me a small favor?”

“Sure; what is it?”

“If the subject ever comes up between you and your mother, please tell her even though it was wrong, I loved her unconditionally. ... Goodbye Amanda; don’t you or your mother leave this apartment before the sun comes up at the earliest.”

John turned, opened the door with the window cleaner rag and left. He was on two missions that night, the second one being business. The first mission was strictly personal.

It’s two in the morning and John is sitting in a stolen car down the block from his targets home. He removed the weapon and the silencer attachment from the athletic bag and assembled the two items. ... Then it was watch and wait for the target to appear. ... Suddenly, the large figure appears from around the corner at the other end of the street.

John exited the car and started walking towards what turned out to be a rather large man; his target. ... Words were exchanged.

“What are you doing here old man? I told you before if you mess with me your messing with death.”

“I remember you from the restaurant; you’re Paul, Sarah’s husband.”

“Yes I am; so what. Are you ready to die you little worm?”

“Paul, this isn’t business, it’s personal. ... Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for I am truly the deadliest man in the valley.”

John pulled out the gun from under his jacket. One muffled pop later, Paul was on his back. His life was running onto the sidewalk. John walked closer to him; there were nine more muffled pops. ... He smiled a satisfied smile, walked back to the car and drove off to his next mission.

Twenty some odd minutes later, he arrived at his primary mission. This was the multi-million dollar mission he had already collected the money for. In his business, payment was always up front to an offshore account with an absolute guarantee of one hundred percent completion. He knew there were four targets total. The first floor was a small retail store years ago. The people involved were living on the second floor.

Reload the weapon, take an extra clip, grab the tool needed for this and put on the night vision goggles. He looked around and there was nobody in sight anywhere, time to go. He checked both front doors, locked. Walked around the back, found the stores backdoor locked. Walked up the porch stairs and checked the door.

“Life is good to me!” he thought, the door was unlocked. He entered the apartment; what a dump. Chinese carry out containers all over the kitchen. Both bedrooms were loaded with cases of the counterfeit drug bottles. ... He found four people sleeping on the living room floor.

Seconds later, he was replacing the empty clip with a full one and then emptied out the second clip. He searched the bodies for the key to downstairs, but found nothing. While searching the apartment, he spotted something shiny hanging next to the back door. It was two door keys.

John went back downstairs and tried the keys in the back door; it opened on the first attempt. ... He was not there for anything but to destroy whatever he could. ... Searching through the

storefront he found a natural gas space heater and a hot water tank. Using the wrench he brought with, he disconnected the gas line from the space heater.

He went back upstairs, turned on all the gas burners so the apartment would fill with natural gas. John returned to the downstairs porch and lit a cigarette. He placed the cigarette inside the book of matches so the cigarette will burn down, igniting the match book.

The sudden flame will ignite the natural gas and the building will explode. One explosion will set off the other explosion. It will take several minutes either way for the explosions to take place. John would be well out of the area when those events happen.

Later that early morning, John was sitting in the bus station watching the early edition of the local news. There was coverage of a building that exploded on the south side of town. The investigators believe the explosion was a cover up of four homicides. There were pills, capsules and plastic bottles everywhere on the street.

While John was watching the news, Clark was meeting the man that hired John to do the cleaning. He told the man that he had to take a leak because he drank too much coffee this morning. Clark exited the car and faced away like he was going to urinate. He removed a weapon from his jacket and turned; several shots rang out in the secluded area of town. Clark walked back to his car and went back home to pick up his wife for breakfast.

Clark's wife Valerie asked; "Why did you have to go to work so early this morning honey?"

"I had to clear up a loose end on a project I was working on before Eric leaves for the Swiss Alps; it's all complete now. ... When you see Marcy today, let her know Eric is in town and all of us should get together for breakfast."

Later that morning, John was on a bus that was taking him to Los Alamos, New Mexico. He had read a long time ago about how wonderful the high desert is out there. The fact that he could be alone in the mountains and canyons thrilled him.

Sarah and her daughter were sitting at the kitchen table wondering what happened to John and if he was going to be alright. During their conversation, Amanda told her mother; "He really loved you mom."

"I know and I didn't lift a finger to do anything about it. ... Dam it all to hell for letting him go! ... I'm so pissed off at myself I could spit nails!"

The doorbell of the apartment rang.

“Grab your phone and hide in the bathroom, it might be dad coming to drag you home! I’ll yell if it’s dad so you can call the police. I’ll hold him back as long as I can.”

Sarah did as her daughter told her. She even went as far to hide in the bathtub. ... After what seemed to be forever, there was a knock on the door and she heard Amanda’s voice.

“It’s okay mom, it’s the police. ... There are two detectives at the door and they want to see the both of us right now.”

The detectives introduced themselves and the female began; “Sarah, we understand that you and your daughter moved into this apartment yesterday after your husband assaulted you. ... Your husband was found shot to death this morning. His body was discovered by one of your former neighbors while walking his dog. ... Do you have any idea who could have done this?”

Sarah and her daughter just stood in the kitchen in shock at the news. Amanda saw her mother wobbling so she grabbed a chair for her to sit down.

“Detectives, I have absolutely no idea who would want to kill my husband. ... My daughter and I were here, hiding from him after we moved out yesterday afternoon. We had nothing to do with his death.”

“We know that Ma’am, a witness said she heard two male voices talking and then nothing. ... Your husband was shot multiple times in the chest and head. ... Any idea who was angry enough to shoot him five times in the chest and five times in the head? It was a professional assassination; so we are looking for leads to who would put a contract out on a mall security guard. I mean someone really had to be incredibly angry to do that.”

“I’m sorry detectives, my mother and I did not know my father’s drinking establishments or his drinking buddies. I can also assure you that neither my mom nor I have ever touched a gun in our lives. ... I work in a cooking store and my mother is a waitress in a diner. I don’t think we could afford a professional killer if we wanted to.”

“We weren’t hinting at that, I’m sorry if that’s the way it came across. ... Would either of you want to identify the body? It’s not necessary since we identified him from his security guard uniform and the contents of his wallet.”

“I can’t speak for my daughter, but I might stop by to make sure the son of a bitch is really dead.”

“He’s really dead Mrs. Jones. It’s not a pleasant sight from all the gunshots. You might want to spare yourself from looking at that mess.”

She started shaking violently and crying; “My nightmare is finally over.” Amanda now in tears herself, helped her mother to the bedroom and returned to the kitchen trying to compose herself.

“Thank you detectives for all you’ve done. May we be left alone to start healing please? My mother and I have had a very bad thirty-six hours; we would like to be left alone.”

“We are both sorry for your loss. My partner is Detective Jim Smith and I am Detective Donna Nakai. Here are our business cards. If you think of anyone that could be responsible for this; please call us.”

The officers left the apartment and the two women were completely silent. They both had the same thoughts in their minds but didn’t want to say them out loud.

“Mom, I’m a wreck. I’m going to see if there is anything about this on the news.”

Amanda turned on the only TV in the apartment and was watching the news when the story about the explosion on the south side came on.

“Mom, come in here quick. After the commercial, they are going to have a news story you need to see.”

They sat through some commercial. Then the story started; “Our developing top story, at the site of the explosion on the south side, four bodies of what are believed to be Asian nationals were discovered in the rubble. According to sources at the site, preliminary investigations show the victims were assassinated before the explosions leveled the building.

In other breaking news this morning, another body was found in a secluded area of town. The male victim in his late thirties was found slumped over the wheel of his car, apparently shot several times in the head. Police believe it to be gang related. This is in addition to the security guard shooting victim found earlier this morning near his home.”

Sarah was wide eyed looking at the TV set when her daughter broke her spell; “Mom, this is way more than a coincidence; there was dad and five others within a couple of hours after John left.”

Amanda started shaking with a nervous twitch and said; “But he looked like such a plain mousy old man that could have past for a priest. Oh my god, I would have never guessed what he did for a living.”

Sarah sat fixated with the TV. It was obvious she was in deep thought. She spoke in the most firm voice possible; “Amanda, we will never ever speak of this again. ... John is gone now. ... We need to move on.”

“Mom, before John left he said; ‘please tell her even though it was wrong, I loved her unconditionally.’ he was deeply in love with you. ... He never even knew our last name.”

“It was unspoken on my part, but I loved him and I don’t know why.”

Later that day, Amanda went back to work. Several days later, Sarah returned to work. She had healed enough where she wouldn’t scare the customers. On her first morning back, before the restaurant opened, everyone gathered around her.

Spiro spoke for everyone; “We had several investigators come in while you were out. We had people from the Interpol, Scotland Yard, the DEA and the local police detectives. They were asking if we had a stranger that moved in the area recently. A man in his late fifties or early sixty’s; they didn’t have a photo of him. They said he looks as plain as anyone could. No markings, tattoos or scars.

We told them only the usual customers and over the road truck drivers stop in here. The local detectives said he was a professional assassin, or hit man for hire. The international people say they have been tracking him for decades. But the only lead they ever get is after he finished his latest job. They sat in the office and watched a weeks’ worth of security video. They never saw John on the video recordings. They never brought up the subject of your late husband and neither did we.

“Thank you all for everything you have done. I think I could do very well by not undergoing days of interrogation about things and people I know nothing about. ... I can only say thank you all for everything you’ve done. ... Honestly, between us; I miss John dearly.”

Everyone went back to work, the restaurant opened and life started to return to normal. Sarah let the county put her husband in the ground. ... About a month later, two young professional women entered the diner. They went directly to the rear booth that John sat in.

Sarah walked over to the booth where the women were sitting and they asked her in unison; “Are you Sarah with an H?”

She stepped back and a slight tear formed that she wiped away; “I’m sorry, someone very dear to me used to call me that.”

“That’s the right answer and response. I’m Carol Anderson and she is my sister Melanie Anderson. We are from the law firm of Anderson and Anderson. Our client didn’t know your last name, so to prevent us from getting the wrong person, he instructed us to ask you that question.”

Melanie continued; “I’m sorry if we invoked sadness by our actions, it was necessary. Our client wishes to remain nameless instructed us to give only you this package.”

Inside the package was a piece of paper. On the paper was written: Grand Cayman Bank Limited Account number 16-5J9S1-1D1A7-67EK12 – Password; imissyouso much

Transfer whatever funds you and Amanda need; keep the transfer amounts under five thousand dollars each. That way you won’t draw attention to yourself.

I heard about your late husband, Amanda’s father. Perhaps when your grief has passed, you could come visit me when you have the time. That’s only if you have the desire to travel.

Sarah almost fell into the booth while reading the note; passion and warmth covered her face; “Where is John? How is he? Is he okay? When can I see him? Please tell me!”

Carol and Melanie looked at each other and smiled. While smiling Melanie said; “She’s in love; no doubt about it. ... Carol, do it.”

She reached in her briefcase and pulled out a business card, wrote down a name, an address and said; “Sarah, do you really want me to give you this information?”

“More than you two ladies will ever know.”

After work that day, she transferred several hundred dollars to her bank account. She arranged travel plans for her and Amanda to Los Alamos. That night she told her daughter what happened and where they are going. The following day, Sarah told Spiro she quit and thanked everyone for being a friend through all this.

Amanda told her boss Marcy that she would be out of town with her mother for a few days. ... A couple of days later, you could hear a man’s voice and then a woman’s voice echoing through a New Mexico canyon; “I love you!”

That first night, John said; “Amanda, you can sleep in the front bedroom. Sarah, you can sleep in the back bedroom and I’ll take the sofa.”

Sarah just sighed and folded her arms across her chest with a discussed look on her face.

“Ah John, I don’t think my mother came all this way to sleep alone and you sleep on the sofa.”

“Daughter dear, I remember seeing a motel on the way up here. You wouldn’t mind staying in a motel tonight would you?”

“Not at all mom; see you tomorrow you love birds.”

After visiting for a few days, Amanda went back to Kansas City and her job at the cooking store. She kept the apartment and started college that fall with a scholarship from her employer and a very healthy allowance from John to pay for expenses and future apartment rent.

A few months later, while having breakfast, Sarah said; “Amanda is coming to visit us over her Thanksgiving Holiday break in a couple of days. ... Should we do something special for her?”

John didn’t think for even a second. He got off his chair, kneeled at Sarah’s side and held her hand. “Sarah, they say that June/September relationships usually don’t last, but honestly I don’t care what ‘they’ say.”

John was never able to finish before Sarah interjected in a half crying voice with tears starting to flow; “I love you so much, you never have to ask me anything. Yes I will marry you.”

After she composed herself, she called her daughter and told her the news. Amanda arrived on a crisp and clear November morning. While at the office of the Justice of the Peace, the female Justice asked them if they were really in love.

Sarah replied; “Your Honor, I love this man more than life itself.”

John became so emotional, he was speechless. Amanda spoke up; “I’ll speak for John Doe; I know for a fact he loves my mother more than life itself also.”

Over the following years, almost every morning at sunrise, a man’s voice could be heard echoing through a remote New Mexico canyon; “Mister Sun, I want you and everyone to know that I love this woman!” Followed by a female voice; “I love this man even more than yesterday!”



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A little about me: I write stories that I would like to read. I do not care to read or write sexually explicit novels. PG-13 is fine to get my point across. Think of them as love stories with adventure.

I'm an old man that ran out of ideas for unique gifts for my wife. Maybe I'm going through male menopause. Started writing as a hobby and to give my wife a unique gift for our anniversary. My wife enjoys my stories. The fact that someone else might even read them thrills me to no end. Looking to get published? Nope, I have a day job already. This is a hobby for me, nothing more than that.

I write short stories and novels that I would like to read. If you're interested in downloading free copies for your personal usage; search [BLOG.RADIOMENSA](#). All the novels are there for free downloading.

As of this date, I have written seven novels or short stories.

Dreams Are Never Lost (Lifetime adventure love story)

John Doe, The Stranger In Town (June – September love affair)

Isabella and Roger (Young adults love story)

Restoration of Lost Love (March – June romance)

A Gathering of Soldiers (collection of five short life experience and love stories)

Cold Case Equity (The difference of legal law and moral law)

Grand Virtues (Life loves and science fiction)

Grand Virtues Nemesis (Love and Science Fiction) It should be ready sometime mid-2012.