

The Kind of a Girl

G.C. Allen

*The First Book in the
Lorraine Innis Series*



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Mundus Est Vestra Locusta

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Many are the plans in a person's heart,
but it is the Lord's purpose that prevails

Proverbs 19:21

All this happened a few years
before the turn of the millennium

In a world nearly identical
to our own

...but not quite.

The Kind of a Girl

Wednesday Night

*The Kind of a Girl
Who Waits for a Bus*

Lorraine Innis heaved a heavy sigh. Every night she was violated by the same man, and every night he got run over by a bus. While she certainly didn't like being defiled, Lorraine had become accustomed to it, or at least she expected it. And she did rather like the bit about the bus. Still, the nightly repetition was growing tiresome.

It was six o'clock in the evening. Her boss rumbled past Lorraine's desk in his tuxedo, grunting "good night" to her. Despite the suit's expert tailoring, its wearer still looked like an upmarket gorilla.

"Good night, Mr. Liverot," said Lorraine pleasantly, though to herself she noted: "Mr. Liverot...Mr. Evil Rot." The moment he passed the glass doors of the executive suite, she dropped her forced smile. Though she knew she was alone, Lorraine looked both ways before fishing the data storage drive from her purse.

As she got up from her desk, the telephone rang causing her heart to skip a beat.

"Ready for anything but the phone," muttered Lorraine as she picked up the receiver. "Hello, Fourth Fiduciary Trust, 'Let Your Money Go Fourth,' Office of the President...no, I'm sorry, Mr. Liverot has just left for the day." She glanced down at the appointment book. "Ms. Einfalt is on vacation. I'm Mrs. Innis, her replacement. Yes, he is attending the gala this evening," said Lorraine. "Yes, thank you. And thank you for calling Fourth Fiduciary Trust."

Lorraine hung up the phone and hurried into Liverot's office. She closed the drapes, cloaking herself from the eyes of downtown Wilmington, turned on the lights, and began searching for the evidence.

It had only taken her a few days as Peter Liverot's temporary secretary to determine that he kept his second set of financial records locked in his right-hand desk drawer. Unlike the official records maintained for the government, this set told the true story of the bank. With this information,

she would bring Liverot to justice. But was it justice? That question always nagged at her. Aunt Elinor had warned her about that. Was she out for justice, or just revenge? Even if it was revenge, she reasoned, it was highly moral revenge, and no one deserved it more than Peter Liverot. (Peter Liverot...Overt Reptile). Still, she'd prefer it to be justice. Lorraine shook her head. She'd have to settle all that later.

The only keys Liverot kept on his person were to his Lexus and his house. That meant the key to the drawer had to be stashed somewhere in the office. For this reason, every night Lorraine stayed late searching for it. Every night she found it but in a new hiding place. And every night she was ravaged before she could finish the job. And every night there was that bus.

Lorraine always began her search under the desk blotter, though she had only found it there the first night. From there she searched successive hiding places: beneath paperweights, in the potted plants, and taped to the bottom of chairs. Nothing. She'd have to explore new spots. She'd never tried the sofa before and proceeded to slide her hand between the cushions.

"Oh, lovely," said Lorraine, as she unearthed an assortment of items that confirmed Liverot's reputation as a lothario and a slob, "a lipstick...*Coral Calypso*; a hair scrunchy...complete with stray blonde hairs; two pairs of pantyhose...one *suntan*, one *nude*...nude indeed!" She slid her hand further down into the couch. "And...one half eaten snack pie...blueberry! Well, Liverot, you've used this sofa as a bed, a snack tray, and a trash can, but, unfortunately, not as a keychain!"

Lorraine wiped a blob of blueberry filling from her hand, and looked around the office for virgin crannies that might conceal a key. A wall plaque caught her eye.

"Citizen of the Year," she snorted as she removed the citation from a local civic organization from the wall. The front of the plaque showed a picture of a smiling Liverot presenting an oversized check to a community group.

"To our favorite banker..." she read aloud. "And Hitler's dogs liked him, too."

Turning the plaque over, Lorraine found a key resting in a hollowed out niche.

"There you are," she cooed, picking out the key with her perfectly lacquered nails. With a smile on her lips, Lorraine turned to the desk and slid the key into the lock. It worked. Her smile turned to a grimace, however, when she opened the drawer.

"Oh, yuck!"

There, inside the drawer, instead of the collection of secret financial records, Lorraine had uncovered Peter Liverot's cache of pornography.

Lorraine slammed the drawer in disgust. She looked around the office wondering where the files could be if not in the desk. There was no other

place, she concluded. Having come too far to turn back, Lorraine reopened Liverot's toy box. Inside were several suggestive devices, a brace of dirty magazines, and numerous nude photos. Gingerly pushing these aside with a letter opener, Lorraine saw a box of condoms. A used condom languished alone atop the box. She was about to give up when something about the rubber caught her eye. Using a pencil, she picked it up. It wasn't used, at least, not in the typical way. It was simply unfurled. She held it up to the light. Through the translucent latex, she saw the outline of a small data storage drive. Clever of Liverot to put the power stick containing his second set of books in a condom for protection. Clever, in his uniquely obscene way. Liverot's illegal and illicit activities were closely connected, and he wanted both insulated from personal liability and consequences.

Lorraine shook the storage drive from its protective sheath. Next, she booted up Liverot's desktop computer, inserted the device, and began downloading the information. Lorraine smiled. Tonight's files were especially incriminating. Not only did the drive contain the bank's official government records and the set for Liverot's silent partners, but there was a third set of books that told an even more detailed story of Fourth Fiduciary Trust.

"You're not only cheating the government," Lorraine smirked, "you're cheating your partners! They won't like that, Peter!"

After copying the files on to her portable drive, Lorraine accessed Liverot's e-mail account. She forwarded the extra sets of books to the government. Scanning Liverot's private address book, Lorraine found e-mail addresses for several of his partners and sent each one of them a copy. Then she replaced the original drive in the condom and returned it to Liverot's naughty drawer. She was about to replace the key behind the plaque when Lorraine glanced at her watch.

"What's the use? Why should I try to cover it up? He's going to walk in on me anyway. He does every night!"

At that moment Lorraine heard the glass outer door of the executive suite open with a "swoosh." This was followed by the sound of Liverot clearing his throat with a guttural rumble.

"There," she said, "right on time!"

The first night, Liverot's unexpected arrival caused Lorraine to have a panic attack. Each subsequent night the shock decreased. Now, the interruption had become part of the plan - her worst case scenario - and she knew exactly how to handle it. As the doorknob began to turn, Lorraine took off her suit jacket, undid the top two buttons of her blouse, and leaned back languidly against the desk.

The door opened. There stood Liverot, his feet splayed apart as if he were standing in front of a urinal instead of in a doorway.

"Lorraine, is that you?" he said, with genuine surprise. Though Lorraine was no longer surprised by his return, she was still surprised that he was surprised.

"Who else would I be," said Lorraine, putting a sultry edge on her soft contralto voice.

At fifty, Peter Liverot still had all his hair. In fact, more of it was sprouting all the time from the most unsightly places. Lorraine swore that from one night to the next it compounded faster than the bank's most generous interest rate. In some spots, like the top of his head, his thick locks made him all the more attractive to the opposite sex. In other areas, like his shoulders, back, and arms, it made him look like he was smuggling shag carpeting. As Lorraine assumed an alluring pose, she tried to ignore the banker's physical liabilities, but this only left his boorish personality and disreputable character. In a full human audit, she told herself, Peter Liverot was in a state of severe default.

For a moment, a suspicious expression crossed Liverot's face. This disappeared as he ogled Lorraine's provocative pose. "I thought you were gonna leave when I did."

"I came back," she said, accentuating her words with a playful twitch of her shoulder, though Liverot's libido didn't need much prodding.

"Yeah, I can see," he said, the wariness returning to his face. "What'd ya come back for?"

"Oh, Mr. Liverot," said Lorraine running her hand up her nylon clad leg, past her knee before lingering at mid-thigh, "don't you know you should never end your sentence in a preposition? Besides, can't a secretary come back to her boss's office for a little after-hours...activity?"

Lorraine reached back across the desk, thrusting her breasts towards him in the process, and pulled a large cigar from his humidor. She proceeded to caress the cigar.

"I just wanted to be...here," cooed Lorraine placing the end of the cigar in her mouth, moistening its tip with seductive flicks of her tongue. "I like it...here."

Liverot's eyes bulged with anticipation, before narrowing into two greedy slits. With his hands raised, the better to grope her with, Liverot took a step forward.

"Oh, by the way, I finished those reports you wanted, Mr. Liverot," she said shoving a blue folder into his grasping hands.

"Huh? Oh, yeah, right," the banker opened the folder and glanced at the document. He was about to toss aside the folder but then took a second look.

"Hey, this is real impressive," he said.

"*Really* impressive," corrected Lorraine, "an adjective is modified by an adverb, not another adjective."

"It's not the way my regular secretary does it. Don't get me wrong. Patricia's okay, but this is great stuff!"

"I cross-referenced the data, and then created a supplementary table showing the comparison between the previous quarter and the same quarter last year. It's there: not only by date, but also by the loan type, and

the dollar amount. I thought it might be more useful that way. There are so many ways a girl can be useful."

As delicately as possible, Lorraine bit off the end of the cigar, and then paused as she found herself with a mouthful of wet tobacco. Her lips began to curl into a sneer when she noticed Liverot was anxiously eyeing her mouth. Apparently, he found the situation erotic. She fought the urge to wretch, and instead, as sensually as she could, rolled the chunk of leaf around in her cheek, before spitting it out on to the carpet. His eyes widened with arousal. Lorraine then gave the cigar a final, teasing lick before shoving it into Liverot's gaping mouth.

"Yeah," smiled the banker, "I'm discovering new uses for you all the time, baby."

"Uses are useful," said Lorraine, as she gave his cigar a slow twist, "if you like using."

Unable to resist any longer, Liverot grabbed Lorraine around the waist and pushed her backward on to the desktop.

"Where could that bus be?" Lorraine asked.

"What?"

"Never mind," she panted.

Suddenly and predictably, to Lorraine at least, the scene changed. Liverot's desk had become a round, velvet bed, the type seen in themed whorehouses and 1960's sex farces. They were no longer in Liverot's Delaware office, but on a sidewalk in downtown Chicago. Liverot was wearing only his boxers and undershirt, while Lorraine was now in a flowing negligee. Liverot was far too interested in completing his conquest to notice any of the changes. Lorraine had her own reasons for being confidently nonchalant. After all, this was her recurring dream. And this was the stuff recurring dreams were made of.

The dream sprang from her reviewing of the plan each night as she drifted off to sleep. So often had it occurred that Lorraine even knew it was a dream while she was dreaming it. At first, it had contained the usual incongruous images – roller skating chimps, ballerinas in combat boots, and the like – that represented symbols of past phobias, or undigested bits of dinner. Soon, however, as was her wont, Lorraine tidied it up into an efficient exercise, containing the details most relevant to her plan: Liverot, the evidence, and justice. Or was it revenge? There was *that* question again. She would worry about that in the morning, for now, there were more pressing concerns.

Like a kid ripping through wrapping paper to get at his Christmas present, Liverot was sorting through the diaphanous layers of Lorraine's gown, when he jumped backward and looked her in the face.

"That's right Peter Liverot," said Lorraine triumphantly, "or to use another anagram: 'Pervert to lie!'"

"You're outta your mind!"

Lorraine laughed, "I doubt it. You see, I know when it's a dream."

"What the hell is going on here?"

"Don't you see? The worm has turned! In fact, it's on the other foot now! No, wait, those are mixed metaphors."

Liverot looked into Lorraine's eyes.

"You? Now I know you. I fired you..."

"Correction, I quit, but I'm back."

"I oughta kill you!"

"That's your answer to everything, Liverot," said Lorraine, her eyes narrowing, "but now it's time to settle your accounts."

"Accounts, what accounts? What the hell are you talking about?"

"You've been a banker long enough to understand the term, Liverot. You're overdrawn at the bank of humanity. Specifically, it's time to answer for the death of my fiancée."

"You're nuts..."

"Look around you, Liverot," said Lorraine pointing to the street, "this is where it happened. Remember?"

"That? That was an accident. Even the cops said so."

"That was probably the only time you ever agreed with the law, but that's their mistake. A mistake I've gone to great lengths to rectify. I've spent months planning this just so I could infiltrate your little organization and find your extra files."

"There are no extra files; besides, you'll never find them."

"I already have them," said Lorraine, pulling the storage drive from her décolletage, "and thanks to electronic mail, so does the government...and your partners."

"No!" He shouted. Liverot leaped off the bed and into the path of an oncoming bus. Thick black hair exploded everywhere as if that was the substance of which crooked bankers were made.

The impact made Lorraine sit upright in bed. But now, instead of on a busy Chicago avenue, she was in her own bed, and awake. Lorraine looked around her darkened bedroom. Once more she had played out the dream. How much longer, she wondered, until it would play out during her waking hours?

Lorraine climbed out of bed, and staggered into the bathroom. There she turned on the light and examined her face in the mirror as if it were strangely unfamiliar.

"I'm Lorraine Innis," she said softly, before adding, "who else would I be?"