

The Bodyguard

The Bodyguard

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A man named, Tawny has to guard a woman named Veronica from an alleged killer.



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The Bodyguard : Chapter 1

I was right around the corner from the police station. In a job like this you can never know what to expect, but you can say that's why I like it. But sometimes it's the same reason that I don't. I opened the car door and had to slam it to close. This car door can never close properly. That's one of the many things I have to fix. When I entered the police station, Joe-my boss-had greeted me.

"Aye, Tawny. We got a new assignment for you."

"Leave the papers on the table. I'll check it out; I just want to get some coffee."

"I don't think we can put this one on the table." He stepped aside to reveal a young woman. She was slender and dressed in a pair of dark-washed jeans and a hoodie. She looked as if she'd been crying. She pushed aside a strand of black hair from her pale face.

"Tawn, meet Veronica. Veronica, meet Tawn. You'll be getting to know each other until we can catch this guy." Joe said pointing to the picture of a man. "He has been claimed to assault a few women. Now we have no hard core evidence, but from the evidence we do have-it all leads up to him. What he does is take his victims on a date, use the old date rape drug, and kill them. He is developing a relationship with Veronica. Now you won't let it get too far, will you?" I shook my head. I walked over to the coffee machine in the back. I raised my voice so Joe could hear me, "So, I'm her *bodyguard*?"

"You can say that, or you can say, 'Man that'll be keeping a good eye on Veronica.'" he said with the wink of an eye.

I filled up 2 cups of coffee and passed one to Veronica. Joe already had some water and he was directing us to walk into his office for further information. He pointed to the two comfortable looking chairs for us to sit in. Truth was, that those chairs weren't too comfy. Joe was already planted down in his chair and he begun saying,

"Well," he paused. He always starts with the word, "Well" when he is in his comfy chair. "Well, there will be cameras installed in Veronica's house. They'll be in all rooms *except* the bathroom. However, we have a mic installed in the bathroom. So we will always be able to hear anything fishy. Any questions?"

I looked at him, he looked at me, which led me to looking back at Veronica.

"Where do I come in?"

"Well, you'll be with Veronica all day. From 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. . As for today, I arranged it so that you can get to know her. I promised Veronica that I wouldn't send her off to a complete stranger. Take her to the park, it's not too far from here. Its in walking distance and you won't waste gas."

I got up from my seat and Veronica followed. When we got outside, I noticed she hadn't yet said a word. Looks like I'd have to do the talking.

Chapter 2: Lucas

"So," I paused. "What's going on?"

Completely ignoring what I said, she asked, "When can we catch him?"

"From how Joe explained it, it looks like we'll have to wait for him to try and assault someone. That someone can be you, and then I'd come in from there. I'd use my super spidey skills."

She giggled. "Oh so it seems like someone isn't completely lifeless. You actually have a humor." I said. Her face went flat again.

"I just never thought of Lucas as the bad guy."

"Lucas. Is that his name?" She nodded her head. "Well, it'll help if you give me some information. I doubt you told everything to the police being that you look like you've been crying real hard. When was the next time you were suppose to see Lucas?"

"Actually, it was in a few days. On my birthday, Lucas was gonna take me out."

"Hm. Well, Lucas *is* going to take you out. He will try to kill you and I will stop him. Tell me, has he been acting funny lately?"

"What?" she said alarmed. "Seeing Lucas again was not in the plans! What if you can't stop him?"

"I will. I'll explain it to you at the park and I'll tell Joe the next time I see him. We're almost there anyway. Relax."

Veronica wasn't like any other girl. When I said, "Relax" she actually seemed less tense. We hadn't said anymore words to each other. It went on like this for the rest of the walk.

* * *

When we got there, we sat at a bench away from all the children and parents. "Okay, so here's the plan-"

I was cut off by a man jogging towards us. "Hi Veronica. Whose this?"

"Hello, Lucas. This is my friend, Tawn."

Crap. Had he been following us? I specifically made sure we were seated away from the people. What was even worse was that he now had my name. He could find me in the phone book. My home was no longer safe. I should have told her about names. Whether or not I have a gun, he could break into my house and kill me in my sleep. Oh well, looks like I'll be in a hotel for a while. He interrupted my thoughts saying, "Nice to meet you, Tawn."

"Nice to meet you too. So what brings you here?"

"Oh. I had decided to take a jog in the park. Gotta get those endorphins moving." He said with a grin.

"Great. Well, Veronica told me a lot about you. You'll be taking her out for her birthday right?"

Veronica had her focus on the birds. She was watching them pick worms out of the grass.

"Yes-yes I will." He glanced at his watch. "I'll catch you later, Veronica. And it was a pleasure to meet you Tawn."

Chapter 3: Violation

Shit!

"Okay, Veronica. We're going back to your house. Follow me to the car." I whispered in her ear.

* * *

When we reached the car, it was darker. She sat down in the passenger seat and we drove off to her house.

"Alright, I'm done with being quiet. What's going on?" said Veronica.

"Listen. Lucas now knows my name. This gives him the ability to find my address and number. You do the math."

She gasped. "How was I suppose to know? What are we going to do?"

"Well, I'm not getting a hotel tonight. He could already be at my house, which doesn't give me time to get my money and clothes." I paused. She stared out the window. "At least in the day time it'll be brighter-which helps me to be more aware of my surroundings." I continued.

I have absolutely no fucking idea what to do. I stared at her when we stopped at a red light.

"So what are we going to do?" she said in a whispered tone.

"I'm going to sleep at your house tonight. We'll come up with a plan in the morning."

"Ah, I see where this is going. You have no plan and you're gonna keep holding things off until one spontaneously pops in your head!" The light turned green and I continued driving.

"I'm not arguing with you. We're almost there." She was about to argue with me, but it's nothing music couldn't tune out. I turned on the radio and blasted some heavy rock music. Nice, it was Slipknot. I doubt Veronica can be *that* loud. I was wrong. Veronica raised her voice saying, "Tawn! Will you listen to me?"

"What?"

"I just got a text from Lucas."

"And?"

"He's at my house." she added.

Does this guy ever sleep? "Veronica, please tell me you have money."

"Oh, Tawn. I wish I did, but I don't. I wish he'd just leave me alone."

"I'll call Joe on his cell. If he doesn't answer, then I'll call the station. Someone should answer-someone who could help us."

I drove the car around the corner of Jones Street. We definitely weren't going to her house. I leaned to the side in my seat so I could dig in my pocket for my phone. I had the station on speed-dial.

"Hello?"

Chapter 4: Sleepover at Joe's crib

"Joe!" I said, raising my voice. "Lucas is at Veronica's house. We're broke, and he knows my name."

"How the hell did he get your name?"

"I forgot to discuss names with Veronica. I hadn't even gotten the chance to tell her, because he came up to us at the park."

"How could you be so senseless?! You should have told her on the walk."

I said nothing more because on the other end of the line, he was silent. I knew that meant he was thinking of a plan. When he finally spoke he said, "Where are you?"

"The corner around Jones Street."

"Come to my house. I have one guest room, but you can either take the couch or sleep on the floor."

Of course, it's not like Veronica would be the one on the floor or couch. I sighed.

"Okay."

"You know the way over to my house?"

"Yea, but what's the address? I forgot."

He then gave me the address, which enabled me to find his house.

* * *

It took us at least an hour to get to his house, but we got there. I rung the door bell and he let us in.

"Nice to see you again Veronica."

I could tell that what he was really thinking was, "I'm sorry that I picked such a knucklehead to guard you." I started coughing. We were in the living room, and it smelled like smoke and beer. It also smelled like sweat. The walls were beige and the floor was carpeted. The carpet looked as if it was begging to be vacuumed. It was hot in here and you could see Joe's sweaty hand beckoning for us to follow him into the guest room. We followed.

"Veronica, you'll be on this bed. Tawn, you have the choice of the floor or the couch."

I feared bed bugs, and from the way his house looked, I'd be on the floor. You'd think a police officer would be clean, but not all are. You could smell his beer breath from across the room.

"I guess I'll be taking the floor."

He threw me a blanket from the closet. When he left the room and closed the door, Veronica threw me a pillow.

"Tawn, will everything be alright tomorrow?"

"Well, since you didn't text him back, he probably thinks you're at my house. When he doesn't find you there, he'll think we're at a hotel. In that case, he'll give up. As dirty as Joe is, he comes up with the neatest plans when he sleeps on it."

"Goodnight Tawn."

"Goodnight Veronica."

* * *

I woke up. My first thoughts: *'Is Veronica okay?'*

I got up from the floor. "Veronica?" I questioned, trying to see if she was awake.

She was still asleep. I walked into the kitchen, looking for a cup so that I could get some water. Joe was spread out on the couch watching the news.

"Morning Tawn."

"Hey Joe. Got any cups?"

"On top of the fridge."

I reached for the plastic cups as soon as I spotted them. I got some tap water from the sink and sat on the arm of the couch.

"Joe, I was thinking that-"

"Shush," he interrupted me. "I got a plan. I'm letting the thoughts marinate in my head."

He chuckled. What was so funny? The newsmen hadn't made any jokes.

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"Joe, my boy," he said in the middle of something between a cough and laughter. "What plans do you have? I only have the start of a few."

I still don't get why he found that funny.

"Veronica's birthday is coming up, and Lucas wants to take her out. That'll be the night we get him. The only problem is, he already saw my face."

"So we can't use you. Maybe you can use me at the restaurant."

"You can't just go alone; you'll look suspicious."

"I won't. I'll bring Meredith."

With that being said, we set up the whole game plan

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