

LUNCH TIME SURPRISE

Mark Stewart

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Edited by: Rosemary Cantala

Other novels Mark Stewart has written

The Kendal chronicles (crime)

Fire games

Heart of a spider is the second book in the series

I know your secret is third in the series

Romance

Kiss on the bridge (series)

Kiss on the bridge (2)

Kiss on the bridge (3)

The perfect gift

Blood red rose (Vampire romance adventure)

Blood red rose two

Blood red rose three

Legendary Blue Diamond

Legendary Blue Diamond two

Legendary Blue Diamond three

Planet X91 the beginning (series)

(Plus fifty more)

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A LONG auburn-haired woman looked nervous stepping through the closing lift door. She reached out her hand, pushing the twelfth-floor button. A tall man of medium build wearing dark sunglasses was the only other passenger.

"Excuse me Miss, if you don't mind me saying; I can tell you don't like lifts." The man extended his hand. "I'm Stan Edwards. I work in this building."

"I'm Jennifer Nordin," she replied. "What makes you an expert on how I feel about a lift?"

The man displayed sly smirk. "You inhaled then held your breath when you stepped into the lift. You'd be facing the door had it not been for our conversation. If I may I add you smell nice. Your expensive rose scented perfume fills the air in here."

"You have a unique pickup line," snarled Jennifer. She pushed the twelfth-floor button for the second time.

"Thanks for the compliment. I don't want you to think I'm being rude; will you give me permission to stroke your cheek using my index finger?"

Jennifer back stepped away from the man. "No, you certainly may not. Take my advice stop looking at me through those dark mirror sunglasses."

"Sorry."

"No, you're not and you can stop using your eyes to undress me."

"Sorry, I mean no disrespect."

"I bet everyone in this building has nicknamed you, 'Sorry.'"

The man chuckled. "No, at least I hope not."

"I want you to stand over by the back wall. You're far too close to my private space. Take my advice, don't say sorry."

"Okay. Before I move away, can I at least stroke your hair?"

"Stay away from me you pervert. Our conversation is over."

"I'll move back," advised Stan. He raised his hands to signal a surrender.

Jennifer watched the man pushing his shoulder blades into the wall of the lift.

"Good, now don't look at me, or talk."

In a room on the fifth-floor music could be heard. In a few seconds the music had faded then ceased.

The lift shuddered violently and came to an abrupt halt.

"Why has the lift stopped?"

"You want to talk now?" asked Stan.

"Yes. I still want you to stay away from me."

"Don't worry, the lift stops every other day."

"Then we're in danger of falling."

"It's not possible. These contraptions have brakes. I heard a story once."

"I don't want to hear stories. I want to get out of here and away from you."

"I'll skip the story. What you need to do is press the stop button."

"Your advice won't help. We've already stopped, or haven't you noticed?"

"Sorry, I wasn't watching the numbers on the panel going up."

"Due to the fact you were too busy perverting on me," stated Jennifer.

"Getting back to what I said a minute ago; press the stop button then the ground floor button. The lift will move to the next floor. It works every time."

Jennifer rolled her eyes. She knew the act wouldn't work, but feeling her blood pressure starting to rise she followed the instructions.

"Wise ass, I pushed the buttons. What do you know, we haven't moved. Before you recommend I should use the phone, I've tried it already."

Looking uncomfortable, Stan began to fidget. He stared directly at Jennifer and said in a calm almost ice-cold tone. "The lift mechanic told me last year the trick always worked. He mentioned he had been stuck in a lift once. He laughed so much he dropped to his knees."

Jennifer opened the top button of her pale pink shirt then slipped the bottom of the material out from her loose-fitting jeans. "Stan, I'm not laughing. I'm in pain. I have to get out, now."

"I'm sure help will arrive soon."

"How soon?"

"The lift mechanic shouldn't take more than two hours to get here."

"It's too long to wait," whispered Jennifer, swiping her mobile phone out of her bag. Her face showed the discomfort she felt. Panic started niggling at the tone in her voice. She unlocked the phone and moved it around the lift. "I have a problem my mobile phone doesn't work in here."

"Relax. I'm sure whatever it is you're concerned about, can wait for the rescue."

"You don't understand. The stress you've put me through and lift stopping has caused my problem."

"Do you want to share it or is this a personal secret?"

"I'm pregnant. I'm in pain."

Stan looked directly at Jennifer. His eyebrows shot up from behind his dark sunglasses. "Tell me you're not in labor?"

"I'm in labor, big time."

Stan stepped forward. First, he pounded on the metal door then changed to calling. "Help, can anyone hear me? There's a medical emergency in the lift." Stan looked in Jennifer's direction. "Please, you have to stop pacing you're causing the lift to shake."

"Stan, you seem to know a lot of details about this lift. How long have you been working here?"

"Fifteen years. I work on the fourteenth floor on Mondays. The remainder of the week, I'm on the top floor."

"You must have a great view?" said Jennifer between groans. Already her hair had turned damp from the labor pains.

Stan shrugged his shoulders and re-commenced pounding on the door with a tight fist. "Relax, stay calm everything will be fine," he whispered.

"It seems I'll have to trust you."

"Why do you have change of heart?"

"My waters have broken. If help doesn't arrive in the next couple of minutes, I'm going to give birth in this lift."

Stan's words struggled to form in his mouth as fear gripped his throat. "You can't give birth in a lift. Surely labor takes a long time?"

Jennifer crouched on the floor, sweat pouring along her hair line and down her cheeks. "My daughter was born the same way. She couldn't wait to view the world. Stan, can I borrow your coat?"

"I suppose," he said, handing it over.

"Thank you." Jennifer took hold of the coat, spreading it out on the floor.

A man's muffled voice came from the outside of the lift door. "Hey you-people in the lift."

Stan stepped to the door. "Hello, we need help; urgent help."

"Dave is that you?" called Jennifer.

"It's me. What are you doing in the lift?"

"Surprise, I'm giving birth."

"Cross your legs, you can't give birth in a lift. I've already talked to the maintenance man. He's on the way."

"It'll be okay, Stan is here to help."

"I haven't been introduced to a Stan. Hey fella, stay away from my wife, understand?"

"I take it Dave is the new bloke?" asked Stan.

"Yes, he started today. Seeing how I wasn't due to be in labor for three weeks, I thought I'd come to surprise him for lunch. The corner café looked inviting."

"The smell of food cooking, the coffee brewing when you walk past the café tantalizes the taste buds," reported Stan. "It had been a nice thought. I think your husband is more than surprised."

Jennifer groaned inwardly at the sudden feeling to bear down. Whether she wanted to or not, her time had come.

"Stan, I need your help."

"I don't think I'll be of much good?"

"I really don't care what you think. I need your help and you will do it."

"You don't understand."

"I understand your reluctance. There's nothing to be scared of."

Stan stood in the corner of the lift shaking his head and trembling from head to foot.

"I'm not scared, I'm blind."

From floor level, Jennifer stared up at the man.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Jennifer gathered the coat. Scrunching it into a ball she threw it at Stan's face.

"I can prove it," said Stan.

He finished the sentence a second before the coat hit him in the nose.

"You just did," whispered Jennifer. "Now I know why you wear sunglasses inside. I owe you a big apology."

"Think nothing of it. I get the same mistrust on a daily basis."

"Sorry."

Stan chuckled at the word then broke out into a grin.

"I'd laugh too, but I'm in a bit of pain."

“Right,” said Stan. “There will be time later for smiles and laughing. Tell me what to do.”

From the other side of the door Dave’s muffled voice returned. “Hey, Stan boy, you better not be touching my wife. Jennifer, hold on, the lift mechanic is here.”

In a matter of minutes, the lift door was forced open. Dave pushed his way through the mingling crowd. He squatted, looking directly at his wife.

“You’re late,” whispered Jennifer. “I thought we could name our son, Stan, after the man holding our baby. He did a fantastic job.”

Dave went from smiling to displaying look of disappointment.

“I thought we agreed to call our first-born son after me?”

Jennifer looked mischievously into his eyes.

“We can. Dave, let me introduce you to our sons. Surprise, I wanted to keep the secret of carrying twins to the end.”

Dear reader,

thank you for reading my short story: Lunch Sime surprise. I do hope you enjoyed it. Any feedback is gratefully accepted. The information you, the reader give, helps me to become a more professional author.

My stories are based on the Australian culture. Some of the spelling is Australian. Thanks for your understanding.

Again, thank you for your support, for without you, the reader, I wouldn’t have anyone to read my work.

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Other novels I have written in the way of romance are: Kiss on the bridge. The perfect gift: Legendary blue diamond. Don’t tell my secret.

A vampire adventure is The Blood Red Rose: Blood Red Rose Two:

Planet X91 series (There is over fifty novels in the series)

Crime novels: The Kendal Chronicles.

Fire Games: Heart of a spider: I know your secret.

Children: A Troglan knows and Luke’s cubby house: Malcolm’s cubby house.

Smashwords has various short stories.

Below is the opening page of my novels in order that I have listed them:

Synopsis: Kiss on the bridge. Adventure romance.

How would you react if a tall handsome stranger came up to you on new-years-eve and asked for a kiss?

Kiss on the bridge is set in the year 1974. Cyclone Tracy made land fall in Darwin on 25th December 1974 at 9:55am desecrating Darwin. After Tracy had swept the state there was nothing left except this story? Out of the ruins love sparked and mushroomed between Anneli and Wade. They were destined to meet and tell their story for decades to come.

Kiss on the bridge two: Set in Australia in 1977. Meredith wakes in a coffin. She has no idea her hero is on the way. They meet and fall in love, but will the emotion be strong enough to keep them together?

The Perfect Gift. Adventure romance. Available Smashwords.

Naomi is twenty-six and doesn't like the way all men mistreat her. She decides a change is needed and applies to be a jillaroo on a cattle station named the Oasis. Its location is in outback Australia. She meets a cowboy, Trent, who is a rodeo champion. They agree on a bet. Eventually both want out, but neither wants to be first.

Through a series of adventures that stretch from the city, to a fast flowing river in the outback where Trent must save Naomi from drowning, love germinates in the middle of a storm.

In her heart, Naomi is a woman who adores the city's nightlife, but as the sun sets on each day, the Australian outback is enticing and the excitement of the city fades. Then she inadvertently saves the Oasis.

Love is growing, then Brandt; Naomi's obsessive ex-boyfriend tracks her down. Can Trent save her one last time?

Synopsis: Legendary Blue Diamond. Adventure romance. Available April 10th 2012

HISTORIANS AND researchers say the birth of the legendary blue diamond originated when the earth was being born. Some say the legend commenced at the union between a man who had skin, the colour of the night sky and a woman who had skin the colour of the sun. Rumour has it that the diamond was no larger than a single carrot. Lately there have been whispers that the deep blue coloured diamond was reported to be in excess of nine carrots possibly even ten or higher. What I believe isn't important, though I assume it lays somewhere in between. There's been bush talk from the Australian Kimberley's to Melbourne; whosoever touches the blue stone will die, for it is cursed by God. I believe it is due to man's greed and the blood that drips from his hands is the truth behind the cursed stone.

I have extensively researched a great number of books on the subject looking for a start date to the authenticity of the legend. I think I may have uncovered the actual events, but I have no way of proving if the facts are correct. I have been able to ascertain the legend was born around the mid 1800's AD when the State bank of Victoria was in its infancy. A gold prospector unearthed the diamond. In days he had sold it. The buyer was a man in charge of the bank. The diamond was indeed dark blue in colour, but definitely a one off, stroke of luck find. One cold dark night a bushranger, his brother and a third man came into a small town searching for the blue diamond. They never found it. The banker was tortured for the information of the stone's where-a-bouts. He took the knowledge of its existence to his grave. Of late a possible theory has been circulating that the man's wife has it in her possession. How she escaped from being murdered was any one's guess.

If you ask me, do I believe in the story, I'll answer you truthfully. I know it only to be a legend.

Synopsis: Blood Red Rose. Vampire adventure romance. Available on Smashwords.

"You can't force me to drink that, I'm innocent," yelled Haleton. "Rose-a-lee what have you done?"

There was no reply.

William Haleton is a normal man looking for love and the good life then the council of four modifies his DNA and uses him as a guinea pig. They transform him into a vampire. Pleading his innocence falls on deaf ears.

Haleton is hungry for the next evil soul, but deep down he has a burning desire for the love of a girl. Her blood is sweet and hypnotic. Her genetic makeup is his perfect match.

Being transported again through time is not an option.

The clock is ticking.

Haleton will do anything to stay by Amber's side, but is it possible for her to love him? Can Craig Benyon, Amber's close friend, be trusted? After all he loves her as much as William Haleton.

If an antidote to the vampire's curse is found in time, will it be successful, or is everything Haleton going through part of the vampire curse?

Synopsis: Fire Games. Crime. First book in the series.

Detective Alan Kendal puts his life on the line to outplay the psychotic arsonist known as Patrick.

Detective Kendal is ordered to team up with Detective Claire Ambroso, whom he's known since school, but she carries a secret and he has a grey past. Which one will come forward to haunt first? Kendal grows suspicious of his new partner when she aims her gun directly at him and pulls the trigger. What's her motive? Is she Patrick's accomplice? If not, who is?

How can Patrick always be one step ahead? Does Kendal have enough time to rescue his kidnapped twelve-year-old daughter, Tegan, before Patrick's fiery finale?

Synopsis: Heart of a spider. Crime. Second book in the series. Available Smashwords.

Detective Kendal is on the trail of a patient who has escaped the mental institution and wants to sever Kendal's life line. The chase is complicated by the visitation of a ghost and the appearance of a supposed vigilante.

Kendal doesn't believe in ghosts, but finds himself having a conversation as he stares at one. His partner, Claire Ambroso has to fight for her life when Kendal is told to meet GP at the wharf when the moon is at the highest point in the night sky.

Confusion sets in at a local supermarket when a robbery goes wrong and someone in Kendal's family is shot.

The trap is set for the person who masterminded the escape and a final shoot out at the hospital reveals amazing results that astounds even Kendal.

Synopsis: I know your secret. Crime. Third book in the series. Available Smashwords.

Everyone has a secret. Some people take theirs to the grave. Some hold their desires inside for a lifetime. Some stew on their secret all their life, and then they get revenge.

I know your secret is a suspenseful crime novel. Melbourne homicide detective Alan James Kendal and his partner Detective Claire Ambroso have to locate a missing teenage girl. The case hots up when he is introduced to a medium. She seems to hold all the knowledge of the case except a few minor details, like, why did Kendal find an empty bullet shell that had a note inside that read, 'I was paid to miss.'