

## **Annie's Day – Andy Weir**

I didn't want to wake up at 6am, especially on a Saturday. But the man I was cuddled up to was... a morning person.

Paul got up godawful early, as usual. I had to endure temporary wakefulness as he removed his arm from under my head. Then he ran his fingers lovingly through my hair while trying to convince me to wake up.

Tip for all you guys out there: If a woman is asleep, let her sleep. If you're anything other than newlyweds, she does not want to you groping her in the morning.

He finally gave up and went off to do whatever the hell morning people do. I fell back asleep within minutes.

I awoke at the more reasonable hour of 10am and trudged to the kitchen to get some breakfast. Paul was at the table with the electric can opener in a hundred pieces. It had broken the day before, and would only cost \$10 to replace. But he'd rather spend hours fiddling with it than admit defeat. I indulge his idiosyncrasies to a point, but I also wanted us to have a functional can opener. He had one day to fix it or buy a new one.

As Paul worked on the can opener, Billy watched TV in the living room.

Billy was 16 years old. His mother (Paul's ex-wife) left a decade ago. In the five years since I moved in, I watched Billy grow from an annoying kid into a man who looks like his father. I've grown to like him. I really like him. A lot. In fact, I want to feel his hands all over my body and...

Anyway.

Paul and Billy went off to watch a baseball game, so I had the day to myself. I started with a leisurely bath. Then I took advantage of the beautiful weather and sunbathed in our back yard. It was nice while it lasted, but the wind started to pick up so I gave up on it.

I dropped in on Mrs. Marlowe down the street. She's 84 years old and always happy for the company. I spent a few hours with her and she told me about the wild stuff she used to do when she was young. She'd told me the stories before, but she was a nice old lady and I didn't have anything better to do.

On my way home, I passed by Dwayne and Sally's house. Sally's hated me ever since she caught me sitting in Dwayne's lap at the 4th of July barbeque. In my defense, there weren't enough chairs. Maybe his hands wandered a bit and I didn't discourage him but it was his fault as much as mine.

She glared at me through the living room window as I passed by. I ignored her. And just to piss the bitch off, I cut across her lawn while turning the corner. She glared harder but didn't do anything.

Our next door neighbor Maureen and her toddler Ryan were in their front yard. Maureen texted on her phone instead of paying attention while Ryan toddled around aimlessly. Once he saw me, he meandered in my direction and extended his arms for a hug. I slapped him across the face. I hate children.

I casually went in to my house, leaving the crying Ryan and clueless Maureen behind.

Passing the kitchen table, I saw the various pieces of can opener laid out, neatly organized. I took one of the smaller pieces and hid it under the refrigerator.

Then I spotted Billy's laptop. He rarely left it unguarded; usually keeping it hidden in his room to protect it from prying eyes. But in the rush to leave for the ballpark he'd left it charging on the coffee table. So I spent the rest of the afternoon on his computer.

The boys got home in the early evening. Paul worked on the can opener for a while before giving up in frustration. Billy didn't notice I'd been on his laptop. How could he? I left it exactly as I'd found it.

Paul went to bed at 10pm, like always. I rarely went to bed when he did. I usually joined him hours later. But tonight would be different.

Tonight I had a plan. I just couldn't hold back my feelings any longer.

Billy played video games in his room until midnight. I waited patiently until he shut the lights off. I summoned my courage in the hallway and finally did what I'd been wanting to do for months.

Pushing his door ajar, I slipped in to his bedroom. He lay under the covers, not quite asleep. He hadn't noticed me come in. I was deliberately quiet and it was too dark to see.

Sneaking to the side of the bed, I got in and under the covers.

He sure noticed that!

Startled, he wasn't sure what to do. I didn't give him time to think. I pressed my naked body against his bare chest. We'd never done anything remotely like this before. Now it was time to see if my gamble paid off. What would he do?

He caressed my body. Slowly at first and then with more vigor as I writhed joyfully. I loved everything he did to me and I let him know it.

After a while, we fell asleep together.

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"Hey, bud," Paul said, leaning in to Billy's doorway. "I made breakfast."

"Ok," Billy said, waking up. "I'll be right out."

"Huh," Paul said, taking in the scene. "Annie slept with you last night?"

"Yeah," Billy said, looking over at the cat. "First time she's ever wanted me to pet her."