34. Going to the Room that

Remember how I said life with Mr Ambrose would never be normal? 298

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Don't get your hopes up. Nothing particularly exciting happened.

There wasn't another the . No two villains staged a sword-fight in the middle of my o ice or anything like that. Oh no. What happened was far more mundane, and far nastier:
For the very first time, Mr Ambrose did not get rid of me early. For the very first time, I ended up having to working the entire day. The entire day do you hear me? Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not lazy or anything. It was staying at the o ice the whole day meant that, for the first time, I had to deal with some basic needs that I hadn't been concerned about before. The half hour Mr Ambrose allowed us for lunch took care of one of those needs: I ran out of the building and purchased something to
stu myself with. With what money, you may ask, since I hadn't received my first pay check yet? All right, I admit it. I was a bad girl. I had pawned uncle Bu ord's walking cane. Since he hadn't gone out walking for years, I figured he wouldn't miss it. And I'd get it back as soon as I had my first wages. I
had promised myself that. So I wasn't hungry when I returned to work. Yet over the course of the a ernoon, another more pressing need made itself known to me. You could stay alive for several weeks without eating anything, I'd heard, but thisneed in the lower half of my body required more immediate release. Especially since Mr Ambrose kept me on my feet, hurrying around the room, fetching files, which didn't exactly combine well with the building pressure down there
Another message landed on my desk with a 'plink'. Mr Linton, Bring me file 29IV229.
Rikkard Ambrose I stood up – and suddenly knew that file 29IV229 would have to wait a little longer. I hurried out of the room into the hallway. Mr Stone looked up from his paperwork as I approached. "Excuse me, Mr Stone?" I squeaked. Quickly, I cleared my throat. "Excuse me?" That was better, though my voice was still slightly higher than befitted my role as a gentleman. "Do you know where the bathroom is?"
"Certainly, Mr Linton." He pointed down the hall. "Two floors down, then take the first door on the le ." Ugh! Stairs. Would I survive that? I could only hope.
"Thank you!" I squeaked, and hurried o . Shortly a erwards, I returned, my steps a lot more measured and careful. My voice was still unnaturally high, when I inquired: "Err Mr Stone?" "Yes, Mr Linton?"
"Are there any other toilets in the building? Maybe some that actually have cubicals?" He frowned. "No, I don't think so. Why?" "Never mind!"
Back in my o ice, I saw two messages on my desk. Just as I closed the door behind me, a third landed beside the other two. Mr Linton, I refer back to my previous message. Bring me the aforementioned file.
Rikkard Ambrose And the second one: Mr Linton, I'm waiting.
Rikkard Ambrose. And the third one. Mr Linton,
I am becoming impatient. Do not try me. Bring me file 29IV229. Now Rikkard Ambrose. Bugger! What was I going to do? I couldn't fetch the file! I probably wouldn't get to the shelves without well, I might not be a very polite lady, but even I wouldn't mention that Quickly, I considered the roads which were open to me. Could I get through the entire day like this? No, definitely not. That le two options: A) Do it in the waste paper basket
B) Talk to Mr Ambrose It said a lot about the personality of my dear master that option A actually sounded like the better alternative to me. However, checking the waste paper basket, I discovered that, although once made of solid cast iron, it was now so old that it had rusted through at the bottom, making it unsuitable for containing fluids of any kind. There was nothing for it. I had to gather up my courage and confront the monster in its lair.
~~**** I knocked. "May I come in?"
"Do you have the file?" asked a voice from inside – that terse, cool voice which I already knew so well. "No, but there's something else." "Important?" "Yeee\$"
"Then come in." Slowly, I entered. The o ice hadn't altered much from the last time I'd seen it. The big map had disappeared of the desk, and instead, heaps of paper were lying on it. I was a bit surprised that I recognized most of them: they were the files Mr Ambrose had told me to bring him, and he was working through them diligently. So he wasn't just ordering me around to annoy me. Good to know, if slightly unexpected.
I stepped in front of my employer's desk and cleared my throat. No reaction. He didn't even look up. Instead, he picked up his fountain pen and began writing on a piece of paper. I cleared my throat again. And again. "Do you have a cough, Mr Linton?" he asked, without looking up. He
"No, Sir. I have a question." "Then put it and leave. I have work to do." "Well, err, it's a bit delicate."
"Well, err it's a bit delicate." "Then put it delicately and leave." Ordinarily, his ice-cold manner would have gotten my gander up. But at the moments my thoughts were fully occupied by a certain pressing matter.
"Err yes, Sir. You see, I have to do some urgent business." He tapped the stacks of paper with his free hand. "So have I." "I'm sure, Sir. It's just that my business is somewhat more personal than yours. I, um, need to powder my nose." That was the first time he looked up. With his dark, sea-coloured eyes, he stared at my face intently. "Why? Your nose looks fine to me."
"Um thanks for the compliment, but" "If you absolutely must," he continued, bending his head again and continuing his writing, "you can do it here. I don't mind." I nearly choked. "Err Mr Ambrose?"
"Are you still here, Mr Linton?" "Yes, Sir. I wanted to ask – have you been out in society much?" He didn't look up again. His fountain pen flew over the paper. Blue lines of ink spread over it with graceful ease. "No. I detest society. Ever since I've returned to England I've been far too busy with my business, anyway. Why?" "Because you seem a bit behind on social idioms. You see to
"powder your nose" is a phrase that ladies use when they want to indicate to gentlemen that they need to pee." There was a loud snap. When I looked, I saw that Mr Ambrose's
fountain pen had snapped in half under the sudden pressure of his fingers. Ink dripped out of the half he still held. "Then," he said in a very measured, calm voice, "please do notdo it here." I nodded. "That's what I thought."
"Why don't you just do it somewhere else, then?" Mr Ambrose's voice wasn't quite as calm and collected as usual anymore. My, my. Was the great businessman at a loss? I had to hide my smirk. "Well, Sir, I checked, and there's a bathroom downstairs. But it's only a pissoir, with no separate cubicles. And, well, I know you think of me as a gentleman, Mr Ambrose, but I think some of the other sta members might disagree once I let my trousers down."
"I see your point." Still not looking up, Mr Rikkard Ambrose, one of the country's richest and most powerful businessman, pondered the question where I might pee this a ernoon. If I hadn't been so literally filledwith anticipation, I might have burst out laughing. As it was, I preferred standing still. Finally, he said:
"You can use mine. It's in there." And he pointed toward a small door at the back of the o ice I hadn't noticed before. "Err your what, Sir?"
"My toilet. Go do what you need to do, and then get back to work. I don't pay you for standing around." I wasn't sure I had heard correctly. "You want meto use your personal" He looked up, sharply. "Mr Linton?"
"Yes, Sir!" "What did we talk about in the last five minutes?" Suddenly I got the feeling that an awful lot depended on me making the right answer. "Err business, Sir?" "Very good. What kind of business?"
"For the life of me, Sir, I can't remember." "Very good indeed. Now bring me a new fountain pen. For some reason this one doesn't seem to be working anymore. And then get on with your business and leave me to mine." "Yos Sirl Immediately Sirl"
"Yes, Sir! Immediately, Sir!" I managed to bring him a new fountain pen without wetting myself, then ran to the little door, slid inside and shut it behind me. Quickly, I let my trousers drop. Thank the Lord I was wearing trousers and not a hoop-skirt! I would have emptied my bladder three times over by the time I had gotten rid of that. With a sigh of relief I closed my eyes sank down on the toilet. As anyone will understand, I'm sure, for the next few minutes I was quite busily engaged. It was only a er the pressure had decreased
enough that I could open my eyes and look around at Mr Rikkard Ambrose's personal bathroom. I was in largish chamber with – naturally – bare stone walls. The only thing that could maybe be counted as decoration was a small mirror hanging on the door. Maybe. The plain, ungilded frame and small size
of the mirror, however, made it appear more likely to me that it was an object of daily use, in typical Ambrosian style. My eyes did not rest on the mirror long. They were drawn to an object on the wall to my right. There, over a basin set into the floor, a shower head protruded from the wall. On seeing this, I suppose I know what my reaction shouldhave been.
It should have been some mundane thought like "Well, he seems to pretty much live in the o ice" or "Must be relaxing a er a long day's work". Instead, all I thought was: Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God! He showers here! He showers here, in this very room where I am right now, naked! Which would mean, without any clothes on. Which
would mean you could see all of his

Continue reading next part □

For some strange reason, I took a little bit longer than usual to

conclude my business in the bathroom that day. When I le , Mr

Ambrose looked sideways at me. His granite expression didn't

Only when I had finished scribbling this chapter did I come to the

realization that I had just written an entire installment about the

Nonetheless, for some obscure reason, I simply could not keep

myself from laughing out loud the whole time I was writing this

Your Victorian Author (washing his hands & wiping them on a

intriguing subject of my heroine going to the bathroom.

chapter. Rather ungentlemanly of me, I fear ;-)

100% vintage Victorian bathroom towel)

Did you enjoy my scandalousy bathroomish chapter?

"Something wrong, Mr Linton? You look a little flushed."

"N-no, Sir. I'm very well, thank you."

"Yes, Sir! Immediately, Sir!"

"Good. Then bring me file 29IV229 now."

My dear Lords, Ladies & Gentlemen,

change.

Sir Rob