

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

Instinct

by Alison Fry

Instinct is a marvellous thing, it can neither be explained nor ignored. Instinct has gotten me out of many a tricky situation and I've learned to trust my gut. As I park in the drive and get out of the car my instinct is telling me something is wrong. I can almost smell it in the air, like the discomfort of a humid evening when you know a thunder storm is on the horizon.

As I walk to the door it opens from the inside. Rebecca walks out. My heart jumps into my throat. My eyes burn into hers, a silent question *what the fuck have you done*. She glares back, breaks eye contact and storms off down the street to the car I know, but didn't notice. Her heels clack, her beautiful arse wiggling in time with her hips. God, I love that arse.

No longer able to put it off I open the door and walk in. Mel is sitting, staring at the door. Staring at me. Her nose is red, her eyes puffy. We just look at each other, neither wanting to break the silence. Make this real.

"Mel, that woman is crazy. She's"

Mel cuts me off. "She showed me photos Cal. And the video you made", Her voice is quiet, emotionless. "Please don't make excuses and make this worse".

I have no idea what to say.

We've spent over an hour in agonizing silence. Me looking at her. Her looking at the floor with glazed eyes, her leg held into her body, her tissue holding hand at her mouth. Finally, she speaks.

"I guess I should leave".

"No Mel, this is your home."

“Are you going to leave?”

“No! I mean this is our home, you and me. Please we can get over this!” I’m not used to begging for anything, I don’t like the fit, but I am not letting her go. I still can’t believe how calm she is. I’d always imagined if I were ever exposed there would be a blazing row, shouting, screaming, throwing things, the whole shebang. But I should have known better. Mel is too classy for that. Her heart is too kind.

“How can we move on from this?” she asks, pleading rather than asking. She wants me to say the right thing, to make it ok.

I move to where she sits, kneel at her feet, take her hands in mine and look into her eyes. “It was a blip Mel, I swear it. With all that time away I got lonely, I went crazy through missing you. We were always so in sync, you and me, but you’ve been so distant lately. You don’t want to share adventures anymore.”

“So, this is my fault?” She interrupts. Tears welling again.

“No, yes, I don’t know! Maybe to some degree”. This is good, I can use this. Turn it around and be the victim, the poor neglected husband who had no choice but to get his dick wet elsewhere.

“I was lonely and she seduced me. She’s a slut. A homewrecker. We won’t let her do that to us Mel, not us. Maybe she’s done us a favour, huh? Perhaps we needed this. A wake-up call, a nudge to bring the magic back, come through this stronger!”

She finally looks at me. A naïve hope in her eyes.

3am. Mel is breathing deeply next to me, she cried herself off to sleep around midnight. I won’t find sleep tonight. That bitch Rebecca has no idea what she’s done. I will not get divorced, I would lose a bloody fortune thanks to the infidelity clause in the prenup.

And don’t sit there assuming that I’ll be arranging a little ‘accident’ for Mel. I might be a self-confessed arsehole but even I’m above committing murder to save face and fortune. Besides the whole point is I love Mel. She’s mine and I want her to stay that way.

I’ve been chipping away at her all evening, keeping her self-esteem low enough so that she might actually blame herself and forgive me. I can make this work, I just need a plan, a focus for us and our future. I could pretend I want a baby or to renew our vows, take a second honeymoon? It would be better if I could concoct something that benefits me too though.

Here’s a thought...we met climbing... and I’ve been desperate to have another crack at Everest since I got sent back 1500 vertical metres from the summit three years ago. Now that’s an idea, she and I stuck in the middle of nowhere for months on end. All the training in the run up...how could she not fall for my charms all over again?!

