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## Instinct

by Garf Collins

“Instinct is a marvellous thing. It can neither be explained nor ignored.’ That quotation from an Agatha Christie novel sums up the belief of many people,” Neil said as he started his lecture on evolutionary biology, “but I would define instinct as an innate pattern of behaviour in animals in response to certain stimuli. Humans are also animals so much of our innate response is determined by instincts built in by millions of years of evolution...”

As he spoke he looked around at the full lecture theatre. Rebecca was again sitting in the front row looking fixedly at him. She had been at all his lectures and often asked questions afterwards. Her face suggested something beyond academic interest. It was the slight smile she wore as if she knew something that he didn’t.

“Take the mating instinct,” he went on, “this cannot be explained by love. Civilisation has overlaid a primeval instinct with the notion of romantic love.”

Neil noticed Rebecca again, sardonically smiling at him as he spoke. The fleeting thought of his failed relationship with Joanna – a past student – made him resist a barely perceived fascination for Rebecca.

He continued his course over the following weeks with Rebecca always in the front row and often wanting further elaboration after the lectures. Finally, his resolve weakened to the point where he suggested they meet for coffee to discuss that day’s topic further.

After several such meetings Rebecca said, “Neil. I think we should stop playing this game. I can feel that you want us to get together. Why not come over to my flat tonight for a meal.”

“I don’t know about that Rebecca. Of course I want to but you know the rules.”

“Well give me a ring if you do decide to come.”

Neil couldn’t get her out of his mind after that and nor could he prevent himself arriving at her flat that evening with a bottle of wine in hand.

The meal was good and they had a relaxed conversation about university matters. She was vivacious and in her wry comment about his faculty was very amusing. As they talked his reserve rapidly slipped away.

“A final glass of wine?” she said as they moved into the kitchen.

“That would be nice.”

After pouring the wine, she turned saying provocatively, “Well then you’ll have to reach around me to get it.”

As Neil did so he was overcome with the feel of her body made much closer as she leaned back with her arms around his back. With urgent desire he began to kiss her neck and then her throat. She pulled his face to hers and kissed him lustfully.

Leading him towards her bedroom she said mockingly, “Do you remember quoting ‘Instinct is a marvellous thing. It can neither be explained nor ignored.’ You’re clearly unable to ignore *this* instinct but you’ll have to explain it to me afterwards Professor.”