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Thrill

by Alison Fry

I love my wife. I really do. But there's just no thrill in marriage. I feed off thrill, you might say I'm addicted to it, and I've found that the thrill of leading a double life is delicious. To Mel I'm a dutiful, loving, caring, doting husband. A pillar of society. A real stand up guy. Outside of Mel I'm everything else.

Don't sit there thinking that I'm just some average Joe looking to excuse a love of sex, drugs and rock and roll. I've always craved danger and excitement and found many healthy outlets; mountain climbing, skiing, sky-diving. Then there's the not so healthy; driving 150mph on the motorway, high stakes gambling, and flying high, literally. Sitting in a cockpit, 8,000 feet in the air with a cabin full of lives in your hands and a couple of lines of cocaine in your system is exhilarating. And yes, of course careless sex at every opportunity I get. Whilst I might not be faithful I have firm rules to show respect to my wife; never the same person more than once, no-one she knows and always protected.

You're probably sitting there judging me and that's fine. I don't particularly care. You don't get to where I am by giving a shit about other people's opinions. Arrogance and a sense of invincibility get you to my heights of success. I do, however, wonder whether I was selfish to marry Mel, but as I said I love her. I wanted her. And I always get what I want.

Mel was fairly adventurous herself when we first met. We were in the Alps as part of an expedition climbing Mont Blanc and I was intoxicated by her drive and spirit. We were married within six months and spent years climbing many of the world's toughest and tallest mountains together. But then her interest trailed off. She became focused on developing her career, building a home and hosting dinner parties. The most excitement I get with her now is our annual ski trip. And, of course, talk of the dreaded C word crept in. Children.

There's nothing less attractive to a thrill seeker than having a couple of snivelling brats hanging off your trouser legs, demanding attention and putting a halt to any kind of spontaneity and fun in your life. What Mel doesn't know, must never know, is that children have never been part of my plan.

After my 21st birthday, safe in the knowledge that I would never desire progeny, and with no intention of being honey trapped by some gold digger, I treated myself to a vasectomy. Not on the NHS of course, no NHS doctor can comprehend that someone knows their own mind so well, but a private clinic will give you anything you want as long as you as you can pay the bill. I suppose I'll only be able to put her off with reasons to wait for so long. But I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

My phone vibrates as I'm performing my pre-flight checks. Mel. "I still can't believe you've left me to lunch with your parents alone!" she gently admonishes. "I know my love. I never meant to leave you in the lurch but the on-duty pilot was struck down by D&V. I'll make it up to you" I promise. Of course, this is a load of BS to placate her. I asked for this shift after I saw the opportunity for a lay-over with Rebecca. 5'8", brunette, green eyes, legs to die for...oh, and a complete lipstick lesbian.

Well... I really do love a challenge.