

Friday – 8pm

She poured herself a glass of wine and looked out of the window. She didn't know why, she knew he wasn't coming; he had SAID he wouldn't be coming. Still, what he said and what he meant were two very different things. How long had this been going on now? Two years exactly, their second anniversary had been last week.

Deep down, she knew she deserved better than to be the other woman but, on the other hand he did seem to truly love her, when they were together, he made her feel that she was the only one that matter, but was she? She had seen his wife before; prim and proper, no wonder he felt stifled. No good ever comes out of marrying before you're thirty she mused and he was approaching his thirtieth this year.

Suddenly, headlights shone through the window, she turned in surprise. Quickly, she went to the kitchen and returned with a second wine glass that she put on the table and waited, sure enough, she heard the key in the lock and stood up.

He stood before her, dark haired, unshaven and looking like something out of a Mills & Boon novel.

'I didn't think you were coming.'

'Neither did I.'

'Drink?'

'Thanks.'

'You look tired.'

'I am.'

'Frustrated?'

'Yes.'

'What's happened?'

There was a pause. '...It was negative.'

She froze and felt a wave of relief, not because she wanted children but because she could feel her rival's status rise even higher and felt the knife being twisted further. 'Oh...'

'So...'

'I'm sorry.'

'No you're not.'

'No I'm not.'

Sensing he wanted to say more, she turned and approached him slowly, she loosened his tie and began to kiss him. He shivered and slipped his arms around her waist, he was still hers, she could feel it.

Chapter

One

Saturday

Perdita smiled as she felt his thumb slowly stroke her nipple, she was pleased he was able to have a lie in as well, he was supposed to be on a “business trip” with his law firm. She stared into the distance, suddenly, she felt him stir behind her.

‘What time is it?’

She rolled over to face him. ‘Does it matter?’

He sighed and sat up and reached for his phone. ‘I’m supposed to be in a meeting.’

‘Well...You don’t normally have your phone switched on in meetings do you?’

‘No but-’

She smiled. ‘But what?’

He kissed her. ‘Nothing.’

‘How’s it going by the way?’

‘How’s what going?’

‘The big plans!’

‘Fine!’

‘The big three-O!’

‘Yes!’

‘Will she do the same for yours?’

‘No doubt!’

‘How sweet! You two, only a few months apart! I’m the baby! A whole *year!*’

‘Now! Now!’

‘I might have to go in a minute.’

‘Am I invited?’

'What do *you* think?'

'Worth a try.'

'Perdita...'

'Oh no! Don't you *dare!*'

He sighed. 'Look, I'm just trying to be practical.'

'You can be as practical as you want, it won't change anything.'

'Look Perdy...'

'Hush!' She began to kiss his neck and work her way downwards. 'Just shut up and lie back.'

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Jenny bit her lip and looked down at the guest list, she still wasn't sure whether or not this party was going to be too big, she smiled, she knew what Benjamin would say, he'd say that there was no such thing as too big and that whatever she wanted, she should have. She smiled to herself, she was so lucky! She could remember the day they met and even now, she couldn't believe how lucky she was. Suddenly, her phone went, she reached for it and her blood ran cold, quickly, she deleted the text and carried on.

'Hello?'

'In here darling!'

'Oh there you are!' He kissed her head.

'You're late!'

'Yeah! Sorry!'

'Oh no! It wasn't a criticism!'

'How's the party list going?'

'I think there's too many people.'

'Nonsense!'

'There is!'

'Darling, it's your *birthday!* You have as many people as you like!'

'Well, I don't know if we're going to have enough room!'

'We'll be fine!'

'Well...If you're sure...'

'Yes! I'm sure...'

Suddenly the phone rang, Jenny tutted. 'Oh god! Who's that!'

'I'll get it!'

'Oh you don't have to...'

'No! No! No problem!' He felt himself begin to perspire as he dashed out into the hallway.

'Hello?'

'Hello darling!'

'What are you doing calling here?'

'I just fancied a chat!'

'No you didn't you're just being spiteful!'

'That's not true!'

'Right! So yes! That sounds fine!'

What? Oh! *She* must have come in 'I'll speak later then.'

'Yes! Yes we'll cross the T's and dot the I's so to speak. Bye!'

'I love you!'

'Yes! Yes! Bye!' He hung up and allowed himself to breathe out slowly.

'Everything alright?'

'Sorry?'

His wife smiled. 'Is everything alright?'

'Yes! Fine! Just discussing this document, have to dot the I's and cross the T's.'

'Oh of course!'

'Now! Where were we?'

She grinned and kissed him. 'My party – drink?'

'Why not?'

Sunday

Sunday, for the majority of people was a day of rest, Benjamin opened his eyes and immediately felt a head ache coming on. He loved his wife, he truly did it was just that with Perdita he felt...he felt alive again, he couldn't really explain it. Still, he had to make sure that things didn't get out of hand. Still, he had his wife's birthday to think about and he knew that he had to concentrate on that. He loved his wife and always would, but, it was just that, at times, he would feel a bit claustrophobic. When he met Perdita, she had been flirtatious, attractive and a breath of fresh air, she had helped him relax and had given him a chance to escape. Of course, he knew that it had been wrong and he had tried to end it. Yet, he found that, no matter how hard he tried, he always went back to her. He was addicted, still, he couldn't think about that now, he had his wife's birthday to think about. It was in two weeks' time and he had the perfect gift in mind, she had often said about a specific bracelet and necklace set, so, he had order it on line for her and had arranged to collect it on Monday. He loved his wife and wanted her to have everything, he had no intention of leaving her.

That evening, they were settled in the living room together when Jenny went out into the kitchen and came back with two plates.

'Cake?'

He smiled as a plate of sponge cake appeared in front of him. 'Thank you darling!'

'Are you alright?'

'Fine! You?'

'Yeah!'

'Looking forward to your birthday?'

'Absolutely!'

'Well, you'll see, the big three-Oh's not that bad.'

She grinned. 'Yes...I remembered yours!'

'Oh god! Don't!'

'You were bladdered!'

'Yeah! I know!'

'So...Is that business all sorted out now?'

He smiled. 'Completely! All I want to do now is concentrate on spoiling you my love!'

'What did you get me?'

'Oh I couldn't tell you that!'

'Why not?'

'Oh please!'

'What?'

'Well! It's like talking to a child!'

'Ah ha! Now you know what it's like!'

'Very funny!'

She smiled. 'I don't really mind, I just want everyone to enjoy themselves!'

'You are too good my darling!'

'Well...'

'No, I mean it, I-I don't deserve you!'

She went over to him and snuggled into his side and kissed him softly. 'Maybe I don't deserve *you!*'

'Rubbish.'

They began to kiss.

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Perdita smiled as she lay alone in her bed, jealousy was still twisting her gut but then she decided to relax, jealousy was, after all, for stupid little girls, she decided to just go with it...it was then that she had an idea...an amusing, if not cruel, idea.

