

(Untitled)

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A quick glance through the window told her all she needed to know; the old fool was still sitting there in the same place she left him hours ago, bathed in the eerie green light of the computer screen. She hurriedly wiped off her grimace, as Ted caught sight of her reflection in the screen and got up to kiss her on the cheek. Turning towards her husband, she asked, 'How was your day, dear', the question as forced as the plastic smile on her face. Such appearances had to be kept up, even if they seemed transparent to her. He didn't notice. He never did.

'Lovely dear, thank you. Went out for a spell around twelve, then caught up with John from the bowls team....' Blah blah blah, she thought. The mouth is moving but that's all I can hear.

Instead of listening to his drabble; she moved her thoughts across to the new and exciting future that beckoned her with dreams of cruise boats, diamonds and Steve, with his good looks and daring. She'd been with him before she married Ted, and hadn't ever really stopped the relationship. These dreamy thoughts must have spread to her face for Ted quavered out 'are you alright love?' whilst handing her a cup of tea and frowning faintly. She muttered 'fine' and sighed to herself. There was nothing really wrong with Ted, he was just so boring. A single day with him was enough to drive anyone insane, let alone six months of marriage.

She glanced down at her hand to see the diamond ring on her finger flash reassuringly. 'A precious stone for my beautiful gem' Steve'd said. She'd told Ted it was a present from her parents and he'd believed her, the stupid man. He never noticed anything, he truly never did.

Suddenly, Ted's voice broke thorough her reverie, bringing her back to earth with a sharp jolt. 'Dear, your skirt is on back to front, and your shoes are undone, what's happened?' Cursing inwardly, she hurriedly told him about a fictional run in her lunch break that day with a workmate. She hadn't been doing anything of the sort but he wasn't to know that. 'Oh yes, that's right' he muttered vaguely, and turned again to the computer. She hurriedly turned to their room as pink flush began to creep up her neck. Too many questions like that and she'd be sprung for sure!

Not that Ted would work it out; he'd put two and two together and end up with the square root of something. He was always reading up on difficult stuff like

that on the computer, he'd tried to explain them to her once; however, it only convinced her to stay far, far away from the dreary things. Checking her watch, she suddenly realised she was late for clandestine dinner with Steve and gabbled out something about rushing out to a work meeting. She had to yell it twice as the old fool didn't hear her, deeply absorbed in his scientific websites. He didn't even notice when his coffee cup tipped over as she slammed the door shut after her!

As the door closed, a grin spread slowly across Ted's face, wiping away the daft expression worn from before his wife left. He clicked back on the chat page and resumed typing. 'Hey Pam, you can come over now, she's gone.' He waited a while before he saw the elegant red Porsche pull up across the road as an equally elegant lady began to step out of the car. His wife would never find out, she never noticed, never did.