

Elleyendeeay



His name had been repeated twice ... at least twice.

“Yeah?”

“Someone’s coming to the front door,” Agnes said, her perspective from that side of the office accommodating a more expansive view of the driveway.

“Oh.”

The doorbell rang.

Opening the door, he was virtually attacked by this soft voluptuous ‘thing’ that attached itself to him by wrapping arms around his neck and pressing breasts into his chest. His hands instinctively touched the smooth silky material of the blouse on her shoulder – between shoulder blades; there was no strap, just a smooth warm contour that breathed within his palms. Behind her someone placed a suitcase inside the door and left.

“I’m so glad to finally be here,” she said. “Is Agnes home?”

“Yeah, she’s in a meeting online.”

“Hi.” It was Agnes. “I just have a minute between arguments. You’ve got everything then? Good. I better get back.”

“I’m so glad you offered to write my story; I feel so misunderstood.” Deep brown eyes locked onto his; he was entranced. She touched his beard.

“I’ve already started it,” he said awkwardly. “Would you like to read what I have so far.”

“Oh, yes. Yes, Please.”

They strolled into the office, both nodding to Agnes as she glanced up smiling. He bent over his chair in which she had already installed herself and scrolled the window up to the beginning. “It begins here,” he said, pointing at the screen.

“Elleyendeeay? Is that me?”

“Yeah.”

Then as she began reading, he closed my eyes as though listening to the words he knew she would be reading. It was a sonata of syllables in her mellifluous intuited voice with which he was familiar.

“She had been lovely as a girl, beautiful, brilliant, boisterous – too beautiful, too brilliant, too boisterous. She had married young – married well.” On and on she read, “two beautiful children, happy home.” Etc. etc.

Then, rumors, the innuendoes, accusations of infidelity – all with circumstantial evidence, a car parked in a driveway overnight, dining with a stranger while George was away, separate vacations, ... on and on.

“Bullshit!” The music in his head had stopped. He left the office.

Stalking down the hallway he heard her quicker steps behind him as he passed the entry hallway where her bags sat, and on into the kitchen and through the sliding door. He took the last cigarette from its package and lit it just like Bogie would have done, eyebrows pinched together pathetically.

She stood there facing him now, teary eyed, vague, voluptuous, vulnerable. If he had been a man of power, a CEO, a president, a Senator, a governor, ... or Bogie, would he have exploited such gorgeous vulnerability? Possibly. I thought about it again... Probably. No... Certainly.

“I thought you had quit!” It was Agnes.

“It’s my very last cigarette.” He took one more drag and dropped it to the ground, grinding it into the concrete with his foot.

“I see they delivered my order of wines.”

“Yeah.”

He exhaled a white puff of smoke and watched it dissipate until it had totally disappeared into the rhododendron bushes and then followed Agnes into the house to store the wine.