

## One Hint at a Time

January is famously known to be a month where coldness fills the atmosphere of the city of New York. A fireplace would seem like a great escape for me and Roger. Somewhere around Brooklyn, there might be a rental flat in which our bodies could warm themselves as we watch the fire surrounding us. A great counterbalance to the countless times that his desperate woman, Elizabeth, has yelled to him, “you will burn in hell for this.”

That frigid little woman, always trying to make her husband a polished version of an executive. I wonder how she carries her white purse with that antique jewelry, a 20-year-old golden wrist watch that he gave her, bossing him as if he did mind her. She is definitely just a mistake from the past. As for me, I will gladly adjust his tie after hours of our hot steamy sex together, just so it is less evident how much we have been fooling around. A divorce now would cost him a fortune, and could put into jeopardy our expensive getaways and plans. I heard Elizabeth has put some other mistresses of his into ridiculous positions such as getting all her church friends to demonize them. What is wrong with her? And with all of them? Don't they believe in free-will anyways?

I didn't mind being with him in the dark, especially when I remember the night where he whispered, “I love you, Jennifer,” softly in my ears. We were happy, and feeling accomplished. Oh the chills that went up and down my spine after these words were pronounced. After all, who should I be? The ghostly shadow of a wife, or, the dazzling present interest of my dearest Roger?

I can still remember my mom telling me how much she hoped I would bear grandchildren for her, and experience the cycle of nature. Sorry mother, I will not spend my life like you, behind an oven, cooking and cleaning for a house full of children, I thought. I would much rather go to the salon, spa retreats, pamper my likings and keep my youthful vivid spirit alive. “Selfish,” they say, but I believed it to be necessary.

Roger has taught me everything I know. Before him, I was still that naive 21-year-old woman who felt that prince charming would come galloping on a white horse. My mother's advice initially seemed like the right way to go, until the seducing Roger showed me that I would miss out on a fun, daring and wild life, just like he already was.

I often look at myself in the mirror and wonder how pathetic I would be for giving up my pleasure, comfort, and being idolized by the desires of this man.

It is quite interesting that I am preferred. A man would leave his structure, home, wife and kids, reputation, years of a routine, just to have me for a night or two. It is enticing.

Today, everything will change. I thought about the fireplace, and I thought about the wife saying he would "burn in hell." Disgraceful. Why is everything that supposedly would be so simple and perfect, now, under such a heavy burden. Her voice, his hypocrisy, the condemnation. This is certainly not close to a heaven for two.

I hope he likes the note I left on his cabinet, telling him how this affair seems a little too ordinary for me, and that I will fly to Paris for a change. And I hope my next stop brings a new outcome for the princess with a twisted fairy tale record.