

Silver Fox

Like many men who come from money, Victor Marteniz's family were also well off. His grandmother was quite conservative. She campaigned against heterosexual marriage, in favour of Christmas miracles.

Unlike many men who came from money, Victor put in the hard yards. At sixteen he began working at the family business as CFO and (through hard work and taking some big risks) rung by rung got himself demoted to the mailroom. It was there he had his big idea, and utilised his position to send letter bombs to the world's banks, for stealing that big idea.

Eventually Victor Marteniz took over the family company after the tragic passing of his father at Victor's hand. Through his leadership, the Fortune 500 company technically remained a Fortune 500 company, albeit much lower on the list. They call him the father of modern business, in that he doesn't understand it at all.

He loved life, which was handy because he had so much of it. When we got together, he was three times my age, and five times my public age. He spent 107 years on the earth, and he claimed a previous 400 on a planet called Paradise City, where the grass is green and copyright laws are lax. Yes there was an age difference, but there was also an intelligence difference and nobody talked about that. People say mean things behind his back, about his back, because scoliosis shaped it like a penis.

All the other social elite made fun of him, in the New Yorker magazine, as is their way. But deep down they knew he has something they didn't, something that their money can't buy. More money than them.

We would summer in his holiday house in war-torn Gaza. It's not much of a holiday, but it was cheap. Financially, not morally, and annoyingly it's under constant renovation.

It was there, our hearts beating like the IED's surround the house, we made love.

Victor Marteniz always had a soft spot for me, but thanks to viagra we fixed that. He said my eyes reminded him of his mother. Gross, I said, but he continued. They're deep blue, like the ocean he drowned in. Apparently she was making a bid to be CO.

His eyes undressed me, then dressed, then undressed me again. It was crystal clear, he was having a seizure. I tried to kiss him, but something stopped me. His hand pushing me away. On his wrist, a medic alert bracelet. 'For me' I said in my girliest voice. I sort of think it sounds like Betty Boop, but I can never tell what the sound of my voice actually sounds like (I suppose no one can). I went to check with Victor (he had actually met the divine Ms Boop) but when I looked back down at him, I discovered he had gone. Gone and dragged himself to the phone, to call an ambulance. He had to get them re-routed from a tank fight, but they came. I sat with him in the hospital room for three days. Once I forgot he was there, and knocked his IV out when I hit him thinking him a burglar. It was in that moment, I knew: I wanted a divorce.

It wasn't an easy split. In the end I took the Aston Martin, and his life. They were both self-defence: he tried to run me over outside the courthouse. I still laugh about it now; this wasn't my first rodeo. What's more, my actually first rodeo was riding on bucking cars, so I was prepared.

His trying to kill me ended up being a tactical error. Not only was he now dead behind the wheel, but attempted murder did not work in his favor in a divorce hearing. I was so impressed. In fact, I was so convinced I married my divorce lawyer, then rehired him for our spilt. It was never going to last: we both billed by the hour