

THE UNINVITED GUEST

Chapter Two

For a second, Angela's heart seemed to stop beating; it certainly paused, along with her breathing.

"Angela," said Art, touching her arm, "Are you alright? You look like you've seen a ghost!" The world rushed back full force.

"I'm so sorry..." she spluttered, "I wasn't expecting..."

"Yes, I apologize for not calling you," said Art, "Derek just turned up a few minutes ago, looking for a place to stay overnight."

It is me that should apologize," said Derek, taking her hand and bringing it up to his lips. "Please forgive me?" His smile sent shivers down her spine. Ted took over and ushered everyone onto the lanai. Proper introductions were given and drinks were poured.

"How do you know Art and Sally?" asked Ted, when they were comfortably ensconced on the large couch.

"We met last winter on a cruise," replied Derek and then launched into a funny story about snorkelling with his wife and losing his swimming trunks. Angela excused herself and went into the kitchen ostensibly to check on the lamb. Her mind was reeling. She had had a brief fling with Derek two summers ago, when her marriage was going through a rough spot. She'd met him in Starbucks in Toronto. "*How can he be here?*" she thought, "*Does he remember me?*" was her next thought.

Sally came into the kitchen. She seemed really nervous. Her face had a shiny look.

"Angie," she whispered, "I'm in hell!"

"What?" Angela wasn't processing much.

"Angie," Sally cleared her throat. "Do you remember when I told you about that little indiscretion I had over the summer last year?"

"Yes," replied Angela.

"Well, that little indiscretion is on your lanai telling jokes to my husband!" Angela's mouth fell open. Her eyes widened with surprise.

"You had an affair with Derek?" she squeaked.

“Ssh!” ordered Sally, “Keep your voice down! The point is...what the hell am I going to do?”

Ted filled up Derek’s wine glass.

“You mentioned your wife,” he said, “Will she be joining you in Florida?” Art excused himself and hurriedly went off to the washroom.

“Yes,” replied Derek, “Mandy will join me in Miami next week. She is the top Canadian agent for Mary Kay Cosmetics, you know. Perhaps you saw her picture in The Toronto Star last summer?” Ted’s arm jerked and he spilled his wine on his sleeve.

“Shit!” he hissed, “Excuse me...sorry...!” He almost ran out of the lanai and into the master bedroom to find a clean shirt. Art was pacing in the room.

“What are you doing pacing the floor, Art?”

“Oh God!” whispered Art, “I’m in hell!” He stopped moving. “You remember that little indiscretion I told you about that I had last summer?”

“Yes,” replied Ted.

“Well, that little indiscretion’s husband is knocking back wine on your lanai!” Ted was astounded. He’d had a little fling himself two summers ago when he and Angela were going through a rough spot. The fling’s name was Mandy and she sold Mary Kay cosmetics.

Sue Dwyer 503 words Jan 26th, 2012