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Springboard DEC

The Plus One

I hated her new man. Maybe I needed to kill him.

I invited my favorite coworker, Susan, to spend the weekend at my holiday house at Fort Lauderdale Beach in Florida. I told myself I just wanted to spend time with her. She was excited by the idea; I could tell by the way she kissed my cheek. I decided to tell her that I was madly in love with her during the trip. I perceived that she felt the same connection as me. Sometimes I caught her looking at me a little too long. The way she touched my arm when she laughed. The next day, she packed her bags and waited for me in her apartment lobby. She was wearing a yellow dress; my jaw was on the floor. As she was walking towards me, I was so mesmerized by her beauty that I almost didn't see the blue-eyed man holding her arm.

"Oh, he's coming with us?" I asked hesitantly.

"Of course he is, Henri," Susan replied with a nervous laugh.

I did not understand how this could have been funny; it was like a lump in my throat. She could have told me that he was coming with us. I decided that this man would not take her from me. She awkwardly presented me to her new darling, Georges. I shook his hand, but he didn't even look in my direction. It was so discourteous of him.

I was disconsolate during the whole drive to my beach house. Susan was showing a delighted smile, as if I was not the only man in her heart. Georges complained the entire time. The moment we arrived, I opened the car door for her and without a word, she flew into my arms, as if drawn by something deeper than gravity. Once we arrived, I put her bags in her room and went to get us cocktails. With two gin and tonics in my hands, I slightly opened the door. I saw him with his hand on her breast. I ran back to the kitchen with rage. Maybe he was better or funnier. I don't know. But it pissed me off that he gets to be so close to her in my own house. Susan came down the stairs as she buttoned up her dress. She looked down, clearly uncomfortable. My coworker kindly declined my drink offer by saying;

"Of course I am not going to drink that. What were you thinking?"

I hadn't known her lover had made her sober. We used to get drinks all the time. I knew her favorite songs, how she took her coffee ...and yet now, he knew how to make her smile.

A few minutes later, she was getting a tan by the pool. Her hands were rubbing sunscreen all over him, as if I was not standing there watching. What was the point? Making me jealous so I would have wanted her more? Susan laughed at all his stupid jokes like they were brilliant. I laughed too, but inside I wanted to throw my glass across the deck. He began to scream at her. He was so rude. I couldn't let that happen. Rage exploded inside me, and before I even knew it, I was coming for him. Before he could say anything, I threw him straight into the water. A scream erupted from her throat, a desperate cry for help. She jumped into the pool to rescue him. Georges was gasping for air, spitting water on the balcony. She took him in her arms.

"How could you do this to him? He is just a baby!" Susan yelled at me.

Suddenly, I see his little newborn cheeks and feet. His blue eyes are the same as his mother's. Is this the part where I feel guilty? I am not sure what really bothers me, what I did or the fact that I feel good?

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