

That Night...

by Keith C. Blackmore

Douglas's resistance snapped and he could no longer resist her calls. Like a siren of mythology, she had called out to him with every expulsion of his heated breath. Douglas knew that she would. Somehow he knew either she would come back to him or she would summon him to her side. Angela could not live with him but, fortunately, she could not continue without. So she called and beckoned and pleaded for him to see her until tears streamed down his face. The love that he and Angela possessed was the devotion only read about in some sickly sweet trash novel, where the heroine and hero were finally reunited in eternal bliss after conquering all obstacles. Memories of countless evenings shoved for room in his mind's eye. Angela was a goddess, all sacred and shimmering, and Douglas now knew he would marry her.

In her divinity and her calls was forgiveness for his adultery. That made Douglas happy, happy beyond the tight confines of the word. Elated. She forgave him and perhaps that was the final lock which kept him away from her. It did not matter now. He was going to see her. He would take her into his arms and suffocate her with the most sweltering of embraces, the wettest of kisses, he loved her so.

He loved her so much that he would forgive her as well. The thought hung with him as he drove out to her place out on Millar's road.

He would forgive her.

He would forget about her screwing Jim Knack in the kitchen-- in Douglas's own apartment. He would forget how he caught both of them in the act, Angela's legs arched back to her ears and Jim grinding away feverishly on top of her. He would wipe that image clean. Totally clean. It was only fair, just like Angela had

said. She was entitled to her one night, especially after all the one-nighters Douglas had behind her back. Completely justified. No problem here. No sir.

Douglas could and would forget about that ugly instance and the horrible fight that followed. Four nights after that terrible scene and silence, the dust settling, Douglas wanted desperately to go back. They both had time to think.

He drove all afternoon and all evening to get to her new home--she had left their apartment that fateful night--and avoided the main drags of highway, preferring to stick to the least traveled roads. It was well into night when he reached Angela's place and parked his car. He lit a cigarette to calm his nerves and sometime after midnight he found the courage to knock on her door. He was sweating terribly and the night air chilled his breath and lungs, but he managed to come so far he was not about to allow the last six feet deter him.

Now facing her door, he made a fist and rapped lightly.

*"It's open,"* he heard Angela's muffled voice from within. Anxious, just as he was. It was like the first time he had picked her up for the formal, all over again.

The door opened and there she was, stunningly beautiful, in the finest of evening dresses, waiting only for him.

And just like before, on that fateful night where they had both known that this was real love, she reached for him and he for her.

He could forgive and forget.

Forget about her eyes opened wide, dead and hungry.

Forget about the terrible wound stitched closed above her right temple, where the butcher knife had entered to the hilt in a fit of jealous rage.

Forget about her nearing face, lips parted for a long sweltering kiss and spilling worms and other filth that had balled neatly into her mouth. Drenched filth that fed only on the recently buried...

There, in her grave, Douglas forgot everything.