

# *Lisa*

“This is so much fun,” I holler behind me to Curtis. We are short of breath from chasing each other around the skating rink.

I haven’t been ice-skating in ages, and I’m having such a good time. I’m cold. Some hot cocoa would be nice right about now.

Curtis comments, “Good, you’ve been a bit uptight.”

Yeah, you would be too if you weren’t getting any.

“I know, I’m sorry about my behavior.”

“What time do you have to be back at the hospital?”

“Two. Shelly is there with her.”

“Is that why you throw me a bone today?”

I curl up to Curtis’s body like a cat looking for a warm place to stay. He wraps his arms around me, pulls me close, and brushes my neck with his lips.

“Woman, you feel good.” We’re in the middle of the skating rink showing some serious PDA. I know people are watching us, each forming their own opinion. I guess I would too if I saw two people trying to make their own movie.

“You feel good too, baby, but we are putting on a show.”

Curtis releases me slightly. Averting his eyes, he tries to scan the crowd unawares.

I laugh and drag him along with me to the other side of the rink so we can get off. Thankful for the chance to rest, I sink down in a nearby chair.

“You want something to drink?”

“Yeah, get me a Strawberry-banana smoothie.”

“Okay, one smoothie coming up.”

Watching Curtis walk away makes me aware of how much I miss John. It’s funny how the world keeps on turning even when your life is turned upside down.

Curtis is a good man, a good man. There is a battle going on: My mind against my heart. And I’m not sure who is winning.

I shake the thoughts from my mind. I don’t want to analyze my love life. Curtis is here with me now. I’ll just try to enjoy it for what it is. But somehow, John isn’t too far from my thoughts.

Curtis returns with my smoothie. I paste on a smile.

## ***John***

“Which is easier for you, John? Signing these papers or admitting that you have some unresolved issues that you need to work out?” asks my stocky attorney. Morgan is a gifted man. He is extremely good at what he does when he does it, but the man

needs a good handle on his diet. In the ten years that I've known him, he has gone from being in shape to overweight and out of shape. Since I've been in his office, he has gone through two burgers and it's not lunchtime.

"Morgan, you're my friend and I've allowed you full access to areas of my life people rarely enter. Don't make me regret it."

Morgan puts down his half eaten burger, wipes his hand on a napkin, and moves around his desk to the water fountain attached to a mini wine cooler to pour himself a drink.

"Come on man, let's be real. I have gone over this divorce paper with a fine tooth comb and I have not found any discrepancies. Lisa is not asking for anything extravagant. In fact it's quite the opposite." He sits back down and the chair makes a horrible noise. He had better not do what I'm thinking he did.

"The money is not good," I reason.

"You know as well as I know that it's not about the darn money." When he shifts the chair makes that same noise again. Seconds later a foul odor floats through the air and confirms my suspicions. The man has been blowing up our space. Aaww darn!

"Smells like you have some unresolved issues yourself," I joke. He chuckles.

"Yeah, I need to go to the restroom. Give me a minute."

“Take all the time you need. I don’t want you coming back up in here smelling like aftershave and ground meat.”

“Somewhere over there under the counter I got a can of Lysol air freshener,” he says.

“Help yourself to some freshness.”

“Gee, no thanks. Think I’ll go chat up your secretary until you get back.”

Morgan shoots me a reprovng glare.

“Don’t fret; I won’t make any moves on her.”

“You better not.”

Morgan disappears around the corner quickly. I chuckle. Lana, Morgan’s secretary, has her head down as her fingers click away on the keyboard.

“Working hard?” I ask, leaning against the desk.

Lana looks up and smiles. “Is everything okay, Mr. Boutari?”

“Yes, Lana. I’m just biding my time.”

“Where is Morgan?”

“Your boss has an appointment with the restroom.”

“Oh yeah, his stomach has been bothering him. I keep telling him to stop eating all that junk food. You’re his friend. Talk some sense into him.”

“The man will not listen to me. He needs a wife.”

“Well, don’t look at me. I can’t help you there.”

Oh, but I think you can. I know when a man is attracted to a woman and Morgan is definitely into Lana. He is too scared to go for what he wants.

“Would you want to?” I ask. Her keystrokes stop and she looks up then away, obviously flustered. “I’m sorry, if I’ve overstep my boundaries. That was presumptuous of me.”

Lana nods and goes back to typing.

“He’s my boss,” she whispers carefully.

“True, is that what’s stopping you?”

Lana peers around me. Checking for Morgan I suppose. I move into her view, blocking her from whatever is distracting her. I reassure, “He’s in the restroom.”

“Has Morgan said anything to you about me?”

“The man will not—”

“Okay, John let’s finish this up.” Morgan’s sudden appearance makes us both jump. How much did he hear?

I fall in step with Morgan. “You’ve been holding out.”

“On?”

“Lana, what are you waiting on to ask her out?”

“Shhh, keep it down,” he begs and almost shoves me into his office.

“Does she suspect?”

“No, I can’t tell her. Man, look at me.” Morgan pats his potbelly. “I’m too fat and out of shape. She wouldn’t want to be with someone like me.”

“Sure she would. Ask her out before someone else does. I promise you will regret not asking her out.”

“Like you? When are you going to man up and go after your wife?”

“You’re right. This is why I’m leaving to go get her the most beautiful set of flowers money can buy. Catch up with you later.”

I am going to get my wife back. Somehow.