

Playing Games

By

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I was bored. My thirty-five year marriage evolved into stagnancy. I didn't regret it because it produced three beautiful children, but our marriage and even sex became a routine. "Veronica James, what do you want?" I asked myself.

I'm not looking for a handsome wealthy man to whisk me off and shower me with diamonds even though I'm still attractive. Men do like me and flirting has never been a problem.

I'm not looking to become a cougar and snatch some hot thirty-five year old who can rock my boat sexually and leave me begging for more—although, the fantasy is pretty damn good. No, I'm not looking for anyone. I'm hoping the one I married gets the wake-up call and gets off his emotional midlife crisis and remembers that life is about us and our relationship is more important than his job, his hobbies, and other tidbits of crap that bother him. *Maybe an affair or an idea of one would wake him up?*

Our last conversation was, "Italian take-out?" and he said, "Yes." Did I mention it was in a text? Traditional conversations don't happen that much anymore because they usually lead to a disagreement. Not an argument with dishes flying. That was my parents who after sixty years of marriage are somehow still together, mainly because no one else can put up with them. Or his parents who don't argue, but ignore each other for like a month. You know the, "Tell your father that I blah, blah . . .".

The crazy thing is that on my quest to figure out where I wanted to go, I sort of made a circle back to where I am.

It was a few weeks ago when my hubby, Mike, chose not to go with me to my crazy cousin Lulu's wedding. I didn't fight him because I didn't think I cared, so I got really dressed up and went to the wedding with my parents. At the church, I noticed a really handsome guy sitting in front of me. I stared at him throughout the ceremony trying to figure out who he was. It finally hit me. It was Jon Steele from high school—my ultimate crush that went nowhere. Jon came over to me.

“Hi Veronica, how are you?” he said.

I smiled. “Great. How are you?” And then we hugged.

“Damn! You look fantastic!” he said.

Flirtatiously, I said, “Thanks,” but thought, *you ass. Why didn't you notice me over thirty years ago? Your loss.* Then my parents scooped me away to the reception because Dad wanted a scotch and Mom wanted the food from the cocktail hour.

Lulu's reception was at the same place as mine years before. It brought back good memories of a great wedding, awesome honeymoon, fabulous kids and now . . . stagnancy. It made me annoyed that Mike didn't come, so when Jon asked me, “Do you want to dance?” I said, “Yes.”

While placing his arms around me, I felt an old attraction.

“Are you divorced?” he asked.

“No. Why?”

“Well, Lulu mentioned that you and Mike were not so together. Since he isn't here, I figured maybe you were . . . “

I smiled. “And if I am?”

“Well, I'd ask you out.”

I thought, *is this really happening?* Then I saw Mike standing at the bar with my dad, so I flirted more and moved in closer to Jon. I hadn't been held like that in so long that it felt good. Then I saw my mother give me *the eyes* and I thought, *No guilt. I'm having some fun. What's wrong with dancing real close to an attractive man that I used to have the biggest crush on?* I closed my eyes, got cheek-to-cheek and enjoyed the moment. Jon's arms engulfed me, and I played it up. I nestled in more to him and kept dancing real slow. Then I felt Jon suddenly move back, and I opened my eyes to see Mike standing there annoyed.

"My turn!" Mike snapped.

Jealous? I thought.

Jon walked away and Mike pulled me firmly into his arms.

"Playing games, Veronica?"

"Who me? Do that to you? You stayed home. Maybe I should've sent you a text 'going to wedding, alone—meeting a new man—do you care?'"

"Don't be flippant. You know I care!"

"News to me. I'm tired of our boring routine."

"Want a divorce?!" He spat.

"Do you?!" I retorted.

Pulling me tightly into his arms, he passionately kissed me—leaving me breathless.

Alluringly, I whispered, "Jealous?"

With piercing eyes he said, "You're going nowhere."

Immense attraction ensued between us as we kissed intensely until my mom interrupted us and blurted, "Get a room!"

We both laughed and left arm in arm.

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