

Black Magic

'You've cast a spell on me', croons, Nina Simone from the CD. Tears roll down my cheeks and I brush them aside with the back of my hand. I sip the wine I poured earlier and wish I could cast a spell to make him come back to me? I'd love to weave a little black magic and have him sail back through the door right now. I close my eyes and imagine his dark brown hair and big green eyes boring into me: felling connected as we've always done.

'I'm sorry, darling,' he'll say looking sheepishly at me. 'I've made a huge mistake. It's you I really love. Can you ever forgive me?'

I sigh knowing I'll forgive anything if only I could make him leave the young blonde secretary he's shackled-up with. Three months ago, when I was in the club, my friend, Jane, told me that he is getting married. It's a bit of a rush-job apparently, not because she's pregnant, but simply because they know they were made for each other? I'd swallowed hard at her words then bit the inside of my cheek trying not to show the hurt and heartache that's consumed me since he left at Christmas. I figured I've been doing a good job of, the stiff upper lip, to hide the devastation in front of everyone. The devastation that has filled my every waking moment since the door slammed shut behind him.

However, today is the day. I look at my watch knowing in an hour he'll be saying, I do. But, not to me. He'll be saying, I do, to another woman and my throat tightens. I clench my jaw feeling my face flush. So, how does that work, Stephen? You'd always told me you'd never make that commitment to any woman, no matter who she was? And certainly not me, I seethe.

I wish with all my heart that she'd fall and break her neck walking into the church. And yes, Jane told me it's to be a church wedding. I've been dreaming of a church wedding since I was a bright-eyed teenager waiting to meet my, Mr Right. I'd float down the aisle in a white silk dress to meet you and everyone would turn to stare in envy because we'd both be glowing in our love for each other. I grind my b

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I pour more

wine. The alarm I've at this is the time. This is the time you'll be giving yourself to someone else. I squeeze my eyes tight shut wishing I had a magic wand to wave to stop you doing this. To stop you making the biggest mistake of your life. I start to pray with my eyes closed tightly. Please don't marry her. Please just leave her and come back to me. She's not right for you. I am. I always was. I clasp my hands together tightly as I used to do as a little girl in church. Pleaseeeeee.

I'm on my third glass of wine and try not to slur when I answer the call from Jane. I grimace knowing she's going to tell me all about the wedding, the brides dress, the reception that they're having in the club, and how happy the newlyweds look doing their first dance together.

'Hey, there,' she says. 'I've Just grabbed the chance on my break to ring with the news. You'll never guess what's happened?'

I grunt my hello while dreading her words then take a deep breath to brace myself.

'Apparently, Stephen fell this morning in the shower and banged his head. He's unconscious in hospital and they don't know if he's going to recover from the serious head injury!'