

What You Won't Do For Love

By Mark Edgemon

Bobby Caldwell was a one-woman man. His passionate way of speaking endeared him to his ladylove as it dripped like golden honey from his tongue.

"You are my breath and soul Darlene. I think of you throughout each of my days, of the nights when we lay together, intertwined in each other's arms. You are breathtaking as your raven hair brushes ever so slightly across your bare shoulders, which so arouses my passions. Gorgeous you are and you are mine, my enchanting, dark-haired beauty."

She was his country girl, who waited breathlessly at the end of each day ready to serve and please him. She would often begin by massaging his feet and then gradually her hands would make their way upward giving him a full body massage.

She was perfect and so for that reason, he was committed to Darlene with a bond that signified his undying love. During their 14 year relationship, she had not aged a day...he would not let her.

Bobby Caldwell was a devoted husband and constantly affectionate to his newlywed bride. She loved to hear his pronouncements of love for his words were like the fragrance of sweet smelling flowers after a summer's rain.

"How wonderful a thing that you walked into my life, Sabrina. Your silky golden hair illuminates the aura about you and touches me like no other woman. You are enchantment personified. I love to see your blonde hairbrush ever so gently over your bare shoulders. You are my golden-haired retriever..."

"Wait...I can't say that!" he said to himself. "What the hell, I'll start again."

"...You are my golden-haired, afternoon delight..."

"No, that sounds like that stupid pop song."

"...You are my blonde...gorgeous..."

"I can't call her gorgeous, I've already called Darlene that," He said pondering over his next foray into his passionate word crafting.

"You are my...blonde...golden-haired...lovely!"

"I'm tired, so this will have to do," Bobby said to himself looking about the room. "Kathy is coming over with the answer and I've got to get the apartment cleaned up. He mentally book marked his second fantasy, intending to revisit it sometime after Kathy left, unless she stayed the night, which would be exciting to think about.

But with that thought, came a little apprehension. His fantasy women he could control and his sexual performance was always spectacular. In real life, his little friend was not always reliable along those lines.

A half-hour later, there was a knock at the apartment door. She had been his only prospect for marriage. For some reason, no other female who had come into the music store that he had worked at for twenty years was interested in an overweight, slouch who knew every song that had hit the charts since the beginning of time.

He opened the door with a big smile on his face.

"Hey Bobby, what's going on, big guy!" she said as she bounced into the room.

"What does she mean big?" he said to himself. "Does she mean I'm fat? Three hundred pounds is not fat!

"Well, I have an answer," she said looking at him. "Today, you get the girl. Yes, I will marry you!"

"You mean it?" he asked, surprised at his uncharacteristic luck.

She stood up taking his hand and began to lead him back to his bedroom. She walked in pulling her shirt over her head. He longingly stared at her dark red, sanguine hair as it brushed over her bare freckled shoulders.

He began the strenuous task of meeting the expectations he'd set in ten thousand fantasy scenarios. Sex with Kathy wasn't as enjoyable as he had expected, being too focused on positioning himself so he could see her over his fat stomach.

A silhouette shadowed Kathy's face as she was unpleasantly trying to find a way to back out of the sex and the marriage.

"Darlene, what are you doing?" he exclaimed as he was unintentionally crushing Kathy underneath his behemoth frame.

"You bastard! You promised me your undying love! How dare you betray me by screwing this woman!" Darlene said emerging from Bobby's imagination.

"Dar...lene, my God! How did you...?" Bobby cried in fear and embarrassment.

"And look at you! You envisioned yourself as some handsome, well-to-do gentlemen, but in actuality, you're nothing but a huge man whore," she said walking to his closet, while Kathy frantically looked around to see who it was he was speaking to. Choosing a twelve iron from his golf bag, she returned to the bedside and raised the club over his obese frame and bashed him across the back of the skull. The blow caused immediate trauma to his cerebellum, skewing his speech and vision as he cried, "Darlene, stop!"

Again she slammed the club to the back of his head causing him to bleed from his eyes onto Kathy's forehead. Becoming hysterical, Kathy twisted out from underneath him, threw on her blouse and ran like hell out of the apartment with the rest of her clothes tightly clutched in her arms.

Once again, Darlene slammed the club down this time hitting him across the neck, severing his brain stem, killing him instantly. With his life force diminished, Darlene faded from existence. For her, it was worth the price. She would arise again in some other man's fantasy. Maybe next time she would get lucky.

The End