

BERTIE AND KATE

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Berties marriage with Kate has deteriorated over the years and when her best friends daughter shows up,,things get a little bit hot....

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â Darling one of my best friends, Kelly, and her lovely daughter Bella are coming over from USA and they want to stay with usâ said Kate.

â So what can I doâ muttered Bertie rather sourly.

â Her flight lands at Heathrow Airport tomorrow at eight in the evening. You and I will go to receive herâ replied Kate rather irritated by the dumb expression on her husbandâ s face.

â Must I, darling you know that on Saturday evenings I play bridge with my friendsâ replied Bertie.

â You will miss it tomorrowâ said Kate rather irritated with Bertie.

And Bertie rather afraid of Kateâ s temper meekly and timidly agreed.

He had been married to her for the past ten years. â Resistingâ her orders and commands seemed to be futile. In order to keep the peace within his life, he had learnt to acquiesce and comply with her orders. All he wanted in life was a peace of mind and nothing else. The few times he had fought a war of words with his wife had resulted in her blowing up into a sharp temper. On one occasion she had left for her parentsâ house and came back after a week of cajoling and pleading her. Then there was that time when she had refused him sex for a whole week as punishment. And there had been that time when she had beaten him black and blue with a wiper. Poor Bertie had run off from the house and spent three days housed with his old parents.

On first sight Kate was an obese and short woman with short curly blond hair and a knobby nose. Her lips were thin and there were a number of freckles on her face. She was averse to waxing her legs and as a consequence, she had hairy legs. When she talked she had the bad habit of spitting out strands of saliva. After consuming large amounts of junk food, you would find her constantly belching and farting. Averse to anything that resembled exercise, she was the sedentary sort watching television the whole day long watching those long running soaps that never end. She would be sitting in the drawing room on one of those leather recliners with a remote control in one hand and some fizzy drink and food in another. When she was not doing that, she would often be found lying in a warm bath tub of water with lots of foam in it trying to relax. Quite often a new bar of soap would dissolve and disappear when she would be showering for hours at an end.

Kate loved make up. She would spend hours in front of the mirror applying mascara to her eyes and foundation to her face. By the time the make-up was over she would look like a fat vamp. And once she had wanted to surprise Bertie but she had ended up scaring him.

On another occasion, she had been in an abnormally high sexual mood and had leapt onto an unsuspecting Bertie and nearly smothered him to death with her kissing and her big tits that she had pressed against his face nearly suffocating him. Poor Bertie had been taken aback and had been lucky to survive the onslaught.

Kate had the bad habit of moving about in the bed during her sleep. Sometimes her hefty arm would come down with quite some force upon poor Bertie whose rib cage bore many bruises as evidence of Kate weird nocturnal movements within the bed. At other times her big heavy legs would come crushing down on his legs or hips that would really pain him.

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On other occasions she would snore so loud that Bertie could not go to sleep. And therefore he had sought refuge in the guest room for the time being. That had become his area of residence. It was his heaven. No more danger of being mauled in bed and no more of her farting and snoring to contend with. He had gradually moved all his belongings to that room. And now this solitary peace was in danger of being brought down by the unexpected arrival of his wife's friend and daughter. There was that small study room which he thought of moving into during the time the guests were over. So the stage was set yet for another exodus under the watchful eye of his wife. He settled for a mattress placed on the floor.

The next evening saw him drive with his wife to Heathrow airport. On the way over to the airport, his wife barked a number of orders for him to obey and act upon. He would listen from one year and let it out through the next. His face was frozen in an impassive expression and Kate's face was wearing a typical bull dog expression. She looked like a boxer getting ready to punch out the living daylight out of her opponent. And none of them was in any mood to converse with the other.

When they reached the airport, they looked like Laurel and Hardy. It was a terrible mismatch. Bertie was athletic looking and quite handsome. In contrast Kate with all her obesity looked to be his elder sister. They stood away from one another. Bertie had been staring at the floor. And Kate had been pacing up and down waiting impatiently for the arrival of her friend and her daughter.

Finally the long wait was over and done with. Kate had let out a yelp of glee and delight as she had flung herself on her friend Kelly hugging her with all her might. And Kelly had gasped for dear breath later on. She was perhaps as fat as Kate. However her daughter Bella was an exquisitely pretty and dainty creature. Bertie had all but forgotten what nice women looked like. However he was soon his sullen self again as he led the way to his vehicle. A porter loaded the luggage into the Land Rover and they were then on their way back heading towards Staines, London.

On their way back, Kelly and Kate were busy chatting with one another trying to catch up on lost times. It had been more than a decade after these two best friends had finally reunited. By the time they reached home, Bertie felt like he had become deaf in his left ear. It was Bertie who unloaded the two suitcases that weighed near about a ton by his estimates. By the time he had dumped them into the guest room, his arms were aching and he felt strangely exhausted.

The guests had nestled comfortably in the drawing room sofas. Kate had ordered three large size pizzas and soft drinks. Meanwhile she hurriedly disappeared in the kitchen and appeared with glasses of plain water and chocolate ice-cream. It was Bertie who served the ice cream to the guests. He noticed Bella staring at him with quite some interest. However Bertie felt a little uncomfortable with all this attention from someone he did not know. He had been looking at Kate and Kelly chatting away when he heard Bella speaking to him. And he turned his head towards Bella with a quite impassive and dull expression on his face which radiated at the moment no sign of interest in anyone for that matter.

"So what do you do for a living Bertie?" Bella had asked. And he had answered rather sullenly that he worked for IBM as a senior software engineer. She had let out a whistle and exclaimed "wow wee". And so she had asked him what his job responsibilities entailed. And Bertie had rather reluctantly told her

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about it. Bella told him that she was enrolled at the University of California in their MBA programme and that she had currently taken the summer semester off.

Bella was wearing a short black colored mini skirt with a white blouse. Her curvaceous legs and parts of her boobs were on display. However Bertie was the civilized gentleman who had always been a little bit concerned about morality and dignity. He was not someone who would ogle at women or be carried away by the presence of an extremely beautiful woman. No, that was not his style. He preferred civility and refinement in human behavior and mannerisms.

âWhat a strange and rather quiet man?â thought Bella. She had never seen any man who had yet ignored her. Though she had found Bertie to be quite handsome but his impassive stare reminded her of Boris Karloff in Frankenstein. And yet Bertie was a good looking chap unlike Boris who had been quite ugly. How was such a good looking fella stuck with someone like Kate? It seemed to be a total mismatch.

Once the ordered Pizzas came, everyone dug into the food and ate heartily. Bertie took his coke can and two pieces of pizza and disappeared into his abode. He sat in a corner of the small room on a cushion as he slowly consumed the pizza. He had noticed Bella staring at him. Her skimpy outfit and partial nudity had not attracted him; he had been rather repulsed by her manner of dressing. However she seemed to be quite a pleasant creature.

During his time spent with Kate, he had noted her to watch, observe, notice and mentally record everything he had done during the presence of a good looking female in the house. And there had been several rows with Kate that had originated and stemmed from precisely the reason that she had found Bertie to be flirtatious about her female friends and relatives. Her fierce anger and rage had already scathed poor Bertie on a number of occasions. And now he was averse to anything remotely like a female. His vacant looks and impassive expression hid the deep mental scars that he had suffered due to years of psychological suffering and abuse at the hands of his wife.

His soul escape from this torture was the game of bridge that he played every Saturday at one of his friends place. It was the interaction with his old friends and their moaning and groaning about their lives and wives that helped alleviate the suffering in Bertieâs life. At least he knew that he was not the only male that had realized how difficult wives could be. It was a group therapy that really helped him in coping with his dull and mundane life.

Kate had noticed Bertie disappearing. She had noticed Bella making eyes at her husband and she had also noticed the skimpy outfit she wore. Kate had made a keen observation of how her husband behaved. She felt a little unsettled in the presence of Bella. The departure of Bertie from the room had calmed her nerves a little.

In his room, Bertie had taken out a diary which he had named as the diary of statistics. According to it Bertie had been married to Kate for exactly ten years and four months. When Bertie married he had weighed 78 kilograms. And now he weighed about 65 kilograms. In contrast Kate had weighed 70 kilograms at the time of marriage and now she weighed double that. When they had married, they had had sex every alternate day for the first two years. After that they had gradually lost their interest in sex. As a consequence over the last year they had had sex only on a paltry two occasions.

Another statistic which made interesting reading was the number of skirmishes they had over the past year. They had been at each otherâs jugular nearly once every fortnight. More often than not the central issue of contention was Katieâs obesity and her sedentary lifestyle. Bertie had begged, cajoled and pleaded her to watch her diet before she suffered as a consequence of high blood pressure or diabetes. Quite often

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Bertie's saying this offended Kate resulting in altercation. On other occasions Kate had found Bertie taking excessive interest in her female friends. And Kate had on several occasions accused Bertie of being excessively flirtatious. This would often result in their quarreling with one another.

Meanwhile Bertie lay comfortably on his mattress reading one of Dan Brown's novels. They made interesting reading and Bertie would often find solace in reading novels and magazines. In fact he had a whole shelf dedicated to a collection of books, both old and new. He had a collection of over four hundred books neatly arranged in the huge shelf that lined a corner of the room.

There was a knock on the door and he opened it to find Kate standing over there. She hurried into the room and shut the door. "Bertie, I was thinking why don't you move back into the room with me. It would look so awkward with you sleeping in one room and I in another. What would Kelly and Bella think and say?", murmured Kate. For a while Bertie remained silent. And then rather reluctantly said "Ok! But I will sleep on the small sofa placed in your room and we will lock our door" said Bertie. And so Bertie rather reluctantly moved back with his wife into their bedroom.

He had a set of ear plugs and cotton balls ready for Kate's loud snoring routine. A small air-freshener was also at hand in case Kate belched and farted at night.

That night Bertie had moved to go to the washroom that was situated not within the bedroom. He had quietly unlocked the door and made his way out. It was chilly and he made his way down the small passage towards the washroom. A figure emerged out of the guest room clad in a nightie. It was Bella. She had looked towards him and smiled. And Bertie had hurried on to do his call to nature. When he had opened the washroom, he found Bella still standing there. However she had cast off her nightie to reveal her naked body. Through a small window in the passageway the moonlight dimly lit her up. And Bertie had not been able to resist her. He had pulled her into the washroom and they were soon kissing one another passionately and groping one another. And things led to their having sex on the rug placed within the washroom. Bertie had never had such wonderful sex. However Bertie suddenly realized that he had done. He had had extramarital sex which was a sin unto itself. Should his wife learn about this, she would kill him. So he had pushed off Bella and excused himself. Bella had gotten up and disappeared into the guest room. He had hurriedly had a warm shower and had worn a fresh sleeping suit. He looked into the mirror and there was a love bite on the lower part of the neck and he had used a semi-plast to cover it. He had rolled up the collar of the sleeping suit to hide it. Bertie had then tiptoed back to the room where his wife lay fast asleep.

He felt repulsed at what he had done. And the guilt of what he had done weighed heavily upon his conscience. It was about two in the morning and he was still awake. However he soon fell into deep sleep. He saw Bella in his dreams and she was chasing him about and he was running hard to avoid her. Bertie woke up after he felt someone poking him about in the ribs. He found Kate standing akimbo glaring at him.

"It's ten in the morning sleeping beauty. Wake up and have breakfast" she said out aloud.

And Bertie had slowly pulled himself. He wore his sleepers and trudged to his makeshift room where he had placed all his clothes. Shutting the door behind him, he hurriedly proceeded to wear a pair of LEVIS JEANS, a white shirt and an off-white pull over. He had then applied Hugo Boss cologne and then worn his suede Sebago casual shoes.

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When he entered the dining room, he saw Kelly and Kate having cups of hot tea whereas Bella was eating omelette and toast. Bertie had walked over to the table and said hello to everyone. He noticed Bella staring hard at him. And Bertie had had that same impassive expression that Katy and Bella had noticed the previous evening. He had poured out tea into his mug from the teapot and made his way back to the lounge where he turned on the television to watch the news on BBC. After the previous night's episode, his inner conscience was tormenting him with the guilt that stemmed from what he had done.

It was Sunday morning and there seemed to be little to do. He thought that a walk in the nearby park would give him sufficient time to clear his mind and to relieve the anxiety and tension that he felt at home. Walking on the well-built track surrounded by trees and flowers, listening to the birds chirping and warbling made him quite happy. It was about eleven thirty in the morning and a number of people were walking, some jogged and others sat on the wooden park benches watching others, talking with one another or reading the daily newspaper. Bertie had chosen to sit and watch others.

By the time he reached home, his mind was at total peace. As he strode into his house, he found Bella lying on one of the couches reading a magazine whilst Kate and Kelly were busy looking at one of the many picture albums that they had. The particular picture that they were staring at was of a once slim and good looking Kate that he had known so well.

Bertie had gone and sunk into one of the leather recliners that he had recently bought. Kate and Kelly returned to going through the picture album. And the saucy looking Bella who wore tight short and a see through blouse returned to studying the magazine she had been reading. Bertie took up the weekend edition of Sunday Times, and proceeded to study the local and international news. However it was Bella who broke the silence and asked him whether he could take her out somewhere. and the question posed to him had attracted Kate's attention as well. He had looked towards Kate who had politely interjected and asked Bertie to do as Bella asked. Bertie was not too keen to go out anywhere with Bella. She was a male predator and the previous night's sexual encounter had hurt his conscience. He looked up at Kate and had requested her and Kelly to tag along as well. And Bella had glared at Bertie. Kelly voiced her approval at the idea and Kate had no choice. Soon they were packed in the Range Rover heading towards Windsor Safari Park. It had been Kate's idea. The visit had been quite interesting and Kelly had enjoyed herself a lot. Bella on the other hand was unusually quiet and looked pretty pissed off. However Bertie had largely ignored her.

At home, they had a hearty meal eating fried fish along with crispy French fries. Then there was a lot of salad to go along with it as well. And Kate had been eating with great gusto often making munching noises and snorting every now and then. Her eating habits were quite atrocious. Bella had been quite disgusted and Kelly had been as well. Bertie had nearly burst out laughing but had managed to suppress it. He had excused himself and left the table.

Bertie slowly made his way to seek refuge in the room which housed his books. And he had shut the door when he heard a knock. He reluctantly opened it only to find Bella staring at him. She asked him if she could come in and Bertie had concurred. He had motioned her to sit in one of the leather chairs placed within the room. She had stared at the mattress placed upon the floor and then at him. There was a quizzical expression on her face. And Bertie had lied to her that the doctor had prescribed him to lie on a hard mattress on the floor. Bella had seemed not to believe in it. She had then uttered something to the effect that she had fallen in love with him at first sight and then that she could not live without him. For a while Bertie thought that the walls would come down crashing upon him. He had quickly recovered to tell her that what had happened the previous night had been purely accidental and that he had not felt comfortable after having sex with her.

â How can you live with a woman such as that?â she said to Bertie. Her reference was towards Kate. And Bertie had placidly replied that whatever she was none of her concern.

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“What if I were to tell Kate and Kelly that you had forced yourself upon me last night and that we had sex in the washroom? What would Kate do if she were to see the love bite on your neck?”, asked Bella.

Bertie’s had nearly popped out in fear as he answered “You wouldn’t. Would you? No you shouldn’t do that. This is extortion. That’s what it is. It is pure blackmail.”

“You may think of it to be whatever your heart desires” said Bella “but I usually get whatever I want”.

Bertie had looked back at her and said “I don’t feel anything for you Bella. Infact I hardly know you. Every moment I see you only remind me of the sin I committed last night because I was too weak to resist you. And ever since then my heart and mind have been in anguish.”

Bella had glared at him before saying “It is so easy for men like you to play around with women, to use and then to discard them. You have so aptly put on an act that your conscience has pricked you after you committed adultery with me and not before or during the time you actually held me in your arms and made love to me. It is so easy for you now to look away, to barely notice me, to accuse me of seducing you into committing a moral wrong. Now listen to me Bertie, I am not a woman who is easily scared away or who can be played around with. I warn you that I will burn you if you deny my love.”

Bertie looked back at Bella suddenly aware that the young woman standing in front of him was a bit dangerous. And Bertie had suddenly decided to offer her a sum of money to appease her. And so he offered Bella a sum of five thousand dollars to forget him and keep her mouth shut.

Bella looked back at him with utter disgust before she broke out saying “Damn it Bertie. I don’t want your money. Can’t you understand that I have developed a crush over you? From the time, I first laid my eyes on you at the airport; there was something so irresistible and magnetic about you. I could not help from keeping my eyes off you. And then by chance I ran into you whilst going to the washroom. The rest is history Bertie, but last night was very special for me. And ever since then, I have not been able to keep myself away from you even though I understand that you are a married man.”

Bertie looked dumbfounded unable to believe what he had just heard.

“Listen” he said “My wife would sue me for all I am worth if she learns about what transpired last night and about your love for me. And considering her rage, you and I may not be safe here. If I were in your place, I would try to understand the severity of repercussions that could well be the outcome of any revelation of your emotions for me or of what happened last night.”

“It’s strange that I am 28 years old and that I have developed an intense liking for you. I thought that crushes were reserved for teenagers and yet here I am unable to stop thinking about you” answered Bella.

Bertie looked towards Bella and muttered “I met Kate at University about eleven years back and we took an instant liking to one another. Back then she had been a nice looking slender woman who was caring and loving. However with the passage of time things have changed. There are a number of things about her that have frankly drawn us apart. Hell we don’t even make love that more. And before you and your mother showed up, we had been living in separate rooms. Therefore I do believe that crushes are not reliable modes for starting relationships. And I would advise you not to be blinded by your passions and desires.”

Bella looked up at Bertie with those typical puppy dog eyes. For a while silence prevailed before she blurted out “I have led most of my life led by my whims and passions. To be quite frank with you I have been jumping in bed with so many men that I have forgotten their names. However Bertie you were not the

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typical male who ogles and stares a lot. No you seemed to be so withdrawn, so quiet and mysterious. There is something about you that makes me want to be about you. However as you say it may be a passing phase. Therefore thank you for showing me the light.â

Bertie thanked his heavens as he realized that Bella had perhaps realized her folly. Deep inside Bertie had been truly fighting the inner voice that resonated loud and clear that he had committed a greivous sin. Bellas initial threat to expose their secret one night stand to his wife would have meant the end to their marriage. Luckily the threat had been averted.

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