

BERTIE DIVORCES KATE

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Bertie runs off from home after a skirmish with her....and it all ends in his divorcing her....it is a funny look at Berties life...

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Bertie stared at the expensive designer suits made by Armani, Hugo Boss and Calvin Klein. He was lost in his own world trying to decide which suit to purchase. A salesman with his eyes fixed as if on his forehead strode towards me and asked him rather impolitely whether he was just window-shopping or actually going to buy something. Bertie told him in a rather threatening tone and demeanor to disappear. The impertinent creature backed off slithering away like a snake. What in the world had happened to customer service and general courtesy? Rather pissed off Bertie decided to walk out of the store.

As he made his way to his Range Rover, he came across a Chinese man offering to tell peoples future using tarot cards. To Bertie, palmists and tarot card readers were nothing but charlatans. As he sat in his vehicle, the mobile phone rang. It was his wife Kate. Oh damn it, the old cow was calling him every five minutes trying to assess where he was. He felt like a puppy dog on a leash. What was it with women especially with wives? Why couldn't they trust their husbands? Why did this have this incessant urge to nag their husbands? Ah, bachelor life had been so much better. At least he had had the freedom of doing whatever he wanted. Damn it! He wanted to be free; free of the responsibility of being hounded by the Godzilla like creature waiting for him at home. It had been a decade since their marriage and though they both lived underneath the same roof but they had drifted far away from each other. This was how Bertie felt.

He had seen men walking with beautiful wives. And here he was middle aged and stuck with a 400 pound elephant. As he parked his land rover in the parking space in front of his flat, he saw the humungous figure of Kate planted at the front window peering at him. With her mascara on, she kind of reminded him of Marilyn Manson. And as he stepped into the front door entrance, Kate suddenly appeared wearing a short, transparent skirt that hugged her body tightly. Her bosoms appeared as huge watermelons sticking out rather provocatively. She was wearing a black lipstick and black nail polish. Her massive thighs with her manly hair were on display. It was a disgusting sight at best. Her skirt was sleeveless and her biceps rivaled those of Arnold Schwarzenegger. The hair with a lot of gel and spikes reminded him of punk rock musicians.

â So are we going out to the disco?â she inquired. â Beth and Kim are also coming.â

Oh know not those lesbian twins, thought Bertie. He had met them once when Kate had invited them over. They had both been attired in loose, transparent blouses and extremely short leather shorts. With pierced noses and lips and their blonde hair dyed in a rainbow of colors they looked to be a pretty nasty lot. They had been overtly pretty vulgar kissing one another at places where they should not be. And one of them had had the nerve of coming and sitting in his lap and French kissing him in front of Kate. Beth was the one who had sat in his lap. The smell coming forth from her body was pretty nauseous and it seemed that she hadn't had a shower for quite some time.

â Certainly not Kate, we are not going to the disco with those two queers from hellâ answered Bertie.

â However you are most welcome to go there on your ownâ .

Kate glared back at Bertie. Her eyes seemed to be protruding out of her chubby face. For a while Bertie thought that he was staring at a massive frog before he returned to his senses and to the present world. There she stood at a distance of over 45 inches away from him. Her face had turned red and her fists were clenched. Oh, the volcano was about to explode with sudden fury. And before she could shout, scream or use her heavy

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hands to pummel him, he had run out of the house. Luckily he had the keys to the Land Rover. He sat within it and drove off as fast as he could. In his rear view mirror, he saw her stamping and shouting something.

Ah, he was tired of Kate's fluctuating moods and her temper. He was tired of her accusing him of being a flirtatious bastard. Life was a living hell with Kate. She was of a suspicious nature and she constantly doubted his sincerity to her. He had caught her going through his messages on the mobile a number of times. It did not end there. Several times Kate had suddenly visited the office to check what he was upto. At times Bertie felt as if he was stuck in a bad nightmare. He desperately wanted out of this relationship.

Right now he was headed an old friend of his who was still living as a bachelor. After a thirty minute drive, he parked his Land Rover in front of his friend Bobs flat. He reached for the doorbell and pressed it about three times. A scantily clad young woman not more than twenty five opened the door. She introduced herself as Betty. "Bobs having a shower" she said "please be seated and he will be right with you".

So Bertie made him-self comfortable on one of the leather sofas that lay in the lounge. A glass table lay in front of him upon which there were placed an ashtray and various pieces of silver and porcelain. On the wall opposite him was a 40 inch Samsung LED television. To his right there was a white wall from which hung many miniature paintings of Mughal Emperors and their concubines.

He had been carefully inspecting one of them when he heard Bob calling out to him. As he turned around, he came face to face with him. He was clad in a red colored t-shirt and a pair of brown corduroy jeans. At the moment he was only wearing slippers. He was his usual jovial self.

"Who's the broad?" asked Bertie. "The last time I checked with you, you had still been single".

"Oh Bertie, times change you know. Anyways we are just living together and we want to see how things shape up before we decide whether or not to go through with the marriage part" replied Bob.

"How's Kate?" asked Bob.

"Well she has changed a lot Bob since you saw her at the marriage. She is over 400 pounds and has quite a temper" answered Bertie. "And it is precisely because of her temper that I have sought refuge at your place today".

"Oh! I feel sorry for you old chum" replied Bob looking quite shocked. "I hope things become better for you ma mate".

At that moment Betty walked in and down in a leather recliner placed opposite him. She looked at Bob and asked him to introduce her to Bertie properly. She had looked at Bertie rather playfully. Her saucy eyes seemed to take great delight in him. And Bertie had rather coyly lowered his gaze. Bob however seemed to enjoy his discomfort. He had laughed out loud before he had adequately introduced who Bertie was to Betty.

"Would you be interested in meeting my twin sister?" she had asked him and Bertie had looked rather shocked at such a question. However he recovered quickly and he had nodded. Betty had then disappeared. And when she came back, Bertie's eyes nearly popped out in surprise. Betty's twin and identical sister came out walking with her.

Bertie had cast a rather questioning glance at Bob. He had looked so amazed that Bob could not help but laugh.

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“Where did you come across them?” asked Bertie looking quite perplexed and astonished.

“Well I ran into Betty whilst graduating from University. And I was as shocked as you were Bertie when I first laid my eyes on her twin sister” answered Bob.

Betty introduced her sister to Bertie who was still astounded at their resemblance. Cathy was dressed in clothes identical to her twin sister.

Cathy came and sat very very close to Bertie and she had quickly put one of her legs over his. She had then bent forward and started kissing him over his neck at first and then on his cheeks before she and Bertie had enjoyed a long kiss.

When Bertie broke free he noticed that Bob and Betty had left the room. For a while Bertie felt insecure in the company of the beautiful young woman. And he had looked here and there for refuge but there was none to find. Any barriers and resistance that he could have offered to Cathy's advances were not sufficient. Cathy had stripped down naked and Bertie had taken off his as they made love on the Persian rug. Bertie had not enjoyed sex for quite a while as making love with a 400 pound woman is certainly not without its dangers.

Cathy had given him a marvelous blow job before he had clambered on top of her and had humped her again and again. Sex had never been so pleasurable.

Bob had given him a clean pair of pants and shirt to wear. He had also given him a striped sleeping suit. Luckily Bob and Bertie were nearly of similar size and shape.

Bertie had then hurriedly showered and washed him thoroughly. When he came out in the sleeping suit, he was fresh as a daisy. However he was hungry and thirsty after the sex. And Bob had already ordered two large size pizzas for all of them. In the meanwhile Bob had presented Bertie with a jug full of fresh orange juice.

“There is a party at a friend's place in the evening Bertie ! Wanna tag along?” asked Bob.

“Sure, I would love to”, answered Bertie.

So it was decided that at seven that evening they would head to Alfred's place. Alfred was a colleague of Bob's. Both of them worked for one of England's premier investment banks and Alfred had just been engaged. The party was to celebrate his engagement.

So at seven in the evening they were all packed in Bob's Jaguar making their way to a place in Central London. The two twins, Betty and Cathy were clad in tight leather minis and wearing tight, revealing white blouses. They were also wearing shiny leather jackets and high heels. Bob was wearing tight blue jeans and a yellow cotton jersey. And Bertie was wearing an off-white shirt, black dress pants and his oxfords.

They soon reached a single storey brick house where a number of cars were already parked. Blaring loud music indicated that they were at the right place. It was about half past seven. At the front gate they were stopped by a tall barrel chested person who asked for their names and looked it up on a list placed in his hands. They were then allowed to make their way towards the house. As they entered the house, they saw many young men and women dancing to the rave music being played by a DJ hired for the occasion. Towards the corner of the room there was a small bar where butlers were serving soft and hard drinks. On a table near the bar were placed plates of sandwiches, chips, chocolate cookies, cheese and much more.

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Then Bertie saw something which nearly stopped his heart. In the midst of the crowd dancing on the dance floor, there was his tormentor, his wife of the last ten years namely Kate clad in a short and loose skirt dancing about with the lesbian twins. And it was lucky that their backs were towards him. Beads of sweat had rolled down his forehead. It was a small world at best. And Bob and Cathy had noticed his face flushed wearing an anxious look. What is it they had asked Bertie in unison. And Bertie had told them that his wife was there as well.

Both Bob and Cathy could not stop laughing. However they soon recovered and told Bertie to be a man and not a timid wimp.

“Look she’s not even concerned where you are and how you are” said Bob. “She’s enjoying herself in your absence. She doesn’t seem to care for you so why should you be apprehensive. Stand up to her. Be a man for God’s sake” uttered Bob looking disgusted at seeing Bertie cowering away and looking so scared.

“This isn’t the Bertie I knew in college. He had been so bold, courageous and full of life. Stand up to her for God’s sake and if I were you I would divorce her. Why live your life with someone who doesn’t seem to respect you or care for you” said Bob. And Cathy had acquiesced. Bertie had rather sheepishly looked there way before agreeing with them.

The phrase “Be a man” had given his life a new whole new impetus, meaning and perspective. He was going to walk up to her and let her know that he had had enough of her and that he was divorcing her.

Putting on his fiercest expression he had strolled up to Kate and tapped his finger on her back. Kate turned about and when she saw Bertie standing there, she could not believe her eyes. Her bull dog expression turned to one of fear and dismay. And Bertie stood there; his expressions dark and somber like the angel of death. It was there that Bertie had delivered the death blow. He had told Kate that he had had enough of her and he was divorcing her. It had a devastating impact upon Kate who nearly collapsed after hearing him say that.

So Kate and Bertie’s marriage ended rather abruptly. It had been a communion that should have ended a long time back. Bertie’s life soon returned to normal after the divorce. A month later he was dating Cathy and four months down the road they married and lived happily ever after.

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