

Pillow talk

by Sandra Davies

After this time she spoke first, wondering, curious. 'You're *angry*.'

'Yes, I *am* angry. Did you expect me to be grateful? It sounds stupid, I know, but I'm angry with *you*, angry that you, my brother's wife, have cheated on my brother. And I'm angry that you have made me cuckold my brother, allowed me, *made* me, fuck his wife.'

'But you're not going to refuse? Not going to turn down the opportunity?' Neutral, not a challenge, not an accusation.

'No. I can't. You know I can't. But it *has* perhaps changed things, changed the way I might feel about you ... I don't know, I don't know how. I'll have to wait and see how that settles.' He was, as ever, honest, more honest with her than in his dealings with other women, with whom he usually observed the need for tact.

'Do you respect me less, want me less?' Part of her was hurting at his anger, his regret, wanted to cry, but she had known, had *thought* she had known what she was risking when she came to his bed. If it was an experiment then she needed to see it through, had to accept the results she got, not continue to seek those she thought she wanted, nor deny answers to questions she hadn't thought to ask, questions, answers, she had perhaps hidden from herself.

'Do I still '*respect*' you? Ha! - there's a sweet old-fashioned phrase! I don't know, maybe not so much ... there's *something* different, perhaps it's the 'de-mystifying' you wanted, I don't know. But I certainly don't *want* you any less, I haven't stopped wanting *you*.'

