

The Release

The receptionist's words didn't sink in at first.

"Oh, I thought you'd already checked in."

She briefly thought about it on the way up to the room. He'd be joining her in the honeymoon suite after tomorrow's ceremony. It was an expense he insisted on. In fact, most of the things planned for tomorrow were things he'd insisted on.

After all, this was his first and only wedding.

The key-card hovered over the lock as she willed the light to change from red to green. Ready... steady...go!

She removed her shoes to ensure her surprise was intact, her feet almost tripping over a small piece of cloth. A quick look revealed that it was a garment. A very intimate garment. One that was certainly not masculine.

She continued down the corridor to the set of doors on the right. Opening one to reveal a bathroom, she noticed the brand of luxurious toiletries he'd ordered for her. They had left her skin feeling too greasy so she hadn't been able to use them, much to his disappointment.

It was slowly dawning on her that his 'surprise' gift was more for his sake than her own. As were the 'tacky' undergarments he'd left for her benefit, in the hope to 'spice' up their relationship. As though things like fabric and lotions could ever make that much difference.

She reached the door on her left and heard the familiar grunts.

She felt a great sense of satisfaction as she threw open the door, catching the scum mid-release, with his tart chirping on, urging him on and on.

As he realised they were no longer alone, he manoeuvred the tart off of him. She landed on the floor with an 'oomph' and made a rushed attempt to hide her 'dignity'. Not that there was much left.

As for the jilted fiancée, she pulled the engagement ring off her finger, threw it at the gaping cheater and left the room, her head held high.

XxX

It was as she returned to her own place, surrounded by her own belongings, after removing her card details from the hotel, she was able to think clearly for the first time in eighteen months. For eighteen months, they had been engaged and as he had agreed to her terms, she had left most of the organising to him.

She was by nature, spend-thrift and such matters held no meaning for her. All she wanted was commitment and a father for her future children. Not the designer dress or the overpriced photographer.

But in the end, all she was left with was a wasted relationship along with a bitter heart and a sense of ...disappointment. That she had trusted someone enough to want to spend her life with them. It just goes to show, you can't trust anyone in this world. Not even the ones that claim to love you. The only person you can trust is yourself and yourself alone.