

## Beauty Point: Erica Griffiths

She was folding the wash when her gorgeous husband walked in.

‘Hello darling, you’re home early,’ she smiled.

His face was serious, his mouth just curling upward at the edges.

‘There’s something I want to tell you,’ he muttered, barely lifting his head.

Oh my goodness she thought, what’s happened, something terrible? Has he crashed the car? She shuffled the perfumed clothes heap to one side as he sat heavily on the neatly folded duvet.

‘Have you put another dent in the car?’ she joked, poking him in his ribs.

He didn’t flinch, simply shrugging and shaking his head. Suddenly her thoughts took a darker path, oh my God maybe he’s got a terrible illness. Cancer? Something inoperable?

‘Are you sick my darling?’ she asked gently, coming to sit beside him and holding his hand. ‘Should I call the kids?’

‘No, please, they’re riding their bikes, let them keep enjoying themselves.’

She was feeling bewildered and running out of options, when suddenly her devoted husband clutched at his hair, pulling his head to his hands and sobbing uncontrollably, tears running down his handsome face.

‘Please just tell me what’s going on, you’re starting to scare me.’

He lifted his hands and looked directly at her.

‘I had an affair’ he said flatly.

Her thoughts churned. How should she respond? They’d enjoyed a blissful eight years of marriage, moving to their dream home in Beauty Point, having two adorable children. Their life together couldn’t be better. Maybe this was just a silly lapse of judgement. One drink too many with some barely dressed floozy throwing herself at him.

Well, she would rise above it, she would be the wife that forgave and moved on, they would survive this. After all, they were the glamour couple of the North Shore - he was sophisticated, fit, she was stunning, classy, their home glamorous and their parties memorable.

‘Don’t worry darling, I can forgive you for a one-night stand’ she soothed.

‘But it wasn’t a one-night stand,’ he beamed. ‘She was the most exciting woman I’ve ever been with. She was flamboyant, tantalizing, just incredible!’

‘So *how long* did this incredible affair last?’ she probed sarcastically, ‘a week? a month?’

'Six years,' he said trying to read her face, 'but I know now that I only want to be with you,' he grovelled. 'Please let's take a holiday together, it can be our second honeymoon.'

He was banking on her loyalty; to him and to their privileged lifestyle. She rose silently, retrieving their large suitcase and placing it in front of him.

'Pack your things and leave. I never want to see you again.'

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