

LAST WILL AND TESTICLES: CINDY DAVIES

Aaron Priestly, handsome and charismatic was twenty-two years younger than his sixty-year-old wife Evie. When Evie was diagnosed with a terminal illness, she decided to search for darling Aaron's next wife.

No one knew what Aaron thought. He smiled his dimpled smile and patted Evie's hand. Having originally found him on a cruise, Evie booked on Seabourn again to find her replacement. But none of the single women they'd invited to dinner was good enough for her beloved.

'Particularly *Svetlana*', Evie later told her young masseuse, Laura. '...a Russian-American *tart*! Imagine a fifty-something blond wearing a spangled mini-skirt!'

Every evening after dinner, they would retire to their stateroom, Evie continued, and Aaron administered her painkillers. 'Sometimes as early at eight-thirty', she sighed. 'He sat by my bed as I fell asleep, the darling'.

Sometimes Aaron patted her hand as she drifted off and told her he was going to take a final stroll around the deck.

'You've been so wonderful, Laura, I've remembered you in my will', Evie confided, waving away Laura's remonstrances.

When the end came Aaron sent everyone a text. Evie would not have approved, Laura thought. A tearful phone call was more Evie's style. Aaron bore his grief with dignity. He honoured his 'cherished wife' with a touching, if short, eulogy and a sumptuous post funeral lunch.

The following week, Laura was summoned to Evie's solicitor's office; Evie's two daughters and their husbands waited expectantly. Aaron stood apart, dressed in black shirt, leather jacket, black pants. Pushing back his thick brown hair, he glanced round the room with his unfathomable dark eyes.

Evie had left him the lot: cash, houses, jewellery. The daughters gasped, frozen in their seats. The solicitor continued: '*Aaron will inherit my estate on the proviso that he marries my masseuse, Laura, after my death. I bequeath her to him*'.

'Oh my *God!* Evie's oldest daughter shrieked. 'You can't *bequeath* another human being. She's not a slave! We're taking this to THE HIGH COURT!'

'I didn't know...' Laura stammered.

'Like hell you didn't!' spat the daughter.

Silently, Aaron held out his hand to Laura, and she got to her feet. After they'd left, the roar of Aaron's Lamborghini rose up from road to office. The office windows rattled.

'I believe, Mr Priestly, like Elvis, has left the building', the solicitor commented dryly.