

Harry now had a lot of time on his hands. Probably, too much, and mostly spent reflecting on what might have been but never really was.

Some years ago he met a girl, much younger than himself, and very good looking. She laughed at all of his jokes and appeared to be interested in whatever he spoke of, especially when he was talking about himself.

They had a drink together and when the evening came to an end she gratefully accepted his offer of a lift home. They arranged to meet again and parted with a kiss.

The following week Harry rang the girl to confirm where they should meet and she asked if they could meet at the bottom of her road to save time. Harry thought nothing of it and willingly agreed.

They went to the cinema, and Harry bought popcorn and drinks. On the way home she was hungry so Harry bought her chicken and chips, KFC of course, to take home. On his way home, after dropping her off Harry was grinning like a Cheshire cat, not really believing that he had such a good looking girlfriend.

This following week the girl rang Harry and said that she could only see him during the day because of work. He jumped at the chance of seeing her again and they went to the Shopping Mall. Anxious to impress her he bought her a couple of tops and a pair of jeans that she liked. Lunch was at a sushi bar, but again he dropped her at the end of the road.

The following week he phoned her and she asked him to pick her up at the tube station. She explained that she was working but wanted to see him before she went home. This really lifted his spirits, to think she was feeling the same as him.

The day of their date came along and he waited eagerly outside the tube station, having parked his car around the corner. They decided, because time was light, they would just go for a drink and have a good chat.

In the pub Harry asked her why he had to drop her at the end of the road and she said because her parents were very protective and she wanted a quiet life. She then asked Harry if he was single and if she could see where he lived. He agreed and they drove directly to his flat so she could see for herself.

At the flat they had another beer and after kissing in the kitchen very quickly moved to the bedroom and into bed. After they had made love Maggie quickly got up and dressed and told Harry she was working the next day so needed to get home and sleep as soon as possible.

By this time Harry was so ecstatic that he would have agreed to anything. He automatically stopped at the end of the road and still smiling he leaned over for his kiss on the cheek before Maggie got out of the car.

Their relationship carried on like this for months. Arrangements would be made and changed or cancelled but there would always be an explanation that sounded plausible and Harry would invariably accept them without much disappointment.

Then one evening Harry was waiting at the tube station, eagerly awaiting Maggie's arrival and pacing up and down and then Maggie was exiting the station in all her glory and smiling nicely at Harry.

A little kiss on the cheek and they started walking to Harry's car but suddenly, from the direction of the station came a loud voice. "Maggie" it called.

Maggie turned quickly to face a man she obviously knew, then she turned quickly to Harry and said "Wait here, I'll only be a minute" and walked over to the other man.

Harry, realising something was wrong and, decided he best step in to help so he approached the couple.

"Is there a problem here. What's happening?" he said looking at Maggie and the man alternately.

"Who are you?" asked the man.

"I'm Harry, I'm Maggie's boyfriend and who are you?"

"Well" said the man, "I'm her husband and I think somebody needs to explain to me what's going on don't you?"

"Husband?" said Harry, then turning to Maggie he said "You're married? Is that why I always had problems picking you up and always had to drop you at the end of the road?"

Maggie was looking quite distressed by now and said to Harry "Look, I can explain, I'll ring you later. I have to go home now but I'll call you ok?"

Harry shook his head and said "I don't think so. It all seems pretty clear to me now, you played me like a Stradivarius. Don't ring me, I won't answer. Thanks for everything, I'm off" and turning to the man he said "She's all yours now, you decided" and he walked away looking totally devastated.