

## Fear

Ever have the feeling you can't breathe? Like everyone around you is pressing against you, slowly killing you? Maybe it's not having anyone there that gives you the feeling of suffocation? In my case it's all of them and more. Every time people ask me what I'm afraid of; I give them the same answer. How can you ask me about fear, when you don't know what fear is? Some say fear is a human weakness, others say it's only a weakness if you let it control you, that there's nothing to fear but fear itself. What a stupid expression. There's a third statement about fear, which is the one I agree with the most. It's that the only weakness is not to be afraid. People should be afraid, there are traffic accidents, diseases, wars, and there are murderers, rapists, paedophiles and burglars who shoot the person whose belongings they are stealing. Smoking kills, alcohol kills and eating kills, breathing kills you if you do it in the wrong area of town. So yes, you should be afraid, very afraid.

I'm scared of furnished rooms, because there are things in those rooms that bring back memories. I'm scared of scarcely furnished rooms because they have no personality and they have no spirit. I'm not afraid of death. I'm scared of having my heart broken; I'm scared of not getting the chance to have my heart broken. I'm married, but I don't love him, and he is the reason I am here now, locked up suffocating. I am scared of remaining here forever... and I am terrified of being let out and having to face the world outside.

When I was sixteen I left home. I didn't get along with my parents and they became a hindrance to me achieving everything that I wanted to. Back then I didn't think I had any fears, now I know I feared confrontation and failure so I ran away from a difficult situation. I guess I never did stop running.

My husband calls this a resting home; somewhere we poor exhausted housewives can get some rest. You don't get admitted, you voluntarily sign in for some relaxation and pampering. It has nice doctors who will help you with all your supposed problems, and lovely nurses who will act on your every request. I call it a mental home for people with so much money it is passed off as a spa so that no one will think any less of them. I'm not mad though, there's nothing wrong with me. I have fears yes, but what human being doesn't. I'm in here because my beloved husband wants me to be, because as long as I am, I can't divorce him and take my money away so that he'll no longer have funding for his ridiculous excuse of a political career. The only way to survive in politics is by surrounding yourself by loyal followers and friends, people who will stand by and support you. That idiot I'm married to thinks that if he pays people, with **my** money, it will make them loyal. Well, didn't quite work out like that. Not when one of the "close" friends he bought sold pictures of him with a prostitute to one of the national newspapers. Not really helpful when you are running for governor. Of course if he could lie like most politicians he might have gotten away with it, but even in that department he couldn't deliver. There is no point in paying for loyalty, someone will always outbid you.

*"So how are you feeling today Mrs Jenkins?"*

As I'm looking at the pathetic excuse of a doctor sat in front of me I am not sure whether to laugh at him or not.

*"Fuck you! How do I feel? My husband has had me admitted into a place where I have to spend my days watching diet obsessed, anorexic, chain smoking and sleeping pill addicted excuses of women flirting with the male nurses and have fancy drinks whilst pretending they are on holiday. To make things even better I have to spend one hour of every other day talking to this useless, grades so bad he couldn't practice proper psychology waste of a space shrink, who my husband is paying to keep me in here. That's you by the way, in case you didn't realise. It's my money he's paying you with; you know I could easily double it."*

I look him up and down as I wait for his reply, knowing what he will say.

*"Now now, Mrs Jenkins, we have spoken about this before. You show obvious signs of Paranoia. Why would your husband pay me to keep you in here, he loves you very much and is strongly concerned about your health."*

This time I can't help but laugh at him. Kids nowadays, they really are arrogant dickheads.

*"The only thing my loving husband is 'concerned' about is whether or not he can continue spending my money on his sad little career, coke and prostitutes. Something he will not be able to do once I get out of here and divorce his sorry self. And once I get out of here, which I will, I'm going to get on the phone to whoever I need to call to tell them about you and the laws you are breaking by doing this. Then you can crawl back into that hole in the ground you came up from."*

As I got up from my chair I bend down placing both my hands on his desk and look at him.

*"You know, it's rude not to look into someone's eyes when you are talking to them. Although you're young, I did think you were old enough to have gotten passed the hormone crazed teen years where you fixate on women's breasts."*

I take his cigarette out of his hand and put it out on the folder where he has the notes on my 'mental well being'.

*"Smoking is bad for you, you should know, you're supposed to be a doctor."*

As I slam the door behind me when leaving I smile to myself. It won't take long to break him.

I run into one of the other women in the hallway, obviously on her way to see the doctor. I smile at her when she asks me if I agree that “he is such a charming young man”. Most of the women in here are in their forties, I’m still in my late twenties. They all love their sessions with the good doctor with his youthful good looks, makes their pathetic egos bloom when they convince themselves that they can seduce him.

*“Oh yes. He is a lovely doctor, and he sure is very committed to his job. I find him so... refreshing. Don’t you?”*

I can’t hear her reply, as I am already walking away, but I cannot say I care what it is, they’re all the same in here, middle aged, has been bimbos. Boring.

I go back to my room and grab the sunscreen and nail polish that are lying ready on the bed. I change into a bikini and wander out to the garden from the French doors in my room that’s more like a small apartment than just a room. One of the male nurses offer to put sunscreen on my back, so I let him knowing that the doctor is watching me from his window, contemplating if I was serious before, if I could ruin his career. I want him to know I’m relaxed and think I am enjoying myself. To be fair, I am. This is the most fun I’ve had in years. As the nurse finishes rubbing the lotion onto my back I smile at him, my eyes fixed on the ground as I bat my eyelashes and thank him shyly. Then I ask him if maybe he would be so kind as to get my sunglasses that I left on my bed. I stroke his arm gently as I softly giggle when touching his bicep. As he walks away I roll my eyes, knowing that he is thinking that I want him or something equally stupid. Boys really never grow up and get over themselves, that’s why they’re such easy pieces to play. After finishing painting my toe nails blood red, I lie down on the sun bed and relax in the heat, I put my sunglasses on before closing my eyes knowing that every minute that passes I’m one step closer to being out of here. That said, I could get quite accustomed to having these chimpanzees running around in circles for me.

I must have fallen asleep as I am brought back to reality by a shadow standing over me. As I lazily look at the time it’s just passed noon. Visiting hours. I close my eyes again and stretch my arms and legs.

*“Would you mind moving a bit darling, you’re blocking my sun.”*

The shadow gradually disappears off my body as he sits down next to me.

*“You are looking very good dear; this place is working wonders on you.”*

No, I always looked this good you scumbag, it’s just highlighted by the joy I’m experiencing knowing I’m going to ruin you.

*“I know darling, it really has been a Godsend. I never even thought I was stressed, but the doctor has done such a great job. He really is so amazing, making me realize and deal with all my problems. You really have found a diamond in this place; I don’t know how to repay you for what you have done for me.”*

As I smile my fake little smile at him, my nails are digging into the palm of my hand in an attempt to control myself, forcing myself to stay calm and not slit his throat there and then. He's a charming bastard, that much is true, that's why I fell for him in the first place. Then I was just a naive little girl back then, having just received my big break photographing an entire section of the Victoria's Secrets spring catalogue. Not anymore though.

*"Well I am so happy you are feeling better sweetie, you never know, maybe you can come home soon? I have to go though, as I need to get back to the office, and I want to have a quick talk to your doctor before I leave. I am sorry I can't stay longer."*

That's ok, the less time I have to spend looking at you, the less time I have to spend fighting the urge to throw up. He is going to hate me so much once this is over; the sleazy little rat has it coming though.

*"Aww, you have to go already? That's too bad, but don't you worry darling, I will be home sooner than you can spell Psychologist."*

I blow him a kiss as he leaves then give him the finger when his back is turned. To be fair, the last comment was wasted. I doubt if that Neanderthal can spell at all.

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I can hear someone walking towards the door of my room, so I lay quietly, moaning silently as if I am having a nightmare. It's the doctor, and he has come to give me a bit of medication in the dark when he thinks I'm sleeping. My accusations today would have given him the idea that I've not been taking whatever drugs have been given me to encourage paranoid thoughts in my mind. As I hear him stopping at the side of my bed I decide to stop pretending to be asleep. This is going to be so much fun.

*"You know, if you have a girlfriend or a wife, I really hope you're not as predictable in bed as you are when it comes to your work."*

I can hear his breathing stopping for a moment; I've taken him by surprise.

*"Don't even think about sticking that needle in me, I'll scream and when someone arrives, they'll hear my tearful story about how every night you viciously drug and then rape me with the threat of never letting me out of here."*

I sit up in bed as I take his hand and pull him towards me.

*"I'm sorry I was so mean earlier... I really didn't mean to be. Of course I won't try and ruin your career, you're just doing your job after all, and some mean man made you do a bad thing."*

I take his hand and place it on my shoulder, as he runs his fingers over the lacy negligee I'm wearing. I whisper to him that I like bad boys though, people who don't play by the rules. I can hear his breathing stop again, but I know it's for a different reason this time. I lean over and kiss his bottom lip softly, biting at it with my teeth, licking his lips and tongue. I run my hand down his shirt to his trousers, resting it on his crotch, stroking him with my finger.

*"I really, really like you doctor. It would be such a shame if I didn't get the chance to show you how much... maybe when... if I get out of here... we can meet up? I know it's probably against your medical oath and what have you... but just once. Just so I can... stop thinking about your muscular abs... your black hair... those piercing green eyes... your dick."*

I put my finger over his lips, telling him not to say a word. Then I take his hand and lead him to the door, kissing his lips gently as I say good bye, him still not having uttered a word. Then I close the door and lock it. It won't be long now.

As I walk into the dear doctor's office the next morning, wearing only a short silky robe on top of my bikini I can see his eyes wandering up my long tanned legs. I know he wants me, and I know that he will do exactly as I've asked of him.

*"I hope you don't mind the outfit darling, but I was hoping to get some sun after our session finished, and I didn't fancy changing again."*

By the look on his face I can tell he doesn't mind, and I'm sure that's not the only head I've got stirring on the dear doctor.

*"I've asked my colleague to sit in on this session, as it will be the last of your sessions here. I've explained that your development has been very good and that I think it's time for you to go home now, as it is obvious you no longer require our support."*

Now that's not entirely true is it dear doctor, I will still need your help, you just don't know it yet.

*"I really do appreciate everything you have done for me Doctor; I really do feel so rested. You have helped me deal with some problems I didn't even know I had."*

Sometimes it's actually pathetic to see how easy it is to play men. I turn my head to face the aged man sitting next to him.

*"Isn't he a diamond?"*

As I watch both of them sign my release form I struggle to hide the smile of satisfaction that is fighting to appear on my lips.

*“You are free to go once you have packed your bags; I will have one of the nurses call you a taxi.”*

As the other doctor leaves the room I bend over the sweet naive doctor’s desk one last time as I hand him a piece of paper, mouthing call me to him. As I close the door behind me, I can’t hold the smile back any longer.

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I’m lighting my cigarette as the taxi driver has dropped me off at home, I give him about a thirty percent tip as he’s carried all my bags inside and smile at him as he leaves. My husband won’t be home yet, he’ll be at his office, probably planning his next visit to me tomorrow. When I get inside I get on the phone to one of the local newspapers, telling them to send a reporter over. That female one who does the entertainment pages. I make sure it sounds like I’m crying, they’ll know who I am by my name, and they will be expecting one hell of a story. Then I walk over to the bookshelf and pick up a copy of Shakespeare’s ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor’. The pictures of my husband with one of his little sluts are in there, just like I knew they would be, my husband never was much of a reader. The pictures I sent anonymously to one of his colleagues were nothing compared to these. They will make great news though, after all who doesn’t want to see a politician dressed up in leather, being whipped by a mistress and then snorting coke. I make another two phone calls whilst waiting for the reporter to arrive, then I just sit down at the table smoking and waiting.

As the doorbell rings I put the pictures in a messy pile on the table then rub my eyes to make them water and ruin my make up, I rip my shirt open as I walk slowly towards the door, holding a cigarette in one hand and my drink in the other.

*“I’m... sorry... I must look such a mess... I just... I’m sorry... come in... please...”*

As the curious reporter enters the house I start letting the crocodile tears fall from my eyes. She stays for two hours whilst I tell her how my husband put me in a home after feeding me drugs. Put me in a home so he could get me out of the way. I show her the pictures. She’s sympathetic, and she hates my husband for doing something like this to a poor defenceless woman. Women are and always will be suspicious of men, so she will not doubt what I’m saying, and I know she will write one hell of a story, she has enough dirty laundry to fill up the entire entertainment section. After she’s left I go have a shower, before redoing my make up, knowing that he’ll be home soon.

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*“Hello honey. Bet you didn’t expect me home this soon did you?”*

The picture on his face really does say more than a thousand words.

*“You can have someone come pick your things up. I’ve already spoken to my lawyer, and somehow after what you have done, I doubt if I will find it hard to get a divorce. Don’t get too upset though about losing my money that is. Because trust me darling, it will get so much worse.”*

I smile sweetly at him as I can see the rage building on his face.

*“You **bitch!**”*

I can’t help but laugh at his pathetic response.

*“Now, that’s not a very constructive thing to say is it, sweetheart? You best get going now. Quite frankly, looking at your ugly face is making me feel sick.”*

I know he wants to hit me as I usher him off, he would never hit me though. Pathetic cunt.

The fax machine and my mobile phone beep at once. As I answer the phone I pick up the piece of paper that the machine has typed up.

*“Hello?”*

The good doctor must have just finished work; he certainly doesn’t waste any time.

*“I can’t stop thinking about you. Can I come see you?”*

I can tell he’s nervous.

*“Now doctor, very unethical to make advances on a patient isn’t it?”*

For the third time in 24 hours I’ve made the good doctor have to catch his breath.

*“It would just be a bad idea. Especially as I intend to completely ruin your career. That is... unless you go to the police and tell them that my soon to be ex-husband forced you to drug me. Make a story up, you have a good imagination. At least you should have, the countless hours you have spent thinking about my naked body pressed against you... Think about it. You have one hour”*

I hang the phone up and turn it off. He will try to phone me back, to “reason” with me. I light another cigarette and go sit down next to one of the windows, feeling very content with myself. As I think about the eventful few days I’ve had I notice that the sun is about to set.

San Francisco is beautiful bathing in the red light of the sun. By the time it sets again, the newspapers will be on the street and my revenge... my sweet, sweet revenge, will finally be complete.