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About 600 words

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The Room

James and Michelle sat opposite each other in silence. The air in the dingy hotel patio hummed with tension. His eyes drilled a hole straight through the woman he once cherished, but inside his mixed emotions raged on like a whirlwind. Michelle crossed her slender legs and folded her arms, unbothered by James' stormy facial expression. Michelle narrowed her eyes back at him.

"I would hate to say I told you so, but I haven't been wrong in over 20 years," she said. "I warned you this would happen."

"You've been wrong for *over 20 years*, sweetheart," he said.

Michelle raised up and slammed her fist on the table.

"I was wrong to have slept with you," she said.

James mirrored Michelle's movement, and towered over her small frame even from across the table. He shoved a finger into her face.

"Well, you didn't have any objections while the deed was being done, now did you?"

"Shut up, James!"

"Your foolish husband hasn't figured out that your ex and I are the same person, has he?" he said. "You've never told him that you gave birth to *my* daughter, did you?"

"Do *not* bring Henry into this! Back then, I actually wanted to keep Maya so we could be together. But all you cared about was *your* career, James," she said. "I couldn't raise her alone. You gave me no choice but to give her away!"

Tears spilled down Michelle's face. She retreated back to her seat and rested her head in her palms. James came around the table, kneeled before her and picked up her hands.

"Listen, I was wrong the first time, I know that. But you and Maya are all I want now," said James. "Divorce Henry, so we can be a family." James gazed into her gorgeous green eyes, and his hands trembled as he spoke.

"Why, James," she asked. "Why should I sacrifice my happiness for your... satisfaction?"

"Listen, Michelle -" he said.

She eased upward until she stood over him again.

"Because you are a selfish, arrogant bastard," she said. "And I won't compromise my life for you again."

She gulped the last swig of liquor from the glass on the table and snatched her purse. She pulled James up off of his knees and into a seductive kiss. When she felt the bold response of his body, she tore her lips from his and pushed him away.

"And whatever this was between us is over now. For good," she said.

"Michelle, think about Maya. She's willing to hear us out at least," he said.

Michelle turned to leave the patio but paused at the sliding door.

"There's no acceptable reason for me not to have been there for her. Regardless of my resentment towards you, I should have fulfilled my responsibility as a mother. But I didn't, and I'm not even woman enough to say that to her face."

"Michelle," he said.

Michelle marched out the door and slammed it behind her. James took a deep breath and inhaled the last vapor of her incredible scent. He scowled at the erection that pressed against his zipper.

Dammit.

James checked his watch and ran over to dial the front desk.

“Hello, this is Mr. Sutton in room 20. I’d like to upgrade my room to a honeymoon suite immediately! Yes. I’ll need plenty of flowers and your best wine as well. Thank You.”

He grabbed his jacket and raced for the door. He wouldn’t make the same mistake twice.

“You’re not getting rid of me that easy, Michelle.” he said.