

# **My Half of The Story**

(If You Believe In Halves)

A Short Story By

Tony Vinyoh

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**Published by Tony Vinyoh at Smashwords**

Cover Design by [Zenara Comics](#)

International Standard Book Number:

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The sharp sound of rushing stilettos gave me only a moment to hide my bottle and force down a glass of water, I knew I would get sixty seconds from when the second woman pushed the door, and another fifteen when the first gave her last try and turn towards me with an apologetic shrug, she always did her best, she was just no match for Grace, so I took the extra time to hide the pack of Benson & Hedges and force out the incriminating scent.

Grace brushed past my assistant and walked stoutly to my desk, put my latest gift on it and sat on my lap, held my face in her hands and looked at me the way I have never liked, like I was a helpless idiot just lucky to have a girl, and maybe I was, for that very instant I was a nervous idiot, and only for reasons manly I would have cried and said I wasn't ready, that I didn't know what to do or say, or how to convince these blood suckers we both could benefit from time, more time, and more of their easy money, they had a jolly time letting it in but were so tight letting it out even on solid investment if they hadn't dragged every fibre of information out of my labouring body.

Grace opened her bag and I did not wait for the question.

“It's what's in my head, not on it”

I wasn't hoping to change anything, I bent my head to let her reach the back, let her rub my face with some liquid, she touched her lip and rubbed the gloss on my lips, she wasn't satisfied so she kissed me to reach the whole surface, I clearly needed more, and I suppose she did, I'd been so busy, but now it seemed her job was more important. It was looking like order, so I broke it in a fierce grip, I held her tight and cursed anything that would come in between.

“I love you”

“I know you do” she broke away, she arranged my coat and pulled my tie, stood up with her hand on her bag.

“Relax, it’ll be fine, only let out your passion for stupid obsession”

Anything would be funny and have the effect of distraction, so I laughed like it was the funniest thing I heard all week, it was.

I called Grace at five and she met me at Pemboury’s, she hurried there like I knew the news would bring her, knowing that if I hadn’t by then she would call as always and pamper and do what only she could do. She came in the red dress I bought her last week and wasn’t smiling, I was banging the table and she wasn’t chiding.

“How do you feel?”

“I feel like, like.....” my eyes narrowed with a sudden realisation.

“Like?” she widened her eyes.

“Like marrying you”

“I know about Jenny” I touched my nose.

“And Rollie, and Sandra, and your assistant” I was rubbing my combed hair.

“That’s not what bothers me, you don’t love any of them, you can’t, you lack the capacity to, I just find it hard to believe you do all that and still need me bad” I was rubbing the last traces of gloss.

“You need me badly, I’m the only sign of stability in your life” Having hit my pride I felt a reaction that forced some desperate strength into a voice.

“Why haven’t you left? I knew it was about the money from the start”

“Yes it was, but once in I tried to find the person, but always the money met me first”

“Why didn’t you complain about the other women?”

“I found out two weeks ago, and God knows what that would have done to today if I left, so I stayed for another two weeks, I would have left you either way, I’m happy I’m leaving you with what you value most”

I picked anything from my eye.

“I appreciate it” I rose as she grabbed her bag to go, she gave me her right hand and I’m not sure I understood her smile.

“If you do you’ll send me a cheque”

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About the Author

My Half of the Story is included in Revolution!, a collection of short stories by the author, he has also published The Vinyoh Verses, a collection of poems. Both e-books are available at [www.smashwords .com](http://www.smashwords.com). Tony Vinyoh is an Anglophone writer and poet. To get a taste of the author's diverse artistic interests, blog, song-writing etc visit [www.tonyvinyoh.com](http://www.tonyvinyoh.com)