

The Unknown Lover

“Amber, can you get me my tie, it’s right there,” James said, pointing at the dining table.

I rushed to the table and grabbed his tie, hoping to please him.

"Here, honey, have a good day at work!" I smiled.

He grabbed the tie and raced out of our apartment, disregarding my comment.

I stood there in front of the closed door, my eyes with tears.

No, Amber, he was just late for work, I said to myself. James and I lived on the 9th-floor of our apartment for almost 2-years, in a suburban neighbourhood. He worked as a veterinarian, and I stayed at home.

As always, I walked towards the window to see my beloved walk to work. There he was, his short curly brown hair, the same as mine. His tanned skin. His jet black eyes. He was perfect, except for one little thing, his co-worker, Patricia. He would always hug her and walk to work together. As I was walking away from the window, I saw her. She ran straight to him and hugged him. Disgust pulsed through my veins; I furiously shut the blinds.

Is he going to replace me? Am I not good enough for him? No, I am good enough, in fact, even better. He doesn't deserve me, I thought. I walked over to the kitchen and began eating the bowl of carrots he left for me. *At least he did not forget to make my breakfast,* I thought. Of our 2-years living together, he would always make me breakfast and I would

attempt to make his lunch and dinner, but he was more of the chef; and I would always make a mess trying to cook something. After I finished, I walked over to our bedroom to take a nap. As I was falling asleep, I noticed his closet was messy. *He would be pleased if I clean his closet*, I thought. I moved aside his shoes and then noticed strands of hair, much resembling Patricia's straight blonde hair. Rage roared through my mind.

No, why do I have to tolerate this, I thought. *Two years of us living together, did that mean anything to him?* I could not handle this, I loved him, I really did. But his love could not kindle an eternal relationship with me. He has to feel this pain I am feeling. He has too. He must. He WILL.

When James comes home at 3:30, I will lure him into the bedroom and make him lay down on the bed. Once he is resting, I will jump on top of him and uncage the anger that has boiled in me.

I am not going to kill him, instead, I want his life balancing on the edge of life and death. To suffer. To feel the pain. To feel MY pain!

I never believed in love at first sight, but when I saw him at that dog park 2-years ago, I knew he was the one. We both loved to be outside and he would always treat me as his queen. I loved how he would play with my hair, and when my back was aching, he would give me the best massages. It was everything about him that made me love him. Yet, ever since he would start walking with Patricia, he has been slowly drifting away from me. He was the love of my life, but if I can't have love, no one can, not him or Patricia. As my head was gurgling with thoughts, I heard a click on the door.

He is here, I smiled.

I rushed to hug him as he dropped his laptop case.

I lured him into the bedroom. He was exhausted after work, like always.

I gently nudged him to lay on the bed.

"Oh, Amber, you want me to sleep?" He chuckled

"Yes," I said playfully.

As he laid on the bed, I quickly jumped on top of him scratching and hitting his chest and face. I WANTED HIM TO FEEL THE PAIN! The pain he was going through was not nearly as close to the pain he has brought upon me. The throbbing and aching in my chest. MY HEART.

"How does this feel!" I barked, " This is not even close to the pain I feel, I loved you. But I suppose your love for Patricia was much stronger than the love you had for me right?"

This feeling, ohhhh, I have longed for this, his agonizing scream brought pleasure to my ears.

"Get off me," he yelled.

His strong hands clenched my torso and he threw me across the bed. He ran out of the bedroom, closing the door behind him. I ran to the door, trailing him. I pounded on the door, I wanted to chase after him. I wanted to, but I couldn't. Then I looked down at my paws; if only I had hands to open the door...