

**For the Greater Good**

**By Michael Anguille**

**Words: 484**

There he was, Cal. Walking the dog. So sexy he was, that husband of hers. Tall and lean and –  
Carla rolled down her window. “Handsome man.”

“Babe. Can you pick up some of that orange marinade when you’re done? Since it’s right next door...”

Carla felt a pang of guilt. She hated lying, but reminded herself it was for the greater good.

“Oh, for the grill, right? Glad you reminded me.”

So she’d stop at Publix. It was out of the way, but whatever. Least she could do, and it would have to get done anyway. They were having friends over tomorrow for the football game. Cal’s favorite. Give him some charcoal and a big screen, and a pair of tongs (and a Heineken, of course) and he was the portrait of delight. He was a great cook. A great husband. A hard worker. What, with all that ass-busting he did selling all week, pitching all those hoity-toity ad execs. It was a wonder he wasn’t too tired on the weekend to do anything but veg out on the couch. *And* he found the time to work out, and do things around the house that needed doing (just yesterday he’d hung not just one, but *three* huge pictures. Perfectly centered, with nothing but his eye! Totally multi-talented!).

But what if he knew?

They’d been married for 18 months. Long enough that there should be no secrets. Carla knew this well. And after all he’d done for her: rescued her from the abysmal depths of dead-end assistantry at his office. Given her a voice, a dream home, let her fill it with all the shit she could only have dreamed about a few years ago. And this in spite of her still not having gotten pregnant. They were trying, but...

Thinking about the baby made her feel even worse.

Carla’s phone rang.

“Anthony, I told you, you can’t call me like this. It could get me in a lot of trouble.”

“I just wanted to make sure you were still coming. It’s getting late and you usually call by now and tell me you’re on the way.”

“Sorry. I was in the middle of something. I lost track of time.”

“So you’re still coming?”

Carla turned to gruel inside. That voice. His tone. As though he’d been waiting since the minute they’d parted last a couple weeks ago.

“Of course, honey. You know I wouldn’t miss it for anything.”

He giggled. "Sorry for calling."

How could she be angry? All he wanted was to see her, Carla. And all she wanted was to see him, too. To take him on their little date. That's why she was still doing this, guilty as it made her feel, three years later. You divorced men, not children. Even Carla knew this. She was the closest thing to a mom Anthony had ever had.

Could anyone really blame her?