

ALEXA

A short story by Sabri g. Bebawi- based on real events

Alexa has been living with her husband, Sir Besson, for about six years now; they had gotten back together after two decades of separation. Getting together had been a blessing for both of them. They had been the happiest couple living a high life on the eighth floor in a high rise in Manhattan. The building had a doorman who was well dressed and well behaved; it also had a concierge who dressed and spoke better than the American president-want-to-be Donald Trump. Life seemed stable with love and passion between both, yet it was really not for Sir Besson. He had no idea what life had been storing for him and what it would bring.

Half-way through the time of the companionship, Sir Besson discovered by accident that what he had thought of his relationship with Alexa was not exactly what he had always envisioned. Although he had had many experiences in life with the human condition, he had been surprised on several occasions; this event was the worst.

Alexa had a very close female cousin named Silvia with whom she would get together for a drink or a girls night out or whatever, or at least that what they would say. Alexa, however, confided that her cousin, who had been married for twenty-five-years, had been having several extramarital affairs with other men, and would use Alexa to cover for her when she would be with her lovers. So, when the husband would call to ask for his wife, Alexa would lie and say they were together, while that was not the fact.

Sir Besson advised his beloved trusted companion not to do that, and not to participate in such cheating scheme. He hated cheating and considered it cowardice. She agreed. Perhaps she had stopped doing it; no one would ever know. Most likely she did not.

One fateful Saturday night, on April 20th, Alexa and her husband were in bed having fun and conversing. In the meantime, Alexa was chatting on her phone with someone.

As the chatting took such a long time, curiosity took the best of Sir Besson and innocently asked: "*With whom are you chatting, my love?*" Suddenly and abruptly Alexa jumped out of bed, ran out of the room and deleted the chat. Sir Besson became suspicious since he is a trained prosecutor, a journalist and a university

professor. He sensed something was terribly disturbing. So, he started asking logical questions why what had happened took place. One question after another, and after about eight hours through Saturday night to sunrise, Sir Besson decided that Alexa was not telling the truth and decided to depart from her forever in the early morning; to where he would depart? He did not know.

Sunday morning arrived peacefully and quietly. Alexa approached her husband, surely after consulting with many lovers, friends, and others, and told him:

"It was George, my friend, and I am sorry I was worried that you would be upset why he would chat with me so late."

Sir Besson laughed at the statement since he knew George and had no problem with him speaking with his wife. In fact, Alexa had asked if she could go to lunch with George, and Sir Besson had no objections or worries. This immediately reminded him of what his mother used to say: *"Lies do not have legs."* It also reminded him of the great Shakespeare who wrote: *"What a spider web we weave, when we first practice to deceive."* The matter had never been resolved.

For many months, Sir Besson suffered alone in agony trying to make sense of what had happened and why his what he had thought best lover would do what she had done. Strangely enough, stress can bring many diseases. Sir Besson's cancer came back within five month and possibly with vengeance. That was in addition to the severe unceasing sadness and depression.

Two weeks prior, Sir Besson introduced his second cousin, Medhat, to Alexa. Medhat managed secretly to ask Alexa for her phone number; since she seemed to have been sexually attracted to him, she gave her phone number. The very same evening, Sir Besson discovers a message from Medhat to Alexa asking: *"Call me when your husband goes to sleep."*

This prompted Sir Besson to write to Medhat and ask that he must never contact Alexa again and that what he had written was immoral and disrespectful. Evidence, however, proved beyond any doubt that the communication between Alexa and Medhat did not stop and in fact the person she had been chatting with on that fateful April 20th day, and claimed to have been her friend George, was indeed Medhat

Being a philosopher a writer, and a trained prosecutor, Sir Besson devised a scheme he certainly knew it would have the greatest impact. He used his previous knowledge about Alexa's cousin's affair, and he knew, as a detective, what he could do to cause the commotion he wanted. This, it must be said, was the very first time

ever in Sir Besson's long life to seek revenge, as he had never been a revengeful man. The events must have had an incredible impact on his brain.

The Scheme

Sir Besson calmly convinced Alexa to have a big party in their luxurious apartment and invite all their friends and family just as a form of recuperation and reenergizing themselves. Alexa innocently and gladly agreed, and all was set for the following Saturday. Alexa had no reason to suspect anything.

Invitations were sent to all friends and family members who had been present in New York and these were Alexa's mother and father. All the friends, and only Alexa's cousin Silvia's husband were invited. Alexa did not suspect why only the husband; she had just assumed that her husband had not liked Silvia for her infidelity.

The day of reckoning had arrived, and visitors began to come. Each was welcomed and offered drinks and appetizers. When all invited people were present, Sir Besson declared that he wanted to make an announcement. He wished everyone's attention for a few moments. All went silent, but surprised. He picked up his cellular phone and dialed a number, when the receiver replied, Sir Besson asked: *"Hi. This is Alexa's husband. May I speak with Alexa? She said she would be with you most of the night tonight."*

Sir Besson had put the speakerphone on, and everyone could hear: *"Oh! Yes, but she is in the bathroom right now. As soon as she gets out, I will ask her to call you."* He politely and gently replied, *"Thank you."* And hung up the phone. Alexa was nervously confused and disoriented. Then he asked his audience to wait for a moment. The atmosphere was tense; no one understood what exactly was going on. He announced: *"Now, listen. Alexa's phone will ring."* Sure enough, Alexa's phone rang and she as everyone else was utterly confused.

Sir Besson softly requested that Alexa put the speakerphone on; she reluctantly did. Everyone in the room could hear: *"You Bitch; you didn't tell me you were going with Medhat. Your husband just called asking for you and I told him you were in the bathroom. You better call him now."*

Everyone in the room was silent. Suddenly Alexa screamed loudly and ran out of the apartment. Sir Besson ran after her, but she had gotten the elevator before him. He took the next one and ran looking for and calling her name running like a mad man

in the middle of the road in Manhattan West Side. He could not catch up with her, so he returned to his guests. People asked repeatedly what that was about, and how he came up with such a scheme. Sir Besson answered every question: "*Elementary my friends!*"

The first guest to leave was Silvia's husband; he frantically left to go home to inquire about what had just happened. Upon arrival, he opened the front door and called upon Silvia; she was nowhere to be found. She has vanished in thin air. Alexa must have called her and explained what had happened, so in fear, Silvia decided to disappear. So now both amigas, Alexa and her cousin, Silvia have gone with the storm of deceit, infidelity, and denigration. No one heard from either ever again.

The author stresses that if any of the names matches real persons, it is coincidental