

NIAMH GREENE

Letters to a Love Rat



From the No. 1 bestselling author of
*Secret Diary of a
Demented Housewife*



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Letters to a Love Rat
by
Niamh Greene

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Prologue

1979

Dear Charlie,

You are invited to my birthday party. It is on Wednesday at three o'clock in my house.

You are the only boy coming but you don't have to wear a dress.

Mummy says hitting is not allowed. I would like a doll.

Love

Laura x

Dear Charlie,

Mummy says I have to write and say thank you for the doll. But you cannot come to my house ever again because Daddy says you are a holy terror.

Love

Laura x

1989

Hi Charlie,

Jenny said she saw you kissing Susan Vine at the school disco last week when I had chickenpox. I don't believe her, but why did you ignore me at the bus stop? I know I still look a bit spotty, but I'm not contagious any more.

Helen x

*Charlie,
I saw the hickey on Susan Vine's neck. I hope your you-know-what
falls off.*

*I'm going to snog Patrick Maber on Friday. I hate you.
Helen*

1999

*Dear Charlie,
I love you more than life itself. More than I have ever loved anyone
before – even Jimmy Nolan. I can't believe I've found my soulmate at
last. I love you, honey lips.
Kate xxxxxx*

*P.S. I've been thinking what we should call our future children . How
about Jack for a boy and Jill for a girl? Wouldn't that be adorable?
Love you xx*

*Charlie,
You are a self-centred, heartless asshole. I cannot believe you have done
this to me. I have burned all your pathetic love sonnets – they mean
nothing now that I know the truth about you. I hope you rot in hell.
Kate*

2009

To: Charlie

From: Rex

Re: You fat bastard

Hey Charlie, you fat bastard,

Sorry about tying you to that telephone pole on your stag night,

but it was pretty funny. Who was that bird you were talking to in the club? Can you get me her number? She had a great rack.
Rex

To: Charlie

From: Lulu

Re: You

Hey naughty boy,

Hope you enjoyed your stag night . . . If you want to get naughty again, give me a call . . .

Lulu xx

Molly

I squeeze my eyes shut against the sun streaming through the window and try to pretend that it's not morning yet. I don't want it to be morning. Or anywhere even close to morning. Because if it's morning it means I have to get out of this warm, cosy bed and face the real world. I have so much to do today, I really ought to get up and get going. But the trouble is, two blissful weeks of a honeymoon spent lolling by an aquamarine seawater pool doing nothing but sip exotic cocktails has made me chronically lazy and I just can't bring myself to move. All the hardcore relaxing (interspersed with a few half-hearted trips to see worthy cultural stuff) has finally proven to me what I always suspected: I'm perfectly suited to a life of idle leisure. If I ever win the Lottery I now know for sure that I will not be one of those people who keeps the day job, just in case they get bored with all the five-star resorts and private planes. You know the type – they say things like 'Money won't change me' or, even funnier, 'Money can't buy you happiness.' After fourteen days at an all-inclusive couples-only resort I now know that money *could* buy me happiness and that if I ever do win wads of cash I'd be very content to lounge by a pool for ever and be waited on hand and foot. I'd throw in a few devoted servants to fan me down with giant palm leaves and rub suntan lotion into my back too, given half the chance.

I'm so annoyed I've even woken up – I'd been having such a delicious dream about the day Charlie and I got married. Maybe if I snuggle under the duvet some more and

try really, really hard I'll be able to get back to it. I clamp my eyes shut and try to concentrate.

Where was I? I was past the part where I'd floated down the aisle clinging to Alastair's arm. Al had been thrilled to give me away. When I asked him if he'd take Dad's place on the day, he burst into tears. I was really touched. We've been friends for so long I didn't think he'd be that surprised that I wanted him right beside me, but he was. Sometimes of course I think that getting to be in all the official photographs was the *real* reason he was so delighted – centre stage is Al's favourite place to be.

I'd skated over the part where mad Aunt Nora had caused a bit of a scene by shouting and roaring about my ex-boyfriend David just as I reached the altar – I didn't want to dwell on that, not even in a dream. I was past the bit where my sister Tanya had taken my bouquet from me – even the part when she'd fumbled and almost dropped it – and I was right at the wonderful point where Charlie and I had just said, 'I do'.

That part had been so *romantic*. At that moment, when Charlie looked deep into my eyes and promised to love and cherish me for ever, I knew that I was doing the right thing. All the doubts melted away. All the niggling little worries that we hadn't known each other long enough, that we were rushing into things, that we might regret it – they all disappeared and in that second I knew that everything would be all right. I'd found the One and now we were going to live happily ever after, just like characters in a chick-lit novel with a pretty pink cover and swirly gold lettering on the front. When Charlie slipped the slim platinum band on my finger I realized, right then and there, that I had found my fairytale ending. I wasn't going to die alone and lonely. I wasn't going to end my days as a bitter old woman who

didn't believe in love. Even after everything that had happened, how close to the edge I'd come after Mum and Dad died and David and I broke up. It was all going to be all right.

If only I could get back to that dream, even for a few minutes. If I squeeze my eyes tightly enough maybe I might, just might, be able to drift off and recapture it. I shuffle under the goose-down duvet and try to concentrate, but it's no use – it's not working. The sun is too bright and now I can hear the noise of traffic drifting up from the street below. I'm going to have to get up. But maybe not just yet – maybe I'll have time for a quick cuddle with Charlie first. After all, isn't that supposed to be one of the perks of married life? You have love on tap whenever you want it. Things were a little quiet on that front when we were on honeymoon, but perhaps that's not so unusual – after all, I was busy organizing the wedding and then we were both completely shattered afterwards . . . and work kept calling him every five minutes on his BlackBerry, so he was a bit distracted. But now that we're back home we probably won't be able to keep our hands off each other. Not that we're one of those couples who are all over each other all the time – we're a bit more restrained. Over the top Public Displays of Affection just aren't our thing – Charlie says our connection is more cerebral. And that suits me just fine, because passion is all very well and good but it can never be sustained. Once you get over the snogging-till-your-face-hurts stage at the start, lust usually fades away and all you're really left with is companionship and the ability to tolerate each other's bad habits. Passion never lasts – except with David; we'd never lost our lust for each other – but I'm not going to think about that now, because that would be completely inappropriate.

Anyway, having a cerebral connection with someone isn't as boring as it sounds – it can come in really handy. For example, Charlie's a mine of knowledge on current affairs and history – all the stuff I'm not very good at – which means that he helps me along if I get stuck. He's very good at prompting me to say the right thing, so that I don't seem too silly at dinner parties. Sometimes it can be a little embarrassing – like the time he teased me for not knowing how many states there were in America and everyone cracked up. I did try to tell him that of course I knew how many states there were – it's one of the facts I *do* know; after living in San Francisco for a year I ought to – but it was too late. Everyone thought it was hilarious, so I let it slide.

But it's so lovely to wake up with him as my husband. Imagine if I'd never gone to those media awards? I'd never have met him. I wouldn't be a happily married woman and we wouldn't be Mr and Mrs Charles Adler. What makes it even stranger is that I really didn't want to go. The only reason I was there at all was because my editor, Minty, had bullied me into it. Being the features editor/general skivvy at *Her* magazine isn't the worst job in the world, but going to boring awards dos is my least favourite thing. I only caved in because I thought I might get a goodie bag or a few free passes to the movies. For that, I was just about willing to sit through the agony of long speeches and very bad food.

When I got there, I noticed Charlie almost immediately. It was hard not to: he was sitting right opposite me and everyone at the table seemed to be hanging on his every word. He was charming and authoritative and very handsome, and so when he started to talk to me after the awful speeches I was intrigued. He certainly wasn't my type: unlike David, who'd always looked a bit scruffy, Charlie was well groomed and polished. And he was so attentive. He seemed to think that

everything I said was witty and hilarious – he even told me he loved my curly hair. It was like something out of a romcom movie: I was Julia Roberts in my blue full-length satin dress, and he was Pierce Brosnan in a well-cut tuxedo. All his smooth talk was very flattering, and after a few glasses of wine I started to believe him when he said I was the most gorgeous creature he'd ever seen. He spoke like a swashbuckling hero from the Mills and Boon novels I used to read at school; it was heady stuff. He said 'creature' quite a lot. And 'ravishing'. And 'intoxicating'.

When I was leaving he begged me for my phone number but I wouldn't give it to him, so instead he wrote his on my wrist and made me promise to call. I just laughed and said maybe I would and maybe I wouldn't, but really I had no intention of calling him – I was officially off men. Since David and I had broken up I hadn't dated anyone else and I didn't want to. I was happy by myself. Sure, sometimes I felt a little lonely when I was heating a frozen dinner for one in the microwave or curled up on the couch alone, but mostly I was pretty content and, anyway, work kept me so busy I barely had time to think. So I honestly never expected to clap eyes on Charlie again. I wrote off our meeting as a funny encounter that I'd tell Tanya about over a glass of wine – we'd giggle together about the charming stranger who'd been so flirty. But the very next morning he called to ask me out. *The very next morning!* It was practically unheard of. Because I'd refused to give him my number, he had called the switchboard at *Her* – he actually took the initiative. I got such a shock when he was put through and I heard his sexy velvety voice that I almost fell off my chair. I was so tongue-tied that Samantha and Penny in the office knew immediately that something was going on and proceeded to spend the rest of the day quizzing me about it. And now, six months

later, we're husband and wife. I still can hardly believe that we're married. Really and properly married. Legally binding, no going back, till-death-do-us-part married. It's been such a whirlwind since we met, sometimes I find it hard to grasp that we're going to spend the rest of our lives together.

I snake my arm across to cuddle Charlie, but the sheet is cold and empty on his side of the bed. He must have gone for an early run – he's really into keeping fit. Which is fine by me as long as he doesn't press-gang me into going jogging any time soon. Although we could look really cute together if we bought matching Lycra running leggings and fleece tops. I think about this for a while. Maybe I could make an effort to get fit, develop some shared interests. I mean, obviously we love each other, but we probably should start doing stuff together more – that's the best way to keep the passion alive. We don't want to slide into being a settled married couple who have nothing in common. Then again, Lycra leggings are pretty unforgiving. And that seaweed wrap I got for the wedding didn't have any long-lasting results, so I'd have to go on a serious crash diet before I could even *think* about getting fit. And it's way too cold to go jogging so early in the morning.

Suddenly I wonder if Charlie put the coffee pot on before he left – I stick my nose out from under the cover and take a sniff. I can't smell a thing. Maybe he's going to bring me back a latte from the café on the corner instead. And some croissants to share. That would be fab. As long as he doesn't expect me to eat that awful organic porridge he loves so much. That stuff is vile – even worse than the smelly cheese he's so fond of.

I open one bleary eye to see what time it is – I really should get up soon. I'm going to need extra time to make

myself look presentable. I have a bit of a tan from soaking up the sun while we were away, but the flight has played havoc with my complexion. I'll have to brush on extra bronzer and apply some of the tinted body moisturizer with the light-reflective properties that I treated myself to in the duty free – that'll give me the perfect finishing touch. And then there's my hair. All the sun and sand has left it so dry and brittle I could be the 'before' picture in a hair conditioner ad. I probably could squeeze in a hair mask if I'm quick. My bed head is legendary: it takes me a full hour to get it in shape sometimes. That's the curse of having thick, curly hair – you have to work extra hard to make it look halfway decent. Luckily for me, Charlie loves my wild hair almost as much as I hate it.

It's right then, just as I'm trying to remember where I left my hair straighteners, that I spot the sheet of paper on Charlie's pillow. He's left me a little love note – how cute. That's the first time he's done that. I'm really touched by his thoughtfulness.

I stretch out one arm and bring the letter close to my face so I can read it – he's probably told me he adores me and can't wait to get back from his run to do all sorts of naughty things to me. My insides warm at the thought. I'm definitely going to seduce him when he comes in. I'll have to ask him to have a shower first of course – all that sweat from running may look sexy and manly, but it can pong a bit.

But first I'll read his note – that'll get me in the mood. Prising my eyes apart is quite hard, but I really want to savour every special word, so I rub the gritty sleep away and try to focus on the page.

Dear Molly,

I'm sorry I just can't do this. Please don't hate me.

Charlie

P.S. The bins are put out on Tuesdays. Try to remember to rinse the yogurt cartons before recycling.

Julie's Blog

11.03 p.m.

Right. This is it. Mr X is coming back. I have to come up with a plan. I can't continue my mad, passionate affair with him – having shag-fests with my boss would definitely be wrong. Especially when he's just back from his honeymoon.

11.04 p.m.

If only I could stop thinking about his strong, manly hands holding my face when we snog – he's so good at that.

11.05 p.m.

And the neck-stroking thing – the way he trails his fingers so slowly and so sensuously across my throat. That's almost impossible to resist as well.

11.06 p.m.

And of course there's that wrist-rubbing move he does. That's amazing ...

11.07 p.m.

This isn't helping. I have to focus ... I know! I'll make a list. That'll work.

Reasons to continue relationship* with Mr X:

- a) He's gorgeous
- b) He has really sexy toes – evenly spaced and no abnormally long ones

- c) He has very little body hair (strongly suspect he has back, sack and crack wax on regular basis – once accidentally-on-purpose stumbled across his Visa bill on his desk and spotted beautician charges)

Reasons to end relationship* with Mr X:

- a) He just got married to his girlfriend
- b) He's my boss
- c) He just got married to his girlfriend

* 'Relationship' is defined as just-sex, no-strings-attached agreement. Absolutely no commitment involved.

11.10 p.m.

Right. So that's fairly clear. Mr X and I are over. Not that we had ever really begun. It was just sex. Really good sex. The best sex ever. But we can't do that any more, not now he's married. That would be wrong. Morally, ethically, terribly wrong. So that's it. The decision is made.

11.12 p.m.

But what if we can't help ourselves? What if all the animal magnetism between us is too much and we just can't resist? What if I see him and I want to rip his clothes off, shove him in the stationery cupboard and do unspeakable things to him? What if he gives me that special look, the one that says 'I want you', and I just melt?

11.19 p.m.

Maybe I should think about this in the morning when my head is nice and clear. It's late. Far too late to be thinking about this. And things always look better in the morning – I'll definitely know what to do then.

Open Forum

From Devil Woman: Hey, is this blog for real?

From Hot Stuff: I think so – I wonder what she'll do?

From Broken Hearted: Julie, take my advice and walk away. Continuing an affair with a married man will destroy you. Married men are a whole world of trouble and pain.

From Hot Stuff: I think it's romantic – Julie and Mr X are like star-crossed lovers who can't be together. Like Cathy and Heathcliff.

From Angel: Don't be ridiculous, they're not star-crossed lovers. And they're NOTHING like Cathy and Heathcliff – have you ever actually read *Wuthering Heights*? This Mr X is a low-life love rat – imagine how his wife will feel if she ever finds out what's been going on.

From Hot Stuff: OK, so I never read the actual book, but I saw it on telly – it was HOT.

From Devil Woman: Mr X's wife must be pretty stupid if she didn't suspect something was up before she married him. How could you not know your fiancé was having an affair? There must have been hundreds of clues!

From Sexy Girl: Maybe she did know – maybe she married him anyway.

From Angel: Why would any woman in her right mind do that? She'd have to be crazy. No way, she can't have known. He's obviously an adulterous liar – and so is this Julie.

From Devil Woman: All I know is that Mr X sounds gorgeous! Hey Julie, let us know what happens!

From Graphic Scenes: Do you think she'll describe any hot sex?

Eve

Dear Charlie,

Before I start, I'd like to make it crystal clear that it wasn't my idea to write to you. You will never read this letter of course, mainly because I'll never send it, but that's not the point. The point is that I want it to be known from the outset that this letter-writing thing is my therapist's idea, not mine. Yes, that's right, I have a therapist. Her name is Mary and she claims that, even though I believed I was over you, I actually have lots of unresolved issues about our break-up. Issues that, in her professional opinion, will significantly improve if I put pen to paper and express my innermost thoughts and feelings. I was really opposed to the plan at first – I was horrified at the idea of you reading what I might write – but I changed my mind when Mary explained that I didn't have to *send* the letters to you, I could just store them up and have one enormous bonfire with them at the end, when my mental health is fully restored. Mary says this may take quite some time, but I'm trying to stay optimistic.

A lot has changed in the two years since you left. I'm working from home now, which is great because there's no commute and I can stay in my pyjamas all day if I want to. It's going very well and I've been really busy. Sometimes I'm so snowed under with writing commissions that it's all I can do to keep up. Anna thinks I should get out more though – she says it's not natural to spend so much time indoors sitting at my computer. She's even started calling me the Hermit recently as a little joke. But just because my

social life is non-existent doesn't mean I'm unhappy. Tom and I have been very content pottering about together. Well, I say 'pottering', but really Tom just lies on the window ledge licking his bits and looking disdainful. He doesn't roam that much any more and he's even given up bringing dead mice into the kitchen and dumping them slap bang in the centre of the breakfast table. Mum says he lost the will to live when you left, but I tell her he just got older and more sensible and can't be bothered chasing rodents when he can simply concentrate on lying in the sun, toasting himself. That's not quite true of course – he did miss you at the beginning. He spent weeks ignoring me completely and turning away every time I tried to coax him out of his sulk with a head rub. It was like he blamed me for you leaving. But in the end he got used to it and I think he forgot all about you eventually.

I'd forgotten all about you too. Well, almost, that is. I'd *nearly* stopped thinking about you every day. I'd managed to train myself to allow you into my head only every *other* day, which was progress. Sometimes, if I was really lucky, I could block you out of my mind completely for three consecutive days at a time. Even I was impressed with myself when that happened.

So, you see, my life was fine. Quiet but fine. And then I saw your wedding photograph and it all fell apart.

I was in the supermarket when it happened. I was standing in line, waiting to pay for my basket of groceries, when I picked up the latest copy of *Hiya!* I wasn't going to buy it – I was just leafing through it to pass the time. You see, I knew I was going to be queuing for ages – the checkout girl had already taken four attempts to scan a tin of beans for the customer ahead of me – but I didn't mind. In fact, I was quite enjoying looking at the photos of all the Very

Orange People with very white teeth in very short dresses grinning out at me from the pages. It was really entertaining. Especially the close-up shots where you could spot the streaky bits of fake tan round their knuckles or the chips in their nail polish where chunks of diamanté had fallen off.

But then, just as I was chuckling over a VOP's VPL, there you were staring back at me from page 47, your arms wrapped round a ravishing blonde in a couture-looking wedding dress, and in a flash I felt really strange. All light-headed and dizzy and like I was going to pass out. I don't know if it was the shock of seeing you and another woman looking so smugly happy and in love, or the fact that you were wearing a tuxedo. (Which, by the way, I don't think suited you all that well. You looked like you were about to serve a good Sauvignon Blanc or pass round a platter of hors d'oeuvres.) Either way, I came over all funny. I don't remember much of what happened after that, but apparently I threw the magazine stand to the ground and started dancing on your head, and then flailed about with my shopping bag, which caught the checkout girl on the cheek – accidentally, I'm almost sure. I vaguely remember a security man trying to calm me down (well, sort of getting me in a headlock and threatening to handcuff me to the sweet counter), but other than that it's all a blur. Mind you, the store captured it all on CCTV so my solicitor says I'll be able to watch the entire thing soon.

One thing I know for sure is that, in that instant, all the progress I'd made since you'd left was erased and I was right back to square one again. I just couldn't stop thinking about how happy you looked with your new wife in that photo and how things between us had gone so badly wrong, and before I knew it I was scrubbing the grout between the bathroom tiles and rearranging all my cleaning products

alphabetically again, and you know I only do that when I get really stressed.

It was Anna who suggested therapy. She said I should be completely over you by now and that the supermarket incident proved what she had suspected all along: that I wasn't. And therapy *did* work a treat for her and Derek. Of course Derek attended the sessions with her so they could understand why he suddenly wanted to wear women's G-strings under his grimy work overalls, but still. I know you think Anna's an interfering busybody – isn't that what you called her at that dinner party all that time ago? – but she's incredibly intuitive and my oldest friend, so I value her advice. And she *has* been very supportive since you left. She was brilliant when you walked out – cutting out a photo of your face and pasting it onto a dartboard in my darkest hour made me laugh when I thought I would never laugh again. I never actually threw any darts at you, but it did come in handy in the end – it's the perfect noticeboard for keeping track of all my freelance assignments.

I have to admit that, even though I was cautious at first, Mary the therapist has been very insightful so far. For example, she says my obsessive cleaning means I'm trying to control some aspect of my environment and that it's simply not healthy to be so attached to the vacuum cleaner. I need to learn to let go, apparently – which means that if I finish a coffee I should let the dirty cup rest on the worktop for longer than five seconds before putting it in the dishwasher.

She's certain she can help me find healing, and she already thinks my inner rage is subsiding a bit, which has to be good news. I don't think I have all that much inner rage to be honest – not unless you count how I feel about people who skip the queue at the deli counter when I'm waiting to get a wedge of that fresh parmesan you used to love so

much. (Can you believe I'm still buying that? Force of habit, I suppose.) Those types really make my blood boil, although I didn't admit that to Mary – I was afraid she might think I was a bit unstable. Mary says you'd be very surprised at what lies beneath the surface of most normal-looking people, and I suppose she'd know – she's been a psychotherapist for twelve years. That's what the certificate in the waiting room says, and I'm quite sure it was genuine and not a good fake like you might have suggested if you'd been there. She says that even people who seem in full control of their faculties can go a bit bonkers given enough provocation, and that I am a classic internalizer, which means that outwardly I appear perfectly fine but inside I am boiling over and could explode any time – which is what happened in the supermarket when I saw that photograph.

Apparently, that was only the tip of the iceberg. It might take decades for *all* the negative emotions to bubble to the surface, and then the suppressed anger might come gushing out in a torrent of unstoppable violence and I could end up in a home for the bewildered before you could say cuckoo's nest. I did explain to Mary that it's been two years since you left and that really, if I had internalized all this rage, then surely I would have seen more of it by now. But Mary says that these things are unpredictable and that you never can tell when disaster will strike and it all comes pouring out. That makes sense, although I'm worried I may have to see Mary for the rest of my life. Maybe I should go and have a chat with the bank manager just in case, because if there's one thing she really knows how to do it's to charge for her advice.

Anna is encouraging me to keep going, though. She's more determined than ever to help me now, after what's happened: she's even concocting a plan of her own to help

distract me from my misery, and she says that all will be revealed shortly. I have to say I'm a little nervous about that. The last time Anna had a great plan she persuaded me to go skydiving with her to conquer her fear of heights. She could barely climb the stairs before then, but jumping out of a plane at 30,000 feet really cured her. I'll never forget the look on her face when she was flying through the air, strapped to her instructor – it was a mixture of pure terror and pure euphoria. I loved it too – the feeling of freedom was amazing. Of course it was spoiled a bit when I landed awkwardly and broke my arm in three places and had to have five different pins inserted and nearly six months of physiotherapy. Still, I'm sure her new plan won't be anything as dramatic, at least I hope not – I'm not that keen on taking unnecessary risks with my life.

On a more positive note, the editor at *Her* magazine has commissioned me to do a series of relationship quizzes. She saw some of my work in the *Gazette* and liked my style, so called me out of the blue. I did tell her that I don't have a psychology degree and that maybe I'm not qualified enough, but she said that didn't matter and that I can bluff it if I have to. I felt kind of uncomfortable at first, but it pays really well and the bonus is that with my tragic relationship history I certainly won't have to do any research. I've attached my most recent example – it might ring a few bells with you.

Eve

Is He a Cheater or a Keeper?

According to recent research, 50 per cent of all men cheat on their partners. Would you know if your man was playing away from home? Take our simple test and find out!

Your man calls and says he has to stay late at the office to prepare an important presentation. Do you:

- a) Tell him he's working too hard, then whip up his favourite meal and pop it in the oven to keep warm. The poor guy'll need feeding up when he makes it home.
- b) Call a girlfriend and head out for a night on the tiles. It's a pity he has to work, but it's certainly not going to affect your social life.
- c) Pull on your biggest shades, jump in the car and race round to his office to make sure he's where he says he is. Excuses about working late could be the first sign of infidelity.

You find a receipt in your man's pocket for a sexy underwear store. Do you:

- a) Go get a bikini wax immediately. He's obviously going to present the set to you tonight and you want to look your best for him.
- b) Presume he's gone and bought another gift for his ungrateful mother. He's way too kind to the old bat.
- c) Hear alarm bells. The last time he bought you sexy underwear was years ago . . . when you were actually having sex with each other.

*Your man keeps getting mystery texts in the middle of the night.
Do you:*

- a) Suspect he's organizing a surprise birthday party for you – he's such a rascal!
- b) Wonder if he's ever going to cut those apron strings, and then roll over and go back to sleep.
- c) Try to get your hands on his phone – you have every right to read his messages.

Your man has been losing weight. Do you:

- a) Feel proud of him. It hasn't been easy cutting back – you really admire his discipline.
- b) Ask him how he did it. Maybe if you lost a few pounds that hunky waiter in the Italian wine bar would finally sit up and take notice.
- c) Suspect he's up to no good. He never minded being porky before now.

Results

Mostly As: Your man could have a dozen women on the side and you'd still be oblivious. You have to wise up.

Mostly Bs: Your man is probably playing away from home, but it's unlikely you are bothered. He's not your type anyway.

Mostly Cs: You're suspicious and with very good reason. This guy is making a fool of you – dump him now!