



*Maggie's*

Five

*A Love Story*

Sandra

Fitzgerald

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This book does contain mature subject matter and is not intended for those under 18 years of age.

To my boys who are constantly supporting and encouraging  
me to reach outside of my comfort zones.

Kerrie and Karen for loving me just because and reading my  
stuff first.

Margaret for putting up with my endless tirade of questions  
(even the silly ones).

Heather for being such a wonderful and patient proof-reader  
and editor.

And always, to my lovely Husband.

## *Prologue*

**M**y name is Maggie Cartwright.

I live in the same suburb as you, up the road, just around the corner. My house is not unlike yours, it's modest in size, brick, has windows and furniture, a driveway, plants in the garden.

My family is not unlike yours either, made up of a husband and two daughters, though you may have boys, or one of each. The point is that you're happy. You have a happy full life filled with all the trimmings that we take for granted. Those very trimmings that we think we appreciate; but don't realise until it is too late that we have missed the true meaning of, by the barest of margins.

Not because we intended to, no of course not. We don't make conscious decisions to not truly appreciate the good, but because of the various complex tangles and weaves our lives form as they grow and develop. We get busy with work, distracted by arguments, caught up with activity.

Because of life itself.

**I**'m Maggie Cartwright, and this is my story, but I'll warn you now, my journey may not have the happily ever after you dream of.

# One

## Chapter I

Christmas Eve.

The absolute greatest day of the year.

If you don't count Christmas day of course, and the girls birthdays. They're kind of great, oh and Brendan's birthday . . . and fine, Mother's day is sort of *okay* too.

Please, allow me to rephrase.

Christmas Eve:

One of the top *ten*, absolute greatest days of the year.

There, much better.

I'm standing at the kitchen sink watching the girls bounce around on the trampoline that is knocking from side to side, precariously balanced on the firm dry grass at the back of the yard. No matter how much time Brendan spends watering, the summer seems to be slowly getting the better of him and our little patch of heaven.

The girls are leaping about colliding into each other, squealing and giggling just as little girls should. With the precise pitch to rattle the sturdiest of fillings and on more occasions than my eardrums would prefer, have the true potential to shatter champagne glasses.

I slosh my hands around in the soapy water and retrieve a plastic *Dora the Explorer* cup. It makes me smile every single time I see it. Brendan, the big softy that he is, 'absolutely had to buy it' for Ella the day after she was born. He said he saw it and knew she would love it, so bought it. As it turns out he was

almost right, she prefers Diego, but it turns out Mattie loves Dora, so we're good.

Lost in my musings, I automatically rinse the cup out under fresh water to remove the excess soap and lay it on the drying rack, then dive into the suds to see what comes up next.

"You always use too much soap." Brendan says, walking up behind me and wrapping his arms around my waist as he presses soft kisses over the back of my neck.

"I know." It's true, I do. Every single time.

I tilt my head to one side to give Brendan room to nuzzle and relish in the feel of him.

"I love you." He murmurs softly against my skin, causing a flourish of goose bumps to spread, heating my already warm flesh.

"I love you." I reply in kind, holding on to the counter top as I lean further back against my husband. My wonderful, beautiful husband, who lets me know just how much he loves me every chance he can.

"The girls playing outside?" he asks, resting his chin on my shoulder to gaze through the kitchen window, which I notice in true house wife fashion, could use a clean.

"Mm-hmm" I nod wishing he would get back to work on my neck while I wash the dish in my hand.

"Really?" Brendan's voice deepens as he continues, "They been out there for very long?"

"Since they finished brekky" I reply nudging him with my elbow and tilting my head to the other side so he can start working his magic again.

"So they're going to be out there for a while then?" He starts working on the tender flesh behind my ear. Man, he's good; I have to brace myself so I don't land in a puddle on the

floor within seconds. Brendan really does have a very talented mouth.

“Most probably.” I peel my moist hands out of the rubber gloves and wrap them over Brendan’s back, so there is barely a gap between us. If I were able to hug someone with my heart; this is me doing it, wrapping my husband in as much of my love as I humanly can.

I feel his growing erection press firmly against me. It’s one of my favourite things, feeling my husband grow hard for me, because of me. My breath catches as Brendan slips one of his hands under my cotton singlet, beneath the wire of my bra and massages my swelling breast, causing my nipple to instantly pucker.

I bring one of my hands between us and rub him through the denim of his loose fitting shorts. I love that he can’t stop from groaning out loud in response and how his stomach hollows out as he flexes his pelvis to the rhythm of my stroke.

Slowly releasing him, I run my fingers up to the waist band of his pants and slip them inside to take him bare. I get high just from the way he feels, hard as stone and soft as silk all at the same time and wish he was inside me instead.

The more aroused I become, the more my vision focuses onto our children outside. I’m close to not wanting to have to stop, so we have to make a decision, “Brendan?”

Brendan gently sucks on my earlobe, wanting me to turn my head so he can kiss me, I hesitate, but end up giving in far too easily as I always do when it comes to my husband and our love making. I can’t help be distracted; slowing drawing my tongue from Brendan’s mouth to ensure the girls are still in the yard.



“They’re safe out there Maggie, . . . and we’re in here . . .” My stomach bottoms out as he cups my jaw, taking control while turning my face to the side again and kisses me with everything he’s got, our tongues brushing, teeth nipping, mouth sucking. And it’s wonderful.

Brendan releases my jaw to cup my sex over my cotton shorts and rubs me firmly to compensate for the fabric separating us. Growling quietly, he impatiently pops the button on my pants and slides his large hand inside to press on my sensitive nib. He releases my mouth so we can catch our breath, chests heaving and returns to my neck. The sublime sensation causes me to whimper as my eyes dart back out through the window.

Good, they’re still out there bouncing around, laughing.

Brendan massages me with his experienced fingers, knowing all the right places to explore, precisely when to penetrate me and how to rub my internal walls to cause me to gasp in blissful hunger. I’m riding his hand, catching shallow pants as his hard body compresses against me, grinding against my back as I squeeze him tighter. He pinches my nipple with his other hand, creating a perfect combination of pleasure and sharp intensity.

He lets out a hiss and releases my nipple to shove at my shorts and underwear. I step one leg out, with a shake of my foot when they catch and open my stance. Brendan gently coaxes my hips back, whispering to take hold of the bench and bend over. Hearing the grind of his zip being open and feel the heavy cotton brushing past my naked flesh as he frees himself.

I love this. I love that even with the changes in my body from having our children; Brendan just has to have me as much as I have to have him.

My body's impatient, fervently anticipating the feel of him inside. But he's prolonging the moment, because it's one of his favourite things: My swollen flesh wrapping around him the very first moment his erection enters me. It gets him every single time. And I love it. Taking hold of my hips Brendan nudges the head of his penis at my opening.

Then I feel it.

The perfect moment of penetration.

At a sublimely frustrating pace, building our anticipation, he slides his length through my wetness. My body stretching and filling; overheating as he gradually delves, touching on that perfect spot deep within. I have to clamp my jaw tight to suppress the whimper begging to escape when he is half way, pausing, then jabs firmly into me just the one time to fill me completely, then slowly pulls out and drives straight back in again.

He gravels out through clenched teeth, "I can't wait Love." and I don't want him to. He starts pounding gloriously into me with all that he has to give, rubbing against me time and again, hastening me to a toe curling climax that I try with all my might to suppress the sound of. Seconds later I hear Brendan groan into the back of my hair, freezing as he comes, jerking into me a few more times before collapsing over my back.

As the sex fog clears from my brain, my eyes widen and dart through the window to where our children are supposed to be, "Shit, Brendan. I can't see them."

Pulling apart, Brendan quickly and unceremoniously pulls out, dripping a little something down the inside and back of my leg. I grab a clean tea towel from the top draw at my side

and wipe away the mess, then quickly step into my underwear and shorts, turning to see Brendan closing his fly.

“Mummy, can I *please* have a drink?” Mattie begs in her chirping toddler voice.

Mortified, I hastily fix my clothing, “Of course Sweet Pea, juice sound good?” I’m aiming to sound composed even though my heart is pounding from both our love making and how close we came to being busted *again*. Christ, if we’re not careful, Brendan and I are going to give the girls a live and uncut version of ‘*The birds and the bees*’ talk.

“Sounds, gwate Mummy.” Mattie agrees, climbing awkwardly onto one of the stools at the breakfast bench.

“Then juice it is.”

“Can I have one too Mummy?” Ella begs from her perch next to her sister. “It’s sooo hot outside!”

“Two of my finest juices, for two of my favourite people, coming right up.” I say with a flourish, scooping a couple of glasses out from a top cupboard.

“Don’t forget about me Mummy, I’m all hot and bothered too.” Brendan joins in playfully, giving me his sexy face while squatting down between the girls and pressing their cheeks to either side of his. “Quick girls, make like sad puppy dogs.”

Placing four glasses on the bench, I watch their faces transform into pouting lips and wide, brown pleading eyes. They got lucky, my girls, they both got their daddy’s big dark chocolate orbs, Mattie with traces of green from mine.

“I think I could use a drink myself,” shaking my head laughing at the shameless display to win me over. It works, “Who would like some watermelon to go with it?” My offer fails dismally as Brendan looks to the girls, getting them to up

the pouting a notch or two. “Okay, fine. Who would like an icy-pole?” Brendan and I laugh louder as squealing cheers fill the kitchen. “I’ll take that as a yes all round then.”

“Who loves Christmas?” Brendan yells over the top of the girls to ignite a chorus of really bad singing and bootie shakes, smiling broadly as he places his hands on my hips and dances with me, looking like he just won the lottery.

When it’s me who is the real winner.

**B**rendan has been outside for the past two hours putting together the Ginger Bread House we have bought the girls from Santa. The man at the store guaranteed us that it would take no more than an hour – tops, and that’s if we took our time to construct the thing that is currently reverting my husband’s vocabulary back to high school standards.

As I slowly meander out to him, I feel my head begin to tilt to the right, taking in his handy work. Hmm, I don’t remember the display model having a lean at the store.

“How’s it going?” I ask sheepishly as I casually pick the instructions up off the ground.

“This fu- . . . this thing is BS. The instructions are completely wrong.” Brendan barks as quietly as he can manage, making it almost sound like it’s my fault. We’ve been together a long time, so it’s fine. I know he’s frustrated and not really blaming me. He had better not be blaming me.

I hold the pages out in front of me and turn them from side to side inspecting them as though I have a clue, which I don’t. I sigh, offer an *um* and an *ah*, and even go so far as to scratch my head a few times, when something catches my eye. I lower the plans to my thighs, taking another more serious

look at the four walls in front of me. Hold up the plans and turn them like I turn the street directory, and then lower them again.

Oh dear. I think I know where Brendan has gone wrong, but what do I do about it? Go all nineteen sixties house wife and pretend I don't see anything amiss and praise my cigar wielding, smoking jacket wearing man or square my shoulders, become the modern woman I like to think I am and emasculate the caveman and tell him straight?

Ahh yeah that's a no-brainer - tell him straight. "Brendan, honey? I'm just wondering if the wall there," pointing to the right side of the lean to, "is actually the back section?" Tilting my head again like I'm trying to solve a puzzle.

"Don't be ridiculous," he starts, stepping away from his handy work to take a closer look. "No way! Are you serious?" Brendan asks as his hands cup the back of his head in disbelief.

"Well it does look kind of . . . skew-whiff, you know." I offer holding my hands out splayed, trying to straighten out the imperfection with my imaginary super power of *Auto Correcto*.

It doesn't work.

Brendan stomps over and snatches the papers out of my hands, giving them a crisp snap like Grandpa used to when the newspapers were supersized, mumbling incoherently under his breath. His shoulders visibly sag, his hands lowering as he realises his mistake. "No way." he sighs, letting the papers fall. Burying his face into the space between my neck and shoulder, "Do you have any idea how long it has taken me to get this thing up?"

Yep. Folding my arms around my husband's firm waist, I inhale him in and release a sympathetic sigh with my exhale.

“I’m sorry Babe.” I am sorry for him, as much as I really, really want to laugh right now. “I’m guessing that it’s taken a little longer than an hour?” I ask, struggling to hide the giggle in my voice.

“Are you laughing at me?” Brendan demands in disbelief, pulling away slightly so he can see my face better. “Oh my God, you are! This is not funny Mags,” He’s all wide eyed annoyed, pointing at the play house.

“I know.” I say overly dramatically, calming down now that I’ve managed to thoroughly bruise his ego. I slide my hands up his chest and cup the sides of his face. “Come on, I’ll help.”

“Damn straight you’re going to help me.” Taking me by surprise he hoists me over his shoulder, “Hey, did you know that if we open this timber panel right here,” pressing the sticking door to the cubby firmly and bending as he carries me through, “it closes again,” giving it a shove with a flat hand to encourage it to stay put, “leaving us on the inside?” Brendan’s tone deepening as he lowers us to our knees, making sure to keep my body firmly pressed up against his.

“The girls sleeping?” he whispers running his nose along mine. God the man is insatiable when he’s on summer holiday. Fine, if I have to put up with him then . . . it’s a cross I’ll just have to bear.

“Checked them a few minutes ago, both out cold” I reply against Brendan’s mouth before I kiss him, relishing in the feel of his tongue against mine, his warm breath fluttering over my cheeks.

Brendan’s body shifts, leaning me backwards. Resting a hand on the ground to help take most of his weight, then shifting slightly again and kissing me deeper causing the

familiar stirring in my stomach and a swelling between my legs. I will never get enough of this man, in my entire life I know, I will never get enough.

“Here,” Brendan says in his lets have sex voice, reaching behind me to gather something off the ground with the hand that was tangled in my hair.

Turning to see what Brendan is offering as he drops me flat. “What the hell?” I gasp in shock.

“It’s called a ratchet smartass. You can get to work on undoing those bolts over there.” Pointing to the corner of the wrongly placed walls as he stands up and heads out the way we came, leaving me staring in confusion at the alien creature in my hand.

What on *earth* does a ratchet do?

Within the hour we finally have the Ginger Bread House standing tall in all its artificial sugary perfection. Brendan is on the inside fixing the last of the cupboards into place on the wooden flooring while I admire our lean free creation. I must admit, I’m excited about waking up in a few hours to hear the girls screaming in delight when they notice it outside their bedroom windows.

God I love Christmas.

“Hey Mags, can you come here a minute please?”

Brendan calls in a hushed voice.

Opening the smoothly swinging door, I see Brendan sitting on the small expanse of floor, legs out stretched and crossed at the ankles. I raise my eyebrows in question, taking in the room.

“Come sit with me a minute Love” Ooh, he’s using his sexy time voice. Of course I sit, hell I’d engage bionic speed if I could to get to him faster. Have you seen my husband? Trust

me you'd sit too. Hell, Carly from next door would be lying spread eagle.

I lean back against the wall sitting so close our sides are brushing against one another every time one of us moves. When I'm settled, he smiles at me and threads our fingers, kissing my palm before resting our hands in his lap.

"What time is it?" He sounds content, the satisfied hunter admiring his prey, as he draws over the back of my hand with the pad of his thumb.

"Oh, I guess around two-ish, why, tired?" I'm trying to be cute, but when I'm up against one of the three experts of cute in my family, I tend to fall short.

"Merry Christmas, my beautiful wife." Brendan cups my face in his large hands and presses a soft full mouth kiss on my lips. No invading tongues, no attacking lustful moves, just pure unadulterated, honest to goodness, love. And it's absolutely beautiful.

"Merry Christmas husband." I murmur, not ready to lose the feel of him.

"I have something for you." pressing one last kiss and moving so he can awkwardly slide his hand into a front pocket of his shorts. "I wanted," pausing to gather his thoughts. ". . . we've been married, what, eight years?" Pretending to not remember when he knows full well that I'm the one who usually forgets.

"Yes smarty, I am aware of the number of years," turning my head to mumble "it's the actual date I have a problem remembering."

"Finally, she admits it" chuckling as he presses a kiss to the inside of my wrist.

"No, I don't" laughing with him.



Sobering, Brendan continues almost shyly, “I love you more than life Maggie, you know that right?”

“Not nearly as much as I love you” my voices quiet, as I hold his unblinking stare.

“I know Love, you show me every day.”

Pressing his lips to mine softly. “We were so young when we got together, and didn’t have much money when I asked you to marry me so your ring ended up being-”

“Perfect.” I cut him off before he can offend my favourite piece of jewellery. I don’t care about the size of the diamond. He chose it and gave it to me when he proposed. That’s all that matters.

“Small,” cocking a brow with a lopsided smirk, daring me to argue the obvious. I open my mouth to protest, to tell him that I don’t care what it looks like, that it’s perfect for me, when he places a finger over my mouth to silence me. “I love you Maggie, that’s never going to change, but we’re a little better off now and I wanted to finally give you the ring that you deserve.” Shifting onto a bent knee, “I’d ask you to marry me every day of my life if it meant keeping you forever,” opening the small blue box in his hand and holding it out for me, “So marry me every day for the rest of my life if you need to, because I’m keeping you forever Maggie. You make me the happiest, luckiest man on the planet, my wife, and I love you so fucking much it hurts.”

It’s not often that I’m left speechless, and that’s probably the sole reason Brendan has dropped this bombshell on me, just to shut me up, but when I’m finally able to tear my tear filled eyes from his, I see the biggest diamond I have ever seen outside of a magazine. It’s huge and beautiful. And way too much.

“Brendan!” I gasp, but he cuts my protest off with a searing passionate kiss.

“I love you Mags, please don’t spoil this for me.” kissing me deeper and as desperately as I kiss him.

“I would marry you every day of every year of my life to show you how much I love you Brendan.” lowering myself over him so I can feel as much as of him as possible.

“Oh, shit! Mags, I just dropped the bloody ring” Brendan yells, pushing me off and frantically pressing his hands to the ground, fumbling in the dark. I instantly pull out my mobile phone and slide on the screen saver, creating an artificial glow to swing about wildly.

“How could you drop it?” I shriek, like he did it on purpose,

“Will you stop swinging that- just . . . give it here,” snatching the phone from my grip frustrated, “Search Mags, don’t just sit there!”

“No need to yell.” I mumble under my breath, not quietly enough according to the glare I receive, it’s not like it could have gone that far. “Okay, okay. I’m looking.” rolling my eyes as I press my palms to the ground, “Huh, this it?” I ask surprised with a touch of smartass.

“Thank God, please . . . just put it on and promise to never take it off again.”

“That much, huh?” I ask slipping my new diamond onto the ring finger of my right hand. No matter how spectacular my new ring is, it’s not going to take the place of the engagement ring Brendan proposed to me with.

“That much,” sagging with relief, he rests his hands onto his thighs, taking a deep calming breath. Looking sheepish he

then asks, “So, how’s it look?” knowing full well that it’s beyond imagination.

“Meh, not bad” I reply with a casual shrug.

“I’ll give you not bad,” he growls, diving at me. Showing me exactly what his *not bad* is like.

# One

## Chapter II

If it's at all possible to cleave claw marks in the ceiling, I just did.

The girls are awake and squealing their hearts out in the hallway on their way to wake us. Their excitement is infectious, but boy it's early.

I feel hung over only without the alcohol with only a couple of hours sleep after our Play House . . . um . . . *construction*. I haven't really drunk since being pregnant over six years ago. It was one of my morning sickness triggers, making me dry reach whenever I got a sniff of beer, wine wasn't so bad, Scotch - no way, and even now some alcohol can still set me off. Morning sickness, that's a laugh. More like anytime of the day sickness.

The bedroom door shoots open as two very happy and very loud angels fly through and start jumping all over our bed, singing at full volume "Wake up, wake up, Santa's been."

Ella grabs hold of the top sheet and tugs with all her might in sheer desperation to get us to hurry up and move. Brendan's hand snaps at the covers laughing, embarrassed because he's in all his naked glory and has always been a little modest in front of the girls. "Hold up there Ellie baby, let Daddy put some pants on first." He chuckles blushing.

"No Daddy, there's no time. You have to, have to hurry. Santa's here!"

"Come on you Monkeys," I interject, buying my prudish husband time, "Someone hand me my robe." I command in a

regal tone, “I must be dressed to meet Santa,” pinching the singlet top I’m wearing for emphasis, “This will never do.” I smile broadly as both girls climb off the bed and race to the walk in, searching for the right robe. “I must have the lavender gown I received for Mother’s Day.” I conclude pompously, as I dramatically throw the covers aside, and accidentally on purpose fling it partially off Brendan. But he’s faster and clamps it down with a quick hand and narrows his eyes before flashing the goods.

“Don’t start what you can’t finish love.” Brendan warns me with a challenging expression.

“Oh I can finish it-” I start before being cut off mid-sentence.

“This one Mummy?” Mattie asks in her little bird voice, dragging the dressing gown behind her as Ella climbs back onto the bed looking annoyed.

“Yes baby, that’s the one.” I coo, taking it from her and sliding my arms into the sleeves.

Bobbing up and down on the bed, Brendan bounces his butt on the mattress attempting to keep his privates under wraps while trying to shimmy into the pair of boxer shorts he leaves close by in case he has to get up during the night.

“Right,” I say in my commanding tone as I tie my gown loosely around my waist so the fabric drapes, concealing the fact that I’m not wearing a bra. The boobs just aren’t what they used to be after breast feeding two babies, “are we ready to see what Santa brought me for Christmas?” Clapping my hands together and interlocking my fingers in front of my thighs.

“I’m more interested in seeing what the Old Man got me!” Brendan yells, picking Ella up and flinging her over a shoulder, then squatting down to take Mattie into his free arm

and spinning them around before heading down the stairs singing Jingle Bells at the top of his voice while the girls scream in joy. I dart into the wardrobe and snatch the camera off the shelf and chase after my family.

They are already huddled around the Christmas tree when I reach the living room. “Wow, did you guys fly here or something?” I say with an over-abundance of surprise.

“Daddy did Mummy!” Mattie cries wide eyed.

“Don’t be silly, Dads don’t fly Mattie.” Ella says with a roll of her eyes.

“Did too!” Mattie protests crossing her arms “Didn’t you Daddy.” Looking to him for confirmation.

“Who wants to open their presents?” Brendan calls out, defusing the developing argument. He reaches under the heavily decorated tree to retrieve a box wrapped with a large gold bow, and reading the name tag. “What do ya know? This one’s for Mummy!” Smiling big as he rises up on his knees to pass me the package as I fake glare but secretly love that he got me another present. Taking the sides of his face and press soft kiss to his lips, murmuring love and thanks.

“What are you waiting for, girls?” Brendan cheers “Go look in your stockings!”

I lift the camera and take a few shots of the girls, shaking my head at my husband as he dives under the tree looking for his own gifts, smiling to the point of pain and loving every minute of this moment.

Christmas day, my favourite – *okay*. One of my top ten favourite days of the year!

I’m frantically washing the last of the dishes that are too big to fit in the already full and running dishwasher. I nudge an open

cupboard door closed with my foot, then shake off the excess water from my hands, splashing it all over the floor as I reach for a clean tea towel to dry up.

“How’s the turkey looking?” I call to Brendan through the open kitchen window. I see his mouth open and close but miss what he’s saying, I nod and smile anyway. I don’t have time for bad news.

The table’s all set with a red table cloth, white plates and crystal champagne glasses. The girls tossed around some tiny glittery gold reindeer to finish the effect. The cold food is on the breakfast bench ready for serving. Vegies are keeping warm on the hot plates; potatoes are in the oven crisping nicely. I haven’t put the bread rolls in yet because they only take a few minutes and I don’t want them to burn, and then go cold. The Christmas pudding is boiling steadily in the huge pot that gets pulled out once a year – to cook the pudding. Trifle’s in the fridge, creamed and decorated by the girls and my famous, although not very traditional chocolate mousse is resting next to the trifle.

Slamming the last cupboard door, I screw up the now damp towel and throw it into the dirty clothes basket as I race past the laundry on my way upstairs to change before everyone arrives. We’ve had a fantastic morning opening our gifts, ending in a huge paper fight. Santa got the girls far too much as usual, the standouts being the Ginger Bread House, Ellie loves her new pink and purple roller blades and Mattie thinks her new orange and black scooter is, and I quote:

“Aawesooooommmmeeee.”

I’m struggling with the hook sewn to the top of the zip on the dress Brendan gave me. It’s soft summer cotton, fresh and light to touch and feels luxurious as the fabric gently flows

over my rounding curves. I'm watching my feet as I walk into the bathroom to apply my make up with a slight pinching frown, I wish I had enough time to paint my toenails now that I want to wear open toe heels to match my new outfit instead of the regulation Mummy flats I normally don, when I hear a piercing high pitch scream coming from the front yard. Reflexively my entire body freezes and goes into parent mode.

I'm positive that was - oh hell no, that is Mattie's screaming.

Then I hear Brendan's much deeper voice explode with a guttural noise that sounds like it is being retched from the pits of Hell itself. More pitchy shrieks quickly follow as Ellie's cries mix into the macabre ensemble.

Then the absolute worst possible noise anyone could conceivably imagine hearing in their entire life.

The sound of screeching tires.

A painfully deafening pregnant pause.

The clatter of solid impact, crumpling metal.

Then nothing . . .



‘When life hands you lemons, make lemonade.’  
What if I prefer to drink mine with a side of Tequila?  
A pill chaser?  
What if I told you to go suck those very lemons until your face  
puckered so tightly you couldn’t see?  
Then maybe, just maybe you could begin to appreciate what it’s like  
to be me.  
The one left behind after everything has been shredded away.  
Leaving you bloody and raw.  
And worse - alone.

*Maggie’s Five* is the story of a young woman’s journey through her  
five stages of grief.

After the tragic loss of her husband and two children,  
Maggie falls into a downward spiral of self-loathing and destruction.  
She’s introduced to a world of alcohol, drugs and meaningless sex.  
Which creates a numbness that she relishes,  
until she realises there is a reason to start living her life again.

Until becoming reacquainted with Maggie,  
Luke didn’t think it was worth the effort to overcome his demons.  
Finding Maggie gives him the motivation to move forward  
and chance his heart with love.

Now all he needs to do is convince Maggie to do the same.

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