

**LBRIS**

We know  
books

*Delia Sinca*

*We never  
meet in bed*

**LETRAS**

**SINEA, DELIA****We never meet in bed** / Delia Sinea.

—Snagov: Letras, 2022

ISBN 978-606-071-664-8

821.135.1

ISBN eBook ePUB: 978-606-071-665-5

All responsibility for the contents of this book belongs  
to the author.

Copyright 2022, Delia Sinea.

This book is protected by copyright law.

Distributed by [www.piatadecarte.net](http://www.piatadecarte.net)Publisher contact: [office@piatadecarte.com.ro](mailto:office@piatadecarte.com.ro)

Orders at: +40 21 367 5228 // +40 787 708 844

You can contact the publisher for publication requests,  
by email: [edituraletras@piatadecarte.com.ro](mailto:edituraletras@piatadecarte.com.ro)

Letras Publishing House / [www.letras.ro](http://www.letras.ro)  
[contact@letras.ro](mailto:contact@letras.ro)

---

**1**

I don't smoke. I don't drink alcohol.

A sip of wine every now and then doesn't count, does it? It's like having sex for less than two minutes. I like chocolate. What am I saying? I don't like chocolate, I freaking love chocolate, but even so, I weigh the same as I did in high school and because of that some people think I'm probably a witch. I always say that the secret to a slim body is walking, that's why most of the times I prefer going by foot instead of taking a taxi or flying on my broom. Just kidding, sometimes I do take my broom if the weather is nice. But since the weather is never nice as I live in England, well, I guess no one will ever get to see me fly.

Now where was I? Oh, yes. I was talking about myself. I'm not married and I don't have kids but that doesn't concern me; I've always known that I'll be doing these things after I turn thirty when I'll also probably buy my first anti-aging cream. Or maybe I won't have to?! Who am I fooling, I forgot I'm not actually a witch! Those wrinkles are probably just around the corner as we speak, watching me like some snipers. The thing is I have less than a year until I turn thirty, but I'm not really worried about that. It's not like I'm counting the days. Two hundred and eighty-seven.

I'm obsessed with mint tea and I never drink coffee. I enjoy the smell but the coffee itself makes me really agitated. Sometimes I think about Andrew but that's not wrong, is it? Wouldn't it be weird to completely erase someone from your mind as if he never existed? And I can honestly say I have no hard feelings or regrets when it comes to our relationship. I guess I just kept the good parts. Obviously, I'm more than aware that he doesn't feel the same about it, but how was I supposed to know back then how our future will look like? Or the fact that we won't have one for that matter? When you're in love, you can see yourself spending your entire life with that special person, so it should be no surprise that after our first date, I just knew we were meant to be together forever. Just like any teenager knows. Our forever lasted seven years. Who knew that forever had an expiration date?

Sometimes I wonder how did I give up on us? I mean, I was literally obsessed with that boy! Everything I did revolved around him. Back then, my biggest fear was that Andrew could fall in love with someone else. He was mine and only mine. As for myself, I was completely sure I would never stop loving him...but I was so wrong! Whoever said "never say never" was ridiculously right. The thing is that sometimes it's too late and no matter how hard you try, there is nothing that can be done anymore. It's like, if you forget to take your pill today, you can't take two pills tomorrow to compensate. It doesn't work like that, if I need you today, don't come tomorrow because I won't take those two pills. I guess what I'm trying to say here is that maybe if Andrew had looked me in the eyes the way he looked at his laptop screen, perhaps he could have seen how many times I needed him to just be there for me. I can compete with a woman but it's hard to compete with a laptop.

The laptop was way younger than me and to be honest, probably much smarter. Andrew is an IT guy.

Maybe I'm a bit selfish. But if it's true that we only get to live once, then damn it, it has to be one happy life! It wasn't like I stopped loving him overnight, but at some point I started feeling less and less happy. I was confused and unhappy. Our relationship had become so dull and very much lacked spontaneity and for the love of God, these things should be illegal when you're that young! But at that age I wasn't wise enough to know how to fix our problems, so I did what I thought it was best; I gave up on us. No one should feel lonely in a relationship. But that didn't mean I didn't love him because I loved every single part of him like I never thought I would.

I hoped we would be able to stay friends after we broke up but Andrew was so devastated that he refused to see me or talk to me after that. One month later, both of us were already seeing someone else. I'd be lying if I said it didn't bother me seeing him with her, but I'd also be a big hypocrite to deny that I had also fallen in love with someone else very quickly.

I had no idea if we were healed enough to start those new relationships but apparently when you meet someone new, it's easy to find in that person everything you were missing. But of course, that is just an illusion! Doctor Chapman wrote about that in his book which I still think I read too late; I should have bloody read it right after the ABC! Well, he said that the temporary blindness also known as falling in love, usually lasts between two months and two years. As for me, I regained my sight back after a year.

Sam was a very handsome guy. Did I say handsome? I meant smoking hot! I was so blown away by his appearance that I somehow seemed to have missed the fact that he wasn't very, um, bright. Yes, Sam was not a very smart guy. He didn't know many sophisticated words or for that matter many basic things, but that didn't seem to bother me at that time. He was gorgeous and I was shallow enough to be satisfied with that. But as our relationship moved forward and we began to hang out with friends and do all kind of stuff together, things started to change. Every time he opened his mouth people were stunned. What was I supposed to do? Tell him before we went somewhere:

'Darling, tonight I need you to do what you usually do best. Be beautiful! And...keep your mouth shut! But if you can't remember both things, which I would totally understand, then please just keep that second one in mind, okay?'

Seeing us together people were assuming that the only reason I hanged out with him was because he was hot and our sex life was amazing. And they were absolutely right! I knew our relationship wasn't going anywhere but I enjoyed having fun with him. And having good sex. No one says no to good sex. That period of my life made me understand that although God is a nice guy, even He couldn't be that generous. I mean, just think about it: how about having a D cup, a nice round butt, some big blue eyes, those Angelina Jolie's lips and some unbelievably long legs and at the same time, being an expert in quantum physics, chemistry, mathematics and having an amazing soprano voice. Come on! It wouldn't be fair! God would get a lot of complaints on the front desk reception, that of course, assuming they have one up there. It would be nice if they had one though. I bet it would look like one

of those fancy six stars hotel reception and I can imagine the dead person entering there staring and gazing at the amazing sights wondering if he died in the proper clothes for such a luxurious place.

But to get back to what I was saying, the thing is that after a long period of fooling around and doing crazy stuff you might want to talk someday, like have a conversation for real. You might want to get serious, but you suddenly realize that you can't get very deep with your partner, unless you're a man and we're talking about the vagina. That was exactly how I started feeling about Sam. Except for the vagina part.

It took me a year to wake up and see the sore reality I was living in. Actually, I'd been quite aware of it, but after all that time with Sam, I realised I was missing...Andrew. I started to feel guilty for the way I broke up with him and for not giving him a single chance to try and fix things. I desperately wanted to get back with Andrew and make things work between us. The funny thing is that I hadn't cried at all when we broke up like I was supposed to, and now, now I could barely stop myself from doing it. The truth is I always tend to do things with such a delay and this thing has been going on since the day I was born. They said it took me about five minutes to realise that I was out and to start crying as any normal new-born would. They said I didn't even cry properly, as if I was kind of bored and it seemed like I was faking it. Well, now I wasn't faking it. I was crying again with a delay, but it was as real as it gets.

But unlike me, Andrew seemed to be happy; according to his Facebook page, his relationship was apparently going very well. How dared he be happy without me? I hated him for letting me go

so easily. He shouldn't have let me go. There were many things he could have done, why didn't he just handcuff my hand to his? Super easy!

The day I told Sam that even though I loved him, I couldn't be with him anymore - yeah, I know, it's pathetic to use the same lines I used with my ex - I called Andrew. I wanted to tell him that I realised how much I loved him and that I needed well, just a tiny year to realise that. The phone rang a couple of times before the answering machine gave me that female vocal message: "The number you dialled can't be reached. Please try again later". That bitch! I wished she would have just said it to my face (actually my ears but you got the point): "The number you dialled doesn't want to be reached. Don't try again, it's too late!" It would have spared me from the message I got two hours later:

"Don't call me again. Ever."

When life hands you lemons, you just have to realise that you actually bought them yourself and learn to like the sour taste of the lemonade until life hands you a sugar cube. If you're lucky enough, maybe you'll get some honey or maple syrup. The taste of my lemonade taught me a valuable lesson; there is nothing harder than dealing with your own decisions and that it's so much easier to forgive anyone but yourself.

## 2

---

'Mel', she says changing her tone, 'I'm really sorry for not being there for you when you broke up with Andrew. I wish we weren't so dumb not to speak to each other for such a long time...

I know it must have been so hard to give up on him after all those years. I don't think I could ever give up on someone I love, but just doesn't make me happy.'

'And yet you married someone you don't love and who's certainly not making you happy! That's the dumbest thing you ever did, you know that, don't you?'

'And you're such a sweetheart to constantly remind me that!' she replies annoyed.

'I'm doing my best!' I tease her. 'And don't you worry about Andrew, I'm good now, it's all in the past.'

'So, tell me', she says, 'is this Tom of yours handsome?'

'Maddie, the most important thing is that Tom is very smart. But yes, he is pretty good looking. I am done with those ridiculously handsome guys. Yet, Tom seems to really have it all.'

Oh, I forgot to mention that Tom is also an IT guy. I honestly don't know what's up with me and these IT guys. I'm cursed to always have my laptop fixed and well maintained since there is no update I can skip with an IT boyfriend around me. I'm still a bit sceptical about Tom but he swore there is nothing going on between him and his laptop. He assured me that it's only a professional relationship.

'And how's the weather in Chester these days?' she suddenly asks me.

'How's the weather? I guess ok', I say confused.

'No, you silly, I didn't actually mean the weather', she laughs at me, 'I couldn't care less if it's sunny or not, what I wanted to ask you is how are your nights?'

'Well, dark', I say to her despair.

Maddie sighs.

'What do you expect from me when you put it like that? It's sex Mad, not weather, not nights. Why are we talking encoded?'

Maddie is my older sister and as you can tell she is still very much embarrassed to curse or talk dirty in front of me as if we are still kids.

'Fine!' she gives up. 'So, is he fucking you well?'

'Now that was totally uncalled for! The weather is fine', I burst out laughing.

She doesn't seem convinced.

'Ok, so maybe it's more than fine. To tell you the truth I've never met anyone with such an appetite and just to be clear we're

talking about an appetite for sex. But if I think about it, I guess it also goes for food. Three times a day! Can you imagine that?'

'I'm kind of confused; do you eat or have sex three times a day?'

'Umm, actually both and I might as well add the snacks. But I'm only talking about food snacks. Do sex snacks even exist? Anyway, I'm a bit worried that if we continue like this, I'll get tired spreading my legs or cooking.'

'I wouldn't worry about it', she assures me. 'After a couple of years together almost every couple guide themselves after the same calendar. Two plus three.'

'Two plus three? What the hell is that?'

'Two days of sex plus three days of cooking per week. Or, three days of sex plus two days of cooking. It depends on each couple.'

'Jeez, that's a bit harsh don't you think?'

'My dear Mel, after fifteen years of relationship, the kitchen and the bedroom are not what they used to be. Every now and then you need to eat somewhere else and sleep in a bed that's not yours.'

Now I'm pretty sure she's not talking going on a holiday.

'Did you...'

But I don't get the chance to finish my question because she interrupts me.

'Sorry, I have a waiting call. It's Ms Carmen who probably wants to cancel today's session. It would be only the third time she does it this week. I swear I'm working with crazy people!'

The funny thing is she kind of does. She's a therapist. But in a way, we are all crazy, aren't we? Yet paradoxically Maddie is the