“I'm not sharing my wife with you,” Camille says.

"I'm not sharing my wife with you," Camille says, "It would be uncivilized," and Danton thinks, since when do you care about civilized behavior, Camille; I know you, there's not a civilized bone in your body, except then Camille adds, "Although I suppose I have no objection if you and she would share me," and Danton thinks, there you are then, there's the Camille I know.

"How is that more civilized?" Lucile, not Danton; Danton knows better than to ask these things of Camille, who might answer if the mood strikes him, and then what?

Some answers are best left ungiven. Ignorance is not bliss, but it gives one credible deniability; it will permit Danton to speak of Camille to other people and lie shamelessly, without any guilt.

"Why, it's because the entire world revolves around Camille, of course." Danton, not Camille.

"Quite," Camille says, looking around for another wine bottle - a full one. "Sharing me is just a display of good taste on your side; sharing Lolotte would merely imply I'm not the jealous, possessive type of husband, even if I'm a rather terrible human being for imagining I have any say in whether or not she takes a lover. You see, it's an entirely different sort of thing."

Lucile laughs, and Danton thinks, this it is, then.

Happiness.

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