

# Earlier: Will: The Groom

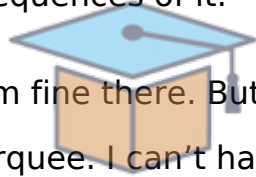
In this chapter *WILL: The Groom*, Jules and I walk back to the marquee together. I leave Olivia to make her own way. For one crazy moment there, realizing how near we were to the cliff edge, I was tempted. It wouldn't have come as that much of a surprise. She tried to drown herself earlier, after all – or that's certainly how it looked, before I saved her. And with this wind – it's really blowing a gale now – there would have been so much confusion.

But that's not me. I'm not a killer. I'm a good guy. It's all somewhat out of control, though, everything getting out of hand. I'll have to sort things out.

Obviously, I could never have told Jules about Olivia. Not by the time I made the connection between them that day at her mum's house, not when it had gone so far. What would have been the point in hurting Jules unnecessarily? The thing with Olivia – that was never going to be real, was it? It was a temporary attraction. With her, it was all based on lies, hers as much as mine. In fact, it was the pretence that got me going when we met on that date, trying to be someone she wasn't. Pretending to be older, pretending to be sophisticated. That insecurity. It made me want to corrupt her, rather like a girlfriend I had at uni once, who was one of the good girls – smart, a hard worker, who came from some crummy school and didn't think she was good enough to be there.

When I met Jules at that party, however, that was different. It was like fate. I saw how good we would be together straight away. How good we'd look together – physically, yes, but also in how well-matched we were. Me, on the brink of a promising new career, her, such a high flyer. I needed an equal, someone with self-confidence, ambition – someone like me. Together we'd be invincible. And we are.

Olivia will keep quiet, I think. I've known that since the beginning. Knew she wouldn't feel anyone would believe her. She doubts herself too much. Except – and perhaps I'm simply being paranoid – it does feel like she's changed since we've been here. Everything seems changed on this island. It's as though the place is doing it, that we've been brought here for a reason. I know that's ridiculous. It's the fact of having so many people in one spot all at once: past and present. I'm usually so careful, but I admit I hadn't thought it all through, how it might play out having them all here together. The consequences of it.



So. Olivia: I think I'm fine there. But I'll have to do something about Johnno, soon as I get back to the marquee. I can't have him running his mouth off to anyone and everyone. I underestimated him, perhaps. I thought it was safer to have him here than not, to keep him close. But Jules invited Piers without my knowing. Yes, actually, that's where it all went wrong. If she hadn't, Johnno would never have known about the TV thing and we could have carried on as normal. It would never have worked, him on the show, he must know that. He does, in fact: he put it so well himself. He's an absolute liability. With his pot-smoking and his drinking and his long fucking memory. He'd have had some sort of freak-out in front of a journalist and it would all have come out. If he can see that – what a disaster he would have been – then I don't really understand why is he so cut.