

Make Her Cry

It was twilight when they arrived home from their day out and she was feeling so much better. Her Nana Prue accompanied them on the hike, regaling them with stories of the senior's cruise she returned from the month before. Even at eighty-seven the woman had more excitement in her life than Lark.

As she got out of the car though her happy feeling dwindled as she noted the man standing on her front steps.

"I'll f****g kill him," Grady grumbled as he almost spilled out of the car.

"Dad, no. I can handle this. Go inside," she pushed him towards the house making big eyes at her mother for help. She almost groaned when both her mother and Nana were egging him on, and Fallon was racing to the Villeneuve house for backup.

"Lark!" Douglas started down the stairs. "Where have you been? I've been calling."

"We're not going to have a f****g rumble," she shoved in between her father and the man. Her father easily towered a half foot on the man's height. "Dad, in the house now! Douglas, get in your car and leave before they make you dig your own grave and put you in it."

"I love the idea," Nana Prue piped up. "I bet Riggs knows some people with shovels and a quiet place."

"We need to talk."

"There is nothing to talk about, Douglas. Leave. Dad!" She screamed as she put her shoulder into his chest. "In the house. God damn, Mom. Could you please help?"

"I kind of really want to see him beat him into the f****g ground though," Everly hissed. "Shouldn't take much considering he's not really a man."

She threw her hands up as Riggs came out of the house. "Riggs, help please. Make Dad go inside so I can talk to Douglas and send him on my way."

"Five minutes," Riggs was a massive man with thick corded biceps. "Little girl if this prick isn't off the property in ve minutes, I'm letting your Daddy and Olivier out along with the triplets and Ollie and Margot who are all inside the house right now." He pulled Grady into the house and held up his hands, "ve minutes. Not a second more."

"Jesus Christ," Douglas growled. "You're animals. You can't go around threatening people."

"Four minutes forty seconds," Riggs hollered from the front porch as he shoved his friends into the house.

"You heard him, Douglas, less than ve minutes. Say what you want to say and then f**k off."

"You cancelled the lease on our home?"

"Home? No. I cancelled the lease on the condominium we shared when I realized if you f****d her in your oce, you probably were bold enough to take her to our place too and f**k her there."

"I never f****d her in our bed."

"Kitchen table? Island? Sofa?" She sneered, "I wasn't about ready to sit in the space and try to gure out which areas her naked ass was on."

He rued his hair frustratedly, "honey, listen to me. It started a month ago. She has never been in our home."

"It wasn't a home, and I don't give a f**k how long it was going on. One time was enough for me to consider it a violation of our relationship and I'm done."

"Do you know how hard it is to get a condo downtown? I have no place to live, Lark. I have to move into my parent's house. I don't have a job. You could have at least let me keep the condo."

"You'll have to forgive me for not giving a ying f**k for the current state of your employment or housing."

"Lark. I messed up," he whispered sadly. "I really messed up and I'm sorry. You're the best thing to ever have happened to me."

"Why?"

"Why are you the best thing? You're everything I ever dreamed of. You're smart and funny and," his voice trailed off. "What?"

"I already know I was the best thing to ever happen to you. If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't have even gotten the job you got. I'm the person who pushed you to do better and to work hard. I'm not questioning why I'm the best you ever were with. I want to know why you threw it all away for a bottle-blond whose carpets didn't match the drapes. Why her?"

"I panicked."

"Panicked?"

"Our anniversary was coming up." He rubbed his forehead. "It was coming up and one of the guys asked if I was going to propose. He made a comment about being tied down for the rest of my life with one f**k and I panicked. I don't even like her. I stopped for drinks that night because you were in court, and she was at the bar. Next thing I know we were in the toilets. After that she was in my oce multiple times. I couldn't stop. I'm sorry Lark. I got caught up."

She held her hand up. "We're done. Just go."

"Lark please. What if we went to counseling?"

"Counseling? Why? I didn't do anything wrong. Why should I have to go to therapy when I'm not the one who has problems with monogamy and commitment. You need help, Douglas. You need to go."

"I'm not giving up on us. I forgive you for getting rid of my belongings."

"They're in storage. I mailed the keys and map to your mother's house."

"Thank you but I forgive you."

"I neither need nor do I want your forgiveness, Douglas. You put your d**k inside another woman while she was gagged with your tie. I think forgiveness is not on the list of anything you and I will ever be discussing."

"Honey, I love you. Please."

A car door in the distance echoed in the second of silence before she reacted.

"You f****d her!" she screamed nally snapping when he stepped closer to her with his hand outstretched as if wanting to touch her. "You made love to me in our bed and told me you loved me. You told me you got me a surprise, and I was stupidly hoping it was going to be an engagement ring!" Tears streamed down her cheeks as she felt like she was falling apart. "You kissed me, and you made love to me, and you showered with me. Then you left and went to your oce and shoved your f****g puny little micro d**k inside your slutty w***e secretary and I hate you!" She screamed the last of it at the top of her lungs, her voice cracking. "I loved you and you betrayed me by f****g around like I meant nothing to you and standing here telling me she meant nothing makes it worse, Douglas because it means you valued me so little. You made me believe I was worth loving and then you f****g ripped it away by screwing someone who you didn't even care for!"

She collapsed to her knees as her breathing caught in her throat but movement in the corner of her eye while she was falling on her bottom made her gasp as Max appeared out of nowhere. His sts were ying, and he was on top of Douglas pounding his face. The man was defenseless as Max beat him. All Douglas could do was curl into himself, but Max was raining punches down on him with an astounding violence.

"You cheated on her? You f****g hurt her? Do you f****g know who she is? You dare make her f****g cry? You don't make her cry!"

"Max, you're going to kill him!" she screamed as she tried to pull him back, but she couldn't get him off Douglas. "Daddy! Olivier! Riggs. Help!" She was shrieking as both houses emptied, and the inhabitants were all running to pull Max off the now unconscious man.

A barrage of cursing in various languages were coming from Max's mouth as spittle foamed at the corners. He kicked the man one more time as Riggs and his father tugged him backwards. "f****g p***y!"

Henri, another of Olivier's guards and friends, was on his knee next to Douglas and checking his pulse. "He's alive."

Lark couldn't help but notice the disappointment in Henri's voice and she started sobbing as Bobbie got to her before her mother did. Bobbie wrapped her arms around her and pulled her towards the house away from the battered man. Through her tears she noted her mother landing a kick on the prone man on the ground before moving to help Bobbie take her inside the house.

"I hope Riggs buries him somewhere," Everly grunted. "Who the f**k tells a girl he cheated on her because he panicked about proposing to her and being conned to one f**k for the rest of his life?"

"Were you all listening?" she sunk into the chair at the dining room table.

"Sweetie, did you think any of us were going to allow you out here alone with him?" Bobbie laughed bitterly. "Last night Ollie was talking about ruining him more than you already did. None of us trust him. I want to know where the guy got his balls to tell you he forgives you. Asshole."

"Where the hell did Max come from?" Everly asked as Bobbie put a tea kettle on.

"He pulled up right as Douglas started spouting his nonsense. The minute Lark started yelling at him, he was running up the street. I think he jumped right over her when she landed on her knees." Everly kissed the top of her head softly.

"He's really hurt," she heard the arguing of the men in the yard, and she knew from past experience they were discussing what to do with Douglas.

"He's still breathing," Everly complained.

"Mom."

"Your dad and Olivier will manage everything. Don't worry about it."

"Douglas is a lawyer. He'll sue."

"Then Ollie and Gael will deal with it," Bobbie snickered.

Lark looked up as the front door opened and Max stepped in and eyeballed her.

"Are you okay, chère?"

She nodded once unable to speak. He walked into the room and hugged her to his chest and kissed her forehead. He held her for a long minute and then he walked out the way he came. The sound of his car revving in the street was the last sound Lark noted before she fell apart a second time.