

Confrontation

Evie Denton sat on the couch nervously twisting her fingers around one another while she waited for her husband Aaron to come home. In the last ten months, a gap had widened between them; for the last two, he had been almost cruel to her. If he didn't give her the answers she needed, then she had divorce papers waiting to go. Finally, his car pulled into the driveway, and her stomach tensed. She never knew who she was getting when he got home anymore, the sweet, caring man she married or the angry, dismissive man that had replaced him. He walked into the house and smiled when he saw her.

"Hey Babe. You didn't have to wait up for me."

"I wanted to talk to you." She looked at her husband. He was the epitome of the All-American homecoming king. Tall, muscular, blonde, currently longer on top, shorter on the sides and back, and blue-eyed. A former CIA agent turned assassin for her brother's contracting firm, Sloane Contracting Services, where they had met six years ago.

"Can it wait? I'm leaving early tomorrow morning for a job with Beau, and I'd like to pack and get some sleep."

"Another one?" Evie frowned. "You just got back."

"Hey, you knew what you were getting into when you married me." Aaron shrugged.

"Yeah..." She chewed her lip. "How long?"

"Should be back Wednesday."

"Then no, this can't wait."

Aaron sighed heavily and walked in, and sat in the chair. "What is it Evie?"

Evie winced at the bite of impatience in his voice. "I want to know what's going on with you and why you're so rude and dismissive to me." She tried to sound assertive, but her voice came out in a whisper.

"This again?" Aaron rolled his eyes. "Nothing is going on Evie."

"Then what did I do?" She wasn't letting this go, her knee was bouncing anxiously, but she needed to know.

"Christ." Aaron stood up and started to walk away before swinging back around to face her. "It's just really fucking hard to balance my work when my wife is such a needy child!" He yelled. Evie reared back as if he slapped her, and her eyes filled with tears as he grabbed his jacket and stormed out of the house.

"Fuck you." She whispered as she stood up. She put the petition for divorce on the coffee table, locked the doors deadbolt, and shut off the lights before going upstairs, grabbing his pillow and a blanket and throwing them to the bottom for him. She closed the bedroom door, locked it, and went to bed, sobbing quietly.