

## Moving Out

The ride back to their house was silent. Aaron was tense in the driver's seat, and Evie ignored him as she played on her phone. When they got home, she sat down at the kitchen table to eat. Aaron came and sat with her. "If you're not feeling well, you should go to bed." She opened her laptop and began to read as she ate.

"I want to talk to you."

"Okay." She looked at him. "What's up?"

"What the hell was that?"

"Beau and I giving you good news? Which honestly, you don't seem very happy about." She folded her arms and glared at him.

"No, I'm thrilled that you guys aren't mad at us and are being so understanding. I'm talking about you and Beau. You seriously spent the night in his condo?"

"Yeah."

"And lied to me about it?"

"I'm sorry, who were you on a fucking job with? Did you or did you not tell me you had to go because "Beau" walked in?" She glared at him. "At that point, we were still on the fence about you two cheating, so why would I tell you where I was?"

Aaron immediately backed down. "Fair. I'm so sorry I made you think I would do that. You must have been devastated."

"Honestly? No. I wasn't. I felt like it explained the last few months." <sup>1</sup>

"Evie..."

"No. I'm incredibly, incredibly hurt right now. I can't believe you think I'm so immature, controlling, and trusted so little that I would have an issue with you doing jobs with Susan. How long have you been lying about it?"

"Close to ten months." He said quietly. Evie swallowed and nodded.

"So you've been lying to me for a year. What about Sean and Thorn? Do they know what's going on? Did you ask them to cover for you?"

"No, they wouldn't cover for me, you know that." Aaron shook his head.

"So between the lying and how you've been treating me, I honestly don't know what I want here anymore. I offered you a divorce, and you said you wanted to try to fix our marriage. Are you sure? Do you even want to be with me?"

"Yes! I love you, Evie. I don't want to lose you." He looked mildly panicked.

"Really? Because your words and actions are telling me the exact opposite. So, here's what's gonna happen, I'm moving out. You have one month to convince me that you want us to work. If you manage to do that, we can do couples counseling and attempt to repair the marriage. This does not mean we will. This means I will give you an opportunity to try. "

"No, you're not." Aaron shook his head, desperately trying to hold things together as he felt his life start to crumble around him. "You can't move out." <sup>2</sup>

"Yeah, I can, and I am. You wanted space, and I'm too needy, so I'm giving you space, and I will be way less needy. You need to think about what you want because I don't believe it's me anymore. Just for the record, we'd be having this conversation even if I hadn't run into Beau yesterday. You fucking broke me before you le . You had sex with me when you clearly didn't want to and barely touched me before you le . I've never felt like that before, that much hurt and pain like I was a burden to you, a chore you had to get through. I refuse to feel it again." She reached into her purse and handed him an envelope. "Here's the money back for the spa. I fully admit to being a petty bitch when I went there and used your card." She stood up and started to walk away.

"Evie, stop." Aaron stood up and grabbed her arm. "I'm sorry. What do you want me to do? How do I fix this? Please, Evie." He pulled her into him to hug her, and she stilled, then began shoving at his chest frantically until he let her go, her breath suddenly coming in sharp gasps.

"Don't touch me." She gave him a wide berth as she walked around him, trying to control her breathing. "I can't Aaron, I just can't." She grabbed her laptop and raced up the stairs. Feeling her control slip, she hid in her office, covering her mouth to muffle the sobs. She pulled out her phone and called Beau.

"Hey Doll." When she heard his voice, she lost it. She stumbled around her office and tried to talk but could only sob. "Evie? Honey, please say something." Beau's voice was panicked. She tried, but all that came out were short gasps. "I'm coming; I'll be there in ten minutes."

"Okay." She finally choked out. She hung up and laid the laptop on the desk as she tried her best to calm herself down; rage and hatred filled her, and she swiped the laptop off the desk, watching as it hit the wall and the screen detached from the keyboard. "Fuck!" She yelled before dropping to the floor and crying into her hands. <sup>3</sup>