

What Pieces?

"Come on Doll, let's pack a bag. You're coming with me."

"Aaron's ok with that?" She got out of the car slowly. They hadn't planned to let him know she was staying with Beau right away.

"I'm not giving him much choice." Beau said grimly. "This was the plan; we're just moving it up."

"What about Susan?"

"I'll explain on the way." He put his hand on her lower back and guided her in front of him.

As she walked past the living room, she looked in and saw Aaron sitting on the couch, watching her with red eyes. She quickly looked away and ran up the stairs.

"Why is she looking at me like she's afraid of me?" Aaron's voice was broken.

"It's not fear. It's pain." Beau said quietly. "When she looks at you, it hurts. God, Aaron, she fucking worshiped the ground you walked on. I would kill to have a woman look at me like she used to look at you. What the hell, man? What did you do?"

"I told her it was stressful to have such a needy child for a wife, and when she started to cry, I le. ." Aaron took a deep breath. "Then I gave her a half-assed apology and forced myself to have sex with her, didn't touch her a er, and went on the job the next morning."

"Why?"

"Because what she was saying was true! I have been a shitty husband, and when she called me on it, I got pissed o and hit her with a low blow. I felt bad, but I was still angry with her and myself when I got back. She had le divorce paperwork for me. I was afraid she would leave, so I tried to give her what I thought she wanted, I was disgusted with myself a er, and once again, I took it out on her." He put his head in his hands. "I was hoping she would be over it by the time I got home. She always just lets these things go."

"Beau." Evie's so voice came down the stairs. "Can you give me a hand?"

"Sure Doll." He took the stairs three at a time.

Aaron clenched his fists when he heard Beau call her Doll. Anger was rising in him. Who the fuck did Beau think he was? Taking his wife from him? Looking down on him when his own wife wanted a separation? Aaron conveniently forgot he had driven his wife away.

"What did you need?" Beau looked around the small o ice in surprise. It was done in the same colors as his condo and had pretty much the same style with minimal clutter. The exact opposite of the rest of the house. She pointed at a box with a desktop computer in it.

"I need a computer to write on." She said quietly.

Beau looked at it. It was ancient by tech standards and probably very slow. "No, I'll make sure you have something to work on that won't take an hour to boot up. Do you have your writing backed up?"

"Yeah, it's on my Workbox."

"Are you packed and ready to go otherwise?" Evie nodded and held up her overnight bag and backpack. Beau reached out and took the bags from her. "Let's go."

When they reached the bottom of the stairs, Aaron was waiting, looking pissed o again. "Evie, if you leave, we're done. We can't fix this if you're going to run away."

She froze and turned to look at him. "I told you I was moving out Aaron. If you don't want to work on things, fine. But don't you dare try to pass the blame onto me. This is your fault, and if you want to fix this, put in some e ort and work. If not, Miles and Felix are still my lawyers. Sign and send the divorce paperwork to them." She turned and walked out the door.

"Smooth Aaron." Beau shook his head. "Why don't you push her away a little harder? Maybe she won't come back."

"Why? So you can be there to pick up the pieces?" Aaron snapped at him.

Beau smiled. "What pieces? She'll be fine without you."

Aaron ignored him and chased Evie. "How am I supposed to put in the e ort and work if you're going to leave the house?"

"Start by figuring out why you've treated me like crap, and then we'll talk. Find a therapist if you think that will help." Evie shook her head and got in the car. Beau walked around to the driver's side.

"How did you win her heart in the first place?" He asked, raising an eyebrow. "Might be an idea to go back to the beginning." He shrugged and got in the car, knowing he never did anything to win her heart. She had been flattered Homecoming King Aaron Denton was paying attention to her.