

Deep Dive

I have to make a few quick stops before I take you home, okay Doll?"

Beau drove away, watching Aaron slouch back into the house in the rearview mirror.

"Sure Beau, do whatever you need to." Her stress, panic, and anxiety faded the farther Beau drove from Aaron.

"What happened Evie?"

"I told him I was moving out, that I was going to give him space and not be so needy. I told him how much he hurt me, and when I got up to walk away, he grabbed me and hugged me. I just felt so much disgust, and then I couldn't breathe. I told him not to touch me and went upstairs. When I reached the top, I couldn't stop crying and wanted to leave, so I called you. Then I was so angry and had so much hate for him, he bought me the laptop for Christmas, and I just threw it at the wall." She took a deep, shaky breath. "He was pissed when he realized what I had done and chased me down the stairs." Beau slammed on the brakes and quickly pulled o the road.

"He WHAT?"

"I was already running out to you. He asked me why I did it at the same time you texted me. I panicked, grabbed the laptop, and ran. He wasn't trying to hurt me."

"All right." He looked at her and started to drive again. "What do you want to do?"

"I don't know. It's hard not to throw in his face that I know what he's doing whenever he gets upset about you and me."

"No kidding." Beau muttered. "I flat out asked him if he and Susan were having an air, and he denied it. So did she; then she accused me of cheating with you and asked for a separation."

"I need to see Cole." She pulled out her phone.

"Why?"

"Because I need someone I trust to get evidence for us."

"You don't trust me?" Beau looked insulted.

"Of course, I trust you, Beau. But I think the two of us need to step back from evidence gathering so we aren't accused of anything, and Cole is very good at being invisible."

"We're on our way to Sloane. See if he's there." She was right. Susan and Aaron would continue their air if they looked like they were just trying to support one another.

"I'm gonna stay in the car if that's ok with you." She murmured.

"Whatever makes you comfortable, Doll." She smiled at him gratefully and called Cole.

"Evie! How are you?"

"It's fluctuating at the moment. Are you at Sloane?"

"Yeah, what's up?"

"I'll be there in..." She raised an eyebrow at Beau.

"Twenty."

"Twenty minutes. Can you meet me at the front doors, alone?"

"Sure Nuisance, looking forward to seeing you!"

"You too Bubs."

"Nuisance and Bubs, huh?" Beau smirked as he teased her.

"He's my second cousin and has taken the big brother role seriously." Evie shrugged. "So has Thorn."

"Yeah, I'm a little concerned about what will happen when Thorn discovers what Aaron has done."

"I don't understand. Cole, Thorn, Sean... they're all going to be pissed. You and me, the two people he claims to love more than anyone, how can he hurt us so badly and not even care? Is she that good in bed?"

"He cares Doll. He's regretting everything, I could tell. I felt a little bad for him a few times. Do you want an answer about how good she is in bed?"

"No." She was quiet for a few minutes. "You wanna know which character I based on Aaron in my books?"

"There's a character based on Aaron? Let's see if I can guess who it is... Is he in the first book?"

"No."

"Second?"

"Yep"

"Does he appear in more than one?"

"Yes."

"Really? You based Dameon on Aaron?"

"Wow, you have read all my books." She grinned happily.

"Of course I have. Dameon. Yeah, it's obvious now that you say that. Wait... Was that an accurate representation of sex with him?"

Evie nodded slowly. "Yes and no, not all the time, but fairly o en. At least with me."

"Evie! What if he reads it?"

"He won't." She rolled her eyes. "I gave him a signed copy of Dark Mist. It's still sitting on his nightstand. He hasn't opened it, not even to look at the inscription I put in it. A er that, I didn't give him any more, and he never asked. I doubt he could tell you how many I've published."

"Four published through a publisher, over 20 on Readact - most of which you haven't updated in a while, just saying - and two collaborations." Beau grinned. He hadn't been lying when he told her she was his favorite author. He had all her books in hardcover first editions to display and paperback to read.

"You've really done a deep dive, haven't you?" She teased.

"Well, I enjoyed the published books, and you mentioned at some point you were writing for fun on Readact, so I looked you up on there and read the others. The collaborations were on a stickied post on your page..." He smiled at her and shrugged. "I enjoy your writing style."

"Which one do you want updated the most?"

"Fawn." There was no hesitation at all. "I need to know what's gonna happen."

"Basically, you want to know if she's gonna meet him for sex or not." Evie giggled. "Should she?"

"I want them to, but I feel like it wouldn't be something she'd do. She's too so and sweet."

"I don't know; Sebastian is kinda her weak spot." She grinned. "I'm surprised my foray into romance is the one you're most interested in."

Beau pulled into the Sloane parking lot. "Sebastian may be a weak spot for her, but she's married to Chris, and I don't think she'll go outside her vows. At my core, I'm a romantic."

"Not even if it comes out that Chris and Emily are messing around? And really? Cause I would have said your core is a marshmallow." she teased.

"I don't think they are. Chris is too good a guy for that, and I think Sebastian doesn't want their relationship to start that way at the end of the day either." He pulled up before the doors just as Cole came out, looking very confused to see Evie with Beau. "At my core is a guy who wants passion and romance." Beau informed her with a cocky grin. He stopped the car, parked, and climbed out. "Hey, Cole." They shook hands.

"Beau, what's going on?"

"She'll explain everything; I need to talk to Tommy."

"He's in his o ice." Beau nodded his thanks and grabbed the broken laptop. Evie got out of the car and went to Cole for a hug.

"I'll be back as soon as I can, Doll." Beau jogged into the Tower.