

Sickeningly Sweet

Evie finished packing the things she would need while she was at Beau's. She almost felt like she couldn't breathe as she looked around their house at the life they had spent the last four years building. He used to be such a wonderful, caring, and affectionate man. She had noticed a slight change in him after Susan returned, and he had been grumpy for a few weeks when Susan and Beau started dating, but by the time they got married, he seemed to have moved past it, giving a lovely speech at their wedding last year. Then she thought about them in her house in Maine, and all her anger came back. She grabbed her purse, overnight bag, and backpack with her laptop and writing notebook and slammed out of the house. She went to one of the most expensive spas in Brooklyn, where she spent nearly five hundred dollars on a spa night for her and Beau and paid for it with Aaron's credit card. She figured they deserved it.

Beau was coming to pick her up. She had warned him not to pass the front door so that Aaron wouldn't see his car on the doorbell camera, and she pulled back into the house just before he arrived. She switched everything to his car and climbed into the passenger seat.

"Thank you for letting me stay at your condo tonight, Beau. I felt like I couldn't breathe in there."

"No problem Evie." He watched her out of the corner of his eye. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"More sure now. Waste six years of my life? Ruin my parent's last gift for me? Fuck him." She lied her head. "I want him to suffer. Fuck. I've ordered him a divorce twice, Beau, and he turned me down both times. I don't deserve the treatment I've been receiving."

Beau chuckled as he pulled away from the curb. "You burn him to the ground vindictiveness starkly contrasts your usual sickeningly sweet personality. I kinda like it."

"I'm not that sweet." She frowned at him.

"You are. You're ridiculously nice and endlessly optimistic."

"I think Aaron was right, and you don't really like me."

"No, I like you." He protested.

"Sickeningly sweet?"

"You said I was a pessimistic asshole. I think we're even Evie." He was grinning as he bantered with her.

"You're very pessimistic and a bit of an asshole. I also said I found it funny."

"That's true you did." He grinned as he swiped his card and pulled into the parking garage. "I never said sickeningly sweet was bad. It's a little frustrating because you tend to let people walk all over you. But apparently, that even has its limits."

"Yeah, cheating on me with your best friend's wife seems to do the trick." She muttered.

Beau parked in his space and got out of the car, grabbing her bags. "Alright. We are taking tonight to cry, scream, eat bad food, I'm going to punch some stuff, you can do your spa night things, and then tomorrow, it's game face time."

"I have spa things for you too." She grinned. "With masculine instead of fruity scents. I thought Aaron owed the both of us and went to LaRou."

"The most expensive spa in town. Nicely done. What kind of spa stuff did Aaron buy us?" They got on the elevator, and he swiped the card again and pressed the button for the top floor.

"Some really expensive shampoo and conditioner, body wash, sugar scrubs, bath bombs, some lotions, face masks, and a Mani/Pedi set each. I tried to find scents I thought you would like and compliment your natural smell."

"Sounds like we're having a really relaxing night. What's my natural smell?" He asked curiously as he led the way onto the elevator to a corner condo. He unlocked the door and gestured to her. "Ladies first."

"You smell warm and woody, like leather, sandalwood, and cinnamon." Evie walked in, and her jaw dropped. "Beau! This is incredible!" The kitchen, living room, and dining room were all open concept, with a dark blue-gray shale floor in the kitchen and a dark brown wood floor through the rest of the room, with beautiful 16 ceilings. The walls were all a lighter shade of gray-blue, and all the furniture was overstuffed black leather. In the living room was a large gas fireplace and a huge TV over it, and a black and blue mixed rug. All along the back wall were floor-to-ceiling built-in bookshelves almost overflowing with books, complete with a ladder on a slide. The outer wall was floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the Upper Bay with a balcony wrapped around the condo, and you could see the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge from it. "It's very... you." She smiled at him.

"Thanks, Doll." Beau grinned, pleased she liked it. "Wait till you check out the master ensuite." He led the way to a door and opened it. "This would be your room." He walked in and laid her bags on the queen-sized bed. "You have your own bathroom through the closet there, but it just has a shower, no bathtub. And you can access the balcony from here too." Evie followed him in, looking around. The color scheme was similar but with shades of teal and gray. The furniture was still dark; a dresser on one wall, a desk on another, and a stand-alone, full-length mirror was in the corner.

"Wow. Yeah. Not leaving, ever." She dropped down on the bed.

"You're gonna regret letting me stay here."

"Come on. Not done with the tour." He held out his hand and pulled her up. "Half bathroom for my non-existent guests." He pointed at a door that was between her room and his. "My room." He pulled her through. The walls were navy, the furniture still dark, but to her surprise, the room was livened up with pops of lime green. "And the master ensuite." It was sandy brown and light blue tile with soft lighting. A large soaker/jet tub took up one corner, with a walk-in shower next to it.

"This is amazing, Beau! I'm kinda shocked that Susan doesn't insist on living here."

"She prefers the brownstone." Beau shrugged. "I had no say in anything that went on with decorating it."

"Do you stay here often?"

"When she's out of town, I'll stay here. It's kinda like I'm visiting when I'm at the Brownstone, even if I do spend 80% of my time there. Buying her the house was my compromise. She wanted to come in here and change everything."

"At least you were willing to compromise." She followed him back out to the living room and looked around again. "This place feels so... open and breathable. Aaron has things fucking everywhere in our place. I have my office, and he's not allowed in there."

Beau chuckled as he headed over to the bar area. "He grew up very poor. He never had much growing up. Drink?"

"Please. Whatever you're having on the rocks." She wandered over and looked at her books. "I know about his past. That's why I let him do what he needs to feel comfortable."

"At the expense of your comfort." He poured them both a whiskey as he watched her out of the corner of his eye, wondering if she'd notice.