

Badass

"You have all my books." Evie's voice was so as she came to a halt.

"Yeah, when we first met, you said you were a writer. I bought Dark Mist out of curiosity." He smiled at her and handed her the glass. "I was hooked and impatiently waiting for number five."

"Really?" Evie's eyes were shining. "You actually liked them?"

"What's not to like? Magic, murder, and so much sex. I had no idea Aaron was such a dom."

"Oh... Wow. Thanks, but you know Gray isn't based on Aaron, right?"

"He's not?" Beau narrowed his eyes.

"No, he's just someone I made up in my head." She blushed faintly and avoided looking at him, not wanting to admit who she had based Gray on.

"Huh." He studied her for a minute, she was lying, but he decided not to push. "Is Adria someone you made up in your head too?"

"Um, sort of? She's kinda who I wish I could be." She walked over and sat on the couch. "Her background is very similar to mine, but I gave her qualities I wish I had developed."

"So you want to be an independent, smart-mouthed badass?" He grinned as he joined her on the couch.

"I mean, who doesn't? It's always been Aaron's biggest complaint and problem with me; I'm too needy." She shrugged and played with her fingers. "Susan is independent and a badass." Her voice grew hushed. "Why did he marry me? Did he ever tell you?"

"He liked how caring you are and said you always made him feel wanted and needed. He liked that you looked after him and were understanding, supportive, and encouraging about his role with Sloane. You were sad to see him leave and happy when he got home."

"So basically, he liked how I made him feel and that my life revolved around him." She nodded, anger filling her again. "What were you planning to punch? Cause I'd also like to punch things now."

Beau grinned and stood up. "First, we need another drink." He took her glass and got them both a refill. "Come on Doll." He brought her out onto the balcony, and she saw he had set up a small boxing area on the other side of the fireplace. He pulled over a table and set their drinks on it. "Show me what you got."

She grinned and punched the bag a few times. Beau watched for a moment, then came over, adjusted her stance and fists, and held up his hands. "Aaron's face, right here." He tapped his palm. Smirking, she slammed her fist into his palm and pulled back, shaking it.

"Damn. You have tough hands!" She laughed.

"Come on Badass, that was weak. Hit me again." He grinned as he teased her. She made a face and hit him, throwing her weight behind it. "There you go, much better. Hit me again." He teased and encouraged her equally until she dropped to the floor panting.

"Okay, I think I've pounded the crap out of your hands enough. Your turn." She pointed at the punching bag.

"Not gonna let me punch your hands?" He raised an eyebrow and mocked frowned.

Sighing, she climbed to her feet and held her hands up. "It's only fair, I guess."

Beau laughed and lightly tapped his fist to her palm. "I won't get any satisfaction from hitting you. Sit and drink." He brought over a chair and put it next to the table.

"And enjoy the show?" She asked, a teasing grin crossing her face.

"I mean, sure, if that's what you want to call it." Beau turned to the punching bag and squared up. He had perfect stance and form, and when he started hitting the bag, Evie forgot all about her husband cheating on her. She forgot all about him altogether. Beau was pure masculine grace when he fought. Even when he started to really let go, letting his anger out, she wasn't scared; she was absolutely entranced. He slammed his fist into the bag, and the seams split, sand flying everywhere. Beau and Evie both froze, and then Evie started to laugh.

"Oh, my god." She brushed the sand off her face, still laughing. "That was amazing! Who were you punching? Aaron or Susan?" Beau slowly lowered his hands and looked over at her. Seeing her covered in sand, he began to laugh too.

"I'm sorry Doll. I didn't mean to make such a mess of us both." He watched as she stood up and began brushing her clothes off. "I think Aaron and Susan morphed together there at the end."

"Well, you hit them both hard enough that they may have felt it." She giggled. "Where's your broom?"

Beau shook his head and began brushing the sand off himself. "I got the mess; you go get started on your spa night."

"I can help..."

"No, I'm gonna want my bathtub too. You go first while I clean up." He walked over and gently brushed some sand off her cheek. "Go on."

"Fine." She turned and headed to her room.