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About 900 words

Do I Have It Wrong

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"Can you tell me exactly why you brought me here?" Hilary asked crossing her left leg over her right. Her back leaned heavily on the plastic straps of the lawn chair, the fabric of her shirt sticking to the saturated skin underneath. Swiping away a few beads of perspiration from her forehead, a stray drop wandered down between her breasts, only furthering her discomfort.

"Can't we be civil about this?" David asked. He held out his hands, palms up to her. The light blue had turned royal being trapped between his ribcage and biceps. His fingers pulled at his tie before sliding down his face, gathering moisture on their way down to his chin. "I don't want this to be difficult."

Hilary's lips curled upwards as her eyes narrowed.

"According to what you said," she said pointing a dainty finger down to the legal documents laying on the fogged glass table, "I can only be difficult. Irreconcilable differences. It makes it sound like I was having an affair."

"I know you would never cheat on me, Hil."

"Then, what is the meaning of it?" Hilary asked. Picking up the document with manicured fingernails, she held it up to his face. "Tell me why you are filing for divorce when I know for a fact that you wouldn't do this without a good reason. Tell me why are you serving these to me when it should be the other way around."

David pushed her hand away, not even glancing at the paper which held his signature. "That's just it. I don't understand why you haven't filed. You aren't happy. You don't care for me like a wife should. I want to save whatever shred of our relationship is left so I don't have to hear your name someday and think 'I used to know her'."

"Well, my reasons for not filing for divorce are exactly that, mine," Hilary said with a slight chuckle. "You have your secrets. I have mine, darling."

"Are you that naïve?" David asked furrowing his eyebrows.

Hilary nearly sprang out of her chair as her own face contorted with confusion. "Naïve? I don't know where that is

coming from, but I'm not blind. If you think I don't see the secret phone calls that end when I walk into the room and the various twenty-some year old models who prance out of your office, you really have no idea just how aware I am."

"Oh honey, I am well aware of just how observant you are. But, I'm not going on with an affair." David said shaking a finger at her.

Hilary wrapped her fist around the leather of her purse sitting on the table. "Liar." The single word left her lips before she was on her feet and reaching for the door handle leading to the motel room that was probably something you could rent per hour. Her body froze, however, when his face reflected on the glass in front of her. His hand covered hers, keeping the door from moving in any direction.

"I'm not cheating on you, God damn it." David said. It was barely loud enough to be heard over the struggling air conditioner to their right, but the breath of his words circled around her ear. "I swear to you. There has not been anybody else but you."

"Then, tell me why you are filing," Hilary said, whirling around to face him.

David opened his mouth to speak, but soon closed it coming up short for words. "I can't tell you."

"If you really loved me, you would at least give me the reason as to why our marriage is falling apart," Hilary said. She inhaled sharply when David took a step closer to her, causing her to back into the glass door.

David lifted up the papers, using them to point at her. "I am doing this to protect you. I love you, more than you could ever imagine, but you will not be safe staying with me." He shrugged his shoulders, looking down at their feet. "You obviously aren't happy. It's a win, win for you."

Hilary lifted up his chin, removing her hand rather quickly for his liking. "If you think this will make me happy, you have completely lost your mind."

"I can't tell you the truth, but I will not lie to you either," David said. "I have never cheated on you. I have never done anything to hurt you intentionally. But, this... I need you to sign this." He gulped before looking back to her brown eyes. "I need you to save yourself from me."

Scoffing with a slight smile of disbelief, Hilary tried pulling on the door, but David's calloused hands kept her efforts ineffective. "Let me go."

"Sign the papers first," David said. He wrapped his fingers around her shoulder before turning her to face him. "Just give me the peace of mind that you will be safe."

"I think you actually have gone insane," Hilary said. She pushed on his chest, but he didn't budge. "Why is this so important? Just let me go. We'll work on things and go back to how we were before."

David shook his head. "That's no longer an option." He lifted up the document, a pen waiting between his index and middle finger. "Sign it."

Hilary read down the paper until she saw the empty line with her typed name below it. David's name was scrawled to the left of it. She glanced back up to him. Sweat covered his aged skin and there was a slight tremor in his hand, the papers shaking between his fingers. Taking the contract into her hands, she pinched the top of it before tearing it in two. "No."