

Secret Spy

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Small short story



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I get out of the shower to dry off and dress. As I dress, I hear a noise. It sounded like a door shutting. Typical. Only, no one is home.

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I open the door, pretending to be oblivious to the noise. I open the cabinet under the sink, pull out a gun, and cock it. I walk down the hallway as silent as possible. It was a man. Quietly, the gun is lifted and set it against the man's spine. One shot and he'd be paralyzed, if not killed.

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The guy turned, grabbing my wrist, only to be elbowed in the face, punched in the gut, kicked in the groin, and punched in the nose. Blood spurted everywhere. The guy grasped my face and pulled me in for a kiss. The kiss was sweet, but sultry. Nobody kisses like that except one man. The man who almost killed me.

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"Haynes," I frown. His bright, spiked hair was pulled out of his clear blue eyes. He was still as tall, buff, and lean as I had last seen him three and a half years ago.

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He grins, pulling out a gun of his own, "I love how you never use my first name."

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"What the hell are you doing here? I thought you took off to Mexico when your attempted murder didn't work." I angle my gun towards his head.

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As we lay in bed, he holds onto my waist. I feel something pressed against my back. Something small, hard, and circular. A gun barrel. The click goes into place.

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"We both knew it would end this way." He whispers in my ear.

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"Yeah. Funny. I was thinking the same thing." I pulled a gun and put it over my side, pointing it at his stomach, "You move and I shoot you." I let a silent tear fall.

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Haynes pulls me by my hair until I'm off the bed and puts the gun to my forehead. I twist my feet, knocking him onto the ground and stood up.

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"After all, it was never meant to be..." I aimed for the shoulder, two in the right and one in the left. I grab my things and leave him there to be discovered.

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He laughs. "Attempt to murder you? No. Test you? Yes."

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I narrow my eyes, "Bullshit. You were trying to kill me."

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"And why would I try? If I wanted to, I could have easily."

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I lowered the gun, only a little, so if I shot him, it would go to the intestines and he would die of internal bleeding. "Then why?"

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He throws his gun on the floor and puts his hands up in surrender. I didn't put mine down, not believing him for a second. He sighs. "Elise, It was a test to see if you cared about me, if you loved me."

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"And you thought that the answer was to pretend to shoot me. To shoot a person who has been in the CIA, the FBI, the Witness Protection Program, Secret Service, and a spy? Really, Jesse, how dense do you think I am?"

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He was getting frustrated, "You think I would let all of my walls down if I didn't know you were going to do the same? I wanted to know you wouldn't shoot me in the middle of the night, drain the bank, and split. Come on, Elise! You know me better than this!"

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"I'm being honest, Haynes! You wouldn't think I would protect myself when there's a gun put to my head? I would shoot my own mother, if it was her."

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His eyes harden. I roll my eyes. Like he could scare me. He scoffs in disbelief. "You don't get it, do you, Elise? I'm telling you that I LOVE you!"

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"Or you did, Jesse. You did." I whispered.

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"No." His voice was harsh and his eyes were harsher. "I still do."

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Before I have a chance to say or do anything, the screen door opens. I hide the gun in a nearby drawer.

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~Jesse~

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Once I saw the small hand appear at the top of the railing, I was about ready to cry. The blond hair and the bright blue eyes completely gave it away. A big wolfish grin spread across my face.

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Elise bent down and spread her arms wide, smiling. "Hi, baby." She picks up the three year old and comes closer.

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"Jesse, this is Kaden. Kaden Haynes."

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I smile, come closer, and shake his little hand. "How you doing, little buddy?"

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