

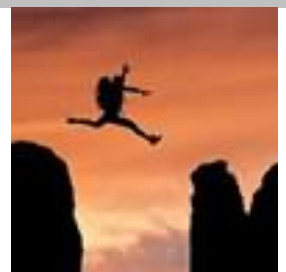
Why would I?

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Published on Stories Space on 03 Jun 2015

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Betsy stood, hands linked at her waist. Agitated, her right thumb rubbed back and forth over her left thumb. "Hi sweetheart," I said, advancing for my welcome home kiss. "Please, don't shout at me." Pale blue eyes were pleading, almost fearful. I halted in my tracks. "Why would I do that?" Betsy sighed and spread her arms wide before letting them fall, hands slapping against her thighs. "Just don't, please." "What's wrong? Tell me." She licked her lips. Then, "It's ruined, your favourite blue shirt. I was ironing..." I took her in my arms. "It's only a shirt." "Was," she whispered.