

It was time.

Evelyn wasn't sure if she was ready. It had been almost six years and her therapist was right. Today felt cruel. It was the anniversary of Aketa's death. And yet, she felt like she would be able to get through this today. She needed to heal some more.

It was time.

Evelyn's parents were made of money so she was able to land a rather nice and roomy apartment. She remembered the day Aketa walked in for the first time and declared, without even talking to Evelyn about it, that she was going to live with her. Evelyn did not say no. There were charms and good features about this apartment. The walls were so thick that neighbors couldn't hear each other. The bedroom was the size of a living room with an additional couch at the end of the bed with a fireplace. The kitchen was open to the living room and Aketa adored being a host, constantly. Evelyn just mostly helped and chatted. It was Aketa that brought the soul of her home. And that soul was gone. The warmth was gone.

It was time.

She glanced over the three doors on one side of the room. Two closets and a bathroom. One of them was a closet she hasn't touched since that day. She got this. She was ready. It was time to move on. She'll always have Aketa close to her heart but she can't live like this anymore. What if she found someone else? Who was she kidding? Evelyn isn't exactly a good spouse that one would like to have in their lives. The sheer fact that Aketa even loved her was a miracle itself. Evelyn laughed bitterly. She never complained or asked Aketa why. She was just content to be in someone's arms and thoughts.

It was time.

Evelyn gathered up everything she had. Her hand rested on the doorknob and she felt the cold metal bit into her hand. With a twist, she opened the door as it swung inwards. Her hand went into the dark and she flipped on the switch. There was a bit of a musky smell for not being open for six years. Everything was in order. Aketa's clothes were organized by color. Evelyn's idea.

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One by one, she gathered up Aketa's clothes. One by one, she removed the hangers and folded them into boxes to donate. Her eyes burned but she was managing. It was just like fixing her ship. She was strong and brave enough.

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Grabbed another set of clothes, she hummed to herself to distract from this. It was, until she remembered this dress. Evelyn hated dresses but Aketa? Her personality soared as high as her

ship everytime she wore one. Her eyes sparkle. The way her light blue hair fell to her shoulders. Evelyn took in a painful deep breath and was hit with a whiff of lavender and ozone. With a bit of oil. Her late wife's scent. Unable to keep it contained, she fell to her knees and cried into her late wife's dress.

It wasn't time.