

As scorned as she was, she always did her best to put her past and wrong done to her behind her. It seemed the one who'd harmed her paid her no mind or bothered with a pathetic apology. Still, she believed there was hope for the one who did. *Maybe he's had a change of heart*, she thought as her heel clacked onto the platform of the Selen docking station, her target; Estle City. Each of her strides were made with purpose as a woman who'd seen the depths of pain made by one whose name is Avery Watson. She didn't want revenge-- merely an apology, was that too much to ask?

The shuttle was on time, the pantoran driver eagerly getting out of his seat to assist her with her luggage and to ensure she was seated. Of course, she never deprived anyone of chivalrous behavior because it meant less work for her. She sat comfortably, her legs crossed and hands folded in her lap. Her nerves were finally getting settled as she developed the courage to confront the man who... the thoughts would be too overwhelming for her to dwell on so she remained focused on small talk with the driver, smiling and laughing at his jokes and stories. Her eyes scanned the city, wondering what in the world was here for a man like Avery.

Once the ride came to an end, she left a gratuitous tip, one the pantoran would never forget and was left standing in front of a building which seemed dated for her taste. She reached into her satchel and retrieved a datapad, tilting her sunglasses down the bridge of her pointed nose as she began to confirm this was the right location. Indeed it was. She pushed her sunglasses back up and strode with her chin high into the building before her. It contained a bar, restaurant, and hotel rooms. With it being mid-day, she checked into her room and settled in.

Before long, she was ready to explore Estle City choosing to wear a tight dress which hugged her slender figure. It took a while to gain confidence in her appearance, if nothing else the man would see the woman she had blossomed into versus who she was before, pathetic, lacking a backbone to stand up against her abuser.

She let her sandy hair loose, hitting as low as her mid-back, her bangs barely covering her sculpted eyebrows. She began applying eyeliner to her piercing green eyes and red lipstick to a set of full lips. Satisfied with her appearance, she finally went out to explore.

Most of the attractions in the Sinchi Ring was not her speed but eventually she landed at a bar -- one she knew Avery frequented. Entering in the place she expected her former lover to be.

Her eyes scanned the room, landing on a familiar frame. It seemed he was hunched over, staring at nothing in particular. For a moment she thought she'd take pity on him but that feeling quickly went away as she remembered the agony he put her through.

Her chest heaved up as she took a deep breath and approached the hunched over man. She took a seat and it seemed he didn't notice her. While she still had the element of surprise, she examined him. It seemed his confident swagger was nowhere to be found. His hair and face were unkempt, which was new for a man who cared nothing for anyone except himself. Vanity has a definition; Avery. Or so she thought.

Not really interested in waiting longer, she cleared her throat, startling the man from his daze. He glanced over at her, his lips parting to say something before his eyes grew wide and his face turned pale. "J-Jacqueline?"

"In the flesh." She tilted her head to one side curiously.

As though he snapped out of a trance, he stood up and swiftly backed away from her. "Get away from me."

"Me? You know that's not fair Avery." Jacqueline frowned, pushing a hand through her hair.

He continued to create distance between himself and her. Using the bar stool as a pseudo barrier with the back turned toward his chest. His face contorted in confusion.

"Really? I just want you to be honest."

His brow furrowed, his fear seeming to shift to anger. "Honest?" He scoffed vehemently, shaking his head. "No fracking way."

"I see your new life is treating you well. Unkempt, looks like you can't sleep. I don't suppose you've made any friends here. No? Hard to sleep with your conscience gnawing at you, right? Well it's hard for me to sleep sometimes knowing the man who destroyed me walks around free. I wish the judge had buried you under the prison and threw away the key."

The man gripped the chair until his knuckles turned white before he huffed and walked away murmuring something like, "I'm not doing this."

Jacqueline shuffled to catch up to the man. Unexpectedly, he whipped around to stare her in her eyes. "What. Do. You. Want."

"An apology, Mister Watson."

"There's nothing to apologize for, lady."

She scoffed. "Typical. Do you remember when you promised forever? Then went off with my best friend?"

"*After* we were through. I'm done playing your stupid games. I'm not a cheater. Nor am I this monster you paint me out to be—"

"Really?"

He huffed again.

"You hit me and abused me. I had a miscarriage. You killed our baby."

Avery squared his shoulders and clasped his hands together letting out a soft chuckle. "I have seen the data. You were not pregnant. It was a lie."

"Why the hell would I lie about that? I wanted —"

"Look, just leave me alone. You've done enough damage to me already. Are you not satisfied with the results? I'm alone, in the most remote part of the galaxy where I belong. My reputation is spoiled. To everyone outside of this place, I'm the villain, a wayward son who abuses his partners. A waste of brains and talent. I never laid my hands on you and you bloody know it, Jacqueline. Here I can start fresh and put that kark behind me."

Her eyes began to well as it was true he wouldn't acknowledge the truth. "I just..." Her voice cracked. "I just want you to be honest."

“I have been nothing but honest.”

“You really think it’s *my* fault the world is out to get you?” She scoffed, the tears in her eyes not bothering to fall yet. “Look at the case, the articles, the judge’s ruling. You’re guilty. You only got out with a slap on your wrist. Only because your parents bailed you out. If it weren’t for them you’d be right where you belong. Rotting.”

“Please stop lying. Your obsession with me is unhealthy. Get some help.” His posture was one of defeat as his shoulders hunched forward.

It was at this moment she felt something inside of her suddenly snap. Though there was at least a meter of distance between them, she stepped forward and landed a sharp slap on his face. “How dare you call me the liar?” At this point she couldn’t stop the tears from rolling down her face. His response was something she also didn’t expect as he whipped around and got uncomfortably close causing her to stumble back and fall on to her butt.

“Don’t you dare put your hands on me again.” He hissed, clearly angry and with no regard for her fall. Soon the tears were flowing and a small crowd began to gather. Most with disapproving looks toward Avery.

“Ma’am? Are you alright?” A security guard pushed through and knelt to see if she was okay. She nodded. The guard turned and stood to face Avery. “Sir, I’m going to ask you to leave the premises immediately.” Another guard stood behind Avery, a tight grip on his upper arm, something she was sure would leave a bruise later.

His lips parted to say something before his face contorted into something so evil, she would never forget it. He spat in her direction and huffed before he was escorted out. He left without a word. But she couldn’t help but feel the delight of justice being properly served before her very eyes.