

Trent slowly opened the door, taking one last deep breath. Glancing around, he moved further into the house, on his tiptoes, quietly shutting the door behind him.

“Honey, is that you?” a voice called from the kitchen.

“Uh, yes Juni,” Trent yelled back, freezing midstride.

“Where have you been?” Juni inquired, “I thought I heard you pull in the driveway an hour ago.”

“Well I, uh, left my phone at work, so I, uh, had to go back and get it,” Trent stood in the entryway, out of her view.

“Oh alright, well dinner is waiting, but it’s probably cold by now.”

“Alright, let me change my clothes real quick.” Escaping to the bedroom, Trent undressed, throwing his suit, stained dark red, in the washer, running it on stain-cycle.

Changed, Trent entered the dining room where Juni waited for him. “I know pasta isn’t your favorite, but this is supposed to taste really good.”

“I’m sure it’s delicious, honey,” Trent replied, sitting down, scooping some noodles onto his plate.

“So how was work?” Juni asked, spinning noodles around her fork.

“Fine,” Trent replied, resting his chin on his fist, staring at his untouched plate, “just a, umm, completely normal day.”

“What’s the matter?” Juni queried, worried, “I promise this doesn’t taste *that* bad.”

“Oh nothing,” Trent replied quickly, sticking his fork amidst the pile of noodles, “that dang dog- uhh, I mean- well it woke me up last night with its barking.”

“Oh, I’m sorry honey, I must’ve slept right through it. Speaking of Ruby, she has been stuck outside all day, after we eat I should let her in.”

“No!” Trent hastily choked out. “I mean uh, I was just thinking how nice it would be to have a romantic evening, you know? Maybe watch one of those crapp- I mean girly movies that you love so

much. Just the two of us, without that blasted mutt.” Finishing the tirade, Trent shoved a forkful of noodles in his mouth, chewing quickly.

“Oh alright, I suppose we could have a night to ourselves, but I have to take Ruby on a walk and feed her first.”

“Don’t you worry about that, I’ll take it on a walk after dinner, straight-away,” Trent offered, “and I’ll feed it and everything. You just worry about what lame- err, romantic, movie we are going to watch.”

“Oh, really? I know how much you hate that dog, you don’t have to do that for me,” Juni answered, smile forming.

“No really, I insist. Besides, a walk will do me good,” Trent offered.

“Awwww, thank you honey.”

“Think nothing of it,” Trent responded, picking up his empty plate, carrying it to the sink. “I’ll be back in about ten minutes,” he called from the front door, “Love you honey.”

“Love you too,” she shouted back, clearing the leftovers from the table.

“Pheww, that dog is in much better shape than me,” Trent stated, letting out a deep breath, feigned, removing his shoes.

“I bet,” Juni chuckled. “Did you remember to feed it?”

“And water it. Speaking of which, I’m thirsty,” Trent replied, filling a glass from the tap.

“So I noticed some weird dark stuff on our driveway,” Juni began, “do you know what it is?”

“Oh, uh, yeah I-” Trent started, gulping down the glass of water. “I just, uh, changed the oil when I got home. I spilled a little bit on the asphalt.”

“But it’s all over the driveway,” Juni folded her arms.

“Well I, uh, actually I just, uh, spilled almost a whole can of oil, and then, uh, tried to rinse it with a hose.”

“Alright, well we should get this movie started,” she replied, moving to the couch.

“Uh, Yeah. Good Idea.”

“Trent?” Juni called into the house.

“Yes dear?” he responded, cursing to himself.

“Have you seen the dog? I want to put it in its kennel, but it’s gone,” Juni whined.

“Umm, no dear. Maybe it ran away?”

“Ohhhhh, I hope not. Not another one!”

