Mrs. Cooper Fun Model

Flyting means Fighting with Words Anglo-Saxon-style

Michael stood up and leaned forward to tower over the table. His eyes were red—blood-shot and watery with anger. He kept his voice low and deep and threatening as he said, “Cassie, I don’t care how many times you deny it. You are still my wife. Legally? Yes. And check your heart. You love me. You left the house with me today. I am your savior, not your persecutor. You’ve had your head turned by a wicked man. A man who has destroyed a good man—a man whom I’ve known since he was a boy.

I only want one thing—I want you to return home with me. I love you. I have always loved you. I loved you even when you accused me in public. Even when you humiliated me in front of your family, our friends, and my clients. I forgive you. Come back with me and end this foolish vendetta against me. Let’s rebuild our marriage. Forget this man you’ve attached yourself to out of weakness. Come back with me and you’ll get stronger. I’ll help you. That’s all I’ve ever wanted—to help you. And you throw it back in my face. I am your husband. Come home with me now.”

Cassie stayed seated at the table. She did not glance at the two policemen witnessing this final showdown between them. She did not look for assurance to her best friend who sat agog beside Michael. She straightened in the seat, her hands flat and calm on the table in front of her. She said, “Michael? Let me be clear. I will never go home with you again. We are legally separated and have been for three years. The divorce might not be final because of your failure to file, but we are not married—not legally or in fact.

You have no claim to anything that is mine. All you ever wanted was control—control of my money. You had no use for me other than the size of my inheritance. And when I left? I paid half of the debt you created. You are just frustrated that your cash cow got out while she had the chance.

Did I humiliate you? I hope so. Fooling around on me right in front of everyone. Not once, not twice, but over and over again. All those silly foolish women who fell for your handsome face and sad story. You are nothing but handsome—a shell of a man with nothing more than charisma.

And now you try to attack Austin—a doctor and a researcher. A man who has devoted his life to helping the sick. You threatened to “mess him up” in the car today. What does that mean? What have you done? What have you set into motion?

It’s time to come clean, Michael. Admit your mistakes and move on. Our marriage failed because I finally stopped ignoring your infidelity, your weakness, and your greed. You don’t want me back. You don’t even know me anymore.

Let’s call it quits. Let’s call it even. Call off your stalker. Do it today.”