

**Quench** by L.M. Konoplisky

*Jill (woman, any age) describes the moment she knew she had to leave her husband.*

It wasn't the cheating. That was a given. And he was a cold bastard.  
But I dealt with it. I adopted a Bernese Mountain Dog. All the love with none of the worry about pesky vaginal dryness. It was a win-win.

You know what the deal breaker was?

The "quenching". Whenever he took a drink he would make that "quenched" sound.

You know, like  
*(makes sound)*  
(beat)  
*(makes sound again)*  
(beat)  
*(makes sound yet again).*

His smugness, self-importance, believing he was some kind of master of the universe—all telegraphed into that one unbearable sound.

I'll never forget. It was September 13, 2:23 p.m. He was standing in the breakfast nook looking out over the yard. Mineral water. A wedge of lemon. Just the way he liked it—

*(makes sound)*

*(beat)*

I thought, "That man can ruin water. I've gotta get out."