George-The Godfather

“No,” he muttered, his eyes shying away slightly from the directness of her gaze. She sighed with relief, while she strode towards her husband. She waded through the darkness and lies exuding from him and wrapped him in a warm embrace. However, one thought was stuck in mind- was it a lie? Her eyes were focused on the blackness behind him, the shadows reminding her of what he used to be: closed, keeping to himself, and ignoring her, pretending she was not there. They released each other, and she went to the kitchen. It was lighter here, as if every room he was in was darkened by the aura coming off him. At that moment, three men appeared out of the shadows, and greeted him warmly. Who were they? How did they know him? Then, one of them broke away, and closed the door, blocking her view.