

Ch 3

Harmony

Harmony woke with her whole body aching, and her head was throbbing, she felt her stomach heave and knew she was going to throw up, rolled out of her bed and bolted for the bathroom, to vomit several times. She sagged down on the oor as she tried to recall what had happened last night.

She knew she'd gone out to that Christmas Party with her work friends, she'd wanted to celebrate Damien's birthday with just the two of them, but the oce had scheduled the Work Christmas Party on that very day. She'd been hoping to just spend an hour or two at the club, and then he and her would go and celebrate privately.

Harmony wondered where he was. She was home, but she couldn't recall how she'd gotten there. Knew there had been cocktails and shots going around, she wasn't much of a drinker, and Damien had encouraged her to have more, had told her he was happy to celebrate his birthday combined with the Christmas oce party, seeing as most that he socialised with were there anyway.

She must have drunk more than she normally would, the night was kind of a blur of drinking, and then dancing and more drinking. She frowned, had an image of herself crying, she thought.

She shook that off and pushed herself up off the bathroom oor, she really had to learn to say no to Damien when he pushed drinks at her. This was not the rst time he'd encouraged her to get blind drunk. Not the rst time she'd woken up with no memory of the night either. She didn't like that feeling of not recalling what she'd done, and had told him as much.

He'd just laugh and tell her 'you only live once you know.' Getting roaring drunk one or twice a year is ne. Though this was like the third time in as many months. She'd recalled telling him that she didn't particularly want to drink. But it was his birthday, he told her, and it was time to let loose.

She recalled that he'd danced with her and handed her drink after drink until she couldn't recall anything at all.

Harmony sighed and brushed her teeth, gargled with mouthwash, peeled her clothes off and realised she wasn't wearing any underwear at all. Blinked at that, grabbed a towel and walked to her bedroom door, looked out there, no Damien. Shook her head, guess she would have to ask him what happened, but not until she'd showered and had coffee.

She did just that, showered and changed into loose-ting jeans and a simple white tee-shirt that had snowakes and mistletoe on it. She liked Christmas, all the happy people, they reminded her of her childhood home, with lots of laughter and fun around the Christmas tree.

She headed for her kitchen and found her handbag and keys there, along with her phone. Well, at least she didn't lose them. She could see her phone was ashing at her to let her know she had a message. She picked it up as she put the kettle on to make coffee.

Accessed it and read the message under the play symbol. 'Just in case you forgot what he did last night.' She frowned at that and wondered who had sent it. It wasn't one of her friends, there was no caller ID, but it must have been something from last night; likely Damien had embarrassed himself and one of their friends thought it was funny.

Harmony clicked the play button and stared absolutely horried at the sight of Damien having s*x with Chloe, one of the girls in their circle of friends. She stood and watched him kissing her and touching her all over before turning her around and bending her over to do her. Harmony heard Chloe calling out his name, and telling him he was the best, to give it to her, wanted it harder and to not stop. She heard him saying Chloe's name in return, telling her how much he loved it, and was going to f**k her again when they got home. She saw herself walk into the room and stare at the two of them.

She watched as Damien looked right at her, saw her see him cheating on her, but not pull himself from Chloe as she ed the room, just kept going uncaring, then there was nothing, it just cut off. She stared at the words below it 'just in case you forgot what he did last night.' And she had forgotten, had absolutely no memory of that at all.

She put her phone down on the counter, and felt tears slip down her cheeks. They'd been together for three years now, they had been talking about getting engaged just last week. He'd been all smiles, and he'd been the one to bring it up and told her Christmas, New Years or Valentine's Day, there was a big surprise coming, and he chuckled and hugged her, teased her about not telling when he was going to propose, he would make it big and bold and surprise her. She wondered why he would do that? Bring it up if he was out there cheating on her?

Then she wondered just how she had gotten home? It would normally be Damien who brought her home, or back to his place, and he wasn't here. She had no recollection of anything, didn't even know where her underwear was. Only that she'd not been wearing it at all. Her body ached like she'd had s*x, and a lot of it. She shuddered at the thought of not recalling. Had Damien brought her home and had s*x with her too?

She ran back to the bathroom and threw up again, and then just sat there and stared aimlessly at the wall, for who knew how long before getting up and making her way out to the kitchen once more. Stared at her phone for a long time and then walked away from it, couldn't deal with it right now.

She walked to her lounge room and stopped and stared at the photo of her and Damien on the mantle. It was a picture of the two of them on their anniversary taken just two months ago. She stared at it as she saw that it had the words 'Don't forget to dump his ass.' And there was an X on the man's face. She turned and looked around the room at the other pictures, and saw that there was big X's on his face in all the pictures.

Whoever had brought her home had obviously seen, or knew what happened at the club, and wanted her to know about it. She had no idea who it was, or even when she'd been brought home. She didn't really know what to do with herself.

She worked in the same oce as both Damien and Chloe, and had no idea how long those two had been seeing each other behind her back. Thought about it, Damien and Chloe, they were quite close, and she saw them laughing in the oce all the time. Chloe would often have lunch with her and Damien as well.

She thought about all the times Damien had pushed her to drink to excess, how many times she had no recollection of getting home, or the end of the night. Now she wondered if he did that to her on purpose? So that he could go off with Chloe, and she would be none the wiser. Really thought about that, because he knew when she drank like that, she'd not recall anything past a certain point in the night.

She had woken up the last time in his bed, in his room at his apartment, and he and Chloe were already up having breakfast, laughing. They'd both smiled at her and called her a sleepyhead, teased her about not having any memory of their night out even.

She'd not thought anything of it at all. But now she wondered if he'd not only gotten her so drunk, she'd passed out, but had taken both her and Chloe back to his place, and had s*x with Chloe, while she was right there passed out in his bed, just used the spare bedroom he had; where Chloe had slept.

She shuddered with revolution, just knew that man was actively cheating on her, this wasn't going to be his rst time doing that to her, not with what she'd seen and heard on that video. That was not rst-time s*x between two people.

What was she going to do now? Should she just call Damien and confront him, or should she go over there and confront him? Or should she wait and see what he said? He knew that when she was passed out drunk, she'd not likely recall anything. Would her boyfriend of three years plead ignorance and try to blip over it? Pretend it never happened at all, that she hadn't seen him!

She really thought about that, knew she was going to wait and see what he did. He had obviously not been the one to bring her home, he'd never have crossed out his own face in those photos. Harmony looked up at them and got up, pulled them all off the wall and dumped them in the bin.

She didn't know who'd brought her home, but was thankful for it now.

She spent the entire rest of the day sitting staring aimlessly at the TV. It was turned on, but she was not focused on it at all. Not once did Damien call her or text her, all day long. Her phone was stubbornly silent. So, he was going to plead ignorance, it seemed. He likely thought that she did not know about what had happened.

Her not calling him or ringing him about it, yelling and screaming at him about it, probably meant that she had forgotten what she'd seen him doing. She may not actually recall it, but she had footage of it. Was keeping that as evidence for when he tried to deny it right to her face, and she had a feeling he was going to do just that.

She was more than a little numb about how her life was turning out, right this minute. She'd thought that Damien was going to be her family. She got along with his entire family, they all knew her and seemed to like her. It was nice having that extended family, but now it was no more, and she was once again going to be alone.

Harmony laid down on her bed that night and stared up at the darkened ceiling, and wondered why this was happening to her? What had she done to deserve it? She was a good girlfriend, she thought, was happy to let him hang out with his friends, and go away with them camping and shing, hunting. She didn't nag him about hanging out with his female friends. Got along with pretty much everyone in his social circle.

She also worked hard within his family's company. Had been there for quite a long time, had been there for a solid year before he'd asked her out. She'd been a bit reserved, seeing as she worked for his father's company. But he'd assured her their relationship wouldn't interfere with work. And they did keep it all business at work except for lunches.

They didn't work on the same oor; he was training to step up to run the company, and she was happy with her job as a secretary for one of the company's lawyers. Had not wanted to rise up through the company and work elsewhere. So, no one could say she was sleeping her way to the top. She still worked for the man she had when she was hired there.

She wondered what was going to happen now? Would she be able to work there and see him and Chloe every day? It was unlikely, she thought. Seeing as Chloe worked on the same oor as herself. She didn't understand at all what had happened to make him want to be with someone else. They often slept over at each other's homes. Their s*x life she thought was good, every other night pretty much, except for when he was gone on business trips. It was going to be a long few days, she thought sadly. Looking at her phone, he'd still not called or texted her. A whole day and nothing...