

Ch 4

Harmony

She walked in to work on Monday morning. She had received a single text from Damien on Sunday morning. ‘Sorry Babe, I’ve been called away for a business meeting by my father, out to the estate. I’ll see you on Monday at the oce.’

She’d glared at that text, so he was expecting her to be in the dark, it seemed. She’d texted him back ‘Ok. Did you enjoy your birthday?’ played the ‘I don’t know card’, seeing as that was what he was doing.

‘Yes.’ Was his only reply. Nothing after that and she’d not sent anything either. It was likely he really did believe she knew nothing.

She walked along the 4th oor hall to her desk, and placed her handbag down on it. She could see that Chloe was already there sitting at her desk, and she just wanted to walk over there and slap that woman. But she didn’t. It was two and a half weeks until Christmas, and the season was supposed to be jolly. She’d kind of been expecting a proposal this year for Christmas as well, with the way Damien had talked about getting engaged last week.

Harmony turned her eyes away from the girl, as pain touched her, now knowing that the girl over there had been having s*x with her boyfriend, and was likely still sleeping with Damien. Could well have spent the entire weekend at his place, seeing as he’d not seen her; told her he was out at his father’s estate. So, she’d not gone over there, wouldn’t even think to because he wouldn’t be there.

“Hey Harmony, where’d you get to on Friday night? You just disappeared, no one could nd you.” Chloe came over and leaned on her desk. She was wearing her usual oce attire, a tight-ting pencil skirt and capped sleeve blouse, though the pocket had a smiling snow man on it, they were encouraged to wear something Christmassy to the oce.

Harmony could even hear the smile in the woman’s voice, she still spoke as though they were still friends, as though nothing at all had gone on. She wasn’t nervous or ashamed of what she had done, clearly the affair had been going on for a while, so easy for her to play at being friends.

Harmony sat down as she stated, “I don’t know, I don’t recall.”

She heard Chloe chuckle, “You have to stop drinking so much that you black out.”

“Yes, I won’t be drinking anymore. I’m done with not knowing what’s going on around me.” She looked right at Chloe. “I don’t even know how I got home.” Shook her head; but was watching the woman.

She was now frowning slightly, “You can still drink, you know, have a little fun.”

“Nope, not anymore.” Harmony told her. “I think drinking that much with my antibiotics made it worse.”

“Well, I’d better get back to work,” Chloe stated and walked away, though she looked a little annoyed. Harmony watched as the girl texted someone on her phone as she sat down at her desk. Saw the annoyed look and then furious texting go on for several minutes. Before she banged the phone down on her desk.

She looked right at Harmony, a hard look on her face, and then tried to smile, “Oh, my dad being a royal pain in my ass, you know how it is... Oh, sorry you don’t do you.”

Harmony did not. She’d gotten along with her dad, with both her parents. Actually, she had also been a quiet, well-mannered child growing up. And so she thought it was more of a shot at her, then an actual apology. Harmony looked up 15 minutes later, at the sound of her name, and saw Damien coming this way. He was all smiles, as though he’d done nothing wrong, smiled even broader when he met her eyes as he walked towards her.

He clearly didn’t think she knew. She moved her eyes to Chloe, and found that girl near on glaring at her. But then it was gone, and she just smiled in a ash. Oh yes, they were still at it, she’d thought they might have been together all weekend, likely she was right, she now realised. The other woman in their relationship didn’t like that he was there to see his actual girlfriend and was smiling at her.

“Harmony, I missed you babe. Where’d you get to on Friday? You just disappeared, and I couldn’t nd you anywhere.” He perched himself on the edge of her desk, and leaned down to kiss her.

She leaned right back away from him, she was not about to let that man plant those traitorous lips on her, not when she knew they had been somewhere else, and likely for the entire weekend as well.

She saw him blink in surprise. “Harmony?” he questioned her sudden backing away from him. It wasn’t at all normal, she was quite affectionate on any normal given day.

“You couldn’t nd me, because you were busy having s*x with Chloe in a VIP room.”

“What? I did not.” He glared at her.

“Yes, you did, I saw you myself.” She stated, and she had seen him, might not actually recall it, but had good clear footage of her seeing it. So she had.

“Babe, I think you were dreaming, why would I do that to you?” he jest.

“I would like to know the answer to that myself. I’d also like to know how long it has been going on?” she glared right up at him. She couldn’t believe he was still trying to deny it; even when she’d stated she’d seen him herself.

“You were drunk, Harmony. So drunk you could barely walk straight,” he commented.

“Not so drunk, I don’t recall you and Chloe going at it.” she grated out.

“Bullshit.” He snapped.

“Bullshit?” she shot right back questioningly, her anger all on the surface for him to see and hear, no longer could she contain it. She stood up and pulled her phone from her bag, clicked to the message and played that video for him, turned it right around for him to see, made sure the volume was even on. “Bullshit, really? You’re a cheating asshole Damien.”

“Oh, I am!” he got off her desk and glared at her “You went off and f****d some random guy, after you stalked away. Became a slut in less than a minute.”

Her hand connected with his face without much thought, a hard resounding slap, that snapped his face to the side and had him reeling back from her. She was nothing of the sort, and he knew it, she stared right at him, “Even if I did,” she grated out, she was no slut.

Though she didn’t recall doing that, it had felt like that that next morning, her body had ached like she’d had s*x and a lot of s*x “We were done, the moment I saw you f*****g her.” she grated out, as her hand pointed right to Chloe. “You’re the one that cheated not me.” She yelled at him.

“What the hell is going on?” was yelled at the pair of them, and she saw Spencer coming out of his oce. Looked from her to Damien and back. “I can hear the yelling from in my oce.”

“We’re done, Damien.” She shot at him. “I hope you and Chloe are happy together.”

“We will be.” he shot right at her, “She’s better in bed...”

Her hand connected to his face once more, cutting off his sentence, and she saw anger are right in him. So that was it, the reason why. That hurt her a lot coming from him, considering he’d been her rst and only, and she’d learned what to do, how to please him and the things he liked. And now he was telling her she was bad in bed.

She felt tears brimming in her eyes, even as her boss clamped a hand around her arm and grated out “Get your bag, Harmony.” She grabbed it and was led from the 4th oor right to the HR department, and shoved into a chair.

“Assault in the work place.” He stated atly to the HR man. “She slapped Damien Blackwell in the face.” Then he looked at her with a disapproving frown marring his face, and was gone from the oce.

She saw Joshua look right at her, and sighed “Did you hit Damien?”

“Yes, twice.” She admitted “He’s cheating on me with Chloe. I just found out.”

She saw that man stare at her for a long quiet moment, and then state, “It’s a sackable offence, Harmony, and being that Damien’s father is the owner.”

“I don’t care, I’ll quit save you ring me.” She muttered, she didn’t want to work here and have to see them anyway, and she knew she would.

Chloe and Damien would likely rub it in her face. She’d likely hear about how long it had been going on as well. She had no idea who else here in the oce knew, and had not bothered to tell her, and didn’t really want to either.

“He might still press charges,” Joshua sighed. “His father might want that, once he hears about this.”

“I don’t care, I’ll show his father what an asshole his son really is, a cheating pig of an asshole.” She stood up and yanked her badge off, handed the company ID badge over to him. “Tell his father, I’ve got his son having s*x with Chloe, it’s all on Im. Date and time stamped, at the Christmas oce party last Friday, if he wants to press charges, for me slapping my boyfriend for cheating on me. I’ll splash it all over the internet, ruin Damien’s image. If he intends to ruin mine.” And she banged out of the oce uncaring of the ramifications.

She stalked her way from Human Resources to her desk and packed up her items. She could feel Chloe watching her, she wouldn’t stay here and work for this company. Wouldn’t stay here and see them together, all happy and getting away with everything, because of who he was, who his father was. Two of her friends were now not her friends at all.

She hoped that Chloe knew what she was getting into, she was the mistress, and it was likely at some point further on down the road, Damien would also cheat on her. Though Harmony seriously doubted that Chloe had thought about that; once a cheater, always a cheater.

She knocked on her boss’s door and opened it. He frowned right at her “I just quit.” She stated, “Best call for a temp from the typing pool.” And she saw him blink, she’d been his secretary for just over four years now, was damned good at her job. “I’d like reference please, as to my capabilities for the position I held while here. You can just email it to me.” she stated and closed his door.

She turned and walked away down the corridor without even sparing a glance at her once long-time friend, though even now, as she recalled it, their friendship. Chloe had already been working here herself, had also already known Damien, they’d been friends long before she and he had started dating, and now she wondered if he and Chloe had always been together in some capacity?