

Chapter 0005

The billionaires heirs

Adrian...

I have a headache from lack of sleep and working too much. I guess it's the only way for me to stay sane after what **shed** did to me and to us.

I don't want to go home early, seeing that most of my memories there are with **her**. I spend as much time as possible here at the office or at the apartment I got for Tonya. I still can't believe **shed** did that to her sister! What kind of sick person would do something like that to their own blood? I was pissed off when Tonya and my sister came to me and told me what had happened.

"Adrian, my man!" I hear my best friend, Harry.

I lift my head and look at him. "What are you doing here?" I asked, a bit annoyed; I thought he was on a business trip in Europe.

"You wound me, Ads," he says, putting a hand on his heart.

I roll my eyes at him and ask, "What are you doing here?" I asked, ignoring his childish behavior.

"Wow, a nice way to greet your best pal after not seeing him for a month, and besides, I always come around when I'm here so don't be rude."

He takes a seat on the couch as he stares at me. "I'm not rude; you practically come here every day after my divorce."

"That's because I care," he shrugged.

"I also know why you are here and as you can see, I'm perfectly healthy."

He frowns as he looks at me. "Healthy, my ass, look at you! You look like a ghost!"

"It just works, Harry, nothing serious," I said, looking at my computer screen.

"I think it's time you talk about what happened! It's been five months since your divorce and you always look like shit since that day and I'm not even talking about the fact that you spend most of your nights at Tonya's place."

"I don't want to talk about that lying bitch so you could just stop!" I said I was standing up and walking to the window.

"Listen, Adrian, you need..."

"I don't want to fucking talk about her! You, Sandy, and Cassidy are all on her side! I know none of you like Tonya but for the love of God, she was a victim as well as I, and yet you still believe that lying whore over me! I'm sick and tired of always hearing poor Ashley! So stop, just fucking stop!" I yelled, slamming my hand on the desk.

"You know I will always have your back but I can't talk to you when you are like this. I love both of you but I can't just sit back and let the two of you fall apart." Harry said, raising his voice.

I look up at him and glare, "Well, it's time you decide which side you are on!"

"Fine, but I just want to tell you something; after that, I won't say anything more about her," he said, shaking his head.

"Fine."

"I saw her at Mrs. Lucy's coffee shop today. I guess she is working there but from what I saw she isn't doing too well," Harry said making me look at him and I can tell that he is worried about her.

"Well, that is not my problem anymore; she should have thought about it before she tried to kill her sister and before she went whoring around behind my back!"

Harry shakes his head and says, "Fine, I told you what you do with that information is up to you. "Look, I have got to go. I have an important meeting in an hour," he says, standing up and walking to the door.

"Take care of yourself, Adrian."

"I will thank you."

I returned to my desk and started going through my emails but it was impossible to concentrate so I took my car keys and my jacket and went out of my office. I need to get some fresh air.

"Trisha, cancel all my meetings for the rest of the day," I say, walking past her desk.

I didn't wait for her reply and stormed towards the elevator. I kept driving like I had gone insane, and before I knew it, I was in front of Lucy's coffee shop. I parked my car a few cars back so she wouldn't know I was there. I looked through the window and saw her with a tray serving some men and she smiled at them after placing their drinks in front of them. She appeared to be slimmer except for her stomach, which has grown bigger. I keep watching her the entire morning, not caring if someone thinks I'm a stalker.

I wonder why she is working. Did Jason leave her after finding out who she really is? I must say I don't blame him; I wouldn't want a whore like her as well.

It was about three hours later when I noticed her leaving the shop but when I looked at my watch, I noticed it was already five p.m. Shit! I have been watching her the whole day! What the fuck is wrong with me? I got out of my car and started walking after her but I kept some distance so she wouldn't know I was there. I saw her getting some ice cream from a stand. She paid for her ice cream and walked further until she reached a park. I followed her inside the park and hid behind a tree. She sat down against a tree and started eating her ice cream, which she seemed to love. She always loved chocolate ice cream with nuts and I guess being pregnant didn't change that. Once she was finished, she took off her shoes and started massaging her feet. She looked worn out as she closed her eyes.

I wanted to go over to her and tell her everything would be alright but then I remembered what a lying whore she really is. I'm just glad I found out before I fell for the story of that being my child.

Flashback...

Sally and Tonya walked into my office and when I saw the state Tonya was in, I immediately stood up and walked over to her. "What is wrong, Tonya?" I asked, concerned but she just hugged me as she cried.

"Your fucking wife!" Sally spit out angrily.

I look at her with a frown and say, "What do you mean, my wife? What did Ashley do?"

She hired four men to rape and kill Tonya! She asked Tonya to meet her at the hotel after hearing that Fred had left her. When Tonya arrived, four men were waiting for her. If I didn't arrive in time, God knows what would have happened."

"Ashley would never do something like that!" I try to defend my wife.

"I knew you wouldn't believe us so I brought this with me," Sally said, handing me a tape.

"It's from the hotel room. I found a camera inside the room!"

I went to my desk and started playing the tape. I heard the men saying Ashley's name and that she was the one paying them.

"Fuck!" I cursed, hitting my hand.

"That's not all," Sally says, handing me a file.

"I had my suspicions about her so I hired a private investigator and this is what I found."

I took the file from Sally and opened it carefully and when my eyes landed on the photos showing my wife and Jason having sex, my whole world came crashing down.

"I'm sorry you had to find out like this," Sally says as she walks over to me.

End...

I watch Ashley walk out of the park as I glare at her.

"Someday you will pay for what you have done!"

The next day, I asked Tonya to have breakfast with me and I knew where to go.

"May I take your orders?" I hear her voice.

I looked up first and saw her looking at us without any emotion.

I look at her with cold eyes, wishing I could make her vanish. My eyes went from her face to her stomach and for a second, I wished the child was mine before I glared at her and said, "What are you doing here?" I ask in a dangerous voice, making Tonya look up for the first time.

"Oh, Ash," she said, taking my hand. "Are you working here?"

She lifts her head up high as she looks at Tonya and says, "It's Ms. Anderson; the only person I love get to call me Ash, and to answer your question, yes, I'm working here."

"Don't you dare talk to her like that again! Now apologize to her!" I gritted out angrily.

"It's okay, babe; she didn't mean it like that," Tonya said, placing her hands on my chest.

Babe? I wondered but decided to play along.

"I don't care; she has no right to talk to you like that," I said, taking her hand.

"I want to speak to your boss," I demanded.

"She isn't in right now."

"Very well, I will give Lucy a call."

She rolls her eyes again as she waits for us to place our order.

"Oh, my Ash, you are getting big!" Tonya says, pointing at her belly.

"I believe that's part of being pregnant."

"Now can I have your orders, please?" she asked again as she took her pen.

"No need; we won't be eating here," I said, standing up, and Tonya quickly followed me.

"I guess Jason realized what a whore you are and dumped your ass," I said in disgust as I looked at her.

Ashley just stares at me, shocked but I don't care. I shouldn't care!

I walked past her, pushing her with my shoulder and saying, "Dirty whore."

I feel bad for what I have done but I was angry! I will make sure she doesn't get a job anywhere in this city. Mark my words!

Comments (3)