

Chapter 26: Two faced

Tony was about giving Damien a befitting reply Damien's phone suddenly rang out loud, putting a pause to their conversation. Damien who was so invested in the conversation he was about having with Tony wanted to end the call but after seeing who the caller was, he hurriedly swiped on his phone.

"I found it, Damien. I found the fucker that was behind those pictures!" Adrian's tone was enough to make him know that he wasn't joking. Without even saying a word to Harriett, Damien ran out of her house like a mad man, tucking his phone into his pocket.

He would come back the next day to see Addison.

With how he left the house, Harriett thought that there was an emergency at the company and even though she wanted to ask, she held herself back.

After that little drama she had put on with Tony, she was surprised that Damien wasn't phased by it. Maybe he was, maybe he wasn't. But, if he was, he certainly knew how to hide his emotions perfectly.

Thankfully, the traffic on the streets on New York wasn't as much as usual so it didn't take Damien much time to arrive at his house. Adrian had sent him some pictures and videos that revealed who was behind the fabricated pictures and since it concerned his past with Harriett, he didn't want to view it at her house. Especially with Tony around.

He got into his house and quickly clicked on the video that was sent to his phone from Adrian. For a few seconds, he struggled to understand what was going on as he watched the CCTV footage from a restaurant of a lady and a suspicious looking man. The lady passed a bag full of cash to the man and two pictures. Damien zoomed in to see that the pictures were of Harriett and his brother, Adrian, although they were a bit blur because of the CCTV footage.

From the camera angle, he couldn't see the woman's face clearly but he knew that sitting posture anywhere and there was only one person it belonged to..

Evelyn.

But, he didn't want to come to conclusions yet so, he swiped and the second picture he saw confirmed all of his doubts.

It was of Evelyn smiling at the man while giving him a handshake. Her eyes that always stared at him innocently had a different look in them as she stared at the strange man. She looked like she was possessed because she looked nothing like the Evelyn Damien knew.. or thought he knew.

Damien's face twisted in anger as he gripped his phone, staring at the two-faced bitch in his phone.

"How didn't I think about this?" He thought, finally putting the pieces together. Evelyn had always supported his idea of breaking up with Harriett and continuously fed him with reasons to hate his own wife.

Whenever Harriett did something worth praising and he foolishly told Evelyn then, she would always tell him that Harriett was only doing it to get in his good books as show the public that she was a proper wife. She would even go as far as saying all sorts of hateful things things to make Harriett look bad. The worst part of all this was that he actually believed Evelyn then.

He should have known that she wasn't innocent. If only he knew, he wouldn't have chosen her over Harriett then.

"Is this real? A-are you sure Evelyn really did this?" He said into the phone as soon as Adrian picked up.

"Fuck yes, man. That bitch is a fucking snake. You should have gotten rid of her a long time ago." Adrian spat, raining curses on Evelyn.

"Fuck!" Damien grunted in annoyance as memories of how he told her everything about their marriage and even about Harriett cheating with Adrian flooded his mind. She was the first person who supported his decision to divorce Harriett.

"Why would she do this, man? After everything I did for her." Deep down, Damien wasn't so shocked as he had already been suspicious of her but it hurt nonetheless.

"She wants you, Damien. That's the reason she's doing all of this. You

dumped her and married Harriett because of Dad, remember? I don't think she ever accepted the break up." Adrian explained but all Damien could think about was how to make her pay.

"What are you going to do?" Adrian could sense Damien's pain and one thing he knew about his brother was that he wasn't the type to forgive... not until he has made you pay for your crimes.

Damien took another look at the photo and stared at Evelyn's smiley face, his hands itching to strangle her for all she made both him and Harriett go through just because of her unrequited love.

With his teeth gritted in anger, he replied. "She'll regret fooling me, Adrian. I'll make sure she does. For now, no one should know that I know about her true colors. I am going to deal with her in the worst way and then make sure she is unable to step her feet back in New York."

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"I have it under control, mum. She might have returned to New York but his heart still belongs to me." Evelyn rolled her eyes, relaxing into the chair as the one of the workers in the store brought another designer heel for her to try on.

"Then why hasn't he married you yet, Bethany?" Her mother's voice boomed in her ears and immediately Evelyn's jaw ticked and her eyes widened as she instantly became angry.

"Evelyn, mother. My name is Evelyn! Do not forget that! Get that name out of your mouth before other people hear you." She screamed like a crazy woman, warning her own mother.

"I'll get married to Damien soon and I'll get you all the money you want. Until then, do not call me! You already have enough money from Damien so use that until I secure my place in his house. Goodbye, mother." She said and hung up.

"I said I wanted a red color. Are you deaf?!" She scolded the young staff, flinging the shoes away.

"Why is everyone just stupid today?!" She angrily stormed out of the

shop and went to her car.

This was exactly why she hated calling her mother. Just one call with her and her mood was already spoilt.

Bethany? That was a past she never wanted to speak of. One that she had buried when she moved to England the second time. As long as her parents kept their stupid mouths shut, she would be fine.

No one would find out... ever.

"Are you free? I need you... now." She said, tapping her fingers nervously on her steering wheel.

"I'm a bit busy right now but-"

"Are you at the house?" She asked, ignoring his previous sentence.

"Yeah. You know what, I can do this later. Come to me." The man's deep voice replied and a sigh of relief left her lips as she ignited the car and drove like a mad woman.

Twenty minutes later, she arrived at a complex and went up to a familiar apartment before pressing the door bell. The door opened a few seconds later since the man had been expecting her and without exchanging any pleasantries, she slammed her lips on his, wrapping her long arms around his neck and pushed him into house.

"I'm stressed. Make me feel better." She broke the kiss and took of her dress in a hurry. A smirk formed on the man's face as he stared at her naked body.

"Still as beautiful, Bethany."