

After Husband and Best Friend Cheated On Me, I Switched Our Daughters

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Author: Jessica HJ 2024-12-10 11:03:13

It was nearly dinner time when Sarah came to inspect the kitchen where I was preparing her family's meal.

I had been their housekeeper for eight years now, ever since she married Tom - my ex-husband.

She always found reasons to check on me while I worked.

Sometimes she'd claim she was reviewing the menu. Other times she'd say she needed to ensure I wasn't stealing food.

She'd even burst into my servant's quarters at midnight once, accusing me of sneaking calls to Tom.

Tom found her behavior amusing. "There is nothing to worry about." He said "She is nothing to me."

She'd insisted I live in the small room off the kitchen with my daughter, not the guest house like the previous housekeeper.

"Keep the trash where it belongs," she'd sneered.

I never complained. I just kept my head down and continued chopping vegetables.

There she stood in her designer silk robe, scrutinizing my work.

Behind her stumbled a thin, bruised little girl struggling with heavy cleaning supplies.

My daughter.

When she was born, Sarah had insisted on naming her "Mistake" - her idea of a joke.

The child's stomach growled audibly as she tried to balance the cleaning supplies.

Her eyes darted to the trash can where Grace's half-eaten breakfast lay discarded - eggs benedict and fresh croissants.

Sarah had made it clear that was all Mistake would get to eat today.

I continued chopping vegetables, my face a blank mask as I watched my daughter's hunger.

"Grace, my precious!" Sarah's voice turned syrupy sweet as her daughter Grace entered. "Mommy made your favorite cookies for tomorrow!"

The beautiful eight-year-old twirled into the kitchen in her designer dress.

Sarah had always lavished Grace with endless love and attention.

Now she was hand-feeding her cookies, cooing about tomorrow's extravagant birthday party.

Crumbs fell to the floor where Mistake would later be forced to eat them.

Grace gave her a perfect smile, trained from birth to perform. "These are delicious, Mother! You're the best baker ever! Can we have a pony at the party?"

Sarah preened at the praise, stroking Grace's hair. "Of course, my love. Anything for you."

"That's my angel! Unlike that worthless bastard," she spat, glaring at my daughter. "Just like her whore mother."

"And you!" She turned on me, voice dripping venom. "Those vegetables are wrong. Too thick, like your stupid head. Do them again, you worthless slut."

I silently started over, each cut precise and careful.

My eyes remained fixed on the cutting board as Sarah forced Mistake to gather Grace's discarded cookie crumbs from the floor with her mouth.

"I don't know why Tom lets you stay. Though I suppose even a whore can clean toilets."

Her voice turned sugary again, the switch instant and jarring. "Grace, darling, let's plan your party. Only the finest for my perfect little princess!"

"Should we hire the Royal Ballet to perform?"

Suddenly, Sarah's eyes narrowed at my daughter, who had dropped some cleaning supplies.

"Can't even carry supplies right! Probably as stupid as your mother."

"This is what happens when trash breeds," she told Grace. "That's why Daddy was smart enough to leave her for me."

With that, Sarah shoved my daughter hard against the marble counter edge. There was a sickening thud as her head hit the corner.

I watched through dead eyes, my knife never pausing in its rhythm against the cutting board. Each slice precise, mechanical, like counting down the years.