

Chapter 1

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Annika

I followed him. That's right; I followed my husband, Jeff. Considering we've been married for seven years and together for eleven, it never crossed my mind that I would do something like this. As high school sweethearts, we were inseparable and tied the knot not long after graduation, even though everyone told us to wait. Maybe I should have listened to them. I loved him, and he loved me, so we said, "f**k it, let's get married," and took the plunge. It was pointless to do anything extravagant because our parents were so against it, and we rushed to the courthouse to elope. Jeff and I were head over heels in love, and nothing could shake our unwavering desire to be together for the rest of our lives. Any doubts about our relationship only served as fuel to the re to succeed. Our careers were set by juggling part-time employment while focusing on our studies full-time throughout college, and we had proved everyone wrong. Or so I thought.

After seven years of marriage, I was informed by my best friend and fellow doctor, Kenzie, that Jeff had been stepping out on me. She saw Jeff making out with another woman, not just any woman, someone younger and very wealthy. I didn't believe her at rst. I told her she was mistaken, but the photos she sent triggered a tidal wave of emotions that threatened to suffocate and bury me alive. I felt like my heart was being ripped out of my chest in slow motion while time stood still, almost as if to mock me and deepen my torment. I thought the world was playing a sick and cruel joke on me, but it wasn't. It was denitely him—my husband, the love of my life, the man I wholeheartedly devoted myself to—and he was cheating on me. Out in the open, no less. As she gave me a play-by-play of everything she saw them doing publicly and how he had even taken off his wedding band, I gagged while trying to choke back the bile that almost came up.

Ever since the night Kenzie revealed everything to me, I was forced to sober up after being drunk in love for so long. With a clear mind, I nally started to notice the subtle changes in Jeff's demeanor. Although it was rare to see each other at home, I failed to realize anything was amiss until now. Jeff came home late more often than not, left early for the courthouse, saying that he had a trial coming up that he couldn't discuss, and he was constantly being sequestered, more so than a typical defense attorney. That's right. Jeff was a D.A. and a powerful one at that. As I said, we made our careers.

In the past, I was able to justify our empty home and lack of intimacy as something that naturally happened when two people achieved a certain level of success. After all, we made a pact not to have any kids until we were satised with our careers. Blinded by my infatuation, I never suspected trouble was brewing. In hindsight, the red ags were everywhere. Jeff wasn't staying late at the oce, or if he was, he was with her. We had our rst real ght after I nally confronted him about his indelity. He denied it, of course, just like any man would after being caught, and demanded that I show proof. But I was stupid and deleted the photos Kenzie had sent me while in a t of rage and emotional distress. It was the only thing I could do at the time to distance myself from the pain.

Jeff stormed out of the house, saying that I'd lost my mind and that he didn't have to stand around while I accused him of being unfaithful. My eyes became misty, but I brushed it off as I mentally prepared for the next step. Jeff doesn't know that once I started to notice the changes and the lies, I took the preemptive measure of placing a tracker on his car. Crazy, I know. Believe me when I say I never thought I would be this type of wife. Jeff never gave me any reason to doubt his loyalty to me. So, imagine how foolish I felt knowing that he had been cheating on me.

I followed him, and now, here I am, right down the hallway of his oce. I took off my shoes to conceal the sound of my footsteps as I made my way to his oce. It was late, and the building of the law rm was empty. His oce was the only light on, and I could immediately tell that the door was ajar. I tip-toed my way towards it, and the closer I got, the louder the sounds became—the sounds of another woman moaning my husband's name and the sound of his groaning. Tears were already ooding my eyes. I wasn't stupid; I knew what those sounds meant. The sound of my husband, the man I trusted with my mind, body, and soul, making love to another right after he swore there was no one else.

I peeked through the narrow view past the door, and there I saw it, the two of them on top of his desk, completely naked and attached as if they were one body. Jeff and the mystery girl were sweaty and kissing each other feverishly without a care in the world. My eyes widened at the spectacle before me. She was a petite blonde, and she had a tramp stamp of a butterfly. I wanted to throw up, no, I needed to throw up, but I couldn't tear my eyes away as they continued to devour one another passionately.

"Baby, do it from behind. I want you to f**k me doggy style," the girl said.

"Anything my angel wants," Jeff responded. He pulled out and turned her around, and it was my rst glimpse of her face. She was beautiful, and Kenzie was right; she was young, and her demeanor seemed to suit someone in their early twenties. She looked familiar, but I couldn't place her. Where had I seen her before? That wasn't important to me, at least not right now. I had my proof, and I intended to make full use of it.

I quickly grabbed my phone, doing something I never thought I would ever do, and took pictures. I took pictures of my husband f*****g another woman on his desk. I swallowed the hard lump in my throat as my knees threatened to give out. I should have looked away when I was done, but I couldn't get my feet to move.

"f**k, I'm going to c*m," I heard Jeff grunt.

"c*m inside me, please. c*m inside me, baby!" she begged. I felt the blood drain from my face. Jeff never came inside of me. He said he never wanted to risk a pregnancy before our lives were well-established. But even after we settled into our jobs, Jeff still never came inside me. He wouldn't dare, would he? My question was answered when I heard him groan and watched as my husband ejaculated inside of his mistress. They were panting heavily, and I saw him pull out of her before he looked down.

"Mmmm ... I love seeing my c*m drip out of you, angel. It's so sexy," he said to her in a husky voice.

"I love you, Jeff. I love you so much," she blurted out in the heat of the moment.

"I love you too, my sweet Sadie." Ouch. I swear I felt my heart breaking yet again.

"If you loved me, you would divorce your wife already and marry me instead," she insisted. So, she knew that he was married and was with him anyway. That f*****g w***e. My hurt immediately bloomed into anger.

"I can't just yet, sweetheart. I have a few things I need to take care of with her before I do."

"Well, hurry up and take care of it. I want to be with you already."

"We're already together. My wife is just a bump in the road. Let me get over a few hurdles with her, and then it will be you and me." I was seething in anger at his betrayal, so much so that my teeth were chattering. I was fully aware of what needed to be taken care of, and it involved the penthouse where we lived, the penthouse I bought in my name. He wanted the penthouse, and his greed wouldn't stop there; I knew he wanted the deed to the practice I opened with Kenzie. This bastard was plotting to leave me nothing while he took everything.

Sorry, dear husband, but you have another thing coming if you think you can get away with this.