

He Stole Me From My Deadbeat Husband

Chapter 3 - Chapter 3

Kate gritted her teeth in silence.

She couldn't wait to tear these two fuckers apart for cheating on her, but simultaneously, she realized she was being gaslit here.

They acted as if this whole 'Open Relationship' thing was very common, and Kate was the crazy one for not accepting it. Unluckily for them, Kate wasn't fooled.

2

Kate glared at Matt and pointed her finger at him, "This is NOT over yet, you useless bastard! I will divorce you, just wait 'till I serve you the paper!"

3

Then Kate darted her eyes at her little sister. She felt terrible heartache as she was faced with her half-naked sister.

She truly cared for Erin.

1

She knew that Erin was the one who suffered the most when their family hit rock bottom. Erin was only eight years old, while Kate was already eighteen.

1

Erin cried every day and night when she realized that her family was ruined after their father cheated on her mother and they got divorced soon after. Kate was left feeling helpless and tremendously guilty that she couldn't do more for her young sister. Though Kate was already a young adult, she was still too young to know how to coax a child going through such a difficult phase. Hence when she began to earn more money, she was determined to give Erin a good life so she wouldn't cry again.

5

She told Erin to follow her to Los Angeles and find any university she liked.

Kate paid Erin's tuition upfront, so she was free from the unforgiving student loan debt after she graduated.

1

Kate also gave her a monthly allowance to give her a comfortable life in Los Angeles. Even after she graduated, Kate allowed Erin to live in the apartment room next to Kate and Matt's, so Erin could visit Kate's apartment to help with the laundry and cooking while Kate was away to work.

1

Which turned out to be a big mistake.

1

'Maybe I spoiled her too much,' Kate thought. 'Maybe everything I did to make her happy only ended up ruining her life.'

4

There was a moment of doubt in Kate's heart. She stared wordlessly at Erin, and Erin simply scoffed in response, "What? You're going to scold me now? Geez, sis, don't act like a crazy bitch, will you? This is no biggie!"

1

Kate choked up her own tears when she heard that. She steeled her heart and yelled at Erin, "You're going to regret this, you ungrateful bitch!"

Kate turned around and strutted confidently to the front door. She could feel the eyes of those fuckers staring at her back, probably waiting for her to fall and break down in tears.

But Kate pulled all of her courage and kept on walking. She grabbed her bag on the floor and opened the door.

1

Matt was silent until he saw her leaving, "Where are you going?"

4

Kate did not bother stopping to reply. "Anywhere but here. I feel sick just looking at you two."

BAM!

Kate walked out, slamming the door behind her. She continued strutting through the corridor with confidence. But once she was about to reach the elevator at the end of the corridor, her legs suddenly gave up, and she accidentally tripped on herself.

1

"Ah!" Kate fell to the cold floor face first. She grimaced in pain and tried to get up quickly before anyone saw her embarrassing state.

As she tried to use her hand to prop herself up, she realized there was a drop of tears wetting her floor.

"W—Why did I cry?" Kate asked herself. "Why do I have to shed tears for a useless bastard and my equally useless sister? They're not even worth it!"

2

She tried to wipe her tears repeatedly, but they kept falling. So she decided to ignore it, gather her strength, and get up.

2

She couldn't maintain her fearless, confident demeanor anymore. Her heart was too wounded to keep that persona.

Thus, she lumbered towards the elevator, and leaned on the wall several times as she walked to avoid falling again. She threw her heels away to make it easier for her to walk until she finally reached the elevator.

Kate entered the elevator that descended to the lobby. She didn't know where to go but wanted to get as far as possible from Matt and Erin.

Just imagining herself living with those two useless fuckers made her stomach turn.

Thankfully, the lobby was empty when she passed, maybe because it was a Friday night, and everyone had already gone somewhere for the night, to parties or their own engagements to have fun.

It was only her who never had any fun, not before she married Matt, and even more so after she married him.

1

She left the apartment and walked aimlessly through the streets of LA. She saw her reflection on a store's glass pane and almost laughed at herself.

Her eyes were red and puffy from crying non-stop and her eye bags were darker than ever before from all the late nights at work. Her hair was unkempt, her blazer had seen better days, and her shoes were nowhere near her feet. She was a miserable sight.

She scoffed, "Heh, I guess their gaslighting worked on me. Look at me now. I look like a crazy bitch."

1

As Kate kept on walking, she saw a taxi approaching her. She squinted her eyes and noticed the familiar plate, as the taxi drew near, she realized that it was the same taxi that had driven her back to her apartment before.

The taxi stopped in front of Kate, and the driver stuck his head out, "Miss, are you okay?" he asked concernedly. "I saw you walking alone. This place is not safe at night."

3

Kate blinked a few times as she processed what the concerned taxi driver had said before opening the back door and getting in.

She sat in the backseat and stayed silent for a while.

The taxi driver got nervous, but he didn't say a word, he just let her sit there for a bit. He was afraid he might be carrying a crazy lady who had a manic episode at night. After all, this lady looked so professional and well-maintained half an hour ago, and now all of a sudden she looked like a crazed woman, one you wouldn't want to mess with at night.

"M—Miss, where should I take you?"

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"Just drive, take me as far from here as possible," Kate said coldly. "This place reeks of filth."

1