

Mr. Chairman's Devious Wife by Brey Mitchylle

Chapter 2

Betrayal and Heartbreak

Sofia's heart raced like a wild horse, pounding against her chest as if trying to escape its bony cage. The closet felt small around her and she quickly closed her eyes.

Sofia's trembling hands clutched her phone. The video was on, recording whatever it was that was happening outside of the closet.

"I told you not to drink," Charlotte's voice, usually warm and comforting, cut through the stifling silence, a mixture of disappointment and concern lacing her words.

"What are you so angry about? Didn't I just come back to the hotel with you?" Daniel's voice followed. His words echoed like distant thunder, each syllable crashing against her senses. In an attempt to stifle a gasp, she covered her mouth with trembling hands, her fingers barely managing to muffle the sound of her disbelief.

From the small gap in the closet, she could see Charlotte who was trying to remove her clothes.

"Let me help you," Daniel quickly helped her pull the zipper down before he moved her long blond hair to the side and kissed her neck while hugging her from behind.

Sofia was certain she heard her heartbreak. A searing pain gripped her chest, squeezing her heart. This was not a show. This was real. Mr. Beaumont wasn't lying.

"Shall we bathe together?" Daniel asked.

"You smell bad..." Charlotte said she pouted as she batted her beautiful eyes. "I told you not to drink. You know how I dislike that smell. Aw!" Charlotte suddenly screamed when Daniel poked her side. "What— Hey— stop— stop tickling— I am still on my heels! Ah!"

Out of nowhere, Daniel carried Charlotte into his arms and placed her on the bed. Using his elbow to support his weight, he lay on top of her.

“Do you still dislike how I smell?” he smirked. Sofia could hear that sweetness in his voice. She closed her eyes in an attempt to block out the rest, but it was useless.

“Hmph! Stop acting cute. You’re not.”

“Really?”

“Really!” Charlotte pouted as she batted her beautiful blue eyes. “And you lied to me. You said we would stay here for a week.”

“The meeting is only for three days, Sofia would know.”

“You already spend most of your time with her at home. What’s wrong with spending a few days with me? Aren’t you leaving her soon?”

Sofia almost dropped her phone when she heard Charlotte’s words. W— What is she talking about? The raw and visceral pain that threatened to consume her seemed to stop.

It was as if a cold bucket of water was poured into her soul.

What was Charlotte talking about?

At one point, she was tempted to barge into their bedroom and confront them. However, she could not do it now. No. She would not do something that might put her in jail.

She gritted her teeth as she forced herself to listen.

“She’s to turn 26 very soon,” Daniel chuckled. “You know I cannot leave without you, right?” He started kissing her neck as his other hand started moving on her body, caressing, pinching, stroking.

“She has yet to promise you that she would give you her shares even if you have yet to marry. How confident are you that she would hand you the shares without conditions attached?” Charlotte asked.

“Can we stop talking about something irrelevant?” Again, he peppered Charlotte with kisses, causing the latter to giggle.

“I am getting impatient, Daniel. I have been waiting for two years.”

Two years?

Sofia could no longer stop the tears that welled in her eyes. Two years? Daniel and Charlotte had been sleeping for two years? The truth of their betrayal unfurled inside her like a black banner.

Sofia grabbed her chest. It felt as if a dagger was in her heart, a blunt dagger that was slowly turning, slowly destroying her from the inside.

“Her birthday’s in a month, babe,” Daniel reminded Charlotte.

“I know... I just...” Before she could finish her words, Daniel suddenly showed her a velvet box.

“You— “

Then, Daniel helped her sit down on the bed.

“A ring? You— “

“Will you marry me?” Daniel asked. “Of course, after I get the shares.”

For a few minutes, Charlotte stared at the ring, her mouth agape. Then tears welled up in her eyes. Without saying a word, she hugged Daniel and pushed him down the bed.

The next thing that Sofia saw was something that she found very hard to process.

Tears flowed down her cheeks as she closed her eyes and covered her mouth, afraid that they would hear her sobs. Each moment felt like a succession of merciless blows towards Sofia’s already shattered heart.

Soon, she felt like a fog had descended in her head. She could no longer remember how she left the room. The next thing she knew, she was already outside of the door. She quickly ran into her own room. The moment she closed her door, the storm within her broke into stifled sobs.

Betrayal, heartbreak, and the overwhelming sense of loss clung to her as she sat on the carpeted floor, crying.

The next day arrived with the persistence of the sun as its rays sliced through the room. Sofia stirred on the bed, her eyelids heavy. The memory of the previous night's torment immediately filled her head.

"Awake?" a deep voice interrupted her hazy thoughts. She jolted up, her face pale as she looked around and found a familiar man sitting next to her bed.

Alexander Beaumont.

He was wearing a black suit, and his hair brushed up, showing his sharp and intimidating features. For a while, his steady dark brown eyes met her green eyes.

She frowned.

"Why are you here?" She struggled to move, her head throbbed, and her arms felt weak.

Damn Hangover, she thought inwardly.

It took her a while to realize that she was wearing her underwear. She had spent the whole night drinking and crying. In the end, she fell asleep while thinking about taking a shower. She quickly pulled the sheets up to cover her body.

"Business," he answered, his gaze serious. "Shall we talk?"