

## Chapter 1

Bethany POV

Today I was meant to work, but I swapped shifts with a workmate and decided to work on cleaning out some rubbish in one of the upper rooms, something I had been meaning to do for a while, but just never got around to. I was happily singing along to a song in my head when the sound of a car pulling up in the driveway had me peering out of the window. It was my husband, Bret, excited to surprise him that I was home and maybe this time he would be in the mood to have some fun in the bedroom. It felt like months since he had touched me lovely. I started to turn from the window, but I stopped when I heard a second car pull up behind him. It was my twin sisters. I was excited that both my husband and sister had come home. For some reason, I did not see anything wrong with that at the time, but thinking back later, I should have had alarm bells going off. I was too trusting.

Still standing at the window, I waited and watched as Bret greeted Cynthia, wondering how he would greet her. He always seemed to be avoiding her at family gatherings and giving each other glances that confused me at the time, and what shocked me now was that she jumped into his arms and wrapped her legs around his waist and he gave her a searing kiss that made my blood boil and my stomach hit the oor. They were having an affair. Is that why he had not touched me in months? I burst into tears at the betrayal and hurt for more than one reason.

Thinking I needed to get proof, or they would lie through their teeth and make me feel the fool again, I pulled up my phone and took a few snaps of him kissing her before they ventured into the house. He carried her inside with her legs still wrapped around his waist, his hands supporting her bottom and back. I was wondering how far they would go with this clandestine meeting. How far had they gone in the past? It is obvious now that I think about it, they have been meeting up for a while. I ventured forward to the door, opening it slightly to hear what was going on.

The sounds of my sister's laughter oated up the stairs, I decided to walk out of the room and creep to the balcony that overlooks the lounge, and see what they were up to. I could dart into one of the other rooms. If I heard them coming up the stairs and looked down over the railing at them, they did not even make it to the bedroom. There in the lounge room, they were kissing and stripping each other's clothes off. I had my phone still in my hand, so I turned on the video, as I captured this event. I might need proof when he starts to lie his way out of this one. I may have been an i\*\*\*\*t believing his lies before, but not this time.

I was crying so hard, my hands most likely shaking, the shock that it was my sister all along, and the way they had been acting. I should have guessed they had always been indifferent to each other, and now thinking about it, they have most likely been doing this most of their married life.

Cynthia started to make groaning noises and Bret was now down in his boxers and was on his knees with his head between her legs.

He never did that to me. He said he did not like to go down on a woman, that it was gross, so it was only me he was grossed out with, my tears were drying up and anger was taking over, how I had been a fool, not to see this happening right under my nose. I bet they have been laughing about it behind my back. I was starting to get so angry that I needed to take a calming breath, or I would spoil recording my evidence.

'Oh, god, I am going to cum.' She shouted out as he continued to stay between her legs. He then started to kiss his way up to her breasts when he gave them some loving too, and then he removed his boxers and, to my horror, did not even put on a condom. I am denitely not bedding him any time soon, the cheap, lying, dirty, cheating bastard. He never went without putting one on with me, the few times we had s\*x he always wore a condom, said he was not ready for kids, and, with my job, neither was I.

He thrust into her, and together they moaned and groaned and rolled around on the oor. She was now on top.

'Ride me, baby.' He cooed at her as they continued this marathon on the lounge oor. He hated me being on top, yet he did all the things he said he did not like with my sister. Cynthia shouted out her pleasure again, and he rolled her over and picked up the pace of his thrusts. I could see sweat trickling down his back as he put his all into her pleasure and his release.

Dam it. Why was our lovemaking more like this? Oh, I know why now. Because with me, it was just f\*\*\*\*\*g, just to keep me happy, and not making love, as I now believe he never loved me at all. When the deed was done and Bret had reached his limit, he cuddled Cynthia and kept kissing for some time after. Something he had not done with me in a very long time, never cuddled after or gave me loving kisses, the jealousy rose and then faded away. Why should I be jealous? My sister always seemed to get everything I had or showed an interest in, she was the favored girl of the family.

'Sweetheart, why won't you let me divorce Bethany, and we shack up together? I told you before, that it was always you that I wanted, not her, and you pushed me onto her, I need you.' he moaned at her as he continued to pepper kisses up her neck. I seethed at the mention of never wanting me. The whole marriage was a shame. I felt so used.

'I have told you before, she is loaded, and I have spent all my inheritance. I need you here. You don't spend your wages on anyone but me, and she pays for everything else, you have no bills to worry about, and you get to buy me pretty things on her credit card, so it is a win-win as far as I am concerned. Why? I get to have you and her money? Why change a good thing when you have it?'

'That is harsh, you only want me for my money?' he sounded like he was joking, and they laughed over it.

'Of course.' She replied, climbed away from him, and started to get dressed, making a show of it as she did.

'Baby, I have to get back to work. Catch you later?'

 She leaned down and gave him a quick peck on the lips and started for the front door.

'We still on for this weekend?'

 Cynthia stopped and looked at him, and tapped her index nger on her bottom lip as if she was thinking.

'Sure baby, you told her you had a weekend seminar to go to, right?'

'Yeah, how about we meet up later today, and we start our weekend early? I have a bag already packed and, in the car, ready to go, I can call her and say we are going early, and I can meet at your place later.'

'Sounds good to me.' and blew him a kiss and left the house, a skip in her step as she left the house.

Bret got dressed too, tidied up the lounge room, sprayed some air freshener, and now I know why, sometimes I come home to the smell of that air freshener. It is not one I had brought and did not particularly like the smell. Thinking back. That smell had been around before I got married. Does that mean he has been having my sister all through our courtship too?

He left the house too. I am standing there shattered and broken. Tears rolled down my face. But ever so glad, I forced him to sign a prenup agreement before we married. I wonder if he shared that part with Cynthia. I need to get my act together and sort all this out before the weekend is over. I do not wish to see either of them any time soon.

Time to make plans. It was still morning, so I could see if I could get to the lawyer today, go to the bank, cancel all the credit cards, and make sure I closed all the accounts that he had payments coming out of, which are my accounts, and then look at what I wanted to do next.