

Valery's POV

"Lucas?" I yawned out, covering my body with my robe "its almost 2 in the morning, why are you banging on my door at this hour"

"To murder your damn husband" he snaps at me, barging house, walking right pst me as if I wasnt there at all, which is ver rude if you ask me. It was clear he was angry "where is the bastard" ↵

"My husband is not home" Clinging to my robe as I spoke so ly to him

My answer seemed to have aggravated him as he tried to storm out of the house but I quickly blocked his way, seeing as he was mad at a er my husband he could do something to my Noah, or something he might or will regret.

"Not so fast, why are you looking for husband, and storming into my house at this hour"

I asked out angrily quite annoyed and frightened, I didn't know Lucas well, nor did I know why he and Noah hated each other, all I knew was he was in my house in the middle of the night looking for my husband and I'll be damned if I let him do anything crazy under my own roof

Lucas was wandering around the house I followed behind him calling him to gain his attention "Lucas" I shouted, he turned around to face me his eyes were bloodshot and his eyebrows were furrowed angrily, but he let out a sigh and so en them as he looked at me, he looked broken, a rush of guilt and sorrow consumed me as I let a sigh of my own

"Lucas relax for a second take a seat in the living room while I go get you a cup of water"

I said so ly, Lucas opened his mouth to protest but I instantly stopped him with a glare, thankfully he obeyed, I wouldn't know what to do next if he didnt

I motioned him to sit while I went to get him a glass of water and some ritz crackers in case he was hungry, I know when I'm mad food always makes me a little less grumpy, sure not everyone is like me. Everyone is di erent in their own ways, but how could anyone say no to some food

"Now tell me what's going on, why are you looking for my husband threatening to kill him-"

"He and Briella are having an a air" he blurts out ↵

My eyes practically fall out of their sockets in shock and disbelief.

I felt frozen in my seat.

No.

Noah wouldnt, Briella wouldnt.

He is my husband, we have known each other since elementary school, we've known each other for over a decade, and been through so much together, we were each others first, and supposedly last.

While Briella is my best friend, she knows I love Noah and how much he means to me, Briella isnt the type of women to do such a thing.

"No I think you're mistaken Noah and Briella-"

"Oh but they have, I have proof" he says passing me a envelope "that whore was using me to get information for that bastard" he spat out angrily, while I picked up the photos praying that this wasn't true, that maybe this was some sort of lie, a dream, or a trick. ↵

"No" is all I'm able to say, I couldn't process this, hell I couldn't believe it

"What do you mean no don't you-" he shouted, I flinched at his tone trying to control my tears, I didn't want him to see me crying, I refuse to let myself cry but it was so hard

I looked up at him and saw the hint of regret

"I'm sorry I shouted, I'm just so angry that she betrayed me like this, I didnt take to consideration that you are also feeling what I am feeling" He replied so ly to me

"How did you get these photos" I asked so ly, my voice cracking at the end

"I was suspicious of her for awhile now so I hired someone to follow her, apparently they have doing this for two years now" ↵

"Two?" I gasp out, as I felt another piece of my heart break "we have been married for two years"

"It appears that so, Briella isnt the first women Noah has been sleeping he has another mistress I didnt get her name yet, but I can if you want" he o ered ↵

My eyes shut as I tried to process this information

Why did he do this? did I mean nothing to him? Did 8 years together mean nothing to him?

"Valery" he called out so

"I'm sorry, thank you for telling me this, feel free to do whatever you want to my dear husband and best friend" I replied standing up from my chair and walking away from his ba led face

"That's it? You're not gonna do anything" he snapped from behind me, I didn't bother looking back I could hear his footsteps following behind me

"Believe me there is a lot of things I need to do"

I walked into our room, the room that was filled with memories, memories I would never forget, that would haunt me if I continue to stay here knowing of his infidelity and betrayal ↵

Everything felt like a lie, my eyes looked at the pictures of us hanging on the wall

Each photo felt like a lie.

Everything that we have done together was a lie.

I couldn't take it, the pain I was feeling in my chest, it was too overwhelming, a cry slipped past my lips as I grab the closet thing I could get my hands on and flung it to the wall that had our wedding photos ↵

I didn't care if Lucas had le or was watching

To be honest I didn't even know what I was doing, I let my rage and sadness control my actions

Ripping the photos from the wall ↵

Destroying the bedroom, his suits, and all the things he gave me while I screamed out in agony, letting the tears pour from my eyes

Suddenly a pair of arms pulled in fast, I tried to pull away but they were too strong, but part of me didn't want them to let me go, I held on letting it all out crying into their chest

"Do you have a place to stay" Lucas voice rang through my ears, I look up through my lashes to see him looking down at me ↵

I didn't realised he was still here, I suddenly felt shy and ashamed that he saw me break down like that, even more ashamed to tell him I did not have a place to stay, I knew if I called any of my other friends they would just call Noah, and he was the last person I wanted to see

"I take it by your expression right now that you do not have a place to stay" I blushed at the comment as his hands brushed a strand of my hair back, I shake my head so ly in reply not meeting his eyes "Come with me you can stay with me"

I snapped my head up so fast to retort but he stopped me with glare

"Im not taking no for an answer" ↵

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