

Chapter 0002

~SEBASTIAN~

When I got to the bathroom, I took a deep breath and went to take a shower. When I was done, I wrapped my towel around my waist and went back to the bedroom to change so that I could go to work. I found Sienna sitting on the bed, with her hands covering her face, crying.

“So, what’s your next plan, huh?” She got off the bed and followed me as I went to my closet. “Are you going to leave me and be with her? Oh, wait, are you going to betray your brother as well and take his wife away from him? Is that your next plan since you’ve succeeded in making me feel like a fool?!”

“You are starting to annoy me, woman.” I turned around and pointed my finger at her. I really didn’t want to insult her, but she was pushing my buttons.

“What kind of a man are you? You married me, but you lust over your brother’s wife?” She sneered at me.

“You should be grateful that I even married you. Look at you, enjoying the life that should have been Anastasia’s if she ended up with me,” I was angry and I could not hold back anymore how I had been feeling throughout the years of our marriage.

“Oh my God,” she scoffed. “You really are delusional, aren’t you? I should be grateful that you married me?”

“I made you who you are today. If it wasn’t for me, you would still be slaving your life away in that stinking restaurant with a wage below average. You have nothing, Sienna. No goals, no ambitions, nothing. I own every piece of you. To the crown of your head and to the soles of your feet, I paid for it. So, I did you a favor to marry you even though I knew that I wasn’t even in love with you.”

She stumbled back. “You told me that you were marrying me because -”

“Stop being naive. I didn’t tell you I was in love with you. I married you as Anastasia’s substitute. I don’t love you.”

“Sebastian, what did I ever do to you?” She cried. Such a crybaby. “I’ve been such a good wife to you, and there was nothing that I wouldn’t do for you. I don’t deserve this.”

“You were everything, but her, Sienna.”

“You shouldn’t have married me then if you knew that you’d feel this way!” She snapped.

“I married you out of pity, aren’t you grateful? I saved you from the pathetic life that you were living and thought that you deserved a decent living. You don’t have to act like the spoiled brat that you are.”

“I can’t believe I thought you were a man. You’re no man, Sebastian Frost, but a heartless monster!”

“A heartless monster that made you who you are. Even though I tried to transform your life into the kind of woman that I want, you will never be good enough.”

“You ungrateful son of a bitch!” She raised her hand and slapped me across the face.

I clutched my cheek and released a sigh. This was the last straw and I wasn’t going to take any from her. “Any disrespect from you, we are getting divorced.”

“You’d divorce me for her?”

“She’s more of a woman than you will ever be. She’s more beautiful and smarter than you. She has so much more to offer on the table than you were able to in all the years we’ve been married, and you think that I wouldn’t be able to divorce you because of what?”

She appeared tongue-tied, and looked at me as if she wanted to cry. I wanted to reach out to her, but knew that I couldn’t have avoided the way I feel for much longer.

I watched as she stumbled against the wall and silently cried. She knew though, that I was never in love with her. How could I have loved her and be unable to tell her that I loved her?

All my life with her, I wished that I’d wake up and realize that I was married to Anastasia and not endure every day and night of my life wishing that she was somebody else.

“You know what? Fuck you, Sebastian! If you want to divorce me, go ahead, I don’t give a shit anymore!” She yelled at me and then went out of my closet to the bedroom.

I buttoned my shirt, took my jacket and followed behind her.

“You will receive the divorce papers later this afternoon.”

She just looked at me and did not answer as she went to the bathroom. She slammed the door behind her with a huff and I went out to my home office.

When I got to my office, I took the telephone and dialed my lawyer's number.

"Mr. Frost?" He answered quickly.

"I want to divorce my wife ASAP, get the papers done before the afternoon."

"You know the procedure, Mr. Frost. I have to run the papers through the magistrate first and that could take a week or even a month to get them ready to be signed."

"I'm sure you don't want us to do this the hard way, Lyons, right?"

"Of course, Mr. Frost. I'll get them ready before the afternoon. Where should they be sent?"

"My home address."

"Got it."

I hung up the call, went through a few documents from work and then left for my office.

As soon as I got inside the building, my PA was already by my side reading my schedule for the day. It seemed like it was going to be a long day and I was not in the mood for it.

"Cancel all my meetings," I instructed her.

"Sir, you have an important meeting with Norwood Logistics to finalize the contract with them," she protested.

"I said, cancel all my meetings, Diane. And call them to reschedule the meeting," I finally arrived at my office and went inside.

"Yes, Sir." Diane closed the door for me and went to her office.

I went to my chair, sat down, and took out a photo in my drawer. When I finally had it in my hands, my heart was at peace.

I felt an incredible sense of relief and overwhelming love in my heart. I wondered if she knew that my heart belonged to her even though I lay in bed with another woman at night.

The photo was of Anastasia the night she saved my life. Her red dress and long hair hanging behind her back were all that was engraved in my mind that night.

Since that fateful night, she had been owning all my thoughts and claimed my heart as her own.

Yet, I could not take her from my brother. For he married her and now she was going to have his baby.