

Chapter 7

The next morning, he was gone. He had left a plate of breakfast on the kitchen counter, still warm, with a sticky note next to it.

"Had to go in early. Eat something. Love, E."

I stared at the note, at the familiar curl of his handwriting. The casual, thoughtless affection was more insulting than his anger. I crumpled the note and threw it in the trash.

After a bland breakfast, I drove to his office.

The door to his corner suite was slightly ajar. I pushed it open just enough to see inside, and the scene that unfolded before me made my blood run cold.

Hayden was there. She was sprawled across his massive mahogany desk, her skirt hiked up around her waist. Emilio stood between her legs, his movements urgent and rough. The sounds they made, low and guttural, filled the opulent office.

Hayden threw her head back and laughed, a breathless, triumphant sound. "Aren't you afraid your wife will find out?" she purred, her voice dripping with mockery.

"Don't talk about her when we're doing this," he grunted, his voice a low growl of pure lust. He didn't care about me. He didn't care about being discovered. He only cared about his own pleasure.

"Even if she finds out," he added, his voice strained, "I won't let you down."

Hayden's eyes, glittering with victory, flickered towards the door. She saw me. A cruel, knowing smile spread across her face. This was for me. This entire disgusting performance was for my benefit.

A wave of nausea so violent it buckled my knees washed over me. I stumbled back, my hand flying to my mouth, and ran for the nearest restroom, emptying the contents of my stomach into the toilet.

When I emerged, my face pale and my body trembling, she was waiting for me, leaning against the wall with a smug expression.

"Did you enjoy the show?" she asked, her voice syrupy sweet.

I just looked at her, my face a blank mask. "Do you have the papers?"

Her smile faltered, her little game spoiled by my lack of reaction. With a sigh of annoyance, she pulled a folded document from her designer handbag and handed it to me.

"He signed it without a second thought," she said, her voice laced with casual cruelty. "Did you really think he wanted to stay married to you?"

I unfolded the document. There it was. His signature, scrawled at the bottom of the divorce agreement. Hasty, but unmistakable.

A bitter smile touched my lips. All his tears, his desperate pleas not to leave him—all of it was a lie. He wanted me gone just as badly as I wanted to leave.

"It's all over now," I thought, a sense of profound relief washing over me. I was finally, truly free.