

Standing Up for My Husband's Mistress

Author: Sharon Lane

Chapter 1

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I sent evidence of my husband Jerome Maslow's affair to the family group chat. The chat fell silent, though private messages began pouring in nonstop.

I ignored them, turned off my phone, and headed to work.

Jerome's mistress was Audrey Norton, a young streamer our company had just signed last month. When I arrived, she was mid-livestream, energetically twirling around in a short skirt and high heels.

I signaled the room controller to pause the live stream. Once the microphones were off, I finally spoke.

"Dancing in heels while pregnant? Aren't you worried you might slip and fall?"

Tension filled the air. Someone swallowed audibly and accidentally knocked over a microphone with a loud crash, followed by a flurry of apologies.

"I'm sorry, Harley."

Clearly, Jerome's affair was no secret here. No one wanted to get involved in the showdown between his wife and mistress.

I let out a dry laugh and swept my gaze across the group before locking eyes with Audrey. I said, "Change your shoes and follow me to my office."

Audrey obediently did as told.

Once inside my office, I closed the door and drew the blinds, shutting out any prying eyes.

"Your name's Audrey, right?"

Before I could continue, Audrey suddenly dropped to her knees with tears streaming down her face. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Maslow. I'm so sorry."

I frowned. "Get up! Do you want others to think I'm abusing you?"

Audrey scrambled nervously into a chair. After she was seated, I opened her employee file.

"18 years old with a middle school education. You're certainly young. Since you're pregnant, dancing on streams won't work anymore. Starting tomorrow, you'll focus on product promotions."

Audrey sat with her head down and her fingers twisted together. Her response was so soft it was nearly inaudible. "Yes..."

"Look at me," I demanded as I closed her file. I looked into her terrified eyes and got straight to the point. "What do you plan to do about the baby?"

Audrey turned pale at the mention of the baby, and her tears started welling up again. "I'm sorry. I won't try to steal your husband. Just... please don't hurt my baby!"

Her trembling plea left me at a loss for words. I was still searching for the right words to respond when Audrey fell to her knees again.

"Harley, I'll do anything you want. Just leave my baby alone. I'm begging you."

I stood to help her up. Just as I placed a hand on her arm, the office door was abruptly kicked open.

"What are you doing?"

Jerome stood there, his face filled with urgency.

Without warning, he shoved me aside. The sharp edge of the desk jabbed into my lower back and sent a jolt of pain through me.

The man who used to fret over the smallest scratch on me didn't spare me a glance. Instead, he rushed to Audrey and cradled her bruised knees with obvious distress.

"Harley Clark, I never thought you were this cruel."

With that, Jerome scooped Audrey into his arms and carried her out of the office in front of everyone, completely disregarding my dignity.

The door he had kicked hung loosely, swaying on its hinges. Through the broken frame, I could feel the sting of countless eyes pretending not to look.

In the end, someone noticed my unsteady footing and came in to help me into a chair.

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