



Anniversary Hell

Flair POV

I dismissed the class with a smile, breathing shallowly, bending to roll my yoga mat up, as Rachel, my best friend and receptionist came walking into the room, her eyes sparkling with humor.

"Are you excited about tonight?" she teased.

I grinned at her. It was the date of my third wedding anniversary with my husband Johnathon and I was looking forward to celebrating with him. I had plans to cook him a special candlelit dinner and had even purchased special lingerie for the anticipation of what was to come afterward.

"I am, I can't believe it's been three years already," I told her excitedly, "I just hope he hasn't forgotten what day it is today. He's been a little distracted lately."

I frowned. Distracted was putting it mildly. Lately, it was as though Johnathon was in a world of his own. I knew he was busy with work and I did everything I could to minimize the stress at home, making sure dinner was on the table when he arrived home, keeping the house clean and even assisting at the law firm he owned when required, so that he didn't need to hire a temp. I didn't mind. As long as Johnathon was happy, I was happy.

"Well I'm sure he's just been thinking about what to get you as a present for tonight," Rachel said with a shrug.

I laughed "He's never gotten me any gifts for our anniversary, not once. It's a waste of money" I added as Rachel scowled "and besides, it's better just to spend quality time together, don't you think?"

She didn't look convinced. "You say that Flair, but he doesn't buy you gifts for your birthday or Christmas either," she said a little disapprovingly "it's not difficult to buy something small for the person you love."

"He expresses his love in different ways," I said loyally, ignoring the small voice in my head that was silently agreeing with Rachel "and he's so busy with work, I can't expect him to put it on hold for something so minor."

She sighed. "You're too nice" she complained, shaking her head "One day Johnathon better wake up and realize what a treasure he has before somebody else tries to snap you up" she joked.

I giggled and hugged her. "Do you want me to stay? I can help you lock up" I offered and she gave me a dirty look.

"No thanks. You go get dinner ready for that unappreciative husband of yours" she muttered "I can lock up the studio alone tonight. That way you have plenty of time before he gets home from work. You'll have extra time" she said and I nodded, grabbing my bag and purse, before skipping out of the studio and onto the street.

There was a slight chill in the air and I braced myself, walking down the street as crowds of people swarmed past me. That was the only negative thing about living in a major city, I thought with a grimace, the multitude of people, but then, the yoga studio wouldn't be doing as well as it did, if it wasn't in such a central location. It was a good thing that our home was only a few blocks away and I rubbed my arms, shivering as I walked, eager to get inside and out of the cold.

I hummed under my breath, feeling my spirits rise with every step I took. Johnathon and I had been together since college and soon, I was going to divulge everything to him. I rounded the corner and my brows creased together in surprise as I spotted Johnathon's large SUV in the driveway. I felt a tinge of annoyance, wondering what he was doing home so early. I had hoped to beat him. Now dinner wouldn't be a surprise. Disappointment washed over me. I bit the inside of my lip, feeling chagrined. Maybe wearing the lingerie for him could still salvage tonight? That is if I could manage to persuade him to look up from his phone. Lately, it seemed to be glued to his hand. I understood he needed to be available for his clients but surely there needed to be some time where he could switch off and be able to focus on me and our relationship. I sighed, feeling despondent, and woodenly trudged to the front door.

My hand ried through my overlarge handbag and dug out my keys. I don't know why I didn't just knock. I guess I was so used to getting home and letting myself in, that I did it on instinct. I unlocked the door and let myself in, gently kicking the door shut behind me. I frowned. Even though Johnathon was home, all the lights remained rmly turned off. Had he gone to sleep upstairs? Was he sick? I felt concerned as I took in his briefcase put hastily by the door and his wallet next to his keys on the kitchen bench.

"I guess I should check on him."

I made my way to the stairs and headed up quietly towards our bedroom.

"Oh, oh god, harder, harder" I heard a woman's voice cry out.

"You like it don't you, you like it rough" Johnathon's voice growled.

I stiffened. For a moment it was as though I couldn't comprehend what was going on behind the bedroom door. It felt like I was experiencing a dream or a nightmare. But it was real. I stood there, listening, as my world turned upside down.

"Oh, Johnathon."

"You're so f****g tight, just the way I like it" Johnathon's voice again.

I was numb, my body trembling as tears pricked the corners of my eyes. He didn't even have the decency to do this somewhere else, but instead had picked our home and our bedroom to screw another woman in! I almost choked as I began to reach for the doorknob. Had he no shame? No sense of decency? Had he wanted me to nd him like this? I didn't know what to think, only that I felt hurt, my heart feeling like it was being ripped to shreds. My throat seized.

I opened the door. I saw them both. My husband, was on top, a woman below him, a woman I knew well. It was none other than Charlotte Deluca, a wealthy heiress, who had used my husband's law firm on numerous occasions. She had irted with him several times, right in front of me and my husband had always laughed it off when I brought it up and told me I had nothing to worry about. I wanted to laugh at how naive I had been to believe him. His body moved up and down while Charlotte's head was unged back, a look of ecstasy on her face. I felt only disgust as I watched them. They were so busy screwing each other, they hadn't even noticed the door had opened, let alone that I was standing there.

I found my voice. It shook "How could you?"

A gasp from Charlotte while my husband frantically moved off of her, pulling the bedsheet over her. He scrambled out of the bed, putting a hand up, his eyes narrowed "Flair, I was going to talk to you..." he began.

"About what? f****g this slut in our home? In our bed? God, you make me sick" I shouted, losing my cool "What is this Johnathon? Because if this is an anniversary present it sucks" I told him bitterly.

His eyes widened and he looked even more guilty as he ran a hand through his hair "s**t, it's our anniversary today" he muttered while Charlotte looked smug, the bedsheet pulled up to her chin.

Johnathon raised his head, his eyes turned glacial. There was a look of contempt on his face, so strong that it made me back away a few steps in shock. "You weren't supposed to be home for another hour," he said, looking annoyed.

"Who cares" I shot back "I caught you, is that all you have to say?" I demanded.

He shoved me out of the room and then followed me, shutting the door behind him. I stared at him accusingly, before I reached out and slapped him, hard, leaving a bright red handprint on his cheek. He barely even blinked.

"It's not how I intended for you to nd out," he said nally, "but it's for the best, now I don't have to hide the affair anymore."

Affair. My knees wanted to buckle. He'd been having an affair and I'd been oblivious. I'd never felt more stupid in my life. "How long?" I rasped and he looked confused.

"How long have you been having this affair?" I bit out.

"It doesn't matter" he snapped.

"It does to me," I said quietly, folding my arms across my chest.

"Six months," he said reluctantly.

Whoosh. The air escaped my lungs and I almost collapsed. Six months. He'd been f****g Charlotte Deluca behind my back for six whole months. I felt sick.

He looked me in the eyes. I couldn't speak. A tear trailed down my cheek. It was all I could do to keep standing. Then he said four little words that upended me completely and made me feel like my life was ocially over.

"I want a divorce."