

Love Slave 110

110 His Wife

One of these days, he's going to get bored of me and then what we have would come to an unsightly end. Before I knew it, my thoughts started getting dark and very insecure. When Ace first asked me to be his girlfriend, I thought that it was the most ridiculous thing ever and I hated the idea. However, now I wasn't sure what I wanted. Maybe there was a part of me that wanted something more with him. Do I want to be his girlfriend for real?

I found my own feelings confusing but that wasn't the only problem. One of the main reasons that stopped me from accepting his proposal to be his girlfriend was because I highly doubted that he was even serious about it. No matter how I looked at it, he was just playing around with my head and my heart.

It's probably best for me not to get too attached to him or get too serious about this. It was an easy thing to think and say, however, the pain and tightness in my chest told me that it was something very hard to achieve action-wise.

"Excuse me..."

The polite and sweet sound of a woman's voice spoke up from right in front of me. I must have been too absorbed in my thoughts of Ace that I hadn't realized her presence standing in front of me. My eyes immediately went to her face, and I was met with her polite smile. An uncomfortable nagging feeling at the back of my mind told me that I had seen her somewhere before, but I had no idea where. Her voice did not sound familiar at all.

"Hello. How can I help you?" I asked politely.

She's here in front of our office building so perhaps she's a client or a potential client here to contact someone here. Her sophisticated and expensive-looking dress did not give the vibe of an office lady, but you never know...

"Are you Karina?" the woman asked.

She knows my name?

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"Yes, I'm Karina. Karina Miller," I replied while trying my best to sound polite.

I was curious as to how she knew who I was and what she wanted from me. Something told me that she wasn't looking for me to make a commercial for her.

"You don't look half bad..." the woman said as her eyes travelled slowly from my face down my body to my feet and then back again.

Her words and the way that she looked at me shocked me beyond words. After confirming who I was, the polite mask that she was wearing immediately dispersed and in its place was a look of pure disgust.

Her eyes as she seemed to appraise everything about me from my looks to the clothes that I was wearing told me that she was far from impressed.

Who is this woman?

"Excuse me?" I managed to say after recovering from my shock.

"I honestly don't know what Kyle saw in you, but I hope that you will stay away from him from now on..." the woman said without bothering to introduce herself.

I was beginning to see what this was about, and I had a pretty good idea now who this woman is. No wonder she looked a little familiar. I haven't seen or met her in person before, but I had seen photos of her. That's right, her hair style might be different now and her make-up was lighter, but this woman is definitely the one I saw in Kyle's wedding photos.

"I see. You're Kyle's wife. What's your name again?" I asked before flashing her an innocent smile.

"It doesn't matter what my name is. I'm not here to associate myself with you," she spat with clear contempt.

Well, I've slept with her boyfriend and then her fiancé more than a couple of times so I can completely understand where she was coming from. I debated with myself if I should let her know that any offences were not intentional. Just like her, I had no idea that he was two-timing both of us. It felt very strange that I found everything so amusing now. Perhaps that was a solid proof that I was very over what had happened between Kyle and me.

However, for this rude lady here, it seemed like she was far from getting over that. Honestly, I was surprised that she found out. Did Kyle confess...or...

"I see. So why are you here? You did trouble yourself to seek me out. You're not simply here to pick your husband up from work, right?" I asked without backing away.

Kyle and I broke up already. He left me for her. The two of them got married. Everything is over and done with, so why is she even here?

"I am here to tell you that I know each and every little thing that you've been doing behind my back. How dare you try to seduce my husband? He chose me and he married me. He used you, got bored of you, and then threw you away. You should learn your place!" the nameless woman lectured me through gritted teeth.

Her eyes stared daggers at me, and I could tell that she was beyond angry. Not knowing what to do, I just took in a deep breath and let out a sigh. I had no idea what she was going on about.

"You're right. In the end, he chose you. You two got married. Congratulations, by the way. It was a shame that I wasn't invite to your wedding. The photos turned out great. If you're worried about Kyle and me, you don't need to be. It's all over for us for real. If that is all then..." I explained as calmly as I could.

Kyle and I didn't have a future together anymore. Neither did I want a future with him. It hurt so much at first that I thought that I wouldn't be able to recover. However, time did seem to heal everything. Time and...someone else to take up my attention.

