

Mayor's Dutiful Wife

•Chapter 5• Fuck My Life

Everything went on as usual but I wasn't feeling the same. I felt like a caged

bird. My bedroom wall closed in on me.

I heaved a sigh and strolled downstairs to my father's study. I knocked on my father's door waiting for him to let me enter.

"Come in," he said

"Dad..."

He looked up from his laptop. "Hannah, did you need anything?" He asked

I looked at his face and all I could remember was his conversation with Eva from last night.

I shook my head and asked. "Dad, can I wear mom's wedding dress?"

He thought for a second. "Isn't it a little too old-fashioned for you? You are going to be the Mayor's wife, go get yourself a million-dollar wedding dress"

"I'll modify it according to today's fashion. I am a fashion designer, remember.

No one will suspect it to be old, please, dad. It's the only wish I have for this...

This wedding" I pleaded.

"Fine, makes sure it looks the best," he said and I nodded hurriedly. "Who's

your maid of honour? And your bridesmaid?"

"I--- I don't have anyone here to be my---"

"Call your New Yorker friends, Invite them to the wedding or your stepmother

will try to make Nancy your maid of honor. I don't want your husband's whore

to be anywhere near you" he said

A flicker of pain pierced into my heart when he said “
your husband's
whore”.

Sebastian knew what I went through with them and
he hated her. How can he
be with her? I sighed but that was before... He is not
the same person
anymore and neither am I.

"Go on now, you have a wedding dress to prepare,"
he gestured me to leave.

I walked out of the office and someone grabbed my
arms harshly their nails
digging into my flesh. Of course, it's Eva. She threw
me into a room and
locked the door from inside.

"You bitch! I told you to never come back here. I told
you to stay away from

us but you didn't listen. You stole my daughter's boyfriend, you fucking slut" she tried to pull my hair but I grabbed her arm instead and twisted it. She screamed in pain and I think she was exaggerating a little.

"I am not the little girl you used to torture, Eva," I said through gritted teeth.

"Let go of me, you bitch" I let her go and stood my ground. She looked around afraid trying to find something to hit me with.

"You think that you have power over me now that you are some designer.

Don't you forget what I have on you, you bitch" she said trotting out of the

room and a shiver ran down my spine.

Deep breaths, Hannah. Deep breaths.

I conference called all of my friends. I asked them again and again if they were alright to the point they got annoyed. I told them I was getting married and they thought I was joking around or pranking them. It took me an hour to convince them that whatever I was telling them was the truth. I invited them and they said they will be here tomorrow or the day after tomorrow.

They badly wanted to meet the infamous Sebastian Harding and also I wanted to make sure they were fine.

Then I separately called Scarlett and told her everything that has happened since I came here. She wanted to murder my father and Sebastian and pretty much the whole town.

Tonight, we were attending a party organized by Sebastian's friends. I was being forced by my father to attend it. Sebastian will come to pick me up and we will drive to the party together. I was anxious to be in the same space as him. He was not the same guy I knew. He is an asshole, an entitled prick, a fricking jerk. I finally unpacked because I am not leaving this hellhole soon, and took out the box with all my mother's belongings. I opened it and looked at each and everything making sure everything was there. There were pictures, letters, and little daily life objects that she last used, her hair clips, scrunchies, and

her short pink dress. These things were more important to me than my life, it was all I had of my mother's.

I took out her wedding dress, it was the most beautiful wedding dress in the world for me. I didn't want to alternate it but I had to. I heaved a sigh and ordered some stuff online that I needed for the dress.

A short golden dress was delivered to my room by my father for the party tonight. I picked it up and it was beautiful. It was a champagne satin halter sheath mini cocktail dress.

I took a shower and blow-dried my hair, and loosely curled my hair. I applied light natural makeup to my face with nude lipstick. I matched my gold

Louboutins with the dress and a matching clutch.

I took one final look in the mirror. The dress fitted me like a glove, it ended

right below my ass, revealing too much of my legs.

The knock on the door got my attention.

"Madam, Mayor is here for you"

"I am coming..."

I took a deep breath. "You can do this, Hannah. You are a strong independent

woman, you are not afraid of your high school ex-boyfriend" I said to myself

before walking out.

I got to the top of the stairwell and saw Nancy

clinging onto his arms. They

both were laughing at something.

He looked breathtaking, he was wearing a black suit with a black dress shirt

inside. The top four buttons of his shirt were open giving people a glimpse of his masculinity. His hair tousled and a single strand fell on his forehead. His features enhanced a lot, of course, he grew up. He was just a teenage boy when I last saw him. I didn't dare to look at him the other day but now that I did. He looked mature and more handsome. I stepped down the stairs and the clicking of my high heels caught their attention. Nancy glared at me and Sebastian was just staring...

"Hannah, you look beautiful, my darling" Dad walked towards me.

Sebastian eyed my whole body from my head to my toes, lingering a little

more on my legs. His mouth slightly parted and he swallowed because his adam's apple bobbed up and down. He cleared his throat and diverted his eyes.

"Nancy, you can let go of his arm now and let the married couple go alone.

You can take one of my cars" Dad said, his tone hard. I know he was annoyed with her.

"It's okay, Mr. Clarke. I don't mind taking Nancy with me" Sebastian replied smiling sweetly at Nancy.

"Let's go," he ordered me like I was his slave.

"Do I have to go?" I asked my dad, completely ignoring his presence.

"Yes, young lady. This party is for you and him. Go meet up with your high

school friends, it'll get your mind off things." he side-hugged me.

How can a person be this normal after what he did to me the other day? He was acting as if I was willingly here and nothing was wrong between us.

I felt Sebastian's scrutinizing gaze on me. I looked him straight in the eye putting on the best bitch face. He looked like he was about to explode from anger.

High school friends? I scoffed to myself. They were his friends, not mine.

"Let's. Go." He gritted and turned around placing a hand on Nancy's back.

I followed them like a third wheel. Why do I feel like I am the one ruining their date?

He opened the limo door for Nancy and sat inside without even looking back at me. His driver was nice enough to hold my hand while I sat in the car with a seven inches heel. Huh, I can totally stab him in the eye with my heel. He eyed my hand the one his driver was holding and then looked over to Nancy.

I sat opposite them feeling awkward, I closed my legs tightly. If I opened them even a little he can easily see my underwear because he was peeking at my legs. I was wearing a sexy one, if I mistakenly flash anyone at least I won't be embarrassed.

"You need a drink, Nance?" He asked while rubbing his hand on her exposed thigh.

I mean it will be hypocritical of me if I called her a slut because I was not wearing anything different from her but I'll still call her a slut because I want to. And also I really don't want to slut-shame anyone but...

Nancy the slut!

"Bastian, I need you," she said in a kiddy voice and hastily straddled his lap.

She straddled him and she placed her lips on his, What the?! And to top it all off he didn't push her away. He placed both of his hands on her waist.

"What the hell" I whispered to myself.

And how can I forget about Sebastian the manwhore.

He is definitely not the same Sebastian, he is someone else. Someone I don't

know and I don't want to know. They both made out like I didn't even exist.

But I won't show him that I am weak, I won't give him the satisfaction that his behavior is affecting me.

I looked out of the window while the disgusting sounds of their smooches fell on my ears.

The car finally came to a halt and I thanked the Gods that this tormenting car ride was over.

Nancy finally sat on the seat other than his lap and I could feel his scrutinizing gaze on me. I was trying to ignore them. The door opened and Nancy jumped out laughing like a maniac. Was she trying to be cute? The

driver offered me his hand again, I smiled at him, and as I was about to take it.

"I'll take it from here, Reynolds" Sebastian held my hand in his and helped me out of the car.

"Of course, sir" he bowed his head a little in respect and stepped back.

He walked inside an exclusive club holding onto my hand practically dragging me with him. It was difficult to keep up with his pace with a seven inches heel.

He gripped my hand tightly. Ew, what if he touched Nancy's privates with this hand? The thought made me gag.

"Can you slow down?" I asked and he looked at me with a deep frown. "I'm wearing heels"

We walked further inside the club and entered the
VVIP section. And there... I
saw all of them.
Fuck my life!