

# Divorced My Cheating Husband and Remarried My Rival

## Chapter 1 - CHAPTER 1 My Husband And My Assistant

Elsie's POV

"Do well to sit down and fasten your seatbelts." The pilot informed everyone.

Quickly, I hastened my steps to secure my seat before takeoff. I scanned the available seats and my eyes landed on one close to a window. Aha! Now just a few more steps and-

Thud!

I felt a solid frame that caused me to stumble back a little, I pulled back to face a huge back clad in a crisp black suit. To my greatest surprise, it didn't even bugle or notice my presence, lifting my eyes to the back of the head in front of me, I felt so insignificant.

"We take off in a few minutes." The pilot's voice jolted me and I hurried off to my seat. I turned to look back at who it was but unfortunately, everyone was already seated.

Feeling drained and too weak to bother, I collapsed into my seat and took a deep breath giving myself a moment to relax.

My trips were always busy and filled with work to get done. For the first time in a while, I was enjoying a flight without the wariness of a schedule to keep up with.

I just concluded a client consultation with a foreign investor who needed to get the best out of his next contract. Everything went smoothly, the best part was how it ended so quickly.

With nothing left to do, I boarded a plane back home, the sooner I got back, the sooner I could bask in my free time.

Home meant Daniel, my husband. We met in high school and started dating in college, after we both graduated, getting married was the next thing we did and Since then, we have been happily married.

Daniel is an artist, making him more of a freelancer, I was the one with the stable work and I enjoyed working so he could pursue his passion freely. It's how we have always been.

The thought of him made me realize he was to pick me up when I landed and he was not aware of the change in timing. I had to inform him.

Moments later, I had my phone in hand, updating him on the schedule change. After sending the message to him, I leaned back into the seat and fixed my eyes out the window. A sudden heaviness cast on my eyelids and I drifted off.

The pilot's voice announcing our arrival and soon landing drew me from my sleep.

It took a while for me to become fully aware of my surroundings and when I finally did, the plane landed. Getting off, I headed to collect my suitcase.

Zeroing my eyes on a familiar black luggage, I grabbed it and headed out of the terminal.

I took a taxi straight to my office, he would collect me from there and take me home. A smile spread across my face as I thought about what to do with my free time.

The taxi dropped me in front of my corporate law firm and I stepped out. Several minutes passed and I realized he might take a while so I decided to wait in my office.

The elevator doors opened and the quietness of the floor gently reminded me nobody was around. Luckily I had my reserve keys to let me in, going through my bag to find it, I approached my office.

As I walked past my receptionist's area, an odd form caught my attention. I halted in my tracks, what was that? I took a few steps back and immediately I froze.

My brain was having difficulty understanding exactly what I was staring at. My office table was in sight as the glass walls made everything visible.

"You feel so fucking good." A deep voice which I knew too well grunted.

A giggle erupted a second later in response to the statement, that was all I needed to comprehend the whole situation.

I watched as the man whose ring was on my finger claimed me as his wife and my assistant banging each other right on my table.

My hands flew to my mouth as realization dawned on me, the shock from seeing and hearing them made me shift back, stumbling against the table, and I pushed the chair backwards.

"Did you hear that?"

I quickly dodged and stepped back from the glass view.

"What?" Daniel hissed impatiently.

"I think I heard-" she trailed off. "Never mind, just hurry up already."

"No need to rush, there is still time before the bitch lands."

His statement was like a slap to my face, my ears were ringing.

"Really?"

"Yes baby, a few more rounds for us."

"Once she's back I can't have you." She had the nerve to sound sad.

"I know but it's just for a while, you know it's you I love, it's her money that's keeping me."

Their mixed chuckle ran across the room, travelled up my nerves, and made my heart sink to my stomach. I took a few steps away and bile rose in my throat making me disgusted by what I just saw.

I quickly took out my phone, I noticed the red mark, the message never went through so he wasn't aware I was back. Without thinking, I hit the call button and waited.

"Hello." He sounded disrupted and out of breath.

Pushing aside my irritation and disgust I replied as neutral as I could.

"Uhuh, where are you?" I couldn't control myself. Almost instantly he replied.

"In the firm's lounge, waiting for you, coming back today right?"

"No, work has been extended, will be back in two days."

"Oh." Excitement tingled in his tone and anger erupted in my mind. "Be safe, don't worry me and Esme will take care of things on this end."

The irony behind what he said made me clench my fists and my grip on my phone tightened. I ended the call.

"Looks like we have more time." She cooed.

"Yes, we do, and even more when we finally get rid of the dumb fuck and have her money all to ourselves."

"She's so annoying."

"She pisses me off with the fact she thinks she's so perfect and has it all. Can't believe she thinks I love her." Daniel spat out.

So he never actually loved me, it was all for the money. The thought kept ringing in my head and anger boiled in my veins. Fury made me almost laugh out, I never saw it coming, my husband and my assistant. The two people that have the most access to me and my belongings.

I will show them who's dumb, they were in for the shock of their lives. My hands reacted before I knew and I found myself recording them. Evidence like this will be useful.

Dashing out of the firm with my head high, I wasn't about to sit around and let them enjoy themselves. I took a cab straight to the bank. I will make sure from this moment on, he was not going to lay a finger on my money.

So I did the most logical thing, I froze all his cards, denying him access to any of my accounts. Blocking his money supply, I prepared divorce papers and mailed them to him. He was going to regret ever doing this to me.

After setting my plan in motion, I reached home and slumped into our bed. Thoughts of us together on the bed made my skin crawl and I quickly shot out of bed.

I saw traces of him everywhere, no way was this going to work, I had to get rid of anything concerning him. Including this house, staying here was not going to do.

I yanked my suitcase onto the bed to retrieve my belongings but it won't open. It was sealed, it just dawned on me. The suitcase was not mine, looked like it but was not.

I suddenly felt a sharp pain and I slowly rubbed my temple. Today was just so terrible.

Inspecting it a bit more, I saw an identification name, which was smudged, the last bit was written "Kennedy" and a phone number.

I quickly dialed it. There was probably a mix-up somehow and the tag was my only clue.