

A Necessary Divorce: It's Not a Joke

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Chapter 1

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My husband, Zayn Garner, seemed to think our home was an open bar for his loud, obnoxious friends.

Every other day, they showed up, filling the house with lingering stares that left my skin crawling.

This time, I decided to put my foot down. "How about you take them out tonight? Go anywhere, spend as much as you want. I just—"

I didn't even finish before Zayn's expression soured. "What now? They're just here to chat. Why do you always have to make things awkward? If I take them out, they'll think we're looking down on them or have some grudge."

I stared at him, incredulous. "Chat? Is that what you call it? Bringing up my most humiliating moments, twisting them into jokes, and making everyone laugh at my expense? Have you ever once thought about how I feel?"

Before Zayn could answer, his mother, Lucy piped up from the kitchen, where she was chopping up vegetables. "Oh, stop being so dramatic! Can't you take a joke? You're lucky we don't call you out for being so spineless!"

Her words hit me like a slap. My chest tightened, anger surging like a wave I couldn't hold back. My mother-in-law, the jokester, was eager to humiliate me too.

Seeing how I was rooted in place and stunned into silence, Zayn led me into the kitchen. "Start cooking already. My friends will be here soon. We'll deal with this later."

I held back my rage and turned to the cutting board. Zayn's laughter and rowdy banter filtered in from the other room, every word striking a nerve. My focus slipped, and the knife nicked my finger.

"Ouch!"

Drops of blood fell onto the chopping board. I frowned at the sting, only to notice the people at the dining table staring at me.

One man with a booming voice chuckled. "Zayn, your wife's so sensitive! A little cut, and she's already crying out? Bet she keeps you busy, huh?"

I froze as Zayn laughed along and effortlessly steered the conversation toward his favorite topic, mocking me.

"Ahh, you don't know the half of it. She's always been like this since she was a kid. No wonder people used her as a punching bag. Every time she got hit, she'd come crying to me. It was so annoying..."

Encouraged by the laughter, he grew more animated, casually stuffing food into his mouth as he continued.

"I don't know if it's because she's too soft or just unlucky, but people always pinned her down and beat her up. She didn't even fight back. Honestly, if I hadn't known her since we were kids, I—"

He abruptly stopped, his voice trailing off as he noticed me standing beside him, holding the kitchen knife tightly.

The room plunged into silence. Zayn's expression stiffened, a flicker of fear flashing across his face before he forced out a nervous laugh. "H-hey, what are you doing? It's just a joke, okay? No need to get so serious."

No need?

Using my painful childhood memories as a punchline, turning my trauma into his entertainment, and now I'm overreacting?

At that moment, I realized something. The people closest to you knew exactly where to stab, and they always went for the kill.

I tightened my grip on the knife, my knuckles turning pale. My body was trembling uncontrollably.

Under the stunned, breathless stares of everyone at the table, I took a deep breath, steadied myself, and spoke in a cold, even tone.

"Divorce or the knife. You choose."