

Prologue

Domenic

"Oh, honey! You make me feel so good!" I froze when I heard Bethany's moans coming from our bedroom.

"Yes, baby! Ride me harder," I heard a male voice.

The moans and groans coming from my bedroom left me blank for a moment.

Was my wife cheating on me?!

At rst, my heart refused to believe it, but then I heard.

"Come inside me. Please!" Bethany cried, her voice lled with ecstasy, making me cringe.

She had never let me come inside her since she accidentally got pregnant, and we had our son, Nic.

"Take all of me, Beth," he groaned, and Bethany screamed with pleasure-lled voice at the same time, and it seemed they both climaxed simultaneously.

As anger and shock surged through me, I turned the doorknob and abruptly pushed the door open. A sight pierced through me like a dagger: there was my beloved wife riding my former boss, Carter's d**k on our very own bed. He was a middle-aged man and a wealthy movie producer.

On our second wedding anniversary, my plan had been to surprise my wife by getting home early. Little did I know it would turn out to be the most shocking moment of my life.

Their heads snapped toward the door at the loud bang. Both of them looked shocked, caught red-handed. A frantic attempt at concealment ensued as Bethany scrambled to cover herself, while my ex-boss languidly retrieved his trousers.

I dashed toward them and grabbed Carter by the throat, determined to break his windpipe. He choked, struggling to remove my hand from his neck.

"Dom, please leave him. You'll kill him," Bethany pleaded, holding my hand and trying to pull me away from Carter.

"Shut up, you b***h. Don't f*****g touch me!" I yelled, throwing Carter to the oor. He quickly sprinted out of the room. It was better for him because I was so angry that someone was denitely going to die by my hand today.

"No, Dom. It's not what it looks like..." she stammered, taking a step away from me with fear.

"Really? Because it looks like... like you were f*****g him," I gritted my teeth as I glared at her with hatred. "How long has all this been going on?"

"Please, Dom, let me explain," she beseched, fueling my anger.

"Explain? How can you even explain this? You broke my trust, my... heart!" I yelled as the words erupted from me in a volcanic surge of anger, and I slammed my st into the wall. Otherwise, I would have hit her. I had never lifted my hand to her or yelled at her, but today she made me do it by shattering my heart and my dream of having a happy family. My whole being trembled with fury, and I wanted to burn the whole world.

"How long have you been betraying me, Bethany?" I growled, clenching my teeth.

"Dom, please!" She pleaded as her eyes welled up, but it didn't have any effect on me now.

"Give me the f*****g answer!" I demanded, throwing a glass vase on the oor. She winced as it shattered into pieces, mirroring the state of my broken heart.

"D...Dom, he loves me and has given me the main role in his movie. This movie is a major breakthrough for my career and he is my producer," she muttered shamelessly.

"So it was always happening. You were cheating on me in our marriage from the very beginning, right?!" I whispered, the pain in my chest intensifying.

I remembered how she had frequently gone for outdoor shoots, and I had never stopped her from pursuing her dreams. But I had no idea she was doing it at the expense of our marriage.

"Dom, I want a life. I'm tired of living in this small house and driving second-hand cars. I crave luxury—a big house, expensive cars, and famous branded clothing. He can offer me the life I've always desired, the career opportunities, the connections..." She wiped her tears, the action almost staged, like a rehearsed performance.

"So money is everything to you. My love doesn't matter to you," I murmured in disbelief.

"I still love you. But love alone can't solve our problems. Try to understand, darling. I thought if I could have both, it would be the best solution. Love can't give us the life we want," she whispered with a regretful smile.

So, my love wasn't enough for her.

"Not us. It's you who wants this... this kind of life," I gestured, spreading my hands. "I don't need this. I was happy in my small world, Bethany. You didn't even think about our son before doing this. Bethany, he is only two," I whispered, my throat tightening as the pain clenched at my heart.

"What about him? He's my son, and he will not live like a beggar," she said, shattering my self-respect.

"So, you've made your choice," I breathed out, glaring at her.

"Dom, you're overreacting," she countered, her expression arrogant, and any trace of regret had faded away.

She had made up her mind, and so had I.

"Get the f**k out of my life. We are done, Bethany," I bellowed, trembling with rage and hatred.

"No, Dom. Please don't leave me. I love you," she begged, but I knew better than to fall for her tricks because she didn't love me anymore.

She was selsh, and I couldn't live with her, not anymore.

I packed Nic and my stuff and left the house. It wasn't a home anymore.

Nic, who was two years old, cried for his mom. My mother helped me handle him, but the road ahead wouldn't be easy.

The castle of dreams I had built with my love crumbled to pieces in an instant, shattered by the winds of my wife's deceit.

I simply couldn't bear to live with the betrayal I had witnessed. So, I made the dicult decision to ask for a divorce. During our divorce proceedings, she falsely accused me of neglecting our relationship and failing to provide her with the love and attention she craved. She even accused me of indelity with my celebrity clients. The media eagerly portrayed me as the villain in their beloved actress's life, publishing all sorts of nasty stories. But the truth was that I had always loved her with every ber of my being, my whole heart, and soul.

She eventually found success, landing her rst major role and becoming a renowned Hollywood actress. Meanwhile, I found myself in a state of obscurity, a nobody in comparison.

It had been three long years since our divorce, yet the sting of her betrayal hadn't faded. The experience left me broken and turned my heart into stone. I shielded my heart with layers of protection, vowing not to let anyone hurt it again. All I had left was my son, and we found solace in each other's company. We formed a tight bond, shielding ourselves from anyone who might enter our small world and cause it to crumble, just as my ex-wife had done.

I knew that love was just a facade, so I would be better off never falling in love again.

Never again.