

# Return of the Heiress: I Married My Ex-husband's Brother

Aera Writes

## Chapter 1 The Betrayal

"Mrs. Elliot, Sir is currently in a meeting and cannot take calls," said the secretary in a chilly voice.

Before Elena could respond, the person on the other end hung up.

Elena stared at her phone's blank screen and felt a sharp, throbbing pain run through her body.

Important meeting - two words that shattered the thin veil of hope she had left.

The cold evening air bit at her cheeks and tears welled in her eyes.

When Andrew informed her earlier that he was running late for the dinner, Elena did not take it to heart.

Andrew's work always took precedence.

During their five years of relationship, she had always been accommodating and never been an unreasonable person.

But tonight was their anniversary, and she hoped that for once, he would put their love before his demanding career.

Alas...

Elena stubbornly waited for him even though she knew he wouldn't show up.

Because part of her still hoped he would not abandon her.

The minutes seemed to last forever.

Three hours had passed with no sign of Andrew.

After a while, the manager approached. "Are you okay, ma'am? You've been here for more than three hours. Do you want to order anything while you wait?" He inquired.

With a heavy heart, she finally accepted that Andrew would not show up and stood up to leave.

Andrew's absence deeply disappointed Elena.

She felt a sinking heaviness in her chest, and it hurt so much that it was suffocating.

As she left, the diners around her blurred into a mosaic of hazy faces.

The cold wind outside matched the chill in her heart as she walked outside the farmhouse restaurant.

Tonight, she had expected a night of fun and shared memories, but instead, she got this lonely walk of shame.

She turned her gaze to the empty streets in front of her.

The desolation mirrored the void Andrew's absence had created.

Only then did she realize that it was difficult to hail a cab in this remote place.

With a sigh, she returned to the entrance, her heels clicking on the cobbled path.

The receptionist at the entrance looked at her. "Is everything alright, ma'am?"

Elena shook her head, the lump in her throat making it difficult to speak. "My ride isn't here. Is it possible to hail a taxi or something?"

The receptionist gave her a sympathetic smile. "I'm afraid it's difficult to get a cab around here, especially at this hour. However, there is a bus stop down the street. You can take a bus from there."

Elena thanked her and left the restaurant.

The journey to the bus stop was a lonely one.

She wrapped her coat around herself, attempting to protect herself from both the cold night and the harsh reality of the evening.

The bus was due in fifteen minutes.

The vulnerability of being alone, abandoned on an unfamiliar road, felt like a lifeline.

The driver glanced at Elena disinterestedly as she stepped on board.

Boarding the bus felt like surrendering to the ordinary when her heart had craved the extraordinary.

The bus engine drove to its final destination, Oakwood.

Coincidentally, the place was where her best friend, Chloe, lived.

A sense of relief poured over her as she considered spending the night at her house.

After all the emotional turmoil, she wanted an escape from the storm that was threatening to engulf her.

Navigating her way, Elena finally reached the Oakwood Residence and took the elevator straight to the twenty-third floor.

Entering the password, the door creaked open.

Kicking off her heels, Elena settled on the couch.

Just as she relaxed, faint noises emerged from inside Chloe's bedroom.

A hint of embarrassment colored her cheeks. As an adult, she understood the nature of the sounds that came from inside.

Cursing inwardly, she contemplated whether to stay or leave.

“Andy...” The muffled groans grew louder, causing her to freeze in place.

Elena's mind was spinning and for a moment, she questioned whether she had misheard.

“F\*\*k, Carl. Spread your legs a little wider.” A rough male voice broke through the air, shattering any illusions of misunderstanding.

The words hung in the air, heavy with a familiarity that turned Elena's blood cold.

Her face drained of color as realization struck with full force.

Because the voice belonged to none other than her husband, Andrew!

[Author's note:

Hey guys! I'm so glad to be back with a brand new story.

The Billionaire's Secret Desire is a beautiful blend of romance, drama, revenge, second chance, suspense, etc as the characters navigate various challenges in their lives.

Hoping to receive the same love you all showed to my previous novel. Please don't forget to share your reviews and thoughts!

- Aera]