

## Ring O , Boss On

Author: No Clue

### Chapter 1

Our seventh wedding anniversary.

I sat at the dining table—alone.

My phone buzzed, lighting up with two messages.

First, from Tom: [Working late at the office tonight.]

Second, anonymous: [Tom is incredible. Can you even keep up?]

Attached was a picture of him, lips locked with a woman I didn't recognize.

I blew out the candles on the anniversary cake, my chest hollow. No reply from him. Typical. Probably "working overtime" in someone else's bed.

Outside, the weather was just as miserable—cold, drizzling, and perfect for making my knees ache worse than usual.

At the print shop, the guy handing me the divorce papers hesitated. "You should think this through before making rash decisions."

I forced a smile, clutching the papers. "I've thought about it long enough."

Long enough.

Tom's secretary—the homewrecker—had been pulling every trick in the book to push my buttons.

It worked—for a while. She drove me to hysterics, paranoia, and desperation. But now? I was done. She could have the title of Mrs. Luke. It meant nothing to me anymore.

That night, I waited for Tom.

At two a.m., he finally stumbled in, reeking of wine. His shirt had lipstick smudges, and a strand of long hair clung to his jacket. He froze when he saw the untouched dinner on the table—then noticed the divorce papers.

I'd been fighting insomnia for weeks but had just dozed off when he shook me awake.

"Selene, stop this nonsense," he snapped, waving the papers in my face. His tone was heavy with exasperation. "Why do you have to turn to this every time? Do you even care what this would do to my reputation? I've told you—she's nothing. Just a fling."

I stared at him, and for the first time, he felt like a total stranger. How had I ever fallen for this man?

Something shifted in me, and my voice came out steady. "Tom, I mean it. I want a divorce."

He scoffed, like the idea was absurd. "You think you're still the Spencer family princess? You can't even have kids, Selene, and I've never thrown that in your face. So what if I have women on the side? It's not like I'm parading them—"

I cut him off. "But I do care, Tom. And I'm done pretending I don't."

We went in circles all night, the fight dragging on with no real end.

By morning, he left for work. I stayed behind, Googling how to file a contested divorce.

My phone buzzed, an unknown number flashing on the screen.

When I answered, a silky, smug voice came through. "Mrs. Luke, this is Fonda. We should talk."

My grip tightened on the phone, but my words stayed cool. "Alright. Where and when?"

...

We met at a café near Tom's office.

I'll give her this—Fonda Dixe was gorgeous.

Black hair tumbled down in loose waves, fading into fiery red at the tips. Those curves, those eyes—she had that kind of vibe.

She was bold, magnetic, exciting.

I was... average. Quiet. Predictable.

She didn't bother with pleasantries. As soon as she sat down, her voice cut like a knife. "As a wife, you're a joke. Can't even keep your husband. Honestly, I'm embarrassed for you."

Before I could respond, she slapped a prenatal checkup report onto the table.

"I'm having Tom's baby. Step aside and let me take your place."

I didn't flinch. Didn't even look at the report. Just stirred my coffee like nothing happened. "You should talk to Tom about that."

Fonda leaned in, her voice dropping as her eyes darted toward the window. "Oh, he'll know soon enough."

Then, out of nowhere, she stumbled back, knocking my coffee over. The steaming liquid splashed all over her outfit, leaving her looking like a soggy damsel in distress.

"Fonda!" Tom's voice snapped through the café as he rushed in to help her up.

His eyes landed on the prenatal report, and his face froze. "You're pregnant?"

Fonda's tears started flowing instantly. "I didn't want the baby to grow up illegitimate. I only asked your wife to accept the child... I shouldn't have..."

Smack!

The slap came so fast I barely registered it.

"Enough, Selene!" Tom shouted, his eyes full of disgust. "What's wrong with you? How did you turn into this?"

My cheek throbbed, and the buzzing in my ears drowned out his words.

Without thinking, I grabbed Fonda's untouched coffee and hurled it at the two of them.

"Get out!"

### Comments (1)