

Sudden Billionaire Heiress After Divorce - Sam-crowned

Chapter One: The Rant Of The Committed.

It was our wedding night, the weather was cold and crisp. He wrapped his hands around my body and whispered words that kept me warm: "Every day for the rest of our lives, I only want to look at your face and admire how beautiful you are."

Little did I know that those tender vows spoken in the chill of that night would soon be drowned in the icy silence of betrayal, and I'd be ready to serve karma on the silver plate.

It all started one late night. The weather was the same as it was on our wedding night only that this time, he was not there to keep me warm.

I covered myself with a blanket to shield myself from the cold, imagining him to be by my side as I never suspected that he might be somewhere else keeping another woman warm. I kept myself entertained with a popular TV show while scrolling through my WhatsApp chats simultaneously.

Suddenly, I got a text from Jasmine, my younger sister, who was the happy bridesmaid on my wedding day. "Hey, Alda, where is Tyler? Is everything okay there?"

I did not understand the context of the text. My eyes flashed in a little confusion about why my little sister, who lives with my mom so far away, suddenly texted me and asked where my husband was.

"Yo, what do you mean?? Everything's fine over here," I quickly replied, hoping that she would provide context to her question.

"Check Tyler's status now," she responded as soon as my reply to her turned blue.

Without any delay, as fast as my fingers could swipe to the status screen, I immediately pulled the screen to the right, and I could see loads of statuses on my screen, like different books on the shelf waiting to be opened.

Immediately, I flipped my eyes through the list, hoping to stumble on Tyler's status one way or the other, but all to no avail. Somehow, his status couldn't be found, like a book missing from the shelf.

"Yo, what's happening? Ain't no Tyler's status there." I quickly responded.

"Where is he at, Alda?" My little sister questioned me again, and I immediately lost my peace. I paced back and forth like a fish swept onto the sand by the storm of the sea.

"Speak, Jasmine. What do you see?" I asked again.

“Tell me where your husband is first,” Jasmine replied, brushing my question away. She would not let out the cat until I told her what she wanted to hear.

“He told me he has a business meeting until morning. Why are you asking?” I quickly answered, hoping that at this moment, Jasmine would at least tell me what she saw.

“I think you should call him right now. Because his ass uploaded some nasty status, and you saw none of it,” Jasmine texted.

Seeing what Jasmine texted prompted me to catapult myself into Tyler’s inbox. Then I realized that I could not see his last seen, but his display picture was still visible. “Could Tyler have suddenly turned off his last seen because of me?” I asked myself quickly.

In a rush, like a nervous woman who had just thought that her husband might be keeping a secret from her, I quickly tapped on the video call button and called Tyler immediately.

“Tring Tring.”

“Tring Tring Tring.”

“Tring Tring Tring Tring.”

His phone rang and rang, but he was not picking up. This is definitely not like Tyler; even if he was so busy, he would find a way to pick up my call. But now he is not picking up. Could my gut be right? Is he there with another woman?

“Tring Tring.”

“Tring Tring Tring.”

“Tring Tring Tring Tring.”

Calling him for the second time was also a futile effort. He did not pick up, no matter how long his phone rang, like the buzz of bees around their honeycomb. This catapulted me up from the bed, and even if the night was injecting cold and endurance, the heat of my emotions boiling inside of me right now did not make me feel the impact of the cold any longer.

Quickly, I scrolled away from Whatsapp and opened my phone text message app. “Tyler, where are you?” I sent as I glued my eyes to my phone screen, watching as my phone notification beeped. “Sent.”

However, no matter how many minutes more I waited, if I saw a reply come in after that text, it was a lie. Instead, my phone rang suddenly, and I picked up immediately like a desperate housewife who anticipated the love of her husband.

“What do you mean, where am I? I told you I went for a business meeting,” he whispered, as if being careful not to be heard.

“Why are you whispering, Tyler? Who’s there with you?” I asked immediately, like a detective unraveling secrets in the shadows.

“I am not whispering. It’s you that needs to check why you are asking me all these,” Tyler said, his voice stronger yet still in a whisper, like he was angry at my charge at him, but he doesn’t know how to express his anger on the phone.

“Is that your wife?” a low female voice said in a distant voice underneath Tyler’s voice suddenly, which immediately made my head bang like a door slammed shut, echoing the sudden closure of a chapter in my once serene world.

“Who’s that, Tyler? I heard a feminine voice underneath your whisper,” I said and immediately my ears rose like those of an alert dog, ready to jump and attack.

“Who is who?” Tyler defended himself immediately, as if I were insane and did not know what I heard.

“I heard the voice of a woman there, Tyler! Where the f**k are you? I want FaceTime right now!”

“Why the f**k are you not saying anything? Tyler... Tyler!”

But, of course, if he heard all of that, it was a lie. He had already hung up the call long before I could tell, and immediately when I tried his number again,

“Hey, it’s Tyler here; drop your message. I will call you right back,” his voicemail said. And at this moment, I could not believe my ears, as all I wanted to do was to wake up from this terrible dream so badly.

“My own husband is cheating on me. What is going on?” I asked myself again and again before I finally launched back into Jasmine’s WhatsApp inbox like a desperate swimmer reaching for a lifeline in a sea of uncertainty.

“He hung up on me, Jasmine.” I texted.

“I warned you about this guy, but you insisted and got married to him. Now his cheating ass is not even sorry about cheating on you after all you have done for him. ”Jasmine texted back immediately as she sent a trio of screenshots of Tyler’s status before he took it down, and my eyes could not believe what I saw.

“Who is this woman stealing my husband?” I exclaimed.