

## **Chapter Four: Who is This Woman? - Sudden Billionaire Heiress After Divorce - Sam-crowned**

Stepping out of the bath, Tyler entered the bedroom, finding me sitting on the bed with a smile on my face.

It was unusual for Tyler to see me smile and not reciprocate with a wink or a passionate kiss on my lips, as he would remind me how tender my lips were. However, this morning was different.

The moment he noticed my smile, his eyes darted towards his phone, perfectly resting in the same position he left it in. Immediately realizing I hadn't taken his phone, he approached me to carry out our usual routine.

"I am so glad I married you, babe. Aside from the fact that you are a hardworking woman, you are so sexy, and your lips are always tender like the soft touch of a breeze on a warm summer evening," he said, kissing my forehead in the same manner.

As he unwrapped the towel from his body, standing there naked, it reminded me of our wedding night—the way he was soft and intimate with me on the bed, making me long for him more and more each night after that.

"Is this the same way he was with that woman?" I snapped out of my thoughts immediately, as I had before, sinking into the depths of my worries.

At that moment, I rose to my feet gently, like a person getting up from a cozy bed, and walked up behind him.

"I am picking what to wear for you, my love," I whispered into his ear. In response, a soft smile graced his face, like models gracefully walking the runway.

"I love it when you pick what to wear for me, my love. People always admire what I wear. They even asked for my personal tailor. If only they knew it was you behind my cuteness all this time. Hahaha!" Tyler laughed happily, resembling a king, reveling in the compliments his subjects gave him.

But, of course, what Tyler said was true. I had always been picking his clothes for him ever since we got married because I wanted my husband to look good, admirable, and respected by all our employees. If only I knew he would use it to pursue another woman and indulge in her thighs.

As I dressed him up and was knotting his tie beneath his collar, I mentioned, "I already prepared your favorite and warmed it in the oven for you to get ready."

“Oh! Am I not eating the rice?” Tyler asked almost as immediately as he heard me.

“No! You know I always want a special delicacy for my husband. And what I kept for you is the most delicious of all times,” I said with a warm smile, staring right into his eyes.

But, of course, if I did not already know what he was about to say, it was a lie. “I’m sorry, babe. I’ll be late for work in a few minutes. I can’t wait to eat,” he said, and I was not disappointed. I had been hearing that for a few days now. Only at this moment did it immediately trigger my thoughts.

“I have been naive; you’ve been eating that woman’s food, haven’t you?” I forced a smile on my face as I nodded like an obedient student receiving his teacher’s instruction, even when she was not happy with it.

“It’s okay,” I said quietly as I completed knotting the tie, and he brought me into his arms for another kiss.

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I watched him from the window as he got into his car, or, shall I say, the car I purchased for him with my hard-earned money. Hence, I observed him drive out of the park and head in the direction of work.

I knew at once that if I were not prepared to tail him and find out who this woman was, I would be tagged as a foolish woman. So, once I saw that he had already driven away, I quickly changed into a new dress.

Gliding down the stairs with such speed, like a river rushing over smooth stones, I arrived downstairs and headed towards the front door.

“Hey, you fluff, get your ass over here and wash the dishes we just used. Or do you want this place to be infested with flies?” Diana yelled, but I was not ready to tend to those needs. My heart felt heavy, like a stone sinking into the depths of an ocean, burdened by the weight of unspoken emotions.

Hence, I only pulled down the door handle and rushed out through it like a gust of wind escaping from a confined space.

“Did that brat just ignore me and run out of the house?” I heard Diana yell inside the house to the scumbags of children seated with her in the dining room, and I bet their jaws were probably dropped for the kind of behavior I just displayed—something that I had never done before.

Opening my car door and gliding inside of it as if I were grabbing the last available seat on a crowded bus, I immediately started the car, and its engine roared like the lioness of the jungle.

Without wasting any time, I pressed my foot on the accelerator, like a sprinter surging forward at the starting gun, and hence propelled the car into motion.

Arriving at my eatery was quick, but something was wrong, like a sudden discordant note disrupting a familiar melody. "Where is Tyler's car?" I suddenly muttered, still seated in the car and watching each car pass in front of my eatery.

At the right corner, towards the edge of the eatery, Tyler would always park his car while he was in his office for however long he intended. But this morning, there was no car. "He surely left home for work, and he should be here," I wondered.

"Has he by any chance gone to that woman's house?" I exclaimed silently again.

"Or am I wrong, and he is in the office?" I thought, stepping out of the car and closing the door behind me.

It didn't matter if I looked a mess, like rolling out of bed and embracing the day in the comfort of being perfectly imperfect. Once I stepped into the eatery, pulling the entrance door open, it mattered when each employee and customer stared at me at the door as if they had seen a mad woman.

"We are sorry, ma'am, but did you miss your way in?" One employee quickly walked up to me and asked,

"Please exit the building. You cannot be here." She added, standing breath to breath with me as if she would crush me out of my own eatery; hence, I could not help but be shocked at once.