



SIGNING THE DIVORCE PAPERS

ARIEL COLES

I walk really slowly into the penthouse, dragging my feet. All my energy is worn out, and I don't feel like having any company in the house.

I throw my car keys on the dining table and make my way upstairs to the bedroom that I shared with my husband for three years. If he never had hope in us, why would he sleep next to me in the same bed for so long? Why did he drag me with him until this day, only to spit me out like a meat that's been stuck between his teeth? Why would he play with my feelings like that?

I'm fragile – my heart is fragile. Did he take advantage of my kindness, or was it my stupidity of relaxing as a housewife?

Now I feel embarrassed. Gosh, that girl Monica made me realise how much I missed out in the past three years. I'm only twenty-three, yet I missed out on so much of my youth, being a housewife to a man that was ice cold towards me. Monica looked very beautiful and sophisticated while I looked like I ran away from a loony bin. I can't believe that I stooped myself so low in front of my husband and his mistress. I'm so embarrassed I can't even change what happened.

Sigh.

Walking into my room, I find the helper who quickly puts down the envelope on the table and pretends as if she was dusting it. The room is way cleaner than how I left it, and it smells really good, but the strong detergents are nauseating. I quickly run to the bathroom with a hand on my mouth because I have an urge to vomit.

"Oh, Mrs. Coles! Are you okay?" The helper asks, knocking on the door right after I just stormed in.

I opened the toilet seat and kneeled before I puke all of yesterday's food and drinks. The door finally opens, and she walks into the bathroom.

I gag as I throw out the rest of the contents in my throat. The helper gently rubs my back and helps me back up on my feet.

"Ma'am, you don't look well. Do you want me to call sir?" She asks while I wash my mouth and brush my teeth.

I shake my head.

"No, thanks, Ellen. Can you open the windows and the glass door to the balcony, and please take the rest of the day off. Tell the others," I instruct, opening the faucet in the shower for the water to run.

"Will you be okay?" She asks.

"Linda, you are worried about nothing. Please, anyone would be happy to get a half-day at work, so be that someone,"

She nods hesitantly and walks out. I take off my pink satin lace pyjama set and get into the shower. The water is at the perfect temperature, so I just stand there for a while before I initially break down.

I can't believe I lost myself so much for a man who didn't even try to put effort into our marriage. How could he love another person during the day, then make love to me at night? I am weak. This hurts so bad!

I spent my day sleeping so that I wouldn't think too much about Chase, but even though, it took me so long to sleep until I decided to just drug myself to sleep with Chase's sleeping pills.

Now that I am up, everything has come back to me, and I am staring at the divorce papers in front of me. He wants me to have the penthouse and the car. I don't see anything mentioned about the company shares. Is he planning on buying me out of the company?

Makes me wonder.

I pick up the pen and sign the first page. I get to the second page, which is the last page to sign. Just as I was about to sign it, the door beeps indicating that someone has entered the code to unlock the door, and it opens. As soon as Chase walks in, I stand and meet him halfway.

"Chase, can we talk?" I say, hoping to convince him otherwise.

"Did you sign the papers?" He asks, not looking at me.

"Chase, please give me a chance," I hold his hand. "I'll be the woman that you want me to be for you. Just tell me what you want, and I'll do it. I will even start going to the gym and eat healthy; just don't divorce me,"

I am so desperate right now that I'll even change my hair, the way I walk, how I wear for him, and lose weight for him. I just don't want him to leave me, I love him too much.

"Let go of my hand, Ariel," Only now, he does look down at me and warns me.

Tears form in my eyes, and I can almost feel the lump heading to my throat.

Without saying anything, he uses all his force to push me down to the ground where I fall hard and feel pain in my butt.

I whimper as I raise my head up. Tears are falling down my face uncontrollably as I look at the devil up in the eyes.

He has never seen me cry before, and I have never called him a devil. I am calling him one right now because this is who he has been to me all the time, and I am crying because the face of an Angel that I have always longed to see is given to another woman to enjoy. I can't erase the image of him looking at another woman with pure glistening eyes, excitement, and most probably life in them. I wished he'd have looked at me the same way, but I endured the coldness and indifferences every day for years from him.

"I love you, Chase," I cry out, confessing.

"Then sign the damn papers and let me go! I am here to get my clothes. I am heading upstairs, and when I come back, you better have those papers signed!" He is enraged and impatient.

Before I speak, he walks away so that I don't get the chance to.

I pull myself up and saunter to the dining table to sign the last paper.

I let my tears fall on the papers as I sign, and I throw them back in the envelope. A knock came through, and someone pushed it as it was not completely shut and steps inside the house.

I chuckle bitterly and shake my head.

"You have the nerve to come here to my house, Monica. How dare you?" I fold my arms.

"Looking at you, I am guessing I won. You see, this game was not for you to play. Now the rightful owner of the throne has claimed it back. Thank you for giving me what was mine in the first place,"

"Won? Game? I didn't realise I was a participant. What are we? Five-year-olds playing house? Monica, you may think you have won or think you are better than me, but you will never achieve being his wife. Do you think I am intimidated by your "career woman" standards, click clanking high heels on my marble floor, look phenomenal, and look down on me because I am a housewife? You don't scare me because I can get that too, but do you have what it takes to be Chase's wife? Chase will regret ever leaving me, and you'll be my substitute in my absence. Now, get out and wait for Chase outside... he'll be down when he is done. My house was cleaned, and you are making it untidy with your cheap condescendence,"

She moves forward, attempting to hit me, but I catch her hand and move towards her.

"What is it? Was there a cockroach on my face? Oh, I almost forgot that the only roach in this room is you. If you ever think of hitting me again, I will make you regret it, Monica, do not test my patience because you don't know what I'm capable of," I push her off, she staggers back.

"Ariel, stop your nonsense! Dare touch Monica that way, girl... you don't even want to know what I might do to you," The male protagonist jumps in and manhandled my arm.

"Then stop bringing trash into my house. Take your stupid papers and leave my place. Oh, and this should be the last time you ever touch me like that, or you'll meet your mates behind bars!" I yank my hand off him and turn my back against him, walking away.

"I'm changing the door code. Set an appointment before you come and get the rest of your s**t!" I shout, showing them my hardcore side.

"You finally reveal your true colours. I'm glad this is actually happening so that I won't have to feel guilty. Goodbye, Ariel." He walks out, and as soon as I hear the door shutting, I stop midway the stairs and look back, left with his intoxicating scent lingering in this house.

I slowly go down and sit on the staircase and cry.