

Chapter 21

SERAPHINE

I sat on the sofa frowning at Julian who was standing close to the foyer, drawing smoke from the cigarette in his mouth like he did not have a care in the world.

"Wipe that frown off your face." He walked closer as he spoke.

"I left my husband to come spend time with you," I said. "You promised to give me the princess treatment and now you're bringing some other girl to this sacred place of ours." 11

"Isn't that why I spoil you with enough money?" 12

"But it's always been just the two of us."

"Quit whining." He blew smoke at me and sat beside me. "You've gotten boring lately. This is for your own good. Leslie is only coming here to spice up the sex and stop me from moving on to someone more lively." 21

Hearing this, my heart skipped a beat. 22

I could not afford for Julian to cast me aside. How would I keep up my lifestyle if he did. 1

Being married to a poor man was a curse. Many times I regretted getting married to Dominic. Granted, he had a sexy body and was good in bed, but what was the use of all of that without money? He was always making empty promises. Each time I complained about our modest lifestyle and the meager money he provided, he would tell



me to give him a little more time. 9

A little more time.

I had married a man who could not afford the lifestyle I deserved, and he had the nerve to ask me for patience. 3

Good thing I had him wrapped around my finger. Even before marriage, I had always played outside because he could not give me the life I really wanted. He never found out because he was too dumb. When he asked me to marry him, I should have said no. I wanted to seize the opportunity to break up with him, but thinking about how hot he looked and how well he fucked me, I thought I could overlook his wretchedness and get money from other men outside. 11

It was not a big deal for me at first. 2

But after I met Julian, things were different. The amount of money Julian lavished on me, all the men I had been with put together had not given me that much. Julian was very generous. Though it took quite the effort to please him in bed, as opposed to Dominic who enjoyed being the one doing the pleasing. 8

After being with Julian, each time I got home I was exhausted and the sight of Dominic made me feel disgusted. I had not allowed him to touch me in so long and still, the fool did not have the slightest inkling that I was cuckolding him. 6

I was jealous of Celeste. I was so jealous. Why did Celeste end up marrying Julian, a man who could give her literally anything she wanted? If I had known, I would have let Celeste be with Dominic



back then. Then I would have been the one who ended up being Mrs. Julian Fisher. 14

All these months I had made Julian do whatever I wanted, even ignoring his wife. His rules were simple. I was not to ever disrespect his wife, interrupt his calls to her, or ever reveal our affair to her. 4

It was easy. Celeste was easy to fool anyway. Seeing how blindly she loved and trusted Julian made me laugh. I was the one who knew him better than his own wife did. I knew all his bad habits while Celeste saw him like a saint, especially since that was how he portrayed himself to her. 4

My goal was simple. I would make Julian fall in love with me. I would make him divorce his wife while I divorced my husband, and finally, Julian and I would get married. 13

Everything seemed to be working out fine. Until this morning when he brought up the name of a woman called Leslie and said she was coming over for a threesome. 7