

Chapter 4

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Annika

After our initial consultation was nished, a cool breeze swept past me as I left the building for Hunter’s legal oce, causing a shiver to run down my spine. I took a deep breath before switching into doctor mode and making my way to the practice. I felt horrible leaving Kenzie alone to tend to patients on a Monday of all days, but time was of the essence for someone in my dilemma. If I was going to get back at Jeff and that blonde-haired bimbo mistress of his, it only made sense that I needed to sit down with Hunter rst to plan our next course of action.

True to his word, Hunter was on top of everything and laid the groundwork for what came next. A sense of relief washed over me as we went over the details, but my relief soon turned into despair the more our discussion went on. Even with the amount of hatred I had towards my worthless husband, the pain of his betrayal was too much, and I cracked inside Hunter’s oce. I spent the latter half of our appointment as a crying, blubbering mess, questioning where I had gone wrong in my marriage to warrant Jeff’s indelity. Hunter, of course, did his best to console me and told me I did nothing wrong, but it didn’t feel that way. Eleven years of my life wasted over a cheating bastard.

It was bad enough Jeff had been two-timing me for God only knows how long at this point, but the fact that he was trying to scheme his way into taking everything else just to give to his mistress had me so enraged that I wanted to throw them out of his 20th-story oce window. Lucky enough for them, I was too afraid of getting caught and going to prison for murder for me to actually act on that impulse.

I opened the door to my oce at the clinic and quickly changed into my white coat before placing my stethoscope inside my coat pocket. As I relieved Kenzie for lunch, the woman would ask how it went with Hunter, but I only shook my head, indicating that I didn’t want to talk about it right now. Poor Kenzie would remain in the dark until I told her something, since Hunter wasn’t permitted to say anything to her.

It was business as usual as the day dragged on, and I saw about ten patients, all ranging from a sore throat to a recurring disc bulging from a nasty fall. Someone even came in with sepsis, which required me to call a damn ambulance to transfer them to an actual emergency room equipped to handle such a life-threatening condition. While the patient was being escorted out on a stretcher by the paramedics, I turned to the reception desk to see if I had any additional patients waiting since my nurse had to leave early today.

“Mr. Galloway?” I called out. A gentle-looking older man in his sixties and a woman accompanying him around the same age stood up and smiled at me. “Good afternoon. My name is Dr. Hollands. Please come with me,” I greeted them and smiled back. I took them to the triage corner, where I got his height and weight. After I jotted down those numbers, I took him into an exam room and took the rest of his vitals.

“You seem very young to be a doctor,” the woman spoke up rst.

“I will take that as a compliment, Mrs. Galloway,” I responded as I took her husband’s blood pressure. “Okay, 156 over 98, not too bad given your age and stature, but still a lot higher than I would like. Do you have a history of high blood pressure, Mr. Galloway?”

“Eh, it comes and goes, but lately, life’s been harder because of my daughter. That girl will send me to an early grave, mark my words,” he said with a chuckle.

“Teenager?” I asked with a raised brow.

“You would think, given her immaturity, but no. Our daughter is in her early twenties,” his wife answered, rolling her eyes, and I couldn’t help but grin at her playful banter. “Do you have any children?” she asked innocently. I paused for a minute, as it was a sore topic, but smiled and shook my head.

“No, but maybe someday,” I replied. “So, what brings you in today?” I asked, quickly changing the subject.

“I’ve had this nasty cough for about a week now, and it doesn’t seem to be getting any better,” he responded.

“Okay, let’s listen to your lungs. Mr. Galloway, sit up straight for me, and I want you to take deep breaths in through your nose and exhale from your mouth,” I instructed him as I placed my stethoscope along his back and chest. After a few breaths, I documented my findings under the physical exam section of his chart on the computer. I continued my assessment by looking down his throat, inside his nose and ears, and massaging the lymph nodes around his throat to check for swelling. Once he was thoroughly examined, I nished entering the information and turned back to him with a smile.

“Well, Mr. Galloway, it appears that you’re suffering from good ole seasonal allergies.”

“What? That’s it?!” he exclaimed with a huff.

“See, what did I tell you?!” his wife commented. “I told you, honey; you’re too stubborn to die, let alone from a cough.”

“Well, either way, I’m glad you came in. It may be a simple cough now, but sometimes, coughing can manifest into something more extreme. It’s always better to be safe than sorry. I highly suggest taking over-the-counter allergy medication like Claritin-D or Zyrtec-D once a day for two weeks. I will also prescribe you Prednisone, a steroid to help with the swelling in your throat. Follow the directions on the steroids to the T, Mr. Galloway.”

“Thank you, Doctor Hollands,” he told me and shook my hand. I walked them back to reception and told them to call if they needed anything or if his symptoms worsened. As I circled back towards the hallway, something caught my eye, and I looked outside the window before c*****g my head to the side and taking another look.

“Doctor, is everything alright?” the receptionist asked me.

“Yes, everything is ne,” I waved her off and returned to my oce. I c*****d my head again after closing the door. I could have sworn I saw a small ash of light coming from the parking garage across the street. Must have been a lens are from a window, I reasoned inwardly before shifting my attention to my computer to nish any outstanding charting and paperwork, since I had no other patients for the rest of the day.

Sadie

I was on cloud nine while sitting at home in my room, staring at my most recent ultrasound with hearts in my eyes. I couldn’t wait to tell Jeff that we were expecting. I was convinced that once he heard the news, not only would he be as happy as I was, but that it would also speed things up when it came to divorcing that brunette hussy he called his wife.

“Eek, six weeks already! I can’t believe it,” I held the ultrasound to my heart and squealed with glee. I never wanted kids until I met Jeff, and I sure as hell didn’t want children with that sorry excuse of a husband, Leon. The only thing he was good for was money and the occasional s*x. I didn’t know the rst thing about making love when I was with Leon, since all he ever wanted to do was f**k me. Not Jeff, though; Jeff knew how to worship my body and was an expert at making me c*m so hard and making my orgasms last.

“Sadie! Are you home!?” my mother’s voice brought me out of my lustful thoughts. I quickly hid away the ultrasound and acted as casually as possible. I couldn’t let them nd out I was pregnant, not yet. They would ip if they found out I was seeing a married man as it is, let alone having a baby with him. If they found out, it would prove everything Leon said about me was true, and I couldn’t have that. I mean, my parents knew of my affair; they just didn’t know who was on the other side. “Oh, there you are,” my mother said, coming into my room.

“Hi, Mommy. How was Daddy’s appointment with the doctor?” I asked sweetly.

“Allergies. Your father is only suffering from seasonal allergies,” my mother retorted and rolled her eyes.

“Oh wow. Daddy is so silly!”

“That he is,” she said and sat down on my bed. “What have you been up to all day?”

“Just relaxing. Daddy told me to stop going out too soon after my divorce from Leon. Said it would be bad press to see me out and about,” I replied, rolling my eyes this time.

“He’s right, though, sweetie. We can’t give the press any doubts involving your innocence. Even though you are the one who cheated, the public cannot nd out, and it would ruin your image along with your father’s since he’s the one who paid to have all evidence of your affairs thrown out,” my mother insisted, combing my hair behind my ear.

“Ugh, this is so stupid! I’m in my twenties, Mom! I should be out there partying, having fun, living my life, and meeting someone new!” I whined to her. Neither of my parents had any idea that I was in a relationship with Jeff right now.

“All in due time, my darling. All in due time. After things settle down and we know that Leon is no longer trying to get revenge, you can go out and ourish like you’re supposed to. You can nally bring home a nice young man and not some old uke,” she said, referring to Leon. Mom never liked him because of our age gap, but he had money, which was why she dealt with our marriage like a pro. I had to give it to my mom, though. It was actually her idea to spin the affair against him, making him out to be the cheater. My mother was so smart.

“Fine,” I replied and crossed my arms across my chest.

“That’s my good girl,” she said and kissed my forehead as she got up to leave. Once my door was closed, I shed out the ultrasound photo again and just smiled.

“Don’t worry, my little peanut. Daddy will be with us very soon, and we’re going to live happily ever after,” I said while softly rubbing my stomach. I put the photo away and took my phone off the charger to text Jeff.

Me: Hi, baby~

My

Me: Nothing. Just at home, bored out of my mind. My dad has me laying low.

My

Me: Just leave her already. We don’t need the penthouse!

My

Me: Ugh! This is so stupid! I want us to get married already!

My

My

Me: I love you too.

I pouted and threw my phone to the end of the bed in annoyance. Patience is one thing that I didn’t have, but if I wanted to be with Jeff and make sure that b***h of a wife lost everything, I had no choice but to learn patience.

Jeff

“My apologies,” I told the client sitting in front of me. “It was my wife.”

“No problem, D.A. Hollands.”

“Now, where were we?” I said with a smile.

We took care of business after I addressed the minor interruption. There was no time to spare since a murder case involving a serial arsonist was coming around the corner, and I was dying to get to it since we had this guy nailed three ways to Sunday. This case would surely get me a nice little paycheck from the city, and I could focus more on nding a way out of my marriage with Annika.

I hated that Annika had become suspicious because now I’ll have to play as if she was the only one for me when I couldn’t stand her anymore. Our marriage was in shambles because of her. She wasn’t the “wife” type, and I made a mistake marrying her right out of high school. I should have listened to my parents when they said I could do better. I needed someone to stay at home and be a stay-at-home wife. Since Annika was a family care doctor and owned her practice, it left no room for romance.

But then again, the romance died long before I even met Sadie. Annika signed her life away by going to medical school, which made it impossible to spend time together as a couple. I mean, sure, I was in law school at the time too, but Annika knew from the get-go that I didn’t want her to open her own practice. I wanted her to work in family medicine because the hours were more lenient, and she could work a typical 9 to 5 job. But no, that selsh b***h had to open her own damn practice with her good-for-nothing nosey-ass friend, Kenzie.

Suddenly, after the practice took off, I wouldn’t see Annika for days at a time. Even on weekends, she would be on-call. I hated it. She was always at the practice or at the hospital visiting patients who went to emergency care. I became second in her life. Then, a year and a half ago, I met Sadie at a club. She was with a group of her friends, and she had on the skimpiest dress. Her assets were on full display. One look from her had my head racing and my d**k bulging.

I went up to her, introduced myself, and wasted no time taking her into the back alley of the club and having my way with her. I knew that I couldn’t get enough of her. One time would never be enough with Sadie. I thought Sadie wouldn’t want anything to do with me when she saw that I was married, but then I saw the glint coming from her wedding ring. That’s how bonded over the fact that our spouses loved their work more than they loved us. That’s how we fell in love.

Sadie’s affair with me came to light, but thankfully, any and all evidence of us together was dismissed, and her ex took the blame. I had no idea that she was married to the real estate kingpin of New York, Leonardo Von Doren, but she assured me that he couldn’t touch me without the proper evidence. Sadie got millions, and Von Doren’s reputation took a hit for the worse. Now, all I needed was a way to get Annika to sign over our penthouse to me, and then I would be serving her divorce papers.

Annika wouldn’t know what hit her when the time came. For now, I was going to play as innocent as possible. Annika has no evidence against me. I’ll also be using a play out of Sadie’s book and will pin the indelity on Annika. My scapegoat would be Kenzie’s husband, Hunter. Annika is always at their place, so it will be easy to spin her going there while Kenzie is out. With the fake photos that I have, it will be all too easy to get what I want out of this sham of a marriage and nally be able to live my life with my soul mate, Sadie.