

The Billionaire's Substitute Ex-Wife Returns

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Chapter 0001

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~SIENNA~

Dimmed lights, flowers on the bed, soft music in the background, and Sebastian was groaning against my ear. Everything about this night was perfect and heaven.

"Yess..." I moaned, closed my eyes, and clutched my nails deep into his skin.

"A- Anna... Yes." He groaned, and I thought, 'Nope, he's just drunk.'

I felt spontaneous and flipped him to the bed and got on top of him. I wanted to ride him until my name was the only word that could slip out of his mouth. I wanted to be the only thing that possessed him and all his thoughts.

"Anastasia..." The name came out as a whisper from his mouth. I looked around to see if anyone was in the room with us, but there wasn't.

"It's Sienna, your wife, Sebastian. I am your wife." I continued to show him what I was made of as I rode him.

He felt so good and huge inside me. I couldn't get enough of it. I couldn't get enough of him. He was all mine. And I was all his.

"Yes, Anastasia... I see you." He reached for my face and cupped it in his big hands, and I stopped moving and looked at him in horror.

"What did you just call me?" It finally dawned on me that he was face-fucking me.

"Ana -" I didn't wait for him to finish saying the name and I jumped off him.

"Sebastian?" I called him as I stood on the side of the bed, infuriated and waiting for him to come to his senses and explain to me what the fuck just happened.

"Anastasia... I love you. I love you." He mumbled and then snored when he turned over.

It felt like a nightmare when I realized that the same Anastasia that he was calling for her name, was his sister-in-law.

"Is my husband sleeping with his brother's wife?" I asked myself, and I felt like I was breaking into pieces when I remembered that he always, always invited Anastasia to every dinner date that we went to.

He always compared my hair and back figure to Anastasia's and wanted me to keep my hair straight and hanging just like she did.

His friends and brother had more than once said that I looked like Anastasia from the back, and all that didn't ring a bell to me because I thought that Sebastian loved me, even though he couldn't say it.

I stood there and the realization of everything that took place hit me like a rock in the face. I felt numb and didn't know what to say or do.

I bent over and took my shirt on the floor, put it on, and went to sit on the couch in our bedroom that faced the bed and I watched him sleep.

In the morning, I was still awake and watched as he opened his eyes and saw me sitting there and just staring at him. He cleared his throat and sat up on the bed.

"You're awake."

"Good morning," I replied, and tears just slipped from my eyes.

When he saw me crying, he got off the bed covers and sat on the edge. "What's wrong, Sienna?"

I scoffed. "So, you remember my name?"

"What?"

Ugh, of course. He didn't remember last night since he was drunk.

"I'm not Anastasia to you anymore?" I stood up from the couch and looked at him. And I couldn't recognize the man I married five years ago.

"What are you talking about?" He stood up as well, naked as he was.

"You called me Anastasia last night! Several times as if you were making love to her!" I snapped, angrily.

I felt like grabbing him by his neck and bumping his face against the wall until he lost all his senses and told me exactly what came over him and that I was not hallucinating.

He sighed. "I don't have time for this, Sienna. If you want to fight, you picked the wrong guy." He attempted to walk to the bathroom but I stood in his way and stopped him.

"You're not going anywhere, Sebastian. Are you sleeping with your brother's wife?" I asked him.

"How dare you make such a vile accusation against me?" He roared.

"How dare you call her name while you were making love to me? You were with me, your wife, Sienna, when you called her name, why?!"

"I was drunk. Now, get out of my way."

"That's all you have to say, Sebastian? You were drunk? You called her name in our bed and you're saying you were drunk?!"

"If you don't get out of my way this instant, Sienna, you don't want to know what I'll do." He pointed his finger at me.

I scoffed. "Oh, you will call her and confirm to me that I was not dreaming when you moaned her name while your dick was inside my pussy?!"

"You're not going to let this go, are you?"

"You called somebody else's name in our bed, Sebastian! Have you no shame?!" I wanted him to reassure me that it was nothing and that he was sorry.

I wanted to hear him own up to his actions and be a man about it. A man that I married and was proud to call my husband.

"You don't think for a second that perhaps I mistook her beautiful face for yours?"

"What?"

"Oh come on, Sienna. You and I both know that she is more beautiful than you. So, don't you think that could have been the reason why I kept calling her name?"

"Sebastian, how could you say this to me?" I felt a cold shiver down my spine and I was lost for words.

"Get outta my way and I won't have to do this," he scolded as he looked at me.

"I am your wife. You made an oath to love me -"

"You have nothing to offer in this marriage other than what's between your legs, so why do you want to make this such a big deal?"

"How am I making this a big deal when you face-fucking me and now calling me ugly compared to your brother's wife?!"

He gave me a stern look before he walked past me, went to the bathroom, and closed the door behind him.

And just like that, five years of our marriage were in vain. All those moments with him were nothing but what could have been if he were with Anastasia.

All the compliments that I was as beautiful as her, it was because he wished that I was her.

He never loved me. How could he? I was just his substitute wife.