

Forced to Be a Homewrecker

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Chapter 1

goods, the car, the house—everything my husband, Tom Smith, had gifted me over the years—were fake.

I carefully examined everything, and to my horror, I even discovered that our marriage certificate was fake. I took all the valuable gifts Tom had given me over the years to be appraised. As I waited for the results, I could hardly breathe.

Tom and I had been together since college when he was just a broke guy with nothing to his name. But I didn't mind that at all. I encouraged him to build something from scratch and start his own business.

After his business took off, Tom became busier and busier. There were times when he wouldn't come home for weeks and wouldn't even bother calling me. But when I felt lonely, he would always come home and surprise me with something to ease my worries.

To me, it wasn't about the surprise—it was his thoughtfulness that mattered. But when the store clerk delivered the cold, hard truth, my heart shattered.

"Ms. Garza, the bags, jewelry, and gold you brought for appraisal are all fake. Would you like us to dispose of them?"

I waved my hand dismissively and turned to leave. "Please just burn everything."

"Wait a minute!" The clerk called after me. "Although your items are fake, the purchase receipts are real. We can check the purchase dates for you."

That was when my heart completely shattered. The purchase dates were all the day before Tom gave me the gifts. That meant he had bought the genuine items for someone else the day before and then went out of his way to buy replicas for me.

The business was fake, the car was fake, and the luxury items were fake. What else was real?

I made another call to investigate the house, and Tom indeed purchased it. Unfortunately, the owner listed on the deed wasn't me.

"Miss, the name on the deed is Lauren Rowse. Is she a relative or friend of yours?"

The last time I heard Lauren's name was so long ago. I had naively convinced myself that Tom had forgotten about her.

Lauren was a classmate in college. She was lively and cheerful and always hung around Tom and me.

I never suspected anything between them until one day after graduation, at a class reunion, when I saw Lauren hugging Tom and not letting go.

"Zora, listen to me! It's not what you think!" Tom struggled to pull Lauren off him, but she clung to him like glue.

"Lauren... she's drunk. Nothing happened between us! I'm your boyfriend!" he insisted.

I scoffed and turned to walk away. Was he really telling me that a grown man could be forced by a drunk woman?

That night, Tom said a lot of things and apologized desperately. The next day, he dragged me to the courthouse to get our marriage certificate. That was when I believed that nothing had happened between him and Lauren.

After we got married, Tom's attitude changed drastically. He started working late at the office. Sometimes, he would not come home for two weeks at a time.

But every time he returned, he would bring me another luxury good. After we bought the car and the house, Tom became colder with each passing day.

However, he would still buy me luxury goods. Now that I knew everything I had was fake, it was clear those gifts were meant for Lauren.

Lauren had gone abroad for further studies after graduation and returned to Avelton to start her own media studio. The star streamer of her studio was none other than herself.

With her impressive education and stunning looks, she quickly gained a massive following. She often updated her vlogs, showing her disciplined daily life. Little did her followers know, everything from her meals to her living expenses were being taken care of by my husband.

She had become a somewhat well-known influencer while I had quit my job to stay home and take care of the household, becoming a full-time wife. Even though we were the same age, Lauren looked at least ten years younger than me.

I tuned into one of her videos, where she was holding a bottle of expensive skin toner, smiling as she said, "As women, we should take better care of ourselves!"