

Chapter 26 – Justice For Juniper Novel Free

“Tell me the first thing which is popping into your head.”

“I watched my husband having sex with another woman while I was having a miscarriage e, now I’m getting a divorced, left the apartment I’ve lived in for nearly eight years and wondering whether the man I married was the one I knew or if he was always this way. Mostly the sex and miscarriage and stuff,” Juniper watched the surprise on the therapist’s face, “too much?”

“No. Let’s dive right in. I’m presuming this wasn’t consensual experimentation in your marriage within the confines of clearly defined boundaries?”

“No. Not in the least.”

“What happened?”

“My husband and I were going through fertility issues. I was having a bit of a tough time getting pregnant over the last three years. About a year ago we went through a miscarriage and the only person we told at the time we were pregnant was my mother. We both started attending specialized appointments with my gynecologist. Six months ago, at Christmas, I had a second miscarriage. We’d made it to eight weeks and so we’d told his parents and a couple of other people. It made it so much worse.”

“How so?”

“His mother made a big production out of it like it was her loss. She didn’t want me to forget my dead baby. I could see though how much Kyst was devastated and how much he wanted to be a father.”

“I see.”

“The doctor ran some tests. Kyst, my husband, soon-to-be-ex-husband,” she gritted out, “has great sperm count. I have all kinds of viable eggs, and my uterus is fine. She suggested changing some things in our day-to-day lives. No alcohol at all. Sex during peak ovulation and not every single day, multiple times a day. Remembering to take time to relax and spend time together as a couple. She suggested some couples find scheduling sexy time, as she called it, can deepen intimacy and give us something to look forward to. It did the opposite.”

“How?”

“We enjoyed a very healthy sexual relationship. Since we were teenagers, actually. Even on the odd times he was away, we’d call each other and do phone or video sex.”

“And when you went from having sex daily to on this schedule set out by your physician, what changed?”

“Honestly, not much to me. I mean, I still made sure he was taken care of.”

“And your needs?”

“I was trying to create a good hospitable environment.”

“So how did it create a negative situation?”

“He cheated.”

“Was it one time or an affair?”

“Does it matter?”

“Not really but I’m trying to see the bigger picture.”

“An affair,” she said the words lowly, color staining her cheeks. “I couldn’t let him put his dick in me every day, so he found another hole to put it in.” She looked up apologetically. “I’m sorry for being crass.”

“You’re angry. Let’s sit in this for a moment. Sit in the anger. Feel it around you. Stew in it a moment.”

After what felt decades but she knew was only a few minutes, the therapist spoke softly, “if Kyst was in front of you right now, what would you say to him? Pretend I am Kyst. Tell me what you are feeling.”

“I hate you. I hate you for taking something so sacred and special as being the only one either of us were ever intimate with and destroying it because I was trying to bring a child into this world for you. I wasn’t even sure I wanted to have a child until you and your family pressured me and with every miscarriage I felt angrier with you, and you never even noticed. This last pregnancy, I was terrified to tell you because I knew how disappointed you were going to be again when it failed, and I knew it was going to fail. You surprised me by saying maybe we shouldn’t put off having kids and now I know why! All you cared about was the fact you went from sex seven days a week to a few days a month for only three months. What were you going to do when the baby came and I couldn’t screw for six to eight weeks post-partum? What would you do during sleep deprivation and teething and all the exhaustion which comes with being a new parent and sex is off the table? What then? Would you be bringing them into our house when I’m home instead of when I’m out? Three months of reduced sexual activity was all it took for you to decide you needed something more and maybe you didn’t want a baby. You’re a selfish, horrible human being and I hate you for ruining what I thought was a pure, sweet love. Fuck you!”

Her therapist gave her a smile, “you are very eloquent.”

She wiped angry tears off her cheeks. “I feel so angry.”

“As you should. He violated you in so many ways. You mentioned sex in your home when you weren’t there. Is this where you caught him?”

“Ugh,” she groaned and rubbed her head. “This the worst part. He very stupidly cheated on me with the wife of Phineas Perez who is also my boss. Not my direct boss, but he’s my boss’s boss. I was called to the office and Phineas told me bluntly my husband was fucking his wife and asked me

to help him catch them. We put cameras in my apartment. I saw him having sex on my sofa and an hour later the miscarriage I'd been dreading for four days finally started."

"And this Mr. Perez, how did he react when he realized what happened to you?"

"He, Beni and Adil all feel very guilty and apologized hundreds of times. Phineas set my mom and I up at a spa yesterday. Beni set this appointment up for me. Adil offered to teach me some self-defense because he's concerned Kyst's behavior at the time he was engaging in sex was really off."

"Off how?"

"I've never heard Kyst raise his voice at me. Don't get me wrong, we fight like every other couple. Silent treatment for a couple of hours or slamming out of the apartment to clear our heads but he's never yelled at me out of anger. He's never hurt me. I was thinking of a time we were trying to experiment, and I got a flogger, and he used it on my backside, and it hurt, and he tossed it aside and refused to ever use it again." She shook her head, "but with Denise, in my apartment, he was rough. He was cold and callous, and he was demeaning and vile. I heard some of the things he said to her, and I can't figure out why she kept sleeping with him. If anyone spoke to me as he did, I'd not stick around."

"Was it her kink? To be treated poorly? Did Phineas say?"

She looked up in shock, "I don't know. Phineas said he only ever was with her sexually once and she lay there and did nothing."

"Maybe they were both playing out fantasies. However, Adil is the private investigator?"

"Yes."

"I would say trust his judgement. If he is of the opinion, after years of watching people behave inappropriately that Kyst's behavior was highly unusual, then being self-aware and protecting yourself is not a bad idea."

"When will the other feelings stop?" she asked quietly.

"Which other feelings?"

"The ones where I want to go home and cry into his Kyst's arms because he's always been the person I rely on? I can't rely on him anymore. He's been one of my best friends my entire life and now, more than our romantic relationship, I'm missing the friendship. When does that pain stop?"

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"I don't have an answer for this," the therapist spoke gently. "Everyone heals at their own rate with different factors weighing in."

"I hate him," she repeated her earlier thoughts. "How can I love him and hate him at the same time?"

“Being human is a complex situation and nothing is black and white.”

“I keep thinking of him in the apartment where he ruined our lives being stuck to clean up the mess I made and the best friend in me wants to go help him.”

“And the other part?”

“The other part wants to sit him down while I rattle off a bunch of questions at him.”

“What if you do both and neither?”

“Excuse me?”

“Do you journal?”

“No. I’ve never felt a reason to journal before. I’m typically a calm person and I’ve loved my life and was incredibly happy.”

“Were you?”

The bold question made her blink. “Yes.”

“What is your favorite, happy memory from the last six months?”

“My birthday. We took the day off and stayed home together and then he surprised me with a get together with my mom and his parents and my best friend Suki. I hadn’t seen her in a few weeks. She travels a lot for work. It was good to see her.”

“What about the last year?”

She needed to think hard on it and then shrugged, “I don’t feel big momentous joyous outbursts of happiness. I live a steady, calm, happy life. I feel happy in the little things. I like being home with my partner while he cooks dinner and I make us sundaes for dessert. I like lazy rainy mornings on the weekend where we snuggle and talk about all the things we would do if it wasn’t raining though we both know we wouldn’t do them. I like my job and the people I work with. I like coming home after a day of work to be held and told I’m loved and made to feel loved. I’m blessed with an incredible mom. My best friend is the best. Until this week, I’d have argued to death over having the kindest, most loving husband on earth.”

The therapist frowned and nodded, “One other question for you before we end for the day.”

“Sure.”

“Did you want children or did Kyst?”

“We both did. He wanted it more than me, it’s for sure. I always dreamed of us being a family, but he had names picked out and their lives mapped. He’s a lawyer and he likes law and order and making spreadsheets and lists. Life was orderly and I followed along with his order.”

“You’re being assigned homework before our next session next week,” the therapist said. “There are three things I want you to do. First. I want you to write a letter to Kyst. I want you to ask all the questions you want to ask. I want you to sit with the letter for two days. Read it over. Make changes. Rewrite it. Then on the third day, I want you to answer the questions you have with the only answers you would find acceptable.”

“Why?”

“If you find there are ways to answer your question which is going to make you feel better, be acceptable to your heart and psyche, then I want you to draft a final copy and send it to Kyst, preferably through your lawyer.”

“And if I don’t?”

“If you don’t, burn the letter and know what he did, there isn’t an excuse in the world to make it feel better. There are couples who can get through an affair. It’s not to say they have stronger or weaker marriages than yours. They are couples with different people who hold different values, weight and opinion on specific matters. At the end of the day, what you need to hear from Kyst will determine whether you will ever be able to forgive him. If you know though, by looking through the responses, they are not anything you can expect to get from him, you burn the letter and your expectation of finding a rational reason for his behavior.”

“Okay.”

“Two other things.”

“Sure.”

“Do something alone. Not risky. I’m not telling you to walk the streets at night. It sounds like you have a very large support system and it’s fantastic but eventually these people will need to get back to their own lives and you to yours. I feel from our conversation; the largest part of your life has been spent intertwined with another individual. Find something to do, which is safe, and do it alone and out of the apartment. If Mr. Perez feels you need to take a bodyguard, then so be it but not your regular team behind you.”

“I can’t even think of one thing I ever left and went out to do on my own.”

“That is the point, Juniper. It’s time to learn who Juniper is outside of Kyst. If you sat down with a list of things to do, what would you pick without his opinion?”

“Okay. The last thing?”

“You mentioned to me you were happy, and I believe you.

However, there were moments in our conversation today where you spoke to pressure, doing things you weren’t sure of, and you even hid your pregnancy from your husband. To me these speak to someone who was feeling like perhaps she was making herself small to fit into a space to avoid the emotions and responses from her partner. Your last assignment this week is for you to think of a time, other than this recent pregnancy, you were afraid to tell Kyst something important

and I want you to write it down and write down all the reasons you were fearful to tell him. What did you think would happen?"

Three days later she was sitting in a cat café she'd never been to and laughing her head off at the antics of the kittens around her.

Juniper came alone and was calling this her homework from therapy. This was far easier than the letter thing. She was really struggling to find the answers to the questions she'd written the first day at home.

Instead, she'd taken on the challenge of going somewhere alone and she knew exactly what she would want to do but couldn't if she was still with him. Kyst was allergic to cats. Something like this would make him run screaming back for the car. She sat at a table, with the biggest cappuccino in her hand, a big tabby laying on her lap and two kittens under the table playing with her shoelaces. She would be covered in cat hair, knowing if Kyst approached her, he'd be squinty-eyed, red blotchy skin and hives. It made her happy to be here enjoying something she'd never allowed herself in the past because of him.

Phineas insisted she bring a driver with her, one who would be able to help her if Kyst somehow found her. He allegedly was calling Beni's phone and the switchboard at work constantly trying to get in touch with her. Her mother blocked him and his parents after his mother called and said Juniper owed it to Kyst to talk. Her mother had gone nuclear on Lois' ass, blocked and deleted her from every platform and then took Juniper's phone and did the same.

She looked at her purse and pulled out her phone and opened the notes section. Perhaps here in this space, where she knew Kyst would be irritated with her for coming to such a place knowing it could make him ill, she could figure out the last homework assignment.

What important things was she afraid to tell Kyst and why?

When she left the therapist's office she'd considered this assignment dumb because she felt she really did tell him everything. Now, however, she was remembering little things she didn't tell him because she was avoiding the disappointment he would portray.

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Juniper typed out in her notes, "I didn't tell Kyst I passed up a promotion."

She stared at the words and let her fingers trail through the long-haired tabby's fur on her lap. Why? She frowned as she considered, she'd not even told him she'd been approached, offered the position and declined it. In her head, since she didn't want it, it didn't matter but why didn't she talk to him about it?

Because he would have pushed you into it.

The thought slammed into her and her fingers stilled as the kitten in her lap purred loudly.

Kyst would note the pay increase and questioning her sanity.

The job was to become the supervisor of the admin support department for all of Perez Co. It would have been an extra twenty thousand a year, but it came with pressure, dealing with thirty staff members under her and having to directly interact with upper management. She liked the bubble of security she lived within the HR department. She liked being Maxine's assistant and she liked the challenges it brought to the table without overwhelming her. She didn't want to take the other job because she was content where she was and didn't feel ready for anything more while the rest of her life was feeling messy.

This thought made her heart race. When did she start thinking of her life as messy? When Kyst first brought up beginning to build their family and they started going to appointment after appointment. Kyst was bringing home book after book he wanted them to read together. None of it was out of the ordinary for Kyst. He was a take charge man. Yet, as she sat there with the feeling, she realized how much it bugged her when he took charge of her.

Everything they did was run by him. Everywhere they went for vacations and holidays, always somewhere he decided because he knew her best and knew what she liked. He would choose restaurants because he knew she was going to love a specific dish they served. He'd peruse menus, resorts, grocery aisles even, all picking things out for her because he knew her best.

Yet, in all the years they were together, she never questioned it. He brought her coffee, tea, juices, all at times he thought she would want them, but he never actually asked her what she wanted. In all of it, she decided he was being considerate and sweet because he knew her so well but now her mind was drifting to their last anniversary.

He'd booked them at a very fancy restaurant because one of the law partners was going on about their pan seared scallops. He knew his Juni would love the seafood prepared the way the partner described it. He'd planned it all out for them. However, at the time, she mentioned a newer restaurant in their community she'd wanted to try, and he laughed and said there was no way she would like it there because they played the music way too loud and she wouldn't be able to hear herself think. He'd made the executive decision on their date nht.

A few weeks later he'd brought her to the noisy restaurant and he'd been right. It was too loud, obnoxious and she couldn't enjoy her meal because the bass was thumping in her chest. He'd not said I told you so, but she'd felt it for days after.

It was why she didn't tell him about the job.

He would have pointed out all the ways she would succeed in the position, how much their lives with the extra income could improve and she would somehow find herself second guessing her decision to stay where she was. She would have been talked into taking the job. She probably would have done well at it, but it wasn't what she wanted. She didn't tell him, because she didn't want to do it and she knew he'd have convinced her to try.

She was staring at her phone, and it rang in her hand, and it made her jump. She laughed at herself and then laughed louder when she noted the name and immediately answered.

"Suki!"

"Hey babe. Where are you?"

“What do you mean where am I? Where are you?”

“I’m a block from your apartment.”

“Don’t go

“What?” there.”

“I left Kyst.”

“Girl, I’ve been gone three weeks. What the fuck?”

“He cheated on me.”

“He did not.”

“He did.”

“I’ll cut his balls off and feed them to my fish.”

“You don’t own fish.”

“I’m getting some just for this purpose.”

She giggled in spite of herself.

“Why didn’t you call me?” Suki seemed incredulous.

“Because you were supposed to be in the UK finding love. I didn’t want you to worry about me while finding your life partner.”

“Do you know what I found?” Suki laughed, “a grown man who can’t set boundaries with his ex. I booked a flight out last night and didn’t even tell him I was leaving. I landed early this morning, dropped my shit off and the first thing I thought of was how much I need a Juni hug. Where can I get on

She named the cat café and grinned when Suki laughed. those?”

“I take it back. I won’t feed his balls to fish. I’m going to break into his apartment and leave animal dander between his pillowcase and pillow and inside all his throw pillows.”

“You are diabolical.”

“I am. I still want his balls. I’ll do both.” She hummed as she plugged in new coordinates for the cat café. “Good grief, you’re clear across town.”

“I’m where he can’t find me. He’s gone insane as has his mother.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ll explain it all when you get here.” Juniper sighed loudly.

“See you in twenty.”

Juniper easily distracted herself while waiting for her friend to come and when she saw her face outside the window, waving ecstatically and calling her name, she could hear Kyst in her head.

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“Why is she so loud?” and d

She blinked at the thought and pushed it away. Kyst like 1 Suki but often complained about how she was eccentric a loved all the attention on her and it often sucked both K Juniper into spotlight when they’d rather not be. She frow at the notion. Juniper did drama in school. She enjoyed singing and dancing. When did she stop wanting to be in the spotlight?

When it made Kyst uncomfortable, so she was uncomfortable. She wrote it down in a separate note on her phone.

“Whatcha writing? Holy shit! Look at your hair. You sexy thing! You look incredible.” Suki plopped beside her and scared the cat right off Juniper’s lap. “Oh shoot. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry little kitty. Hold on, I’ll get her back.”

“It’s fine, Suki. She’ll come back,” she grabbed her friend’s hand and looked into her beautiful dark eyes and smiled, “I really missed you.”

“I missed you too.”

They hugged for several long seconds and then Suki pulled away, grabbed her by the shoulders and shook Juniper until her head wobbled.

“What happened?”

“You know how the doctor told Kyst and I maybe we were having too much sex and to stop trying so hard? She suggested we schedule things around ovulation and all that?”

“A couple months back? Yeah. I remember laughing telling him he’d be growing hairy palms with your gorgen around.”

“Yeah, well he didn’t grow hairy palms because he found someone to screw with every Wednesday. He didn’t like scheduling sex with me but didn’t mind scheduling it with Blow-up Barbie.”

“Blow-up Barbie?” and

She groaned, “it was so awful, Suki. I put a camera in the house, and I watched her walk into the apartment, and he fucked her right against the door, but she barely reacted. He put her on the sofa, and she laid there like a limp noodle. The guys were talking about how in the bedroom she was simply laying there letting him do whatever he wanted. Phineas said she calls herself a pillow

princess, but it was ridiculous how little she actually was involved. My therapist said maybe it's her kink?"

"Whoa! Wait. Three questions. Why did you suspect he was cheating and put cameras in? Who are the guys? When did you start going to therapy?"

"Well, at the beginning of the week, Phineas Perez,"

"Not the hot billionaire CEO who runs the company you work at?" Suki squealed loudly and cats scattered from her feet.

"Yes, shh," she laughed at Suki and then stopped her. Don't shush. Be you. I'm realizing we quieted ourselves down because it made Kyst uncomfortable. Fuck him."

"Or let's not fuck him ever," Suki shuddered. "He's been my friend since we were kids but I'm team Juni all the way. He's an asshole and the fact he cheated on you is bullshit."

"Thanks Suki," she rested her head on Suki's shoulder, "anyway, Phineas called me to his office. Six months ago, his wife Denise came by asking for more money and he refused. She got upset and cried and left the building. Kyst saw her crying and felt bad for her and bought her a coffee across the street. She lied to him, telling him she was in a marriage where her husband was older with a broken dick. I guess at first he was a sounding board but eventually she made a pass and six weeks ago, he let her grope him under a table. Four weeks ago, he started working from home on Wednesdays to fuck her in our apartment. Phineas

& knew but needed the proof to get out of his prenup. Kyst ditched our gynecology exam on Friday to get coffee with her."

"He did not."

"He did. The worst part was, at the appointment, I found out I was pregnant, but it was clearly not going to be a viable pregnancy. He didn't show up. I was so mad at him for not being there, I didn't even tell him. I lost the baby Wednesday while he was fucking Denise Perez all over my apartment."

Juni's mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water and then she inhaled sharply, taking a deep breath and blowing slowly. She did it a few more times as if trying to regulate breathing and then she slammed the top of the table with her palm.

"Fuck cutting his balls off. Let's just throw him in the St. Lawrence with cement boots and a chum bucket tied around his neck."

As much as she appreciated Suki's enthusiasm she shook her head, "murder is not the answer."

"It was this Phineas guy who convinced you to put cameras in and you caught Kyst."

"Yes. Then it happened and we caught them, and I lost the baby, as I expected was going to happen. Phineas, Adil and Beni all felt bad."

"Who are Adil and Beni?"

“God, I’m not explaining any of this well.” She sighed and blew out puffed cheeks. “Phineas’ best friend Adil is a private investigator. He’s been trying since the wedding to get the proof Denise was not what she portrayed herself to be. Phineas caught her berating a caterer and stealing money from his wallet and he immediately set Adil onto her. They’d not been able to get the proof of intercourse because she is sneaky. My building is a secure building. Adil couldn’t get into it.”

“It’s why they asked you.”

“Yes.”

“And Beni.”

“Phineas’ lawyer is Benicio Rojas, and he was there when

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Phineas made me an offer. It seems they were all not in agreement with asking me to help Phineas prove she violated the prenup. Beni is a lawyer who is now handling my divorce. For my involvement and in offering to place the cameras willingly, they got me a new condo, are managing my divorce and I get a million-dollar deposit to my account for pain and suffering.”

“Do you think he’ll pay it out?”

“The money is already there, I’m living in the condo, Beni personally served Kyst the papers on Thursday. Beni also arranged for me to have a therapy session on Saturday. I’m seeing her again on Friday. They feel really guilty.”

“Wait. You have a new condo? You’re rich? You have sons handling your divorce? All you needed to do was put the cameras in?” Suki clapped exuberantly

“Yup. I saved him fifty million, a villa in Spain and a bunch of other shit. He paid up.” She stared at her fingers, “they check in on me constantly. Beni lives on my floor and comes to say good morning every day before he leaves to the office. Adil pops over and texts me constantly. Phineas calls me multiple times a day, assigned a bodyguard slash driver to me and sent Mama and I on a spa day,” she ran her fingers through her new locks. “He um,” she cleared her throat, “when I was having the miscarriage, the doctor was concerned it was going to be like last time when I needed to have the D&C done so she gave me a medication to help things along. I bled everywhere and Phineas just kept me on his knee while I was sobbing my heart out. Didn’t even flinch at the blood. Adil bought me sixteen boxes of pads. Beni made me tea. Phineas called my mom.”

“She works for his parents!” Suki exclaimed as she remembered.

“Right. His mom came over too. They stayed with me until late. Mom spent the last four days at my place. I stayed alone last night for the first time. It sucked. I cried a lot. Today though as therapy homework, I’m out, alone, being with myself.”

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“I’m here. Am I ruining your therapy?”

“I’ve been here three hours,” Juniper laughed. “I think its okay I have company now.”

“And Phineas, Adil and Beni, they’re the guys you were referring to?”

“Yes.”

“Is he as hot in person as on the magazine covers?”

“Hotter. All three of them are hot.” She looked away twisting her lips.

“What was that?”

“Nothing.”

“Something.”

“They’re incredibly hot. Mama put thoughts in my head and last couple of nights I’m dreaming things I shouldn’t be.”

“Like when we binged all the seasons of Supernatural and you accidentally called a certain actor’s name in your sleep?”

“Yeah, like that.”

Suki laughed loudly. “I love this for you! What did your mom say to put naughty thoughts in your head?”

“Mama overheard them arguing over which one gets to date me when I’m all healed up and they decided to make it a competition between them.”

“A contest?”

“No. Not a contest per se. More of a situation where three men want to be with me, and they love and respect each other enough they’re encouraging each other to be the best man I could possibly need. Mama said I should kiss them all before I make a choice.”

“Why choose? If they love and respect each other, take them all to bed.” Suki shrugged.

Juniper widened her eyes at the woman’s comment, “Suki! I’ve been with one man my whole life and now you’re telling me to have an orgy.”

“I’m telling you to have group sex with three hot men who want you. Turn it into one of those romance novel reverse harem things you like to read about. Since you were forced to see Kyst on camera, you should video it and send it to him, so he gets to feel it too.”

Juniper barked out a laugh, “oh my god you’re horrible.”

“Yeah, but tonight when you’re in your new bed all alone, you’ll be thinking of three men filling all your holes, making you come and forgetting about your cheating little boy you left me.” Suki sighed, “I’m angry at Kyst. I can’t believe he would do this.”

Juniper watched as Suki pulled her phone out and dialed Kyst’s number. What was her impulsive friend doing now?

“Suki. Hey. Are you back in Toronto? I need your help. Juni is pissed with me and left me. I need you to help me find her so I can sit down and talk with her.”

“Why is she mad, Kyst? It’s not like Juni to up and leave over anything.”

“It’s a misunderstanding. Her boss told her lies and she’s doubting me.”

“I saw the video.” Suki lied through her teeth. “The one where you were with the girl who just lays there. Is it a kink of hers to be treated so abysmally in the sack or were you really not caring?”

“There is no way there is video.”

“Juni put the cameras in herself, Kyst. Why do you keep lying?”

Kyst was quiet and then his voice was cold. “Fine. I fucked up. Okay. I fucked up massively, but Juni can’t just divorce me over this. We’ve been together fifteen years. She doesn’t get to walk away without talking to me about it.”

“Actually, Kyst, she does. She exactly gets to do this.

GETS you nothing. Time she wasted on you isn’t time she ever gets to reclaim. I’m really disappointed in you Kyst. You’re my friend and I love you, but this betrayal tells me I don’t know who you are. Juni’s whereabouts and what she is doing and any information I find on her are not anything I will ever share with you. I was calling you this morning to tell you, we are no longer friends, Kyst. The callous and easy way you used another woman simply because Juni was trying to give you a family is revolting. Don’t call me again. Don’t text me.”

“You’re taking her side?”

“Yes. A thousand times yes. What did Juni ever do to you?”

“Nothing. She’s perfect. She’s utter perfection and I fucked up.

I know I did. I got stupidly caught up and I regret it. I’ll do whatever she wants. Marriage counselling. Individual counselling. If she never wants to have kids, I’ll stop asking. I swear.”

“You need help Kyst but not even with all the therapy in the world will Juni ever forgive you. I know her as well as you do. You needed to know before you dipped your dick into the breathing blow-up doll, this would be something she’d never forgive.”

“She wasn’t supposed to find out!”

“That’s your problem, isn’t it Kyst. You don’t feel bad you did it. You feel bad you were caught.”

“No. I hated myself while doing it. I regret touching her. I regret it all.”

“It’s too bad regret isn’t something Juni will accept at this time. Maybe in a hundred years she can look at you without feeling the bitter sting of regret but ultimately, if you have any kind of soul left in you, you’ll do what you need to do and let her go.”

“I can’t. I’ll never let her go. She is my world, and I can’t live without her.”