

Chapter 6 – Justice For Juniper Novel Free

Her stomach tightened and nausea rose in her belly again, “I might be sick.”
“We have a bucket here for you, in case you are,” Adil said. “I’ve been in the presence of more than one woman getting results of an investigation who has puked their guts up. I know the drill now.”

“This makes you happy?” She shot an annoyed glance at Adil’s grin.

“No, but it makes me rich.”

The buzzer for the apartment sounded and everyone in the room froze as Kyst jumped and then walked briskly to the door. He held the intercom for a moment and clear as a bell, a woman’s voice rang out.

“It’s me. I’m here. Let me up.”

Juniper watched her husband’s hand hesitate as if he wasn’t sure he wanted to let her up. He wasn’t going to do it. She felt a glimmer of hope as he fisted his fingers and tucked his hand against his pantleg. Then her heart sunk to her toes as he lifted it again and pushed the button.

“Asshole,” Benicio whispered from his position.

The woman stepped into the apartment minutes later and draped herself over Kyst. He firmly pushed her back.

“Come on Denise. At least say hello.”

“Hello. Can we fuck now?”

He ran a hand through his hair frustratedly, “this is the last time.”

“Yeah right,” Denise scoffed, “you like my submissive pussy, and I like your need to fuck. It’s too bad your wife is so rigid about her schedule and won’t give you the daily sex you used to enjoy but admit it, you need to get off as much as I do.”

Juniper gasped when Kyst grabbed her Denise by the throat and slammed her against the closed door. “Do not talk about my wife. She is fucking saint. She is doing everything she can to bring our child into the world. I owe her everything. You are a hole I am fucking out of nothing more than desperation.”

“Then get to fucking,” Denise croaked out, closing her eyes and letting her head fall to one side.

Juniper gasped when she realized while he was telling Denise off, Kyst had pulled his cock from his jeans and was inching it up buckled.

She covered her ears as she buried her face into her knees, letting her tears fall. She felt a pair of hands lift her up, scooping her from the knees and settling on the sofa. She looked to see Phineas’ concerned expression on her face as he wiped her tears. She let her hands fall from her ears and noted they’d muted the sound.

Her eyes flicked to the screen unwittingly and she closed them again. She'd been taken against that exact same door with similar passion by Kyst more than once in their marriage, minus the hand around the throat. She didn't look back to the monitor but lifted her chin with only a minor tremble in her bottom lip, "he's going to be a while. He's not a two-pump chump."

"I don't get the attraction," Benicio's eyes were glued to the screen. "She's like a ragdoll. She's literally doing nothing but being held in place. He's putting her on the sofa and literally nothing. Her hands are at her sides not even touching him."

Adil spoke up, "yet she's screaming at him to fuck her harder." He motioned to the earbud he'd put in. He frowned at Juniper, "sorry."

"Benicio, I want a divorce." Her words were quiet, but they echoed around the room.

"We'll make it happen, Juniper." Benicio said seriously. "I have paperwork all ready for you to sign. I had Adil pull all your finances already. I know it's invasive but we're thorough."

Feelings of being overwhelmed made her bite her bottom lip, "You'll get me a place to stay starting tomorrow, right?" She'd find a hotel for tonight.

"It's ready for you today. You can go there right from work. We'll serve him while he's at work tomorrow. When he goes to work tomorrow, I'll arrange for you to go in and get your belongings." Phineas said quietly, "you deserve to have your grandmother's throw in your new home."

"Uh," Adil spoke up, "he's talking a lot about how his wife is better than Denise and how once Juniper can start having sex every day again, he'll get rid of Denise because all he really needs is his wife."

"Are you kidding me?" she gave a bitter hateful laugh. "He's never getting this again."

Adil held out an earbud to Phineas who listened attentively and lifted an eyebrow in her direction.

"What?"

"You like to role play?"

"What the fuck is he telling her?" Juniper turned to glare at the screen but then looked away as she caught a glimpse of her husband holding a woman's legs up in the air while he jack hammered away at her. "God, they didn't even take their clothes off."

"Seriously, Juniper? You like pretending you're on trial and your punishment is whatever the judge decides?"

"Shut up, Phineas."

"I'm still your boss," he commented but his eyes were decidedly curious about the very personal information he was gleaning from his voyeurism.

“Pretty sure our employee, employer relationship is permanently damaged after this shit. I’m going to need to find a new job. Every time I look at you, I’ll be seeing my husband’s betrayal.”

“He’s not using a condom,” Benicio said abruptly. “Do you think she’s trying to get pregnant?”

“I’ll fucking kill him.” Juniper spun around at the screen as Benicio pointed out what she’d missed. “He’s not even protected! She could get pregnant?” Her fingers moved across her own belly as she considered this was the height of cruelty.

“She put her IUD back in two months ago,” Adil argued. “I have the confirmation from her physician’s appointment,” Adil soothed the rage on Juniper’s face. “I also have her blood panel which shows she’s clear of any diseases.”

“I’ve seen enough. Can I go back to work now?” her voice was abrupt and cold. If she was going to throw up, it wasn’t going to be in front of these three, though something told her, Benicio would hold her hair for her.

“Yes. I’ll have keys and the address for you in a short while. Go,” Phineas put his hand on her shoulders as she stood up. “For what’s it worth, I do regret hurting you like this, but I think it’s better you know who you’re married to.”

“Yeah, sure.” She left the office and made her way back to her own workspace. She knew Maxine was in a call for the next hour, yet she didn’t want anyone to risk anyone hearing her crying. She tucked herself into the bathroom and let the sobs rip from her chest. She cried until her breaths were nothing more than short painful pants.

Then, the familiar, the horrible achingly familiar cramping in her lower abdomen tightened to a painful degree. Not this too. She’d expected it, anticipated it and yet it still made her want to wail with the unfairness of it all. Not her baby too. She curled into a ball on the floor, aware that at only six weeks pregnant there wasn’t much to be done. She’d been through this twice before.