



91 CHAPTER 91 The Third Party

Isabelle's POV 1

Hilda's words kept coming back to me, my head couldn't wrap around the reality of things and my mind hadn't been at rest ever since I left the mall.

We came back from work, she didn't speak to me and I quietly went to my room, there was no reason to fret but I felt so miserable. I tried picturing me and Deigo getting married, I wanted to desperately believe it but I wasn't seeing anything in my mind.

I was moving like a robot, going through the motions of bathing, freshening up, and waiting for whenever Deigo would come back. I wanted him to assure me that he would marry me, that he was planning forever with me and he was willing to stick with me.

I became restless, pacing the bedroom, I had to calm my nerves, I was getting worked up for nothing. The worst that he could do was reject me and then what would I do?

I had to prepare myself for the worst, if all



the chips were down and he said what was on his mind then I would know how to position myself for the future. The wait was killing me.

I heard footsteps approaching our room, he was back, I inhaled and exhaled. This was it, I would finally know the truth.

"Hey." He said the moment he opened the door and saw me.

"Welcome back, how was work?" I asked before I went to the main thing.

"Nothing special, just the usual."

He moved to the wardrobe like he does every single day after work, he pulled his jacket, and hung it in. I wanted to wait for him to be relaxed, maybe when he has taken a bath and rested but I couldn't wait any longer. Seeing him press a button within me I shoot at him.

"Deigo."

"Uhuh."

I summoned all the strength I had in me to ask him. "Are you planning for us to get married?"

The question froze him, he paused from the



wardrobe, he was only in his boxers and he turned to face me.

"What?" His face squeezed in a confused knot.

"I asked if we are going to get married?" I repeated the same question.

"Why are you asking?" He shot back at me.

"Because I need to know, I have to know where I stand."

He stood in his boxers, looking like a deer caught under a headlight and I felt a pang of regret, it weaved through me, maybe this wasn't the best time to ask him such an important question.

"Why are you bringing this up? Why are you thinking of marriage all of a sudden?"

"Because we are together, I need to know if you plan for more between us."

"Isabelle, I have a lot on my mind right now and marriage should be the least of our concerns."

The inevitable truth slammed me in the face, I should have known, this man looking at me had



no business with family things, he just wanted to have someone around to fuck and use like a maid.

My voice was squeaky and hoarse, it didn't sound like me at all. "So Hilda was right? I should have known better."

"Right about what?"

"You don't plan on marrying me."

"Marrying you? For fuck sake, do you hear yourself? Are you listening to what you are saying?" He asked question upon question.

"Yes, and I feel stupid for ever thinking we could be a family, Hilda was right."

"Oh really." His voice bummed as it got louder and I took a step back from him, putting distance between us. "I'm sick and tired of all this rubbish she has been sticking in your head and I can't believe you let her tell you all this bullshit."

"It's not bullshit, it's the truth."

"How? Tell me, how? We just escaped life and death, we are trying to adjust things, and getting married isn't on that list, can you handle getting married right now? How about kids? Do



you think it's wise?"

"So we don't matter." It was more of a statement than a question.

"Of course, we matter, if we didn't would we be here, fuck it, we have all our lives to do that kind of shit."

"But Hilda."

"If I hear anything about that bitch again I will lose it and since you listen to her so much why don't you stay with her instead." He was enraged at this point, his eyes and face were a shade of red. He was scary. I have never seen him raise his voice, anytime we had an argument, he was always calm.

"I hate you, how dare you say that?"

"I dare say it, ever since she came along you always come up with the dumbest of shits." He clenched his fists and unclenched them again, he looked like he wanted to hit something.

"She is just trying to help."

"I've had enough of this."

He stalked to the bathroom door, yanked it open, and slammed it close with so much force, I



thought the door would fall off its hinges.

What have I done? I wanted to know the truth but it hurts so much, I'm confused at this point. How did we come to this?

The only person on my mind was Hilda, despite what he said, I just wanted someone to cry to. I opened the door and walked to her room.

I was blinking tears away as I opened the door to her room, the moment I saw her, I collapsed in her arms and started crying.

She held me, letting me cry, I didn't hold back anything, I cried like a baby and she just sat there, rocking me against her.

"I told you, he is a monster and he doesn't love you."

"I- I-"

"Shhh, don't say anything, I understand, just let it all out."

"I thought we could be together."

"He doesn't care about you and you know it, he just wanted his life."

I cried so hard I thought my eyes would fall



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off and my heart was shattered into a million bites.

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