

Chapter 2

Andrew left so quickly that I didn't have the chance to say anything else. I stayed at home and tended to my wound, but I'd yet to get the gauze on when my phone rang.

"I saw the video your husband's so-called sister shared on her social media, Rosie. Oh, what innocuous siblings they are! You need to see how cringeworthy that video is—I don't believe for a second that you can still make excuses for him after watching it," my best friend, Colbie Smith, said.

She shared a link with me, which brought me to a social media account. The pinned video was one captioned "Seventh anniversary".

Coincidentally enough, the video was filmed at the restaurant I'd booked to celebrate my seventh anniversary with Andrew. Under the video was a comment from Andrew.

"Most people prioritize their survival over everything else, but I'll prioritize you, my dearest Nina."

She'd replied, "Thanks for the wonderful meal, Andy. I wanted to go on a diet and lose some weight, but it looks like that's never going to happen when you're around."

The rest of the comments were from people offering their best wishes—they had no idea Andrew and Nina weren't in a relationship.

I couldn't help feeling revolted when I saw the comments. The video was uploaded two days ago. I distinctly remember that being the day of my and Andrew's seventh anniversary. I'd booked a table at that restaurant a week before.

Andrew had looked scornful after finding out, though. "Is stuffing your face all you know? Isn't there anything else you can do with your life? Look at how ugly you are right now. I can't believe you have the gall to leave the house and dine at a restaurant."

I hadn't taken his words to heart at the time. However, on the day of our anniversary, my stomach had still acted up. And so, our dinner plans had been abandoned.

In hindsight, it explained why Andrew had brought me a bowl of nice, warm soup when he'd returned that day. Nina had even made me a herbal concoction, telling me to care for myself. It looked like I'd spent money for them to celebrate seven years together.

I saw Andrew's loving comments on almost all of Nina's videos. It reminded me of the condescending way she'd spoken to me when I'd first met her.

"Do you know why I treat you like a stranger instead of like Andy's wife, Rose? Because I think you're unworthy of him.

"Who do you think is worthy of him, then?" I'd asked, only finding her words laughable.

She'd pointed at herself. "You're only his wife in name. I'm the one who means the most to him. I'll prove it to you if you don't believe me."

She'd given me a challenging smile before running to Andrew and clinging to him coquettishly. "Andy, Rose just..."

Before she could even finish, he'd gotten mad at me without asking what had happened. "How many times do I have to tell you that Nina is just my sister?

"We've known each other for years and think of each other as family. Could you stop being so hostile and mean to her?"

I hadn't heard what else he'd said after that. All I saw was the mocking yet pitying look on Nina's face. For years after that, I'd acted like I'd forgotten about that, but the memory would always resurface whenever Andrew prioritized Nina over me in the face of any problems.

It was a perpetual thorn in my side.

"You should divorce Andy, Rose. It's been long enough—you should return him to me now."

The text from Nina was the straw that broke the camel's back. Andrew had long since fallen out of love with me, and the past seven years had destroyed all my love for him.

I was exhausted. Perhaps it would be better to take me out of the picture, allowing them to become a real family.