

Chapter 3 Thanking You

Author: Lush Green © 2024-11-27 10:18:57

Ever since Andrew left that day, he never returned home.

I knew that he was waiting for me to yield. However, the Mariah who used to give in to him was the one who loved him deeply. That person no longer existed.

Now, I couldn't care less about his whereabouts.

I threw myself entirely into Yuna's psychological therapy sessions, praying that Andrew would stay away forever and spare me from having to see him again. Perhaps it was because I had already brushed shoulders with death, or maybe it was because I felt nothing for him now, but by some miracle, the depression that once weighed me down for years in my past life had vanished in this one.

Turns out, men are only good for one thing—causing women stress and frustration. Beyond that, they're utterly useless, I thought to myself.

Even though Andrew hadn't come home, I could guess exactly where he was with just the smallest effort. After all, Wendy's social media was a constant stream of updates on Andrew's daily life with her child.

The posts painted a picture of warmth and bliss. Anyone looking at them would surely remark how happy and harmonious this so-called family of three appeared to be. Some mutual friends, clearly unaware of the real story, even asked if the two of them had reconciled. A few others speculated whether Tonya was actually his biological daughter.

In response, Andrew left carefully worded comments to clarify. 'Tonya is still very young and has lost her father. I just want to give her a complete childhood. Please don't misunderstand, guys.'

His words were polished and proper, as though he were some paragon of virtue.

I liked his posts occasionally but never asked a single question. Not one word, not one emoji. Nothing.

Meanwhile, on every social media platform, it was clear he was checking up on me constantly, as his name always appeared on my 'recent visitors' list. I ignored it and pretended I hadn't noticed.

The next day, Wendy's feed would inevitably feature even more detailed updates of Andrew's wholesome parenting moments.

While I was coaxing Yuna to sleep, he was putting Tonya to bed. While I attended Yuna's parent-teacher meeting, he went as Tonya's father to hers. While I accompanied Yuna to her therapy sessions, he was busy fretting over Tonya's scraped finger, acting as if it were a life-threatening injury.

A curious neighbor asked, "Where's the child's dad? Why hasn't he been home for so long?"

I gave a faint smile, my voice flat and devoid of emotion. "He's dead."

The neighbor sighed and stopped asking questions.

During this time, Wendy, who had been quiet for days, suddenly sent me a message.

Wendy: 'Aren't you the least bit curious about where Andrew has been all this time? He's great with kids, you know. Tonya's been thriving under his care.'

Such a cheap attempt at stirring things up, I thought. Then, I replied instantly.

Mariah: 'I'm not curious. I'd rather he drop dead somewhere far away.'

She had no idea how much I relished the peace that came with his absence and not having to see the face that disgusted me so much.

Her side went silent for a long time. She kept drafting her reply, but nothing came through for quite a while. Finally, one message popped up.

Wendy: 'So you've learned to play tough now, huh? I wonder who was once desperate, begging Andrew to come home to see his daughter. Once I have him wrapped around my little finger, remember to be a good girl and agree to the divorce, okay?'

I didn't bother typing a response. Instead, I sent her a picture of the debit card again. It was enough to shut her up and bring me peace.

Wendy was quick to act.

Not long after that, she sent me another message, this time with a photo attached. It was a screenshot of a bank transfer record.

There were all kinds of large bank transfers.

I didn't respond.

A few days later, she sent me a photo of a luxury handbag from a high-end brand, adorned with diamond accents. Even the most conservative estimate put its value in the high six figures.

After that, she sent an image of a property deed.

Finally, it was a debit card.

Wendy: 'This card has more privileges and a higher credit limit than yours!'

Every single thing she sent, Andrew posted on his social media.

However, I was the only one who could view his posts.

If this had been the old me, I would probably be sobbing uncontrollably by now.

But too bad for her, I was not that person anymore.

Mariah: 'Thanks.'

Wendy was baffled.

Wendy: 'Have you lost your mind? What are you thanking me for?'

'What else? For giving me a pile of evidence, of course,' I thought.

These days, I took pleasure in making their lives harder.

Henry, knowing my current family situation, asked if I needed a lawyer. He mentioned having a friend who was one of the top divorce attorneys in the city.

I thanked him, transferred him the consultation fee, and gladly accepted his help.

Then, with the evidence in hand, I filed a lawsuit against Wendy, citing a claim for marital assets.