

## Chapter 4

It was hard to believe that was the same man who had once promised to love me forever. As I struggled to my feet, my right ankle throbbed with real pain. However, Caleb's deepening frown told me he thought I was faking it.

I let out a bitter laugh. I said, "You know why I'm here. Should I read your chat history with her out loud for everyone to hear?"

"And Sheena, are you so desperate for a man that you must go after my husband? You're even calling him Daddy—how disgusting can you get?"

"That's not true! There's nothing between Caleb and me!" Sheena sobbed while Caleb's face turned purple with rage at being exposed publicly.

"Enough! How dare you slander Sheena? She never seduced me. We were having normal conversations," Caleb snapped. "Apologize to her. Now!"

Apologize? His commanding tone crushed what little hope I had left for our marriage. My heart went completely cold as I watched him unconditionally defend Sheena without offering me any explanation.

At that moment, I knew—our relationship was over.

I lost all will to argue as the crowd's whispers amplified my humiliation. Slowly approaching them, I caught Caleb's triumphant expression—he thought I was giving in.

"That's better. Apologize to Sheena properly; if she forgives you, we can all move past this," he stated condescendingly.

Without a word, I removed my wedding ring and placed it in his hand.

"Harper, what are you doing?" Caleb asked in confusion, but I was already walking away.

Back home, I finally broke down. The tears I had been holding back came flooding out as I sobbed uncontrollably. Whenever I was hurting, my parents had always been my safe harbor. Sadly, they were gone.

I knew that being alone meant I had to be stronger than ever. I would not let those who betrayed me see me broke.

Once I had calmed down, I contacted a lawyer about divorce. With the chat history, I knew I had a strong case. Then, I packed my things and moved temporarily to my best friend's place.

That evening, Caleb texted me. [Where are you? Why aren't you home yet?]

He clearly did not understand the message when I returned the ring.

Another text followed. [Why did you take all your stuff? Are you mad?]

I was too tired to respond, but after my shower, I found several missed calls from him. Just as I was about to block his number, he called again.

After a moment's hesitation, I decided to clarify things. I answered coldly, "You don't need to know where I am. A lawyer will send you divorce papers in a few days. Just sign them quickly."

There was a long pause before he responded, "You want a divorce over this little thing? Come on, Harper, stop being dramatic. I'll apologize if that's what you want."

It was laughable that he still thought I was only throwing a tantrum. I hung up and blocked him on everything, feeling instant relief in the silence.

Exhausted from my mom's funeral and that mess with Caleb, I fell into a restless sleep.

The next day, around noon, I was woken by a loud knocking at the door. When I opened the door, I found Caleb holding a bouquet of red roses with a bright smile that I could tell was completely fake.