

Chapter 3

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I quietly took photos of their chat history before placing the phone back in his jacket pocket. At that point, confronting him or breaking down in tears seemed pointless.

About five minutes later, Caleb emerged wrapped in a towel from the shower. He immediately reached for his jacket and asked suspiciously, "Did you look at my phone?"

I shook my head, denying it. He pressed the issue several times, but I remained calm and admitted nothing. Eventually, he dropped the matter.

I could not help but laugh at the absurdity. They had been caught making out, yet he was worried about me looking at his messages. Nevertheless, I would not let either of them off easy.

The next day, I took a cab to the mall where Sheena worked. I spotted her at the luxury boutique, wearing a white blouse, black pencil skirt, and sheer black stockings.

Her tall figure and pretty face made it easy to see why she had caught Caleb's attention.

"Welcome, how may I help... Harper Smith?" She started with her rehearsed greeting, bowing slightly, but froze when she recognized me.

"Surprised it's me and not Caleb?" I asked coldly.

"Of course not, Harper. There's nothing between Caleb and me, really," Sheena replied with a forced smile.

I calmly showed her the screenshots from yesterday. "Nothing? Then why are you calling him Daddy?"

Sheena visibly panicked, struggling to form words.

"What if I shared these online?" I asked. "I wonder what people will call you—mistress, homewrecker, or worse?"

Sheena sneered. "It's your fault for not being good enough to keep your man. Besides, they're just pictures. Who would believe you?"

I chuckled at her shamelessness. In today's social media age, it would only take minutes for her reputation to be destroyed, regardless of whether people believed the screenshots were real.

As I opened my social media app, pretending to upload the images, Sheena finally cracked. She lunged for my phone and screamed, "No!"

I stepped back, causing her to stumble and fall. Other sales associates rushed over to help her up.

"Sheena, are you okay?" they asked, concerned.

Sheena pointed at me accusingly. "I was just showing her some products when she went crazy and pushed me!"

Her coworkers immediately took her side, demanding I apologize and threatening to call security.

"Go ahead and call them," I announced loudly. "Then, everyone will know she's dating someone's husband!"

A crowd began gathering around the store.

She glared at me and protested, "She's lying! I never seduced her husband!"

She had not expected me to make such a public scene, knowing it would embarrass me too. However, I was beyond caring.

I challenged her, saying, "If you won't do it, I'll call the police myself!"

As I raised my phone to take action, Sheena grabbed my wrist, trying to stop me from posting. Her coworker rushed to her side, but I held my ground, refusing to back down.

In the middle of our struggle, someone shoved me from behind, and I stumbled forward. When I looked up, I saw it was Caleb.

Instead of helping me up, he wrapped his arms around Sheena, his face full of concern. Sheena immediately switched to a delicate, innocent mode.

"Caleb, Harper went crazy and pushed me. I think I twisted my ankle—it hurts!"

Caleb gently wiped her tears and knelt to massage her ankle.

My heart sank. They looked like the real couple to anyone watching, while I appeared to be the heartless third party.

Sheena shot me a triumphant smirk as Caleb turned to me and demanded, "Harper, what do you think you're doing?"