

**Mayor's Dutiful Wife**

## **•Chapter 6• Damaged Goods**

He finally let go of my hand and placed it on the small of my back instead.

My heartbeat quickened as I walked with him to the VVIP booth.

We entered through a glass door and all of them came into my view.

Dalton, Violet, Mandy and Grayson, and of course Nancy. I don't know what

she was doing here. She was three to four years older than all of us. When I

was in high school, no one and I mean no one got along with her. Nobody

even knew she existed.

They were the cool popular kids and I wasn't unpopular but I was also not

popular, I was somewhere between the average kids, I guess. They were only friendly to me because of Sebastian and now they are friends with Nancy.

"Mr. Mayor!" They all howled in unison raising their drinks. Their voices got stuck in their throat when they saw me.

"Hannah Clarke... Wow, I never thought I'd see you again." Violet said looking me up and down.

Violet and I never got along in high school because she had a huge crush on my then-boyfriend Sebastian, she didn't like me very much.

"Violet, same..." I answered.

Sebastian sat with his friends.

"Hi, Hannah" Mandy grinned.

Mandy was Violet's wannabe, so, she automatically hated me.

"Hi, Mandy" I smiled.

I stood there awkwardly with all of them looking at me like I am some kind of ghost.

"Why don't you sit down," Mandy said gesturing towards the only seat

available which was next to Grayson. Lucky me.

Grayson, Dalton, and Sebastian were inseparable in high school, they were

the three amigos, popular jocks, and players.

Grayson and Dalton used to

blame me for ruining their friendship and stealing their best friend.

Now that I think about it, they all hated me for some reason and I was too

blindly in love with Sebastian to see that.

I sat down and Grayson kept gawking at me with his lips slightly parted.

"Hi, Grayson. How are you?" I asked because I was feeling uncomfortable by his constant stare.

"You look beautiful, Hannah," he said

"Thank you"

"It's a pity her personality doesn't match with her face," Sebastian said and I felt uneasy by his remarks but chose to stay silent.

Dalton, Nancy, and Mandy laughed out loud.

"Burn" Nancy laughed.

"Don't worry, wife. They all know everything about us. How you are forced onto me" he smirked, I looked around and they all were trying so hard to hold in their laughter.

"Well, I am not exactly ecstatic with the situation either" I gave him a fake smile.

"Sebastian, would you quit being a jerk for a second? Hannah, I love C&W, your cocktail dresses are amazing. I am in love with them" Violet said and a real smile graced my lips.

Did that just happen? Did Violet Pierce snap at Sebastian Harding for me?

"Thank you, Violet"

"So, Hannah. Remember me?" Dalton raised an eyebrow. Dalton was goodlooking but still a total manwhore, I hope he has changed from his old self.

"Of course, Dalton" I smiled

The waiter arrived with drinks and placed one in front of me. Dalton winked

at me and said. "My treat"

"I am sorry, I don't drink" I lied because I didn't want to drink in Sebastian's presence. I am a stupid drunk.

They all began to drink shots after shots and drinks after drinks. They all didn't acknowledge me at all. They were talking and having fun like I wasn't sitting here with them.

It's like Sebastian brought me here to embarrass me or make me feel less about myself. He was laughing and joking around like a carefree person. He isn't like this normally.

There was something about his posture that made him look like he was the king of the world. He had a powerful personality that gets all the attention in

the room and outshine all the others. Every time he laughed the veins in his neck popped out.

He was really good-looking but it's a pity his personality doesn't match with his face. I smiled to myself as I roasted him alone in my head.

"What?" Sebastian asked me, he had a deep frown as he stared at me. I suddenly realized that I was smiling at staring at him the entire time. That may have looked really weird, I cringed inwardly. Upbeat music started playing. A group of male and female performers entered our booth. I swallowed uneasily, I have been to high-end clubs with my friends but I have never seen anything like this before in my life. The boys

were wearing jeans only and the girls were in revealing scandalous outfits.

One of the performers straddled Sebastian and grinded her core into him as she sensually moved her body to the beat.

Sebastian leaned back on the couch. Both of his arms spread over the headrest.

"We are not exclusive" Nancy whispered to me leaning down on the table and I got a full view of her cleavage. I am sure Grayson beside me did too.

I looked towards Violet and Mandy but both of them were also busy with the male performers.

It was beyond disturbing for me. I got up and walked out of there, it's not like anyone will notice anyway. I took a long breath to calm myself down.



What is wrong with them?

I stepped out to a balcony and shivered as the cold breeze touched my skin. I

wrapped my arms around myself and gazed at the beautifully clear night sky.

"Why did you leave?" Dalton's voice startled me.

"I just needed some air..."

He jerked his head towards the private room inside.

"Not your scene, huh?"

I gently shook my head. "No..."

He nodded and stood beside me watching the stars for a few seconds. None of us saying anything.

"How many guys have you been with?" He asked

A line appeared between my brows. "Huh?"

"How many guys have you been with after Sebastian," he asked

"Excuse me?"

"Come on, just asking. Give me a wild guess, if you can't count them on fingers"

"Wow!" I said

"Can I just say you look smokin' hot"

"I should go," I said, and as I was about to leave he grabbed my forearm and pulled me back.

"It's just a silly question, Come on, Hannah, loosen up"

"Let go of me," I said through gritted teeth.

"Okay, okay" he let go and raised his hands in surrender.

"So, when will it be my turn? I mean, you got hotter and I like my girls slutty.

Sebastian won't even notice" he said and his breath hit my face. I could clearly

smell the alcohol in his breath. The smell awakened something in my mind. I

pushed past him and ran straight out of the club.

I was panting heavily like I have run a marathon. My chest constricted making me crouch down. I held onto my chest trying to stop the pain.

Not here, please not now.

\*"Fucking whore"\*

\*"You like it, don't you, princess?"\*

\*"Take it like a good girl"\*

His face flashed before my eyes. Beating me, forcing me to do indecent acts.

His voice ringing loudly in my mind like a siren on loop. I fell on the road

clutching my chest. I curled up into a ball, pulling my hair with my hands.

"No, no, no please, no" I cried out.

"Hannah!" Someone grabbed my arms and made me sit pulling me in their embrace.

"Hannah, look at me" his voice fell on my ears.

"No, please let me go, please. I--- I c--- can't br--- breath" I cried.

"Take a deep breath, Hannah. Deep breath" he rubbed my back soothingly and I did as he said.

"Just listen to my voice, and take a deep breath. You are okay... You're fine..."

I exhaled and inhaled sharply. Sucking air into my lungs greedily.

"That's it, Deep breaths" I heard as someone hugged me, I took a long deep breath and started crying miserably. I clutched the person's shirt as I cried

into his chest. I looked up with my vision blurred from tears and I saw Sebastian holding me.

I gasped and I pulled myself away from him.

"I am sorry," I said and stood up immediately.

"It's okay," he said.

I was still trying to stabilize my breathing. "Can you tell your driver to drop

me home, please? I don't feel good"

"I'll call him," he said and I nodded.

He was the last person I wanted, to see me in this position. I didn't want

anyone to see my weak and vulnerable side. Now, he must think that I am

crazy. I have always been afraid of it, that if people saw me like this they

might think that I'm crazy... Like they called my mom crazy.

We stood there awkwardly, not talking to one another about what just happened. I could see my tears on his black shirt. "I am sorry, I ruined your shirt" I mumbled. He looked down at his shirt and then back at me. "It's nothing," His driver arrived and I took off my heels holding them in my hand as I walked to the car with the driver. I looked back and he was still standing in his spot, watching me with a deep frown. I kept crying alone in the backseat of the limo. I reached home and ran up to my room. I pulled my mother's box out from under the bed and hugged it to my chest. I sat there sobbing in the dark, kissing my mother's belongings.

I couldn't survive one night with all of them, how can I survive the next two years without going crazy in this town.

I am not a slut, I am not a bitch, I am not worthless. I kept chanting these words to myself like I used to do before.

I want to go back to New York and forget this town once and for all but I

can't... Not after what my dad pulled the other day.

Just imagining that how

close Scarlett was to her death made me squirm. I

know what my father is

capable of, I have seen it.

It's just two years, Hannah, it's just two years.

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I woke up and my whole body ached, I was laying in an uncomfortable

position on the floor, hugging my mom's stuff. I sat up and stretched my body. I was still wearing the dress from last night. I took a shower, brushed my teeth, and slid into comfortable clothes, sweats, and a t-shirt. I dried my hair and made a messy bun. I lazily strolled down and saw my dad talking to Sebastian Harding.

What was he doing here?

Both of them were dressed up neatly. Their hair was made up and sleeked back. Their crisp black suits. Sebastian looked so much like my dad that it was scary.

What if we are siblings? My eyes widened and I shook my head. Stupid Hannah! I cringed inwardly.



Sebastian looks up at my father so much that he is becoming just like him. An egotistical, narcissistic, conceited, misogynistic jerk. I ignored them. I went inside the kitchen and made myself a cup of coffee. I

sat on the counter drinking my coffee looking outside the kitchen window.

"How are you now?" Sebastian asked.

His arms crossed over his chest and he leaned on the doorframe, his head tilted a little towards the side, his eyes watching me like a hawk.

He should be hungover. Why is he so fresh this early in the morning? The thought annoyed me.

"Why do you care?" I snapped.

"I don't" he deadpanned "But what I do care about is my reputation. I married

you without knowing what you are and who you are"

he stood straight

arrogantly with his hands in his pockets.

"I am the mayor, the most respected man in this

town and I can't have a

lunatic of a wife crying and lying in the middle of the streets, wearing a

skimpy dress making her look like a cheap hooker,"

he said and sighed loudly.

"Should have known that you were damaged goods"

saying that he walked

back into the living room.