

Valery's POV

Lucas entered the room his face held a worried expression "they were followed by the paparazzi, took some shoots and their photos were sent to them"

"Why is such a big deal, its blown up all over the internet" I rushed out stuttering on some of words still in complete shocked, tears falling down my cheeks onto the screen, I didn't even care if I was letting Lucas see me like, a broken mess, I couldn't keep it in, how could anyone keep this sort of feeling of betrayal in?

"CEO drama must be entertaining" he answered out bitterly sarcastically "I'm sorry it got out like this, I'm trying to get a handle on the situation to try to shut it down but everyone seems to have their own opinion"

"I gotta go home" I say suddenly wiping my tears, forcing myself to stand up, stories like these are very damaging to anyone's reputation, and before anymore unnecessary drama gets out, me and Noah to make a statement regarding this before it gets completely blown out of context

"What" He practically shouted out "have you lost your mind, and what he did your going back to him"

"I have to, and you need to call Briella" I ordered to him "We need to get a handle on this story before even more rumours get out and it gets blown up more than it already has" I snidled out, I just want this to be over, the last thing I want is to see my husbands betrayal scattered all over the internet to remind me constantly

Lucas sighed aloud, his hands rubbing his temples "yea your right, here I'll drive you back"

"Thank you but I'll take a cab" I told him as sternly as I could without seeming rude "Its bad enough the press is on about Noah and Briella the last thing we need is them spotting us together and making even more stories"

"your smarter than you look" he smirked at me

With a raised brow I replied "did I look dumb to you" I ask sarcastically but playfully with a smirk of my own, I knew he was just kidding, he noticed my hint of sarcasm and smiled

"I'll drive you" he said so ly as he walked towards me trying to get to the door, I placed my hand on his chest to stop him, shaking my head lightly

"No I'll call a cab, there may already be paparazzi at my home, we will only be adding to the story if they see us together" I warned, removing my hand from his chest I gave him a small smile "thank you for all you have done, and for telling me of my husbands infidelity, but right now we both have to do damage control since we are both sadly dragged into a shit storm"

He looked at me with pity, giving me a sad smile "I get it, everything will be okay"

"I hope so" I sad with worry, I can only imagine how the paparazzi is gonna tear us limb by limb nonstop to get the story they want, I dont know how much of it I will be able to handle

"you deserved so much better than what he has given you"

I only nodded my head, looking down at my feet trying to control my tears. I know Noah doesn't deserve my tears but he is the only love I know, the only type of love I felt now that he has done this what will happen now? Do I just give up loving him? The answer seems so simple but the burden on my heart is clenching as if refusing the idea of leaving him.

"I'll go call a cab"

After calling the cab a few minutes later it arrived, Lucas was nice enough to let me borrow a scarf and sunglasses to cover my face when I got home knowing very well our home will be swarming with paparazzi, mostly because me and Noah didn't live in a gated community like Lucas and our friends did, we lived in country, though he didn't like living far from the city I found comfort in the so quite nature away from the loud crowded cities, but because we lived in the county in a none gated community it made it somewhat easy for the paparazzi to find our home, and a area that was close enough to get photos but not on our property. We didnt really need security oen since Noah or I weren't huge social icons, but this scandals has thrown us into the wolves.

Though this is Noah's mistake, I've facing it with him.

For better or worse.

Once I got back home the swarm began, the flood of questions began in an instant

"Do you have any idea how long the affair has been going on for?"

"Will you file for divorce"

"Does this affect your friendship with Briella Banks?"

Each question felt like a knife cutting into my heart, I couldn't take this pain, every time I look back on the memories with me and Briella I dont know how she was able to keep smiling, laughing, making jokes with me, even though she has been betraying and lying to me this entire time.

My own best friend

And my beloved husband.

Can I even call him that now?

My husband?

How can I look him in the eyes?

Will I love him the same way?

Did he not love me?

Is that why he cheated?

Cause I wasn't enough?

I was finally able to enter the house, I let out a breath that I didn't even know I was keeping in, looking around the space which I once called home, because now it doesn't feel like a home, it feels like a box full of secrets, and lies.

I felt suffocated in this house, I couldn't breath, this pain was too overbearing.

I couldn't go to our room.

The memories are just too painful.

So I went to the kitchen, ignoring the mumbling and whispers of the staff and waited for my

Dear husband to come home.

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