

Staring out the window, I took into observation of our back yard, unlike the current state of the front, it was quite and peaceful, our rose bushes, the garden was simply, we didn't bother trying to make it as beautiful as it could be, it was simple. Sort of like our married. The simplicity of it all I suppose. I wonder what if this is my fault. Had I tried harder to make our marriage more beautiful maybe he wouldn't have cheated.

Its the what if's that killing me.

My heart tugging to know what did I do wrong, what is his reason for seeking love with another women.

I was torturing myself, with these thoughts, and looking at the photos over and over again, each time I looked added another crack in my heart.

I should just burn these photos, pack up my bags and leave with out a trace.

But the second I do that I will be le with a emptiness, I will never know his side, my heart and mind will be stuck on whats if and maybe's, and if I throw away the photos or stop looking...

I fear I will just forget his betrayal and forgive him.

My thoughts were consuming me.

I just wanna forget this memory, this pain, I needed a distraction from this terrible nightmare

I decided to pour some tea and I make my way to the library, hopefully I could get away from the annoying sounds of reports tapping on the window, and asking questions.

In the library is where I spent most of my time before I never read, or had time to read but a er marring Noah time is all I have, and I do love losing myself in a good book, and I had time before I had to start planning Noah dinner party for his business partners and friends

I didn't realize how long I have been reading till one of the maids came in telling me it was already lunch time

I quickly put the book down not bothering to eat since I didnt know how long it will take to plan and I want everything to go just right

I helped the maids cook and clean, as I helped clean the main room I couldn't help but trail my eyes too old high school pictures of me and Noah

It was like a cliché love story, he was the bad boy I was the good girl we were total opposite, di erent from one another, but thats what I loved about us..

All the text messages..

The lunch dates..

Small pity arguments, are goofy conversation thats what I loved about us....

But now.. Its like we're just too di erent

My thoughts were interrupted when the voices of reporters and the sound of cameras flashing, became more louder thats when I knew he was home.

I shut my eyes, for a moment.

A brief moment to catch my breath, hoping that I could get through this mentally without breakdown mid confrontation

I knew I wasn't ready.

Hell who would ever be ready for this sort of revelation.

There is nothing that could have helped me get through this right now, I will never be ready, so I just need to take a leap, try to be as strong as possible and get through this.

"Val" a voice echoed through the house, I make I way to where I heard his voice

ā

So it begins.

I found him standing by the mirror wearing his dark grey suit and his blonde hair slicked back neatly as always, I always found Noah a turn on and good looking but now a er finding out about what he did my whole perspective of him had changed

ā

I stood by the arch door of the kitchen, our eyes meet, we stood on opposite sides of the room, not so far but not even close.

Complete surprise written on his face but in a blink he covered it

"I can explain" he stated calmly looking a little bored as he spoke "I can tell by the look on ur face, your believing the stories"

ā

I stayed quite, I wanted to her him finish, I need and wanted to know what excuse he had.

ā

Did he really think I would fall for that

"Me and Briella were only meeting to discuss a job o er"

ā

I couldn't help but let out a laugh, rolling my eyes ignoring the tug I felt at my heart, he was trying to cover up his lies even with all the evidence that has surfaced.

It wasnt even a good lie. pathetic excuse it is.

He seriously thought I was going to just believe him just like that.

Did I really make my self seem naive and dumb to him?

ā

"You got to be kidding me" I snapped out crossing my arms I let my anger control me, no longer wanting the sadness and pain to control , but I knew my tough, angry act wouldn't last" do you honestly expect me to believe that" my voice cracking at the end I couldn't keep it in no matter how hard I tried

"Ive seen pictures dating back to when we got married you shit" I yelled as I grabbed the photos from the shelf "I have seen them, hell the whole city has seen them and you still have the nerve to lie to my face" tears now pouring from my eyes

"I loved you, I have been with you when you had nothing Ive seen you at your worst but she came in to your life when you already had everything and yet you still choose her. my best friend"

"Can you stop overreacting it was a mistake"

ā

"It wasnt a mistake, you chose to sleep with my best friend, you chose to ruin our marriage" I continued to scream out I didn't even care that reporters could hear me, I didnt care if I looked pathetic in his eyes, all that talk about trying to be strong went out the room completely

"Valery please, you know I love you, I messed up"

"You dont love me" I cried out "You dont hurt people you love"

ā

I could no longer handle this, I couldnt bare to look at him anymore

"I can't do this right now" I sni led out "We cam talk about this later where we come to a final decision on our plans" I said, no emotion in my voice, trying to sound confident and strong but in reality sounded as though I had completely given up

"Does this mean we aren't getting divorced"

ā

I didnt even bother replying as I made my way to one of the spare bedrooms, I knew if I answered him I would only cry, he would probably comfort me and I'll give in.

Pathetic I know.

ā

Continue to next part