



STEALING MY EX

JORDAN SILVER

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CHAPTER 1



Ladies, let me tell you something. There is nothing better than cheating with your ex-husband. Let me explain. My ex-Justin and I were married for ten years with three kids when he got the itch and decided to cheat with his work wife, the bitch he told me not to worry about that they were just friends.

Welp, I wasn't born under a rock and I've read enough online forums to see where this was going. I gave myself two years tops to get my shit together, unbeknownst to him. I'd be the first to admit that after the kids were born practically back-to-back, I had no time for anything else.

I went from going to the gym three days a week to running around behind three kids under the age of five, which didn't do much in the exercise stakes. Not to mention all the leftover food I ate so it didn't go to waste that just ended up on my waist.

So, once I saw the signs, I went back to school online for a refresher course since I hadn't used my degree since I left college and got married. I did some networking with friends from my college days that I was still in touch with and got my ducks in a row.

I never once let on that I knew his friendship had become something more, not until I gave him the divorce papers with the printout of the emails between the two of them that pretty much spelled out everything. I got the house, a hefty alimony that he would be paying forever since I never had any

intentions of getting married again in this life, and enough child support to make sure my kids were always taken care of.

My lawyer took him for everything because we live in an at-fault state, and she has a stiffy for cheaters. He got to move into an apartment where he was free to do as he pleased with the skank he took up with.

Well, it's been eight months since this all went down, and apparently, the grass isn't greener on the other side. I would be lying if I said I wasn't gutted by the cheating and spent an inordinate amount of time plotting revenge schemes in my head, but nothing was better than the reality.

How it all started. After I dropped the excessive one hundred- and seventy pounds dead weight that was my husband, I went back to work with the help of my mother-in-law, who practically disowned her son in favor of staying in her grandkids' lives.

She didn't want the kids in daycare, so while her husband went to work, she drove the half hour to my house to take care of the youngest two while the oldest, my only son, was in Pre-K.

She went so far as to take them on my weekends as well to give me some free time. With all the money I got in the divorce, I could've stayed home and sat on my ass for the rest of my life, but I wanted something more; I wanted to show my kids that I could do more.

I turned his study into a home gym and got back into exercising, not realizing how much I had missed it. I hired a nutritionist for me and the kids, who soon had us all eating better, and I'd say within the first three months, I started getting back to my ideal weight and was feeling much better about myself and life in general.

Now, here is where the problems started. The new girlfriend wouldn't allow my ex to come to pick up the kids without being there, but when she tried mothering my kids in front of me, I had her trespassed, told my ex we could revisit visitation when he remembered how to be a dad to his kids without his tramp butting in where she wasn't wanted.

It was easy to get her trespassed because she got loud and confrontational when I told her she was no mother to my kids and would never be even if she married their dad ten times. Yes, I goaded that bitch on purpose because I hate her.

I know, I know, you want to get to the cheating part. Well, I wasn't just killing myself on the elliptical to fit into old college jeans. It was all part of my plan from the beginning. I knew I was going to work my ass off and lose the weight, which is one of the things he cited as his reason for cheating.

The first time he came to pick up the kids and saw me dressed to the nines, ready to go out on the town, he almost lost his shit. He didn't know that I was going to the grocery store, but whatever. Now, when he left, I went and did what I had to, I posted a picture on social media looking just a little ruffled with the caption "Just like old times."

Of course, I know the slag of Hades stalked me like a nineteen-eighties song and that she would get the wrong idea. I also knew that he would too. Apparently, she ripped into him because she was sure that he and I did the deed when he came to pick up the kids and because he'd spent so much time climbing up my ass about where I was going and who with, it looked like he'd taken at least an hour longer than was necessary.

Since then, every time he came to get the kids, which was every other weekend, I pulled another stunt. Then came the day of the storm. It was raining cats and dogs, and I may or may not have implied that I needed him to come get the kids because I had company coming over.

Once he arrived, breathing fire, I reminded him that we were no longer married. Secondly, it was his weekend, and last but not least, he knew how much I hate thunder and lightning, so my 'friend' was going to sleep over to keep me safe. Kind of like the way he used to when he was a real man, but I didn't tack that on.

Well, it got so bad, which I knew it would because I'd been scoping out the weather for a week, that he decided it wasn't safe to drive the kids in this. We had the first night as a family

since the divorce since I had to feed him. I made a fake call with a lot of whispers about how we'd have to cancel because the kids were still there.

He looked very pleased with himself when I hung up the phone, but once he saw what I was planning to feed my imaginary friend, he was back on his shit. "You were going to feed him stroganoff? You haven't made that for me in years." Yes, because my kids don't eat this shit, and it's a pain in the ass to make besides.

"Oh, I forgot you like that. It's one of Tim's favorites as well."

"Who the hell is Tim?"

Beats me. "A friend." I served my kids their mashed potatoes with roast beef and glazed carrots while I plated my own food. When he looked at me as if expecting me to feed him, I ignored him. He got the hint and got up to feed himself.

The kids were very excited to have him there and he seemed to forget who he was because he shut off his phone after the hag started calling and texting nonstop. I pretended not to notice because it was none of my business.

After we put the kids down together, he asked to watch a movie, which I showed no interest in, and played on my phone while he found something to watch. He wanted to have a conversation, but I didn't.

"I'm not really interested in doing this with you. I really wish Tim was here. Maybe it'll clear up soon, and you can leave so he can come over."

"You're not having a strange man in the house with my kids."

"Really? Don't you have them around your girlfriend every other weekend?"

"That's different. This is the family home; it will confuse them."

"Are you on something? You don't think they're confused that their mother and father no longer live together, and Daddy

takes them to see his new girlfriend every other weekend? Get real. Besides, I don't need your permission."

I got up and went to the window as if checking on the weather. A clap of thunder shook the house, and I ran to the bathroom, legitimately shaking but needing to put the nail in his coffin.

I pretended to call this Tim person and went on about how terrified I was, how I needed him there, how I wished it was him here with me to keep me safe. Five minutes later, I left the bathroom to find an irate Justin sitting on my couch, looking like someone kicked his puppy.

"I don't... who...?" He didn't have a leg to stand on, so he just shut the hell up while I took my seat again. I pretend texted 'Tim' and laughed at nothing while hiding my phone screen like I was sharing state secrets.

"Hmm mmm, excuse me for a minute." I headed upstairs to the bedroom and closed the door, leaving it just a little bit open. I usually sleep that way for the kids, so this was nothing new.

What was new, though, was my ex-husband sneaking into that doorway to see me taking selfies in the new baby doll I'd bought for the occasion. I knew he was there the whole time, even when I pretended to send the pictures to 'Tim.' And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how I found myself bent over my bedroom bureau with a pissed-off ex-husband behind me, fighting with his zipper.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Shut up!" It took everything in me not to laugh. I guess he forgot that one of the side effects of my fear of storms is my overstimulated libido. I let him pound the hell out of me for old time's sake, then threw him out of my room. Oh, he begged, but no dice. I got my rocks off for the night; his services were no longer needed.

From that night on, I got to thinking how fun it was to have free dick without the hassle of having to do his laundry, cook his meals, or give two fucks about his opinion. We've

fucked every week since then. I wonder what he tells her when he leaves work on his lunch break to meet me at a hotel for an afternoon quickie. This sneaking around shit is the bomb. No wonder he liked it so much.

CHAPTER 2



I'm a messy bitch girls and boys. I wasn't always this way, but sometime between having all these kids in the span of four years and my husband losing his mind and flying the coop, something in my head went clickety click.

Now, in this plan of mine, I'm playing the long game. The first order of business is to wreck her shit, him; I have my children's entire lifetimes to deal with. I have to cut the head off the snake first and leave the body shaking in the wind.

I say that to say I forgot on purpose to take my birth control. Yes, I did. Why? Because I wanted to be home with my babies, and this workforce bullshit is for the bees. I forgot how much I hate most of the human population, and they seem to have gotten worse in the last few years.

This was always part of my plan because Justin the ass had promised me four kids when we got married, and he left me at three. A promise is a promise, after all. So, on these afternoon ranch fests and sneaky link Fridays, when he came to pick up the kids, I made sure to ride his dick raw.

"We've got to stop doing this," I mumbled. My ass!

"Doing what?" We were both out of breath because I was sliding on and off his cock, which, for all that he's a piece of shit, is a thing of beauty. I've always had a fondness for his cock and the pleasure it can bring.

This was week four of our little rendezvous, and we were both having fun. It's like the spark had been lit, and we were like two teenagers running around behind everyone's backs to

fuck. His dick didn't even feel the same as it had the last few years of marriage; it was better because it was stolen.

I can't tell you how hard I cum these days just from knowing that that bitch is going to flip her shit when she finds out, and oh, you better believe she's going to find out. "We shouldn't be sneaking around like this. Oh fuck, that feels so good right there."

He had a hand full of tit and the other one full of ass while I did the slip and glide on his length. I'm pretty sure he noticed how much wetter I was than usual and thought it was all him. It was, to an extent, but it was the thoughts in my head more than anything that got me there.

Every time we fuck these days, she's on my mind. I didn't know being vindictive could be this heady, but the thought of her suffering the way I did when all comes to light makes my pussy twitch.

"Oh, Tim!" Uh-oh. All movement stopped at the sound of my voice. It took everything not to laugh at his ass when he looked at me all butt hurt because I called him by another man's name. Motherfucker you had a whole ass girlfriend while we were married. Get over your shit.

"What did you call me?" He growled, and my pussy purred.

"I'm sorry, it slipped out."

"You're fucking him?" Well duh! I didn't answer, but my look said of course I am.

He flung me onto my back, which is what I wanted any damn way, and pounded into my belly like he had a point to make. That's right, Daddy, show me who's boss.

Rage fucks are the best. I went back to work that afternoon with a snatch full of cream, my neck, and chest covered in hickeys, and started counting down the days to my next period. I'm about to make a lot of people's lives very miserable, and one of them ain't gonna be me.

That Daisy bitch is going to rue the day she set her sights on what's mine and made my babies cry. Fuck what they did to

me, I'm an adult, I can handle my shit. But they made my babies suffer. I guess Justin forgot who he married. I changed with the times and circumstances, but I can step out of my mom shoes real quick.

The two of them had already knocked me out of the wife heels I was wearing for ten years, so why not go back to being the girl I was, the girl he was so hot for that he followed me around campus for damn near a year before I gave him a chance.



I DIDN'T LOOK before answering my phone and wish I did. It was the weekend, and Justin had taken to coming on Saturday mornings before the kids woke up to get them. He thinks he's slick, and I don't know what he's been telling that idiot, but that half hour before the kids wake up is spent in my bed getting freaky.

Ever since the day I called him Tim, he's been putting in the work, which is why I did it in the first place. Some days I have to remind him that he has a home to get back to because he's on my ass like fleas on shit.

When the phone rang, he had just stepped into the shower after getting his dick dirty in my snatch, and I was in the middle of afterglow. "Where is Justin?" Click! I hung up on that idiot as soon as I heard her voice. She must've lost her damn mind.

I looked at the bedside clock. Another ten minutes or so before the kids wake up. Her call had revived me when I thought I was done for the day because Justin can fuck now; not gonna lie. I sauntered my happy ass into the shower with him and showed him with a hand on his head, just what I wanted.

It's been a while since I stood in my shower with my husband on his knees in front of me, eating me out while the hot water from all six jets rained down on us. I filled his mouth with pussy juice on thoughts of her at home going

crazy, wondering where he was and what he was doing.
Welcome to the club bitch.

CHAPTER 3



J let him do me in the shower from behind and left his knees weak with my Kegel antics before it was time to see about my kids. “I’ll make breakfast.”

“That’s nice.” This fucker never boiled an egg in all the years we were married; now he’s Emeril Lagasse.

I stayed back to clean myself up while he left to get dressed. I wonder if that fool he was messing around with realized that half of his shit had made its way back into my closet. He’s been leaving his shit here like I wouldn’t notice, but I’ve got something for his ass.

I took my time getting dressed and was almost done when he came back into the bedroom.

“You look nice. Going somewhere?” I wonder where he got the nerve.

“Where are the kids?”

“The kids are up, fed, and dressed, ready to leave for the weekend. So, you going somewhere?”

“As a matter of fact.” I put on the last pair of diamond earrings he’d bought me as a push present when my youngest daughter was born and slipped my feet into the fuck me heels I was planning to wear.

I wasn’t dressed too sexy or anything, seeing as it was nine in the morning. But the almost hot pink outfit did wonders for my complexion. The silk blouse fit just right around my

breasts and hugged my middle, while the underwire in my bra was working overtime.

I'd paired the top with silk palazzo pants that hugged my hips and flared off my ass down to my ankles. I finished myself off with a spritz of fuck me juice, aka perfume, and walked past him, leaving him in my bedroom looking like looptey- doo.

“Where are you going?”

“Why does it matter? Don't you have to get back home?” I hadn't told him that his bitch had called my phone looking for him after he turned his off. But I was sure she was going to have his ass as soon as he walked through the door. As long as my kids don't come home with stories, we're good.

Now, I know this clown very well, so I was very sure after kicking him out of my house that he was going to spy on me. That's why I'd made the appointment with the contractor for five minutes after he left.

The doorbell rang right on time, and I wish I was the kind of woman to just drop her panties for anything with a dick because this man is fine as all get out. But too sad, I was in the middle of letting my ex breed me to put a monkey wrench in his shit, and I don't want to muddy the waters. I'm no skank, after all.

“Oh, hi, right on time. Would you like a cup of coffee before we start?” Now, I'm not leading this poor man on; he just happened to get caught in the crossfire. Besides, I happened to know he was in love with his fiancée, who introduced us, so it was safe.

“That sounds great. Your home is gorgeous.”

“Thank you. Come right through to the kitchen we can set up in there. How's Cindy?”

“She's great. She went wedding dress shopping with her mom and mine this morning.”

“How fun.” I put on the coffee while counting down in my head. I didn't make it to ten when my front door came busting open, and a storm blew in.

“What’s the matter? Did you forget something? Are the kids okay?” Butter wouldn’t melt in my mouth.

It’s like I wasn’t even there. His whole focus was on this man who came here to work on my basement. “Justin Campbell, and you are?” He held out his hand to Jonathan, who took it with a pleasant smile. Poor thing, he doesn’t know our story and is completely unaware that he was caught in the middle of my drama.

“Campbell? Oh, I didn’t know you were married.” Jon turned a perplexed look my way.

“I’m not.”

“She’s...” I gave Justin a questioning look at his response. What the hell was he about to say?

“Shouldn’t you get back out there with the kids? I’ll walk you out. The coffee should be ready, Jon; help yourself.”

“Who is he? What’s he doing here?”

“He’s my new contractor. I’m thinking of doing something with the basement.”

It took him a minute to make up his mind about whether he should go or stay, I guess because he kept looking back at my kitchen.

“The basement? What’s wrong with the basement?” He was questioning me, but his eyes were still fixed on the doorway to the kitchen.

Now you know how it feels when someone else is sniffing after what’s yours. If I had been thinking, I would’ve hired an escort. Next time. As if I hadn’t fucked with his head enough for the day I went in for the kill.

“I realized that when Tim comes over, we disrupt the kids a lot. I figure I’ll turn down there into our little love den, a place for us to play when the kids go down for the night.” My ass, that’s going to be my craft room and a bigger play area for the kids, but he doesn’t need to know that.

“He’s still coming over here? I thought...”

“You thought what? Doesn’t what’s her face come to your place every day? She practically lives with you last I heard.” His mother stays telling me their business which is funny as hell. Last I heard, the two of them don’t get along, and if I know my mother-in-law, she lets her dislike be known at every turn.

He looked like he wanted to strangle me. This ass used to leave my bed in the morning and go Tomcatting around with that hag, but now he’s looking at me like I betrayed him. “You should leave. Haven’t you been gone too long already?”

I pushed him out my house and went back to my business.

CHAPTER 4



Not even an hour after Jon left my phone was ringing off the hook. “What’s the matter now, Justin?” Damn, he calls me more now than when we were married. I guess Daisy Dukes is comfortable in her relationship because she doesn’t seem to see the signs. Justin always was a snake all salesman wanna be.

He spent hours each night on the phone with me and every weekday afternoon in a hotel room fucking my brains out, and some of those nights, I was sure she was in the house with him. I wasn’t too worried about her missing the signs because I plan to out us when the time is right anyway. Her clueless ass.

“It’s Jason; he’s being fussy. I think he might be coming down with something.”

“Oh!” I wonder what he did to my kid to get him to pretend to be sick. What five-year-old isn’t a fussy mess?

“Are you sure? He seemed fine when you left.”

“I’m sure I’m bringing them back to the house.”

He was smart enough to hang up before I could answer and showed up in my face ten minutes later. I doubt he even made it home before coming back here to annoy me. For someone who was worried about his kid, he sure spent an inordinate amount of time looking around my house as if expecting a man to jump out at him.

I didn’t miss the smug look on his face when he realized the coast was clear. I guess he missed the fact that there were

no strange cars in the driveway. He seems to have lost his senses since the divorce, or his close proximity to the brainless twit he left me for was rubbing off on him.

“Come on, kids, let’s change into our play clothes.” He walked by me like he still lived here and took the kids upstairs to their rooms with the youngest in his arms, looking like the cat that ate the canary. Ain’t this a bitch? I had to divorce him to get him to be a father.

The time he spends grilling my poor kids about what goes on in my house is about the most time he’s spent with them since he started losing his mind three years ago. My poor kids don’t know what the hell is going on, but they know not to talk about Mommy’s friend, which only makes him rabid.

Unbeknownst to him, Mommy’s friend is the Instacart guy who doubles as a Doordasher and is here at least once a week. We shoot the breeze when he comes by because I make sure to tip him well because he has a young girlfriend with a kid at home. It’s got so I find little things for him to take care of on the property so I could give him some extra money.

My ex is convinced that this friend is Tim, so every time my kids mention him, I get interrogated like he works for M5. Once, they told him that Mommy’s friend brought pizza, and he tried to fuck me to death the next afternoon.

I heard him calling me from downstairs but pretended I didn’t because I wanted no part in what he was up to. I stayed my ass downstairs, waiting for him to make his way back down my stairs and out my damn house, but instead, I heard squeals from upstairs and the running of feet to the movie room.

I went up there to see what was going on and found the four of them on the wraparound couch with every pillow in the house around them and a whole cache of Disney movies ready to make me lose my damn mind.

Now, I’ve been careful not to let the kids see us together because I don’t want them to be more confused than they already are. But here he is, living out a moment from the past.

This is what we used to do when one of the kids was feeling poorly.

“What are you doing?” I made my voice sound as friendly as I could so as not to alarm the kiddos.

“What does it look like?”

“You’re staying here?”

“Yes, I am. My kid is sick. What do you expect?”

Fucker, they’ve been sick before, and your ass was too busy getting some strange to notice or care. I didn’t say any of what I was thinking out loud. “Great, I’ll go get changed.” I left and went to my bedroom to get changed alright, but not the way he thought, I was sure.

I slipped out of the palazzo pants and silk blouse and slid into a short yellow sundress. You know the type: spaghetti straps, cleavage on point, a cinched waist, and falls to just above the knees with a flare that could go either way. If I bend too low, you’d see all my particulars, and if a high wind blew, I’d do a Marilyn Monroe in this bitch.

I found another pair of fuck me sandals and headed back to the movie room to mess with his head. “I’ll be right back.”

“Where are you going?”

“You’re forgetting; this is your weekend; I have plans.”

“But Jason is sick.”

“Yeah, and you’ve got it.” I left before he could bitch anymore. I had no damn plans and drove around like I was lost for the first ten minutes before deciding that some retail therapy was just what I needed. Something that will kill a few hours while he sits at home stewing about who I’m with.

I turned my phone off because I knew damn good, and well, my kid wasn’t sick and knew even more that it would piss him off. Too bad for him I’m no longer his wife and don’t have to answer to him for shit.

After filling my trunk with packages filled with more crap my kids weren’t going to use or wear, I decided to treat myself

to a nice meal out, taking my sweet time. By the time I pulled into the driveway, the sun was going down.

The house was pretty quiet when I walked inside, not a peep coming from above stairs, and from the looks of things, he'd fed the kids dinner already and put them to bed. There was no sight of him, though, but I knew he was still there because his car was still in my driveway.

I checked on the kids, but still no sign of him until I walked into my bedroom and was attacked from behind. "Where the hell have you been all day, huh?" He wrapped his arm around my middle, the other went up under my skirt, and he tore my panties off.

I knew from the way he was feeling around he was checking to see if my pussy was dirty from 'Tim.' "What in the world are you doing?" I stifled my laughter as best I could. "You can smell me? I showered."

"What the fuck?" I got myself bent over the end of the bed this time.

I've had more sex with my ex in the last three months than I did in the last two years when he was my husband. I had to muffle my screams in the bed because he was doing his best to outdo 'Tim,' and my poor cooter was paying the price.

I guess he had a lot of pent-up energy because when he was done, he dragged me off to bed and started in on me all over again. I hope that lonely bitch was home losing her damn mind.

"I'm staying the night."

"The hell you are. Don't you have a woman to get home to?"

"She doesn't live with me. And can you stop throwing her in my face every second?"

Well, what do you know? He's tired of hearing her mentioned. I had to live with that shit for the past three years. Buckle up, fruitcake; I've only just gotten started. "Take your dirty dick and get the hell on. I like sleeping by myself."

“What about your precious Tim?”

“He doesn’t sleep here. I’m waiting to get the kids used to him first. Don’t want to rush things, you know.” Well, that did it. Now, my legs are bent all the way back to my ears, and the coot is getting the pounding of her life.

CHAPTER 5



Well, I knew this day had to come sooner or later. “Callie!” I turned at the sound of my name. I’d know that fishmonger voice of hers anywhere. Why is it that when men cheat, they go low? Is it because no self-respecting woman with class would sleep with another woman’s husband? Or because these bottom-feeding skanks are all that are on offer?

I should make his ass pay for cheating on me with this thing with teeth and not finding someone up to my standards. I’m not sure if that makes it worse. Our mutual friends had dragged her for filth in the beginning and still do on occasion unless I shut them down, and he’s become kind of a joke for throwing me over for her.

Now, I don’t think looks are all that matter, which I guess was her point the one time she got through to me on social media to brag about how my upper-class upbringing and having the best of everything hadn’t saved me from her and she’d been able to steal my husband away. At least she knew she was not my equal and not because of her subpar looks or the fact that she comes from a lower socioeconomic background. But for the mere fact that she would stoop so low as to sleep with a married father of three.

Now, I never said a cross word to this woman for screwing up my life. Why? Because she didn’t take vows with me. I didn’t even give Justin a hard time; I grieved in silence until the day I gave him the divorce papers. By then, I had come to

terms with the demise of my marriage and was already working on plan B.

No one knows how much I suffered in silence, but I knew that going off on a tangent wasn't going to un-fuck her, and nothing was going to change the fact that my husband, the man I trusted my heart to, had betrayed me.

I could've stayed for the kids, but what good would that have been with me being unhappy and him running the streets because I was dumb enough to give him an easy pass?

The only time I ever spoke to this thing was the day she tried disciplining my son because he refused to acknowledge her presence, which led to her being trespassed from my property.

“What do you want? Are you stalking me again?” She would have to be. How else would she know that I was out running errands? I fixed my shirt so the hickey I'd been hiding in polite society was on full display and what do you know, that's exactly where her gaze fell.

She puffed up like a blowfish and stomped her ass over to me. “Step back.”

“This isn't your place; it's public property, and I can go where I want.”

“Suit yourself, but a TRO is as easy for me to get in this town as a trespass.”

“Where's Justin? He didn't come home last night.” You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Where did this inbred ingrate get the audacity?

“He's with his kids last I checked.”

“You think I don't know you're using your kids to get him back? You probably turned his phone off when he got there, too, didn't you?” I smirked at her because she had yet to look away from my hickey. I wish she would twist her mouth to ask me where I got it, but on the other hand, now was not the time.

If it was, I would've told her that her man was at home in my bed laid the fuck out after I put it on him this morning with

the kids keeping him company while he recuperated. Speaking of which, I'm gonna have to curtail their TV time next week because they've watched way too much in the last two days.

She rambled on about some shit, but I walked away in the middle of her tirade because I had shit to do. Of course, she followed, ranting and raving like a lunatic. It must be eating her up inside that she couldn't reach him. I remember what that felt like.

She couldn't go to my place without getting arrested, and I made sure his phone was not only off, which he did himself, but I blocked her number before I left the house just in case he turned it back on. From the looks of it, he hadn't contacted her, so I guess he didn't want to talk to her any damn way.

"I'm talking to you." Touch me, please, I beg you. She had enough sense not to go there and I turned with my hand on my tummy protectively and gave her the wide eyes. "I'm sorry, I need to go; I have to throw up." Only from seeing your face but you can make of it what you will.

I made a hasty exit as she'd just given me a great idea. I rushed through the rest of my errands and headed back home with all the trappings for a nice Sunday meal.

Justin got very excited when I mentioned it to him upon my return, and I got busy making a nice roast with all the trimmings. I posted that shit on my socials and had a million questions from friends and family alike in the first five minutes.

Everyone wanted to know if that was really Justin in the pictures and if it was new or an old throwback. I showed my ass but good, once again making sure my hickey was on full display. One of them, anyway. The others were in places not fit for polite company.

Of course, I was coy with my answers, especially when the subject of reconciliation came up. But my mother-in-law came through like she always does. 'Now, this is what I like to see, a family around the dinner table. My one and only daughter-in-law. You're glowing sweetheart.' Knowing that my stalker was bound to see that shit and crap herself made my damn day.

I told you I'm a messy bitch; I lapped it all up and didn't mention a word to him about seeing her in town; I'll save that little tidbit for later. He wasn't looking like he wanted to leave at the end of the night, and since I knew she was halfway to crazy by now, I didn't push.

I put him to work on making baby number four throughout the night and watched him play dad of the year with my kids in the morning before we both had to leave for work. I wanted him out before my mother-in-law showed up because I wasn't ready to answer any questions.

Oh, to be a fly on the wall when he got to the office where he was bound to meet hellfire from Daisy Dukes. I wasn't interested in their mess; I had more pressing matters to tend to. I made a stop at the pharmacy, which I didn't dare do the day before with him up under my ass.

I think I already knew the answer. I've been pregnant three times before, and my period, which you could set a clock by, was three days late. Let the games begin bitch.

CHAPTER 6



Well, what do you know? After a month and some days of running around behind everyone's back fucking like bunnies, the line turned blue. Did I forget to mention that at about the same time, I was forgetting to take my pills, which I had no need for after the divorce anyway, I was going hard on the folic acid?

I didn't say anything, of course, because it was early days yet and I wanted two things before I breathed a word. A doctor's confirmation and to be further along. The way the crazy runs in my life, I don't want any unforeseen accidents.

I'll have to check my playbook to brush up on this part of the game. There was a lot to navigate going forward, so I had to prepare. The first thing I did was cut Justin off cold turkey. He was fit to be tied and was having a conniption over my imaginary boyfriend.

I, of course, let him tire himself out because the more time he spent riding my ass, the less time he had for the nut who had taken to running her mouth off on social media and making an ass of herself.

As suspected, she saw my Sunday family dinner post and lost her damn mind. She went ahead and made her own post about old washed-up bitches trying to steal her man. I shared that shit for a good laugh because why the hell not. I'd already got what I wanted, so there wasn't a damn thing either she or he could do.

I bet it burned her ass the way I shared it because even her friends were throwing shade at her because of the reminder that she was, in fact, the one who had cheated with my husband and was now on social media, crying about me trying to take him back. Now, remember, I said I'm messy. With my new pregnancy under my belt, I decided to stir the pot just a little bit.

I still have friends at Justin's place of business, people who were in and out of my house for BBQs and cocktail parties over the years, so I took to showing up there unannounced just to say hello like I did in the old days.

Of course, I just had to see him in his office to discuss things about the kids. He was so thirsty since I cut him off that he didn't seem to notice the embers that were starting to blaze right beneath his nose. Either that, or he didn't care.

Daisy Dukes was like to swallow her whole damn esophagus every time she saw me enter the building, but she knew better than to follow me into his office, though I became aware the second time I went there that she liked to listen in at closed doors.

Justin never mentioned the problems I was sure they were having to me and he seemed more and more annoyed whenever he wasn't with me and the kids. He was up to making any excuse in the book to find his ass in my house.

I went back to our strict custody guidelines, barely acknowledging him these last few weeks when he came for pickup, but today, I had something else up my sleeve when I went to his office carrying a suitcase with the clothes he'd left at my place. "What's all this? Are we going on a trip?" His eyes lit up like he actually thought that was a possibility.

"These are the clothes and things you've been leaving at my house. I don't think you should just drop by anymore and I wasn't sure if there was anything in here that you needed." You know, kind of like what you did when you upended my life without any kind of warning. Just packed my life, the life we'd shared for ten years, into a neat little pile of trash so you could move on to the next thing.

“I don’t understand, what happened? Why did you switch off just like that?” You divorced me, you ass. Did I get to have a say in that? I don’t recall asking you shit about why you were cheating on me. Did you give me a chance to fight for us? No, you did not. Stew in your own juices, you wretch. My inner bitch was roaring, but I had to put her on pause because the game was only just beginning. It was nowhere near time to show my hand. My ass, yes, but not my hand.

“I know you’re mad at me, but there is a reason for my actions. I didn’t want to say anything because I didn’t want to be accused of causing problems.” I bit my lip the way I know he remembers me doing whenever I was unsettled about something.

“What’re you talking about? What problems?”

I pretended to think it over as if the words weren’t dying to roll off my tongue. “The day before I called things to a halt, I ran into your girlfriend in town.”

“She did something to you? Wait, I don’t have a girlfriend.” Oh, this is glorious.

He came from around his desk, face full of concern. Don’t you see that bitch still breathing? What could she have possibly done to me that I’d let her live? Or walk again? Hasn’t she done enough? Keep your shit together, Callie.

It took some doing, but I kept my face neutral, but it was hard. Thoughts of filleting that bitch always give me a girl boner. It’s one of the simple things in life that I find joy in. That and imagining her as roadkill after I ran her over with my truck, which I had yet to buy.

“Well, she kind of threatened me, said she knew I was using the kids to get you back, got all in my face. I don’t want to cause any problems. As a woman, I know how it feels to be in that position.” And I’m going to drown the bitch in the same misery.

I could feel her outside the door, dying to come in and defend herself. Too bad for her HR was just looking for any excuse to get rid of her. There’s no policy on the books that

forbids them from dating or even cheating, but like I said, I have friends here.

“So, you see, I didn’t want to make waves. That’s why I think we need to stop. You loved her enough to destroy our family, so I think whatever issues you two are having can be worked out.”

“What are you talking about? I thought the two of us were working on getting back together?” Did you hear that bitch? I’m sure from the gasp I heard, she did. He was oblivious.

“That’s too messy, Justin. We got divorced, remember? And you’re the one who wanted it because you found something else.”

“I never asked for a divorce; you’re the one who wanted it. The one who never gave us a chance or me one to make things better.”

That woman is going to have a heart attack from all these new revelations. You see, for the longest time, she thought that he was the one who had left me. That’s why she’d made such a stink about me and my kids getting the house in the split.

She thought he’d blindsided me after getting all his shit together to take me to the cleaners. I know this because of things she’d said in the past, but I had held my tongue because I like to serve my revenge on permafrost.

She had it all planned out, just like every other two-headed snake like her. She was going to live in my house, sleep in my bed, and probably drive my car as well. If that bitch could live in my skin, she would’ve.

“Look, I just came by to drop these things off. You can pick the kids up from your mom’s this weekend. I think we should not see each other for a while.”

“Like hell. The agreement is that I pick them up from the house, and that’s what I’m going to do, and your ass better be there.”

Did I mention that I studied ancient philosophies just for kicks in college? The one thing I learned from Sun Tzu is to

know my enemy. I know that the more I run, the more he'd chase.

In short, I'm going to make him do all the things I thought of doing when my marriage was falling apart. All the things I didn't do because I had too much pride and also because I'd had enough time to prepare for the loss before serving him the divorce papers.

He was also oblivious to the smirk I gave her upon leaving or the way I played up to his coworkers, who were only too happy to show their dislike of her by fawning over me. I showed pictures of the kids on the way out, which, of course, included the infamous Sunday dinner pic.

Everyone knew she was listening and went out of their way to show their support. That's right, this part of my plan involves her losing her job either by lashing out when I get to be too much and getting fired or by being made so uncomfortable by the others around here that she had no choice but to leave.

Since I've been making these trips on my lunch break and he was no longer leaving his desk every day at lunchtime to disappear, I was hoping she would put two and two together if she had enough brain cells and figure out where he'd been going.

I'm surprised she hadn't followed him at least once when we were hooking up, but then again, I didn't know he was cheating on me in the beginning, either. That snake oil salesman thing.

I made sure to turn and give her one last smile before leaving that day, knowing she had a belly full of questions about all that she'd eavesdropped on. If she could read me, she would've seen what I was thinking, which was, that's right bitch, it's your turn.

CHAPTER 7



I forgot to factor in one thing when working on my game plan: morning sickness. It's only the sixth week, but that bitch is in full form. I didn't prepare because I never had it with my other three. This baby was already kicking my ass for my antics.

I patted my stomach and reminded the little shit that no matter how he came to be, I already loved him with all my heart. That didn't work, he still kicked my ass for the first few hours of each day, and when it wasn't him, it was his idiot father crawling up my ass.

A lot has happened in the last few days, so let me fill you in. The day after I returned Justin's things to his place of business, Daisy Dukes turned up the crazy a notch. She started spamming my phone with calls, which I never answered, but I was more than happy to save the voicemails and text messages, which were all threats, for future use.

Since I wasn't answering her or giving her any kind of satisfaction, she found herself driving by my house at all hours. The second time I caught her, I called Justin, who was looking for any excuse, and invited him over for dinner under the pretense that the kids missed him and were asking for him. He was only too happy to bite.

My outdoor cameras caught her going by about six times. By then, he had turned his phone off, which was a new rule in my house to set a good example for the kids: no phones at the dinner table. So, you can imagine the hell she was living since she couldn't step foot on my property. I didn't block her

number this time because I wanted him to see all the missed calls when he did turn the phone back on.

I know him very well, and maybe this is one of the reasons I didn't put up much of a fight when my marriage was going down the drain. Justin hates feeling hounded or restricted in any way. Now, with her acting like a desperate housewife, he was bound to see another one of the many differences between the two of us. I never once interrupted his time with her.

Not because I didn't want to. What woman wouldn't react that way in those circumstances? But because I knew him and knew how much he liked the chase. I swallowed tears of blood and worked on my game plan instead. Now she's out there losing her ever-loving mind because she doesn't know him beyond his deep pockets and thick dick.

That night, I pretended to let him talk me into letting him stay. I fucked him to thoughts of her driving by my house and seeing his car parked there with the house in darkness. Night-night bitch.

The next morning, when he woke to slashed tires, I was only too happy to show him my surveillance cameras. "How did she know that you were here? Do you see how dangerous she is? I don't want that around our kids. You'd better do something."

Now, I did that shit on purpose. Why? Because she was trying to convince him that I was lying about her threatening me. Which she may or may not have done. How the hell would I know? I stopped listening to her the second after she called my name that day.

Like I said, I don't know what goes on between them, or I usually don't, but this jackass has taken to complaining to me about the woman he cheated on me with. I keep telling him to stop that shit, but it goes in one ear and out the other, and my messy ass is here for all of it.

Of course, they had words, and he broke things off, not for my sake, I hope. But she, of course, wasn't having any of it. The fat pigeon she'd had in her sights was slipping away, and I was to blame for all her woes.

She was now spending her free time between staking out his place and driving by mine. Now that damn Justin thinks he's slick. He used the excuse of her slashing his tires as a reason for him spending the night because he was worried about me and the kids.

I didn't stop him because she wasn't quite as crazy as I needed her to be. She was still going to work and doing her job, if not as well as before, according to my spies, but she was still functioning. Some days, I could barely get out of bed to take care of my kids because of her and my husband's affair. She ain't seen nothing yet.

Anyhow, I still haven't told Justin about the baby yet, and I'm busy collecting evidence against that jackass to put her away. Escaping his notice in the mornings when he sleeps over has been a trial, but I've been pulling it off by hopping in the shower before he wakes up and getting my nausea under control well enough to ride him awake after my shower. What man is going to question that shit?



TWO WEEKS LATER AND, she's escalating. That might be due to my social media shenanigans. You see, Justin is blocked on all of my social media, and he doesn't use it for anything other than business, so he has no idea what I've been up to, and what I've been up to is posting cryptic messages about relighting fires and second chances along with a few shots of Justin and the kids together in the evenings when he cons a meal out of me.

Tonight was my coup de grace, though; I had it all planned out down to the minute. For the last few days, Daisy Mae had been getting bolder. It was obvious that she'd gone from losing her mind to full-on nuts because homegirl said fuck the law and the trespass and found herself looking over my back fence.

Now, she apparently isn't aware that I have cameras all over my place, and even if she sneaks onto the property from the wooded back lot, I can still see her. I didn't say anything to

anyone about seeing her back there because she was only making things easier for me.

That night I didn't have to do too much sweet talking to get Justin into the hot tub with me, and I'm pretty sure, even though it was dark out, that I was looking dead at her while I rode his dick. His words of love must've been torture to her ears, and when he started talking about how much he regretted giving up my golden pussy, I expected her to die on the other side of my fence. Did I mention that Justin is a talker?

Anyway, I figured since I spent so much time imagining the two of them together, it was only fair that she got a front-row seat. I had to make sure and get Justin off with my pussy gymnastics because I wasn't too jazzed about her seeing my naked ass once he'd done what I expected. He's been saying that same shit every time we fuck.

After the deed was done and we were back in our robes, I pretended to hear a noise coming from back there. Justin looked off in the dark but saw nothing, but of course I just knew what I heard and had to check the cameras to see what was what.

He damn near passed out from anger when he saw her. Now he knew she was really crazy. "I'm calling the cops; this is getting out of hand. He tried convincing me to let him handle it but I wasn't having any of it.

"No, you might be willing to take a chance with my life, but I'm not."

I called and made my complaint and was just frightened enough when the cops showed up at my door, or at least I gave a good impression of it, to have them springing into action. Can't have a crazy woman on the loose now, can we?

As I half expected, in the coming weeks, she claimed to be pregnant, which had Justin shitting bricks and breaking his back to convince me that they always used protection, and besides, he hadn't touched her since we started our little fling. I half believe him because I went out of my way to fuck him dry during that time.

I guess she didn't realize that all new arrestees are subjected to examination, so imagine her surprise when the test came back negative. Now, I didn't want her behind bars for too long. What would be the fun of that? How would she get to witness my spectacular life if she was locked away?

I knew she was looking at a hefty fine and maybe some community service because my local district is all about rehabilitation, especially for first offenders. But she lost her cushy job and had to move back in with her parents, cussing me with each step she took.

It was about the right time to announce my pregnancy, I think.

CHAPTER 8



Up until now, I guess I've been talking as if my divorce was a cakewalk. As if I went through that whole ordeal, including the leadup, like some superwoman, some cold, heartless bitch who wasn't bothered in the least by all of it. I'm not here to mislead other women going through that, this, it was hell.

The first time I had solid proof of the affair, it felt like someone had scalded my heart with hot oil. The pain was excruciating. My first instinct was to burn everything he owned, hunt her down, and peel the flesh from her bones. I imagined doing it all.

That morning, as luck would have it, my youngest daughter, Ashley, came down with a fever. I remember watching my husband walk out the door after hearing this with nothing more than call the pediatrician.

It was then that a light went off in my head. What would I be fighting to hold onto? I know some friends would've told me to stay, but that would only be to save face in front of other people who were enduring their own hell just to keep up appearances, no thanks.

I sat that day with my sick child and let all the emotions have their turn ripping me apart. At the end of the day, it wasn't the sexual affair that bothered me the most; it was the emotional intimacy that ripped me apart.

The thought of him sharing what we once had with someone else. Laughing with her, telling her about his dreams,

making plans with her. Those are the things that made my jealousy rabid.

It hadn't always been like that, of course. At the beginning of our relationship, he was the most attentive, loving, kind, and compassionate boyfriend then husband. He spoiled me so much that I didn't work the first few years of our marriage, even when there were no kids, because he didn't want me to.

I was still in the fog of being in love back then and went along with it. Besides, I was busy overseeing the building of our forever home, then decorating the place from top to bottom, and all that entailed.

My son Jason came not long after we moved in, followed the year after by Dana, and Ashely wasn't far behind. In between giving birth, I did my best to be the wife he wanted, and I wanted to be. Our sex lives suffered a bit, sure, but that was to be expected with three kids.

But somehow, I think in his head, after I gave birth, that was the end of motherhood, and all of my attention should go back to him. I wasn't one of those mothers who neglected her husband, but I obviously had to care for my kids. Something I thought he and I were supposed to share.

It became more and more me stuck at home with the kids while all he did was complain about how things had changed. I thought I had married an adult who understood how these things worked, but apparently, I was wrong; no one ever took the time to teach him, I guess.

That's what first alerted me to the fact that something stank in the state of Denmark. His constant complaints, the dead bedroom, which I honestly didn't mind, because as good as his dick was, I was tired after running around behind kid all day, and I needed my rest. Not to mention, my body hadn't bounced back from my last pregnancy, and I wasn't feeling sexy in the least. I kept promising to get back in shape, but who had time for the gym with three young kids?

I could've hired a babysitter, but Justin was against strangers raising his kids like his ass was any help at all.

Anyway, once I suspected the affair, I bided my time and did some snooping on the down low. I never gave him any reason to think that I suspected him, and since he was no longer initiating sex with me because he was getting it elsewhere, I didn't have to answer twenty questions when I turned him down, which I would have because, ew.

Once my suspicions were confirmed it all hit me at once. It's one thing to suspect your husband is cheating and another kettle of fish to have proof. That proof came in the form of receipts for hotel rooms. I can't tell you the last time he'd taken me out anywhere, let alone spent money on a hotel room for me.

I started collecting those receipts through the bank and put a trace on his car so I could document every time he was with her, where he went, and how much he spent.

Two years, it took two years for me to get myself together. It wasn't all about collecting evidence, but I needed to be in the right frame of mind going forward. Oh, I knew from the moment I found the truth that we were done. I hate cheaters.

But I had kids and a life to think about. I hadn't worked in almost ten years, had no real work experience, and had three kids under five. Where was I going? What was I going to do?

I guess assholes having affairs don't stop long enough to learn the laws of the state they live in, but scorned wives with an ax to grind have all the time in the world.

I learned everything I needed to know about divorce in our state from the beginning. In fact, that was the catalyst for everything that came after. That was the first duck in my row of stone-cold vengeance.

When I served him the divorce papers over breakfast on a Saturday morning while the kids were with my parents, he almost shat himself right there at my table. "If you have anything to say, you can say it to my lawyer." I placed the business card on top of the folder with the rest of the evidence.

"Callie, wait."

“No, there’s nothing to wait for. I want you out of my house.”

“Get real, this is my home too.”

“Fine, then I’ll just let your mother and everyone else know what you’ve done.”

Like I said, I know him. He may get around his mom with lies maybe, but once she knows, his dad will too, and that is his biggest fear: disappointing his father, a man who does not believe in divorce and hates cheating and cheaters almost as much as I do.

He left kicking and screaming. The locksmith I reserved showed up half an hour later, and the rollercoaster to hell began. Why? Because as soon as my home was secure, I called everyone and told them what he had done to me and my kids.

I told them who, where, and when, and all hell broke loose. I never took to social media other than to announce the split and our mutual friends took care of the rest. Since I accidentally, on purpose, let her name slip and the fact that she was a new hire at his place of business, she wasn’t spared.

I watched for weeks and she and them fought back and forth on social media and didn’t say one word. Justin never got the chance to grovel because I didn’t give him one. There was always a mediator in the room when we met with our lawyers because I refused to acknowledge his presence; he was dead to me. When it came to custody, there is an app for that so there was no need for words spoken between us at any given time unless it was an emergency with one of my kids.

At this point, Daisy Dukes hadn’t bothered with me; that started after the divorce when I walked away with everything. That’s when the phone calls and the passive-aggressive social media posts started.

I used that shit to fire up my workout routine. I put my muscles through hell from the anger that ensued each time that hag called my phone or sent another message.

You might ask yourself why I didn’t just block her. By then, I had my plan in place; the plan had been written right

along with my plans for divorce. I channeled all my anger and rage into planning how I was going to make the two of them pay for hurting me and my babies.

I never said a cross word to him after the day I asked for the divorce; every time he came to pick up the kids I was personable but always too busy for chitchat. All the while, I was getting my body back in shape and giving up my mommy clothes for more fashionable wear. Nothing flashy, mind you. But I know my ass looks good in jeans, not to mention the many times I just so happened to be coming back from mommy and me yoga class with the baby while the others were with the babysitter I'd hired for a few evenings a week.

I was cold and reserved with him, something I knew burned his ass, but friendly and pleasant to others. I didn't do anything that would get my ass locked up when he started bringing the hag with him for pickup. I guess that was his response to me rejecting him when he lost his mind and hit on me one day.

I gave him such a look that day that no words were needed. He saw revulsion and disgust instead of love and devotion. I know he saw it from the way he stepped back from me, as if I'd stabbed him in his core.

I guess he started to change with her the way he had with me, and she was getting frustrated and that's why she popped off at my kids in front of me. When she called Jason to her that day, it hurt me to the core, but when my boy ignored her and came to his mama for a goodbye kiss, it was all better.

I guess that was too much for her, and she found herself trying to discipline my child. "You don't talk to my children like that. He doesn't have to greet you if he doesn't want to."

"Is that how you're raising your kids? Not to have respect for their elders?"

I got close to her so my kids wouldn't hear what I had to say. "No, but they don't have to respect the mangy dog who destroyed their home." I knew that would provoke her to violence, especially since Justin wasn't doing anything to stop me.

So, when she reached out to slap me, I was ready for it and ended up tripping her with my foot, so she ended up on her ass. Her embarrassment didn't end there, though, because I called the cops right away even though her asshole boyfriend was in my ear, begging me not to. He didn't realize that if he gave me a reason, I would've called them on his ass too.

That's how I got her trespassed from my place, and it was the first step in my game plan. After that, each time Justin came to pick up the kids I was sure to be looking my best. This jackass didn't realize that it was thanks to the babysitter he'd refused to hire that I was able to have a moment to myself to put on some makeup and get myself together.

I no longer gave him the cold shoulder, but I didn't just lay down and spread my legs for him either; I made him work for that shit before putting it on him, then sent him home to her with my scent on his dick. He knew very well how to get rid of hers when he came home to me, so I'm sure he figured it out.

But his pickup times kept getting longer and longer, and I knew she was getting in his ass for that just as I wanted to when he crawled into my house later and later after the workday that had ended hours earlier with his sob stories.

At night, after he left, I'd reread my game plan just to remind myself why orgasms were no reason to take him back. Did I mention that Justin can fuck? He's hung like a mastodon and can use his tongue like no one else. Shit, I can get guilt-free orgasms without the headache of a husband; why not?

CHAPTER 9



Justin had no idea that I was following the game plan in my playbook. Each time I looked in his face and lied was balm to my soul. Each time I kicked him out of my bed and sent him back to his lonely apartment was revenge for the many nights I spent alone. At least he didn't have young kids who needed his attention every waking moment.

His girlfriend had gone into hiding before the case went to court because I guess her lawyer had enough sense to tell her to sit her ass down and stop being a pest, at least until the dust settled.

That didn't stop her from constantly contacting him from strange numbers since he had her number blocked. I enjoyed answering her before erasing my texts so he never knew that I was tormenting her. That was something she'd done to me, after all.

I loved telling her he was in the shower and couldn't come to the phone, or he was with his kids and was too busy at the moment, but my personal favorite was he was in a sex coma; check back later. She'd done the same to me after the divorce on more than one occasion, and that's where the custody app came into play. I was only ever calling him about our kids any damn way, but she seemed to think differently.

If she was using a friend's phone, that friend sure would have a lot to laugh about, just like I worried about being laughed at behind my back because my husband cheated on me with something like her.

Like I said, I erased those texts and blocked the numbers she used, so I doubt he ever realized what was going on. If she ever did get through to him, I wouldn't know because he knew better than to mention her name in my presence.

Our families had already torn him a new one for bringing that into our lives, so he was trying to toe the line. They were all on pins and needles, waiting to see if we were going to get back together and make things work this time, but they had no idea the hell I had in store for this man.

Look, I was a whole person before I ever met this jackass, and one of the things about that person is she never let anyone get away with shit. He lied to me for two years, so now I'm lying to him with a straight face as well. I had every aspect of this little farce worked out, and I was going off of the things he had done while he was having the affair.

The hotel rooms he booked during our afternoon trysts were to make up for all the times he spent money on her to get one. He bought more flowers now that I was his ex-wife than he did when we were married. Not to mention jewelry luxury bags, the same luxury bags I have a closetful of and never knew he knew existed.

I knew everything he bought her to get into her nasty snatch because I have the receipts, so you best believe I got mine now, too. He didn't have a clue what I was up to, but I needed that shit to heal.

As a woman, it was very important to me for some reason, especially the fact that he did it all without having to be told, which was a stark contrast to the last two years of our marriage when I had to beg for scraps.

He was more attentive now than when we dated back in college, and that's saying a lot. I didn't have to say anything twice to get it done, and he was always fixing some shit in my house that didn't need fixing. Where the fuck was this guy when I was married?

I did notice, though, that the kids seemed happier when he was around and were always asking for him on those days when I made him stay his ass away from my house. I guess I

hadn't factored that part in. I'd done my best to keep his presence from them but he was being difficult ever since that nut found herself peeping over my fence.

As expected, she got off with a fine and community service, but I knew that chapter of my life wasn't over because I wasn't done with her yet, not by a long shot. She'd lost her job, had a record, and was back home living with her parents because this market is hell on the pocket, even for people with employment.

Her broke ass didn't plan ahead since she was relying on my ex's millions, which wasn't about to happen. That money belonged to my kids, every last dime. I'd already skinned him in the divorce. I'm not greedy.

The first thing I told Justin after she was sentenced was that she wasn't allowed around my kids, and if he planned on getting back with her or even marrying her someday, I'd get my shark of a lawyer to go for full custody, and he'd never see my kids again. She's a damn menace, after all, and a bit of a lunatic to boot; how can I allow her around my babies?

I still hadn't told him about the pregnancy as yet, everything in its time. I waited for the sentencing mess to be behind us, which didn't take long, and was about three months along by this point so the baby was rather stable in my estimation.

I waited until one day when the kids were with our parents to tell him the news. He had the nerve to be excited, started patting my stomach and asking to see my tummy like he didn't just have me naked riding his dick. What an ass!

Somehow, we ended up back upstairs in my bed doing the nasty because a pregnant Callie is a horny toad, and he isn't much better.

I let him have his little victory fuck before bursting his bubble.

"So, what do you want to do? Should we get remarried? I should move back in to help you out. You know how you get

when you're pregnant." If he was a smoker, he'd be lighting up right about now.

"Stop right there. You're moving way too fast, and besides, marriage isn't all it's cracked up to be."

"How can you say that? You always wanted to be married with a houseful of kids."

"Yeah, well, I married this colossal asshole who turned me off the idea. Never again!" That one got him really good, and he was like to burn my pillowcase with all the fire he was breathing.

Unluckily for him, I wasn't done for the night.

"You're forgetting one other thing. It might not be yours." That's right motherfucker. Now, I played around with the idea of coming clean about my imaginary boyfriend but decided that it was best if, for the rest of his life, 'Tim' lived rent-free in his head.

For all the nights I wondered, all the tears I shed. His ass was going to suffer for the next six months, at which point I was going to insist on a DNA test. I could do it sooner to put his mind at ease, but why the hell would I wanna go and do a stupid ass thing like that?

CHAPTER 10



The uproar my last announcement caused was one for the books. I've never seen my stalwart ex-husband so flustered. He demanded to meet Tim. No! He ranted for a good half hour, threatened, and even came close to tears. That's when I left the room; I had no time for his theatrics.

Besides, now that he knew I was pregnant, the real fun was about to begin. I called our parents over the next day and gave them the news, which started talks of reconciliation. You should've seen his face when I said that might not be possible, and when asked why, he almost broke his ass trying to give an explanation. Anything, not to mention mommy's friend.

For some reason, it seemed very important to him that no one knew I even knew what another dick looked like. Meanwhile, he had a whole-ass woman for the better part of three years. I kept a straight face, I don't know how but told them all firmly that marriage was not in the cards, and they knew why.

His family and mine spent the next few days trying to convince me that he was a changed man, and my own mother, bless her heart, had the nerve to tell me in private that since I took him back into my bed, there was no reason I shouldn't marry him again. I had to educate this grown-ass woman on how free dick works. She called me a hedonist and threatened to tell my dad. Okay, that'll work. It didn't when I was a kid under his care but sure.

That wasn't the best part, though; the fun really started with the online announcement. That grimy bitch made crazy

look like a stroll in the park on a nice spring day. She went off the rails. Remember, she had that false pregnancy under her belt, and here I was with the real thing and proof to boot. I think what really sent her spiraling were the comments our ex made under each of my posts.

Personally, I think he was taking shots at 'Tim,' but whatever, it works for me. His, I can't wait to welcome my little one into the world.' When he wrote that for all the world to see, I told him that he shouldn't say things like that because it might upset Tim, who was still in the running and might be the father. Of course, this was after sex, and before I told him it was time to go. If misery had a face, his was it. Ask me if I care.

Now I'm not one for social media; not even with my other three pregnancies did I have this much free time on my hands to be posting shit all day, every day, but because I knew that stalker bitch was living only for my updates, I did my best to fill her quota.

Friends and family, not knowing what was going on, engaged in the comments and drove that knife deeper into her cold, black heart. Justin took the kids out so I could rest today. Justin rubbed my tummy for an hour, Justin washed my hair. If he sneezed in my house I posted it, but since he was now following me as well, I kept it to the truth and relatively lighthearted so that he didn't know what I was up to.

He was pleased to be getting all these mentions because he was sure 'Tim' was seeing them too. His dumb ass is in full-fledged competition with a man that doesn't exist. Well, for the first few months of their affair, I didn't know she existed either so we're even.

Along with that, he'd lost his damn mind. Ever since I told him that the baby might not be his, he's been on my ass, doing his best to take care of me, as if he was trying to prove that even if the kid wasn't his by blood, it was still his because he was my husband. I had to remind him at least twice a day that he was not.

I was fighting on two fronts here. Him and her. I tormented her ass online every chance I got without even mentioning her name or acknowledging her existence. I'd done my research, so I knew well in advance how to see who was looking at my posts and when. I knew down to the minute each time she looked at my pages.

I knew I was getting to her because she went back to driving by my house, which worked perfectly in my favor. I, of course, brought this to Justin's attention; note I didn't call the law because their part in this was over. She was already on the books for making a nuisance of herself, so one wrong move going forward, and I would have her ass.

But there was a whole other purpose behind me provoking her to do this. I claimed to be afraid for me and my babies, the three that were already here and the one in my tummy. That got him to first start staying over every night, which meant she saw his car each time she went by, and next he called a lawyer to see about taking out a restraining order against her to protect 'his family.'

Now, why is that important, given that I had already gotten one? Because it was a kind of rejection that came directly from him, something I felt when he left me for her. It was him saying he didn't want her, that he chose me and his kids. If she didn't get the message from all those comments he made beneath my posts, then this was the proverbial nail in the coffin.

I could've told him that those pieces of paper weren't going to work because while he was looking for ways to create peace, I was starting a war. I wanted her to endure the hell that I felt each time I had to imagine the two of them together betraying me, hurting me, making me feel like I was less than nothing while I suffered the pain and agony of his betrayal.

Now, when she texted his phone while he was here, I no longer spoke as myself but pretended to be him, and the things I told her were bound to send her stark raving mad, which was kind of my intention.

I've been there. Nights when I laid in bed alone, thinking that I was going to lose my mind and barely holding on for the sake of my kids. It was not easy. And all those nights, he was with her. So, when she'd text, I'd answer that I was going back to my wife and kids, that she was the worst mistake of my life, and that she needed to leave me alone so I could fix what she and I had broken.

Mind you, I couldn't give a fig if that's what he really felt; not once in all this time did I give him a second thought. Why would I? Was he thinking of me when he was ripping my heart to shreds, running around with this skank?

She reminded him about all the fun they'd had and all the plans they'd made for the future, which I coldly and precisely cut down. I reminded her that I loved my wife and kids and wanted nothing to do with her ever again.

I told her that she could never match up to my beautiful wife and I must've been blind. It was a midlife crisis; she was trash. I fucked with her head just like she did with mine and didn't give a damn that she was a woman just like me. Do to me, I'll do to you.

When she was at her worst, when I knew she was about to strike, I made him take me on vacation to Hawaii because I learned that that was her dream vacation. I think that's because we went there on our honeymoon, and this grimy bitch wanted to one-up me.

This basic bitch doesn't know that Hawaii is overrated and international travel is the way to go. It's like I have to train this twit on how to be a sidepiece.

Anyway, we left the kids with our parents who were only too happy to have their grandchildren to fawn over and spoil for a week while we jetted off to some sunshine and relaxation. He got uppity and asked how 'Tim' was handling all this time together, and I reminded him that one, he worked during the day, so I had ample time to see Tim, and two, Tim and I had planned a weekend getaway to make up for this trip of ours.

Guess what that did. It made him go all out to prove that he was the better man. He outdid himself. Funny, I didn't compete with his affair partner, didn't try to prove that he should pick me, pick our family. And here he was, battling it out with an imaginary man. My money is on Tim.

Now, I didn't necessarily want to be on this vacation with him, but I knew the distance would make her even more insane. I posted every step we took on that vacation. Every meal, every walk we took under the moonlight next to the beach, I shared it all with glee while imagining her losing her damn mind.

THE BITCH



I must've driven by their house five times before realizing that there was no one home. The posts said they would be back today, so why was there no movement behind the windows? I knew the outside lights were those timer things that came on at a certain time and his car was still not there, so where was he?

My friends keep telling me that it's over, that I should move on before things go too far with his ex, but as far as I'm concerned, I won him once, and I can win him again. I just need to get close to him, but how?

I no longer work for the same company; we're not part of the same friend circle because they all rejected me and chose her in the divorce, and the only places I know he hangs out are places I chose in the past. I have no idea where he liked to hang out before we started our affair because he was always afraid of being caught.

I wish I had paid more attention, had asked more questions and at the very least insisted on frequenting the same places he went to with her, but I thought I had all the time in the world for that. I bought into all the promises he made to me, and now look at where that has gotten me.

I don't even know where things went wrong. I had it all worked out from the moment I decided to go after him. He wasn't the first fish I'd hooked away from another woman, but he was the biggest one thus far and I had put my all, exhausted every effort to get him.

It wasn't easy, let me tell you. I think he was genuinely still in love with her, but that was no deterrent. I wasn't interested in his heart as much as his wallet back then, but that changed with time, starting with the first time we had sex.

Before, I was always able to hold part of myself back with men. I'd seen enough in my parents' marriage with cheating on both sides to know that giving my heart to a man would be a fatal mistake, so from a very young age, about the time I started dating, I knew how to look out for myself regardless of anyone else's feelings.

It cost me quite a few boyfriends in the beginning because once they realized that all I wanted from them was what they could give me, they seemed to find fault with that. By the time I was seventeen, I'd learned to hone my skills a bit and was better at hiding my true feelings, but it wasn't until I stole my roommate's boyfriend during my second year in college that I realized the thrill of taking something that's not mine. She was a bitch to me anyway and deserved it. And so was every other woman whose husband I stole.

None of them would've given me the time of day; they all thought they were better than me because of my background and lack of wealth. You see, I'd studied hard because I realized that if I wanted to move in bigger and better circles, I needed a foot in the door, and that started with college.

I got into one of the best with my brain alone because there was no way my broke-ass parents could afford it, but that was just the beginning. My looks weren't the best I knew; my teeth needed fixing because of neglect, and there were marks on my face from teenage acne. Not to mention, my breasts were almost nonexistent.

Still, even then, I had a way about me with men. Some people call it being easy, but I don't see it that way. I realized that I could pull the hottest guys in high school because I put out when the other stuck-up girls wouldn't, and even though they wouldn't be caught dead with me in public, I still got what I wanted out of them.

I always knew what I needed to do to get ahead in life and I worked hard towards it. As soon as I got into my dream college, I put my past behind me, including my parents and the little bit of family I had back home. I didn't cut ties with my parents completely because you never know what you may need in the future, but I went very low contact, using my studies as an excuse.

This way, when asked, I had an excuse for why they were never around. I kept my head down that first year and used my smarts to make money with online tutoring, which brought me a hefty sum. The first thing I did was get my teeth fixed, which cost a lot but was worth it.

At the same time, I worked with a skincare specialist to clean up the marks on my face, and the last thing I did that year, my holiday gift to myself, got a new pair of tits. I wasn't done there, though, but the last bit was the most expensive thus far and would take time to heal, so I chose my first spring break to get it done.

By the time I came back to school the following year, I looked like a different person. Since I'd kept myself isolated that first year, the people I met this time around were practically strangers. I did see the few people I had known that first year but since we were never friends, it wasn't like they knew what I looked like anyway. Besides, the changes weren't outlandish; I still looked like myself, but with a few minor changes that made a big difference.

That was the year I met Casey. Casey was this rich snob of a bitch who thought her shit didn't stink. Every gesture seemed fake to me. Like when I told her I didn't have plans for winter break and, she invited me to go skiing with her family. Why would she do that? She didn't even know me. So, of course, I didn't trust it.

Or the way she was always giving me her unwanted clothes. Granted, most of them still had the tags on them, but I didn't want it getting around that I was wearing her shit. Most of my clothes came from high-end thrift stores because I always knew even before I came here that if I wanted to fit in, I'd have to look the part, and since I couldn't really afford it

even with my well-paying tutoring gig, I'd searched out the best online consignment shops.

I'm not sure if she knew or if she caught on the third or fourth time I came up with an excuse as to why my parents never came around the way hers and many others did, but she started to change after that. It started out slow at first, with her offering to pay for lunch when we went out. The only reason I went out with her was to get access to her friends, and I always made sure I had enough money on me to cover my meal and one other if it came to that.

Then she started acting as if I were a charity case, offering me all kinds of things without coming right out and saying she thought I was beneath her. Her boyfriend wasn't much to look at but he came from one of those families that everybody knows their name.

He was a geek who was more interested in outer space or whatever, but she was wild for him, which made no sense because she was a very beautiful girl. It wasn't easy getting him to cheat either, but I'd had years of practice under my belt by then, and within weeks of making my first move, she walked in to find him fucking me hard on her bed in our dorm room.

I'll never forget the look on her face or the way I came harder than ever before that day. It didn't matter then that he dumped me right after; I didn't want him anyway. I just wanted to prove to her that I could take him and to myself, too, I guess.

I used that as my stepping stone, so to speak, and by the third time I moved in on someone else's man, I was almost an expert. I'd learned how to look for the signs and read them well. Some men laughed in my face and went home to their wives, but most got caught up on my tits, and reeling them in was easy after that.

Justin wasn't easy, but that just made the chase all the more interesting. I had to try something new with him; I took on the role of friend, an ear to listen when he wanted to gripe or complain about anything.

It started with work related issues when we were working on projects together, which I worked very hard to make happen, but soon I was asking about his life at home, and he didn't see a problem sharing. A man in his thirties, tired from raising kids, was easy to get to open up.

I learned everything I could about him and their relationship, but I missed a step here, so let's go back to the beginning. I found him extremely attractive the first time we met, which was months after I first started working there. But it wasn't until my first party at his home that I met his wife and saw their beautiful home.

All evening, while everyone else was networking, I was weaving dreams in my head about the life they must live in that big, beautiful mansion in the ritzy part of town. The oversized portrait of their family that hung over the mantle in their living room had everyone talking, and when I asked, the women who knew her had nothing but good things to say. Everyone talked about how amazing their family was, and for some reason, that irked me.

The seed was planted, and it was then that I did everything in my power to get close to him on the job. That chance came a few months later, and I knew, as hot as I was to get him into my bed, I had to take it slow. Like I said, it was obvious that he still loved her. I'd seen it the few times I was in their presence together, the way he still looked at her. I wanted that. Wanted his eyes to look at me that way.

I talked about myself a lot but made it seem offhanded as if I was just shooting the breeze or passing time. I made myself seem as exciting and free-spirited as possible. To a man whose wife was a SAHM and had made her life all about her kids and family life, I knew he would find my weekend adventures intoxicating.

When I invited him to go hiking that first time it was just as friends, or so he thought. But I was sure to be as engaging as possible without being too obvious. The tank top I wore wasn't too revealing, but it hugged my tits just right to be in his face at every opportunity.

When I bent over to redo my lace that had come undone, I made sure to show my ass in its best light. After that, it was just a matter of time before I was touching him here and there, innocently of course, while we worked on something together.

Our weekends together grew more frequent, and it wasn't long before I felt the shift. I knew it when I called him late one night crying about some made-up shit that I don't even remember, and he came running; he'd left his marriage bed to come to me, and I knew then that I had him.

My excitement was hard to contain because by then, I had made up my mind that if I hooked this big fish, the biggest so far, that I was going to go all the way. I wasn't interested in a few expensive dinners or weekend getaways. I wanted it all. That house, that life. The fact that he's the best lover I've ever had only made it more appealing to shoot for the stars.

THE BITCH



I'm such an idiot. Why didn't I think of this before? I left her neighborhood and headed to the airport. I knew where they were arriving from due to all the posts she'd made on social media, so it should be easy to blend in with other people there to pick up their friends and family.

In some part of my mind, I knew I was acting weird; something felt off. But something has felt off since the first moment I realized I was losing him to her, and I haven't been able to stop it or change it. It feels like I'm out of control like someone else is leading me around by the nose, and I can't stick to the plans I had in mind because nothing was going the way I expected or foresaw.

I think maybe I relaxed too soon, and that's why this is happening, but how could I know that he'd go back to her or that she'd take him? She always seemed so aloof, like all those women I graduated with who wouldn't give me the time of day now because they were all afraid their men would find me more appealing, which most of them did.

By the time we graduated, I had slept with at least five of their men and wasn't shy about letting it be known. Maybe that's where I went wrong. But I never had any intentions of keeping any of them; that was never part of my game plan back then, so it didn't matter if they knew or not. But things were different with Justin. With him, I could see forever.

Those other boys and men were just like cutting teeth before the real thing, and he was the real thing. I'd worked so hard on him, given him the best time of his life, I'm sure.

What could an old, dried-up woman who's already birthed three kids have on me?

I never gave birth and had a tight-fit body that was partly bought, but so what? I looked better than her washed-up ass, and he wanted it. He wanted it bad. I played him like a fiddle, getting some pointers from online forums of all places, where women discussed their affairs and how to go about doing things the right way.

I needed that because up until now, all of my conquests had been young high school or college men, and this was the big leagues. I knew that I couldn't rely on my old trusted ways of just throwing some pussy at them, so I got some new pointers, especially how not to move too fast and how to play coy, never letting on that I was after everything he had and then some.

It's much harder to convince a man in his thirties to leave his wife and kids than it is to convince college boys just looking to get laid to take the risk. I knew that a background check back then would've destroyed any one of those earlier relationships, so I used them mostly as learning experiences, but now, with years and distance between my family and me, it was going to be much easier. It was time.

Justin, unlike those other men and boys, was a grown man who didn't need Mommy's approval to marry whoever he wanted, or so I thought. But that's a different story for another time. Let's just say his mother refused to meet me or even let me into her home in the time we've been together. The way she'd acted, you'd have thought Callie was her kid instead of Justin, something that pissed me off no end.

I'd met her a handful of times at their parties, and she always seemed very nice and personable. We'd even had a few conversations, nothing enlightening, but enough for me to learn that she was one of those upper-crust types who took family values very seriously.

Seeing the relationship between her and Callie, as well as her and Justin, I was almost certain that she'd come around at some point since she loved her son so much, but I was wrong.

She'd stopped talking to him for the longest time before and after the divorce, and I was almost certain that it was Callie who talked her around for the kids' sake or some such crap.

I hate these women who use their kids to hold onto men who want to be free. That's what I'd found all over the forums and what I prepared for. I'd convinced Justin that I could be the perfect stepmother by volunteering some weekends with the Big Sister organization and regaling him with made-up stories of my time spent volunteering with kids of all ages. I hate fucking kids.

But I was more than ready to have one or two if it meant I would make out like Callie did in the divorce. I snooped and found out how much he was paying in alimony and child support, and that bitch was making more in a month than I do in three, working my ass off. A hell of a lot more.

In the beginning, when I brought it up with Justin, he'd griped and agreed with me that it was too much and he should see about getting it lowered, but coming on to the end, when I mentioned it again, he'd cut me off harshly and warned me not to get involved with anything to do with his kids.

I think that was the moment I realized that things were really not going well for us, for me. But that was only the first of many red flags. Since then, everything seemed to be going her way, and things were getting away from me more and more. First, she refused to give me the satisfaction that fueled my desires.

One of the best parts of stealing a woman's man is watching her disintegrate. I get such a rush from seeing other women cry and scream and make a fool of themselves, all the while knowing there's nothing they can do because I've got my hooks into their man.

Those online forums go very in-depth about pussy techniques that are meant to bind a man to your side if you know what I mean, so there was never any danger of me losing him. There was no way she could compete against me in that department, I was sure.

I used to wait by the phone almost breathlessly, especially after the affair came to light, my panties already wet with anticipation because I knew that no matter how stoic she pretended to be, no woman was going to just let go of her husband, the man she'd been with for so long, without a fight. But nothing, there was nothing, not even a peep.

I think Justin was surprised as well by her indifference because some of his rants seemed to be more about her and wanting her to fight for them than it was about us finally being able to be together without the noose that was his wife and kids around his neck.

I, too, was so distracted that I didn't find fault with his rages but instead let them slide, foolishly telling myself that he was just as surprised as I was by her behavior, and that's why he was acting this way.

She didn't do any of the things I expected, not even kicking up a fuss when I insisted on coming along for pickup time. What I didn't realize at the time was that the only reason Justin gave in after fighting me on that was to make her jealous. It wasn't about me at all. But by then, I had let so many things go over my head that it was too late to turn back the clock, and she got the upper hand.

That day when I went after her, I'd had enough of her shit. She never even looked in my direction when I came, not even when I made a point of getting out of the car, almost as if she thought I was beneath her. By that point, she and Justin weren't even fighting, though he was always the one doing the fighting before and during the divorce.

I was tired of her disrespect and more so her damn kids'. Whenever they were around, Justin never had time for me; always up their ass like it was made of gold. I hated even more the way they were always asking for her when they were with us. Every little thing would start them crying and calling for her, and Justin would call her to calm them down over the phone.

The way I saw it, that was too much time spent talking to her, but when I complained, all he'd say was that his kids

came first. Like, what the fuck? I'm supposed to come first. As far as I was concerned, the kids were an extension of her, a reminder of the life he had with her, and that was something I couldn't live with.

But I took a wrong step that day that cost me. She got me trespassed, which meant I couldn't come onto her property without facing heavy consequences, something I didn't think about until it was too late, and it couldn't have happened at a worse time.

I'd only started to notice in the last few times we'd been there that something about her was changing. She didn't look tired and haggard like I expected her to, not the way I imagined her being after I stole her man and left her with three young kids to raise.

In fact, she looked younger, fresher, more alive. Even when I attended parties at this home in the past, there was always a look of tiredness about her, as if life was kicking her ass. But she'd started looking better and better each time we came to get the kids.

I, of course, thought she was doing it to get Justin back, but she didn't treat him any better than she treated me. It was hard to believe that those two had been married and had known each other for as long as they had the way she just acted like he was a stranger and not the man she shared kids with.

She never argued and never allowed the kids to be rude to him, though she didn't care how they treated me, but what I didn't realize was how her actions were affecting Justin. The more she ignored him and stuck to the custody handoff like a professional hired to do a job, the more irate he became.

In the weeks leading up to me being trespassed, he'd become more and more obsessed, and all of our weekends were spent with him going on and on about her while running around behind her kids, and I was too distracted myself by her behavior to notice the danger.

Once she got me trespassed, it was like needles under my skin each time he left to go to her place. It was bad enough

that he hadn't moved me in with him as yet; always promises of soon. I don't see why the kids should care if I lived there or not since they'd already met me, but that was the excuse he'd used.

Then he started disappearing every lunch break with the excuse of going to business meetings in the beginning, but soon he stopped even giving me a reason. It was obvious that he no longer cared what I thought because if he did, he'd have realized that since we'd used our lunch breaks to fuck that with him disappearing like that, I'd suspect that he was doing the same thing again, only with someone else this time.

But when I searched through his phone, I found nothing, and there were no other signs of anything going on. But then she started coming to the office, and I got suspicious, which, as it turned out, was for the best because that's how I learned that they were fucking, by listening in at the door. That was the day everything came crashing down around me, and my life started spiraling out of control.

Now I'm here at the airport trying to find them in a sea of people and strange faces with a gut full of rocks and fear.

THE BITCH



The more I sat there waiting, the more enraged I became; I was seething when I recalled all that had happened in the last few months. After the trespass, things just kept going downhill more and more. Once I learned about their affair, though, is when things really started coming undone.

I couldn't believe he was cheating on me or that I didn't see it coming. Sure, he'd been acting strange when it came to her and the kids, but I thought that was only normal since they'd been together for so long, and it would take some time to get used to the new changes in his life.

I started stalking her social media even harder once I was no longer allowed to go for pickups because she'd gone from barely posting to posting almost daily, which was good for me because I got to keep tabs on her that way.

There was nothing about the two of them, just a lot of shit about him spending time with their brats, but I noticed more and more that I couldn't reach him when he went to pick the kids up, and he was taking longer and longer to boot to get back to me.

Then she started answering his phone and texts, giving me bullshit excuses about him spending time with the kids. I was a fool; I should've put my foot down and made him do something, should've made it so that she never saw him alone again, but I thought because we were still having intimacy, that things were still working in my favor.

And then he stopped. It was like a switch was turned, and he became a different person. He didn't invite me over, there were no more floral deliveries to my place every Thursday like I'd demanded and a whole lot more seemed to just change overnight.

The worst part was the end of our sex life. It was the only power I had over him, after all, but he just stopped even touching me in passing, which made me lash out at him in anger. The fights we had were ones that I used to imagine them having when she found out about us.

I felt gutted, deranged even each time he had to see her, that's why I'd thrown caution to the wind and started driving by his place while he was there for pickup. I don't know how many times I wanted to go knock on her door and drag him out of there, law or no law.

Then, that day, while listening from outside of his office door, my suspicions were confirmed, and I felt as if my life was over. That smug look she gave me that day haunted my nights to the point I wanted to kill her. I never felt so much humiliation as I did that following week when all anyone in the office would talk about was how great it was that they were back together.

I'd ignored the fact that most of my coworkers knew her from those parties at their home that came to an end after the divorce. I'd forgotten that most of them liked her, so when I first started hearing the whispers, it was a shock.

I had literally overlooked them as humans because they played no part in my plans and were insignificant to me. But that first week, I realized they hated me, had hated me all along for bringing up that perfect marriage. They were all acting like those college bitches in their cliques.

Still, I wasn't ready to give up. I didn't get what I wanted out of her the first time. Maybe this time I will when I snatch him again. Maybe she was weaving dreams of mending her broken family, her tormented life. It would be even sweeter this time because I knew more about her and had more

interactions, so it would be easier to imagine her stupid face while I fucked him and took him away for the second time.

That could've worked, too, if he'd ever given me the chance. But when I confronted him about the affair, he didn't even have the grace to lie or try to explain and apologize. He looked me in the fucking face and told me he wanted her back. That he missed his family and we were a mistake.

This motherfucker had the nerve to tell me that she was the love of his life and that he'd spend the rest of his life making this up to her and his kids. But what about me? I asked. And he just shrugged. Just shrugged like the last three years of my life were nothing. Like all the hard work I put into this, it was in vain.

I would've cut his eyes out that night, but he was gone before I could do anything or say anything more. I remember screaming loud enough for the neighbor to knock on my wall and tell me to knock it off. That's when I realized that I was alone, that I had no one to turn to.

I had no friends from my past. Not the earlier years or the years in college. The people I had made associations with at the job had turned their backs to me after the affair came to light. I hadn't spoken to my parents in years, hadn't even thought of them really. Not that they would be of any help.

I think that's when I went off the rails. It was either that or her answering his texts. What was she doing with his phone? Then I ran into her; well, I had been following her since she left her house, something I had been doing every single night since I learned that they were fucking.

I had so many images of me burning the house down with her and the kids in it, cutting the breaks on her car, anything and everything that would get her, and, if I'm lucky, her brats out of my life.

Then I saw his car coming and followed. Waiting outside her house, watching through the window as they put their kids to bed together after dinner, looking like a true family and that bitch sitting at the head of my table.

The more I saw, the more incensed I became. I couldn't understand why or how my foolproof plan was falling apart. I'd done everything the same only with some more mature elements added in for safe measure.

When I sucked his cock I made sure to look into his eyes. When I let him fuck me, I remembered to tell him how thick and deep he was, though, with him, it wasn't a lie. He had the loveliest dick I'd ever had the pleasure of fucking.

I'd gone from playing him to genuinely enjoying our time together. The first night we fucked, I acted like an inexperienced rube because I got that vibe from him that he was into that stupid shit. Who cares if a woman is pure or not? As long as she knew how to fuck, who cares? And I knew all there was to know about fucking. I'd read almost every manual ever written on the subject, most of them from authors closer to the Orient.

I knew how to trap a man with my sex because I'd had lots of practice. That first night, I let him take the lead, and maybe that's where I went wrong. I've always been the one in charge of my other conquests, but letting him take the lead had proven to be more dangerous than I thought it could be.

I forgot most of the time to act because I really did feel like a novice with him. The things he did got to me in ways I never felt, and before long, I was getting way more involved, putting more of my real self in the game that I intended. By the time I realized I was in love with him, it was too late.

It wasn't just his cock or his money that I was in love with either; it was just everything about him. Before, it was awesome that he was so handsome and well-built. It was a thing of pride for me each time we were out together somewhere. I enjoyed the envious looks of the women around us because, in my mind, I was still the ugly little girl that everyone looked over.

Sometimes, I forget that this wasn't my original face or my real body. I got lost in the way he paid homage to my tits, those glorious things that had caught him in the first place. I

had to attract him in some way to get him into my pussy trap, which was bound to do the rest.

Those first few times we met in hotel rooms after sneaking away from the job were like magic. I came hard and long on his cock without having to take myself away somewhere in my head. His tongue used to make me cream so that by the time he slid his cock in me, I was dripping wet.

The fuck itself was superb, but it was thoughts of his poor washed-up wife at home taking care of this man's kids and home while he was busy fucking hot young pussy around the corner from his job. And those nights he'd fuck me on his desk, I'd cum hard at the thought of her home waiting with a stomach full of worry because he was hours late getting home. That was the power of my pussy. I could get a once stalwart family man to say fuck it to dinner with the wife and kids for some tight new pussy.

The high I got from that was not to be believed because I had seen her in person by then. I bet she never had to pay to have her nose done or her eyes tucked so that the permanent bags she'd had since childhood went away. Or had to have her chest filled with a life-threatening substance just so she could get a chance at landing a decent man or at least one worth having.

So, knowing that with all her perfections, I had still stolen her man made sex that much more intense for me. I rode that high for the longest time, looking forward to her spiraling and becoming a shell of who she once was, never to recover again. I know for a fact that every woman whose man I took will spend the rest of her life worrying about it happening to her again, and that was the best high of all.

But now things had changed. Now, I was the one on the downward slope without brakes. I was the one stalking her and them together, something she never did. I was the one making phone calls and stalking her social media every day. I was the one pacing the floor at night, biting my nails down to nubs with stomach pains that stemmed from fear.

Fear that I was going to lose to her. Fear that the dreams I had woven in my head weren't going to become reality. I was terrified that I had fallen in love for the first time and was going to lose my lover.

Too many things came too late, and I was left holding nothing at all. It made me crazy I admit, that night that I'd spied on them over the fence. This was long after he'd admitted to wanting her back, but I'd still held out hope that I could turn things around.

I would've done anything, promised everything, and still, it wasn't enough. All he wanted was her and their kids. To rebuild the life they once had and he didn't even have the decency to hide it from me. He'd hidden me from her. Hidden me like some dirty little secret he had to keep away from his perfect, unsullied life.

I guess he was right on that score because they'd all dropped his like a hot potato the whole sanctimonious lot of them, including his parents and hers. None of their mutual friends agreed with him or wanted anything to do with our relationship; they chose his side.

But I knew from the research I did that this never lasts. That eventually, everyone would come around and forget the whole thing. But that never happened for us. Is that why he'd gone back? Because he had been isolated and ostracized from everyone he knew.

We couldn't even go to his usual haunts because that's where he went with her, and they might run into someone he knew. We had to go out of the city to find somewhere decent to have a meal because our smallish town was too close for comfort for him.

But that was part of my ammo, rubbing it in the other woman's face. How was I to do that if he wouldn't even be seen with me in public? And then, even after it all came out with the bath water, he still treated me like a dirty little secret. Why didn't I see it before it was too late?

Beyond the sex, we no longer seemed to have anything in common. One of the things he'd complained about was going

home to a noisy house overrun with kids and the stress it brought after a long day at work, so I knew the last thing he wanted was to discuss the stress of the job with me after hours, but that was the only thing we had in common.

I'd learned all of his likes and dislikes, but apparently, he'd done them all with her, and it made him feel a certain way to do them with anyone else. I should've known then that his weak ass was still in love with her, but that wouldn't be the first time now, would it?

All the others proclaimed love for their girlfriends or fiancées, but that didn't stop them from fucking me. But with him, it seemed different, it seemed...real. Like he really did love her at some point. So what the hell was he doing fucking me?

It wasn't long after that he told me that I was just a release he needed, that to him, I wasn't really a whole person; I was nothing more than a hand he would've used to jerk off. He didn't say it in so many words, but that is what it boiled down to.

I couldn't believe this fucker looked me in the eye and told me this shit. He had the nerve to thank me for showing him what he was missing and went so far as to wish me luck with the rest of my life. Who the fuck does he think he is?

It was all of that and more that had sent me to the back of her property that night. I'm not sure what I was going to do that night. I'd been sitting down the street from her house with an eye on the place when I saw the kids being picked up by their grandparents.

I expected him to leave then, but he didn't; he stayed in there with her and that made me sick to my stomach. So sick I had to open the car door and throw up. I was mad and had lost my mind for a minute, which is what I tried telling the stupid lawyer and judge later.

It had to be that because why else would I have gone onto her property knowing that I'd be in trouble if caught? Because I didn't think I would get caught. I had never been before. She

would've said something if she knew I was driving by her place and Justin never mentioned it.

I think the shock of seeing them together, the way he was so different with her. He touched her like she was the most precious thing in his world, whispered in her ear the way he never did with me. Her cries of pleasure, why did they sound so intimate? Like to long-lost lovers who knew everything about each other and just where and how to touch, they moved together right in front of me, and it was too much.

Maybe that's when I gave myself away, I must've made some sound or the other. But I was almost certain that she'd looked right at me as if she knew I was there, even though the Tiki lights she'd lit didn't reach the far corner of the fence where I stood on the stone I'd dragged there.

I still thought all was well, that there was no way she had seen me, but that was until the next day when I was arrested at work, no less, and taken to the precinct for breaching the terms of the trespass.

Everything went to hell after that. I lost my job because of the arrest and the impending case. News spread like wildfire and I still don't know how that happened. But even after the case where I only got community service and a fine, I didn't give up on the two of us getting back together.

I'd put too much work into the relationship and stood to lose too much if I gave up now. So I amped up the phone calls and texts, only for him to give me the brush-off. I staked out his apartment only to learn that he was hardly ever there because he had practically moved back in with her.

I couldn't go to the job either. The last time I tried, the security guard who used to flirt with me looked at me like I was a stranger and threatened to have me arrested if I didn't leave. I couldn't fight for my job on the grounds that there was a clause in my contract that stated arrest with reason enough for immediate termination.

I was going to be out of money soon. I could no longer afford the high-rise apartment I had to rent to keep up appearances. I'd stopped saving once I trapped Justin in my

web and was only waiting days to move into his place where I wouldn't have even the burden of rent on my shoulders.

All of my money went to buying new clothes and all those things that make a girl pretty and desirable. I figured since he'd spent so much money on her in the divorce, he would be doing the same for me. I was sure that he was so hooked on my pussy that he would do anything to keep coming back for more, so I didn't take the usual precautions.

Now, I wish that I had poked holes in his condoms or done something, anything, to be able to stay in his life. If I had his kid, I'd be sitting pretty if he ever left me and had to pay child support. She was getting more than five grand for each kid, plus her alimony was almost three times that amount.

With that kind of money, she could've stayed home every day like she was accustomed to, but instead, she had to go get a job, which only made Justin praise her even more, when we were still together and which led to them sneaking around in the afternoons to have sex the way we did.

After the case was settled, I told myself to leave well enough alone. I ended up having to move back in with my parents, who lived about forty-five minutes away, but it was better than having to get on a plane.

They hadn't asked too many questions because they were just so happy that I was back in their lives and, from the looks of it, doing well. I told them a story about the company downsizing and me deciding to take a break and spend some time with them before looking for another job.

I know my past conduct will be disposed, and given the nature of my work, word spreads, and the community is pretty tight-knit, so the chances of me finding a job in my field anywhere within a five-hour radius are pretty slim.

I sold most of my things to get some ready cash, and of course, I had my credit cards, so I was able to keep up appearances. I spent those first couple of weeks stalking both Callie and Justin. First their socials and then in person. I couldn't help it; I had to see what was going on with my eyes.

It was obvious they were back together, but the first I knew that she was aware that I was following her on social media was when she reposted something I had posted. The nasty people from my old job, the ones that were following me at least, all made snarky comments when I complained in what was supposed to be a private group about her old, used-up ass trying to steal my man.

If this was happening to someone else I would've found it very funny, but being at the wrong end of this farce is in no way a laughing matter. Each day felt more and more like hell, and then my parents started bugging me about looking for a job, which worked to some extent because now I could spend my days outside her house while pretending to be working.

I lost time as days ran together, and I didn't know some days what was day and what was night. And always, there were the social media posts. The day she announced her pregnancy was one of the hardest days of my life. I can still remember the numbness that overcame me, the sense of dread, and that horrible screaming in the confines of my car.

CHAPTER 14



“*H*ome at last. Aren’t you going home?” We’d driven back to the house from the airport in his car and brought the bags in now, all I wanted was a long hot shower and my bed alone. I’d screwed him enough on vacation to last at least a month, but he was still on my ass.

I’m not sure what his deal is, but I’ve told him more than once that he can’t change the baby’s parentage by fucking me each time he blinked. My tits were already filling in nicely, and he was even more fascinated. Of course, I used that to my advantage.

My tops keep getting lower and lower, and I slap his hand away each time he tries to cop a feel unless I’m in the mood, that is, then I let him have free rein.

“I’m staying, and before you argue, it’s too late, and I’m tired.”

“Suit yourself; I’m going to take a shower; you can sleep in one of the guestrooms.” I knew damn good, and well, he was going to whine his way into my snatch, which is exactly what I wanted.

Now, I used to be a compassionate person. I lived by the rules and did my best to be a decent human being after his affair and our divorce not so much. I had purposely let it be known when we were arriving back in town and had done everything but give them a gate number.

Anyone with half a brain only had to put the pieces together to figure it out. I got the idea when I watched her on

the third day of our vacation going back and forth in her car in front of my house. She didn't come onto the property, but she did that every day we were gone.

I decided to give her a little souvenir from our trip, that's why I didn't say anything when I saw her at the airport. Justin wasn't even looking; he was too busy making sure we had all our bags and that I was comfortable after the long flight.

I played it up when he stood right there at arrivals and rubbed my lower back, which I claimed was aching. When he kissed my forehead, I thought she was going to break character and show herself, but I pulled him away before she could do that.

I stepped out of the shower and took my time with my bedtime routine before entering the master bedroom. I'd heard the shower in one of the guestrooms while I was taking care of my face, so I knew he, too, had taken a shower after our long plane ride.

I pretended disinterest when I walked back into the room and found him there lounging on my bed in his pajama pants. "It's kinda stuffy in here." It was not, but I needed an excuse to open the window and give myself a chance to see if she was still out there.

I asked Alexa, the nosy bitch to play a particular song and turned up the volume, then, as if I wasn't just complaining about being tired, started to dance. Nice and slow, in front of the open window, with I'm Every Woman playing on full blast.

"Somebody's in a mood." He left the bed and came over to me, wrapping his arms around me, and I gave in and let him kiss me. Not that it was a hardship; his kisses are amazing. I wrapped my arms around his neck and turned so that there was no way he could see her out there, but all the while knowing she had a front-row seat.

I didn't stop him when he lifted my nightgown over my head, didn't stop him when he walked me backward to the bed, and I definitely didn't stop him when he spread my legs and went down on me, though I knew she couldn't see that

part. I doubt she could hear my screams of pleasure over the music, but whatever, I'd forgotten her by my first orgasm.

If you haven't figured it out yet, my plan is to annihilate this trick in every way possible. I don't just want her to feel what I felt; I want her to have it worse because I never set out to destroy her the way she did with me.

I knew she was jobless, living with her parents, and broke, but that wasn't enough. For the rest of her life I want her to remember everything I'm about to do to her. Why? Because for the rest of my life, she's going to be the woman who came between my husband and me.

If I have to live the rest of my life with her in the shadows, always a specter in one of the worst experiences of my life, I'll be damned if she gets to move on to the next one without repercussions.

I have no doubt that a wretch like her could get back on her feet with little effort, but I didn't plan on giving her that chance. I want her scabies-ridden ass to know that some people shouldn't be fucked with. I'm not sure where people got the idea that wealthy women are dumb, but I wasn't born under a damn rock. Not only that, but I have kids to think about if not myself, and there was no way I was going to let Justin get away with taking anything away from them. As for him, his suffering has only just begun.



THE BITCH



THAT BITCH! That filthy disgusting bitch! I got out of my car and started walking toward their house but remembered in the nick of time not to step onto her grass. I was confused for a minute and nothing came together in my head. No two thoughts would stick, and I felt panicked and out of my depth, something I never experienced before.

By the time I made it back to my car, the world was spinning, and I wanted to puke again. I sat there with my hands on the steering wheel, breathing in and out as I tried to catch my breath, but it didn't help.

I grabbed my phone and tried calling his number, but it didn't even go to voice mail. How could he do this to me? How could he make me suffer the humiliation of going back to her? I thought it was bad when she first announced that she was pregnant, but this feels like a different kind of hell.

I'd already seen them together, so I don't know what made this different. But it felt different. It felt like a slap in the face, especially with that song playing in the background. It was as if she knew I was there, but I knew there was no way she could since I hadn't been on their property, and I had made sure to stay out of sight while at the airport and had stayed two cars behind on the way back here.

I looked toward the open window again and could only imagine what they were doing in there. I'd seen him dance with her, seen him kiss her before they disappeared. The pain was unbearable, like hot coals in the pit of my stomach.

I almost jumped out of my skin when I saw the lights behind me and realized there were two cops coming up behind me. When they parked and got out, I almost shit myself. If I get another citation, it would be bad for me not only in this town but anywhere I go to get a job in the country.

How did they know I was here? I've been doing this for months, and no one ever did or said anything, so why now? I rolled down the window when the knock came. "Good evening, officer. What can I do for you?"

"We received a complaint about a strange car in the neighborhood. License and registration."

"I was just about to leave, officer. I was just doing some work on my phone." My heart was beating so loud that I heard it. He took my information and, thankfully, only let me off with a warning and sent me on my way.

Does this mean that I can't hang out there any longer? Will my car be reported every time I show up from now on? But how was I supposed to get close to Justin now? I wasn't allowed at my old job and he was never at his apartment. This is the only place where I stood a chance of getting to him. Now, it seemed like I was going to lose this as well. It's not fair. None of this is fair.

CHAPTER 15



Did I forget to mention that I made a call to the local precinct before leaving the bathroom earlier tonight? I asked for a particular officer who was familiar with the case because I didn't want her behind bars again. I asked only that she be let off with a warning this time.

He's under the impression that I'm a compassionate, kind woman. While I know damn good and well, that I'm helping her dig a grave deep enough to keep her ass buried.

That's on account of the fact that there were days I felt like I was being buried alive. When the weight of the affair and the ensuing divorce laid heavily on my shoulders and heart and, I didn't know if I was going to make it to the next day. My kids needing me was the only thing I had back then, and it was what basically pulled me through the rough times.

But I don't want to be one of those women who lives only for her kids. I'm still relatively young with a lot of life left to live after all. Now, here's the thing. I thought that after all this, I would hate my ex, but surprisingly, it didn't happen.

I'm not sure what I expected, maybe that I'd hate his guts overnight, but for some stupid reason I could never forget the good times, the times when he was there for me. I don't blame just Daisy Dukes for the failure of my marriage, neither do I blame only him, I accept that I played a part in the demise of our union. That does not mean that I had any part in their decision to be pond-sucking scum and cheat, but I'm no hypocrite.

What my darling husband doesn't seem to realize or didn't at the time of the affair is that neither of us is the same people we were when we first met. Our priorities changed, at least mine did, once we had kids and the things I was free to do in the past were no longer viable.

He on the other hand, seemed to think that since I carry the label of mom, that meant all parental responsibilities rested on my shoulders. When he was on with the kids, he was on; he just wasn't on often enough.

He was tired from work, and I was tired from being at home with the kids all day with no real help. Who the fuck had time to pander to his ego after spending all day cleaning up spills and trying to keep the place in order?

His mom raised him on her own, so he thought I should do the same.

The fact that she only had him seems to have gone completely over his idiot head. Even his mom told him I needed more help, but I never wanted to use her as my babysitter because the woman had a damn life and had raised her kid already. His freaky ass likes getting me pregnant but clocks out when the real work begins.

It took the divorce for me to finally get some real help because, apparently, married women don't need as much help because they have husbands. Did no one tell these people that most husbands aren't worth shit when it comes to the hard parts of raising kids?

Most of them seem to only be waiting for the kid to grow up so they can toss a ball to them or some other bullshit that was no use to me when I was running around behind a toddler with a newborn latched onto my tit because their father had closed himself off in the home office after being gone all day.

"I miss the kids; when are they coming home?" Eh? Who the hell is this?

"Tomorrow!" I'd already had my orgasms, had already got that one ran off from here, and was ready for bed and sleep. Why he was still here is anyone's guess.

He'd spent most of the vacation trying to talk me into marrying him again. Each time he brought it up, I told him I had to wait until after the baby was born because I wasn't sure if it was his or Tim's, and even if it was his, I wasn't sure whether I was going to choose him or Tim, seeing as Tim had never cheated on me, and I wanted better for myself not just some man to put a name on a birth certificate.

When I mentioned names and birth certificates, you'd think I scalded his cat the way he carried on. He claimed it would be confusing if all of the kids didn't have the same name. I told him I wasn't sure how Tim would feel about giving his kid my ex's name if the baby turned out to be his.

Shit on a stick! He lost his shit. I think that's why he's up under my ass instead of going home. I may have given him the impression that since I was gone for so long with him, I'd have to make it up to Tim, so I wouldn't be able to see him for a few days.

It was such a pleasure watching him tear himself apart with worry and trying his best to talk me into leaving Tim. I simply reminded him that when he was running around like an ass behind that twit, I never once forbade him. That shut him up for all of ten minutes.

Then he was back on his forgiveness kick. Apparently, I should forgive him for the children's sake. I asked him why he didn't keep his dick zipped for those same kids' sake. I'm still waiting for an answer. Now he's asking about the kids because he thinks he's going to use them to talk me into letting him stay. Fine!

Have you ever noticed that you always need a vacation when you come back from one? I was more than tired. Between the pregnancy and dragging him all over Hawaii, I was beat, and since he refused to leave my house, I waited until his mom showed up with the kids the next day and left.

“Where are you going?”

“I told you, I have to spend some time with Tim. It's your weekend with the kids anyway. Lock up when you leave and have fun.”

“When did you become such a bitch?”

“At about the same time, you became a dick.”

I didn't wait around for his response because I wasn't interested. If he doesn't know what to do with his damn kids, that's on him. I am no longer taking one hundred percent of the responsibility because I didn't fuck myself pregnant. He was there then, he better learn how to be here now. I'm not making that mistake again.

I drove a few towns over, rented a hotel room for the weekend, and slept like the dead for the first eight hours. I woke up feeling refreshed and grabbed those little pamphlets off the nightstand to see if there was anything exciting going on this weekend. It's been a while since I've had a day to myself.

I guess most first-time moms would shame me for doing this after just coming back from vacation and having only seen my kids for the hour I spent with them this morning, but they can kiss my ass. I'm with my kids more than I'm with my damn self. One weekend isn't going to kill them. Besides, it was their dad's weekend with them, and I brought them back enough crap to keep them busy.

I have no idea what he plans to do with them, and neither do I care. I didn't turn my phone off, but since his texts were all just asking where I was and ordering me to come back, I ignored them all. No one was hurt. I'm surprised he didn't think of using that, but if he did, I already knew what to tell him.

Because I was off the grid all weekend, it lent credence to my story about being with Tim, which only upped the crazy in my ex-husband. He had apparently spent the whole weekend in my house from the looks of it.

“Oh, you're still here. Aren't you going to be late for work?” His Mom was already downstairs with the baby while the other two had gone off to Pre-K. I'm not sure what excuse he gave her for me not being here, but I was sure he didn't mention that I was gone.

From the things she'd said, she seemed to be under the impression that I'd gone to a yoga class, and I didn't correct her assumption. I guess she thought the weekend bag I had in my hand held my gym clothes or something.

"Where were you?" If he clenched his teeth any harder, they'd break. He was trying not to yell so his mom wouldn't be alerted to the fact that he was pissed. I didn't say because we were arguing because I had no dog in this fight. If he wanted to go apeshit over an imaginary man, who am I to stop him?

"What does that have to do with you?" I walked around the room collecting his shit that he had spread out all over my master suite. I packed it all into the suitcases he'd taken on the trip and dragged them to the bedroom door. "Don't forget these."

"What the hell is your problem? Why can't they stay here?"

"Because Tim wouldn't like it." And because I know the law on squatter's rights in this state. If your ass spends two consecutive weeks here, you can claim residency, and that is not about to happen. I didn't tell him that, of course; why would I when the Tim thing worked so much better?

"I don't want him coming here."

"And I didn't want you fucking what's her name, but that didn't stop you now, did it? What's your point?" I don't know how I kept a straight face in the face of his anger, but it was all I could do not to laugh at his dumb ass.

He stomped his way down the stairs and I followed behind him with his luggage. "Don't forget these." He couldn't say shit because his mom was there, but I could see it in his eyes. If he could wring my neck, he would, though he's never been stupid enough to put his hands on me before, and I doubt very strongly he ever would.

"What's going on with you two now?"

"Nothing, he's just being salty because...." Before I could finish, he interrupted me, not wanting his mom to hear about

Tim, I guess.

“She’s being a pain in the ass about me moving back in. You talk to her.” He took his shit and left because he knew I would burn it.

“Good for you. Give him hell; that way, he wouldn’t make the same stupid mistake again.” I looked at my mother-in-law in awe. I’ve heard stories about awful mothers-in-law and had expected, because of her love for her son, that she would’ve chosen his side in all this. Not the affair, of course, but I’d expected her to, at some point during the last year, try talking me into taking him back.

But contrary to all that, she’s been one of my staunchest supporters, and now here she was, giving me the go-ahead to make him suffer. I was too choked up to speak, so I just reached out and took the hand she held out to me.

For the first time since I started my campaign against Justin and Daisy Dukes, I felt like crying. Someone gets me.

THE BITCH



It's been three days since I had the run-in with the police, and I'm still a bit shaken. I haven't left my parents' house in all this time, which is a whole other kind of hell in itself, but the longer I stay hidden away in my room, the more time I've had to think, and nothing makes any sense.

No matter how I turn things over in my mind I can't come up with a good reason for why things have turned out this way. I've done everything right from beginning to end, and all was well except for some reason, just when I was at my happiest, everything went to shit.

If I didn't know better, I'd think it was done deliberately, that someone had set out to harm me, but there was no way that could be true. For one, I had no close friends I could share things with, so I did most of my bragging in one of the online forums I'd joined, where I learned some of the tricks I'd used to snag Justin.

So there was no one in the know who could've sabotaged me since all of those people used aliases, including myself, and no one ever shared their true identities. No one knew who I was or who Justin was, so I had to be wrong.

But the more that I think about it, the more convinced I was that there had to be something else at play here. Something more than a mistake I might have made. This whole situation looks so different from everything I'd expected.

None of this is what I wanted, and I find myself acting in ways foreign to my nature. Like sitting outside her home for hours, I was usually the one laughing at the girls and women I put through that ordeal.

The days I've spent combing through her social media posts, even going back years to a time before I even knew she existed, it's as if I've become obsessed with her life, and as much as I tell myself to stop, I can't seem to control myself.

I wake up in the morning thinking about her and go to bed at night pretty much the same. She's all I can think about, and now, with my job gone, I have even more time on my hands to dwell. You'd think she was the one I'd had the affair with as much time as I spend looking for news on her.

But this wasn't right; this was not the chapter of my life I was expecting at this stage in the game. Right now, I should be planning my wedding, our wedding. I'd already played the perfect stepmom to his kids even though I have no use for them, had let him use my body any way he wanted for the last couple of years, and was sure that he'd been so wrapped up in me that he wasn't going anywhere.

Each time he even looked like he was waffling, I'd put a new pussy move on him and drag him right back in line. I was sure to only show him my sweet side in those days and never put a foot out of place.

So, what went wrong? That's the question I've been wrestling with all night and for the last few days. Where did I make a wrong move or take a wrong step? I didn't, I'm sure of it. I did everything by the book that I wrote, followed the guidelines to a t and all was going very well for me.

I could see the light at the end of the tunnel and knew that I had ensnared Justin to me in ways he wouldn't easily escape from, so why was he back with her? It made no sense. He'd left her for me, had made his choice loud and clear. This man walked away from his wife and kids for me, so why?

I rolled over and pulled my journal from beneath my pillow. I had everything in there: all my hopes and dreams for the future. There was the notation I'd made after the divorce

was finalized. I remember now how pissed I was that we weren't getting the house, but I comforted myself with the knowledge that I could get him to buy me an even bigger and better one.

A beautiful mansion where I would throw amazing parties and lord it over all those stuck-up bitches at the job when they had to bow down to me in my home with my handsome, rich, and very successful husband on my arm.

My parties were going to be bigger and grander than hers, and everyone would be singing my praises the way they once did hers. They'd choose me, they'd finally see that I was the one for Justin, the perfect fit. I was younger and, if not prettier, had a more extroverted personality. Not like that stuck-up bitch with her smarmy smiles.

I would have a baby right away to take away from hers, a kid to replace the three he'd lost. There, that's the picture of the mansion I'd found and was going to suggest as soon as I got pregnant. Maybe I shouldn't have put off getting pregnant, but I always knew that it was the hassle of raising kids that had split them apart, and I was dead set on not letting that happen to me.

I would've gotten the contraceptive chip as soon as the first baby was born without letting him know and spaced the pregnancies about five years apart so I would have as many as she did, but not at the same rate. This way, I would've been able to have time for him and the kid, though I had planned on finding ways around him knowing I had a babysitter, which he seemed dead set against.

I would've hired someone to come an hour after he left for the office and leave an hour before he was set to arrive in the evenings. He would never have been the wiser and would've praised me for my hard work because, of course, someone else would've been cleaning the house.

He had no issues with that last part when he was married to her, obviously, since they had a cleaning service that came a few times a week back then, but I would've wanted someone there every day because I hate the idea of cleaning anything

and why should I have to with a husband who was worth millions?

It was all in there, every last detail. I flipped through the pages back to the beginning, when things were going to plan. There were so many great memories, but when I look back now, things seem to have started falling apart ever since the divorce.

According to my scribblings, while we were deep in the affair fog, things were spectacular, but once she served him the divorce papers, it's like things took a turn for the worst and only grew worse with time.

Justin just seemed to lose all interest, especially after everything was finalized. I thought he'd be happy then, happy that we could be together without having to hide, but instead, he started getting hung up on his kids as if he missed being with them.

He didn't miss them those nights he spent with me before going home to her and their brats. I'm sure the kids were in bed by the time he got home because I made a point of keeping him out late, just so he couldn't bond with them and get any ideas or feel any guilt about throwing them to the side.

I made sure he knew that I was more than ready to give him kids, kids that would never leave him, that I would never take away from him. I thought that would comfort him, but he only seemed to want the three bastards he already had with her.

Then, sex between us became almost nonexistent to the point where I was starting to panic. Sex was my only hold on him for now, so how else was I supposed to control him if he wasn't fucking me? There was never any real intimacy between us anyway, just hardcore physical lust, which I was fine with because I was sure the rest would come with time once she was completely out of the picture.

But then he started mentioning her in a flattering light more and more and getting increasingly annoyed with me when I said something derogatory about her. I didn't even see

it then; I thought it was just the guilt talking, something I had been warned about in my favorite forum.

So, I was patient, not realizing that my patience just afforded her time to get her hooks back into him again. Now he was with her, in her house, in her bed after taking the vacation that should've been mine.

I flung the journal across the room where it smashed into the wall. At least it got my parents to shut up for a few seconds. Their constant bickering reminded me of everything I hated about my childhood. I wanted to yell at them to shut the fuck up, but I needed a roof over my head.

I curled into a ball, feeling lost and alone. I haven't felt sorry for myself since I became an adult and made my own way in life. Now, here I was, twenty-seven years old, just three years away from thirty, and the last three years of my life had been wasted.

I'd given him the best years of my life, from twenty-four to twenty-seven. Those are the years most women are settling down. When I look at my old schoolmates' socials, they've all moved on and are living happy lives that look pretty much like Justin and Callie's once did.

And me, what do I have to show for it? Nothing, not even a job. Unless I move away, my career is pretty much over, but if I move away, how will I ever see Justin again? I can't do that; I have to at least try one last time to get him back, even if it takes forever.

I brushed away the silent tears that fell as I opened my phone and went to her social media page. It was the closest I've been able to get to Justin in weeks. How had it come to this? It wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't been foolish enough to fall in love with him. I would've taken the loss and moved on somehow.

But how was I supposed to do that now that he owned my heart? How was I supposed to live without him? A little voice in my head whispered that this was exactly what I had done to Callie, but I shushed it and closed off that line of thought. Why should I care about her?

CHAPTER 17



*M*y tummy was starting to show, and I had more cravings and demands than in all my other pregnancies combined. Justin was on call twenty-four-seven, but I was sure to keep it outside of working hours. If he noticed how convenient that was, he never mentioned it; he was just happy to be let back in.

I still made him leave most nights, but he was staying over more and more these days. When I no longer had to hide my morning sickness, he was very hands-on, to the point I had to lock him out of the bathroom so I could throw up in peace. I don't recall him being this attentive during my other three pregnancies.

He must've mentioned marriage six times a day in the first six months of pregnancy and ramped up the crazy coming on to the last couple of weeks when he thought I was at my weakest. Unbeknownst to him, the nights I made him leave were the nights I took out my playbook to remind myself why I was doing this.

He had no idea that I was still in love with him because I wasn't about to make the same mistake twice, but he couldn't go ten minutes without professing his love and pleading for forgiveness. I quake each time one of my kids looks me in the eye and asks why Daddy can't stay. He's there in the mornings when they wake up, so I don't see what the problem is. That jackass has been getting into their heads with his nonsense, but I refuse to cave.

My mother-in-law is the only one on my side, apparently, because everyone else seems to think I should forgive and forget. I might forgive him, but no one has yet to show me how the hell I'm supposed to forget that he had a whole-ass affair while I was home raising his kids and keeping his home clean.

Now he's running around like a husband when all he is, is my fuck buddy. I mentioned that to him once, his new title in my life, and he tried to fuck me into the ether. If not for my big belly getting in the way, who knows what else he would've tried to do to me with his dick.

I wasn't bothered because the more pregnant I am, the hornier I become, so from that day on, I'd torment him with either updates on Tim or reminding him that he wasn't my husband and had no say in anything I chose to do.

I've disappeared a couple more weekends throughout my pregnancy just to make him mental, and it's been working like a charm. Because he thinks he's in competition, he's been going an extra ten miles in everything he does. If I had known that this was all it took, I would've had an imaginary boyfriend a long time ago.

As for the cheating fuck bucket he left me for, she's still on her shit, stalking my socials every damn day like she has nothing better to do. Last month, she showed up at his job again and was turned away by security. One of the employees sent me a video of her losing her shit in the parking lot, and she didn't look so good.

Someone posted the video online, and I anonymously asked in the comments if the silicone in her tits was leaking; she looked a hot mess. That started a whole conversation going about what else on her was fake. Now, when I say someone posted it I wasn't being completely honest. I know damn good, and well who posted it.

You see, when it looked like she wouldn't stop driving by my house and I was getting too big to throw hands if it came to that, I had to find other ways to deal with her. I'm not sure why I hadn't thought of it sooner, maybe because I was never

that interested in her life, but I decided to do some digging into her past and who she was before she became the twat-waffle that interrupted my life. She was so good at that shit I knew there had to be other victims out there.

It was like falling into the deep end of the abyss, let me tell you. It wasn't as hard as you would imagine, given the lengths she'd gone to to distance herself from her past. What she didn't count on, I guess, was that although she had changed her last name to her mother's maiden name, there was still a connection.

I knew where she went to college from her work transcript, which I only had to ask to receive because of my friends in HR, and I took it from there. I wasn't interested in her academics; I wanted the scoop, so I found others who were there at the same time, visited their socials, and reached out as innocently as I could.

It took weeks but it wasn't long before I was getting into the meat of this thing. My life wasn't the first she fucked over, and I found at least two other women who still remembered what she'd done to them and were only too happy to dish the dirt. It was one of these women who posted the video after I shared it with her.

Look, I'm not into bullying anyone, but I hate this woman worse than poison, so I'm not too bent out of shape about it. I shared the video as a way to give those women some of their own back, but the results were even greater than expected, and I don't mean the comments that her past classmates made to shame her.

Someone from her hometown got wind of the post somehow, and that's where the real fun began. I was contacted privately and given the whole story along with pictures, and let's just say she looked nothing like she does now back then, even though she's looking kind of rough these days.

I was only too happy to share these images with Justin so he could see who he left me for. The real her, not the plastic version she'd presented to him, but I didn't stop there. To add insult to injury, I sent the images to his phone, unblocked her

number, and sent them to her, asking, 'Is this really you?' Then I texted her from my phone with the same image and laughing emojis. I haven't heard from her since.

Her ass is still being dragged for filth all over social media, and now her high school victims and college casualties were teaming up in an online forum made just for her. I couldn't have planned it better myself, but I was too busy with my aching back and kids who wanted all the attention I had to give.

Every once in a while, when I needed a break, I'd mention Tim and run away for the weekend, but I was getting too big for that now, and besides, Justin wouldn't let me go anywhere without him.

He's tied my shoes, made me breakfast in bed, and didn't say a word when I hired the babysitter full-time and let his mom off the hook. What was he going to say? He didn't live there, though he was the one paying for her with the adjusted child support.

That's right as if he wasn't paying enough, I needed more money to pay for the babysitter. If he thought it was coming out of my pocket he had another thing coming. He paid and paid very well without saying a peep.

He took me to spa days, rubbed my feet at night, and mourned the fact that he hadn't done these things earlier, that we had to go through the trauma of a divorce and put my children through hell for him to learn how to be a father.

I took it all as my due and felt no guilt or shame for any of it. He was learning how to treat me the way I wanted and not the way he thought I should be, which could be two different things altogether, and I had the freedom of telling him to yeet his ass out of my house whenever I didn't feel like being bothered.

My kids were happy, though, and that was something. There was no more monster wanna-be stepmom in their lives and they didn't have to share their dad's time with a stranger. On the nights I kicked him out of my bed he'd show up first

thing in the morning to help me get the kids off to Pre-K while I slept in. Isn't he such a sweetheart?



I PULLED BACK on the revenge a lot these last few weeks because I'm too damn pregnant for the drama of it all, but I still zing him every once in a while. Like when I went into labor, brought on by a rather deep back shot, or side shot, whatever you wanna call it. Look, he was behind me while I laid on my side propped up by pillows okay.

Anyway, I thought I was cumming, but it was a hell of a lot more than that. Justin rushed me to the hospital looking nervous as hell, and I didn't need to be a mind reader to know what he was thinking because I'd spent the last few days convincing him that I still wasn't sure whose baby it was and I wasn't sure if we could keep seeing each other if it was Tim's.

Our son was born ten hours after we got to the hospital, and two days later, the DNA results came in. You should've seen him preening like a peacock because he'd won the coin toss. Bless his heart!

We took our baby home, and he put his foot down and I reluctantly agreed not to see Tim anymore. I even called him while Justin was in the room and told him it was over. My poor cousin probably thinks I'm on something, but I'll explain things to her later. She was half deaf, so she was the lucky candidate for the call since he insisted on being there.

I still refused his marriage proposal because I was very happy with the way things were. And when we took our boy home, he stepped up and did what he should've done with the other three. I didn't have to get him up in the night for feedings and diaper changes. He took a full six months off for paternity leave and did most of the heavy lifting for the first three of those.

He had no idea I was watching his every move. I didn't want him just doing things to make me happy; I wanted him to enjoy his time with his kids, and I saw it for the first time in

forever. He was happy, the kids were happy, so I allowed him to move back in after having him sign something that said he had no rights to the house and that it was all mine. He was already paying for it as part of the divorce decree anyway but still, I wasn't taking any chances.



“I DON'T WANT any more kids, so you're gonna need to get a vasectomy and not one of those faulty ones that can malfunction at any time.” Jamie was three months old, and that's how long it had been since we'd had sex. I wanted to heal, but I also wanted to see what his reaction would be.

Surprisingly, he didn't kick up a fuss, and nothing changed. He was still as involved as before, even more so because he had a whole lot of energy since there were no bedroom gymnastics going on.

It's true I didn't want more kids, but that's not why I told him to get snipped. That was to protect my kids. On the off chance he lost his damn mind again and went sniffing around some other bitch, he would never be able to get her with child; therefore, no other kids could lay claim to what rightfully belonged to my kids. Besides, if he had to pay some other chick child support, that might cut into mine, and I wasn't having that shit. No one was taking food out of my kids' mouths.

I made him pay for this one, too, went through the lawyer and everything, he was pissed. Not about the money, but because I chose to go this route instead of just getting married again.

“Let me ask you a question. If you had a job that paid you ten dollars an hour, and you lost that job and found one paying twenty dollars an hour, would you go back to the first one if they begged you to come back?”

“Of course not; that makes no sense economically.” Wax on why don't you about how stupid it would be.

“When we were married, you gave me money to run the house, pay the bills, and take care of the kids’ needs. Now you have to pay me almost ten times what you were giving me back then every month. Tell me why the hell I should give that up for a piece of paper that meant nothing to you the first time. I was born on a day, but it wasn’t yesterday.”

“But, what about the kids? They’ll get bullied by the other kids in school.”

“Other kids have divorced parents; pull the other one. Look, I gave in on giving Jamie your last name; don’t push it.” That settled that argument for a bit, but he’s prone to bringing it up every so often.



THE BITCH



IT’S OVER. He’s back with her now, and they look so happy while I’ve been run out of town. After that whole social media fiasco, word spread like wildfire through my hometown, and my safe haven was no longer safe. My parents were already tired of me being there anyway since I was of no help to them financially or otherwise.

Their old friends were giving them shit, and nobody wanted me around their husbands, so I was made to stay behind closed doors, which I didn’t mind because I got tired of the whispers and stares every time I stepped out the front door.

I was never able to find out who had posted that video that started it all, but I knew the day things really ended for me and Justin. Even after being driven away again from the job, I still had other plans in mind, ways that I could run into him. But he was always with her or the kids, and there was never an opportunity,

He never ever tried to call and seemed to have blocked me everywhere. Even she had blocked me, so there was no way for me to get the latest news on their lives. But how I knew we were over was the day he sent me those pictures of me before the surgeries.

It ate me up inside for a long time that she'd seen them and had laughed at me. Imagining the two of them laughing at me was one of the worst things I've ever had to endure, even worse than the day my father threw a few dollars at me and told me it was time to leave.

I didn't know what to do. I was down but not beaten. I went back to my online forums with a new search in mind and found a minefield of information. I was done with men my age; no way was I going to suffer this humiliation again.

I found a job many miles away and started over. At twenty-nine, I was still not too old to start over and I still looked good once I got cleaned up, but even I could see the dullness in my eyes. Justin had been my one true love.

I wish I had known that from the beginning; maybe I would've done things differently. Last I heard, he'd bought her a new house. An even bigger one with a gate and acreage. No way for me to get in there now since the walls were too high. That was one of the last things I learned about them from her socials before I was shut out.

My new thing was hanging out near gold courses at country clubs. I knew that a lot of wealthy elderly men hung around those places, so each weekend, I'd drive around to the few within a couple of hours from my new town.

It only took six months for me to find the right one. I'd spent those months listening in on conversations after singling out a few. There was one in particular that I was very interested in. He was old, older than the others, well into his seventies.

I accidentally bumped into him one day and made him spill his drink all over me. He was sweet enough to offer to pay the cleaner's bill, and we had to exchange numbers, of

course. I played it easy, just like last time, not rushing, taking it slow, but not too slow now, because he was old as dirt.

He must've been an okay-looking guy in his heyday, but these days, the years were starting to show. I didn't care, though; I was more interested in his deep pockets, and from the Forbes list, he had some very deep ones, indeed, even more than Justin.

After our first conversation, he invited me out for drinks. I went but didn't let things go too far that first night. It was on the fourth night that I pretended to let him talk me into letting him take me home. His home was massive, gorgeous, and even better than the one I had picked out for Justin and me to live in.

The first time I gave him some, he babbled on about some bullshit, and I knew I had him. What was it he said again? "I feel like David in his last days when they brought in that young virgin to warm his bed, only unlike him, I can still use my dick."

And use it he did. For an old man, he liked to fuck. I'd hit the jackpot and was giddy with excitement. Greg, that's his name, spoiled me rotten and I loved every minute of it. I remembered some of the bags Callie used to carry, some of the designers she was fond of, and started buying the same, with his money, of course.

I almost shit myself the day he proposed and didn't even ask for a prenup. Life had finally been fair to me, and I couldn't be happier. Sure, I had to take a lover as the years went on. By then, he was only good for a fuck at least twice a month, and a girl has needs.

He shouldn't mind since he got to have me as his wife, a beautiful young thing on his arm to show off to his old buddies. Their wives hated me because they were all old and outdated, scared shitless that more like me would turn up and steal their husbands.

I fucked them too, just for kicks, because I knew their wives hated me, and it gave me such a thrill to screw their men behind their backs. It also got me more gifts, and what more

can a girl ask for. There was no wife or girlfriend to steal him away from, but he had one bitch of a daughter whom he hated because she was fat and ugly, and Greg liked beautiful things.

The two of them fought almost every day until I banned her from the house because she was screwing with my time with the gardener. Each time her name was mentioned, Greg would have a fit and forbade me to even mention her in his presence again, which was fine by me.

I made sure she knew each time her Daddy bought me something new and extravagant, and I knew it was eating her up with envy, the fat cow.

Since she was his only child, I knew that with her out of the picture, I stood to inherit it all and was counting down the days to his demise the first time he caught a cold. But that fucker held on.

Now, it's been eighteen years, and my time has come finally. The funeral was just today, and now it's time for the reading of the will. I already had plans for the money I was about to make and could feel my juices bubbling at the thought of the hot young man I was going to buy myself to make up for the years of letting that old bastard drool all over me.

EPILOGUE



Eighteen Years Later



“Will you marry me now?”

“Sure, why not?” My last baby had just gone off to college; the oldest just finished his master’s, the second oldest her bachelor’s, and the third was in her last year of college. My life, these last eighteen years, has been one of bliss. I was now fifty-one years old, with the best years of my life behind me, so why not?

I still have life left in me yet sure, but I think it’s time I settled down and made an honest man out of him. For the past eighteen years, we’ve been practically joined at the hip anyway. We did everything together, both with ourselves and with our kids.

He was a better boyfriend than he ever was a husband, and that is why each time he proposed over the years, I turned him down. It got to be a game with us, where he would ask, knowing that I would say no. As we got older, he griped and grumbled more, but I was staunch in my refusal and had no problem reminding him that I’d given him a chance once, and he’d blown it to shit.

My favorite analogy to use was the time he fell while rock climbing and refused to ever do it again for fear of it happening once more. He seemed to get it then and wasn’t as

pushy, though he still asked when the mood struck, which always seemed to be on our first wedding anniversary.

My only interest, I told him, was making sure my kids had a full life, that I did what was best for them, and that didn't include upending their lives again the next time he got the itch to fuck some strange because he'd lost control of his dick. He hates being reminded of his affair, but that's his problem. I'm not hurting my babies to please him.

They flourished just from having both their parents in their lives, happy and healthy, which is all I ever wanted. Justin hadn't strayed in all this time, and for the better part of that eighteen years, he'd gone above and beyond to prove himself and make amends, even long after I had forgiven him. Maybe the fact that I never told him I forgave him had something to do with that.

It had gotten so that some days I forgot that we were no longer married; things between us were so easy, better even than the first ten years together because he knew he had to do the work or he could take his ass back where he came from, which is something I reminded him of in the beginning.

I never realized how much power that piece of paper really has over people. He was the same man with the same career and responsibilities, but as a boyfriend, he stepped up way more than he had when he was my husband.

Suddenly, he could find his ass home at a decent hour after work. He had time to spend with the kids now when he couldn't be bothered before. Sometimes all I could do was shake my damn head and wonder at the ignorance of the world and the people in it. But as long as my babies were happy, I was too.

I got free dick, more even than when we were married, I got to keep my babysitter because he had no say in that and more free time for myself since I never went back to work. I spent my days as the kids grew up taking care of me and doing the things I liked, which made for a happier, healthier me.

I wasn't mean to Justin any longer, not after the first couple of years, but neither did I let myself forge and give into

going back to the way things were. We were equal partners when it came to raising our kids, but I was my own person with my own wants and likes, and if something didn't agree with him, that was too bad. I got my way most of the time, though I tried to be fair and not go too far; after all, he was still human.

All of our kids had done well in school, and like I said, Jamie had just gone off to college, so we were now looking at empty nesting. In the last few months, we'd talked, and Justin wanted to retire early so we could spend more time traveling the world now that the kids were grown and out of the house, and I thought that was a fine idea.

He'd used travel as an excuse for us to get married just in case something went wrong like we hadn't been traveling at least twice a year for the past eighteen years without it. Now, today, he was bringing it up again, and since my last child support check had been cashed, why the hell not?

I hadn't touched my personal account in years because Justin took care of all the household expenses, and if I even hinted at something, he had it delivered before I could make up my mind if I really wanted it or not. My cars, he bought; my jewelry, he bought; my luxury vacations, he paid for and everything else in between.

Of course, our children's five-two-nines were set up by him, and their grandparents gave them all hefty sums when they graduated, and I know their future weddings and house down payments were taken care of. My money has been well invested over the years, and I have enough to take me through two lifetimes. In short, I have been sitting pretty. If he lost his mind and walked off today, I would still be set for life without the worry of financial strain.

That's not all I was interested in, of course, but I learned after the failure of our marriage that you can't live off of love and that shit doesn't pay the bills. He loved me once and still cheated, and I am not one to forget shit.

"You can go down and file for the license on Monday." I've never seen a happier man in my life. He paid and paid

well for his betrayal, never once taking a step wrong. He let me know each time someone hit on him, which I pretended not to care about, but he, on the other hand, was very offended that anyone would hit on him because he was taken.

I reminded him time and again that he wasn't wearing a wedding ring, so how were they to know? So he found his old one somewhere and started wearing it again, then had a conniption when I refused to wear mine.

He suggested all kinds of ways for me to let people know I was taken. A promise ring, just an engagement ring, anything. I refused them all, but I do wear the Cartier love bracelet he got me and never took it off. Let that be enough for him.

When he pushed as to why I refused to wear an engagement or wedding ring, I reminded him that he wore his wedding ring while he was fucking that dirty bitch, that it didn't stop him, so why would it stop me or anyone else for that matter since it meant so little and that usually got him to crawl out my ass for a while.

He reached over to the bedside table and pulled out the jewelry box he'd hidden there. Inside was the biggest rock I'd ever seen on a ring. It had to be six carats easy and the most brilliant clear-cut diamond in a teardrop shape. Flawless!

I let him slip it on my finger and felt his dick jump against my back. Nasty, he's still got it. We spent the weekend in bed and didn't have to be quiet because there were no nosy ass teenagers sniffing around out there. That last kid put me through it, I'll tell ya.

From beginning to end, he is his father's child, a pain in the ass if there ever was one. From the womb, he was giving me hell. But he's the sweetest little boy who loves his mama. He never had to suffer the trauma of a broken family, so he's a bit spoilt. His brother and sisters protect him like he's made of glass, and Justin does everything he can to make it up to him for the guilt he feels about his birth.

He learned about the divorce sometime in his teens and was very upset with her dad until I sat him down and asked him to forgive him. The others had already done that, but

they'd dealt with it as young kids while he was much older and had a better understanding.

My sweet boy threatened his dad that day that if he ever did that again, he'd never even look at him again in this lifetime. As stubborn as he is, I'm inclined to believe he meant it, but we will never know because his dad is attached to my ass.



JUSTIN

I WOKE early that Monday morning as if the place was going to open earlier or something, which I knew it wasn't, but I was so excited that she'd finally said yes that I could hardly sleep the night before. I watched her sleep for a while, just taking in her beauty and the fact that she was mine.

I looked at the clock and tried not to wake her as I climbed out of bed and, not for the first time, thanked my lucky stars that hers was the bed I was in. I break out in a cold sweat sometimes when I remember how close I had come to losing everything we'd shared in the last eighteen years or so since she let me come back home.

I can't imagine not seeing my kids grow up, not spending every precious moment with Callie that I have. It's like a nightmare, which I've had more than my fair share over the years, where I wake up in a panic until I see her face on the pillow next to mine.

In the shower, I grinned like a fool at my luck. It had only taken me damn near twenty years, but I finally had my woman back. Not that she wasn't right there by my side this whole time, but for me, that piece of paper, as she likes to call it, means a lot.

There are days like today when I wonder what the hell was going on with me during that time; the time of the great disaster is what I call it in my mind. I'm not gonna lie; the sex was great the first couple of times with Daisy, but once the guilt started to set in, it was no longer fun.

I tried ending things more than once in the beginning, but I was always afraid that things would get out somehow, that I'd be caught and lose my wife and kids. It might sound silly now that I look back on it, but that fear, more than anything, is what kept me going back to her. The fear that if I called things off, she'd retaliate and tell my wife.

I thought I needed something; what that something was, I'm not sure, but it definitely wasn't what I got in the affair. I've read other people's accounts of their divorce and can't find myself in any of them.

Callie wasn't a bad wife or mother; she did her best in everything, but I was too selfish back then to realize. The long and short of it, is I needed to grow the hell up. But I didn't know that then. Didn't realize that I was putting everything on her because I was the breadwinner. I thought that was all that was required of me, so I neglected my wife and kids because society had pretty much taught me that that was the way to go.

I won't say I justified the affair, but I sure talked myself into believing that it was fair and that I deserved some happiness of my own when all my wife seemed to care about were the kids. I was such an ass that I didn't realize that she had grown up, grown into being a mother, something she had to learn on the fly because no one can teach you that; all the while, I was stuck in my college days mindset.

I wanted us to do the same things we always did together, but whereas she had already realized that we weren't the same people, I didn't get the memo. It's hard looking back at that time and seeing myself and the person I had become.

Once Callie served me with the divorce papers and everything was out in the open, it was like someone stripped the skin off my bones. Not only that, but a light switch went off in my head, and I realized what I stood to lose, something I was always aware of but wished would never happen.

I think what scared me most was her attitude; it was as if she didn't care like she was done with me when I was finally coming to see what she and the kids meant to me. It was then I realized that I didn't want another woman, I wanted my wife,

but so much about our lives had changed that I hadn't been ready for.

I thought it would be easy; Mom had made it look so easy. But even she explained that, of course, to a child, it looked easy because I didn't have any of the responsibility that she, as a parent, had. She seemed to sympathize more with my wife because she herself had had to fight for her place in her marriage once I came along.

There were changes to be made, and she and Dad were better at making those changes than I was. I could blame it on generational differences, but the truth is I was a shit husband and an absentee father.

I didn't see the strain my demands made on my wife or how tired she was. I thought only I had the right to be tired since I was the one going out to work all day to give her the life she deserved.

It was only after the divorce that my eyes were opened, but by then, it was too late. I never knew how much trouble it was to take care of three kids on my own until I had to, and I was amazed at all she had done. Our kids were well-behaved and smart even at that age, and I had her to thank for that.

When I saw how much work it was, I felt even worse. I would've done anything to make it up to her, but she wouldn't let me. She shut me out completely and just went on with her life. I was mad at her in the beginning, but as time went on, I saw why she did it. I would've done it, too, had I been in her shoes.

I was never in love with anyone else; that much was clear by the way I missed Callie when I moved out on my own and had to return to an empty apartment each day while my wife and kids were in the family home without me and just hearing Daisy's voice was enough to upset me to no end.

I realized that I didn't really like her, and some days, I couldn't even remember how the affair started. That's not to say I blame her entirely for the whole thing, I played my part in it as well, but I could see looking back where I went wrong.

I should've been talking to my wife instead of her about my problems and should've set boundaries with her from the beginning so that things did not go too far, but by the time I realized my mistake, it was too late. Callie handed me divorce papers and never looked back. I didn't even know she knew; I was always so careful.

I was angry, hurt, and ashamed all at once, and the thought of never having my family whole again haunted me for the longest time. I kept Daisy around at that point because otherwise, I would've destroyed my family for no reason whatsoever, but I couldn't stand her at that point.

Then I got the bright idea to make Callie jealous, but she just never seemed to care. Then she started seeing that Tim person, and I knew I had to win her back. It still burns my ass that she'd been with someone else after me, and it's even worse because he moved away soon after Jamie was born, and I never got to meet him.

For the past eighteen years, every man I see is Tim. I've begged her to put me out of my misery, but she wouldn't relent. It doesn't help that her description of him leaves me feeling lacking, and I was never so happy as I was the day I got the DNA results for our boy.

I've still not been able to rest all these years from the fear of him coming back on the scene and disrupting our lives, but now she's agreed to marry me, and I won't be having that fear any longer.



I WAS one of the first in line to get the marriage license that morning, which was perfect because I needed to get to the office. I had a meeting that I couldn't miss, but even when Callie told me I should put this off for another day, I refused; I wanted it done and out of the way. The sooner I get the license, the sooner we can get married again.

“Mr. Campbell, I'm sorry, there seems to be some sort of mix-up.”

“What do you mean?”

“You say you want to get a marriage license for you and one Callie Stevens. Is this a vow renewal?”

“No!”

“But I don’t understand; you’re not divorced, so why would you have to get married again if it’s not a renewal?” I laughed at the young lady behind the desk, thinking that she must be new on the job.

“Check again; we’ve been divorced for twenty years.”

“No, you haven’t. Your wife never signed the divorce papers. Take a look.”

My heart was racing as I took the printed-out paper from her hand. My mind was awl with the thought of the hoops I was going to have to jump through to fix whatever screw-up this was.

I looked down at my own signature, and then my eyes fell on the place where hers was supposed to be. There, in perfect English script, was the word penance. “No one ever noticed this in all this time?”

“Don’t say anything, but who has time to check every signature that comes through here when there are literally hundreds a day?”

I didn’t know if to laugh or cry. We’ve been married this whole time. How the hell is that even possible? Instead of going to the office, I called and canceled my meeting and headed back home to her.

She was sitting next to the pool, dipping her toes in the water, looking like she didn’t have a care in the world. “Hello, wife.”

“Hello, husband.” She didn’t even have the decency to look contrite.



THE BITCH



I'M NOT sure what his daughter was doing there for the reading, but whatever. I ignored her as we both entered the room with the attorney. I took out my phone to record because I wanted to remember this day always, the day my life was going to change for the better.

Now, I wouldn't have to wait for the old man to give me money or anything else that I wanted because I would be the one in control. Finally, after a whole damn lifetime, I was about to come into my own.

I'd already made up my mind to sell off the business to the highest bidder and put the house on the market. I had my sights set on Europe; maybe I would even find myself another rich husband there, someone worthy of me and my new millions.

I listened to the old man drone on and on, not paying much attention until I heard the daughter's name called. What was he leaving her? Her mother's old things? I'd already packed those up for her to pick up from my house.

"To my daughter Katherine, I leave my business and all my assets, including my shares in...." There was a buzzing in my ear.

"Read that again, what did you say?"

"To my darling wife, I leave five dollars. That should be enough to take the bus back to where you came from. Here, he left this for you."

"What is that?"

It looked like a USB flash drive that I took with a shaking hand. "Is that all? What else is there? What about the house? His savings?" I looked over at the fat bitch who was smirking at me.

“It’s all on there. Why don’t you plug it into your computer and have a look?”

“You know what is on here?” I had a bad feeling in the pit of my gut and it got even worse when she stood and shook the lawyer’s hand with promises to get together with him sometime later in the week before leaving.

My dead husband’s face came on the screen, and it was obvious that the video was from years ago when he was much healthier. “Hello Daisy, I guess I’m dead and gone, and the will has been read. Now let me explain why I left you nothing. First, I’m not so green that I don’t know the only reason a thirty-year-old woman would want to be with a seventy-year-old man is because of his wealth. At least give me points for knowing that much. But did you have to fuck all of my friends?”

“I would’ve given you more had you not been so horrible to my daughter. The cheating, I would’ve understood, seeing as how I got a kick out of it. Oh, you didn’t know that my friends bragged about sharing you. I bet you also didn’t know that it was with my full consent.”

“Yes, even their wives were in on it. We all used to get a kick out of you putting on airs with them when they all had seen you being used by any and everything with a dick.” I looked around at the lawyer who was sitting behind his desk, pretending not to notice my degradation.

“Do you remember all those Friday night game nights I used to have? Those nights were spent watching your latest debauchery. I know you were only too happy to get out of the house for a girl’s night when in reality, you were fucking the gardener or the driver; you thought you had it made, didn’t you?”

“Anyway, as you can see, I wasn’t the blind fool you thought I was. I left you five dollars so that you cannot contest the will and if you should so choose, my lawyer has copies of the videos that would show any judge why you are not to get one penny of my money.”

“This can’t be; this can’t be happening.” I cleaned his shit for the last two years. Spent years being slobbered over and sucking his geriatric dick, all in the hopes of making it rich. What the hell is happening?

“By the time you have finished this, your bags should be packed with just enough clothes that would fit in an overnight bag, as well as your important documents. The locks would have been changed, and Katherine would take possession of her house starting immediately. Goodbye, and thanks for the last eighteen years. It was a wild ride.”

My body felt numb, hot, and heavy, and I wasn’t sure if it was the hot flashes that I’d started getting recently or the shock from this situation. My phone dinged with an alert, and I was so confused I looked. It was an announcement. Justin and Callie were getting married.