

Chapter 2

Bethany POV

'Mr Hampshire, can I book an appointment, say two o'clock today?' I asked politely. You will not know I had been crying for the last half hour as I came to terms with what I had just witnessed and got rid of all the hurt. Now it was time to end this farce of a marriage and find a way to get back at my sister.

'Sure, I can make that happen. Could you give me a heads-up on what the appointment will be for?'

'I am lodging a divorce.' I said blandly, having now said it out loud and made it real. I choked back the threatening tears, nope, not happening, I am a doctor and am good at hiding my feelings when dealing with the sick and dying. I can do it now, treat marriage as a death in the family, and block my emotions when in public.

'Sorry to hear that. Catch you at two.' One job down, what is next?

Get changed, put on a nice suit, and head to the bank. As I am dressing, the song that was played at our wedding comes on, and I find tears running down my face again. Damn it, I promised no more tears. No, this will not do, he does not deserve my tears, even if they are tears for what I have lost. But then I never had a marriage to lose, so I have lost nothing but my own stupid pride.

Just as I was putting on some make-up, a song that I thought was more appropriate for how I was feeling came on. 'I see Red by Everybody Loves An Outlaw' and that is exactly what I needed to get those tears under control and put on my big girl pants. I started to sing along with the song. 'That cheap lying wannabe...was a fool...to think I would forgive and forget... I see RED.' I am not the best of singers, according to Bret, but I think I can hold a tune and I laugh as I get the words mixed up, but it made me feel better and that is what I was feeling at the moment, I was seeing red, and I wanted to hurt both of them back so badly.

The drive to the bank was quiet, with fewer cars on the road being late in the morning, and the queue at the bank not so good. I waited my turn to speak to the concierge about why I was there, and I was soon hustled away from the line and into a private booth to chat with one of the bank people.

'What can we do for you today, Ms Peterson?' Yeah, this guy is trying to kiss my butt. He would have been told I am here to close an account.

'I am here to close my account, a cash bank cheque please.' Staying polite and cautious, the bank teller was a bit shocked, this was over one million dollars I was closing, and that was a big deal for the small bank. I even had a smile on my face the whole time.

I was on re. This was my first real step to the closure of my marriage and revenge on my ex and his mistress. The taste of revenge had raised my hackles and I had my claws out. I had intended to discuss the large amounts of money gone from this account with Bret when he came home, but now I don't care, that account is closed, and that means no credit card and no direct debits of my money to his bills anymore. This cash cow will not be milked again. Hope he enjoyed what he managed to get from me before I learned of his cheating ways.

As I was walking down the street, clearing my mind, and thinking about what I wanted to do next, I saw a girlfriend of mine, entering a café across the street, and I suddenly found my feet taking me across the road to join her.

'Hey, Cathy?' I call out as she sits in her booth. She looked up at me in shock. It appears she has been crying.

'Oh, Hi Bethany, how are you?' she asked meekly. I could tell she was upset. Putting my own woes behind me, I felt the need to comfort her, so I got up and slid beside her and hugged her. The waitress came over and interrupted the hug. I slid back to the other chair and looked at Cathy.

'I would like a peppermint tea and, Cathy, would you like a coffee and cake? My treat?'

'Yes please.' The waitress walked away grumbling something under her breath and I shook my head to clear any negative thoughts.

'So, tell me why are you crying?' I probed, feeling that is what friends do.

'My boss yelled at me today, and it got to me, no biggy.' She tried to make it light, but I could see she was a mess.

'You are in real estate, yes?'

'Yeah, the market is not that busy for me, I usually get at the bottom end of the market, where the others always seem to be given the bigger deals, and I am struggling a little bit at finding my quota. They can make a quota on one sale for the month where I need to sell, four or five to reach it and I feel it is too much for me. When the boss hands over any large accounts that come in, it always gives them to his favorite and I get the smaller ones, which take a lot more of them to reach the set quota. I am seriously looking at changing companies. I feel that my boss does not like me to not give me a share of the higher priced properties on the market.'

'Well, today is your lucky day, I need your help.' She looked at me with hope and curiosity.

'Tell me what can I do for you? I can rarely help you; it always seems I am the one in need.' She half-joked.

I waited for the waitress to put the drinks on the table and leave and looked around the room to see who was close by. Satisfied with what I saw, I turned to her and told her my news.

'He didn't.' she said in shock. 'And with her? That scumbag.'

'So, what I need is for you to list my home.' Cathy squealed at the news of my home as a listing, though I don't see it as home any longer.

'I need your auctioneer guy to come over and clear the house of stuff I don't want, and you can have all that is in the fridge and freezer, that should keep you going for a while, then I need a 'you haul it van' and some guys to put what I want to keep in it and take it to my new place, and Bret's thing to Cynthia's garage.'

'What new place? I did not know you had a new place?' she looked confused; I have moved?

'Yes, I am about to head over to work and take up the offer of working at a private hospital if it is still available, and if I get it, I will be back to sign the paperwork you should have ready to list my home. Exclusively, I would only like you to handle this one. If any of your colleges try to give me an offer, I will refuse it. I need you to get the commission, not them. Also, I need a new place. Could you look at security-gated places? I need at least three bedrooms. It could be a house, or a penthouse, close to work.'

Cathy was now in tears, I had just given her enough money to last a whole year, just by selling my five-million-dollar home and buying something else.

'Furnished or unfurnished?' She asked. Once she got her head straight and in work mode, she got out her tablet and started taking notes.

'I will be starting from scratch, so I don't mind either will do, though in a penthouse suite, maybe at least semi-furnished, don't want to lug heavy beds and couches around.'

'Oh, let me send you this.' I opened my phone and found my land deed from when I purchased the house, and sent it to her.

'Thanks, give me about two hours and I can have a list ready and the paperwork done.'

'My appointment with the lawyer is at two. How about I come to you after that?'

'Perfect.' Cathy had a smile on her face like all her dreams had come true.

'Thank you, can you have the auctioneer guy over, he can come after we are done. You can organize it, and the men too. The sooner it is done the better. I can stay in a motel if I have to.'

'Will give you the details when I see you later this afternoon.' With that, I nished my cuppa, gave Cathy another hug, and headed out for work, and fingers crossed that the job was still open.