

Chapter 3

Bethany POV

Luckily for me, my boss was not busy.

'What brings you here on your day off, Bethany?' He is a charming man, very good at his job, and I like him, always a straight shooter, and he is a compassionate man.

'I am going through an emotional time at the moment, and would like to know if the job is still going at the private hospital?'

'The one I had offered you is gone.' My heart sank. I was hoping for that job, so I could get away from here and them.

'But I have something else I can offer you. I need a manager for the research section of the heart clinic, we have trials going on all the time, and I need someone to take the reins and run with it, Doctor Munroe is the manager of the surgical clinic, and you will be working side by side with him.

'You for real? I would love to do that, thank you. I would love to take up that offer.'

'Good, I have the paperwork here, read it and sign it. You can start, say, a month? Will that be long enough for you to sort out your personal issues?'

'Perfect, it has been a pleasure having you here in this hospital. I think you should take the next two weeks off, get settled in Preston, and start fresh.'

Thank you.' I stood and shook his hand, before leaving with a copy of the agreement, pleased he did not push what the personal matter was.

'Two weeks is enough.' I said, giving the documents a quick look over before signing them.' I am going to earn even more money than as a heart surgeon, I can hardly believe it.

'Mr Hampshire will see you now.' I was ushered into my lawyer's oce, an old greying man, but still a ne-looking one, his son, a younger image of him was sitting beside him, learning the ropes, for when Mr Hampshire retires.

'Talk to me, Bethany.' He prompts, He had been my lawyer for many years, recommended by my granddad.

'Let me share something with you rst, and then you can tell me if I can get a quick divorce from the judge today.' I sent him the video and Father and son watched it and I sat observing their faces.

'With your video and prenup, we can give this to the judge in a few hours, and if all goes as planned you will have him gone. Any other issues?'

'Yes, I need to change my will. I wish for everything to go to charity, for now.'

'Done. Let me get that all drawn up, give me twenty minutes, and we shall get this ready for you to sign.'

'Oh, by the way,' I handed him the bank statements.

'This was for twenty thousand dollars and more, someone here is not doing their job and the bank or is friends with Bret is giving him the clearance to take more than the agreed amount. Bret had a limit of ten thousand dollars a day he could spend, but lately, he has been spending more than that. I closed the account and threatened the bank with a lawsuit if they did not close it then and there. These items were gifted to my sister by him. Is there any way of getting the more expensive ones back, as I had paid for them, against my wishes? The mistress does not deserve to keep them'

'That is theft, your prenup was clear about the amount he can spend, I am sure we can work something out, threaten to send them to jail if they do not give them over, leave it with me.' The lawyer was enjoying this, he never liked the way I ended up being married to that scumbag.

'Anything we can do to cause my sister a little pain? You heard the video.'

'Not at the moment, but I can talk to the judge tonight, and see if she can shed any light on if there is any we can do that I am unaware of.'

'I will wait in the waiting room, so you can get this done.' I left his oce and called Cathy.

'Cathy Simpson speaking, how can I help you?'

'Cathy, I will be over in about half an hour. We all go to Preston.'

'I have the papers ready for signing and a few places I think are your style. Matt said he could be at your place around six, he would love some pizza.' I laughed at Matt and his pizza. He was our auctioneer and a funny old man. I needed a good laugh and that was the man to do it.

'How many are coming over?'

'Ten is that enough?'

'Plenty, thank you. Catch you soon.' I signed the papers and left for Cathy.

'Ms Peterson, so good to see you again, how can we help you?' A salesman I don't like came over to me, I was a walking dollar sign to him. I have never dealt with him, and never will.

'She is my guest Mr Jones.' Cathy came from behind a screen, Mr. Jones gave her a nasty look, walked back into his oce, and watched us through the glass. I followed Cathy to her desk behind the screen, not at all a good look, maybe she should look at a different company, one that will treat her right.

'Here are the papers for the house to go onto the market, at the price you asked, and these are the houses and two penthouses you might like to look at.' I took the paperwork rst and signed it. Then I looked at the computer screen with a virtual walk through the properties. The second penthouse was perfect, semi-furnished, and within walking distance from the private hospital. How many penthouses are on that oor? I knew some larger buildings like this one, could have more than one on the top oor.

'Two. A nice young man.'

'Good I will take that one, it is for three and a half million, offer the owner three million cash. I would like to rent it until settlement.'

'Let me phone the owner and see if she is willing.' I waited while Cathy talked to the owner, and she was smiling at me.

'She will accept your offer and no charge to move in straight away.'

'Thank you, by the way, once you get your commission on this company, leave the company, they are dragging you down.' I handed her a business card.

'Try that one. I have used them before when I was getting Granddad's estate closed. They were friendly enough. Use my name if you like. I am sure you would t in better than here.'

The rest of the afternoon was packing my clothes and stuff I wanted to take with me, and throwing his stuff in suitcases and boxes, and any other stuff of his. When the rst person arrived, I asked him to take the pile I had made of Bret's things and take them to the address I gave them and the key to the garage.

By the end of the night, the house was empty, my car full of what I needed now, and everything else, on its way to my new home. I booked a motel for the night and had a night out with Cathy and a few other girls I spent time with.

'Saturday, I woke to the sound of talking in the hallway of the motel. I had a family lunch today. Like most Saturdays. If I am not working, I join the family for lunch. Today it will just be me and my older brother and his wife, and my parents. Time to give them the good news.

'Hello dear, you are looking well.' Mother greeted me when I entered the kitchen. The food was nearly ready, and Dad and my brother were already seated and waiting for it to be placed on the table. We ate and chatted about my brother and his wife expecting their rst child and how great it was to have one on the way at last.

'So, Bethany, when are you and Bret going to give me a grandchild?' Mother was always like that to me, I was never good enough in her eyes.

'Never.' I replied calmly and took another sip of my coffee, watching her face as I said this.

'Never?' she squeaked back. 'Why not?'

'It is more likely that Cynthia will have his child rst.'

'She does not have a boyfriend.' She spat with venom, not picking up what I said 'his'.

'Oh, but she does.'

'Who?'

'Let me show you instead.' This was going to be interesting, her favorite daughter would be on show for all to see. I opened my laptop and started the video, turning it around, so everyone could see. There was shock and disbelief. Mother was always the drama queen.

'When did this happen, it can't be true.'

'Yesterday and it is true, and as of last night I am now divorced from that lying, cheating bastard.'

'Surely you jest, forgive him, he did not mean it. I am sure Cynthia has a good reason.'

'Oh, you heard the reason, Mother. Where do you think they are right now? They are not on a work seminar, but a dirty weekend they started yesterday. Your favorite daughter had been bedding my husband for many years and happily spending my money. When they return you can console her like you always do, this girl is done.'

I stand and walk out of the house that was once my home and away from all the hurt that I have suffered over the years. No more being the nice, forgiving one.

Dad phoned me a few hours later, as I was driving to Preston.

'Daughter, I understand that you have been through some rough times in the past at the hands of your sister and mother. Just know I have your back with this. I thought something was shy with the two of them. There is no disputing what I have just seen, and I am ashamed that I have put you through so much hurt. Your mother always took Cynthia's lies and told me to stay out of it. Hopefully, when you are ready, we can meet up and get to know each other again.'

'I would like that, Dad.'