

Chapter 7

Bethany POV

Finding the pool has made my day. I wonder if they have a gym too? I was halfway through my swim, which I am going to do each morning if work allows me to, when I felt someone enter the water. I thought it was a private pool area and then remembered that Theo has access and I felt tingles rush through at the thought of seeing his body without a shirt on. Come on girl, you are a doctor. You have seen plenty of naked men before.

As I took a breath, there was Theo doing stroke for stroke with me. Even when I went swimming with Bret, which was rare later in the marriage, he would never swim near me, saying I was too slow. It was nice that Theo did not rush off, but kept pace with me, and did his own routine. It made me feel good inside, since meeting Theo, he had me feeling things I had not felt in a very long time, and it scared me a little bit, but at the same time, it was rediscovering who I am again. Yeah, I am a top doctor in my field, but I have lost sight of who I am in my private life. I was too busy trying to make a sham of a marriage work, blaming myself every time an argument broke out and how I could have dealt with things a little differently. You could hardly see me any longer, just a shell of a person I used to be.

When I was done, I sat and watched him finish the rest of his laps. Thirty laps could be his daily laps or maybe twenty if he did not keep pace with me and did the faster-paced laps. He climbed out of the pool, placed his hands on the ground by the pool, and pushed up and out of the pool, so gracefully watching the muscles flex as he climbed out made me warm and lustful, and then I was mesmerized as the water drained down his abs, and suddenly I felt a little hot. When I raised my eyes to his face, I blushed, at the thought that he had just caught me checking him out, his eyes were on me, as if he was enjoying looking at me. I blushed again, thinking he could see more of me than in my one-piece bathers. Did I look okay? Doubts hitting me hard, I pulled the towel over my head to hide my blush and rubbed the towel through my hair, trying to make it look like I was trying to dry it, and belatedly thought of how my hair would look when I was done and blushed even more for my stupidity.

When I pulled the towel off of my head, I ran my fingers through my long messy hair trying to comb out some of the knots I had just given myself. I heard Theo chuckle and rubbed the towel over his hair. Looking at him, I thought about how easily his hair coped with being roughly treated and wondered if I should get rid of my hair, maybe do a complete makeover, a new me for my new job and change of lifestyle as a single woman on the prowl. That sounded good. I would have to look at where to find a nice spa place and hairdresser, some new clothes, and get back to the style I loved before Bret encouraged me to change my style to something he liked. I had not realized that, over time, I had slowly stopped being me in our relationship, and it was what he wanted me to be seen as. I am so glad I found out about this before children became part of the equation. It still hurts that I have been a fool for so long, but my training as a doctor and learning to not get emotionally attached to patients, or at least not show that I have, will keep me in good stead to hide how I feel inside, and at the moment, that feeling is of mixed emotions of betrayal, sadness at being made a fool of that the marriage was a sham all along, and anger and wanting revenge. Anger is the one that keeps hitting me the hardest at the moment and the need for revenge is on my list of things to do. And even though I have started to get some revenge I crave, I still feel there must be something else I could do to make them suffer. Time should allow me to get revenge on both of them. I can wait. Someday, sooner or later, the chance for revenge will show up, and I will take it with all my might.

We arranged to meet back in my home, 'Home', which had a nice ring to it, and we would have breakfast together. I showered and dressed in skinny jeans and a oral shirt, and walked to the kitchen barefoot, to start breakfast. I had the bacon cooking on medium heat, and the coffee pot on, grabbed the eggs and the toaster, and put them on the counter, before I could start the toaster, my mobile rang.

I grabbed it and did not recognize the number, so put it on speaker and accepted the call, thinking maybe someone from my new job could be trying to contact me.

'Bethany, it is me, I am stuck, the credit card won't work. Could you contact the bank and fix the issue for me? Thanks, sweetheart.' he sounds all lovey-dovey, and it made me sick to think I used to believe in this crap, In the background I heard the receptionist in a hotel welcome another customer, and I knew he was not where he should be.

'Sure, banks won't be open yet.'

'Thank you so much,' as he hung up I heard Cynthia giggle something.

'Hyatt Hotel Rio de Janeiro, My name is Michael, how can I help you?' I heard lots of noise in the background, they must be busy.

'Hi Michael, I received something to do with my credit card, My name is Bethany Peterson?'

'The credit card I received from a man called Bret Morrison was declined. The amount is twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars. Could you give me another card number to clear the debt please? What the fuck? How can he spend that much at a damn hotel?'

'Wow, that is a lot of money. What could a person spend all that money on at a hotel? Was it a group booking of some kind?' I was shocked at the price. What did he do?'

'He took the honeymoon suite for him and his new wife. They are a lovely couple and shouted round at the bar for two nights, and had spas and the list went on. So can you give me a new card number to clear this account? He said you had agreed to pay for it as a wedding gift.' That scoundrel, if he thought I was going to pay for his dirty weekend, he had another thing coming. How dare he.

'Can you send me a copy of the bill to my mobile?' and I gave him my mobile number.

'Just a moment, I can do that.' He was cooperative, not knowing what I planned to do next. My phone dinged to say I had received the bill. I opened his message and the bill. It was itemized and the names of Bret and Cynthia were man and wife, on the message he put a lovely newly wedded couple, married last Friday at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the church in the building. Interestingly, I did not get the notification that the divorce went through till six o'clock Friday night. My lawyer went to the judge personally, who pushed it through, but it was not lodged in the records yet. The record office won't be open till Monday.

'Michael, I suggest you cut up the card that you have in your possession, and, I know nothing about this?' I had thought it would be my twin, but I wanted to be sure, hence asking for the bill.

'They are so in love, it has been a joy to have them stay here, so you cannot help with the bill for this lovely couple? He made it very clear that you would cover it.' The man pushed harder to get the bill paid by me.

'No sir, I did not arrange to pay for this honeymoon, nor did I even know these people were getting married. If they do not pay, I suggest you call the police.' I hung up the phone and suddenly turned around at the smell of bacon.

'Dam it, you two have caused me enough trouble, I will not be your cash bank any longer.' I cursed aloud; the bacon definitely could be called crispy. I pulled the pan off the heat and burst into tears. I was not sure why I was crying. Maybe hearing that they went as pretend man and wife each time was a hit to my already fragile ego, I know they could not have been married yet, as Bret did not sound like he knew we were divorced, or why would he phone and lie about a storm if he did?'

What about his marriage? If it was a legal marriage, would that open a whole different issue?'