

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 3

I was trying my best to appear calm, desperately hoping that he would believe my lie. But my heart was pounding in my chest, and my palms were sweaty.

I was pretending to act like I was used to doing this sort of thing so that he wouldn't feel as guilty, but he seemed unperturbed, even smiling brightly at me.

Why do I feel like our roles are reversed?

"I should leave," I told him, climbing out of bed.

"Want me to send you?" He sat up and got down from the other side of the bed, turning his back to me. Right then, I saw the long red marks on his back.

He noticed me staring and turned to glance at me in amusement. "You're the first person to ever scratch me."

"I didn't mean to scratch you," I argued.

"Then what was it?"

"You were hurting me, so I did it in self-defense."

He laughed. "You're the one who was too tight."

"I thought you were saying that you're too big?" The words escaped me before I thought any better of it, my cheeks instantly flushing after saying so.

"Lyle must have really hurt you, huh." And just like that, he chalked up all of my actions to be the result of his best friend's extramarital affairs.

So he knew all along that Lyle was cheating on me. I should have seen this coming. After all, birds of a feather flock together. I'm such an idiot.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I demanded agitatedly.

He shrugged as he buttoned up his shirt. "Tell you what? That Lyle hooked up with one of my friends? Or should I have brought you to catch them in the act?"

I was rendered speechless.

He reached out for my hand. "Let's go."

"I don't need you to send me home," I snapped, slapping his hand away and standing up to leave. The truth was, I wasn't actually angry with him. I just thought the gesture was unnecessary since I merely had a one-night stand with him to get back at my husband, and nothing more than that.

He didn't follow me out the door.

Upon leaving the hotel, I hurried to a pharmacy to buy some morning-after pills and gulped them down, feeling slightly more at ease than before.

Lyle was already asleep when I arrived home. He must have really trusted me as he didn't even text me to ask where I was when I didn't come back home last night.

I closed the curtains and got ready for bed when my phone buzzed with a notification. To my surprise, it was a text message from Christopher: What are you closing the curtains for? I've already seen everything.

I jumped in shock and quickly drew back the curtains to reveal a car parked downstairs.

Christopher? Did he follow me home?

My phone buzzed again: Don't take any pills next time. I'll wear a condom. The corner of my mouth twitched. He wanted a "next time"?

Right then, I heard the sound of Christopher's car revving its engine downstairs.

My fingers hovered over the screen of my phone for a moment. Instead of replying to his messages, I deleted our entire chat history.

This will do for now.

It was during breakfast the next day that Lyle asked me, "Where'd you go last night?"

I froze up, nearly dropping my fork onto the floor.

When I snuck a nervous glance at him, I saw that he was absentmindedly flipping through the newspaper and paying me absolutely no mind.

I swallowed the bitter taste in my mouth. Even my one-night stand followed me all the way home because he was concerned for my safety. Yet, my darling husband was asking about my whereabouts without any hint of worry.

I smiled wryly. "I went to the beauty salon with my friends."

He accepted my flimsy excuse, making a simple sound of acknowledgment to signal the end of the conversation.

Sadly, I had grown used to this silence after being married to him for two years.

I was about to get up to put the dishes in the sink when I felt something press down on my shoulder, forcing me back into my seat.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a figure dressed in white sit down in the chair next to mine.