

### 3: The Other Woman

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STEVAN'S POV

I grab the phone that was in Clarisse's hand.

"The fuck are you doing?" I look at her with a deadly glare. What is this bitch thinking about?

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"I just press random numbers and it happened to be your wife...I'm sorry?" She said with a cute voice and a sweet smile paired with her puppy dog eyes that makes me smile.

"I will be get killed if that woman tells my parents if they will know" I said chuckling and went to her to cuddle her.

Ah...the best feeling ever.

"Why aren't you divorcing her?" Clarisse asks a er some minute of silence. I sigh.

"If I will divorce her I won't get my inheritance as a whole" I answered and kiss her nape.

"I'm also rich, baby. I can, we can support each other you know that" She murmured and I just smile.

"Wait for me to get rid of that girl maybe a er I will get all my money? Let's just wait for years until my parents will announce that I will become the new CEO of our business empire. In that, I can now secure everything I want without her since my parents just also wanted their name and money not really a filial bond" I explained to her and hug her tightly.

"But what if she will say a word to her and your parents?" I snuggled to her closely.

I'm hear to relax not to anser her detective questions. Now I'm starting to feel irritated.

But still I answered her.

"That's why I planted something to her mind that whatever it takes or whatever happens she won't give a shit about me cheating or else she won't see the sunrise again" I coldly answer.

"Can't we talk about her for now, love? I'm thinking now about how I will discipline her so that we will not be in danger" Clarisse didn't reply and just hugged me back.

"I love you, love"

"I love you more" I said and swi ly glance to the night table where my phone keeps blinking indicating that someone is either calling or texting me.

Why the hell did I marry her anyway?

Not havig any choice, I slowly reach my hand and look for the one who is eaiter calling or texting me.

And my hunch is right.

My beloved wife, Joy Feliz Belear.

Note the sarcasm in that sentence.

I don't know why everytime I see or even hear her name really annoys me.

Is it because what Dad told me since we hot in this mess up marriage.

But though I don'tlike her I can't help but also to feel confuse when everytime I hurt her I also feel a little bit in pain, specially when I hear her sometimes crying till sleep.

But I must keep my wall up.

"It's the witch, love" I said to Clarisse.

"It's our time of the week, love. Can't you just forget bout her for a while?" I sigh to what she said.

I look at her and kiss her neck.

"I also wanted to be with you, love. But I can't let that witch slip even for a minute or we will really be dead, specially now that she knew" I explained and she just sigh.

"Okay"

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