

## The Billionaire's Regret- Vivi Jeremiah Chapter 2 - Not so pathetic

### C2 Not so pathetic

Harriett clenched the pregnancy test result in her hand, ruining the paper. She wasn't going to tell him about it anymore. Not after he had hurt her. She knew so well that Damien didn't love her but they were friends. They had been for a long time so how could he kick her out so heartlessly?

What hurt her the most were his words 'None of that matters, Harriett. I don't love you.' How could he be so cruel to someone he spent most of his life with? If he didn't even like her, why did he make her feel like they were friends? Why put up with her for all these years?

She ridiculed herself as she sat on the floor, chuckling like a mad woman. 'I guess I'll always be a second option.' She muttered to herself. But, she had always known this. Damien didn't love her, he never even really liked her. She was just someone he was forced to put up with.

Harriett looked around and discovered that the maids were beginning to whisper amongst themselves as they passed by, probably mocking her terrible state.

How Pathetic!

She got up from the floor and picked up the pregnancy documents before heading to her room to calm herself. She took a look at herself in the full length mirror and a chuckle escaped her lips. Her face was stained with tears and her eyes had bags around them. Due to her mental stress, she was getting skinnier by the day. "Look how pathetic you've become, Harriett." She murmured, fresh tears threatening to fall from her eyes.

She wasn't always so pathetic. There was a time in Harriett's life when she lived a fairy-tale life. During her high school and college days, she grabbed the attention of most men and earned the title of the most sought-after girl in both high school and college. She had countless suitors who loved her sincerely and promised to give her the best life but she chose to be with a man who had no affection for her.

Funny huh?

Well, that is what love does to you. It makes you foolish to the point where you can't understand your own self.

Harriett knew that she wasn't supposed to feel this way. Her father was a wealthy man who loved her more than anything. She had everything one could ask for but the one thing she wanted so much, she couldn't get.

After gazing at her reflection, she picked up her phone to give her dad a call but her the picture on her lock screen made her pause. It was a picture of her and Damien on their wedding day. She looked so happy. How could she not. She was getting married to the man she loved.

When her eyes land on Damien's face, her heart sank. The expression he had on his face was the exact opposite of hers. Only hurt and disgust could be seen on him, a stark contrast to her gleaming eyes.

It was then it dawned on her that she was nothing but the villain in Damien's story. His life would have been perfect if it weren't for her. She just had to come into his life and ruin everything. She was sure he had been waiting for a day like this to finally get rid of her. Perhaps, he only needed a good enough reason and this looked like one since it had to do with her cheating. He wouldn't be the bad guy for leaving since I was the one who cheated.

How smart!

She dumped the pregnancy test result in the trash can and jumped into bed to get some sleep with the hope that it would help her forget.

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"Have some more, my dear. You look terrible." Mrs Jane, the caretaker told her, forcing more bread into her breakfast plate. It has been four days since Damien brought up the divorce and he hadn't stepped his foot back into the house since then. Her first thought was to give Adrian a call and ask for an explanation but she knew that he was probably as clueless as she was. Also, she knew it was finally time to let Damien go. All she was waiting for was the divorce papers so she could finally leave his house and of course, his life

Harriett smiled at Mrs Jane and stuffed the bread into her mouth until there was none left. Then, she turned to her with another sad smile.

"I cannot thank you enough for everything you've done for me, Mrs Jane. I was only able to endure this marriage thanks to your friendship and motherly advice.." Her voice cracked as the words seemed to be stuck in her throat. Once again, she found herself fighting off tears.

“But.. I cannot stay here any longer. Damien doesn’t want me and I think I have tried to make him love me long enough. I am tired.” She sobbed.

“Oh my dear.” Mrs Jane pulled her in for a hug, caressing her softly. “It’s his loss, my dear. You are a wonderful soul and I pity him for failing to see that. You are right, love cannot and shouldn’t be forced. You loved him like no other woman would. I’m sure he’ll realize that when it’s already too late.” She said and Harriett prayed it would be so.

Pulling away, she gave Mrs Jane another warm smile. “Thank you so much.”

Mrs Jane had been working for Harriett’s family for years. She had been there all through Harriett’s life. There was hardly a moment she wasn’t there and even after getting married, she still stayed by Harriett’s side, only going to her home at night.

Because of how close she was to Harriett, Thomas, Harriett’s father pleaded with her to tag along when it was time for her up move to Damien’s house. Mrs Jane was of course, elated and agreed without any complaints.

Since Mrs Jane basically raised Harriett, she knew about how kindhearted she was more than anyone and it hurt her to see that Damien was treating her badly.

She didn’t deserve any of it!

After breakfast, Harriett went into the room to pack her things as she prepared to leave. The divorce paper still hadn’t been sent to her but she didn’t care anymore. She was going to do it herself.

She would leave with her child and never tell Damien about it. After all, her father had more than enough money to give her a good life.

“I guess this is it, Harriett.” She said to herself as she shut the room doors and headed for the living room. Mrs Jane was waiting for her along with the other maids.

“Shall we, Mrs Jane?” She told her and turned to the other maids.

“Tell Damien that I’ll be sending the divorce papers tomorrow.” And with that, she walked away.