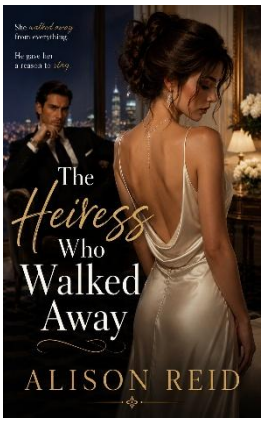
The Heiress Who Walked Away

by Alison Reid



"This is it."

Her steps slowed as well, a trace of uncertainty returning to her expression. For reasons he couldn't entirely explain, Everett found himself hoping Gregory Shelton appreciated what he had. The thought was unexpected. And strangely difficult to dismiss.

This was it.

Everett knew it before he opened the door. He felt it in the way his instincts had sharpened over the last few seconds, in the quiet unease that had been building ever since he'd stepped into the corridor. His hand closed around the handle. Then paused. Just briefly. Something wasn't right.

He couldn't have explained why. Only that the feeling had become impossible to ignore.

"This is his office."

His voice remained calm. Controlled. Exactly as it should be. He opened the door. And knew immediately. Not from what he saw. From what he heard. A soft laugh. A murmur. Then a grunt. The unmistakable intimacy of two people who believed they were alone.

Wrong.

Everything about it felt wrong.

"Melissa, your pussy is so wet and tight, so fucking perfect."

Shelton.

Everett's instincts snapped into place, every sense sharpening with cold, surgical clarity. He stepped inside.

And saw.

Clothes lay strewn across the floor. Careless. Discarded.

A woman's voice moaned his name.

"Gregory..."

Shelton sprawled across the sofa while his secretary straddled him, their bodies moving together with complete disregard for anyone beyond that room. His hands cupped her bare breasts as though the rest of the world had ceased to exist.

"Harder, baby. Fuck me harder. You feel so fucking perfect."

There was no room for misunderstanding. No room for denial. No room for explanation. It wasn't subtle. It wasn't hidden. It wasn't even hurried. It was careless. Brazen. As though the risk didn't matter. As though nothing did. Time didn't slow. It sharpened.

Everett didn't look away. Didn't react. Didn't speak. He didn't need to. The truth was already there. Undeniable. Ugly in its simplicity.

Shelton felt their presence before he saw them. The moment his gaze landed on them, he froze. Recognition flashed across his face, followed almost immediately by irritation.

As though the greatest inconvenience was being interrupted... not being caught.

Beside him, silence. A profound, devastating silence. Everett didn't need to look at Elise to know what she'd seen. What she now understood. He could

feel it. The sudden collapse of something invisible but essential. Trust. Hope. Whatever she'd walked into this office carrying... it was gone.

Slowly, Everett turned. That was worse. Far worse. She wasn't crying. She wasn't shouting. She wasn't demanding answers. She simply stood there. Perfectly still. As though every emotion had been stripped away, leaving only clarity behind. A terrible kind of clarity. The kind that changed everything.

For a moment, their eyes met. Everett saw it immediately. Not shock. Not heartbreak. Acceptance. The instant someone stopped questioning what they were seeing... and started understanding what it meant. The finality of it landed like a physical blow. Then she turned.

No confrontation.

No accusations.

No scene.

She simply walked away.

"Elise, wait—"

The desperation in Shelton's voice came too late. Much too late. Everett stepped sideways, blocking the doorway. A small movement. Enough.

"Don't."

The single word fell between them. Quiet. Controlled. Absolute.

Shelton stopped. Because he understood immediately. This was no longer a situation he could manage. No explanation would fix it. No excuse would erase it. No charm would undo what had just happened.

Everett didn't look back. The secretary didn't matter. Shelton didn't matter. Only Elise did. The woman who had just watched her marriage fracture in front of her. A familiar coldness settled beneath his composure, one he hadn't felt in years. Because he had seen this before.

Different people. Different room. The same wound. The same damage. His mother standing in a doorway. His father's excuses. The slow destruction of trust. The memory flashed through him... and was gone.

Everett stepped into the corridor. His gaze found Elise immediately. Halfway down the hall, moving quickly now. Not running. Not falling apart. Simply leaving. Holding herself together through sheer force of will. Something tightened in his chest. No one should have to do that. Not alone.

For the first time that evening, he didn't stop to wonder whether it was his place. He simply followed. Everett caught up with Elise before she reached the elevators. He touched her elbow lightly. She looked up, clearly expecting Gregory. For the briefest moment, alarm flashed across her face. Then she realised it wasn't him.

The tension eased immediately. Not completely. But enough. Enough for him to see how frightened she had been of turning around and finding her husband behind her. Something cold settled beneath Everett's calm.

"You can't leave like this," he said gently. "You need to sit down."

"I..."

She stopped, finally noticing the tremor in her hands. A faint crease appeared between her brows.

"Okay."

He guided her into the elevator. Neither of them spoke during the ascent. When the doors opened, he led her toward his office. They were almost there when—

"Elise. Wait."

Gregory's voice echoed down the corridor. Breathless. Urgent. The sound of approaching footsteps followed. Elise didn't turn. Didn't slow.

"Just let me explain—"

Everett stepped into Gregory's path. Calm. Unhurried. Final.

"Not now."

Gregory stopped short. Frustration flashed across his face.

"This doesn't concern you."

"It does now."

The response was quiet. Certain. A tense silence stretched between them. Behind Everett, Elise disappeared into his office. Each step measured. Controlled. As though stopping might shatter whatever composure she had left.

"Move."

Gregory shifted as if to go around him. Everett didn't move.

"I said not now." The words weren't louder. They didn't need to be. "You don't get to chase her down a hallway after what we just saw," Everett continued. "Whatever you're planning to say can wait."

"She's my wife."

The anger surfaced then. Sharp. Defensive. Something colder entered Everett's expression.

"She is your wife." A brief silence followed. "You might have remembered that ten minutes ago."

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