

# Adulterer

By

**Njedeh Anthony**

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## PREFACE

We are going to enter the universe of adultery through the perceptions of the husband, the wife, and the other woman. We are reading the same story. We see it through three separate voices and the three ways in which the story relates to each person.

According to Alfred Kinsey's studies, one in every two married men, and one in every four married women, have had an extramarital affair in their lifetimes. These studies were taken in the fifties, before Woodstock. If you think that's baffling, scientific studies conservatively estimate eight to fifteen percent of children are not fathered by the person considered their legitimate father.

The true meaning of adultery is relative to the norms and etiquettes binding that couple. In open marriages, couples can sexually indulge themselves with other partners as long as certain rules are obeyed, such as never lying to each other, never sleeping with same person twice, or never doing anything without the other party present. In polygamous and plural marriages, one spouse is married to multiple partners, and adultery occurs when someone not in the marital circle joins the mix.

After you have read these versions of a simply complex subject matter, you will fully appreciate the life cycle of every sentence, every thought, every emotion, and their every being. There are three books, three voices, and one story.

# BOOK 2

The

Other

Woman

## **Chapter 4**

### **The Insatiable Demands of Men**

**November 29, 2009**

I pulled Julian Mays close to my chest, looking out into the darkness as he slept. “This is the beginning of a new chapter in our lives, no need to rush too much in the beginning.”

It took Tim Olsen less than an hour to find everything I needed to know about Julian. I set up a chance encounter as Julian picked up his boss’s laundry. I watched him for a while days before, to see if he was happy. At first, I thought he was living the perfect life. So I watched him just to torture myself and remind myself how miserable I really was, even with more money than I could count.

It was a new century. I was pursued by men who knew the smell of money and would preach the highest of love. For me, the wealth I had acquired was a curse. I would never find anyone to love me, for me and nothing else, except the man who loved me for nothing in my past.

I dated a richer man named Bryon Thomas. He loved the idea that he had a girlfriend on TV; out of desperation I would have married him in three to five years if he stuck around. But after I saw Julian, it confirmed the theory that a woman only loves once and everything else is an imitation of love. I chose to torture myself and watch his life. Then I found out he was sleeping with his boss. I still chose to give him his privacy. I didn’t know if she was treating him better than his wife. I

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thought it peculiar that his wife was a beautiful red head, and the older lady, though in excellent shape, lacked his wife's aesthetics. Still keeping to myself and watching him from afar, I saw him angrily leave his office and drive like a maniac to the drycleaners. There was something about his state of mind that scared me, so I intervened and created a coincidence and that was how we met. Stalking him took a lot of my work time and it showed with the Denny Summers case I was working on.

Denny's case had become a fiasco and he was still preaching that his story would be forgotten. Normally, I would have practically forced him to do what I said, but with Julian I was a little thrown off my game. Denny disappeared to an island; his wife, on the other hand, cut off any form of communication with anyone who called his name. Unfortunately for her, California was a no-fault state and infidelity wasn't to her benefit. Being the hawk I was, I set Tim Olsen out on the wife. He was discreetly digging up every dirty thing we could find on Helen Summers. It was an act I knew Denny would fire us over, in a heartbeat.

### **December 7, 2009**

Julian stayed with me all week. He called in sick and never left the house. I knew something happened to him, but I couldn't put my finger on what it was. If it wasn't for his voracious appetite to make love at every single moment our bodies touched, I would have feared he was irreversibly damaged. His heart was still as beautiful as it was when I walked out. Everything was going perfectly, but I knew there was only

so much I could sweep under the rug. He had a wife and I had a reputation. I had to understand where I fit into the relationship. Most of my clients were powerful men, so I understood them (or at least I thought I understood them), but I needed to know the cards I was holding with Julian. If I was the other woman, then I understood that I couldn't invest my entire life in the love; but if I was the one, then he would own my life. It's amazing to imagine that you can be in a room with hordes of people and still feel alone. You can even have a man between your legs and realize you are lonely. But if the right man is miles away, coming back to you, you would never feel the emptiness.

I sat at the oval glass breakfast table having prepared him a cup of coffee, and I had mine. The felt flannel table cloth was evenly spread over the table, with salt and pepper bottles at the end of the table. I sipped as I saw him walking toward me. He was a beautiful creature. He walked to me and touched my lips with a juicy kiss and sat next to me. I thought about leaving things the way they were, but that meant letting go of some control, and I am too wise not to have control of my life.

Julian wore a white robe like mine and I noticed his comfort in the luxury of life. For anyone else, I would have gotten irritated by their desperate desire to move to a better life, but for Julian, who stayed with me when I couldn't afford to pay for heat; I was comfortable with the life I could give him.

He sat on the high stool chair next to me. "There is nothing like a cup of coffee in the morning." He took a sip.

I smiled, with love overflowing in me. "You know it's time we had that talk," I said with a half-smile.

“Yes . . . that talk. I am not making judgments, Trinity. But imagine a grandmother preventing a father from taking his own child in Brazil. I don’t know how things are done in Brazil, but the only way your father will take our child away from me, will be from my cold dead hands.”

I smiled. “She is just desperately trying to keep a piece of her daughter close to her through her grandson.”

“So you agree with her methods?”

“No I don’t, I think she is selfish.”

“Thank you.” He sipped from his mug.

I clapped my hands; the lights came on, revealing the Greek tiles on the floor. “So, about the talk we’ve been avoiding all week.”

“That talk,” he said dryly.

“What part do you want me to play in your life?”

“What part do you think you are playing in my life?”

“I don’t know, and honestly, I don’t mind whatever part you want me to play. I just want to know.”

He took his mug, gave me a kiss on the cheek, walked to the staircase. “I will go over to Daryl and end the marriage,” he said with a lilting voice.

“I’m not asking you to divorce your wife. As I said before, I just want to know how much of me I should trust to you.”

“Every single part of you.” He smiled at me. “I am not leaving just for you. It’s also for me.” He stopped at the foot of the stairs. “I am happy Trinity. I am so happy, it’s like I can fly.”

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“What happens when you spend every day with me for years? Do you honestly think you can remain this happy?”

“I already have and I was happy. When I was mad, I was happy, when I was sad, I was happy.” He laughed and ran up the stairs like a child running to open his Christmas present.

I smiled, took a sip of coffee, enjoying the beautiful air of fulfillment. The doorbell jarred me from my daydreams. I walked to the door, looked through the peephole, and opened the door. Denny Summers marched into the living room.

He paced to and fro the bear paw shag area rug. “Do you see what they are saying about me?”

“I told you we had to deal with this early.”

“I play golf, that’s what I do. I am not their husband, I am not their father, I am not the Pope.”

“The public is a lonely crowd that likes to laugh at people falling off the sidewalk.”

“I play golf, I didn’t ask for this.” He fell on the sofa. I went to the bar at the corner of the room. I opened and poured him a glass of *Chateau Cheval Blanc*. He downed the glass immediately after I gave it to him. “You know what hurts the most?”

I sat opposite him. “What?”

“Helen is actually talking with divorce lawyers. Not one, but a couple.”

“How did you know that?”

“I read the gossip columns. Is it true?”

“Yes.”

“You know, she is never there when I come around to see the kids.”

“You have to understand, Denny; these girls are coming out from the woodwork. It’s one thing for things to be private, but when she has to hear these women talking about sex with you on the internet and on TV, her family, friends and enemies are getting a front-row view of her dirty laundry.”

“I never stopped loving her.”

“I know, Denny.”

“I made some mistakes, but I never stopped treating her right.”

“I understand.”

Julian walked down the stairs and stood at the foot. Denny looked back at him and covered his face. I walked to Julian.

“Is that--” Julian whispered.

“Yes,” I said ushering him to the door.

“Should I--” Julian stretched his head to get a better view of Denny.

“No.” I guided him out the door.

“Are you kicking me out?” Julian asked.

I suddenly realized that I just pushed the man I loved out the door. I grabbed a hold of his hand and pulled him back into the room, where Denny was sitting.

“Denny?” He looked up at me. “This is the man I love. Julian, this is Denny Summers, he is a client of mine that loves his privacy and would not want anybody to know you saw him here, because right now, he is in the Bahamas.”

They both looked at each other oddly.

“Okay,” Julian said. They awkwardly shook hands.

I walked Julian to the door, whispering in his ear, “The key will be in the flowerpot.”

“I will be back a separated man.” He kissed me and went out the door.

I walked back to Denny and sat beside him on the couch. “Sorry about that.”

“Did I miss something, or did that man have a ring on his finger?”

“He is about to separate from his wife.”

“Then why is his ring still on his finger?”

“Listen Denny, you are the last person to be judging anybody. I am dealing with waitresses, porn stars, actresses, models, hostesses, reality stars, all coming out describing your penis, negotiating Playboy photo ops and porn movies. There is only so much dirt I can find on everyone.”

“Okay, I get the point.”

“No you don’t, Denny. If these women were doctors, lawyers, surgeons, geologists--people who move ahead in life with their minds and not their bodies--we wouldn’t be having this conversation.”

“My wife was a model, are you saying she’s stupid?”

“No Denny, I am not saying that. I am saying . . . I don’t even know what I am saying.”

“So what are we going to do?”

“This is one those decisions you have to make all by yourself. Whatever you ask of me, I will do.”

“I pay you to help me think about anything that doesn’t have to do with golf. So help me think!”

“Is your marriage over?” I asked, folding my arms.

“I don’t know. I have begged, sent flowers, sent everyone I know to beg on my behalf. She is not picking up my calls. When I step into the country club, she leaves. I don’t know Trinity, I don’t know. I love her, I really do. Do you think she would ever come back to me?”

“I don’t know.”

“I could give half of everything.”

“I don’t know what she wants.”

“Governor Spitzer’s wife went back to him, even with the details of his relationship with a prostitute.”

“And Governor Sanford’s wife is divorcing her husband.”

“That’s different, he called his mistress his soul mate, professing how he loved her. These women mean nothing to me.”

“Really? Reports claim that you have been hanging out with the hostess.”

“Do I look that stupid? I have gone through channels to become invisible. If I didn’t have my boat sailing to the Bahamas, cameras would be flashing all over this place. No, I haven’t been with the hostess.”

“Okay, but you have to ask yourself Denny, if you do settle, do you really think you can be with only one woman.”

He sighed, looked up to the ceiling and sighed. “Initially, everything was perfect, I thought I was going to be the

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monogamous husband, then the kids came along and she started getting tired, worn out by the kids. So I got nannies, but then there were issues with the house. So I got maids. It was one thing after the other, there was always chaos in the mansion, or the children needed one thing or the other. Her sex drive just disseminated into nothing. I go to Vegas, I begin to gamble large and they bring all these girls, all shapes and sizes and I said to myself, I would do it just once, just this once. Once turned twice, it then turned to once a week, then twice, then in no time, I couldn't help myself. Sex with these women is unbelievable; you can't imagine all the things they would do for me, just because I have a name. My wife, on the other hand, has to prepare days in advance before we can have sex. And when she finally gets in the mood, the mood is about testing if I'm still attracted to her"

"You asked me what to do. I will tell you. You need to divorce Helen and pay her twenty million over what you had in the prenuptial agreement. Live single. Screw every woman in the planet. But most importantly, you have to win. Win most of the major golf tournaments. The Masters, PGA, US Open, everything. Remind them why you are Denny Summers. Remind them that you made golf what it is today."

"I can't divorce Helen."

"So what do you want me to do?"

"Do what you have to do. If she divorces me, good for her, but I will never divorce her."

"What if she's been with another man?"

He looked sternly at me. I could see the blood flowing through his cheeks. “Has she been with another man?”

I thought about lying here. I knew it would make my job easier, but I decided to stick to the truth. “I don’t know, I don’t think so.”

He exhaled and stood up, “It would have made me feel a little better if she cheated on me. That way, I could feel a little justified.”

“Think about her Denny. If you go back, you will cheat on her. She doesn’t deserve that.”

“If you were a priest, I would tell you that I would never do it again. But you are . . .” He bit his lips, tilting his head as he talked to me. “How would I put this? You are one of the few people that have seen the worst of me through a magnifying glass.” He walked to the door. “I know I will try and be a better husband and father to my wife and children. But with weeks and months, and women practically throwing themselves at me, I might fall off the wagon, but this time, I owe it to them to do it right.”

“How do you intend on doing it right this time?”

He stopped by door, not looking back at me. “I will let you guys handle everything.” I realized how dirty my job really was. “You have *carte blanche*. Do what you have to do. I will be there for the Masters in April.” He walked out the door.

When he left, I suddenly felt alone in this world that I was so good at controlling. I suddenly wondered why I did what I did. I had made enough money to last me my lifetime. I could walk away with the man I loved. I could just disappear and get

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away from this life, this life I was so good at living. But as my father said, “A man without his craft, is an empty vessel drifting through time.”

I picked up my phone and dialed Tim Olsen.

“Trinity.” He said.

“Grab the team, we will meet at four in the office, Denny just gave me *carte blanche*.”

“Done.”

“Also, where is Denny’s wife?”

“In California.”

“She is here?”

“Yes she is, that’s why Denny came down.”

“He is stalking her?”

“You should know.”

“That’s not funny, Tim.”

“Sorry, Boss.”

“Where is she now?”

“Let me get a hold of my contact and I will let you know in ten minutes.”

“Okay.”

I walked into the Mountain View room in the restaurant in Simi Valley. Two women sat by the flowing white curtains, laughing and looking out into the beautiful landscape.

I walked to the women and said, “Helen Summers, it’s me.” I put my hand to my chest. “Trinity Souza.”

Helen had a frown on her face, “If it isn’t one of Denny’s pimps.”

“Relax Helen, I just came down to say hello.”

“Of all the places in the world,” she spoke softly, “You just happened to come to this restaurant in Simi Valley?”

“I am here for the same reason you are here. The food is exceptional.”

Helen’s face pulled tighter. “Why don’t you just leave?”

“You’re right, I should.”

Helen Summers ran her fingers in her blond hair and I noticed she had taken off her wedding ring, but left the million-dollar engagement ring on. She said, “Just tell me what he sent you down here for?”

I looked around to make sure there wasn’t anybody else eavesdropping. The place was almost empty; there was a waiter at the other end of the room, pretending to not notice us. “I would like to talk to you alone.”

“Whatever you have to say to me, you will have to say it in front of Dede.” She gestured towards her friend.

I sat down. “What I have to say, you will regret for the rest of your life if you let Dede Meyers know.”

“You know me?” The brunette said, with her puffy lips.

“I know everything about you,” I threatened.

Helen remained still. Dede got up and said, “I will just go the bathroom.”

Immediately after she left, I looked at Helen and said, “I understand your pain.”

“End the foreplay, Trinity. You are here as his hatchet man. Why don’t you tell me what you want to tell me?”

“Helen, I understand the humiliation you are enduring, everyone watching you carry the cross.”

“No you do not understand Trinity. The man I loved, the man whose children I bore, is sleeping with the whole planet and splashing it on my face.”

“You said ‘loved.’”

She looked at me, tightened her lips and looked down. “Just say what you have to say and get out.”

“He loves you.”

“If he loved me, he wouldn’t have cheated on me.”

“Love to a man is not the same as it is to us.”

“There are faithful men out there. He made me believe he was one of them.”

“And you have every right to be mad.”

“I can never love him the way I used to. It’s over, Trinity.”

“You don’t mean that, Helen. You’re angry. Take some time off. Go on a vacation with the kids.”

“I’ve already met an excellent divorce attorney. Its over.”

I sighed and leaned forward. “Something I don’t understand. When a spouse gives you a prenup, he is essentially letting you know, that deep in his heart, he knows the marriage will not last forever.” I leaned back. “In my opinion the only people that have a chance at that thing called love, are couples starting from nothing or poor folks.”

“I loved him when I married him.”

“You were a model, ready to pose for anyone that would take your picture, with or without your clothes on, for eighty-five dollars an hour. Now you can afford to buy a three million dollar house in Italy.”

“I didn’t go after him for his money, he came to me.”

“It helped that he was worth hundreds of millions. From what I gathered, he wasn’t your type in the first place.”

“Is this his new low, to send you down here to insult me?”

“This is the fact Helen. You signed a prenuptial agreement, you can get all the lawyers in the planet but you aren’t getting anything more than what you’re entitled to. You keep forgetting that your prenup says you get twenty-three million only if you stay for ten years. Last I checked, you’ve been married for only six. So you might end up going home with a hundred grand a year for the rest of your life.”

“You really are the hatchet man, aren’t you?”

“No Helen, I am the voice of reason. Denny Summers is an institution, he is bigger than he even understands. This is way beyond you. We’ve played possum too long. Now we need to know what we are dealing with. You have two choices. The first is to get a divorce, and we would give you a fifty million payoff and you will never utter Denny’s name in public.”

“And the children?”

“Joint custody. But remember, you will become like your friend over there. The other wives that are your best of friends will slowly begin to withdraw. You will only start having circles of friends like Dede and probably someone like

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me. You become a nobody. The fear and respect you had, would no longer exist. You would suddenly find yourself on waiting lists. People will start forgetting your name and you will realize fame is a bitch.”

She seemed to swallow hard and her hatred for me was evident in her expression. “And what is the other choice?”

“You become Hilary Clinton. You have a husband that would stand by you, no matter what you do. He would be forever in your debt. You can start anything you want, a fashion parade in the middle of the Sahara desert and he would pay for it, with gratitude. And it won’t hurt to push the prenop a little closer to two hundred million dollars.”

“I don’t want the money. I just want him to understand what he put me through. I will go back to him, but I won’t go back for the money.”

“You will take the money.”

“You think this is all about the money? On the internet everyone is calling me a money-hungry bimbo.”

“That’s the internet.

“Are you not listening to me? This is not about money to me!”

“Yes, it’s about security. In twenty years when he is honored as a legend, he might find another blond twenty years younger than you, dump you, have kids with this woman and give everything to her and her children.”

“He won’t do that to me.”

“I know he won’t, but if he does, he won’t be the first.”

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“Two hundred million,” she smirked. “I used to pose for shoots for less than a hundred dollars an hour. Now we are calling out millions as though they are Lego blocks.”

“Approximately two hundred million.”

“You can make this happen.”

“I will make this happen.”

“What if I don’t agree to any of these two choices?”

“Then I will destroy you. Starting with the naked pictures we just bought from your first boyfriend.” I snapped my finger for the waiter, to come over.

“What? I have a lot of stuff to destroy him too.”

“We have waitresses talking about how well-endowed Denny was, hostesses lining up for Playboy, ready to share naked pictures with stories. Very soon, one of these bimbos will claim they have a sex tape with Denny. There is nothing more damaging than what these harlots are willing to share.”

“She really has naked pictures of Denny?”

“It’s okay, we’ve paid her off.”

“How long do I have to think over this?”

“You have until the waiter comes to the table.”

“Two hundred.”

“The money will be split up in pieces, for every year you stay with him, you get about thirteen million.”

“So to get the two hundred, I have to stay with him for how long?”

“Fifteen years.”

“Fifteen years.”

“Yes.”

“What happens after fifteen years?”

“You ask yourself, do you really want to spend the rest of your life with him or if he is worth enough to renegotiate another prenup.”

“This conversation we had?”

“Never happened. I will suggest the prenup upgrade, he will take it, you will offer to work things out one day at a time, he will be desperate to have you in front of the camera, he will beg you to take the prenup, you will say no, he will beg again, you will say yes only because he insists, and everyone will be happy.”

“I do love him.”

“I know you do.” The waiter arrived. “The lady will have another cosmopolitan and I will have a margarita.” I continued, “Done, we will have to give you another million, for the stress you will have to go through, with all the forthcoming interviews.”

“Interviews?”

“Maybe just one, you holding his hand, standing by your man and basically letting the world know his infidelity is none of their business.”

“Okay,” she said, suddenly distraught. “You know Denny is not going to agree to part with so much money.”

“As I said before, Helen, this is way beyond Denny Summers. Trust me.”