Jane and Remy

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She was on the dance floor with him, head on his shoulder eyes closed .

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/jane-and-remy.aspx

He assumed she was cheating.

Jane and Remy, Chapter one.

This is a story of a mistake, insane jealousy, divorce, and rebuilding a life.

There is no sex in this chapter.

They had been married for two years when this happened.

I was meeting a client for lunch. We do his accounting. His name is Remy, but is known as Big Ray to everyone. He is a big man.

He is a wheeler dealer. He will buy and resell anything for a profit, anything from cars to houses. He also has shares in his brother's three bars. I needed some papers from him to complete a report for his taxes.

"Ray, you don't look too hot. I heard that you and Jane are going through a divorce. Is that so?"

"Yes Fran, it hurts, but when the wife decides that another man is more important than her husband, it is time to burn your bridges and walk away, unless you want to be hurt some more down the line."

"What happened? You two seemed like the perfect couple. Jane seemed so in love with you."

"At her job, a department head got a promotion and she was given his job. She was friends with him. I don't know when she started doing him. I have friends in many places and some of her co-workers gave me a heads-up that they were spending lots of lunches together. He would join her and the rest

of them for their Thursday after work drink. So far as I know they were careful. They never left together and she always drove straight home because she would leave a seven and was home by half past. So, they must have been screwing around during their lunches.”

“Did you have them followed to a motel or something?”

“I did not have to. They had a party on a Friday for a department head that was retiring. She did not mention that to me. I found out by a friend that works there, a girl by the name of Johanne. She was going with him. That particular Friday was my birthday."

“Did you confront her?”

“No. I played the stupid husband and told her that I could get tickets for the theatre on the Friday. She gave me a story that she had already promised her friend Louise and another one to go to a movie with them. Could I get the tickets for the next week? I said, okay. I would go play pool with the guys on Friday. I now knew the marriage was over, she was cheating with him.”

“You should have told her that you knew and how you felt about it. Given her a chance to tell her side.”

“She would have only lied about it.”

“I know that you did not want to go to these things, you let her go but grudgingly. Maybe that is the reason she did not volunteer the information, Ray.”

He was silent for a while this did not seem to please him.

“On the Wednesday preceding the party, I managed to meet Johanne at the restaurant where she went for lunch. She was alone, so we made arrangement that I would go as her guest.

"On Friday night, she would go in to the party first say that her escort was working late and would get there a little later. I would wait in the parking lot and when my dear wife and her lover were well into it, she would ring my cell and I would come in the place.”

He smiled remembering his actions at the party. He seemed proud of what he had done.

“That Friday, before the party, I made an arrangement with the Moreau brothers. They work for my brother’s bars. They would be in the parking lot and wait for the guy to come out and just tell him to heed the warning he got inside. They were not to touch him in any way. You know, I am a big man

and I look like a kid next to them. I knew the prick would run out of there as soon as I was finished talking to him.”

“It must have been quite a scene and a surprise for Jane inside, to say nothing of embarrassing her. You must have crushed her in front of her co-workers and friends. That was mean of you.”

“It was both a surprise and a humiliation for her. She deserved to be humiliated and crushed. I walked in and they were on the dance floor. Johanne pointed out their table to me. Louise, her friend was sitting there. I went over with Johanne. Louise went to get up to go and warn Jane. I put a hand on her shoulder and told her to keep her ass on her chair, if she knew what was good for her.”

“All that on the strength of office scuttlebutt? No solid evidence.”

He was silent again for a while. He did not answer the question and continued his story.

“I then took Jane’s purse and removed her house keys and our shared credit card and put that in my pocket. I told Louise to tell Jane not to bother coming home, before heading for the dance floor with Johanne.”

“On the dance floor, Jane had her eyes closed, leaning on his shoulder. She did not see us coming.”

“What did you do?”

“I went up to them and said to Jane, 'I hope you two are having a nice time. As you can see not everyone is ashamed to be seen with me here.' Jane’s face turned white in spite of her make-up. She put her hands to her mouth and ran off toward her table. The twit started to follow her. I grabbed him and put an arm around his shoulders like I was talking to an old friend.

“Here is what I told him. I have people all over watching you two. If you are seen within one hundredth feet of her, I will come after you. If you are seen at lunch with her, I will come after you. If you are seen talking to her in your office or hers and the door is closed, I will come after you. Your phones are under surveillance. If you phone her or she phones you and you talk to her, I will come after you. That goes until the divorce is final. After that, I don’t care, In the meantime, make sure I never see your face again.

“He was shaking like a leaf, he probably thought his last hour had come. I let him go and he ran for the door. The Moreau brothers intercepted him and told him the warning was very serious. He was in such a hurry to get out of there that he side swiped two cars on his way out of the parking lot. Of course the Brothers called the cops on him. He was charged with hit and run and D.U.I.

"I stopped by Jane's table long enough to tell her not to show her face at home and that contrary to her I took my marriage vows seriously and was not going to fuck Johanne. Besides, I had to get tested for STD's . I did not know how long she had been fucking this guy or how many more had gotten into her slutty cunt.

"I left her crying and begging me to listen to her it was not what it looked like. I took Johanne to a nice restaurant for a meal before taking her home. Yes, I have seen Johanne since, but just as friends nothing more at least for now."

"I heard that Jane got really sick and left her job?"

"That is not quite it. You see, for her, being with him accomplished two things. It helped her up the corporate ladder. He was on the way up, too. Second, it was socially a step up from me. What she forgot was that these types of men go for the married co-workers for the sex with no strings. The minute the woman becomes free and they might be stuck with her, they head for the hills. He had himself transferred to a branch out of town. They politely asked her to find other challenges after the mess at the party. It did not go unnoticed."

"I suppose you are proud of that? Again I stress this was only office rumours."

"I proved to all that I was not a wimp."

"Right Ray, just a big stupid bully. You had no proof of anything."

"I had enough to satisfy me."

"That is what got her hospitalized? The reaction to your action?"

"No. She could not take his dumping her. She attempted suicide. She had gone to live with her sister. The sister found her in time to get her to a hospital. My sister in law tried to get me to go see her in the hospital to encourage her, but I refused. She wanted her lover, not me. She made very clear I was history for her on that Friday. Besides, she probably would have had security kick me out of her room. I told Madeline to try and reach him."

"Have you two talked since?"

"No it would be useless she would probably lie about everything like she does in her text and voice messages to me claiming that she did not fuck him. If that is true, it is only because I got to the party

that evening. Otherwise, why was she dancing leaning on his shoulder with her eyes closed?”

“I would like to get her side of this. Seems to me like you are assuming a lot with just gossip to back it up, did you consider that a lot of it may be due to jalousie because of her promotion? Another thing, there no excuse for you not showing at the hospital after all she was your wife no matter what had happened. You are a good customer Ray, but your actions in this are those of a goon. You are normally more intelligent than that.”

“You know her, Fran. Go ahead. If she is willing to talk to you it is okay with me. maybe you will get the truth from her, between women you stick together. She always liked you as a friend. She admired you. Given your sexual preference, maybe I should have worried about that too.” He had a good laugh with that remark.

“You are only jealous because you don’t stand a chance with me, big boy.”

“You are hard on me sometimes Fran, it beats me why I remain friends with you.”

“Because you need someone in your life to hit you over the head when you act like an idiot Ray, and in this case, I think you did.”

He gave me the papers I needed and I left. I was not full of admiration for the way he had handled the situation, maybe Jane should have been up front about going to that party with her co-worker, but there had to be another side to this. She did not seem like the cheating type to me even if her career was important to her. Three weeks later I managed to see Jane and get her story. It is quite different.

Her side.

After reading Ray’s side Jane wrote me a long message telling her side.

Fran, I cannot get over the stupidity of this, and Ray’s willingness to judge me guilty on the strength of jealous office gossip. There was never anything between Jean and myself and never any intention of anything ever happening. As a matter of fact I was faithful to Ray since meeting him. And I had many offers and occasions especially at these company functions when I had to go alone because Ray refused to accompany me and mix it up with snobs, as he called them.

As he said, a department head was retiring. Jean was to take over his department and I was to take over Jean’s. It was a promotion and a bigger department with more responsibilities and pay.

I needed to talk more and have more meetings with Jean, including lunches to discuss the

department I was taking over. I needed to know lots of things about it and the employees I did not know all of them.

On the Wednesday, he told me that his girlfriend was visiting her sick mother he asked me if I would accompany him at the party on the coming Friday. I would like to point out that Jean was madly in love with his girlfriend. I accepted without thinking. Also, Ray never wanted to come too these company functions, as I said above. He did not like my going, but he had to accept that I needed to show to at least some of them. Only later in the day did I remember that it was Ray's birthday and I found out that we were only allowed to be accompanied by one guest. I should have told Jean that I could not make it.

Instead of that, I got it through my stupid brain that it would do my career good to be seen by the powers that be at the company's party. Jean was a popular employee that was also on the way up. I never considered what this idiocy would cost me. When Ray suggested theatre for Friday, I told him I was sorry but I had already made plans to take in a movie with some girlfriends, I thought it was better not to tell him if he did not know he would not be in a bad mood for a week. He did let me go to these functions in the past but he always gave me the cold shoulder for a week or more afterward and sometimes almost a third degree. I would leave the party early and go join him at the pool room and then home. That was my intention, to surprise him by showing up at the pool hall.

My conscience was bothering me a lot. I had never lied to Ray before, but I was tired of the questioning for days afterward.

I would celebrate his birthday one day late. I made arrangement to rent a private dining room and a band in a nice restaurant in town. I invited his close friends while swearing them to secrecy. I would find a way to get him there.

Of course this all went by the board when he showed up at the party. It was exactly like he told you except that I had decided that this was a mistake. My place was with my husband on his birthday, not at a company party, no matter what the occasion. I had my eyes closed because I was planning in my head how to tell Jean that I could not stay and would leave to go join my husband after this dance, in a way that would not upset him. After all, I had accepted to be his escort for the evening.

Ray's appearance with Johanne was the worst shock of my life. I ran off the dance floor before I fainted there. When he walked out with Johanne, it devastated me. It was like someone was slowly ripping my insides out. I was devastated, humiliated and crushed after Ray's scene. My life had just ended.

I went to my sister after he left. I am still here in the small flat she has over her garage. I hope I can

someday talk to Ray and tell him the real story and how he needlessly by his own stupidity and insane jealousy ruined something that was not broken. You have no idea how much he humiliated me by his needless action that Friday. I realize now that it was stupid of me to not tell him where I was going and with whom and why. But his actions were uncalled for, if he thought that people would think he was a real man, he was wrong, they thought he was an idiot.

But I can't get over the fact that given what he had been told he did not have enough trust and or love for me to come clean and confront me. We could have probably prevented the whole mess.

I cannot forget and forgive his lack of respect for me and his going on the grounds of office gossip and rumours as his only supposed proof of my supposed unfaithfulness and humiliate me that way at the party. That I think was his purpose, to humiliate and crush me, to show me that I belonged to him and he was the boss. To say nothing of what he and his friends did to Jean, he is a very nice man and was always very respectful of me.

I did not try to end it all, what happened was because of losing Ray, not Jean. I insist again, there was nothing going on with him and I surely had no intentions of anything happening. I have been faithful to Ray since the day I met him. I was rather distraught and shaken-up after the mess at the party, I was a wreck. My doctor prescribed tranquilizers. At my sister's I made myself a very strong drink and took one of the pills, I then got impatient that the effect was slow in coming and not very strong. I had been warned not to have liquor with those pills. I took a second one, maybe more with the drinking, I cannot be sure.

When those pills took effect, plus the liquor, I passed out. I would probably have died if my sister had not come back home then, but it was not a suicide attempt as such.

Again, I cannot forgive Ray for refusing to come to the Hospital in spite of my sister begging him and telling him I needed him. His answer that she should call one of my lovers was heartless of him and woke me to the fact that he did not care nor loved me. I was to him a piece of property like the rest of the things he owns.

With the help of an analyst, I now realise how lucky I was in a way, to find out what a control freak I was married to, thankfully before there were kids in the picture.

Jean left not to get away from me, but because of the shame fallowing his public humiliation at the hands of Ray. As for me, I was the cause, in a way, of the company losing a promising young man. It was strongly hinted that my career with them was over.

That is my sorry story, Fran. It did some good writing it. Thanks, you are a real friend.

After reading this I cried for her. I was due to meet Ray again in two weeks to have him sign some papers. I toyed at first with the idea of taking advantage of this to give him a piece of my mind, but decided that it would do no good with such a moron.

I saw Jane again a couple months later, she seemed happy we went for a drink and conversation

“You seem perky Jane; things are better I take it.”

“Yes, with my expertise, I got offered a better job with more pay with a competitor of my old place and I took it.”

“I am happy for you, how about Ray?”

“I did not contest the divorce and I don’t see him anymore. I started dating again.”

“Good for you.”

“One thing Fran, if I ever meet a man I love again. I will never tell him the smallest lie. And make sure he is the type that will come to me if he perceives a problem in the relation.”

This was over a year ago. I see Jane from time to time, we talk we are closer friends now than before her divorce. Sometimes she is alone, sometimes with a date. She is doing well and getting on with her life.

I see Ray for business at my office, He is still alone as far as I know.

Lately Jane comes more often to the small cafe where the gang meets for after-work drinks and conversation. She always sits at my table. Next to me if she can, even asking someone to trade places to sit next to me. I asked about her love life, she dates from time to time I knew having seen her with dates, but no one regular so far.

She asked about mine, I told her I was unattached also. I am no longer in a steady D/S relation with Marge, that phase passed.

The remark that Ray had made at the end of our lunch meeting back then, about he should have worried about my friendship with Jane due to my sexual preference. It had been a joke but I had often fantasized about it, had Jane made some remark to him that brought on that particular joke from Ray? Jane was a very sexy woman. I had never really understood how Ray had managed to seduce

her.

Sitting with her having a drink, I wondered if maybe?

Chapter two , a surprise for Fran.

This is my first posting here I hope it succeeds. Fran26