



You Will Pay

For Leaving Me

Eve Rabi

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By Eve Rabi



Smashwords Edition

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Table of Contents

[PROLOGUE](#)

[Chapter one](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Chapter Seventeen](#)

[Chapter Eighteen](#)

[Chapter Nineteen](#)

[Chapter Twenty](#)

[Chapter Twenty-One](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Two](#)

[Where to find Eve Rabi online](#)

PROLOGUE

SYDNEY AUSTRALIA
2012

Operator: "Police Helpline, what is your emergency?"

Caller: "Eh, a woman, like, she's screaming her head off. Can you send the police? Please?"

Operator: "What seems to be the problem?"

Caller: "She says ...she says that

someone stole her car and stuff ...”

Operator: “State and town please?”

Caller: “Eh, Sydney ...St Ives...”

Operator: “Yeah, where about in St Ives?”

Caller: “Warrimoo Avenue, outside the eh, shops and stuff.”

Operator: “Would that be ...corner Dalton road and Warrimoo?”

Caller: “Eh, let me see...yeah, that’s it.”

Operator: “Is anybody hurt?”

Caller: “No. Just the baby.”

Operator: "Baby? Did you say a
baby was hurt?"

Caller: "No, no, she was *in* the car.
The baby. Sorry, I'm just fifteen so
..."

Operator: "She was in the ...are
you saying that the car was stolen
with a baby in it?"

Caller: "Yeah. Can you hear her?
The mother? She's screaming her
head off."

Operator: "Yes, I can. What's she
saying?"

Caller: "She's saying ...hold on ...

eh, she says she knows that it's her
ex, like, he's behind it and she's
screaming and running up and down
the street, going mental."

Operator: "O ...kay. I need you stay
on the line. What's your name?"

Caller: "Carly. But my cell battery
is dy..."

Operator: "Hello? Hello? Hello,
can you hear me? Hello?!"

Chapter one

Sydney, Australia
2012

The first time Tom hit me, I was eight months pregnant. Slapped me across the face. Unexpected and so hard, I saw tiny white stars even though I was indoors.

I was twenty-two, he was thirty-five.

I was eight months pregnant and

waddling like a duck, he was eight-one kilos and took part in triathlons, ran ten kilometers almost every day, had wheat-grass and quinoa for breakfast, a green salad with no dressing for lunch, and usually ate lean chicken breast with three different colour vegetables for dinner.

Fit, disciplined and focused – that was my husband.

Throughout my two years of marriage, I'd seen bursts of his rage – towards me, towards others and

his road-rage, now that was the worst – it terrified me. Especially since he liked to take it out on trucks drivers. The bigger the truck, the greater his rage.

Deep down, I guess I did fear being hit by him one day, but I didn't expect it *that* day – the day of my second wedding anniversary.

I was so stunned by the slap that I didn't move away or try to defend myself. I just stood and gaped at him, one hand on my cheek, the other on my swollen belly.

“I take care of *everything!*” he hissed. “All you had to do was to chill the Kristal and you forget to do that. A small thing like that. Chill ... the ...Kristal – how hard is that, huh?”

To celebrate our wedding anniversary, Tom had invited eight couples to a four-course, sit-down dinner at our house, located in the upscale suburbs of St Ives, Sydney. He had hired caterers, wait-staff and a barman. Like all of Tom’s parties, it promised to be

interesting, excessive and showy.

It was true, all I had to do was chill the Kristal, as he took care of everything, without consulting me once, or asking what I would like to serve our guests.

I didn't mind though, as Tom was extremely capable, highly efficient and he had flair. I didn't, so if I did make a suggestion of just about anything, he'd usually scoff at it and shred it to bits, making me feel like the hillbilly that I was. So over time, I stopped suggesting or

contributing and left everything to
Tom.

That suited him just fine.

With pregnancy hormones, my brain
sometimes became a pile of mush
and I tended to forget a lot of things.
I would walk into a room and forget
why I was there, and often at a mall,
I couldn't remember the level I had
parked my car on.

It annoyed the hell out of Tom as he
didn't suffer fools gladly, and just
about everything I did was foolish
to him. Irritated him.

“See what you do to me!” he snarled, his nostrils flaring, his lips a thin line. “You *make* me like this.”

After throwing me a look of disgust, he adjusted his tie, straightened his 5’8” frame and walked towards the door of our bedroom.

“Put on a darker shade of lipstick, wear the necklace I bought you for Christmas and be downstairs in five!” he flung over his shoulder as he strode out of our bedroom.

With my hand on my cheek, I sat on

the bed, shrouded in
disappointment.

How could he hit me, I asked
myself? How could he hit a
pregnant woman? His pregnant
wife – who does that?

There was no way I was going to go
his party after he had just hit me. I
would leave quietly through the
back door before our guests
arrived, I decided. I wouldn't even
tell him that I was leaving.

Fuck him and his party.

The doorbell went. Too late, our

guests had just arrived.

“The place looks wonderful, Tom.”

“Thank you.”

“Yes, it’s fabulous, Tom.

Marvelous. Where’s Arena?”

“She’ll be down in a sec,” I heard

Tom say.

I didn’t know what to do. How could I possibly not turn up when guests had already arrived? After a lot of thought, I decided that I would go to the party, but I would leave immediately after it. I would have it out with him and call the cops if I

needed to. I may have been twenty-two years old, but I wasn't stupid enough to let him hit me and get away with it.

I scrambled up from the bed and walked over to a mirror where I eyed my cheek, red from his slap.

I picked up some concealer and dotted it over the redness. Didn't work. His imprint on my cheek showed through the concealer.

I tried green concealer. That worked – my redness disappeared. That was the first time I learned that

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