



# You Will Pay

For Leaving Me

**Eve Rabi**

# **YOU WILL PAY**

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*For Leaving Me*

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**By Eve Rabi**



Smashwords Edition

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# PROLOGUE

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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?"

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.”

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“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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