

Perfidious

PERFIDIOUS

Published by
BRAVE NEW BOOKS
on behalf of author
Rita Khatchadorian.

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The cover image of Perfidious was created using AI technology from Genie. This innovative tool enabled me to visualize the essence of the stories within, capturing the emotions and themes that resonate throughout the book. I hope the cover inspires you to dive into the pages and explore the journeys of the remarkable women featured within.

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About the author

Rita Khatchadorian, born on June 22, 1998, in Alexandroupoli, Greece, is a Belgian author and blogger of Armenian descent. Although her father adopted the surname Baberyan for personal reasons, the name Khatchadorian has been a cherished part of her family's heritage for centuries. Raised in the Armenian Apostolic Church, Rita has embraced her Christian faith throughout her life.

Her artistic journey began at the age of eight, blossoming into a lifelong passion that infuses her work. From songwriting to poetry and storytelling, Rita has always found joy in expressing herself through the written word. As a child attending French schools, she often delighted her friends with impromptu performances of Shakespearean tales, cementing her admiration for the iconic playwright.

Rita holds a degree in Business from the United Business Institute and has completed her degree in Criminology and Psychology. As the eldest of five siblings, she balances her academic pursuits with her role as a supportive big sister. She is also a wife and a proud mother to a beautiful son, who constantly inspires her to see the world with fresh eyes and an open heart.

An accomplished author, Rita has published seven books, each reflecting her diverse interests and depth of experience. With a unique voice and a passion for storytelling, she continues to inspire readers and fellow writers alike.

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Summary

When a woman discovers that her husband has been cheating on her, the seeds of revenge and self-discovery begin to take root, transforming her world in unimaginable ways. For many women, this painful revelation plunges them into a personal hell, altering the very fabric of their lives. Anna, a married lawyer dedicated to fighting for women's rights, once believed she had it all: a flourishing career, a stable income, a seemingly perfect relationship, and a beloved daughter. But the harsh truth about her marriage forces her to confront a reality that is far from the dream she cherished.

The people she loved have turned against her in the most devastating way, leaving her to face the echoes of her mother's troubled past—a path she is determined to avoid at all costs. Although she presents a strong exterior, Anna is pushed to the brink of despair, teetering on the edge of losing herself in the chaos of her emotions. Yet, it is her unwavering sense of honor and her commitment to fighting for justice that guide her through this tumultuous journey. They say nothing is more dangerous than a deceived woman. When a woman with honor gets deceived and her own reality turned out to be a lie, the rage is warmer than hellfire. She once believed she had it all: a flourishing career, a stable income, a seemingly perfect relationship, and a beloved daughter. But the harsh truth about her marriage forces her to confront a reality that is far from the dream she cherished.

You were lying next to me, and while I was
looking at you with all my honest heart, your mind was somewhere else.
You did not love anyone, and to be honest, you don't love anyone
except yourself.

My name is Anna, and I will tell you my story about infidelity and betrayal.

Dedication

I dedicate this book to the remarkable women who have faced the painful reality of infidelity in their relationships and marriages. To those who have shown extraordinary strength and resilience, navigated the emotional turmoil and reclaimed their power amidst the heartache. This book is a tribute to women from every corner of the globe, who have bravely confronted their struggles, transcended their traumas, and emerged even stronger.

I honor the countless women who have lived through experiences that challenged their very essence yet have found the courage to rise above and share their truths. Your journeys are a testament to the indomitable spirit of womanhood, and this book aims to amplify your voices, allowing your stories to resonate far and wide.

Additionally, I dedicate this work to myself for embracing vulnerability and the courage to share not only my narrative but also those of others who have walked similar paths. Together, we create a tapestry of strength, resilience, and hope, reminding every woman that she is not alone in her journey. May this book serve as a beacon of empowerment and a celebration of the unbreakable bonds we share as women.

All characters in this work are products of Rita Khatchadorian's imagination. While some characters and narratives draw inspiration from real-life events, the majority are crafted with the understanding that many women across the globe have faced similar challenges.

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PROLOGUE

So many words, so many sentences, and a multitude of languages fill the air. Yet from this vast tapestry, a single venomous thread weaves its way through the lies we tell. As children, we utter small untruths to shield our parents from anger. We speak gentle falsehoods to spare the feelings of those we cherish. Then there are the insidious lies—the ones that tantalize and ensnare, whispered with delight and relished in conversation. Some create these fabrications, others share them, while many choose to believe. You might ask, how can one trust in words unseen? The answer lies in a simple yet profound concept: trust—a word I have always struggled to grasp. Its meanings are as varied as the lives we lead.

From the moment we are born, we are taught to trust. We trust our mothers to comfort us when tears fall, and our fathers to catch us when we tumble from our bicycles. As we grow, siblings become our allies, standing up for us in moments of folly and defending us against the bullies of the world. Friends enter our lives, promising to keep our secrets safe. In these early days, we remain blissfully unaware of our innate need for trust. Yet, inevitably, life nudges us towards trusting strangers. As parents, we release our children into the world, placing our faith in God and pray that nothing bad happens to them. We trust countless souls along our journey until that one person arrives—the friend, the family member, the lover, or even a stranger. We extend

our trust as we've been taught, only to find that this individual wields trust like a weapon. They breach the sanctity of our belief, reshaping the essence of what "trust" means to us. In their hands, the beautiful concept of trust becomes distorted, leaving us questioning what it truly signifies. And there you stand, lost in the labyrinth of your thoughts, pondering the very meaning of trust itself. Sometimes we think we have it all. We convince ourselves that when only good things are happening in our lives, nothing bad could ever touch us again, as if no one could ever steal our happiness. We women are often simple creatures; we fall in love with what we see and what we receive. When someone shows they care for us, we tend to focus solely on that, overlooking the intentions that lie beneath the surface. We trust in the tangible, in the gestures and words laid before us. When we love, we love fiercely. And with that love comes trust; we give our whole hearts to another person, believing they will safeguard our most vulnerable selves. In the beginning, we don't think, "I need to trust him," because we have already woven a narrative in our minds that this person will remain in our lives forever, that we will always be happy together.

You look into each other's eyes and declare, "Till death do us part!" You envision a blissful marriage, children by your side, and dying hand in hand in old age. You imagine being the perfect wife and husband, an inspiration to those around you. David, do you remember the early days of our relationship? I would lay my head on your lap, dreaming aloud about the children we would have.

“How would you name them?” you asked me.

“I like the name Sirusho,” I replied. You smiled and said, “She will be as perfect as you.”

With such words, we women build entire lives in our minds with the person we love. They say exactly what we long to hear, and even if the truth doesn't sound beautiful, we dismiss it. Our hearts deceive us with comforting lies, crafting a little dream that feels like reality. They say nothing is more dangerous than a deceived woman. When a woman of honor is betrayed and her reality is revealed to be a façade, the rage that ignites within her burns hotter than hellfire. I once believed I had it all: my career, a stable income, a perfect relationship, my daughter. But it all turned out to be a lie.

You lay beside me, and as I gazed at you with all the honesty in my heart, I realized your mind was elsewhere. I would never claim that a cheating man's heart truly belongs to someone else. Love doesn't operate that way. You cannot lie next to one person while nurturing feelings for another; when your heart is consumed by self-interest, it's impossible to love anyone but yourself.

My name is Anna, and I am here to share my story of infidelity and betrayal.

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Chapter one

“A woman’s heart is not deceived because she has no understanding, but because of the people around her with no morals.”

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“Sirusho! Sirusho, wake up!” Anna calls from the kitchen as she prepares breakfast for her daughter. Sirusho is eight years old—fierce and strong-willed, traits Anna like to think she inherited from her. She looks up at Anna with a bright smile and says, “Mama, one day I will become a lawyer like you!” Her ambition fills me with joy. Anna never had parents she could look up to, so her dream has always been to create a family in which her children could admire their parents. This moment feels like a dream come true. As Sirusho rushes down the stairs, she leaps into Anna’s arms, planting a kiss on her cheek. Anna embraces her warmly and encourage her to sit down for breakfast. Moments later, David joins them, wrapping his arms around Anna from behind. He kisses the top of her head, then trails kisses along her cheeks, smiling as he breathes in her familiar scent. “I could never get enough of this smell of yours,” he says. Anna reminds him to sit down and eat before he runs late for work. After a quick breakfast, David stands up to leave, reaching for his jacket. He leans down to kiss Anna on the cheek and calls out to Sirusho to come with him for the ride to school before he heads to the office. Anna cleans the table and changes into her work attire, preparing for another day as a lawyer. For six years, she has worked tirelessly to build a career that is flourishing with each passing day. David and Anna met in university—he was majoring in Business while Anna pursued Law. Their paths crossed at a school party, and they have been in love ever since. They married when Anna was twenty-three and David was twenty-five. From the moment he laid

eyes on Anna, he was captivated. He knew, without a doubt, that Anna was destined to be the woman of his dreams and the mother of his children. They were a well-known couple in the city, a beacon of love and ambition in a world that sometimes felt cold and indifferent. The odds of two Armenians, living in Europe, meeting in school, and falling deeply in love seemed almost impossibly small. Yet, against all odds, their love story unfolded like a beautiful tapestry woven with shared dreams and aspirations.

On her graduation day, Anna stood in her cap and gown, the excitement of the moment palpable in the air. As she scanned the crowd, her heart raced, knowing that David would soon make his move. When the moment arrived, he dropped to one knee in front of everyone, his eyes shining with love and sincerity. The gasps of surprise echoed around them, but all Anna could hear was the thudding of her heart. “Will you marry me?” he asked, his voice steady and full of hope. In that instant, she felt transported to a fairytale, surrounded by a warmth that enveloped her like a soft embrace. Everyone looked up to them, and for Anna, it was as if she had stepped into the pages of a storybook where dreams come true. But that was the contrast of her life—an extraordinary love set against the backdrop of an ordinary, yet tumultuous, upbringing. Anna had grown up in a home marked by chaos and strife. Her parents were like two storms colliding, with her father often succumbing to the bottle, unleashing his rage upon her mother all the time. The memories of that household haunted her like shadows, lurking just out of sight but

always present. One night, she was jolted awake by the sound of her mother entering her room. The woman leaned down to kiss Anna's forehead, her touch gentle and soothing. Dressed in a light blue dress that seemed to shimmer in the dim light, she walked towards the balcony, her movements graceful yet tinged with an unshakeable sadness. Anna's heart raced as she sensed the heaviness in the air and hurried to follow her mother.

As she reached the balcony, a sight she would never forget met her eyes: her mother was hanging over the rails, caught in a moment of despair. "Ma-Mama!" Anna cried out, her voice a mixture of fear and disbelief. It was one of the darkest memories Anna carried with her, a secret she had kept hidden from the world, a weight she bore in silence. That night marked a turning point, one that would shape her understanding of love, loss, and the fragility of life.

Suddenly, Anna snapped back to the present. She arrived at her office, her heart still heavy with the past. As she made her way to her office, her mind drifted, momentarily lost in thoughts of her daughter, Sirusho, and the bright future she hoped to create for her. But her reverie was abruptly interrupted when her boss called her name, signaling for her to come into his office. Taking a deep breath, she followed him, curiosity mingling with a touch of anxiety. She settled into the chair across from his desk, noting the way he stared out the window, as if searching for words in the clouds. "The case you've been working on is over," he finally stated, his tone grave.

“Over? What do you mean, over?” Anna replied, disbelief coloring her voice. “We still have a long way to go, and we’re on the right track! My client will for sure win this!” He turned to face her, with his expression somber. “Your client has committed suicide.” The world around Anna began to spin, dizziness overtaking her as she stumbled toward the door, her legs trembling beneath her. She barely made it into her office before collapsing to her knees. Memories flooded back, unbidden and raw—the night her mother had taken her own life, the bewildering mix of love and despair. As she struggled to regain her composure, Anna leaned against her desk, the weight of the news pressing down on her like a suffocating blanket. She took a deep breath, determined to pull herself together. She began to sift through the files her assistant had handed her that morning, desperate to find a distraction. No matter how crushing the news, she knew it was the harsh reality of life. Suicide, she reflected, was one of the leading causes of death in the world, a silent epidemic that often went unspoken. What led a person to take such a drastic step? In those moments of hopelessness, life could feel like an insurmountable burden. It was as if they were trapped in a dark tunnel with no light at the end, believing that every attempt to claw their way back to happiness would only end in failure. They felt deep down that things would never improve, only worsen.

Waking up tired, going to bed exhausted as hell. Living this way was a hell of its own. But the true torment lay not only in the struggle of existence but also in the presence of a person who relentlessly

reminded them of their worthlessness. To have someone in your life who whispers that you deserve to suffer, that you are unworthy of love or happiness, is a torment far worse than solitude. In Anna's experience, this was the cruel reality of some marriages—a cycle of emotional abuse that left invisible scars. As she sat in her office, the files before her blurred into a haze of words that no longer made sense. The pain of her client's death resonated deeply, echoing the memories of her own mother's despair. Each suicide story she encountered felt like a reminder of the fragility of life, of how quickly joy could turn into sorrow. The burden of these thoughts weighed heavily on her heart, a reminder that the world could be a dark and unforgiving place. Anna thought of Sirusho, her bright-eyed daughter who dreamed of becoming a lawyer like her mother. Anna's heart ached at the thought of the innocence she wanted to protect, at the idea of her daughter ever feeling the weight of such despair. She had vowed to create a different reality for Sirusho, one filled with love and support, a stark contrast to her own childhood.

But how could she shield her daughter from the shadows of the past? How could she ensure that Sirusho would never feel alone or worthless? The questions churned in her mind, fueling a resolve that rose within her. She would fight not only for her clients but for her daughter, for every child who deserved a chance at a brighter future. Taking a deep breath, Anna wiped the tears from her eyes and focused on the task at hand. She could not allow her own memories to overshadow her responsibilities. The world needed advocates, and she

was determined to be one of them. With renewed purpose, she began to sift through her files, searching for the strength to channel her pain into action. She would honor her mother's memory by fighting against the darkness that had claimed her life, by standing up for those who felt they had no voice. In that moment, Anna understood that while she could not change the past, she could influence the future.

And as the sun shone through her office window, illuminating the dust motes dancing in the air, she felt a flicker of hope igniting within her. Perhaps, just perhaps, she could make a difference—not only in her life but in the lives of others who felt lost in the shadows. Anna was ready to rise, to fight, and to ensure that no one else had to feel as alone as she once did. You live in hell and when you decide to walk away, their ego does not accept it and as soon as they feel you want to run away from them, they make your life the worst. They will do everything in their power, to make you believe that everything that has happened is because of you. In some cultures, divorce is often seen as a disgrace. The thought of escaping a marriage can feel overwhelming, yet the reality of leaving is fraught with fear and judgment. The whispers echo in their mind day and night: “She couldn't manage her marriage. She probably isn't woman enough. Who would want her now? She's just someone else's leftover, and no one in their right mind would marry her!” These thoughts imprison them, creating a prison of anxiety that keeps them from stepping out the door. They worry about what their family and friends will say: “Why did you fail at your marriage?” No one seems to consider