

Chapter 10 What I Found Out And The Lunch

Before she remembered that she left her phone closer to me, I quickly sprang into action like a coiled spring. I delved my hands into her bag and brought out the phone.

First things first, knowing that my vigilant searching of her phone could be interrupted by any sudden call, I pulled down her phone screen and tapped on the airplane icon. Now that I saw that her network was off and her phone was in airplane mode, I knew that the darkness in the library could easily give me away; hence, I reduced her phone brightness to ten percent.

With this done, I brought up her home screen and realized that her phone was not passworded or locked with any kind of different lock.

“This husband snatcher is not that smart after all,” I thought as I lifted a brow and swiped the screen to the right in search of her WhatsApp.

Scrolling past three screens of her phone and with my eyes searching through all apps at a faster pace, I realized her WhatsApp was missing from her app shelves.

“Where the heck is her f**king WhatsApp?” I thought to myself again. However, I continued searching abruptly.

Having spent close to two minutes on her phone and still not found the WhatsApp icon, I knew indeed that there was something she was hiding because it was impossible that she did not have WhatsApp on her phone. I mean, we still chatted three nights before I found out about my husband cheating with her.

“Alda,” she called immediately, and almost simultaneously, I responded with a clear voice to make her not suspicious that I was with her phone.

“I have a confession to make, Alda,” she suddenly said.

“But what confession?” I thought immediately.

“Does she want to confess she was the one seeing my husband?” I thought again. Thus, immediately I asked,

“Is everything okay, Nancy? What is there you need to confess about?”

At this moment, I was already looking sideways, to the front, and at the books I had already arranged on the shelf. I was looking for anything with a hard surface to hold, just in case she said what I wanted to hear. I was prepared to confront her like a lioness, making sure she did not leave this library in perfect condition.

“Do you think God can forgive me?” She said it again.

“C’mon, girl, why would you say something like that? God always forgives, no matter what you have done. What did you do?” I said that my voice was compassionate.

“I did something terrible, Alda, and I am not worthy to be called your friend.” Nancy said as her voice seemed teary, and immediately,

“Yes, you slept with my husband, you d**pshit.” I thought. Then, carefully and in a way that she could not notice, I placed her phone on the bookshelf with its screen turned face down.

Then, I picked up a hardcover book with a strong spiral bound at its back. I knew that if I hit her with it on her face, her face would peel off blood. and this seemed like a good idea to me.

“Of course, a b*tch who could boldly sleep with my husband should not be afraid to see her blood peel from her face.” Hence, I walked closer to her.

“You can tell me anything, you know, Nancy.” I said it again with another compassionate voice.

“What did you do?” I asked, getting closer to her and, hence, holding her right hand as I exchanged the hand I carried with the book from left to right.

With her tears increasing, she looked me in the eyes and turned away slowly again. “How do I say this, Alda? It is such a disappointment,” she said.

“C’mon, Nancy. I have been your friend since high school. We have always told each other everything, no matter how disappointing it was.” I took her in for a hug and patted her back with my tender palm.

“You remember when I was grounded by my parents, and I jumped the window only because I wanted to go to the night party with some guy?”

“Yes,” Nancy said.

“Remember how we lied the next day to my parents that I went with you, and we were both grounded after that?”

“Yes,” Nancy said, hence her laughter amidst her tears.

“We were grounded for six months after that party. Hahaha, and we never tried it again,” Nancy said again amidst her tears.

“You allowed me to lie to my parents using you. We have done a lot for each other, Nancy, so tell me, what is wrong? I am sure we can overlook this together as well.”

“Are you sure?” Nancy asked.

“Of course,” I assured myself as I looked into her eyes at this moment and nodded my head gently to her. “You can trust me, babe.” I assured her once again.

“I lied to you about Dave,” Nancy blurted.

“What?” I was confused.

“I told you I broke up with him, whereas he was the one who broke up with me,” Nancy exclaimed, still with tears.

“Okay? And...” I said, expecting her to keep talking.

“It was because I cheated on him, and he caught me.”

“O..ka..y, whom were you cheating on him with?” I was already holding the book firmly and targeting her nose with my steadfast eyes, staring at it like a hawk ready to carry off its prey no matter what.

“I was cheating on him with his father,” Nancy finally confessed.

“God! I am such a bad person,” she exclaimed.

“Can God ever forgive me?” She was in more tears as she rested on her back on the shelf, and without minding how dusty the floor was, she slowly sat on the floor.

“I can’t believe I did that to him. He loved me with everything he has, and I ruined it with my own hands,” she said, still in tears.

“I don’t understand; is that what you want to tell me?” I asked, confused, as I released my fervent grip on the book in my hand.

“Yes, you are shocked, right? I told you I am a bad friend,” she said, and in this instant, I said nothing but walked back to where I was before. I could not believe she still did not tell me my husband was cheating on me with her, even when I had tried to persuade her to confess the truth. I knew right then that there was no better way I could get the truth aside from her phone.

“I don’t get it; why are you not saying anything, Alda?” She asked out of the blue.