

Chapter 12 Mind Your Business

“What the f**k are you doing with my phone, Alda?” Nancy yelled at me again. However, if I had any words to say, it was a lie. I remained as stunned as a deer caught in headlights.

“I... I... ahem... I...” I continued to stammer, immediately resembling a stuttering record caught in a loop.

“Oh sh*t up, Alda, and f**king tell me why you have my phone in your hand,” Nancy yelled again. Her voice was louder than before, and her face showed anger.

“F**k it, Nancy, who were you sending nude images to?” I blurted. I couldn’t handle the confrontation anymore, and I preferred initiating the confrontation to get the truth out of her.

“What? What nude?” She acted dumb about it.

“Oh, do not play this stupid game with me, Nancy. Who were you sending those nudes to?”

“What business do you have with whoever I sent my nudes to? How are you even sure that they were mine? I could have downloaded them from the internet or something.”

“That doesn’t look like any pictures downloaded from the internet, Nancy. I am no fool. Who were you sending those pictures to?” I yelled again.

“Wait! What do you mean by "you are not a fool?" Nancy looked at me, wondering.

“Wait! Wait! Wait! Why are you so invested in knowing whom I am sending those nudes to?” Nancy wondered aloud again.

“My God, Alda? You think I am sleeping with Tyler?”

“You think I am that lady he's seeing?”

"Then, if it's not you, why send nudes to him?" I confronted her again.

“You know what? I am not going to do this with you right now. I need to get out of here,” Nancy said immediately, snatching her phone from my hand and heading to the shelf where she placed her bag.

As she picked up her bag, she said nothing and only walked out of the library in maximum anger, evident in the loud sound of her footsteps and how she banged the door behind her.

I didn't mind that attitude from her. I knew she was not going to confess anyway. If she could look me comfortably in the eye and not feel remorse about sleeping with my husband, how on earth should I expect her to confess?

“She renamed my husband's name as Mary on her phone; their WhatsApp chat is empty; and she has a bunch of nude pictures on her phone she sent to someone,” I thought suddenly.

“This is a sign of someone covering up her secret, and no one can tell me otherwise,” I muttered immediately, staring my eyes at the unarranged books in the library littering the floor.

“I better get to the bottom of this and catch them red-handed,” I said to myself again, and I began to arrange the books on the shelves by myself.

Suddenly, I began to hear my phone buzz like a restless hive of bees, and as I checked who the caller was, I saw that it was Nancy calling.

“What does she want now?” I thought.

“Didn’t she just walk out of here in her mighty fury?” I said to myself, contemplating ignoring the call. However, “what if she is ready to come out clean?” I pondered.

“Never!” I snapped out of it.

“If she can boldly sleep with my husband and hope I do not find out, there is no way she would confess the truth to me,” I said, allowing the phone to ring away like a distant melody fading into the echoes of neglect.

Again, not up to a blink of an eye, the phone began ringing again, like an impatient drumbeat demanding attention.

“What?” I picked up immediately, knowing that if I didn't the second time, she’d call again for the third and the fourth, persistent as a relentless wave crashing against the shore.

“I swear, Alda, I am not sleeping with Tyler,” Nancy began immediately.

“But you were sending nudes to him, were you not?”

“It was only a one-time thing. I promise,” Nancy said.

“What?” I could not believe my ears at this moment. I did not know that for her to confess what has already happened, even when you think you already know about it, it would still hurt twice as much as if you did not already know. Hence, at this moment, my heart raced like it was going to explode.

“We never f**ked, Alda, I promise. He just told me he liked me. and... and...” Nancy quickly added.

“And what, Nancy? And what?” I snapped, and tears dropped from my eyes at this moment.

“I have always loved him, Alda. I had always wanted him to date me before he asked you out,” Nancy confessed.

“That is why you always told me to break up with him while we were dating, is that not?”

“I am sorry, Alda. I did not want to do this, but I could not resist him,” Nancy said in tears.

“F**k you, Nancy. You could not resist him. What the f**k do you even mean by that?”

“Alda, I promise we never had sex. He wanted it, but I haven't given him that. I swear on my life.”

“Why? Are you expecting that he divorces me so you can get married to him?” I asked out of the blue.

“Why the f**k did you save his contact as Mary?” I asked another question again.

“I’m sorry, Alda. I only wanted to keep this away from you. Please forgive me,” Nancy cried, her tears audible through the phone.

“If you say you never slept with him, who was that lady he spent the night with at her place?”

“I swear, Nancy. I don’t know. I really don’t. I thought he only had eyes for me, but clearly, he has eyes for more women than you and I.”

“You know what? Just f**k out of my phone, and hey, f**k out of my life. You are not a friend; you are a wolf in sheep's clothing.” I blurted immediately without thinking twice about it, then I hung up the phone on her.

If that were all I did, it was a lie. To prevent her from ever calling my line again, I added her number to the blacklist like a gate slamming shut on a toxic chapter in my life.

“F**king betrayal,” I muttered and sobbed a river.