

Chapter 14 Tyler Home

As I prepared lunch and began to set the table, Tyler arrived home in his suit, looking at me like he had just seen a monster. With this, he said nothing but made his way upstairs.

The way his eyes were reddish, like he had been drinking, and how his suit was loose on his body as if he were involved in a street fight spoke volumes.

For whatever reason he came home like that, I did not know. But what I do know is that I should be the one who was vexed at him and not the other way around.

However, following him up to the room without completely setting the table and serving the food would be a way for me to summon trouble from its palace. I already knew this, so I kept myself on my ten toes and completely set the dining table.

As soon as I was done setting the dining table, I walked up the stairs towards Diana's room, which was adjacent to the room Tyler's and I shared. Hence, I saw that Tyler did not or forgot to close the door behind him.

Seeing this, I decided to use it to my advantage to know what he was doing in the room before I knocked on Diana's door and notified her about the table being fully set and her food being served.

"Listen to me.... listen to me. F**k it, listen to me..."

I wondered whom he was on the call with, but if I wondered why he was shouting on the call and looking angrily at the wall of our room, it was a lie. I mean, the reason he was shouting on the call was not far-fetched. It was just like staring inside a reflection, seeing yourself being bitten by an insect, and pretending not to know why you are bleeding.

"Nancy must have told him what happened." I muttered to myself.

"Listen, Nancy, she is just a nobody. She is a dog that cannot bite. Just listen to me, f**k sh*t. You know I love..."

"What?" Hearing my very own husband compare me to a dog was a pain in my heart, but it was not much of a pain compared to the nonsense I think he was going to say to Nancy at this moment.

"Is he going to say he loves her and he hates me?" My heart beat twice as hard as the sound of a giant drummer beating his giant drum.

"You know I love you more. She is nothing to me. I should have married you and not her. F**k No, just f**king ... will you Just f**king listen to me?"

"And what are you doing standing there all day?" I heard Diana's voice suddenly, which startled me like a thunderclap in the midst of a calm summer day. I did not even know when she opened her room door, and I wondered for how long she had been staring at me as I was peeping at Tyler.

"I have been standing here long enough to know what you are f**king thinking," Diana said immediately, as if she heard my thoughts, and she responded to them.

"And yes, you heard him right. He doesn't love you. He never loved you. We only used you, and now that you are incapable of anything, we will dump you, and there is nothing you can do about it. Even if you file for divorce, you will lose everything to us."

A river of tears rolled down my eyes. It was one hell to be maltreated in marriage by everyone; it was another hell to have them not hide it and say it to your face. Then again, it was a worse hell when you knew that you were helpless and there was nothing you could do.

If a bucket were at my feet, with the amount of tears I shed, the bucket would be filled to the brim. Even so, this was not enough to get Diana's empathy, as she waved me out of her way and walked down the stairs to the dining room.

Reaching the dining room, "Alda!" she yelled, "Get your f**king ass down here and taste the thing you prepared."

Like I've said before, it was an everyday ritual that once I was done cooking and they were ready to eat, I must taste a spoon from each of their plates. With this, I went down the stairs, picked a clean spoon from the rack, and ate a spoon from each of their plates.

Doing this, Emily and Olivia, as usual, revealed their smirks on their faces. "Mother, we saw this devil peeping on our brother. She should be punished for that," Emily's voice said amidst her smirking face.

"Yes, Mother, let's punish her so that she doesn't have the guts to do that again." Olivia backed Emily up.

"Of course, children. She will be severely punished. Or do you have anything in mind?" Diana raised her head to look at Emily and Olivia as they all smirked at each other.

"Yes, mother. Let her stay outside from now until tomorrow morning. She should sleep on the lawn. Let the sun smite her during the day, and the cold should torment her at night."

"Ha ha, you are so wicked, Olivia. And I love that." Emily said.

"By that, she would think overnight about what my brother said on the phone with Nancy, and if care is not taken, she might just resort to taking her own life. Hahaha! " Emily added and smirked at me immediately.

"Great idea," Diana said

"Then she can wash the toilets tomorrow and fix the library as well. It's not like they are dirty anyway; we just wanted her to do the washing irrespective of whether they are dirty or not. hahaha" Diana laughed.

This instant, without me being told, when I saw how she used her eyes to glare at me, I perfectly understood and thus headed towards the door.

"Wait, you dumb f**k," Dinna snapped at once.

"You are not doing that so fast." she smirked. Then continued,

"Put this nonsense you prepared into the sink. We are not hungry anyway. When you are back tomorrow from sleeping on the lawn, make sure to eat everything into your rotten stomach without warming it. And I repeat, without warming it. Then do the dishes immediately," Diana emphasised.

Hence, I did as she said, and then I walked out the door of my own house, sat outside on the lawn underneath the scorching sun, and cried as if I were an infant.