

Chapter 15 The Way To The Worse

I could see our neighbors staring at me from their windows like watchdogs, curious about what was happening. Only that they were not curious. They knew how my mother-in-law maltreated me and had advised me many times to call the police.

It got to an extent where one of them could not take it any longer and called the police on my behalf to have my mother-in-law and her children arrested.

However, among all they thought they knew, what they did not know was that I used to own the house before I transferred ownership to my husband, and I would do anything not to lose this house.

When the police arrived, with my own mouth, I made them understand that the neighbors were only mistaken and that my mother-in-law was the best mother-in-law I had. Ever since then, even if my mother-in-law pointed a shotgun at my head, they would only watch from their window and fill their eyes with empathy and nothing more.

The way I cried on the lawn, even a woman who just lost her husband did not cry to this extent. My eyes were swollen like mournful moons, reflecting the depth of my sorrow.

However, suddenly, I wiped my tears and subscribed to the thought that struck me, like a student eagerly embracing a newfound revelation.

"If I were to be fighting to save my marriage, I should not be a crybaby whose milk was snatched."

Immediately, I rose to my feet like a phoenix ascending from the ashes, and I thought about what Tyler would be saying to Nancy right now on the phone, like a director contemplating the next scene in a dramatic play.

Though I was instructed to remain on the lawn until daybreak, like a patient awaiting a crucial medical diagnosis, I refused to be subject to their tyrant rule and decided to act according to my own will. Hence, with this, I walked hurriedly and silently, with my back bent as if I was suffering from a hunchback, and headed to the backyard.

Our room was beyond the stairs, and I knew that if I wanted to hear what Tyler was saying on the phone, I needed to climb up the house to peep from the window like a curious cat scaling the heights for a whispered secret.

Maybe it was for this reason that a tree had been standing tall out of the ground even before we moved into this house, without anyone planting it.

With one of its branches caressing the outside wall of our bedroom window like a stripper caressing the jaws of a man on her bosom. I had never climbed a tree before, not even as a child growing up. I never had the interest to climb trees and sit in them like Nancy always did. But this afternoon was different, and like a stealthy squirrel, I would climb the tree, ensuring the branches muffled my presence as I observed and listened to what Tyler was up to.

This was the hardest thing I have ever done in my life. harder than a dullard who had been given a marker to solve pure and applied math on the whiteboard. No matter how much I jumped, my height was not enough to reach the first tree branch I could have easily grabbed. However, I did not let that discourage me. Embracing the tree’s bark like a reassuring hug, I climbed it with heavy breath, and as I reached higher, a muted grunt escaped my mouth.

Quickly, I covered my mouth with my hand like a startled child muffling a gasp out of her mouth as I risked Tyler hearing a grunted sound from the tree, and he might check it out. But having waited for about five seconds and seeing that he did not glance out the window, I knew instantly that all his attention was on the call with Nancy, which piqued my curiosity even more.

Having finally hidden in the tree branch and laid my eyes in the room, I saw Tyler seated at the bed's edge, his right hand at his forehead, and his head buried into the floor like a weary and depressed fellow.

In the same way, with his left hand, he still held his phone to his left ear and said, “Okay, I am coming right now. Don’t f**king leave; we will resolve this tonight.” I saw him rise to his feet immediately.

Without bothering about how he looked, I observed how he grabbed the car key into his hand and walked out of our room, leaving the door unclosed again.

As soon as I saw this, I needed no future seer to tell me where he was headed. I knew indeed that he was going to see Nancy and probably resolve whatever dispute I had caused between them, and right there, I knew it was my perfect chance to catch them red-handed.

I was the type who was usually afraid of heights. However, not in a scenario like this, and suddenly, even without wondering if I might hurt myself, I jumped down from the tree branch I was lying on. And without checking myself for any bruises, I hurried, with my back hunched, to Tyler’s car.

A sleek midnight black sedan with a polished exterior catching the glint of sunlight was a gift from me to him after our wedding. Though I am not a car freak who knows everything about cars, I knew exactly where to press to make the trunk open without the key.

Immediately as I pressed the button, hidden by the manufacturer in the backlight of the car, the trunk silently opened like a mysterious portal, revealing its cargo with hushed elegance.

Hence, abruptly, without wasting any time, like a swift current flowing through a river, and without being seen by anyone, like a phantom slipping through the shadows, I got into the trunk and closed the door against myself like a fortress, shutting out the outside world with a decisive thud.