

Chapter 16 Nancy's Place

In the trunk of his car, I heard the car’s front door and felt a sudden shake, almost immediately like the unexpected tremor of a distant thunderstorm rolling in. This was not an earthquake. At this moment, I knew Tyler had already gotten into the car and was ready to meet with Nancy.

And as I was right, I instantly heard the gentle roar of the car come alive and felt it moving forward in a gentle motion like the smooth acceleration of a familiar car, gliding down a quiet neighborhood street on a lazy Sunday afternoon.

Suddenly, the motion increased in speed, and the car accelerated to a very fast speed like a thrill-seeking roller coaster racing down a steep track, exhilarating and full of heart-pounding momentum.

Tyler was someone I knew to be in love with any sporty kind of vehicle, like a moth to a flame. Even before our wedding, he had contemplated becoming a race car driver. However, after our wedding and their bankruptcy, he opted out of his dream like a dream deferred, put on hold by the harsh realities of life's financial challenges.

That's why I got him a car like this, and his tendency to drive too fast was not new to me at all.

Quickly, we arrived at Nancy's street like a bullet finding its target, the car smoothly navigating the familiar turns with precision and speed. Then I felt Tyler abruptly pull the car to a halt, like a conductor stopping the crescendo of a symphony.

Getting out of the truck instantly as I heard Tyler step out of the car would mean a mission failed to me, and as I knew this, I waited for about ten minutes more before opening the trunk from the inside and getting out.

As soon as I stepped out of the truck and peered around, I saw that I was not wrong at all. Tyler had parked his car right in front of Nancy’s house.

When I looked at the house, standing proudly on the peaceful street like an embodiment of timeless charm and elegance, I remembered how I used to visit Nancy at will before marriage, and we would discuss everything there was to talk about.

"But how can she do this to me?" I thought immediately.

“Why would she be sleeping with my husband?” I muttered again, clenching my fingers into a fist as if I were going into the ring.

Quickly, I cast my eyes beyond the meticulously landscaped front yard, the porch, and the rocking chairs, peering at the front door, obviously made of glass.

From outside, I could see into the house. However, it didn't mean I spotted Tyler anywhere in the living room or the kitchen area. I remembered almost every part of Nancy’s house—the way to her bedroom, her bathroom, her study, and the rest. Then it dawned on me that Tyler wasn't in the kitchen or the sitting room; he was upstairs in Nancy's room.

Without much thought, I needed to witness with my own eyes what Tyler and Nancy were doing together. Fortunately, the stairs in Nancy's house weren't as long and tall as those back in my own house. With this advantage, I didn't need to climb trees to see what was happening inside the room.

Immediately hunching my back, like a wilting flower bending beneath the weight of an unexpected downpour, I sought to blend in and conceal my presence from either Tyler or Nancy.

Nancy's rooms were at the extreme end of her house. Knowing this, I only needed to make it to the backyard, lean on the wall, and peep into the room.

Quietly, I made my way over her garden fence, tiptoed on her lawn, and finally reached her backyard, leaning against the wall.

At this moment, I could hear no voices conversing, no screams or shouting; all I heard was slow music playing like a gentle breeze weaving through the leaves.

Hearing the music from the backyard wall against which I leaned, I wondered what was happening in the room. However, if I allowed myself to wonder for too long, it would be a lie.

Slowly, in a way that I couldn't be seen, I peeped through the window, and I didn't know when a tear dropped from my eyes.

I saw Nancy in a nightgown and high heels. Her nightgown was as transparent as a sunlit curtain, revealing her cleavage, breasts, stomach, thighs, and vagina—all visible through her nightgown like a familiar outline in the soft glow of a nightlight.

Tyler sat at the edge of her bed shirtless, his eyes fixed on her body as he licked his lips with his tongue, savoring the moment with a hint of desire and anticipation.

My legs quivered immediately, like autumn leaves in the soft breath of an approaching winter, and my hands shook like a delicate web caught in the breeze.

My heart feel scattered, more pieces than a jar falling from a skyscraper.

“How can you, Nancy? Didn’t we call each other best friends?” I thought as I saw her push Tyler to the bed with her heel. Then she jumped on him, caressing her hands on his chest like a hooker with her client.

Though to say I was instantly depressed at this moment was an understatement, I couldn't let this moment pass without filming and saving the evidence. With this, I saw Nancy unzip Tyler’s pants.

“Tell me your wife is a loser,” she said immediately as she brought out his already-risen d\*\*k and sat on it.

“My wife is a loser,” I heard Tyler repeat after her.

“Tell me you love me better,” I heard Nancy say again.

“I love you better, Nancy,” I heard Tyler respond as Nancy began to rise on him gently, like a comfortable sway in a hammock, finding a rhythm that feels as familiar and soothing as the gentle back and forth of shared moments.

“Click,” I snapped their picture, before I began recording immediately.