

Chapter 17 The Shock

Even though I filmed the whole damn thing, I could not bear to look at what was happening. Hence, I took my hand and phone to the window while I looked elsewhere like a painter, reluctantly observing the disarray of colors on a canvas that was once a masterpiece.

How they were f**king continued for more than ten minutes, which left me confused at once, like a student solving math and arriving at the right answer but with the wrong working and strategy.

“Does this mean that Tyler never loved me and only had eyes for Nancy all along?” I thought to myself, like a gardener, realizing that the flowers she nurtured with tender care were wilting under the shadow of neglect. Knowing fully well that Tyler had never lasted five minutes with me in bed before. He'd always just dig it in, and after a few strokes, he'd already poured it in and called it a day.

But with Nancy, though I couldn't bear the confidence to watch them do it, I heard how Nancy moaned sweetly, and I heard the sound of their thighs clashing together as if someone had clapped loudly for long minutes before stopping.

"He loves Nancy and just married me? For what?" I thought again; however, I immediately snapped out of it.

Once, I snapped out of my thoughts immediately. I knew that continuing to think about this right now could ruin my effort, as my eyes were already reddish and teary. Hence, I pressed the "Stop" button immediately and sank my phone into my pocket.

As Tyler and Nancy were done with their cheating and betraying activity, I saw how Tyler kissed her on the forehead. “She should never come between us again,” he said to Nancy, who immediately nodded like an obedient student to her class teacher.

“She won’t. I just feel so bad doing this to my friend, you know?” Nancy said it with a low sober voice.

“How dare she still call me her friend after what she just did to me?” I immediately felt a surge within me, like fury, and if care was not taken, it only took me to find a lighter and some gas, and I could burn down the whole house, making sure both of them never got out alive.

“Relax, Alda,” I calmed myself. “Okay, breathe in and breathe out. Everything will be fine.” I took a deep breath and exhaled, repeating the process to soothe my turbulent emotions.

“We will see tomorrow, huh?” I heard Tyler say again as he kissed Nancy’s forehead once more, indicating that he was done with her and that I needed to get back in the truck as he would be heading home.

Quickly, like a coiled spring, I rushed from Nancy's backyard, over her fence, and tiptoed across the lawn until I reached Tyler’s car. I pressed the button and got into the truck.

As quickly as a blink of an eye, I heard Tyler open the car driver’s door and get into it, and the car engine roared to life.

Driving for a few minutes, the car stopped, and I heard Tyler come out of the car once again, like a seasoned performer taking the stage.

As soon as he got out of the car, I began to count from one to twenty, like a kid learning how to count for the first time. However, this was for nothing else but to ensure that Tyler was back in the house and that I could exit the truck unseen by my mother-in-law, sister-in-law, or even Tyler himself.

When I finally got out of the truck, I suddenly realized that the environment Tyler was parked in did not resemble our neighborhood. At this instant, it occurred to me that Tyler did not drive home.

“Where is this?” I whispered to myself as if someone might hear me. Hence, I quickly bent my back again, like a thief attempting to get away with a car that wasn't his, and I focused my eyes on the house where Tyler was parked.

I saw that it was a charming abode nestled amidst a canopy of lush greenery. The facade featured a quaint porch adorned with vibrant flowers in hanging baskets. Similarly, the house itself exuded timeless charm with its classic architecture, adorned with subtle details that hinted at a combination of modern comfort and traditional elegance.

“Where is this?” I muttered again as I tiptoed on the lawn, attempting to look for Tyler, questioning whether he was in the house or if he had simply parked here and gone elsewhere.

Unlike Nancy's house, which had a glassy door, the door at this house was painted mahogany with a polished brass knocker adorned at the center, gleaming in the daylight. In the same way, a floral wreath hung on the door, and a small engraved nameplate read “Avanna.”

Realizing there was no way I could see through the house to know if Tyler was inside, it seemed reasonable to walk with confidence to the door, knock, and pretend I was at the wrong address just to take a quick indoor glance at the house.

As I considered this, I rose upright to my feet and walked confidently, appearing as a woman with no worries, right to the door. However, as I raised my hand and folded my finger to knock on the door,

“And your wife does not know you are here?”

“Of course not. She's back at home, wallowing in her little problem. You damn well know that I cannot do without you, right?”

Even if I were deaf, there was no way Tyler would speak, and I wouldn’t recognize his voice. However, what confused me was the fact that he had just been with Nancy, only to come to another house and say these to another woman?

"Is he a community prick?" I muttered to myself as my heart became more broken than when I saw him with Nancy.

"How come I never saw this side of him before I married him?" I asked myself again.

"This is someone I called my husband!" I uttered it in a low, broken tone.