

Chapter 20: The Unforgettable Begins

My broken and sorrowful self could not quickly process any thoughts while Tyler did all of that. But one thing my thoughts could process was his voice, which kept ringing in my head.

"That's it, Alda; we are done."

"This f**king marriage is over."

"I am f**king done with you."

I continued to mutter as I was defeatedly walking away from that house and into the street of the house like a wilted flower trudging through the shadows of despair.

Knowing fully well that it did not matter how defeated, broken, and shattered I was, Tyler was not going to come out of that house the moment he got back inside of it.

And because he obliterated every trace of evidence I had documented of his infidelity, I was certain he was back in that house to continue f**king that woman as a merciless storm tore through the peace of my shattered heart.

On the street, I kept on walking slowly and sadly, with tears streaming down my face continuously, like a spring in the cold night of betrayal. And with this, my thoughts came back at me and made me realize I was this woman who was about to lose her home, who did not have any friends, and indeed, who did not have a husband anymore.

My tears got louder instantly. "Why me?" I screamed even when I was walking in the middle of the street, and it felt as though my lungs were going to pull out.

No matter how many eyes saw me, no matter how they might have thought I was crazy and needed therapy, I did not mind. I continued to walk as I screamed again.

"Why me!!!"

"What did I do wrong to deserve this?" I exclaimed, the weight of my anguish crushing me to my knees.

As tears streamed down my face and sobs wracked my body, I was unaware of someone approaching me until their voice cut through my despair.

"Hello, ma, can I help you?" asked a man in jeans and a blue t-shirt, his gray hair and glasses giving him the appearance of someone in his fifties.

Though he offered assistance, I didn't respond. Instead, I wiped my tears with the back of my hand and struggled to my feet, my steps slow and faltering.

Despite the distance to my home, I was resolved to walk every step of the way. However, the man persisted in his offer of help.

"May I help you, ma?" he asked again, his concern evident as he quickened his pace to catch up with me.

"You look like you need help," he added, but still, I remained silent, my gaze fixed on the path ahead.

"I can give you a lift wherever you're going," he persisted. His words penetrated my despair, causing me to pause in my tracks.

Turning slowly to face him, I hesitated before asking, "You can take me home for real?"

"Yes, I will take you. Where is home?" he inquired, his willingness to assist evident in his earnest gaze.

Instead of answering, I glanced around, searching for any sign of his car.

"Where is your car?" I asked, my voice heavy with sadness.

"It's right over there in the garage. That's my house," he replied, pointing toward a nearby house, standing tall and not far from Avanna's house.

"Please wait for me while I get the car, and I can take you home," the man said, and I watched him briskly walk away, heading towards the house he had pointed out and opening his garage.

In less than a minute, he returned, parking the car by my side. "Come on in; let me take you home," he invited.

Still enveloped in my sadness, I walked to the other side of the car, opened the front door, and slowly got in.

"So, where is home?" he asked again as he began to slowly move the car forward.

"Just keep driving," I replied, unwilling to disclose the exact location where I lived for reasons even I didn't fully understand.

"You know, ma'am, don't take it to heart. Men sometimes do the wrong thing only to realize it later and regret it for the rest of our lives," he offered, trying to console me.

His words rang hollow to me. "I don't understand," I said suddenly, my voice barely above a whisper, betraying my brokenness.

The man, however, heard me clearly. "I do not mean to pry, but I saw everything that happened back there. That Avanna woman and your husband? Don't worry about it. He will soon regret it."

"Do you know her?" I inquired, struck by the certainty in the man's tone.

"She lives on my street. I know her. She is a flirt who messes around with people's husbands. I'm sure your husband is just another toy she's playing with at the moment. And when she's done with him, she'll toss him away like she did with others in the past."

The man's words ignited a flurry of thoughts within me. "Tyler is sleeping with Nancy and also with this woman called Avanna. What if there are more women I am yet to find out about?"

"No! I don't think I want to find out anymore. I should better call my lawyer and divorce him first before he divorces me."

"But I don't have a phone anymore. And all evidence is gone," I lamented.

"Can I borrow your phone?" I asked immediately, hoping for a lifeline.

"You know, I saw how he smashed your phone on the ground. That's way out of it," the man remarked, reaching into his trouser pocket and retrieving his phone even as he continued driving.

With careful maneuvers, he handed me the phone. "You can keep it," he said kindly.

"But what will you use?" I inquired, concerned about inconveniencing him.

"Don't worry about me. No one calls me anyway. I'm just a lonely bird in another tree of life. Keep it. I may get another phone if I need one," he reassured me as he continued driving.

Chapter 21: Scrolling on The Internet and the Shock Message.

Since he asked me to keep the phone, I didn't think twice before signing out his information and logging mine in. In my heart, I wished every piece of evidence Tyler destroyed along with that phone could be returned, as it could have been saved on iCloud.

However, after fully signing in and refreshing my iCloud over what felt like a thousand times, I couldn't retrieve those videos and pictures.

Nevertheless, it wasn't why I wanted to borrow the phone, and I didn't spend too much time on it, finding a needle in the bottom of the ocean.

Immediately, I launched Instagram. Since the beginning of our marriage, Tyler's number was the only one I knew offhand. And with it, I knew most of my contacts were gone with the phone Tyler destroyed.

Scrolling on Instagram, I tapped my finger on the search icon, and as it displayed, it felt like unlocking a treasure chest of endless possibilities. I entered the name "Attorney James."

As soon as I saw that the search result displayed his profile, I clicked on the profile immediately, like a detective closing in on a crucial lead, and headed directly to the icon at the top right corner of the screen that reads "Direct messages."

Having landed in the inbox like a plane crash landing, I hurriedly texted:

"Hi, Attorney James. It's Alda Harrington. Are you available to text? If not, please call me as soon as you get this message."

Knowing that it might take a while before Attorney James replied, as he once told me that he was not an Instagram person, I browsed every nook and cranny of his profile and eventually got his email address.

"Hello, Attorney James. It's Alda Harrington. Please respond; it's urgent."

The moment I hit the button that says "sent," I got a notification on my Instagram that read:

"Hey Alda, been a while. How are you and how is Tyler?"

Attorney James was the lawyer I used to sign my house ownership over to

Tyler. He was the same lawyer who helped me prepare the document I signed to hand over my eatery ownership to Tyler. And now, perhaps, he could help me, in my regretful state, send a divorce letter to Tyler so that I do not lose my house and eatery.

"You need him to sign off on the house ownership and eatery ownership to you if you do not want to lose it, Alda." Attorney James texted the instant I declared my intention of texting him.

This was not a total surprise for me. I expected it. However, to have known something and yet be told about it again is another broken heart on its own.

"What can I do, Attorney James? You have to help me out of this mess."

"Do you have any evidence of him cheating on you? If you have that, you can provide it to the court, and the judge could allow you to process your initial properties."

"But he destroyed them. I filmed him f*king two other women, but he f*king destroyed the evidence," I texted as if I were shouting on the phone.

"Then there is nothing we can do about this, Alda. We only hope he does not divorce you or you lose everything," Attorney James texted, his cold words feeling like daggers shooting directly into my heart.

"Pull over!" I voiced suddenly as I saw that we were only three houses away from my house. And as the old man pulled over, "Thank you for everything, sir. I will not forget this," I said with my broken, sad voice. Hence, I stepped out of the car, closed the door, and walked defeatedly towards my house.

Having reached the house, following the directions I was given by Diana before I left the house, I sat on the lawn while hoping Tyler wouldn't do as he intended. This house I was about to lose was like me losing everything I have, even my soul and spirit.

However, suddenly, I heard a car honk right on the street, and as I turned back, thinking it was the same man who gave me a lift home, I was wrong.

This was a different car. A sleek black Navigator, and stepping out of it

was a man in a black suit and a white shirt underneath.

His hair was perfectly styled backwards, and his shoes gleamed with a polished shine. From the way he looked and walked towards me, I could tell he was a young man who was yet to reach 40 years of age.

"Mrs. Alda Harrington?" he called the moment he reached me, still seated on the lawn with my defeated face.

"I am Attorney Jack, and your husband requested that I deliver this document to you." I heard him loud and clear, and with this, I rose to my feet immediately. However, slowly.

Right as he stretched out a document in a brown envelope to me, my heart sank immediately, like a ship sinking to the bottom of the ocean. I could feel my blood rushing in my veins like water rushing into a sunken ship, making it tough to breathe for me.

Despite how I was feeling, it did not matter to the attorney, as I saw how he rendered a pleasing smirk on his face immediately. And with this, he leaned forward and whispered right into my ear.

"I get a commission from these properties, which should have remained yours. No matter the evidence you bring to court, if you decline to sign this divorce, you are still going to lose. You know why?"

"Because I am the kind of attorney who will do everything to win his case, and this is why your husband hired me. He knows me too well."

"You fool!" I screamed immediately at the top of my voice.

It wasn't enough that Tyler was a bone in my throat; now his attorney just threatened me? My breathing got harder, and I began to sweat from my head to my toes. Yet he only smirked once again.

"See you again, Alda," he said as he walked back to his car and got inside.

"That should be signed in two hours or else," the attorney leaned his head through his car window and said again, then he drove off at a fast speed.