

## Chapter 7 Spy Like An Eagle

Calling her for the second time, I observed Tyler checking her phone to see who the caller was. Upon seeing my name, he smiled at Nancy, and his lips moved in a gesture that seemed to say, "Pick up her call and let's hear what she has to say."

To this effect, I saw how they both laughed out loud immediately, like they derived joy from my broken heart, and they wished it to continue until they could.

Hence, suddenly, I saw how Nancy flickered her hair to the back and placed the phone in her ear.

"I told you I was coming to meet you at home, Alda," Nancy said immediately as she answered the call, and I couldn't be more shocked to hear that.

If my thoughts were louder than my voice, she would have heard me cursing her out for this betrayal. "My very own husband? You husband snatcher."

However, my thoughts remained internal, as the other part of me wanted to stay calm and play along. As I have seen in several movies and read in different books, it was always better to catch them red-handed than to raise an alarm. They could cover up this moment with any lie they could find.

"Hey, Nancy, I am home, and I don't know what to do. When are you coming?" I acted with a teary voice.

"Oh! Baby, I am at work at the moment, and you know how busy it is to take care of these kids. Just give me a few hours; I will be right there with you, and you can tell me everything," she said. In response, I said with another teary voice, "Okay, I will be waiting for you," and then I hung up the call.

Immediately after hanging up, I couldn't believe my best friend had just lied to me about where she was. I continued to stare at her through the glassy window upstairs at Tyler's office like a spy on a mission to keep tabs on a particular agent.

In this moment, memories of Nancy and me in high school flashed before me. She had always been the one to get the best of guys, yet I was never jealous of her. Even when she was the first to get into the cheerleading team, despite my day and night rehearsals, I always wished her well.

For every moment of her achievement and happiness, I was genuinely happy for her. Hence, the only good thing that happened to me—what she did not have—she is now snatching from my hands. "Is this why she never wanted to get married to Dave?" I asked myself all of a sudden.

"All because she wanted my husband from the start?" I questioned myself again.

Still focusing on the glassy window like an amateur detective, I continued to keep my eyes on the scene in the office. I could see how Tyler walked with his fingers on the table and how he held Nancy's hand.

This minute, I did not know when a tear fell from my eyes as I began to wonder when exactly Nancy started to have eyes for my husband.

This thought catapulted me to the day of my wedding. Aside from Jasmine, who was the bridesmaid, Nancy was the best lady. I could still remember it like yesterday when, after the vows, we went to the reception to wine and dine together, joining two families in happiness and unity.

I still remember all the different dances Nancy performed on that day. "Could she really be the agent the devil has sent to destroy my marriage?"

Another drop of tears fell from my eyes immediately, throwing me out of my subconscious state to be aware of what Nancy and Tyler were up to in that office once again.

I saw Nancy and Tyler smiling continuously at each other without their lips moving, and I could sense the atmosphere charging them with an unspoken language, like an invisible thread weaving a connection between them.

Hence, immediately, I could not take it anymore. I reached for my phone again and dialed Tyler's number.

"Tring tring," like a sudden interruption, of which he was disinterested, I saw how he ignored the call the moment he picked up his phone and saw who the caller was. He then placed the phone right back on his desk and continued smiling at Nancy once again.

But this did not mean I didn't call him the second time. "Tring, tring." Checking who the caller was again, I saw how he picked up the phone from the desk and showed its screen to Nancy. Immediately, they both burst into loud laughter, and their lips began to move in words that seemed.

"Why not pick it?"

"Oh! Why not pick yours? Isn't she your friend?"

I needed no detector to indicate to me that they were mocking me at this moment, and this was the reason my heavy heart felt as if it was going to explode. This emotional burden was something I couldn't handle—the pain, its weight, the constant sigh, and the constant wish that this never happened were an invisible load too heavy for my heart alone.

Hence, with rivers of tears flowing down my eyes, I reversed my car and headed home. Scenes like this were something I did not wish to see again. However, it's a burden I must carry to catch them red-handed and ensure I do not lose it all in the hands of the law.

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Arriving back at home, still in my car, I wiped off my tears with the flesh of my wrist. It was worse to see my husband find comfort in the hands of my friend. However, it would be worse to see my mother-in-law and her witchy daughters mock me for the tears in my eyes. Thus, I buried my sad emotions underneath my skin.

"And where are you coming from?" Diana yelled as soon as I stepped foot in the house.