

Chapter 9 Scrub The Floor

If I was allowed to remain in my sobbing state for a whole ten minutes, that was a lie. In a fast moment, like a blink of an eye, Emily and Olivia were already standing in front of me, pulling my hair to raise my head.

Once my head was up and they saw that it was full of tears, “the witch is crying, hahaha,” Emily mocked.

“Are we supposed to feel sad for you?” Olivia mocked likewise, as they both stuck out their tongues like little kids teasing each other on the playground. Hence, they dropped the toothbrush on the floor and a bucket of water and soap near it.

“Better start scrubbing because I want lunch ready in thirty minutes,” Olivia hissed as Emily and she walked away.

Knowing fully well that if they said they wanted lunch in thirty minutes and it wasn't ready by thirty-one minutes, it was going to be a problem. I immediately sprang to my feet, wiped my tears with my wrist, and headed to the library.

On my way to the library, I suddenly heard my phone ringing. Once I checked the screen to see who the caller was, I saw that it was Nancy. If not for anything else, I knew she was done seeing my husband and probably finished f**king themselves in the office. Hence, she now has the time to pretend to be the good friend she made me believe she was.

“Hey!” I answered, wanting to yell at her and let her know that her cover had been blown. But somehow, I swallowed it all. It was not the perfect time to reveal what I already knew, as it remains the best option to catch them red-handed.

“Hello Alda, I am sorry, I've been really busy.”

“Yes, busy with my husband, is that not?” I thought immediately. However, the words that came out of my mouth were different. “I understand. Handling the kids at school can be tough. It's okay if you cannot come as you said you would.”

“Oh, no. Don't say that, Alda. I am your friend, and I am on my way to you right now. I will be there in ten minutes, okay?” she said, and I ended the call without saying anything in response.

“Hmm,” I sighed once again. Hence, I made my entry into the library and saw how messy they had made the whole place look.

This was a perfect-looking place, with shelves meticulously organized and each book standing out like a well-disciplined army. The leather-bound volumes harmonized with the polished wooden furniture, and the soft glow of antique lamps added a touch of warmth.

But now it has been messed up. Shelves and books lay scattered like fallen soldiers, their once precise arrangement disrupted. Dust danced in the air, settling on neglected pages. Also, the once-immaculate floor, polished to a reflective sheen, now bears the consequences of neglect. A blanket of dust had settled like a silent storm, casting a hazy veil over the hardwood surface.

Saying nothing, I gently closed the library door behind myself and began to lift the fallen shelves to their right stands in a hurry. Having lifted all the shelves to their right stands in about thirty seconds, I began to arrange all the books in their right places.

About 10 minutes into the work, it was already looking like a chore that would never end. I could not believe I was already sweaty, like a marathon nearing the finish line.

Suddenly, I heard a knock on the door and a voice that accompanied it. “Alda, c'mon, open the door, babe. What are you doing in there all alone?”

Hearing Nancy's voice, I was extremely surprised. I did not know how she found out I was in the library, but it was not the right question to ask. Hence, I walked right to the door and opened it.

“Hey,” I greeted, having leaned my back against the door. I saw how Emily and Olivia stared right at me from the stairs, like they were lingering around to hear if I was going to report them to Nancy.

“I have been to your room and did not find you there. What on earth are you doing?”

“What the f**k happened here? Why is this place all messed up like this?” she suddenly asked the moment she peered her eyes into the library and saw how messed up it looked.

Nevertheless, it did not mean all this pretense she pulled on me like a genuine friend took away my knowledge of her, and in the time that I walked past her, I focused my concentration on my sense of smell. Everything I perceived in her was Tyler's smell.

“Did you change your perfume?” I asked immediately. If she did not perceive it as a bait question, it was a lie. Nevertheless, it did not mean that she did not stammer upon hearing the question.

“No... I mean, yes, yes.”

“How do you know that?” she asked, shooting a focused glare at me.

“I have always known how you smell since high school, remember? But today, you smell like my husband.” I faked a smile, locking my eyes into hers for a few seconds, then looked away.

“Don't mind me. I guess I am just too overwhelmed with everything happening lately,” I added, picking up a few books from the floor and adding them back to the shelves.

“C'mon, Alda. Everything will be fine. Though you are right, I just got this perfume from the scent store, and I love how it smells,” Nancy said. Then she bent to the floor, picked a few books as well, and arranged them on the shelves.

“So, you said he was cheating on you? And you could not find out who he was cheating on you with? That bastard!” Nancy picked up more books from the floor and added them to the shelf, while I continued to do the same.

Suddenly, a thought came to me: “If Tyler had cleared their chat on his phone, there is a chance she still has the chat on her phone.”

“Oh! The chat was on auto-clear messages,” I remembered.

“But she is a woman. And there could be a way she had saved the chat for future reference.”

“I should take my chances,” I muttered to myself, and hence, I looked at Nancy.

“Nancy, could you help me from the right edge? It should be faster that way because I need to have lunch ready in twenty minutes.”

“Sure, no problem,” Nancy answered, and almost immediately, she made her way to the right edge of the library as I asked her.

Just as expected, as she left for the right-edge corner of the library, she left her bag right in front of me, and I could visibly see her phone in it. Thus, instantly, my heart began to race as if I were in a 500-meter race.