

SHE FOLLOWED ME

CHASE COLES

As soon as I left the house, I drove to COLES seven star hotel to meet up with Monica. As soon as I parked my car, I got out of the car and as I was just about to call her, I heard her sweet voice calling my name, causing my face to heat up, and I turn and look at her, waving her hand with enthusiasm on her face.

I wave back, and she hurries down to me, so I catch her in my embrace and lean down to capture her lips.

"Hey, baby," I say.

"Hi... so, did you do it?" Monica asks in anticipation as I hold her waist, bringing her closer to my body.

"Signed and delivered. Our divorce should be processed as soon as I hand in the papers after she signed, then I'll nally be all yours, Monica," I say, but it somewhat leaves a bitter taste in my mouth.

"You've always been mine, Mr. Coles," She steps on her toes to leave a peck on my lips.

It didn't take long until I heard someone shouting my name.

"Chase!"

I am forced to break eye contact between Monica and I, and I look up and see the person calling me because they sounded enraged.

Flabbergasted and confused, I see Ariel walking towards us, and my smile slowly erases from my face.

How the hell did she follow me?

"What?" The woman who is still in my possession looks up at me and asks, before looking at where my eyes are looking.

I feel her hand clutching my jacket, and I gently pull her behind me to protect her from the storm heading our way.

"No f*****g way!" I grumbled to myself.

"So, it's been her... it always has! How do you feel, Monica?" She nally reaches to us and asks, causing a scene.

"Ariel, what are you doing? Are you trying to drag us in your craziness?" I scold her.

"Oh, so now I am the crazy one? I'm being cheated on by my husband with his ex-girlfriend, and I am called crazy! Do you want to see what crazy is, Chase?"

I can't believe this is happening right here, right now!

"I don't have time for this, Ariel. Let's go, Monica," I take her hand attempt to walk when I'm suddenly grabbed back on my other hand.

I stare at the hand holding my arm, then up at its owner. How dare she!?

"You are not going anywhere until you tell me how long you have been fooling me, Chase. Didn't our marriage mean anything to you before you could make any drastic decisions about it? Let's go home, baby. It is our marriage anniversary today. Your ex is just a craving that will pass. I will not be mad at you, I just want us to work on us," Her tears streamed down to her cheeks.

"A craving? Honey, I came before you. You took my man away from me and married him. We were together when you came into his life, but you have the nerve to call me a craving! You stole my man! Look at yourself, and look at me. You are not even his type. They do not refuse anyone at the gym, dear. Go and x your body, then we we can talk about it,"

Monica rebukes Ariel's crazy fantasy. Maybe I shouldn't let her get too involved in this, or it might get out of hand.

She isn't wrong, though. We were in a relationship since high school, and I promised Monica that I was going to marry her. Unfortunately, I could not go against my father's words. I got married to Ariel because I thought my father knew my best interests, but I was never happy with Ariel. Seeing her face depressed me. For three years I tried, and I thought we would connect through s****I intimacy, but that was it, nothing more. I don't feel the love connection between us. The spark wasn't there. She tried to be my wife, but I just wasn't feeling anything mutual to it.

Three years of our marriage was just forceful. I couldn't understand why Ariel tolerated my indifferences all these years. I just couldn't love her because I was just in love with someone else.

"Look at you, wearing pyjamas in a broad daylight in a public space. Everyone is looking at you acting crazy. Have some value, woman, and leave us out of your craziness!" Monica scoffs. "Come on, baby... let's go. She is not worth our time. We have a lot to do today," Monica says, stepping condently on her high heel, walking ahead with sophistication.

Ariel didn't glance at her but pierced her gloomy bloodshot eyes on me.

"You are going to regret this, Chase! You and Monica deserve each other, Chase-f*****g-Coles!"

With that said, she turned on her heels and walked away very fast. I do not like her last words and certainly do not feel good about the way she stormed off. They say you should beware of a woman with a broken heart.

Sitting by the ocean view restaurant with Monica in the hotel, brunching on some of her favourite food, Branzino stuff. I'm not all about a healthy lifestyle, eating leaves, sh, and veggies all the time, but I am doing it today for her. She is pescatarian, so I'm compromising this day for her.

"Do you like it?" Monica asks.

"Meh..." I shake my hand side-to-side. "It isn't so bad, but do they have to serve the sh with the eyes? It is creepy," I ask, but she bursts into a laugh. "I can't even eat it because it's been watching me all the time," I continued.

"That's because you can eat the eyes, too, babe,"

"Oh, hell no. That's it, I'm not having that. I'll just have these veggies," I say.

She smiles, cutting the sh apart before putting a portion on my plate.

"There. Enjoy your rst pescatarian meal with me after so long. I hope to cook you more food like this in the future," She says.

"Thank you," I sat, eating the sh that tastes good, but I am not sure if I can eat like this forever. I still love my steak.

"Babe, you have been awfully quiet, you know. I have to pull you out of your thoughts since we got here. Is it because of Ariel?"

I lift my eyes from my plate to her as she mentioned Ariel. I feel so uneasy. Did I make a mistake divorcing her on this day? I had never seen her angry before; it was not like her to show up in pyjamas in public. She was always humble, calm, and always smiled when she saw me. Where did that smile go? She should be happy about the divorce because we had no love between us, but instead, she showed me a very uncomfortable side of hers.

"I'm okay," I take off my glasses and hold her hand.

Just then, my phone vibrates on the table. It is on silent, so I pick it up and see who's calling, but it is just a random number.

"I said no phones in our brunch time, baby," Monica reprimands.

"I know, sorry. Let me quickly answer this and focus on us. It won't happen again," I alert her before I answer.

"Hi, this is Shantel from Rosemary Gardens. I am calling regarding your wife's reservations for your anniversary. You were supposed to have arrived for your rst activity for the day fifteen minutes ago. I cannot get a hold of Mrs. Coles, so I was wondering if you were running late? Please do let me know... thanks."