

HYPOCRITES

ARIEL COLES

"Are you going to be okay? Would you like me to call a driver for you?" Doctor Jones asked as I was preparing to leave.

It's been twenty minutes since I gained my consciousness, and just when I thought I had a dream about the doctor telling me that I am pregnant, well... I hate to disappoint myself because it wasn't a dream. He conrmed once more to me to let me know that I am indeed pregnant.

I am surprised, but I am not upset or anything. I guess I could say I am caught off guard about it, and it might take me a while to process it.

"I'll be ne, thank you, Doc," I assure him.

"Just so you know, Chase called, and I did as you asked. But something really caught me when he called. Why would he think that you would want to commit suicide?"

I gasp and raise my eyebrow.

"I am surprised as well. Um, but let's be honest with each other right now. You know Chase, and you probably have an idea of what is going on because Chase is your friend. I did not choose to come here because I am stupid, but I came here knowing that you knew about Chase's affair with his mistress, and also, I came here as your patient. Please do not act like you care about me as though as someone who is feeling guilty about knowing the promiscuity of my husband behind my back. This is no storm but a little precipitation of rain that will stop midway. It does not affect me too much, so I will be ne without your concern,"

My heart instantly got cold at him, but I am going to remain oblivious because he is showing hypocrisy towards me. He never showed this much kindness to me when I was clueless about Chase and Monica, but I guess since because he and Chase are close friends, he knows about the divorce and now he feels guilty and wants to act like he cares about me.

I do not appreciate being pitied.

"Ariel, I hope that you are not mad at me for worrying because I am worried about you, but I do apologise if it makes you uncomfortable and if I am overstepping. As much as Chase is my friend, I am concerned about you, and I am concerned as your doctor, too,"

"If you are concerned about me as a doctor, let it be about my health, nothing more. I am going to take my leave now,"

I turned towards the door and walked out of his oce, drained. I am asking myself how many more people knew about this behind my back? When did Chase and his mistress get back together? Did they even break up after me and him got married? I have attended functions with Chase for a show up as his wife, even though he never treated me like one, and now it makes me think that I had always been a fool. People looked at me as a clueless fat girl and probably had their fair share gossiping behind my back. It is true, my body is out of shape, and I probably was never Chase's type, which is why he hated being seen with me in public.

I am very close with Chase's mother, so I am driving down there as soon as I get to my car. I'll talk to her about it. She is going to listen to me and advise me on the right path. I also want to tell her about the seed that has been planted in my womb because I don't even know how I will raise a child alone.

I am even afraid to tell my father, because every time he called to ask about my marriage, I would tell him that it was progressing when honestly it wasn't. He is not an option to run to in all this drama because hell will break loose.

Arriving at the old Coles mansion, I am led into the house by the servants who are always smiling and kind to me, but they seem odd today. They are a little nervous as though I surprised them about my visit today.

"I would like to see Mother. Can you please direct me to her?" I request one of the servants who is standing right in front of me.

"The whole family is having lunch in the porch," She responds after being hesitant and exhaling as if it was the hardest thing to say. Before I walk towards the direction of the porch, she breathes out and speaks again.

"Mrs. Coles, we didn't know anything. Please do not resent us,"

I squint my eyes and look at everyone around.

"You said the whole family is here, right? Is Chase also here?" I ask.

"Yes, he is, but we were surprised to see that the woman he came here with was not you,"

I truly appreciate their loyalty and their honesty to me. I know they must be feeling as though they betrayed me, but they hadn't. They are just workers in this house and absolutely have no say in who does what in the Coles family.

"Thank you for letting me know, but you do not owe me any loyalty, so please do not feel guilty about it. I will not resent you," I say, holding a smile at them before I turn and walk towards the sliding door leading to the porch and the beautiful backyard.

I stand right by it and look at the lunch table surrounded by delicious food and hypocrites. A lot is going on in my head, and I feel my stomach knotting. As though I feel so hungry and would like some of the food they are having, I feel like it would be a waste because they all make me sick so I might throw out all the food prepared by the hardworking blessed hands of the person who took their own time to prepare it.

"Call Ariel, now!" Grandpa Piet roars around the table, fumingly.

I roll my eyes and nally step outside towards the table.

"No need!" I announce my presence, causing all the attention on me.

Monica is the rst to even gaze at me, and I can already hear her cussing at me in her head.

"I'm already here, Grandpa. I was just nearby, so I wanted to come by and see how the family is doing, but I can see that everyone is doing too well, so had I knew, I wouldn't have bothered even coming here. So, what were you going to call me for?" I walk around the table and sit opposite Monica, next to Caleb on my left.

Both heads of the table are occupied by Lisa and Grandpa Piet, who is on my right.

My eyes land on the roasted potatoes, which my stomach cannot resist them. I swallow my saliva and my pride together so that I do not eat anything from this table.

"Help yourself, dear," Lisa says, pushing her clean empty glass and a jug of orange juice towards me on the table. "I'll go and get a plate for you,"

"Do not bother, because I am not here to stay long. Also, I wasn't part of this little gathering, so don't make me a plus one," I retorted bitterly before I looked at Chase, who was deadly staring at me.

The table fell into dead silence as if no one wanted to speak. I looked at Monica, who tried avoiding the situation with the food on her plate. That's not even food that she is eating. It's leaves and owers. Thinking about it, the table is just full of vegetables. No meat of any kind.

Are they all on a diet?

"Ariel, I want you and Chase to withdraw the divorce. It is not good for the family's legacy or the public," Grandpa shoots straight to it.

So, they are all going to avoid the elephant in the room? Monica? If they are, I won't.

"Chase, what do you say? Do we do it or not? Oh, wait, you'll need approval from Monica, but obviously, Monica is going to say a big fat no, so Grandpa, you have your answer, but you wouldn't be surprised because everyone is aware of the situation, right?" I start.

"Ariel, you are being warned right now; shut your mouth," Chase warns me.

"No, I won't. Why should I? I have been too quiet for too long while all of you made me your puppet, especially you, mother. I conded myself in you, but you were aware of Monica but still said nothing. How many times did she come here without my knowledge? Why did you keep me in your family for too damn long if Monica was the woman you preferred? For three years, you made me believe that Chase was going to love me, but you lied because you knew who he actually wanted. I am sitting disappointed, but mostly at myself. I have let my guard down too much that I lost myself seeking attention from a man getting it elsewhere. But I am happy that this divorce of our stupid marriage is happening. I cannot wait to leave this messed-up family for good. You all disgust me,"

"Preach, sister!" Caleb exclaims. "In that case, this is my cue to leave,"

Caleb got up, nished his drink, and put the glass down.

"It was good to see you." With that said, he left.

"I am going to leave, too. I have said my piece, so there is nothing left here to make me stay longer,"

"Actually, the shares of the Coles Group. Now that you are not part of this family, we want them all back," Grandpa Piet says.

"They are not for sale, and denitely not for free!" I said bitterly, disappointed at Grandpa.

I understand that family business will always come rst in this family, but what about my existence in this family for three years? They used me as their assert, and now I see I meant nothing more in this family.

"If you think that you will get away with those shares, you have another thing coming, Ariel!" Chase roared.

"Bring it on, Chase, but those shares are mine, and I will do whatever I want with them," I get up and look at them all. "Monica, congratu-f****g-lations! You have nally entered a family of hypocrites,"

"Ariel!" Chase bangs the table and stands on his feet, exposing his tall gure, fair skin, blue eyes, and dark hair. A very handsome man every woman would die for.

But not me.

"What, Hubby? Having regrets about her, already?" I fold my arms and smile at him.

"Get out, Ariel. Don't ever come back here!" Lisa nally shows her true colours.

I laugh and nod.

"Finally, you show up!" I remark.