

# You Once Called Me Wife - Free Novel by Sarahd517

## Chapter 1

I had spent weeks wondering what I had done wrong. Time after time I had waited for him to come home. We have only been married for five years. We should still be basically in a post honeymoon phase. You know the phase where you're now used to each other but still wanting to get into each other's pants any chance we could get. And it had been that until about a month ago.

We had always been Chris and McKenzie. We had met in high school and had started dating our senior year. Chris was going to start working at his family's bank and I went to work for a chiropractor who trained me to work in his office. A year after we started working we got married. My grandparents had left me a small house outside of town and so we moved in and set up our household.

I had talked with Dr. Hampton and he allowed me to leave early today to prepare for what I was wanting to do. I knew that things had been strained with us because we were barely seeing each other. On top of that Chris was quiet when he was at home. He was never rude or mean to me during all this. It felt more like he was distracted.

The more I had thought about it the more I knew I couldn't let this bump in the road ruin us. So the plan was to set up a romantic dinner and spend time rekindling our romance. I was going to spice things up and get that spark back.

Me: Are you going to be able to make it home for dinner?

I sent this as I was leaving the office. I wanted to give him time to answer. He's been telling me that he's been really busy at the bank lately. A lot of people are refinancing and buying houses so as a loan officer he's been working like crazy. The thought of him working so hard for us makes me smile.

I stop by the store in town to grab what I need to fix our dinner. Chris has always loved my lasagna so I need to get the specialty sauce I use as my base. The only place that carries it is this specialty food store in the town square.

I walk toward the store when I hear someone call my name. I turn and way at them and my eyes skate across the windows of one of the nicer restaurants in town. Sitting by the window is Chris. I can tell it's him even with his back facing me. in front of him is a woman I've never seen before.

I walk a little closer and look in where I can see their hands on the table and they are locked in a loving grasp. Her eyes sparkle as she looks at my husband. I can't see how he's looking at her but it can't be bad because she smiles and laughs.

The way he's sitting I can see his left hand where his wedding band should be. But it's not there. His ring finger is bare and looks like it was never there. I start to think I'm dreaming and I blink several times trying to wake myself up. But I'm not dreaming.

My heart shatters at the sight. Here sits the man who promised to spend forever with me. The only man I've ever been with, or loved.

"I promise to love you forever and then some." Is what he always told me. And like a fool I believed him.

I pull out my phone and call him hoping he'll answer as I walk closer to the window. I'm close enough to hear them now and I wait to see what will happen.

Chris pulls out his phone and looks at it. He swipes it and the call is sent to voicemail.

"Everything alright?" The woman asks.

"Yeah it was no one important. Just a spam call." He says and takes her hand lifting it to his mouth and kissing it.

I couldn't look anymore so I turned around. I walk back to my car and think about what I've heard. I was no one important and was just a spam call. He wasn't wearing his ring and was holding another woman's hand. He kissed her hand.

A memory hits me as I get into my car. We were on our first date and Chris had been such a gentleman. He walked me to the door and as we were saying good night he picked up my hand and gave it a kiss.

“This is the only goodnight kiss I’m looking for tonight.”

I think I fell head over heels in love with him that night. My friends had told me about how guys were always expecting you to kiss them or have sex with them on the first date. It made me reluctant to date anyone. Chris had asked me out and since I had known him for a while I said yes.

I had been the happiest girl alive after that first date. Everything was great. We never fought a lot and we seemed to both want the same things in life. I had thought I had gotten my fairytale. No, I knew I was wrong.

I drive home on an auto pilot. I see the road and make all the right turns. But once I’m sitting in the parking spot at the house I don’t remember the drive here. I get out of the car and head into the house still on autopilot. I set my things down on the bar and sat on the sofa.

Time passes and I don’t move, I just sit there with the lights off and nothing going in the house. It must be hours later because it’s dark outside when I see the headlights of his car pulling up. I don’t move and sit as still as I have for however long I’ve been here.

The door opens and I hear his heavy footsteps as he walks around the house. He turns on a lamp and jumps when he sees me sitting on the sofa.

“Shit! What are you doing sitting here in the dark Kenzie?” Chris says. His hand is on his chest like I’ve given him the scare of his life.

I don’t say anything as I sit there numb. I haven’t broken down and cried. There’s been no screaming or throwing objects around. I’ve literally just sat here. I can feel the splintered pieces of my heart rolling around my chest. Every few seconds I can feel them hitting some place new in my chest. it’s the only thing I can focus on.

“Kenzie? Sorry I didn’t get your text earlier today. My phone was dead and I couldn’t charge it until I got in the car. Dumbass me forgot my charger here.” he says sitting down beside me.

I still haven’t made a move. At this point I’m not even trying. I’m sitting here trying to determine if I’m having a mental breakdown or not. Wouldn’t most women have stormed into the restaurant and confronted their husband? Or would they have waited til the man came home and then berated him with the hurt she was feeling?

Yet here I sit unable and unwilling to move. It's like if I don't move it won't be real. If I hide from it the situation will go away and I'll wake up from this awful dream. But this isn't a dream I can wake up from. I'm stuck here in this nightmare.

"Kenzie? Are you awake? You've not said anything or moved since I got here." I feel him take my hand and I feel his wedding ring on his finger.

"No!" I say and jerk my hand back. I finally turn my head and look at my lying shit or a husband.

"Hey. Hey, what's going on? Kenzie are you alright? Are you hurt?" Chris says.

For a moment I almost trick myself into thinking that there is concern in his eyes. Almost. I can't trust anything any more. I've been reading him wrong for God knows how long and I'm not about to trust my judgment now.

"Talk to me Kenzie. You're starting to scare me."

"How long?" I croak out. My voice is scratchy as I feel a burning in my throat and chest.

"How long, what, baby?" He is trying to tuck a hair behind my ear. I pull further away and move to the chair next to the sofa.

"How long have you been fucking her?" I ask.

Honestly, I'm both surprised and happy about the way I'm speaking. I've never been one to cuss much but I feel like today is the day that I can start. Today is the day for a lot of firsts.

Chris's face pales as he looks at me. His mouth opens and then closes like he doesn't know if he should speak or not. I see the war in his eyes and tell me all I need to know. He may not admit it but he's guilty of something. I may never know the truth but I'll know enough.

"I'm not sure about what you mean? Kenzie I need you to tell me more about what you mean." He says with a shaky voice.

At this moment it's obvious that Chris can't lie very well. How in the world has he been able to keep this secret from me? Oh yeah, he's been hiding away from me and avoiding spending any amount of time with me.

"The woman you were with today at the restaurant. How. Long. Have. You. Been Fucking. Her?" I say making sure to enunciate every word.