

# You Once Called Me Wife

## | Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

*Did they know?* I asked myself as I waited for my parents and best friends to come over that night. *Surely, they would've told me.*

But I couldn't help wondering. In our small town, everyone knew what everyone else was doing, so someone must have seen Chris and Opal together. People were usually wary of strangers hanging around for no apparent reason, yet no one said anything to me.

While I ruminated, three vehicles pulled into my driveway. I got up and opened the front door, and my parents and friends headed to the living room without a word.

I still hadn't cried, but my face was tight as I clenched and unclenched my hands. When everyone was seated, I pulled out my phone, opened the picture of the two who ruined my life, and handed the phone to my dad.

"Chris has been having an affair with a woman named Opal. I saw them today and took that picture. When he came home, I confronted him, and he told me he was leaving me for her. My question is, did any of you know?"

They gave me a resounding "No!" and my mom stood and pulled me into her arms.

"I've seen this woman around town for a few months," my friend Annabeth admitted. "I saw her having lunch with Chris one day, but it looked like a business thing. It didn't look like anything was going on. I spoke to him and everything."

I pulled away from my mom. "You guys didn't hear any rumors or anything?"

"Nothing," Erika, my other friend, said. "Why wouldn't someone tell you if it was out in the open?"

"Because who do most people in this town bank with?" Dad answered, an edge in his voice that I'd never heard before.

"You're right," Mom said, shaking her head. "Who would want to go against a Weston in this town? They basically control all the money. Sure, they've never done anything untoward, but this is their son we're talking about. They'd do anything for him."

I could see that the news was taking a toll on everyone. Chris and my father used to watch football together on Sundays while my mom and I cooked. Back in high school, Erika and Annabeth would always say he was one of the good ones.

He had us all fooled.

My dad stood and began walking toward the door, the look on his face murderous. I was scared of what he might do.

"Dad?" I said.

"Alex, where are you going?" my mom asked.

"Stella, that asshole has keys to this house. I'll be damned if I'm letting him come back. I'm running to the hardware store to get some things to change the locks and make it safer here."

With that, he walked out, and I had a feeling that things were going to get messier.

\*\*\*

Sometime later, Dad came back and changed every lock in my house. He also installed deadbolts, thinking that if Chris wasn't the person we thought he was, there was no telling what he'd do. Dad wasn't going to let me be the victim of anything else at his hands.

A little while later, he left again to get food for me and clothes for my mom. She had decided to stay with me for the foreseeable future, and I wasn't about to argue with her. I needed someone by my side.

As Mom helped me get changed and cleaned up, the dam finally broke. I sobbed for what seemed like hours in her arms, and then she helped me get in bed.

Annabeth and Erika crawled in beside me and held me close as I cried for the life that I thought I was living. For the love I had for Chris and for the love I thought he had for me. Heck, I even cried for the fact that everyone in town was going to gossip about what happened between us.

The next morning, Annabeth and I walked into the kitchen to see that Mom and Erika had made a buffet of food: all my favorites, plus several things the girls liked. I smiled. Food was one of my mother's love languages; anytime someone was upset or sick, she would prepare the things that made us happy.

We sat and ate, talking about everything but the problem at hand. The church festival in a few months, where Mom was going to host a pie-eating contest. Annabeth's cousin's ranch, where she helping out since a few of his staff were sick with the flu.

I couldn't remember the last time I had seen Zane. He was a family friend, but growing up, he always seemed aloof. Maybe because he was older than Annabeth and me by about six years. I wondered if things would be different between us now that I was twenty-four.

I also remembered that Zane and Chris had never gotten along well. That made me laugh a little, knowing what I knew now. *Maybe Zane understood something about him that the rest of us never did?*

The landline started ringing, but I couldn't bring myself to even check it. When I didn't answer, my cell phone started ringing. Then, a ton of texts started coming through.

It was Chris. I couldn't believe he was calling me after everything that went down the previous night.

Erika took my cell and turned it off. "The last thing you need is that asshole trying to start something else with you."

I smiled. Erika always had a temper. I would be afraid if I were Chris.

The next time the landline rang, my mom picked it up. The look on her face told me it was someone that I wouldn't want to talk to.

"Hello. Yes, Rachel, she's here." Mom glanced over at me. "She's not up to talking to anyone right now."

She paused, listening, then said, “I know, dear, but you have to understand that boy ripped her heart out. Even if you don’t support his choices, you’re still his parents. Just give her time. Once she’s calmer, she may feel like talking to the two of you.”

Mom nodded as Rachel said something else. “I will,” she promised. “Goodbye.”

Once she hung up, Mom came over to the table and sat beside me. She took my hand in hers, looking torn. I knew she wanted to protect me from something, but I gave her hand a squeeze to let her know it was okay to tell me.

“James and Rachel found out this morning,” Mom said after a moment. “Chris brought the woman to their house to meet them. I understand it didn’t go well. Rachel wanted to make sure you were safe and to apologize to you. She says they had no clue that any of this was going on.”

I nodded.

“Also, James punched Chris in the nose and made him leave.”

As Mom tried to hide her smile, I started to laugh. James was a man to behold if you threatened his family, and I guessed I was more family to him than I knew.

Still, I wasn’t ready to face the rest of the town on Monday. I didn’t know who would know about my marriage already and who would have my back when they found out.

Next Chapter

Continue to the next chapter of *You Once Called Me Wife*