

# You Once Called Me Wife |

## Chapter 20

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As I pulled up to my house, I saw Zane's truck and what I assumed was Becky's car. All the lights were on, and the front door was open. Zane was yelling.

What in the hell would I do if they were really sleeping together?

I walked up my front steps but didn't go in. I just listened as Zane screamed in a voice I'd never heard before, "What in the hell are you doing here? How did you get into our house?"

"I'm sorry, I just..." Becky started, sounding close to tears.

I didn't have any sympathy for her. All I could think was, *You asked for this*. No matter the reason she ended up in my bed, she was asking for trouble.

"Did you know whose house you came to?" Zane asked. "Are you trying to start something?"

Becky began to blubber something incoherent, so I walked into the living room and said, "That's exactly what I want to know. Are you here to try to have an affair with my husband, Becky? Was it not enough that you slept with my ex behind my back? Do you need that much validation?"

Zane turned around and met my eyes. They looked pained.

"How do you know it wasn't him coming after me?" Becky asked, clearly asking for death. "You couldn't hold on to one husband. Why should you be able to hold on to another?"

Right then, I wanted nothing more than to throw her to the ground and beat the living daylights out of her. Instead, I calmly asked, "Are you really going to stand there and say something that stupid to the wife of the man you're claiming to have an affair with?"

Becky was rumored to have been with a lot of men, some single and some not, but to my knowledge, she'd never had to face anyone's wife or girlfriend. She had somehow managed to avoid confrontation. But that was changing now, and I was enjoying watching the color drain from her face.

"It's not what it looks like," Zane said. "I swear to God, I would never—"

I cut him off. "I know that, Zane. I knew it the moment I saw the photo."

His shoulders relaxed for a second but then tensed again. "What photo?" he asked, stalking over to me.

I pulled out my phone and showed him the text and photo. Looking Becky in the eye, I said, "I knew it wasn't real because there's no way anyone could've gotten that picture if you were home. Your truck would have blocked it. If they managed to get a picture, it would have to be a million times closer."

Becky was clearly in on something, but I knew she wasn't the mastermind. She wasn't smart enough to try this on her own, not to mention she knew Zane would never go for her.

When we were in high school, Becky asked Zane out at a pool party. He shut her down hard in front of everyone. After that kind of humiliation, she wouldn't choose to try again; someone must have offered her something. I just needed to know what it was.

"Becky, I think we need to have a chat."

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After everyone left and the house was quiet, Zane looked like a truck ran him over. The argument between us would have been enough to make him tired, but the mess that occurred after just made it worse.

Now that I thought back to our argument, I could see that we were both trying to argue for what we thought was best for the other person. We needed to learn to talk things out. Strangers were giving us too much trouble for us to be fighting each other.

"I went to the ranch. Thought a ride would help me calm down," Zane said as he sat next to me on the sofa. "I know I was talking out of my ass earlier. I never should have believed something Chris said, but when I had overheard

him talking to his friend about the fight, he made it sound like you were all but throwing yourself on the floor over the house.”

I squeezed his hand. “I should have never tried to push you or lost my temper, but there’s a lot of things that I’ve never told you about my marriage to Chris,” I said. Then I took a deep breath and told him.

When I was finished, Zane wrapped his arm around my shoulder and pulled me closer to him. “Kenz, I can’t stand the thought of you being upset with me. That’s why I was so adamant that we stay here. I thought you would grow to hate me for making you leave this house.”

I leaned my head on his shoulder and stayed quiet for a while. Both of us needed to be close. Finally, I said, “We’ve got to get better at communicating. I don’t want something stupid to drive a wedge between us. We’ve got bigger problems than where we’re going to live.

“So, how do you want to handle it?” Zane asked. “What Becky said to you. Do you already have a plan brewing in that head of yours?”

“Kind of. But no matter how we handle this, there’s going to be some fallout. I hate to cause problems, but I can’t let this stuff keep happening. I don’t want to be seen as a pushover; I don’t want people to think that it’s okay to meddle in my life.”

Zane was quiet as I explained my plan. Then he asked, “So, when do you want to do it?”

“In the morning,” I replied. “I’ll call everyone over and lay everything out, and I won’t take no for an answer. If someone tries to back out, then I’ll threaten them with legal action. I’m done playing nice.”

Next Chapter

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