

Resigned

Savvy

Dear Diary

What can I say? I am pretty sure my marriage is over. After that night Brian called me a selsh b*tch, he came home with owers, and apologized hours later. I didn't know where he went. Maybe his mothers or a bar. But we didn't talk about what happened at all. The next day, he acted like nothing had happened, and we went about our regular routine. For a week, things were back to normal. We worked, had dinner together, he even made love to me, and it was wonderful. There were no texts from Emmy or Sherry. I thought things were getting back on track. Then one night at dinner I broached the subject of children. Before Sherry moved in, he was begging me all the time. Asking me if we could start a family. He hadn't said anything lately, so I thought I would tell him I was ready. It didn't go how I thought it would, nope, it sure didn't.

"Babe, I think I am ready to start a family," I said to Brian, as we ate dinner.

He looked up at me and put his fork down.

"Why now?"

"Well, I was going to tell you on our anniversary, but that just didn't happen at the time. You were busy with Sherry and Emmy."

"Jesus not this again. I thought you were over this. Why would I want to have a child with someone like you right now? All you have been doing is complaining about Sherry and Emmy, who, by the way, haven't contacted me in over a week. I think I hurt their feelings. I told Sherry I needed to spend some time with you, and to please give me some space."

"You had to tell our next door neighbor that you needed to spend time with your wife? Do you even hear yourself right now? You are treating me like I'm some burden. Is that what I am to you, Brian? Is your mistress pissed that you needed to spend time with your wife?"

"Mistress? Seriously Savanna. I haven't f*cked Sherry."

"Yet," I said, snarkily.

He glared at me and pushed away from the table. Once again he slammed out of the house, but instead of taking off in his truck, he f*cking went next door. I was livid. He went to another woman after we fought. I was done. I can't stand this anymore.

I went over to her house and banged on her door. She opened it with a ourish.

"Savvy, please, Emmy is sleeping."

"I don't give a f*ck. Where is my husband?"

"I'm right here," he said. I looked in, and he was sitting on her couch like he belonged there.

"You need to come home."

"I don't think so. I can't stand to be around you right now."

I looked at Sherry when he said that, and she looked at me triumphantly. The pain in my chest was unbearable. I felt tears come to my eyes, but no way was I going to let them fall in front of her.

He nally looked away from the t.v. and looked at me. I don't know what he saw, but his face paled, but he didn't say anything. I looked at him, and just nodded. Then I turned around and went home. Like a robot, I just went upstairs, got a backpack and shoved some clothes into it. Then I grabbed my wallet and his truck keys and left the house. I didn't even bother locking it up. I started his truck. I waited to see if he would come out, but I guess he was too preoccupied with Sherry. I backed the truck out and started to drive. I let the tears fall. I started to sob. I had to pull the truck over because I couldn't see through my tears. My marriage is over. He couldn't stand being around me. I cried a little more, and then I got myself under control. I had to work in the morning, but no way was I staying at home. I'd see him tomorrow, if he bothered to show. I went to my mother-in-law's house. When she opened the door and saw me, she sighed and opened her arms. I fell into them and cried on her shoulder.

"Tell me what happened," she said, as she guided me to the couch.

"I told him that I thought I was ready to start a family. He asked why now? And when I told him that I was going to tell him on our anniversary, but he got preoccupied with that woman and her child, he blew up at me. He told me he told her he needed space to spend time with me. Mama, he said he needed space from her to spend time with me, his wife. So I accused her of being his mistress, and he stormed out. But he went to her house mama. And when I went over there to confront him, he told me he couldn't stand me right now," I said, breaking into sobs again.

"Oh, my poor girl. I don't know what's gotten into my son. I know he has a thing about single mothers, but he is neglecting his marriage. I will talk to him."

"No, please. The last time you did, he called me a selsh b*tch."

She gasped, her worried face turning to a look of horror.

"I don't know what to do," I whispered.

"Well, tonight you're going to stay here. Go upstairs and take a bath. Have you told your parents anything?"

"Are you kidding me? My father would y in from Spain and kill him for making me cry. No, I haven't told them anything. I don't want them to worry. And even though it seems like Brian doesn't love me anymore, I still love him."

"He loves you, he's just confused. Maybe all you two need is some space. Go on, go take a bath."

I nodded, and went to do as she said.

I checked my phone after I got out of the bath. Nothing, no texts or calls. Did he even know that I had left? Was he still at Sherry's? What were they doing? My mind was in a tailspin with worry. Images of them kissing and f*cking went through my head, and I broke down again. Why was this happening to us? Why did this woman and her child have to come into our lives? Why, why, why! I climbed into bed and stared up at the ceiling. I knew I needed to get some sleep, I was going to look like sh*t in the morning. I have several clients tomorrow, and I hate canceling on them. They paid good money for my services. I tossed and turned all night until eventually I fell asleep. I had a nightmare of walking in on Brian and Sherry in our bed, their limbs tangled together as he thrustled into her. Their moans pierced me in the heart. Their declarations of love to each other. I was falling apart in my nightmare. They both looked at me, still making love. Him telling me I was a selsh b*tch and that he would never have children with me. She laughed, telling me that I was pathetic for not hanging on to my man, and thanking me for how easy it was to take him.

I awoke with a gasp when my alarm shrilled. I picked up my phone and shut it off. I looked to see if Brain had reached out and was surprised when I saw several text messages.

Brian: Where are you?

Brian: Savvy this isn't funny. How am I supposed to get to work in the morning?

Maybe Sherry could take you. I thought unhappily.

Brain: You're acting like a child. I can't believe you would do this to me.

Brian: I called my mother, and she told me you were there. Why are you at my mother's? Stop bringing our problems to her.

Brian: Fine, I guess I'll just uber it to work. We'll talk later.

Tears fell down my cheeks. No, I'm worried. No, I love you. No, I'm sorry.

I guess I'll see how today goes.

When I walked into work, there was no time to talk to Brian. I had a client waiting for me. All through the day, I had client after client, and then I did my own workout routine. Brian had been busy all day too. I couldn't look at him. I knew if I did I would break down. My clients didn't pay me to neglect them.

Finally, the day was over. I looked for Brian so we could maybe go out to dinner and talk. I couldn't nd him. I walked into the oce to nd a note.

Had to go help Sherry. Emmy's sick. We will talk when you get home. We need to work this out.

He left me, he f*cking left me to go help that b*tch out. I was fuming. It was time I sat down with myself. I needed to think about what I wanted to do, not what I needed to do for my sanity. Will I stay in this marriage? Technically, I have no proof that he's cheated on me. I've just been neglected. Am I willing to throw away four years of being together and three years of marriage?