

1 How Could You

****POV speaking will be indicated in bold****

Sabrina POV

The alarm sounds and I roll over to kiss my husband good morning but he isn't there. I sit up and he comes walking out of the bathroom already in his uniform. "Why are you up so early, I thought your shift didn't start for another hour?" "Sabrina, if I'm in uniform and up it means I have to go to work." I slide out of bed and start to walk past him. I sure as hell don't need his attitude this early in the morning. He grabs my arm "I'm sorry sweetheart, I just hate they call me in whenever they feel like it." I laugh "I get it, you know the hospital thinks they own me." Greg is a police officer in our town and I'm a nurse. I wrap my arms around him and he kisses me before he heads out of our bedroom.

Once I'm showered and in my scrubs, I rush upstairs to wake up our three-year-old daughter Gabrielle. "Gabby, it's time to get up, mommy has to be at the hospital." She smiles and I pick her up, taking her into the bathroom for her normal routine. She wants to wear a pretty blue sundress and I put matching bows in her hair. She has her normal cheerios and I rush her to daycare before my shift starts.

I clock in with five minutes to spare and my crazy day starts. It's one patient after another when you're a nurse, especially when you work at the only hospital in town. "Sabrina, can you take the patient in room number four?" "Why, Tracey, what's wrong with him that you don't want to take him?" "It's my ex can you just help me out, you're supposed to be my best friend." "I'll take him but you owe me a favor because you know I hate him." "Fine I'll owe you a favor." I take the chart and head into room four to deal with the asshole.

I walk in and he smiles at me. "Hello John, what brings you to the ER today." "Sabrina, I was hoping to see Tracey but you are even better." I put my hands on my hips. "John this is not a social visit just tell me what the hell your problem is." "I did always love how feisty you were too bad that asshole cop knocked you up." "That's it John, I hope you don't have a problem you'll die from because you are sh*t out of luck getting my help." I turn to leave and his words stop me in my tracks. "You are such a b*tch no wonder your husband likes the company of other women so much." I take a deep breath before I leave the room. Not giving him the satisfaction of a reaction.

When I get into the hallway, I can feel heat all over my body. I don't even know why I'm entertaining what this asshole says. Greg would never do that to me. He proposed before we even found out I was pregnant. No, I will not let this piece of sh*t put doubt in my mind about my husband. I start down the hallway and run into Willow. "Sabrina, are you alright, you look like you saw a ghost?" "No, I'm not just didn't have breakfast this morning." Willow is a doctor that is interning here before she starts her real job at some fancy private hospital. "I think your lying to me but I won't push you if you don't want to tell me." "I appreciate that but really, it's nothing."

"We are going to go out for drinks later we were hoping you could come with us Sabrina." "I wish I could, but with Gabby it's hard to get out." "I like to have dinner with Greg too after he works all day." "Ok no worries, maybe next time." She walks away and I go back to seeing patient after patient. When three thirty rolls around I punch out and head to pick up Gabby from daycare. We head back to the house and I get started on making dinner while she plays with her dolls. When I realize it's five and Greg isn't home yet, I pick up my cell to call him. It goes right to voicemail. "Greg I was just calling to see why you're not home yet." "Call me back when you get this message." I hang up and text him the same message.

I take Gabby upstairs and start to give her a bath. It's almost six and I hear the door open downstairs. I take some deep breaths trying not to let the words that asshole said make me angry before we even start our conversation. A few minutes later, Greg appears in the doorway. "Sorry I'm late honey, it was a really long day." "I had so much paperwork to finish I felt like I was drowning." I stay silent. I will not ght in front of our daughter. "Hey princess, I missed you today." He kneels beside me running his hand through our daughter's wet hair. I wish her bath in silence and take her to her room putting on her princess pajamas. Greg went to take his shower and I'm glad he didn't join us for her bedtime routine. I want to focus on spending this time with my baby girl. I tuck her in and read her favorite book before I kiss her forehead. I turn on her nightlight and give her one last look before I leave the room.

I head downstairs to the guest bathroom and lock the door. I know I'm being childish right now, but I need some space so I don't say something I'm going to regret. Once I finish in the shower, I head to the kitchen to clean up. Greg's phone is lying on the table and in our three years of marriage I have never wanted to check his phone till now. I go back and forth in my own mind fighting with myself, but my need-to-know wins. I pick up his phone and I put his normal passcode in which is my birthday. The password is incorrect. He changed his f**king password. Why would he need to change his password? I run through a few possibilities in my head and decide to try our daughter's birthday. The screen lights up and my heart drops. Message upon message from a girl named Megan.

Not innocent messages like how are you. Messages like "I love it when you f**k me hard like you did tonight." "When can you get away from the boring b*tch and meet me again." I feel like I can't breathe. That f**ker from the hospital was right. I lean forward, gripping the table to try to catch my breath. The man I thought I knew is a cheater and I was oblivious. I take my phone out of my shorts pocket with shaking hands and text Tracy to come to pick Gabby up. She doesn't even ask questions and I love her for that. I rush upstairs, throwing a few things in a bag and scoop my daughter up into my arms. I head downstairs and walk quickly outside. Tracey pulls up and I put Gabby in her car. I close the door and Tracey rolls down her window. "What the hell is going on Sabrina?" "Just take Gabby to your house, I will be there shortly." She pulls away and I turn to a house that I love with memories of a family that was a lie. A family that I built with a man who promised to love me before God and our families but betrayed me in the worst way. I feel so stupid and hurt right now.

I take a deep breath before I head back inside. Once I'm inside, Greg comes down the stairs. "Why were you outside sweetheart and where is Gabby?" "Gabby is spending the night with Tracey so you and I can have a discussion about divorce." He looks like I just slapped him. "Divorce what the hell are you talking about Sabrina" he says as he steps toward me. "We are not getting a divorce." "You can't be serious because I have been late a few times." "Do not come near me or touch me." "You are a liar and a cheater." I walk to the kitchen as he follows behind me. "Sabrina talk to me what the hell is wrong with you, your talking crazy?" I pick the phone up off the table and turn it toward him. Now he looks like he saw a ghost. "Why the hell were you going through my phone?"

"That's what I get after what I just showed you." "You dare be upset that I went through your phone." "Sabrina listen to me, I can explain all of this." "Can you explain how you f**ked Megan hard because I'm all ears." There is silence and I want to beat the sh*t out of him but I'm too hurt to even look at him right now. "That's what I thought." "I hope you and Megan will be very happy together." I push past him and head up the room we have shared for the last three years. Looking at the bed and thinking about all the times he f**ked me after he was f**king someone else makes me want to puke. He walks in closing the door behind him. "Sabrina, we can fix this, don't leave." "We can't fix anything because I didn't break it you did." "Unless you can go back in time and never cheat on me, this isn't fixable."