

Making A Plan

Isha

The silence in the house is nothing new, but it feels different now. I felt like an intruder in my own home. This is the home she wanted. I just knew it, which means he must have brought her here when I was out. I picked up my phone and scrolled through our messages. Most of them were him telling me he was going to be late, or crashing at the oce. All inquiries were from me. Asking if he wanted to eat lunch together, or was there something he wanted for dinner? There were a lot of, hi, babes, I miss you, how are you doing today? All from me. His responses were one-word answers. Busy. No. Fine. All the red ags were there, and I just ignored them, because I wanted to. I found a text about three weeks ago where I said I was driving to Denver for my salon appointment. I liked everything waxed, and since my hair takes forever to grow back thanks to my half-Filipino ethnicity, I only had to go every three months. I needed my eyebrows done and, of course, my p*ssy needed to be nice and smooth. I also needed my hair trimmed. That must have been when he brought her over. I wish we had security cameras. That's something that I will have at my next place.

God, I felt so stupid. I looked at the clock, it was ten p.m. which meant it was nine in Vegas. I knew my mom would still be up so I called her.

"Hey my baby. How are you doing tonight?"

Her sweet, loving voice had me cracking again. A sob tore out of me.

"Mom," I cried out.

"Isha, what is it baby, tell me? Are you okay? Is it Jason?"

Her saying Jason made me choke and sob harder. I heard my Nana in the background.

"What's wrong?" I heard her call out.

"She's crying, I'm waiting her out," my mom said. She let me break down for ve more minutes until I was just sniing.

"Isha? Can you tell me what's wrong?"

"Isha, sweet girl, tell Nana what's happened," my Nana said. My mom obviously put me on speaker.

"Jason has been having an affair for six months or close to it. Tonight he won the Realtor of the Year award, and then he gave me divorce papers. His mistress was there and in front of everyone after he won the award, she jumped into his arms and hugged and kissed him. Then he takes me into the hallway and tells me our marriage isn't working, that I'm just a housewife and that I can't help him with his career. But the twenty-two-year-old billionaire's daughter can. He's banking on her father's connections and the friends that she has to boost his career and make him rich."

"That mother f*cker," Nana snarls out.

I gasped, I've never heard my Nana curse.

"Mama," my mother scolds, "But this time I have to agree, what a b*stard." I choked out a laugh. My mom wasn't one to curse either. She said it wasn't lady-like. She hates that I swear.

"What do the divorce papers say?" my Nana asks.

"He wants everything except my car, and he's giving me two hundred and fty thousand dollars. He also said I can keep the gifts he's given me during our time together. But I don't want the gifts. I don't want anything that reminds me of him. I'll take the two hundred and fty thousand dollars. He can have everything else. I don't even want my car. He bought it for me for my twenty-third birthday."

"I can understand that, but where will you live? You'll need a car to get around," my mom asked in a worried voice.

"Do I really? I mean I can work anywhere, and there is always Uber."

"Then come home here. You can live with your mother and me," Nana said.

"Nana, as much as I love you and mom, I really want to be on my own. Plus, I like the Denver area and I have friends here."

She sighed heavily. "Okay, well, will you come for a visit? Now that you are getting a divorce, I can nally tell you what your grandfather left you in his will. I would have told you sooner, but, I didn't like Jason, and honestly, the way he never wanted to see us in person, and the way he wanted you to stay home, I had a feeling something was going to happen sooner or later. I just didn't voice it, because I love you."

"Papa, left me something?"

"Yes, there were stipulations to the will, but I'll explain everything when you come and visit."

"Yes, I'll come. I've missed you two so much. I can't get to the bank until Monday. I'll book a ight tonight and leave Monday afternoon."

"Okay baby, we will see you on Monday. We love you, Isha, if you need to talk before then, don't hesitate to call," my mom said.

"I won't. Love you Mama, love you Nana."

They gave me their love too. I felt a little better after talking to them. I sat there for a minute assessing my feelings. Yes, I was sad that my marriage was over. I've loved Jason for almost two years. We started out as acquaintances, then I was his date for his work dinners. That turned into a friendship and then love. Yes, in those three months before we got married there was never any real passion, but there was a build up to the love we felt for each other. I helped him close on a lot of clients. Did he marry me out of gratitude? Did he ever love me? Did he think because I helped him with those clients, I was boosting his career and the moment someone better came along, he just tossed me aside?

I went to the kitchen and got a bottle of tequila out of the cupboard above the stove. I didn't bother with a glass, I just drank straight out of the bottle. I took three big burning gulps. I felt pressure build in my chest, and then I let out a loud emotional scream. That actually made me feel better.

"You want to get rid of me for your new bimbo, Jason? Fine," I said out loud, walking to the living room and plopping back on the couch. I took two more swigs. The alcohol started to hit me hard, but I didn't care.

I looked around the house. Our pictures on the wall, little mementos of moments I thought were special on the book case, or the shelf above the t.v. It was all just clutter. I grabbed my shoes from the oor and stood up. I went upstairs into our bedroom, set down the bottle of tequila and dropped my shoes. I went to the closet and got my luggage out. The rst thing I did was grab my birth certicate and social security card. I put them in a suitcase. Then I grabbed my laptop and cords, my charging cord for my phone. My notebooks, where I wrote all my ideas and brainstormed and my pens. Then I started throwing in my clothes, my dresses, my shoes. In another bag, I threw in my bathroom stuff and makeup. I went to my jewelry box and only took the necklace my mother and father got me for my thirteenth birthday, a couple of rings my Nana and Papa got for me over the years and a pair of dangled diamond earrings that I bought myself with my rst paycheck from my stories. Everything else Madilyn could have. She wants my leftovers, she can have them. I took another drink and smacked my lips. The alcohol was starting to go down smother.

I kept two outts out. One I could just discard that I'll wear around the house tomorrow and the outt I would wear to the bank on Monday and then to the airport.

I stripped out of my dress. My b*ob holders plopped onto the oor. I snorted, picked them up and tossed them into the trash. I had plenty more. I was now just in my little beige thong and some nude thigh-highs.

After I zipped up my two bags, I looked around. There was nothing else I wanted. As I said, I didn't want any reminder of him. I picked up my phone and booked a 2 p.m. ight. I looked at the time, it was only eleven. I was wide awake and didn't know what to do. I didn't feel like writing. I actually felt a little reckless. I wanted to do something that was totally out of character for me. Two very hot bikers ashed through my mind. Could I do that? I mean, technically my marriage was over and, besides, it wasn't like Jason had been faithful.

I contemplated it for a full minute, took another swig out of the bottle that was now half full, then I texted Savvy.

Are you still awake?

Savvy: Yes, hard to sleep when I have two s*xy men making out right in front of me.

Any chance I can get Savage or Rage's making?

Savvy: WHAT!!!!

Long story short, I was right about Jason. He gave me divorce papers tonight. So, I'm feeling reckless.

Savvy: Oh my God, Isha, are you okay? Do you need me to come over?

No, I just want to forget about tonight. I'm going to go visit my mom and grandmother for a couple of weeks to gure out what I'm going to do. But tonight I want to make an Isha sandwich.

Savvy: Well alright, I'll get the info from Mac.

A few minutes later a number from Savvy showed up in our text thread. She said it was Savage's number. I sent a blowing kiss emoji and then took a deep breath.

I texted the number and, for sh*ts and giggles, took a picture of myself from the chest down as I arched my back, putting my hand on the dresser behind me. I looked hot.

Hi Savage, I'm feeling needy tonight. This is Isha. We met last night. If you and Rage want to come and play, I'll give you thirty minutes to get here before I go to bed. I then attached the picture and hit send.