

Not Falling Apart

Isha

My eyes popped open, and I stretched, then froze. Why in the f*ck was I so sore? And why was my head banging again? I looked around my room, I saw my packed bags on the floor and then the bottle of tequila on my dresser. Feeling the comforter on my bare skin had my eyebrows furrowing, why am I naked?

I sat up and groaned, I was sore in my throat, a*s and p*ssy, I felt like I'd been stretched to within an inch of my life. Then the memory of last night slammed into me. I gasped. I did not do what my body was telling me I did. More memories of last night flashed through my mind. F*ck yes I did. The smile that crossed my face almost hurt with how big it was. I got out of bed slowly and did a little wiggle. I was deliciously sore, now that I remembered everything. Never in my life have I been so thoroughly f*cked. Jason wasn't small and to give him credit he did make sure I had at least one orgasm, but he wasn't adventurous in the bedroom. A flash of me riding Savage's face while Rage sucked his fat c*ck, made me moan. F*ck, I need to see something like that again.

I walked to the bathroom and did my business. I washed my hands, brushed my teeth and unbraided my hair. I ran my fingers through it and was pleased with the wavy locks.

I walked to the closet. I was feeling extremely s*xxy. I pulled out a flirty above-the-knee lilac skirt and a white tank top that I knew showed the girls off well. I went to the dresser and grabbed a purple thong with white daisies on it and the matching bra.

I dressed quickly, picked up a pair of light beige wedges and put them on. I then grabbed my laptop and made my way downstairs. I put my laptop on the table by the computer bag I use. I made some coffee and put a bagel in the toaster. I felt so wonderful this morning. The pain I experienced yesterday was non-existent. What does this mean? Does this mean I never truly loved Jason? That maybe because he was my first that there was just some puppy love? Gratitude that he noticed me? He's good-looking, and I was flattered when, after our initial business date, he kept asking me to others. I don't know, all I know is right now, I feel great. So on this lovely Sunday morning, I was going to take my coffee and bagel and go to the park to write. Last night's experience opened up a whole new repertoire of

ideas for s*x scenes.

Keys jingling in the front door lock made me lose my smile. I swear if he brought Madilyn here right now, I would pull all her hair out, after I kneed him in the balls.

Jason walked in, I watched him look in the living room and then in the kitchen. When he saw me, his eyes showed guilt. I turned my back on him. I filled my thermos full of coffee. My bagel popped up and I buttered it. It was cinnamon and raisin. My mouth was watering.

"Can we talk, Isha?"

"No," I said.

"Isha, come on," he whined. I clenched my jaw and then relaxed.

"There's nothing to talk about. You lied to me, you betrayed me, gaslighted me, and cheated on me. Our vows meant nothing to you. I did everything you asked, and you threw me away like I was nothing. You saying that I did nothing for your career is a bunch of bullsh*t because I guarantee it would have taken you a lot longer to get the clients you have now without my charming self. So, you can f*ck right off."

"You just don't understand. When I have everything, I'll come back to you. I swear it. I just need to be with her for a little while."

I stared at him. What a d*ck. As much as I hate Madilyn right now, she didn't deserve to be used. If he wasn't lying, that is.

I got a sandwich bag and put my bagel in it. Then I capped my thermos and walked over to my laptop to put it in my bag.

"Where are you going?"

"That's none of your business."

"You're still my wife, Isha."

"Not anymore, I signed the papers. Just so you know, I don't want to wait for my two-hundred and fifty thousand dollars, so, tomorrow I will go to the bank and take it out of our joint bank account. I won't take a penny more. And don't even think about blocking me, or I will get a lawyer and fight you for every penny. And don't think I can't. You know who my mother is and what she's accomplished with my Uncle Mark. He's ruthless and so are the lawyers in their law firm."

"This isn't the end of us Isha, I just need to build my career a little more. I can make you my

mistress. You can still live a lavish lifestyle."

"Lavish lifestyle? Is staying home a lavish lifestyle? Cooking, doing laundry, cleaning house, being ignored and neglected, that's a lavish lifestyle. You think going shopping for myself once every couple of months is a lavish lifestyle? You may have been the breadwinner in this marriage, Jason, but let me tell you something. We have half a million dollars. Once I take that two hundred and fifty thousand which I am entitled to, you'll have the same liquid cash. You may have made out in this divorce, but I'll be just fine with what you gave me. I don't want the car, or the gifts you've given me. This house is now yours. After tomorrow, we'll have nothing to do with each other ever again. I don't even know why you're here now. And let me make myself clear, I will never be anyone's mistress. I have more respect for myself than to be the other woman."

He scoffed, "Isha, do you really think you can make enough money by yourself to live off of? You have no skills. What are you going to do, be a maid or cook for someone? And what man is going to want a woman that can't help him in life?"

"I did help you, Jason, you just didn't appreciate it."

"Whatever, I am going to go change. You can stay

tonight, but I'm going to need you to find a place to stay. Madilyn wants to move in right away."

"Don't worry, Jason, I'll be gone by eight a.m. tomorrow."

He rolled his eyes and made his way upstairs. I packed up my laptop, and had just picked up my bag when I heard Jason roar my name.

His thundering footsteps came running out of our room. I looked up and saw his face at the top of the stairs. He was in his boxers. He was beet red with anger.

"Why are there used condoms in the bathroom trash, and why did I find two wrappers on our bedroom floor?" he yelled.

"Oh, I had some friends over that I met Friday night at a biker bar. I figured since you handed me the divorce papers, and I signed them, we were now done, not to mention the affair you were having for the last six months. I figured I was due for some fun of my own, and boy did they have fun with me. I can still fill them, my throat is even sore."

"Isha! You're still my wife!"

"That didn't stop you from sticking your d*ck into

someone else now, did it?"

"It's different for men. It's socially acceptable!"

I scoffed, "You're f*cking delusional. Goodbye, Jason, and I hope you f*ck all the way off and if you see me out in public, act like you don't know me, because that's what I'll be doing." I didn't wait for his reply, I just left after grabbing my keys off of the table by the door.

That felt really good. I'm not a pushover, I'm not going to wallow in misery because the man I thought I loved decided I wasn't good enough. I let myself cry it all out after he gave me the papers. That's all I was giving him. I am not going to fall apart because my marriage is over.

My phone rang as I drove to the park. I looked at the screen and saw it was Jason. What the f*ck did he want?

"Yes?" I asked, answering the phone.

"Your words just registered. You had s*x with two men? At the same time?" he yelled.

"Yep," I said, popping the P.

"So you're a f*cking wh*re now?"

I scoffed, "Well, if that's how you see it, sure. How

I see it, I was just getting some after not having any for six months. And I am thoroughly satisfied. Have a nice day." I hung up on him. My phone rang again and again after I refused to answer. I pulled into the parking lot of the park, declined the fourth call from Jason, and turned off my phone. I didn't need to speak to anyone at the moment.

I took the blanket that I always had in my car, my laptop bag, and my refreshments and found a nice area where enough of the sun hit me to keep me warm, and enough shade, so I wouldn't get too much sun. For the next three hours I wrote. It was probably some of my best work. My imagination was flowing.

"Isha?"

I looked towards the person that called my name.

I smiled. "Ava? Oh my God, it's been forever. What are you doing here in Colorado?"

"I moved here a year ago. I live in Denver, but I'm here in Yearling to meet someone for an interview. I'm writing for the magazine Homesteads."

"You must be meeting Savanna Davis-Stanley?"

"Yes, you know her?"

"I do, she's one of my really good friends."

"Are you writing? I remember in high school you always had a notebook you were writing little stories in."

"I am. It took me a while to do it, because I lost myself for a minute, but I finally bit the bullet and tried it out."

"That's fantastic, anything I've read before?"

"Well, I write under the pen name Isla Gold," I said.

Her eyes widened, "You're Isla Gold! I love your books."

I blushed. This was the first time I've met someone that's read my books that wasn't already a really good friend. I knew Ava in high school. We were friendly but not friends per se. She was part of the cheerleading squad. She has always been nice, and we had English together all four years.

"Well, I'd like to catch up sometime. Here's my card, maybe we can have lunch one day?" she asked.

"I'd like that. I'm going back to Vegas to visit my mom and Nana. I'll get in touch when I get back."

"Great, I'd love that."

< Not Falling Apart

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We said our goodbyes and I couldn't stop smiling.
Today was definitely a good day.



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