

## Confrontation

Jason

I can't believe she slept with other men. I was her first, her only and she had the audacity to sleep with two men in our bed! I'm livid. I can't stop looking at the c\*ndoms in the trash. I feel so hurt. So, I had a f\*cking affair. Big f\*cking deal, I'm a man. Sometimes we stray. And there was a reason I strayed this time. I didn't do it because I fell out of love with Isha. I never cheated on her because I didn't love her. I love her very much. But this time, I did it for our future. The amount of money and power I can get out of Madilyn will set us for life. All Isha had to do was sit quietly and wait. She's always done what I suggested she should do. Why couldn't she this time? I should have explained everything to her first before handing her the papers, but Madilyn had been hounding me to get a divorce so we could get married, and she threatened to talk to her father to not be my client anymore. I knew her father would buy more land. We had talked about it and I couldn't lose him as a client.

I finally looked away from the trash. Okay, this is just a hiccup, this is her payback for having an

affair. We're even. I can forgive her for this. We'll get back to each other when I get to the highest point possible in my career. When my business gets to the top and I am a multimillionaire, she'll come back to me. She had no skills. The only family she has is her mother and grandmother, and it's not like they can help her.

After my shower, I got dressed in a pair of khakis and a lilac polo. Isha's favorite color. I feel closer to her just being in it. And when she comes home and sees me she'll see how much I love her, and she won't be able to resist me. I'll give her some sweet words. Make her dinner and she'll be putty in my hands. Then, when she calms down, I'll make love to her, and I won't use a c\*ndom. If she gets pregnant, she'll never truly leave me. In fact, I'll see what apartments or maybe even a small house I can buy her, so that she can stay in and wait for me. I'll marry Madilyn and spend the week with her and then, on the weekends, I'll go to Isha's and spend time with her. I find it kind of funny that I'm turning my wife into my mistress and my mistress into my wife. Madilyn is so naive, she'll believe anything I tell her. Just like Isha believed me when I told her I'd never touched another woman during our marriage. When I went on real business trips to conventions, I slept with other women. Other agents in different cities.

Other agents' wives, who were bored with their husbands. Even a rich old broad who wasn't that bad looking who paid me for a night that I met at a bar. It was exciting acting like a gigolo. What Isha didn't know wouldn't hurt her. I just needed a little variety. She is my wife, but inexperienced, and sometimes it got old trying to teach her new things. I had wanted someone who could f\*ck me without me having to direct them to what I liked.

My phone chirped. Hoping it was Isha, I looked at it eagerly.

**My CC Madilyn:** JJ, where are you? Why didn't you come get me from the farmhouse last night? I waited all night. My father is furious, but he'll calm down eventually once he realizes how in love we both are. He won't deny me anything once you get me an engagement ring.

**Me:** My precious girl. I needed some time to myself. You have to understand, Isha and I have been married for a year and a half and I felt really guilty last night. I just got a room at the hotel and crashed there. I'm at home right now, I am going to go over the divorce papers with Isha and make sure she signs them. I'll see you tomorrow morning when I pick you up for breakfast before I go to work, okay?



**My CC Madilyn:** You aren't going to sleep with her are you?

**Me:** Honey, you know I don't find her attractive. Not since you've come into my life. She's so fat. I only stayed married to her because it was good for my business to look like a family man. I told you she drugged me and forced me to elope with her. I couldn't just look like the town joke.

**My CC Madilyn:** Okay, I just wanted to make sure. I'll see you on Monday. I love you.

**Me:** You are my caring cutie. See you Monday.

I scoffed, Caring Cutie. It's so stupid. But she once went through my phone unbeknownst to me while I was sleeping. She saw her name and the next thing I knew she was shaking me awake and asking me what it meant. I said caring cutie. It was a stroke of genius on my part, especially on the spot like that. She was so happy, and then I let her ride me until she came twice and I came once. I had forgotten a c\*ndom, and I secretly freaked out until her period came. I made sure not to have in the middle of the night s\*x after that. My brain obviously didn't function after coming up with such a brilliant nickname. Caring Cutie, more like Cash Cow.

I went shopping for groceries to make Isha's

favorite meal, chicken alfredo. When I got home, I was a little miffed she wasn't home by then. Where did she go? She had better not be with those two men. I decided to call her, and it went straight to voicemail. She was still ignoring me. Fine, let her sulk for a little while.

Three hours later I was fuming. I left the house and drove around town looking for her. I found her at the park. Why was she at the park? I watched her as she typed away on her laptop. What could she possibly be writing? I saw a woman approach her, they talked for a few minutes and then the woman left and Isha went back to typing. I watched her for a few more minutes before I stepped out of my vehicle and approached her.

"Isha," I called out. She slammed her laptop closed and looked towards me.

"What do you want, Jason?" she said in exasperation.

"I want to talk to you."

She sighed a heavy sigh.

"Talk, it's a free country."

"Can I sit?"

"No."

I rolled my eyes.

"You're being childish," I said.

"I don't care. Talk, or leave."

"Like you said, it's a free country, I can stand here as long as I want."

"Fine then I'll leave. My day is starting to not be so good anymore."

"Isha. You need to get over this. I told you, I love you. This is just temporary. Once I'm on top, I'll divorce Madilyn, and we can get married again. You've had your little tantrum, you got back at me, we're even now."

"Are you f\*cking serious?" She asked, shoving her laptop back in her bag, and zipping it up. "I'm not throwing a tantrum, Jason. You cheated on me, lied to me about it and then handed me divorce papers. I have signed them and as far as I am concerned, we are through. And I didn't f\*ck Rage and Savage to get even with you. I f\*cked them because 1, I was drunk and 2, I knew they wanted me, just as much as I wanted them when I met them. But because I honored our marriage vows, I didn't act on it then, so I rectified the situation, and it was glorious."



I don't know why I did it. It just happened. My hand flew and I slapped her.

She gasped and put her hand to her face.

"Isha, I'm so sorry, I don't know why that just happened."

If looks could kill I'd be ten feet under. She bent and picked up all her stuff. She folded the blanket she had been sitting on and then looked at me.

"I f\*cking hate you, Jason Baxter. Stay the f\*ck away from me. I am going home to get my bags, and then I am going to find some other place to sleep. Don't follow me, or I am going to call the cops."

"Isha. Isha, I'm sorry. Please, baby, I didn't mean it."  
"

She stepped away from me quickly.

"Stay away from me," she screamed.

"Hey buddy, what are you doing?" a guy asked, who was running with a friend.

"None of your business, this is between me and my wife," I snapped.

"He's not my husband anymore. We're getting a divorce, can you please stop him from following

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+5 Points >

me?" She begged the two big guys now, giving me a menacing look.

"Sure sweetheart, go. We got this," the guy said.

I watched as she turned and walked away, and the two men stood in my way of following her and wouldn't let me around them. Fine. She'll calm down, and I'll talk to her later.



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