

Forget About It

Isha

I looked at myself in the mirror, my black skinny jeans were like a second skin on my hips, a*s and thighs. They looked painted on. The red halter shirt with the teardrop cut out showed my cleavage. I had a pair of high-heeled red leather boots to complete the outt. For a while, I debated about leaving my hair down, it was straight and ended in the middle of my back, but if we were dancing I might get hot, so maybe I should put it up in a bun. If I put it up in a bun, my whole back would be exposed, and the tattoos of the zodiac constellations that represented my father and grandfather could be seen. There was a crescent moon with two wavy lines between my shoulder blades for my father. He was an Aquarius and above that was another small crescent moon with what looked like a Roman numeral for two with lines above and below that was an Aries sign for my grandfather. Jason hated them. He said tattoos are trashy. But when I told him what they meant to me, he was remorseful and apologized for his rude comment. At the time, being in love, I let it slide. So, with that thought in mind, I put my hair up in a bun, and brought some hair down in the front to frame my face. I curled those pieces and then did my makeup. I went irty and fun tonight, with a light pink frosted eye shadow and over that some pink glitter. I used pink lip gloss that left a slight color on my lips, and I was ready. I put my ID and some cash in my back pocket. Just enough for dinner and a couple of drinks at the club, then I picked up my phone, contemplating if I should take it. I shrugged and stuck it in my other pocket.

Just as I started down the stairs, the front door opened and Jason walked in. I was surprised to see him. He stood at the open door and stared at me.

"You look f*ck ing hot," he blurted.

I smiled because I felt hot, but getting this reaction from my husband, who hadn't looked at me in months, gave me a boost of condence.

"Thank you."

"Why are you dressed like that? I thought you were just having dinner and going dancing. Can't you dress more conservatively like a married woman should dress?"

Was he f*cking serious?

"No, this is what people wear clubbing, sometimes even less, you should see the dress that Savvy is going out in tonight. It's going to drive Mac and Jack nuts."

"Maybe you shouldn't hang out with someone that's encouraging you to look like that."

"Like what Jason? Beautiful? S*xy? Maybe I want to look like this. Maybe I need this, because the man I'm married to would rather put his hands on a woman that isn't me."

"What? What are you talking about? I've never touched another woman since marrying you," he said, looking astonished.

"Oh? My bad, I guess it was just someone else that looked exactly like you that had his arms around a beautiful blonde today and kissed her on the forehead? Have a secret identical twin I don't know about?"

His mouth dropped open, "Isha, I don't know what you're talking about. I had a meeting with a client today."

"Mmhmm, maybe it was just my imagination then."

"Is this because we haven't been intimate in a few months? I'm sorry, I've been really busy, and I know I just picked up another client that will keep me even busier. I'm just exhausted. I come home to relax, and I fall asleep on you. I swear it's nothing else."

"Whatever, excuse me, I'm going to be late. I need to drive to Savvy's. We're taking an Uber from her place, in case we drink too much tonight. Wouldn't want to get in an accident, you know," I said, c*cking my head, waiting for him to move.

"Isha, what is going on with you?"

"Nothing, Jason, I just think I've been a little blind these last six months. Now, if you can kindly move, I wouldn't want my fat body to disgust you." Okay, maybe that's not what Madilyn said earlier, but it was implied and if Jason's been having an affair with her, looking at her and me together it's obvious, her words hit harder than I thought.

"What?" he said, shocked.

I just sighed, grabbed my keys from the table beside the door and skirted around him. He just watched me walk away, get in my car and drive off. I looked at him in the rearview mirror, he really looked shell-shocked. Why was he pretending? I know what I saw.

I pulled up to Savvy, Mac's and Jack's home. It was beautiful. It was in the middle of acres of land. They had a huge whitewashed barn that I remember Savvy saying housed their horses. There was a milking barn close to that for their cows and goats.

There was an elegant-looking chicken mansion, because really, that was a f*cking mansion for chickens. It was pretty, and I never thought I'd say that about a chicken coop. There were two golden retriever dogs sleeping at the bottom of the wrap-around porch stairs. Their home was a two-story white and light blue farmhouse. There was a white rock walkway leading up to the front door. Before I could knock, it opened and Jack was gathering me into his big strong arms.

"Isha, it's so good to see you," he said with a warm hug. I squeezed him back because I really needed it.

"My turn," Mac said as he took me from Jack and hugged me.

Then I felt two little bodies slam into my legs.

"Hi Isha," Willow chimed.

"Issaaaa," Axel squealed.

Mac let me go and I crouched down. "Hi little ones."

"You so sweety," Axel said, rubbing the satin fabric of my shirt. "Pwetty in wed."

"You're right son, she is pretty in red," Savvy said, as she came out in her dress that had my smile widening.

"You look smokin'," I said.

"Not as smokin' as you. Jesus, you're going to set some hearts on re tonight," she said, grabbing me and hugging me.

"Isha, why come you look so pretty?" Willow asked.

"Because, babes, sometimes a girl needs to look her best," I told her. She nodded like she knew what I was talking about.

"You do look gorgeous, Isha. You and my Princess better not talk to any men tonight. You may not be my wife, but I'll still spank your a*s for being naughty," Jack said.

Savvy giggled as my face bloomed.

"Jack, stop teasing her, you're going to make her cream her panties."

"Oh God, jokes on you, I'm not wearing any," we all laughed.

"How are you keeping those girls looking so perky?" Savvy asked.

"I have these cutlet like sticky b*ob things. As long as you have a tight shirt on, you stick them to your b*ob, lift, and they just stay."

"Let me see," Savvy said.

I looked at Jack and Mac. They were beaming at us, and looking like they wanted to see too.

"Um, maybe not in front of your husbands and children?"

She laughed, "Okay, maybe later than. You can show Erica, me and Louise at the restaurant or club. Okay, let's go, the Uber is here."

We got into the Uber, and she turned to me.

"You do look hot," she said.

"Thank you. That's exactly what Jason said when he came home for some reason, before I left."

"Oh, he came home early. You could have canceled if you wanted to spend time with him."

"No, I am pretty sure he didn't come home early to spend time with me. I think he was hoping I was already gone."

"Isha," she said.

"I think he's really cheating Savvy. When you left today, I was putting my bags in the car and I looked up and two blocks down I saw him coming out of a restaurant with Madilyn Montgomery. She was in his arms, they were smiling at each other, and then he leaned in and kissed her on the forehead. I called him, and do you know what he said?"

She shook her head.

"He said he was at a lunch meeting with a client and that she was picky and would probably be working late, and that's after he told me that morning he would be home, and then he actually came home? I even said something about seeing him kissing her, and he lied to my face and said he's never touched another woman since we were married. He kept acting like I didn't see what I thought I saw. Totally gaslighting me."

"Oh Isha, I'm so sorry."

"I just don't know what to do. Is it cheating? But what she said earlier about her boyfriend liking her skinny. Is he her boyfriend? And if he is, she denitely knows about me. Thank God, we don't have kids."

I felt tears prick my eyes. Savvy grabbed my hand and held it. Then, to lighten the mood, she turned to me.

"Are you really not wearing panties?"

I laughed, I looked at the driver, a young man, and saw him smile.

"I have a thong on. I was just joking. I swear Savvy, your husbands are f*cking re, you're so lucky."

"Yeah, I am. I love them so much, and they've shown me how much they love me. They adore me. I know they mean nothing when they irt with my friends. I feel very secure in my marriage."

"I wish I could say the same," I said with a small smile.

She patted my hand. "One day Isha. You never know, maybe Jason really isn't cheating on you."

"Yeah, maybe," I mumbled.

Ten minutes later we were dropped off in front of Georgios, an Italian restaurant in Denver. When we walked in, we saw Louise and Erica waving from a table. They stood up, and I saw Erica was in black slacks and a nice blouse. She had heels on, making her six-foot-gure tower even more over Savvy and me. Her brown hair was in a French braid, and she smiled at me, her brown eyes sparkling. She had minimal makeup on and was still one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. I remember her telling me she played volleyball in college, and I believed it.

Louise, Erica's wife, was her complete opposite. She was 5'5, blonde, and bubbly. She looked like every cheerleader I've ever seen. Everything was perfect about her. Her long hair was the perfect shade of blonde, and in that rockabilly style, with the high ponytail and short bangs that I admired all over it, her makeup was awless. She had on a white fties-style dress with red owers all over it. Red ve-inch heels adorned her feet. Her lipstick was the same red as her shoes.

"Hi guys," I said.

"Hey, you look hot," Erica said, and Lou nodded.

"Thank you, as do you two. I haven't been here before, have you guys?"

"Yes, and we recommend the calamari, the stuffed mushrooms, and the lasagna. It's so freaking good and tastes just like the lasagna from Italy," Louise said.

We ordered and had some great conversation. I told them about my suspicions, and they agreed that it was suspicious, but they had also seen how much Jason loved me, so maybe give him the benet of the doubt? I saw where they were coming from. If Jack or Mac cheated on Savvy or if Erica cheated on Louise, I wouldn't believe it either.

"Look, let's forget about it and have some fun tonight," Erica said.

I nodded and when our food got to us, I actually ate with gusto.