

Chapter 1 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

“Okay, give me three more squats, and you are done for the day Jess,” I said to my client of 6 months.

“Oh, thank the Lord. I hate leg and butt day,” she said. Sweat dripping from her hairline and running down her face.

“You said you wanted to get your body back after having Xander.”

“You’re right, you’re right. I am extremely grateful that you have worked with me these last 6 months, and have gotten me back to pre-Xander weight. John hasn’t been able to keep his hands off me. Trust me, I am grateful, I just hate squats.”

I chuckled. Not many people loved them. When she was done, I handed her a towel so she could wipe the sweat from her face. My eyes moved across the gym and I landed on my husband Brian. He was lifting weights while he waited for his next client. I smiled. 2 years of marriage have been superb with him. He’s very attentive, we have decent s*x, I just wish it was a little more adventurous, but he makes me feel loved.

“Your man is looking mighty fine,” Jess said to me.

“That he is. Tomorrow is our third anniversary. I think I am ready to have a baby. So I will be telling him that. He’s been begging me. He wants to be a daddy so badly.”

“Oh, that’s so great, Savvy. I think you two would make great parents. I saw you with Xander when John came and picked me up. Your eyes lit up when you saw him.”

“He’s a great kid, Jess. So cute and bubbly. He’s always got a smile for me.”

“He knows when a person is good. You’re one of his favorite people.”

I smiled at that. Xander was the cutest 9-month-old I have ever seen, with his curly red hair, and cute little freckles across his nose. He had a jovial giggle for me every time I saw him.

“Okay, well, today was your last session. Would you like to sign up for another 6 months, or are you confident enough now to continue with your fitness journey on your own?”

“I think I am ready to do it on my own. You’ve given me a great workout routine, and have given me a phenomenal nutrition plan. I feel confident in my abilities,” Jess said, proudly.

“Fantastic. Well, if you ever need any help, don’t hesitate to ask,” I said, giving her a hug. I always hate losing a client that I have grown attached to, but I felt proud when they gained the confidence to do it on their own, because I helped with that.

We waved at each other as she left. I went to the gym office and put her file in the black filing cabinet where I put all my finished clients. Brian came into the office and smiled. He walked up to me and gave me a peck.

“Hey doll. Having a good day?” He asked me.

“I’m having a great day. I just finished with Jess. She’s ready to start working out on her own. I feel really accomplished.”

“Great job, babe. I have a client soon. But then nothing after. Do you want to grab something for dinner, or do we need to stop by the store to get stuff?”

“Let’s go to Randy’s. I’d love a chicken salad sandwich and some sweet potato fries,” I said.

“Okay, are you done with clients for the day?”

“Yep. I’m going to wipe down some equipment, finish some paperwork, and then go take a quick shower.”

“Alright, see you in two hours?”

“Yep, love you,” I said.

“Love you too.”

Two hours later, we were sitting at Randy’s digging into our food. I watched Brian shovel steak and sweet potato fries into his mouth like his meal was going to disappear on him. I smiled. His brown hair had gotten long enough that he had it in a stubby ponytail. His brown eyes stared at me as I ate. I could see the love in his eyes. His chiseled jaw worked as he chewed. His lips glistened, and I couldn’t help but stare at them. He was so good-looking. He had that boy next door look. Clean-shaven, ripped body. I could feel my hormones revving up.

“You’re looking at me, like I’m your next meal,” he smirked.

“Maybe, because when I get you home, I want to taste you,” I said, huskily.

“Babe, f*ck you’re giving me a hard on.”

I bit my lower lip and looked at him through my eyelashes. I knew he loved it when I did that.

“F*ck, we need to get out of here.”

He quickly paid the check. We practically ran out of the restaurant. He raced home, luckily it was only a fifteen-minute drive. As we pulled onto our street, we saw a moving van. Its back end blocked our driveway, so we parked on the street. I was ready to run into the house so we could f*ck like rabbits, but when I looked at Brian, he had a curious look on his face as he looked next door. I followed where he was looking, and I saw a little girl in the yard playing with a hula-hoop. Brian started to walk over and I sighed. Guess we were meeting the new family moving in.

“Hi, that’s a really cool hula-hoop,” Brian said, as I stepped up next to him smiling as I saw how cute the little girl was. She had pigtail braids in her honey blonde hair. She had pretty blue eyes and a cupid bowed mouth. Her lips were so pink, they looked like she was wearing lipstick, but I knew it was all natural. She was way too young to be wearing makeup.

She stared at us with a small smile and waved a little.

“I’m not really supposed to talk to strangers,” she whispered.

I smiled widely. She was adorable.

“Well, I’m Savanna, but you can call me Savvy, and this is my husband Brian, or Bri, if you like. We live next door. I bet we’ll be seeing a lot of each other, so soon we won’t be strangers.”

“I guess you’re right. I’m Emmy. Well, really it’s Emily, but mommy calls me Emmy or baby. But I’m not a baby, I’m 7.”

“Well, Emmy, what’s your mommy and daddy’s name?” Brian asked.

“Mommy’s name is mommy. I don’t have a daddy. Mommy said, he is a no good b*stard that doesn’t know a good thing when he has it.”

I stifled my giggle and bit my lip hard. I looked at Brian knowing he was probably doing the same thing, but he wasn’t suppressing a laugh. No, he looked sad. I knew why. He grew up in a single-parent home. His dad died when he was 9 and his mother raised him, never marrying again. She had a shrine in her house for her husband. She has told me numerous times, no man could ever compare to her late husband.

“Oh, well, where’s your mommy now?” I asked.

“She’s in the house. Mommy!” She yelled.

I looked at the front door and watched as a stunning blonde in a yellow tank top and short jean shorts walked out. She had the body of a p*rnstar, her breasts were huge, her body was fit and tight and her legs went on for days. She was perfectly tanned. As she got closer, I saw she had bright blue eyes, and she smiled with blinding straight white teeth.

I've always been confident in my looks. I have wavy long black hair, whisky-colored brown eyes, light brown, flawless skin, thanks to my spanish heritage, a tight fit body from being a fitness instructor, and my curves were in all the right places. My butt was round, high and firm, my breasts were a nice handful, at least that's what Brian tells me. But I always felt I was a little on the short side at 5'5, especially compared to the modelesque person in front of me. She was easily 5'10.

"Hi, I'm Sherry," she said, as she came towards us. She held out her hand towards Brian, when she greeted us.

"Hello, I'm Brian and this is my wife Savanna," Brian said, shaking her hand.

She looked at me and I saw she sized me up fast before holding her hand out to me. I gave her a polite smile and shook her hand.

"Hi, your daughter is adorable," I said to her.

"Thank you. I had her young, at 18. Her daddy decided he didn't want to be one, so he left us before she was born. Emmy and I have been on our own, and we prefer it that way. Don't we, sweetie?" She called out to Emmy.

"Yep, we don't need a no good b*stard with us."

"Oops," Sherry giggled. I smiled and looked at Brian. He was staring at Sherry, and it gave me an uneasy feeling in my chest.

"If you need any help with anything, all you have to do is ask, and I would be happy to help. If you need something fixed, or maybe if you need help with Emmy, I'm sure Savvy would have no trouble watching her, right hon?" He asked, looking at me with an encouraging smile.

"Um, right. Yeah, sure no problem," I rambled.

"Oh, you two are the sweetest. How long have you been married?"

"Oh, not long, just two years," Brian said. Like we just met or something. I looked at him with furrowed brows.

"Oh, that's not long at all. Have you been together long?"

"We've been together for four years. Brian hired me at the gym he manages. We are personal fitness instructors. We dated for almost a year before we got married. Tomorrow is our three-year anniversary, in fact," I said.

"Oh, well, that's so nice. I should be getting back to moving our stuff in."

“Do you need any help?” Brian asked.

What the f*ck? Weren’t we about to have s*x?

“Oh, no. I’m almost done. Just a few more boxes. Then I have to return this van.”

“Well, okay, it was nice to meet you,” Brian said.

We waved and went into the house. I was about to put my arms around him so we could get back to having some s*xy time, but Brian went straight to the living room and sat down.

“I feel bad for her. Having to raise a child on her own. We’ll have to befriend her, so she doesn’t feel so alone.”

“Um, okay,” I said, confused.

Chapter 2 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary

Today was the day my marriage started falling apart. We took the day off. We were supposed to celebrate our 3-year anniversary with a day of hot monkey s*x and a nice dinner. But instead, the moment we got up and out of bed, Brian dressed and went next door. He didn’t tell me he was doing that. I went to the kitchen to make breakfast. When I was done, I called for him, but all I got back was silence. I searched our house, but couldn’t find him. Then I heard giggling. I looked outside and there he was. He was playing in the yard with Emmy, our new next-door neighbor’s daughter. Sherry, her mother, was sitting on her front porch watching them run around. I went outside to let Brian know I had made breakfast, and he informed me he had already eaten. He had eaten breakfast with Sherry and Emmy. I was stunned. While he kept running around the yard with Emmy, I looked at Sherry. She smirked at me and waved. I just turned around and went back inside. I had lost my appetite. I dumped the pancakes I made, threw the bacon in a baggie and put it in the fridge. I did the dishes. He still hadn’t come inside. I went upstairs and showered. By the time I had gotten dressed, he was finally home. I was hurt. So when I saw him sitting on the couch watching TV. I sat next to him and asked him what the h*ll? He looked at me like I was crazy. He asked what had gotten into me. And I lost it. I said it was our anniversary, we are supposed to spend time together, just us, and he acted like I was being selfish. He said I needed to understand that there were other people in the world that needed attention, not just me. I was stunned. It was our f*cking anniversary. Am I wrong to feel hurt?

For two weeks I have been furious with my husband. He had been a totally different man since Sherry and Emmy had moved in next door. Anything Sherry needs Brian has provided. He used our own money to spend on her and Emmy. Brian gave her his number, and they texted back and forth all the time. Every time she texts, he gets a smile on his face. I asked what they were talking about, and he told me it was nothing. Just them chatting about their days, and that he was mostly talking to Emmy. Sherry texts and he goes running over there. Sherry needed her sink fixed, or her stair railing was loose. Her toilet was clogged, she needed a light bulb change. A f*cking light bulb. He paid for all the repair stuff too. Emmy accidentally put a hole in the wall, so he went to the hardware store to get the stuff to fix it. He tells me we can afford it because we are a two-income family, and Sherry is by herself.

When we leave for work in the morning, there's Sherry waving at us, and telling us, or really Brian, to have a good day. I've seen him texting on his phone at work, and ignoring his clients as they worked out. When he hired me, he told me specifically that there was no phone use when with a client. That the client was our sole focus. But now his phone has been in his hand all day. He's canceled clients a few times, because he had to go pick Emmy up at school, because Sherry wasn't feeling well, or she had a job interview. He even texted me on those days to find my way home, because he couldn't come back to get me.

Those days when I had to find my way home, I'd find out that he'd already eaten dinner with Sherry and Emmy. I tried talking to him, to tell him that I was feeling uncomfortable with all the time he was spending with Sherry and Emmy. He would scoff at me and tell me I was being selfish. That they were alone, and it was clear that Emmy needed a strong male role model, and Sherry just needed some help.

In the last two weeks he's only touched me twice, and in those two times, it was just a wham, bam thank you ma'am. He would finish but I wouldn't. He didn't even notice when I would get out of bed and just finish myself off in the shower. By the time I got done, he'd already be asleep.

A month after Sherry moved in, I noticed Brian had started to neglect our house. When we got a house together, he made it clear that I would do the cooking, since I was a better cook than him, and he would take care of the cleanup. If I did the laundry, he would do the yard work, although I helped him with that, because I loved my flower beds. We would both clean the bathrooms and dust, wash the walls, etc. Except now, I was doing everything well, except cooking for the two of us, because more often than not, he had already eaten with Sherry and Emmy. I was never invited, it was always just the three of them. I changed the light bulbs in our house. I unclogged the toilet. When our garbage disposal went out, I told him about it, and he said he would get to it. Only he never did.

By the second month, I decided to start fixing the house myself. I Y*uTubed how to fix a garbage disposal. So I followed the step-by-step instructions, and was so proud of myself that when I went to tell Brian, he was nowhere to be found. Well, not in our house at least. No, he was next door. So I kept it to myself.

Next, I fixed our kitchen light fixture that shorted out. YouTube for the win again. I started mowing the yard, patching up the holes in the house, and catching a little critter that had somehow gotten inside.

For the next few months, it was just me. No matter how often I voiced myself to Brian, he refused to listen. He kept telling me that he had to help them. He felt compelled to. I phoned his mother and complained to her. She was pissed and phoned Brian.

“I can’t believe you called my mother, all because I am helping out a single mom and her child,” he raged at me.

“You sure she’s single, Brian? Because for the last five months, she’s had my husband at her beck and call? Tell me, have you slept with her yet? Because you aren’t sleeping with me? We haven’t had sex in four and a half months!”

“Are you serious right now? Of course, I haven’t slept with her. I’m a married man, Savanna. You are being ridiculous.”

“Am I? How would you feel if a single father moved in next door? How would you feel if I spent all my time with him, cooking for him, cleaning for him, doing his shopping and laundry for him?”

“He wouldn’t need your help. Single fathers have all the advantages and knowledge to do those things. Women don’t really do the fixing of things around the house. That’s why Sherry texts me, so I can help her with those things.”

“Seriously? Women can’t learn how to do those things? I’ve learned how to do those things. How do you think the garbage disposal got fixed, or the light fixture in the kitchen? I did that.”

He glared at me. “Stop being selfish. You don’t have a kid to look after!”

Pain shot through my chest. “Well, maybe I would, if my husband paid attention to me,” I said.

“Jesus, Savanna. You act like I don’t love you.”

“Well, it hasn’t really felt that way. You totally blew off our anniversary. We didn’t celebrate it. You haven’t touched me, you haven’t spent any time with me. I feel unloved and neglected.”

“You’re being a b*tch. A selfish one at that. I can’t believe you right now.” With that, he got up from the couch and slammed out of the house. I heard his truck roar to life and he sped off.

Tears ran down my face. Never has he ever talked to me like that. I felt like my life was falling apart. I felt like my husband was falling out of love with me. I felt like my husband was in a relationship with the woman next door and that I was the other woman.

Chapter 3 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary

What can I say? I am pretty sure my marriage is over. After that night Brian called me a selfish b*tch, he came home with flowers, and apologized hours later. I didn't know where he went. Maybe his mothers or a bar. But we didn't talk about what happened at all. The next day, he acted like nothing had happened, and we went about our regular routine. For a week, things were back to normal. We worked, had dinner together, he even made love to me, and it was wonderful. There were no texts from Emmy or Sherry. I thought things were getting back on track. Then one night at dinner I broached the subject of children. Before Sherry moved in, he was begging me all the time. Asking me if we could start a family. He hadn't said anything lately, so I thought I would tell him I was ready. It didn't go how I thought it would, nope, it sure didn't.

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“Babe, I think I am ready to start a family,” I said to Brian, as we ate dinner.

He looked up at me and put his fork down.

“Why now?”

“Well, I was going to tell you on our anniversary, but that just didn't happen at the time. You were busy with Sherry and Emmy.”

“Jesus not this again. I thought you were over this. Why would I want to have a child with someone like you right now? All you have been doing is complaining about Sherry and Emmy, who, by the way, haven't contacted me in over a week. I think I hurt their feelings. I told Sherry I needed to spend some time with you, and to please give me some space.”

“You had to tell our next door neighbor that you needed to spend time with your wife? Do you even hear yourself right now? You are treating me like I'm some burden. Is that what I am to you, Brian? Is your mistress pissed that you needed to spend time with your wife?”

“Mistress? Seriously Savanna. I haven't f*cked Sherry.”

“Yet,” I said, snarkily.

He glared at me and pushed away from the table. Once again he slammed out of the house, but instead of taking off in his truck, he f*cking went next door. I was livid. He went to another woman after we fought. I was done. I can't stand this anymore.

I went over to her house and banged on her door. She opened it with a flourish.

"Savvy, please, Emmy is sleeping."

"I don't give a f*ck. Where is my husband?"

"I'm right here," he said. I looked in, and he was sitting on her couch like he belonged there.

"You need to come home."

"I don't think so. I can't stand to be around you right now."

I looked at Sherry when he said that, and she looked at me triumphantly. The pain in my chest was unbearable. I felt tears come to my eyes, but no way was I going to let them fall in front of her.

He finally looked away from the t.v. and looked at me. I don't know what he saw, but his face paled, but he didn't say anything. I looked at him, and just nodded. Then I turned around and went home. Like a robot, I just went upstairs, got a backpack and shoved some clothes into it. Then I grabbed my wallet and his truck keys and left the house. I didn't even bother locking it up. I started his truck. I waited to see if he would come out, but I guess he was too preoccupied with Sherry. I backed the truck out and started to drive. I let the tears fall. I started to sob. I had to pull the truck over because I couldn't see through my tears. My marriage is over. He couldn't stand being around me. I cried a little more, and then I got myself under control. I had to work in the morning, but no way was I staying at home. I'd see him tomorrow, if he bothered to show. I went to my mother-in-law's house. When she opened the door and saw me, she sighed and opened her arms. I fell into them and cried on her shoulder.

"Tell me what happened," she said, as she guided me to the couch.

"I told him that I thought I was ready to start a family. He asked why now? And when I told him that I was going to tell him on our anniversary, but he got preoccupied with that woman and her child, he blew up at me. He told me he told her he needed space to spend time with me. Mama, he said he needed space from her to spend time with me, his wife. So I accused her of being his mistress, and he stormed out. But he went to her house mama. And when I went over there to confront him, he told me he couldn't stand me right now," I said, breaking into sobs again.

"Oh, my poor girl. I don't know what's gotten into my son. I know he has a thing about single mothers, but he is neglecting his marriage. I will talk to him."

“No, please. The last time you did, he called me a selfish b*tch.”

She gasped, her worried face turning to a look of horror.

“I don’t know what to do,” I whispered.

“Well, tonight you’re going to stay here. Go upstairs and take a bath. Have you told your parents anything?”

“Are you kidding me? My father would fly in from Spain and kill him for making me cry. No, I haven’t told them anything. I don’t want them to worry. And even though it seems like Brian doesn’t love me anymore, I still love him.”

“He loves you, he’s just confused. Maybe all you two need is some space. Go on, go take a bath.”

I nodded, and went to do as she said.

I checked my phone after I got out of the bath. Nothing, no texts or calls. Did he even know that I had left? Was he still at Sherry’s? What were they doing? My mind was in a tailspin with worry. Images of them kissing and f*cking went through my head, and I broke down again. Why was this happening to us? Why did this woman and her child have to come into our lives? Why, why, why! I climbed into bed and stared up at the ceiling. I knew I needed to get some sleep, I was going to look like sh*t in the morning. I have several clients tomorrow, and I hate canceling on them. They paid good money for my services. I tossed and turned all night until eventually I fell asleep. I had a nightmare of walking in on Brian and Sherry in our bed, their limbs tangled together as he thrustured into her. Their moans pierced me in the heart. Their declarations of love to each other. I was falling apart in my nightmare. They both looked at me, still making love. Him telling me I was a selfish b*tch and that he would never have children with me. She laughed, telling me that I was pathetic for not hanging on to my man, and thanking me for how easy it was to take him.

I awoke with a gasp when my alarm shrilled. I picked up my phone and shut it off. I looked to see if Brian had reached out and was surprised when I saw several text messages.

Brian: Where are you?

Brian: Savvy this isn’t funny. How am I supposed to get to work in the morning?

Maybe Sherry could take you. I thought unhappily.

Brain: You’re acting like a child. I can’t believe you would do this to me.

Brain: I called my mother, and she told me you were there. Why are you at my mother's? Stop bringing our problems to her.

Brian: Fine, I guess I'll just uber it to work. We'll talk later.

Tears fell down my cheeks. No, I'm worried. No, I love you. No, I'm sorry.

I guess I'll see how today goes.

When I walked into work, there was no time to talk to Brian. I had a client waiting for me. All through the day, I had client after client, and then I did my own workout routine. Brian had been busy all day too. I couldn't look at him. I knew if I did I would break down. My clients didn't pay me to neglect them.

Finally, the day was over. I looked for Brian so we could maybe go out to dinner and talk. I couldn't find him. I walked into the office to find a note.

Chapter 4 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary,

I'm tired. I'm tired of all the worry and fighting. I'm going to give him one more chance. Just one more. I hope he doesn't fail me. I love him, but I can't take this heartbreak anymore. He says he still loves me, but I don't know. He only ever wants to spend time with Sherry and her daughter. I want to believe him, but my mind and heart are so hurt. I guess we will see what happens. Once more chance.

I went home, hoping and praying he would be there and not at Sherry's. The Uber dropped me off. I looked over at Sherry's house. There were lights on, but I couldn't see if Brian was in there.

I turned the knob on my front door and it opened. Okay, maybe he was home. The smell hit me first. It was delicious. I hadn't smelled the food that was permeating the air for a long time. It was the one thing Brian could cook that was delicious. I walked into the kitchen and saw him at the stove.

"You made Stroganoff."

"I did. I know how much you like it," he said.

"What brought this on?"

“I’m sorry for yesterday. I shouldn’t have gone over to Sherry’s angry.”

My eyes narrowed. Why did something happen? I wanted to ask, but I didn’t. I was tired of fighting. I just nodded.

“I need to run upstairs real fast. Need to put the clothes in the washer.”

“Okay, I’ll fill our plates, hurry.”

I nodded. I ran upstairs and slammed into our bedroom. I sat on the bed and stared at the wall. What was going on? Was he going to tell me that he did something with her? Was he going to ask for a divorce? My breath hitched at that. Would I give him one? I didn’t know. My heart was racing. I gathered all the dirty clothes and started the washer after putting them in. I was stalling for time, but I needed to face him. I slowly walked down the stairs. He was already sitting, waiting for me. He smiled at me as I sat down. I picked up my fork and started eating, even though I had a lump in my throat, making it difficult to swallow.

“It’s very good, thank you,” I said, quietly.

I couldn’t look at him. I didn’t want to see the look in his eyes that he had when he said he couldn’t stand me. We finished dinner. I got up and did the dishes while he went to the living room. I took deep breaths, trying to calm my racing heart. When I was done I went to the living room and saw him sitting there waiting.

“I want to talk,” he said.

I gulped, “Okay.”

He patted the seat next to him, but I sat with the cushion between us on the couch. His lips thinned and he moved over. He grabbed my hands, and I wondered if he could feel how ice-cold they were.

“Savvy. You have to stop this jealousy. I am your husband and you are my wife. I am only devoted to you. I only help Sherry out because she needs it. Emmy needs a father figure and right now I am it. There’s no competition between you two. You will always come first for me. You just have to stop getting mad.”

I ripped my hands out of his.

“Seriously? I have to stop? Why can’t you see she’s manipulating you to feel sorry for her? She isn’t helpless, Brian. How do you think she survived on her own before you came to the rescue? She can do her own maintenance, she can take care of her own daughter. She doesn’t need you. I actually have no problem with you hanging out with Emmy, but do you have to hang with Sherry too? Does she have to feed you? Do you have to run to her every time she f*cking calls?” I yelled. Just then his phone chirped.

“Do not look at that message. If you do, you can stay over there for all I care, or sleep on the couch.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” he said, checking his phone.

“Emmy has a fever. Sherry doesn’t have any medicine. I need to go to the store.”

“Make her give you money.”

“What?”

“Make her give you money. We don’t need to support her.”

“We can afford it,” he scoffed.

“I don’t f*cking care!”

“There’s that selfishness again. I can’t believe you. I wonder who I’ve married. You weren’t like this before.”

“BECAUSE I DIDN’T HAVE TO SHARE MY HUSBAND WITH ANOTHER WOMAN BEFORE!” I roared at him.

He just gave me a blank stare. Then he left. I collapsed on the floor and sobbed. He didn’t care about us. He only cared about them.

I got myself up off the floor. I went upstairs and started a bath. I soaked for a half hour and Brian still didn’t come home. I guess he was staying over there. Fine. I dried off and went to bed. I had some hard thinking to do. I fell asleep making lists in my head.

The next morning I woke up. I saw that Brian was not in bed with me, so I went downstairs. He wasn’t on the couch. I looked out the window and saw his truck. This mother f*cker really slept over there. Okay. I went back upstairs and washed my face and brushed my hair and teeth. I braided my hair, got dressed for work and called an Uber. I had clients that needed me. If Brian wanted to neglect his, that was on him, but I had a job to do. I got the notification that my Uber was there. I ran downstairs and opened the front door. When I shut it, I didn’t even bother locking it. As I got in the Uber, I looked over at Sherry’s house. My heart stopped. Brian had his back to me and I could see Sherry in a short white robe. The top half was loose, and I could clearly see a black silk negligée, her breast spilling out the top of it. She saw me looking, and she bent forward and gave him a hug. He wrapped his arms around her. When he turned after letting her go, I saw the small smile on his face. As the Uber drove off, his head came up and we locked eyes. His smile dropped, and he paled. I saw him call my name, but I didn’t stop the Uber. My heart was in pieces. I was in denial that he spent the night over there. But he just came out of her house. His clothes wrinkled, his hair mussed. A tear slipped out, and I quickly

brushed it away. I couldn't go to work with puffy eyes. Everyone would know I'd been crying.

My phone started blowing up with texts.

Brian: It's not what you think. I fell asleep holding Emmy on the couch as I tried to get her fever down. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to fall asleep.

Brian: It was just a hug, nothing else happened. Please believe me. Don't blow what you saw out of proportion.

Chapter 5 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

I've thought about the last six months. I think I've been having an affair. Not a physical one, but maybe an emotional one? Not that I meant to. I saw a single mom that needed help and I've been helping her. I know what it's like to grow up with just a mother. My mother struggled after my father died of a heart attack. It came out of nowhere. He was young, only 32. He worked hard to provide for us, but he didn't eat the best. Mama would make him breakfast, which consisted of bacon and eggs, hash browns and coffee. Every morning, he ate the same thing. He ate fast food for lunch and then, when he got home, it was fried chicken, tacos, spaghetti, lasagna, homemade mac' n cheese with brisket, mashed potatoes with butter and gravy. Big meatball subs. Beer, pop, or a glass of brandy. Never vegetables, never a salad. It all got to his heart. It's why I became a personal fitness instructor.

I was so stoked when Savvy came into the gym as a newly graduated nutritionist and personal fitness instructor. She was 21, and I was 25. Now we are 25 and 29. I have been begging her to start a family, and she was finally ready, but with the way she's been acting lately, I don't know if we're ready.

She didn't understand the need I had to help Sherry and Emmy. They needed a man around to help them. I liked being needed by them. Savvy was so independent. She never needed much of my help. I only mowed and fixed the little things around the house, she did most everything else. Sherry was so helpless when it came to handyman things. And Emmy was just so adorable. She had told me that I was her favorite person and that she wished that I was her daddy. It melted my heart. When Sherry made me a meal as a thank you, I didn't want to make her feel bad by declining, so I just ate it. She was nowhere near as good as a cook as Savvy, but it was edible.

I was confused by Savvy's attitude. She knows I would never even think about stepping out on her. But her nagging was off-putting, and I didn't want to be around it. It was easier just to go over to Sherry's or my mom's for a little space.

I hated the looks Savvy would give me when I got a text from Emmy. I was her favorite person. I couldn't hurt her feelings by not responding.

I felt horrible about calling Savvy a b*tch and selfish. I was just so frustrated with her attitude. I felt like I was being pulled into two different places. Sherry and Emmy needed me, my wife wanted my attention. Also, with being under so much stress, I haven't wanted to make love lately. I was always so tired.

Then, with Savvy leaving last night, I was so worried when I came home, and she wasn't there. I didn't even notice my truck was gone. Then I got upset when she didn't answer any of my texts.

When I woke up this morning, I felt guilty and horrible. I had a f*cking s*x dream again about Sherry. The first time it happened, I was so f*cking horny I woke Savvy up and f*cked her fast to get some relief. Did the same thing the second time it happened. I felt guilty both times, because I f*cked my wife after dreaming about another woman. Sherry was beautiful, but she had nothing on Savvy. Savvy was real, she was toned, but her curves were soft. She had the perfect hourglass figure. The perfect set of t*ts that fit in my palms like they were made for them. Sherry's t*ts were f*cking huge. They looked hard as f*ck. She had a nice figure, but no a*s. Savvy's ass was perfectly tight and round. But the dreams I've had about Sherry were filthy. Savvy and I have a great s*x life. But there are some things I refuse to do to my wife. I refuse to make her give me a blow job. She tried once, but I felt dirty like I was making a wh*re out of her. Same thing with a*al. That wasn't for a wife. I won't go down on Savvy either, it just seems like that isn't something you do to your wife.

Seeing Savvy this morning was a punch in the gut. She looked so sad and pale. She wouldn't look at me, and it hurt so much.

I didn't like the first client she had today. He didn't look like he needed a personal trainer. I watched them and what I saw really hurt. She wasn't doing anything inappropriate, but she smiled a lot at him. I felt she touched him unnecessarily too much. The guy was an obviously fit person, he knew how to do exercises. She didn't have to help him adjust so much. At the end of her session, it looked like he was going to go in for a hug. I tensed, because it looked like Savvy was going to let him, but at the last minute she smiled at him, and shook his hand. I let out a breath. No man needs to touch my woman. I started my next session with a client. I needed to calm down.

I had just gotten done with my last client. I went to the office and saw Savvy had two more clients before she was done. I cleaned the equipment off and went to take a shower. When I got done, my phone buzzed, and I looked at the screen and Sherry was calling.

“Hello?”

“Bri, I need help. Emmy's fever is high again, and it just won't go down.” She sounded like she was on the verge of tears.

“Okay, I'll be right there.”

I hung up with her and wrote Savvy a quick note. I was sure she would understand why she would need to find her own way home. Maybe we need to look at our budget and see if we could get another vehicle. I never wanted her to drive. I liked being the chauffeur to my lady.

I quickly drove to Sherry's and parked in my driveway.

"Thank you so much Bri. You are my hero as always," she said, when she opened the door.

"No problem, how is she? Any better?"

"Some. I got it to go down a few degrees, but it's still holding at a hundred," she said, wringing her hands.

"Oh, Sherry. I am sure she will be alright. You need to calm down, before you make yourself sick. How about you get me some pedalyte and I will see if I can get some into her."

"Thanks Brian," she said. She stood a little on her toes and kissed my cheek. It took me aback a little. She's never kissed me on the cheek before. I cleared my throat and let it go. Once I got some pedalyte into Emmy, I got a cold washcloth and wiped her face and neck. I remember my mom doing this for me when I got a fever as a little kid. When I was done, I went home. Savvy wasn't home yet, so I started the fixins' for chili and cornbread. Fall was starting in Montana, and it was getting chilly. I waited for a little while, and then decided to run over to Sherry's to check on Emmy. When she opened the door at my knock she beamed a smile at me.

"Brian, she's doing so much better, come in and look." I walked in and saw Emmy was up, and she looked at me and smiled. It melted my heart.

"Hi, sweetheart, what are you doing?"

"Drawing a thank-you picture for taking such good care of me," she said. I looked at the picture and saw she had drawn three stick figures. One was blonde with two big round circles that represented Sherry's breasts. I had to bite my cheek to keep from laughing. She had hearts all over the page.

"That's so good. I will cherish it."

She beamed at me.

"Emmy honey, why don't you go upstairs and put your things away."

"Okay mommy."

"Would you like to stay for dinner, Bri?"

“No, thank you. I have already started dinner for me and Savvy.

I saw the disappointment on her face and I felt bad. I walked outside and turned to her. I needed to tell her that she should start to learn how to fix things on her own. I needed to distance myself from her. Before I could say anything, Sherry tripped as she walked towards me. She fell into my arms. I started to laugh, but she looked up at me and the next thing I knew, we were kissing. I don't know who started it, maybe it was both of us. She felt good in my arms, and remembering the dream I had, I got instantly hard. She moaned and I squeezed her tighter against me. Somehow she ended up with her legs wrapped around my waist as I held her by her a*s, her arms around my neck. She ground her heat against me, and I groaned. I thrust up to her. I leaned her against the door jamb and started to dry hump her. Her little moans and whimpers were driving me wild. I needed to get inside her. As I pulled back, I realized what I was doing. I heard a car pull up. I closed my eyes, hoping that it wasn't Savvy. I turned my head. The look on her face was utter devastation. No, no, no. I let go of Sherry, and pushed her away from me, and turned to run towards the car that Savvy was in. I saw her mouth to the Uber driver to drive, and the car took off.

“Savvy!” I yelled. “F*ck!”

“Bri, oh my God, Brian I am so sorry.”

I turned, hands in my hair and looked at Sherry.

“I can't talk to you right now. I need.. I need to talk to my wife. I don't know what just happened, but it can't happen again.” I saw hurt cross her face.

“You know you wanted it to happen, Brain. I did too. I've been wanting you to kiss me for ages. I know it's wrong, but you've chosen me over and over these last months. I mean h*ll, you spent time with me on your anniversary. That has to mean something. I've been the one cooking for you. You've been dropping everything to help me. Can't you see, we are made for each other. You want me, I know you do,” she ranted at me.

“No, no you are wrong.”

“Am I? You just kissed me like a man starving for his next meal. We were practically having s*x right at my door.”

F*ck she was right. I did. But it was just a momentary lapse in judgment.

“No, Sherry. I love my wife. I'm sorry.”

I left her with tears running down her face. I need to make this right. I needed to find Savvy.

Chapter 6 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary

I have my proof. Two days ago, I had to Uber myself home. Brian went running off to that woman again. Again, and again, he chooses her. He's hurt me so much these last months. I don't feel loved. I feel worthless, I have no hope in me anymore. I see no future when once it was clear. He's obviously falling in love with her. I never thought he would cheat on me, but I saw it with my own eyes. I even snapped a quick picture with my phone. I can't stop staring at it. He's holding her so close, with her legs and arms wrapped around him. I can't stop torturing myself with the picture. I've been staying at the gym. I didn't want to go to Brian's mother's house. He's her son, she will always choose him. I really wish my mother was here. I wish I could call my parents and tell them everything, but I don't want them to hate Brian. I still love him.

I was glad my workload was so heavy that I didn't have time to talk to Brian. I've decided I'm getting a divorce. He's lost my trust. Without trust, I couldn't be married. I don't do second chances when my trust has been shattered. With that decision, I now have to find another job in another city, possibly another state. I made good money as a personal trainer and nutritionist.

Luckily, Brian and I each had our own separate bank accounts and a joint. The joint was for bills and our separates were for fun and gift buying. Now mine will be for survival and I have already transferred half of what was in our joint to my personal account. That's all I wanted. Everything else is his.

I canceled my last two clients. I needed to see a lawyer today. I looked at Brian's schedule, he was going to be occupied for the next three hours. Perfect. I showered and changed into a pair of leggings and a long sweater. I paired the outfit with black converse. I fluffed my hair and left the gym. I called for an Uber, went to my lawyer's office, and I had him draft a divorce agreement. I didn't want anything from Brian. No alimony and he could keep the house. My wedding gift to him and Sherry. I made sure my lawyer added that snippet. I just wanted what was mine. I got another Uber and went home. I grabbed two duffle bags out of the closet, and I started filling them with clothes and underwear. I threw in three sets of shoes, my jewelry, and my makeup bag. I got into our safe and took out my passport, social security card and birth certificate. The last thing I did was sign the divorce papers, and then I laid the papers right in the middle of our bed. I took off my wedding ring and set it right on top. I called my friend Nicole and asked if I could crash on her couch. Looking around one more time, I let the tears fall.

"Goodbye," I whispered.

I opened the door and stopped when I saw Sherry standing there.

“Oh, hi Savvy,” she said, looking down in embarrassment, or was that shame?

“What do you want, Sherry?”

“I saw movement in the window and I thought Brian was home.”

“Well, as you can see, he’s not. He’ll be home soon.”

“Are you going on a trip?” She asked, pointing at my bags.

I looked at her. The hatred that flowed through me was immense.

“No.”

I pushed her back, and she yelped as I pushed her away with one of my bags. I turned and locked the door.

“Here, these will probably be yours soon, but please, give them to Brian.” I handed her my house keys.

“Where are you going?” She asked, wide-eyed.

“That’s none of your business. You won. You have my husband.”

I left her standing at the door and walked a mile carrying my duffle bags to the car dealership down the street. I walked in boldly and confidently.

A man in a white button-down shirt and black slacks walked up to me.

“How can I help you?” He asked.

“I want to buy a car.”

“Anything in particular?”

“No, just something that will get me out of the state of Montana and to my final destination.”

He looked at me surprised. He must have seen something in my face. He gave me a sympathetic smile and directed me to a Kia Soul. It was compact and there was just enough room for me. We did the paperwork and I drove off in my brand-new car. My phone rang as I was driving. I pulled over on a side street. I pulled the phone out of my pocket and saw it was Brian.

I stared at the screen, debating whether to answer it. I looked at the time. He should still be at work, so maybe he doesn’t know I left yet.

“Hello.”

“Hey. I didn’t know you left. Why did you leave so early?”

“I had some things to take care of.”

“You sound off, are you okay?” He asked. He sounded worried. I don’t know why, I’m a selfish b*tch, doesn’t he remember?

“I’m fine.”

“Well, I have one more client left. Do you want to go out to eat tonight?”

“No.”

“Savvy, please. We have to talk. What you saw was a mistake. I promise you, nothing like that has ever happened before. I.. I love you, and only you,” he pleaded.

“Yeah, I doubt that. You don’t cheat on someone you love,” my hurt was starting to choke me. I needed to get off this call.

“I told you, it was a mistake. Just the heat of the moment, I don’t even know how it happened.”

I couldn’t take it anymore, so I just hung up. Heat of the moment? Seriously? If the roles were reversed, he would have blown up. My phone rang again, and of course it was Brian. I turned my phone off and made my way to Nicole’s.

When she opened the door, she sighed and gathered me into her arms. Nicole and I met in our Freshman year in college. We had literally knocked into each other. Neither of us were watching where we were going. Instead of getting angry, we both burst into laughter. We became instant friends. It was like our souls intertwined and we became inseparable. It was strange, I had never connected with anyone, like I did with her. She was my soul sister.

I cried on her shoulder. I had told her a little bit of what was going on but not all of it. All she knew was Brian was spending a lot of time helping the single mom next door. I was done hiding it all, so I spilled my guts to her.

She became livid. She wanted to go to Sherry’s house and beat the cr*p out of her, but only after cutting Brian’s balls off. She made me laugh, and I needed that.

“We aren’t cutting Brian’s balls off, and we aren’t beating up a single mother,” I said, drying my eyes with the tissue she handed me.

“So, what are you going to do now?” She asked me.

I looked at her. She was beautiful, with her flawless mocha skin, her dark brown eyes, her tight bouncy curls and her bodacious body. I envied the confidence that radiated off of her. I couldn't see any man ever betraying her. Not that she gave men the time of day. I chuckled.

"I need a fresh start. I need to leave. I can't be in the same town as him. I was thinking about Florida?"

"Florida? Do you know anyone in Florida? Do you even have a plan? What about money? Where will you stay?"

"Florida, sounds cheery. I know no one which is ideal. No plan, nowhere to stay yet, and yes, I have a little money to keep me afloat until I can find a job."

She huffed, "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too. But we'll stay in touch, and you can come visit."

"Yes, I can. And we will rock Florida when I do."

We giggled. She was my everything.

"Thank you, Nic. You are my rock. I wish I could stay, but I just can't."

"I understand, sweetie. Broken hearts need to heal. You never know, you might meet someone, and they'll help you heal."

"No, I'm done with men right now. I just want some solitude."

She smiled at me and patted my hand. We made dinner together, drank wine and talked more about my plans. Spending this much needed time with her was like a soothing balm to my soul. I hugged her and went to bed, not on the couch, but in the spare bedroom that she had. Tomorrow my new journey begins.

Chapter 7 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Finally, my last client left. After wiping down the equipment, I showered off the day's sweat, dressed in some sweats and a t-shirt. I locked up the gym and made my way home. I couldn't wait to see Savvy. After talking to her this afternoon, I felt uneasy. I know she thinks I cheated on her with more than just a kiss. I sighed. Just a kiss. It was more than that, I had the woman wrapped around me, I was f*cking dry humping her and contemplating getting inside her. If I saw Savvy wrapped around another guy like Sherry was to me, I would have lost it. I needed to put myself in Savvy's shoes. She's right, if she was spending all her time with another man, I wouldn't like it. I needed to tell Sherry no more. She needs to find someone else to help her or learn it all herself. Emily, however, I

won't abandon her. I'll always help her. She's just a little girl, and she needs a role model. Maybe Savvy can take her under her wing.

I pulled up to the house. I saw Sherry outside with Emmy. They were raking leaves. Shouldn't Emmy be resting?

"Why are you having her rake leaves? She's been sick."

"She says she feels better. So we decided fresh air was good for her. Oh, here."

I looked down, and she had my keys in her hands.

"Why do you have my house keys?" I asked her, as I took them.

"Savvy gave them to me."

"Why?"

"I don't know. She just locked the door, gave them to me and left. She had bags with her. Maybe she's visiting someone?"

"No, she would have told me."

She just shrugged and then went back to raking.

I left her after giving Emmy a hug and unlocked my door. The house felt eerie. Like something happened, and I wasn't going to like it. I put my gym bag down and walked around the house. Nothing seemed out of place. I walked upstairs, checked the laundry room and the spare bedroom. Then I walked into my room. I didn't see anything out of the ordinary. I went into the bathroom and saw that Savvy's stuff wasn't in there. My brows furrowed. I went to our closet and saw most of her clothes were gone and some of her shoes. I started to panic. I walked out of the closet and saw a document and her wedding ring. What the f*ck? I picked up the document. It was divorce papers. My heart pounded as I read them and saw she had signed them. She didn't want anything, she just took half of our joint money. I saw she had left me the house and a little note that said, 'Wedding present for Brian and Sherry. No, this wasn't happening. How did she find the time to do this?

I pulled out my phone and called her. Tears were falling from my eyes as the phone rang. She can't do this to us.

"F*ck, answer the f*cking phone, Savvy!" I screamed. The phone clicked over and for a moment I felt relief that she answered, but then it was her voicemail and the disappointment was palpable. I hung up and dialed again. For two hours, I called her over and over. But she never answered. I left voicemails pleading for her to come home, to let

us talk. I texted her the same message. I must have texted fifty times, but got no response. She hadn't even open to read them. I called my mom next.

"Hello son," she said cheerfully.

"Mom, she left me. My Savvy left me, and she wants a divorce."

There was silence at the other end. I looked at my phone to see if we had been disconnected, but I saw we weren't.

"Mama?"

"What did you expect, Brian? You neglected her and had an affair with another woman for six months."

"I didn't mom. I never had s*x with Sherry. I had never even kissed her or hugged her until..." I stopped realizing what I was confessing.

"Until what, Brian?" My mother said. She sounded like she was trying not to shout at me.

"Until today, when she caught Sherry in my arms on her front porch.

"Brian! Are you f*cking kidding me?"

I winced. My mother never swore.

"It was a mistake."

"You're d*mn right it was, and now you are suffering the consequences."

A knock sounded at the door. My heart stopped. Maybe it was Savvy coming back.

"Mom, I have to go."

"You need to fix this, Brian."

"I know, I love you."

I quickly hung up and ran down the stairs, I threw the door open, and was disappointed when I saw Sherry.

"What do you want?" I said, harshly. Probably a little too harshly.

"I... I wanted to see if you were okay."

"No, I'm not okay. My wife just left me. She had divorce papers drawn up!" I yelled.

I paced back and forth. Sherry came in and shut the door. She guided me to the couch.

“Brian. You need to calm down.”

“I can’t, I need to find her and fix this.”

Sherry turned and went to my kitchen. I heard her rummaging around. She came back with a glass of wine and the bottle.

I drank the glass in two gulps and she refilled it. She kept refilling it until the bottle was done, and then she got another. I couldn’t stop drinking the wine. I was so miserable.

“Shhhee left me, Shhherrryyy,” I slurred.

“I know, baby. I’ll make it better.” I felt her get something out of my pocket. She pressed my finger to it. She moved away and then moved back. I heard clothes rustling. My blurry eyes saw two big round basketballs. My hands were lifted and I squeezed them. I was surprised to feel they weren’t too hard.

“They need shome hair,” I said. My tongue felt thick. I heard giggling and moaning. My hands dropped, and then I felt tugging on my shorts.

“Oh, you’re so big,” I heard.

“Yeah, soooo biiig,” I chuckled.

A wet warm mouth went around my c*ck and I moaned. F*ck that felt good.

“Sooooo good,” I moaned.

The head over my c*ck bobbed up and down. Yes. I grabbed it and pushed it down, so I went deeper.

“That’s right you dirty wh*re, take all of me.”

I had to be dreaming of Sherry again. If I was, I might as well enjoy it.

“That’s it, Sherry baby, take it all. You’re such a c*m sl*t for me, aren’t you?”

She moaned around my d*ck and my eyes rolled in my head. But I wanted more. I pulled her off and got up.. I stumbled and then caught myself. I bent her over, so her hands were on the floor. She was wearing a little skirt and I ripped her thong off of her. I grabbed my d*ck and pumped it a couple of times. I ran my thick head over her p*ssy. She moaned and I slammed into her.

“Yes, Brian! Oh God, you are so thick and big.”

“That’s right sl*t, take daddy’s c*ck like the good girl you are.” I pulled back until my tip was just at her entrance and slammed in again. Over and over. It felt so good. This dream was the most vivid one yet. I was going to have to jerk off when I awoke from this. I slammed harder and harder, I gripped her hips, wishing bruises would form in this dreamland. I felt my balls drawing up, I slapped the flat a*s in front of me. And then I came with a roar. We both fell to the floor. I was waiting to wake up. Any minute now, I was going to be snapped out of my dream. I wish Savvy were here, so I could find relief with her instead of my hand. I closed my eyes. Any minute now.

I heard a noise. My eyes snapped open. Why was I on my living room floor? My mouth tasted like a*s. What the h*ll happened. I sat up and saw my shorts were off and my flaccid d*ck was flopped on my hip. The dream I had came back to me. Right, I must have jerked off and passed out. I saw the wine glass. Oh, that would explain the vivid dream. I got up and put my shorts back on. I saw my phone had fallen out of the pocket and picked it up. I wanted to see if Savvy messaged me. My head was still a little wishy-washy, so I sat down on the couch. I opened our text thread and froze. All my messages were read. But what had me freezing was a video that was seen. I pushed play. My eyes widened in horror, it wasn’t a dream, Sherry and I had s*x, and she recorded it and sent it to Savvy. That f*cking c*nt. She just destroyed my marriage.

I tried calling Savvy but no answer. I texted her and told her it was a set-up, that I was drunk. Oh my God. After everything I did for Sherry, why would she do this to me? I got up and ran out my door and over to Sherry’s. I banged on her door. There was no answer. I turned around and saw that her car was gone. Son of a b*tch. I waited there on her porch for hours, but she never showed up.

Chapter 8 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary

My heart is shattered. I woke up this morning to a video of my husband f*cking another woman, calling her baby, and doing things to and with her that he never did with me. Is that why he cheated? He wanted more filthy s*x. I wanted that, he could have had that with me. I’ve tried to do more experimentation with him, but it was always, “no Savvy, you are too good for that”. No I wasn’t. I wanted to suck him off, have him slap my a*s, or f*ck me in it. I want him to eat me out, use toys with me, maybe try a threesome. What is wrong with me that he wouldn’t want to do those things with me? I can’t be here anymore. What if I run into him, or them together? That would kill me to see him happy with her and her daughter, while I’m miserable and alone, unloved. Thinking about my past relationships, I’ve realized they cheated on me too. Dean, my first-I found out he was f*cking my so-called high school best friend when he took my virginity. He called out her name when he came. And Thomas, who I dated for six months, was also dating one of my co-workers at the time. We found out one day when I showed her a picture of me and him at the Omaha Zoo. She freaked out, and told me he was her boyfriend and showed me a

picture of him and her in Jamaica. Needless to say, I dumped him right away. So, again, what's wrong with me?

I was shaking still after watching the video for the third time, how could he?

“Stop watching it,” Nicole said, trying to take my phone from me. “You’re just torturing yourself.”

“No, I need it burned into my mind, so if I do see them again, I can conjure it up and feed off my anger.” I said, tears falling freely down my face.

“Savvy, you have to stop. You’re just hurting yourself.”

“He f*cked her and filmed it!” I shouted.

“Do you really think it was him? Look at him, he’s slurring his words, he’s sloppy with his f*cking. And you can clearly see him passing out, then you see her getting up and smiling into the phone. You know that b*tch set him up.”

“It doesn’t matter, he f*cked her, and he did it raw. A thousand bucks she ends up pregnant,” I said, glaring at the phone.

I texted him to sign the divorce papers. It was the least he could do.

“I’m leaving. I love you, thank you so much for putting up with me.”

“I’ll always put up with you, you’re my other half.”

I chuckled and we hugged tightly.

“I’ll miss you,” she whispered.

“I’ll miss you too.”

I left shortly after. Last night I did a little research on Florida. I liked the sound of Hollywood. I laughed when I found Hollywood, Florida. I was so sheltered it made me shake my head. I’ve hardly ever traveled in my twenty-five years. I went from Nebraska to Montana and once to Spain. That was it.

My father grew up in Spain until he was fifteen. His mother fled my grandfather with him. My grandfather was a bad man. He got arrested for killing multiple women. He used my grandmother as a front, acted like a family man, when really he was a monster. My grandmother was young and naive when she met him. I always wondered if she was an intended victim. But I found out later it was an arranged marriage. My father was born a

year into their marriage. When he was fifteen, he stumbled upon a young lady escaping an underground bunker on their property. My grandmother and father helped her and called the police. Unbeknownst to them, my grandfather had been kidnapping and murdering girls since he was twenty years old. So my grandmother took my father and fled from my grandfather and the scandal.

She fled to Nebraska of all places. She had purchased plane tickets after getting her and my father's passports and threw a dart on a map. That dart landed on Nebraska. Fortunately for her, she knew English, and was hired as a tutor to a rich family, to tutor their children. They lived in Kearny and years later my father met my mother. They had me, and when I went to college they moved back to Spain. They met Brian a handful of times when they visited and once when we visited. After the wedding, my father wanted to buy us a house, but Brian refused, thank God. So, unbeknownst to Brian, my father gave me the money and told me to hide it for a rainy day. That Brian was too proud, and my father didn't want to offend him. I am glad now that I never told Brian. I had a nice savings. It will last me for months if I am frugal.

I started my journey with an everything bagel with cream cheese, and a caramel iced coffee, f*ck the calories. I sang to the radio and tried hard not to think about Brian. Every time an image of that video would pop into my head, I'd sing louder, thank God I can sing. Before I had hit the highway, I was stopped at a light, singing to Carrie Underwood's, Before He Cheats. I was singing my little heart out at the end of the song. Then, I heard whistles and cheers. Wide-eyed, I looked to my left. I had forgotten my window was down. It wasn't too cold today, and I was enjoying the weather. Two very good-looking guys were cheering me on. I blushed furiously and stomped on the accelerator the moment the light turned green. Then, I had to laugh at my embarrassment. Well, at least I could still find humor around me. That's good, right? Means I'm not completely broken.

My phone rang, and I looked quickly at the display on my car panel. I hit the answer button.

"Hi mama Cee."

"So you left my no-good son, huh? Weren't going to call me and tell me?"

"I didn't want to have to make you choose. He cheated on me. I can't stay with a cheater."

"I understand. He told me you caught them on her front porch. He sounds really sorry though, Savvy."

"Oh, so you don't know?"

"Know what?"

"Um, maybe you should call Brian. I don't feel comfortable telling you."

“You or him, doesn’t matter, does it?”

She had a point.

“I got a video of them this morning. He f*cked her right on the living room floor,” I cringed as an image shot through my brain.

I heard her gasp and then my mouth dropped at the profanities that were coming out of her mouth.

“Mama Cee!”

“Oh, no honey, don’t be shocked. I am so mad. I am about to get into my car right now. I have his daddy’s belt. Where are you? Let’s have breakfast.”

“I’m on the road, Mama. I’m leaving.”

She gasped again, “No Savvy. Please.”

“I can’t stay here mama. Please make him sign the divorce papers, he owes me that at least.”

Silence met my request. I let her stew for a minute, I could hear her breathing heavily, and then I heard her start her car.

“Don’t you drive mad, mama. I don’t want you to get in an accident.”

“Don’t worry about me, baby. I will sit here and calm myself before I put this car in gear. I understand what you are doing. I love you. You are the best daughter-in-law a woman could have. Please don’t cut me out of your life.”

“Never, mama,” I sobbed. I wiped my eyes quickly, I was about to hit the highway. “I love you too. Please take care of yourself.”

“I will, darlin. Concentrate on your driving now. Bye bye.”

She hung up. I let the tears flow as I turned on the highway. I was going to miss that woman. I cursed Brian for his stupidity. Turning up the radio when Fancy, by the great Reba McEntire came on, I sang as I started my journey.

Chapter 9 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

I can’t concentrate. I took leave from work, I called in a favor at our sister gym, and had two trainers coming in to cover for Savvy and me, for a month. I woke up this morning to

numerous calls from my mother. The last message she sent was that she was coming over and that was ten minutes ago, so she should be here soon.

Sherry texted me and apologized left and right. She claimed she only did it to get back at Savvy for leaving me, but I don't believe her. I told her to never contact me again. I also told her to tell Emily I loved her, but Uncle Brian couldn't see her anymore. Sherry ruined my marriage. I could never forgive her.

Banging on my door got me out of my stupor. I opened the door and my mother started wailing on me. Was she hitting me with a belt?

"Ma, ma! Stop! Ow, Stop Ma!"

"I can't believe you cheated on Savvy with that wh*re next door. You got f*cking played and fell right into that sk*nks trap."

"I know!" I roared.

"Don't you take that tone with me, Brian Carter Garrison." She hit me with the belt again.

"Ow! Will you stop? Mom, I'm sorry. I know I f*cked up."

"You sure did. And now my daughter-in-law is leaving!"

"What do you mean?"

"I just got off the phone with her about thirty minutes ago. She was crying, telling me she couldn't be in the same town as you. So she's gone. Didn't tell me where. I am to tell you to sign the papers, and I want you to do it right now. I'm going to take them to her lawyer myself so they can be filed immediately. You owe this to her."

"I don't want to divorce her!"

"It isn't what you want anymore. You gave up that right when you stuck your d*ck in another woman!"

"Jesus, will you stop with the crude words? I've never heard you do that before."

"Well, I wasn't this pissed before. I am so disappointed in you."

My shoulders slumped and tears fell from my eyes. I sat on my couch and put my head in my hands.

"Mama, what do I do? How do I fix this?"

“Brian, you can’t fix this. All she sees is betrayal now. You hurt her, son. All you can do now is sign the papers.”

I broke down. She wrapped her arms around me and I clung to my mother. I was so stupid. I saw a woman, who I thought was helpless, and she played me so hard that I lost myself, and the woman I loved.

“I don’t know if I can? She is my life.”

“Then you should have treated her like she was. Sign the papers. Take some time for yourself, get your head and life straight. If it’s meant to be, you can get her back.”

I looked at her and nodded. I went and got the papers. I read through them again, she really didn’t want anything except her personal bank account and half of the joint account. I got to the last page and signed the papers. Teardrops falling on the paper. I walked back to my mother and gave them to her.

“I will get her back, mama.”

“I sure hope so, baby. Because you will never find another woman like her. She is the sweetest girl. Always so helpful, beautiful, and a fantastic cook. I don’t know if you ever noticed, but men flocked to her. Their eyes always tracked her. Her laugh brought them in like bees to honey. Every time there was an outing we all went on, I noticed. She makes friends easily.”

“Are you trying to rub it in, mother,” I gritted out.

“Yes, because the hurt you are feeling right now, is nothing compared to the hurt Savvy has gone through these last six months. Then, to open her phone and see the proof of her husband’s infidelity, I just know that tore her apart.”

“Jesus, you’re right.”

“I’m going to her lawyers right now to give this to him. Fix yourself before you go after her, son. Because I know that’s what you are going to do.”

“I don’t even know where she’s gone, mom.”

“Well, use your brain when it’s time. Figure it out.”

She left after that piece of advice. I tried one more time to call Savvy. Yep, definitely blocked. A knock at the door caught my attention.

“Hi Uncle Brian, mommy said you didn’t like me anymore. Why?”

That f*cking bitch! How dare she do this to me and say that to this precious girl?

“Emily, honey. I never said that. Your mommy is lying. I love you. You are my very special girl. You and me, kiddo. I just need to take a little vacation, and I am going to be gone for a little while. I told your mommy that I wouldn’t be around.”

“Oh, so you do still like me?”

“Yes, of course. Where’s your mommy sweetie?”

“She’s at home.”

I took Emmy by the hand and marched her back over to her house. Her mother and I were going to have some words.

“Emmy, honey. I want you to go to your room and draw me a picture. I need something to have with me during my vacation, so I can look at it and smile.”

“Oh, okay,” she squealed and ran off to her room. She really was a precious girl. I looked in the kitchen for Sherry. She wasn’t there. I walked down the hall, looked in the first room I came to, it was the hall bathroom. It was empty, the second room was Emily’s. I walked to the last room, opened the door. It was the master bedroom and I saw, like our house, there was a master bath. I could hear the water running. The bathroom door was slightly ajar. I walked over to it and looked through the opening. Then I burst through the bathroom and over to Sherry. She was in the tub, water running. I don’t know if she had fallen, but there was blood in the water. I picked her up and that’s when I noticed she had slit one of her wrists.

“F*ck,” I shouted.

I got her on the floor and grabbed a towel. I wrapped her wrist up and put pressure on her wound. Digging in my pocket, I pulled out my phone and dialed 911.

The ambulance got there in five minutes. The police took my statement. I was holding Emmy in my arms. We followed the ambulance to the hospital.

“Is my mommy going to be okay?”

“They’re going to do all they can, sweetheart.”

I sure do hope what I just told her was true. I am in way over my head.

We were told to wait in the waiting room. I got Emmy and me some food from the cafeteria, and we waited for hours. Finally, a doctor came to the waiting room.

“Are you the family of Sherry Winters?”

“Yes,” I lied.

“She’s stable and awake. Asking for her daughter. Is this her?”

“Yes.”

“We stitched up her arm, she didn’t do any damage to herself besides the cut. It wasn’t as deep as we thought it was when she came in. She’s lucky she did it horizontally. If she did it vertically, we probably would be talking about funeral arrangements.”

Jesus, this guy has no bedside manners.

“She’s on the third floor, room 320.”

“Thank you.”

I took Emmy to see her mother. When we entered the room, Sherry was lying there staring at the ceiling.

“ Mommy,” Emmy yelled, as she ran to her mother’s bed.

“Oh, Emmy, I’m so sorry, baby.”

I watched as she embraced her daughter.

“Thank you, Brian.”

I stared at this woman. How could she do this to her daughter?

“Why Sherry?”

“I couldn’t stand the idea of you hating me.”

“So, you pull something like this? What about Emmy?”

“Emmy, honey, can you go lie down on that couch over there?”

We waited until Emmy lied down.

“Brian, I love you. I want to be with you.”

“I am married.”

“She’s left you. We can be together.”

“No, Sherry. I will get her back.” She did not need to know I signed divorce papers.

“No, Brian. I made sure you couldn’t. She’ll never forgive you.”

Chapter 10 – Wild Temptation After Divorce

Dear Diary

I've been driving for two days, and I am finally in Hollywood, Florida. It's beautiful here. Warm even for the beginning of Fall. I wasn't expecting that. This is where my life will hopefully change for the better. Tomorrow is Monday. I am hoping my lawyer has good news for me. If Brian has signed the papers, I will be one step closer in changing my last name back to my maiden name. I'll soon no longer be Savanna Garrison, I'll be Savanna James. I can't wait.

"Yes, Mrs. Garrison, he signed the papers. I just got done filing them with the courts. I was just about to call you."

"Oh, my God, yes. Thank you, Mrs. Wilson. The moment I find a place to stay, I will send you my address so you can mail me the papers. Thank you, thank you so much."

We hung up and I did a happy dance. I dressed in a pink tank top and white linen capris. I put on my white converse, grabbed my purse and keys and left my hotel room. I went to have my continental breakfast. I made myself some waffles, had some of the fake scrambled eggs and bacon and a cup of cranberry juice. Again, f*ck the calories.

I went and bought a newspaper and opened a housing app on my phone. I was looking for houses for sale or rent. I didn't want an apartment. I found a cute café and ordered an iced green tea. Finding a table outside, I quickly grabbed a hairband out of my purse, and put my hair up into a messy bun. With a pen in hand, I opened the paper to the classifieds. For the next two hours, I contacted people and realtors. I had an appointment with my new realtor, Stacy Dobbs. I was waiting for her at the moment to show up at the café I was at. I told her what I was wearing, and she said she would be driving a silver Bentley Continental GT.

That very car pulled up right next to me. A bubbly blonde, about my height, bounced out of her car. She looked at the café and her eyes zeroed in on me.

"Helloooo. Savvy? I'm Stacy," she said, smiling a blinding smile. I liked her immediately. She had a curvy body with immaculate curves in all the right places. If I was a lesbian, she'd be my type. She had on a gray pencil skirt and a white blousy tank. Her white stiletto heels hurt my feet just looking at them.

"Hi, it's nice to meet you," she said, when she sat down across from me.

Her bright blue eyes sparkling with happiness, she held her hand out to me to shake. I took it and said hi.

“So, you’re looking for a two or three bedroom with a pool? Would you do a condo?”

“Yes, I would.”

“Budget?”

“Between three hundred and five hundred and fifty thousand. My daddy gave me money for a rainy day. It was my wedding present. But my husband cheated on me, and I am starting over.”

“Oh,” she said, with wide eyes.

“Sorry. I word vomit when I meet new people.”

“Oh, that’s okay. How old are you, may I ask? You look really young.”

“I’m twenty five.”

“Oh, wow. You have great genes. I thought you were twenty. I’m twenty six. So, since you are here, I am assuming you are divorcing?”

“Divorced actually. Just got the good news this morning.”

“Well, congratulations then. Well, let’s celebrate by finding you a new home, shall we?”

We took her car. I left mine parked. She said it was no big deal and that she preferred driving with her clients. She chatted a lot and I didn’t mind that. I answered all her questions. She told me she was born and raised here, had no boyfriend, and had a select few friends.

“I know we just met, but I’d like to be friends, Savvy. I think you and my two friends will get along really well. If you’re up for it, I’d like to take you out this weekend. You can meet them, and we can celebrate your divorce.”

“I’d actually really like that. I could really use some new friends. I miss my soul sister. I am hoping I’ll love it here so much, she’ll come and visit me and want to stay.”

She giggled. Our first stop was a three bedroom, two baths, single family home. It was a hundred and fifty thousand under the low end of my budget. It was cute, but there was no pool. The backyard, however, was big, and I could picture a pool back there.

“I know it’s on the low end of your budget, but it’s been on the market for a while. An old lady died here of old age. I have to disclose that. Some people are really superstitious about buying a dead person’s house. But I look at it as good luck.”

I giggled at her optimism. It was a cute house but not what I was looking for.

Next, we checked out a two bedrooms, two baths, 1200 sqft home. This one was in the middle of my budget. It had a nice kitchen and a small pool. It would have worked if it wasn't for the family living next door. They were extremely loud, playing loud music that covered the constant screaming of children. That was a no-go.

She took me to a condo next, and I fell in love. Everything was white and black. The floors were white, the trimming was black. The counters in the white kitchen were black marble, and the appliances were all silver. There were two bedrooms and two baths. There was a community pool, but the building, she said, was all single twenty to thirty-something's, and she lived on the floor below me. I squealed at that information and told her I would take it. We filled out all the paperwork, and she said in two weeks I could move in.

"In the meantime, I have an extra bedroom. You can stay with me."

"What? We hardly know each other. How can you be this nice? I could be a crack wh*re for all you know."

She laughed a full belly laugh. "First, we've spent the last three hours together, and you never once left my side to shoot up, or smoke crack or however it's done. Second, I get a really good vibe from you and my daddy always told me to trust my gut. You are good people, Savanna."

"Oh, jeez, you're gonna make me bawl."

"I'm serious. Move in with me until you can move in here. Here's a key. Go get your stuff, come back here. Take a bath, there's wine in the fridge. Help yourself to anything. I'll be home in about three hours. Do you cook, or should I bring something home?"

"I cook, and I cook d*mn good."

"Awesome, I love home-cooked meals. Let's get you back to your car."

We drove back to the café. I hugged her goodbye. I stopped by the store to get the ingredients for a three-cheese spicy sausage penne pasta dish. I also got french bread, garlic and, just in case she didn't have any butter. I was trying to find the pasta when I crashed my cart into somebody.

"Oh, no. I am so sorry," I looked up and up. Holy h*ll. This guy was a giant.

He smiled at me, his white teeth and plush lips were framed by a neatly trimmed beard. He had a straight nose and glittering green eyes. He was wearing some white board shorts and a yellow t-shirt that set off his tanned skin marvelously. His muscles bulged and he flexed. He actually flexed. I giggled.

"No harm done. I'm Mac."

“Savvy. Again, I’m sorry. I was trying to find penne pasta.”

He looked to his left and grabbed a box for me.

“Here, try the kind with protein, it’s delicious,” he said, raking his eyes down my body when he said delicious. I felt my cheeks warm and his smile widened.

“I haven’t seen you around before. Visiting?”

“No, I just moved here. Divorced my husband for being a cheating bastard. I bought a condo down the street, but staying with a friend right now, cooking her dinner tonight.”
Ugh shut up Savvy. Freaking word vomit, just tell him your whole life story already.

“I’m sorry, he did that to you, but hey, new you, right?”