

Feeling Like The Other Woman

Savvy

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 nally 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 selsh. 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 xed, 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 x 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 specically 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 selsh. 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 nish but I wouldn't. He didn't even notice when I would get out of bed and just nish 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 ower 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 xing the house myself. I Y\*uTubed how to x 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 xed our kitchen light xture that shorted out. Y\*uTube 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 ve 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 s\*x 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 xing 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 xed, or the light xture in the kitchen? I did that."

He glared at me. "Stop being selsh. 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 selsh 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.