

One More Chance

Savvy

Dear Diary,

I'm tired. I'm tired of all the worry and ghting. 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 rst. 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 ghting. I just nodded.

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

"Okay, I'll ll 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 dicult 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 nished 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 gure and right now I am it. There's no competition between you two. You will always come rst 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 selshness 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 oor and sobbed. He didn't care about us. He only cared about them.

I got myself up off the oor. 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.

Brian: I'll see you at work

Just a hug. How would he like it if I just hugged a random man? A thought struck me then. I had Justin coming in. He was a new client. He was very good-looking. He was already t, but had an injury and wanted to start back slowly. He felt he needed help in learning not to do too much. He had black hair and dark blue eyes. He towered over me at 6' 4. His rst session was today. Maybe I'll end it with a hug.