

What Did I Just Do

Brian

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 tness instructor.

I was so stoked when Savvy came into the gym as a newly graduated nutritionist and personal tness 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 nally 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 xed 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 selsh. 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 rst 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 gure. The perfect set of t*ts that t 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 gure, but no a*s. Savvy's ass was perfectly tight and round. But the dreams I've had about Sherry were lthy. 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 rst 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 t 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 oce 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 nd 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 pedialyte 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 pedialyte 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 xins' 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 gures. 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 x 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 thrustled up to her. I leaned her against the door jamb and started to dry 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 nd Savvy.