

Making Plans

Savvy

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 washed 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 dupe 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 oozed 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 dupe 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 crap 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.